

EXTRACT

REAGAN KELLY

Lewis Treston

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REAGAN KELLY
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NOTE ON THE SCRIPT

This is an unedited manuscript as provided to us by the playwright. We distribute it in good faith; however it may contain layout inconsistencies or typographic errors.



Reagan Kelly

by

Lewis Treston

Photo by Mark Nolan

For my parents and teachers.



Production History

Reagan Kelly had its world premiere on October 16th, 2015, at the NIDA Studio theatre in Sydney. Director: Benjamin Schostakowski. Assistant director: Benjamin Sheen. Design: Jeremy Allen. Lighting design: Michael Soul. Sound: Liam Barwick. Production stage manager: Joshua Broadbent. Costume supervisor: Kathryn Baker. Properties supervisor: Jason Lowe. Deputy stage manager: Bridget James. Assistant stage manager: Emeline Sandt.

Reagan Julia Christensen

Guy Elliott Mitchell

Hugh Nick Hassemann

Oliver Oliver Burton

Bianca Emily Davison

Kristy Gloria Bose

Ewan Gary Clementson



CAST: (in order of appearance)

REAGAN: *25, single, unemployed, lives at home with her parents, waspish, sharp as a razor and just as dangerous.*

GUY: *19, open, non-judgemental, cute in an accidental sort of way, not quite as naive as he seems, should look as though he watches a lot of movies.*

HUGH: *26, often finds himself attempting to lighten to mood despite himself, funny but sad.*

OLIVER: *25, could be described as a “nice boy”, attractive but not overtly so, tall, should possibly wear glasses.*

BIANCA: *24, comes from an incredibly ethnically diverse gene pool, so sweet you almost can't trust it, could be considered a real catch.*

KRISTY: *50, looks ok for her age, mystified by her own emotions, when something is wrong with her she's the last person to know.*

EWAN: *52, whenever he speaks for more than two sentences he normally comes across as a bit odd, endearing but totally undependable.*

NOTE: The characters in *Reagan Kelly* should be played like incredibly well-drawn caricatures, which at times become all too real.

SETTING:

The present. Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.

NOTE ON TEXT:

A - at the end of a sentence indicates a cut-off line.

A / indicates a point of interruption, the performer however should continue speaking until the end of the line.

A ... at the end of a sentence indicates a character trailing off.

Reagan's opening and closing monologues have been staged using video live-feed to create a cinematic impression of the events. This approach was quite successful however it isn't mandatory.

Home is where I want to be

Pick me up and turn me round

I feel numb, born with a weak heart

I guess I must be having fun

The less we say about it the better

Make it up as we go along

Feet on the ground

Head in the sky

It's ok I know nothing's wrong, nothing

-- David Byrne, *Talking Heads, This Must Be The Place (Naive Melody)*



ACT ONE: THE EASTER LONG-WEEKEND

SCENE 1: HOLY THURSDAY

(When REAGAN speaks to the audience she is essentially providing the audio commentary to her life. It should feel as if the world is happening around REAGAN but she really isn't part of it. The sound and lighting states should shift to best represent the changes in location, however, primarily the audience should be transfixed on REAGAN herself. The ensemble may assist in the creating a stylistic representation of the evening.)

REAGAN: I need to get fucked-up. So. Naturally. I'm heading out. City first then the valley. That's the plan but we will see where we land. Dress. Shoes. Hair. Face. Done. Mirror. Better... not perfect, but... better. Pour half a bottle of mum's vino into an oversized wine glass someone gave me for my eighteenth. Drink two glasses whilst trawling through Facebook looking for someone to fall in love with.

A dark and seedy bar.

REAGAN: Cocktails at Fat Louie's first. Just for a laugh. Why does this place always stink? There's Hugh, perched at the bar slurping away at his cheap martini. Some juvenile tries to chat me up as I order my ten dollar Long Island. "Have you ever been to Long Island beautiful". Are these kids really eighteen? What kind of line is that anyway? Hugh can't take his eyes off some American backpackers trying to make sense of our "crazy money". Those horny high school graduates are hollering out to us. What cunts. Why do I feel so old? "Hey...! Hey...! Show me some I.D. you fucking pipsqueaks"! Give them the finger and tell Hugh we are leaving.

