

FRESHER THE MUSICAL

Libretto

Book by Sally Torode
Music and Lyrics by Mark Aspinall

Fresher The Musical was first presented at The Edinburgh International Fringe Festival, produced by Adam Paulden for Paulden Productions Ltd and The Blue Penguin, on 6th August 2010. The cast was as follows:

Ally Natasha Barnes

Basil Mark Lawson

Hayley Victoria Gimby / Nicola McQuillan

Rupert Steven Aspinall

Tuc Andrew Bryant

Director Guy Unsworth

Musical Director Mark Aspinall

Choreographer Racky Plews

Designer Catherine Baines

CHARACTERS

BASIL WOOD

Middle class. Questionable dress sense. Glasses a must. Bit of a know it all.
Studying Psychology.

HAYLEY TONES

Has a Northern accent. Pale. Mousy looking. Looks girly – dresses in a non
sophisticated way. Studying History.

ALLY LANGDON

Perhaps the opposite in looks of Hayley. Dresses to accentuate her assets.
Attractive. Posh. Studying French.

TUC HARRIS

A wide boy of sorts. Very working class background. Cockney. Has a sex appeal /
charm. Jeans and T-shirt kinda guy. Studying Geography.

RUPERT PIE

Public school boy, but not a boarder so it's all new to him too. Preppy dresser.
Studying Maths but fancies himself as a bohemian.

MUSICAL NUMBERS

1. OPENING – Ally, Basil, Hayley, Rupert, Tuc
- 1a. PLAYOFF
- 1b. INTERLUDE
2. THAT’S A SIGN – Ally, Hayley
3. DRINKING GAMES – Ally, Basil, Hayley, Rupert, Tuc
4. DRINKING GAMES REPRISE - Tuc
5. NOTHING - Basil
6. ISN’T THAT FUNNY? – Hayley, Tuc
7. RUPERT’S LAMENT – Rupert
8. THE CLUB – Ally, Basil, Hayley, Rupert, Tuc
9. YOU’RE ALL THE SAME – Ally
10. THE WAY WE ARE – Ally, Basil, Hayley, Rupert, Tuc
11. SCENE EIGHT– Ally, Basil, Hayley, Rupert, Tuc
12. BASIL’S SECRET - Basil
13. FINALE / BEST YEARS OF OUR LIFE – Ally, Basil, Hayley, Rupert, Tuc

SCRIPT NOTES

- (...) a trailing off
(-) an interruption
(/) two people talking simultaneously

PROLOGUE

#1 OPENING

Music in. Lights out. We hear an unknown voice in the darkness.

BASIL: LEAVE ALL THIS BEHIND
FREE BODY, FREE MIND
I'LL GET TO BE ME
WHOEVER ME MAY BE

ALL: WHOEVER ME MAY BE

ONE

Lights up. The characters arrive at university with bags/boxes/suitcases etc.

BASIL: SO I ARRIVE AND GET THE KEYS TO MY ROOM

HAYLE STAND NEXT TO SOMEONE WEARING TOO MUCH PERFUME
Y:

THE BLOKE IN ROOM 250
TUC: LOOKS REALLY FUCKING SHIFTY
AND GUESS WHO'S IN 251

IT'S HARDLY WHAT I'M USED TO AT HOME
ALLY: BUT DO AS ROMANS DO WHEN YOU ARE IN ROME

I THOUGHT IT WOULD BE FRIGHTFUL
RUPER BUT THIS IS QUITE DELIGHTFUL
T: AND THESE CHAPS LOOK TERRIBLY FUN

NO I DON'T KNOW WHO THEY ARE
SO THIS IS REALLY BIZARRE
ALL: WHO'LL BE THE FIRST TO BREAK THE ICE?
ROLL THE DICE?

ALL: IT'S HAPPENING NOW

AND IF I FEEL UNPREPARED / ALL: UNPREPARED
UNREADY
HAYLE OR JUST FUCKING SCARED / ALL: FUCKING SCARED, I
Y: I PUT ASIDE MY FEARS

+BASIL REMEMBER HOW WE'RE LIVING RIGHT HERE
:
THE NEXT THREE YEARS

(The characters become aware of each other and begin greeting each other)

ALL: *(their greetings overlap musically). At first TUC and ALLY are in one group, BASIL and HAYLEY in another and RUPERT in the middle alone.)*

(to ALLY) Hello / I'm Tuc / *(overhearing BASIL)* Wait did he just say – Did you just say your name was Basil? / That's...

(to BASIL) Hello / It's good to meet you...? / Basil. Hayley.

TUC:
(on his own) Word up. / I'm Rupert

HAYLEY *(to HAYLEY)* Basil. / Good to meet you... / *(Answering TUC)* Yes.

Y:
(to TUC) Hello. / It's good to meet you Tuc I'm... *(as TUC's attention is drawn away)* / *(grumpily)* I'm Ally

RUPERT
T:
(to the audience) THIS IS SO STRESSFUL

BASIL:
(New groups are formed, TUC and RUPERT in one, HAYLEY, ALLY, and ALLY: BASIL in another)

ALL: *(to ALLY)* Hi. Hayley. / Good to... / I'm glad that you're fine

(to HAYLEY) Ally. / *(to BASIL)* No it's fine

(to RUPERT) Ally's hot! / Proper fine?!

HAYLEY *(to TUC)* Say what? / *(to ALLY, apologising for TUC)* I'm sorry / It's not fine.

Y:
(to TUC) I concur she's proper fine. / so fine.

ALLY:
(To the audience. Once again, they are unaware of one another)

TUC:
WE'RE ALL FINE

BASIL:
WAKE UP BE ALIVE

RUPERT I'M YOUNG AND I THRIVE

T:
ON LIVING AT HIGHER PRESSURE
TIME IS TICKING AWAY
GET NOTICED TODAY
AND START ACTING LIKE A FRESHER

ALL:
(The boys form a group and the girls likewise)

I SAY WHAT COURSE I'M ON AND TELL THEM MY NAME

MAKE EVERY EFFORT TO AVOID SOUNDING LAME

IF THAT'S THE OPPOSITION
IT'S HARDLY COMPETITION
SO I'LL GET FIRST PICK OF THE GUYS

RUPER SHE TELLS ME PROUDLY WHERE HER HANDBAG IS FROM
T:

DISCUSS THE THINGS WE'VE SEEN ON REDTUBE.COM

BASIL:

IF SOMEONE NEEDS A POLING

ALLY: I'LL GET AN EARLY GOAL IN

IT'S NOT RAPE IF YOU SHOUT SURPRISE

WHO CARES IF I FEAR

HAYLE NEXT WEEK OR NEXT YEAR

Y: JUST MAKE A GOOD FIRST IMPRESSION

ON THE BLADE OF A KNIFE

RUPER WELCOME TO THE LIFE

T: OF ME AND OF EVERY FRESHER

TUC: SURROUNDED BY GIRLS

I CAN'T WAIT TO GET MY HANDS ON

SURROUNDED BY BOYS

ALL: TO SHY TO MAKE A MOVE

TO MEET ONE SO SOON

WAS NOT WHAT I HAD PLANNED ON

THIS IS THE TIME OF THE DAY

I AM DEFINING THE WAY

TUC: REFUSING TO STOP

LIVING ON TOP

AND PROUD TO SAY

ALLY:

THAT I AM

I'M CREAM OF THE CROP

RUPER I'M TOP OF THE HEAP

T: COME ON AND MAKE MY CONNECTION

I AM RAISING MY VOICE

I'M MAKING THE CHOICE

ALL: TO FOLLOW MY OWN DIRECTION

I WON'T BOTHER TO SHOW

THE THINGS THEY DON'T KNOW

A HIST'RY THAT I'M ERASING

OOH, A NEW FIRST IMPRESSION

I'M STARTING AFRESH AND

I'M HERE AND I FEEL AMAZING

AMAZING

AMAZING

EVERY NEW FACE
EVERY NEW PLACE
REMINDS ME HOW
IT'S HAPPENING NOW

Music Out

TWO

The typical student flat. There is a banner reading 'Welcome Freshers' hanging on the back wall. It's the first day, early evening. Everyone present. RUPERT is mixing/pouring drinks, whilst BASIL is reading the Freshers' Week schedule.

(short musical intro to indicate this is the middle of a situation)

RUPERT: Ta-da! My special cocktail!

(RUPERT hands out cocktails to everyone.)

BASIL:... (*receiving his*) Thank you. Rupert?

RUPERT: If you forget, just think of a pie.

BASIL: Why?

RUPERT: Because that's my name! Rupert Pie!

BASIL: (*going back to reading*) Erm, so night two is a 'Famous Fresher' fancy dress night at the students union. All Freshers to dress up as a famous person starting with the letter F. Night three is –

TUC: Mate, we can all read. Chill out.

(*HALYLEY refuses her drink*)

HAYLEY: Thanks anyway, but I don't drink actually.

ALLY: You don't drink? What's the point in even coming to University?

(*He hands one to TUC.*)

TUC: Can I have hers? Cheers.

RUPERT: Here's to a ripping Freshers week!

(*RUPERT cheers, they all drink*)

BASIL: Ergh.

RUPERT: Charmed I'm sure.

BASIL: Sorry, but that's so sweet I've gone cross eyed.

ALLY: I think it goes down nicely.

TUC: Aye, aye.

(*TUC pats her bum, she giggles.*)

BASIL: That took all the enamel off my teeth.

TUC: Jesus, shut yer whining will you, Basil. Hey, check it (*Fawlty Towers voice*) Basil!

ALLY: Oh yeah! Basil!

TUC: Basil!

ALLY: Basil!

BASIL: Great. That took all of half an hour then.

(*TUC takes the schedule and ALLY throws him a pen. He writes on it while BASIL and HAYLEY talk. They whisper and giggle over it.*)

HAYLEY: (*To BASIL*) Oh well, the old ones are the best ay.

BASIL: I've tried to think of a cooler shortening for it. When you've been the subject of constant ridicule for eighteen years, you like to think when you come away to somewhere new you might be given some -

TUC: Actually mate...Baz, would you read out the schedule for us again?

(ALLY giggles.)

BASIL: OK. (*reading*) Tomorrow night, a 'Famous Fresher' fancy dress theme party at the students union. Night three; Fawlty Towers murder mystery dinner...I see. Very funny.

TUC: Basil!

ALLY: Basil!

BASIL: (*exasperated*) Night four; blowjob night. Night five; naked lesbian mud wrestling.

RUPERT: Gosh. Those activities are rather different to what I'd imagined they'd be. They've definitely gone all out! I mean, a blowjob night...(*he drinks*)

#1A – INTERLUDE

TUC: I HOPE SHE DOESN'T THINK THIS T-SHIRT'S TOO GAY

BASIL: DO I SOUND DULL?

