



Squawking Heads by MAX DRAYTON

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

By Max Drayton

**This play requires permission to perform and
a performance fee.**

max@maxdrayton.co.uk

Approx. 8 minutes.

CAST

SARA Teen – 40s

SET

Possibly set in a small room (bedsit) with a bed. The narrator has just awoke from sleep and has to make a daily decision.

A voice-recording machine.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

(OPENING MUSIC: I DON'T LIKE MONDAYS – TORRY AMOS)

(SARA RISES FROM HER BED. STRETCHES YAWNS, ETC. AND IS FACED WITH ANOTHER DAY. BUT BEFORE THAT DAY CAN BEGIN - A DECISION HAS TO BE MADE)

Morning.

I hate mornings.

Especially the first day of the working week.

I hate it.

(SHE TRIES TO WAKE UP)

Lord! I so hate this life. What am I doing here? WHY am I still here? What IS the point of it all?

I wish.....I wish this could be my last day. I just wish.....

Shall I end it now? Big question. Big decision.

To be.....or not to be.

No! Not just yet!

Not without finishing a few things. Things must be settled. Sorted. Finalised.....ended.

Mum.

(SHE FINDS A RECORDING MACHINE AND SPEAKS INTO IT)

Mum.

I don't know how you're gonna take this but.....

I need you to understand the way I feel and why I'm doing what I must do.

You of all people know I get a little ...desperate, upset. Lose my mind. I can't always be your little angel.

I'm really sorry for all the years that I've behaved so badly. It's far too late for me to make it up to you now.

I'm not an angel, but neither are you.

Goodby, mum.

Love you.

Sara.

(SHE SWITCHES OFF THE MACHINE WHILE SHE THINKS THROUGH HER NEXT MESSAGE. WHEN SHE'S READY SHE SWITCHES ON THE MACHINE AGAIN)

Dad.

I know this'll come as no shock to you. You're used to shock. Especially after Mother's, well, we said we'd all forget about that.

But you must agree that you've not helped at times. Have you?

I used to be a happy child. You said so yourself.

But that was a long time ago. And now.....I have emotional problems that sometimes get out of hand.

It's something I've tried to control, tried to change...but...that's life.

Look after Mum for me.

Love always.

You daughter, Sara.

(SOUND OF A CAT MEOWING. SHE SWITCHES OFF THE MACHINE AND TALKS AT THE CAT)

Paws for Thought. Shut outside. You're better off there sweetie.

This is only apart of the play.

Please contact Max directly for a complete script.

max@maxdrayton.co.uk

www.maxdrayton.co.uk