

Sometimes looking up isn't good for your health

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Steve: Good God, she's been shot!

Lights up on STEVE, AMANDA, ANTHONY and ELVA. They are in a living room of an impressive Edwardian mansion. STEVE is sitting on a sofa and is promptly joined by AMANDA while ANTHONY is busy untangling a long line of fairy lights. ELVA, the host of the recently finished dinner party, has just been shot in the side of the head by persons unknown. STEVE watches ELVA in shock.

Elva: How are you coming along, darling?

Anthony: I'm getting there. It's just a case of finding the source of the knot and working from there.

Elva: How is the wine.

Anthony: Delicious. Absolutely delicious.

Elva: Steve you look like you could use a top up.

Anthony: Oh yes, Steve please help yourself. Don't be shy.

Elva: Is he usually this shy, Amanda?

Amanda: I don't know, really.

Elva: Honestly, your own husband and you don't even know if he's shy or not. Would you believe that, Anthony?

Anthony: What's that, Elva?

Elva: That Amanda here doesn't even know if her husband is shy or not.

Anthony: My my, whatever next.

Steve: I'm sorry, am I missing something here?

Elva: I don't think so. Amanda, do you feel something is missing?

Amanda: I don't really know.

Elva: You did enjoy the meal, didn't you?

Steve: It's not exactly the meal I'm concerned about.

Anthony: Is everything alright? We do like to make sure our guests are comfortable.

Elva: And happy.

Steve: Well it's not really my comfort or happiness I'm concerned about, either.

Anthony: Please do care to elaborate.

Steve: I really do think all the elaborating happened a brief moment ago when your wife was shot in the head, swiftly followed by my - pretty accurate statement, I might add- of "Oh my God, She's been shot"

Elva: No, no I'm fine honestly.

Steve: But your head...

Elva: It's just a flesh wound.

Steve: A flesh wound? I can see your skull!

Elva: Now honestly. Amanda, can you really see my skull?

Amanda: Really?

They all await AMANDA'S answer.

Amanda: I don't know.

Elva: There, you see. Now let me see what wine we have in the cellar. Back in a mo.

ELVA exits into the house. ANTHONY immerses himself back into his fairy lights. STEVE stares at AMANDA in disbelief.

Steve: "You don't know"?

Amanda: Yes.

Steve: Is that all you can say?

Amanda: Well...

Steve: You did see what I saw?

Amanda: Yes.

Steve: And by that I mean the gaping hole in her head?

Amanda: I suppose so.

Steve: Caused by a bullet.

Amanda: I think so.

Steve: Fired by a gun.

Amanda: I don't really know.

Steve: Is that all you can say?

Amanda: Well it was dark.

Steve: That's because the lights went off.

Anthony: Yes, sorry about that, I was testing out these fairy lights and I must have hit the wrong switch.

Steve: But you weren't near the switch.

Anthony: The trouble is, once you find the blessed knot it's a bugger to get it undone.

ELVA enters the Living room.

Elva: Who would like some more wine?

Amanda: Oh yes please.

Steve: Are you sure you're alright?

Elva: Yes, yes, yes, now please stop making a fuss.

Steve: 'Making a fuss'? You've been shot in the head!

Elva: And it's nothing a little hairspray won't fix.

Steve: But... you've been shot... in the head...

ELVA retrieves a can of hairspray and sprays the side of her head.

Elva: It's alright. It's ultra strong. See?

Amanda: Oh wow.

Elva: Yes I know.

Amanda: That's amazing.

Steve: I'd say.

Amanda: It keeps your hair in such wonderful shape.

Steve: Yes. Yes your hair. Wonderful(!)

Elva: Would you care for a top up, Steve?

Steve: I... yes... but...

Anthony: This is a lovely wine, dear. Is it the Cab Sauv?

Elva: It is indeed.

Anthony: Lovely.

Elva: Only the best for our guests.

Anthony: Indeed.

Steve: I have to say this is really all rather surreal.

Elva: How do you mean, Steve?

Steve: Well doesn't anyone else think it's rather odd that the lights suddenly went out at the same time a gun was fired?

Anthony: No.

Elva: Not really. No.

Steve: Ok, how about the fact that you have clearly and quite fatally been shot, but at this moment in time seem more concerned that I have enough wine?

Elva: I like to make sure our guests are happy.

Anthony: We like to make sure our guests are comfortable.

Elva: Happy and comfortable.

Anthony: Happy and comfortable.

Steve: Amanda, can I have a quiet word?

Amanda: Oh I really think we-

Steve: - Please excuse us.

Elva: Of course.

STEVE takes AMANDA to one side while ELVA sits with ANTHONY.

Steve: We need to get out of here.

Amanda: Steve I think you should know-

Steve: I just don't understand how they can be so blasé about this.

Amanda: You see I've just put my hand in my pocket-

Steve: Her husband must have shot her when he hit the lights-

Amanda: And I really don't know how it got in there-

Steve: But he was nowhere near the light switch-

Amanda: But the only explanation I can think of-

Steve: The only person near the light switch-

Amanda: And I really don't know why I did it but-

Steve: Was you.

Amanda: I think I shot her in the head.

AMANDA brings out a used bullet cartridge.

Steve: Is that what I think it is?

Amanda: I think so.

Steve: It's been fired.

Amanda: Yes I think I fired it.

Steve: I don't believe it.

Amanda: It was an accident, honestly.

Steve: An accident?

Amanda: I don't know what possessed me to do it.

Steve: Well where's the gun?

Amanda: That's the strange thing, I don't know. I don't even remember holding one.

Steve: So it mustn't have been you then.

Amanda: Oh it was. I remember shooting her.

Steve: I think I'm going mad.

By this time, ANTHONY has finished unraveling the fairy lights.

Anthony: At long last.

Elva: Oh very well done darling.

Anthony: Steve how about we plug these lights in and set them up over the mantle piece?

Steve: But you don't have a mantle piece.

Anthony: Oh damn and blast I knew I forgot something.