HAYLEY: WHY HAVE I NOTHING TO SAY?

ALLY: I CAN'T BELIEVE THE SHIT I TALK, COULD THIS BE ANY MORE AWKWARD?

RUPERT: I SMELL LIKE MY MOTHER'S PATE

(*musical interlude to indicate the passing of time. ALL move seats and busy themselves with drinking. When the lights come up, TUC and ALLY are now sitting next to each other and RUPERT, BASIL and HAYLEY are standing talking. ALLY is flirting subtly*)

ALLY: I've never met anyone called Tuc before. Isn't Tuc a cheesy sort of cracker?

TUC: Yeah, my dad was eating a packet of them when I popped out so that's what he called me.

ALLY: (*laughing*) Really?

TUC: Nah. I've never met my Dad

Silence – then quickly to save him -

ALLY: Well I like Tuc, it sounds exotic. Do you like exotic things?

TUC: Erotic things?

ALLY: No silly. Exotic. Do you travel?

TUC: Actually, I really want to –

ALLY: I'm taking French you know.

TUC: Oh, I can barely speak English proper. Int French the language of sex?

ALLY: The Language of Love.

TUC: Potato, potarto.

(TUC and ALLY continue to talk while the focus switches to RUPERT, BASIL and HAYLEY)

RUPERT: *(pouring BASIL another cocktail)* Such a shame you won't have one Hayley / they really are quite infamous back home.

HAYLEY: / Can't

(RUPERT pushes the bottom of BASIL's glass up to his face and BASIL drinks. He tries to stifle a cough)

BASIL: *(sarcastic)* Yes, such a shame.

HAYLEY: *(amused)* I'm gutted Rupert.

RUPERT: Please...call me *(dramatic pause)* Rupes.

BASIL: I feel like I'm always asking you this, but, why?

RUPERT: *(seeing his empty cup)* Ooh, you really do like them don't you. Top up.

BASIL: No, really –

(BASIL tries to stop him but RUPERT refills. Without even looking at BASIL he pushes the cup up to his mouth again. BASIL looks scared but drinks)

RUPERT: It's my street name Hayley. My posse and I would often go on the prowl for eligible ho's around the various local hang outs...the hunting lodges, the stables, perhaps the local chess club. The chess girls are notorious for being a bit loosey goosey.

HAYLEY: Really...

RUPERT: And *(proudly)* as co-founder and co-chair of our posse, our cry was 'Ruuuupes'.

(RUPERT lets BASIL breathe. He coughs)

And that would be my cue to do an on the spot rap.

HAYLEY: You rap too?! Amazing!

BASIL: You hear that guys? Rupert raps.

(BASIL takes the opportunity to get away from RUPERT)

TUC: Do ya mate?

RUPERT: Yes and I'm thinking about sending them off to a hip hop label.

TUC: Go on then R-dog, give us a blast.

RUPERT: Really?

TUC: Deffo.

RUPERT: Will you all do the posse cry then? It sort of gets me mentally in the zone.

HAYLEY: Oh yeah. I know it. Ruuuupes!

(They all look a bit bewildered but follow HAYLEY's lead)

HAYLEY: Ruuuupes. Ruuuupes.

ALL: Ruuuupes. Ruuuupes. Ruuuupes.

RUPERT: A beat please Tuc?

(TUC does a soft beat box)

RUPERT: This is entitled, an Ode to Johnson. Johnson, together we have so much fun, I let you lie out in the sun, but I'm sure to cream you up first, because I don't want you to blister or burst. Johnson, our joy is very rare and I like to sit and stroke your hair. You're as old as me now Johnson, and getting smelly, but I'll still let you sit on my belly. I like to see you getting fat, because Johnson, you are my lovely cat.

They all laugh and clap.

TUC: That was major, Rupes G! Big up the rapping!

RUPERT: Thank you all. You know what song I'd really love to write an Ode to? Baywatch. And I think they have to play that song tomorrow night!

TUC: Ah mate, I got my first stiffy to that show.

(He wipes away an imaginary tear.)

RUPERT: *(rapping)* 'Some people stand in the darkness'

TUC: *(joining in)* Afraid to step into the light.

BASIL: Hayley, I was wrong...

HAYLEY: *(holds up the bucket)* More punch Baz?

(BASIL holds out his cup)

#2 THAT'S A SIGN

(Music in. The lights slowly change to isolate the GIRLS talking away from the boys, who are refilling drinks. ALLY is facing away from the boys, where as HAYLEY can see what they are up to)

HAYLEY: I love your outfit Ally.

ALLY poses.

ALLY: Merci beaucoup.

HAYLEY: You do day to night really well. I'd never be able to pull that off.

ALLY: No you wouldn't. *(pause)* Here you should borrow my scarf. *(putting her scarf around HAYLEY)* Just as I suspected, it suits your, erm...complexion.

HAYLEY: That's really lovely, thanks so much!

(RUPERT hands BASIL a camera to take photos of him and TUC. TUC does the opening drums to Baywatch and with RUPERT does slow motion Baywatch running. This slowly evolves into various sexual positions.)

ALLY: Don't you think he's so into me already?

HAYLEY: Who?

ALLY: Tuc. He's giving me the signs, isn't he?

(By now, TUC is pretending to take RUPERT from behind.)

I mean, don't you think he's just so sexy?

(HAYLEY looks to TUC as he pretends to lick RUPERT's imaginary boobs.)

HAYLEY: Um...?

ALLY: He's just got that whole bad boy thing going on.

HAYLEY: Yeah I suppose.

ALLY: He's so flirting back too.

HAYLEY: Is he?

ALLY: Oh poor Hayley. You're not very good at reading the signs are you? Don't you and your girlfriends have any secret language where you can talk about people in front of them and they have no clue?! It's so useful for when boys are around.

HAYLEY: Erm...no.

ALLY: I thought everyone did that! Well just listen and learn honey...

ALLY: IF HE'S ACTING LIKE A MORON WHEN YOU'RE TRYING TO
IGNORE HIM
HONEY, THAT'S A SIGN

HAYLEY

Y: Really?

ALLY: IF YOU'VE GHD'D YOUR HAIR AND HE PRETENDS HE DOESN'T
CARE,
THEN HONEY, THAT'S A SIGN

HAYLE

Y: Right.

ALLY: HE'S MAKING OUT HE HASN'T SPOTTED
THAT YOU'RE LOOKING PRETTY HOT
THEN HONEY THAT'S A SIGN
SEE WITHOUT THEM EVEN KNOWING,
BOYS ARE PERMANENTLY SHOWING YOU THE SIGNS.

HAYLE Yeah, like I said, it's reading the signs I have problems with.

Y:

It's easy. Take any given man in any given situation and I guarantee

ALLY: you, the signs will be there. Take, I don't know, ordering your drinks
at a bar for example.

IF YOU CANNOT FIND A SPACE
BUT THEN HE LETS YOU TAKE HIS PLACE,
THEN HONEY THAT'S A SIGN – BUT
IF HE SPENDS A MOMENT THINKING
THEN HE ASKS YOU WHAT YOU'RE DRINKING
THAT'S ALSO A SIGN - THEN
IF HE HANDS YOU YOUR CORONA
WHILE HE'S TRYING TO HIDE HIS BONER, BABY
THAT'S A SIGN
THAT'S THE CUE TO START PROCEEDING
WHEN YOU'RE ACCURATELY READING ALL THE SIGNS

WHEN THE SIGNS ARE THERE
THROW A SMILE AND TOSS YOUR HAIR
YOU DON'T NEED TO PLAY A GAME YOU'VE ALREADY WON
WHEN THE SIGNS ARE THERE
IT COULD HAPPEN ANYWHERE
DON'T FIGHT IT, JUST SIT TIGHT AND LET THEM COME

Trust me, once you know what you're looking for, they're so easy to
spot...so...

IF YOU CATCH HIM SIDEWARD GLANCING
HAYLE WHEN YOU'RE CLUBBING AND YOU'RE DANCING

Y:

THAT'S A SIGN

Good

ALLY AND IF HE'S LOOKING LIKE A POSER
WHILE HE'S SLOWLY WALKING CLOSER

HAYLE THAT'S A SIGN

Y:

AND IF HE LOOKS UNSTABLE
WHEN YOU'RE DANCING ON THE TABLE
HONEY THAT'S A SIGN

ALLY: BABY TRUST YOUR INTUITION
FOR THE KEY IS RECOGNITION OF THE SIGNS
DON'T FORGET THE GIRL THEY'RE WISHIN' FOR

HAYLE KNOWS EVERY SEX POSITION

Y: WE'RE LADIES WITH AMBITION

SO WE BETTER GET TO FISHIN'

ALLY: COALITION IS MY MISSION, GIRL
I'VE GOT A SLIGHT SUSPICION

HAYLE

Y: THAT THE SIGNS ARE THERE
WATCH THE BOYS ALL STOP AND STARE

ALLY: OH, SO MANY CHOICES HERE THAT I CAN NOT DECIDE
I CANNOT DECIDE!

BOTH: WHEN THE SIGNS ARE THERE
I WILL DO EVERYTHING I DARE

HAYLE TO KEEP IT UP AND JUST ENJOY THE RIDE

Y: ENJOY THE RIDE

ALLY: ENJOY THE RIDE

*(Music Out. The Boys are back in the same position as they were
before the song.)*

ALLY: But I'm going to make him work for it. I mean, I could have him at any point,
but where's the fun in that? It's only the first night.

HAYLEY: Good idea.

ALLY: So, you've *never* had a boyfriend?

HAYLEY: Erm, it depends what you'd class as a boyfriend really. Richard Grover put
his hand up my top in Biology once. But it was right after we learnt how to put
a condom on a banana and I think he just got a bit over excited.

ALLY: Jesus.

HAYLEY: Actually, I had a bad experience with my last boyfriend, and -

ALLY: Well watch and learn sister. My scarf looks good on you.

HAYLEY: Thanks.

ALLY: Listen, seeing as you've chosen not to drink -

HAYLEY: No Ally, I can't drink.

ALLY: Do you want some poppers? 'cus I have some.

HAYLEY: Well, do they make you feel drunk?

ALLY: Not quite honey, but they might just liven you up a bit.

HAYLEY: OK. Let's do it!

ALLY: Don't tell the boys though. Just us girls. Keep them busy.

ALLY gets some out of her bag.

RUPERT Ladies...

(Music Out)

Would you fancy playing some drinking games?

TUC: Yeah there's nowhere near enough debauchery occurring here for my liking.

Right, who knows trip poker?

ALLY: Ooh. Strip poker. Somehow I always end up losing.

TUC: Not strip poker, you saucy minx, trip poker, my own special creation.

(ALLY and HAYLEY find a way to take the poppers.)

BASIL: If it's your creation how should we know how to play it?

TUC: Shut your pie hole Manuel. *(as in Fawlty Towers – Spanish accent)* 'You know nothing'.

