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CONCORD
THEATRICALS

WHAT'S LOST

by Paula B Stanic

SAMUEL FRENCH

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CHARACTERS

GINA – 43, Black British
RUDI – 17, (Debra & Lenny's daughter Rudene)
DEBRA – 41, (Gina's sister) Black British
LENNY – 41, White British
ALEX – 23, Black British

SETTING

A modern, minimal London home (inside and out). A park (where the remembrance is held). A hospital room and outside the hospital.

TIME

Originally set in 2008 but can be set later.

AUTHOR'S NOTES

Though they are distinct there is something of Debra and Gina in each other. The actresses playing them could alternate in each performance.

FILMED/ RECORDED NEWS FLASHES

Recorded flashes from three news reporters or/ and images of news feeds can be projected through the space. Companies may create their own version using the content of those that appear in this script.

NOTES ON TEXT

/ indicates next line comes straight in.

... indicates the character's struggle for a word, thought or response.

The song in scene 1 is something Gina and Rudi danced to when Rudi was much younger. It can be chosen by the actresses.

Full stops at the end of lines are sometimes omitted if the character's not quite finished, despite having stopped talking.

NOTES ON STAGING

We should be able to see inside and outside at the same time, so we move easily from one scene to another.

MASSIVE THANKS TO

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For
Elle, Pa & Fedj for just about everything.

1.

A Memory

*(***RUDI***'s room. 17-year-old* **RUDI***, intelligent and intense speaks to* **GINA***, 43, as they share a spliff.* **GINA***'s head hangs between her legs.)*

RUDI. So these three… well, kids, just kids. They walk into Urban Outfitters. And everyone looks, cos they're… loud, really and you know, there's something, they don't look… Can't be more than twelve, thirteen. But they're wearing, you know, not the usual reality star on a budget gear. Bits but they've not got it. Wouldn't look if you couldn't hear them. Wouldn't notice...

*(***GINA** *takes a deep breath.)*

Drugs, too many drugs, maybe.

GINA. Yeah, I can't take what I used to.

Much as I try.

*(***GINA** *sits up, she's glamorous in her unique way, but also a bit of a mess.)*

RUDI. The second they step in, you know it, know some… collision's coming. Security man's on them. They just stare him out. Blank, blank looks. Make a show of picking things up, carrying them about, chucking them. You know, you see, feel but you can't… what can you, you just… watch.

*(***RUDI** *stops and thinks.)*

Go downstairs, try to get into another space but, you know, I'm just listening out. Wandering by racks and rails of glittering outfits, through bags and hats, all this useless, useless stuff that means nothing. Cos something's going to kick off and… where will we all be after?

*(***GINA** *takes a long, deep drag. She watches the smoke disintegrate in the air.)*

Start to think it's one of those imagined moments, except it's that… quiet as I start back up the stairs, that weird "it's waiting" quiet.

GINA. What's that?

RUDI. As I get closer to the top I feel the change, smell the panic. This… thing we'd all been waiting for has past. Past us, not him. See the face of the security guy who winked at me as I came in. He's collapsed on the floor with this face… his arm's turned the wrong way, all… out of line with his body. People crowd. We're all just there, present. And I don't want to be one of them, gathered, staring, involved, now it's all over.

So I walk

GINA. That's fucking awful.

RUDI. Sound rises behind me, sort of respectful. Everyone working together, now danger's gone. Disaster's passed and hasn't taken any of them. But he's lying there, maybe dead, maybe. For taking his job seriously or too seriously or just for doing it. He's lying there all collapsed, bent for trying to protect, what? And we're cowards or clever. Them, what did they get? And how are they so… convinced of their right to it that they knock out whatever's in their way?

GINA. Shop down Spitalfields. You know who's who in Spitalfields.

RUDI. See these moments everywhere. Not confined to Camden or Hackney.

GINA. Hackney's come up hasn't it?

RUDI. You know what I'm saying.

GINA. Yeah. World's got scarier.

RUDI. Just made me think…

*(***RUDI** *glances at her.)*

Thought maybe I'd volunteer on this youth project? Help out with these workshops they have or something, but/

GINA. Great.

