Drama duet & multi-cast scripts

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Two Sugars

Family drama, parent and adult child · Mature (55+) · Neutral British · 1 minute

Cast: DANNY JOAN

A terraced-house kitchen in Leeds, Sunday afternoon. JOAN, 70s, keeps making tea while her son DANNY, 40s, tries to tell her he has taken a job in Canada

DANNY Mum, sit down a minute.

JOAN I'm making tea.

DANNY You've made tea. There's a pot right there.

JOAN That one's stewed. Two sugars?

DANNY I've not had sugar since I was thirty.

JOAN Since you married her.

DANNY Since the doctor told me. Mum. The job came through.

JOAN What job?

DANNY The one I told you about. At Christmas. And again at Easter.

JOAN Oh. The Canada one.

DANNY Toronto. We fly in March.

JOAN March is nice. It's not too cold there in March?

DANNY It's freezing in March.

JOAN Well, you'll want a proper coat, then.

DANNY Mum.

JOAN Your dad's coat is still upstairs. The good wool one. It'd fit you now. You've got his shoulders.

DANNY I don't need Dad's coat.

JOAN I know you don't need it, love. I'm asking if you'll take it.

DANNY ...Yeah. Yeah, I'll take it.

JOAN Good. That's good. Right. One sugar, then. Just the one. Just this once.

Gate Change

Literary drama, strangers · Adult (30-45) · Neutral American · 1 minute

Cast: THEO PRIYA

Gate 31, a regional airport, 11 p.m. PRIYA, mid-30s, sits with an untouched sandwich. THEO, 40s, sits two seats away with a dead phone

SFX: a flat airport chime

THEO Did they just say another hour?

PRIYA Another hour. Then they'll say another hour.

THEO You sound like you've done this before.

PRIYA I've done this flight nine times this year.

THEO Work?

PRIYA My dad. He's in a home in Tucson.

THEO I'm sorry.

PRIYA Don't be. He's very happy. He thinks I'm his sister.

THEO Ah.

PRIYA She was nicer than me, apparently. He tells me so.

THEO My mother used to tell me I had my father's temper. I never met my father.

PRIYA That's a terrible thing to say to a child.

THEO It was a very accurate thing to say to a child.

PRIYA ...Can I tell you something?

THEO Sure.

PRIYA I'm not sure I'm going. When they call it. I keep thinking I'll just sit here.

THEO And then what?

PRIYA I don't know. Sit here.

THEO Well. I'm on the same plane. If you're not on it, I'll tell him his sister says hello.

The Casserole Dish

Family drama, estranged sisters · Adult (40-55) · Irish · 1 minute

Cast: SIOBHAN MAEVE

A doorstep in Galway, early evening. SIOBHAN, 50, has come to return a dish to her younger sister MAEVE, 45. They have not spoken properly in six years

SFX: a door opening, wind

SIOBHAN I brought your dish back.

MAEVE You needn't have come all this way.

SIOBHAN It's forty minutes.

MAEVE I know how long it is.

SIOBHAN It was a lovely lasagne. People said.

MAEVE It was shop-bought. I put it in my own dish.

SIOBHAN Well. Nobody knew.

MAEVE Mammy would have known.

SIOBHAN Mammy would have told the whole parish.

MAEVE She would.

SIOBHAN I've washed it. Twice. There was a bit burnt on in the corner.

MAEVE You didn't have to wash it.

SIOBHAN I know I didn't.

MAEVE ...The kettle's on, if you want.

SIOBHAN I'd not want to keep you.

MAEVE You're not keeping me, Siobhan. Sure, where would I be going? I've nothing on. I've had nothing on for three weeks.

SIOBHAN No. Nor me.

MAEVE Come in, so. Mind the step. It's still loose. He never fixed it.

SIOBHAN I'll look at it. I've the drill in the car.

Handover at Three

Medical drama, night shift · Adult (25-40) · Neutral American · 1 minute

Cast: DEVON RAY

A hospital ward, 3 a.m. Nurse DEVON, 30s, an hour past the end of a double, hands over to Nurse RAY, late 20s. Both are exhausted. The monitors beep steadily

SFX: soft monitor tones, a distant call bell

DEVON Bed four, stable, obs every two. Bed five, pain score down to three, next dose at six.

RAY Six. Got it.

DEVON Bed seven's the new admission. Fall at home. Daughter's on her way from Denver.

RAY Tonight?

DEVON She's driving. She'll be here by breakfast if the pass is open.

RAY Okay. And bed nine?

DEVON Bed nine is Mrs. Alvarez.

RAY I know Mrs. Alvarez.

DEVON She had a bad hour at midnight. She's settled now. Comfort care only. Family's been called.

RAY Right.

DEVON She asked for you.

RAY For me?

DEVON The one who does the crossword with her. That's you.

RAY We never finish it.

DEVON She said. She said you're hopeless at the long ones.

RAY I am hopeless at the long ones.

DEVON Go and sit with her. I'll do the six o'clock meds before I leave.

RAY You were off an hour ago.

DEVON I'm off when I'm off. Go on. Take a pen.

Desk Four

Workplace drama, first day · Young adult (18-25) · Neutral American · 1 minute

Cast: MARCUS GAIL

An open-plan insurance office, 8:55 a.m. MARCUS, 22, first day, finds GAIL, 50s, already at the desk next to his

MARCUS Hi. Hello. I'm Marcus. I'm at desk four, I think. They said desk four.

GAIL That's desk four.

MARCUS Great. Great. And you are?

GAIL Desk five.

MARCUS Right. Do they... Is there a login, or...

GAIL There's a login. It won't work until Thursday.

MARCUS Thursday?

GAIL It never works until Thursday. Nobody knows why.

MARCUS So what do I do until Thursday?

GAIL Look busy. Read the handbook. Nod when Kevin walks past.

MARCUS Which one's Kevin?

GAIL You'll know.

MARCUS Okay. Sorry. Can I ask who sat here before me?

GAIL Why?

MARCUS There's a mug in the drawer. It says World's Okayest Grandma.

GAIL ...That was mine.

MARCUS Oh. Sorry, I'll just...

GAIL No. Leave it. They moved me to five when they cut the team. I used to be four.

MARCUS I can swap. I don't mind.

GAIL You'll mind by Thursday. Put the kettle on, desk four. I'll show you the login trick.

