

*Smiles* by Brian E Turner © 2003

Lucetta and Vincent are sitting on the stage with a set behind them

LUCETTA: Cross my palm with silver.

VINCENT: Why Madame Lucetta?

LUCETTA: In my Romany way I will tell your fortune.

VINCENT: Is that important?

LUCETTA: Perhaps.

VINCENT: Silver is not worth much nowadays.

LUCETTA: Gold then.

VINCENT: No silver. That's traditional. If you knew your fortune you'd be rich and wouldn't have to do this.

LUCETTA: I am rich. I do this for the play.

VINCENT: What play?

LUCETTA: The one we are in.

VINCENT: I didn't know we were in a play.

LUCETTA: Of course it's a play. Why else would we be sitting on a stage?

VINCENT: Are we?

LUCETTA: Of course we are. Sitting here laughing and smiling. We are entertaining the audience.

VINCENT: I'm not laughing and smiling. I can't see any audience.

LUCETTA: I know you can't see them, but they are always there. We have to laugh and smile, it's in the script.

VINCENT: What script?

LUCETTA: The one that had your lines written down in it.

VINCENT: I don't recall seeing any script. It's the actor's nightmare to be on stage without knowing the lines.

LUCETTA: But we all are. What is our future? What is our past?

VINCENT: I don't know. Do we make it up as we go along?

LUCETTA: It's in the script.

VINCENT: But I don't know what to say.

LUCETTA: Well laugh and smile.

*(They laugh and smile.)*

VINCENT: Is that satisfactory?

LUCETTA: It will suffice.

VINCENT: What is the next line then?

LUCETTA: I'm not going to tell you.

VINCENT: Somebody has to know.

LUCETTA: You will never understand Vincent.

VINCENT: No. I just sit here talking and laughing and crossing your palm with silver.