

EXTRACT

Subverting the Will

a short play

by

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Cast

Will

Charlotte

Subverting the Will

CHARLOTTE: You only love her because she doesn't love you.

WILL: Say that again.

CHARLOTTE: You only love her because she doesn't love you.

WILL: Crap.

CHARLOTTE: If she did return your love, you wouldn't be interested.

WILL: Says who?

CHARLOTTE: Says me. You'd be outta there so fast you'd leave skid marks on the sheets.

WILL: Where is this coming from?

CHARLOTTE: Fact, life, history. Read up, you'll soon realise it has nothing to do with love. It's all about subverting the will.

WILL: You mean Will? As in me?

CHARLOTTE: No, just will.

WILL: So love doesn't exist?

CHARLOTTE: Not for you. It's just an excuse. For you gaining power over someone else. For you subverting their will. To triumph.

WILL: I don't want to triumph.

CHARLOTTE: Yes you do. By getting her to love you and then you win. One more point on the great ego scoreboard. Then you can drop her like a stone in a black, bottomless ocean and move on to the next round.

WILL: It's not a Table Tennis tournament. I'm not making my way to the final.

CHARLOTTE: There isn't a final, sadly. The contest goes on indefinitely. Deep down you hate her.

WILL: I love her.

CHARLOTTE: No you hate her. Like you hate all women.

WILL: Crap.

CHARLOTTE: You do and that's why you want to humiliate and degrade them by getting them to fall in love with you and then getting rid of them as quick as you can.

WILL: So loving me is humiliating and degrading?

CHARLOTTE: It is when the only reason you want them to do it is so you can break their heart. It's all because of Jayne with a "y".

WILL: Jayne?

CHARLOTTE: Yes Jayne with a "y".

WILL: Why do you say it like that?

CHARLOTTE: Because it reminds me of all the questions she gives rise to.

WILL: It was ten years ago!

CHARLOTTE: Exactly. It was ten years ago again when she decimated your fragile little heart it set up the pattern of revenge that you now extract on any poor suspecting female who crosses your orbit.

WILL: She didn't decimate my heart.

CHARLOTTE: Then how would you describe a woman –

WILL: She was hardly a woman.

CHARLOTTE: Girl who takes your gift of first love and mangles it. Not once – but twice.

WILL: It was a mistake to get back with her.

CHARLOTTE: And then afterwards you discover that not only has she dropped you - twice - but she slept with half of the basketball squad during the time she was meant to be with you – a team that I should point out you happened to be a member of. How did that feel? Knowing that the pimply faced prick who was passing you the ball may have been passing something else to Jayne with a "y" the night before? Or the hand you grasped in victory may have recently been exploring Jayne's nether regions behind the school gymnasium?

WILL: Why should you care?

CHARLOTTE: I don't. I care about the damage you've been doling out ever since in subconscious revenge.

WILL: I do not hate women.

CHARLOTTE: Just Jayne with "y".

WILL: It was ten years ago.

CHARLOTTE: And it's still stoking the fires.

WILL: No it is not – Charlotte with a "o".

CHARLOTTE: "O"?

WILL: For unbelievably off course.

CHARLOTTE: Alright Will with a double "d" – "desperately in denial" – then answer me this. Why have all the loves of your life been unrequited?

WILL: They have not.

CHARLOTTE: You sure about that? Let's take a closer look.

WILL: I thought this was about avoiding damage.

CHARLOTTE: A bit of pain now might be positive all round. Emily.

WILL: Okay, unrequited.

CHARLOTTE: Apart from a snog in the carpark.

WILL: Love isn't just physical.

CHARLOTTE: But that's as far as it went during the six months you dallianced.

WILL: If that's the word for it.

CHARLOTTE: Chere-ann. More snogging, not much else.

WILL: Some quite heated snogging.

CHARLOTTE: But again.