

# THEY / OLVIDAR

By Becky Kimsey

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**THEY / OLVIDAR***Two One-Act Thrillers***By Becky Kimsey****CAST OF CHARACTERS***(1-2 females, 2-4 males)***THEY:**

JENNY (f)

RICK (m)

DIRECTOR (m)

**OLVIDAR:**

ANGIE (f)

PETE (m)

GLEN (m)

DO NOT COPY

**PREMIERE PRODUCTION**

THEY/OLVIDAR was first presented at Stage Coach Theatre in Boise, Idaho on the 8<sup>th</sup> of October, 2022 for a 4-week run. Directed by Kevin Kimsey with the following cast and crew:

**THEY**

JENNY.....Becky Kimsey  
 RICK.....Nicholas Bromund  
 DIRECTOR .....Kevin Kimsey

**OLVIDAR**

ANGIE.....Becky Kimsey  
 PETE.....Kevin Kimsey  
 GLEN.....Brad Ooley

Director: Kevin Kimsey  
 Technical Director: Kevin Kimsey  
 Stage Manager: Harmony Soto  
 Set Designer: Kevin Kimsey  
 Backstage Tech: Ava Yorgensen, Ken Yorgensen  
 Prop Master: Greg Woods  
 Lighting Designer: Dan Allers  
 Lighting Operator: Ashleigh Walker  
 Sound Designer: Becky Kimsey  
 Sound Operator: Nameer Age  
 Costumes: Elizabeth Greeley  
 Cover & Poster Artwork: Becky Kimsey

**DEDICATION**

THEY is dedicated to the Patrons of Live Theater...  
 For without them, we are nothing.

OLVIDAR is dedicated to those who choose to learn from their mistakes  
 rather than escape from them.

## THEY

By Becky Kimsey

**SYNOPSIS:** Jenny and Rick have been anonymously asked to participate in an original play reading at their local community theater. When the mysterious author enters and the reading begins, the two of them find themselves literally trapped in a sinister plot with a chilling agenda and a lethal conclusion.

**DURATION:** 30 minutes.

**SETTING:** On the stage of a local community theater.

**TIME:** Present.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

*(1 female, 2 males)*

JENNY (f).....An American actress 20-30. *(170 lines)*

RICK (m) .....An American actor 20-30. *(168 lines)*

DIRECTOR (m).....An English writer/director 30-50.  
*(67 lines)*

### DIRECTOR'S NOTE

The play can be more effective if the actors playing Jenny and Rick use their real names throughout the scene. IE: If the actor playing RICK is named Connor, the other actors will call him Connor when Rick is indicated. Conversely, if the actress playing JENNY is named Kim, the other actors will call her Kim when Jenny is indicated. This especially heightens the tension when well-known actors in the local theater community are dealing with this struggle. Additionally, if it is at all possible, cast a lesser-known actor as the Director. If it's not possible, casting an actor who might conceivably be a little crazy will also work very well. If it is not beneficial or desirable to use the actors' real names, Rick and Jenny will work just fine.



**SETTING:** *A local American Community Theater. The stage is set with three black walls. No doors. There is a table UC against the wall with two contracts, two typed scripts and a single pen. Approximately two minutes before the show begins, the DIRECTOR steps on the stage carrying an apple and a knife. He carves off an apple slice and eats it. He checks that everything on the table is in order as he slices off another piece and eats it. He notices that the scripts are crooked. He sets the knife on the table and straightens the papers. He then checks his watch, absently leaves the knife on the table and exits swiftly the way he came. Blackout.*

**AT RISE:** *JENNY is lying on the stage taking selfies with her phone. RICK enters from the back of the auditorium and steps onto the stage.*

**JENNY:** Hey.

**RICK:** Hey... you too?

**JENNY:** Yep.

**RICK:** Nice. Wow. *(Looks around.)* Set's already done.

**JENNY:** Is it?

**RICK:** Well, this wasn't the set for \_\_\_\_\_ *[Insert previous production.]* They closed last week. *[Or insert whenever it closed.]*

**JENNY:** Oh, right. Did you see it?

**RICK:** Yeah, I had a friend in the cast, so.

**JENNY:** Me too. Yeah, it was alright.

**RICK:** I felt sorry for her.

**JENNY:** Oh, come on.

**RICK:** Naw, it was the same bullshit fluffy comedy that they always do here. One right after the other.

**JENNY:** Well, the audiences seemed to like it.

**RICK:** That doesn't matter.

**JENNY:** Seriously?

**RICK:** I'm just saying that sometimes we need to take chances and do more of the edgy stuff.

**JENNY:** More?

**RICK:** Yeah.

**JENNY:** What do you mean more? We do a drama every year. We do a thriller every year. How much more edgy stuff do you need?

