



KELSI AND SAM

By Amelia Stephenson

A SMITH SCRIPT

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# Kelsi and Sam

A Play

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# CHARACTERS

Kelsi: female, 21

Sam: Male, 41

Connie: female, Kelsi's cousin, 25

## SCENE 1

### CLAPHAM JUNCTION, PLATFORM 11 – 23:23

*Kelsi is slightly intoxicated and shouting after the train that is departing. She is 21 and beautiful, but currently she's looking like a bit of a hot mess.*

**Kelsi** *(shouting)* You run! You better run! Stupid fucking trains! You can fuck right off! Trains can go die!

*Sam, 41, comes spiriting up the steps. He has a kind face and is wearing a crumpled suit.*

**Sam** Was that the train to Epsom?

**Kelsi** *(shouting)* WOKING!

*Sam is taken aback by her sudden and loud answer.*

**Sam** Oh, okay.

**Kelsi** It's always Woking! There have been five trains in the last *hour* to Woking and none to ANYWHERE else! Who wants to go to Woking!? Who?

*Sam looks down at his phone and then up at the departure board.*

**Kelsi** And don't even bother looking at *that!* It's a liar! It's lying! Don't believe its lies!

**Sam** Oh, okay.

*Sam, freaked out by the young girl, goes to stand a little further up the platform.*

**Kelsi** Yeah, you're alright mate. Don't fuss yourself. You – you relax. I will continue shouting at the departure board.

**Sam** Okay.

*Beat.*

*She takes a breath and then lets loose.*

**Kelsi** *(shouting at the departure board)* Why are you always broken?! What is your problem! I just want to go home! FUCK YOU WOKING! FUCK YOU SOUTH WEST RAIL. I just wanted a nice night –

**Sam** *(reluctantly)* Are you okay?

**Kelsi** NO!

**Sam** Oh, okay.

**Kelsi** Sorry Mark, I didn't mean to shout at you. I've just had the most rotten night ever.

**Sam** My name is Sam.

**Kelsi** It's been very overwhelming.

**Sam** Okay.

**Kelsi** I just wanted to have a nice night. This is infuriating! I'm not used to not getting what I want.

**Sam** Hmm.

**Kelsi** I wanted to go the theatre. I live so close to London but I, like, never go the theatre. So me and my friend – although, he's not my friend – well, I suppose he *is* my friend – actually, he *used* to be my friend. He's my –

**Sam** Boyfriend?

**Kelsi** No! We just (*have sex*) – y'know... (*She makes a vague gesture.*)

**Sam** (*understanding*) Oh.

**Kelsi** But he's got a girlfriend.

**Sam** Oh.

**Kelsi** So I suppose that makes me the –

**Sam** – Other woman.

**Kelsi** Hmm.

**Sam** Hmm.

**Kelsi** So I get tickets to Kinky Boots. I *love* Kinky Boots.

**Sam** Good film.

**Kelsi** I know! And I'm all like – *we could go together*. And he's like – *We're not boyfriend and girlfriend*. And I'm like – *yeah, I know, but we don't do anything together anymore*. All we do is fuck – pardon my French – bonk behind your girlfriends back.

**Sam** (*confused*) Bonk?

**Kelsi** So I convince him to go but he's in a foul mood all night. And then I drop the *merest* hint that *maybe* we could hang out more and not just bonk behind Alicia's back and he blew up. In the middle of the theatre! Right in my face and he storms off in the interval, and I'm left alone in the theatre. In the theatre! Alone! Nobody goes to the theatre alone! And then the ushers are all like – *you can't drink a whole bottle of prosecco by yourself!* And I'm like – *watch me bitches*. And then I had to leave – I was asked to leave. And then some creep touched my butt on the tube and now *all* the trains are going to Woking!

*Kelsi bursts into tears.*

**Sam** This boy of yours sounds awful.

**Kelsi** Hmm.

**Sam** Not worth it.

**Kelsi** It's karma.

**Sam** What?

**Kelsi** It's karma. My life it consistently shit because I am a shit person.

**Sam** Hmm.

**Kelsi** I am the worst. I am the other woman. I am the *villain*. Everyone hates me. I have no friends. No male friends that don't treat me like a piece of plankton and definitely no female friends –

**Sam** Maybe that's because you sleep with their boyfriends...

**Kelsi** *(tearfully)* Hmm.

**Sam** Are you okay?

*Despairingly, Kelsi starts slowly sliding down to the floor.*

**Kelsi** *(over-dramatically)* No, but it is okay. I'll just freeze to death here on platform 11. I deserve it.

**Sam** No, don't – don't do that.

*Kelsi is lying face down on the floor of platform 11. Sam tries to help her but he's too scared to touch her. He looks around the platform but no one else is there, they've all gone to Woking.*

**Sam** Rats live here – and mice, and pigeon poo. Please get up. Miss –

**Kelsi** I'm Kelsi, but I don't deserve a name.

**Sam** You need to get up Kelsi.

**Kelsi** Hmm.

**Sam** If you don't get up I'll have to go down, and I'll ruin my suit.

**Kelsi** Pardon my frankness, but your suit is not particularly smart to begin with.

*Sam tries to act offended but looking down at himself he realises that she is entirely right.*

*Beat.*

**Sam** Kelsi is a pretty name.

**Kelsi** Thank you.

**Sam** And you are.

**Kelsi** I'm what?

**Sam** Pretty.

**Kelsi** I know, but I appreciate your recognition.

**Sam** (*panicked*) I'm sorry, that sounded creepy. I'm sorry. That wasn't meant to be creepy.

**Kelsi** Nah, you're good.

**Sam** I'm not a creep.

**Kelsi** Not creepy, just honest.

*Beat.*

**Sam** Kelsi?

**Kelsi** Hmm?

**Sam** Would you get up off the floor for me?

**Kelsi** (*Overly dramatic sigh*) Okay.

*Sam holds out one hand to her and she takes it. As she gets to her feet she stumbles on to him, their faces come very close together. Sam backs away immediately.*

**Sam** I don't think you deserve to freeze to death on Platform 11.

**Kelsi** Thank you.

**Sam** Are you okay?

**Kelsi** Feeling better now.

**Sam** Good.

**Kelsi** I'm not going to see him again.

**Sam** Oh, Good. Good for you.

**Kelsi** He can go –

**Sam** Bonk himself?

**Kelsi** He can go *bonk* himself!

*They go sit down on the bench together.*

**Kelsi** You in a rush to get home?

**Sam** Hmm.

**Kelsi** You were running pretty hard for that train.

**Sam** Yeah.