

# La Tour Eiffel

A One Act Play

By

**Bob Davidson**

written between 5th December 2014 and 8th April 2018

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## La Tour Eiffel - Bob Davidson

**Cast**

TONY - Male, around fifty, married to...

CAROL - Female, around fifty, married to TONY

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*The curtains open and we are at the top of the Eiffel Tower. There is possibly a barrier structure to stop people falling off and behind is a small building like structure, like you might find at the top of the Eiffel Tower. There is a door in the centre. There just might be some aerials or flashing lights or some sort of superstructure on the roof. There is also one of those telescopes that you put money in. The door opens and TONY appears, slightly breathless but jubilant having made it to the top. CAROL enters a moment or two afterwards, fed up and not at all impressed. TONY crosses to the barrier and grips it while surveying the city below. CAROL stands back a bit with arms folded or hands in pockets.*

TONY

Wow, would you just look at that... what a view eh? Absolutely marvellous. God it's high isn't it? What are we... a thousand foot up or something? Wow! Don't you think? Eh? Wow! Dear... dear?

CAROL

I hate you...

TONY

No you don't...

CAROL

I do.

TONY

Na, you don't really.

CAROL

I do really...

TONY

No, you don't really, you just think you do, em, this was on the radio recently... Jenny Murray was on about it on Woman's Hour. Em... I think it's called... displacement?

CAROL

It's called hatred, loathing, not liking someone very much...

TONY

Displacement? No I think that's maybe to do with boats. Maybe it is displacement. Anyway, it's all to do with you transferring your hatred for something or more likely someone... onto me.

CAROL

It's just you.

TONY

It's a childhood thing. And in a women's case, do you know who that person is most likely to be?

CAROL

You.

TONY

Your father.

CAROL

I loved my dad.

TONY

You think you did...

CAROL

I know I did...

TONY

... but there's probably all sorts of wee toxic thoughts and memories scurrying around your subconscious.

CAROL

YOU are the only wee toxic thought and memory I've got anywhere.

TONY

They mess up your mind, drive you mad almost and so you feel the need to blame someone...

CAROL

It's YOU that messes up my mind. It's you that drives me mad...

TONY

... and so you turn to the one you love. And in this case of course, it's me... But Carol, I would like to reassure you that no matter what, I will stick by you...

CAROL

... oh god please no.

TONY

... because I know that deep down you really do love me.

CAROL

I don't.

TONY

You do really.

CAROL

Oh don't start that again...

TONY

It's a thin line between love and hate...

CAROL

... and I've crossed it. Why do you do it?

TONY

Why do I do what?

CAROL

Well, just about everything...

TONY

Why do I do just about everything?

CAROL

Yea, breathing especially, but you know what I'm on about...

*She gestures with her head, down the way and points down the way too.*

TONY

Oh, that... That's just a bit o' harmless fun. Something to brighten up the day, dear. Give us a bit of a thrill.

CAROL

We are in Paris. We're at the top of the Eiffel Tower, is that not thrilling enough?

TONY

Very nearly... I do it, because it's exciting... it's a challenge. Good god we need some excitement some of the time surely to goodness. Some people skydive, some climb mountains, some go shoplifting. I happen to like sneaking into places without paying.

CAROL

Well, I hate **it**, and I hate **you**.

TONY

Aye, so you keep saying... I'm getting the picture.

CAROL

Why couldn't you just go mountain biking or something if you want a thrill?

TONY

You know I can't ride a bike.

CAROL

**Everybody** can ride a bike! It's not my childhood that needs looking at.

TONY

Look, I hardly think the French economy is going to collapse, or the Eiffel Tower is going to fall over just because we're up here without paying. It was twenty five euros each. Twenty Five! Each! I mean it's not as if it's just newly opened and they need the money. It's been here for years. Doesnae even look like they paint it all that often.



