

IN CONSTANT MOTION

By Zippie Tiffenright

It's pouring rain at dawn. The sounds of a local train terminal. A bus stop stretches over two benches, with an overarching shelter. GEORGIA is curled quietly in the corner, with tears rolling down her face. Beside them is a suitcase and small backpack. Rain thrums as she sings vaguely familiar words

Georgia: Gold mine... Lose your faith... Let us fall...

A break in the clouds reveals the molten gold of the rising sun. They smile slightly, and take out a notebook while wiping away tears. They begin to sketch the illuminated lake, singing

Georgia: Changed you... Holding me... water in your-

Clouds cover the sun again; the rain becomes louder. The sounds of a bus. She watches it pull in, then returns to sketching

SCOTT enters; tense, carrying a duffel bag, and soaking wet. He slumps onto the other bench and scatters water droplets, causing GEORGIA to drop her pencil. The sound makes SCOTT jump. GEORGIA watches him, amused, as he picks up the pencil and hands it back to them

Scott: Uh, sorry.

SCOTT begins trying to wring the water out of his shirt. GEORGIA observes, and he sees her doing this

Scott: Can I help you?

Georgia: No.

Pause

Scott: Right.

SCOTT continues trying to wring out his shirt unsuccessfully. GEORGIA takes a dry shirt out of their suitcase and holds it out to him

Georgia: Your shirt's wet.

SCOTT pauses, confused. He gives in and cautiously takes it

Scott: Thanks.

He changes shirts while GEORGIA continues to sketch. Pause

Scott: Are you going somewhere?

Georgia: Excuse me?

SCOTT blanches

Scott: I didn't mean that to sound-

Georgia: I know. *(Beat)* You work at PB's.

Pause

Scott: You know that?

Georgia: I remember you. You served me a smoothie.

Pause. He looks at her longer. He remembers

Scott: Georgia; you were in a booth. At the back. Sketching-

Georgia: You remember me?

Scott: Yeah, you were in the café for, like, six hours.

Georgia: I was.

Scott: Isn't that illegal?

GEORGIA considers for a moment

Georgia: No.

SCOTT laughs a little. Surprised, GEORGIA smiles too

Scott: So, are you going somewhere?

Georgia: Are you?

Pause

Scott: Have you been here long?

Georgia: At the bus stop? Yes.

Scott: It's dawn.

Georgia: I'm aware.

Scott: Have you... slept-

Georgia: I'm catching a train.

Scott: Oh. *(Beat)* So am I.

Georgia: Which platform?

Scott: Two.

Georgia: I'm one.

Scott: That's too bad.

Georgia: Why?

Scott: We're not going the same way.

Beat

Georgia: We'll survive. *(Beat)* I'm moving.

Scott: Oh. *(Beat)* Are you sad?

Georgia: I move a lot.

Scott: Right. *(Beat)* Do you live by the lake?

Georgia: I did. By the bay, near the bridge.

Scott: I was the opposite.

Georgia: Was?

Scott: Am... In the vista. Next to the golf course.

Georgia: Do you like golf?

Scott: No.

They smile. Pause

Scott: What are you drawing?

Georgia: Where the dawn meets the lake.

At GEORGIA's motion, SCOTT moves to sit beside her

Scott: You like it?

Georgia: The dawn? Yes, who doesn't?

SCOTT pauses. GEORGIA realises, shocked

Georgia: What? Why?

Scott: It's boring.

Georgia: Boring? You're joking.

Scott: Well, it's the same thing every day. I dunno, the planet could mix it up a little.

Georgia: *(Disapprovingly)* To entertain you?

Scott: To prove it's alive. I think you have to have change to feel alive.

Georgia: So the light changing throughout the day...

Scott: That's consistent in itself.

Georgia: What do you have against consistency?

Scott: Well, it's all the same here; lake, town, café-

Georgia: It's different from a lot of places.

Scott: I can't know that though. I've never been anywhere else.

Georgia: You want that? You think you'll learn more by leaving?

Scott: Well, yeah. *(Beat)* Wait, who said I was-

Georgia: Duffel bag, nervousness. Alone here at dawn.

Scott: You're alone here at-

Georgia: My mum's on the platform.

Beat

Scott: Well, so's my dad.

Georgia: Is he?

Pause. SCOTT looks away

Scott: You don't know what you're talking about.

Pause. GEORGIA nods, continuing to sketch. Her acceptance irritates SCOTT

Scott: You- *(Beat)* You have no idea how awful nothing changing can be.

Pause. GEORGIA doesn't look at him

Georgia: Yes, I suppose so.

SCOTT realises what he's said and it's inaccuracy

Scott: Hey, look, I'm sorry, we don't know each other-

Georgia: No, you said what you said.

Beat. SCOTT regrets and almost moves away

Georgia: It's Scott, right?

Beat

Scott: You remember?

Georgia: Yes.

Pause. A breath

Georgia: I'm scared too.

They look at each other. Tears form quickly for both of them. They look away

Scott: I'm sorry.

Georgia: It's okay.

GEORGIA leans her head on his shoulder. He stiffens, then relaxes slightly

Georgia: It's easier to yell at a stranger you're never going to see again.

Scott: *(Laughs)* Easier to break down in front of one too.

GEORGIA nods. They stay like that. Pause

Scott: How long til your train comes?

Georgia: Whenever my mum calls me. *(Pause)* How long til yours?

Scott: Ten minutes.

Pause

Georgia: Not long then.

Scott: Yeah. *(Pause)* Let's just stay here til it's time.

Pause

Georgia: I have this thing I say. When things... *(Beat)* "I know whatever happens to me, I know it's for the better."

Beat

Scott: That's nice. It's wrong, though.

Georgia: Yes.

Pause

Scott: Do you reckon if we never leave this bus stop we'll be happy?

Long pause

Georgia: No.

Pause. GEORGIA's phone rings. They pick up

Georgia: *(Into phone)* I'll be there in a second.

She gets her suitcase and bag. SCOTT and GEORGIA look at each other. GEORGIA leaves

SCOTT sits. The rain stops and the clouds slowly allow the sunrise through. SCOTT takes it in and smiles slightly