#3 TRIP POKER

(Music in.)

TUC: Right, everyone into a circle. This is how the game works. I'll move around you all, and if I tap you on the head you have three seconds to tell us something surprising about yourself. If you take too long or it's not surprising enough, you drink, and I trip you up. OK.

HAYLEY: Excuse me, quiz master?

TUC: Pale face.

HAYLEY: I can't drink.

TUC: Oh. Erm...

BASIL: There's some red bull here if you want it.

(RUPERT flies the Red Bull over.)

RUPERT: *(whispers to HAYLEY)* It gives you wings.

(He winks. She laughs.)

TUC: Right, (*immediately taps BASIL*) One!

BASIL: What?!

TUC: Two!

BASIL: Oh...Erm!

TUC: Three. Too late, (*trips him up*) drink for three...One...Two...Three

(*TUC goes round and stops and taps RUPERT.*)

TUC: One...Two...

RUPERT: I eat eight kiwi fruits a day!

TUC: You what?

RUPERT: Of course, I mean I eat eight kiwizzles yo!

(*TUC trips him.*)

TUC: Drink for four!

(*RUPERT drinks.*)

ALL: ONE! TWO! THREE! FOUR!

(*As they sing, we see stage one of drunkenness. The first hour of drinking. HAYLEY is dancing around high on poppers and red bull. Everyone else is tipsy but conscious of their actions. There is obvious flirting between TUC and ALLY.*)

ALL: WHOA

BOYS: THIS IS SO COOL THAT WE CAN GET WASTED

ALL: WHOA

GIRLS: AND I CAN DO IT AS MUCH AS I LIKE

ALL: WHOA

TUC: WHO'LL BE THE FIRST TO GET REALLY WASTED?

ALL: WHOA.

Underscore continues

ALLY: Oh mighty quiz master!

HAYLEY: Oh mighty quiz master!

ALLY: When is it your go?

RUPERT: Yes good idea Ally. Tap tap Tuc!...One!...

TUC: My ideal girl has to like all things gangster rap, backpacking, and a tidy little lady garden. My last bird had a landing strip. Coming in to land! Aye, aye Captain!

(RUPERT salutes)

ALLY: *(angrily)* No you have to drink now you see, because that's not surprising at all...

(ALLY tries to trip him but misses and falls into BASIL who unwittingly catches her. She kisses him, deliberately in full view of TUC. BASIL is shocked.)

TUC: ...Quick work Baz-man.

RUPERT: I'll save you Ally my love!

(RUPERT holds out his hands to catch ALLY from BASIL and puckers his lips but she isn't going anywhere. She stands up and brushes herself down.)

ALLY: You're very odd Rupert.

TUC: You're the man ain't you Rupes!

(They high five.)

RUPERT: Yo G. I'm down with the bizzle grizzle hizzle.

TUC: G! Wet willy!

(TUC gives RUPERT a wet willy, RUPERT squirms)

OK, the next game is called one hot chick. I say 'one hot chick' and you all repeat

ALL: *(individually, as TUC points around the circle)* One Hot Chick

TUC: Then Baz says something like, two...

BASIL: ...two...suspicious snails.

TUC: ...right. Then we all say it. Take too long and you drink.

HERE. WE. GO!

(Stage two of drunkenness. The next hour of drinking. ALLY kissing BASIL has obviously pulled TUC in. By the end of the verse, they are very close.)

ALL: WHOA,

GIRLS: IT'S ONLY DAY ONE AND I'M GETTING BATTERED

ALL: WHOA,

BASIL: I HOPE I DON'T MAKE A TWAT OF MYSELF

ALL: NO NO NO NOOO

GIRLS: NOT THAT I CARE AND NOT THAT IT MATTERS

ALL: WHOA.

ALLY: One hot chick, two suspicious snails, three moose loose about this hoose, four findus crispy pancakes, five fervently fortuitous fellows, (*her lips gradually moving closer to kiss TUC*) six.... six... six....

ALL: (*including TUC*) Drink!

(*ALLY drinks.*)

ALLY: You know I had never even heard of crispy pancakes until this girl from my riding club took me to her grandparents for dinner one night and there they were, just sitting there on my plate like rusty protractors...and I said to them, what are these? And they said they're crispy pancakes, they're filled with cheese. And I said cheese?!? (*laughing*) I thought pancakes were supposed to have lemon and sugar on them!

(*She laughs and so does RUPERT. Everyone else is slightly confused.*)

RUPERT: Very good! Cheese. Very funny.

(*They all laugh*)

(*Stage three, everyone is wasted. HAYLEY is completely wired*)

ALL: WHOA, WE ALL GET ON SO WELL IT'S AMAZING

TUC: IT'S AMAZING

ALL: WHOA, IT'S LIKE WE'VE KNOWN EACH OTHER FOR YEARS

TUC & ALLY: FOR YEARS

ALL: WHOA,

RUPERT: NOTHING TO DO WITH THE FACT THAT I'M WASTED

ALL: WHOA

HAYLEY: (*quickly, whilst BASIL attempts to prompt her*) One hot chick, two suspicious snails, three moose loose about this hoose, four findas crispy pancakes, five fervently fortuitous fellows, six slippery slimy sluts singing something sexy, seven naked nudists naked with a nonce, eight mice meeting mister and missus McDonald, nine never ending stupid games made up by Tuc and ten fucking dweebs who need to shut their gob called Basil!

TUC: Pale face! You won!

HAYLEY: I won! Ally! I won, I won!

(His eye starts to twitch.)

ALLY: Well done.... *(distracted)* Rupert, what's wrong with your eye?

RUPERT: Sorry darling?

ALLY: Your eye. It's spazzing out.

RUPERT: Is it? Oh, sometimes spirits make my eye twitch. I have such a strong wheat intolerance that anything made with it can bring on an allergic reaction.

(RUPERT makes a honking sound. ALLY jumps)

ALLY: Jesus!

RUPERT: That's just the wheat intolerance.

(He honks)

BASIL: Are you alright?

(His eye is still twitching)

RUPERT: Fine! It'll wear *(honks)* off *(honks)* very shortly I ass - *(honks)*- ure you.

TUC: Poor dude!

(Stage four. The last stage before unconsciousness)

ALL: WHOA

TUC: I'M PLEASED TO INFORM YOU THAT I AM SHIT-FACED

ALL: *(CHEER)*
WHOA,

BASIL: TOMORROW I'LL WANT TO CURL UP AND DIE

ALL: *(CHEER)*
WHOA,

ALLY: YOU'VE GOT TWO HEADS WHEN I LOOK AT YOU SIDEWAYS

ALL: WHOA.

(During Song, ALLY and HAYLEY exit to the bedrooms. RUPERT passes out behind the sofa. BASIL and TUC are the only two left standing. TUC is eating a piece of cake.)

TUC: Drink while you think...

(BASIL drinks)

Drink while you think

BASIL drinks.

Come on...

BASIL drinks.

BASIL: What am I thinking of again?

TUC: Jesus H, keep up you 'tard. Who would you rather have - the fit one that was in Prince of Persia, or the fit one that was in Transformers?

BASIL: The fit one in Prince of Persia.

TUC: Right answer! What's their fucking name...?

BASIL: Jake Gyllenhaal.

TUC: What?

BASIL: What?

TUC: What you on about Jake Gyllenhaal for? *(as a joke)* You a bender or summat?

(BASIL laughs much, much more than he should at this suggestion)

BASIL: No. 'course not.

(BASIL drinks.)

TUC: What?

BASIL: What?

(TUC stares at BASIL)

TUC: Fuck off. HOMO! Shit poker! Fanny dodger!

BASIL: No! What? No, Tuc.

TUC: We were talking about the fit one from Prince of Persia and you said Jake Gyllenhaal.

BASIL: No I didn't.

TUC: Yes you did!

BASIL: I didn't.

TUC: You did.

BASIL: I'm pissed up. I made a mistake. I'm confused.

TUC: No you ain't, you're a gay boy. You wanna take Jakey up the Brokeback Mountain? You wanna give him some Jar-head? Oh yes! YES! Baz-man. Thank you for this gift!

(BASIL tries to shut TUC up, worried the others will hear)

TUC: WHOA, WHO WOULD HAVE THOUGHT THAT BAZ WAS A HOMO?

WHOA, HE WANTS TO LICK ANOTHER MAN'S BALLS
WHOA, HOMO HOMO HOMO HOMO HOMO

(TUC falls unconscious)

#4 NOTHING

BASIL: HOW COULD I BE SO RETARDED WITH THIS SECRET I HAVE
GUARDED
I COULD SLAP MYSELF
AND WHAT MAKES IT MORE APPALLING IS THAT I'M TO BLAME FOR
FALLING
FOR HIS TRAP MYSELF
AND THE TERRIFYING NOTION HE COULD TELL THEM ANY MOMENT
MAKES ME CRAP MYSELF
BUT WHAT REALLY STARTS IT HURTING IS THAT I'M NOT EVEN
CERTAIN WHO I AM

I DON'T WANT THIS
I DIDN'T CHOOSE THIS
AS IF MY PARENTS WOULD UNDERSTAND THIS
RELATIONS FILLED WITH EXPECTATIONS
THERE WAS NEVER ANY DOUBT
BUT WHAT I AM STOKED ABOUT

(ALLY enters BASIL notices her. She retrieves her lip balm and applies it as she leaves)

IS THERE MAY BE A WAY OUT

ALLY: Night, Baz. *(off)* Basil!

SHE KISSED ME
SHE KISSED ME
A GIRL KISSED ME
BEAUTIFUL
SHE IS BEAUTIFUL
SO HOW DO I EXPLAIN
I DO NOT FEEL THE SAME?

BUT I'M MORE THAN THAT
I AM MORE THAN A LABEL
I'M NOT DEFINED BY SIMPLY WHO I HAVE TO LOVE
I CHOOSE WHO I LOVE
AND I WANT TO FEEL SOMETHING IN THAT KISS
JUST FEEL HOW I'M SUPPOSED TO INSTEAD OF THIS

NOW I'M CONVINCED THE WORLD IS TELLING ME
AND POSITIVELY YELLING TO ME:
THAT'S A SIGN

THE GIRL IS ABSOLUTELY STUNNING
AND I THINK I'M IN THE RUNNING –
SURELY THAT'S A SIGN?
SO IF SHE KISSES ME, THEN FUCKING HELL!
WHEN EVERYONE IS LOOKING, WELL
THEN THAT'S A SIGN?!
SO WHY DO I FEEL
NOTHING?

Lights fade

THREE

Morning. TUC is still asleep on the sofa. HAYLEY enters from the bedrooms sleepily with a package which has been delivered. She sets it down. TUC wakes.

TUC: Alright Pale face.

HAYLEY: I feel like Dawn French has been sitting on my head.

