



THREE LOSSES

by John Collings

A SMITH SCRIPT

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THREE LOSSES.

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Characters.

First man – middle aged sensitive.

Woman – middle aged sensitive.

Dennis – middle aged, emotional wreck.

Bob - middle aged, con man.

Terry – around 30 , a violent thug.

Old man – a broken man.

(doubling can be used)

A man is sitting on a chair stage right, the man and the chair is facing stage right, the man reads from a book. A woman is sat on a chair stage left, the chair is facing stage left. The woman has a mug in her hand. As the man and the women speak they are unaware of each other. They only turn their heads to talk to the audience. They talk slowly and softly.

The man reads from a book (please note these prose do not have to be learnt as they are read from a book):

Small beads of rain cling onto the outside of the window

I can hear in the silence, **(pause)** and the sound of rain slowly tapping on the window.

On the roof droplets of rain fall out of the clouds.

In my silence, I can hear millions of human beings tapping out their existence.

In the silence I can hear a tear falling on my heart,
acknowledging the distance I feel from you.

Small beads of tears cling onto the outside surface of
my I'm O.K.-ness

(Man turns the page of the book.)

(long pause)

Action becomes harder,
thoughts have to be torn away from my brain.

Shoulder blades taut with frustration,
as my world grows smaller.

(pause)

The stifling numbness is so hard to except.

Meaning-less proses. Nothing comes out, I have
Nothing to say. Nothing to remember, only the
crawling irritation.

What is it I want? ABSENCE. A quiet absence,
a period where I can put my thoughts together.

Not your silence, not your fatigue, not your shopping,
not your book, not your life, not your bills, not your
thoughts. But my own decisions, I cannot remember

the last time I made a decision, look at me, do
not just sit there quietly reading your book, look
at me, when was it! When!

(pause)

I will not ask you, I will quietly sit here and write
and look up.

(pause)

I do speak, but I talk in silence, putting the cushion
over my face, to cushion the words.

My whole life has been cushy, it is a bit like being in
a room with no windows, doors or furniture.

(pause)

Do you feel this? Can you stretch out your hand?

Try a little harder, mine aches so much.

(pause)

I do hope you feel like I do. I sit here not realizing,
but waiting.

(pause)

Why me!?

(Man turns the page of the book.)

(long pause)

Alone again,

Breathless.

Alone again in the empty house.

Alone with the sun slowly making patterns
on the carpet, as it goes in and out behind the clouds.

Alone again with the wind blowing through the
windows upstairs.

Alone again, with the beginning of alone-ness.

Leaving me breathless, sensually feeling the mother of
without-ness cover me.

I am alone, breathless.

(pause)

Emptiness. Alone-ness.

(Man closes his book.)

(long pause)

WOMAN: Dennis, do you still think of me.

(pause)

MAN: Pam, do you still think of me.

WOMAN: I sit in front of the fire and remember you.

(pause)

MAN: I think of you alone in your flat.

(pause)