

# Music

by Jane Bodie



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# Notes

## Characters

GAVIN	An actor in his early thirties
ADAM	A man in his mid thirties
SARAH	An actor in her early thirties
TOM	Adam's childhood friend in his mid thirties

## Setting

The play takes place in Adam's small apartment, comprising a worn carpeted lounge area, cheap coffee table and an old grey worn couch. In the corner of the room is a small, old TV propped up on a filing cabinet and a large open cardboard box. A third of the room is sectioned off by a dividing wall that separates the lounge from the kitchen area, which contains a busy workbench, fridge and stovetop. The flat should be filled with a certain degree of chaos, found objects, things that represent a normal life, but seemingly unused and out of place. The chaos varies in degrees from scene to scene, and occasionally the place should seem like a normal slightly cramped home.

## Music

Musical tracks in between scenes are not suggested tracks but are an integral part of the text and narrative and should therefore be the tracks as written, unless otherwise discussed pre production. The playing time of the tracks may be used to change scene and either in darkness or light, and can be played in full, or however the director sees fit.

# Music

## ONE

*ADAM sits on his couch, wearing tracksuit pants, a slightly grubby t-shirt and the hair of sleep. He is eating a banana. His doorbell goes. He doesn't react. The bell goes again. He places the banana peel on the coffee table in front of him. He gets up, as the bell goes again. He exits out of his door.*

*GAVIN begins this speech coming up down the hallway, unseen.*

GAVIN

And because ... well ... middle of the day, you know

*ADAM re-enters. He sits back down on the couch.*

I wasn't sure if, if you'd be, if it was ... convenient. You know, *cool*.

*GAVIN enters and stands just inside the doorway.*

Anyway, glad I caught you in.

*ADAM picks up his banana peel, and inspects it.*

Is ... now a good time? Have I ... interrupted anything?

*ADAM puts the banana peel back down in the same spot.*

Gavin.

*GAVIN goes to extend his hand, then thinks against it.*

ADAM

Do you want to sit down?

GAVIN

Sure.

Yeah, sure.

*GAVIN looks around the room, there is mess everywhere and nowhere obvious to sit. GAVIN moves a pile of papers off a chair. ADAM gets up, takes them, places them meticulously on a new pile on another chair. GAVIN sits.*

Nice place.

*Beat.*

Do you ... sleep in here?

ADAM                   It's the lounge.

*GAVIN nods. A longish pause.*

Do you want a cup of tea?

GAVIN                   Do you ... have coffee?

ADAM                   Instant

GAVIN                   Right. Right, that's cool.

ADAM                   Kettle's just there.

*Beat.*

I don't want one. Thanks.

*GAVIN turns to chaotic kitchen bench and surveys it amongst piles of stuff, finally he retrieves a kettle. He looks for a place to plug it in. He tries to plug it in and knocks over a precariously packed pile of dirty dishes. They clatter. He bends to pick them up. He turns back round to see that ADAM is still sitting staring ahead.*

I'm out of toilet paper.

*Beat. GAVIN smiles, nods, he turns round plugs in the kettle, he tries to find a cup, fails.*

They didn't tell me anyone was coming today.

*Beat.*

We supposed to be doing something?

*GAVIN turns back round.*

GAVIN

Do you ... fancy doing something?

I could, take you out. There's a little café on the corner there, just, saw it on the way here. Looked like a proper café, like they'd make a proper latte.

Anything ... anything you want.

ADAM

No.

GAVIN

It's a beautiful day out there. We could

Cappuccino?

ADAM

I don't really fancy it.

*Beat.*

I've been there today already. They do an all day breakfast. All day.

GAVIN

I like a good fry up.

ADAM

They let me pay with my card.

GAVIN

Yeah?

ADAM

Normally I pay with cash, but sometimes, they let me pay with my card. Because they know me.

GAVIN

Know where you live, eh?

*No response.*

What did you have?

*ADAM looks up at him.*

ADAM Eggs, scrambled. Toast, tomatoes

GAVIN Nice one

ADAM Mushrooms, hash browns.  
Hash browns are better than chips, lightly fried. I'm not supposed to have fried stuff.

Sometimes I have a slice of bacon. They grill it. Then I come home and have a Hazelnut Yoghurt. Low fat.

*GAVIN nods.*

The coffee's on the shelf.

I like it strong with sugar and a lot of milk. But I might get it wrong, for you.

