

DIG

(Selection)

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DIG (Sample)

Characters:

CLAIRE – 43

IVY - 48

- Notes:**
1. The two characters are sisters. Ivy is a Private Detective and Claire's son has been missing for four months.
 2. When “...” is the only thing ‘spoken’ by the character, it signifies a pause, moment, or reaction specific to that character.
 3. A “/” indicates two characters speaking over one another at that time resulting in both of them talking at once for a few moments.

Set: A seventeen year old boy's bedroom.
There is a single bed nudged under a window swathed in Buzz Lightyear and Woody sheets.
A large, black, packed, suitcase sits at the foot of the bed while an iPhone 5 charger is plugged into the wall connected to the iPhone.
A desk, a bureau, a chair, a bookcase.
It feels like an exhibit preserved as a snapshot in time.

Scene: *Lights up on CLAIRE sitting on the bed with a large binder open next to her. Occasionally she flips to a new page.*

IVY enters with a bag slung over one shoulder – she hovers in the doorway.

CLAIRE: Do you ever get that feeling – when a cool rush of stagnant air washes over you. It's the feeling – when you enter a house, when you enter a house and you feel the air hanging like everything is holding its breath. Just waiting. Waiting for something – someone. Waiting for someone to *be* there. To live inside of its walls. To have a purpose – to have a something.

It's the feeling – that same feeling – when you open the door, when you unlock the door and you know – you just know – that nobody's home. That you're all alone.

Because otherwise – otherwise it wouldn't be holding its breath. It wouldn't be waiting – there'd be someone worth breathing for. There'd be a *someone* breathing. Living. Stirring up the particles, tiny swirls of life in the air. In and out of lungs. Organic matter spreading, infecting, swirling. *Living.*

Sometimes. *Sometimes* – you get the same feeling when you enter a forgotten room. Stagnant air. Memories allowed to freeze until someone dares set foot upon its forbidden precipice.

IVY: You missed our appointment.

CLAIRE: I must've lost track of time.

IVY: I called you.
Three times. Just now.

CLAIRE: Really.

IVY: I left messages.

CLAIRE: I'm sure I'll get to them eventually.

IVY: I was worried.

CLAIRE: I'm fine.
No really. I'm – I'm doing well. I mean. But when you called – I. I just opened the door. First time in... And I just... Well I just lost track of time.

IVY: ...

CLAIRE: How'd you get in? How'd you – Oh. Did you P.I. yourself / inside somehow-

IVY: It's not safe to keep your key under the mat.

IVY fishes out the key from her pocket and hands it to CLAIRE.

CLAIRE: Forgot that was there.

IVY: Along with a small stack of yellowed newspapers.

CLAIRE: I put the sign out clear as day 'No Flyers – No Solicitors.'

IVY: It's The Journal – I think you need a subscription for that.

CLAIRE: Yes. Well...

IVY sets her bag down on the floor.

CLAIRE: I heard there was a crash on the Henday. I saw pictures. I saw. I saw... I think with the snow melting, then / freezing over –

IVY: A winning combination.

CLAIRE: It's the black ice – you never see it coming.

IVY: I'm familiar.

CLAIRE: Was thinking about changing my tires, actually... They say all season but I never really bought that.

IVY: It's not like you drive a truck either.

CLAIRE: It's good / for the environment –

IVY: *That'd* be a sight for sore eyes.

CLAIRE: It's good for the environment.

IVY: At least someone's trying.

CLAIRE: They say it's unnaturally warm this time of year. So when suddenly – when it suddenly freezes again. Everyone – winter, snow, amnesia.

Pause.

IVY (*Firm but Gentle*): I don't have very long.

CLAIRE: ... Oh.

IVY: Your appointment was only for an hour.

CLAIRE: Ivy –

IVY: So there are no misconceptions –

CLAIRE: - I just thought –

IVY: - about what this is.

CLAIRE: Is this how you treat all your clients.

IVY: Nope.

CLAIRE: Just me.

IVY: Just you.

CLAIRE: Just family.

IVY: Just you.

[END OF SAMPLE]