



Questions

A short one act play

By

Keith Passmore

Copyright © April 2017 Keith Passmore and Off
The Wall Play Publishers

<http://offthewallplays.com>

This script is provided for reading purposes only. Professionals and amateurs are hereby advised that it is subject to royalty. It is fully protected under the laws of South Africa, the United States of America, the British Empire, including the Dominion of Canada, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including but not limited to professional, amateur, film, radio, and all other media (including use on the worldwide web) and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved; and any unauthorized use of the material may subject the user to any and all applicable civil and criminal penalties. For any information about royalties or to apply for a performance license please click the following link:

<http://offthewallplays.com/royalties-and-licensing-of-plays-sold-by-off-the-wall-plays/>

Characters

Sandra: A young single woman in her mid thirties

Nina: A single woman in her early thirties

Rosie: A lawyer, in her late thirties.

Questions

Sandra enters R into the lounge and Nina, who is carrying a small handbag, follows her. Sandra is blonde, slim and attractive, in her mid-thirties and wears jeans, and a loose top. Nina is a brunette, also slim and attractive, and in her early thirties. She wears fashionable jeans and a fitted top, over which she wears a fashionable jacket.

There is a three seater settee C, and a coffee table below it on top of which is a small floral centre piece and a few fashion magazines. L at an angle to DR is a soft arm chair.

Nina: Weren't you expecting me?

Sandra: Yes, but not today; Didn't you say tomorrow at six?

Slight Pause

Nina: Have I come at an awkward time?

Sandra sighs heavily and shakes her head and tidies the small pile of magazines on the coffee table

Nina: He's here isn't he?

Sandra: What're you talking about? Who?

Nina: Are you still seeing him or is it all over?

Sandra: Who? Carl?

Nina: Oh, was that his name?

Sandra: You know full well what his name is; didn't you know I finished with him some time ago?

Nina: That was a mistake, wasn't it?

Sandra: You liked him, didn't you?

Nina: What makes you think that?

Sandra: You remember; who was the one who couldn't wait to get here when I invited him to dinner?

Nina: Was it that obvious?

Sandra: And didn't you always ask after him, with great enthusiasm?

Nina smiles awkwardly and raises her hands to express an apology.

Sandra sits on the settee

Nina: Aren't you going to show me to my room?

Sandra: You take everybody for granted, don't you?

Nina: You don't want me to stay do you?

Sandra: I like to be organized when someone calls; you know that don't you?

Nina: Does it matter? Must I make an appointment to see you? If it was urgent or life threatening I would, but you knew I was coming, didn't you?

Sandra: Yes, but (*she scoffs*) life threatening?

Nina: What if I were sick?

Sandra: But you're not sick are you?

Nina sits on settee and reaches into her handbag for a tissue. She dabs at her eyes.

Sandra: What's wrong Nina?

Nina: Did you really mean what you said?

Sandra: Sorry?

Nina: Do I really take you – people – for granted?

Sandra: Oh Nina, what's happened? Is it money again?

Nina: Did I mention money?

Nina closes her handbag

Sandra: Isn't it a case of money or men where you're concerned?

Nina: Why couldn't it be something else?

Sandra: Is this one of your games, to make me feel sorry for you?

Nina: Why are you so bloody callous?

She stands and crosses slowly DL. Sandra follows her and stops at DC

Sandra: Me? How many times have you made me so unhappy?

Nina: You don't mean that, surely?

Sandra: How many times have you taken, no, stolen my men,
embarrassed me in front of friends, neglected me...duped me?

She turns slightly away from Nina

Nina: Duped you? Tricked you? When have I ever sodding tricked you?

Sandra turns back on her

Sandra: Oh come on, you know how miserable you've made me, don't you?

Nina: Why didn't you mention this before?

Sandra: I often mentioned it, or were you under the influence of drink when I did?

They both look down in an attempt to compose themselves

Nina: Aren't we supposed to be friends?

Sandra: Isn't that what you always say? (*mimics*) 'Aren't we friends Sandra?' You use the words like some kind of healing lotion, don't you?

