

# **A Collection of Things We Forgot to Say**

by Maggie Goscinski

[MAGoscinski@gmail.com](mailto:MAGoscinski@gmail.com)

Belfast, Maine, USA

Est. Running Time: 25mins.

*'Don't you think there is always something unspoken between two people?'*

*-Tennessee Williams*

**Characters:**

‘THE SUBWAY’

**WOMAN** Ordinary. Twenty-forty years old.

**MAN** Ordinary. Twenty-forty years old.

‘IMPOSSIBLE’

**AGNES** Ordinary. Modest, reserved, but increasingly less so. Any age.

**AXIS** Ordinary. Modest, reserved, but increasingly less so. Same age as AGNES

*Each 'Click' signifies a 'starting over'. This can be signified by a flick of the lights, or the sound effect of a camera shutter, etc.*

ACT ONE, SCENE ONE  
'THE SUBWAY'

*A subway. WOMAN seated, reading 'Anna Karenina'. Her posture is that of a broken person. Her isolation is a tangible thing. She is completely and utterly, alone.*

*MAN enters and sits beside her. He is equally alone.*

*Click.*

*A subway. Woman seated, reading.*

*Man enter, sit. Peeks at book. Woman sees, eye contact exchanged, smiles.*

**MAN:**

Tolstoy, huh?

**WOMAN:**

Yeah.

**MAN:**

Good luck.

*Click.*

*A subway. Woman seated, reading.*

*Man enter, sit. Silence.*

**MAN:**

What are you reading?

**WOMAN:**

Anna Karenina.

**MAN:**

Tolstoy, huh?

**WOMAN:**

Yeah.

**MAN:**

Good luck!

*Click.*

*A subway. Woman seated, reading.*

*Man enter, sit. Silence.*

**MAN:**

What are you reading?

**WOMAN:**

Nothing.

**MAN:**

What?

**WOMAN:**

I said, Nothing.

**MAN:**

Why are you carrying a book?

*Pause.*

**WOMAN:**

It's a friend's. Returning it.

*Click.*

**MAN:**

What are you reading?

**WOMAN:**

Nothing.

**MAN:**

What?

**WOMAN:**

I said, Nothing.

**MAN:**

Why are you carrying a book?

**WOMAN:**

It's a prop.

**MAN:**

A prop?

**WOMAN:**

Yeah.

**MAN:**

Like, for what, theater? Are you a prop....person?

**WOMAN:**

No.

**MAN:**

Oh. *(pause)* I guess I don't understand.

**WOMAN:**

No.

*Click.*

**WOMAN:**

It's a prop.

**MAN:**

A prop?

**WOMAN:**

Yeah.

**MAN:**

Like, for what, theater? Are you a prop....person?

**WOMAN:**

No.

**MAN:**

Oh. (pause) I guess I don't understand.

**WOMAN:**

It's supposed to make me beautiful.

*Pause.*

**MAN:**

Oh.

*Click.*

**WOMAN:**

It's supposed to make me beautiful.

**MAN:**

You are.

*Pause.*

**WOMAN:**

Oh.

*Click.*

**WOMAN:**

It's a prop.



**MAN:**

A prop?

**WOMAN:**

Yeah.

**MAN:**

Like, for what, theater? Are you a prop....person?

**WOMAN:**

No.

**MAN:**

I guess I don't understand.

**WOMAN:**

Have you ever wondered what you'd look like when you met the love of your life?

**MAN:** (pause)

Sorry I bothered you.

*Click.*

**WOMAN:**

It's a prop.

**MAN:**

A prop?

**WOMAN:**

Yeah.

**MAN:**

Like, for what, theater? Are you a prop....person?

**WOMAN:**

No.

**MAN:**

Oh. (pause) I guess I don't understand.

**WOMAN:**

Have you ever wondered what you'd look like when you met the love of your life?

**MAN:**

Everytime I look in the mirror.

**WOMAN:**

Then you know.

**MAN:**

Who are you anyway?

