

RECYCLABLE

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CHARACTERS:

RYAN

AMY

SETTING:

Outside a suburban block of flats. A recycling bin stands centre stage.

(Ryan enters carrying a mangled umbrella. He opens the bin and is about to drop the umbrella in when Amy enters from the opposite direction carrying a stack of papers.)

AMY: Oh!

RYAN: *(Dropping the lid in surprise.)* What?

AMY: Ah...sorry. Nothing. Hi.

RYAN: Hi.

(He lifts the lid again.)

AMY: Are you going to put that in there?

RYAN: Pardon?

AMY: Nothing. Sorry.

RYAN: Is something wrong?

AMY: No...nothing.

(He goes to drop the umbrella in.)

It's just...

(He stops.)

RYAN: Just what?

AMY: I was just wondering if...

RYAN: If?

AMY: If that's recyclable.

RYAN: This?

AMY: Yeah. Y'know...paper, plastic, tin cans. Doesn't really fit the bill.

RYAN: Oh. Guess not.

(He withdraws the umbrella but holds the lid open for Amy who drops her bundle into the bin.)

AMY: Thanks. Sorry...for...

RYAN: No. You're right. I'll...put it somewhere else. I guess.

(He starts to leave.)

AMY: Did you get caught?

RYAN: Pardon?

AMY: In the storm the other night. I just thought...y'know, the umbrella.

RYAN: Oh...yeah. No. No, not that one. Other storms. Y'know how it is...they all add up.

AMY: Absolutely.

RYAN: *(Regarding the umbrella)* Kind of a shame really. It was my mother's.

AMY: Really!

RYAN: Apparently it used to belong to a dead clown...*(He laughs, embarrassed)*
Long story, probably not true.

(He starts to leave again.)

AMY: Y'know, she's really not worth it.

RYAN: Pardon?

AMY: That woman. The one who left you.

RYAN: I'm sorry, I'm not/...

AMY: Oh God. No, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have said anything. Forget I said it.

(She turns to exit)

RYAN: How do you know? About Rebecca?

AMY: Rebecca. Is that her name?

RYAN: You're not one of those crazy stalkers, are you? Sitting in your window with a pair of binoculars and a log book, taking pictures?

AMY: *(Laughing)* God, no! I can't even see your place from mine. I'm number four.

RYAN: Oh right. I'm in three.

AMY: I know.

RYAN: You know?

AMY: We share the recycling bin. Three and four. *(Pointing to numbers on the bin)* See?

RYAN: Oh...right. Of course.

(He laughs a little nervously)

But...how do you know about Rebecca?

AMY: Well, I saw her. I wasn't watching, I promise. It's just...I used to pass her on the stairs sometimes. And I'd see her stuff in your...in our bin.

RYAN: Stuff?

AMY: Yeah...y'know. Things a man wouldn't have...cosmetic containers, vodka cruiser bottles, tampon boxes...

(He looks embarrassed.)

Sorry...And then that night...The night you had the argument...

RYAN: You heard us?

AMY: No! Not really. But I passed her as she ran down the stairs and I saw her throw the flowers in the bin.

RYAN: My flowers!

AMY: I hope you don't mind...I took them out. Only to put them in the garden bin, of course.

(Pause)

They were beautiful.

RYAN: She always liked white jonquils.

(Pause)

AMY: You must miss her.

RYAN: I do.

AMY: But no woman is worth ruining your life over.

RYAN: What?

AMY: The bottles...All the scotch bottles. And the vodka bottles and the bourbon bottles...

RYAN: There not all mind! I had a party.

AMY: Oh, right.

RYAN: And...and other people use our bin. I've seen them.

AMY: Really?

RYAN: Absolutely!

(Pause)

AMY: You have to look after yourself, though.

RYAN: So I have a few drinks/...!

AMY: You can't live on frozen pizzas and party pies forever...

RYAN: Look...I really don't see that this is any of your business.

AMY: I'm just worried about you/...

RYAN: In fact it's a huge invasion of my privacy...

AMY: You should be glad that a neighbour is looking out for you...

RYAN: I think this is taking Neighbourhood Watch a little too far!

AMY: *(Singing)* Everybody needs good neighbours...

(She realises he is fuming.)

Okay...I'm sorry. I just wish somebody took an interest in *my* wellbeing. I'd feel flattered not insulted.

(Pause)

RYAN: So...was it a relief?

AMY: What?

RYAN: I'm assuming it was negative.

AMY: Sorry?

RYAN: The test. I saw it in the bin a couple of months ago. The pregnancy test.

AMY: Oh, my God!

RYAN: Well, it wasn't mine, so I'm assuming...

AMY: That is so not your business!

RYAN: You're right...it's not.

(Long embarrassed silence.)

AMY: Okay...point taken.

(Pause)

Did you enjoy *Phantom Of The Opera*?

(He looks surprised.)

I saw the ticket stubs.

(They both laugh.)

RYAN: We did, actually. I noticed your MTC subscription form – did you catch any of their plays this year?

AMY: A couple. You subscribe to *Ralph*.

RYAN: It was a gift from Rebecca.

AMY: Yeah right.

RYAN: How was the new bedspread?

AMY: Great. Suits the room.

RYAN: It looked good in the picture.

AMY: So did you lose much weight? You went through a few Weight Watchers products a few weeks ago.

RYAN: Rebecca...and no, she didn't.

AMY: Did she buy the fitness ball?

RYAN: That was my idea, but she never used it. Well...not for exercising.

AMY: What else would you...?

(He laughs)

Oh...really?

RYAN: We enjoyed a challenge. Tiring though...trying to keep your balance.

AMY: That explains all the Berocca tubes.

RYAN: Gives you back your b-b-bounce.

AMY: So would the fitness ball, I imagine.

(They laugh.)

Anyway...I'm Amy.

RYAN: Ryan.

AMY: Nice to finally meet you, Ryan.

RYAN: I feel like we've known each other for months.

AMY: I guess we have...in a sense.

RYAN: Rubbish.

AMY: Yeah.

(Pause)

Anyway, I'd better....

RYAN: Okay. See you around.

(He turns to leave.)

AMY: Hey, Ryan?

RYAN: Yeah.

AMY: If you ever get tired of frozen pizza...you could come over some time. I'm not Nigella Lawson but I'm edible.

RYAN: I bet you are.

AMY: Maybe this Saturday? Eight o'clock?

RYAN: Great! It's a date! *(Embarrassed)* I'm mean...the ninth of November...is Saturday's date. I'll bring the wine...if you drink wine.

AMY: That merlot you used to have with Rebecca sounded nice...just from reading the label.

RYAN: Merlot it is. I'll see you then.

AMY: Seeya.

(She turns to exit then turns back.)

Oh, by the way, I wasn't completely honest before. I actually kept the flowers. I like white jonquils too...just for future reference.

RYAN: Duly noted.

(She exits. He chuckles to himself, lifts the bin lid and throws the umbrella in before exiting. Lights down.)