

Pick Ups

by

Alex Broun

(C) Sydney
September 1993

email: abroun@bigpond.net.au

"Love is the drug and I need to score."

- Roxy Music

Scenes :

1. STAGE	Barman1/Brett/Ian/Suzy/Wendy
2. SPADING	Angela/Peter
3. WARREN, THE RELUCTANT VIRGIN 1	Corinne/Warren
4. BATHROOM 1	Nick/Simone
5. HELLO	Brett
6. THE RECONSTRUCTED FEMALE	Wayne/Natalie/Sonia/Yobbo
7. WARREN, THE RELUCTANT VIRGIN 2	Gina/Warren
8. EXPRESS YOURSELF	Lydia/Peter
9. WHO GETS KILLED ?	Rebecca/Barman 2
10. BAD RELATIONSHIP NO. 253	Greg/Neil
11. BACHELOR OF SLEAZE	Korry/Tali
12. THE SURE THING	Barry/Gina

Interval

13. BATHROOM 2	Fiona/Ian
14. MR SKAG	Geoff/Corinne
15. WARREN, THE RELUCTANT VIRGIN 3	Geoff/Warren
16. GIRL BAR	Corinne/Janelle
17. BEER	Ian
18. JUST SAY NO	Brett/Ian/Suzy/Warren
19. PREDATOR	Bettina/Korry/Michael
20. SYDNEY	Greg/Janelle/Peter/Simone
21. THE HIDDEN AGENDA	Nick/Simone
22. DESPERADOES 1	Barman 3/Gina/Lydia/Warren
23. DESPERADOES 2	Arthur/ Barman 3/Gina/Lydia/Warren

Additional Scenes:

A. LOVE IS THE DRUG	Mandy/Glen
B. WARREN, THE RELUCTANT VIRGIN 4 : "I'M NOT LOCAL"	Warren/Jo/Nigel
C. DANCE SCENES:	
i. THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES	
ii. THE PICK UP	
D. IS THIS A DEPOSIT OR A WITHDRAWAL 1 ?	Gina/Mark
E. IS THIS A DEPOSIT OR A WITHDRAWAL 2 ?	Gina/Mark
F. BOYS	Susie
G. BYRON	Helen/Greg/Martin/Dominique
H. GIRL BAR 2	Janelle/Chris
I. FOYER	Wendy/Susie/Brett/Ian

Pick Ups

was first performed by

The Summer of Love Theatre Company

at

The Bondi Pavilion Theatre, Bondi Beach, Sydney

on the 8th of January, 1993,

with the following cast:

**Felix Williamson
Marta Dusselldorp
Damien Cudmore
Heather Simpson**

The production was directed by the author, designed by **Christopher Cummings** and featured live music by **Love Bucket**.

Pick Ups

was then subsequently produced by

The Taylor Square Arts' Festival

in September, 1993 at Kinsela's, Zoom and The Darlo Bar

with the following cast:

**Alan Flower
Paul Kelman
Sophie Gregg
Rebecca Saunders**

The production was directed by the author.

This production then toured to:

L'Arlequin (Neutral Bay),

The Bank Hotel(Newtown),

The Harbourside Brasserie (Miller's Point) and

Mr Good Bar (Darlinghurst).

The production then subsequently toured to

Byron Bay

and opened for another Sydney season on **March 18, 1994**

at

POD Theatre Gallery, Taylor Square

with the following cast change:

LENORE SMITH for REBECCA SAUNDERS.

1. STAGE.**WENDY AND SUSIE ENTER THE THEATRE.**

SUSIE: Is this it ?

WENDY: Yes Susie, this is it.

SUSIE: Where's the show ?

WENDY: It hasn't started yet.

SUSIE: Wow. Look at all the people.

WENDY: Come on. We got to sit down.

SUSIE: Hey. I wonder if those guys are here ?

WENDY: God. Save me.

SUSIE: Who were they ?

WENDY: Who cares ?

SUSIE: Did you know them ?

WENDY: No. Thank god.

SUSIE: They seemed pretty friendly.

WENDY: Yeah. Like dogs on heat. Where are we going to sit ?

BRETT AND IAN ENTER.

SUSIE: Look out.

WENDY: What ?

SUSIE: Here they come.

WENDY: Oh no.

IAN: Hey spunky. We meet again. So this is where you been hiding eh ? I was wondering where you got to. Miss me.

WENDY: Incredibly. You just keep following around us don't you ?

IAN: Like a good luck charm.

WENDY: More like a bad smell.

IAN: Woah. I don't think we actually introduced ourselves.
The name's Ian.

WENDY: Ian. How ... boring. Wendy. And this is a friend of mine - Susie.

IAN: Susie. Nice name. This is me mate. Brett.

SUSIE: Hello.

BRETT SMILES.

IAN: So what you up to ?

WENDY: What does it look like ? We're finding a seat.

IAN: Right next to me eh ?

WENDY: As far away from you as possible.

IAN: Playing hard to get. Great. I like that. What is this place anyway ?

SUSIE: It's called a theatre.

IAN: A theatre ? Yeah ? What do you do here ?

WENDY: You see plays.

IAN: We went to a play once. Shakespeare. Boring eh Brett ?
Boring as shit.

BRETT: It was okay. Quite interesting.

IAN: What are you talking about ? He fell asleep halfway through.

WENDY: Where's a seat ?

IAN JUMPS ON TO THE STAGE.

IAN: Hey. What's this for ?

SUSIE: That's we're they do it.

IAN: Do what ?

SUSIE LAUGHS.

WENDY: Look Dumbo. That's the stage. Get off it.

IAN: The stage eh ? This where they do their strip tease routine ? Hey Brett. Watch this. (SINGS) Da, da, da, da

BRETT: Ian. (LAUGHS)

WENDY: Look get off the stage. People are looking.

IAN: Can't take their eyes off me eh ?

WENDY: You are so juvenile.

IAN: Hey Brett. I think she likes me. (SINGS) Da, da, da, da.

THE USHER APPROACHES.

SUSIE: Watch out. Here comes the guy.

WENDY: Now you're stuffed.

IAN: I'm so scared.

WENDY POKES OUT HER TONGUE.

USHER: Excuse me would you get off the stage please ? The show's about to start.

IAN: I'm doing my routine.

USHER: I'm sorry sir, the play is about to begin.

IAN: What's this play about then ? Wally fuckin' Lewis.

USHER: It's called Pick-Ups.

IAN: About trucks is it ? Hey Brett, this play's about trucks. Brrrm. Brrrm.

USHER: Sexual Pick-Ups. Off the stage. Now.

IAN: Make me.

USHER: I only play with men. Not little boys.

IAN: Woah.

IAN GETS OFF THE STAGE.

USHER: (TO **WENDY**) I'd grab a seat. We're about to start.

WENDY: Thanks.

THE USHER MOVES OFF.

IAN: Poofa. Listen, me and Brett are heading back up to the Courty. Want to come ?

WENDY: We're here to watch the play.

IAN: Oh forget that. It'll be boring. Come on. (TO **SUSIE**)
What do you say cutey ? I think Brett's got the hots for you.

BRETT: Ian.

IAN: He has. He told me. That's why we followed you.

SUSIE: But we've already bought our tickets.

IAN: Cash in 'em. The poof won't mind. Hey mate.

WENDY: Look, would you just leave us alone ?

IAN: Just being friendly.

WENDY: Jesus ! You can't even come to a play anymore without two dumb yobbos trying to crack on to you.

BRETT: I'm not a yobbo.

IAN: Hey, beggars can't be choosers Wendy.

WENDY: Just leave us alone. Come on Susie. Goodbye. And you're not sitting anywhere near us. So don't even try.

IAN: You want to make a bet ?

WENDY AND SUSIE MOVE OFF. IAN AND BRETT GO TO FOLLOW. THE USHER APPEARS.

USHER: Could I see your tickets please ?

BRETT: We haven't got any.

IAN: Yes we have. They're in my pocket. (IAN SEARCHES)
Oh no. Must've dropped them.

USHER: You'll have to leave if you haven't got a ticket.

WENDY: See you later, Ian

IAN: I love you too Wendy.

BRETT: Bye Susie.

SUSIE: Bye Brett.

IAN: Bitch. I'll fix her.

USHER: The door's that way gentlemen.

BRETT: What are we gonna do ?

IAN: How much is a ticket ?

USHER: For you fourteen dollars.

IAN: What's it about again ?

USHER: Men and women trying to have sex with each other.

IAN: Yeah. The full bit ? Hey Brett, live sex on stage. You get to see it all ?

USHER: You'll have to buy a ticket and find out.

IAN: What do you reckon ? Fourteen bucks.

BRETT: It's only a couple of shouts.

IAN: I reckon Wendy's pretty keen. And you're hot for that Susie.

BRETT: She's okay.

USHER: I haven't got all night.

IAN: Alright. Let's do it. We'll have two. Give 'im the money Brett.

BRETT PAYS FOR THE TICKETS.

USHER: Just take a seat.

IAN: Hey this better be good - or we want our money back.

USHER: I'm sure you'll find a lot to relate it.

THE USHER MOVES OFF.

IAN: Hey Wendy, lover boy's on his way. Where did they go ?

THEY RUN OFF.

2. SPADING.

ANGELA ENTERS. PETER APPROACHES HER.

PETER: Excuse me, do you have the time ?

ANGELA: You'll have to dig better than that.

PETER: Dig ?

ANGELA: Spading. That's the oldest line in the book. If we're to make contact, you'll need something a little more fresh. Try again.

PETER: What ?

ANGELA: Try again. Grab my attention, and who knows where it may end.

PETER: Right. (**PETER RETIRES. APPROACHES**) Don't I know you ?

ANGELA: Bad start.

PETER: Is it always this crowded ?

ANGELA: Worse.

PETER: Do you come here often ?

ANGELA: Definitely not. You need a different tact.

PETER RETIRES. APPROACHES ONCE MORE.

PETER: Are you alone ?

ANGELA: Better.

PETER: I'm very attracted to you.

ANGELA: Good. The honest approach. You're getting warmer.

PETER: Can I buy you a drink ?

ANGELA: Always sure to work, but not tonight.

PETER: You have beautiful eyes.

ANGELA: Too wimpy.

PETER: Excuse me, I think I made love to your sister - Elle, and it was fantastic and she said you taught her everything she knew.

ANGELA: Too kinky.

PETER: Didn't I meet you at that Dance Party ? I had my noggin' shaved and you had your nickers down around your -

ANGELA: And you were getting so close.

PAUSE.

PETER: I'm twelve. You'll be thinking centimetres, we're talking - inches.

ANGELA: So what ?

PETER: How long have you been modelling ?

ANGELA: (YAWNING) Boring.

PETER: You know you want it.

ANGELA: No I don't.

PETER: I suppose a fuck's out of the question ?

ANGELA: Sleazy.

PETER: I've just bought this new Porsche right ? And I was wondering if you like to spin for a come with me ? I mean, come for a spin.

ANGELA: Very sleazy.

PETER: Do you believe in love at first sight ? Or do you need me to walk by you again ?

ANGELA: Close but no cigar.

PETER: Have you ever stubbed you're foot on a tree ?

ANGELA: No.

PETER: What about a root ?

ANGELA: Original but ... (SHE MAKES SOUND OF BUZZER.)

PETER: So, how about it ?

ANGELA: The Ocker touch. How sweet. Come on. Time's running out.

PETER: I don't know how you say in your country but I think we could make beautiful music together.

ANGELA: Oh no. Now he's really struggling. Quickly. You need something unique. Something I haven't heard before. Something that's going to intrigue me, arouse me, delight me. Something that'll make me throw myself into your arms. Three more chances. Ready. Set. Go.

