

Geraint

by

Lyndon House

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GERAINT

Cast

Rob

Becky

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Scene consists of: Door Left...Door Right...Sofa centre...Table and chair right back

(ROB enters through L door. Takes off coat. Walks C sits on sofa)

ROB: Well that didn't go very well. I've never had a row in front of people like that before. It really showed me up. I went all red and everything. (*Picks up bear*) It's all your fault Geraint. You were the reason we were arguing. She reckoned there was something strange about you. That you were unhealthy for me... Well I mean that's just ridiculous. She just didn't understand, did she? I mean... How are you unhealthy for me... Mind you, I think it was a mistake taking you on our first date. That didn't go down too well... Shame... I thought she was really nice... But... She's just like... all the others... (*Looks at watch.*) Missed the news now... I expect that new girl would have been on there again tonight. I wonder what she's like... You know, away from the camera.... I know what you think.... Geraint, don't you look so innocent. I've seen the way you look at her... All lustful... I bet she's got nice legs under that desk and all... Never mind, be able to watch the film later on... Good old James Cagney... *Made it Ma. Top of the world... Cody Jarret. Reached the top of the world and it blew up in his face...* Well he shouldn't have left the gas on, should he? (*Puts down bear.*) You sit there quiet for a minute. (*Picks up newspaper. Starts to read.*) Looks like everybody's up in arms about those youngsters hanging around the precinct again. Attacked some old biddy by the looks of it. Knocked her off her Harley Davidson. (*Nudges bear.*) Only joking... The bloody Buck is still top of the skittles league... We won't be going in there again... Not after what the landlord said to us... Hey, listen to this... Police were given a clue to the identity of a man who burgled a house on The Bell Hill Estate last week when it was discovered that he'd left his sandwiches behind.... Corned beef I expect.

(Doorbell rings.)

ROB: I wonder who that is? You're not expecting anybody are you? (*Gets up. Walks L. Opens door. Reveals BECKY.*) Hello Becky... Why?... I mean... What are you doing here?

BECKY: Well. Aren't you going to ask me in?

ROB: What? Yes... Come in... Hey Geraint... It's Becky... Here let me take your coat. Starting raining has it? Have a seat.

(Becky walks CR to sofa. Sees bear. Moves L to chair.)

ROB: The sofa's more comfortable.

BECKY: No. I'm fine by here.

ROB: No, don't be daft... Come on Geraint... Shift up. (*Moves bear.*)
(*BECKY joins him on sofa.*) (*Awkward silence.*)

BECKY/ROB: (in unison.) Look... I... (*Both laugh.*)

ROB: You first.

BECKY: I just called to say...

ROB: (interrupting.) I love you.

BECKY: What?

ROB: No, no... It's the song... I just called to say I love you... By Stevie Wonder... Sorry.

BECKY: Look...I'm sorry for earlier. I had no right to say those things...You're not a bloody wierdo... Not really.

ROB: I'm sorry as well... And you're not a fat cow... Not really... (*Both laugh.*) Hey. Where are my manners... Would you like a cup of tea?

BECKY: Thank you.

(*ROB gets up. Walks R. Stops at R door and turns back.*)

ROB: Would you like a biscuit? I've got some Jammie Dodgers and some Rich Tea.

BECKY: Got any Hobnobs?

ROB: No.

BECKY: Just the tea then.

(*ROB disappears through door.*)

(*BECKY stares at bear. Picks it up. Punches it several times. Stands up. Drop kicks bear across stage. Retrieves and is about to repeat.*)

(ROB reappears at door.)

ROB: I've forgotten... Do you take sug... What are you doing with Geraint?

BECKY: (flustered.) Me?... Oh I was just...I was...Making my peace with him. No sugar.

ROB: Don't take any nonsense from him mind. (*Exits again.*)

BECKY: (to bear.) Now you listen to me, you moth eaten ragbag. You're not going to spoil it. I'm going to get you...You'll be chucked on the council tip when I've finished with you. He's such a nice man... Why don't you leave him alone... Oh no, what am I doing...I'm as bad as him. (*Punches bear several more times. Returns to sofa. Picks up newspaper and reads.*) (*Laughs.*) Left his sandwiches behind.

(ROB reappears, carrying two mugs.)