*Click.*

**WOMAN:**

Have you ever wondered what you'd look like when you met the love of your life?

**MAN:**

Everytime I look in the mirror.

**WOMAN:**

Then you know.

**MAN:**

Who are you anyway?

**WOMAN:**

Exactly who you think I am.

*Click.*

*A subway. Woman seated, reading.*

*Man enter, sit. Silence.*

**MAN:**

Are you waiting for someone?

**WOMAN:**

No.

*Click.*

*A subway. Woman seated, reading.*

*Man enter, sit. Silence.*

**MAN:**

Who are you?

**WOMAN:**

Excuse me?

*Click.*

*A subway. Woman seated, reading.*

*Man enter, sit. Silence.*

**MAN:**

Who are you?

**WOMAN:**

Excuse me?

**MAN:**

Who are you, anyway?

**WOMAN:**

Do I know you?

**MAN:**

Look at yourself.

**WOMAN:**

I think you have the-

**MAN:**

Look at yourself.

**WOMAN:**

Excuse me.

**MAN:**

Look at yourself!

**WOMAN:**

Fuck you.

*Click.*

*A subway. Woman seated, reading.*

*Man enter, sit. Silence.*

**MAN:**

Are you waiting for someone?

**WOMAN:**

No.

**MAN:**

Have you ever had the feeling that you're starving?

**WOMAN:**

Yes.

**MAN:**

I don't sleep at night.

**WOMAN:**

Why?

**MAN:**

I'm afraid of the dark.

*Click.*

*A subway. Woman seated, reading.  
Man enter, sit. Silence.*

*Woman looks.*

**WOMAN:**

What do you look for in a woman?

*Pause.*

**MAN:**

I don't know.

**WOMAN:**

Are you gay?

**MAN:**

Excuse me?

**WOMAN:**

You heard me.

**MAN:**

What, no- do I look gay?

**WOMAN:**

What does gay look like?

**MAN:**

I don't know...

**WOMAN:**

Huh.

**MAN:** (pause)

I'm not- I'm not against that or anything.

**WOMAN:**

What?

**MAN:**

Gay people.

**WOMAN:**

What about them?

**MAN:**

They're good.

**WOMAN:** (knowingly)

Ah.

**MAN:**

Ah! I mean, I'm not-

**WOMAN:**

It's fine.

*Click.*

**WOMAN:**

Have you ever wondered what you'd look like when you met the love of your life?

**MAN:**

Everytime I look in the mirror.

**WOMAN:**

Then you know.

**MAN:**

Who are you anyway?

**WOMAN:**

Exactly who you think I am.

*Click.*

**MAN:**

Are you waiting for someone?

**WOMAN:**

No.

*Click.*

*A subway. Woman seated, reading.*

*Man enter, sit. Silence.*

**WOMAN:**

I'm so lonely I could die.

**MAN:**

I've felt like that.

*Click.*

**MAN:**

Me too.

**WOMAN:**

You too?

**MAN:**

Yeah.

**WOMAN:**

What do we do?

**MAN:**

I don't know.

**WOMAN:**

Yeah.

*Click.*

**WOMAN:**

I'm so lonely I could die.

**MAN:**

Me too.

**WOMAN:**

Who are you?

**MAN:**

Who are you looking for?

**WOMAN:**

Someone smart. Someone funny. Someone who'll make me smile.

*Click:*

**WOMAN:**

Anyone. Just something to hold on to.

*Click.*

*A subway. Woman seated, reading.*

*Man enter, sit. Silence.*

**WOMAN:**

When I was little I used to ride this train.

**MAN:**

Oh yeah?

**WOMAN:**

My mom used to take me to the zoo.

**MAN:**

That's nice.



**WOMAN:**

Yeah. It was.

**MAN:**

Are you going there now?

**WOMAN:**

No. They closed years ago.

**MAN:**

Inhumane something or other?

**WOMAN:**

No. People just stopped coming.

**MAN:**

You can't blame yourself.

**WOMAN:**

Yeah.