PETER: I can't think.

ANGELA: Marks off for stalling.

PETER: Look, I'm usually gay but for you I'll make an exception.

ANGELA: Strike one. Clock's ticking.

PETER: I love you !

ANGELA: No way hose. Strike two. This is it. Your last throw of the dice. Time to pull out the big guns.

PETER: When I come inside you, you'll fall in love with me.

ANGELA: Please.

SHE BEGINS TO EXIT.

PETER: (ANGRY) You know you're problem !

ANGELA: (TURNING) What ?

PETER: (SMILING) Absolutely nothing.

PAUSE. **ANGELA WALKS BACK TO PETER.**

ANGELA: Now you're talking.

THEY LINK ARMS AND EXIT.

3. Warren, the Reluctant Virgin (1)

MUSIC: **WARREN'S** THEME - "DO YOU KNOW THE WAY TO SAN JOSE ?". (THE DIONNE WARWICK VERSION)

CORINNE SITS ALONE. **WARREN** ENTERS. HE SEES **CORINNE**. HE CONSULTS A MAGAZINE THEN APPROACHES.

WARREN: Good evening.

MONICA: Hi.

WARREN: Guess what ?

CORINNE: What ?

WARREN: I've just bought some new condoms.

CORINNE: Condoms ?

WARREN: Yeah. The really swish ones, you know. Electronically tested, multi-coloured, ultra-thin - with specially raised ribs for her added pleasure.(SHOWING HER PACKET) They even glow in the dark.

CORINNE: Must have been expensive.

WARREN: They'll be worth it.

CORINNE: Why are you telling me all this ?

WARREN: Well, I was wondering if you'd like to come home with me and try them out ?

CORINNE: Right.

WARREN GOES TO SPEAK. **CORINNE** HOLDS UP HER HAND.

CORINNE: Don't give up.

CORINNE EXITS. PAUSE.

WARREN: It must be the tie.

4. BATHROOM 1

NICK IS BRUSHING HIS TEETH. SIMONE ENTERS. SHE LOOKS AT NICK. SHE GETS HER TOOTHBRUSH..

SIMONE: Excuse me.

NICK: Sorry.

SIMONE: Toothpaste.

NICK HANDS IT TO HER.

SIMONE: I don't think we've met.

NICK: I'm a friend of Kelly's.

SIMONE: Oh. Right.

NICK: This isn't yours is it ?

SIMONE: No. It's Kelly's. This is mine.

NICK: Lucky guess.

PAUSE.

SIMONE: So, have a good night ?

NICK LOOKS AT HER.

SIMONE: I mean, when you went out ? Did you have a good night when you went out ? Went to the movies didn't you ?

NICK: Some American crap.

SIMONE: Kelly loves those.

NICK: Boring.

SIMONE: I know what you mean. Give me Gerard Depardieu any day.

NICK: Now he's good.

PAUSE.

SIMONE: Where is Kelly ?

NICK: Still sleeping. I had to get going. Didn't think I should wake her.

SIMONE: You known her long ?

NICK: Just met.

SIMONE: Just ?

NICK: Couple of weeks ago. In the Cafeteria after lectures.

SIMONE: Where you at ?

NICK: Sydney.

SIMONE: Me too. What are you doing ?

NICK: Arts Law.

SIMONE: Me too. I've never seen you.

NICK: Fourth year.

SIMONE: First. Funny we've never met ?

NICK: Big place.

SIMONE: Maybe we have. In the Cafeteria or something ?

NICK: No. I would've remembered you.

PAUSE.

SIMONE: My name's Simone.

NICK: Nick.

THEY SHAKE HANDS.

SIMONE: Sorry. Wet.

NICK: This is weird isn't it ?

SIMONE: We go to the same Uni, same course.

NICK: And we meet

SIMONE: In my bathroom.

NICK: Brushing our teeth.

SIMONE: After you've just ...

NICK: Yeah. (PAUSE) So what are you up to tonight ?

SIMONE: I don't know. Studying.

NICK: I was gonna go and see his new movie.

SIMONE: Depardieu ?

NICK: Yeah. You want to come ?

SIMONE: Are you asking me out ?

NICK: Yeah. Guess I am.

SIMONE: But you've just screwed my flatmate.

NICK: So ?

SIMONE: So ?

NICK: I don't think it's going to work out between us.

SIMONE: You mean you and Kelly.

NICK: It's kind of awkward, you know.

SIMONE: Didn't sound to awkward last night.

NICK: It was. If you're not interested, that's okay, but don't just say no because something's happened between me and Kelly.

SIMONE: You don't waste any time do you ? I mean, the condom's still warm.

NICK: I'm only asking you if you want to go and see a movie.

SIMONE: Bet that's what you said to Kelly.

PAUSE.

NICK: Well ?

SIMONE: What about her ?

NICK: She won't mind. I think she feels the same way.

SIMONE: I don't know.

NICK: It was a one night stand. Don't tell me you've never had one of those.

SIMONE: A very uncomfortable morning.

NICK: Exactly.

PAUSE.

SIMONE: There does seem to be something. I mean, I understand what Kelly was talking about - but I'm not saying yes.

NICK: I'll call you later.

SIMONE: Not today. On the weekend. If you haven't met another girl in a bathroom by then.

NICK: I'm not usually like this.

SIMONE: What are you like ?

NICK: You'll find out.

SIMONE: Maybe.

NICK STARTS TO EXIT. STOPS.

NICK: Could you say goodbye to Kelly for me ?

SIMONE: What'll I tell her ?

NICK: You'll think of something.

SIMONE: This is going to be difficult.

NICK: But worth it.

NICK EXITS. SIMONE WITH TOOTHBRUSH. SHE SMILES.

5. HELLO

BRETT: Hello. Wouldn't have killed me, would it ? I mean she was beautiful. Beaut -iful. She was standing over at the bar, this light sort of behind her. Brown eyes, shiny black hair, nice tanned skin. A glamour alright. And she was wearing this white top - skimpy sort of thing, you know. I mean it didn't leave too much to the imagination. I just wanted to touch her. Hey, who wouldn't ? I mean touch her hair, touch her skin, touch her. But she was over there and I was over here. She was with a couple of friends too. I couldn't just walk over and say hello could I ? I mean what would I've said ? "Hi, I'm Brett. You're beautiful." How would've I have felt ? Pretty bloody stupid that's how. So I just stood there with me mate, drinking beers, wondering what her name was - Tracey, Kate, Suzy. I thought maybe once I got pissed enough I wouldn't care what happened and I'd go over anyway. But next thing I know I look up and it's twelve o'clock. Closing time. "Everybody piss off." She walked out with her friends. I watched her - every step. I thought, just for a second, that she looked back at me and smiled. But then she was gone and I had to look after Ian. He was chucking up in the dunnies. I should've said it - "Hello". I mean how hard could it be ? Giddy. Hi. How's it going ? What are you up to ? There's a million ways. Hel - lo. But I didn't. I was too gutless. I just finished me beer, put Ian in a cab, walked home and went to bed. I couldn't sleep. I kept thinking about her. Imagine, cuddling up to her, looking into those eyes, kissing those lips - telling jokes, laughing. Heaven. (PAUSE) Instead - I just had a wank. Not the same really is it ?

6. THE RE-CONSTRUCTED FEMALE.

NIGHTCLUB. **NATALIE AND SONIA.** A TV HIGH ABOVE THEM.

VOICE: (OFF) Why won't you bitches tell us your names ?

BOTH: We don't want you. We don't want you.

NATALIE: Little boys.

SONIA: (REFERRING TO TV) Now he's got a good body.

WAYNE ENTERS, HE LEANS AGAINST THE WALL.

NATALIE: (WATCHING WAYNE) So has he.

SONIA: Uh - huh. You or me ?

NATALIE: Me.

NATALIE APPROACHES WAYNE. WAYNE WATCHES THE TV.

NATALIE: You better watch out. People'll start talking about you.

WAYNE: Yeah. Why ?

NATALIE: Watching that video so intently. They'll start thinking you're one for the boys.

WAYNE: How's that?

NATALIE: The stripper. On the TV. It's a guy.

WAYNE: Shit. Didn't even notice.

NATALIE: (POINTING TO TV) Boy. (POINTING TO HERSELF) Girl. Aren't you older enough to know the difference ?

WAYNE: Course. From behind he just looked like a .. girl, that's all.

NATALIE: Bit butch where you come from are they ?

WAYNE: Just dress a little different. Name's Wayne. I'm from Forbes.

NATALIE: Country boy. I like that. When d' you get in ?

WAYNE: Last night. Only staying for a week. Rugby tour.

NATALIE: Down in the big smoke for a bit of corruption eh ?

WAYNE: Sight seeing mainly.

PAUSE.

NATALIE: You're very cute.

WAYNE: I am ?

NATALIE: Very. Tell me, is it true what they say ?

WAYNE: I don't know. What do they say ?

NATALIE: Country boys bang like a dunny door.

WAYNE: Sorry ?

NATALIE: What's a girl got to do to sleep with you ?

WAYNE: Do you mean like ... ?

NATALIE: All night long.

WAYNE: Shit. You don't muck around.

NATALIE: Times are a changing Wayne I'm a modern woman. Ain't you got none of them in Sleepyville ? When I see something I like I just reach out and grab it. It's called the sexual revolution. Women get to choose these days.

WAYNE: Yeah ?

NATALIE: And I'm choosing you. You're not in Kansas anymore Toto.

WAYNE: I don't even know your name.

NATALIE: Name's don't matter.

PAUSE.

WAYNE: I've sort of got a girlfriend. Back in Forbes. Her name's Lisa.

NATALIE: So ?

WAYNE: I promised her.

NATALIE: What she don't know won't hurt her.

WAYNE: Wouldn't feel right.

NATALIE: Oh yes it would.

WAYNE: You don't give up do you ?

NATALIE: I'm on a mission, and I won't stop till my mission is completed.

PAUSE.

WAYNE: Hold on. I know what you're on about. You want money don't you ?

NATALIE: Not one cent.

WAYNE: Yes you do. You're a ... pro, ain't you ? Bet you cost heaps.

NATALIE: I don't want your money. I want you.

WAYNE: You're not a pro ?

NATALIE: Is that really so hard to understand ?

WAYNE: Never really happened before.

NATALIE: Come on. Not once.

WAYNE: Maybe at school. Usually I have to do the asking.

NATALIE: I'm saving you the trouble. It's called equality Wayne. I see someone I like, I make an offer. What's wrong with that ? Men have been doing it for years. Me and me mate over there, (INDICATING SONIA) we're out looking for some pick- ups. Just like a couple of blokes. Any problem with that ?

WAYNE: Didn't think it would happen to me but.

NATALIE: Why not ? You've got a nice firm body, from working on the farm I'll bet. Beautiful blue eyes, nice smile and I bet you're - (SHE WHISPERS IN HIS EAR.)

WAYNE: You ain't holding back are you ?

NATALIE: Just don't like wasting time. You ain't gonna disappoint me now ?

WAYNE: I don't know.

NATALIE: Still worried about Lisa huh ? Don't worry. She'd understand. A boy don't get to the city too often.

WAYNE: You're having me on aren't you ?

NATALIE: No I'm not. I'm making my move. It's a dream come true.

WAYNE: I better think about this.

NATALIE: No don't think. That'll spoil it. Let yourself go with the moment.

WAYNE: I'll probably disappoint you.

NATALIE: I'm sure you won't.

WAYNE: I'm not (HE WHISPERS IN HER EAR)

NATALIE: You'll do fine.

WAYNE: Shit. What do I do ?

NATALIE: Come home with me.

WAYNE: Who's ever gonna believe this ?

NATALIE: Believe it Wayne, believe it.

