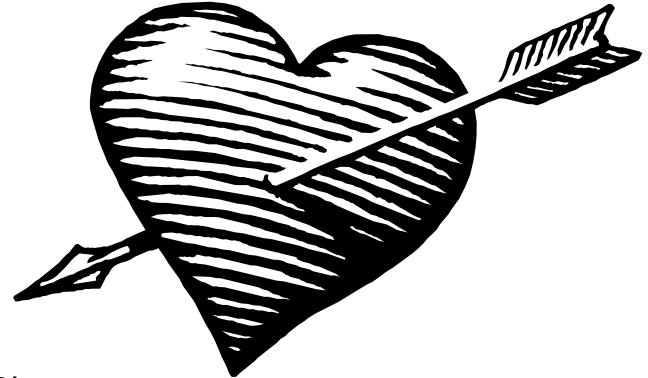


Don't Go Changing

By Steve Couch



Cast:

She: A young woman in love.

He: A young man who claims to be in love.

He is sitting down reading a magazine. Enter She.

She: Darling.

He: (*Absent mindedly, still looking at magazine*) Uh-huh.

She: Darling, are you listening to me?

He: (*Still looking at magazine*) Yeah, yeah.

She: (*Takes magazine*) Darling, there's something I want to talk about.

He: (*Finally looks up*) Well why didn't you say so?

She: (*Turns away from He. He picks up the magazine once She isn't looking*). You know how much I love you.

He: (*Reading magazine again*) Uh-huh.

She: And I know that you love me.

He: Yeah, yeah.

She: And you know how you always say that you would never do anything to hurt me.

He: Uh-huh.

She: Well, sometimes I think that you don't pay me enough attention.

He: (*turning pages, engrossed*) Yeah, yeah.

She: It's as if your mind is somewhere else. (*Turns round. He quickly drops the magazine*) Were you reading that magazine?

He: No.

She: I saw you!

He: Well, why did you ask then?

She: I can't believe that you were still reading while I was trying to talk to you!

He: And I can't believe it either. Here we are, trying to talk about something serious, and you go changing the subject.

She: What?

He: One minute we're talking about our relationship, the next you're banging on about magazines. It just shows how unimportant our relationship must be to you.

She: How unimportant it is to ME? You're the one who is always going out without me, always doing your own thing, always making excuses.

He: What do you mean? You went out last night.

She: Yes, but only because you wanted me to pick you up after your night out with the boys.

He: (Smiles tenderly) That time we spent talking in the car was the highlight of my day.

She: (genuinely touched) Really?

He: Yes. Well, apart from when Tommo set light to one of his farts. That was brilliant!

She: Well, I want you to make more time for me, and to pay me more attention when we are together.

He: Here we go. Change, change, change. If you really loved me, you wouldn't ask me to change. When we started going out, you knew what I was like. You knew that I like to go out with the boys on a Friday night. And a Saturday night. And a Sunday night. If you really love me, love me for who I am, not who you want me to be. Stop trying to change the man you fell in love with!

She: I'm not trying to change you!

He: Oh no? (Mimics her voice) 'Pay me more attention', 'spend more time with me', 'Don't post video clips of my mother on www.uglyoldwitches.com'. When have I ever tried to change you?

She: Well, you told me to grow my hair longer.

He: I was taking an interest in your appearance.

She: And you tell me not to talk during the football.

He: A perfectly reasonable request.

She: And you made me learn bricklaying so I could build this house for you.

He: That's just typical of you – always finding the tiniest little thing to complain about. Look, if you really loved me, you would accept me as I am. You wouldn't keep trying to change me. Stop being so selfish and think about me for a change.

She: (Hangs head and mumbles) I'm sorry.

He: (Picks up magazine and starts reading.) Now that we've sorted that out, do you want to stay for some dinner?

She: That would be lovely.

He: Great. The chip shop is just down the road. You'd better run on the way back, or the chips will go cold in the rain. (She stands there, slack-jawed in amazement.) Are you still here? Chop chop.

