

EXTRACT

Blue Light/White Light

a ten-minute play
by
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Characters

BEN

GEORGINA

WHITE LIGHT. **BEN AND GEORGINA SIT AT A TABLE.**

GEORGINA: This is nice.

BEN: I thought we deserved something nice. A treat.

GEORGINA: I approve.

BEN: I'm glad.

GEORGINA: Where are the menus?

BEN: No menus.

GEORGINA: How do I know what to order?

BEN: It's all on the ap.

GEORGINA: The ap.

BEN: The 'gram. Log on – make up your mind.

GEORGINA: Modern.

BEN: Very.

BLUE LIGHT

GEORGINA: No menus. Are you fucking kidding me?

BEN: Don't be so stuck in the past.

GEORGINA: It's a restaurant. You need a menu, like you need food.

BEN: It's a bystro. With a y.

GEORGINA: Do you always have to be such a wanker?

BEN: Takes one to know one.

GEORGINA: Charming.

WHITE LIGHT.

BEN: Don't turn around.

GEORGINA: Why not?

BEN: The couple. Directly behind you.

GEORGINA STEALS A SNEAKY LOOK.

GEORGINA: What about them?

BEN: Nothing. They just seem very animated.

GEORGINA: Really?

BLUE LIGHT.

BEN: What the fuck are they talking about?

GEORGINA: Jealous much?

BEN: Meaning...

GEORGINA: So you don't want to swap places...

BEN: No, no. I mean what is he saying that is so fascinating?

GEORGINA: She's bored as shit.

BEN: Doesn't look like it.

GEORGINA: She can't wait to leave.

BEN: So she can wrap her lips around his cock in the carpark.

GEORGINA: Delusional.

WHITE LIGHT

BEN: So how did it go? With Trini.

GEORGINA: Trina.

BEN: Sorry, Trina.

GEORGINA: Good, good. She wants me to come on board. Partner.

BEN: That's nice.

GEORGINA: Appearances can be... appearances.

BEN: They're not...

GEORGINA: I need to see the figures. See how many hours they're actually booking.

BEN: They have a pretty good rep.

GEORGINA: A good rep does not pay the mortgage.

BEN: True.

BLUE LIGHT

BEN: Great, something else for me to feel inadequate about.

GEORGINA: I'm sorry about your bruised ego. I'll try to be more of a failure.

BEN: I'm not a failure.

GEORGINA: I'm not the one saying you are.

BEN: I wish you'd just stop rubbing it in my face.

GEORGINA: You asked.

BEN: "A good rep doesn't pay the mortgage."

GEORGINA: Well who does pay the mortgage?

BEN: I used to.

GEORGINA: Contribute.

BEN: I'm so sorry. I did earn a salary but then the whole world got fucked by a giant pandemic and I lost my job – like about three billion other people.

GEORGINA: And that's my fault how?

WHITE LIGHT.

BEN: So shall we do it? (HOLDING UP PHONE) The 'gram?

GEORGINA: If we must.

GEORGINA LEANS IN FOR A PHOTO.

BEN: I meant the menu.

GEORGINA: (LEANING BACK) Of course.

BEN: We can still take a photo, if you like.

GEORGINA: I thought you wanted one.

BEN: I do of course. We'll *'gram* and then *'gram*.

THEY POSE FOR A PHOTO. **BEN** TAKES IT.

BEN: (TYPING) Amazing dinner at Fredo's. Hashtag – *coupleslife*, hashtag *-lovingit*.

BLUE LIGHT.

GEORGINA Hash tag – *whatafuckingliar*.

BEN: What do you want to me to write? Hashtag – *anothernightwiththemiserablebitch*.

GEORGINA: I used to be not miserable.

BEN: How many times do I have to tell you – nothing happened!

GEORGINA: Didn't sound like that in the messages.

BEN: They were just messages.

GEORGINA: All about the miserable bitch.

BEN: I needed to talk to someone.

GEORGINA: About the miserable bitch.

BEN: Some people would find it flattering.

GEORGINA: How?

BEN: That I wanted to talk to someone about our relationship. How to fix it.

GEORGINA: Except you didn't want to fix it. You were looking for an escape pod.

BEN: She's married.

GEORGINA: So are you.

BEN: She's worth billions.

GEORGINA: I think you'll find it's her husband whose worth billions.

BEN: Bitch.

GEORGINA: Cunt.

WHITE LIGHT.

GEORGINA: And how did it go with you?

BEN: Promising, promising.

GEORGINA: Tell me more.

BEN: He wants me to help him import these bags from Brazil. They're handmade by the Yanomami tribe, in the Amazon.

GEORGINA: Is there any Amazon left?

BEN: They're right on the border of Venezuela. They make the bags in Brazil, then we sneak them over the border – avoid the export tax.

GEORGINA: Sounds dangerous.

BEN: Not for me. Then we ship them to downtown LA and make a fortune.

GEORGINA: They'll sell for a fortune?

BEN: They're very nice bags.

GEORGINA: Nicer than the Poonami tribe?

BEN: (SMILING) You should check them out.

GEORGINA: Reserve one for me. I'll take it to my first day in my new office. If I can afford it.

BLUE LIGHT

BEN: (GETTING UP FROM THE TABLE) Smarmy bitch.

GEORGINA: (STANDING TO FACE HIM) Pardon me but what do you know about importing/exporting?