**RICK:** I don't know. Just more. This theater should take the art more seriously. They got the talent, right? You and me, for instance. We're not two-bit comedians—

**JENNY:** (*Rolling her eyes.*) Rick...

**RICK:** —or one of those mugging morons we work with who'll do anything for a laugh. We're serious actors.

**JENNY:** Sure, but—

**RICK:** We're under-utilized here. Unappreciated. We should have a chance to do more of the tough shit. The edgy stuff, something with real emotion, you know? Something with teeth.

**JENNY:** Rick, nobody wants to cry all of the time or feel all... depressed or scared every time they leave here. Comedy is a good thing. People like to laugh.

**RICK:** Seriously, Jenny. Be honest. Would you rather do a fluffy, brainless comedy or a kick-ass character piece?

**JENNY:** I dunno. I like em both.

**RICK:** You're so full of shit.

**JENNY:** I do! Besides, it's not always about what we want to do.

**RICK:** Well maybe it should be.

**JENNY:** Ugh! Okay, I'm not gonna get into this with you again. Alright? So just tuck that opinion of yours back in your pants and save it for someone who cares.

**RICK:** You always back down.

**JENNY:** I wasn't backing down, I'm just—

**RICK:** Yeah, you were. So, what's the deal? (*Looks at watch.*) Geeze. I thought I was late.

**JENNY:** I know, right? I mean the door was open so I just—Oh! This the script? (*Picks one up.*)

**RICK:** (*Picks the other one up.*) Looks like it.

**JENNY:** (*Reading.*) "The Ungrateful Dead"?

**RICK:** Isn't that copyright infringement?

**JENNY:** What are you a lawyer? (*Beat.*) Did he write it himself?

**RICK:** Maybe.

**JENNY:** Who is this guy anyway?

**RICK:** I don't know. I just got a random email the other day—

**JENNY:** Me too! The address was weird. begrateful@gmail.com or... something? Right?

**RICK:** Yeah! That's right. Be grateful.

**JENNY:** So weird. You think this is a prank?

**RICK:** I dunno. Let's look at the script while we wait. Shouldn't take too long.

*They read silently for a moment.*

**JENNY:** It's pretty cool he chose us though.

**RICK:** Mhm.

**JENNY:** I heard there was a new director in town.

**RICK:** Who told you that?

**JENNY:** I can't remember. But they said he's a real big shot. Came from L.A. or Hollywood or something.

**RICK:** L.A. is Hollywood.

**JENNY:** No, it's not.

**RICK:** Yeah. It is.

**JENNY:** Okay whatever. I'm just saying that maybe this is the same guy and maybe he's heard about us.

**RICK:** Or seen us.

**JENNY:** Exactly.

**RICK:** Let's just read, okay?

**JENNY:** *(After a bit.)* What does discompose mean?

**RICK:** Where are you?

**JENNY:** Halfway down the page.

**RICK:** Um...

**JENNY:** Is that like a dead body? Cause that doesn't really make sense.

**RICK:** No...

**JENNY:** Right? Like on one of those cop shows?

**RICK:** No, you're thinking decompose. Like a decomposing body. This is discompose it's like... to confuse someone or make them uncomfortable.

**JENNY:** Oh. Okay. I get it now.

**RICK:** You sure?

**JENNY:** Shut up.

**RICK:** *(Looking around.)* Huh. That's weird.

**JENNY:** What?

**RICK:** Notice something missing on this set?

**JENNY:** Yeah, like some color.

**RICK:** No, like something fundamental.

**JENNY:** (*Looks around.*) I don't know... What?

**RICK:** Doors.

**JENNY:** Ohhh.

**RICK:** Windows.

**JENNY:** Right! Yeah, I noticed that too.

**RICK:** Whoever built this set didn't know what the hell they were doing.

**JENNY:** That is hilarious! I mean, how are the characters supposed to get in and out of the room? How stupid is that?

**DIRECTOR:** Stupid?

*Coming down the aisle towards the stage as he continues in a smooth English accent.*

**DIRECTOR:** Stupid is a relative term my dear. Stupid can be a person sending naked pictures of themselves to a friend or boyfriend, believing fully that the other party will never, ever show it to anyone.

**RICK:** What are you doing here? I thought you were still in the—

**DIRECTOR:** (*Ignoring him.*) Stupid can be drinking from the swimming pool or removing the battery in the smoke alarm because it just won't shut up. Stupid can be as harmless as missing a letter in a spelling bee or as monstrous as forgetting your child is still in the car on a blistering hot summer day. Stupid, my dear is a word used by stupid people only because they are too stupid to ask the one question that eludes the vast majority of mankind: Why?