TUC: I'd like Dawn French to sit on my head.

HAYLEY: What? Oh Tuc it's too early for you. I didn't even drink anything. Why do I feel so bad?

TUC: Yeah, didn't think your face could get any paler.

HAYLEY: I mean, why...? *(remembering, realising)* Oh. Right.

TUC: What?

HAYLEY: Never mind.

(BASIL enters with a glass of water. He shuffles his feet and moans.)

BASIL: I feel terrible.

TUC: About what?

(They exchange a knowing glance)

BASIL: I mean I'm hungover.

TUC: I'm tickety-boo, me.

BASIL: Yes well, for some reason you seem to have the constitution of a fifty-five year old professional darts player.

(TUC pats his belly proudly. RUPERT appears over the top of the sofa)

RUPERT: I feel like I'm going to chunder.

(RUPERT stops himself throwing up. BASIL gets RUPERT a glass of water)

BASIL: We're upholding traditional student rituals, Rupes. It's our generations awful legacy.

RUPERT: It's the wheat intolerance.

HAYLEY: Might be the terrific amounts of vodka too.

TUC: Ah, can't handle your drink mate.

(BASIL bends over to get something. TUC wolf whistles him)

TUC: Sexy!

(ALLY runs in)

ALLY: Oh my god!

(pause) I was SO juiced last night.

BASIL: Too much information thanks.

ALLY: *(getting the rude implication)* Vile.

TUC: Shoulda let me know.

(ALLY tuts)

HAYLEY: That came for you earlier, Ally.

(ALLY excitedly opens it)

TUC: *(mocking)* Parcel from daddy!

ALLY: From my friends actually. It's a Cath Kidston cake stand.

HAYLEY: This place is a tip.

ALLY: But we had fun though didn't we babes.

HAYLEY: Yeah, it was great...babes...

(HAYLEY shrugs to BASIL. He shares her bemusement HAYLEY exits with some empty bottles. ALLY goes to get her cake, and it's gone)

ALLY: Oh, just fab. Someone's eaten my cake.

(No reply)

Who ate my cake while I was in bed? Fess up!

TUC: How come everything you say sound filthy.

ALLY: It was bloody you wasn't it?

TUC: Well...share and share alike babes?

(ALLY clips him round the ear)

ALLY: Tuc! Bloody hell! That cake was supposed to be for everyone! I made it specially. What shall I replace it with, bloody angel delight?!

(ALLY appears upset.)

RUPERT: Darling, don't be too upset, I have a packet of Marks and Sparks cupcake mix...
(He gags) Oh dear...mini-sick.

ALLY: Ew, get away from me!

(RUPERT leaves to be sick)

Tucy, I do like you, you know...but honestly...you're a complete and utter knobber!

(ALLY storms off to the bedroom)

TUC: Knobber. Old school.

(RUPERT follows her. TUC pats the sofa to BASIL, who ignores him. TUC pats the sofa again and winks at him. BASIL picks up his laptop, TUC wolf whistles)

BASIL: OK! You want to talk about what I said last night? Then let's talk.

TUC: You're so pretty when you're angry.

(BASIL opens his laptop/phone)

BASIL: I know it was you who facebook raped me.

TUC: What's that?

BASIL: What's that? *(reading)* Basil Wood is busy sucking cock. Basil Wood has finished sucking cock now and is putting a strap on backwards to do 'the rocking horse' with my two friends.

TUC: Nothing to do with me.

BASIL: Tuc Harris likes this.

TUC: I do like it.

BASIL: That's not funny.

TUC: Liar.

BASIL: *(types quickly)* Basil Wood has been facebook raped by Tuc Harris.

TUC: Spoil sport. Wet willy!

(TUC licks his finger and puts it in BASIL's ear.)

BASIL: Oh, disgusting!

TUC: Sorry, not the wet willy you were hoping for right?

(TUC hides behind the couch)

BASIL: Look, if you're trying to manipulate me Tuc, then it won't work OK.

(TUC pops his head up)

TUC: Homo!

BASIL: I said something that –

(TUC pops up)

TUC: Bum bandit!

(TUC runs behind BASIL)

BASIL: This isn't fair in the slightest.

(TUC pops his head over BASIL's shoulder. He takes BASIL's glasses and puts them on)

TUC: The Oxford English dictionary defines a bum-bandit as a slang term for a homosexual man who likes to put his cock up another man's anal passage.

(BASIL snatches them back)

BASIL: Tuc, just...please...don't tell anyone.

(HAYLEY enters, (holding pills) – overhearing. BASIL leaves. HAYLEY has a bottle of pills and is trying to open them as she tidies)

HAYLEY: Don't tell anyone what?

TUC: Nothing, just Baz getting his blob.

HAYLEY: still disgusting in here. Doesn't anyone know how to clean up after themselves?

(HAYLEY cleans, while she's distracted, TUC take the pills from HAYLEY)

What are you doing? Get off!

TUC: What are they?

HAYLEY: Nothing, give them back.

TUC: Are they E's? You little dark horse! You're a secret raver! You like to just sit on your own in your room and rave away on E's to Steps songs.

HAYLEY: Of course they're not E's. They're... you wouldn't understand.

TUC: What you mean I wouldn't understand?

HAYLEY: Just let it go Tuc, please.

TUC: Nah, I wanna know pale face, I'm intrigued.

HAYLEY: TUC, PLEASE!

TUC hands them back.

TUC: Alright. Fine. No skin off my nose is it. *(waiting for a response)* Nope, no hair off my back. Do they give you rosy cheeks pale face?

(He pinches her cheeks)

HAYLEY: Get off!

TUC: Hayley...I can keep a secret, y'know.

(He opens the bottle and offers it to her. She takes some as he watches)

HAYLEY: *(anxiously)* OK, they're anxiety pills Tuc, OK. I'm not a crazy it's just I can just get a bit overwhelmed at times. I need them to keep a level head that's all.

TUC: Fair enough, but why all the secrecy then?

HAYLEY: I don't want everyone to know straight away. I mean, isn't that the thing about University? A completely new place where no-one knows who you are, no one knows anything about you. You can be who you want to be. Anyway, that's why I can't drink. And I LOVE drinking, believe me. *(Pause)* So I guess I'll have a new nickname now. Will Pill Popping Polly do?

TUC: Nah, pale face, that won't do at all. *(Pause)* My mums on them things y'know.

HAYLEY: Hey?

TUC: Them pills. Same bottle and everything. It ain't such a big deal, you shouldn't worry so much about getting the piss taken out of you.

HAYLEY: Easy for you to say!

TUC: I get you pale face.

HAYLEY: Do you?

TUC: Look, it would be easy to take the piss out of Princess Ally cus she's asking for it. She ain't got nothing to moan about, not really, but all she does is yabber dabba. She's fair game, get me?

HAYLEY: But your jokes can hurt Tuc, people are -

TUC: You just said it pale face. Just jokes, innit. *(pause)* Hey, do these pills make you feel like your tripping? My mum is so funny on 'em sometimes. Off her 'ed! Dances round the flat singing *Row Row Row Your Boat* at the top of her voice! *(they laugh)* Thought about nicking 'em myself a few times.

HAYLEY: Well, they do give me these weird dreams. Like last night, I had one about a giant pink rabbit attacking me. It was stomping and vibrating so hard it made the earth crack under my feet. It had little white beady eyes rolling around at the top and a big thick round head ready to spew at me!

TUC: Shit. That's one fucked up bunny.

HAYLEY: Not a bunny Tuc. A rabbit.

(TUC still doesn't understand)

Of the rampant variety?

TUC: Shit off!

TUC realises. Music in. TUC high fives HAYLEY.

Yes Hayley, yes my girl!

#5 ISN'T THAT FUNNY?

HAYLEY: Not pale face?

TUC: Oh, I meant pale face.

(As HAYLEY talks, TUC sings to us)

TUC: HER ACCENT'S PRETTY
FUNNY
SHE SOUNDS LIKE THE BIN
MAN
AND HER FACE IS KIND OF
NOT SYMMETRICAL

AND SOMETIME WHEN SHE
LAUGHS
HER MOUTH GOES A LITTLE
BIT...LIKE THAT
MAKES HER LOOK QUITE
FUNNY

SHE LAUGHS A LOT AROUND
ME
I GUESS IT'S CAUSE SHE
FINDS ME FUNNY

HAYLEY: I have this other dream, like all the time, and this one's really messed up. I dream I lose all my teeth. I know that's quite common. I looked up what it means, it means you feel powerless, you're not under control. *(laughs)* I mean what is all that about? *(laughing)* And the other night it was marshmallows. I had a dream that my mouth filled up with marshmallows, and chewing gum, and I couldn't get them out. Apparently that means I can't say what I want to. I'm trying to say it, but I don't know how.

TUC: I'm saving up to go back packing this summer.

HAYLEY: I wouldn't really have you down as a back packer.

TUC: And why not?

HAYLEY: Well...it just seems a bit...boring for you.

TUC: Boring? You know I'm doing Geography right?

HAYLEY: Geography? You said you were doing Sports Science.

TUC: Don't say nothing to them lot, they'll think I'm clever or summat. Let them think I'm Mickey Mouse. Best that way. Don't get no respect for trying at anything.

HAYLEY: Is that what you think? That's not true.

TUC: Is where I'm from...

HAY: HE TALKS A LOT OF CRAP
BUT SO DO I
AND HE SEEMS TO LIKE TO
LISTEN

HE'S REALLY CLEVER –
YOU'RE REALLY CLEVER
AND INTERESTING AND
FUNNY AND STUFF

SO WHY PRETEND YOU'RE
NOT?

WHY PRETEND YOU'RE A
CLOT?

YOU SILLY TIT

HE LAUGHS A LOT AROUND
ME
I HOPE IT'S CAUSE SHE
FINDS ME FUNNY

TUC SHE'S A LITTLE BIT STRANGE

HAYLEY A LITTLE BIT FUNNY

TUC REALLY STRANGE

HAYLEY I MEAN HE PLAYS THE FUNNY BOY

TUC I MEAN SHE ACTS LIKE SHE'S ALL COY

HAYLEY BUT THEN HE COULD BE SO MUCH GREATER

TUC BUT SHE DREAMS ABOUT VIBRATORS

BOTH IT'S BEEN A DAY AND SOMEHOW
THERE'S SOMEONE HERE WHO FINDS ME FUNNY
HOW FUNNY
ISNT THAT
FUNNY?

TUC: I'm gonna get a job after
Freshers Week. Save some
cash.

Probably not much call for
strippers and gigolos round here
though you know what I mean?

Nah I'll probably just end up
doing something where I can use
a bit of banter...like flyering
maybe. But more likely frying
burgers, hey.

(mocking a McDonald's server)
"D'ya wanna make that
Supersize love?"