PAUSE.

WAYNE: Sorry. I don't think I'm up to it. Nice to meet ya. Bye.

WAYNE EXITS.

NATALIE: Bye.

NATALIE GOES BACK TO SONIA.

NATALIE: Scared another one off.

SONIA: There's plenty more.

NATALIE: I don't know. He was kind of sweet. Coy.

SONIA: No matter what they say, they just can't get used to it
can they. They have to make the first move.

NATALIE: Old habits die hard.

VOICE: (OFF) Hey gorgeous. Show us your tits.

SONIA: Oh piss off.

NATALIE: They just don't learn.

7. Warren, the Reluctant Virgin (2)

MANDY STANDING AT THE BAR.

MUSIC: WARREN'S THEME. WARREN ENTERS, WEARING A NEW TIE. HE SEES MANDY. WARREN APPROACHES.

WARREN: Excuse me. I've got a problem.

MANDY: Apart from the obvious ones.

WARREN: It's quite embarrassing.

MANDY: Whisper it into my ear.

WARREN: (MOVES CLOSER) I'm a virgin.

MANDY: You've got to be kidding.

WARREN: Hard to believe I know, in this day and age, but true.

MANDY: Are you a Moron ? I mean, Mormon.

WARREN: No. You see what happened was I was really fond of this one girl, ever since I was really young.

MANDY: How sweet.

WARREN: Anyway I was really keen on her and we were just about to and then I found out she'd with another man and all my desire for her just - disappeared.

MANDY: Funny about that. My oh my, how tragic. And how can I help ?

WARREN: Would you consider helping me blossom ?

MANDY: Blossom ?

WARREN: I am ripe. Pick me.

MANDY: Please.

EXITS.

WARREN: I've got a vehicle.

8. EXPRESS YOURSELF.**LYDIA AND PETER STAND AT THE BAR.**

LYDIA: I think I really like you. I mean, I think I'm really attracted to you. You're a very handsome man. Your hair, your eyes, your skin, your clothes. You're beautiful. I mean if men can be beautiful, you are beautiful.

PAUSE. LYDIA STARTS TO LEAVE.

PETER: Thanks.

LYDIA RETURNS.

LYDIA: I think we could have something very special. I mean, there's a connection. You feel it don't you. I was sitting over there. You were standing here, alone. And now - here we are. It's like we were drawn to each other. It's like we're magnetic. Magnetic magnets, drawn to each other's power.

PETER: You came over to me.

LYDIA: You wanted to talk to me though. You were standing here, alone, but you wanted to talk to me. I could feel it. Your eyes were on me. You were burning holes in my dress.

PETER: I was looking out the window.

LYDIA: You desired me. You were hot for me. You wanted - me.

PETER: I think you're mistaken.

LYDIA: No mistake. I'm reading you loud and clear. We connect, so I can read you. You are lusting for me and I am lusting for you. You are beautiful.

PETER: And you are strange.

LYDIA: You're just saying that. You're shy.

PETER: Look, why don't you go away ? Shy enough for you ?

LYDIA: I like the way you talk. I want you and you want me. Anything else is inconceivable.

PETER: Then conceive it.

LYDIA: No.

PETER: Look, I'm waiting for someone. They'll be here any minute.

LYDIA: Bet she's not like me.

PETER: No, she isn't.

LYDIA: Would you like to see it ? We can slip in to the toilet and you can check it out. Try before you buy, if you know what I mean.

PETER: She's gorgeous.

LYDIA: So am I.

PAUSE.

PETER: I'm gay.

LYDIA: Not tonight.

PETER: I have AIDS.

LYDIA: We'll use protection.

PETER: Listen, I'm not interested okay ?

LYDIA: Yes you are.

PETER: You're desperate.

LYDIA: So are you.

PETER: Leave me alone !

LYDIA: Why ?

PETER: I don't want to sleep with you. I don't want to kiss you. I don't even want to touch you. You've probably got herpes.

LYDIA: Haven't you ?

PETER: What is wrong with you ?

LYDIA: I want to have sex with you. I want to feel you inside me.

PETER: Read my lips - fuck off.

LYDIA: Fuck me.

PETER: Just fuck off - mad bitch. (EXITING) Just fuck off and
leave me alone ! Every time I come here, some loony always - (EXITS)

LYDIA: Some people just don't know how to be loved. (EXITS.)

9. WHO GETS KILLED ?

REBECCA AND GLEN SIT AT THE BAR.

REBECCA: I could be a murderer. You could be having a drink with a murderer. A murderess. I could kill people. That could be my job. I could do it for a living. I'd have sex with them first though. Then afterwards, while they were lying there, panting, I could pull a knife out and drive it into their heart. Or I could kill them while we were doing it. Slice their throat at the point of orgasm, like in the movies. I could have bodies all over my house. I could have heads in my cupboard, hands in my fridge, little toes in the bread basket. My dress could be made of real human hair. My last prey's long black curls twined into fabric. I could have bits of my victims in jars on my bookshelf. A kidney, a liver, an eye. It could follow you as you walk around my bedroom, never knowing that you are in the same room as a killer, never knowing that this sweet face hides a mask of terror. This drink could be blood. I could have gone into the bathroom and poured it into my glass from a tiny silver flask inscribed with my initials. I could be sitting here sipping red and white blood cells. I could have a knife. I could have a gun. I could have an ice pick. I could be about to slit you open. I could be about to cut you up and put you in the blender. I could be insane. And you wouldn't know ? You'd just buy me another drink, chat me up and hope to score. Are you scared?

PAUSE.

GLEN: I am a murderer. I have killed four people. I just got out of jail. I have been in for ten years. This time.

GLEN LAUGHS. REBECCA BEGINS TO LAUGH ALSO. GLEN STOPS.

GLEN: I am insane. I am a killer. If you come home with me I will probably kill you. I will fuck you first. I will not kill you while we are fucking but I probably will kill you. (PAUSE) I am not scared. (EXITS)

REBECCA: Wow !

10. BAD RELATIONSHIP NUMBER 253.

GREG AT THE BAR. NEIL APPROACHES.

NEIL: Can I buy you a drink ?

GREG: I don't think that's a good idea.

NEIL: Why not ?

GREG: I'm bad luck.

NEIL: You don't look like bad luck.

GREG: Believe me, I am. Every relationship I've ever had has ended up in disaster.

NEIL: I just want to buy you a drink.

GREG: I still don't think it's a good idea.

PAUSE.

NEIL: You're probably being a bit hard on yourself. They couldn't have been that bad.

GREG: They were. I'm a shining light to all those out in relationship land. A beacon of discovery. The perfect example of how not to have a successful relationship.

PAUSE.

NEIL: I tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to buy you a drink, then your going to tell me about your last relationship and I'm going to prove to you it wasn't that bad.

GREG: Eric ? You don't want to hear about Eric. Trust me.

NEIL: The one before that then.

GREG: Bobby. Oh god no. Or Henry. Save me.

NEIL: Weren't there any good ones at all ?

GREG: I had a crush on this really cute boy at school. Steve Purcell. I have only good memories of him. That of course might have something to do with the fact that nothing ever happened.

NEIL: Tell me about Steve Purcell then.

PAUSE.

GREG: I'm such a pushover.

NEIL: I hope so.

GREG: I can see it coming already. Bad relationship number 253.

NEIL: Not at all. I only have good relationship. Very good ones. Long and peaceful.

PAUSE.

GREG: Successful relationships ?

GREG NODS.

GREG: Nice and happy ?

NEIL: Call it a gift.

PAUSE.

GREG: Maybe I won't have that drink after all.

EXITS. NEIL ALONE.

11. BACHELOR OF SLEAZE.

DANCE PARTY. **TALI**, SWEATING AND DRINKING A GLASS OF WATER. NEARBY **KORRY**, WEARING DARK GLASSES AND HOLDING A BALLOON. PAUSE.

KORRY: In the history of humanity has any man been more off their face than that guy ? I wonder.

TALI LAUGHS. KORRY APPROACHES.

KORRY: I like the way you dance. I was watching you. I like the way you move.

TALI: I'm not looking.

KORRY: Everybody's looking.

TALI: I'm here to dance not get picked up. That's why it's call a Dance Party.

KORRY: (TAKING OUT MOBILE PHONE) I don't dance. Would you like to hold my phone ?

TALI: Not really.

KORRY: I'm a bigamist. What do you think about that ?

TALI: I don't.

KORRY: But what if you did ?

TALI: Does your girlfriend know ? If you're a bigamist you'd have to have a girlfriend to be bigamous on.

KORRY: Clever too. I have several.

TALI: Several ? The word is polygamist. Not bigamist.

KORRY: Touche. (PAUSE) So what do you think about it ? Having numerous lovers.

TALI: I told you, I don't think about it.

KORRY: Some people find it refreshing.

TALI: Do they ?

KORRY: But the question I most ask myself is why ? Why am I never satisfied ? I've got this beautiful girl, these beautiful girls waiting for me but deep down there's still this feeling that it isn't enough. So I keep searching for something even better. Why is that ?

TALI: This is an interesting technique.

KORRY: No technique. I'm asking your opinion.

TALI: You don't know how to love. Or you won't let yourself.

KORRY: Why not ?

TALI: You're scared of being rejected.

KORRY: Profound. You sound like you know a bit about the subject.

TALI: I'm a Youth Worker. I work with disabled kids. You learn a lot.

KORRY: How noble.

TALI: And here you were thinking I was just another ec-head bimbo. Surprise, surprise.

KORRY: Not at all. I picked you more for an aspiring Doctor.

TALI: Did you do a course or something ?

KORRY: A course ?

TALI: Bachelor of Sleaze.

KORRY: Why do you hate men ?

TALI: I don't hate men. I just came here to dance. As I said I'm not looking.

KORRY: Who said I was ?

TALI: You did. (PAUSE) You did. Why else are you here ? You don't dance, remember.

KORRY: I enjoy the atmosphere. You know what women like ?

TALI: I'm sure you're going to tell me.

KORRY: Women like men who can appreciate women. I appreciate women. And I don't mean take them for granted. I knew a guy once who slept with girls in alphabetical order.

TALI: You - right ?

KORRY: And another who used to brag about sleeping with five different girls in one night. That is taking women for granted. To me that's not an achievement.

TALI: What ? You've slept with seven.

KORRY: To me achievement is in appreciation. True appreciation. My girlfriend didn't really appreciate women. I had to teach her how to appreciate them.

TALI: Meaning ?

KORRY: I turned my girlfriend on to girls. She's learnt to appreciate them as much as me. Perhaps you'd like to join us. Her friends often do. I'll teach you how to appreciate women.

TALI FINISHES HER WATER. SHE GIVES THE EMPTY BOTTLE TO KORRY AND STARTS TO EXIT.

KORRY: Where are you going ?

TALI: To the bathroom. To throw up. And then - on to the floor.

KORRY: She loves to dance.

TALI: It's my chosen form of exercise.

KORRY: From where I see it you don't need any. You're a regular little hardbody. See - I appreciate you.

TALI: I didn't know people like you existed.

KORRY: There is a better way.

TALI: I know there is.

KORRY: Three can be fun.

TALI: Thanks but no thanks. Goodbye, and good luck with the polygamy.

KORRY: Ciao.

TALI EXITS. KORRY ALONE. PAUSE. HE PULLS OUT A MOBILE PHONE AND DIALS.

KORRY: (TO PHONE) Shannelle ? Hi. It's Korry. (PAUSE) What are you up to ? (PAUSE) Sounds interesting. Give me ten. (EXITS.)

12. THE SURE THING

GINA AT BAR. BARRY IS LOOKING AT HER.

BARRY: You've got nice tits.