**JENNY:** Why?

**DIRECTOR:** Why indeed.

**JENNY:** Look, when I said "stupid" I didn't mean—

**DIRECTOR:** Don't be alarmed my dear. I simply wanted to make a point.

**JENNY:** Well, I'm not stupid.

**DIRECTOR:** I never suggested that. It is important to me, as your Director, (*JENNY and RICK exchange meaningful glances—DIRECTOR!*) that you feel comfortable asking questions. But never assume that anything I do is without reason or purpose. If you don't understand something, just ask.

**JENNY:** (*Smiling, overly friendly.*) Okay. Are you from England?

**DIRECTOR:** I'm not going to dignify that with a response.



**RICK:** How come there are no doors—

**JENNY:** (*Quickly.*) Or windows?

**RICK:** (*Shooting her a look.*) I noticed there weren't any on the set.

**DIRECTOR:** Good question. Let's think about that for a moment. What is a door?

**RICK:** Huh?

**DIRECTOR:** A door is symbolic of what?

**RICK:** Um...

**JENNY:** An entrance.

**RICK:** Or an exit.

**DIRECTOR:** Is that all? Is there nothing else? Nothing more that comes to mind, no word that fully describes the importance of a door? When you need a door, when you are searching desperately for a door what word comes to mind?

**RICK:** (*Simultaneously with JENNY.*) Escape!

**JENNY:** (*Simultaneously with RICK.*) Opportunity!

**DIRECTOR:** Interesting... (*To RICK.*) You seek escape. (*To JENNY.*) You seek opportunity.

**JENNY:** (*Flirty.*) Wow. Are you a shrink or something?

**DIRECTOR:** Not at all, my dear. I can arrange one for you if you like.

**RICK:** Okay, should we get started? We read a little bit of this play already but we didn't get very far. I assume this is just a read-through?

**JENNY:** (*Now irritated.*) Look, I don't think I'm right for this part. (*Sets script down on table.*) I think you should find someone else.

**DIRECTOR:** I selected you specifically for this role.

**JENNY:** Well, I don't like being made fun of, okay? So, you can just get someone else.

**DIRECTOR:** What you're saying is; you can't handle the pressure?

**JENNY:** I can handle pressure just fine. But with my experience, I deserve a little respect.

**DIRECTOR:** Yes, you do. A very little.

**JENNY:** Hey!

**RICK:** Hey, what's going on here? Huh? We came here on good faith. You said you needed actors to perform in your play. We're here to help. It's not like we're getting paid for this.

**DIRECTOR:** Aren't you?

**JENNY:** Community Theater. Helloo! (*Heads for the stairs.*)

**DIRECTOR:** Oh. Well, I was prepared to pay you a thousand for your time.

**JENNY:** (*JENNY stops.*) A thousand?

**RICK:** No way.

**DIRECTOR:** A thousand. Each.

**JENNY:** (*Pausing a bit.*) Just for doing this play?

**DIRECTOR:** Yes.

**JENNY:** Okay. Alright.

**RICK:** Damn! Did the board approve this?

**DIRECTOR:** Of course. They were pleased as punch. Especially since the money will be coming out of my own pocket. But it's only on one condition: That you finish the play.

**RICK:** (*Obviously.*) Well, yeah.

**DIRECTOR:** As it is written. It is crucial that you understand this one point. You must finish the play as it is written. No changes.

**RICK:** We would never change it.

**JENNY:** That is SO against the rules.

**RICK:** We know how it is. I mean, this is your baby, right?

**DIRECTOR:** (*Musing.*) Baby.

**JENNY:** And I'm really honored that you chose me.

**RICK:** Yes, thank you for this opportunity.

**JENNY:** Yes, thank you so much.

**DIRECTOR:** Very well.

**RICK:** Sorry we got off on the wrong foot, man.

**DIRECTOR:** Not at all.

**JENNY:** Okay so... what did you have in mind? You want us to just read it, right?

**RICK:** Yeah, I assume I'm playing Damian.

**JENNY:** And you want me to read Ellie?

**DIRECTOR:** Yes, but first I need you to sign the contract you see there on the table.

**JENNY:** Oh! Okay, sure.

**RICK:** That's new.

**JENNY:** Never signed a theater contract before. Should I read it first?

**DIRECTOR:** Your choice.

**RICK:** (*Already signed.*) Here you go.

*Sets contract on apron of the stage. RICK gives pen to JENNY who also signs without reading it. JENNY sets pen on table and contract on the apron. DIRECTOR picks up the contracts.*

**DIRECTOR:** Excellent. Alright, let's begin. Performance level if you please. Best you can, anyways. Follow the italics, remember to project and most importantly; you must finish the play.