Room 214

Literary drama, teacher and student · Mature (55+) · Neutral American · 1 minute

Cast: LUIS HALE

An empty high-school classroom in June. MR. HALE, 64, is packing boxes. LUIS, 33, his former student, walks in with a new staff lanyard

LUIS You kept the periodic table.

HALE It still works. They haven't found any new elements worth the paper.

LUIS They found four.

HALE Worth the paper, I said. Can I help you?

LUIS You don't recognise me.

HALE I have taught four thousand teenagers, son. Give me a clue.

LUIS Third row. By the window. I set the Bunsen burner on fire.

HALE The Bunsen burner does not catch fire.

LUIS Exactly. You said that at the time.

HALE ...Luis Ortega.

LUIS Yes, sir.

HALE You're wearing a lanyard.

LUIS I start in September. Chemistry. This room.

HALE This room.

LUIS They asked if I wanted to change anything.

HALE And?

LUIS I said leave the table.

HALE You were trouble, you know. Every single day.

LUIS I know.

HALE No. You were never trouble. You were bored. There's a difference. Look for the bored ones.

LUIS I will.

HALE And for heaven's sake, keep them away from the window.

Mirror, Signal

Family drama, father and daughter · Adult (40-55) · Southern US · 1 minute

Cast: EARL CARLA

A church parking lot in Georgia, Saturday morning. CARLA, 45, grips the wheel of her father's truck. EARL, 72, sits in the passenger seat with his hand on the dashboard

SFX: an engine idling

EARL Mirror.

CARLA I checked the mirror.

EARL Check it again.

CARLA Daddy, there is nobody here. It's Saturday. Even God's off.

EARL That's when they get you. Signal.

CARLA To go where? It's a parking lot.

EARL It's a habit. You build the habit.

CARLA Mike always drove. Twenty-two years. I never needed to.

EARL Well, Mike's in Tampa with a dental hygienist. So. Signal.

CARLA That's low.

EARL That's accurate. Ease off the brake. Ease. Ease, I said.

CARLA I'm easing!

EARL That's not easing, that's a cattle stampede.

SFX: the engine stops

CARLA I can't do this.

EARL Okay. Okay. We'll sit a minute.

CARLA I'm forty-five. I can't even drive to my own job.

EARL You drove to the end of this lot.

CARLA That's forty feet.

EARL It's forty feet more than last week. Your mama learned in this truck, you know. Same lot. She cried too. Cried and hit the brakes so hard I bit my tongue. Then she drove us all the way to Savannah. Start her up. Mirror.

Dad's Keys

Family drama, brothers · Adult (40-55) · Scottish · 1 minute

Cast: CALLUM EWAN

A driveway in Perth, Scotland. Two brothers, CALLUM, 48, and EWAN, 44, look at the dent in their father's car

CALLUM That's new.

EWAN That's the gatepost at the surgery. He says it moved.

CALLUM Gateposts don't move, Ewan.

EWAN I know gateposts don't move. I'm telling you what he said.

CALLUM So somebody's got to.

EWAN Somebody has.

CALLUM You're here more.

EWAN I'm here more because you're in Aberdeen.

CALLUM That's not a criticism, I'm saying you've got the rapport.

EWAN The rapport.

CALLUM He likes you better. Everybody knows that.

EWAN He does not like me better.

CALLUM He does. He'll still speak to you after.

EWAN ...And he won't speak to you.

CALLUM He didn't speak to me for a year when I sold the boat.

EWAN That was his boat.

CALLUM It was sinking, Ewan.

EWAN Fine. We'll both go in.

CALLUM Both?

EWAN Both. You hold the tea, I'll say the words, and he can not speak to either of us. Fair's fair.

CALLUM He'll put the kettle on and pretend we're not there.

EWAN Aye. Then we'll know it's gone well.

Wrong Number

Literary drama, grief · Mature (55+) · Neutral American · 1 minute

Cast: SAM ROSE

Night. ROSE, 70s, sits on her bed and dials her late husband's cell number. It rings. Someone answers: SAM, 30s

SFX: a phone ringing, then a click

SAM Hello?

ROSE Oh. Oh, I'm sorry. I thought...

SAM That's okay. Who were you trying to reach?

ROSE Nobody. I mean, my husband. This was his number.

SAM Oh.

ROSE He passed in March. I call it sometimes to hear the message. I suppose they give the numbers away.

SAM I got it last week. I'm so sorry.

ROSE No, it's not your fault. You must think I'm a crazy old woman.

SAM I don't. What did it say? The message.

ROSE It said, "This is Walt, I'm probably in the garden." He was always in the garden.

SAM That's a good message.

ROSE It was a terrible message. Nobody knew what to do after the beep.

SAM Would you like me to say it?

ROSE What?

SAM I don't mind.

ROSE ...Would you say it anyway? Just the once?

SAM This is Walt. I'm probably in the garden.

ROSE Thank you. You don't sound a bit like him.

SAM Should I try again?

ROSE No. No, that was just right. Goodnight, dear.

The Spare Room

Domestic drama, couple · Adult (40-55) · Neutral American · 1 minute

Cast: JORDAN ALEX

The doorway of a teenager's empty bedroom. JORDAN and ALEX, both late 40s, married twenty years, hold paint charts

JORDAN I like the grey.

ALEX Which grey?

JORDAN Harbour Mist.

ALEX They're all Harbour Mist. It's a chart of forty Harbour Mists.

JORDAN The third one down. It's calm. You could work in here.

ALEX I don't want to work in here.

JORDAN You said you wanted an office.

ALEX I said that three years ago.

JORDAN Well, now there's room.

ALEX There's room because he's in Portland.

JORDAN He's in Portland because he got in. That's good. We said that's good.

ALEX It is good.

JORDAN Then what?

ALEX There's a note on the wall behind the door.

JORDAN What note?

ALEX In pencil. From when he was nine. It says "Mom and Dad measured me here." And a line.

JORDAN ...I didn't know that was there.

ALEX I found it when I took the posters down.

JORDAN Okay.

ALEX Okay what?

JORDAN Okay, we paint round it. We tape it off. Harbour Mist everywhere except that one line.

ALEX That's going to look ridiculous.

JORDAN Yeah. It is.

Five Minutes Each

Family drama, eulogy argument · Adult (30-45) · Neutral American · 90 seconds

Cast: NATE LAUREN

The parking lot of a funeral home, twenty minutes before the service. LAUREN, 38, and her brother NATE, 34, stand by her car. Both hold folded pages

NATE How long is yours?

