

SAMPLE:

A RATIONAL FEAR OF WATER (play)

by

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now SCENE ONE

I Hate This - Today

TELEVISION

"Today"

Early evening. OLIVER sits alone on the bed in the bedroom. There is a pad next to him and a few pencils, but he doesn't touch or look to them. Also there are some official looking papers. He stares out the window, south towards the river. The sound of a beep-the key card for the apartment door. The door slides open. Morgan enters the living room. He carries a briefcase, leather, and two shopping bags filled with all sorts. He heads to the kitchen.

MORGAN

Hallo...

After a second's delay, OLIVER turns to see his partner.

OLIVER

Hiya. Let me help.

MORGAN

How are we today?

OLIVER

Better now.

MORGAN

(MORGAN kisses him on the cheek.)

Awe. Good.

OLIVER

Work?

MORGAN

Fine...yeh. Very good actually. Very focused-I was supposed to...oh shit-Sorry I didn't/ call-

OLIVER

It's fine-

MORGAN

Got the whole second floor of the Rambert house drawn up/ and this-

OLIVER

Good.

MORGAN

This one looks like it is actually possible, structurally. What's-

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OLIVER

Nothing-

MORGAN

Fine-David thought so too. And Ben.

OLIVER

You can say father.

MORGAN

Right, sorry-blunder...You? Work?

OLIVER

Not much *inspiration*.

*

MORGAN

Shame-

OLIVER

I called the Council-got through today. To list his pub. It's a mess. I just want it all over-so I-we can get on to-

MORGAN

Lamb? Chicken? Lamb?

OLIVER

Fine-whatever.

MORGAN

Lamb then. Nicer.

MORGAN begins to cook a bit.

OLIVER

Fine. I drew a chair.

MORGAN

What?

OLIVER

Yeh, a chair. That was work today-it's silly.

MORGAN

Oliver.

OLIVER

Looks nice. Comfy. Seems actually possible, structurally.

MORGAN

You haven't drawn furniture/ in ages-

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OLIVER

I know. I feel abysmal-nevermind.

MORGAN

(Pleasantly.)

A chair.

OLIVER

Looks nice.

MORGAN

Ollie, it's like Versace doing tea cozies.

OLIVER

He designs them.

MORGAN

Never personally.

OLIVER

We have one-This is shit. I hate it.

MORGAN

No furniture, no appliances. And I won't do amusement parks or takeaways. Deal?

MORGAN laughs. OLIVER goes to the bar in the living room.

OLIVER

I want a drink. You want a drink? Of course you want a drink.

MORGAN

Tonic and lime. What is shit-Ollie?

OLIVER

(Pouring drinks.)

Like, the world was done in six days, right.

MORGAN

What?

OLIVER

I have done nothing of value for six days-you ever stop and think they've gone and what-I showered twice, shaved twice, drawn an ugly chaise, a mediocre lamp, and that fucking awful chair-

MORGAN

Honey. Shut up. Pass me that will you. What? It's fine. Fuck-your dad dies an' you want to just keep on-

OLIVER

Right, it's/ that I-

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MORGAN

Don't try and work. Really-

OLIVER

I want to work. I love to work.

MORGAN

But fuck it, do it next week. Go to the gym. Go the TATE. Wait. It will come when it's ready. Believe me -I'm intelligent. Just try to forget him.

*

OLIVER

I know-like, I should.

MORGAN

Right. You can pull it together. Fuck it, he's gone now-

OLIVER looks at MORGAN, not believing his insensitivity, but yielding to it.

OLIVER

Morgan, I'm not being-not trying to be like-but it's these practical issues that just belabor the whole...grieving. And I'm not...I wish I would have said-

MORGAN

There are more cards at the office-

OLIVER

Oh?

MORGAN

The word is getting around to the clients that you'll be out for a bit.

OLIVER

That's...nice, will you bring them?

MORGAN

Sure-I put it out of my head for today for/ some reason-

OLIVER

(Gulps down what is left of his drink.)

Listen, I have been thinking-

MORGAN

Ollie, don't come back in till you're ready-I've made/ sure-

OLIVER

No, not/ that just listen-

MORGAN

I talked to my father-Ben-my father, he says/ that-

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No, listen, about-not that.

MORGAN

Right then, what?

OLIVER

I want to have a child.

*Pause. They look at each other.***MUSIC. BLACKOUT.****then SCENE ONE****You've Branded Me - Seven Years Ago - The Next Morning****TELEVISION**

"Seven Years Ago"

"The Next Morning"

*Morning. The lights rise in the apartment, empty. The front door beeps and slides open. MORGAN skips in with a grocery bag. The house is quiet. Beat. He looks around.***MORGAN**

Shit.

(MORGAN goes to the kitchen, putting down groceries.)

Gone, gone, gone.

(MORGAN wanders toward the bedroom. Stops.)

Can I ever keep one?

