

Dropped

by Katy Warner



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Notes

Characters

A — female

B — female

Setting

Somewhere else.

Sometime in the future.

Notes

... indicates trailing off

— indicates cutting off a line / thought

/ indicates running lines over the top of other

Dropped

1.

A and B.

They have been still and silent for some time.

A snowflake floats into the room and lands on B. She notices it, places it on her fingertip and watches it dissolve.

A I keep dropping things.

B Yeah?

A It's fucking annoying.

B I bet.

A Yeah, like I'm doing something, like, um ... you know, like — like the washing up. I'm doing the washing up and I drop the tea-towel —

B I reckon a plate would be worse —

A Yep, I've done that.

B You dropped a plate?

A Yeah. I keep dropping things.

B Which plate?

A Uh ... I don't remember.

B Shit, it wasn't that square one —

A I don't remember ...

- B You remember dropping a plate ...
- A No, no — I don't.
- B You don't remember?
- A I don't think I did ... Drop a plate ... Nah, don't think I did.
- B But you've been dropping things?
- A Yeah, it's fucking annoying.
- B I bet.

Pause

- A Maria Fernandez ...
- B Who?
- A The maid.
- B Maria Fernandez?
- A She's the one who, you know ... Dropped The Plate.
- B But not that square one?
- A Yeah. The square one.
- B Shit.
- A She was washing up, you know, and then ... Bam. Dropped it. Smash. All over the floor. I reckon she probably did it on purpose you know.
- B That was a really nice plate.
- A Yeah, I know, it was part of a "set".
- B Well that fucks it, doesn't it?
- A It was a nice dinner set.

B I know. I remember it.

A I threw it at her.

B What?

A The rest of the dinner set. I said “you stupid fucking immigrant” and then I threw the rest of the plates at her. Smash — Smash — Smash. Then the bowls, the side plates, the, the, the whole lot. Smash.

B Why?

A Dunno.

B Was it because she was an immigrant?

A It was because she dropped a plate.

B Oh.

A And because she was an immigrant. Fucking immigrants.

B Where is she now?

A Maria? Oh, I sold her.

B You get a good price?

A Oh not — not bad.

Pause

B You know, I’ve never heard this Maria – Maria Fer-fer ...
/Fernandez

A / Fernandez.

B Right. Never heard you mention her, or a maid, ever —

A Sometimes I imagine I live in a mansion in the Hollywood Hills or on Miami Beach or something and it has one of those winding staircases and marble floors and a grand

piano and a swimming pool surrounded by palm trees and there is a maid called Maria Fernandez who just arrived in the country and doesn't speak good English and has a heart of gold and helps me realise there is more to life than money and sex and my amazing career.

B And now you've sold her.

A I chose money and sex and my amazing career.

B Yeah, well, we all do that.

A I'll get another Maria.

B Maybe not a Maria this time.

A Gary.

B No, no — I had a maid called Gary. It didn't work out.

A Shame.

B Or maybe he was my husband ...

A That wasn't Gary.

B Gary? Gary. Gary ... No, you're right. Shit. Mark. Mark?

A I think you've mentioned Mark.

B Fuck.

A I know —

B You think you'll be together forever, you know?

A I know —

B And then you can't even remember his fucking name.

A I know.

B Do you have any vodka?

Long pause.

A No.

B Shame —

A I miss ...

Pause.

B What?

A Huh?

B What do you miss — you said you miss and then you just ...

A Oh, I don't — I don't really ... I just miss ... Everything?

B You can't.

A I do.

B Don't let her hear that.

A Yeah, yeah, yeah.

B Don't!

A She's not even here.

B Yeah but you start saying something because they're not here and then bam, there they are, just casually walking around the corner and they've heard everything, everything —

A She's not here.

B But if she was suddenly here she wouldn't like it. It's undermining, remember? Undermining and unproductive and —

A OK I get it.

B Plus, there's the radio.

- A I said I got it.
- B She could be listening in.
- A It doesn't even fucking work.
- B What?
- A Nothing.
- B I just think she doesn't need to hear that, even if she isn't here. OK?
- A Optimism.
- B Yes.
- A Positivity.
- B Yes.
- A Fine. Here you go ... Why aren't footpaths made out of grass?
- B That's better. That's productive. See?
- A Alright.
- B Go on then ...
- A Well ... They would work just the same if they were made out of grass. Whose bright idea was concrete?
- B Yeah — and bitumen.
- A I reckon bitumen is worse than concrete.
- B I liked those stone ones but —
- A Cobblestones.
- B Cobblestones, yeah, right, they don't make them like that anymore.

- A That's cos people kept twisting their ankles.
- B Really?
- A Yep. But you wouldn't twist your ankles on grass. Think about it. You could even walk barefooted on the footpath.
- B Yeah, like, like — that, that little one who burned all the skin off the soles of her feet when she ran, barefooted across the bitumen road. Remember?
- A That's cos bitumen is worse.
- B I don't know if she could ever walk again. I think they had to amputate.
- A They amputated her feet?
- B It was a bad burn.
- A Is that what they do for burns?
- B I think so.
- A Well that's fucking annoying.
- B I think they like to amputate cos it's, like, more dramatic that way.
- A We should petition.
- B To stop the amputations?
- A For grass footpaths.
- B Oh.
- A And to stop the amputations. They're not mutually exclusive.
- B You're not going to believe this but I saw a dog with three legs.
- A You're a liar.