LAUREN It's fine.

NATE That's not a length, Lauren.

LAUREN It's about seven minutes.

NATE Pastor Mike said five each.

LAUREN Pastor Mike didn't know Dad.

NATE Neither did you, for eleven years.

LAUREN Wow. Okay. Smile, the Hendersons are waving.

NATE Hi, Mrs. Henderson. ...I'm just saying, I was the one here.

LAUREN I know you were here.

NATE I drove him to every appointment. I learned to do his insulin.

LAUREN And I'm grateful.

NATE You don't sound grateful. You sound like you wrote seven minutes about the lake house.

LAUREN What's wrong with the lake house?

NATE Nothing. It was great. I was four. I don't remember it.

LAUREN ...Oh.

NATE You got the good version of him. The lake house version. I got the one who forgot my name at the end.

LAUREN He didn't forget your name.

NATE He called me Lauren, the last week. Every day.

LAUREN Nate.

NATE It's fine.

LAUREN It isn't fine. What's yours about?

NATE The insulin. Mostly. It's not very good.

LAUREN Read it to me.

NATE Now?

LAUREN We've got twenty minutes. Read me yours, and I'll cut mine to five. Then I'll tell you about the lake house. Properly. So you've got it too.

Bay Six

Medical drama, night shift · Young adult (18-25) · Neutral British · 90 seconds

Cast: ADEYEMI FENWICK

A hospital ward, 4 a.m. DR. ADEYEMI, 25, on her first night alone, checks on MR. FENWICK, 78, who is wide awake

SFX: a quiet ward, a monitor, someone snoring two beds down

ADEYEMI Mr. Fenwick? You're awake.

FENWICK I'm always awake. Nobody sleeps in here. It's like trying to sleep in an airport.

ADEYEMI I'm Dr. Adeyemi. I'm the doctor on tonight.

FENWICK The doctor? Just you?

ADEYEMI Well, there's a registrar. Upstairs. Somewhere.

FENWICK So it's just you.

ADEYEMI It's just me. Your nurse said you had some chest pain.

FENWICK It was indigestion. I told her. It's the fish pie.

ADEYEMI I'd still like to have a listen, if that's all right.

FENWICK Go on, then. Your hands are cold.

ADEYEMI Sorry. Deep breath in for me.

FENWICK How long have you been a doctor?

ADEYEMI Breathe out. Long enough.

FENWICK That means about a month.

ADEYEMI Nine weeks. And one more, please.

FENWICK My granddaughter's a doctor. In Leicester.

ADEYEMI Oh, yes?

FENWICK She rang me after her first night. Crying. Said she'd forgotten everything she ever learned.

ADEYEMI ...Your chest sounds clear. I'm going to do a quick trace of your heart, just to be safe.

FENWICK You're doing all right, you know.

ADEYEMI Sorry?

FENWICK You're doing all right. You checked. That's what they want, isn't it? That you check.

ADEYEMI That's exactly what they want.

FENWICK Well, then. Stick your wires on. And then sit down a minute, love. You look worse than me.

Terminal B, Ten Past Midnight

Literary drama, strangers · Mature (55+) · Australian · 90 seconds

Cast: VAL JESSE

An almost empty airport terminal in Perth, just after midnight. VAL, 68, settles into the seat next to JESSE, 24, even though every other seat is free

VAL Mind if I sit here?

JESSE There's a whole row.

VAL There is. I don't like sitting on my own in airports. You get murdered.

JESSE I don't think many people get murdered in Terminal B.

VAL That's what they want you to think. Where are you off to?

JESSE Melbourne.

VAL Me too. Six a.m., if it goes. What's in Melbourne?

JESSE A wedding.

VAL Lovely! Whose?

JESSE Doesn't matter.

VAL Oh, it matters. Nobody says "doesn't matter" about a wedding unless it matters a great deal.

JESSE What's in Melbourne for you, then?

VAL My sister. We haven't spoken in fourteen years. She's got a new hip and nobody to help her with the stairs.

JESSE And you're going to help?

VAL I'm going to help. I'm going to be very gracious about it. And then I'm going to mention the caravan.

JESSE What happened with the caravan?

VAL Fourteen years, that's what. Your turn.

JESSE ...It's his wedding. My dad's. I haven't met her.

VAL Ah.

JESSE He asked me to be best man. I haven't written anything.

VAL Well, we've got six hours and a vending machine. Tell me one good thing about him.

JESSE I can't think of one.

VAL You can. You're just scared it'll count. Start small. Did he ever make you a sandwich?

JESSE ...He did a very good toastie.

VAL There you go. That's your opening line.

The Reference

Literary drama, teacher and student · Mature (55+) · Neutral American · 90 seconds

Cast: ANDRE BRANDT

A small office at a community college. MS. BRANDT, 60, now a department head, looks up as ANDRE, 31, knocks on the open door. She taught him English when he was sixteen

ANDRE Ms. Brandt. You probably don't remember me.

BRANDT Andre Wallace. Junior year. You sat at the back and read the sports page inside your textbook.

ANDRE You remember.

BRANDT I remember everyone I failed. It's a short list. Sit down.

ANDRE I'm applying for the teaching program. Here. The form asks for a reference from a former teacher.

BRANDT And you came to me.

ANDRE You were the only one who ever gave me homework back with more words on it than I'd written.

BRANDT That wasn't a compliment at the time.

ANDRE No, ma'am. I hated you.

BRANDT That's honest.

ANDRE You failed me in May. I had to do summer school.

BRANDT I didn't fail you, Andre. You didn't hand anything in. There's a difference.

ANDRE There wasn't to me.

BRANDT ...No. I suppose there wasn't.

ANDRE My mom was sick that spring. I was working nights.

BRANDT I didn't know that.

ANDRE You didn't ask.

BRANDT No. I didn't. I should have asked.

ANDRE The summer school teacher made us write an essay about a book that changed us. I wrote about the one you gave me in March. The one I never handed anything in on.

BRANDT You read it?

ANDRE I read it anyway. Twice.

BRANDT Give me the form. I'll need a week.

ANDRE It's only one page.

BRANDT I know. I'll need a week to make it short enough.

Sunday Call

Family drama, father and daughter · Mature (55+) · Neutral American · 90 seconds

Cast: GLENN HANNAH

A video call on a Sunday evening. HANNAH, 36, cooks in her apartment in Chicago with her phone propped on the counter. GLENN, 67, is on the other end

SFX: a video call connecting, a pan sizzling

GLENN There she is.

