

Sleep Clinic

@ Smorgasbord

14th October, Corpus Playroom

About

Hello-

I am looking for two actors for a low commitment 20 min play at Smorgasbord in Week 1. This is a dry, Beckettian two-hander exploring insomnia, hypersomnia and the impact that sleep deprivation has on hallucination, communication and general perception warping. The play is feverish and emulative of a dream state but also features banal dialogue between people who feel apathetic at best toward each other. The comedy should come from sharp line delivery, and I'd love two people with a sense of comic timing to make this work.



Characters

Largely quite indistinguishable - however:

A- Frustrated and sardonic. Weaponised naivety. Gains ultimate control over B. Ruminative end monologue.

B- Sometimes the 'voice of reason', as blurry as that is in the unconscious mind. Meltdown shouty bit at the end.

How to apply

Any character interpretation is fine but prioritise naturalism. If you're interested in this please send me (ma2110) a self tape of either one of these sections by **30th September 23:59**. I look forward to hearing from you :))

1.

B: Er. Last meal.

A: Are we going to do 'last' themed things forever?

B: Well not forever. It all must end.

A: Probably smoked trout to start-

B: I didn't say there'd be courses.

A: Okay but I did. I choose that there would be courses.

B: Well no/ you can't

A: Okay you didn't say/ I couldn't.

B: Last meals are just one meal.

A: Oh well can I say the meal time? Like *Dinner*. For my last meal I'd like Dinner.

B: Yeah lunch would feel just like there's more left to life. Taken too soon.

A: Death in the afternoon.

B: Ooh there's another 'last' - last cocktail?

A: Well I'm going to finish the meal bit first. I am going to decide to have a four course dinner / with

B: Four course?

A: Yes, with a fish course.

B: But you've started with trout you can't have another fish course?

A: That is my fish course.

B: What other courses? A pork course?

A: Yeah why not.

B: Okay so trout, pork/ then

A: No pork is later! Trout, maybe one spinach and ricotta tortellino, pork, cheese course with a mixture of French and Spanish bries/

B: So cheese functions as desert?

A: Cheese functions as the cheese course.

B: What the fuck is wrong with you?

A: I'm allowed to choose my last meal stop being a fucking pedant.

B: Do you talk to waiters like that?

A: Yes!

Beat.

A: And I'll get a Brandy Alexander. And then the bill please.

B: That's your last cocktail? That's horrid. It's got cream in it.

A: I've never had one.

B: Well not the best time to try. What if you love it and then never get to taste it again.

A: What if I hate it and then I never have to have it again.

B: You wouldn't have to have it again even if you were still alive.

A: Worth the gamble I guess.

B: Even then, surely something you'd want to savour like a pornstar mart-

A: Nothing lasts.

2.

B: Desert island. What are your discs?

A: Um.

A looks at B. Beat.

A: Well there's no rush is there. We've got time.

B: /I'd say

A: /I'd say- you go, you go.

B: Well I don't know where you're going to pitch it. Are you going performative full classical list or performative ambient fan?

A: Who would say ambient music on the desert island?

B: The silent.

A: I was just going to say one album.

B: Really? Wouldn't that get tedious?

A: I think having only eight songs, regardless of artist, would become tedious.

B: Abba Gold.

A: What?

B: That's just a funny album to have to listen to forever.

A: No it isn't.

B: Okay?

A: They aren't judgemental on desert island discs.

B: Fine/

A: They won't laugh at your options/

B: I didn't say that/

A: You did. Some people like that album..

B: I am glad I get to speak to you for half of the time I'm awake/

A: You're like the mother. I have known you all of my life and you have known me for a part of yours. As in you're always awake when I am. It's/

B: Great.

A: Great.

B: Do you know what Jonathan I *fee*/ like I'm the mother. Suckle my teet/

A: I don't want to.

B: What if it was necessary.

A: For what? What could it necessitate?

B: Life. Ecstasy.

A: I'm fine.

B: You'd prefer not to live/

A: I'd prefer not to suckle your teet.

B: Suit yourself. I don't mind it.

A: When people suckle your teet?

B: When I suckle my own. Freak.