SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an excerpt - an appetiser, if you will - from a full Samuel French title.

This sample is just for you to try out, and it can't be used for performance, downloaded, printed or distributed in any way.

Take it for a whirl and see if it tickles your fancy!

For more information about licensing this or other shows, or to browse thousands more plays and theatre books to buy please visit our website.

www.samuelfrench.co.uk
or, in the US www.samuelfrench.com

SF PERUSALS

THE FATHER

by Florian Zeller
Translated by Christopher Hampton

SAMUEL FRENCH

samuelfrench.co.uk

Copyright © 2018 by Florian Zeller and Christopher Hampton
All Rights Reserved

THE FATHER is fully protected under the copyright laws of the British Commonwealth, including Canada, the United States of America, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-11555-4

www.samuelfrench.co.uk
www.samuelfrench.com

For Amateur Production Enquiries

United Kingdom and World
excluding north america
plays@samuelfrench.co.uk
020 7255 4302/01

Each title is subject to availability from Samuel French, depending upon country of performance.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *THE FATHER* is subject to a licensing fee. Publication of this play does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised to apply to the appropriate agent before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre. A licensing fee must be paid whether the title is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged.

The professional rights in this play are controlled by Casarotto Ramsay & Associates Limited, Waverley House, 7-12 Noel Street, London, W1F 8GQ.

No one shall make any changes in this title for the purpose of production. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. No one shall upload this title, or part of this title, to any social media websites.

The right of Florian Zeller and Christopher Hampton to be identified as author of this work has been asserted in accordance with Section 77 of the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

THINKING ABOUT PERFORMING A SHOW?

There are thousands of plays and musicals available to perform from Samuel French right now, and applying for a licence is easier and more affordable than you might think

---

From classic plays to brand new musicals, from monologues to epic dramas, there are shows for everyone.

Plays and musicals are protected by copyright law so if you want to perform them, the first thing you'll need is a licence. This simple process helps support the playwright by ensuring they get paid for their work, and means that you'll have the documents you need to stage the show in public.

Not all our shows are available to perform all the time, so it's important to check and apply for a licence before you start rehearsals or commit to doing the show.

LEARN MORE & FIND THOUSANDS OF SHOWS

Browse our full range of plays and musicals and find out more about how to license a show

www.samuelfrench.co.uk/perform

Talk to the friendly experts in our Licensing team for advice on choosing a show, and help with licensing

plays@samuelfrench.co.uk 020 7387 9373

Acting Editions

BORN TO PERFORM

Playscripts designed from the ground up to work the way you do in rehearsal, performance and study

---

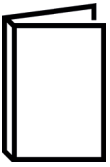
Larger, clearer text for easier reading

Wider margins for notes

Performance features such as character and props lists, sound and lighting cues, and more

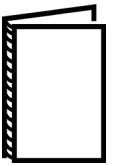
---

+ CHOOSE A SIZE AND STYLE TO SUIT YOU



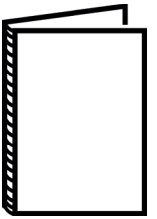
STANDARD EDITION

Our regular paperback book at our regular size



SPIRAL-BOUND EDITION

The same size as the Standard Edition, but with a sturdy, easy-to-fold, easy-to-hold spiral-bound spine



LARGE EDITION

A4 size and spiral bound, with larger text and a blank page for notes opposite every page of text. Perfect for technical and directing use

LEARN MORE **samuelfrench.co.uk/actingeditions**

Other plays by CHRISTOPHER HAMPTON
published and licensed by Samuel French

Art

Conversations After A Burial

A Doll's House

God of Carnage

Hedda Gabler

Les Liaisons Dangereuses

Life x3

The Mother

The Philanthropist

Savages

Tales From Hollywood

The Talking Cure

Three Sisters

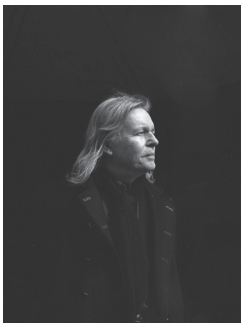
Treats

The Unexpected Man

The Wild Duck

FIND PERFECT PLAYS TO PERFORM AT
www.samuelfrench.co.uk/perform

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Christopher Hampton became involved in theatre while studying French and German at Oxford University, and wrote a play in his first year. The Royal Court's production was so successful that it transferred to the Comedy Theatre while he was still a student, making him the youngest writer ever to have a play performed in the West End – a record which still stands. He said at the time that he also hoped to become the oldest writer to have a play in the West End, an ambition he has yet to achieve.

