

GREEN PARK

BY ELIAS JAMIESON BROWN



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Green Park was first produced by Griffin Theatre Company at Green Park, Darlington, on 5 February 2021, with the following cast:

WARREN

Steve Le Marquand

EDDEN

Joseph Althouse

Director and Dramaturg, Declan Greene

Designer, Emma White

Composer and Sound Designer, David Bergman

Writing Secondment, Riordan Berry

Stage Manager, Isabella Kerdijk

CHARACTERS

WARREN, mid-late 50s, scruffy and reserved

EDDEN, mid-late 20s, flirtatious and nice, even when he's being mean, tends to speak rapid-fire

SETTING

The park.

KEY

- / indicates overlapping dialogue as the next line begins
- ... indicates a struggle to articulate oneself, or a lost thought
- indicates a new, sudden thought, or jumping onto a better-worded sentence

Space between dialogue represents a silent and internal reaction, cautious thinking, a desire to speak before speaking, or a decision that some things are better left unsaid.

This play went to press before the end of rehearsals and may differ from the play as performed.

WARREN *waits in obscurity, under green foliage with his back to a large concrete wall.*

He clutches a tight fistful of twisted shopping bags: David Jones, JB Hi-Fi, Victoria's Basement et cetera. He stands awkwardly.

He stares at one particular entrance.

He rests his shopping bags on a nearby park bench.

Kneels into the bench with his back to the park. Puts his reading glasses on.

Holds his phone with both hands and privately searches his screen.

EDDEN *appears far off in the distance. He jogs along 'The Wall'. He darts across the street and paces along the perimeter of the park, glancing in distractedly.*

WARREN *notices EDDEN. Frowns toward him, strains. Takes his glasses off and stares pointedly.* EDDEN *notices WARREN.*

EDDEN *waves enthusiastically.*

WARREN *abandons his shopping bags on the park bench.*

Puts his hands in his front pockets.

EDDEN *is sweaty. He breathes heavily.*

WARREN: You been to a party, have you?

EDDEN: Hey?

WARREN: Fancy / shirt.

EDDEN: Aw yeah, nah nah.

WARREN: What?

EDDEN: Nah, I haven't.

He tries to get his breath back.

Fuck.

Ran.

WARREN: Did you get stuck?

EDDEN: Yeah, sorry.

WARREN: No / you're right.

EDDEN: Did I leave you waiting?

WARREN: A bit. / You're alright.

EDDEN: Sorry.

WARREN:

EDDEN: Love a 'me day'.

WARREN: Hey?

EDDEN *points at the shopping bags.*

Oh sure, I was down at the Queen Elizabeth.

It's a pretty building.

Yeah, did a bit of a shop.

EDDEN: That's nice.

WARREN: It is, yeah.

You wanna sit down for a moment?

EDDEN *does.*

EDDEN: I'm super sweaty, hey.

He pulls at his jeans where they gather at the inside of his thighs.

Tight.

WARREN: I noticed they've got the new light rail—looks good. I haven't been down that way since they put it in.

EDDEN: Yeah, I / never go down th—

WARREN: You use it at all? It's paved along George Street now so ...

They used to have the monorail, this great big thing around Chinatown—Darling Harbour—they took that down. It was expensive.

So ... yeah so..

EDDEN: Mmm.

WARREN: What /about you, where are you based?

EDDEN: True true ...

I like your pics.

WARREN: Thanks, mate, yours too.

EDDEN: You look hairy.

Do you have a hairy back?

I've got a really hairy arse.

Yeah, it's like, super hairy. Which sucks 'cause like I should be a twink.

WARREN:

EDDEN: Yeah, it's like—I should be a twink, hey.

WARREN: Doesn't matter.

EDDEN: My friend has an OnlyFans—and in all his videos his butt is jacked, but like he's actually not that peachy in real life—so it's like, 'How the fuck did you take that?'

I can never work out my angles. It's like try'na take a selfie—my hand can only reach so far.

WARREN *glances at someone or a group in the distance.*

It's outrageous.

EDDEN *follows WARREN's gaze.*

They both stare at the group.

