



WASTE

by John Collings

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CHARACTERS

Molly
Bill
Maureen
Dominique
Teacher

Pink Floyd music is being played before the beginning.

LIGHTS UP-TO A HALF LIGHT.

A bedroom. Inside the bedroom there is an old bed. Next to the bed is an exercise book and a pen. In the half-light we see a male and a female struggling on the bed. There seems to be a rape taking place. The two figures struggle awkwardly for a few moments.

BILL: It is no good, I cannot do it!

(Molly turns over and goes to sleep).

BLACK OUT.

LIGHTS UP.

A photographic studio. In the studio there is a wooden chair, a camera with a flash and a cassette player on the floor. And a window.

(Bill picks up his camera/flash).

BILL: (Bill calls out). I am ready.

(Dominique enters dressed in glamour wear. She begins to awkwardly pose. Bill starts to take pictures/flash. No words are exchanged for several moments).

BILL: Fantastic!

(Dominique strikes another pose, Bill takes another picture/flash).

BILL: Great!

(Dominique strikes another pose, Bill moves round for another shot).

BILL: Lovely!

(Bill drops to the floor and looks up at Dominique through his camera, as Dominique strikes yet another pose).

BILL: Lovely!

(Bill continues to take pictures/flash for a few moments, while Dominique poses).

BILL: That will be ok. That is enough. I am at the end of the film.

(Pause)

DOMINIQUE: I have some money for you.

BILL: How did it go?

DOMINIQUE: He was a TV.

BILL: A TV.

DOMINIQUE: Yes a transvestite.

BILL: You are joking.

DOMINIQUE: No I am not.

BILL: The dirty bastard. It is not right a man dressing up in women's clothing. I bet it was enough to put you off was it?

DOMINIQUE: No.

BILL: Did he touch you?

DOMINIQUE: No. Well. Not until after he had paid.

BILL: What was it like having him fuck you. Dressed like that.

DOMINIQUE: No different.

BILL: It would have turned my stomach.

DOMINIQUE: I will get the money.

BILL: No do not worry. We could do it another way.

DOMINIQUE: Another way?

BILL: Yes. What if...what if, you keep the money and do something for me, something. Like you, did for him.

DOMINIQUE: Who?

BILL: The transvestite.

DOMINIQUE: Oh.

BILL: What if. I did. What he did. To you.

DOMINIQUE: What?

BILL: What if. I did. To you. What he did. To you. Instead of you giving me the money. I have got protection.

DOMINIQUE: You would have to wear two Durex's.

BILL: Two?

DOMINIQUE: Yes two Durex's.

BILL: Oh OK.

DOMINIQUE: How would you like me?

BILL: Oh could you just lay down there.

(Dominique lays on the stage floor, her body tense, her head turned away from Bill her eyes wide open, pointing down stage looking at the audience. Bill quickly fumbled in his pocket for his Durex's, while hurriedly undressing.)

BLACK OUT.

LIGHTS UP.

A bedroom. Inside the bedroom there is an old bed. (Molly is sat up in bed reading a book. Bill enters and sits on the side of the bed. He picks up the exercise book and a biro, and starts writing).

(After a few moments).

BILL: How do you spell (say clearly) chastity?

MOLLY: C-h-a-s-t-i-t-y.

BILL: Fantastic, great, lovely, lovely.

(Pause)

MOLLY: You know Bill you never seem to ask me what my day has been like at work.

BILL: (Not listening) I could have been a writer you know. I always loved observing people. You know there was a café near Covent Garden, I used to go in. (Pause) One of those Italian cafes. (pause) You know a bit run down, spaghetti Bolognese, parmesan cheese, bread and butter. (Pause) After I had eaten, I would just sit and watch this woman behind the counter. (Pause) It was owned by an Italian family. (pause) But mostly, it was this woman working on her own in there. (pause) On her feet all day she was. (pause) I saw smooth shapely young legs, fill with varicose veins, as the years went past, on account of her standing so much. (pause) I saw her daughter, who helped from time to time, grow up and have a child herself. Who in turn, came and helped in the café. (Pause) You know, I went there the other day and the café had gone. (Pause) It had closed down. (Pause) It had been sold. (pause) They had gone back to Italy. (Pause) I felt betrayed.

BLACKOUT.

LIGHTS UP.

A photographic studio. In the studio there is a wooden chair, a camera with a flash and a cassette player on the floor. And a window. Bill sits on the chair and fiddles with his camera. Bill stands up and begins to pace up and down. Bill looks out of the window. And then returns to the chair and sits down and fiddles with his camera).

(MAUREEN enters. Carrying an envelope with picture in).

MAUREEN: The door was open.

BILL: Oh, yes er, er come in.

MAUREEN: I rang.

BILL: Yes.

MAUREEN: Was it you who I spoke to on the phone?

BILL: Yes how was the . . . er did you find it alright?

MAUREEN: Yes.

BILL: Er, would you like a, a coffee?

MAUREEN: No.

BILL: Have you brought any pictures?

MAUREEN: Yes. (Maureen passes her envelope over to Bill)

BILL: Let us have a look. (Bill looks at the pictures). Fantastic, great, lovely, lovely. I like that one.

MAUREEN: Yes.

BILL: Er, would you mind (Pause) if I took a few test shots? It is so that the photographers can see what you look like when they come in.

MAUREEN: There is something I want to tell you.

BILL: Oh, what is that?

MAUREEN: Well.

BILL: It is ok. You can tell me.

MAUREEN: I am . . .

BILL: Yes.

MAUREEN: I am a drug addict.

BILL: A drug addict, do not worry about it.

MAUREEN: You are the first photographer who has said that, they normally want to run a mile.

BILL: It does not matter to me.

(Pause)

MAUREEN: I was wondering.

BILL: Wondering?

MAUREEN: I was wondering, would you mind if I had a fix? I'm starting to feel a bit wiry.

BILL: No. No, I do not mind. Do not worry about it.

(Maureen takes a packet of heroin out of her pocket and opens it).

BILL: Let me have a look. I have never seen heroin before. (He takes hold of the packet and looks at it). (Pause). You do not need this fucking crap!

MAUREEN: Yes I do!

BILL: You are beautiful! You should have more respect for yourself! Sticking this fucking crap in your arms!

MAUREEN: I need it!

BILL: I am going to flush it down the toilet!

MAUREEN: No! Please! Please give it back to me!

BILL: No!

MAUREEN: It is all I have!

BILL: It will kill you this stuff!

MAUREEN: I do not care!

BILL: I am going to flush it down the toilet.

(Maureen begins to cry and falls to the floor and grabs Bill's leg).

MAUREEN: No! Please! Please! (Maureen holds on to Bill's leg).

BILL: Get off!

MAUREEN: I am begging you! I will get sick if I do not have it!