

Radio Play: Lost and Found; Sally young wife with amnesia accused of murder

START

(SOUND: Car starts up and pulls away.)

(MUSIC: NED plays Lost & Found theme.)

SALLY. Detective Murphy questioned me as we drove across town. He was planning to take me to the police station but as our conversation went on he diverted our destination. He ended up taking me to a hospital. I was checked in and taken to a room. I waited for what seemed like an eternity. I had no thoughts to fill the time. No memories. Only an all encompassing confusion that made the wait unbearable. Soon it all became too much for me. I laid down on the bed and fell asleep.

(MUSIC: Theme swells and subsides.)

When I woke up I was in a different room. I sat up. The bed was harder and much lower to the floor. There was nothing in the room but a plain end table with a pitcher of water and a cup on top. Both were plastic. There was something barren and unforgiving about this new room. Not like a hospital room at all. Then I looked at the bleak ray of sun that came in from outside. It was then that I noticed the window. There were bars on it.

(SOUND: A door opens and footsteps enter.)

DR. FOSTER. Hello. I'm Doctor Foster.

SALLY. A woman doctor?

DR. FOSTER. Yes. Did you have a restful sleep?

SALLY. I must have. I was moved to a different room without knowing it.

DR. FOSTER. We administered a sedative while you were sleeping so you wouldn't be disturbed while we moved you.

SALLY. Why was I moved?

DR. FOSTER. Now that you've rested, are you remembering things better?

SALLY. I... I can't say that I remember anything.

DR. FOSTER. Do you remember your name or where you came from?

SALLY. Nothing.

DR. FOSTER. All right, dear. If you'll just relax. I'll take a seat here.

(SOUND: Chair pulling out and someone sits.)

Now, I want to do a little test here that I think may help. I'm going to say a word. After I do, I want you to say the first word that comes into your mind.

SALLY. Word association.

DR. FOSTER. That's right. Ready?

SALLY. Yes.

DR. FOSTER. Okay. Dog.

SALLY. Cat.

DR. FOSTER. Woman.

SALLY. Man.

DR. FOSTER. Singer. *(Pause.)* Singer.

SALLY. Woman.

DR. FOSTER. Color.

SALLY. Red.

DR. FOSTER. Red.

SALLY. Blood.

DR. FOSTER. Blood.

SALLY. Murder.

DR. FOSTER. Murder. *(Pause.)* Murder.

SALLY. Gun. What's going on here? What kind of doctor are you?

DR. FOSTER. I'm here to help you.

SALLY. Why are we doing this?

DR. FOSTER. You tell me, Sally.

SALLY. Sally? Why did you call me Sally? Is that my name?

DR. FOSTER. Is that your name?

SALLY. I... I don't know.

DR. FOSTER. How did you feel about the word association?

SALLY. Why all the talk about blood and murder?

DR. FOSTER. Why do you think?

SALLY. Why was I moved? Those bars on the windows... This is a prison hospital, isn't it.

DR. FOSTER. Why would you be in a prison hospital?

SALLY. Tell me where I am! Who I am! What's happening to me?

DR. FOSTER. There, now. Try and relax. I need to attend to some other things. You'll be alright. It'll take time. Don't try to remember now. Let memories come to you and then concentrate on trying to place those memories.

SALLY. But you know my name. Who am I? Why am I here?

DR. FOSTER. You need to be patient. I'll be back.

(SOUND: Someone getting up walking to the door. The door opens and shuts. Footsteps.)

END