

Simona Semenic:
Loving Willy

Characters:

Ann
Joan
Willy

Everything is happening in front of the closed doors of the toilet in a bar.

Ann: Willy ...
Joan: Come on ...
Ann: Hon ...

Silence.

Ann: Baby ...

Silence.

Joan: Willy ...
Ann: Honey ...

Silence.

Ann: Love ...

Silence.

Joan: / Ann: Come on ...

Silence.

Ann: Hon ...

Long silence.

Joan: Come on, Willy ...
Ann: Willy, please ...

Silence.

Ann: I know you're in there, baby ...
Joan: Just get out.
Ann: Everything is going to be okay. Just come out and we will talk things over.

Silence. Ann gently knocks at the door.

Ann: Willy, my love. Come on. Things are not that hard.

Silence.

Joan: I cannot believe it.

Ann: Well, he's upset. It's kind of logical ... In this situation...

Joan: Oh, yes. I get it.

Ann: Joan, look ...

Joan: No, it's okay. He's upset. I got it completely.

Ann: Joan, don't start to get nervous.

Joan: There are lots of dishes to wash.

Ann: Oh, the dishes, you meant.

Joan: Yeah, the dishes, of course. What did you mean?

Ann: Nothing. I just completely forgot about the dishes. You see? This is not like me.

Joan: Yeah. Certainly not.

Ann: Willy, baby, have you heard that? I completely forgot about the dishes because of you. Hon, don't ignore me anymore. I can't take it anymore. Baby, please, there are some dishes to wash. Lots of dishes.

Silence.

Ann: There's such a chaos there. Willy, we desperately need you!

Silence.

Ann: Willy, you know that no one can do it like you do it. We are not able of running the restaurant without you, Willy.

Silence.

Ann: You know that very well, Willy. Don't play dumb.

Silence.

Joan: Nothing. He must really enjoy his residence.

Ann: This started to feel kind of awkward.

Joan: Kind of, yes.

Ann: Joan, maybe it would be better if you just ... You know what I mean?

Joan: No, Ann. What do you mean?

Ann: Maybe it would be easier for him if you ... You know, sweetie.

Joan: Not exactly.

Ann: If you'd just left. So we could be alone.

Joan: Oh, that. You see, Ann, here is a problem. Because I actually think it would be easier for him if you left.

Ann: Joan, I think you still don't understand.

Joan: But I do.

Ann: You do?

Joan: Yes.

Ann: And you still –

Joan: Yes.

Silence.

Ann: Willy, baby, answer. Please.

Silence.

Joan: Willy! (*To Ann.*) Do you think it's of any use calling him or talking to him?

Ann: Well, sure you'd know that better than me. Or wouldn't you?

Silence.

Joan: There's such a crowd tonight. Tonight of all nights you had to –

Ann: Love, there are some dishes to wash. Lots of dishes. I know you're upset and everything, hon, but the job has to be done. Hon? This is not funny anymore. People out there are overworking because of this little incident of yours.

Joan: Stop with this "hon" shit. Give the order.

Ann: Joan, sweetie, you know that in this restaurant we don't communicate this way. Right?

Joan: Yeah. But maybe we should.

Ann: What sweetie?

Joan: Nothing.

Ann: Willy, we're crowded tonight.

Joan: Boys and girls are not supposed to do your job.

Ann: Willy, think of it this way – tomorrow this time everything is going to be behind you ...

Joan: Or maybe not.

Ann: What are you saying?

Joan: I said maybe not. Maybe tomorrow things are going to get worse.

Ann: My God. You really are one unhappy person, Joan. Of course, things are going to get better. They always do.

Joan: Depends on a point of view.

Ann: Are we getting philosophical?

Joan: No, it's just ...

Ann: Things always get better, sweetie. Always.

Joan: Yeah. Willy! Come on. At least make a sound so that I know you're alive in there.

Ann: Baby ... Please. I know this is hard for you, but it's hard for me, too. Have you thought of that? Huh, baby? My position is not that simple as well.

Joan: Cut the crap, Ann.