(laughs) Yeah, I'll supersize you
y' slag.

Nah, nah, only joking. Sort of.

Lights out

FOUR

A few hours later. TUC has two bin bags of washing. He puts one behind the sofa and throws the other on the sofa. ALLY enters.

ALLY: Hello TUCy!

TUC: Alright schweet'art.

ALLY: I thought you'd be relieved to know that I *have* forgiven you for eating my cake.

TUC: Aw, cheers. I didn't sleep at all last night worrying about it.

(He kisses her on the forehead, then turns away and laughs to himself)

ALLY: *(high from her unexpected kiss)* Well...I mean I can't expect someone like you to be enlightened by such culinary delicacies can I, hm? *(she touches his back and pops her head on his shoulder)* What are you doing?

TUC: I put a bit of washing on. Don't think it's gone so well.

(He holds up a pair of jeans, shrunk to the size of a baby's. He holds up a t-shirt, the same thing has happened)

ALLY: Oh, you are a silly sausage.

TUC: It's alright for you babe, I've seen your room, it's like a shop. What am I gonna wear hey? Rupert's corduroy slacks? One of Baz's waistcoats? Nah mate, no way.

ALLY: Well...perhaps you could do without them altogether?

TUC: Oh yeah...?

(They move slowly towards one another. Their lips are about to meet, when TUC holds up a pair of small expensive looking knickers)

Maybe you should go and slip into a pair of these?

ALLY: *(looking at them)* I do have a fabulous figure, but I'm not a child...hold on...what are these? Are these...? My Elle McPhearson's! Tuc?!

TUC: They're just your kecks. I'm gonna have to become a nudist. You'd like that though, right?

(ALLY forgets she's mad for a second, then hits him)

ALLY: Why are they in your washing in the first place?

TUC: Me and Rupes were having a slingshot war with the flat opposite. But don't worry alright, we made sure not to use anything that looked expensive. Just some manky old fruit and stuff.

ALLY: Manky old fr...? MY TRUFFLES?!

TUC: No. Truffles? Didn't use chocolates.

ALLY: You slingshot my fucking-expensive-imported-bollocking-truffles!

TUC: Only things we used from your cupboard was that manky old bit of fruit.

ALLY: That was my truffle! You...! You...! COMPLETE AND UTTER KNOBBER!

(HAYLEY enters)

HAYLEY: Guys, can you keep it down a bit? Rupert's still asleep y'know.

(ALLY runs to HAYLEY and hugs her)

ALLY: Hayley! He's horrible! He's just horrible!

HAYLEY: *(To TUC)* What have you done?

ALLY: First he used my Elle Mcphearson knickers as a slingshot, then he put my truffles in them, now he's shrunk them in his bloody washing!

HAYLEY: Oh dear. Do you have more?

ALLY: Yes.

HAYLEY: Well, there's always that.

ALLY: Yes of course, I've got lots more.

HAYLEY: Don't worry.

(HAYLEY is enjoying their hug. ALLY almost knocks her off her feet pushing her away, as she sees TUC holding up a second bag)

ALLY: Tell me this isn't what I think it is Tuc.

TUC: Erm, it's not what you think it is?

ALLY empties a bag, only full of her shrunken knickers.

We kept losing them out the window. I collected them back up, well those that weren't stuck in trees and that.

ALLY: Oh my God!

(HAYLEY goes to her)

HAYLEY: Ally, breathe. OK. In and out.

(HAYLEY breathes with ALLY, ALLY clings on to HAYLEY)

It's not a problem, you can borrow some of mine.

ALLY: Share underwear with you? What are they made of? Where are they even from?

HAYLEY: Cotton. And, topshop?

ALLY: Well why didn't he use your knickers then? Mine were hand woven silk from Liberty, Hayley. (*Angrily to TUC*) Hand woven silk from Liberty!

(*ALLY removes herself and does some breathing exercises; moving her hands in and then away from her.*)

HAYLEY: (*aside*) What did you do that for?

TUC: (*shrugs*) Funny.

(*ALLY takes a lip balm and starts to apply it TUC puts his arm around her.*)

ALLY: Oh. It's you.

TUC: The one and only. Is that stuff edible?

ALLY: What?

TUC: That. Looks...tasty.

(*TUC has a lick.*)

ALLY: Stop it!

(*TUC licks again.*)

ALLY: Tuc, stop it! Stop eating me!

TUC: I love it when you talk dirty.

HAYLEY: Tuc, can't you see she's upset?

ALLY: Yes, after all you've done, I deserve to be treated nicely.

TUC: I am being nice!

ALLY: If that's how you're nice to people, then I'd hate to be in your bad books!

(*ALLY goes to leave*)

HAYLEY: Do you want me to come?

ALLY: No I don't...you perv!

TUC: I was gonna offer to come too but, I am a perv.

(*ALLY tries to leave but BASIL enters with an unsteady RUPERT. RUPERT beams at ALLY, she humphs at him and leaves*)

HAYLEY: I can't work her out.

TUC: Why bother.

(*RUPERT goes straight for the knickers on the floor and smothers himself in them*)

BASIL: (*picking up a pair of knickers*) Is this a sick little hobby of yours collecting child's sized pants?

TUC: (*snatching them back*) Wouldn't you like to know. Basil!

RUPERT: Oh yes, I remember these...

(*RUPERT sniffs them*)

HAYLEY: Feeling better than Rupes?

(*HAYLEY takes the pair off TUC, collects the rest up and leaves to bedrooms*)

RUPERT: Much better now. Oh, Basil, while I'm reminded, I would like to talk to you about something if I may. It's about Ally. I was wondering, old chap, if you wouldn't mind stepping the hell off?

BASIL: Sorry?

RUPERT: Mm. It's just I witnessed that little saliva swapping session from you two last night, and well I've sort of set my cap at her and wanted to avoid any unpleasanties between us, because, well, I think you're a tip top chap.

(*TUC laughs*)

TUC: Don't think you have to worry about that R-dog. Not unless Ally's got a massive -

BASIL: Yeah, no worries, Rupes, she's all yours.

RUPERT: Brillo. Thanking you. And Tuc? You're not interested in her either?

TUC: Nah, don't worry about me mate, just treat 'em mean to keep 'em keen innit.

RUPERT: Excellizzle.

BASIL: Well, I'd better go and get my costume on then.

(*BASIL leaves*)

TUC: Yeah, me too. So, you and Lady muck ay?

RUPERT: I just know mummy-dog and daddy-dizzle would adore her. Now, I just have to make her mine.

(*A theatrical look to the audience*)

But how?

6# RUPERT'S LAMENT

(*Music in. Lights suddenly change dramatically. RUPERT is completely 'in the moment'. TUC on the other hand is a little confused by the music and lights, and awkwardly leaves RUPERT to it*)

RUPERT: I KNOW IT'S RATHER STRANGE
THE WAY I FEEL ABOUT THIS GIRL

A TRIFLE QUEER HOW I'M DAZZLED BY HER GRACE
I SHOULD BE SAYING 'WHOA
I'LL SUPERMAN THAT HOE
IF NOT THAT, THEN I'LL GET TO SECOND BASE'

BUT TRUTH I AM EAGER TO IMPART
IS THAT I ONLY WANT TO WIN HER HEART

HOW I WOULD LOVE HER
HOW I'D LIFT HER UP INTO THE SKY
I'D BE THE SPRING IN HER ROLL
THE TOAD IN HER HOLE
AND SHE'D BE MY PIE
HOW I WOULD NEED HER
NEED HER LIKE THE FLOWERS NEED THE RAIN
HOW I WOULD LOVE HER
IF ONLY SHE WERE MINE

*(RUPERT gets dressed into his priest's costume – Father Ted. BASIL
and TUC dance 'Cole Porter' style)*

BAS &
TUC: HOW HE WOULD LOVE HER
HOW HE'D LIFT HER UP INTO THE SKY
HE'D BE THE SPRING IN HER ROLL, THE TOAD IN HER HOLE
AND SHE'D BE HIS PIE (SHE'D BE HIS PIE)

WHISTLE

RUPERT: HOW I WOULD LOVE HER IF ONLY SHE WERE MINE
(IF SHE WERE HIS)

(TUC &
BASIL
BACKING
VOX) HOW I WOULD LOVE HER
HOW I'D NEVER LET HER FEEL AFRAID (BE NOT AFRAID)
I'D NEVER LET HER THINK I'D STRAY FROM HER SIDE
JUST TO GET LAID (JUST TO GET LAID)
HOW I WOULD LOVE HER
HOLD HER CLOSE UNTIL THE END OF TIME (THE END OF TIME)
HOW I WOULD LOVE HER
IF ONLY SHE WERE MINE

(Lights fade)

FIVE

*Evening. TUC and RUPERT are present. The Famous Freshers fancy dress night.
TUC is dressed as Indiana Jones i.e. Harrison Ford.*

TUC: A Priest!

RUPERT: An Australian?

TUC: Indiana Jones! Harrison Fford.

RUPERT: Wickedly wick! I'll give you a clue..."Dougal, these cows are small, and those are far away..."

TUC: A farmer?

RUPERT: Ah go on, would ya have a cup of tea? Go on, go on, go on, go on, go –

TUC: Father Ted!

RUPERT: Yes!

(They high five)

TUC: Gonna be a big'un Rupes G, I'll be getting into someone's temple of womb tonight that's for sure!

(HAYLEY enters. She is Frankenstein's monster. She looks pretty disgusting)

RUPERT: That. Is. Brilliant. So realistic!

HAYLEY: You like it?

RUPERT: What's your head made out of?

HAYLEY: Cereal box. And you're...? Ah! Father Ted?

RUPERT: Yes!

TUC: *(expectantly)* And...?

HAYLEY: A gay Australian?

TUC: Indiana Jones? Harrison Fford.

HAYLEY: Tenuous.

(BASIL enters. He is Sigmund Freud.)

RUPERT: Who are you Baz?

BASIL: I'm one of the shining beacons of modern psychology? Herr Sigmund Schlomo Freud.

HAYLEY: Schlomo?!

TUC: *(Coughs)* Dork.

BASIL: Mock all you will, at least I've kept to the rules. Who might you be? Karl Kennedy?

TUC: I'm Indiana Jones? Harrison fucking Ford.

(ALLY enters. She is dressed as the rapper Flo Rida – dreads, gold tooth, tracksuit and all.)

HAYLEY: Oh. My. God.

(ALLY talks in as 'street' a way as she can)

ALLY: Yeah bwoi.

BASIL: And who might you be?

HAYLEY: Mr T?

ALLY: F?

TUC: Fuck – it's Mr T?

ALLY: I'm Flo Rida. Y'know. *(Sings)* Shorty had them apple bottom jeans, boots with the fur, the whole club was lookin' at her –

(Everyone joins in)

ALL: She hit the floor, next ting you know, shorty got *(they get low)* low, low, low, low, low, low, low, low.

