



THE MISSING (2018)

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LGM(Iycée du Grésivaudan)

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The Missing

Characters:

David H, *the missing*

Dr. Byron, *the investigator (from the painting American Gothic, Grant Wood 1930)*

Nan Wood Graham, *his wife (from the painting American Gothic, Grant Wood 1930)*

Queen Elizabeth II, *A woman who loves doing cookies (from the painting Elizabeth II, Lucien Freud 2001)*

Georges de Selve, *his room-mate (from the painting The Ambassadors, Hans Holbein le Jeune 1533)*

Jean de Dinteville, *a friend of the Queen (from the painting The Ambassadors, Hans Holbein le Jeune 1533)*

Ossie Clark, *a cuckold man (from the painting Mr. and Mrs. Clark and Percy, David Hockney 1971)*

Celia Clark, *his wife (from painting Mr. and Mrs. Clark and Percy, David Hockney 1971)*

In the Tate Britain museum, a mysterious case happened. On the 23rd of April, around midnight, the Ambassadors reported David H's missing from the painting "selfie" in which he belonged. The room where his painting remained was closed earlier by the owners of the museum in reason of his irrational disappearance. However, you have to know that once the museum shuts down, the paintings come life. At day they fill their job of models for the canvas but at night they stroll through all the different paintings nearby. People from the outside world don't know what goes in the museum once closed, nor do they know why the character David H has vanished from his canvas. Therefore the characters from the different paintings do know yet that someone is responsible of what has happened. Some of David's neighbors did not really worry about his missing, knowing that he is a young and clumsy boy, but some were suspecting that something had happened to him. The mystery of his missing soon will come into light.

Scène 1

After a long and a fantastic holiday, Nan Wood Graham and Dr Byron McKeeby, invite their painting neighbors to celebrate their return.

GEORGE DE SELVE

Good evening my friends, I'm delighted to see you, how was your holiday?

DR.BYRON

It was great! We saw incredible landscapes. It was breathtaking! We would have loved to be able to stay longer but we had to come back to work...

MS.CLARK *(staring at her husband enviously)*

Oh it must have been so nice, I'm so jealous...

NAN WOOD GRAHAM *(still amazed of what she had seen)*

Yes it was, it really was...

JEAN DE DINTEVILLE *(asking politely but actually more interested in the food on the table)*

Where did you go?

DR.BYRON

We visited two paintings. First we visited The Sea, Port in Amsterdam by Monet and then we went to La Collina Dei Papaveri by Guido Borelli

GEORGE DE SELVE

Goodness sake what a trip, and what a nice way to discover the world.

NAN WOOD GRAHAM

We know, we are really lucky... *(She stopped to look softly at everyone in the room)* thank you so much for coming, we are so pleased to see you and to share this dinner with you all tonight.

QUEEN ELIZABETH *(croaky voice)*

Well my dear it's our pleasure, I brought a basket with bread and jam for you to eat.

MR.CLARK

Oh it's the best you will taste, I've had some and it was fantastic!

DR.BYRON AND NAN WOOD GRAHAM

Thank you so much you really didn't have too.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Oh you know it's not much.

NAN WOOD GRAHAM *(looking at her watch)*

Umm, that's unusual, it's almost 9pm and David has still not arrived...

DR.BYRON

I know... It's not like him. He might be a bit late, no worries.

JEAN DE DINTEVILLE

Hum, let's remind ourselves that we are talking about David, he is really clumsy...

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Jean is right, I don't think we should worry too much, he posted a selfie earlier on Facebook he was eating cookies, and he might be preparing something for the desert!

MR.CLARK AND DR.BYRON *(who both recognized the Clarks house and mumbled)*

That's weird...

MRS.CLARK

What my dear?

MR.CLARK

Nothing... Nothing... When was that selfie taken?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Hum... I think it was taken 2 hours ago.

MR.CLARK *(hiding his jealousy)*

Oh...

GEORGE DE SELVE

I hope he is alright we were supposed to play tennis together tomorrow.

JEAN DE DINTEVILLE

Who cares anyway, he's so weird.

NAN WOOD GRAHAM

Jean! That's not very nice...He might be tired.

JEAN DE DINTEVILLE

Well I think it is really disrespectful to not come to a dinner organized by his friends without warning them!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

But he's young and works a lot... Give him a break

GEORGE DE SELVE

Or maybe he has a problem, maybe we should go check on him?

