

Pizza > Eyesight

by

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## CHARACTERS

- BRUCE QUICK                   A recently blinded racing driver (25), frustrated by his uncaring parents. He wears racing themed pyjamas and a blindfold.
- MR. QUICK                    BRUCE'S father (50). He has a positive, but indifferent attitude. He wears clothing typical for his age, and a cap with the name 'Bruce Quick' on it.
- MRS. QUICK                  BRUCE'S mother (50), the woman version of MR. QUICK. She also wears the expected clothes, and has the same cap.
- MR. PAGE                    BRUCE'S previous Formula 1 employer (50). A man a little more considerate than the two parents. He has a posh voice, heard on phone.

SETTING

The bedroom of BRUCE QUICK'S parents.

TIME

The present day.

ACT I

Scene 1

MR. and MRS. QUICK'S Bedroom.

Now.

ACT I

SCENE 1

SETTING:

A well lit room. An old fashioned phone, connected by a wire, sits in the corner. On the neighbouring desk, lies an unopened pizza box. A double bed takes up most of the centre space.

AT RISE:

BRUCE QUICK (25), lies face up, on the bed, with his arms and legs spread out. He is wearing a blindfold, and racing themed pyjamas. His mother (50) and father (50), stand by his side. They are in typical clothing for their ages. Baseball caps with the name 'Bruce Quick' on them shade their eyes.

MRS. QUICK

Hello, Br...

BRUCE QUICK

Look mum, I know what you're going to say...

MRS. QUICK

(warmly)

That you're an idiot, who's invaded your parent's bedroom?

BRUCE QUICK

Yes.

MR. QUICK

That's my boy, very perceptive... Only joking!

MR. QUICK pats his son's shoulder.

MRS. QUICK

(with a smile)

I just don't understand, Brucey... Why did you try and perform laser eye surgery with a laser pen?

BRUCE tosses and turns.

BRUCE QUICK

Because I thought it would save money, alright?!

MR. QUICK

Who's idea was it? Was it from your rivals? We can get justice for you, boy!

BRUCE QUICK

No...

MR. QUICK

Who then??

BRUCE QUICK

It was my idea! Just drop it!  
What am I going to do, dad?

MR. QUICK

Why did you do both eyes? Didn't going  
blind in one eye serve as a warning?

BRUCE QUICK

What do you want me to say? Yes?

MR. QUICK

It would make me feel better. Anyway,  
look on the bright side... You know  
how I always told you to eat healthy?  
Now you don't have to...

BRUCE QUICK

Why not?

MR. QUICK

(with a forced smile)

Because you already are a vegetable!

BRUCE QUICK

Dad, for God's sake!!

MRS. QUICK

Your father's just saying there's one  
less thing to worry about. That's all.

BRUCE QUICK

Just like I don't have to worry about  
going to the opticians, or moving  
about anywhere. Lucky me.

MRS. QUICK

Stop being so negative! There are  
millions of people who would love to  
be in your shoes!

BRUCE QUICK

I see. Who?

MRS. QUICK

Um...

MRS. QUICK scratches her head, and furrows her brow.

MR. QUICK  
... People with no shoes!

MRS. QUICK  
Thanks, hubby.

MR. QUICK  
No probs.

BRUCE QUICK  
My life is over, and all you can do is  
joke?!

MRS. QUICK gives BRUCE a hug.

MRS. QUICK  
Oh, Brucey! Of course it's not over!

BRUCE QUICK  
Really? How so?

MR. QUICK  
..... Ahem....

MRS. QUICK  
(awkwardly)  
Blebleblebleb....

MR. QUICK  
No, no, wait. Your life definitely  
isn't over. You could walk dogs for a  
living. Imagine that; the wind in your  
hair, the sun on your face...

BRUCE QUICK  
That sounds really boring.

MRS. QUICK  
You could start your own vlog; you're  
already famous...

BRUCE QUICK  
And what would I talk about? How much  
I hate staying in bed, all day?

MRS. QUICK  
Don't be so morbid. You could say how  
much you love staying in bed all day.

BRUCE QUICK  
I think that's worse. Hang on a  
second!

MR. QUICK  
What?

BRUCE QUICK  
 Drag racing!

MR. QUICK  
 Drag racing?

BRUCE QUICK  
 All I would have to do is go straight.  
 ..

MR. QUICK  
 That's true I guess, but your  
 opponents would have a significant  
 advantage over you. And still... Drag  
 racing? No one cares. Who's ever seen  
 a drag race? No one.

BRUCE QUICK  
 You're right. Everything's over!

BRUCE faces the mattress, puts his pillow on his head and starts to cry.

MRS. QUICK  
 Oh, God, hubs, I hate seeing him like  
 this.

MR. QUICK  
 I know. You were right to bring the  
 pizza.

MRS. QUICK opens the takeaway box and picks up a slice, with ham and pineapple on it. Food in hand, she pulls off BRUCE'S pillow.

MRS. QUICK  
 (sweetly)  
 Brucey.... Look u-up...