HANNAH Hi, Dad. Sorry, I'm making dinner. Can you see me?

GLENN I can see your ceiling. Very nice ceiling.

HANNAH How was your week?

GLENN Quiet. Good. The Nelsons have a new dog. It barks at the mailman like he owes it money.

HANNAH Did you get to the bowling thing?

GLENN Skipped it. Bit tired.

HANNAH You never skip bowling.

GLENN I'm sixty-seven, Hannah. I'm allowed to skip bowling. How's work?

HANNAH Busy. Same. Hang on, I'm flipping these. ...Where are you?

GLENN What do you mean?

HANNAH That's not your kitchen. That's a blue curtain.

GLENN It's the spare room.

HANNAH You don't have a blue curtain in the spare room.

GLENN I'm... Hang on, the picture's freezing.

HANNAH It's not freezing, Dad. I can see you perfectly.

GLENN Honey...

HANNAH Dad, where are you?

GLENN Saint Joseph's. Since Thursday. It's just some tests.

HANNAH Since Thursday.

GLENN I didn't want to spoil your week.

HANNAH Hang on. I'm turning the stove off. ...Okay. It's off. What tests?

GLENN Honey, they're only...

HANNAH What tests, Dad?

GLENN The kind where they want to talk to family.

HANNAH I'm getting the eight a.m. flight.

GLENN You don't have to.

HANNAH I know I don't have to. Tell them your family's coming.

The Deposit

Family drama, brothers · Adult (30-45) · Australian · 90 seconds

Cast: MICK RHYS

A backyard in Brisbane, a barbecue for one. RHYS, 36, turns sausages. His twin brother MICK arrives, unannounced, with a six-pack

MICK Brought a peace offering.

RHYS It's light beer.

MICK It's the thought.

RHYS Where's the money, Mick?

MICK Straight in. No "How are you." No "Happy birthday for last week."

RHYS Happy birthday. Where's the money?

MICK It's coming. It's tied up.

RHYS In what?

MICK An opportunity.

RHYS The food truck.

MICK The food truck was last year. This is different.

RHYS What's it this time?

MICK Boats. Hire boats. On the river. You'd love it.

RHYS I'd love my twenty grand back.

MICK And you'll get it. With interest. I'm a very good bet.

RHYS Laura and I had an offer on a place. In March. We lost it. The deposit wasn't there.

MICK You didn't tell me that.

RHYS I told you in March. On the phone. You said, "Mate, give me two weeks."

MICK Rhys, I'm sorry about the house. Genuinely. But the boats...

RHYS She's pregnant, Mick.

MICK ...What?

RHYS Laura. Five months. You didn't even ask how she is. You haven't asked in a year.

MICK I didn't know.

RHYS You didn't ask.

MICK That's... Mate, that's huge. That's the best news.

RHYS Yeah. It is.

MICK I'll sell the boats.

RHYS You haven't bought any boats, have you?

MICK ...No.

RHYS Then there's still twenty grand somewhere. Sit down. Have a sausage. We're working out a plan.

The Trainee

Workplace drama, first day · Mature (55+) · Neutral American · 90 seconds

Cast: TYLER DENISE

A busy hardware store, a Monday morning. DENISE, 58, recently widowed, starts her first job in thirty years. TYLER, 23, has been assigned to train her

TYLER Okay, so this is the register. It's pretty intuitive. You just tap here, then here.

DENISE I've used a touchscreen, Tyler.

TYLER Right. Totally. Sorry. Some people haven't.

DENISE Some people are seventy. I'm fifty-eight.

TYLER Cool. Cool. So, returns. Returns are tricky. You'll want to call me for returns.

DENISE Why?

TYLER Because people get kind of intense about returns.

DENISE I raised three boys. I can handle intense.

TYLER It's a bit different with, like, strangers.

DENISE Is it?

TYLER Okay, heads up. That's Mr. Pruitt. He comes in every week. He always wants to return a hose.

DENISE The same hose?

TYLER Different hose. Same problem. He says they leak.

DENISE Do they leak?

TYLER He's putting them on backwards. Nobody's told him. It's kind of our thing.

DENISE That's terrible.

TYLER It's kind of funny.

DENISE It's terrible. Watch the register. Mr. Pruitt! Good morning. Is that the new hose? Let me show you something. You see this little washer? It wants to face the tap. See? Now try it. No leak. There you go.

TYLER ...Where did you learn that?

DENISE My husband put hoses on backwards for thirty-one years. Somebody had to tell him.

TYLER We're going to lose our best customer.

DENISE No, you're not. He'll be back next week. He's lonely, Tyler. Now show me the returns screen properly.

What the House Is Worth

Family drama, mother and daughter · Mature (55+) · Southern US · 90 seconds

Cast: BETH JUNE

A family home in Alabama, the morning of the valuation. BETH, 44, holds a clipboard. Her mother JUNE, 76, holds a cup of coffee and is in no hurry

BETH The realtor's here at ten. I made a list of things to mention.

JUNE Mention them, then.

BETH New roof, 2019. Water heater, new. Mama, did you ever fix the porch step?

JUNE Your daddy was going to fix the porch step.

BETH Daddy's been gone six years.

JUNE Then I guess he's not going to fix it.

BETH We'll say it's charming. Character. People pay for character.

JUNE People pay for a porch step they don't fall through.

BETH Mama, I'm trying to help. They're going to come in and see paneling and say "dated".

JUNE It is dated. I dated it. Nineteen seventy-eight.

BETH I'm just saying, if we want top dollar...

JUNE What do you think it's worth?

BETH I don't know. Maybe two-twenty. If we paint the kitchen.

JUNE I got an offer on Tuesday. Two-forty. Cash. The Morales boy from church. He's got twins.

BETH You got an offer? Without a realtor?

JUNE I've already signed.

BETH Mama!

JUNE He wants the swing set. He asked if the swing set stays. Nobody who asks that is going to cheat me.

BETH You could have told me.

JUNE I'm telling you now. The realtor's coming so you'll feel useful. Sit down, honey. I made biscuits.

BETH ...Did he see the step?

JUNE He's going to fix it. Saturday. He said his daddy taught him how.