*The DIRECTOR moves to the back of the audience. The two actors following the italics stand far apart from each other: JENNY at stage left and RICK at stage right.*

**RICK:** *(Reading.)* A thousand words cannot describe my hunger.

**JENNY:** *(Reading.)* A hundred tears cannot resolve my pain.

**RICK:** I see your face and tremble at the thought that, after tonight, I shall never see you again.

**JENNY:** *(To DIRECTOR.)* Is this supposed to be in British? *(No response.)* It just seems like it should be in British. *(Still silent.)* Okay. *(Reading non-British.)* There was nothing before. And there will be nothing after. I have resolved my fate. The choice has been made.

**RICK:** *(Reading.)* The choice has been made.

*During the following, the lights slowly change to top-lighting only. The change must be complete by the end of JENNY'S line. JENNY and RICK react slightly to the light change but resist being distracted and don't look up.*

**JENNY:** *(Reading.)* His passion will be my undoing. His fire will burn me to dust. I wait in silence for this impending sin. And in this commission, I have resolved nothing. Only the quenching of my desire. Oh, the taste of it! I sit in agony over the fate that stood before me here. His eyes blocked out the sun. His voice silenced all the traffic of the day. My mind, no longer clear. My thoughts are in utter chaos. Only he can discompose me in this way. *(To RICK.)* Oh, see that makes sense now.

**RICK:** There you go.

**JENNY:** (*Looking up, to DIRECTOR.*) See, before I—(*Her eyes open wide.*) What the hell?

**RICK:** What? (*Looks up.*) Holy shit. (*Beat.*) Where did that come from?

*RICK comes down center stage and stares in horror. JENNY joins him and they stare at the FOURTH WALL.*

**JENNY:** What the hell is this?

**RICK:** There's a wall here. There's a GODDAMN WALL HERE!

**JENNY:** Oh my God.

**RICK:** Do you see it? Don't you SEE IT?

**JENNY:** Yeah, I see it! I see it! It's just. It's gotta be a trick or something.

**RICK:** A trick?

**JENNY:** You know. Like a scrim or special effects or something! Here...

*She goes to touch the FOURTH WALL. Blackout/BOOM. She screams. NOTE: It's important that we don't create a comedic "mime-like" representation of the FOURTH WALL. Therefore, whenever the actors try to touch or breach the FOURTH WALL, the lights black out and a loud Boom occurs.*

**JENNY:** OH MY GOD! Oh my God! Rick? You still here? (*Lights return, she jumps backwards.*) Shit! Why did it go dark? Why the hell did it go dark?

**RICK:** What did you do?

**JENNY:** Nothing! Nothing! I just... I just touched the wall!

**RICK:** Here, lemme...

*He moves to touch the wall. Blackout/BOOM. We hear him pounding on the wall, the BOOM repeats in rapid succession in the dark as he shouts.*

**RICK:** Come on! Come ON! What the hell is this?

**JENNY:** Okay Rick wait. Wait, wait, wait. (*Lights up.*)

**RICK:** Is it everywhere? Huh?

*Moves stage left. Blackout/BOOM. Pounding.*

**JENNY:** Rick, stop it! (*Lights up.*)

**RICK:** Alright, asshole! What about over here!

*Moves stage right. Blackout/BOOM. More pounding.*

**RICK:** Son of a BITCH! (*Lights up.*)

**JENNY:** STOP IT, Rick!

**RICK:** What the hell is this!

**JENNY:** Let's just calm down!

**RICK:** Calm down? Are you kidding me?

**JENNY:** There's gotta be an explanation.

**RICK:** Explanation my ass! That sonofabitch trapped us in here!

**JENNY:** Let's just... let's just calm down and think.

**RICK:** There's no time to think! Look around you! No doors! No windows! We're in a goddamned CAGE!

**JENNY:** How can that happen?

**RICK:** This is crazy!

**JENNY:** It doesn't make any sense. I mean how did he do that? WHY did he do that?

**RICK:** There's gotta be a way out.

**JENNY:** I mean I thought he LIKED us!

**RICK:** What the hell difference does that make!

**JENNY:** Shut up, okay? Just shut up and think.

**RICK:** I'm gonna kill that sonofa—

**JENNY:** HEY! Rick that's not gonna get us out of here, okay? GOD, just think for a second, alright? Can you do that?

**RICK:** I'm gonna kill him.

**JENNY:** Sure, yeah you're gonna kill him. You're in a goddamn box, Rick. If you wanna kill him, you need to shut up so we can figure out how to get out of here first. FIRST, okay?