RUPERT: The baggy sweat pants and the Reboks with the staps, turn around and give that big booty a slap....

(Pause)

BASIL: Well you look R-to-the-I-to-the-Diculous.

ALLY: You'd better check your eye sockets man.

BASIL: I don't think so. For a start, you're white. You look more like Freddie Crugar.

ALLY: Check your noise bwoi, I look fly hot don't I Tuc?

RUPERT: Maybe you could go as Freddie Cruger darling? Ffffreddie Cruger.

ALLY: I'm Flo Rida yeah, and stop calling me darling, Rupert.

RUPERT: Sorry darling.

TUC: OK people, let's get this freak show on the road shall we! *(to HAYLEY)* Pale face, after you.

HAYLEY: Why thank you gay Australian.

TUC: Harrison –

HAYLEY: Yeah, yeah, yeah.

(HAYLEY pushes him affectionately. TUC briefly puts his arm around her. ALLY sees this)

RUPERT: Let's not forget to do my special shots first.

BASIL: Oh deep joy.

(The boys go to pour out the shots, ALLY pulls HAYLEY aside. HAYLEY is drinking a bottle/can of soft drink.)

ALLY: Babes, are you excited?

HAYLEY: About what?

ALLY: Your new romance.

HAYLEY: *(thinking she means TUC)* What?

ALLY: Come on, you know what I'm talking about. It's OK, I'm all for it!

HAYLEY: Oh. I mean nothings happened –

ALLY: I think you make a lovely couple. *(HAYLEY drinks)* Mrs Hayley Pie.

(HAYLEY spits out her drink)

Hayley!

HAYLEY: God, sorry Ally!

ALLY: *(tuts)* You're lucky I'm wearing this outfit.

HAYLEY: You mean Rupert?

ALLY: Well who else? He fancies you something rotten.

HAYLEY: *(laughing)* I don't think so!

ALLY: Oh! You haven't been picking up on the signs, have you! Honestly honey, he's hot for you.

HAYLEY: No, we're just friends Ally, I think you're mistaken. Who Rupert really likes is -

ALLY: Look babes I know what I'm talking about OK. Trust me. You'll see.

(ALLY head over to the boys, HAYLEY follows. RUPERT hands out shots)

RUPERT: Hayley, yours is Lucozade with a splash of kiwi.

HAYLEY: Thinking Rupes.

(ALLY nudges HAYLEY)

ALLY: *(whispering to HAYLEY)* See!

BASIL: To the first night out of many.

HAYLEY: To Schlomo Freud!

ALLY: To gangster rap!

RUPERT: To –

TUC: Just drink.

ALL: Cheers!

RUPERT: Chizzle!

(They all drink)

TUC: Let's do this thing!

Segue into...

PERUSAL COPY ONLY

SIX

#6 IN THE CLUB

Suddenly we are in a nightclub. Smoke, strobes, lasers etc. It may be dingy and horrible in reality, but to the students, it is somewhere immense, both in size and experience.

ALL: WHOA
 SO MANY PEOPLE HERE IT'S AMAZING
 WHOA
 THE SMELL OF BEER AND SMOKE IN THE AIR
 WHOA
 ENERGY'S HIGH AND THE BASS IS VIBRATING
 WHOA

(Instrumental. Whilst the others freeze, we experience isolated moments between characters:

MOMENT 1 - TUC and HAYLEY dance, not intimately - enjoying a good time.

MOMENT 2 - RUPERT tries to dance with ALLY who is very uninterested.

ALL: *MOMENT 3 - TUC overtly taunts BASIL through joke-homoerotic dancing.*

MOMENT 4 - TUC encourages RUPERT to pursue ALLY more.)

GIRLS: OH-OH-OH
 ONE MOMENT THEN WE'RE ON THE DANCEFLOOR

ALL: OH-OH-OH

BOYS: AND WE'RE GONNA DANCE INTO THE NIGHT

ALL: OH-OH-OH

 FEELING THE GROOVES, BREAKING THE MOVES YEAH

OH-OH-OH-OH-OH-OH OH

(ALLY takes RUPERT and places him in between HAYLEY and TUC. TUC, not interested in dancing with ALLY, changes his focus to BASIL, and continues his homoerotic dance moves towards him. BASIL re-joins RUPERT and HAYLEY. RUPERT moves and asks ALLY for a drink – she accepts and RUPERT leaves for the bar. Slowly, TUC and ALLY move towards one another. Just before their lips meet, TUC grabs ALLY's gangster cap and runs around with it, attempting to do his usual with BASIL. ALLY grabs BASIL and kisses him in front of TUC. He doesn't stop her. ALLY looks at TUC, grabs her cap off him and

*exits. BASIL signals that he is going to get a drink and exits too.)
Immediate segue into...*

SEVEN

(Lights snap. TUC and HAYLEY are back in the flat. HAYLEY gets her pills and tries to open them.)

TUC: Posho was pissing me right off tonight. She was all on me like cellotape, like, give me some space.

HAYLEY: She didn't impress you with her Flo Rida dance moves then?

(TUC is embarrassed for ALLY)

TUC: Nah pale face! She looked more like Medusa having an orgasm.

(HAYLEY can't open her pills)

HAYLEY: Shit.

TUC: S'up?

HAYLEY: This bloody bottle again.

(TUC opens them for her)

What would I do without you?

(TUC goes to give them to her and then changes his mind.)

TUC: How often you have to take them then?

HAYLEY: Every morning and night.

TUC: Or?

HAYLEY: I'm just not myself.

(Pause)

TUC: Maybe you don't take them?

HAYLEY: No, Tuc. I need them. Really, I do.

TUC: Just see what happens.

HAYLEY: I know what happens.

TUC: I don't think you need them pale face.

HAYLEY: Please –

TUC: How about instead, every time you feel a bit tense, or...whatever it is that happens, squeeze my arm and I'll keep you calm.

HAYLEY: I'll hurt you.

TUC: These guns are loaded.

(He holds up his arm)

HAYLEY: But if I really need to I can take them?

TUC: Sure, you got it chief.

HAYLEY: Promise.

(TUC nods)

Ok.

(TUC puts them away)

I think you're being a little hard on Ally. I feel for her really, putting all that effort into impressing you, and after the things you've done to her.

TUC: Impress me?

HAYLEY: Yeah. Her Flo Rida outfit?

(TUC is a blank)

You said your ideal girl likes gangster rap.

TUC: Oh shit! I didn't mean I wanted 'em to look like Bob Marley.

HAYLEY: A dead Bob Marley, once all the colour's drained from his face. *(pause)* See. Maybe you should try to be a bit kinder to her.

TUC: Have you heard how she talks down to you? So, you'll try and stop it happening to other people but you're OK with letting it happen to yourself?

HAYLEY: No...it's just I know her type, so I let it go. She's just so used to wrapping people around her little finger isn't she. *(Pause)* There's no point in fighting people, cus they won't change. I know that first hand....Tuc?

(TUC is staring at her)

What? Has my [*Frankenstein*] head fallen off?

TUC: Nah pale face...I was just listening to you...

HAYLEY: Oh.

(HAYLEY giggles nervously slightly)

TUC: You're lovely.

(They smile at each other. Then we hear BASIL and RUPERT singing The Baywatch Theme.. TUC and HAYLEY get caught by ALLY. ALLY, BASIL and RUPERT enter. They have pizzas and other bits and bobs. TUC and HAYLEY try to act normally)

RUPERT: *(clearing his throat)* An Ode to Tuc.

TUC: Yes!

(TUC does a soft beat box)

RUPERT: There once was a fellow called TUC, and it's true that he liked to fucky. He goes out on benders and talks like he's in Eastenders, he's my G and I feel very lucky.

TUC: Ah mate, that's made my life!

(RUPERT holds up a battered sausage)

RUPERT: How's this cockney? *(wealds the sausage)* Oi, oi saveloy!

TUC: Bingo, buddy!

(RUPERT high fives TUC)

Here, careful you don't go too near Freud with that sausage mate. Ha! He wanted to give his male students a right good seeing to.

HAYLEY: Freud did?

TUC: Well, if he did he couldn't help it could he pale face, you're born a bender, you die a bender. That's right innit Schlomo?

BASIL: I wouldn't know about that.

ALLY: Oh Jesus Basil play along! You're such a bore aren't you. Basil!

(TUC does not respond)

Tuc? Basil!

TUC: *(half heartedly)* Basil.

BASIL: Oh good, pleased to see the shit joke's starting to wear thin.

ALLY: God, what's wrong with everyone tonight. You're all being so boring.

RUPERT: Why don't you have some pizza darling?

ALLY: No, I think I've put on weight.

TUC: All them truffles.

RUPERT: Well I think you're completely perfect, darling. *(from his pocket)* Kiwi?

ALLY: Will you stop calling me darling Rupert! I suppose it might have been this outfit that put people off me tonight. It just felt really weird not being desired, *(To HAYLEY)* but at least that's not the story of my life. And, you still fancy me...don't you TUCy.

(She tries to kiss him. HAYLEY leaves to the bedrooms. TUC pushes her off)

TUC: You're embarrassing yourself.

(Music in)

ALLY: I'm...? After all the effort I've gone to making this outfit...trimming my pubic hair into a landing strip and you're not even bothered? Well, I tell you, you don't know what you're missing *Tuc*. What sort of a stupid name is *Tuc* anyway? I'm sophisticated! *(she takes out her gold tooth and spits)* I'm sexy! *(she pulls out rolled up socks from down her trousers)* I'm a fucking catch! *(She takes of her dreadlock wig and throws it at TUC)* Right, turns out your luck's in, Basil. Up for it?

(Pause)

BASIL: You see, the thing is –

#9 YOU'RE ALL THE SAME

ALLY: BOYS I'M TAKING SOMEONE TO BED
IS THERE SOMETHING WRONG WITH YOUR HEAD –
WHY WHEN I SAY "YES" WOULD YOU SAY "NO?"
YOU'RE EIGHTEEN, I'M A GIRL, WORK IT OUT.
THIS IS WHAT UNI'S ABOUT
BUT YOU DON'T WANT TO KNOW?

YOU SEE, THAT'S WHERE THIS WHOLE THING MAKES NO SENSE TO ME
COS I'D UNDERSTAND IF YOU WERE JUST TOO PISSED
BUT YOU'RE NOT. SO WAKE UP TO THE REALITY
IF THIS IS JUST A GAME THEN IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE FUN.
WHY BOTHER PLAYING WHEN YOU'VE ALREADY WON?

