

Textual

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14 – TEXTUAL – REBECCA COCKCROFT

A split stage. Two living rooms. It is late at night/early morning. Behind each living room is a screen which relays the text conversation between Greg and Dianne. All dialogue is typed and displayed on the screen unless marked otherwise.

Greg lounges on his sofa, a glass of wine on the coffee table in front of him. There is a tv on, with lights flashing, but no sound.

In the other living room, there is an empty sofa, a half eaten pizza in a takeaway box on the table, toys littering the floor. A laptop computer is open on the sofa and lit up, a mobile phone is on the arm of the chair.

Greg begins to text, it appears on the screen behind him.

1 Greg: Hey, you up? *(he deletes this and starts again)* Hi you, how was *(he deletes*
2 *this again)* Just watched the most ridiculous film – you’d have loved it.
3 *(Sends)*

The mobile phone in Dianne’s living room lights up. There is a notification on the screen on the wall.

Enter DIANNE, in her pyjamas. She gets herself comfortable on the sofa, with a glass of wine, and picks up her phone. Greg has purposefully put down his phone now, and is flicking silently through tv channels.

4 Dianne: Yeah, what was that then?

Greg immediately picks up his phone, and smiles.

5 Greg: Some romantic comedy nonsense.

6 Dianne: Not your usual Friday night flick?

7 Greg: Pardon *(winky face emoji)*

8 Dianne: Filth. You know what I meant.

9 Greg: *(vaguely pornographic gif)*

10 Dianne: I’m so glad you shared that with me (☹) I’m going to bed.

Dianne is not going anywhere. She sips her wine and smiles. Greg types out his reply quickly, but hesitates a second before sending it, wondering if he’s in fact gone too far.

11 Greg: For your Friday night flick?

Dianne laughs. She gets another text – not from Greg. On the screen it reads:

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- 12 Damien: Hey babe, you coming up soon?
- 13 Dianne: Sure, just finishing off this report. Don't wait up xx
- 14 Damien: K.
- 15 Greg: Are you still talking to me, or did I scare you off again?
- 16 Dianne: It would take more than a masturbation joke to scare me off.
- 17 Greg: Good to know. Slightly wondering how far I could push it now.
- 18 Dianne: That doesn't surprise me.
- 19 Damien: ???
- 20 Dianne: Ah, sorry that was for Lucy.
- 21 Damien: I thought you were doing your report?
- 22 Dianne: *(to Greg)* That doesn't surprise me.
- 23 Dianne: *(to Damien)* I am. Also talking to Lucy. I can multitask.
- 24 Greg: I bet I could surprise you.
- 25 Damien: Ok, don't be too long *(winky smile)*
- Dianne wrinkles her nose at Damien's text. Clearly things are not ok.*
- 26 Dianne: *(to Greg)* I dread to think how.
- 27 Greg: You'd love it really.
- 28 Dianne: Presumptuous.
- 29 Greg: That's a big word for this time of night.
- 30 Dianne: I'm two glasses of wine down, I'm amazed I could spell it.
- 31 Greg: Only two? I'm a bottle and a half in.
- 32 Dianne: Fiona not helping with that.
- Greg pauses. Pours himself another glass. Takes a large gulp.*
- 33 Greg: She's out tonight. Book club.
- 34 Dianne: So you're drinking alone?
- 35 Greg: I wish I wasn't. I wish you were here *(he deletes this)* Yeah, but I'm the
36 best company so...

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37 Dianne: You keep telling yourself that.

38 Greg: I do. Daily.

39 Dianne: Perhaps I should leave you to your own company.

There's a long pause before she sends another.

40 Dianne: Leave you to enjoy your Friday night flick.

41 Greg: I'm too drunk for any of that.

42 Dianne: That's always what a girl wants to hear.

43 Greg: I'm sure I could manage. If I picture something very hard. Concentrate!

Dianne laughs, loudly.

44 Dianne: Freudian slip?

45 Damien: You ok down there?

46 Dianne: *(to Damien)* yep, Lucy's just made a brilliant joke about Google Analytics.

47 Damien: K.

48 Greg: I'm very drunk.

49 Dianne: Ok?

50 Greg: I might regret this.

51 Dianne: Hangovers are a bitch.

52 Greg: I think of you. All the time. I can't get you out of my head. You make me
53 smile, you make me feel funny and sexy and I'm going mad. *(he then*
54 *deletes all of this)* Yeah they are.

55 Dianne: Go to bed then?

56 Greg: Will you come with me? *(he goes to delete but presses send)* *(out loud)*
57 Shit! Shit shit shit...

Dianne pauses, drink in hand, not entirely sure what to do.

58 Greg: Sorry. That was a bit much wasn't it?

59 Dianne: Ha! You had me for a second.

Greg relaxes a little.

60 Dianne: Just while we're "joking"

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Dianne pauses. Trying to decide quite a bad an idea this is.

61 Greg: Yeah?

62 Dianne: I would.

63 Greg: You would?

They both sit forwards in their chairs, hearts racing.

64 Dianne: If things were different.

65 Greg: Good to know.

They both sit in silence for a moment. It's a huge thing they've just confessed to the other.

66 Dianne: I'm going to go to bed now.

67 Greg: Me too.

68 Dianne: I'll see you on Monday?

69 Greg: Yeah, see you Monday.

70 Dianne: Good night xx

71 Greg: Night xx

Neither of them move. Dianne finishes off her glass of wine, shuts her laptop and looks around – a deep breath, a sigh. She picks up her phone and on the screen we see her deleting the messages.

Greg flops back into the sofa running his hands through his hair. He smiles

72 Fiona: (to Greg) On my way home. Cn u unlock the door pls?

Realisation washes over him.

73 Greg: K.

Ends.