Nina: Would you rather I left?

Sandra: Aren't you pathetic? You're here aren't you? What's the point of going? Where will you stay? There isn't another bus until morning is there?

Nina: Shall I go to my room?

Sandra: Do you need a hand?

Nina stands and approaches Sandra and takes her hands.

Nina: Do you feel for me as much as I do for you?

Sandra: *(looking at her hands)* Why do you always come out with such painful clichés?

She releases her hands

Nina: Well?

Sandra: You don't normally talk to me like this, do you?

Nina: Don't I?

Sandra: *(scoffing)* You seem almost saintly! What's wrong with you?

Nina looks down at her hands

Sandra: There is something else isn't there?

Nina draws away to DC

Nina: You can read me like a book can't you?

Sandra: I do sometimes, don't I? Come on, what's wrong Nina?

Nina: You wouldn't believe me if I told you I was ill would you?

Sandra: You look fine, but are you unwell?

Nina: What if I were?

Sandra: Oh come on. Are we playing more games, Nina?

Short pause

Sandra: Coffee then?

Nina nods. Sandra goes to exit R

Nina: Would you please sit down next to me?

She crosses to settee, sits and pats the space next to her.

Sandra: What's the problem Nina?

They sit together.

Nina: You remember Steve, don't you?

Sandra: Oh yes. My old, reliable Steve?

Nina: He was never really yours was he?

Sandra gets up and moves away R, running a hand through her hair.

Sandra: What d'you want me to say?

Nina: Didn't you tell him to go to hell?

Sandra turns on her

Sandra: Where's this all leading to?

Short Pause

Sandra: *(quietly)* Why do you have to mention him?

Nina: *(becoming flustered)* He's been living with me. You know how much I felt for him, don't you?

Sandra: How long?

Nina: Would you believe, nearly a year?

Sandra: A year? Why didn't you tell me? Why didn't you mention it in your emails, texts – when I saw you last?

Nina: What would you've said?

Pause

Sandra: Well, how is he?

Nina: If I said he was dead; would you believe me?

Sandra: Is that supposed to be funny?

Nina: Could I have a drink?

Sandra: Wine alright?

Nina: Could I have water?

Sandra: That's a first, isn't it?

Nina: Could I?

Sandra: Are you sure?

Nina nods and searches through her bag.

Sandra exits R shaking her head.

Nina takes out a small bottle of pills from her bag and slowly unscrews the top and shakes two pills into her hand and replaces bottle in her bag. She stands and crosses DCL

Sandra enters the room crosses to and hands Nina a glass of water. Nina places pills in her mouth and drinks.

Sandra: Are you on medication?

Nina smiles weakly and Sandra sighs heavily.

Sandra: Well?

Nina: Sandra I...

Nina is interrupted by a door bell ringing

Nina: Who could that be?

Sandra stands crosses R and exits. Nina hurriedly drinks the rest of the water and places the glass on the coffee table.

Sandra and Rosie are heard in greeting off stage.

Sandra and Rosie enter R. Rosie is in her late thirties. She is dark haired, tall and slightly overweight, yet smartly dressed in a black suit and red blouse. She carries a slim, soft black brief case

Rosie: Am I intruding Sandra? *(Rosie notices Nina)* Nina?

Nina: How are you Rosie?

Rosie: It must be over a year now, isn't it?

Nina: Would you believe, two?

Nina crosses and perches on the settee

Rosie: Really? She still looks the same the same doesn't she Sandra?

Nina: Are you still working at, you know, the lawyer's office?

Rosie: Didn't you know I qualified?

Nina: Well done; at your age, isn't that some kind of record?

Rosie: Should I take that as a compliment?

Nina smiles uneasily

Sandra: Do you remember Steve Baker, Rosie?

Rosie crosses and sits in the arm chair and places the brief case next to her

Rosie: Not the artist or advertiser, whatever he was? Wasn't he the guy who went off with some tart? He really stuffed up your life for a while didn't he Sandra?

Nina: Sandra was about to say I was living with him for a year, weren't you Sandra?

Rosie: Have I placed my big foot in my mouth?

