



20/20 VISION

by Jamesine Cundell Walker

A SMITH SCRIPT

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This suite of monologues and small cast plays can be performed at social distance.

They can be performed by a large cast or with some doubling (suggestions at the end) All can be performed with no set or costume costs and therefore should make a profit when performed to even the smallest audience.

The series is a perfect way to re-introduce socially distanced audiences back into the theatre. They can be performed in whole or part and in any order.

1. Happy Birthday
2. 50/50
3. Nice Out isn't it?
4. Happily Ever After
5. Flying or Falling
6. The first born
7. Blackbird
- Interval (for two Act Version)
8. Leningrad

Happy Birthday

A Monologue

Edith

(On a table stands a bowl, beside which are soap, a towel and hand sanitiser.

The actor is washing her hands and singing:)

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday dear what's your name

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday dear thingamibob

Happy birthday to you

(She dries her hands.)

Right, so I should be all right for at a full ten minutes now.

All these new routines we've adopted. Welcome to the new world, eh?

But honestly, I've been quite pleased, actually, that this pandemic has meant a new awareness of personal hygiene. I mean it's worried me for some time that people seem to have a very cavalier attitude to keeping themselves clean. Personally I always did keep the hand sanitiser in my bag and have a few anti bac wipes around the house. It's only common sense really. I've always done that so this hasn't been much of a change for me. Actually, I've rather enjoyed it, staying safe, staying alert.

I like to keep clean because I've never been a lover of bodily fluids myself. I mean, some people don't seem to mind a bit of sweat, but I don't care what they say it always smells, even when it's fresh. A really effective anti-perspirant has always been my best friend. We learned that at my high school. The P.E. mistress was very good, very thorough with all aspects of her particular curriculum. The first lesson every year when we went back in September was personal hygiene; showers, deodorant, clean underwear, that sort of thing. I liked it. I mean, it must be awful for a P.E. mistress having to stand in those changing rooms watching all the girls get changed if it smells unpleasant. Not a nice aspect to the job at all,

although Miss Wilkinson didn't seem to mind. She just stood there in her divided skirt with a jolly hockey sticks look on her face and stared.

(Pause)

Do you know, it's just struck me; I'm not sure she actually needed to stand there in the changing rooms every lesson. Well blow me down, I've never thought of that before. Do you know that could well spoil my happy memories of physical education for ever? You don't suppose she can just have been... well, just watching? Oh dear me, that puts a whole new light on....

(She starts to wash her hands again with great energy.)

Happy birthday to you

Happy Birthday to...

Now do you actually think that singing this song always results in a thorough twenty seconds of handwashing? Surely there must be different speeds at which you can sing Happy Birthday. I mean I've always thought the same about *Staying Alive*. You know, when you give someone that CPD. What if you sing your Bee Gees a bit too fast or a bit too slow. Then they might not be... well, staying alive at all, if you see what I mean. It's a massive responsibility which could so easily go wrong.

I prefer not to get involved, 'leave it to the experts', I think. I would never forgive myself if I tried to be a have-a-go hero and then someone died because I was so inept. And besides, who knows what germs may lurk, if you know what I mean. Because you can't always choose a clean victim of a heart attack can you? It could be a tramp or a drunk, you just don't know. And of course sometimes there's vomit. I just don't know how our wonderful paramedics cope. I mean now that is a smell. It absolutely makes you want to...well vomit actually. Anyway, they're marvellous I think we all agree.

I clap for the NHS of course, well I mean I think every British citizen should. Every Thursday night for ten weeks I think, I clapped. Sometimes it was only me on the street so I started doing it inside in the end; just me and the television. There was usually a really friendly street on the television so it made me feel more a part of the British Bulldog spirit. I think so anyway.

What time is it? **(She checks her watch.)** I might just use a bit of hand sanitiser to be sure in between times.

And then there's touching your face. That's supposed to be the worst thing you can do but I do have a problem with that, because I'm struggling a bit with where my face ends and where my head or my neck start. Do you think if I touch my necklace it can still creep up and into an orifice like they say to beware of? I mean my ears or something?

I hate that word... orifice. It always sounds a bit... you know, perverted. I once read a perfectly straightforward seeming romance when all of a sudden they are in bed having sex 'in every orifice'. I spent ages wondering what that could possibly mean? I mean which orifices are they referring to? There are some very strange people about. It made me feel weird, I couldn't finish the book.