



IN PLAIN SIGHT

By Nicolas Ridley

A SMITH SCRIPT

This script is protected by copyright laws.
No performance of this script – IN ANY MEDIA – may be undertaken without payment of the
appropriate fee and obtaining a licence.

For further information, please contact SMITH SCRIPTS at info@smithscripts.co.uk

IN PLAIN SIGHT

Characters:

Mrs Potts – middle-aged, motherly, coffee shop proprietor

Georgia – early 40s, highly-strung, Oliver's wife

Oliver – mid 40s, complacent, Georgia's husband

Mark – late 30s, edgy, Georgia's lover

Setting:

A local coffee shop

Exit to kitchen stage right

Coffee table and two chairs centre stage

Coffee table and two chairs far stage left

Entrance to coffee shop stage left

Properties:

Empty coffee cup set on the table centre stage

Mrs Potts' tray

Georgia's dark glasses, handbag, mirror, wallet

Large suitcases (2)

Cup of tea

Arnica gel

Latte

Muffin

Suit (from the dry cleaners)

Bunch of flowers

Cup of black coffee

Glass of water

Mrs Potts enters from the kitchen stage right with a tray. She is clearing the empty coffee cup from table centre stage as Georgia enters from the street stage left.

Georgia is wearing dark glasses. She has a handbag over her shoulder and is wheeling two large suitcases.

- Mrs Potts** *(sympathetic)* Dark glasses?
- Georgia** *(subdued)* Yes, Mrs Potts.
- Mrs Potts** Again?
- Georgia** Yes, Mrs Potts.
- Mrs Potts** *(shakes her head sadly but then sees the two suitcases)* But it looks as if you've finally decided. Good for you.
- Georgia** Almost decided, Mrs Potts.
- Mrs Potts** Almost?
- Georgia** Almost, but not quite.
- Mrs Potts** *(disapproval)* Oh, I see. Well, dear. You know what I think ...
- Georgia** *(resigned)* Yes, Mrs Potts. I know what you think.
- Mrs Potts** They never change, you know. Never. They say they will but they won't ...
- Georgia** *(indicating suitcases)* Would you mind looking after these?
- Mrs Potts** *(continuing)* They tell you it won't ever happen again, and you want to believe them. But the truth is it will. You know it will. They can't seem to help themselves ...
- Georgia** Only for a few minutes. While I ... collect my thoughts.
- Mrs Potts** *(continuing)* But you can help yourself. You can and you should. Believe me. I know what I'm talking about. *(registering Georgia's request)* The suitcases? Yes, dear. Of course. I'll take them into the kitchen.

Mrs Potts exits with the suitcases.

Georgia sits at the table centre stage. She opens her handbag and looks for a mirror. She is about to lift up her dark glasses to examine her eye when Mrs Potts enters with a cup of tea. Georgia replaces the mirror and closes her handbag.

Mrs Potts *(placing the cup of tea on the table in front of Georgia)* Here you are, dear. A good strong cup of tea. I know you usually have a cappuccino. But tea's much better for you at a time like this. Now let me ...

Without giving Georgia an opportunity to object, Mrs Potts lifts up Georgia's dark glasses and examines her eye.

Oh, you poor girl.

Georgia How does it look?

Mrs Potts Well, it's not pretty. But I've seen a lot worse. Have you put anything on it?

Georgia Frozen peas.

Mrs Potts Witch hazel sometimes helps. Or arnica. Do you have any arnica gel? I'll fetch you some.

Georgia It's all right, Mrs Potts.

Mrs Potts It's no trouble. Have you been to the doctor? *(Georgia shakes her head.)* What about the police?

Georgia *(panic)* The police? No, Mrs Potts. I don't want to involve the police.

Mrs Potts *(disapproval)* Well, it's up to you. Of course it is. But you know what I think. Let me go and see what I can find.

Mrs Potts exits to the kitchen.

A pause before Oliver enters from the street.

Oliver Ah. There you are. I thought you were going to wait for me?

Georgia Was I?

Oliver Yes. But don't worry. No harm done. A quick question. Did you collect my suit from the cleaners?

Georgia Sorry. No. I forgot.

Oliver *(mildly displeased)* I see. Well, in that case, I'd better pop round and collect it myself. Order me a coffee, will you? I won't be a moment.

Oliver exits to the street. A brief pause before Mrs Potts enters from the kitchen with a muffin.

Mrs Potts There we are, dear. A muffin will cheer you up.

Georgia Thank you, Mrs Potts.

Mrs Potts *(grim)* So ... Where is he?

Georgia Oliver? He's collecting his suit from the cleaners.

Mrs Potts Is he coming here?

Georgia Yes.

Mrs Potts I'd like to give him a piece of my mind ...

Georgia Please don't, Mrs Potts.

Mrs Potts Right you are, dear. If you say so. But you know what I think ...

Registering that Georgia isn't listening, Mrs Potts exits to the kitchen. Oliver enters from the street.

Oliver The ticket.

Georgia Sorry?

Oliver *(mildly irritated)* For the dry cleaning. I need the ticket.

Georgia Yes. Of course. Just a moment.

Georgia looks in her handbag, finds the ticket and gives it to Oliver. Oliver is about to exit at the same time as Mark is entering from the street. There's a brief pause while Mark holds open the door. Oliver exits with a nod of thanks and Mark enters.

Mark sees Georgia and signals to her: "Can I join you?" but Georgia shakes her head to signal "No" as Mrs Potts enters from the kitchen with a tube of arnica gel. Mark takes a seat at another table.