

Sample of Skyscraper

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SKYSCRAPER

(As the sun sets, A and B, 22, huddle around a campfire in a woodland clearing, toasting marshmallows.)

A

(Nonchalantly)

Let me guess. When you hit eighteen all your friends moved out but you didn't get the memo. So you had about a year on your own, working three jobs, thinking they might come back, or at least invite you over. They didn't, so you fucked about with uni for a bit, dropped out, enrolled somewhere else, took a gap year that turned into two years of no friends and no money. Came home, went on a mission to meet people. Went to pubs on your own, started salsa classes, worked at an animal shelter, wrote for the Shropshire Star, got a goldfish, joined the neighbourhood watch. And, in your last attempt to find someone, you messaged me. Someone you haven't seen since we smuggled a newborn lamb into D of E.

B

I'll give you eight out of ten.

A

What did I get wrong?

B

Well your attitude isn't right.

A

Was it the goldfish?

B

Why bother coming here if you're going to be like this?

A

Or the Shropshire Star? No, I definitely read an article by you.

B

Which one?

A

One about a tree falling down on the M54. Thought it was well written.

B

Thanks... No, wait. Why are you-

A

I'm only guessing. Don't you do that with people you used to know? Mull over how their life might have turned out?

In my head. B

That's worse. A

How? B

What did you guess for me? A

I don't know... Thought you'd be in Japan by now, designing skyscrapers. B

One out of ten. Actually, I'll give you two. I nearly got that architect apprenticeship, remember? A

So you're not an architect? B

No. A

But that was like your dream job. B

Still is. A

Then why'd you give up? Sorry, that's harsh... It's just, well, I couldn't get you to shut up about your gambrets and gambrels on D of E - and how the guy who invented Skyscrapers- B

Lived just down the road from us. A

And you were so excited when you got that interview - B

I said I'm not an architect, keep guessing. A

Marine biologist? B

No. A

Comedian. B

No! A

Help me out here... (Pause)... You have an Eiffel Tower keyring on your keys even though you've never been. B

You gave me that keyring! A

Am I right? B

Yeah, cheater. Now tell me what I got wrong. A

No. B

Ok, then tell me why you haven't reached out in four years. A

I wanted to, but you were always with Anna. B

What's wrong with Anna? A

I didn't say... You're not still with her are you? B

No, but... No. A

Then it doesn't matter. B

It does. A

Fine, you were different around her. B

Different how? A

See, now you're annoyed. B

A
I'm not annoyed.

B
You didn't reach out either.

A
I had a pretty good excuse.

B
What was it?

A
Guess.

B
This was a mistake. Put the fire out, I'll get the car.

A
That's it then? You'll drive me home and wait another four years before speaking to me?

(B grabs their car keys and exits.
A pops a marshmallow in their mouth
and packs their stuff. SFX: Car
failing to start.)

A
You ok?

(B runs back onstage.)

B
Please tell me you're a mechanic.

END OF SAMPLE