

## Til Death Do Us Part

### Cast:

**Samantha**-Doctor, early thirties

**Emily**-Veterinarian, early thirties, Samantha's cousin

**Patric**-Police officer, early thirties, Samantha's brother-in-law

**Dane**-Samantha's husband, unseen and non-speaking character, but mentioned by other characters.

### Set:

Lounge room, three chairs.

### Playwright's Note:

The sound of an electrocardiograph machine or ECG to indicate heart rate is played in the background. Both Samantha and Emily are wearing lab coats over their clothes to indicate their occupations. Patric is wearing his police uniform to indicate his occupation.

### Play:

*The sound of an ECG is heard in the background.*

*Lights Up.*

*SAMANTHA is sitting on a chair, with two empty chairs next to her on either side of her. EMILY walks in and sits down on the seat next to her.*

EMILY: Are you going to do it?

SAMANTHA: I don't know.

EMILY: What do you mean you don't know?

SAMANTHA: I mean I don't know, this isn't deciding what I'm going to have for breakfast, it's the hardest decision of my life.

EMILY: How can it be hard? Dane's your husband.

SAMANTHA: Exactly! Dane's my husband, he's not just a patient. And you're MY cousin, you're suppose to be on my side.

EMILY: I am on your side, but he did ask you to do it.

SAMANTHA: That doesn't mean I should do it.

EMILY: You've done it to other patients.

SAMANTHA: Yeah other patients, people I don't know.

EMILY: You probably wouldn't get charged.

SAMANTHA: We both know that's not a guarantee.

EMILY: I got some Nembutal from the clinic, I use that to put dogs down.

SAMANTHA: He's not a Labrador! And why are you so eager for him to die? I know you didn't really like him, but how can you be so insensitive?

EMILY: Come on, you know me better than that! I'm not eager, but we all know there's no hope, you know it's eventually going to happen and you said it yourself, you can't stand to see him in pain. And I don't mean to be insensitive, but I can't stand to see you in pain. And I've heard of people using Nembutal because they go to sleep and it's quicker than morphine.

SAMANTHA: How do you hear of these things in a vet clinic?

EMILY: Well I didn't so much as hear as it, as more see it on a TV show.

SAMANTHA: So your way of being a good friend is to tell me how to euthanise my husband through a TV show? Fantastic.

EMILY: I'm just trying to help.

SAMANTHA:                Yeah, I know you are.

*ECG noise increases in volume.*

*(pause)*

***PATRIC*** *walks in and sits down on the empty seat beside* ***EMILY*** *and* ***SAMANTHA***.

PATRIC:                    Are you going to do it?

EMILY:                    She hasn't decided.

PATRIC:                    Why not?

SAMANTHA:                I'm not going to say it again.

PATRIC:                    I'm not going to tell anyone, if that's what you're worried about.

SAMANTHA:                I know you wouldn't and even if you did, it doesn't matter because it would still come back to me when the autopsy's done.

PATRIC:                    I would never charge you or put you in jail.

SAMANTHA:                You can't promise me that.

PATRIC:                    Doctors are rarely sent to jail for this, you probably won't even face a court.

SAMANTHA:                Again, you can't promise me that.

PATRIC:                    Do you want me to do it?

SAMANTHA:                No, then it'll come back to you and your life will be ruined.

PATRIC:                    Dane's my brother, I don't care what happens to me.

SAMANTHA: Yeah, but I care what happens to you. If anyone's life is going to be ruined, it's got to be mine.

EMILY: Since when did you start worrying about your life being ruined? You never have before.

SAMANTHA: Because I never actually thought I'd be here alright!

*(pause)*

*ECG noise increases in volume.*

SAMANTHA: It was when he was diagnosed the first time that he asked me to do it, he just said to me, *honey, if I've got no hope, just pull the plug.* He just said it so casually, as if it would be easy. But he did his rounds of chemo, he went into remission and stayed there for five years.

*(pause)*

SAMANTHA: His doctor didn't even discuss options this time around.

*ECG noise increases in volume.*

SAMANTHA: I do love him, and of course I don't want to see him in pain and I know he asked me, but that doesn't make it any easier. This isn't about my career, it's just....what happens to me if I do this? What the hell am I suppose to do? How the hell is this fair?

EMILY: It isn't.

SAMANTHA: Why do always have to be so blunt, why can't you humour me just this once?

EMILY: I'm not trying to be blunt or mean, I'm just trying to be logical, to make it easier for you.

SAMANTHA: Well it's not working.

*ECG noise increases in volume and intensity.*

*(pause)*

PATRIC: Is he awake right now?

SAMANTHA: Last time I checked he wasn't.

*ECG noise grows more intense, faster, sounding more like a siren.*

*SAMANTHA, PATRIC and EMILY run off stage.*

SAMANTHA: Did you crush Dane's pills? His pills aren't suppose to be crushed?  
*(off stage)*

PATRIC: No I swear!  
*(off stage)*

SAMANTHA: Emily?  
*(off stage)*

EMILY: No I didn't, I swear.  
*(off stage)*

PATRIC: Then who did?  
*(off stage)*

*(pause)*

SAMANTHA:           Dane?  
*(off stage)*

*Lights slowly fade.*

*ECG flat lines.*