*GAVIN begins to make coffee. He washes a cup and looks for a place to put the teabag he's emptied out of it. He sees that the bin is full to the brim.*

*ADAM eventually sees this, comes over and slowly ties up the full bin. He exits silently to take it downstairs. GAVIN looks round the room. Lifts the top sheet of a pile of paper and then thinks against reading it. He puts it back.*

*ADAM re-appears. Sits down on the couch. He then sees GAVIN, as if noticing him for the first time.*

I'm not sure if the milk's alright.

*GAVIN pours the milk, it's off, it comes out in one lump and he spills a bit. He stops.*

GAVIN I might ... do you mind if I have a cigarette, if I smoke?

*[Heading for window]* I'll, open a window

ADAM They don't open.

GAVIN Right, sorry. Sorry I'm a bit, bit nervous.

ADAM Doubt a coffee's gonna help.

*Beat.*

Didn't think they'd sack him.

*Beat.*

GAVIN ... Who?

ADAM Mike.

GAVIN Right. Is it ... Mike you ... go to the park with?

*ADAM looks up at him.*

I've seen you. I live ... just down. I go to the park sometimes, to, well to work on stuff

ADAM You a gardener?

GAVIN [*Laughs*] No.

I've seen you there, few times, with another bloke there, big bloke. He looks ... cool.

ADAM I told them, down at the centre that we didn't hit it off.

GAVIN He's not, like a mate then?

ADAM Sometimes they behave like they are.

GAVIN Do they?

ADAM But they're not.

ADAM I told them I wanted a woman. If they were going to get someone new.

GAVIN That's a bit sexist.

*Beat.*

To be honest mate, I wasn't sure what to expect.  
You know, for all I know, you could have come to the door stark naked. Stark naked and with a meat axe. Frothing at the mouth and running amok with a meat axe, you know. I wasn't sure what to expect.

You look alright to me.

*Beat.*

*ADAM turns the TV on, then as if he can't concentrate he turns it off.*

I'm a. I'm an actor. That's what I

*Beat.*

I'm doing this, I'm ... acting in this, this play.  
I went down the centre. Everyone knows that place right.  
Just never actually known anyone that, goes in. So, I went in.  
I went up to the desk, and I explained what I was doing, this ... play. And that I'm playing, well, a

*ADAM looks up at him, a moment*

I asked if they could put me in touch with someone that, that could, tell me about their own experience, what it's really like. So I could get it right.

*ADAM is listening*

They said that it didn't work like that. Course I knew that, I wasn't expecting to just  
They said that although they had some clients that would probably benefit from the experience, the ... social interaction, they couldn't allow me to have contact with them.

Then I saw you, as I was leaving. You were talking to one of the, the staff.

ADAM                    Core team.  
They like to be called a team.

GAVIN                    And I realised I'd seen you before, that we were, well,  
neighbours, you and me, I'd seen you in the park. But then  
you, you left the centre.

*Beat.*

ADAM                    I was getting my benefit.  
  
They pay me in instalments.

GAVIN                    So, I followed you.  
I followed you to here, today, I worked out it was probably  
where you lived. And I waited for a while. Watched the  
apartment, nothing happened. And then I rang on your  
doorbell and you didn't, so I rang again. And, that's when  
you, you let me in.

*Beat. ADAM exits into the bedroom. GAVIN stands unsure  
of what to do. After a moment ADAM returns.*

ADAM                    Thought there was a cup in my room.

*Beat.*

Sometimes I forget things  
  
Whether I got cheese when I went to the shop, how many  
cups of coffee I've had.  
Whether I've eaten.  
Sometimes I just eat again.

*Beat.*

Kettle's boiled.

*GAVIN turns round, turns off the kettle and pours the  
water into his cup.*

GAVIN

You probably think guys like me, guys, that do what I do for a living, are, we're dickheads. And, you're right. I mean, most actors, are ... dickheads, right? We all hang around, in the same places. Same haircuts.

*ADAM is now looking at him.*

And let's face it we're all, trying to get the same job. Saying to each other that we're hoping the other guy gets it, patting him on the back, *I'm right behind you mate*. But actually we're hoping, praying, that they fuck it right up, so we don't have to watch them get it, when it should have been

*GAVIN looks round the room, then back to ADAM.*

But I suppose, if you think about it, at least, we can try. We can try and hang onto the notion ... hold up the idea that there is still a, a craft to it, an art. Hold onto that.

See even that, that term, makes me sound like a total ... doesn't it?

*Nothing.*

But I have to believe it's possible, that what I'm doing, can be good, that it *can be* art, can make a difference. If I just, you know. Stick with the truth.

