

# *White Monochrome Kingdom*

By

Heloise Thual

## **Synopsis:**

I found him unconscious in the street, after some shopping,  
I found him unconscious in the streets, it can be terribly hot in here.  
I found him and I thought, that's my last chance.

Unemployed and on pills, Daisy tries to save the "left on the pavement"  
species.  
Douglas, her partner, wouldn't approve or either understand...  
Maybe if she could save them, she could save herself.

## **Scene 1**

*DAISY's apartment. Something between the domestic urban dream and a  
survivor bunker.*

*Two small square windows, a yellow dusty dry light passing through them.  
DAISY, sweating in her flowery dress biting her pen, focusing on the  
newspaper crosswords. LAST POLAR BEAR, is lying in the bath full of ice  
cubes she prepared.*

DAISY

Across, Young Seal in three letters.

Down, Comrade in three letters as well. Human |Comrade in three letters, Pal?

*LAST POLAR BEAR doesn't reply.*

DAISY

Let's put pal. We can always come back to it after. Right pal?

*(she giggles, LAST POLAR BEAR remains stiff, pause)* What about Young

Seal, you must know. There are seals where you from, right? Probably plenty still!

Were you and the young seals friends? What would be the nickname you were giving them?

*Pause.*

DAISY

Crosswords. I wonder who invented crosswords. Probably someone bored to his or her, who knows, teeth. Someone twisted that's for sure. Someone traumatized by words. Has to be.

*(pause)* Someone taking revenge on words that hit him, her, too hard. Breaking them to their bones. Dissecting their core. Silently watching the poor victims in the distance, binoculars on, trying to answer the words riddles he, she carefully designed. Designed to make you break your pen between your teeth. To gather as much hatred for words as him, her. Some type of passive, bourgeois, book licker serial killer. Has to be.

*Pause.*

*DAISY brushes the sweat over her forehead with her arm.*

DAISY

The heat is not helping.

I can feel my brain cells roasting.

Now, I'm telling you, the government is going to put crosswords on the list of banned activities. Only last week, they added ping pong, knitting, and thumb war. And fur coats, But that was predictable. *(On another tone)* You wrap yourself into the warm fur, fall asleep slowly, you can barely feel yourself sweating. You can barely feel yourself suffocating.

*(pause)* Have you ever played thumb war? Have you got a thumb?

One, two, three, four, I declare a thumb war!

*(pause)* We could bend the rules a little, Play a thumb war later on. It seems you have bigger thumbs than me though. There might not be a lot of suspense.

Still, could be fun.