**RICK:** This is just like one of those movies...

**JENNY:** Okay, what did he say? Um—

**RICK:** One of those stupid slasher B-movies.

**JENNY:** Finish the play.

**RICK:** Those goddamn 80's movies with the dumb jock and the stupid girl with the big tits.

**JENNY:** He said finish the play.

**RICK:** I ain't no dumb jock!

**JENNY:** Rick, hey!

**RICK:** Shit!

**JENNY:** We gotta finish the play!

**RICK:** What?

**JENNY:** That's what he said, right? We gotta finish the play!

**RICK:** Are you serious?

**JENNY:** That's what he said!

**RICK:** I'm not finishing ANYTHING until he lets us out of here!

**JENNY:** Oh my God.

**RICK:** You hear me? I won't do it!

**JENNY:** Okay, okay... um. (*Shaking, looking through script.*) Where were we?

**RICK:** I'm calling the police.

**JENNY:** What?

**RICK:** (*Pulling out his cell phone.*) I'm calling the goddamn police. (*Shouting at FOURTH WALL.*) You hear that you sonofabitch? I'm calling the cops! You're going BACK to the nuthouse, you psycho! (*He looks at his phone. Taps it.*) What the hell?

**JENNY:** What?

**RICK:** Phone was turned off. I didn't turn it off. (*JENNY pulls out her own phone.*) Come on! (*Phone still won't turn on.*) What the hell?

**JENNY:** Oh my God...

**RICK:** Shit.

**JENNY:** Mine won't turn on either. (*The two stare at each other.*)

**RICK:** Is this for real?

**JENNY:** I don't know.

**RICK:** This is insane.

**JENNY:** (*Looking around.*) What do we do?

**RICK:** Well, there's got to be a way to get out of here.

*Moves towards a wall.*

**JENNY:** DON'T touch the wall!

**RICK:** I won't!

**JENNY:** I don't like the dark.

**RICK:** God.

**JENNY:** I'm serious!

**RICK:** Why us? Why the hell is he doing this to us?

**JENNY:** I don't know!

**RICK:** WHY US?

**JENNY:** Shut up!

**RICK:** (*At the fourth wall.*) Come on man! Why the hell did you choose us?

**JENNY:** Shut up Rick! Just shut up!

**RICK:** God Dammit, we didn't do ANYTHING TO YOU!

**JENNY:** We have to finish this okay? Let's just finish it like he said.

**RICK:** No! No way! God, I can't BELIEVE they let him out!

**JENNY:** Come on! He said we have to finish the play, alright? Maybe... maybe this'll stop if we finish.

**RICK:** How the hell can this stop if we—

**JENNY:** JUST DO IT!

**RICK:** Shit.

**JENNY:** Come on. Um. (*Reading.*) I cannot stop the pain now. It exists only for me.

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***THEY***

By Becky Kimsey

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## OLVIDAR

By Becky Kimsey

**SYNOPSIS:** Pete and Angie are in a futuristic hotel room waiting for her client to show up. When Glen arrives, things take a very dark turn, and we discover that nothing is what it seems. Soon we are faced with the ultimate questions: how far would you go to forget?

**DURATION:** 30 minutes.

**SETTING:** An urban hotel room.

**TIME:** In the distant future.

### CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 2 males)

ANGIE (f).....A Woman 30-40. (137 lines)

PETE (m).....A Man 40-50. (93 lines)

GLEN (m).....A Man 40-50. (74 lines)

**SETTING:** *An inexpensive hotel room in the city somewhere. There is a bed, lamps, table, chairs, the usual suspects. There is a box of tissues on the bedside table DS of the bed and a large black duffel bag is on the floor underneath the bed.*

**AT RISE:** *ANGIE and PETE are sitting on the floor eating Chinese takeout. ANGIE holds up an eggroll.*

**ANGIE:** Hey, Pete. Can I have the last one?

**PETE:** Sure. I guess you gotta keep your energy up. Guy's gonna be here any minute.

**ANGIE:** Thanks.

*ANGIE chews on the eggroll. We hear the sound of a car passing outside. PETE cracks open a fortune cookie. He looks at it and laughs.*



**ANGIE:** What? What's so funny?

**PETE:** This goddamn fortune cookie. You know, back in the day, these things used to have an actual fortune in them.

**ANGIE:** A fortune?

**PETE:** Yeah, you know, like: "You will soon meet your soulmate" or: "Financial success is just around the corner". You know, shit like that.

**ANGIE:** Oh. That's fun!

**PETE:** Yeah, it used to be a joke too, you know? My buddies and I would usually add "in bed" after whatever it said. Like: You will meet your soulmate—in bed. Or: you can achieve anything—in bed. Or whatever. (*Chuckles.*) One time, I got a fortune that said: Happiness isn't an outside job. It's an inside job—in bed. Haha! Right? Get it?

