

A/S (Ways to cure anxiety Lesson 1: The not advised method)

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Set:

The Set has three sections.

On the LEFT is a front DOOR with a LETTERBOX.

In the centre is a SOFA or ARMCHAIR.

On the RIGHT is a MICROPHONE stand for the narration.

It works either way, but the ideal situation is to have the stage as dark as possible with a spotlight highlighting the areas at points indicated in the script.

Audio is used to heighten the sound of the heartbeats, breathing, and letter drop.

Characters:

The PERSON: Outside of being human they can be anything over the age of eighteen; they have their eyes closed until promoted. It is a non-speaking role, but requires some movement.

NARRATOR: White or black Suit / Suit Dress with the opposite colour tie. A soothing voice, calm and collected. Never panicking, even when the script deals with a panicked situation. They stand with their eyes CLOSED, until prompted to OPEN them. They need to be the same sex and around the same age as the person.

SPIDER: Great big spider, evil looking thing. Six feet. It needs to be able to do basic MOVEMENT of a couple of LIMBS. Not much else. It could be a simple prop with its limbs attached to strings/sticks or whatever.

SPOTLIGHTS: NONE.

NARRATOR

Calm

(beat)

Many take it for granted. To be able to sit in their own home and relax. To 'Netflix and chill.' Read a book. Hell, just to sit and relax and forget your worries.

(beat)

Many cant.

SPOTLIGHTS: PERSON.

We see the PERSON sat on a SOFA or ARMCHAIR.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

The breathing exercises work, some of the time.

(MORE)

NARRATOR (cont'd)

(beat)

I'm lying. Why am I lying? For me,
they don't work. Never have. But
still, I try.

The person centre stage sits upright, breathing in and out
deeply. Eyes closed, taking one breath, then exhaling,
another breath. Then...

SPOTLIGHTS: NONE.

Darkness.

We hear (audio) a LETTER drop and then the letterbox slams
shut. LOUD, wake up the audience.

The persons BREATHING starts to speed up.

SPOTLIGHTS: THE DOOR AND NARRATOR.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

A letter. Another one.

SPOTLIGHTS: ALL THREE SPOTS. PERSON, NARRATOR, AND DOOR.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

I can feel it already. Heart
racing, palms sweating, mind
pulsating... It won't be good. This
is never good. Close my eyes, take
control... Breath.

(beat)

Calm....

The person CLOSES their eyes.

The (audio) HEARTBEAT continues, quietly in the background.
Slightly faster than average. (The "NORMAL" beat and VOLUME)

SPOTLIGHTS: NARRATOR ONLY.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

Calm down, calm down. It could be
anything. It does not have to be
bad. It could be good news. It
could be junk. Why do I always rush
to the bad first? Why can I never
believe the good?

SPOTLIGHTS: NARRATOR AND PERSON.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

I stand, it takes me a moment. The
breathing, I've stood up too fast,
and I feel light-headed.

The person STANDS, wobbling a tiny amount as they do so. Using their hand on the arm of the sofa/chair to steady themselves. Eyes still CLOSED.

To the right whilst it is dark the SPIDER moves into play. Standing in front of the door, over the letter.

NARRATOR (cont'd)
Think calm, think positive...

The heartbeat speeds up a little, the volume gets LOUDER (ABOVE normal speed)

NARRATOR (cont'd)
One, step, at, a, time

SPOTLIGHTS: PERSON AND DOOR

The SPIDER is now in view, stood at the door.

NARRATOR (cont'd)
I know what it is before I even get there. It's another one, another one of those damned things.

The person STEPS forward towards the spider (and door) the HEARTBEAT in the background once again intensifies in SPEED and VOLUME. their eyes are still CLOSED.

NARRATOR (cont'd)
I step forward and there it is, right there in front of me.

Heartbeat is FASTER, LOUDER. (quick speed)

NARRATOR (cont'd)
BOOMBOOM, BOOMBOOM, BOOMBOOM.
(beat)
Heart beating faster, sweating more than Balboa in a training montage.
I stand looking at the spider.
(beat)
Its long hairy palps reach out almost touching me.

The spider REACHES OUT, almost touching the person

NARRATOR (cont'd)
The pressure builds in my chest. I should look at its eyes, but I can feel it judging me. The presumption of guilt written all over it.
(beat)
"Guilty, guilty, guilty," it whispers to me. I have no need to look.

The person puts a HAND to their FOREHEAD.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

I am feeling nauseous. Breathing is getting tougher. I am trying, honestly; I try every damned day. EVERYDAY.

(beat)

People see the ups, but not the downs, I hide the downs behind "I feel fines," and "Yeah, sorry, but I can't make its."

The spider reaches out and TOUCHES the person on the ARM. Eyes still CLOSED.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

It touches me, I almost scream, but I don't. What would be the point? It is only me here, and I know... Yes, I know.

The HEARTBEAT gets as FAST as its going to go. Slamming boom-boom,boom-boom the volume is almost TOO LOUD (fastest speed) to the point where the narrator has to raise his/her voice. It is meant to make everyone feel uncomfortable.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

My arm begins to ache. It starts right at the point where it touched me. An infection, and It spreads, I can feel it travelling through my body. I've been corrupted by its touch. Another invisible illness to live with.

(beat)

More abuse for my mind and body. Then, it hits my chest, the virus has spread.

(beat)

Suddenly it all stops.

Everything stops, Heartbeat, lights. The stage goes black.

SPOTLIGHTS: NONE

NARRATOR (cont'd)

It is then at that moment that I remember my eyes are closed.

(beat)

I open my eyes.

The Narrator OPENS their eyes.

SPOTLIGHTS: NARRATOR, DOOR AND PERSON.

The spider is GONE, the person stands there and OPENS their eyes. Just below the door where the spider once stood is a brown (they are white now. I think it is part of the game they play. I think brown works better) ENVELOPE.

HEARTBEAT starts again (ABOVE normal speed, slightly)

NARRATOR (cont'd)
I lean forward and pick up the
letter.

The person LEANS over and picks it up.

NARRATOR (cont'd)
I flick the letter over

HEARTBEAT, (Quicker speed)

The person FLICKS it over, and LOOKS at the back.

NARRATOR (cont'd)
It is as I feared.
(beat)
It hits me, like a... no. It
explodes inside me. Blowing me away
almost at once. My heart, the
nausea. The pressure that started
in my arm now flows all over my
upper body. An eruption of pain
bellows from my chest. FUCK!
(beat)

HEARTBEAT, (FASTEST speed LOUDEST volume)

NARRATOR (cont'd)
I stumble...

The person STUMBLES, then FALLS backwards. The HEARTBEAT
STOPS as suddenly as it started. We are in silence. It
blacks and then...

SPOTLIGHTS: PERSON

The person is lying on the floor; dead.

NARRATOR (cont'd)
And there it is, for the first time
in years I feel it.
(beat)
Nothing.
(beat)
Beautiful, blissful wonderful
nothing. No depression, no stress,
no anxiety.

SPOTLIGHTS: NONE

NARRATOR (cont'd)
We end as we began.
(beat)
With calm.

END.