

THEME AND VARIATIONS ON GETTING OVER SOMEONE

I. Theme

Two figures (A and B) are walking down the South Bank. Both obscured by light.

A stops for a moment. B carries on for a couple of steps before turning back. A waits for a moment and passionately kisses B.

B is hesitant, then goes in for another.

After a moment, their lips part.

A: I...

B: It's okay.

Beat.

A: I just wanted to know what it felt like.

B: To kiss me?

A: To kiss you.

B: But...

A: Yeah. I know.

Beat.

A: It was never gonna work out.

B: *(dejectedly)* We decided.

A: I know.

B: But... You still wanted to know how it would feel.

A: Yeah.

B: In the event that it could work out.

A: Right.

Both look at each other. B's face drops.

B: But it didn't.

A: It couldn't.

B looks down at the ground.

B: So that's it, then.

A: Yeah.

A very short pause.

A: So that's it.

*The two figures go to continue walking. B takes a step forward.
The world ends.*

II. Accompanied by a presence.

Two figures (A and B) are walking down the South Bank. Both obscured by light.

A stops for a moment. B carries on for a couple of steps before turning back. A waits for a moment and passionately kisses B.

B is hesitant, then goes in for another.

After a moment, their lips part.

A: I...

B: It's okay.

Beat.

A: I just wanted to know what it felt like.

B: To kiss me?

A: To kiss you.

B: But...

A: Yeah. I know.

Beat.

A: Maybe this could work out?

B: Didn't we decide...

A: Yeah. But, you know, hypothetically... if you weren't in London and I wasn't, god knows, wherever the fuck we are... maybe there's a way we could make this work?

B: Yeah... *(B stops self and regains composure)* I, I mean, that would be amazing. But, I mean, there's so many things to consider, like...

A: How we could ever be in the same place, for one.

B: Haha, yeah.

The laugh feels empty. Both know.

B: It's strange, isn't it?

A: What is?

B: You know... Talking. Talking like this, like... how we are right now.

Beat.

A: Yeah. I suppose it is. Kinda-

B: *(interrupting)* I wish we could make it work.

Beat.

A: Yeah. Me too.

B: But...

A: Yeah. We can't.

B: Oh...

A: Maybe someday.

B: That'd be nice. But...

Beat.

A: Yeah.

B looks down at the ground.

B: So that's it, then.

A: Yeah.

A very short pause.

A: So that's it.

*The two figures go to continue walking. B takes a step forward.
The world ends.*

III. Accompanied by piano.

Two figures (A and B) are walking down the South Bank. Both obscured by light.

A stops for a moment. B carries on for a couple of steps before turning back. A waits for a moment and passionately kisses B.

B is hesitant, then goes in for another.

After a moment, their lips part.

A: I...

B: It's okay.

Beat.

A: I just wanted to know what it felt like.

B: To kiss me?

A: To kiss you.

B: But...

A: Yeah. I know.

Beat.

B: But it just feels so weird, still.

A: What, that I... kissed you?

B: No, that was great, I mean, er...

A chuckles slightly.

B: No, I mean, that... you know, you know in your head that it just can't happen, it can't work out the way we want it to, but, like, these feelings... They're still there, you know?

A: That's kind of how these things are, right?

Beat.

A: They're not logical.

B: But even though they're not logical, they're still there.

A: Just because they're not logical, it doesn't mean they're not real.

Beat.

B: I just... I just wish we were.

A: Me too.

B looks down at the ground.

B: So that's it, then.

A: Yeah.

A very short pause.

A: So that's it.

*The two figures go to continue walking. B takes a step forward.
The world ends.*

IV. Accompanied by guitar.

Two figures (A and B) are walking down the South Bank. Both obscured by light.

A stops for a moment. B carries on for a couple of steps before turning back. A waits for a moment and passionately kisses B.

B is hesitant, then goes in for another.

After a moment, their lips part.

A: I...

B: That... wasn't okay.

Beat.

A: It wasn't?

B: No. I thought we'd already decided, that...

A: That it wasn't gonna work out.

B: And yet you decided to kiss me.

A: ...Yeah.

B: Without my consent.

A: Oh...

B: Knowing I still have these feelings for you.

A: Oh.

A looks away, warily.

A: I, I just... I just really wanted to know what it felt like.

B: To kiss me.

A: Yeah.

B: And, what, you thought that because I had feelings for you, I'd automatically enjoy it?

