

**Bourne**  
**toWrite...**  
creative writing  
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## Kicking Off

by Gill Hilton

Lizzie: It's like waiting for Godot.

Grace: What is?

Lizzie: This. Waiting here now.

Grace: I thought you meant life.

Lizzie: What?

Grace: I thought you meant life is like waiting for Godot. You know, day to day living.

Lizzie: You mean the sort of living that wears you out?

Grace: Yes.

Lizzie: Well, I meant now: it's like waiting for Godot. But I suppose that's what life is. *Pause*  
It's exhausting.

Grace: I know what you mean. But you know, this isn't a crisis.

Lizzie: Of course I know this isn't a crisis. Any idiot can face a crisis.

Grace: *Laughs* We both know that.

[There's a few seconds silence]

Grace: Do you feel exhausted?

Lizzie: I do now.

Grace: Well, we've got no choice but to wait.

Lizzie: And think.

Grace: And talk, if we like.

[A few seconds silence]

Lizzie: But thinking. You can't switch it off.

Grace: But you can turn on a different light.

Lizzie: What are you talking about?

Grace: Don't go into the room filled with Dan's death and Carly's depression and your miscarriages. Don't turn the light on in there.

Lizzie: Where shall I go then?

Grace: How about the room where there's that lake dancing with butterflies where you swam with Dan, and Carly's tea party for you, and the smiles of your grandchildren? Go on, turn on the light in there.

[A few seconds silence]

Lizzie: *Smiles* You're a good friend Grace. But we *are* still waiting.

Grace: At least we know what we're waiting for.

Lizzie: Unlike some! *Laughs*. Well, I don't think we should wait any more.

Grace: What do you mean?

Lizzie: I'm going to jump the queue.

Grace: How are you going to do that?

Lizzie: I'm going to say that you're not feeling well and you need to go inside now.

Grace: Why can't you say that *you're* not feeling well.

Lizzie: Because I'm a picture of rude health and you're well... you know.

Grace: I really don't think it's a good idea.

Lizzie: Why not?

Grace: Come on, Lizzie, you know why.

Lizzie: Just because you're dead doesn't mean no-one should take any notice of you.

Grace: Not everyone would share your view.

Lizzie: What about Einstein or Jesus Christ? People pay great heed to what they had to say for themselves.

Grace: But they were pushing the boundaries of quantum physics and the reason for our existence. We're just trying to get into a football match.

Lizzie: Look, everyone's already looking at me because they think I'm talking to myself. What have we got to lose?

Grace: I'm not keen. Why don't we just wait.

Lizzie: I'm desperate for a pee. And a beer. It'll be a laugh. Something to look back at and turn the light on for.

Grace: They might just try and get you carted off.

Lizzie: Let them try! I've got a good feeling about this. Come on.

*Lizzie takes Grace by the arm and leads her over to a security guard.*

Lizzie: Good afternoon young man. Could I ask your name?

Security Guard: Certainly, ma'am. It's Godot.

Lizzie: Excellent!

Security Guard: How can I help you ma'am.

Lizzie: Well, it's my friend here...

Security Guard: Oh yes, I see. She doesn't look at all well. Let me get you both to your seats. Excuse me everyone, make way.

The End