Damned rip off. Most wives would be delighted if their husbands saved them fifty euros off the holiday budget. That's over forty quid you know? Nearer forty five now adays.

CAROL

Then how come you insist that we pay two euros each to go **separately** to thae posh automatic lavvie things?

TONY

Because I do **not** share a lavvie, with anybody.

CAROL

Tony, I'm your wife.

TONY

I don't care who you are. There is intimacy and there is intimacy and that is just going too far.

CAROL

Other couples were going in together...

TONY

... other couples can do what they like.

CAROL

It would be a two euro saving every time.

TONY

It's weird and unhygienic...

CAROL

Good grief... it's you that's weird.

TONY

... and will you please stop going on about toilet matters. I don't suppose there is one up here. There's bound to be one up here you would think eh?

*He points away below...*

Big pleasure boat... hey do you fancy a free cruise on the Seine after this? We'd manage that before tea eh? Oh come on, cheer up poobags.

CAROL

Tony, how much longer were you planning us doing this?

TONY

Well, we've only just got here, got to admire the view just a wee while longer. Then we'll go. I need the loo in any case. I would have thought it would have been busier than this.

CAROL

Not the Eiffel Tower, Tony. Us? This?

TONY

Oh come on PB, it's not as bad as all that is it? Loads of couples get a bit... bored. A bit stale. Maybe all becomes a bit samey... bit boring I suppose. But you know what they say... I'd rather be bored than scared! Why's there nobody else up here?

CAROL

I am scared, Tony...

TONY

... well step back from the railing a bit.

CAROL

... I'm scared we've wasted our lives together. Years and years wasted, when there might have been something more out there... for us both.

TONY

But we're married, Poppet... till death do us part, or death us do part, I can never remember which way around that goes... remember?

CAROL

But we're still young.

TONY

Fifty?

CAROL

Fifty is young. Fifty's the new... forty five. And I don't want to die for ages yet. I want to go on until I'm at least ninety... a hundred even, and that's a long time away. I'm maybe only half way through. All the years I've already had, I could maybe have again. It would be like being re-born. A chance to start afresh. Live my life again... but not with you.

TONY

Divorce... why are we the only two up here?

CAROL

Tony, please try and concentrate on what I'm saying, it's important.

TONY

I think what I'm saying is quite important too...

CAROL

... yes divorce. Well, I think so.

TONY

Well, that's just typical of you isn't it?

CAROL

What d'ye mean...

TONY

... trust you. That's you o'er a barrel isn't it. I mean this must be one of the most popular spots in Europe, no, no, the world, for proposals of marriage. Trust you to propose divorce... ye romantic bitch.

CAROL

I'm sorry, I thought the moment was right.

TONY

Yea okay.

CAROL

Okay? Okay? Is that all you can say?

TONY

Listen, Carol, I know the probable break up of our marriage **is** important, **but**... Don't you think it's a little bit odd that we're the only two up here?

CAROL

Early closing day?

TONY

No, seriously. And I'm really needing the toilet by the way... I can't believe you want a divorce.

CAROL

Sorry. It is a bit odd, isn't it?

TONY

Well if ye think it's a bit odd, why do you want one then?

CAROL

... no, it's odd that there's no-one else up here...

TONY

Yea, bloody odd... how long have we been married?

CAROL

Well you tell me, you should know. You were there!

TONY

No, seriously, don't muck about... how long is it?

CAROL

Twenty years.

TONY

Good grief, is it that long? I mean it's gone so fast. I mean what day is it? Thursday? You would think on a Thursday afternoon there

would be more than just two folk at the top of the Eiffel Tower.  
Twenty years eh? Are you sure?

CAROL

I'm sure.

TONY

Divorce eh? On what grounds?

CAROL

On the grounds that you don't care about us, or me... just you. Do  
you know what day it is?

TONY

Thursday, I just said it. It's Thursday.

CAROL

It's our wedding anniversary...

TONY

... oh no way. I really need the loo by the way.