Visiting Hours

Family drama, dementia · Mature (55+) · Neutral British · 90 seconds

Cast: FRANK PAUL

A care home lounge in Kent, afternoon. PAUL, 50, brings flowers. His father, FRANK, 84, looks up with delight, and not for the reason Paul expects

FRANK Tommy! Look at you. Look at the state of you.

PAUL Hi, Dad. It's Paul.

FRANK Where've you been? Mum's going spare.

PAUL Dad, it's me. Paul. Your son.

FRANK Don't be daft. Sit down. Have you got any fags?

PAUL You gave up in 1990.

FRANK Did I? Well, that's a shame. Sit down, Tommy.

PAUL I've not got any fags, no.

FRANK What's wrong with your face?

PAUL Nothing. It's just been a long time.

FRANK It's been a week. You were here for the match.

PAUL Was I?

FRANK You were. We lost. You cried like a baby.

PAUL ...Yeah. Yeah, Frank. It's me. I brought you flowers.

FRANK Flowers? What are you, courting?

PAUL They're from Paul.

FRANK Who's Paul?

PAUL Your boy. You've got a boy. He's fifty now.

FRANK Fifty? Don't be soft. I'm not old enough to have a boy of fifty.

PAUL He's a good lad, though.

FRANK Is he?

PAUL He comes every Sunday. You don't always know him.

FRANK Well, that's rotten for him, isn't it.

PAUL He doesn't mind.

FRANK He does. Tell him I'm sorry. Tell him I'm sure he's a good lad.

PAUL I'll tell him.

FRANK Now. Did we win this week, Tommy?

PAUL We won, Frank. Three nil.

FRANK Told you. Told you we would.

The Seating Plan

Family drama, divorced parents · Mature (55+) · Neutral American · 90 seconds

Cast: DIANE RICHARD

Their daughter's kitchen, while she is out at her final dress fitting. DIANE, 60, and her ex-husband RICHARD, 63, sit over a seating chart and a pile of name cards

DIANE Table four. Your brother cannot sit with my sister.

RICHARD Why not?

DIANE Thanksgiving, 2009.

RICHARD That was one turkey.

DIANE It was a whole turkey, Richard. On the lawn.

RICHARD Fine. Move him to six.

DIANE Six is your golf people.

RICHARD Perfect. They won't notice. Where's Sharon going?

DIANE Sharon is going wherever Sharon wants. Sharon's your wife.

RICHARD Sharon is my wife, yes. Thank you. I remember.

DIANE I put her at table two. Near the front. With the good centerpiece.

RICHARD That's generous.

DIANE I'm a generous woman.

RICHARD You are. You always were. You gave the dog my good sweater.

DIANE The dog was cold.

RICHARD So was I. Where's Greg going?

DIANE Greg is not coming.

RICHARD Oh. I thought...

DIANE He's not coming. Since June.

RICHARD I'm sorry, Di.

DIANE Don't. I'm fine. There's one card left over and I don't know where it goes.

RICHARD Put me next to you.

DIANE What?

RICHARD At the parents' table. Sharon's at two with the centerpiece. Put me next to you at one. For Katie. So she sees us sitting together.

DIANE For Katie.

RICHARD For Katie.

DIANE ...You'll behave.

RICHARD I always behave.

DIANE The turkey, Richard.

RICHARD That was my brother. I was holding the door.

The Last Bus

Medical drama, after the shift · Adult (30-45) · Scottish · 90 seconds

Cast: AILSA KIRSTY

A bus shelter outside a Glasgow hospital, 8 a.m., in the rain. Nurses AILSA, 45, and KIRSTY, 31, wait for the bus after a night shift

SFX: rain on the shelter roof, traffic

AILSA Seven minutes.

KIRSTY It said four, five minutes ago.

AILSA That's Glasgow minutes. Want a biscuit?

KIRSTY Where did you get a biscuit?

AILSA Bed twelve's daughter. She brought a tin for the station. I liberated two.

KIRSTY You're a menace.

AILSA I'm a hero. How's your feet?

KIRSTY Gone. I think I left them on the ward.

AILSA Mine went in 2011. Never came back.

KIRSTY That wee man in six. Did he get his scan?

AILSA He got his scan. It's fine. You did good with him.

KIRSTY I didn't do anything.

AILSA You sat with him for an hour at two in the morning. That's not nothing.

KIRSTY I should've been doing obs.

AILSA Somebody did your obs.

KIRSTY Who?

AILSA Who do you think?

KIRSTY ...Thanks.

AILSA When's the interview?

KIRSTY What?

AILSA The one you've got. The one you've not told me about.

KIRSTY How do you...

AILSA You've ironed your good shirt. It's in a bag. You've been guarding it all night like it's the crown jewels.

KIRSTY It's a dental practice. Nine to five. Receptionist.

AILSA Right.

KIRSTY I'm sorry.

AILSA What are you sorry for? Go and get it. Somebody should get out with their feet.

KIRSTY I'd miss you.

AILSA You would. I'm magnificent. Here's the bus. Take the other biscuit.

Lost Property

Literary drama, grief · Mature (55+) · Neutral American · 90 seconds

Cast: CLERK WALTER

A basement lost-property office for a city transit system, late afternoon. A CLERK, any age, behind a counter. WALTER, 79, in a raincoat, holds a numbered ticket

CLERK Forty-two.

WALTER That's me.

CLERK What did you lose?

WALTER An umbrella.

CLERK Sir, I have eleven hundred umbrellas.

WALTER This one's green. With a wooden handle. A duck's head.

CLERK A duck.

WALTER Or a goose. We never agreed.

CLERK When did you lose it?

WALTER Tuesday. The number nine bus. About three o'clock.

CLERK Okay. Form B. Name, address, description of item, estimated value.

WALTER Value?

CLERK What's it worth?

WALTER About six dollars. She got it at a yard sale.

CLERK Six dollars. Sir, I'll be honest. For six dollars, a lot of people just buy another one.

WALTER I know. I'm not a lot of people.

CLERK No?

WALTER It was hers. My wife's. She passed in the spring. I've been carrying it everywhere. I don't even open it. It's got a broken spoke.

CLERK ...Wait there.

WALTER I don't want to be any trouble.

CLERK You're not trouble. You're number forty-two. Wait there.

SFX: footsteps, a metal door, a long pause, footsteps returning

CLERK Green. Wooden handle. Broken spoke.

WALTER That's her.

CLERK For the record, it's a goose.

WALTER I told her it was a goose. Fifty-one years I told her. She said geese don't have that sort of beak. She said I'd never looked at a goose in my life.