*Click.*

**MAN:**

My father died yesterday.

**WOMAN:**

Tell me about it.

**MAN:**

He was interesting. But he didn't die interesting.

**WOMAN:**

I'm sorry.

**MAN:**

Why is that?

**WOMAN:**

I don't know.

**MAN:**

Someone should've shot him or something.

**WOMAN:**

That's kind of harsh.

**MAN:**

Why do we all become so ordinary?

*Click.*

**WOMAN:**

I started carrying a knife.

**MAN:**

Oh.

**WOMAN:**

I wanted you to know.

**MAN:**

Oh. Why?

**WOMAN:**

Don't try anything.

**MAN:**

I wasn't- I wouldn't.

**WOMAN:**

Good.

*Click.*

**MAN:**

I wasn't- I wouldn't.

**WOMAN:**

Why?

**MAN:**

What?

**WOMAN:**

I'm so scared.

*Click.*

**MAN:**

Have you ever thought that one wrong move and you could destroy everything? Everything you've ever done and said and were won't matter because you'll have done the wrong thing and ruined it all?

*Click.*

*A subway. Woman seated, reading.*

*Man enter, sit.*

**MAN:**

I'm afraid of the dark.

**WOMAN:**

Excuse me?

*Click.*

*A subway. Woman seated, reading.*

*Man enter, sit.*

**MAN:**

Who are you?

**WOMAN:**

Excuse me?

**MAN:**

Who the fuck are you?

**WOMAN:**

I-

**MAN:**

Who are you!?

**WOMAN:**

I'm sorry-

**MAN:**

WHO ARE YOU WHO ARE YOU WHO ARE YOU WHO ARE YOU WHO ARE YOU WHO ARE YOU?!

**WOMAN:**

NO!

*Click.*

ACT ONE, SCENE TWO  
'IMPOSSIBLE'

*White picket fence divides the stage in two. Two women, arms full of paper grocery bags, both alike, enter, rushing towards two houses, both off upstage.*

**AXIS:**

Good morning!

**AGNES:**

Good morning!

**AXIS:**

How's Jim?

**AGNES:**

Fine, fine. How's Robbie?

**AXIS:**

Oh, fine, fine.

**AGNES:**

Bye!

**AXIS:**

Goodbye!

*Click.*

*Entrance repeated.*

**AXIS:**

Good morning!

**AGNES:**

Good morning!

**AXIS:**

How's Jim?

**AGNES:**

Fine, fine. How's Robbie?

*Click.*

**AXIS:**

How's Jim?

**AGNES:**

I don't know. How'd Robbie?

**AXIS:** *(With a laugh.)*

We haven't spoken in days.

**AGNES:**

Haven't spoken!

**AXIS:**

In days, yes.

**AGNES:**

Well Axis, that's just not right.

**AXIS:**

No.

**AGNES:**

I'll pray for you Axis!

**AXIS:**

Okay.

*Click.*

**AXIS:**

How's Jim?

**AGNES:**

Very well, thank you. How's Robbie?

**AXIS:**

Fine, fine. Perfect actually.

**AGNES:**

Oh! Well, you must be very grateful!

**AXIS:**

Entirely ungrateful, I'm afraid.

**AGNES:**

Axis?

**AXIS:**

Yes?

**AGNES:**

Is everything alright?

**AXIS:**

God, no.

**AGNES:** *(Crossing to sit by the fence.)*

Well, what is it?

**AXIS:** *(Following AGNES to sit on her side of the fence.)*

I have this feeling.

**AGNES:**

A feeling?

**AXIS:**

Yes.

**AGNES:**

What feeling?

**AXIS:**

It's nothing.

*Click.*

**AGNES:**

What feeling?

**AXIS:**

That I've never been who I wanted.

**AGNES:**

Who you wanted?

**AXIS:**

That I've never done anything I wanted.

**AGNES:**

But, the house, your roses-

**AXIS:**

No.

**AGNES:**

Robbie!