His plays, musicals and translations have so far garnered four Tony Awards, three Olivier Awards, five Evening Standard Awards and the New York Drama Critics' Circle Award; prizes for his film and television work include an Oscar, two BAFTAs, a Writers' Guild of America Award, the Prix Italia, a Special Jury Award at the Cannes Film Festival, Hollywood Screenwriter of the Year, and The Collateral Award at the Venice Film Festival for Best Literary Adaptation.

His works for the stage include original plays (*Appomattox, The Talking Cure, White Chameleon, Tales from Hollywood, Treats, Savages, The Philanthropist, Total Eclipse* and *When Did You Last See My Mother?*); plays adapted from novels (Ödön von Horváth's *Youth Without God*, Sándor Márai's *Embers*, Laclos' *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*, George Steiner's novella *The Portage to San Cristobal of A.H.*); musicals (*Sunset Boulevard, Dracula: The Musical* and, most recently, *Stephen Ward*, all with Don Black); libretti (*Waiting for the Barbarians*, *Appomattox* and *The Trial*, all with composer Philip Glass); and many translations (plays by Chekhov, Ibsen, Molière, Horváth, Yasmina Reza, Daniel Kehlmann and Florian Zeller; and a German musical based on Daphne du Maurier's *Rebecca*).

Hampton's screenplays include most recently *Ali and Nino* (based on the novel by Kurban Said), *Adore* (based on Doris Lessing's *The Grandmothers*), *A Dangerous Method* (based on his play *The Talking Cure*), *Chéri* (from the novel by Colette), *Atonement* (from the novel by Ian McEwan), *Imagining Argentina* (which he also directed), *The Quiet American* (from the Graham Greene novel), *The Secret Agent* (from Joseph Conrad's novel, and which he also directed), *Mary Reilly* (from Valerie Martin's novel inspired by Robert Louis Stevenson's *Jekyll and Hyde*), *Total Eclipse* (from his play of the same name, and in which he also performed), *Carrington* (the first film he also directed), *Dangerous Liaisons* (based on his play *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*), *The Good Father* (from the novel by Peter Prince), *The Honorary Consul* (from Graham Greene's novel), *Tales from the Vienna Woods* (from the von Horváth play) and *A Doll's House* (based on his translation of the play by Ibsen).

His television scripts include mini-series *The Ginger Tree* (from the novel by Oswald Wynd), *Hôtel Du Lac* (from the Anita Brookner novel), *The History Man* (from Malcolm Bradbury's novel), *Able's Will* and most recently *The Thirteenth Tale* starring Vanessa Redgrave and Olivia Colman, based on the novel by Diane Setterfield.

Upcoming plays in 2018 include *Tartuffe* in the West End and *The Height of the Storm* at Wyndham's Theatre, London. *The Height of the Storm* is the fifth Florian Zeller play Hampton has translated, following *The Mother, The Father, The Truth* and *The Lie*.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Florian Zeller is a French novelist and playwright. He won the prestigious Prix Interallié in 2004 for his third novel, *Fascination of Evil (La Fascination du pire)*. His plays include *L'Autre*, *Le Manège*, *Si tu mourais*, nominated for a Globe de Cristal, *Elle t'attend* and *La Vérité*. *La Mère (The Mother)* received a Molière Award for Best Play in 2011 and *Le Père (The Father*) received the Molière Award for Best Play in 2014, starring Robert Hirsch and Isabelle Gelinas (Molière Awards for Best Actor and Actress respectively). It received the Prix du Brigadier in 2015. His last play, *Une Heure de tranquillité (A Bit of Peace and Quiet)* opened with Fabrice Luchini, and has since been adapted for the screen, directed by Patrice Leconte. *Le Mensonge (The Lie)* will be staged in autumn 2015 with Pierre Arditi and actress wife Evelyne Bouix.