GINA: How observant of you.

BARRY: They look nice and firm. Are they firm ?

GINA: I don't get many complaints.

BARRY: I bet you've got good nipples too. Nice and big. I bet they stand up an inch when you lick them.

GINA: Am I meant to be getting excited ?

BARRY: I don't know. Are you ? (PAUSE) You want a fuck ?

GINA: Who with ?

BARRY: Me.

GINA: Do we kiss first or just do it ?

BARRY: It's optional.

GINA: I like kissing.

BARRY: It's alright. (PAUSE) Well ? What do you say ?

GINA: I'm not really interested in you.

BARRY MOVES CLOSER.

GINA: See that guy over there, he's my boyfriend.

BARRY: No he's not.

GINA: He could be.

BARRY: So what ? So could I.

GINA: I don't find you attractive.

BARRY: All the same in the dark. Cock. Twat. Who cares what you look like ?

GINA: You're charming.

BARRY: Thank you. (PAUSE.) You want to know how big it is ?

GINA: How big is it ?

BARRY: Pretty big.

GINA: Really ?

BARRY: You won't be disappointed. Do you like fucking ?

GINA: That's why we're here.

BARRY: I bet you love being taken from behind.

GINA: Maybe.

BARRY: I want to fuck you.

GINA: Right now ?

BARRY: What's stopping us ?

GINA POINTS AT SOMEONE.

BARRY: Your boyfriend ?

GINA: I wish.

BARRY: Let's go then.

GINA: Where ?

BARRY: To my place.

GINA: I want him. Not you.

BARRY: Imagine I'm him.

GINA: Need a big imagination.

BARRY: We'll turn off the light. It's all the same. Alright - I'll put a bag over my head.

GINA: Do you really want me ?

BARRY: Yes. (PAUSE) What's your options ?

GINA: I might get a better offer.

BARRY: But you've got to say hello to him. I've saved you the trouble.

GINA: He'll say hello.

BARRY: You've been sitting here for half an hour. No one's come near you. Except me.

GINA: Everybody in this room wants me.

BARRY: I'm the only one talking to you. Well what's it gonna be ? Turn out the light. Or say hello. I know which one's easier.

GINA: But I know which one I'd enjoy more.

BARRY: You got to put yourself on the line though and you don't want to do that. Might get knocked back. Rejections not good for the ego. I'm making an offer. You should take it.

GINA: I don't want to take it.

BARRY: He could be involved. Or he could be after someone else. (POINTING) Her, her, her. The one in the red looks nice. Or he could be married. She could be his wife. You don't know. It's all uncertain. Up in the air. I'm a sure thing.

GINA: I don't want a sure thing.

BARRY: Don't you ? Let me ask you a question. Do you want him or do you just want a fuck ? You don't know do you ? You don't know what you want. Look you could go over, say hello, buy him a drink, spend all night buttering him up, groping under the table - then right at the last moment, just as you're about to walk out the door. Bang - he sees someone else. Strike out. How you gonna feel then ? Now, you go home with me, you're assured of pleasure. Anonymous, in the dark, pleasure. I'll go down on you for hours. I won't even come up for air. I'll make you come so hard it hurts.

GINA: You're very good at this.

BARRY: I'm even better at the real thing. Some guys - look good, can't perform. I'm the opposite. Well - what's it to be ? A sure thing or a night of frustration. Say hello or walk out that door ? (PAUSE) Well ?

LIGHTS FADE. END ACT ONE

13. BATHROOM 2

IAN STANDS BACK TO THE AUDIENCE IN A TOILET CUBICLE. FIONA SITS IN THE NEXT CUBICLE FACING THE AUDIENCE. PAUSE.

IAN: (SINGING) Love is in the air

FIONA: (JOINING IN) Everywhere I look around

IAN: Love is in the air

FIONA: Every sight and every sound

IAN: And I don't know if -

FIONA: You don't sound female.

IAN: Don't I ?

FIONA: What are you doing in here ? This is the Girl's.

IAN: Thought it was the Gents.

FIONA: Well, it's not. At least, I think it's not. Shit, I don't know. Maybe it is the Boys. (PAUSE) So, what's happening ?

IAN: Not much.

FIONA: Why's that ?

IAN: Can't get started.

FIONA: I'm not talking about that. How's your night been ?

IAN: Alright. Bit pissed.

FIONA: Isn't everybody ? You're quiet.

IAN: I'm concentrating.

FIONA: Just relax. Let it come. So what do you do ?

IAN: Sell things.

FIONA: Like what ?

IAN: You're sitting on it.

FIONA: I am ?

IAN: I'm in toilets.

FIONA: How ... unusual. Guess you get to meet some interesting people.

IAN: No matter who you are you still got to go to the bog.

FIONA: Very true.

IAN: What about you ? What do you do ?

FIONA: I sell things too.

IAN: Yeah. What ?

FIONA: Diet planning.

IAN: I'm on a liquid diet.

FIONA: That's what all the guys say. Any luck ?

IAN: Still not working.

FIONA: Keep trying. Who you here with ?

IAN: Few mates.

FIONA: They in toilets too.

IAN: Worse. Kitchens.

FIONA: Hey, all you need is a bedroom and you'd be all set up.

IAN: Who you here with ?

FIONA: Girlfriends.

IAN: They in planning too ?

FIONA: Yeah. Family.

IAN: By profession or accident ?

FIONA: Both. Hey, this is fun. I'm enjoying this.

IAN: Fuckin' oath. All the best blokes are in toilets.

FIONA: What do you look like ?

IAN: Pretty fuckin' good.

FIONA: Come on. What do you look like ?

IAN: What do I sound like ?

FIONA: Really spunky.

IAN: Yeah ?

FIONA: I bet you've got long blonde hair and look just like Craig McLachlan ?

IAN: Close. What about you ?

FIONA: What do I sound like ?

IAN: Dark, exotic, with nice big ... lips.

FIONA: Nearly. Hey, we're getting on quite well. I think we should meet ?

IAN: Yeah, alright. What's your phone number ?

FIONA: No, I mean right now. On the other side of the doors.

IAN: I'm not finished.

FIONA: I think you better give up.

IAN: I just got started.

FIONA: Oh.

IAN: Wait a sec. I'll just tie a knot in it.

FIONA: Is it that long ?

FIONA STANDS AND READIES HERSELF. IAN ZIPS UP HIS FLY AND TURNS.

FIONA: Ready ?

IAN: Ready.

FIONA: This is just like Perfect Match.

IAN: Yeah. Perfect Toilet.

FIONA: Hope you're not disappointed.

IAN: Only one way to find out.

FIONA: Okay. 1 - 2 - 3.

THEY OPEN THE DOORS AND FACE EACH OTHER. PAUSE.

FIONA: Hi.

IAN: Giddy.

FIONA: Nice to meet you.

IAN: And you.

THEY SHAKE HANDS. **FIONA REALISES WHERE IAN'S HAND HAS BEEN. SHE LOOKS AT HER HAND. IAN WASHES HIS HANDS.**

FIONA: My girlfriends are probably wondering where I am.

IAN: Yeah I better go and find Brett. It's his shout.

FIONA: (EXITING) I might catch you later then.

IAN: (EXITING OTHER WAY) I'll give you a call.

THEY EXIT.

14. MR SKAG

CORINNE STANDS AT THE BAR. GEOFF, WEARING A BEANIE, SITS ON A STOOL STARING AT HER. EVENTUALLY:

CORINNE: Is there something wrong ?

GEOFF: I'm just looking at you. Why ? Are you paranoid ?

CORINNE: No. Just curious.

PAUSE.

GEOFF: You need me.

CORINNE: I do ?

GEOFF: You need me to look at you. It's vital. If I wasn't looking at you – you'd cease to exist. You'd fall to pieces. You'd fuckin' explode.

CORINNE: Is that so ?

GEOFF: You don't believe me, but it's true. (PAUSE) I'm drinking vodka. Straight. What are you drinking ?

CORINNE: Nothing. At the moment. I'm waiting.

GEOFF: And I'm drinking. Do you have a boyfriend ?

CORINNE: No.

GEOFF: Why not ? Are you a leso ?

CORINNE: What do you think ?

GEOFF: I think you're sensational.

CORINNE: Is that a compliment ?

GEOFF: It's an invitation. My friend loves you.

CORINNE: (LOOKING AROUND)Your friend ?

GEOFF LOOKS DOWN AT HIS GROIN.

GEOFF: We're having a party in my underpants later and guess what ? You're the guest of honour.

CORINNE: I'll skip it thanks. (TO HERSELF) Weirdo.

GEOFF: (BECOMING ANGRY) I am a pleasuremonger.

CORINNE: That's nice.

GEOFF: That makes me very dangerous to other people. Because in the world I want to live in if I was to meet a woman like you, I wouldn't ask you any questions. I'd just drag you off under a tree and fuck your brains out.

CORINNE: Is this rape you're talking about or would I be part of it ?

GEOFF: It would be the best thing you'd ever had.

CORINNE STARTS TO LEAVE. GEOFF GRABS HER ARM.

GEOFF: Delaying the inevitable.

CORINNE: What ?

GEOFF: Knife. Gun. Scissors. I'm Mr Skag.

CORINNE: My friends are waiting.

CORINNE BREAKS FREE AND RUNS OFF. PAUSE. GEOFF SITS.

GEOFF: Always the same on my birthday. (LOUDLY) It was not Thursday.

THE LIGHTS CHANGE TO A RED GLOW. GEOFF TAKES OFF HIS COAT TO REVEAL A RED DRESS. HE TAKES OFF HIS BEANIE AND PUTS ON A BLONDE WIG. AS HE DOES THIS HE SINGS:

GEOFF: A kiss on the hand can be quite continental
 But Diamonds are a girl's best friend.
 Some people say to me:
 "Geoffy boy you are mental"
 But they always love me in the end.

GEOFF STANDS AT THE BAR, BACK TO AUDIENCE.

LIGHTS CHANGE. WE HEAR WARREN'S THEME : "Do you know the way to San Jose ?"

15. Warren, the Reluctant Virgin (3) - Clouds

WARREN ENTERS. HE SEES GEOFF. HE TAKES OFF HIS GLASSES AND PREPARES HIMSELF. HE APPROACHES.

WARREN: Good evening.

GEOFF: (IN SOFT VOICE) Hello.

WARREN: I was standing in the park the other day, you know, and I looked up, and you know what I saw ?

GEOFF: (AGAIN SOFT VOICE) What ?

WARREN: Clouds. That's right, clouds. And it was mid-afternoon you know, that soft kind of light and I just looked at them as if I'd never seen a cloud before in my life. And you know what I thought to myself ? "They are beautiful". I mean clouds are really beautiful. Just like you.

PAUSE. GEOFF TURNS TO FACE WARREN.

GEOFF: How much you got ?

WARREN PUTS ON HIS GLASSES. HE LOOKS AT GEOFF. GEOFF SMILES. WARREN EXITS, HURRIEDLY.

16. GIRL BAR

CORINNE STANDS NERVOUSLY AT THE BAR. **JANELLE** APPROACHES. SHE STANDS A FEW FEET AWAY.

SHE LOOKS AT **CORINNE**. **CORINNE** LOOKS BACK. **JANELLE** LOOKS AWAY. PAUSE.

JANELLE EDGES CLOSER TO **CORINNE**. **CORINNE** LOOKS AT HER. **JANELLE** SMILES. **CORINNE** LOOKS AWAY. PAUSE.

JANELLE IS ABOUT TO SAY SOMETHING. **CORINNE** LOOKS UP. SHE STOPS. **CORINNE** LOOKS AWAY.

JANELLE GOES TO SAY SOMETHING AGAIN. AGAIN SHE HESITATES. PAUSE.