CAROL

Yes, way. Twenty years ago today I walked up the aisle to your side.  
Stupid young fool that I was. I'm going to have those years again,  
Tony.

TONY

Oh, why didn't you tell me? You know I'm hopeless...

CAROL

Why do you think I booked for us to come to Paris?

TONY

I am bursting on a widdle. Can we talk about it when I come back...  
Don't move.

CAROL

The only move I'll make, is to jump...

*He stares at her.*

Oh, hurry up!

*He dashes to the door, grabs the handle and... nothing.*

TONY

Poppet? I can't get the door open. Seriously, it's stuck...

CAROL

Just go round the back.

TONY

The door's stuck, what do you mean just go round the back?

CAROL

Have a pee round the back...

TONY

... in the open?

CAROL

Yes.

TONY

I can't.

CAROL

Pee over the edge...

TONY

... I can't pee off the top of the Eiffel Tower!

CAROL

Why ever not?

TONY

Why ever not? Are you mad?

CAROL

It'd be fun.

TONY

Fun!

CAROL

Look it's France, they're very liberal about that sort of thing.

TONY

I can't do it.

CAROL

Well if you can't pee over the side and you can't get the door open then you'll obviously just have to wet yourself.

TONY

*(mulling it over quickly)*

Right, stay there...

CAROL

Don't worry, I will.

*TONY marches off away round the back. CAROL spies the telescope and starts aiming it downwards. TONY returns after a few moments she keeps looking through the telescope...*

CAROL

Better?

TONY

Thank you. You didn't put a Euro in that?

CAROL

I might have done.

TONY

Sometimes if you look through at a sort of angle and squint a bit you can see through without paying... What can you see?

CAROL

*(she keeps looking through the telescope)*

There's a man.

TONY

In Paris, my goodness, whatever next?

CAROL

He's waving...

TONY

Who to?

CAROL

To whom.

TONY

To whom is this Parisian man waving?

CAROL

How do you know he's Parisian?

*She turns to TONY*

He's waving at us.

TONY

Is he?

CAROL

*(back at the telescope)*

Well he's waving up here anyway... Oooh, it's the man from the ticket kiosk thing...

TONY

Eh? Give's a look.

CAROL

NO...



TONY

What's he doing now?

CAROL

He's having a swig out of a bottle of wine... and he's chalking something on the pavement...

TONY

What? What's he chalking on the pavement...?

CAROL

H... A... H... A...

TONY

H, A, H, A, what's that supposed to mean?

CAROL

Ha ha, you idiot...

TONY

What? What's he doing now?

CAROL

He's taking something from his pocket... It's a set of keys...

TONY

Keys?

CAROL

Yes, keys... probably the keys to that door... he's waving them above his head...

*She looks up suddenly from the telescope...*

He's thrown them in the river!

TONY

What? Give me that telescope...

CAROL

... NO!

TONY

He's thrown the keys in the river! Is he insane?

CAROL

No, but the keys are!

TONY

What?

CAROL

In Seine... Get it? Tony, it was a joke...

TONY

A joke? What's he doing now?

CAROL

Oh, I think he's gone on a cycling holiday to Provence. Tony, there is no man, no keys, I made it up. I was joking.

TONY

*(now suddenly serious)*

So you didn't put a Euro in... aye, very good. Right let's get this door open, there is something not quite right here.

CAROL

Oh, you'll just be turning the handle the wrong way or something...

*She strides over to the door and tries the handle. It is stuck...*

Oh, I think you're maybe right.

TONY

Why would the door be locked?

CAROL

It's maybe jammed or something...

TONY

... and why are we the only two up here? Do you not find that just the slightest bit odd, Carol? Thursday afternoon, beautiful day like this, and we're the only two up here. And the door's locked!

If you like what you've read so far and would like to read a copy of the complete script or would like to perform the play, please get in touch.

Thanks for reading,

*Bob Davidson*