MRS.CLARK

Yes let's go now!

MR.CLARK

Why not after dinner?

MRS.CLARK

What if he is really in big trouble?

MR.CLARK

You seem to worry a lot honey, why so?

(Mrs. Clark blushes)

NAN WOOD GRAHAM

Let's all eat and have fun. After dinner we will go check on him.

MR.CLARK

Ok, and if it doesn't bother anyone I would like to go look for him first.

JEAN DE DINTEVILLE

No, I will. I need to teach this young man some manners.

MR.CLARK

No really, I will.

JEAN DE DINTEVILLE

I don't think so.

DR.BYRON

Calm down you guys. Since I was on a trip and came back only a couple of hours ago I would like to see him first, we have time to catch up.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Great idea, now let's eat! Mrs. Clark, my dear how is your cat?

Scène 2

Mr. Clark and Mrs. Clark were back to their painting, she was sitting on the sofa, holding her head in her hands whereas Mr Clark paced the living room.

MR.CLARK

I need some serious explanation here. Can you tell me why David's selfie was taken in our house?

MRS.CLARK *(laughing nervously)*

No it was not! Why would he have been in our house while you are at work, there is no sense in what you are saying honey.

MR.CLARK *(stopped pacing and looked straight in his wife's eyes.)*

Don't play dumb with me all right. Tell me the truth. We've been married for 5 years now, you owe me an explanation. Plus I know you by heart so if you lie to me I will know.

MRS.CLARK *(she got up and started to walk towards her husband)*

Darling please calm down...It is not what you're thinking.

MR.CLARK

Well if you want me to stay calm, please explain yourself. You have two seconds to start talking! I want to be sure it is not what I am thinking!

(A pause and Mrs. Clark can't look her husband in the eye)

Why? Why him? What does he had more than me?

MRS.CLARK *(ashamed and confused)*

I don't know how to explain...I was lonely he came over once, I swear it was only once, he was here when you had better things to do at work. But I love you please forgive me. Yes we had an affair... But please forgive me.

MR.CLARK *(astonished)*

Ok wow... That really hurts. I swear to god that I am going to find that little piece of...

MRS.CLARK *(a bit surprised, changes her tone)*

No, no darling calm down it is not his fault. Were you at work today?

MR.CLARK

Of course I was stupid! While you saw David.

MRS.CLARK

Don't lie to me this is serious.

MR.CLARK

Lie to you? Are you damn serious right now? Is this a joke or something?

I can't believe you did this to me...why? You're not happy with me?

MRS.CLARK

No no please don't say that. You were at work I was alone I asked him to come and I actually thought you were here this afternoon, I thought you had caught him in the living room while I was in the shower. I thought you were the one who beat him up so badly that when I came out of the shower he was laying on the floor his whole face swollen up, incapable of talking...

MR.CLARK *(trying to keep his calm)*

What the hell, this has no sense at all. Now stop lying to my face and inventing stupid stories, ok?

MRS.CLARK *(sobbing)*

Please believe me! I was having my shower and I heard voices in the living room... when I came back he looked awful...

MR.CLARK

Carry on.

MRS.CLARK

I thought you were back from work and I called you but I had no answer I thought you killed him because you discovered our affair!

I approached him and I panicked, I tried to do something so I helped him and brought him back to his house. I am sorry, so so sorry I swear.

MR.CLARK *(choked)*

You thought I would be able to kill David H seriously? But who do you think I am? Do you really love me? Do you even know me? You are supposed to be my wife! I am speechless.

MRS.CLARK

I am so sorry, I didn't want to say that, please try to understand me. I was so lonely. You spend all your time at work he was here, he was single we just...

MR.CLARK

We just what? Are you fu****g serious?

MRS.CLARK *(embarrassed)*

What happened, happened we made the most out of the moment. I told you I am sorry. I already apologized so many times...

MR.CLARK

Yeah I know and of course you have to apologize! You were unfaithful! Oh and by the way, how long have you been cheating on me? This cannot be a onetime thing...

MRS.CLARK

I told you I was lonely! And I don't know it happened a few times...

MR.CLARK

Oh it was only once and now it is few times... and when you're feeling lonely it is normal to have an affair? Sorry if I have to work! And what do you mean by few times?