JANELLE EDGES AWAY. SHE STOPS, LINGERING. **CORINNE** LOOKS AT HER. PAUSE.

JANELLE EXITS. **CORINNE** LOOKS DOWN.

17. BEER.

IAN: Beer. Beer. Beer. (PAUSE) Beer footy. Beer footy cricket. Beer footy cricket mates. Beer footy cricket mates Dougo. Beer footy cricket mates Dougo Jacko. Beer footy cricket mates Dougo Jacko Simmo. Beer footy cricket mates Dougo Jacko Simmo Brett. Dickhead. Beer footy cricket mates Dougo Jacko Simmo Brett dickhead. sheilas. Beer footy cricket mates Dougo Jacko Simmo Brett dickhead sheilas Suzy. Beer footy cricket mates Dougo Jacko Simmo Brett dickhead sheilas Suzy tits. Beer footy cricket mates Dougo Jacko Simmo Brett dickhead sheilas Suzy tits nice. Beer footy cricket mates Dougo Jacko Simmo Brett dickhead sheilas Suzy tits nice Wendy. Bitch. Beer footy cricket mates Dougo Jacko Simmo Brett dickhead sheilas Suzy tits Wendy bitch beer. (PAUSE) Beer.

18. JUST SAY NO.

WENDY AND SUSIE, IN FRONT OF THEM TWO BRIGHT RED BEAKERS. IN THEIR HANDS TWO TEQUILA SLAMMERS.

BOTH: Ready. Go.

THEY BOTH SLAM THEIR GLASSES AND "SKULL" THEM.

SUSIE: Yum.

WENDY: (SUCKING A LEMON) Yuck.

BRETT AND IAN ENTER.

SUSIE: Hey look. Isn't that the guys from the play ?

WENDY: Oh no. I thought we got away from them.

SUSIE: They found us again.

WENDY: Now listen, this time when they come over - don't encourage them. Just say no.

SUSIE: They're not going to come over.

WENDY: Yes they will. Just like at the play. Look at the skinny one. He's on heat and he's got his eyes on you. He's almost drooling. Just say no.

SUSIE: Why ?

WENDY: Just say it. Doesn't matter what he asks for. A drink, a dance, a snog in the carpark - just tell him no. I'm not going to let them ruin our whole night.

SUSIE: They might be nice.

WENDY: They're never nice. No one who comes here is nice. Every guy you've ever met here has been a loser.

SUSIE: He's looks alright.

WENDY: He isn't. He's probably one of them.

SUSIE: Who ?

WENDY: You know the guys earlier on who were pulling down their pants in front of the girls' toilets. "I'll show you mine if you show me yours." Half of them you couldn't see it it was that small.

SUSIE: He wasn't one of them. I would've noticed.

WENDY: You're too pissed by now to notice anything.

SUSIE: So are you.

WENDY: It just proves my point. No one who hangs out here is alright.

SUSIE: Then why do we come here ?

PAUSE. WENDY LOOKS AT SUZY - AGHAST.

WENDY: Because we're friends, because there's nowhere else to go and because the drinks are free for girls before twelve. It's part of the routine. We come here to drink and chat, not to be picked up.

SUSIE: You're just pissed off that no one ever tries to get on to you.

WENDY: That's not true. I wouldn't want any of these losers. I put up the "not interested" sign, that's why they stay away. Unlike you. You're all over the place. You'd flirt with the cigarette machine. Look, what have you ever got here ? One night stands and maniacs.

SUSIE: Not all of them.

WENDY: What about Mike ? The one you met in the Gents.

SUSIE: What about him ? We were together for six weeks.

WENDY: More like six hours. Same with Bruce and Tony and Gary. And what about, what was his name ? Len. Len and the video camera.

SUSIE: He only suggested it.

WENDY: "I just want to remember how beautiful you are." Yeah, and sell a copy to all his mates. Weirdos and perverts. Every single one of them. Next time - just say no. Try it. You'll feel better. You don't have to take every offer that comes along. You're better than that.

BRETT APPROACHES.

WENDY: Red alert. Here he comes. Remember - no.

SUSIE: (PRACTISING) No.

BRETT: Hello.

WENDY: Good evening.

BRETT: You're the two girls from the play right ?

WENDY: Actually we're their twin sisters.

BRETT LOOKS CONFUSED, THEN:

BRETT: Oh, right.

WENDY: Quick.

BRETT: What did you think ?

SUSIE: Pretty full on. (SHE LAUGHS)

BRETT: Yeah, what about that guy with the beanie and then he had -

WENDY LOOKS AT HIM. PAUSE.

BRETT: So, you two alone ?

WENDY: Actually we're meeting someone.

BRETT: Not here yet eh ? Me mate, you remember - Ian, he sent me over to see if we could buy you both a drink.

WENDY: No thanks.

BRETT: Free drink. Wouldn't knock that back would you ?

WENDY: They're free for girls tonight. Can't you read ?

BRETT: Yeah but you only get that watered down beer shit. We want to buy you the real stuff. Top shelf. How about a couple of cocktails ? Can't say no to that.

WENDY: Want to make a bet.

BRETT: (TO SUSIE) What about you Susie ? Fluffy duck. Grasshopper. Margarita. How about a Tequila slammer ? Seven bucks each. Can't pass that up. Well ?

PAUSE.

SUSIE: No.

BRETT: Come on. Just one.

WENDY: I think she said no.

BRETT: You sure ?

SUSIE: No, thank you.

BRETT: Oh. See you later then.

BRETT GOES BACK TO IAN.

IAN: How'd you go ?

BRETT: (EXCITED) She said it.

IAN: Told you she would. What you do ?

BRETT: Acted real hurt like you said. Went: "See you later then."

IAN: Perfect. Got ya now Wendy.

BRETT: What do I do now ?

IAN: Just wait. No, don't look at her. Turn your back. Act like I'm consoling you. She'll start feeling sorry for you. Over here before you know it. Get their sympathy - works every time.

BRETT: Didn't at the play.

IAN: It will now.

WENDY: See, that wasn't so hard.

SUSIE: No.

WENDY: How do you feel ?

SUSIE: Awful. Look at him. He looks really upset.

WENDY: He'll survive.

SUSIE: Probably hurt his feelings.

WENDY: He deserves it.

SUSIE: What have you got against them ?

WENDY: Nothing. There all slime balls, that's all.

PAUSE.

SUSIE: Maybe I should go and apologise.

WENDY: Don't you dare.

SUSIE: He probably hates me.

WENDY: Who needs him ?

SUSIE: I'll just say I'm sorry.

WENDY: Susie, no !

SUSIE: Won't take a second. He only wanted to buy us a drink.

WENDY: And the rest.

SUSIE: Why do you always think the worst of people ?

WENDY: Because I'm usually right.

SUSIE: I won't be a sec. I'll just say sorry then come straight back.

WENDY: Susie.

SUSIE: He's got a mate. There's one for both of us.

WENDY: They've always got mates. It doesn't matter.

SUSIE: Won't be long.

SUSIE APPROACHES THE BOYS.

IAN: Here she comes.

BRETT: Yeah ?

IAN: Play it cool. Remember, just say no.

SUSIE: Hi Ian.

IAN: Giddy.

SUSIE: I just wanted to say sorry for being rude before.

BRETT: (HEAD DOWN) Forget it.

SUSIE: Weren't very nice at the play either. Still want to buy me that drink ?

BRETT: No thanks.

SUSIE: I'll buy you one then. Feel really bad. What do you want ?
Schooner. I'll get it with my red glass.

BRETT: I'm fine.

SUSIE: You don't want one ?

IAN: I think he said no.

SUSIE: Right. (PAUSE.) Might see you later then.

SUSIE STARTS TO LEAVE. IAN TAPS BRETT.

BRETT: (QUICKLY) Alright. Twisted my arm. I'll have a beer.

SUSIE: Yeah ? Which one ?

BRETT: Blue.

SUSIE: And you ?

IAN: Stubbie of Coopers.

SUSIE: Won't be long.

BRETT: I'll give you a hand.

SUSIE GOES BACK TO WENDY. BRETT FOLLOWS.

BRETT: (TO IAN) Yes !

IAN: Told ya.

WENDY: And where are you going ?

SUSIE: To buy them a drink.

WENDY: Typical.

SUSIE: It's alright.

WENDY: And what am I meant to do ?

SUSIE: Go and sit with them. I'll get you one too.

WENDY: I'm not going anywhere near them.

SUSIE: Talk to Ian. I won't be long.

WENDY: You're hopeless.

SUSIE: It's your fault. Only doing it because I felt bad about not letting him buy us a drink.

WENDY: Have fun.

SUSIE: You can't sit here by yourself.

WENDY: Better than sitting with them. I hate this place and I hate these red beakers.

SUSIE: Don't get shitty.

WENDY: I'm not shitty. Why would you be shitty because your best friend goes off leaving you by yourself ?

SUSIE: Come with me then.

WENDY: No. You may be completely gullible and have absolutely no will power but I do.

SUSIE: Suit yourself. Come on Brett.

SUSIE AND BRETT EXIT. PAUSE. WENDY LOOKS AT IAN. HE SMILES. PAUSE. IAN COMES OVER TO WENDY. HE SITS.

IAN: So, how they hanging ?

19. PREDATOR

MICHAEL AND BETTINA SIT AT THE BAR. KORRY APPROACHES.

KORRY: So, how's your night ?

BETTINA: Fine thanks.

KORRY: Great. So what you been doing ?

BETTINA: We went to a movie.

KORRY: How was it ?

BETTINA: Interesting.

KORRY: Yeah, saw one myself yesterday. Turkish. Very erotic.
I'm Korry.

BETTINA: Bettina. And this is Michael.

KORRY SHAKES HANDS WITH BETTINA, BUT NOT MICHAEL.

KORRY: So, what are you doing now ?

MICHAEL: We're having a drink.

KORRY: I was talking to the lady.

BETTINA: Like Michael said - we're having a drink.

KORRY: Bring it with you. I was going to check out upstairs.
Why don't you come along ?

MICHAEL BEGINS TO STAND. BETTINA STOPS HIM.

BETTINA: Michael is my boyfriend.

KORRY: This is your boyfriend ? I don't think so.

MICHAEL: Oh I do.

KORRY: You can do a lot better than this.

MICHAEL: (STANDING) Would you like to fuck off now or would you like me to deck you instead ?

KORRY: (SMILING, TO BETTINA) See you upstairs.

KORRY EXITS.

BETTINA: You handled that well.

MICHAEL: What was I meant to do ? Sit here and take shit off him.

BETTINA: You could've kept your cool.

MICHAEL: He was a fucking asshole.

BETTINA: Don't get angry at me. He was just trying to get a response and you let him.

MICHAEL: I'm so sorry. Next time I'll just sit there and let him steal my girlfriend.

BETTINA: He's not going to steal me. I'm not here to be stolen. For the last time Michael - I am not your property.

MICHAEL: You're acting as if you're missing out on something. Why don't you go and find him ?

BETTINA: I don't want him. I want you. When are you going to get it through your thick skull that you don't have to chain me up ? I'm in this relationship because I want to be.

MICHAEL: Sometimes you don't act like it.

BETTINA: Oh, why don't you grow up ?

MICHAEL TURNS AWAY. PAUSE.

BETTINA: I might just go upstairs after all.

BETTINA EXITS. MICHAEL ALONE. PAUSE. HE HITS THE BAR. PAUSE. HE SITS. BETTINA RETURNS. MICHAEL TURNS AND SEES HER. SHE SMILES. THEY EMBRACE AND EXIT.

20. SYDNEY

NEIL, PETER, JANELLE AND CORINNE STAND AT THE BAR.

