

THINGS UNSAID

A COMEDY IN ONE ACT

By Raegan Payne

Copyright © MMXII by Raegan Payne

All Rights Reserved

ISBN: 978-1-61588-266-3

Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this work is subject to a royalty. Royalty must be paid every time a play is performed whether or not it is presented for profit and whether or not admission is charged. A play is performed any time it is acted before an audience. All rights to this work of any kind including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing rights are controlled exclusively by Heuer Publishing LLC and Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Inquiries concerning rights should be addressed to Heuer Publishing LLC.

This work is fully protected by copyright. No part of this work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without permission of the publisher. Copying (by any means) or performing a copyrighted work without permission constitutes an infringement of copyright.

All organizations receiving permission to produce this work agree to give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production. The author(s) billing must appear below the title and be at least 50% as large as the title of the Work. All programs, advertisements, and other printed material distributed or published in connection with production of the work must include the following notice: **“Produced by special arrangement with Heuer Publishing LLC in association with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.”**

There shall be no deletions, alterations, or changes of any kind made to the work, including the changing of character gender, the cutting of dialogue, or the alteration of objectionable language unless directly authorized by the publisher or otherwise allowed in the work’s “Production Notes.” The title of the play shall not be altered.

The right of performance is not transferable and is strictly forbidden in cases where scripts are borrowed or purchased second-hand from a third party. All rights, including but not limited to professional and amateur stage performing, recitation, lecturing, public reading, television, radio, motion picture, video or sound taping, internet streaming or other forms of broadcast as technology progresses, and the rights of translation into foreign languages, are strictly reserved.

COPYING OR REPRODUCING ALL OR ANY PART OF THIS BOOK IN ANY MANNER IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN BY LAW. One copy for each speaking role must be purchased for production purposes. Single copies of scripts are sold for personal reading or production consideration only.

HEUER PUBLISHING LLC

P.O. BOX 248 • CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA 52406

TOLL FREE (800) 950-7529 • FAX (319) 368-8011

THINGS UNSAID

By Raegan Payne

SYNOPSIS: A dinner date translated into English, a riotous peek behind the curtains of a modern relationship. Bill and Margaret have been friends for 13 years. They've been lovers for three months. They have never understood each other. Until tonight.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 MEN, 2 WOMEN)

BILL (m).....45. A lover of women. A lover of self. A lover of fun and pleasure. In short, a human. *(49 lines)*

MARGARET (f)30's. A bit Type A. A lover, maybe not so much of self, but wants to be. *(41 lines)*

HIM (m)Bill's Inner Voice, goofy, fun, quick, straight-shooter *(52 lines)*

HER (f)Margaret's Inner Voice, direct, unforgiving, honest *(36 lines)*

PRODUCTION HISTORY

*A staged reading of **Things Unsaid** was presented at Satsung 8 on December 5th, 2010 at The Mezz in the historic Alexandria Hotel in Downtown Los Angeles with the following cast:*

MARGARET Mary Bonner Baker
HER Raegan Payne
BILL Johnny Sneed
HIM Chris Ellis

*The first full production of **Things Unsaid** was at the 2011 Hollywood Fringe Festival as part of a group of one acts by Raegan Payne entitled “Sweet Nothings.” It ran at The Hudson Guild Theater in Los Angeles from June 23rd to the 25th with the following cast:*

MARGARET Dana Daurey
HER Shay Astar
BILL Nicholas Giordano
HIM Catero “Cat” Colbert

Director Scott Bloom

AT RISE:

BILL and MARGARET sit at a small table covered with a white tablecloth at center stage. Fine china sits on the table and a candle is lit in the middle. Soft music sways in the background. A boxing bell goes off and two podiums light upstage: one on BILL's side, one on MARGARET's. Two actors, HIM and HER, step to the podiums. They swing their arms and roll their necks like they are warming up for a sporting event. The match begins...

BILL: You look beautiful tonight. Stunning.

MARGARET: Thanks.

BILL: I kinda want to bend you over the table before the waiter comes.

HER: Don't return the...compliment. He'll know something's wrong. Act bored.

MARGARET looks down at the menu.

HIM: Don't ask. It's a trap.

BILL: Is something wrong?

HIM: Damn!

MARGARET keeps staring at the menu.

MARGARET: It's nothing.

HER: It's something.

HIM: Don't do it.

BILL: You've been acting funny all night. I wish you'd tell me what's wrong.

HIM: No. You. Don't.

BILL reaches across the table and strokes MARGARET's hand.

BILL: I want you to be happy tonight.

HIM: That a boy.

HER: What?

MARGARET: It's just that...you've been really...distant.

HER: I know there's someone else.

HIM: Look shocked.

BILL: I have no idea what you're talking about.

HER: She's brunette, plays hockey, and visits you sometimes on the weekend. I know because I'm as observant as Sherlock Holmes. Be afraid.

HIM: (*Matter of fact.*) You've been Google stalking.

HER: (*Matter of fact.*) I've been Google stalking. But what kind of woman plays hockey?

MARGARET: I just feel like we're growing apart and that you're not into me anymore.

HIM: Wow. (*Pause.*) Clichéd.

HER: You're fucking someone else!

MARGARET: I just feel like you'd rather stay home... (*Pause.*) and watch hockey.

BILL visibly flinches.

HIM: This is tricky. (*Straightens his neck until it cracks.*) I hate saying things like this, especially to someone who still sleeps in their retainer.

BILL: Honey...the truth is...I'm scared. I think I'm getting in deep with you.

HIM: In deep shit.

HER: I think he just said he loved me.

MARGARET: Really?

