

## **Synopsis**

*'Goodbye to the Circus' is a one act dark comedy play about Robbie Manson, a wheelchair-bound blind man in his early twenties, who tries to hire a female prostitute and a handyman (the former to lose his virginity to, and the latter to end his life) and accidentally hires two gigolos instead.*

*The play is set in present-day England, in a suburban bungalow, and centres around Robbie Manson, a wheelchair-bound blind man in his early twenties. It is three weeks after the death of his best friend, Lizzie (with whom he had fallen in love). After a life of terrible misfortune, this is what tips the balance, and Robbie decides to kill himself. Determined to go out with a bang, Robbie attempts to hire a female prostitute to lose his virginity to, and then, later in the day, a handy man to euthanise him. His plans immediately unravel as he realises that he hired Carlos and Filipe, two local gigolos with exotic false names, instead. They end up inviting passing Mormon Missionaries, Miller and Mayhew, into Robbie's home to try to convince him to change his plan. Robbie pretends to capitulate, but remains unmoved, and when they depart, he convinces Carlos to kill him.*

### **Characters:**

*Robbie – Male, Blind and Wheelchair bound*

*Carlos – Male Prostitute*

*Filipe – Male Prostitute*

*Miller – Female Mormon Missionary*

*Mayhew – Female Mormon Missionary*

# Goodbye to the Circus

Written by Elliott Grant

*Living Room/Kitchen of Robbie's bungalow. It is largely plain and unspectacular, with features to accommodate his disabilities. There is an adjoining bathroom offstage.*

*In the room there is a braille book, a perfume bottle, a bottle of whisky and two glasses.*

*Robbie is in his wheelchair, fretting. He pours himself some whisky and drains it.*

*Doorbell rings.*

**Robbie** It's on the latch.

*Robbie sprays the perfume around the room and places the bottle on the side.*

*Doorbell rings again.*

It's on the latch!

*Carlos enters with a Boombox.*

Hey- sorry-

**Carlos** Did you order a big package?

**Robbie** Carla?

*Carlos places down the Boombox and it begins to play tinny funk. He performs a well-rehearsed strip tease, which eventually leaves him wearing just his underwear.*

*He stops the music.*

**Carlos** Not impressed?

**Robbie** Are you naked? Is that what all the music was about?

**Carlos** What do you mean?

**Robbie** Are you Carla?

**Carlos** Carlos.

**Robbie** Carlos?

**Carlos** Yeah. Carlos.

**Robbie** Oh. Ah. Right. Thought you sounded a little husky.

**Carlos** Husky?

*Carlos waves his hand in front of Robbie's face. No response.*

Ah.

**Robbie** To be honest you don't sound like a Carlos either. Where are you from?

**Carlos** Barcelona. Is this the right address?

**Robbie** Are you a prostitute, Carlos?

**Carlos** Yes.

**Robbie** You've not swapped shifts with someone called Carla have you?

**Carlos** That's not really how this works.

**Robbie** Right. Ok. I think there may have been a bit of a mix up. Right address, wrong-package? Damn. Well, you know how text-to-speech is.

**Carlos** No.

**Robbie** No, you wouldn't. Well that's really put a spanner in the works. I can't swap you for a- ?

**Carlos** That's not how this works.

**Robbie** No. Didn't think so. Thought I should ask.

**Carlos** You've paid for the hour.

**Robbie** I know.

**Carlos** Just saying.

**Robbie** Hang on. If you're a prostitute, why did you just take off all your clothes?

**Carlos** What?

**Robbie** And the music. What about the music? You're a prostitute, not a stripper.

**Carlos** I dabble.

**Robbie** You dabble?

**Carlos** Yeah. I dabble. I'm entrepreneurial. Gives me an edge against competition.

**Robbie** Right. Jack of all trades.

**Carlos** Yeah, I jack off all trades, shapes and sizes.

**Robbie** That's not what I-

**Carlos** Can I go then?

**Robbie** I've paid for the whole hour. I'd at least like a conversation before the handyman comes.

*Carlos sighs. He grabs the whisky bottle and swigs from it.*

**Robbie** Help yourself.

**Carlos** When's he here?

**Robbie** Fifty minutes.

**Carlos** Christ. Good job I was late.

**Robbie** I thought we'd take longer.

**Carlos** What's he coming here for, broken sink?

**Robbie** Something like that.

**Carlos** Or were you hoping to break the bed and have him fix it?

**Robbie** Very clever.

**Carlos** You wanted conversation.

*Pause.*

**Robbie** We could ask each other questions.

**Carlos** Are you serious?

**Robbie** I'm trying to make the best of this. What's your favourite animal?

**Carlos** Seriously?

*Pause.*

Tiger.

**Robbie** Why?

**Carlos** I don't know. I don't care.

**Robbie** There must be a reason.

**Carlos** Is yours a bat?

**Robbie** Is that your question?

**Carlos** No.

**Robbie** Mine's an elephant. I used to love elephants as a kid. My Mum painted my room with them. A big procession, all in line, holding the other. Trunk to tail. All around the room.

**Carlos** So, it's a Freudian thing.

**Robbie** No.

**Carlos** How do you watch porn?

**Robbie** What? I don't.

**Carlos** Bollocks.

**Robbie** I don't.

**Carlos** I thought you wanted questions. How can I open up to you, if you don't tell me how you watch porn?

**Robbie** I've already answered-

The rest of the play is available on request by contacting Elliott Grant at [ietheatreproductions@gmail.com](mailto:ietheatreproductions@gmail.com) or via [www.ietheatre.co.uk](http://www.ietheatre.co.uk)