Listen to me, I'm doing a fucking soliloquy.

You're sitting there, thinking, this *dickhead*, actually couldn't act his fucking way out of a paper bag. And here he is, this dickhead, he's followed me to my house, doesn't know me from, well, Adam [*Laughs*] because he thinks he got a chance of, trying to play someone like me. Fat fucking chance. Ought to go out and get himself a real job.

Do you always wear a tracksuit?

ADAM

It's just bottoms.

GAVIN                    You see, stuff like that. I mean that stuff is, priceless.

*Beat. GAVIN looks into his cup and then looks up at ADAM.*

ADAM                    Who wrote it?

GAVIN                    ... What?

ADAM                    The, your play?

GAVIN                    It's not. It's a, a new writer. Young. But smart, very ... dark, and funny

ADAM                    It's a comedy?

GAVIN                    No [*laughs*] No, it's not strictly a comedy. No. Comic ... moments, you know

*Beat.*

ADAM                    Does it have a happy ending?

GAVIN                    Not ... exactly

ADAM                    Do you get the girl?

                              Is there a girl in it?

GAVIN                    Well, it's not. Yeah, there is a girl in it. / She's

ADAM                    Is she pretty?

GAVIN                    Yes. Yes she is.

ADAM                    And what happens?

GAVIN                    I ... suppose in a way he gets the girl, yes. In his own way.

*ADAM nods, not getting it.*

ADAM                    And why does he want to write about, why does he want to write about ...

GAVIN ... Someone, like you?

ADAM Is he? The character you're playing, is he like me?

*Beat.*

Illness. Mental illness, is that what it's, what the play's about?

GAVIN I don't. Yeah, I think.

ADAM Why does he want to write about that? Is he ill?

GAVIN He's a writer.

*Laughs, stops.*

It's a ... a good play. It deserves to, to be

*GAVIN shrugs, suddenly self conscious, a moment.*

ADAM What else happens, in it, the play?

GAVIN Well, mainly it's, about this guy's, well his ... struggle. Him coping. Functioning, in the outside world, after being ... institutionalised. And for a while, he does brilliantly, this guy. And it's about that. That, hope, you know.

ADAM Then what happens?

GAVIN Then he, gets sectioned again.

*Beat.*

ADAM I used to like acting at school. Drama teacher said I was good at it.

I don't think actors are dickheads. I like TV, watching actors on TV. Good stuff. Funniest Home Videos, I like that, that makes me laugh. And sometimes I like reality TV shows. Though, I know they're not reality.

*GAVIN laughs gently.*

GAVIN                    Yeah, well most people don't admit to watching them.

ADAM                    They wouldn't make them if nobody watched them.

*GAVIN points his finger at ADAM, like a pistol.*

GAVIN                    Exactly. Only thing that reality TV has proved to me, is that men really do think about sex every five seconds

ADAM                    Do you?

GAVIN                    What? Yeah, probably.

Definitely. Yes

*GAVIN laughs.*

ADAM                    What about women? What do they think about?

GAVIN                    I'm too busy thinking about having sex with them, how I'm going to get them to have sex with me, to ask, what they're actually

You? What do you ... think about?

ADAM                    Food.

*Beat*

I used to think about music.

GAVIN                    [*Smiles/nods*] Well ... sex, food and, and music. I mean, what else is there?

Do you mind if I ... I brought a note book, I thought if, well if you said anything, that if something struck me, I could write it down, so that I ... that thing I said before you know, about the

ADAM                    Truth?

*GAVIN nods, smiles. He gets his notebook out. He sits down with his coffee.*

*ADAM begins to sneeze, violently.*

GAVIN                    You alright there?

ADAM                    You won't catch it. It's an allergic thing.

GAVIN                    Right. To the, to the drugs, yeah?

ADAM                    It's Hay fever. I've got Hay fever. Time of the year.

*Beat.*

Would you like a Hazelnut Yoghurt?

GAVIN                    No thanks mate.

*Beat.*

ADAM                    I was ill for a while. I'm coming out of it. I'm a lot better. I'm doing a lot better than they expected me to be. I've got a good constitution.

I'm going to do a computer course. I wanted to do cooking, but they only had room on the computer course.

GAVIN                    You like cooking?

*ADAM looks up.*

Just I, I saw some, some cook books.

ADAM                    I didn't buy those. Somebody bought them for me.

GAVIN                    You any good at it?

ADAM                    I dunno.

My freezer door's stuck.