ROB: There we are.

BECKY: Doesn't he have one?

ROB: Don't be silly.

BECKY: (taking mug) Ta... It's a nice flat.

ROB: (returns to sofa.) Well I suppose it could do with the Laurence Llewellyn Bowen touch. But we like it... How's your mam?

BECKY: She hasn't been so good today... That might have been why I was a little short with you tonight. Worried. You know... I don't think she really wanted me to go out at all. We had a bit of an argument ... I seem to be arguing with everybody today. I argued with Katie in work as well... She was late back from her break... She's always doing that. And she always goes to break when the checkout's really busy. You know... On purpose... Well I had my dander up today... She came back, and I told her straight... I'm fed up with you I said... Oh, I really told her... I'm fed up with you I said.

ROB: What did she say?

BECKY: She just laughed... Called me that name... Hogflesh... Then they all started laughing.

ROB: You should have told your boss or something.

BECKY: What's the point. They always take her side... I wonder why that is... I mean she's horrible, she's lazy, always talking about people... Yet they always take her side over me.

ROB: Katie... Is she the blonde one with the big... err... the big personality

BECKY: And she's got big tits and all... Oh I've had enough of that supermarket.

ROB: Careful... If it wasn't for that supermarket, we'd never have met.

BECKY: And if you hadn't dropped that tin of beans and sausages on my foot, we'd never have met either.

(Both laugh.)

ROB: What do you think of her, Geraint?... Why did decide to call round?

BECKY: Oh, I got home, and our Mam was asleep. Well I didn't want to wake her. I mean she doesn't get enough sleep as it is. I just sat there, and I realised that it was silly... You know what we argued about... I didn't want us to split up like that.

ROB: We've only been out three times.

BECKY: Well don't say it like that... Some people decide to get married after the first date...

ROB: Yeah right... Love at first sight.

BECKY: I suppose you've got lots of women queuing up to go out with you.

ROB: Well... You know what it's like.

BECKY: (gets up angrily.) Perhaps I should go. Obviously I'm cramping your style.

ROB: Wait Becky... Please don't go... I was only joking... I'm really pleased you came round... I haven't really had any girlfriends... I mean, what self-respecting girl would look twice at me. Come on you daft devil... Sit down.

(BECKY returns to sofa)

ROB: You're a bit of an old romantic, aren't you?

BECKY: I know... I love all those old films.

ROB: Cor, and me too... Who's your favourite?

BECKY: Oh, I love all those romantic ones. You know... An Affair To Remember... Magnificent Obsession... My favourite is Now Voyager. Bette Davis and Paul Heinreid. I've got that one on video... I love that film.

ROB: Isn't that the one where he lights two fags in his mouth and gives one to her?

BECKY: That's the one.

ROB: (laughing.) Yes. And later on, after he's had something of hers in his mouth, she has something of his in hers.

BECKY: Oh Rob. Don't be so vulgar... Honestly.

ROB: Sorry... I can't be doing with all that mush. I prefer the old gangster films me. And Geraint... Humphrey Bogart... Edward G. Robinson ... Jimmy Cagney.

BECKY: (in attempted Cagney impression.) You dirty rat. You killed my brother.

ROB: Don't make fun. He never said that in a film... I'd love to be like Jimmy Cagney. He didn't care. If anyone bothered him, he'd just shoot them. That's the way. No messing. (*Acts as though shooting someone.*) *Here's one rap you won't beat...* Bang... Have you ever wanted to kill anyone?

BECKY: What?

ROB: I mean... If you were sure to get away with it, no comebacks... Would you kill someone? I mean like that Katie say... In work. That'd show her, wouldn't it? Next time she calls you Hogflesh, just point the gun and...

BECKY: Of course not.

ROB: (pretends to shoot someone.) I wonder what it would be like. Just pull the trigger... Down they go.

BECKY: Rob... Don't be silly.

ROB: Only joking. (*Laughs.*) Do you know what Geraint's favourite film is?.. Barefoot In The Park... And his favourite actor is Yogi Bear... Smarter than the average bear... He likes the way Yogi gives all the humans the run-a-round... Stealing their pickernick baskets.

BECKY: And his favourite politician is Tony Bearlair.

(Both laugh.)