

Don't Say the Words

by Tom Holloway



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CHARACTERS

A, a man

C, a woman

AE, a man

Don't Say the Words was inspired by the play
Agamemnon by Aeschylus.

SCENE ONE

We see A. He sings the first two choruses and verses of 'History Never Repeats', by the Split Enz. He is cut off halfway through the first line of the third chorus.

SCENE TWO

We see C and A.

C: He ah...

A: Yes?

C: He held my hair back.

A: Yes...

C: Pulled it. He pulled my hair back with his hand.

A: No.

C: What?

A: How?

C: How? With his—

A: Yes his hand or his—

C: Sorry, I don't—

A: Or his—

C: I don't—

A: With his hand, yes, or his fist?

A demonstrates.

C: Oh.

A: Yes?

C: He held my hair back with his fist.

A: Okay.

C: He ripped. He ripped my hair back with his fist.

A: Ripped. Good. He ripped your hair back with his fist. And?

C: He said—

A: Said?

C: Yes.

A: Not shouted?

C: No.

A: He wasn't. You know. In a rage? In some kind of fiery rage?

C: No. Not yet. He ripped my hair back. Yes. Ripped it. But like a warning or a statement or something. He wasn't yet in a fiery rage. Not yet.

A: Okay. And?

C: He talked about the barbeque.

A: The one—

C: The one we had just had.

A: When he got home?

C: Yes.

A: The family barbeque to celebrate him arriving—

C: Yes.

A: Arriving home?

C: Yes. Arriving home.

A: To celebrate?

C: Yes. To—

A: And what did he say?

C: Why?

A: Because—

C: No. Why. He said why. Asked. He ripped my hair back with his fist like as a warning, quite casual. Slow. Like it could almost have been intimate if it wasn't a fist and if he didn't rip quite so hard. And he asked why did I ask him to sit at the head of the table.

A: And did you ask him to sit at the head of the table?

C: Yes I did. Of course. It's his family. His barbeque. His table. He had returned home after a long time. A long time off fighting at—

A: Yes.

C: And this was his family and his barbeque and his place was at the head of the—

A: But...

C: He said no. He wouldn't. He refused.

A: Why?

C: He said it wasn't his place.

A: Why wasn't it his place?

C: I don't know.

A: Not 'I don't know'.

C: But—

A: Had someone else been sitting there, while he was away? Fighting. Fighting for. At the very front line of. Had someone else been sitting at the head of the table?

C: No.

A: Had there been someone else sitting there?

C: No!

A: Come on.

C: Yes.

A: So he ripped your hair back with his fist and he asked you casually why, why had you asked him to sit at the head of the table of his family when he knew someone else had been sitting there while he was fighting at the very front line of hell. Right. Okay. Is that about right?

C:

A: Then what did he do?

C: Shouted.

A: Now he shouted?