MRS.CLARK

You know what? Stop acting like if there was no problem in our couple please, you're acting as a victim! Stop it! I am going to tell you something Ossie.

MR.CLARK

I am listening Celia.

MRS.CLARK

Even if I am not proud of what I done, the moments that I spend with David were the best of my life and I regret nothing.

Scène 3

As Mr. and Mrs. Clark were arguing, Dr. Byron and his wife burst in their house.

DR.BYRON

I knew the selfie was taken in here.

MRS.CLARK *(completely lost not knowing what to really say)*

Oh...That's not what you think...

NAN WOOD GRAHAM

And what do you think we're thinking?

MR.CLARK *(upset but hesitating)*

Come on! You know what she thinks is what you think!

DR.BYRON

Fast Forward! If the selfie was taken in here, you'll have to explain why it was.

MRS.CLARK

I can explain everything...

MR.CLARK

Please take a seat, you want some tea?

NAN WOOD GRAHAM *(distant and cold)*

Yes please.

DR.BYRON *(watching suspiciously Mr. Clark walking to the kitchen)*

So? We're listening.

MRS.CLARK

I was with David earlier, and while I was in the shower, I heard voices in the lounge and once I came back I found David laying on the floor incapable of speaking, I had to carry him back to his house on my back.

MR.CLARK *(ironically)*

Yes!

MRS.CLARK *(starting to cry again)*

Ossie...

NAN WOOD GRAHAM *(taking care of her)*

Continue.

MRS.CLARK (*still crying a bit*)

I tried to wake him up, he opened his eyes as he had just seen the devil in person and he was choking. I stayed a bit after I had brought him back home. I only left when he was looking better.

DR.BYRON

I see, but did you notice anything unusual, anything that could help me find out what happened to David?

MRS.CLARK (puzzled)

No... I don't know...

MR.CLARK (rude and angry)

Actually, not only he has stolen my wife from me but he stole for no f***g reason, my cookie bowl, that I have inherited from my dead mother! That son of a b****!

NAN WOOD GRAHAM

Okay Clark, you really need to calm down, why would David rob your bowl? It has nothing to do with the missing! What is important here is that your wife took David home, in a very bad shape. But

now he is nowhere to find not even at his house. (Mr. Clark crossing his arms boiling on the inside)

DR.BYRON

Nan, who's used to do cookies?

NAN WOOD GRAHAM

Elizabeth but what does the cookies have to do with David?

DR.BYRON

Well, why would someone take their cookie jar? It is probably not David that took that jar because of his sorry plight. Maybe there must be something in that jar, and the person that took the jar is the one who knows where David is.

NAN WOOD GRAHAM

Do you really think the Queen could do this?

MRS.CLARK (*pleading*)

I promise i didn't do anything...

DR.BYRON

I didn't say she took it but we have nothing to lose asking her about her cookies, maybe it'll lead us to something important, we have to be careful to every detail, everything that could help us find David.

MR.CLARK

Sometimes even old women are not as innocent as we think they are.

DR.BYRON (*gives Mr. Clark a dark look, as Mrs. Clark eats her nails*)

We'll go visit the queen and stay there. It's safer to stay home tonight.

Scène 4

After Dr. Byron interview with the Clarkes, he quickly goes to see Queen Elizabeth with Nan. He knocks on her frame...

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Yes? Who is it?

DR.BYRON

It's Byron can I come in?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Of course come in come in my dear, what is the matter?

DR.BYRON

I would like to ask you a few questions, it's about David's missing...

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Oh god, David is missing? What happened?

DR.BYRON

That is what we are trying to discover. We don't really know but he was last seen at Mrs. Clark's eating your cookies...

QUEEN ELIZABETH

My cookies? Oh yes I made a batch with Jean and George earlier today!

DR.BYRON

With George and Jean?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Yes they came over to help me bake them.

DR.BYRON

In what honor? And did you notice something strange?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

We decided to bake something for your return, and because Celia is a bit lonely at the moment we baked some cookies for her.

DR.BYRON

Elizabeth, this is a really serious question. Did you put anything in those cookies to poison Mrs. Clark? Because after eating one of your cookies David was not feeling well at all.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Poison? Poison! Is this some kind of joke? Because it is really not funny. I would never do such a thing. How on earth could I get poison and put in the cookies I made for my best friend.

