

Mine

by Michael Olsen

Synopsis: Just when you thought it was safe to pack up and move on, there are still things you cling to, like chairs, and DVDs, and even your relationship. Tom and Maria are in the process of finally breaking up, but there's still so much stuff that keeps them together.

Characters: TOM
MARIA

Genre: Comedy/Drama

Running Time: approx. 9 minutes

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Lights come up on an empty living room. There are a whole lot of boxes and personal possessions lying scattered around, as if someone has left in the middle of packing. There is also a blue wooden chair upstage with no arms. TOM enters, wearing a suit and tie. He is angrily undoing his tie. MARIA enters.

TOM: Bloody lawyers!

Tom kicks over the chair.

MARIA: What are you complaining about?

Maria stands the chair up.

TOM: What do you think?

MARIA: You got what you wanted.

TOM: So did you.

MARIA: So everyone's happy then.

Pause

MARIA: I'm glad we've started to make things official. Brings things out in the open.

TOM: Like our wallets.

MARIA: Well that's what it comes down to, doesn't it?

TOM: Does it?

Tom half falls, half sits in the chair. Maria moves around the room, looking at the room, touching things in boxes. Maria picks out an old lamp, holds it up. By the expression on her face we can clearly tell she thinks it's crap.

TOM: I thought you liked it.

MARIA: It rained that day. I was drenched.

TOM: You laughed your head off when I bought it.

MARIA: I caught a cold.

TOM: Can't you remember anything good?

MARIA: Not now.

Pause

TOM: I thought I'd stay here just one more night.

MARIA: Where? Everything's gone.

TOM: I've got that old air mattress. No problem.

MARIA: Why can't you just accept that it's over?

TOM: I do.

MARIA: This is letting go?

TOM: I'll let go in my own way, you can in yours. Fair enough?

MARIA: You'll only make it harder in the long run.

TOM: So be it.

Pause

TOM: Never thought it would come to this.

MARIA: No turning back now.

TOM: No.

MARIA: No.

Pause

TOM: Was there ever—Did you ever...?

MARIA: What?

TOM: Doesn't matter.

MARIA: Tell me.

TOM: Was there ever a point where we could have—turned back?

MARIA: I don't know. I can't remember.

Pause

TOM: It is funny though. If you think about it. The two of us. Each having affairs. You have to laugh.

MARIA: No I don't.

TOM: What's good for the goose...

MARIA: Please. I only had mine after I heard you had yours.

TOM: Do we admire the pig for joining us in the mud?

Pause

MARIA: You are full of shit, you know that?

TOM: Let's raise the tenor of the conversation, shall we?

MARIA: You slept with my best friend!

TOM: So you slept with mine! I'd say that's even Steven.

MARIA: Well who started it?

TOM: Does that really matter now?

Pause

MARIA: You're still seeing her aren't you.

TOM: It ended as soon as it began. It was just one drunken night.

MARIA: That's right: hide behind a bottle.

TOM: I'm not. I admit I did it and it was wrong and I was stupid and if I could undo it all I would and...

MARIA: And what?

TOM: And I'm sorry. I really am sorry.

Pause

MARIA: Too late now.

TOM: I guess.

MARIA: I don't think we could have gone back. Anywhere.

TOM: I don't believe that.

MARIA: It's true.

TOM: Maybe.

Pause

TOM: It's good you know. Packing up things. We don't need a lawyer for that.

MARIA: It's the only thing we haven't used a lawyer for.

Maria grabs a box. She looks at Tom. He grabs a box.

MARIA: Didn't realise we had so much junk.

TOM: Is that what you call it?

MARIA: Well what do you call this?

Maria pulls a small plastic statue out of her box.

TOM: That's not junk.

MARIA: It's junk. We should throw it out.

TOM: No. It's mine. Give it here.

Maria throws it to Tom, who just catches it.

TOM: Jesus Christ!

MARIA: Catch!

TOM: Let's just get this done, alright?

MARIA: Alright alright.

TOM: You've never faced the responsibility involved.

MARIA: That's right. I was just a scarlet woman, wasn't I?

Tom and Maria sit down to begin sorting out their collective possessions.

TOM: *(handing Maria a collection of records)* Yours.

MARIA: *(handing Tom a bundle of books)* Yours.

TOM: *(handing Maria a box of glasses)* Yours.

MARIA: *(handing Tom a radio)* Yours.

TOM: *(handing Maria a rug)* Yours.

MARIA: *(handing Tom a few framed prints)* Yours.

Pause

TOM: (*referring to the prints*) You can have them.

MARIA: I don't want them.

TOM: What am I going to do with them?

MARIA: I'll throw them out then.

TOM: Fine.

MARIA: They were ugly anyway.

Pause

TOM: (*handing Maria a jewellery box*) Yours.

MARIA: (*handing Tom a backgammon set*) Yours.

TOM: (*handing Maria a silver dish*) Yours.