RUDI. Mum/

GINA. She'll come round/

RUDI. She expects/

GINA. Never mind others expectations/

RUDI. How do I do that?

GINA. Just go for it/

RUDI. She says I should focus.

*(***GINA** *smiles to herself.)*

GINA. Focus.

RUDI. Says I'm too young to help other youth.

GINA. You need to do what's in your head.

RUDI. Told me I need to concentrate.

GINA. Take a few years out.

RUDI. Few years head down she says.

GINA. Don't wanna be one of those who never move outside their usual existence. How many trillions of miles is the planet? Don't feel it here, move on, that's what we're meant for.

RUDI. Yeah.

GINA. Staying in one place isn't normal. Dee should get that. Our parents did.

RUDI. ... Sometimes I just sit working it all through. What do you do?

GINA. What you can.

RUDI. Maybe.

*(***RUDI** *scans her mobile.)*

GINA. What time is it?

RUDI. Don't worry.

*(***GINA** *smiles at her.)*

GINA. What you doing here with me? Should be out with your mates.

RUDI. You're a mate, sort of.

GINA. Two years older than your mother.

RUDI. So?

GINA. Leather me if she walks in.

RUDI. Told you she won't.

GINA. Always pops up, pops out to catch me doing the wrong thing. Be struck off for this.

RUDI. She's working late.

GINA. Probably receives messages via satellite.

RUDI. She doesn't need technology.

(They smile together.)

GINA. Lenny about?

RUDI. He's fine, smokes himself.

GINA. ... Yeah?

RUDI. Found a bag in his pocket once.

GINA. Won't stop the moralist breaking out if he catches you smoking though.

RUDI. He understands stress.

GINA. Stress now is it?

*(***RUDI** *gives her a look.)*

RUDI. I do it all the time.

She walked in once. Smelt it. Just said it was incense.

*(***GINA** *laughs to herself.)*

Meditative herbal incense. Should've just been honest.

GINA. Where would that get you?

RUDI. I'm nearly eighteen, I can take it.

*(***RUDI** *finds a track on her mobile.)*

Here's an old one for you.

(She plays a catchy hip-hop/R&B song. She mumbles the words looking at* **GINA**, *gets up and moves to it.)*

Come, do it with me.

*(***GINA** *just laughs, remembers.)*

You seriously not getting up?

*(***GINA** *watches* **RUDI**, *full of life, going for it, completely exaggerating their old, made up choreographed moves to the song.)*

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Not as good without you.

*(***RUDI** *leaves it, slumps down.)*

GINA. How d'you remember the dance?

RUDI. You always tell me about it.

GINA. Can't believe how time's just… gone.

*(***GINA** *looks at her for a moment.)*

You don't, do you, smoke all the time?

RUDI. Don't try to be mum.

GINA. Just trying to be a decent aunty, once.

*(***RUDI** *stares at* **GINA.***)*

What?

RUDI. Nothing.

(Silence, then **RUDI** *finally says it.)*

Maybe… I could stay in Hastings with you for a bit?

GINA. She'd freak

RUDI. …

GINA. Haven't you got things to sort here, college, all that stuff?

RUDI. All done.

GINA. Well yeah, maybe

RUDI. Really?

GINA. … Yeah, in a couple of weeks or something.

RUDI. That'd be great.

GINA. Give me time to get back and sorted.

RUDI. Two of us on the beach, looking out at the sea at night.

GINA. Barely go down anymore.

RUDI. It'll be brilliant.

GINA. Went down a few months back, looked out it was murky. Leaden. Full of floating crap. Cans, paper, cigarette butt type shit. Who throws fag ends in the sea?

*(***RUDI** *watches* **GINA** *absently let ash from her spliff fall on the floor.* **RUDI** *smiles.)*

Yeah. Come, come up.

RUDI. Next week?

GINA. Date.

*(***RUDI** *does her own little celebration.)*

RUDI. Need some time to work out what I'll do.

GINA. Thought you said you were sorted.