HIM: Yes. In deep shit. I'm fucking scared. That's what I said.

BILL: Yes.

MARGARET: You feel...that way about me?

BILL: Yes.

HIM: Scared.

MARGARET: No one else?

BILL: Who else is there?

HIM: Don't ask.

BILL: Only you.

MARGARET: I love you, too.

HIM: What did she just say?

HER: Why is he just staring?

HIM: Clearly, she's insane.

BILL looks down and fumbles with his silverware like a child until he flips his fork away.

HER: Awkward.

HIM: Now you've done it. You're going to have to say it back, or stand up and walk out of the restaurant quickly, or stab yourself with the steak knife, or better—put the knife in her chest.

MARGARET: Bill?

HIM, posing as a waiter, pulls a bread basket, two menus and a new fork from the podium.

HIM: Jesus Christ! I have to do everything my fucking self.

HIM enters the dinner scene. He puts the bread basket, menus and fork on the table and stands at the ready.

HIM: Can I get you something to drink?

MARGARET: *(Never taking her eyes off BILL.)* No.

HIM stares at MARGARET while she stares a hole into BILL. Silence for ten seconds.

HIM: Would you like an appetizer?

MARGARET: *(Ice cold.)* We need a few minutes.

HIM: Tonight the specials are...

MARGARET: *(Slow.)* We need a few minutes.

HIM: 'Kay. Call when you're ready. *(Safely behind podium.)* Fuck, she's scary.

HER: Great. Now you're scaring people.

HIM: Her face is going to give me nightmares. The Discovery Channel should dedicate a week to that face.

HER: Relax!

MARGARET shakes it off and looks down at her menu.

HIM: Oh, I know... Feed her!

BILL: Darling, try this bread. It's delicious.

He holds up the bread.

MARGARET: You haven't even tried it. How do you know it's delicious?

BILL: I've been here before.

MARGARET: With whom?

HIM: Is there no end to the traps? Just say "I love you" so we can go home and have sex or read.

BILL: Sweetheart, just take a bite.

HER: That is kind of sweet. (*MARGARET takes a bite and BILL swiftly tries to cram the rest of the bread into her mouth.*) Bastard.

MARGARET covers her mouth with a napkin and tries to chew the rest of the bread.

HIM: Good, she looks like a chipmunk now.

HIM and BILL tilt their heads to admire MARGARET for a minute.

BILL: You know, I wasn't lying when I said you were beautiful.

HER: That's right. Just be honest...as it said in *Men Are from Mars, Women Are from Venus*, if you're honest...yadda yadda yadda...I forgot the specifics...happy life and family.

MARGARET finishes chewing and wipes her mouth.

MARGARET: And I wasn't lying when I said I love you.

HER: Because I do, which is unfortunate.

HIM: You didn't hear that. La la la la!

BILL looks down at his menu. MARGARET stares at BILL for a minute and sighs.

HER: It's nice to think that if you're honest then you can never regret anything. (*Pause.*) But this sucks! (*HER steps away from the podium.*) Watch this.

HER walks past the dinner table swinging her hips and looking sexy. She drops something in front of BILL and bends over like a stripper to get it. BILL's eyes follows HER. HER stands winks at BILL, walks behind the podium and rests.

HER: *(Sigh.)* See.

MARGARET sighs loudly.

BILL: What?

MARGARET shakes her head and looks back at the menu.

HER: His eyes are too close together. Did you ever notice that? Okay, option one, confrontation in the restaurant. Just say, "I know about her." How do I know? "You stopped kissing me when we say hello."

HIM: Bad breath.

HER: "You leave the room to answer your calls."

HIM: Business.

HER: "You stopped laughing at my jokes."

HIM: Not funny.

HER: "You stopped calling me for phone sex. There was a time when I couldn't even listen to my voice messages in public because I was scared someone would hear you humping the phone. But the biggest give away was when you stopped telling me anything about yourself. I feel like a hooker you don't want to talk to or look in the eye." *(Pause.)* No, don't tell him any of that. Just tell him "I don't compete for cock." *(Pause.)* No! Just say, "I don't need you." Even though you do. *(Pause.)* That's option one.

MARGARET: Or...

BILL: Did you say something?

MARGARET: No, I was just looking at the menu. I've narrowed it down to two options.

HER: Option two. Keep doing this because you love him. Because you don't want to hurt. Because you want to protect him, you need someone to talk to, and when you're with him, he makes you laugh.

MARGARET: Yup.

BILL: What?

MARGARET: Yup, decided on the lasagna.

BILL: Yeah. Good choice.

HER: He's heroin. You're an addict. But it's your choice.

MARGARET sighs.

HIM: Pssst. Pssst. (*BILL's head pops up.*) She's thinking: Which in review is not fucking good...

BILL: Waiter.

HIM runs over.

MARGARET: I'll have the lasagna.

BILL: Spaghetti bolognese for me.

HIM: Excellent choice. May I say, you two make the most adorable couple.

HER: Don't listen.

HIM takes the menus.

HIM: She's quite a catch.

BILL: Thank you!

HIM turns and goes back to the podium mumbling to himself. BILL plays with his wine glass.

HIM: She's a gorgeous, lovely woman, and you're fucking it up. I say "Simple." I say, "Just be with her." You never listen. (*Pissed.*) Spaghetti bolognese is dog food in Italy.

MARGARET: Is there something you want to tell me?

*Thank you for reading this free excerpt from THINGS UNSAID by
Raegan Payne. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of
the script, please contact us at:*

Heuer Publishing LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-800-950-7529 • Fax (319) 368-8011

HEUERPUB.COM

DO NOT COPY