MARIA: (*handing Tom a cocktail shaker*) Yours.

TOM: (*handing Maria a tiny metal sculpture*) Yours.

MARIA: (*handing Tom a bottle opener*) Yours.

Pause

TOM: You bought them for me you know.

MARIA: What?

TOM: The prints. At that little shop in Sydney.

MARIA: That was the rug.

TOM: Was it?

MARIA: That's just like you.

Pause

TOM: I'm sorry I started.

MARIA: You should be.

TOM: Jesus will you just let it go?

MARIA: I'm just finishing it, alright?

TOM: I knew this was a bad idea.

MARIA: So why did you suggest it? Let's just do this as quickly and as painlessly as possible. Then we can get out of each other's hair.

TOM: Fair enough.

MARIA: Good.

TOM: (*picking up a cushion*) Whose is this?

MARIA: That's mine.

TOM: Is it?

Snapoff

Lights come up on a chair alone centrestage. Suddenly, Tom and Maria rush in from opposite sides of the stage and each grabs one side of the chair.

TOM: Mine.

MARIA: Mine.

TOM: Mine.

MARIA: Mine.

TOM: Mine.

MARIA: Mine.

Pause

TOM: You got the kids.

MARIA: You got the DVDs.

TOM: You got the car.

MARIA: You got the house.

TOM: You got the fridge.

MARIA: You got the CD player—and the CDs.

Pause

TOM: This is my favourite chair.

MARIA: You gave it to me as a birthday present.

TOM: You've never sat in it.

MARIA: You've always hated the colour.

TOM: It's a part of my life.

MARIA: Well it's a part of mine too.

Pause

TOM: We're not being adult about this.

MARIA: No you're not.

TOM: I hate the way you do that.

MARIA: Fighting fire with fire.

TOM: Typical woman.

MARIA: It's typical of you to say that.

Pause

TOM: Alright. You can have it. See if I care.

MARIA: I knew you'd give in.

TOM: I am not giving in.

MARIA: You are. You just can't admit it.

TOM: I am not. It's just not worth it. Have it.

MARIA: OK.

Tom lets go of the chair and walks away a few steps.

TOM: Go ahead. Have a seat.

Maria sits down, and starts to fidget.

TOM: Comfortable?

MARIA: No.

TOM: See?

MARIA: OK. You have it. See if I care.

Maria stands up and walks away.

TOM: Don't you want it now?

MARIA: No.

TOM: Well neither do I.

MARIA: Get your carrier to take it.

TOM: Get yours!

MARIA: So you're lumbering me with it now!

TOM: Yes, I suppose I am.

MARIA: Well I'll just sell it then.

TOM: Do what you like.

Pause

MARIA: I could use it for firewood.

TOM: What?

MARIA: Well, something has to keep me warm in winter.

TOM: Just because neither of us wants it, you have to destroy it.

MARIA: I thought you gave it to me.

TOM: Well I'm taking it back.

Tom rushes to sit in the chair. Maria rushes for the chair and sits down too. They have a bum fight over the chair. Tom wins, pushing Maria off. Maria lands badly, doesn't move for a moment, then slowly sits up, painfully, and starts to cry.

MARIA: Oww! That hurt! That really hurt!

TOM: I'm sorry. I didn't mean to—

Tom stands up and goes to Maria.

TOM: You OK?

Maria rushes back to the chair and sits down, laughing, triumphant.

TOM: That was unfair.

MARIA: All's fair.

TOM: This is worse than the bed.

MARIA: Is it?

TOM: At least there was room on that for the both of us.

MARIA: Do you still believe in us?

Pause

MARIA: Well?

TOM: Well what?

MARIA: You still believe in us.

TOM: Hard not to after all this time.

MARIA: You're so romantic.

TOM: I thought romance was the last thing on your mind.

Pause

MARIA: I am sorry it worked out this way.

TOM: So am I. The chair's really not worth it.

MARIA: No I mean about everything.

TOM: Oh. Well, so am I.

MARIA: For everything?

TOM: Yes.

Pause

MARIA: The chair was the last thing.

TOM: Yes.

MARIA: After this, that's it, good-bye. Adios. Ciao.

TOM: Finito.

MARIA: I—I don't know if I—

TOM: Yes?

Pause

MARIA: I don't know if I do want to go.

TOM: Neither do I.

MARIA: The emptier the house is the emptier I feel.

TOM: Me too.

MARIA: Maybe we could—

TOM: Maybe if I—

Pause

MARIA: No.

TOM: Well.

MARIA: Then again.

TOM: Who'll look after you?

MARIA: And you?

TOM: I don't know.

Pause

MARIA: After the chair goes, you're the last thing of mine left.

TOM: And you're mine.

From here on in, Tom and Maria become increasingly passionate and possessive:

MARIA: Mine.

TOM: Mine.

MARIA: Mine.

TOM: Mine.

MARIA: Mine.

TOM: Mine.

Fadeout