



GUIDE ME
By Paul Smith

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CHARACTERS

RICH – casual, smart. 30

CLARA – businesslike, efficient. 32

JACK – trendy, casual. 27

1.30pm – October – overcast

RICH is lying on a sofa in an apartment overlooking the River Thames in London. Docklands. The accommodation has doors leading to the kitchen, bathroom and the front door. It is smart, modern, clean and tidy. Cranes in the distance. Large windows. Curtains open.

A mobile phone is on the floor beside him.

Some music is playing – maybe in another room.

Every so often RICH leans down to the phone to check if there has been a message.

Nothing.

As he puts it down again, it rings. RICH answers it.

RICH You said you'd call an hour ago

 I'm just waiting.

 Shopping. Or something.

 No, not shopping. Well maybe some. Doctors. Hospital. She's had some pains. Period I think. I don't know.

 I told you.

Please don't pressure me Jack.

I will. It's just not easy. Not as easy as **you** think anyway.

I know.

It's what I want too.

I have to be fair.

Because I do.

Well, you would say that wouldn't you?

Because you would. You have. You do.

I'd rather be swilling gin with your brigade right now, than doing what I'm doing.

Lying on the sofa.

Feel sick.

Yes, actual physical sick.

Went out at midday.

How on Earth do I know?

Slipped into Liberty's probably.

Almost lives there.

Don't I know it.

Miss you.

Want you.

Love you so much.

Want you. Just want so badly.

I hate it.

Can we go away? Couple of weeks?

Don't care.

Just need to unload. Get rid of. You know.

I won't. I promise.

No, don't come round.

No. I don't need you here for this.

She won't.

No, please. Don't.

Sound of front door opening

Hold on. She's back.

I'll Call back.

Love you.

RICH ends the call and gets up. CLARA enters.

RICH You were a time.

CLARA Yes.

RICH Alright?

CLARA Not really.

RICH Oh.

CLARA Coffee.

RICH Want me to...

CLARA I'll get it.

CLARA exits to kitchen.

CLARA Who were you on the phone to?

RICH No one.

CLARA Well it must have been someone.

RICH I wasn't.

CLARA Don't lie Rich. I heard you. As I came through the door.

RICH It was no one.

CLARA Ok, well I hope 'No one' enjoys talking to you when you call back.

RICH How did you get on at the doctors?

CLARA I don't want to talk about it.

RICH Ok.

CLARA Maybe I will when you decide that lying isn't worth the breath it takes.

RICH I'm sorry?

CLARA You play musical chairs with the truth on a daily basis, Rich. Not interested in your inventions.

RICH I was concerned for your health.

CLARA Not enough to stop you wanking yourself off to someone you met on an app I guess.

RICH What the hell is that supposed to mean?

CLARA It means what it says.

There is a silence – CLARA re-enters the room with coffee.

RICH Do you want a coffee Rich?

CLARA You only needed to ask.

RICH A regular occurrence.

CLARA Now it's my time to ask what the hell is that supposed to mean?

RICH Oh..... Jeez.

CLARA Sometimes you can be a real cunt. Did you know that?