**ANGIE:** Not really. What does that one say?

**PETE:** (*Serious.*) "Nothing can save you." (*Beat.*) Can you believe that?

**ANGIE:** Nothing can save you... in bed?

**PETE:** (*Chuckles.*) Yeah, that's right. Now you're getting it.

**ANGIE:** Well, I still don't get it. But, if it makes you happy!

**PETE:** No, no. Don't do that. Save it for the customers, alright?

**ANGIE:** Okay, Pete.

**PETE:** And don't use my name when the guy is here, alright? He walks in. I take the money. I go outside while you do your thing.

**ANGIE:** Why can't you stay with me, Pete? It'll be more fun if you stay with me.

**PETE:** It doesn't work like that.

**ANGIE:** Why not?

**PETE:** It doesn't matter why not! It just doesn't, alright? (*Beat.*) I gotta... I gotta distance myself from the whole thing, understand? Keep my head straight and all. I can't be involved.

**ANGIE:** But you are involved.

**PETE:** No, I'm not. I'm just making some money for us. That's it. Gotta keep my hands clean.

**ANGIE:** I'm not dirty, Pete.

**PETE:** I didn't say you were—

**ANGIE:** I took a shower and everything!

**PETE:** That's not what I meant. God! Why do you have to be so literal? Look, I just meant that I can't... partake in the transaction. Understand?

**ANGIE:** Why not? We're not doing anything wrong. I don't even know why people are paying us for it. It's not like I don't come for free.

**PETE:** *(Goes to the window.)* Phrasing, Angie.

**ANGIE:** Huh?

**PETE:** Never mind.

**ANGIE:** But I still don't get why—

**PETE:** Look, it's economics, Angie. Alright? Supply and demand. When the supply is low, the demand is high. And what you got is in limited supply right now so, that's how we make a living.

**ANGIE:** How it can be in limited supply though? I mean—

**PETE:** Because it's illegal, Angie. What we're doing is against the law. Now, stop asking so many goddamn questions. *(He peers out the window.)*

**ANGIE:** *(Confused.)* Why is it illegal?

**PETE:** *(Not looking at her.)* Angie. That's a question.

**ANGIE:** Sorry, Pete.

*She smiles and cracks open her fortune cookie. She reads the fortune and giggles.*

**PETE:** Quit it. *(She giggles again.)* Knock it off, Angie. *(She's really laughing now.)* Jesus! What is so goddamn funny?

**ANGIE:** *(Reading.)* "No good deed goes unpunished." In bed! Haha!

**PETE:** What?

**ANGIE:** Get it?

**PETE:** No. That's not even funny, Angie. You're just being crazy.

**ANGIE:** Ohhh! That was a good one! I like this game!

**PETE:** Save it.

**ANGIE:** Okay, I will. *(She puts it in her bra.)*

**PETE:** That's not what I— *(He softens.)* Never mind. *(He looks out the window again.)* Jesus. Where the hell is he?

**ANGIE:** I'm sure it's nothing. You worry too much, Pete.

**PETE:** *(He goes to her.)* You remember the rules, right? If he tries to hurt you in any way—

**ANGIE:** He won't!

**PETE:** But if he does—

**ANGIE:** I know, I know. It's under the mattress, right where I can get to it. It's okay, Pete. (*Gently puts a hand on his face.*) You don't have to worry.

**PETE:** (*Pulls back quickly.*) I'm not worried. (*Beat.*) I just-I gotta protect my investment. That's all.

**ANGIE:** Investment?

**PETE:** Yeah. You're my investment. I've invested in you.

**ANGIE:** With what?

**PETE:** I paid for this room, didn't I? The Chinese food; your clothes, your shampoo.

**ANGIE:** Oh, I love my scented shampoo. Thank you so much, Pete!

**PETE:** No, it's not a gift, Angie. I didn't give those things to you. It's an investment. Get it? You gotta put in money to make money. Understand?

**ANGIE:** No. But that's okay. I don't have to. I'm just glad to be with you. I still wish you could stay with me though.