NEIL APPROACHES PETER.

NEIL: I give superb head.

PETER: That's great mate but sorry, I'm straight.

NEIL: Your loss.

NEIL RETIRES. PAUSE. PETER APPROACHES JANELLE.

PETER: Hi, my name's Peter. How am I doing so far ?

JANELLE: Look no offence, but I'm gay.

PETER: No offence taken.

PETER RETIRES. PAUSE. JANELLE APPROACHES CORINNE.

JANELLE: So, are you alone ?

CORINNE: I'm straight. Sorry.

JANELLE RETIRES. PAUSE. CORINNE APPROACHES NEIL.

CORINNE: Look I don't usually do this but I'd really liked to meet you ?

NEIL: I'm flattered darling. I'm also gay.

CORINNE RETIRES. PAUSE. THEY ALL SIGH, THEN:

ALL: Sydney.

EXEUNT.

21. HIDDEN AGENDA**NICK AND SIMONE.**

NICK: So, what did you think ?

SIMONE: I liked it. What about you ?

NICK: It was okay.

SIMONE: He was fantastic wasn't he ? I love the way he doesn't always try and look good, you know what I mean ? He's not scared to appear ugly. Not like those Hollywood stars. Every shot's got to have just the right profile. Don't you think ?

NICK: Interesting. (TO AUDIENCE) I'm not interested. I mean, just between you and me I couldn't give a stuff what was coming out of her mouth. Now I know this is going to sound bad, but I'm really only after one thing. I mean, look at that arse and that cute smile. Forget Kelly, this girl is hot. (TO SIMONE) So have you been here before ?

SIMONE: The truth ? Not really. Don't tell anybody but actually I can't stand it. The smoke and the lights. And the music's always up so loud. You can't even talk.

NICK: That's the idea. Getting out of it to get into it.

SIMONE: The nightclub catchcry. (TO AUDIENCE) What I really want is a relationship. I've thought it out, I really have, well all through the movie anyway, and that's what I want. A full on, boyfriend/girlfriend, read the papers together on Sunday, relationship. I'm just not interested in a one night stand. It doesn't go anywhere. Yes, he is cute - very cute - and yes I am attracted to him, but I am not - I repeat not - going to sleep with him. Not yet. I don't want to be just another Kelly. I want to be special.

NICK: See that guy over there.

SIMONE: The one with the ...

NICK: Shaker. And see in the other hand ?

SIMONE: A fan ?

NICK: Watch what he does.

THEY WATCH.

SIMONE: Why did he do that ?

NICK: If he shakes the shaker above your head, it draws attention to you right. Everybody looks at you. You're uncool.

SIMONE: And the fan ?

NICK: If he fans you, he's doing you a favour. Cooling you down while you're dancing. That means you're okay. (TO AUDIENCE) They tell you to be honest right? I mean, that's the buzz word isn't it ? Honesty. "Admit your true feelings." Well I'm being honest. Right now, I don't care about anything else. I don't want any complications. I just want to have sex with her. I don't want to talk. Fuck talking. Get enough of that at Uni.

SIMONE: I read something really interesting the other day.

NICK: Tell me.

SIMONE: Jung says that when we sleep with someone, we're actually sleeping with four people.

NICK: That's a very crowded bed.

SIMONE: Not literally. You, your partner, your fantasy and your partner's fantasy. One, two, three, four. (TO AUDIENCE) Jesus, what am I doing ? I'm talking about beds. I think it's going okay, don't you ? I mean he seems to like me. No, come on. Be positive. That's what they say - be positive. He does like me. It is going to work out. We'll stay here for awhile and talk, then we'll go for a walk and look at the shops. We'll tell each other all about ourselves, our deepest darkest secrets. We won't hold back, we'll tell everything. Eventually, he'll drive me home and we'll kiss, our first kiss, but that's all.

NICK: How's your drink ?

SIMONE: Very .. strong.

NICK: (TO AUDIENCE) Look I'm sorry if it sounds really shallow but that's the way it is. I've looked at my priorities and they are 1. Sleep with her. Everything else is a long way second. Is that so bad ? I mean, okay if afterwards we do really hit it off then great. Maybe something will develop, unlike helium-head Kelly, but as for now - who cares ?

SIMONE: (TO AUDIENCE) We won't actually go to bed together for a long time, not until we can't wait any longer, and when we finally do it'll be mind blowing, and it'll be mind blowing because we waited and got to know each other before we did it. Don't you see ? We'll make love, not just fuck.

NICK: Look, right now it doesn't matter if her father left her when she was three years old - I just want to fuck her.

SIMONE: We'll be together. And I really mean together. We'll talk to each other on the phone, all the time. We'll see each other every night. We might even move in together. I'll go and watch him play footy or cricket or whatever he plays on the weekend. I'll sit there with the other girlfriends and clap and cheer. Then I'll take him home and bathe his wounds. It will be a relationship. A really good relationship.

NICK: A fantastic one night stand.

SIMONE: I know it's going to happen.

NICK: I think she feel the same way.

SIMONE: I've got a really good feeling about this.

NICK: I am so horny.

SIMONE: He's great.

NICK: She's gorgeous.

SIMONE: I want his soul.

NICK: Give me her body.

SIMONE: Talk.

NICK: Fuck.

TOGETHER: I am (not) going to sleep with her (him) tonight !

22. Warren, the Reluctant Virgin (4) - Desperadoes.

MUSIC: "DESPERADO" - EAGLES.

LYDIA SITS AT THE BAR. SHE IS VERY DRUNK. AT THE OTHER END OF THE BAR SITS **WARREN**. BOTH SIP THEIR DRINKS.

IN BETWEEN THEM **DEIDRE** HAS PASSED OUT, HEAD DOWN ON THE BAR. LONG PAUSE.

THE **BARMAN** ENTERS.

BARMAN: Finish up now thanks folks.

THE **BARMAN** STARTS COLLECTING GLASSES. HE LIFTS **DEIDRE'S** HEAD AND SHAKES IT. HE LETS IT DROP.

BARMAN: Fuck.

HE GOES AROUND TO THE FRONT OF THE BAR AND PICKS **DEIDRE** UP.

BARMAN: Come on.

DEIDRE: What ?

BARMAN: Time to go home.

DEIDRE: Where's my drink ?

BARMAN: It's all over.

DEIDRE: Are you coming home with me ?

BARMAN: I don't think so.

THEY EXIT.

WARREN LOOKS AT **LYDIA**. **LYDIA** CATCHES HIS EYE AND SMILES. **WARREN** SMILES BACK. THEY LOOK AWAY. PAUSE.

WARREN GOES TO SAY SOMETHING. **LYDIA** LOOKS UP. HE STOPS HIMSELF. **LYDIA** LOOKS DOWN. PAUSE.

WARREN GOES TO SAY SOMETHING AGAIN. **LYDIA** LOOKS UP. THE **BARMAN** RETURNS.

THE **BARMAN** TAKES **LYDIA'S** GLASS. **LYDIA** STANDS AND BEGINS WALKING TOWARDS THE DOOR, SLOWLY.

SHE WALKS CLOSE TO **WARREN**. **WARREN** IS ABOUT TO SAY SOMETHING WHEN THE **BARMAN** ARRIVES.

BARMAN: Finished with that sir.

WARREN NODS. THE **BARMAN** TAKES THE GLASS. **LYDIA** KEEPS WALKING.

LYDIA HAS REACHED THE DOOR. SHE TURNS AND LOOKS ONE MORE TIME AT **WARREN**. SHE SMILES AND EXITS. **WARREN** STANDS AND STARTS TO FOLLOW HER. HE REMEMBERS HE'S FORGOTTEN HIS GLASSES. HE GOES BACK TO THE BAR.

THE **BARMAN** COMES AROUND TO THE FRONT OF THE BAR. HE LOCKS THE DOOR BEHIND **LYDIA**. **WARREN** ARRIVES AT THE DOOR. THE **BARMAN** GOES BACK TO THE BAR. **WARREN** TRIES THE DOOR. THE **BARMAN** MOVES TO A DOOR AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BAR. HE OPENS IT.

BARMAN: That's locked mate. You'll have to go out this way.

PAUSE. **WARREN** WALKS SLOWLY TOWARDS THE DOOR.

BARMAN: Come on mate I haven't got all night.

WARREN: But -

BARMAN: Yeah, see you later.

WARREN EXITS.

SUDDENLY THE OTHER **ACTORS** COME BACK ONTO THE STAGE.

ACTOR 1 : Oh come on, you can't end it like that.

ACTOR 2: Yeah. Give Warren a go.

BARMAN: What's wrong ? That's what it says in the script.

ACTOR 1: How about a happy ending ?

ACTOR 2: We're sick of all this doom and gloom.

BARMAN: Don't blame me. It's not my fault. Stuart.

THE STAGE MANAGER ENTERS.

STAGE MANAGER: Guys, what's the problem ? We're sort of in the middle of the show.

ACTOR 1: We want a happy ending.

ACTOR 2: Send them home smiling.

STAGE MANAGER: It says on page 55 Warren exits. That's the end.

ACTOR 1: We don't care. We want a happy ending.

STAGE MANAGER: Look guys, the playwright's intentions -

ACTORS 1 & 2: We want a happy ending. We want a happy ending.
 We want -

THEY ENCOURAGE THE AUDIENCE TO JOIN IN.

STAGE MANAGER: Alright. Alright. Do it again.

BARMAN: What ?

STAGE MANAGER: Do it again. (EXITS)

THE ACTORS EXIT.

BARMAN: (EXITING) Fucking experimental theatre.

SOUND OF A TAPE REWINDING. THE ACTORS REWIND THE SCENE TO THEIR OPENING POSITIONS.

23. Warren the Reluctant Virgin (5) - Desperadoes Revisited.

MUSIC: "DESPERADO" - EAGLES.

THE ACTORS ARE IN EXACTLY THE SAME POSITIONS AS THE START OF 18. PAUSE. THE **BARMAN** ENTERS.

BARMAN: Finish up now thanks folks.

THE **BARMAN** STARTS COLLECTING GLASSES. HE LIFTS **DEIDRE'S** HEAD AND SHAKES IT. HE LETS IT DROP.

BARMAN: Fuck.

HE GOES AROUND TO THE FRONT OF THE BAR AND PICKS **DEIDRE** UP.

BARMAN: Come on.

DEIDRE: What ?

BARMAN: Time to go home.

DEIDRE: Where's my drink ?

BARMAN: It's all over.

DEIDRE: Are you coming home with me ?

THE **BARMAN** STOPS AND LOOKS AT HER.

BARMAN: Yeah alright.

THEY EXIT.

WARREN LOOKS AT **LYDIA**. PAUSE. FROM OFFSTAGE WE CAN HEAR SOFT CHANTING: "WARREN, WARREN, WARREN".

WARREN PUTS DOWN HIS DRINK AND WALKS TOWARDS **LYDIA**. HE STOPS AND PUTS ON HIS GLASSES. HE LOOKS AT HER. **LYDIA** SMILES. **WARREN** APPROACHES.

WARREN: Well ?

LYDIA: I thought you'd never ask.

LYDIA HUGS HIM. **WARREN** SMILES.

CHEERS. THE SOUND OF WEDDING BELLS. THE REST OF THE CAST
THROW STREAMERS AND CONFETTI ON THEM.

MUSIC: LOVE IS THE DRUG - ROXY MUSIC.

END.

ADDITIONAL SCENES:

A. LOVE IS THE DRUG

MANDY IS WAITING AT THE BAR. GLEN IS SITTING NEAR HER. IN THE BACKGROUND WE HEAR A DANCE TRACK.