TUC!
OPEN THE LATCH! I'M A CATCH
I AM YOUR ONE PERFECT MATCH
STRIKE UP A FLAME AND LET THE FIRE START TO BURN!
GO WITH THE FLOW OR TAKE IT SLOW
TAKE IT FROM ME, YOU'VE GOT TO KNOW
IF YOU ONLY KNEW WHAT I CAN PROMISE YOU

FINALLY, TUCKY, YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT
FINALLY, ALLY HAS TAKEN THE BAIT
BUT SOON AS I'M HANDING YOU SEX ON A PLATE
YOU CHICKEN OUT
WHAT'S THAT ABOUT?

YOU THINK I WORE THIS FOR MY OWN SATISFACTION?
DID IT OCCUR THAT I JUST WANT A REACTION?
I'M DOING ALL I CAN TO BUILD A CONNECTION
I'M NOT JUST HERE TO FUEL YOUR TINY ERECTION
YOU'RE NOT A PARADIGM OF HUMAN PERFECTION
SO WHO ARE YOU TO GO AND HAND OUT REJECTION?

I DID THIS FOR YOU, TUC
ACT LIKE THIS FOR YOU
WHAT'S ALL THIS TO YOU TUC?
WHO DO YOU WANT ME TO BE?

AM I THE FIRST FUCKING GIRL
IN THE WHOLE FUCKING WORLD
TO BE ASKING TOO MUCH FROM A BOY?
I'M TELLING YOU NOW I'M FED UP
TRUTH IS YOU'RE ALL JUST FUCKED UP
YOU TAKE IT FROM ME, AND I'LL TELL YOU FOR FREE

YOU'RE ALL THE SAME
YOU'RE ALL THE SAME
YOU'RE ALL THE SAME

TUC: (*immediately*) And you're a stuck up bitch.

ALLY: Excuse me?

TUC: You heard me. Newsflash love, no one here wants to fuck you, because you're a complete cocking nightmare.

ALLY: How dare you Tuc! Why are you being so mean to me?

BASIL: Ally, that's not the case.

RUPERT: No absolutely not.

BASIL: Definitely not.

TUC: You got summat to say Baz? Man up and say it then.

(*No reply*)

Nah, didn't think so.

BASIL: OK I will say something. Tuc, I think you're a hypocrite. You say one thing and do another. You go on like you're some kind of sex God when you never actually back any of it up.

RUPERT: I think this is all getting a little out of hand.

BASIL: Treat them mean to keep them keen I think were you're exact words. Ally offers it to you on a plate, several times, and *finally* you reject her? Well if you hadn't strung her along from the start, then perhaps she wouldn't be embarrassing herself trying to get you to back up your words with actions.

(*HAYLEY re-enters timidly*)

TUC: Well a lecture about women from you? I don't think so, do you?

HAYLEY: What's all the shouting?

RUPERT: Quite. There's no need for this. Basil, I'm sure this isn't necessary.

BASIL: I know without asking whose side you're on Rupert.

HAYLEY: Leave Rupert alone, Baz, I'm sure he's done nothing.

TUC: Yeah, he agrees with me don't you R-dog?

RUPERT: I feel it's Tuc's decision to have (*mimes sex*) with whomever he chooses.

BASIL: You just don't want anyone else to have Ally.

ALLY: I can't listen to this anymore.

(She leaves)

RUPERT: Goodnight darling.

HAYLEY: Look, I think everyone's a bit worse for drink. (*She squeezes TUC's arm*)
We should all head off to bed and talk things over rationally in the morning.

TUC: And just let Baz talk to me like that?

HAYLEY: Yes, just let something go for once!

(TUC gives her the pills without care. BASIL goes to leave.)

TUC: You've got some balls Baz-man I'll give you that much.

BASIL: How kind of you.

TUC: Maybe we should talk about saying one thing and doing something else?
Maybe you should talk about that, to everyone? Why don't you prove you're the
big man you think you are? Go on, I dare you. Prove you're not like me.

(A moment, then BASIL leaves)

Suprise, surprise.

RUPERT: Do you think someone should comfort Ally?

HAYLEY: No Rupes. I think just wait 'til the morning OK?

RUPERT: Righto. Good thinking pale face.

HAYLEY: Not you too Rupes.

RUPERT: Sorry. Pizzle fizzle. (*pause*) Tuc, I want you to know, you're my bizzle
frizzle forev-rizzle, no mizzle whizzle. Good nizzle both.

(TUC and RUPERT do a street handshake and RUPERT leaves)

HAYLEY: What did he/ say?

TUC: Not a fucking clue.

HAYLEY: What was all that about with Baz?

#10 THE WAY WE ARE

TUC: ...nothing. (*Music in. pause*) Pale face, about what Baz said... I ain't a fake.

HAYLEY: (*touches his face*) I know.

(*HAYLEY puts her arm around TUC and he falls asleep on her*)

HAYLEY: WHEN NOTHING IS FAMILIAR
AND EVERY FACE IS NEW
YOU LEARN WHO YOU FEEL SAFE WITH
SO WHY AM I STILL AFRAID OF YOU?

I'VE BEEN BRUISED, I CAN'T CHANGE THAT
AND THERE ARE SIDES OF ME I NEEDN'T SHOW
BUT I'M AFRAID OF SOMEONE
SOMEONE WHO WANTS TO KNOW

ALLY enters. Sees TUC and HAYLEY together.

BASIL and RUPERT enter. All characters sing unaware of one another.

ALL: THERE'S MORE TO ME THAN THEY SEE
TOO SOON FOR THEM TO KNOW
BUT I COULD BE SOMEBODY
WHO LEARNS THE WAY YOU ARE
WHO FINDS A WAY INSIDE YOU
BEFORE YOU KNOW THEY'RE THERE
WHO'LL MAKE YOU BURN MORE BRIGHTLY
AND TRUST THE WAY YOU ARE

IN THIS PLACE
IT IS HARD TO FIND YOUR GROUNDING
IF YOU'RE NOT ALL YOU WANT TO BE
BUT MAYBE I'M WAITING
WAITING TO BE SET FREE

ALLY goes to BASIL – the two of them exit together. Segue into...

EIGHT

#11 SCENE EIGHT

In the dark...

(*Music creeps*)

ALLY: [SEX NOISE]

(*Music creeps*)

BASIL: [SEX NOISE]

(Music creeps)

ALLY & BASIL: [SEX NOISE]

(Music creeps. The lights are turned on by RUPERT. TUC and HAYLEY are asleep at opposite ends of the sofa. He thinks he's going to catch them at it.)

RUPERT: Ha! Oh.

(RUPERT is confused for a bit, then becomes mortified as he counts himself 'one' HAYLEY 'two' and TUC 'three')

Basil, four and Ally....ARGH!

(RUPERT's scream of horrible realisation wakes TUC and HAYLEY with a start. TUC jumps to his feet and does a kung-fu kick)

HAYLEY: (woken) Jesus! What's going on?

RUPERT: I thought it was you two...I thought you were (mimes sex) I was going to go ha ha! Then leave you alone, but you're asleep...so that means...!

TUC: (Over music creeps) Rupes, what you on about?

RUPERT: Sssshh

(Music creeps)

TUC: (spoken) WHAT?

RUPERT (spoken) LISTEN!

(Music creeps)

ALLY & BASIL: [SEX NOISE]

HAYLEY: (hearing the noises but finding the humour in the situation) Oh my God.

TUC: Ay? Nah, that ain't right.

HAYLEY: Why not?

TUC: Because...well...her and him innit, it just wouldn't happen.

HAYLEY: Again, why not?

TUC: Well...cus...she's like really fit and stuff and he's a fucking dweeb.

HAYLEY: Oh. Of course.

RUPERT: (sung) NO!

TUC: It don't make sense.

HAYLEY: Right. Balance restored.

(HAYLEY starts to tidy inappropriately)

TUC: UNLESS THE GUY WAS LYING
BUT WHAT'S THE POINT IN
LYING?
IN TRYING
TO PRETEND YOU'RE NOT
THE PERSON THAT YOU ARE

RUPERT
: MY LOVE! MY LOVE.

(to the bedrooms) You desist this instant Basil! Desist from fornication with the future Mrs. Rupert Pie! You cock blocking cad! I'll knock your hizzle right off your shouldizzles!

(ALLY and BASIL emerge from the bedroom)

ALLY: Shut. Up, Rupert!

(RUPERT hugs ALLY; she pushes him away but can't release herself straight away)

RUPERT: Oh my love! Are you OK?

ALLY: No, I'm not OK.

HAYLEY: So what's going on with you two?

RUPERT: Right Baz,

HAYLEY I mean, I don't care, but some people obviously do.

RUPERT: Basil, look here

TUC: Rupes, shut up.

ALLY: I was upset, no thanks to someone. Basil came into my room. He was there. He couldn't even keep it up.

BASIL: Ally, please

ALLY: What? It's the truth isn't it?

TUC: Wonder why...

HAYLEY: You can be so mean, Ally, really.

ALLY: I can be mean? Uh, hello? Tonight, I've been insulted and rejected by a criminal wannabe, constantly felt up by someone who looks like they should be drinking Ribena from a beaker and then I think I'm finally gonna get a bit of action and Captain cool can't even keep keep it up long enough to put it in!

HAYLEY has picked up ALLY's Flo

Rida wig and waves it about. TUC is torn between this, wanting to confront BASIL, and trying to calm down RUPERT.

BASIL: ALLY, PLEASE.

HAYLEY: Well maybe if you weren't so fucking horrible to everyone you wouldn't need to shag the world and their brothers to feel good about yourself.

LOOK I CAN...

ALLY: (*shocked*) I'm not horrible. I'm honest. Some people just can't handle the truth.

HAYLEY: Here's the truth for you. You're a shallow little bitch and you deserve every bad thing that happens to you. And your roots are showing!

EXPLAIN

ALLY: (*shocked*) How dare you!

ALLY THERE'S A REASON WHY

RUPERT: (*very sad*) Hayley...

(Moment of realisation – HAYLEY needs her pills)

HAYLEY: Oh. God. I need my...I really need my...

JUST LET ME TRY...!

(HAYLEY squeezes TUC's arm. He recognises this but chooses to ignore it.)

TUC: You don't need anything pale face

HAYLEY: I'm not joking Tuc, I need them now

ALLY: She needs a slap

TUC: Jus gis' a minute alright. BASIL WHAT THE FUCK?

HAYLEY: I need them now

TUC: Basil

BASIL: Shut up.

TUC: BUT WHAT THE FUCK?

HAYLEY: Tuc, please?

TUC: *(to Basil)* What's wrong with you?

BASIL: I was pissed off and trying to get one over on you.

ALLY: What's wrong with him?!

HAYLEY: Tuc!

BASIL: I wanted to prove you wrong so you'd leave me alone.

TUC: People think I'm an asshole, right, but...

HAYLEY: Tuc, you promised

TUC: ... but at least I don't use people as fucking experiments. What were you thinking? You can't just turn yourself –

(A cacophony of sound erupts, as they all argue with one another, until...)

