
Lock Box

Written by Clint Hutzulak

Directed by Lynda Raino

Set Design by Louise Degagne

Starring (in order of appearance) Mort Ransen, Monica Pendergast, Cam Culhan, Marisa Smith

Characters:

Mar: an older man

Ana: a middle-aged woman

Luc: a 30-ish man

Judy: a young woman

Props:

Small makeup kit and hand mirror

Bandage for eyes

Suitcases and backpacks

Portable radio

Fake blood

Setting:

A nest formed by suitcases and backpacks in an empty space that suggests office building or warehouse. Also, a separate (yet open) space suggesting confined quarters (like an elevator).

MAR *is propped on a hastily-improvised pallet of backpacks and suitcases. His eyes are covered throughout by a rag or bandage, until the final scene.*

ANA *sits at Mar's side.*

MAR

It's like there's a block of ice on my chest.

ANA

Can you feel your legs? Can you feel that? Your hands are burning.

MAR

Any water left?

ANA

You just had the last of it.

MAR

Is it safe to look out? How's she doing?

ANA

(Without budging, but speaking as if she is actually observing something.)
She's trying to get across the street. If she can get behind the car she'll be ok. It looks like, yes, there's a man there already. He's waving to her.

MAR

You didn't see him before?

ANA

I thought he was dead.

MAR

My throat is closing up.

ANA

I can't go back out there.

MAR

Yell down to her. Tell her to bring back some goddamn water.

ANA

They don't know we're still up here. If I yell down to her, they'll hear us. You saw what they did to the others.

MAR

Even a little bit would help. A can of anything. Pop. A can of Tahiti Treat. Do they still make that? You remember that? Tahiti Treat. There was a palm tree on the label.

ANA

Like I said, we wait until dark and then we can try going down to the bridge.

MAR

Turn on the radio again.

ANA

It's still just music.

MAR

I didn't hear the radio. Turn on the goddamn radio. Somebody's gotta be out there in radioland.

ANA

It's Glenn Gould.

MAR

Somebody fucking knows something, surely to Christ.

ANA

(Looks in hand mirror and applies makeup as she speaks.) I can see one of them up on top of the bank building. He's trying to look down into the street but the ledge thing is blocking his view.

MAR

I remember a play once.

ANA

I don't think he can see her.

MAR

It was elementary school. Grade 2 or 3. How old is that? Seven, eight?

ANA

Please don't.

MAR

It was a desert. I was crawling across the gymnasium stage, maybe seven or eight. There was a guy standing there with a glass of water and I needed a drink more than anything. Water, I said. Water. Croaking.

ANA

She's doing it.

MAR

I was clutching at his leg, begging for water. And he dipped his comb in the glass of water, like he didn't hear me. Maybe he even looked down at me. The whole thing was supposed to be funny.

ANA

The sky is filled with burning paper. They must have set the library on fire.

MAR

I was the wrong kid for the part. I don't know. Maybe it was my timing. I crawled across the stage and no one laughed til the other kid started combing his hair. I was good in school. But I wasn't funny. (BEAT)
What's she doing?

ANA

She's behind the car. She's crawling over the man. He's not moving.

MAR

But he was waving. You said he was waving.

ANA

Not anymore.

MAR

Help me sit up. I gotta see what the hell is going on out there.

ANA

You shouldn't move.

MAR

For chrissakes! Get this rag off my face.

ANA

So help me god, I'll hit you with this radio.

MAR

She's safe?

ANA

I think she's going to make a run for the corner.

MAR

Tell her to stay put.

ANA

It's about fifty metres in the open.

MAR

Shout down. She should wait for dark.

ANA

I'm going up on the roof. This is driving me crazy. There's no way she'll make it.

MAR

You'd leave me here?

ANA

I could draw their fire from the roof.

MAR

If they see you they'll bomb the building.

ANA

Fuck.

MAR

Let me see! Help me up.

ANA

Too late. Right in the leg. She should have stayed behind the car.

MAR

I told you.

ANA

What the hell did you tell me?

MAR

I can't wait until night.

ANA

Can you feel that?

MAR

It's like only my head is left, kind of floating. It feels ok. (BEAT) What time is it?

ANA

My watch is broken.

MAR

I was just going out for a smoke when I heard the first rumble. I thought it was an earthquake. Then I saw a tank come right through the parking lot.

ANA

You need fresh bandages.