Are they looking at us funny?

WARREN: I think / they're fine.

EDDEN: They're alright, hey.

WARREN: You look ... familiar. How old are you?

EDDEN: I don't know you.

Are you from the country?

WARREN: ...

EDDEN: It's just the way you talk.

WARREN: Sure.

EDDEN: You look so donkey-dicked in your photos.

WARREN: Thank you.

I'm staying past the big Coca Cola.

EDDEN: Aww, okay.

WARREN: / ... I've got a room on Bayswater Road.

You do this often?

EDDEN: Yeah, I guess.

WARREN: I was / thinking you could come to—

EDDEN: Your dick's so fat, that's good. Do / you wanna go—

WARREN: My place is— / Oh, what?

EDDEN: Aw, you go. You go.

WARREN: I was gonna / say if you—

EDDEN: Are you straight?

WARREN:

EDDEN: No no, that's hot. That's totally hot.

You have a blank profile.

WARREN: I sent you my photos.

EDDEN: Oh god no! I love it, I love it ... I used to go to this beat—you know the toilets at the Domain Park? I'd go there all time 'cause—that's like all married guys—tradies, and like—there was always a lot of guys with crew cuts carrying Tarocash bags which is like definitely military, hey.

WARREN: The Domain? There's a navy base near there.

EDDEN: Yeah, right ... I'd just get down and blow dicks under the cubicle wall all day.

Like I wouldn't see their faces. Just random dicks. It was hot.

WARREN: You can come back to mine if you're discrete—we've got—a group of us have rooms booked out for work, so if you're happy to come in after me. If I walk in first.

EDDEN: Oh. You mean like sneak in?

Aw.

What about Bodyline?

WARREN: Say again?

EDDEN: Bodyline. It's like twenty-five dollars after four.

WARREN: Is that a club?

EDDEN: It's a sauna.

Are you alright?

WARREN: I'm fine thanks.

EDDEN: So do dunna go. Sorry—start again.

Do dunno go—fuck. I keep saying that, I'm like 'blurgh'!

He slows right down.

Do. You. Wanna. Go. To Bodyline? 'Cause it's just like literally—

He points.

You can't see—it's the other side of Oxford.

WARREN: You've already been today?

EDDEN *signals his 'entry band'*.

EDDEN: I found this one dom in there—like a dom daddy—but then I lost him—and like, everyone else was kind've shit ... I think just 'cause it was like middle of the day—week day.

Yeah, I found him later but he was sitting in the canteen ... it's like a time out zone—you can't have sex in there. He was on a computer doing emails or something. But it definitely picks up after eight if you're keen.

They've got this fuck room with windows.

You can get right up against the glass. The entire club pretty much ends up drooling like dogs ... it's very fucking hot.

You know how dogs do that when they wanna come inside? They're like ...

He imitates a little dog whimper.

WARREN: Just a sec, mate.

Come here a tick.

Look at me. Are you high?

EDDEN: No.

WARREN: Because I told you I don't do wyrd.

EDDEN: I'm not but. I'm not wryd. So.

WARREN: Just be honest, mate, you're behaving a little shady?

EDDEN: Oh my god, what?

You're shady as. Your profile is like empty.

WARREN: You don't look like your pictures at all if we're being honest.

EDDEN: Aww, okay.

WARREN: The filter you've put on everything

EDDEN: I don't do filters so—

WARREN: How old did you say you were?

EDDEN: Nineteen.

WARREN: Right.

EDDEN: Oh my god—which photo?

WARREN: Forget about it.

EDDEN: Nah, tell me the photo you're thinking of 'cause I'm like pretty sure they all look like me.

WARREN: All of them.

EDDEN: Oh my god, fuck you, you're shit.

WARREN: You should watch yourself, those places are crawling with gonorrhoea.

EDDEN: Um, okay, fuck you—they clean it heaps, like everything's plastic surfaces.

WARREN: You've already been with a couple of blokes today, have you?

EDDEN: Sorry—I don't get you—are you negging me right now?

WARREN: You use condoms?

EDDEN: ... I'm on PrEP.

EDDEN moves far away from WARREN.

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