*(***RUDI** *looks at her.)*

RUDI. I'm thinking again about Uni. Think I need to be out in the the world.

GINA. Ah

RUDI. You get it don't you?

GINA. Dee might not be so off point on the college thing. Though I say it for totally different reasons. It'll be good fun.

RUDI. But the world's in crisis

GINA. And it'll still be in it when you get out believe me

RUDI. I just think maybe… I should be out here with others trying to do something.

GINA. That's what student unions are for. Though you don't wanna use up all your going out energy taking them too seriously.

RUDI. I get stressed, thinking about everything, so much needs to change and not enough people seem to want to do anything different. They talk, they see and… complain, but they don't want to change themselves. I was speaking to this guy Alex at the project? He says some of the same stuff I think about. Why am I spending more years studying stuff when there's so much going on in the streets and people need help. There's a danger whole parts of our world could disappear and, it's real. I mean what use will exam results be if there's no world to get on with them in? What would I really be doing? Isn't it just… stupid carrying on in this… old way when It doesn't work like it anymore? I could get involved in, in some campaigns Alex says. Could volunteer abroad even, help build homes instead of sitting in a classroom talking. I could do something that really matters/

GINA. A bloke is it?

RUDI. It's not about him.

*(***GINA** *winks at her.)*

It's not.

GINA. Yeah alright.

RUDI. … Most of the time I think I'll never find a face… attractive enough to kiss.

GINA. Relax hon

*(***GINA** *gives her a big kiss on the head.)*

You will.

(The room falls apart.)

2.

Dee and G

*(***RUDI***'s room – one year on. Some debris from the fallout lies around.* **GINA** *stands clinging to a rucksack. She has a large, rolled up canvas under one arm.* **DEBRA***, 41, sharp and efficient in dress and manner stands behind her.* **GINA** *is uneasy in* **DEBRA***'s presence.)*

DEBRA. You can put your things down.

*(***GINA** *doesn't, she just peeps round the room.)*

I'll get you some bedding.

GINA. Don't go.

DEBRA. I'll be a minute.

GINA. I see her

DEBRA ...

GINA. When I sleep, sometimes when I'm by the castle or watching TV. Sometimes there'll be a, a shooting in something and I just/

DEBRA She wasn't shot.

GINA. I know/

DEBRA. It wasn't a gun.

GINA. No/

DEBRA. Nothing to do with all that.

GINA. Just... what I see/

DEBRA. Not a gangsta moment like people want to imagine.

GINA. ...

DEBRA. Just a pathetic little knife in the hands of a stupid child.

GINA. I know Dee/

DEBRA. Then why do you insist on seeing different?

GINA. That's not/

DEBRA. Turning it into some myth

GINA. No/

DEBRA. No?

GINA. Just… what goes round my head.

DEBRA. Should get it checked.

GINA. It's normal/

DEBRA. Strange/

GINA. Considering…

DEBRA. Considering.

*(***GINA** *faces* **DEBRA.** *They stare at each other. Neither wants to break it, until* **GINA** *has to.* **GINA** *puts her things down. She fiddles awkwardly with her rucksack, gets out a small tube of hand cream and quietly creams her hands.)*

GINA. It's good to see you. Really, really good.

DEBRA. Yes.

GINA. You've lost weight.

*(***DEBRA** *tuts.)*

What?

DEBRA. … Everyone thinks it's fine to comment on my appearance.

GINA. Not seen you that's all.

(Silence.)

DEBRA. How come?

GINA. What?

DEBRA. You came, now

GINA. I/

DEBRA. Nothing going on in Hastings?

GINA. Hasting's is over.

DEBRA. Right.

GINA. Anyone there with imagination moves on after a couple of years.

DEBRA. You wanted somewhere, real.

GINA. It was what I could afford

DEBRA. I said you should choose Brighton

GINA. Don't need to follow everyone else

DEBRA. There's a reason people followed.

GINA. ...

DEBRA. And your art?

GINA. Having a break... holiday.

DEBRA. Won't be the next Chris Ofili then?