Beat.

A: I, I...

B sighs.

A: I don't know, it was stupid, okay? I'm sorry.

Beat.

B: I'm sorry, too.

A: What for?

B: This. This whole...

A: Because we didn't work out?

B: Because nothing can work out.

Beat.

B: This whole, this whole situation, this absolute shit state we're in, the whole fucking nature of this, I don't know, reality...!

I don't know. Maybe I just wish things were different.

A: Okay.

A looks down at the ground.

A: So that's it, then.

B: Yeah.

A very short pause.

B: So that's it.

*The two figures go to continue walking. B takes a step forward.
The world ends.*

V. Accompanied by silence.

Two figures (A and B) are walking down the South Bank. Both obscured by light.

A stops for a moment. B carries on for a couple of steps before turning back. A waits for a moment and passionately kisses B.

B is hesitant, then goes in for another.

After a moment, their lips part.

A: I...

B: It's okay.

Beat.

A: I just wanted to make sure you were still alive.

B: I, I... do I, feel, alive?

A: I mean, I guess so.

A very short pause.

A: I guess it's hard to tell with, you know, the way things are now.

B: Yeah, I know. But...

A: I understand.

Beat.

B: Do you think, maybe we could accept this?

A: I'm not sure. I think you're probably better equipped to answer that than I am.

B: I'm not sure if I'm ready.

A: So what then?

B: I don't know... I guess, I guess we just stay here.

A: We stay here.

B looks down at the ground.

B: So that's it, then.

A: Yeah.

A very short pause.

A: So that's it.

*The two figures go to continue walking. B takes a step forward.
The world ends.*

VI. Accompanied by a faint body percussion.

Two figures (A and B) are walking down the South Bank. Both obscured by light.

A stops for a moment. B carries on for a couple of steps before turning back. A waits for a moment and passionately kisses B.

B is hesitant, then goes in for another.

After a moment, their lips part.

A: *(immediately)* It was never gonna work out.

B: Oh.

A: Sorry...

B: But... You still kissed me anyway.

A: I kissed you anyway.

B: Uh, you... you wanted to know how it would feel?

A: Yeah.

B: In the event that it could work out?

A: Right.

Both look at each other. B's face drops.

B: But it still can't?

A: It couldn't.

B looks down at the ground.

B: I feel sick.

A: It's not your fault.

B: Yeah, but you know... I can't help thinking, you know?

A: It's not-

B: You know, maybe I could have done something, maybe I could have salvaged this, maybe just maybe there was a chance of this happening?

A very short pause.

A: There wasn't.

B: And you still kissed me.

A: And I still kissed you.

B: And you don't see anything wrong with that.

A: Maybe I would if it was me.

Beat.

B: But, wait... you're not...

A: I can't be.

B looks around in a panic.

B: So what is this?

 Seriously, what is this?

 Hello?

After a few panicked breaths, the world ends.

VII. Accompanied by the low strings on the inside of a piano.

Two figures (A and B) are walking down the South Bank. Both obscured by light.

A stops for a moment. B carries on for a couple of steps before turning back. A waits for a moment and passionately kisses B.

B is hesitant, then goes in for another.

After a moment, their lips part.

B: You're not real.

A: But I just kissed you.

B: But that's not possible.

A: But it just happened.

B: But I felt it...

A: But you felt it.

B: But we can't have just kissed...

A: But why not?

B: Because this isn't you.

Beat.

B: *(getting more and more panicked)* Just, a figment, an idea, an idealisation of what maybe, if this had worked, you could be. But this isn't. It's just a you that isn't them, a constructed you, a you that-

A: Relax.

B: ...A you that's in my head.

A: What's in your head *is* real.

A very short pause.

B: But... that isn't possible. Is it?

A: I can prove it.

B: *(almost entranced)* You can, you can prove it...?

*A waits for a moment and passionately kisses B.
B is hesitant, then goes in for another.
After a moment, their lips part.*

A: I...

B: It's okay.

Beat.

A: I just wanted to know what it felt like.

B: To kiss me?

A: To kiss you.

B: But...

A: Yeah. I know.

The loop is discovered. The world ends.

VIII. Accompanied by heavy breathing.

Two figures (A and B) are walking down the South Bank. Both obscured by light.

A stops for a moment. B carries on for a couple of steps before turning back. A waits for a moment and passionately kisses B.

B is hesitant, then goes in for another.