THE FATHER

The Father, in this translation by Christopher Hampton, was commissioned by the Ustinov Studio, Theatre Royal Bath, and first presented on 16 October 2014. The cast was as follows:

ANDRÉ	Kenneth Cranham
ANNE	Lia Williams
PIERRE	Colin Tierney
LAURA	Jade Williams
MAN	Brian Doherty
WOMAN	Rebecca Charles

Directed by James Macdonald
Designer Miriam Buether
Lighting Designer Guy Hoare
Sound Designer Christopher Shutt

This production transferred to the Tricycle Theatre, London, on 7 May 2015, with Claire Skinner in the role of Anne and Jim Sturgeon as the Man.

Le Père in its original French production was first presented at the Théâtre Hébertot, Paris, on 30 September 2012. This production was revived on 17 January 2015.

CHARACTERS

ANNE
ANDRÉ
MAN
WOMAN
LAURA
PIERRE

One

ANDRÉ*'s flat.*

ANNE So? What happened?

ANDRÉ Nothing.

ANNE Dad.

ANDRÉ What?

ANNE Tell me.

ANDRÉ I just did. Nothing happened.

ANNE Nothing happened?

ANDRÉ Nothing at all. Just you bursting in on me as if something had happened, something… But nothing happened. Nothing at all.

ANNE Nothing happened?

ANDRÉ Nothing.

ANNE I've just had her on the phone.

ANDRÉ So? What does that prove?

ANNE She left in tears.

ANDRÉ Who?

ANNE You can't go on behaving like this.

ANDRÉ It's my flat, isn't it? I mean, this is incredible. I've no idea who she is, this woman. I never asked her for anything.

ANNE She's there to help you.

ANDRÉ To help me do what? I don't need her. I don't need anyone.

ANNE She told me you'd called her a little bitch. And I don't know what else.

ANDRÉ Me?

ANNE Yes.

ANDRÉ Could be. I don't remember.

ANNE She was in tears.

ANDRÉ What, just because I called her...

ANNE No. Because you... Apparently you...

ANDRÉ Me?

ANNE Yes. With a curtain rod.

ANDRÉ With a curtain rod... What is this nonsense?

ANNE That's what she told me. She told me you threatened her. Physically.

ANDRÉ This woman is raving mad, Anne. With a curtain rod... Can you see me doing that? I mean... Obviously she has no idea what she's talking about. Physically? With a... No, best if she does leave, believe me. She's raving mad. Best if she does leave. Believe me. Especially as...

ANNE As what?

ANDRÉ Mm? Listen... If you must know, I suspect she was...

ANNE She was?

ANDRÉ She was...

ANNE She was what?

ANDRÉ *(whispering)* I didn't want to tell you, but I suspect she was...

ANNE *(impatiently)* She was what, Dad?

ANDRÉ She was stealing from me.

ANNE Isabelle? Of course not. What are you talking about?

ANDRÉ I'm telling you. She stole my watch.

ANNE Your watch?

ANDRÉ Yes.

ANNE Isn't it more likely you just lost it?

ANDRÉ No, no, no. I already had my suspicions. So I set a trap for her. I left my watch somewhere, out in the open, to see if she'd pinch it.

ANNE Where? Where did you leave it?

ANDRÉ Mm? Somewhere. Can't remember. All I know is it's now nowhere to be found. Nowhere to be found. I can't find it, there's your proof. That girl stole it from me. I know it. So yes, maybe I called her a… Like you say. It's possible. Maybe I got a bit annoyed. All right. If you like. But, really, Anne, a curtain rod, steady on… Raving mad, I'm telling you.

ANNE *sits down. She looks winded.*

What's the matter?

ANNE I don't know what to do.

ANDRÉ What about?

ANNE We have to talk, Dad.

