

1)

High Pressure

Scene: A living room

Urgent Door knocking. A woman comes from offstage to door. Man and woman enter.

Woman 1: Hello, hello,... you! And your new partner. Hello to you too. Heard lots about you!

Man: God the traffic was manic. Blockages on motorway...protest groups on ramps.

Look got a bit of a problem...need the 'you know what' ...pronto like.

Woman 1: Oh dear. Didn't know you had that sort of issue. You always seemed to be like a camel.

Man: It's not me...

Woman 1: Oooh forgive me, how silly. Of course. Yes, yes, we woman tend to suffer a bit more in that region don't we? There is a lovely red-haired Irish woman on TV advertising a very thin pad. Her accent is so beautiful she could sell me a chastity belt. Do you use a pad? (looking at Man)

Man: Who me? Of course not.

Woman 1: But men leak too. I've seen the stains on white Y fronts, on shirt ends....

Man: Probably old guys but luckily not my age group.

Woman 1: Well I wouldn't be so sure about that!

Man: Do you mind if....?

Woman 1: (to Woman 2) Sure, sure. By the way, what sets you off my dear? Keys, car in the drive, flat whites, laughing???

Man: She was doing okay until we ran into those protestors.

Woman 1: You didn't say you knocked people over! How dreadful.

Man: Metaphorically speaking I meant. I did said to you though (to Woman 2) I didn't think it a good idea to have so many wines before leaving.

Woman 2: I was nervous. I always have a few wines when I'm nervous.

Woman 1: Aah, you've got a nervy one have you? Mine doesn't like too much Pilates. I like Pilates but my, you know what, doesn't. Although I am strengthening my core. Do you know about your core? My ex told me I had poor tone but my current partner says my ex didn't know what he was talking about.

Woman 2: Please, I don't mean to be rude but it is very urgent.

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Man: Yes would you mind?

Woman 1: Rude? Rude? Not at all.... You are not being rude at all. We are just getting to know each other aren't we? It all takes time.

Man: I don't think we have too much free time. A large cloud burst en-route has made things much worse.

Woman 1: Rain, rain...we complain when there's too much or too little. Good for the garden though and a good conversation starter at parties...don't you think?

Woman 2: I would prefer not to talk about it at the moment.

Woman 1: No, no of course not, I fully understand. I imagine it must drive you mad when you are trying to hold the dam. Still, the sensation doesn't last forever.

Woman 2: The sensation has been pretty intense for a while. Not sure if the dam can last much longer.

Woman 1: Goodness me, well we better get you off this mat. Just new. Would hate for anything to happen to it. Got it from Turkey. Very expensive. Do you like it?

Man: Very nice I must say. What happens if your dog lifts his leg on it?

Woman 1: Goodness he wouldn't do that. Only posts and fences not rugs. He's very intelligent.

Woman 2: Don't think I could lift a leg but I really will have to squat soon sorry.

Woman 1: Squat? Squat? That's what we did in Turkey dear but not here. Those floor squat loos were a nightmare. Especially with those 'starting block' foot places. The tiles were sometimes so slippery. Made you want to hold on till you left the country.

Woman 2: Can I please??? Otherwise... in danger of leaving a puddle on the mat.

Woman 1: Of course, of course. Through the door and down the hall. Take the stairs down after the third door and when at the bottom go out the garage and it's the blue door next to the garden shed. There is a key which can be quite sticky. You'll probably need to turn it 3 or 4 times both ways before the lock will give. The hinges are quite rusty so a good kick at the bottom should free it up. Hopefully there is roll or two there. If you use too much it gets clogged so you can use the plunger...and careful when you pull the chain...too much force and it will come away.

Woman 2 disappears promptly across stage and out door.

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Man: What about your inside toilet?

Woman 1: Sorry dear but only a privileged few can use my expensive Shanks Armitage.

Man: Does that include me?

Woman 1: Well it might. Number ones only, so long as you can reassure me your aim is good. There is a praying mantis sticker at the bottom you know.

Man: What if I needed number twos?

Woman: Oh God no. That would be awful. You might stain the porcelain.

Man: Well thanks very much. What about you?

Woman 1: No mine are always nice and tidy. No mess. Did you know I had a camera test a month ago. Got cleaned out so well that my Surgeon said he had never had such good views. Said the lining was like a stainless steel shiny bench and he would be happy to eat sushi off it.

Man: Not sure about that!

Woman 1: He asked me my secret. I said good clean living. He put his lovely hand on my leg and said he didn't think so with a twinkle in his eye. I felt all weak at the knees.

Woman 2 returns through door

Woman 1: Here she is. Good timing. I am about to regale you both of the evening's delights. Everything work out?

Woman 2: When I got there and tried the door a gruff voice inside said 'F off'.

Woman 1: Oh, that's Gary the gardener. Sorry forgot about him. He works late sometimes. He can be a bit rough around the edges.

Woman 2: He wasn't coming out and I couldn't hold so I went in the garden. Sorry.