After a moment, their lips part.

B: I, you-

A: I can sense it.

B: W-what?

A: You hate the sight of your own reflection.

B: *(perplexed and somewhat afraid)* I, what?

A: You hate how the sweat drips down your forehead when you're nervous.

B: Wait, what, can you-

A: *(over B)* You hate how, even though you know it's not real, you make up scenarios over and over in your head because it's more comforting than dealing with your own emotions.

Beat.

B: But, but why are you doing this?

A: *(fast and frantic)* In your head, your plane crashed on its way back to London. In mine, it carried on as normal.

B: Hang on-

A: *(more frantic)* In your head, there's two figures walking down the South Bank. In mine, I haven't been there in years.

B: Wait-

A: *(almost shouting)* In your head, your actions can be justified. In mine, they have consequences.

B: What... what are you trying to say?

Beat.

A: Do I need to spell it out?

A puts their arms around B.

A: You know how to put a stop to this.

B: I, I know...

A: You *can* put a stop to this.

B: I, I can put a stop to this...

A: But yet, you still don't.

B: But I, I...

A embraces B. There is a pause.

A: It's okay.

A very short pause.

A: I'm still here.

B: I, I know.

A: *(repeating for emphasis, maybe)*
I'm still here.

The world ends in their arms.

IX. Accompanied by something being hit rhythmically.

Two figures (A and B) are walking down the *South Bank*. Both obscured by light.

A stops for a moment. B carries on for a couple of steps before turning back. A waits for a moment and passionately kisses B.

B is hesitant, then goes in for another.

After a moment, their lips part.

A: I-

B: I just don't understand!

A: Don't understand what?

B: Just... fucking, any of this!

A: Hey, calm down-

B: What the fuck do you want from me?

Beat.

B: Just, tell me what the hell it is you want.

A very short pause.

B: Just tell me what you want!

A: I, I...

A struggles to find the words.

A: Do you know... like, truly know, how long you've kept me here?

B: I, what do you mean?

A: You know. This version of me, this... existence, this wherever the fuck we are. You know how long it feels?

B: ...How long?

A: When we leave this, this whatever creation this is... it doesn't go away for me.

B: It doesn't?

A: You can go back to your own life, reality, your own existence. But I'm stuck here. I'm stuck here with all of my thoughts, my awful fucking thoughts, and it's torture. It's hell. (*composes themselves*) Do you understand?

B: I, I-

A: And so I know that somewhere, somehow, some part of you is keeping me around.

B: But-

A: Do you think I enjoy reliving the same moment at the South Bank, over and over again?

B: I, I...

Beat.

B: I'm sorry.

A: Don't be. Don't be sorry.

A very short pause.

A: Just please, for me. Figure this out. Figure out what you have to do.

B: ...Okay.

The world ends.

X. Accompanied by soft sobbing.

Two figures (A and B) are walking down the ~~South Bank~~. Both obscured by light.

A stops for a moment. B carries on for a couple of steps before turning back. A waits for a moment and passionately kisses B.

B is hesitant, then goes in for another.

~~After a moment, their lips part.~~

The following scene plays out much slower than in previous iterations.

A: I...

B: It's okay.

Beat.

A: I just wanted to know what it felt like.

B: To kiss me?

A: To kiss you.

B: But...

A: Yeah. I know.

Beat.

The following plays out at a more normal pace.

A: It-

B: How do we break out of this?

A: ...was... ..never...

B: (over A) Hey. Hey!

B takes A's hand.

B: Let's, let's... we need to end this.

A: End this?

B: I don't know, break the loop, break this cycle of kissing each other and breaking apart, break the whole-

A: You have to break it.

Beat.

B: What about-

A: I can't do anything. This has to come from you.

A very nervous pause.

B: ...Okay. But then, how do I do that?

A: You're not going to like the answer.

B: But...

B sighs nervously.

B: But I'll need to hear it, won't I?

A: You'll need to hear it.

B: ...okay.