GINA. I'm an animator

DEBRA. ... Disney?

*(***GINA** *decides to be gentle.)*

GINA. Don't pretend you don't understand what I do.

(Silence.)

DEBRA. So/

GINA. You stripped the room.

DEBRA. Almost a year.

GINA. A year

DEBRA. Longest

GINA. Yeah

(Silence.)

Sorry/

DEBRA. How long do you want to stay?

GINA. I'm not sure

DEBRA. Do you need money?

GINA. …

DEBRA. The artist's life.

GINA. Thinking of moving back.

DEBRA. Here?

GINA. Thinking

DEBRA. Permanently?

GINA. See how it feels.

DEBRA. Expensive.

GINA. Everywhere's going that way.

DEBRA. Most of us are trying to get out.

GINA. Everywhere's going the same.

DEBRA. Is it?

GINA. … Just need a place, space for a week, two.

DEBRA. Yes.

GINA. And, to be here for a bit, with you an' Lenny.

Where is he, work?

DEBRA. Away.

GINA. Away?

DEBRA. Yes.

*(**GINA** stares at her a moment.)*

GINA. I'm sorry/

DEBRA. What would you do with the flat?

If you, escape.

(Silence.)

GINA. I need… change.

DEBRA. Yes, I need a bit of that.

GINA. Thinking about a few things

DEBRA. Nice for you.

GINA. Thought about going off somewhere Cuba, Mexico somewhere… warm, with bright colours.

DEBRA. Right.

GINA. Just a thought

DEBRA. It's good. I would. If there was the chance.

Escape.

GINA. Come.

*(**DEBRA** smiles at her.)*

We could do a road trip.

DEBRA. Do people really do those?

GINA. Dee and G out on the road.

DEBRA. I can't

GINA. You've never just taken off.

DEBRA. I have no time.

GINA. Take some.

DEBRA. I have a lot on.

GINA. It'll help

DEBRA. Really?

GINA. Just try it out, come with me and see.

DEBRA. No.

(A moment.)

Be okay in here tonight?

*(***GINA** *looks around the room.)*

GINA. Next door'll do. Settee's fine.

DEBRA. I'm up late, some nights

GINA. Me too.

DEBRA. Most nights.

GINA. Sit up together, watch some late night crap.

DEBRA. I have people coming over, to help with, with this thing I'm planning. I'm not sure what time we'll finish.

GINA. ... Probably be out late anyway. Catch up with a few people, see what's happening.

DEBRA. So in here is okay?

GINA. ... Yeah fine.

(A moment.)

DEBRA. I'm organising a remembrance.

GINA. I know.

DEBRA. One year.

GINA. I'll help, if I can?

*(***DEBRA** *starts to leave.)*

DEBRA. I'll get you bedding.

GINA. Beat me, kick me

*(***DEBRA** *stops.)*

Pull my hair, scream, something…

Something.

*(***GINA** *goes over and embraces her. The moment is awkward for both, but* **GINA** *holds it.)*

I'm so, so sorry.

*(***DEBRA** *pats her and gently slips out of her hold.)*

DEBRA. Yes.

*(***DEBRA** *leaves.* **GINA** *looks around the room.)*

3.

What's Been Lost

(Living room – two days later. A series of overlapping news flashes play – *news feeds circle the room.* **DEBRA** *gazes at them as she listens on the phone.)*

*(***ALEX***, 23, all passion and energy, sits scanning papers.)*

(Outside – looking in is **LENNY***, 41, solid, a once big presence now slightly shrunken. He watches them until he can't. He hurries away.*

REPORTER 1. The government is looking at measures…

REPORTER 3. Ministers are preparing an action plan…

REPORTER 2. Attempting to find solutions to try and combat teenage violence…

REPORTER 1. Thirty-seven people…

REPORTER 3. Thirty-eight…

REPORTER 1. Thirty-nine have been the victim of teenage violence…

REPORTER 2. The public is asking for tougher penalties…

REPORTER 1. The government wants to implement stricter penalties…

REPORTER 3. Local communities are demanding greater penalties for anyone caught carrying an offensive weapon…

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*(**ALEX** watches **DEBRA** pace as she gets more wound up by the official on the other end of the phone.)*

DEBRA. I don't see why there's a problem… Then is it not possible to just put extra bins out… No, it didn't occur to me. I'm organising a remembrance for my daughter, rubbish bins didn't seem top priority… That's great they understand, thank them for their understanding, what can they do about it… Right…right… Then… I'll have to, I'll call… tomorrow… I'll call.