DR.BYRON

I see, well the only lead we have for the moment are those cookies who are nowhere to find because someone stole them for us not to be able to analyze them.

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Oh... Well, I understand now why you are asking me these questions. But, I am sorry I really have no clue why my cookies were robbed. I used the exact same recipe I have been using for as long as I can remember, there was nothing unusual... (Slowly her eyes widened and she seemed to remember something)

DR.BYRON

What is it? Did you notice something strange?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Well not really, but I did notice that they had a different smell.

DR.BYRON

A smell?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Yes normally they smell like heaven but this time they smelled a bit acid...

DR.BYRON

I see and did you taste them?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Oh no I never taste nor eat the bakeries I make before offering them, I make so many you know. But now that you ask it was strange because one the cookies done, Jean would not let George eat any of them and went straight to Celia's house to drop them off.

DR.BYRON

So you didn't taste them neither did Georges or Jean?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

No none of us did. Do you think they have something to do with David's missing?

DR.BYRON

Well I don't know yet, do they come often come help you?

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Well, Georges helps me from times to time but it was the first time that Jean joined.

DR.BYRON

Hum... Thank you Elizabeth, I'll go visit George and Jean now, Goodbye!

QUEEN ELIZABETH

Bye! It's always a pleasure. I hope you will find out where David is, he is a sweet boy.

Scène 5

Byron and Nan pop up at George and Jean's painting to ask them a few questions on David's missing. Byron and Nan having suspicions on Jean's alibi are ready to find out if he's the one who knows where David is...

**knock knock* (Dr. Byron & Nan enter without waiting for the two men to let them in.)*

JEAN DE DINTEVILLE *(annoyed, he throws his hands to the sky dropping on the way this compass on the table)*

O' why enter so abruptly? Doesn't privacy still exist in this world? *(In a cocky voice)* Yes we can all walk freely though each of one and others paintings, therefore it would be the strict minimum to wait that people say "yes you can come in" once you have knock? Don't you think so?

DR. BYRON *(waving his hand at Jean to make him hush)*

All' right all' right Jean that's enough now.

JEAN DE DINTEVILLE *(in a challenging voice)*

What would have you done if you had entered while I was walking around with no clothes on.

DR. BYRON *(Jean mumbles knowing that Byron is right)*

We all know that you would never do such a thing anyway. Now seriously fellas, I have a few questions for y'all.

GEORGE DE SELVE *(in a very harsh and unpleasant tone as if he had something very important to do)*

Can't we have this discussion further on? We are quite busy at the moment. We were not expecting you, it would have been descent to inform us of your presence.

JEAN DE DINTEVILLE

Are we? I am sure it won't be long George, no need to get in a fight. *(Turns back to Dr. Byron ready to listen)* Dr. Byron we are all yours, it must be about David I guess...

NAN WOOD GRAHAM

Yes Jean. It is. Now gentlemen please be cooperative, it is almost daylight on the other side and we have the intention to find out where David has disappeared before going back to work.

GEORGE DE SELVE

Thanks Nan. Jean, you are the only one that does not have any alibi for the moment when David disappeared. And everything goes towards you because you were the last one to go to Mrs. Clark's house.

JEAN DE DINTEVILLE

No alibi? You think that I have something to do with David's missing? Is this real? And why does the fact of being the last one to go to Mrs. Clark's house be bad? I dropped off cookies but there was no David there.

Nan Wood Graham

Oh please.

DR. BYRON

Nan. Stop it, he might be telling the truth.

NAN WOOD GRAHAM

Byron I...

DR. BYRON *(cuts her off and in an annoyed voice)*

Jean, I was saying that your alibi is not quite convincing. You are the only one here that was not in company at the moment of David's missing and that might of been the most close to David between the moment of the selfie he posted and the moment that Mrs. Clark has returned to her place, you affirm being here working on your literature but nobody can testify that, am I right?

(Nan being grounded walks around the painting curious of the multiple instruments around her)

JEAN DE DINTEVILLE

Yes that's true but that doesn't make me the one to know where David is. After baking cookie with George and Elizabeth, I dropped them off at Mrs. Clark's place. That's all, then I walked home to my frame and continued my literature studies.

GEORGE DE SELVE

What are you doing? Put that down! It is really fragile. Please stop touching everything and come have a seat Nan.

