

WOMAN IN THE PARK

by

Jeffrey A. Lee

ISBN: 9781873130643
The Playwrights Publishing Co.

Performances or readings of this play may not legally take place before an audience without a licence obtainable on application to:

The Playwrights Publishing Co.,
70 Nottingham Road,
Burton Joyce,
Nottingham, U.K.,
[44] (0)1159-313356
playwrightspublishingco@yahoo.com

To avoid possible disappointment, application should be made, preferably in writing, as early as possible, stating: -

- (i) Name and address of applicant
- (ii) Name and address of Society;
- (iii) Name and address of theatre or hall where performance(s) would be held;
- (iv) Times and dates of performances.

A fee will be charged for this licence which must be paid prior to the first performance otherwise the licence is automatically cancelled and the performance becomes illegal.

WOMAN IN THE PARK

A WOMAN is sleeping on the park bench. She is dressed in a strange assortment of clothes like someone who is not certain of her identity.

A MAN in a suit and carrying a briefcase enters. We can see that he wants to sit on the park bench but cannot make up his mind to do so. After hesitating and almost walking on, he makes up his mind. He sits on the bench very gingerly as far away from the woman as he can. He settles down very quietly with the briefcase on his lap. He glances at the WOMAN who raises her head in her sleep and lets it fall again. He tries to undo his briefcase as quietly as possible, but it opens with a snap.

WOMAN: *(waking with a start)* What!

MAN: *(jumping up)* Pardon?

WOMAN: *(taking refuge behind the bench)* Are you one of them?

MAN: Excuse me?

WOMAN: *(moving to the bench again)* Are you one of them?

MAN: *(indignantly)* Certainly not!

WOMAN: *(regarding him with deep suspicion)* What are you doing here?

MAN: Actually I was minding my own business.

WOMAN: Is that all?

MAN: I was about to have my lunch.

WOMAN: *(staring at his briefcase)* What have you got in there?

MAN: *(looking down at his briefcase)* A few sandwiches.

WOMAN: Is that all?

MAN: *(somewhat exasperated)* My lunch. This is my lunch.

WOMAN: *(staring at the briefcase)* Lunch, is it?

MAN: Yes, my lunch. Look for yourself.

The WOMAN watches suspiciously as the MAN takes out a package and folds back the wrappings to reveal his sandwiches, using his briefcase as a table.

WOMAN: *(getting up and looking at the sandwiches with deep suspicion)*
Sandwiches. Are you sure they're only sandwiches?

MAN: *(looks at her in surprise)* Yes, look sandwiches, bread and butter with fillings.

The MAN holds a sandwich up. The WOMAN starts back as though he is threatening her.

MAN: Don't worry. It's only bread and stuff.

WOMAN: How can you be sure?

MAN: Well, look. See for yourself. It's not a word processor. It's a sandwich.

WOMAN: It looks like a sandwich.

MAN: Of course it does. It's lunchtime. That is a sandwich.

The MAN opens the sandwich and shows the WOMAN.

MAN: Look, that is undoubtedly bread and butter.

WOMAN: *(sniffing)* What's in it? What's between the slices of bread and butter?

MAN: *(examines his sandwich closely)* Beef and mustard, I think. Yes, it's beef and mustard.

WOMAN: *(edging closer, still regarding the sandwich with suspicion)* Are you sure?

MAN: Yes, look...

The MAN holds out the sandwich. The WOMAN looks interested.

MAN: Yes. That's definitely a beef and mustard sandwich.

WOMAN: *(showing considerable interest)* Beef and mustard.

MAN: Yes. D'you fancy one?

The MAN thrusts the sandwich towards the WOMAN who recoils quickly.

WOMAN: No! Keep it away from me!

MAN: It's only a sandwich.

WOMAN: I never eat them, thank you very much!

The WOMAN withdraws quickly to the end of the bench.