*Beat. Suddenly, the sound of a great deal of water being displaced. PHILLIP stands up, revealing himself in the bathtub, water pours down his body. On the length of his torso, there is a building, a skyscraper, rendered with incredible detail. The drawing starts on his thighs and stretches over his torso to his Adams apple.***PHILLIP**

Morning.

MORGAN

Thought you had gone.

PHILLIP

Felt like a bath.

MORGAN

Suddenly so do I.

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PHILLIP

Cleared my head. Relieved?

MORGAN

Yes.

PHILLIP

(Smiles.)

Good.

(Phillip steps out of the bath.)

I'm surprised it hasn't come off.

MORGAN

Drafting ink. Permanent.

PHILLIP

You've branded me.

MORGAN

Stained. For a day or two at least.

PHILLIP

I checked the mirror this morning to make sure you hadn't drawn sliding doors on my ass.

(Beat.)

It's beautiful.

PHILLIP turns. His back is the same, covered in the south side of the same tall building, from neck to knee joint.

PHILLIP

I think it's my better side. Lines are straighter.

(Flexes his back.)

Bigger windows. Pass me a towel. I'll mark the floor.

MORGAN gets a towel, takes it to PHILLIP and starts to pat him dry, careful not to smear his design.

MORGAN

I thought you had gone.

PHILLIP

Did you?

MORGAN

What were you doing in there?

PHILLIP

Holding my breath-I thought you had-

MORGAN

What?

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PHILLIP

Gone.

MORGAN

I had. Breakfast.

PHILLIP

Gone and drawn a bath?

MORGAN

It takes a while.

PHILLIP

Not long.

MORGAN

A while.

PHILLIP

You have a problem with patience?

(No response.)

You have me wait for an answer?

MORGAN

Maybe. I wanted breakfast...

PHILLIP

And to see if I'd still be here?

(Short beat.)

MORGAN

I'm glad you are.

PHILLIP

But not sure I would be?

MORGAN

Well...I had...I don't know...had you wanted to go-had you...I didn't want it to-

PHILLIP

Complicate. I fit right in.

MORGAN

But if you didn't-

PHILLIP

Should I not-

MORGAN

No. You should-

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PHILLIP

And if it did get complicated?

MORGAN

There's the anonymous door.

PHILLIP

I'm not having an anonymous day.

MORGAN

I'm glad. I didn't want you to have gone.

PHILLIP

I'm not going to leave. Not till I get dressed anyway.

MORGAN

Do you have to?

PHILLIP

Admiring your work?

MORGAN

No. Just genetics.

They smile. PHILLIP blushes, then chuckles.

PHILLIP

You ever think you would be here? I mean you do-it's your flat, but...I...it's London there...all of it. Big fuck off windows and it's there. I feel quite strange.

MORGAN

Do you?

PHILLIP

Yeh. Sorry I spoiled your bath.

MORGAN

Did you?

PHILLIP

The water. It's cold.

MORGAN

I don't care about the water-

PHILLIP

Should I run it again?

MORGAN looks at PHILLIP without saying anything.

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PHILLIP

Should I hold my breath?

MORGAN

Don't be funny-it's early.

PHILLIP

Can't help it. Ink poisoning.

MORGAN

You feel poisoned?

PHILLIP

Inhabited by a foreign body perhaps.

MORGAN

Sore?

PHILLIP

Some.

MORGAN

Sorry. I should have-

PHILLIP

Remained celibate? I don't mind. Some things are worth recovering from.

Morgan laughs.

PHILLIP

What? You're safe right? Not safe but clean?

MORGAN

I'm healthy. You?

PHILLIP

I'm *clean*. Sorry, late for that now anyway.

MORGAN

Right.

PHILLIP

Why did you kiss me on the face last night?

MORGAN

I-should I not?

PHILLIP

Kiss a stranger? On the street?

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MORGAN

I-should I not?

PHILLIP

And you held me last night while I *slept*.

MORGAN

Presumption?

PHILLIP

For a stranger.

MORGAN

You're not-

PHILLIP

I know.

Beat.

MORGAN

What were you doing in there?

PHILLIP

All these questions.

MORGAN

You can just stay there?

PHILLIP

For a while.

MORGAN

I couldn't not breathe.

PHILLIP

You should try.

MORGAN

You have any other hidden talents?

PHILLIP

Patience. Can I borrow some clothes?

MORGAN

Take whatever-shame though. Over there.

PHILLIP follows orders, goes to the semi-hidden closet and pulls out some jeans and a sweater. MORGAN takes a card out of his pocket. PHILLIP turns back to see him.

PHILLIP

What's that?

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I had it made. It's for the door.

*MORGAN offers it to PHILLIP. PHILLIP doesn't move.***PHILLIP**

Joking? So, what's this then?

MORGAN

I don't know. You asked so I-

PHILLIP

It was a/ joke-

MORGAN

I know, but I did it anyway. Scared? I've scared you now.

