



PARA

by Deborah Klayman

A SMITH SCRIPT

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*Para*  
by  
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Act 1

*A dark flat, night. An ambulance siren is heard in the distance, getting closer. The lights from the ambulance begin to light the stage intermittently. Sara is slumped against the front door, unconscious. Blood pools beneath her wrists. An elderly woman sits in an armchair downstage, motionless but watching Sara intently.*

*Noise from the stairwell, then a pounding on the front door. Neither Sara nor the elderly woman stir.*

Dave: *(off)* Hello, Ms Mercer, it's the paramedics – can you come to the door?

Anne: *(off)* This is the right flat.

Dave: *(off)* Ms Mercer, can you hear me?

*A pause.*

Dave: *(off)* We're going to need some help with this.

Anne: *(off)* I'll go.

Dave: *(off)* Ms Mercer, can you hear me? Can you open the door?

*Sara remains motionless. The elderly woman slowly rises and crosses to the front door.*

Anne: *(off)* They're coming. I radioed it in. Ms Mercer, we're going to get this door opened up, okay? Just stay with us.

*The elderly woman unlocks the door and Sara slumps to the side.*

Anne: She's against the door.

Dave: Ms Mercer, we're coming in. It's the paramedics.

*Anne is the first in, gingerly opening the door. She sees the elderly woman.*

Anne: Don't worry love, everything's going to be okay, we're here now.

*Both paramedics rush to Sara's side and begin treatment. The elderly woman returns to her chair. The sound of more sirens approaching.*

Dave: The other rig's here. We'll bring up the stretcher.

*He exits at pace. Anne is concentrating on Sara but addresses the elderly woman.*

Anne: Don't you worry love, he's just gone to get the others – we'll just need a bit of help getting her down. You did the right thing, we'll do our best for her.

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*The elderly woman attempts to speak but cannot be heard. She mouths something Anne cannot make out.*

Anne: What?

*Dave re-enters. Anne's full attention is back on Sara. The elderly woman exits, slowly.*

Dave: Don't worry, Ms Mercer, my colleagues are just behind me – we're going to take you to the hospital.

Anne: Just stay with us, love.

Dave: You just stay with us, okay?

Anne: Did you want to come with us?

*As she speaks Anne realises the elderly woman is gone. She is confused, but returns her focus to her patient.*

*Blackout*

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Act 2/Scene 1

*Anne and Dave sip coffee and lean against their ambulance. A brief lull between shouts. Dave sucks on an e-cigarette.*

Anne: Does it help?

Dave: Nope. Still gasping.

Anne: But you haven't had one. So I guess it must help.

Dave: Nah, just pisses me off. I'm still smoking ten a day.

Anne: Oh.

*Pause.*

Anne: That last shout was weird.

Dave: No more than usual.

Anne: Really? She gave me the heebs....

Dave: What your old dear?

Anne: She wasn't *my* old dear, Dave, she was... I dunno. You really didn't notice her?

Dave: I was more worried about the girl bleeding out.