ANDRÉ That's what we're doing, isn't it?

ANNE I mean, seriously.

Pause.

This is the third one you've…

ANDRÉ I said, I don't need her! I don't need her or anyone else! I can manage very well on my own!

ANNE She wasn't easy to find, you know. It's not that easy. I thought she was really good. A lot of good qualities. She… And now she doesn't want to work here any more.

ANDRÉ You're not listening to what I'm telling you. That girl stole my watch! My watch, Anne! I've had that watch for

years. For ever! It's of sentimental value. It's… I'm not going to live with a thief.

ANNE *(exhaustedly)* Have you looked in the kitchen cupboard?

ANDRÉ What?

ANNE In the kitchen cupboard. Behind the microwave. Where you hide your valuables.

Pause.

ANDRÉ *(horrified)* How do you know?

ANNE What?

ANDRÉ How do you know?

ANNE I just know, that's all. Have you looked there for your watch?

ANDRÉ Mm? Yes. I… I think so.

He frowns.

ANNE Dad, you have to understand I can't come every day. It's…

ANDRÉ Who's asking you to?

ANNE It's the way it is. I can't leave you on your own.

ANDRÉ What are you talking about? You're just being insulting.

ANNE No, it's not insulting. You have to accept the idea that you need someone. If only to do your shopping. Not to mention… the other stuff. I'm not going to be able to do it any more.

ANDRÉ Have you been in my cupboard?

ANNE What?

ANDRÉ Anne. Tell me the truth. Have you been in my cupboard?

ANNE No.

ANDRÉ Then how do you know that… I mean…that I sometimes… with my valuables…when I… Yes. In short. How do you know?

ANNE I can't remember. I must have opened it by accident.

ANDRÉ *looks appalled. He hurries off towards the kitchen.*

Where are you going?

He exits.

I didn't touch anything, Dad. Don't worry. Can you hear me? Dad? I didn't touch anything. *(Almost to herself)* We can't go on like this. We just can't. Not like this… It's impossible… Why can't you understand?

He comes back. He's holding his watch.

You found it?

ANDRÉ Found what?

ANNE Your watch.

ANDRÉ Oh. Yes.

ANNE You realise Isabelle had nothing to do with it.

ANDRÉ Only because I hid it. Luckily. Just in time. Otherwise I'd be here talking to you with no means of knowing what time it was. It's five o'clock, if you're interested. Myself, I am interested. Pardon me for breathing. I need to know exactly where I am during the day. I've always had this watch, you know. If I were to lose it, I'd never recover.

ANNE Have you taken your pills?

ANDRÉ Yes. But why are you… You keep looking at me as if there was something wrong. Everything's fine, Anne. The world is turning. You've always been like that. A worrier. Even when there's no reason. You're like your mother. Your mother was like that. Always scared. Always looking for reasons to be scared. But that's not the way the world works. All right, fine… You'll tell me there's also a kind of… That the shadows are closing in. But mostly, *no*. You see what I'm saying? That's what you have to understand. Now your

sister, she's always been much more…much less… She doesn't keep worrying about everything. I mean, she leaves me be. Where is she, by the way?

ANNE I'm going to have to move, Dad.

ANDRÉ Move, you mean…

ANNE Live somewhere else.

ANDRÉ Right. Why not. Sounds good.

ANNE I'm going to have to leave Paris.

ANDRÉ Really? Why?

ANNE We talked about this. Do you remember?

Brief pause.

ANDRÉ Is that why you're so keen on this nurse living with me? Is that the reason, Anne?

Brief pause.

Well, obviously it is. The rats are leaving the ship.

ANNE I won't be here, Dad. You need to understand that.

ANDRÉ You're leaving?

Pause.

But when? I mean…why?

ANNE I've met somebody.

ANDRÉ You?

ANNE Yes.

ANDRÉ You mean…a man?

ANNE Yes.

ANDRÉ Really?

ANNE You needn't sound so surprised.

ANDRÉ No, it's just that…since your… What was his name?

ANNE Antoine.

