



JUST FOR YOU
by Olivia Arieti

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SYNOPSIS:

The vain Don has walked out on his rich wife, Lorna for Kate, a pretty waitress, but had no idea of how difficult it would be to carry on without a job and no money.

CHARACTERS

KATE In her twenties.

DON In his thirties.

LORNA In her thirties. Elegant, sophisticated.

Setting: A bar.

Time: The present. Early evening.

Props: Glasses, newspaper.

(KATE is sitting at a table, sipping a Martini.)

DON: *(Enters nervous. Sits down.)* Nothing to do, Kate, no job for me. There's always something that goes wrong.

KATE: *(Sips her drink.)* Probably there's something wrong with *you*, hon.

DON: Hey, what're you drinking?

KATE: A Martini. Does it look like anything different?

DON: Do you know how much it costs?

KATE: Would a glass of water have been better?

DON: I'm sorry, sweetie, *(Takes her hand.)* it's just that I'm pretty worried.

KATE: *(Withdraws her hand.)* We're finishing all our savings, Don, and I can't ask for any more money at the restaurant; they've already paid me the whole month in advance.

DON: I know, I know. Let me get a beer now, I need it. *(Goes to the counter.)*

(KATE goes through some newspaper ads. DON comes back. Sits down.)

KATE: Hey, tomorrow's my birthday. Forgot?

DAN: Of course not.

KATE: Are we going out?

DON: You've just said we're running out of money.

KATE: Can't imagine staying home. I'm sure you and Lorna used to go out on birthdays.

DON: Of course, *(Chuckles.)* she paid the bill.

KATE: Do you miss her?

DON: Her money only.

KATE: What are you planning to do now?

DON: It isn't my fault if I can't find a job. Besides, I don't have much experience, always worked in her dad's oil company.

KATE: Sure, the boss's son-in-law. *(Pause.)* I bet you wish you didn't.

DON: Didn't what?

KATE: Throw everything away...

DON: Come on, baby, I did it for you. I care for you, I do.

KATE: (*Puts her hand on his.*) I was also thinking of buying some new lingerie...

DON: (*Annoyed.*) We don't even have the money to pay for the rent and you want to buy new panties?

KATE: (*Gets up.*) Enough, I had enough of it! I can't stand your misery any longer.

DON: You can go if you want to.

KATE: Do you want me to?

DON: (*Gets hold of her hand.*) Now, now, sweetie, you know I don't. Give me some more time and I'll manage to find something sooner or later.

KATE: Why won't you check the City Hall? They are looking for gardeners. (*Shows him a newspaper ad.*) Here, have a look.

DON: Bah, I don't even know how to mow the lawn. Never done any gardening in my whole life, (*Chuckles.*) only used to buy flowers.

KATE: With Lorna's money.

DON: Didn't make much difference, simply picked up the phone, ordered and she was happy. It's the thought that counts; especially, on birthdays.

KATE: Well, no roses for me this year.

DON: Do you really mind?

KATE: Honestly, I do. (*Loudly.*) No money, no fun, only running back and forth from work to our lousy bedsit just in time to watch a lousy old movie on a lousy old television set. The only thing we can afford.

DON: Quiet, Kate, everyone's looking at us.

KATE: Who cares? You should do something about it instead of hanging around all day long looking for jobs you'll never accept.

DON: What about another drink?

KATE: Yeah, another Martini.