The Equation by Monique McCartha

ACT I

SOUTHERN GERMANY. Summertime. 1930s.

SCENE 1:

Beach house. Famous Jazz Singer Scotty is sitting on a private beach -Center Stage. She is an older, sophisticated woman, with strikingly beautiful features.

Les exits the house holding a homemade German Chocolate Cake dressed with candles. He is a handsome man in his 40s. Dirty Blond crew cut hair.

Les sings Happy Birthday to Scotty in German. She is all smiles but cool. Les finishes the song and Scotty blows out the candles.

Scotty rises, goes to the Zenith Radio near the house and turns it on. Big Band music plays.

She returns to Les, takes him by the hand and they begin dancing. He slowly twirls her around.

The Phone begins to ring from inside the house. It rings about 5 times with no one picking it up.

 SCOTTY

That is the 3rd time the phone has rang today.

 LES
 I’m not ready for normality just yet.

 SCOTTY

 You mean reality.

Les doesn’t respond. He looks at the cake.

 LES

 Damn, I forgot utensils.

Les takes his index finger, dips it in the icing of the cake and puts it to Scotty’s mouth. She hesitates. He waits. Scotty opens and sucks the icing off Les’ finger.

 LES

 It’s good, eh?

Scotty nods her head.

 LES
 I’ll be right back.

 SCOTTY
 (She stops Les)No Darling.

 LES

 Why not?

 SCOTTY

 I’m full.

Scotty takes a sarong and wrap herself in it.

 LES

 We can go back inside.

Scotty doesn’t respond and plays with his hair.

 LES

 What’s the matter?

 SCOTTY

My 1st husband left me after I had my 4th miscarriage.

 LES
 Why are you thinking of that now?

 SCOTTY

All those years, I thought it was because my womb was cursed. Now I know the truth.

 LES

 Sweetie, not on your birthday.

 SCOTTY

It was because he realized, he was The Curse.

 LES

 You’re tired. It’s late.

 SCOTTY

I hated him for that, for not loving me.

 LES

 I love you.

 SCOTTY

 But he did love me.

Les pulls her closer.

 LES

 I love you.

 SCOTTY

Too much to watch me suffer. He was logically, you know. An educated man. He used to say, ‘The only times 2 negatives make a positive, is in Math.”

Scotty begins to kiss Les. It’s not passionate. It’s in a rush, and all over. She movies towards his trousers. She unzips them. Les is into it then he pushes her away.

 LES

 I know what you’re doing.

 SCOTTY

 Les.

 LES

 No. I love you. I’m not leaving.

 SCOTTY

 I’m leaving.

 LES

Your tour doesn’t begin for another fortnight.

 SCOTTY

Beverly called.

Les looks at Scotty shocked.

 LES
 How did she…? You spoke with her?

 SCOTTY

I have a charter plane leaving in the morning for France. You can take the car back to Frankfort. Ring me on Thursday.

Scotty walks back toward the House. She picks up a hat that is sitting on a chair. She places the hat on her head. It’s an SS Officer’s hat. She walks into the house.

This story could evolved into Black French Singer being recuited by the French Resistance and her SS Officer Lover. Sounds kind of corny but could work. In the end, someone has to shoot and kill the either.