BRUCE QUICK  
 Oh, God, why?

MRS. QUICK  
 (whispering)  
 Trust me!

BRUCE, teary eyed, faces the ceiling. MRS. QUICK then dangles pizza above her son's face. She drags it across his nose to his mouth.

MRS. QUICK  
 Mmmm!

BRUCE QUICK  
 Oh, it's Hawaiian. I do like Hawaiian.  
 ..

MRS. QUICK  
There's a good boy! Open wide.

BRUCE gobbles up the pizza.

MR. QUICK  
I bet you could get used to this, huh,  
boy!

BRUCE QUICK  
No, I couldn't...

MR. QUICK  
Oh, right.

MRS. QUICK  
Hang on a second!

BRUCE QUICK  
What?

MRS. QUICK  
You know lots about Formula 1, right?

BRUCE QUICK  
Yes, I do.

MRS. QUICK  
So...

BRUCE QUICK  
I should be happy?

MRS. QUICK  
No. So you can answer the phone for  
Formula 1!

BRUCE QUICK  
The phone for Formula 1?

MRS. QUICK  
Yes, there must be one, right?

BRUCE QUICK  
Umm... Maybe that's a real thing. You  
mean answering the phone for viewer  
enquiries? I guess I could do that...  
Maybe people would like to talk to one  
of the fastest racers in the world...  
But what if my old boss thinks I'm an  
idiot?

MRS. QUICK  
Oh, son! Why would he think that?



BRUCE QUICK  
I blinded myself with a laser pen,  
twice.

There is a long silence.

BRUCE QUICK  
Get the phone book for me, will you?

MR. QUICK  
Don't worry, I know his number.

MR. QUICK dials the number for BRUCE'S boss (50). He has a  
posh voice, heard on speaker phone.

MR. PAGE  
Hello? Mr. Page speaking.

MR. QUICK  
Hello, Mr. Page! It's about Bruce  
Quick...

MR. PAGE  
You're his father, right?

MR. QUICK  
That's me...

MR. PAGE  
If you're phoning me to try and get  
Bruce's job back, you're wasting your  
time.

MR. QUICK  
No, no, of course not. Say... How do  
you feel about answering questions  
from annoying people like me?

MR. PAGE  
Not great. Why?

MR. QUICK  
Bruce can do that for you!

MR. PAGE  
He's offering to be my secretary?

MR. QUICK  
He'll be the fastest damn secretary  
you ever had!

MR. PAGE  
But he's blind...

MR. QUICK  
Doesn't matter, he could take calls...

MR. PAGE

He shone a laser pen in both his eyes,  
for Christ's sake...

MR. QUICK

That wasn't a dodgy act of masochism,  
or anything, he was trying to perform  
surgery.

MR. PAGE

Errr....

MR. QUICK

Go on. You know it makes sense...

MR. PAGE

You sure?

MR. QUICK

Ok, it doesn't make complete sense,  
but it's an interesting thought.

MR. PAGE

... I think you might be right. Can I  
speak to Bruce?

MR. QUICK

Definitely.

The father hands the phone to his son, as the latter sits up  
on the bed.

MR. QUICK

Oh, yeah, you don't need the phone,  
it's on speaker mode...

BRUCE QUICK

Hello?

MR. PAGE

Hello! Sorry about the eyes...

BRUCE QUICK

It's ok. There's always pizza.

BRUCE smiles roughly where his mother stands. The latter eats  
some of it.

MR. PAGE

That's an admirable attitude.

BRUCE QUICK

So can I be your assistant?

MR. PAGE

Ummm.....

BRUCE QUICK

...

MR. PAGE

Errr.....

MRS. QUICK

Oh, the tension!

MR. PAGE

Errr.... Yes, you can! A world famous racer taking calls? That's a great business idea!

BRUCE QUICK

Oh, that's great news!

MRS. QUICK

Hooray!

MR. PAGE

It'll be nice to see you, again.

BRUCE QUICK

It would be nice to see you, again!

MR. PAGE

Yeah, I bet. It's good to joke, isn't it.

BRUCE QUICK

Well, sometimes there's a limit.

MR. PAGE

You refering to your father?

BRUCE QUICK

Yeah.

MR. PAGE

Thought so. I'll leave you catch up with each other.

BRUCE QUICK

Thank you so much, bye...

BRUCE puts the phone on his bed. No one bothers to hang up the call.

BRUCE QUICK

I've got the job!

MRS. QUICK

Well, how about that then!

MR. QUICK

Cool!

BRUCE QUICK

Well, it's not that cool, I'm still blind.

MR. QUICK

Yeah, that does suck. Never mind though, in around 6 months, you'll have gotten over your sightlessness.

BRUCE QUICK

How do you know?

MR. QUICK

That's how long it takes someone to return to normal after some kind of serious mishap. That's a fact from QI.

BRUCE QUICK

Really?

MR. QUICK

I think so. Sometimes I just make things up. In the meantime, I'll keep loading you with pizza. The time will fly by!

BRUCE QUICK

Pizza makes everything ok.

CURTAIN