ANDRÉ That's right. You have to admit, since Antoine, there hasn't been a lot of... What's he do, anyway?

ANNE He lives in London. I'm going to go and live there.

ANDRÉ What, you? In London? You're not going to do that, are you, Anne? I mean, come off it... Never stops raining in London!

Pause.

Do I know him?

ANNE Yes. You've met him.

ANDRÉ Are you sure?

ANNE Yes, Dad. Lots of times.

ANDRÉ Oh?

Pause. He's trying to remember.

So, if I understand correctly, you're leaving me. Is that it? You're abandoning me...

ANNE Dad...

ANDRÉ What's going to become of me?

Pause.

Why can't he come and live in Paris?

ANNE He works over there.

ANDRÉ What about your job?

ANNE I can work from home. I don't need to be in Paris.

ANDRÉ I see.

ANNE You know, it's important to me. Otherwise, I wouldn't be going. I... I really love him.

Pause. He says nothing.

I'll come back and see you often. At weekends. But I can't leave you here all on your own. It's not possible. That's why. If you refuse to have a carer, I'm going to have to...

ANDRÉ To what?

Pause.

To what?

ANNE You have to understand, Dad.

ANDRÉ You're going to have to what?

She lowers her eyes. Pause.

...You're going to have to *what*?

Pause.

Blackout.

Two

Same room. **ANDRÉ** *is alone.*

ANDRÉ I've got to find that lawyer's number. And call him. Yes. I haven't lived all these years to be treated like a...like this. No. I've got to phone... Yes. A lawyer. My own daughter... My own daughter...

A **MAN** *suddenly appears.*

MAN Everything all right?

ANDRÉ Sorry?

MAN Everything all right?

ANDRÉ What are you doing?

MAN Sorry?

ANDRÉ What are you doing here? What are you doing in my flat?

MAN André, it's me... Pierre.

ANDRÉ What?

MAN Don't you recognise me? It's me, Pierre...

ANDRÉ Who? What are you doing here?

MAN I live here.

ANDRÉ You?

MAN Yes.

ANDRÉ You live here?

MAN Yes.

ANDRÉ You live in my flat? That's the best yet. What is this nonsense?

MAN I'm going to phone Anne.

He moves towards the telephone.

Your daughter...

ANDRÉ Thank you, yes, I do know who Anne is! Do you know her?

Brief pause.

You a friend of hers?

No answer.

I'm speaking to you. Do you know Anne?

MAN I'm her husband.

ANDRÉ *(caught off guard)* You are?

MAN Yes.

ANDRÉ Her husband? But... Since when?

MAN Coming up for ten years.

He dials a number.

ANDRÉ *(trying to conceal his dismay)* Ah, yes. Of course. Yes, yes. Obviously. Ten years, already? Time passes at such a lick... But I thought... Didn't you, aren't you separated?

MAN Who? Anne and me?

ANDRÉ Yes. You aren't?

MAN No.

ANDRÉ Are you sure? I mean, I mean... Are you sure?

MAN Yes, André.

ANDRÉ But this thing about England? Wasn't she supposed to be going to London to...wasn't she?

MAN *(on the phone)* Hello, darling. Yes, it's me. Tell me. Will you be done soon? No, no problem. It's just your father isn't feeling very well. I think he'd like to see you. Yes. All right. Fine, we'll wait for you. See you. Yes. Don't be too long. No, no. Lots of love.

He hangs up.

She'll be here soon. She's just out shopping. She's coming straight back.

ANDRÉ She told me she was going to go and live in London. She told me the other day.

MAN In London?

ANDRÉ Yes.

MAN What was she going to do in London?

ANDRÉ She's met an Englishman.

MAN Anne?

ANDRÉ Yes.

MAN I don't think so, André.

ANDRÉ Yes, she has. She told me the other day, I'm not an idiot. She told me she was moving. To go and live with him. I even remember telling her it was a stupid idea, because it never stops raining in London. Don't you know about this?

MAN No.

ANDRÉ Oops.

MAN What?

ANDRÉ Have I put my foot in it?

Brief pause.

(to himself) I've put my foot in it.