(She cuts the caller off.)

Tossers.

(She stays for a moment with her head bowed. **ALEX** *looks at her, considers. He drops his papers, goes over and very gently puts his hand on the back of her neck.* **DEBRA** *jumps.)*

ALEX. I didn't mean/

DEBRA. No?

ALEX. Anything/

DEBRA. No/

ALEX. I just, you, you looked like

DEBRA. Right

ALEX. Thought you needed

DEBRA. It's how I look

ALEX. Sorry/

DEBRA. Not a come on.

(A moment.)

ALEX. It helps, sometimes just… putting a hand on someone, a space. Wherever you see pain… stress. Calms it.

*(***DEBRA** *stares at him.)*

Let's have a drink.

(Silence.)

Anything I say now'll sound shit, so let's have a drink and forget it

DEBRA. We need to get on.

ALEX. Okay.

(They both turn away and make a face. **ALEX** *returns to his papers. After a while of silent shuffling,* **ALEX** *drops them again.)*

What are we doing?

*(***DEBRA** *looks at him.)*

Going through and through permits, agreements, why?

DEBRA. Ensuring everything is ready.

ALEX. On paper that's pretty much it.

DEBRA. Checking that unlike the rubbish bin saga, it's actually been done right.

ALEX. Too late if not.

DEBRA. If you have something else to do/

ALEX. I'm not saying that/

DEBRA. go/

ALEX. it's just/

DEBRA. You volunteered yourself.

ALEX. Yeah I want to/

DEBRA. All willing at the beginning, four months in who's left?

ALEX. I'm just/

DEBRA. What?

ALEX. Looking… deeper.

What will this achieve?

(She stares at him.)

DEBRA. Alex/

ALEX. We need to aim for something bigger/

DEBRA. I told everybody when we started, it's not a political campaign.

ALEX. What is it?

DEBRA. A remembrance.

ALEX. Why?

DEBRA. So people remember.

ALEX. That's what you want?

DEBRA. Remembering's generally what you have a remembrance for.

ALEX. I understand/

DEBRA. No you can't. You can't understand. You think your sympathy equals real understanding?

It doesn't.

(Silence.)

I don't want speakers.

ALEX. Yeah, no, I know but/

DEBRA. Politicians, councillors, celebrities, speaking/

ALEX. Draws more people/

DEBRA. Regurgitating sentiments we already know/

ALEX. Gets them to listen/

DEBRA. Who wants to hear?

ALEX. Give them a chance

DEBRA. I work with people who don't listen. Just want me to stick a tick by their name at the end of the day. If they don't want to, nothing will make them not even their presence.

ALEX. Yeah that's business/

DEBRA. We've heard every word that could possibly be spoken and where has it led?

ALEX. So what we, we, we, stop?

DEBRA. I believed in words before…

I'm not going over this. It's not a night for speeches. All I can do is be there for people to see, remember. Her. Him. Us. This is… what's been lost. Not one moment, one day, we're here, one year on and there's no end to it, none. See the consequences, see where one person's action has brought us all.

ALEX. That's great, yeah but/

DEBRA. There are no words, you need to witness, feel. That's what this is.

ALEX. Sitting with candles in a park?

DEBRA. People respond to their gut

ALEX. Yeah/

DEBRA. See a missing person appeal you want to find, bring them back.

*(***ALEX** *becomes more worked up.)*

ALEX. Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, just being there can stir them yeah, but after, when people go home. We're giving nothing. Nothing for them to take action over. It's an opportunity

DEBRA. For who?

ALEX. For us all to think, to get talking about/

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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