(Byron give her an annoyed look, as she puts the object down but continues to walk around the place.)

DR. BYRON

Listen Jean there is not a lot of places that you can go to, no one has seen David near the time after he was escorted home by Mrs Clark. The only painting where he could have been is yours. We have visited all the other paintings but no sign of David. So either you saw something but don't want to tell or you know exactly where

David is hiding. *(The two men silent don't respond)* Even Georges can't testify seeing you home because he was at Elizabeth's place.

GEORGE DE SELVE

Maybe but I know my friend and I know that he is incapable of doing such a thing. *(Jean chokes on this spit, Bryon ignores but listens carefully what George has to say)*

JEAN DE DINTEVILLE

Such a thing! What thing? Be responsible of a friends missing. If that is what you meant, yes I am incapable of doing such a thing.

NAN WOOD GRAHAM

Ah! Oh my god, Byron!

DR.BYRON

What on earth is wrong Nan? *(At first annoyed)* Nan? What is it? *(hers her sobbing and jumps out of his chair and walks quickly towards where Nan called him from, and stops violently once in front of what Nan was crying about).*

NAN WOOD GRAHAM *(pointing towards the floor, Jean and George stumble into the room)*

David...

Scène 6

David's dead body was laying on the floor, rolled in a carpet laying behind George's and Jean's bushes.

DR.BYRON (confused and shocked)

What the hell! Jean! You're under arrest!

JEAN DE DINTEVILLE

What? Bloody hell! I have nothing to do with this!

NAN WOOD GRAHAM (sobbing)

You don't need to claim your innocence, we know you did this! How could you?

(Dr. Byron, jumps through the window pulls David up to see was still alive.)

GEORGE DE SELVE

No need to have a look Byron, he is dead.

JEAN DE DINTEVILLE *(trying to focus on his words and not to freak out, not hearing what George had just said)*

Listen. Yes, I'm not always nice to people, I'm not the one most known for his jokes, and I'm obviously not someone who like every

aspect of David. But, I can swear to god that I've never done something horrible like this

(George, still with no expression on his face stood there staring down on the body.)

DR. BYRON

Nan, call the Clarks please, we'll need help to pick up David's body...

NAN WOOD GRAHAM *(puzzled)*

Sniff, Yes...

(And as she went out, she stared at George still as rock, she sadly looked down and kept going. Byron staring at George with an empty look)

JEAN DE DINTEVILLE *(Beginning to stress out)*

O' please Doctor, do you really think I could have done that? We are trying to frame me for this. I did not kill David! Please believe me, I admit not going along that well with him but I had no reason to kill him... *(Starting to panic)*

GEORGE DE SELVE

O' will you shut your mouth please Jean.

(Cutting Jean off in this panic attack, now looking at his friend puzzled).

I killed David.

(Byron and Jean said nothing, silent waiting, everyone arrives shocked, some crying, some lifeless in front of David's body. George doesn't take his eyes off David's body)

I killed him but by mistake... At the start I put poison in the cookie dough just before putting them in the oven, they were for Celia. *(Mrs. Clark whines in shock)*

JEAN DE DINTEVILLE

Why on earth would you want to kill her...? I can't believe what is going on right now.

GEORGE DE SELVE

I was sleeping with her Celia. *(Mr. Clark chokes hearing that).* She told me she loved me and that she was ready to soon leave her husband for me.

MR CLARK

What the hell Celia? *(Kneeling down having difficulties to stand on this legs)*

GEORGE DE SELVE

But she lied, she lied to me, I discovered she was having an affair with David too. She was lying to David, lying to her husband. It made me furious. That's when I decided to murder her, with the poison. *(Pause)* You have to understand, she was going to break more men hearts just like she did to mine. But i didn't plan the fact that David would come over to her frame that day. I was hiding in her garden looking through the window to see if she would eat some. But unfortunately David was the one to eat the cookies, I couldn't save him it was too late. I stole the cookie jar and destroyed everything to no longer poison people with them and went to David's house just after Celia left to try and give David an antidote but he had eaten to many cookies... I am so sorry...

(Everyone stands still, George finally decides to look at his friends but Mr. Clark punched him in the face before he could see the sad faces next to him. George falls to the floor and everyone stays silent for a while before picking up David's body, and take him of the stage, leaving George on floor blood flowing out of his nose).