MANDY: Is this a bar ? I mean can you actually get a drink here ? You know, alcohol ? Or are we just meant to stand around looking stupid ?

GLEN: She's doing her bit.

MANDY: What ?

GLEN POINTS TO THE DANCE FLOOR.

MANDY: Dancing Barmaids ? Step up from topless I guess. Who's the guy with her ?

GLEN: The bouncer.

MANDY: The things people will do to sell piss.

GLEN: They ran out of dwarves to throw.

MANDY: But hold on, she's only been out there for five minutes. I've been standing here for at least twenty. Where was she for the other fifteen ?

GLEN POINTS BEHIND HIM.

MANDY: What's she got out there ? Her black sex slave tied to a leash. No, she was away too long. Maybe it's her shrink. Or her mum.

GLEN: Another bar.

MANDY: How many job's this girl got ? They go to all this trouble to get you in here and then when you want to hand over the money - there's no one around.

PAUSE. GLEN IS ABOUT TO SAY SOMETHING.

MANDY: Don't.

GLEN: Don't what ?

MANDY: Don't start chatting me up.

GLEN: I wasn't.

MANDY: Yes you were. I can see it in your eyes. You were about to say it - the line.

GLEN: What line ?

MANDY: Any line. The process was about to begin. The ballet.

GLEN: Ballet ?

MANDY: The fuck ballet. Act one: The pick up. Followed by Act two: Doing it and Act Three: Morning regrets.

GLEN: We're just talking.

MANDY: And you were about to spoil it. It's not that I don't like you. I do like you. I mean I don't even know you. I'm just not in the mood okay ? I couldn't bear the ritual. Besides what good has ever come from a pick up ? (PAUSE.) You're pissed off now aren't you ?

GLEN: Not at all.

MANDY: I mean why do we do it ? You've got a nice place haven't you ? A TV, a fridge, a warm bed. We've all got a million better things to do, so why are we here at four o'clock in the morning, standing around watching the fat barmaid's skirt twirl up around her neck. Is it really worth it ? I mean why are you here ? Did you just suddenly get this insane desire to copulate ? A painful erection that wouldn't go away no matter how many times you masturbated ? I mean if it was that bad you wouldn't go to all this trouble would you ? You'd just go to a prostitute. In the long run, it'd be cheaper.

GLEN: I don't go to prostitutes.

MANDY: That's what they all say. But if it was just sex, just the act, nothing else - you wouldn't be here. So then, why are you here ?

GLEN: Company.

MANDY: You've got mates haven't you ?

GLEN: Female company.

MANDY: You want to talk to a woman, is that what you're saying ?

GLEN: It's nice.

MANDY: To be desired ? So you feel attractive right ? Able to attract girls. Makes you feel good about yourself. Is that what it's all about ?

GLEN: You're telling the story.

MANDY: But what if no one wants you ? What if you're not considered attractive ? What then ?

GLEN: I take one home and kill them. (PAUSE) What do you want ?

MANDY: Power.

GLEN: Power ?

MANDY: The power to say no.

GLEN: Like you just did.

MANDY: Oh forget that. That was just talk. Another couple and we'll probably end up fucking each other's brains out in the toilets.

GLEN: You're not serious.

MANDY: What do you think ?

PAUSE.

GLEN: Tell me more about power.

MANDY: In the end that's what it's all about. I want you - you have power. You want me - I have power.

GLEN: What about if we both want each other ?

MANDY: Then neither of us has power.

GLEN: Or we both do.

MANDY: But only if you decide to use it.

GLEN: Is that the only you want ?

MANDY: You tell me. Maybe I'm just the same as you. Why are you here ? Sex, company, feeling wanted -

GLEN: Power.

MANDY: What about love ? "Love is the drug and I need to score." Maybe it's all part of the same thing. One great big expression of love. Or insecurity. We're all probably here because we had a bad relationship with our father.

GLEN: Mother.

MANDY: And you know the funny thing - it's all so desperate. Ten thousand strangers on a desperate search for love and ending up - with each other. I mean shit, why do we all need so much ?

GLEN: Why did you come here ?

MANDY: So I could talk to you. I don't know. I was sitting at home, and I just felt so ... I mean there was one thing I just didn't want to be. Nobody wants to be.

GLEN: What's that ?

MANDY: Alone. Loneliness kills.

GLEN: Does it ?

MANDY: What do I know? I'm sitting over there with eight friends.

GLEN: But you still feel alone.

MANDY: You got it.

GLEN: My name's Glen.

MANDY: Mandy.

THEY SHAKE HANDS.

GLEN: Guess we're not alone anymore.

MANDY: Yes we are. But at least now we can be alone together.

THE MUSIC TRACK ENDS.

MANDY: Here she comes

B. WARREN, THE RELUCTANT VIRGIN 6 : I'M NOT LOCAL

JO STANDS AT THE BAR. WARREN APPROACHES.

WARREN: (PAUSE) Excuse me, do you know any good nightclubs around here ? Me and my friends were looking for somewhere to go.

JO: (ENGLISH ACCENT) I'm not local.

PAUSE.

WARREN: Oh right, of course. I just thought you might know somewhere.

JO: I'm not local.

PAUSE. **WARREN EXITS. PAUSE. NIGEL ENTERS.**

NIGEL: (IN ENGLISH ACCENT) Give us a couple of lagers would you ?

JO: (SMILING) Oi. Where you from then eh ?

C. DANCE SCENES:**i. THE BATTLE OF THE SEXES.**

Dance music. Soft light.

A girl is dancing alone on the stage. She is moving like a sort of a snake. Then the lights come up on a guy who is also dancing like a snake. They gradually come together and they dance together for a little while. Then the girl starts slowly to turn into a cat and the guy starts to turn slowly into a dog. There is friction between them and the cat hisses at the dog and the dog barks back. Eventually the dog is beaten and runs off. The cat licks its paws clean, smiling.

Lights fade.

ii. The Pick Up

Music.

The two dancers dance together. They slowly pick each other up dancing on the dance floor, through gradual body language changes. (There are lighting changes to signify mood changes.)

D. IS THIS A DEPOSIT OR A WITHDRAWAL ? (PART 1)

GINA AT THE BAR. MARK ENTERS, CARRYING BRIEFCASE.

MARK: Good evening. My name is Mark. Would you like to have sex with me ?

GINA: That's direct.

MARK: I'm a very direct person. Direct in work, direct in play.

GINA: How thrilling. And what do you do ?

MARK: I kill people.

GINA: How nice.

MARK: Companies mainly. I find the weak ones, the under - achievers, made vulnerable through years of financial mismanagement and over spending, you know the type.

GINA: Too well.

MARK: I bring them to their knees and buy them for a song. Then I strip them down, suit them up and sell them to the highest bidder, for an huge profit - naturally.

GINA: Naturally.

MARK: Impressive huh ?

GINA: I can not begin to tell you.

MARK: Mr role model is Gordon Gekko, as in Wall Street, Michael Douglas, Academy Award.

GINA: Are you for real ?

MARK: I am more than real. I am larger than life. I am a living symbol of a way of life. I also make money. Lots and lots and lots and lots of money. I am also able to do something far more important.

GINA: There is something ?

MARK: Yes. Keep it. I once met a girl who said she didn't respect anybody who could get money, she only respected people who could keep it. I understood what she meant.

GINA: You sound like the perfect couple.

MARK: We liaised frequently and with some fervent passion, but after awhile she left me for her one true love.

GINA: Kerry Packer ?

MARK: The Futures Exchange. I also have a Night time job. Quite separate from my day activities. I sell.

GINA: And what do you sell ?

MARK: Myself.

GINA: Hard job.

MARK: I have a surprisingly high success ratio. I've closed many a deal in my time.

GINA: Both parties satisfied ?

MARK: Very.

GINA: You've got a fair way to go yet.

MARK: I have only just begun. And what do you do ?

GINA: Not much. I work in a bank.

MARK: I could buy and sell you three times over.

GINA: I also have a degree in Psychology.

MARK: Scratch that. Five times.

GINA: Unfortunately there is no calling for psychologists at this time, so I count coins - in a bank.

MARK: Sob story number two hundred and thirty seven.

GINA: You are cocky.

MARK: Minus the "y" and add "b - i - g".

GINA: I'm not even going to validate that with a response.

PAUSE.

MARK: Well do you or don't you ? Will you or won't you ?

GINA: What are you raving about now ?

MARK: I am merely referring to my initial offer.

GINA: Sex ? It depends.

MARK: On what ?

GINA: Is this a deposit or a withdrawal ?

MARK: Please. Have you not heard of latex ?

GINA: I am not talking about bodily fluids. I'm talking about my account. Will it be debited after this transaction ? Or credited ?

MARK: Are you asking for money ? How crude, and totally out of the question.

GINA: I'm talking about the bank account of the soul: emotional, physical, spiritual. Will my inner being benefit from the ordeal ? And if so, are we talking long or short term gain ?

MARK: Both.

GINA: I find that hard to believe.

MARK: Believe it. I am a master at both foreplay and afterglow.

GINA: But you don't even know my terms ?

PAUSE. **MARK SITS.**

MARK: The negotiating table is open. I'm all ears. Tell me.

GINA: Well, to begin with there's oral ?

MARK: (PULLING OUT PAD) I might take a few notes.

GINA: Be my guest. Number one: Will I receive oral ? And if so, how many times ? Will you perform it before or after ? And for how long and with what intensity ? Will it be a couple of sloppy licks or will it be a tour de force

GINA: (CONT) performance utilising tongue, lips, mouth and nose lasting well over half an hour ? And while giving me this oral will you bring me to the point of a shuddering orgasm ? Or will you stop halfway, leaving me unquenched and strangely unsatisfied ? Secondly, will I be expected to perform oral in return or will the payment be gratis ? No return gesture required. And if I am expected to return the favour will you want to ejaculate inside my mouth or will I be able to finish the job manually ? Next, sex. When we do eventually get around to having sex, how many times will we do it ? Once, twice or seventeen ? How long will it last and how many different positions will be utilised ? And these positions, will they be new or old ? Will I learn any new tricks helpful to future lovemaking, or will it be the tired parade of the same old favourites ? The standard fare of mediocrity. Adventure and excitement are important. Paramount to maximum thrills. Will we do it on the top deck of the Manly Ferry, surging through the water ? Or on the backseat of an Earlwood bound bus ? The right location and a novel idea could do much to sway the buyer. Also will there be anything faintly kinky ? I am not a big fan of anal, but I am quite open to the use of toys, especially selected dildos and the larger size vibrators. Lubricant is okay. Next, how experienced are you ? How's your track record ? And how about current performance, i.e last start. Are you a good fuck or a dud root ? Size is also always an issue. Medium to well endowed is acceptable but I must warn you I find small quite unfulfilling. Also, if we are to opt for the normal bedroom bonk, then where will this act be performed ? At your place or mine. A nice harbour view could be worth a few points, as would a firm bed, an excellent red wine, soft music and even a glass of vintage French champagne, and notice I said vintage. Now, the last clause refers to an early issue - perhaps the most important. Time. How long will you last ? Are you a five second, wham bam man or a five hour tantric master ? Will you be attentive and responsive to my every need or will you just be Mr Plunger ? All these matters are of vital importance and must be determined prior to the acceptance of your offer. In summary, the question does seem to be, will this liaison increase or decrease the balance of my sexual bank account ? (PAUSE) Did you get all that ?

MARK NODS. PAUSE.

MARK: I have a suggestion.

GINA: Fire away.

MARK: Perhaps we should draw up a contract.

GINA: What a sensible idea.

MARK: I happen to have one handy. (**MARK OPENS HIS BRIEFCASE AND PULLS OUT A CONTRACT.**) I must warn you - I am a devil at the bargaining table.