Ann: Joan, I am not used to this kind –

Joan: Willy, stop behaving like a child and come out. Do you hear me? I'm sick and tired of your infantile games. Come out at once!

Silence.

Ann: This is most certainly not going to help. This situation has got way beyond your authoritative or better - dictatorial – attitude.

Joan: Okay, wise guy, what would you suggest?

Ann: Perhaps he just needs a rest. To think things over. You know. Peace.

Silence. To be with himself. Oh, it's probably something you're not familiar with.

Joan: No, I'm not. Rest. Peace. Silence. Let's try then.

Silence.

Joan: I really don't –

Ann: (*Makes a gesture to stop her talking.*)

Silence.

Joan: Willy is not –

Ann: (*Makes a gesture to stop her talking.*)

Silence.

Joan: Come on, Ann, this is totally –

Ann: (*Makes a gesture to stop her talking.*)

Long silence.

Joan: (*Makes a gesture to ask if she's allowed to speak.*)

Ann: (*Shakes her head.*)

Silence.

Joan: (*Makes a gesture to show that there's no point of doing this.*)

Ann: (*Makes a gesture to calm Joan down.*)

Joan: (*Shakes her head.*)

Ann: (*Closes her eyes and breathes deeply. Opens her eyes. Looks at Joan.*)

Joan: (*Starts smiling, tries not to laugh.*)

Ann: (*Shakes her head.*)

Joan: (*Makes a gesture of contemplating.*)

Ann: (*Nods.*)

Joan: (*Points to the watch.*)

Ann: (*Points both palms towards Joan, saying "calm down".*)

Joan: (*Points to the bathroom door.*)

Ann: (*Points both palms towards Joan, saying "calm down".*)

Joan: (*Makes a gesture of cutting the head of.*)

Ann: (*Smiles, closes her eyes and starts to breath deeply.*)

Silence.

Ann: (*Opens her eyes. Looks at Joan. Points at the door. Silently.*) Willy.

Silence.

Ann: (*Silently.*) Willy.

Silence.

Ann: (*Silently.*) It's okay now, baby. Everything is just okay.

Silence.

Ann: Willy.

Silence.

Ann: Willy.

Silence.

Ann: Willy!

Joan: (*Makes a gesture to stop her talking.*)

Silence.

Joan: Didn't really work.

Ann: Maybe if you could be a bit more patient ...

Joan: Nothing can help him now.

Ann: Joan, sweetie, it's not true. I'm here to help him. And I will help him. What are we if we don't help each other? It's our human responsibility to help. To give. One cannot just say "nothing can help him now"! This is not acceptable.

Joan: Well, help him than.

Ann: Maybe I could if you'd just leave us.

Joan: I want to help him. But I will do it my way, okay? I know exactly what he needs and it's definitely not peace and silence. He needs kick in the ass, that's what he needs.

Ann: Not on these premises. Joan, I'm still –

Joan: Yeah, I know what you are.

Ann: Good. Good to know that there's still some sanity in this insane situation. Now, let's get things sorted.

Joan: Let's.

Ann: It's okay Willy. You don't have to come out if you don't feel like. Just take your time if you really think it's necessary. The dishes can wait, honey. I will pay some extra money to boys and girls, no problem. This is something that's more important than money. Breathe deeply, Willy and it will go away. Inhale. Exhale. (*Breathing deeply, using meditative voice.*) Inhale. Exhale. Exhale bad energy. Exhale sadness. Inhale. Exhale. Inhale fresh air –

Joan: Yeah, particularly in there. –

Ann: Exhale. Inhale. Exhale. Are you breathing with me, honey? Come on, let me here your breath. Inhale. Exhale.

Joan: Ann, you're losing it.

Ann: Inhale. Exhale. Inhale. Exhale.

Joan: Ann –

Ann: (*Louder.*) Inhale. Exhale.

Joan: He is not breathing with you. He is praying for you to stop.

Ann: (*Louder and faster.*) Inhale. Exhale. Inhale. Exhale. Fresh air in, bad energy out. Life in, pain out. Breathe, Willy, breathe.

Joan: Get a grip, Ann.