PHILLIP

We did just meet-

MORGANI don't know why, but I want you to stay. If you would like to.
You can stay.**PHILLIP**

You don't even know my second name.

MORGAN

I don't feel that is wildly important.

MUSIC. BLACKOUT.**now SCENE TWO****Long Time Yeah - A Week Later****TELEVISION**

"Morgan And Oliver's Flat"

"A Week Later"

"Sixth Anniversary"

*The lights rise on the apartment. MORGAN is in the shower. OLIVER sets the table, facing out.***OLIVER**

Honey?

(Nothing.)

You all right?

MORGAN (OFF)

What?

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Nothing.

MORGAN (OFF)

Out in a minute. All right?

OLIVER

What's a minute in six years?

(Calling.)

I can wait.

*(To himself.)*Six years-seventy two months-seventy two *dinners*.*(He looks towards the bathroom. Turns back.)*Together. From the mad night we met. I was too drunk to see and you were what-perfect in the dark corner of that dark French wine bar. That hole in the pavement in Covent-that is, that was *Le Bastille*. You remember?*MORGAN enters quietly, OLIVER doesn't notice. The shower still runs.***OLIVER**

It was terrif-the most-terrifying thing, moving those beads-those shitty beads and coming in to find you. Alone. The back booth the darkest one with the blood rose on the table, you knew-how-you got the shadows on your eyes to look even-I know you-to look better. I bought you the most expensive bottle I could afford-with money my dad had lent and came to sit opposite you. And you looked at me. And didn't say anything; moved the hair out of your eyes. And I saw you. And you looked at me like I was someone else... something better. And...that was all. All I...

*Pause. He lays the last piece just right on the table. OLIVER turns.***OLIVER**

Oh. You're-

MORGAN

Yeh.

OLIVER

Were you listening to me there?

MORGAN

No. I was in-I couldn't hear you. Shower.

OLIVER

Oh.

(Beat.)

I was just...talking. Nothing. Remembering meeting.

MORGAN

Long time yeh?

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Yeh. But/ good-
OLIVER

Hungry?
MORGAN

Yeh. You?
OLIVER

Sure. I'll dress.
MORGAN

Morgan.
OLIVER

Yeh?
MORGAN

The water.
OLIVER

Oh yeh. Silly.
MORGAN

MORGAN returns to the bathroom, turning off the water. He gets dressed in a loose pair of pin striped trousers and pulls on a shirt.

Clean?
OLIVER

Squeaky.
MORGAN

OLIVER
(Smiles, rueful.)
Are you going to pretend I didn't say anything?

?
MORGAN

Morgan.
OLIVER

Sorry?
MORGAN

You know-
OLIVER

What?
MORGAN

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OLIVER

It's time. I'm ready for us to-

MORGAN

Oh, this.

OLIVER

A family, I want/ a family-

MORGAN

A family, you want-

OLIVER

I do Morgan-but/ if you-

MORGAN

Are we ready for something like-Ollie it's a huge-

OLIVER

We're ready, I know we are-

MORGANAre we? You may be ready , *but*-**OLIVER**

But-

MORGAN

But I don't know the first fucking thing about-

OLIVER

You'll be great-

MORGAN

What is this Oliver? How do you know? Do you know how to?

OLIVER

What do you/ mean-

MORGAN

I had a shit childhood/how will-

OLIVER

I didn't. We'll be better-you'll be-we'll love our kids/ and we can make it-

MORGAN*Kids?* Like more than one?*(Beat.)*

You've been planning this?

OLIVER

Not planning-but I've thought-I been thinking about it...

MORGAN turns and walks into the bathroom. OLIVER collapses a little. MORGAN turns on the sink, looks at the mirror, plays with the water, turns off the sink, and returns to the living room.

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We'll-what-adopt or have a woman-uh have it or whatever?

OLIVER

I think there is a way. Yes, a trial study. I got the papers. We can-

MORGAN

A study?

OLIVER

Yeh.

MORGAN

Fuck me-you're serious-

OLIVER

We've idled.

Long pause.

MORGAN

All right.

OLIVER

What?

MORGAN

Let's have a child. Let's have one.

OLIVER

You want to?

MORGAN

(Uncertain.)

Yes.

OLIVER

Oh Jesus. Do you mean-yeah we...I love you.

MORGAN

Let's try, right. Have a family.

OLIVER

I love you Morgan.

MORGAN

Even though I'm obdurate?

OLIVER

I've grown to fancy it. So where we going to fit a child? We'll have to remodel or move/ or something-

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MORGAN

No. Not the-we'll find a place here.

OLIVER

I don't believe you sometimes Morgan.

MORGAN

Let's eat. Please. Who do you have to fuck to get a meal-

OLIVER

All right, all right. Oh shit! The lamb-

(OLIVER skips into the kitchen. Sings:)

I'M GONNA HAVE A BABY, I'M GONNA HAVE A BABY.

MORGAN stares out.

MUSIC. BLACKOUT.