MAR

It ran up over a Volkswagen like it was a tin can.

ANA

I saw a jacket in the hallway. I can use that.

MAR

What's she saying now?

ANA

I'll be back in a minute.

MAR

You've got to help her. Bring her back here. She was going out there for us.

ANA

She's not saying anything.

MAR

I can hear her, for chrissake!

ANA

It's your imagination. She's laying there waiting for dark now, just like us.

MAR

It's funny.

ANA

What?

MAR

I lost my teeth somewhere.

ANA

Shit. She's crawling back this way.

MAR

They must be on the sidewalk where I got hit. They must have flown out of my mouth and I didn't notice until this moment.

ANA

I'm going downstairs.

MAR

Are you here? When the phones work again I want you to call my wife and give her a message from me. You have paper? If the phones don't come back you take the message across the bridge to her as soon as it's safe. I have to trust you.

ANA

I'm going to drag her in here. Alright? She needs help. I'll be back in a minute. Understand? That'll be one good thing. I can get her back here with us.

MAR

Tell her I'm thinking of her right now. If I don't see her again you'll deliver the message.

ANA

There's probably no trouble in that part of the city. I'll see your wife when this is over. She'll be fine.

MAR

Write it down. Tell her not to move. Safer. Not to move.

ANA

That's right. Stay quiet.

MAR

Wake me when we're through all this. Can you do that? That's not asking too much, is it?

ANA EXITS.

MAR *remains propped amidst backpacks and suitcases.*

LUC and JUDY ENTER.

The front of their clothes are soaked in blood.

LUC

We are in an imaginary space. Maybe the size of a small elevator. Like this... (*Maps space with hands.*) Enough air for a few hours, anyway. I don't know how much air we actually breathe in an hour. Less if we stay calm. Less if we don't exert ourselves.

JUDY

When I came down out of the hotel, there was a boy in a white shirt laying in the street.

LUC

Where was I?

JUDY

There was blood running down his side. At first I thought it was a ribbon of some sort.

LUC

And then you crossed the street.

JUDY

You were looking at shoes.

LUC

Right. The shoes.

JUDY

You'd forgotten that.

LUC

Yes. Then we turned together to look at the boy. His legs had been crushed.

JUDY

The sky was full of burning paper. Someone had set fire to the library.

LUC

I caught a page out of the air. I couldn't read it. It was a chemistry textbook, I think.

JUDY

We headed for the bridge. I thought I heard voices from the other side so we headed for the bridge. It was like we'd slept through an earthquake. The streets were deserted. We could hear gunfire nearby.

LUC

I'd forgotten my camera in the hotel room, but we couldn't go back. They'd pushed all the lobby furniture against the doors and windows. I didn't have my passport. All our money was missing from the lock box.

JUDY

When I came down out of the hotel, there was a white bull standing in the street.

LUC

Where was I?

JUDY

There was blood running down his side. At first I thought it was a ribbon of some sort.

LUC

And then you crossed the street.

JUDY

You were looking at a newspaper.

LUC

Right. The newspaper. Somebody was letting off fireworks in the distance.

JUDY

You'd forgotten that.

LUC

Yes. Then we turned together to watch the bull.

ANA JOINS LUC AND JUDY

JUDY

When I came down out of the hotel, there was a young girl in white standing in the street.

ANA

When I came down to the street, she was laying on her back, not moving.

LUC

Where was I?

JUDY

There were red ribbons pinned to her dress.

ANA

The front of her shirt was soaked through with blood, the pavement under her. I didn't know there was that much blood in a person.

LUC

And then you crossed the street.

JUDY

You were looking at a movie poster.

LUC

Right. The poster. It was a holiday, I think. People were letting off fireworks in the street.

ANA

I looked through a crack in the door and I could see she was still alive. But I couldn't go out there again. She watched me as I closed the door. She didn't move, but I saw her eyes. She looked right at me.

JUDY

You'd forgotten that.

LUC

Yes. Then we turned together to watch the girl. She had red ribbons sewn to her dress. She looked about 17. Her little brother walked behind carrying an armful of flowers. It was going to be a good day, the radio promised. It was a holiday. Someone was letting off fireworks in the street. It was going to be a good day, the radio said.

MAR JOINS THEM

We are standing, all of us, in an imaginary space. We are locked in here together. There is enough air for a few hours at most, if we stop speaking now.