TUC: Alright! Have your fucking pills!

(TUC throws HAYLEY's pills on the floor. All freeze as the music suddenly drops to a piano solo).

#12 BASIL'S SECRET

BASIL: LEAVE ALL THIS BEHIND
FREE BODY, FREE MIND
WHY WON'T I JUST BE
WHOEVER ME MAY BE

(Unfreeze, back in the argument. As the music peaks...)

BASIL: STOP!

(HAYLEY takes a couple of her pills and then starts to collect the rest up, embarrassed. Everyone waits for BASIL to speak but he can't.)

RUPERT: Basil's right. We need to stop this.

BASIL: No, there's something else...I...erm....

TUC: Wait. You don't have to –

BASIL: I'm...

TUC: Basil, if now isn't the right time –

BASIL: It is!

ALLY: Will someone tell me what the hell is going on here?

BASIL: I... (struggling) I want to...you're...(really struggling) I want to...

TUC: You don't have to do this

BASIL: I think I'm gay.

(Long pause)

ALLY: You think you're what?

BASIL: Gay.

(Pause)

ALLY: But...what?

RUPERT: He's *gay*, darling. *(to everyone else)* Deaf, bless her.

BASIL: That's why I couldn't...y'know. I'm sorry Ally. I thought that I could change, I thought you could...

ALLY: Why didn't you say?

BASIL: I've never told anybody before...well, not on purpose anyway.

RUPERT: So that means you two didn't...?

BASIL: No.

(RUPERT shakes BASIL's hand happily)

RUPERT: Good for you Baz!

TUC: *(to HAYLEY)* Pale face...

(HAYLEY walks away from him)

ALLY: So, wait...if you're gay then this means.... it's not me!

BASIL: No.

(ALLY hugs BASIL)

#13 FINALE / THE BEST YEARS OF YOUR LIFE

TUC: Oi Baz. You dropped your copy of Brokeback Mountain.

(He bends over and sticks his bum in the air by BASIL)

BASIL: *(playfully)* Fuck off Tuc.

TUC: You fucking numpty

BASIL: You...fucking pilchard.

TUC: Basil!

ALLY: Basil!

BASIL: Basil!

(They look to RUPERT)

RUPERT: Rupert!

(Pause)

TUC: Mate – proud of you.

(TUC and BASIL have a small moment)

Wet willy!

(TUC gives BASIL a wet willy)

BASIL: Urgh!

ALLY: God, you don't have something to tell us too do you Tuc? Is everyone around here gay?

RUPERT: *(popping his head in)* Erm, I'm not.

(He beams)

TUC: How could I possibly be gay when I've got eye candy like you to stare at all day?

ALLY: Yeah...right

(TUC puts his arm round ALLY's shoulders)

TUC: Look, just imagine how furious all those students will be, never getting the chance to be with you! Never getting the chance to daydream about you in their lectures. *(ALLY nods)* To take you to fancy restaurants. *(ALLY makes an agreeable sound)* To buy you jewellery. *(ALLY gasps)* Underwear?

ALLY: Hmm.

TUC: It really is for the best...sexy kecks.

TUC: YOU AND ME
 I THINK YOU'LL AGREE
 WE'RE JUST NOT MADE FOR EACH OTHER

ALLY: WHAT, COS YOU GET ON MY TITS?

TUC: IN EVERY WAY

(to BASIL) YOU LIKE COCK
AND YES, IT'S A SHOCK
BUT THAT DON'T MATTER TO NO-ONE
LOOK AT ALL THEIR FACES: WHAT DO THEY SAY?

BASIL: HAYLEY'S CONFUSED, FEELING ILL-USED,
ALLY LOOKS LIKE SHE'S BEEN ABUSED
AND PROBABY RUPERT THINKS THAT I'LL RAPE HIM IN THE NIGHT

TUC: MATE, LIKE I SAID, IT'S ALL IN YOUR HEAD
THINK OF THE POSITIVES INSTEAD
IT'S TIME YOU LET YOURSELF TURN ON THE LIGHT

CAUSE SOMEONE SAID THEY'RE THE BEST YEARS OF YOUR LIFE
WHEN YOU'RE LIVING THE NIGHT LIKE THE DAY'S GONNA WAIT
FOR YOU
RAISE A GLASS TO THE BEST YEARS OF YOUR LIFE
AND THOUGH I DON'T KNOW IT YET
I CAN'T THINK THAT I'LL FORGET
THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIFE

That right, pale face?

(HAYLEY turns away from him. TUC signals for them to leave. ALLY takes the hint.)

ALLY: Baz, will you come and help me paint my toenails?

BASIL: Oh dear God no.

TUC: *(laughing about BASIL's new gay status)* Wicked.

ALLY: *(chattering away)* And who do you think is the fittest one in One Tree Hill because I think...

BASIL: *(being pulled off stage by ALLY)* This isn't funny Tuc! This isn't funny!

(ALLY and BASIL leave.)

RUPERT: Phew for that hey!

(TUC tries to indicate to RUPERT to leave. RUPERT shrugs. TUC indicates more and he still doesn't understand. ALLY re-enters, and takes RUPERT by the hand)

ALLY: Come on Rupert, you aswell.

(ALLY pulls him offstage)

RUPERT: Coming darling! Tuc! Hayley! Look!

(RUPERT and ALLY exit, RUPERT almost high with glee. TUC smiles)

TUC: Pale face...?

HAYLEY: What.

(Pause)

TUC: Look, I don't do sorrys.

HAYLEY: That doesn't surprise me Tuc.

TUC: But I am alright?

HAYLEY: I trusted you. I told you I needed to take them.

TUC: I know. I just wanted to try and help you. Idiot.

(TUC is very regretful. HAYLEY sees this. Pause)

HAYLEY: I take it you knew about Basil all along then. I'm surprised you didn't shout it from the rooftops.

TUC: He told me by mistake when he was smashed. I can keep a secret. Normally. *(pause)* I've got something I've been meaning to give you.

(TUC gets out a small metal box)

HAYLEY: What is it?

TUC: A pill box. I used to use it for bad...y'know...but I thought you could use it for good. So you can open them by yourself.

(Pause)

HAYLEY: Thank you Tuc. It's lovely.

TUC: It's your prize for winning the game the other night.

(Pause. TUC is trying to find a way of speaking frankly)

Look, erm...thing is yeah...erm...see...well...I like you, but y'know, like you like you. Like, like you. Y'know?

HAYLEY: Do you really?

TUC: Yeah, pale face.

(TUC carries on talking. HAYLEY sings to us)

TUC: I know I'm Indiana Jones, and there's no way he'd get with Frankenstein's monster, but you do have a cereal box on your head, and that's pretty fuckin' sexy.

I KNOW I NEED TO TRY
TO START TO IGNORE FIRST
IMPRESSIONS

HAYLEY: YOU AND ME
WE COULD BE
WE COULD BE BLOODY
FANTASTIC
YOU BRING OUT THE BEST IN
SOMEONE LIKE ME

You're not Indiana Jones. You're just a tit wearing unwashed shorts from a charity shop.

I THOUGHT YOU WEREN'T
MY TYPE
HOW WRONG CAN YOU BE?

Someone probably died in those
for all you know.

HAYLEY: Tuc, will you call me by my first name?

TUC: Sure thing...pale.

HAYLEY: Please.

TUC: Alright. Hayley.

They kiss. Music swells as the scene changes...

PREPUSAL COPY ONLY

NINE

Days later. The sign has been graffitied with photos, drawings, quotes, messages etc. RUPERT is reading his latest poem to ALLY.

RUPERT: *(putting his hand on ALLY'S chest)* YOU AND ME
WE ARE LIKE

ALLY: *(warningly)* RUPERT

RUPERT: *(snatching his hand away)* SORRY
WE'RE LIKE A PERFECT LASAGNE
I AM THE OVENPROOF DISH
AND YOU'RE THE CHEESE

ALLY: *(sensitively)* THE POETRY...
IT'S WASTED ON ME
BUT SOMEONE OUT THERE ADORES IT
SOMEONE HEARS A VERSE AND GOES WEAK AT THE KNEES

YOU'RE IN YOUR PRIME.
TAKE THE TIME
TO FIND A GIRL WHO'S ON YOUR SIDE
SOMEONE WHO'S HAPPY DOING THE THINGS YOU LIKE TO DO

RUPERT: TROUBLE IS THIS: THERE'S SOMETHING AMISS
I NEVER EVEN GOT A...

(ALLY gives RUPERT a peck on the cheek)

TUC: THE FUTURE MRS PIES MUST JOIN THE QUEUE

HAYLEY,
ALLY &
BASIL:

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE GOT TO DO – JUST

ALL: TELL THEM YOU'RE IN THE BEST YEARS OF YOUR LIFE

TUC: YOU'RE A BEACON OF SEX AND YOU CAN'T WAIT TO BURST
YOUR LOAD

ALL: THERE'S NO BEATING THE BEST YEARS OF YOUR LIFE
HERE'S WHERE IT ALL GETS FUN
AS SOON AS WE HAVE BEGUN
THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES

YOU AND ME
WILL GET A DEGREE
'CAUSE GOODNESS KNOWS IT'S IMPORTANT
BUT JUST RIGHT NOW I CAN'T REMEMBER WHY

AND THEN – WE’LL SEE
WHAT’S WAITING FOR ME
WHEN I BREAK OUT OF THIS BUBBLE
BESIDE A STUDENT DEBT THAT’S SKY HIGH

ALLY pulls HAYLEY aside and they sniff some poppers. They are caught by TUC, who, shocked, holds them up for BASIL and RUPERT to see, and then quickly takes some himself, only to tip them upside down, amused there’s none left. ALLY and HAYLEY laugh and hug.

GIRLS:

SPENDING THE DAYS STUCK IN A DAZE
STILL GETTING OVER THE NIGHT BEFORE

BOYS:

NOT QUITE RECALLING WHO COVERED YOUR DRESS IN WINE
TAKING THE TIME TO READJUST
FINDING THE PEOPLE YOU CAN TRUST
WHEN YOU HAVE FOUND THEM
HOPING THAT EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE

GIRLS:

KNOWING THAT IT WILL BE FINE

ALL:

CAUSE
SOMEONE SAID THEY’RE THE BEST YEARS OF YOUR LIFE
WHEN YOU’RE LIVING THE NIGHT LIKE THE DAY’S GONNA WAIT
FOR YOU
RAISE A GLASS TO THE BEST YEARS OF YOUR LIFE
WHEN THERE’S NOTHING TO STOP ME FROM SEIZING THE DAY
NOTHING AND NO-ONE TO GET IN MY WAY
AND SINCE I CAN DO WHAT I WANT
IT’S NO WONDER THEY SAY
THEY’RE THE BEST YEARS OF YOUR LIFE

-END-