**PETE:** He won't want that.

**ANGIE:** Would you?

**PETE:** Would I what?

**ANGIE:** Want that.

**PETE:** (*Long pause.*) No.

**ANGIE:** (*Sadly.*) Oh.

*There is a knock on the door.*

**PETE:** About time! (*To ANGIE.*) You ready?

**ANGIE:** (*Straightens.*) Uh huh.

**PETE:** Okay. (*Opens the door and we see an older man standing outside.*) You Glen?

**GLEN:** Yeah.

**PETE:** Alright, alright, get in here. (*GLEN enters.*) You're late, man.

**GLEN:** Well, I wasn't sure if it was room two fourteen or two nineteen. The fours and nines sometimes look the same—

**PETE:** Whatever, man. You got the money?

**GLEN:** Yeah, yeah. Right here.

*He pulls out a handful of bills. PETE counts.*

**GLEN:** It's all there.

**PETE:** I still gotta count, asshole. *(Finishes counting. He stuffs it in his pocket.)* Alright. Open your shirt.

**GLEN:** Huh?

**PETE:** Open your shirt man, I gotta make sure you're not wearing a wire.

**GLEN:** Oh. Okay.

*He unbuttons it. PETE gives him a quick pat-down.*

**PETE:** Alright. Half hour. Got it?

**GLEN:** Got it.

**PETE:** Half hour and then I'm coming in. Alright? Thirty minutes, that's all you get.

**GLEN:** Okay.

**PETE:** And don't you damage her, alright? You fucking damage her and I'll cut your fucking balls off.

**ANGIE:** Pete. *(He looks at her pointedly.)* It's okay.

*PETE looks at GLEN, nods then leaves the room. GLEN turns to ANGIE awkwardly. She smiles.*

**ANGIE:** Hi!

**GLEN:** Hi.

**ANGIE:** So... you ever done this before, Glen?

**GLEN:** No.

**ANGIE:** That's okay.

**GLEN:** So what uh... what do I do?

**ANGIE:** About what?

**GLEN:** I mean... do I sit there on the bed or—

**ANGIE:** Oh! You can sit wherever you want!

**GLEN:** Mokay. *(He sits on the bed.)*

**ANGIE:** So. What do you do Glen?

**GLEN:** I'm a—oh. Um... I don't really want to say.

**ANGIE:** That's okay. I was just making conversation.

**GLEN:** *(Impatient.)* Yeah. So. Are we gonna—

**ANGIE:** Oh. If it makes you more comfortable, you can button up your shirt.

**GLEN:** Oh good. Okay. Thanks. *(He buttons it back up.)* I brought something for you.

**ANGIE:** For me?

*GLEN removes a plastic bag from his pocket.*

**GLEN:** Well, for both of us. My sister and I used to share these when we were kids.

**ANGIE:** Ooh! What are they?

**GLEN:** They're dates.

**ANGIE:** Dates?

**GLEN:** Yeah, dates. They're really good! It's hard to find them nowadays.

**ANGIE:** How come?

**GLEN:** Probably because they're so sweet. Here. Go ahead.

*She takes one and puts it in her mouth. She smiles. Then she frowns and pulls out the pit.*

**GLEN:** Oh, right. Sorry about that. When I was a kid, you could get them with no pits, but they don't really sell them like that anymore. Here.

*Takes a tissue from the box on the bedside table, holds it out to her. She puts the pit in it.*

**GLEN:** Well, what do you think?

**ANGIE:** You're right! They're really sweet and kind of... creamy!

**GLEN:** I know! I love these. *(Pops one in his mouth.)* Sarah used to love them, too

**ANGIE:** Who's Sarah?

**GLEN:** My little sister. When we were kids, we'd sit together in the basement eating the dates Mama kept in the pantry. She'd giggle and smile and we'd be sitting down there in the basement for hours just... you know.

**ANGIE:** She sounds nice.

**GLEN:** I miss her.

**ANGIE:** I'm sorry.

**GLEN:** She was the only one who really understood me, you know?  
My sweet Sarah. (*Looks at her.*) I'm going to call you Sarah. Is that okay?

**ANGIE:** I'd be honored.

**GLEN:** Okay. Sarah. And could you call me (*Beat.*) Big G?

**ANGIE:** (*Nodding.*) Big G. (*Smiles shyly.*) Big G... can I have another date?

**GLEN:** Oh! Sure. Sarah.

**ANGIE:** Thanks, Big G!

*She takes another one and pops it in her mouth, carefully taking out the pit, placing it in the tissue as GLEN watches her.*

**ANGIE:** Mmmm. These are SO GOOD!

**GLEN:** Sarah?

**ANGIE:** Yes?

**GLEN:** Will you dance with me?

**ANGIE:** Of course!

**GLEN:** I don't have any music. But it'll help me to... you know. Get in the mood.

**ANGIE:** Whatever you like.

*She licks off her fingers, takes the tissue with the pits from GLEN and throws it in the wastebasket.*

**GLEN:** Okay.

*He stands up and takes her hand. She joins him. GLEN puts his arms around her, and they begin to sway. We can hear faraway music. (Note: In the Original Production, the music was "We've Got Tonight" sung by Bob Seger.)*