**AXIS:**

Nothing.

**AGNES:**

Axis!

**AXIS:**

Yes. Yes you're right.

**AGNES:**

Axis?



**AXIS:**

You're entirely right.

*AXIS exits off stage, presumably inside.*

*Click.*

**AGNES:**

What feeling?

**AXIS:**

That I've never been who I wanted.

**AGNES:**

Who you wanted?

**AXIS:**

That I've never done anything I wanted.

**AGNES:**

What have you wanted?

*A moment.*

*Click.*

*Entrance repeated, without bags. Agnes holds flowers.*

**AXIS:**

Good morning!

**AGNES:**

Good morning!

*A beat.*

**AGNES:**

Axis!

**AXIS:**

Yes?

**AGNES:**

Flowers.

**AXIS:**

Yes?

**AGNES:**

I- I know how you love them.

**AXIS:**

Yes.

**AGNES:**

Here.

*A beat.*

**AXIS:**

Thank you.

*Click.*

**AGNES:**

Flowers.

**AXIS:**

Yes?

**AGNES:**

I- I know how you love them.

**AXIS:**

I do.

**AGNES:**

Here.

**AXIS:**

Oh.

**AGNES:**

What's wrong?

**AXIS:**

It's just- I have my own flowers.

**AGNES:**

Your own?

**AXIS:**

Yes. More than enough, thank you.

*Returns flowers.*

*Click.*

*AGNES and AXIS return to their seated places by the fence.*

**AXIS:**

What are you thinking?

**AGNES:**

What?

**AXIS:**

What's a thought you had today?

**AGNES:**

I don't know what you mean.

**AXIS:**

You don't?

**AGNES:**

No.

*Click.*

**AXIS:**

You don't?

**AGNES:**

I do.

**AXIS:**

You do?

**AGNES:**

Entirely, yes. I do.

*Click.*

**AGNES:**

What feeling?

**AXIS:**

That I've never been who I wanted.

**AGNES:**

Who you wanted?

**AXIS:**

That I've never done anything I wanted.

**AGNES:**

Yes.

**AXIS:**

That what I've wanted is always impossible.

**AGNES:**

Impossible.

**AXIS:**

Impossible.

**AGNES:**

Yes.

*Click.*

*AGNES and AXIS return, standing to the position they once held, AGNES offering her flowers over the fence. They speak to each other with increasing desperation, AGNES desperate to finally give AXIS the burdensome flowers she's held onto for so long. This dialogue moves quickly.*

**AGNES:**

Flowers.

**AXIS:**

Yes?

**AGNES:**

I- I know how you love them.

**AXIS:**

I do.

**AGNES:**

Take them.

**AXIS:**

I can't.

**AGNES:**

Please, here.

**AXIS:**

I'm sorry- no.

**AGNES:**

They're for you.

**AXIS:**

Agnes, just bring them inside.

**AGNES:**

I can't.

**AXIS:**

Put it away.

**AGNES:**

I can't.

**AXIS:**

I don't want them.

**AGNES:**

But, you have to.

**AXIS:**

I don't.

**AGNES:** (*Grabbing AXIS by the arm and shaking her.*)

You do!

*Click.*

*AGNES and AXIS return to their standing positions by the fence.*

**AGNES:**

Take them.

**AXIS:**

I'm sorry-

**AGNES:**

Take them.

**AXIS:**

I can't.

*Both AGNES and AXIS fall to their knees before the fence. AGNES reaches across and grabs AXIS by the hands, pushing the flowers to her.*

**AGNES:**

Take them.

**AXIS:**

I won't.

**AGNES:**

Take them.

*Click.*

*Rose petals fall from the ceiling into the now tight spot.*

*As AGNES and AXIS kiss urgently, as if for the first and last time, rose petals begin to fall into the now tight spot. The following lines are murmured between kisses.*

**AGNES:**

Impossible.

**AXIS:**

Impossible.

**AGNES:**

Impossible.

**AXIS:**

Impossible.

*Click.*

**END**