The street.

REAGAN: Bum a smoke out front from a group of plastered tradies arguing with a cabbie. But I'm not a smoker... Fuck it. I'm buying a pack. Menthol super slims feel better between my fingers. Because they taste like melted old minties I've somehow been able to convince myself they have *less* cancer. Surprise-surprise! Hugh wants to go to The Beat.

Back seat of a taxi.

REAGAN: Taxi. "Fortitude Valley". Need to pee. Traffic. Meter beeps. *Really* need to pee. "Here's fine". Eftpos. Declined. Hugh's card. Approved. Of course I don't want a receipt.

The Beat. Music.

REAGAN: I.D. Cover charge. Walk in. That same smell only different.

Must be some industrial strength chemical cleaner that strips the floors of sweat, spit, vomit, blood, pus, seamen or whatever else people excrete here. Hugh instantly spots someone he once went home with... Left by the bar... Someone who is friends with someone who thinks she knows me shouts “vodka shots” and I pounce. Take the shot. Mouth burning in the best possible way. “Aren’t you Reagan Kelly? The Reagan Kelly who smashed a cuckoo clock at that party one time”... She knows me. Lesbo sitting beside me suggests we all do *wet pussy* shots together. Not the worst line of the night. Why not? She’s hot-ish and I’m not nearly drunk enough. Some old guy has now cornered Hugh by the vodka slushie machines. Shot the wet pussy. Drag Hugh away from the senior. Smoking area.

Hazy smoking area.

REAGAN: ... Light my smoke from the wrong end... Kick it under the table without anyone noticing. Light another. That lesbian is tracking me. Hugh moans about some shit, takes the cigarette from my mouth, drags and looks miserable... I need another drink. Wet Pussy Lesbian now known as Grace buys us all Smirnoff Double Blacks. I can taste the alcohol. That’s new... I must be getting -

Dance floor. Strobe lighting. Insanely loud music.

REAGAN: **AHHHHHHHHH!** *Why are we dancing?!* Some midget beefcake is grinding on top of Hugh, who has his pissed grin on. I can see the spray tan rubbing off against this guy’s collar. Grab Hugh’s shoulder and he gives me this peculiar expression and I decide to leave him be with his Gold Coast hobbit. Grace is groping my ass. Where are all the straight vultures? Grace is kissing me now and it barely feels like a thing that’s happening. Why do I even come out? Grace sticks her tongue in - what am I even looking for? Grace wants me to pretend I’m into this, except - who’s that chick...? Studs all across her face. Shaved head on one side. She sips what looks like straight rum. Served neat. No ice. She’s watching me. I look back. I kiss Grace hard. Pull away. Grace nuzzles my fucking neck and I look back and Punk Girl. Punk Girl is still watching me... *Shit.* Need to pee.

Club bathrooms.

REAGAN: Club toilets are the worst... Unoccupied... Engaged... Pee... Breathing through my nose I try and make sense of a message... How is it only ten thirty something? (*Persistent trickle of pee*) Flush. Unoccupied. Wash... hands. I see myself in the mirror and I feel sober for the first time in hours... Lipstick coming off... Open my clutch looking for... (*Deep breath*) Throw

up in the sink. Girl beside me. How long has she been there? She asks if I'm OK. Ignore her. Turn the hot water on and wash my sick down the drain. Girl brings me some paper towel and I wipe my face. It's coarse. She says she recognises me. When did I become a celebrity? "Wait... don't tell me..." How has this city gotten so small? "Are you Reagan Kelly? Oh my God! You were school captain when I was like in year eight!". Paint my lips red and say nothing. "Actually... no... that can't be you"...

The heart of the club. Music. Noise. Mania.