**GLEN:** Sorry. It's been a really long time since I've done this.

**ANGIE:** You dance very well.

**GLEN:** You think so? I feel like I'm going to step on your pretty little feet.

**ANGIE:** I mean, I'm not an expert or anything but I feel very comfortable with you. You're doing great Big G.

**GLEN:** Thank you, Sarah.

**ANGIE:** You're welcome.

*His head rests on her shoulder.*

**GLEN:** You smell nice.

**ANGIE:** Thank you. It's my new shampoo. It's apple.

**GLEN:** I like apples.

**ANGIE:** Me too.

*Pause as they sway some more.*

**ANGIE:** This is really nice.

**GLEN:** Yeah. It sure is. *(Beat.)* I love you, Sarah.

**ANGIE:** *(Pause. Then.)* Me too.

**GLEN:** I wish we could be together forever.

**ANGIE:** I know. Everything's gonna be okay. I promise.

**GLEN:** Okay.

*The music fades out.*

**GLEN:** I think I'm ready now.

**ANGIE:** Oh! Okay.

*She licks off her fingers, takes the tissue with the pits from GLEN and throws it in the wastebasket. She sits up straight.*

**GLEN:** So... you really won't remember? Anything?

**ANGIE:** Well, I'm Sarah now. *(Beat.)* But no, not a thing.

**GLEN:** Okay. *(Takes a deep breath.)* Sarah. There's something I need to tell you.

**ANGIE:** What is it, Big G?

**GLEN:** It's been weighing on my mind for weeks. And... I really don't want you to be disappointed in me but—I hope you'll understand.

**ANGIE:** Of course, I will.

**GLEN:** Could you—could you sit with your legs crossed? Sarah used to sit like that.

**ANGIE:** Oh sure! (*She does.*) Better?

**GLEN:** Yeah. So... Sarah, there's something I gotta tell you. See, last month there was a huge rainstorm.

**ANGIE:** Uh huh.

**GLEN:** And I was driving home from work and it was really dark. I couldn't see very well. And I was passing by this old abandoned convenience store and there was this kid. This little kid... he just ran out into the street in front of me! And it-it happened so fast and I-I couldn't stop the car in time!

**ANGIE:** Oh no...

**GLEN:** (*Growing agitated.*) And I tried to swerve but I couldn't get around him. He just—went under. And then suddenly I was spinning. Just spinning. And when the car finally stopped, I got out and... there was so much blood, Sarah. So much blood. You know how I am with blood, right? So I just—I couldn't—

**ANGIE:** (*Pulling him close.*) Shhhh! Shhhh! I know! I know!

**GLEN:** (*Crying on her shoulder.*) I didn't stay. I didn't even call an ambulance! All I could think about was how I would go to jail and what would that do to my family? They would want me to run! I could hear them all in my head; I could hear my wife screaming at me: 'It's not worth it, Glen. You need to leave, Glen! Nobody saw you! Don't do this to the kids, they depend on you! If you got caught by the rebellion we'll starve!'

**ANGIE:** (*Soothingly.*) Shhhh.

**GLEN:** So, I left. I left that little kid right there. Nobody saw me. Nobody knew. It was just me. Just me. And I couldn't tell anyone about it. I couldn't even tell that little boy or his family that I was—that I was sorry! God, I'm so sorry!

**ANGIE:** Big G! Big G, it's alright!

**GLEN:** But it's affecting my work! I can't focus. It's crazy. I lost a huge account yesterday. I was right in the middle of a presentation and I looked down and Bruce was wearing a red suit and suddenly all I could think about was the blood. All I could see was red. Who the hell wears a red suit to a lumber factory?!

**ANGIE:** I know. I know.



**GLEN:** So, I just—I had to tell someone! I had to get it off my chest. But you know the law; no secrets. If I tell someone they have to report me. If they don't, they face the same penalty as I do if I get caught! Fucking GBA.

**ANGIE:** GBA?

**GLEN:** Guilt by Association. But I can't keep it in here anymore. (*Points to his heart.*) It's driving me crazy in here! So, who could I tell? I can't tell my wife, I can't tell my friends. There's no one!

**ANGIE:** There's me.

**GLEN:** There's you. (*He looks at her.*) Can I ask you a question? (*She nods.*) How do you... do it? You know, how do you... forget?

**ANGIE:** Oh, you want me to be Angie now?

**GLEN:** Yeah. You can be Angie now.

**ANGIE:** Okay. Um. The truth is, I don't know. I don't know how I forget. I just do.

**GLEN:** I just—you know, I would feel a lot better if I knew for sure you weren't going to tell anyone about this. Not that I don't trust you—

**ANGIE:** Glen. You paid a lot of money to tell a secret and to have it STAY a secret. I wouldn't cheat you. I'd never get any more clients, would I?

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