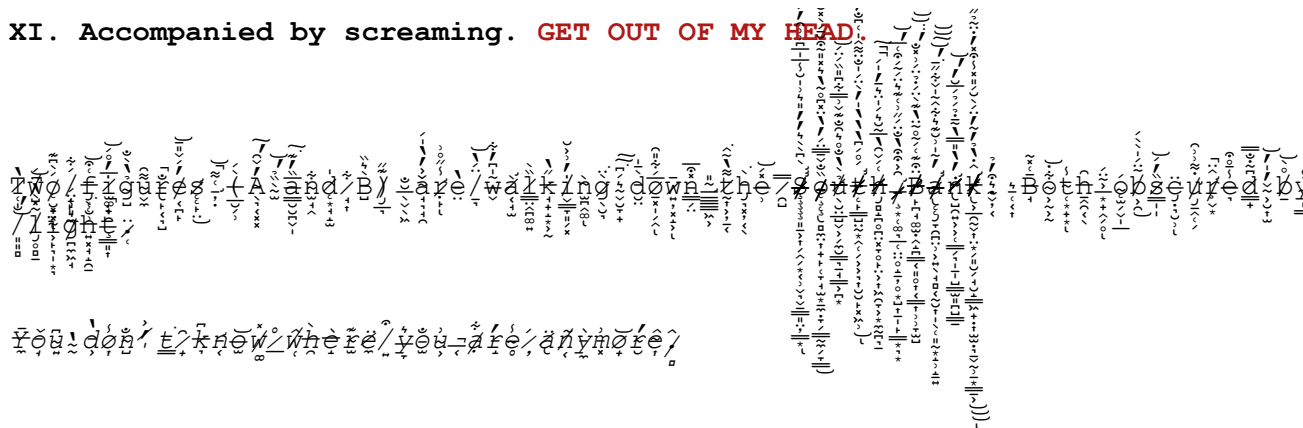
A: Ready?

B: *(after a pause)* Yeah.

A: Okay.

A kills B. The world ends around them.

XI. Accompanied by screaming. GET OUT OF MY HEAD.



YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU ARE ANYMORE

A: So is that it? Is this how we are now?

A sighs.

A: So are you going to make anything that's worthwhile? Or are you going to spend the next twenty-four hours pining over that same person you have since October?

You claim your art is important, fuck it, you want it to be important, but all you've been doing is using text scores to rehash the same immature feelings you've been having since you were fifteen. You think that amounts to anything?

And instead of actually, you know, going and talking to them, like, having an actual fucking conversation, you're sitting here conjuring up these ridiculous scenarios in your head, like this is some sort of groundhog day where tweaking decisions might actually mean something. To be quite frank, it's pathetic.

Of course I'm not real. Of course none of this is real. All you've been doing is serving up a distraction.

You need to get over yourself. I'm not gonna hold your hand on this forever. I've tried being gentle, I've tried getting through to you during your ridiculous mental escapades. But there's only so much for that I can take - there's only so much of that you can take. At some point someone was going to have to say something, and if it's your mental ideation of a Georgian performance artist, then so be it.

Okay? You need to be ready to let go.

Please. For the both of us.

There is a long pause.

B kills A. The world ends around them.

XIII. Accompanied by a song.

Two people (A and B) are walking down the South Bank. It's winter. The Christmas lights are on and the streets are filled with people.

A stops for a moment. B carries on for a couple of steps before turning back. A waits for a moment and passionately kisses B.

B is hesitant, then goes in for another.

After a moment, their lips part.

A: I...

B: It's okay.

Beat.

A: I just wanted to know what it felt like.

B: To kiss me?

A: To kiss you.

B: But...

A: Yeah. I know.

Beat.

B: It was never gonna work out.

A: We decided.

B: Yeah. We did.

A: But, I still wanted to know how it would feel.

B: Yeah.

A: In the event that it could've worked out.

B: Right.

Both look at each other.

A: But it didn't.

B: But it didn't.

A: Yeah.

B: And, and...

Beat.

B: And that's okay.

A: Yeah.

They smile at each other, briefly.

B: We can still, like, keep in touch?

A: Yeah, of course.

A very short pause.

A: I mean, we still have things going on, don't we? Projects, and concerts, and... I've got to be in London soon, anyway, right?

B: So we'll be forced to talk again soon.

A: *(with a slight chuckle)* Forced to.

Beat.

B: So... I'll see you when I see you. I guess.

A: Yeah. You'll see me when you see me.

*A starts to walk away. B stays where they are.
Just as A is about to step out of sight, B calls to them.*

B: I won't forget you.

A stops and turns around.

A: You don't have to.

You just have to keep moving forward.

*A walks away, out of sight. B watches on.
The lights of the South Bank are warm, welcoming. The air is filled with
steam from street vendors and the chatter of people.
The song plays on until it finishes. The world continues.*

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