CLERK Had you?

WALTER Not closely, no.

CLERK Sign here. And sir? Keep it closed on the bus. Hold onto the handle.

The Vestry

Family drama, eulogy argument · Mature (55+) · Irish · 2 minutes

Cast: CONOR BERNIE

The vestry of a parish church in Cork, ten minutes before a funeral Mass. BERNIE, 66, the widow, holds her speech. CONOR, 42, her late husband's son from his first marriage, has just read it

SFX: an organ practising quietly through a closed door

CONOR You can't say this bit.

BERNIE Which bit?

CONOR "The happiest years of his life." You can't say that.

BERNIE They were happy years.

CONOR They were twelve years. He was married to my mother for thirty.

BERNIE I know how long he was married to your mother, Conor.

CONOR Then you know half that church knew her. Her sisters are in the third row.

BERNIE I've met her sisters. Her sisters have made sure I've met them.

CONOR That's not fair.

BERNIE No. Maybe it isn't. I'm sorry.

CONOR I'm not asking you to leave anything out. I'm asking you not to rank it.

BERNIE I wasn't ranking. I was telling what I saw.

CONOR You saw the end of him. The retired version. The one who took up the tin whistle and went walking on Sundays.

BERNIE That's right. I was there for the ending. Somebody had to be.

CONOR ...What's that supposed to mean?

BERNIE It means you were in London, love. And I'm not blaming you. You had your life. But I was the one who sat up with him in March. And he talked about your mother, Conor. Every night. At the end, it was all her.

CONOR He talked about Mam?

BERNIE The dance hall in Mallow. The red coat. The day you were born and he fainted in the corridor.

CONOR He never told me he fainted.

BERNIE He was mortified. He made me promise.

CONOR So why say the happiest years?

BERNIE Because I wanted one line that was mine. Just one.

CONOR ...Say "some of the happiest".

BERNIE "Some of."

CONOR It's still yours. It's just got room in it.

BERNIE All right. Some of. And you'll tell the fainting story?

CONOR You tell it. He made you promise, not me.

Two Envelopes

Family drama, estranged sisters · Adult (40-55) · Neutral American · 2 minutes

Cast: TESS GWEN

A small house in Ohio, the week after a funeral. GWEN, 52, and her sister TESS, 44, sort through their mother's writing desk. They have not spent a whole day together in years

TESS There's a drawer here that's locked.

GWEN Key's on the hook in the pantry. With the spare car key and the key nobody knows what it's for.

TESS How do you know that?

GWEN Because I was here, Tess.

TESS Okay. I'm getting the key.

SFX: footsteps, a drawer unlocking

TESS Two envelopes. One says Gwendolyn. One says Theresa.

GWEN She only used our full names when we were in trouble.

TESS Well, we're in trouble. Here.

GWEN You open yours first.

TESS Why me?

GWEN You're the one she worried about.

TESS That's a lovely thing to say at a time like this. Really. Put it on a card.

GWEN I'm not being mean. She said it herself. Every Christmas. It's true. Open it.

TESS ..."Theresa. I know you think I loved your sister best. I didn't. I understood her better, and that is not the same thing. You were the one I never understood, and I spent forty years trying." ...Okay.

GWEN Tess.

TESS I'm fine. Open yours.

GWEN I don't want to.

TESS You made me.

GWEN ...Fine.

TESS Well?

GWEN It's a recipe.

TESS What?

GWEN Mine's just a recipe. Pot roast. "Gwendolyn, you never get the gravy right. Here is how."

TESS That's it?

GWEN There's a PS. "Don't let Tess leave early."

TESS ...Oh my God.

GWEN Twenty years I drove her to the doctor. I get a recipe and instructions about you.

TESS She was right, though. About the gravy.

GWEN She was right about the gravy.

TESS And I was going to leave early. I've got a flight tomorrow at seven.

GWEN I know you have.

TESS I could change it.

GWEN You could.

TESS If somebody's making pot roast.

GWEN Somebody might be. You'd have to peel the potatoes.

TESS I always had to peel the potatoes.

GWEN That's because you were the one she never understood.

Supply Room

Medical drama, night shift · Adult (40-55) · Southern US · 2 minutes

Cast: DWAYNE MIA

A hospital supply room in Tennessee, 4:40 a.m. MIA, 23, a new graduate nurse, is sitting on an upturned box. DWAYNE, 50, the charge nurse, comes in and closes the door

SFX: the door clicking shut, the hum of fluorescent light

DWAYNE There you are.

MIA I'm counting gauze.

DWAYNE That's a good idea. Gauze needs counting. How many we got?

MIA I don't know. I lost count.

DWAYNE Happens. Scoot over.

MIA You don't have to sit.

DWAYNE My knees say I do. Mr. Harlan's family's with him now.

MIA Okay.

DWAYNE His daughter asked who was with him. At the end.

MIA I'm sorry. I should have called you sooner. I didn't...

DWAYNE She wanted to know so she could thank you.

MIA ...Oh.

DWAYNE I told her it was you. Holding his hand. Talking to him about the game.

MIA I don't know anything about football. I just kept reading him the scores off my phone. I didn't even know which team was his. I just said "we" every time somebody scored.

DWAYNE He knew. Trust me, he knew.

MIA Did I do something wrong?

DWAYNE No.

MIA You can tell me.

DWAYNE I am telling you. No. His heart was tired. Everything that should've been done, you did. And then you did the thing they don't teach.

MIA I cried in front of him.

DWAYNE Good.

MIA Good?

DWAYNE The day you don't, come find me and we'll talk about another career.

MIA How many have you had?

DWAYNE I stopped counting. Like the gauze. I remember the first one, though. Mrs. Greer. 1998. She told me my hands were cold.

MIA Were they?

DWAYNE Like ice. I wear two pairs of socks on nights to this day.

MIA That doesn't make sense.

DWAYNE Grief doesn't. Here's what you do. Five minutes. Drink some water. Wash your face. Then you come help me with bed eleven, because she's pressing the call button every nine minutes and she likes you better than me.

MIA Everybody likes me better than you.

DWAYNE That's the spirit. Five minutes.

Four A.M. Bread

Workplace drama, first day · Mature (55+) · Welsh · 2 minutes

Cast: HUW RHIANNON

A small bakery in a Welsh valley, 4 a.m. HUW, 63, the owner, flours a bench. RHIANNON, 41, his new assistant, arrives in a very clean apron

HUW You're early.