GINA: I'm afraid you've met your match Mr Gekko. Fire away.

MARK: I guess we should start with name.

GINA: Gina Anderson.

MARK: Sex: Female. Age.

GINA: Is that really necessary ?

MARK: I'll guess.

GINA: Be very careful. Negotiations could halt right here.

E. IS THIS A DEPOSIT OR A WITHDRAWAL ? 2: LOOSE ENDS.

MARK IS WRITING OUT THE CONTRACT. GINA SITS BESIDE HIM SIPPING HER DRINK.

MARK: I think that's about it. Both parties seem to be agreed.

MARK LOOKS UP.

MARK: Just one little thing. Was that seven minutes of oral or eight ?

GINA: For you or me ?

MARK: Me.

GINA: Five.

MARK: Let's make it six. Well that seems to be it. If I could just have your signature, we can be off.

GINA STARTS TO READ THROUGH THE CONTRACT.

GINA: I don't remember anything about animals ?

SHE RIPS UP THE CONTRACT AND EXITS.

F. BOYS.

SUZY: Boys. (PAUSE) Boys. Boys. (PAUSE) Boys The Pub. Boys
The Pub Drinks. Boys The Pub Drinks Tequila. Boys The
Pub Drinks Tequila Dancing. Boys The Pub Drinks
Tequila Dancing Fights. Boys The Pub Drinks Tequila
Dancing Fights Bouncers. Boys The Pub Drinks Tequila
Dancing Fights Bouncers Wendy. Loser. Boys The Pub
Drinks Tequila Dancing Fights Bouncers Wendy Loser
Ciggers. Boys The Pub Drinks Tequila Dancing Fights
Bouncers Wendy Loser Ciggers Ian. Boys The Pub Drinks
Tequila Dancing Fights Bouncers Wendy Loser Ciggers Ian
Funny. Boys The Pub Drinks Tequila Dancing Fights
Bouncers Wendy Loser Ciggers Ian Funny Brett. Cute.
Boys The Pub Drinks Tequila Dancing Fights Bouncers
Wendy Loser Ciggers Ian Funny Brett Cute Boys. (PAUSE)
Boys.

G. BYRON**GREG AND HELEN.**

HELEN: Nice place.

GREG: Yeah. It's okay.

MARTIN AND DOMINIQUE APPROACH.

MARTIN: Hello.

DOMINIQUE: Good evening.

HELEN: Hi.

GREG: Giddy.

MARTIN: My name is Martin.

DOMINIQUE: And I'm Dominique.

GREG: Greg.

HELEN: Helen.

DOMINIQUE: Greg. Helen. How nice.

MARTIN: We've been enjoying you from the other side of the room.

GREG: Sorry.

DOMINIQUE: Martin means we've been watching you.

MARTIN: Ever since you walked through the door.

GREG: Right.

DOMINIQUE: Can we get you a drink ?

MARTIN: An ice breaker.

GREG: Helly.

HELEN: I don't mind.

MARTIN: What's your pleasure ?

GREG: Beer thanks. VB.

DOMINIQUE: And for yourself ?

HELEN: White wine would be great.

MARTIN: My pleasure.

MARTIN EXITS.

DOMINIQUE: Our pleasure. (PAUSE) So, been in the Bay long ?

HELEN: Just a couple of days. How about you ?

DOMINIQUE: Forever. Are you loving it ?

HELEN: It's beautiful. Greg's been surfing everyday. The water's so clear, you know.

DOMINIQUE: Cleansing, refreshing, revitalising.

GREG: Waves are good too.

DOMINIQUE: So rugged.

PAUSE.

HELEN: Where do you live ?

DOMINIQUE: Out on the point. On the edge of the cliff. At night you would think there was nothing separating us and the darkness.

HELEN: Wow.

MARTIN: (RETURNING) Drinks for the drunken. Beer for the boys. Wine for the women.

GREG: Thanks.

HELEN: It's very kind.

DOMINIQUE: Drink.

MARTIN: Enjoy.

DOMINIQUE: Delicious.

MARTIN: Delightful. (THEY DRINK.) So, where are you staying ?

GREG: A hotel. By the beach.

MARTIN: Cramped.

DOMINIQUE: Uncomfortable.

HELEN: Actually, it's quite nice.

DOMINIQUE: Too cold.

MARTIN: No atmosphere.

DOMINIQUE: Care for a little mixing.

GREG: Sorry.

MARTIN: How about tasting the local flavour ?

HELEN: We've eaten thanks.

DOMINIQUE: Cute.

MARTIN: Coy.

DOMINIQUE: Innocent.

MARTIN: Interesting.

GREG: You two stay out in the sun too long ?

DOMINIQUE: We've got an offer for you ?

MARTIN: Enticing.

DOMINIQUE: Enriching. We'd like you to come and see our view.

MARTIN: From the bedroom it's glorious.

HELEN: But it's night. You can't see anything.

DOMINIQUE: You can in the morning.

GREG: You've got a spare room ?

DOMINIQUE: We have only one room.

MARTIN: With a very large bed.

GREG: (AFTER A PAUSE) Helen is my fiancée.

MARTIN: Dominique is my wife.

DOMINIQUE: This is the bay. Relax.

MARTIN: Let go.

DOMINIQUE: Enjoy.

PAUSE.

HELEN: I don't think I like this conversation.

MARTIN: Oh Helen, so conservative. Live it up.

DOMINIQUE: No Martin, let's not pressure. We'll be on the dance floor. Come and join us when you're ready. Au revoir.

MARTIN: See you soon.

DOMINIQUE AND MARTIN EXIT.

HELEN: Did they just say what I think they said ?

GREG: Yep.

HELEN: That's insane.

GREG: Yep. (PAUSE.) What do you think ?

HELEN: Greg. What are you saying ?

GREG: Nothing. I'm just asking you what you think.

HELEN: No, that's what I think. You mean you'd actually consider ...

GREG: Of course not. (PAUSE) Well, maybe.

HELEN: Greg. What is wrong with you ?

GREG: Could be fun.

HELEN: You're sick. (PAUSE) Well if you want to go then just go. I'm not stopping.

GREG: I think they mean both of us.

PAUSE.

HELEN: I can't believe you just said that.

GREG: It doesn't mean anything. What have we got to lose ?

HELEN: A marriage.

HELEN EXITS. GREG ALONE. BLACKOUT.

H. GIRL BAR 2.

CHRIS STANDS NERVOUSLY AT THE BAR. JANELLE APPROACHES.

JANELLE: Can we talk ?

CHRIS: Maybe.

JANELLE: (AFTER A PAUSE) You're very sexy ?

CHRIS: Am I ?

JANELLE: Very. You're also very nervous ?

CHRIS: That obvious ?

JANELLE: It's okay.

PAUSE.

CHRIS: I've never been here before.

JANELLE: Thinking of switching ?

CHRIS: I don't know.

PAUSE

JANELLE: Ask me. Go on. I know you want to.

CHRIS: What's it like ?

JANELLE: Gentle, caring and a lot of fun.

CHRIS: I met this girl - she said it was better.

JANELLE: It is. Takes a woman to know a woman.

PAUSE

CHRIS: I'm not sure.

JANELLE: Understood. Maybe it's just me. Maybe if that girl was here-

CHRIS: No it's not that. You're .. nice.

JANELLE: Thank you. (PAUSE) You want a drink ?

CHRIS: No. (PAUSE) I wouldn't mind a dance though.

JANELLE: Sure. After you.

THEY BEGIN TO EXIT.

JANELLE: Don't worry. We'll take it slow

I. FOYER**WENDY AND SUSIE ARRIVE AT THE BAR.**

SUSIE: Who were those guys ?

WENDY: Locals.

SUSIE: Did you know them ?

WENDY: No. Thank god.

SUSIE: They seemed pretty friendly.

WENDY: Dogs on heat are never strangers. You want a drink ?

SUSIE: Yes please.

BRETT AND IAN ENTER.

SUSIE: Look out.

WENDY: What ?

SUSIE: Here they come.

WENDY: Oh no.

IAN: Ladies. So this is where you been hiding eh ? I was wondering where you got to. Miss me.

WENDY: Incredibly.

IAN: I don't think we actually introduced ourselves. The name's Ian.

WENDY: Wendy. And this is a friend of mine - Susie.

IAN: Susie. Nice ... name. This is me mate - Brett.

BRETT: Hi.

SUSIE: Hello.

IAN: So what you up to ?

WENDY: What does it look like ? I'm buying some drinks.

IAN: I'll get them.

WENDY: It's okay, thanks.

IAN: Independent - great. So what is this place ?

SUSIE: It's called a theatre.

IAN: A theatre ? Yeah ? What do you do here ?

WENDY: You see plays.

IAN: We went to a play once. Shakespeare. Boring eh Brett ? Boring as shit.

BRETT: It was okay. Quite interesting.

IAN: What are you talking about ? You fell asleep halfway through.

WENDY: Where's the barman ?

IAN: (TO **BARMAN**) Oi. Matey. I think the lady wants some service.

WENDY: Thanks.

BARMAN: (ARRIVING) I'm sorry we've stop serving. The show's about to start.

IAN: You closed the bar ? What sort of hole is this ?

WENDY: Would you keep your voice down ?

BARMAN: I'm sorry sir, the play is about to begin.

IAN: What's this play about then ? Joan of fuckin' Arc.

BARMAN: It's called Pick-Ups.

IAN: About trucks is it ? Hey Brett, this play's about trucks.

BARMAN: Sexual Pick-Ups. (TO **WENDY**) If you want to get a good seat I'd go in now.

WENDY: We will.

THE **BARMAN** MOVES OFF.

IAN: Poofa. Listen, me and Brett are heading back down to Bondi. Want to come ?

WENDY: We're here to watch the play.

IAN: Oh forget that. It'll be boring. Come on. (TO **SUSIE**)
What do you say cutey ? I think Brett's got the hots for you.

BRETT: Ian.

IAN: He has. He told me. That's why we followed you.

SUSIE: But we've already bought our tickets.

IAN: Cash in 'em. The poof won't mind. Hey mate.

WENDY: Look, would you just leave us alone ?

IAN: Just being friendly.

WENDY: Jesus ! You can't even come to a play anymore without two dumb yobbos trying to crack on to you.

BRETT: I'm not a yobbo.

IAN: Hey, beggars can't be choosers baby.

WENDY: Just leave us alone. (TO **BARMAN**) Are the doors open yet ?

BARMAN: They are.

WENDY: Let's go Susie. Goodbye. And you can't get in without a ticket so don't bother trying.

IAN: I love you too.

BRETT: Bye Susie.

SUSIE: Bye Brett.

WENDY AND **SUSIE** EXIT INTO THE THEATRE.

IAN: Bitch. I'll fix her.

BRETT: What are we gonna do ?

IAN: Hey. How much is a ticket ?

BARMAN: Twelve dollars sir.

IAN: What's it about again ?

BARMAN: Men and women trying to have sex with each other.

IAN: Yeah. The full bit ? Hey Brett, live sex on stage. You get to see it all ?

BARMAN: You'll have to go in and find out.

IAN: What do you reckon ? Twelve bucks.

BRETT: It's only a couple of shouts.

IAN: I reckon that one with the red hair's pretty keen. And you're hot for that Susie.

BRETT: She's okay. (PAUSE. IAN CONSIDERS.)

IAN: Alright. Let's do it. We'll have two. Give 'im the money Brett.

BRETT PAYS FOR THE TICKETS.

BARMAN: Straight through the doors sir.

IAN: Hey this better be good or we want our money back.

BARMAN: I'm sure you'll find a lot to relate it.

IAN: Hey Wendy. Here I come.

THEY EXIT INTO THE THEATRE.