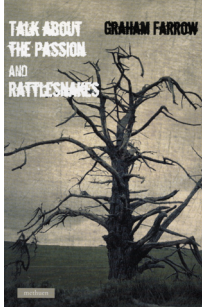


Talk About the Passion by Graham Farrow



In *Talk About the Passion*, a young child is horrifically murdered and the killer goes on to make a fortune writing his autobiography. This taut and uncomfortable drama is an hour-long two-hander in which the father, Jason Carroway, and the autobiography editor, Evelyn Ayles, thrash it out. Who will win in this harrowing and deeply disturbing emotional power struggle?

Talk About the Passion was first performed at the Birds Nest Theatre, London, in May 1998.

'[Farrow's] first two plays, *Talk About The Passion*, 1998, and *Rattlesnakes*, 2001, have found international fame' *Northern Echo*

Genre:	Contemporary social drama	Fee:	£40 plus VAT, per performance
Cast:	m1 f1	Scripts:	ISBN 9780413774798 £8.99
Set:	office	Length:	1 act
Contact:	Ua_UhYi_flfjJ_lq4_Vcca_gVi_fmW6a		

EXTRACT

Carroway Don't do me any favours. Don't pretend you know what's going on.

Evelyn Why wouldn't I?

Carroway You talk as if . . . as if . . . you sit there and talk to me as if .

Evelyn As if I've been there?

Carroway (*takes the lighter from his pocket and begins to flick it*) Yeah.

Evelyn I have to have been there . . . I have to have seen hell, then I'd know. Is that it? Is that the point?

Carroway Bingo.

Evelyn You think you know me?

Carroway What?

Evelyn (*flustered*) Well, you sit there . . . you attack me, abuse me . . . you tell me what I think and how I feel. It's good that you know everything about me because you know how I suffer.

Carroway (*cynical*) Suffer, you . . . do me a favour. Edit the book . . . exploit people's feelings . . . don't think about suffering, and don't ever pretend you've been there.

Evelyn (*rising, angrily*) Who do you think you are? You don't know what my life's like . . . what it's been like. You don't know anything at all about me. You . . . you rant and rave about people and hate and pain . . . and . . . but you can't see past your own nose. You are not the only person who has suffered.

Carroway Mebbe I want other people to suffer like I did. Mebbe I want Roth's family to be pointed at and harassed . . . mebbe I want reporters camped on their doorsteps and rummaging through their rubbish bins. Mebbe I want telescopic lenses poked towards their toilets, not mine . . . okay? Asking too much, am I?

Evelyn But they do suffer. You're so full of anger and pain that you can't see other people . . . can't . . . won't listen to them. There's something deep within all of us . . . some secret buried deep down . . . a place where none of us like to return.

If you enjoyed this, you might like:

- *The Early Bird* by Leo Butler (m1 f1)
- *Rattlesnakes* by Graham Farrow (m4 f1)
- *What's in the Cat* by Linda Brogan (m3 f2)