RHIANNON You said four.

HUW I said about four. Nobody's ever on time for about four.

RHIANNON I'm always on time. It's one of my things.

HUW What are your other things?

RHIANNON Organisation. Attention to detail. Seventeen years in commercial litigation.

HUW Lovely. Wash your hands.

RHIANNON I've washed them.

HUW Wash them again. Bakery washing. Up to the elbow.

SFX: a tap running

RHIANNON I've made some notes on the ordering system.

HUW We haven't got an ordering system. We've got a notebook and a pencil on a string, and the pencil's been missing since Easter.

RHIANNON That was my first note.

HUW Mrs. Pritchard rings on a Thursday. That's the system. Hands in here. This is the dough.

RHIANNON What am I doing?

HUW Folding. Like this. Pull, fold, turn. Pull, fold, turn.

RHIANNON How many times?

HUW Until it tells you.

RHIANNON Until it tells me what?

HUW That it's done.

RHIANNON Huw, with the greatest respect, dough doesn't tell you anything.

HUW Keep going.

RHIANNON ...It's gone smooth.

HUW There. It told you.

RHIANNON That's ridiculous. It did, though.

HUW Why are you here, Rhiannon?

RHIANNON I told you in the interview.

HUW You told me something about "work-life balance." That's not a reason. That's a leaflet.

RHIANNON I sat in a meeting in Cardiff in March and I couldn't remember the client's name. I'd been working on the case for two years. I looked at the table and I just thought, I haven't made anything. Ever. I've only stopped other people getting things.

HUW And bread?

RHIANNON My nan made bread. In this village. You probably knew her.

HUW Megan Rees?

RHIANNON How did you know?

HUW You fold like her. Too hard. Ease off. There. Now you're a baker. Oven's at two hundred and twenty. Don't burn yourself on your first day. Paperwork is murder.

Grounded

Literary drama, strangers · Any · Neutral American · 2 minutes

Cast: SKY MORGAN

A closed airport concourse in Denver after a snowstorm, 2 a.m. SKY, 19, lies on a backpack. MORGAN, 54, in a crumpled business suit, sits against a pillar with a laptop that has run out of battery

SFX: a floor polisher somewhere far off

SKY You can have my charger if you want. It's the round kind.

MORGAN Thank you. It's the wrong kind.

SKY Everything's the wrong kind. Where were you going?

MORGAN Boston. A board meeting at nine.

SKY You won't make that.

MORGAN No. I've accepted that. Where were you going?

SKY Lima. Then Cusco. Then I don't really know.

MORGAN You don't know?

SKY That's sort of the point.

MORGAN How old are you?

SKY Nineteen. Everybody asks that like it's a diagnosis.

MORGAN Sorry. I have a daughter who's nineteen.

SKY Is she backpacking?

MORGAN She's at Stanford. Pre-law.

SKY Is that what she wants?

MORGAN ...It's what I wanted, when I was her age.

SKY That's not what I asked.

MORGAN No. I don't know what she wants. I have never asked her.

SKY My parents think I'm throwing my life away.

MORGAN Are you?

SKY I don't know yet. I was supposed to start college in August. I sat in the orientation and I couldn't breathe. Like, actually couldn't. So I left. I've been working at a car wash since then. Saved every cent.

MORGAN That's more nerve than I've ever had.

SKY You run a company.

MORGAN I run a division of a company. I've been running it for nineteen years. I have not taken a vacation in six. I was relieved when they cancelled the flight. Genuinely relieved. I sat here and felt the whole of my body unclench.

SKY So don't go.

MORGAN To Boston? I have to.

SKY Why?

MORGAN Because... That's a very good question.

SKY Call your daughter.

MORGAN It's midnight in California.

SKY She's nineteen. She's awake.

MORGAN What would I even say?

SKY Ask her what she wants. Then shut up for a bit.

MORGAN ...Can I borrow your phone? Mine's dead.

SKY Yeah. Round charger. Told you.

Chalk Dust

Literary drama, teacher and student · Mature (55+) · Neutral American · 2 minutes

Cast: BEN KOWALSKI

A school cafeteria after a retirement party, the tables half cleared. MRS. KOWALSKI, 67, is boxing up leftover cake. BEN, 40, in a firefighter's jacket, hurries in

BEN Did I miss it?

KOWALSKI The speeches, yes. The cake, no. Take some. I'm not driving home with four pounds of sheet cake.

BEN You don't remember me.

KOWALSKI Honey, it's been thirty-eight years of faces. Give me a year.

BEN 2000. Tenth grade. Ben Castillo.

KOWALSKI Castillo. You sat by the pencil sharpener.

BEN I did.

KOWALSKI You sharpened pencils for an entire semester. I don't think you wrote a thing with one.

BEN I came to say thank you.

KOWALSKI For the pencils?

BEN For February. I was going to drop out. My dad had left. I was working at the tire place after school. I came in one day and you kept me back after the bell and you said, "Ben, you are too smart to be this tired." And then you gave me a granola bar.

KOWALSKI A granola bar.

BEN And you told me the tire place would still be there after graduation, and I wouldn't. Something like that. I didn't drop out. I became a firefighter. I've been meaning to tell you for twenty years.

KOWALSKI Ben, I'm so sorry. I don't remember that at all.

BEN ...Oh.

KOWALSKI I gave out a lot of granola bars. It was mostly because I was hungry and felt bad eating in front of you.

BEN Right. Sure.

KOWALSKI But I remember something else.

BEN What?

KOWALSKI There was a girl in that class. Dana. She had a seizure one afternoon, in April. Everybody froze. I froze. I'd been teaching fifteen years and I just stood there. And the boy by the pencil sharpener got up, turned her on her side, put his jacket under her head, and told everybody to back up. Calm as anything. That was you.

BEN That was... My little brother had seizures.

KOWALSKI I went home that night and signed up for a first aid course. Because a fifteen-year-old showed me up.

BEN I didn't know that.

KOWALSKI Well. Now we're even. Take the cake, Castillo. Take all of it. Your firehouse can finish it.

Inventory

Family drama, mother and son · Mature (55+) · Neutral American · 3 minutes

Cast: OWEN MARION

A suburban house in Minnesota, a Saturday in October. MARION, 79, sits on a kitchen chair in the middle of her living room, surrounded by boxes. Her son OWEN, 47, holds a roll of packing tape

OWEN Keep, donate or trash?