MAN No, no, don't worry. She hasn't mentioned it to me, but I'm sure she was intending to soon...

ANDRÉ You didn't know anything about the Englishman?

MAN *(amused)* No.

ANDRÉ Oops-a-daisy...

Pause. He puts a hand on the **MAN***'s shoulder.*

Never mind. Chin up. Anyway, they all end up leaving sooner or later. I speak from experience.

Brief pause.

MAN You want something to drink while we're waiting for her? Glass of water? Fruit juice?

ANDRÉ No, but I mean... What was I going to say? Oh, yes, that's it, it's come back to me.

MAN What?

ANDRÉ It's because of that girl...

MAN What girl?

ANDRÉ You know, that nurse...

MAN Laura?

ANDRÉ I've forgotten her name. That girl your wife insists on handing me over to. A nurse. You know about this? As if I wasn't able to manage on my own... She told me I needed the help of this... When I can manage perfectly well on my own. Even if she had to go abroad. I don't understand why she persists in... Look at me. No, take a good look at me...

He's trying to remember the name.

MAN Pierre.

ANDRÉ That's right, Pierre. Take a good look at me. I can still manage on my own. Don't you think? I'm not completely... Mm? You agree? I'm not... *(He hunches over like an old man)* Am I? You agree? Look, I still have the use of my arms, see? *(He illustrates this capability)* And my legs. And my hands. In fact, it all works wonderfully. You agree? Of course you

agree. But her? I don't know where this obsession comes from. This stupid obsession, it's ridiculous. Ridiculous. In truth, she's never known how to evaluate a situation. Never. That's the problem. She's always been that way. Ever since she was little. Thing is, she's not very bright. Not very... You agree? Not very intelligent. She gets that from her mother.

MAN I think she tries to do the best she can for you, André.

ANDRÉ The best she can, the best she can... I never asked her for anything. She's cooking up something against me, I don't know what it is. But she's cooking something up. She's cooking something up, that I do know. I suspect she wants to put me in a home for... Yes, she does. For... *(He pulls a face representing an old man)* I've seen the signs. That's what she has at the back of her mind. She almost came out with it the other day. But let me make something absolutely clear: I'm not leaving my flat! I'm not leaving it!

MAN This isn't your flat, André.

ANDRÉ Sorry?

MAN If you remember, you moved here, I mean you moved to our place while you were waiting for...

ANDRÉ What?

MAN Yes. While you were waiting for a new carer to be found... Because you quarrelled with the last one... With Isabelle.

ANDRÉ Did I?

MAN Yes. Don't you remember? That's why you're staying in our place. While you wait.

Pause. **ANDRÉ** *looks slightly lost.*

ANDRÉ So, Antoine...

MAN Pierre.

ANDRÉ Yes. So you're telling me, I'm in your place?

MAN Yes.

ANDRÉ *laughs and rolls his eyes.*

ANDRÉ Now I've heard everything.

The door opens. A **WOMAN** *enters carrying a shopping bag. It's not* **ANNE.**

WOMAN There, I was as quick as I could be. Everything all right? What's happening?

MAN Nothing much. Your father seemed a bit confused. I think he wanted to... Didn't you? Wanted to see you.

WOMAN Something wrong? Are you all right, Dad?

He doesn't recognise her.

Dad?

ANDRÉ I...

WOMAN Yes?

ANDRÉ What is this nonsense?

WOMAN What are you talking about?

ANDRÉ Where's Anne?

WOMAN Sorry?

ANDRÉ Anne. Where is she?

WOMAN I'm here, Dad, I'm here.

She realises he doesn't recognise her. She looks anxiously at the **MAN.**

I went to do some shopping. And now I'm back. I'm here, everything's all right.

ANDRÉ I... I see... But... What did you buy?

WOMAN A chicken. Sound good? Are you hungry?

ANDRÉ Why not?

He seems lost. And gloomy.

MAN Look, let me have it. I'll go and fix everything.

WOMAN Thanks.

He takes the bag and steps out into the kitchen. Pause.

Pierre called me. He said you weren't feeling very well?