Woman 1: Went in the garden? Where?

Woman 2: Uhhmm. To the left of the shed. Amongst the green plants with blue flowers.

Woman 1: The green plants with blue flowers? Not the Chatham Island Forget Me Nots? Oh no!

Woman 2: Look it should be fine. Wee is sterile and men do it all the time outside and nothing seems to die.

Man: And the Chatham Islands are pretty resilient considering what they have to endure so plants from there should be fine.

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Woman 1: But the man in the plant shop was very clear when he said they should only be given water. I was growing them for an upcoming competition. I was sure mine would be a winner in the lily section but I am not so sure now.

Man: Well actually, it isn't a lily at all but a member of the Borage family.

Woman 1: Not a lily? But I have paid a large entry fee for that section of the competition.

Man: First time I've heard of paying an entry fee to a plant competition.

Woman 1: It's because of where we live you know. This isn't just any old place. We have standards here.

Man: (laughing) Like who can and can't use your toilet?

Woman 2: Why do you say that? The grumpy gardener got to use it.

Man: Ah but that was the one 'downstairs'. You missed hearing about the inside one.

Woman 2: Well the garden was good enough for me. What's up with the 'inside one'?

Man: The royal throne is only available for the select few. By the way is Gary the Gardener allowed to use it?

Woman 1: On occasions. He has an irritable bowel and sometimes can't get the outside door open in time so I give him permission to come inside. He has to take his gumboots off first though of course.

Woman 2: Of course.

Man: It's good he has your blessing to use the inner sanctum facilities.

Woman 1: He knows how to conduct himself otherwise he will be exiled.

Woman 2: So why was he outside just now?

Woman 1: He knew I was having people over and he probably didn't want to embarrass me....it's the wind you know....gas, that sort of thing...he can be a bit noisy.

Man: Oh that's all very natural. We all do it. Some more than others.

Woman 1: Oh Stop! Not at dinner time.

Man: Dinner! Almost forgot. What's on the menu?

Woman 1: Well, We are starting with some new season asparagus as an entrée then a spinach and ricotta in home-made ravioli and finishing with a delicate cheesecake and prune sauce.

Man: Sounds lovely although I am one of those unlucky ones that has smelly urine for days after eating asparagus. Sorry dear! (to Woman 2) and just before our holiday away.

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Woman 1: Oh you should have told me and I would have prepared something else. You can leave it of course...

Man: No...I will just man up and cope.

Woman 2: Thanks very much! Have we got separate bathrooms? Ah, just a word of warning. I haven't had spinach since I had some once before a concert. Bit of a reaction. Fortunately I was in the mosh pit and nobody noticed.

Man: And another thing, sorry. Prunes have always played bobsy-die with me. Perhaps I'll just stick with the cheesecake.

Woman 1: Oh blow! I should've checked.

Man: Apologies if you have spent hours preparing dinner.

Woman 1: Well no... I had someone in to prepare the food while I went for a facial, spa and nail manicure. It was lovely of course, but very time consuming. Left me no time at all to do other things.

Man: You do look nice and refreshed.

Woman 1: I was also due to have another colonic irrigation today but there were just not enough hours in the day.

Woman 2: How long does it take?

Woman 1: What the facial and things? Haven't you ever had one? (peering closer). No I guess not!

Woman 2: (Ignoring the comment) No the washout thingy.

Woman 1: Oh that....about 5 hours. Horribly expensive but you have a lovely hot soak at the end and come out feeling a million dollars.

A loud flush is heard in background.

Woman 1: Ahh! That will be Gary. Sorry about that. That old cistern is quite noisy.

Man: Worth a bit of money those. People have been known to break in, rip things off the wall and hock them off for cash.

Woman 2: Thieves would have a problem locating this one first then getting in past the formidable door.

A loud flush is heard again.

Woman 1: Oh bother. That probably means you know what.

Man: What?

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Woman 2: I think I know....

Woman 1: A blockage. He is always doing it. Too much paper. He doesn't listen. The pipes are too narrow. Excuse me.

She crosses the room to the other door and shouts.

Woman 1: The plunger! Use the black plunger! Six pushes. It needs good thrusting.

Returning across the room.

Woman 1: He always forgets. Hopefully there won't be a mess. He objects to cleaning. Says it is not part of his job as a gardener.

Man: All this toilet talk is making my tummy rumble.

Woman 1: Of Lord yes. The food will be going off. You better come through.

They go through the other door.

Woman 1: (talking as she leaves after the guests) Are you both keen for poker after dinner?

Man: (off) You bet. Busting to beat you again with another royal flush.

Lights down

High Pressure

Charlie Waters

High Pressure

Woman 1: High society Hostess

Man: Long term friend of Women 1

Woman 2: New partner of Man

Set: A house entrance "hall" with entrance door and another door to "inner rooms".

Synopsis: Man and Woman 2 arrive for introductory dinner of Woman 2 to Woman 1.

Getting there has been a bit fraught and delayed. Introductions become over-looked due to an impending physiological accident.