REAGAN: I see Punk girl - what - whiskey now - "**I FEEL LIKE A FUCKING PIRATE**"! Punk Girl looks as though she is laughing but I can't hear anything except for myself and this **fucking awful music!**

The music cuts to a low static. REAGAN seems confused, almost frightened. She staggers on the spot bemused, before the music eventually starts back up and the fanfare of dance floor lights surge back into action.

REAGAN: What? *Grace again!* She looks pissy. Why does she have her hands on my waist? "**Hands off Grace**". Where's... Hugh? I want Hugh. Where's - what - yes. There. I find him. I find Hugh. I tell him to **guard my cigarettes**. Some assholes I don't recognise tells me that I should go home, but I - Grace buys us all more drinks! Some syrupy champagne. But I can't taste anything. Just bubbles. Grace actually has a fat ass. Punk Girl's silver tongue piercing in my mouth tapping against my permanent retainer. I can hear it in my inner ear like a skate board grinding down a hand rail. I like *this*. I can feel Grace seething. I like **that!** Punk Girl slips her hand underneath my bra - do lesbians even like boobs? Some guy appears and says "that's so fucking hot". Grace storms off and I'm suddenly graceless. "**MORE WHISKEY MORE WHISKEY**".

REAGAN loses consciousness. The music cuts out and the lights go to black.

SCENE 2: GOOD FRIDAY

GUY's bedroom. REAGAN and GUY are asleep in bed in the wake of a severe hangover. Long pause before REAGAN violently springs awake.

REAGAN: Ahhh - fuck!

GUY: What is it?

REAGAN: I'm awake now.

REAGAN slowly crawls out of bed and finds her feet - drunken pain radiating all through her body.

REAGAN: I need a Panadol.

GUY: Check in the - in the... thing.

REAGAN: The draws?

GUY: Bingo.

REAGAN opens a draw, finds a pack of Panadol and takes two. REAGAN lights a cigarette and starts to smoke.

GUY: How can you smoke - it's like thirty-five degrees?

REAGAN: The heat doesn't bother me. We're Gen Y. Aren't you used to extreme heat and natural disasters yet? When the Brisbane River flooded a few years back I thought to myself, 'well, about time'. I was relieved that a catastrophe finally found it's way to my own hometown.

GUY begins to dress himself; he is less self-conscious about his body. REAGAN watches GUY out of the corner of her eye, he notices, she pretends she wasn't looking.

REAGAN: *(Stashes the Panadol)* I'm taking the pack for the journey.

GUY: Jeeze! Two secs. Let me sober up and we can get some brekky.

REAGAN: I'm fine... *(Checks her phone; it's out of battery)* Dead. Do you have a -

GUY: Yeah. Give her here.

REAGAN passes GUY her phone and he plugs it into the charger by his bed.

GUY: Actually... everything is going to be closed today... for breakfast...

REAGAN: That's fine. I've got to / get going anyway...

GUY: But I've got some eggs, gluten-free bread and I think my house mate has some bacon, and I've got this great mustard.

REAGAN: Well, I'm sorry to miss out on, the mustard, but it's too soon for breakfast. Ok Casanova?

GUY: What do you mean? It's nearly eleven thirty.

REAGAN: How's my phone doing?

GUY: Some other time then?

REAGAN: Sure -

GUY: Well how about tomorrow? Things will be open again.

REAGAN: I can't. I've got to... you know - there's this thing, this important thing that I just need to do on Saturday, this Saturday -

GUY: Oh, a thing!

REAGAN: Yes! A thing. Exactly. Big thing.

GUY: Right. (*Checks his diary*) Well I'm busy Sunday so that's out. Family thing.

REAGAN: Well, look, I'm busy too - so, let's just see what happens. You've got my number / so just...

GUY: Actually I don't. (*Grab's REAGAN'S phone and types a message into it*) But you... have mine. (*His phone beeps*) And now I have yours.

REAGAN: ... Aren't you clever.

GUY: Let me drive you home.

REAGAN: Ok, listen... what's your - again?

GUY: ... My name?

REAGAN: Yes - your name?

GUY: ... Guess?

REAGAN: Dan -

GUY: Negative. Guess again -

REAGAN: Patrick -



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