Ann: Joan, we are not going to get anywhere with this attitude of yours.

Joan: Willy stop being a baby and just come out. Woman lost it out here.

Ann: You will not address me –

Joan: (*Bangs on the door.*) Willy, you shit! Come out. Now!

Ann: Joan, stop. Stop immediately!

Joan: Oh, I'm sorry. I completely forgot that in this restaurant we don't communicate this way.

Ann: Don't talk to Willy like this or ...

Joan: What?

Ann: Or you will regret it.

Joan: Oh, Ann, I'm so sorry... Willy, the boss wants me to be nice with you. So, baby, are you coming out or what?

Ann: Joan, It's not a miracle, that the two of you ...

Joan: Shut up, Ann. Just shut up. (*She bangs on the door.*) Willy!

Ann: Joan, please. You're going to demolish the door. I've just paid tones of money to restore it. This is not just a door.

Joan stops banging on the door. They look at each other.

Joan: No use anyway.

Silence.

Ann: Strange, really strange.

Joan: How long has he been in there?

Ann: I don't know exactly. I thought you knew.

Joan: Too long, that's for sure.

Ann: When did you notice he wasn't there?

Joan: I don't know. Well, I know. When there were no plates to put the food on. I had to wash them myself. Then I started seeking him.

Ann: Really, I thought ...

Joan: No.

Ann: Oh.

Silence.

Joan: No.

Ann: Okay. I believe you.

Joan: Well, than stop looking at me like this.

Ann: Like what?

Joan: Like you don't believe me.

Ann: Joan, I do believe you.

Silence.

Joan: What now?

Ann: Well, maybe he just needs a little more time.

Joan: He often does that, so I guess we could just leave him and go. There's lots of work out there.

Ann: Well, yes. You're right. Just go, I can be here by myself. No problem.

Joan: On the other hand, I can wait as well.

Ann: No, no. There's really lots of work out there. Just go.

Joan: Yes, but I am still his –

Ann: Okay. As you wish.

Silence.

Ann: And no. I have never experienced something like that with him. He hasn't done it lately, at least not that I would know.

Joan: Oh, than probably...

Ann: Yes, sweetie. Probably that. You see? This is what I'm talking about.

Silence.

Joan: Do you think he's okay in there?

Ann: I don't know.

Joan: He may be dead by now.

Ann: Come on, what are you saying ...

Joan: We don't know for sure, do we?

Silence.

Ann: Willy!

Silence.

Ann: Willy!

Silence.

Joan: He is alive.

Ann: Are you sure?

Joan: Yeah.

Ann: How do you know.

Joan: I know. I'm his –

Ann: I know. I can feel it as well.

Joan: You can?

Ann: Yeah.

Silence.

Joan: Well, it's because of you he went in there.

Ann: What?

Joan: Well, if you didn't torture him that much, he would still be old same happy Willy.

Ann: Old same what? You're crazy, he is right. You're really crazy. How could he... He hasn't been happy for years. He's been happy for last few month. With me.

Joan: That was happy for you? He's been miserable since you laid your hands on him. Happy. You don't know happy Willy.

Ann: You are such a cruel person. Unbelievably cruel person. It's no wonder that –

Joan: And you're just in the clouds.

Ann: This is so cruel. How can you ... Never mind. Willy, baby, come on, please...

Joan: Don't let her please you. You'll have to pay for that, Willy.

Ann: You're crazy. I am not talking to you. Willy, just answer me, please.

Joan: Answer her so that she gets the hell out of here and we can talk.

Ann: Don't mind her, Willy. Just answer me and everything is going to be just fine. Baby, come on. Just let me know that you're okay. Please, hon.

Joan: Like she cares. She doesn't really care, Willy. All she cares for is washed dishes.

Ann: It's not true. Willy, you know I love you. You heard how I forgot about the dishes because of you. I really love you. Baby, answer, please.

Joan: Willy! Get your ass off the can and come out!

Ann: Joan!

Joan: I will not sign divorce papers, Willy!

Ann: Joan!

Joan: I will not!

Ann: Willy!

