

“WATCHERS”

A PLAY IN THREE ACTS

BY

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WATCHERS

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WATCHERS

Cast

Sutton: A Watcher – male, forty-ish

Banks: A Watcher – male, late twenties

Rourke: A Watcher – female, late twenties

Baldry : The Man in charge

Kent: The Inside Man

Gracie: Female, late twenties

Laughing Boy: The Target (offstage)

Head Girl: Laughing Boy's Wife (offstage)

Courtney: Male voice (offstage)

'WATCHERS' was first performed at The Market Theatre, Ledbury on 3rd and 4th September 2015. The cast were all members of Ledbury Amateur Dramatic Society and were:

Sutton: Giles Lantos

Banks: Charles Smart

Rourke: Hettie Guilding

Baldry :Tim Betts

Kent: Paul Smith

Gracie: Penny Field

Laughing Boy: Clive Gunn

Head Girl: Sheila Sloan

Courtney: David Coker

WATCHERS

The entire action takes place in the living area of a sparsely furnished apartment. Upstage left is a desk with sound recording and computer equipment and on a separate table an entry phone. The stage left exit which is downstage from the desk leads to the exterior of the flat. The exit at stage right leads to the interior of the flat. There is a large screen on the rear wall and a desk with computer is positioned stage right of the screen. Angled from the rear wall at stage right is a large window in front of which an array of surveillance equipment on tripods – telescopes, long lens cameras – is set out. There is much litter of papers and empty cups etc indicative of a prolonged and uncaring occupation.

ACT ONE

At curtain up Banks is seated at the desk stage right. Rourke is seated at the desk stage left, wearing earphones. Banks folds a paper dart and launches it at Rourke who is skimming a magazine.

Rourke: Leave it out.

Banks: Moody...

Rourke: *(crumples the dart and launches it with some venom back at Banks)* I said pack it in. Grow up and read your book.

Banks picks up a paperback.

A beat

WATCHERS

Rourke: What you reading?

Banks: Len Deighton

Rourke: Eh?

Banks: Len Deighton...Ipcress File

Rourke: Never heard of him.

Banks: Before your time...

A beat

Rourke: He's taking his time

Banks: So...

Rourke: So I'm peckish.

Banks: Plenty in the kitchen...

Rourke: Could do with a cuppa

Banks: He'll make one. That's what he always does.

Rourke: So where is he?

Banks: Change the record.

WATCHERS

They read in silence

Rourke: You don't fancy one?

Banks: What's that?

Rourke: Don't fancy one?

Banks: Fancy what?

Rourke: Tea?

Banks: You making it then?

Rourke: Sod off.

Banks: Thought not.

They Read. Sutton enters stage left carrying a plastic shopping bag. Banks quickly discards his book and starts to look busy, signalling to Rourke who also gets rid of her magazine...

Sutton: I'm back.

Banks: We see...

WATCHERS

- Sutton:** With the goodies...here catch. (*tosses a chocolate bar to Banks which he catches*)...and again...(*the second bar is deliberately pitched to make Banks fumble and drop it*).
Butter fingers!
- Banks:** Didn't give me much of a chance, did you?
- Rourke:** (*removing headphones*) What about me?
- Sutton:** Ah yes – custard creams for the lady. Scoff all those and you'll be the size of a house
- Rourke:** Help me out – was that just a sizeist remark or was it sexist as well?
- Sutton:** You want to grow up girly and get a sense of humour.
- Rourke:** Balls.
- Sutton:** Any movement from 'Laughing Boy'?
- Banks:** Not a peep. He hasn't stirred from the place for two days – not since the 'Head Girl' left on Tuesday. And no-one's been by – 'cept the redhead of course.
- Sutton:** Yes, very nice she was. I suppose he feels safe enough to play at home when the missus is in the States.
- Banks:** Got an eye for the girls – I'll say that.

WATCHERS

Rourke: There was that phone call yesterday – one of his City chums. Might get something there.

Sutton: You're hopeful...

Banks: Fact is we've been cooped up in here watching him over there for three weeks and he hasn't put a foot wrong. Given us nothing we can use.

Sutton: We could have been in less comfortable places. Back of a van usually, freezing our nuts off.

Banks: Funny how it's always in the middle of winter...

Rourke: Nice of the Firm to shell out for this little bit of luxury for us this time, eh?

Sutton: Nice be damned. Best view of 'Laughing Boy's' premises, that's all. And it happens to belong to one of our 'friends'.

Rourke: Hands washing hands.

Sutton: Precisely. Still be good if we could get something we can really use. The chaps upstairs must be getting edgy.

Rourke: What about the redhead?

WATCHERS

Sutton: That's just cheesecake. Nothing special there. They're all at it and the girly has no special connections.

They return to their tasks – Banks unwraps a chocolate bar and eats – Rourke unwraps her biscuits and vaguely offers them and is ignored before she munches a couple in quick succession. Sutton takes out newspapers and a six-pack of beer from his plastic bag.

Sutton: Nothing much in the paper...

Banks: Slow news day...

Sutton: Slow news month...

Banks: Don't know why you bother...

Sutton: Never know what you might come across...pays to keep up to date...and it passes the time.

A beat

Sutton: I ran into Gracie the other day.

Banks: Why should that interest me?

Sutton: Of course you're interested

Banks: If you say so.

WATCHERS

Sutton: She was looking fit – very bonny. Nice bit of a tan.

Banks: And?

Sutton: Just back from that conference in Rio. Heads of State, trade ministers – mix and mingle – you know the drill

Banks: Good for her.

Sutton: Brought back some good stuff. Well thought of in senior circles is our Gracie – or so I've heard

Banks: Like I said, good for her. I wish her well and all that.

Sutton: Just thought you'd like to know. I'm starving – bacon sandwich anyone?

Banks: No thanks.

Rourke: No – better watch my figure

Sutton: Please yourselves – I'll make a brew.

Rourke: Earl Grey.

Sutton: You'll get builders' and like it when I'm making it.

Rourke: Hang on...incoming call

WATCHERS

Sutton: Let's hear it...put it up on speaker

Ring tone sounds over the speaker.

Sutton: C'mon...pick up...what's keeping you?

Sound of phone picking up then:

Laughing Boy: 2340

Man's Voice: That you Tony...Courtney here.

Laughing Boy: Courtney... 'morning...early for you...

Man's Voice: Business...

Laughing Boy: Uh huh...

Man's Voice: We spoke...last week

Laughing Boy: Yes...

Man's Voice: They want to meet.

Laughing Boy: Do they...when?

Man's Voice: Soonest...today?

WATCHERS

Laughing Boy: Difficult...

Man's Voice: They're hot...

Laughing Boy: And a pity to let them cool down, eh...

Man's Voice: Two'ish?

Laughing Boy: Could probably squeeze them in for...say...thirty minutes...

Man's Voice: Shouldn't need more...

Laughing Boy: Don't like being rushed though...You know these people?

Man's Voice: The fellow...bit of a rough diamond – his father was in the
r regiment. The girl...known the family for years.
No problem there...absolutely blue- chip. Trust me.

Laughing Boy: Mmm

Man's Voice: Girl's attractive...you'll enjoy meeting her. Sharp
though...know her reputation...in business...

Laughing Boy: Alright...two o'clock...not before...and only thirty
minutes. Clear?

Man's Voice: Fine. I'll let them know.

WATCHERS

Laughing Boy: Do that.

*Sound of phone hanging up then continuous tone until
Rourke cuts speaker*