



BOOM ROOM
by Chrissy Evans

A SMITH SCRIPT

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BOOM ROOM

Cast:

Adrian, 70 –
a flamboyant retired accountant and a frustrated actor who is finding lockdown extremely difficult

Margaret: 70 –
Adrian's long-suffering wife

Charles 68 –
An old drama school friend

Jackie 70 –
A cat lover and ex actress

Karim – a call centre worker

SYNOPSIS

The world has not been kind to Adrian. His early dreams of becoming an actor came to nothing as he met and married Margaret. The Coronavirus lockdown is placing a strain on their relationship and Adrian has a lot of time for regrets.

He bravely attempts a Zoom room meeting to re-connect with old drama school friends, however technological and personal challenges lead to an experience that will probably resound with many people today as they struggle to be digitally woke, when really they'd prefer a nap

SCENE ONE

TAPPING ON COMPUTER KEYS

ADRIAN: (SOFTLY)
Boom boom shake the room. Boom boomy boom boom.
Where's the bollicky, blasted thing gone.
(CALLS)
Margaret!

MARGARET:
There's no need to shout Adrian. What is it?
I'm still clearing out the spice rack. Did you
know some of them are dated 2003 or even older
before we even moved here. Look at this
chilli powder

ADRIAN:
Never mind that. I've lost the sodding email

MARGARET:
Has it gone off do you think?

ADRIAN:
Well, I suppose if you shut the lid, and
switched off the power it might but I haven't

MARGARET:
The chilli powder! Oh for Goodness sake. Let me
see.

CLOSER

You must have opened another window

ADRIAN:
I swear this isolation has addled your mind
even more. What are you blathering about woman?

ADRIAN (CONT'D):

Emails arrive through the ether and if they
can pass through bloody walls, they can pass
through bloody glass

MARGARET:

Just click on that little icon at the bottom...
You know, the one that looks, surprisingly,
like a window. Anyway why you wanted to set up
this Boom meeting is beyond me, and, most
likely, beyond you too.

ADRIAN:

Because, our smart Alec of a son said it would
be easy. Everyone's doing it apparently, while
this pandemic is on. You know, getting in touch
with old friends. Anyway, I knew that - that
windows thing, I'd just forgotten. Haven't
you got some baking or something useful to do?

MARGARET:

You know your trouble Adrian?

ADRIAN:

No, but I'm sure you're going to tell me

MARGARET:

You think because just because you're a man you
automatically know all there is to know about
technology. You think it's in your DNA when
you're born -like map reading

ADRIAN:

Not that again

MARGARET:

Yes, surprisingly there's more than one Seaton.

MARGARET (CONT'D):

There's the one in Devon where we had booked a holiday caravan for seven days and the one in Cornwall where we absolutely hadn't

ADRIAN:

Yes, alright. Anyway it wasn't my fault - it was that bloody faulty sat--nav Mark bought us for Christmas. I bet it was from Ebay. (BEAT) Ha ha! Oh yes, I'm in! Told you I could do it

MARGARET:

A computer is only as good as it's programmer so they say dear - What's that?

ADRIAN:

What's what?

MARGARET:

That - popped up in the corner of the screen. It looks like a skull and crossbones.

JOLLY ROGER MUSIC PLAYS SOFTLY AND INCREASES

PAUSE

It's getting bigger and why is it playing the Jolly Roger?

ADRIAN:

I have no idea. I don't think it's supposed to be there. I'll just click on that bit in the middle and...

MARGARET:

No, no. Stop! Adrian!

ADRIAN: (PAUSE)

Oh bugger

SCENE TWO

SOUND OF COMPUTER KEYS

ADRIAN:

Boom, bloody boom. Shake the bloody room. Right you bastard. This time I'm in control. Just a couple more clicks

MARGARET:

Who are you talking to dear?

ADRIAN:

Myself. I felt the need for some intelligent conversation. Why don't you go and dig up some more of our perfectly manicured lawn in order to plant some more completely superfluous potatoes because, my love, in case you haven't noticed, the supermarkets are overflowing with potato-based items as well as having a surfeit of just about everything else. Even toilet rolls. They're probably made of potato too

MARGARET:

Well, this self-isolation has certainly not improved your temperament nor our marriage. In fact if it goes on much longer, potatoes won't be the only thing I'll be planting in the garden

ADRIAN:

I've done it! Look Margaret. I'm in the Boom Room. What time is it?

MARGARET:

Ten to three

ADRIAN:

I'm early. I wonder who will be the first to join in. I reckon it will be Charles. What if I don't recognise him? He's probably changed a lot

MARGARET:

Of course he has. And so have you. It's been 40 years. I don't know why you want to meet up with your old drama school friends anyway. Surely if they were real friends, you'd have kept in touch over the years

ADRIAN:

You don't understand the artistic mind dear. It isn't mundane and ordinary. Keeping in touch all the time is not important. When you learn and work together, in the creative arts, you form a bond that can never really be broken. You live for the moment in the now. My old friends will fully understand

MARGARET:

Old being the operative word

ADRIAN:

You're just jealous because I have friends

MARGARET:

I have friends, real friends. We meet every week at Gino's for coffee and cake