

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Sad Street

A timed exercise

by Sho Botham

“Now it’s dark. The theatre is closed,” said Lotty. “It looks so forlorn standing there, a shadow of its former self.”

“That’s a bit OTT,” said Gerry. “It will open again once Covid is over.”

“Over, you think it will be over. It doesn’t look like it will be any time soon,” said Lotty. “I did so want to see that play with, you know, erm you know, her from that TV series.”

“How am I supposed to know who you mean, from that?” said Gerry.

“Oh, you know who I’m talking about, It’ll come to me. I’ll tell you when it does,” said Lotty.

“The whole street looks sad without the theatre lights giving it some life. You can’t even see the posters in the dark. They’ll be out of date, I expect,” said Lotty.

“Are you up for a walk along the seafront?” asked Gerry.

“I suppose so,” said Lotty. “As long as we keep within our permitted one hour of exercise, we should be okay. I don’t want to go home, too early, so keep an eye on the time.”

“Forty-five minutes later, the two stood in front of the dark theatre, once again.” They gazed at the shadowy dark shape looming before them.

Lotty, asked, “shall we come back tomorrow morning? At least it won’t be so gloomy then. We’ll be able to see the dark theatre, if you know what I mean.”