

*Extract from Act One Scene One of 'Double Gazing' by David Weedall*

**The action of the play takes place in two different blocks of flats, overlooking one another, somewhere in North London.**

*(The lights rise on VOIGT(M) and VENNER(M), in their dimly lit, unfurnished flat. They are both dressed in coveralls. VENNER is seated on top of a pair of high step ladders staring straight ahead through a pair of binoculars and VOIGT is sat on a chair, reading a newspaper, with his binoculars close to hand. Venner is providing a running commentary of events unfolding before him in an opposite flat)*

VENNER. Arriving home much later than usual, she eats her evening meal of pasta carbonarra and garlic bread. Having washed it down with a glass of Chianti 1997, she clears the dirty dishes and cooking utensils. And since I've been perched up here uncomfortably for the past two hours, isn't it time you took a turn?

VOIGT. She doesn't draw her curtains on summer evenings. Likes to keep the windows open and let the stale London air blow through... despite the perpetual rain. Makes the watching of this young thing so much more straightforward!

VENNER. So why was she so behind schedule, and this of all evenings? Had she been delayed at work, or was this the fault of some nightmare train journey? It was unusual for her to keep us waiting, and waiting is not our speciality.

VOIGT. Have some gum, to sooth your nerves. You seem frustrated.... far too agitated.

VENNER. The frustration and agitation of being kept waiting!

VOIGT. Watching her these nights we've learnt that mealtimes increase her sense of anxiety. That during the preparation process, some contamination might occur. A rogue spec of dirt on a surface. Some bacterial infection lurking in the serrated edge of a knife, or the carcass of some supermarket pre-packed chicken?

VENNER. Nothing is left to chance. Having tidied, she glances at her watch and moves to her lounge area. In a moment, her lounge light is on.

VOIGT. Pity her image is distorted by the torrential rain running down the window.

VENNER. A sudden rush of adrenalin courses through my veins as... the young girl goes to her bedroom to change prior to undertaking her evening ritual of dusting and vacuuming the entire flat. *(VOIGT has put down his newspaper and quickly taken his place below VENNER on the stepladders, gazing through his binoculars)* A process that will take the best part of an hour to complete and she's just very keen on the cleaning... And now her bedroom light is on... the curtains remain open.... she's taking off her blouse and... Dam! She's drawn her friggin' curtain! Would you believe it?

VOIGT. Reminds me of being on some seaside pier as a boy, leering into a "What The Butler Saw" viewer! Just as you got to the juicy bit, invariably your coin ran out! Anyway, psychologists tell us that voyeurs never do find fulfilment and our motivations are even more bizarre!

VENNER. As usual, we wait for her to reappear... and when she does... she's dressed casually in jeans and a tea shirt. Then as expected, she crosses the living room floor and makes her way towards the cupboard. Upon opening the cupboard, she removes the very item we had anticipated!

*Extract from Act One Scene One of 'Double Gazing' by David Weedall*

VOIGT. There, it is, clutched in both her hands and looking proudly erect! She grips it tightly and moves to one end of the couch and... well... she has done everything we had hoped for! She has gone to the cupboard and pulled out her very own, personal..... vacuum cleaner! Very soon, we must make our introductions... speak with her face to face...

VENNER. ... and sooner rather than later!

VOIGT. You must go then, off into the night... Go and do what must be done!

VENNER. You're right! I'll go... I'll go and do it now! (*He exits*)

**(Lights Fade)**

---

'Double Gazing!' is a darkly absurd mystery comedy for five actors (3f 2m) with a running time of approx 70 mins. It was written to be easily produced with very few props and minimal furniture on a low budget.

The play was first performed at the Brighton Fringe Festival 2004.

'Weedall's intimate theatrical experience draws its strength from our very modern phobias about 'personal space'. Brighton Argus.

PDF Copies are £5.00.

Royalties: £35/ show (150 audience or less. Enquires can also be made about larger audiences and 'for profit' productions)

If you would like to read the entire script in a PDF Document then send simply go to the 'Contact Us' page of this website and make an enquiry. We will explain how to simply purchase a PDF copy that will be sent to your email address.