ANDRÉ I feel fine. Except... There's something that doesn't make sense... About all this, I mean.

WOMAN What?

ANDRÉ It's difficult to explain. It's difficult. You wouldn't understand.

WOMAN Try me.

ANDRÉ No!

Pause.

WOMAN You look worried.

ANDRÉ Me?

WOMAN Yes. You look worried. Is everything all right?

ANDRÉ Everything's fine. It's just...

WOMAN Just what?

ANDRÉ *(annoyed)* I was just sitting there. Sitting quietly in the drawing room looking for a telephone number, and suddenly your husband arrived and...

WOMAN Who?

ANDRÉ Your husband.

WOMAN What husband?

ANDRÉ Mm? Well, yours, my dear. Not mine.

WOMAN Antoine?

ANDRÉ Your husband.

WOMAN Dad, I'm not married.

ANDRÉ Sorry?

WOMAN I got divorced more than five years ago. Have you forgotten?

ANDRÉ What? Well, then, who's he?

WOMAN Who?

ANDRÉ Are you doing this on purpose? I'm talking about... him. Who just left with the chicken.

WOMAN The chicken? What are you on about, Dad?

ANDRÉ Right here, just a minute ago. Did you not hand over a chicken to someone?

Clearly she doesn't know what he's talking about.

The chicken! A minute ago, you were holding a chicken, were you not? A chicken. A *chicken*!

WOMAN What chicken? What are you talking about, Dad?

ANDRÉ I'm worried about you, Anne.

WOMAN Me?

ANDRÉ Yes, believe me, I'm worried about you. Don't you remember? She doesn't remember. Are you having memory lapses or what? You'd better go and see someone, old girl. I'm talking about something that happened not two minutes ago. I could have timed it.

He checks his watch is still on his wrist. He's relieved.

Not two minutes ago. Yes. I could have timed it. With a chicken for dinner. Which you'd bought.

He approaches the kitchen.

WOMAN I think you're mistaken, Dad. There's no one in the kitchen.

ANDRÉ Well, that's very peculiar! He was there two minutes ago.

WOMAN Who?

He goes out for a minute.

Dad...

He comes back.

ANDRÉ He's vanished.

He looks around everywhere.

He must be hiding somewhere.

WOMAN *(smiling)* The man with the chicken?

ANDRÉ Your husband. Why are you smiling? Why are you smiling?

WOMAN Nothing. Sorry.

ANDRÉ All this nonsense is driving me crazy.

WOMAN Calm down.

ANDRÉ You want me to calm down?

WOMAN Yes. Come over here.

ANDRÉ There's something funny going on. Believe me, Anne, there's something funny going on!

WOMAN Come and sit down next to me. Come on...

He goes to sit down on the sofa. He's upset. The **WOMAN** *smiles at him and rests a hand on his.*

Now don't worry. Everything'll sort itself out. Mm?

ANDRÉ I don't know.

WOMAN *(tenderly)* Yes, it will. Don't worry. Have you taken your pills?

ANDRÉ What's that got to do with anything?

WOMAN Let's give you your pills. The evening dose. Then you'll feel better.

ANDRÉ It's been going on for some time. Strange things going on around us. Haven't you noticed? There was this man

claiming this wasn't my flat. A really unsympathetic-looking man. A bit like your husband. Only worse. In my flat, you understand what I'm saying? It's the best yet. Don't you think? In my flat. He told me... But... This is my flat, isn't it? Mm? Anne... This is my flat?

She smiles at him without answering. She prepares his medication.

Isn't it?

Brief pause.

Tell me, Anne, this really is my flat, isn't it?

Pause. She hands him his medication. In silence.

Blackout.

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

Please visit our website to buy the full script, apply for a license to perform this show (if it's available), or to explore hundreds of similar titles.

www.samuelfrench.co.uk
or, in the US www.samuelfrench.com

To be the first to know about new books, licensing releases, and enjoy other theatre-related larks, do follow us on our spangley social media channels.



Samuel French London



SamuelFrenchLtd

SF **PERUSALS**