Joan: If you don't come out of the bathroom this very moment, you will not get the divorce from me in a thousand years.

Ann: Willy!

Joan: Did you hear that? Never!

Ann: Willy, baby. Come out. Willy!

Silence.

Ann: You wouldn't do that!

Joan: Oh yes, I would. That easily. (*Snaps her fingers.*)

Ann: No. You cannot do that to us. Willy! Willy!

Joan: Let's see how much he really loves you.

Ann: He doesn't love you, that's for sure.

Joan: Willy, honey. Divorce papers!

Ann: I knew it. I knew that you never meant to sign them.

Joan: Well, Ann, darling. I meant to sign them. I actually said to him that I would sign them whenever he's ready. But he is not ready!

Ann: Willy?

Joan: Let him be.

Ann: You ... You ...

Joan: What?

Ann: (*Breathes deeply.*) Nothing. It's okay. Everything is just okay. Willy, honey, just take your time. Take as much time as you want. I can wait as long as you need.

Silence.

Ann: Somebody should be washing the dishes. Joan, why don't you go? I can wait here.

Joan: Well, I don't know, Ann. He still is my husband.

Ann: Right, yeah. You're right. He still is your husband.

Joan: Maybe you could ...

Ann: Oh, no. I couldn't possibly do that. After all he is my employee, I have to make sure he's okay.

Joan: Yeah. You're right. After all.

Silence.

Ann: (*Silently.*) Willy?

Silence.

Joan: There's nothing you can do, Ann. I am all that he needs right now.

Ann: No, sweetie. I am all that he needs.

Joan: No. He still loves me and I know it.

Ann: No, no, Joan. You don't know. Because I know exactly what Willy needs and it's certainly not you.

Joan: You have no idea. You know nothing. You're just a ...

Ann: What?

Joan: You know. Just a stand.

Ann: We're getting married as soon as you sign those papers.

Joan: Have you talked with him about that?

Ann: Well, no, but ...

Joan: You see? He doesn't want a divorce at all.

Ann: Joan, you're in a miserable situation and I can understand you completely. I can feel with you, I've been there before. I know it's hard, but it will go away. It will get better.

Joan: If you say so. He's still not marrying you though.

Ann: Joan, sweetie, I do understand you. I really do.

Silence.

Joan: Willy ...

Ann: Honey ...

Joan: I love you, Willy.

Ann: I love you, Willy.

Joan: I love you more, Willy.

Ann: I love you more, Willy.

Joan: You know that she can never ever love you as much as I do, Willy.

Ann: You know that she can never ever love you as much as I do, Willy.

Joan: Stop it.

Ann: You stop it.

Joan: You stupid bitch. He's mine.

Ann: No, Willy is mine.

Joan: No, he is mine, always has been and always will be.

Ann: Joan, sweetie, you're living in an illusion. He is mine.

Joan: Ann, darling, are you sure? Is it really me living in an illusion? He has never been yours and never will be.

Ann: Don't do this. Because I know. And you cannot and will not confuse me. I know that he loves me.

Joan: You really are a piece of work. You still don't get it, do you?

Ann: Oh, I do. I most certainly do. Everything gets brighter just by looking at you. Not to mention the talking.

During the dialogue, Willy gets out of the bathroom, silently closes the door, and goes out.

Joan: Do you have any idea what we have, Willy and I? Love. There is love between us. Pure and unpretentious love. And it doesn't have to be proven. It's there.

Ann: You will never know what love is, Joan. Because you don't have profoundness for love.

Joan: Do you know what your biggest problem is?

Ann: No, sweetie, I don't. Enlighten me.

Joan: You don't love Willy. You don't care for him at all. You don't give a shit for him. If you would, you'd let him go.

Ann: As far as I'm concerned, that's your problem, not mine. It's not me who has to sign divorce papers.

Joan: And I'm not his boss.

Ann: Wait, are you implying ...

Joan: No. I'm not implying.

Ann: Are you trying to ... Willy! Willy! Willy!

Joan: Willy!

Ann: Willy!

Joan: Willy!

Ann: Willy!

Joan: / Ann: WILLY!

The end.