MARION What is it?

OWEN It's a fondue set. Orange. Still in the box.

MARION Keep.

OWEN Mom, you've never made fondue.

MARION I might start.

OWEN At Maple Grove? They do the cooking for you. That's the whole point of Maple Grove.

MARION Then I'll make fondue for the other residents. I'll be very popular.

OWEN Donate.

MARION Keep. Put it in the keep box.

OWEN The keep box is full. The keep box is the whole house. We're moving you into one room, Mom.

MARION One room and a kitchenette. I read the brochure. Kitchenette. I could make fondue in a kitchenette.

OWEN Fine. Keep. Next. A tennis racket.

MARION Your father's.

OWEN Dad never played tennis.

MARION He meant to. That was his intention racket. Donate.

OWEN Finally.

MARION What's that one?

OWEN It's a box of my school stuff. Report cards. A clay thing.

MARION It's an ashtray. You made it in second grade. Neither of us smoked.

OWEN I don't need it.

MARION I know you don't need it. Keep it anyway.

OWEN Mom.

MARION You have a house, Owen. Put it on a shelf. Kate won't mind.

OWEN ...

MARION What?

OWEN Nothing. Keep. Fine. Clay ashtray. Keep.

MARION Something's wrong.

OWEN Nothing's wrong. We have eleven rooms to do before Thursday.

MARION We have ten. I did the bathroom on Tuesday. I threw out forty years of hotel shampoo. You'd have been proud.

OWEN I am proud. You've been really good about this.

MARION I know. That's because I asked for it.

OWEN What?

MARION I asked for the place. You think you and your sister talked me into it. You didn't. I put my name down in January. I fell in the yard in December and lay there for forty minutes before Mrs. Olson saw me. I didn't tell you. I didn't want a fuss. I wanted a kitchenette and somebody to check on me.

OWEN You lay in the yard for forty minutes?

MARION It was a very nice afternoon. I looked at the clouds.

OWEN Mom.

MARION Now. Your turn. Why won't Kate mind?

OWEN ...Kate moved out. In August.

MARION August.

OWEN I didn't tell you. I didn't want a fuss.

MARION Well, isn't that a family trait.

OWEN I've been in an apartment over the dry cleaner's. It's fine. It smells of steam.

MARION Are you all right?

OWEN I don't know. I've been doing a lot of boxes. It helps.

MARION That's why you took Thursday off. And Friday. And this whole week.

OWEN It's been nice. Having somewhere to be.

MARION Keep, donate or trash?

OWEN What?

MARION The house, Owen. This house. When I'm at Maple Grove. Your sister wants to sell. I haven't said yes.

OWEN I can't afford to buy you out.

MARION Who said anything about buying? You'd pay the taxes and fix the gutter. And come to Maple Grove on Sundays for fondue.

OWEN You're serious.

MARION I'm eighty next month. I don't have time to not be serious. Keep, donate or trash?

OWEN ...Keep.

MARION Good. Then the ashtray stays exactly where it is.

Two Coffees at the Services

Family drama, estranged brothers · Adult (40-55) · Neutral British · 3 minutes

Cast: GARY STEPHEN

A motorway service station café somewhere in the Midlands, Sunday lunchtime. GARY, 49, is already seated with two coffees. His younger brother STEPHEN, 45, arrives with a carrier bag. They have not spoken in eleven years

SFX: café clatter, a coffee machine hissing, a child whining somewhere

GARY Got you a coffee. White, no sugar. That right?

STEPHEN Black, now.

GARY Since when?

STEPHEN About eleven years.

GARY Right. I'll get another.

STEPHEN It's fine. I'll drink it.

GARY You found it all right, then.

STEPHEN It's a service station, Gary. It's got a sign the size of a house.

GARY I know. I'm making conversation. It's what people do.

STEPHEN Is that it?

GARY Is what it?

STEPHEN The bag. On the chair.

GARY Oh. Yeah. That's him. That's Dad.

STEPHEN In a carrier bag.

GARY It's a bag for life. It's a good bag. What was I going to bring him in? A briefcase?

STEPHEN I don't know. Something.

GARY The urn's in there. It's a nice urn. Oak effect. I chose it.

STEPHEN Okay.

GARY You could've chosen it, if you'd come.

STEPHEN I know.

GARY I rang you four times.

STEPHEN I know. I got the messages.

GARY So why didn't you come?

STEPHEN I don't know.

GARY You do know.

STEPHEN ...What does the will say? About the ashes.

GARY It says "my sons to decide." That's it. Four words. He couldn't even be bothered to be difficult about it.

STEPHEN Where do you want to put him?

GARY Mum's grave, I thought. Or Skegness. He liked Skegness.

STEPHEN He hated Skegness.

GARY He went every year.

STEPHEN Because Mum liked it. He sat in the car and did the crossword. For thirty years. He never once went on the beach.

GARY That's not true.

STEPHEN Every year, Gary. You were on the beach. I was in the car with him.

GARY Why were you in the car?

STEPHEN Because if I was in the car, he wasn't shouting at Mum.

GARY ...

STEPHEN You were older. You were always out. You don't remember what he was like when it was just us.

GARY He wasn't that bad.

STEPHEN Not to you.

GARY I thought you just didn't like him. I thought you were being... I don't know. Being you.

STEPHEN I was frightened of him. My whole childhood. That's why I didn't come to the funeral. Not because of you. Because I didn't know what I'd feel, and I didn't want to feel it in front of you.

GARY You could have told me that.

STEPHEN You'd have said he wasn't that bad.

GARY ...Yeah. I would have.

STEPHEN So.

GARY So what do we do with him?

STEPHEN I don't know. I don't want him on the mantelpiece.

GARY Nor do I, if I'm honest. Our Kelly says he's creepy.

STEPHEN How old's Kelly now?

GARY Nineteen. She's at college. She asks about you.

STEPHEN Does she?

GARY She's got your nose. Poor girl.

STEPHEN ...Mum's grave. Next to Mum. That's where he'd want to be.

GARY That's not where you'd want him.

STEPHEN It's not about me. She'd want him there. She put up with him. She can keep an eye on him.

GARY All right. Mum's grave. Next Sunday?

STEPHEN Next Sunday.

GARY You'll come?

STEPHEN I'll come.

GARY I'll get you a black coffee after. In the café by the church. It's terrible.

STEPHEN Good. I'll drink it anyway.

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