

**This was written while I was at school in 2003. Our school was divided into four houses – every year, each house would write and perform a play. The theme for this year was ‘Dream, Schemes and Rock and Roll’. This was the entry for my house. My house’s name was Blundell Bogong.**

**Poor my house.**

Characters:

Michael: Bit of a loser with an 80s-style mullet... dodgy clothes... tends to break into bouts of air guitaring and looking like a fool...

Anti-Silly Person: Boring.. very clean cut suit.. hair short... plain

Ladies x 2: Need to be boys dressed up as girls for easy comedic value? maybe... just dodgy looking... maybe pink dresses or something.. and socks and sandals... big glasses...

Pirates x 3: Gumboots.. flannelette shirts.. with black leather vests... pirate hats... pirate pants? (stripey) one with a ‘parrot/dog’.. stubble and scars.. eyepatches...

Host: Really weird... sort of cabaret-style... really loud and alienating... White makeup.. red lipstick... Big suit with a big sparkly bow tie...

Rasta: He’s a rasta. Big swirly robes.. the hat with built in dreads... with business suit and short, neat hair underneath...

Bartender: Bartender-looking

Teeny Bopper x 2: lots of pink... ponytails...

Person at bar: Gets shot

Crowd around club: strange assortment

Lady at Club: not sure... maybe flowing robes... trying to look mystical...

**Play – 23-7-03**  
SCENE 1 – Ladies club

*Spotlight on 'anti-silly person', Armchairs and a coffee table, maybe some fluffy covered lamps or something where the ladies are sitting are in darkness behind.*

Anti-silly person: Ladies, and/or Gentlemen. Good evening, afternoon or morning depending upon which time zone you happen to be in. My name is The Anti-Silly Person and I have found it hard to ignore over the last few years, that during the period in which these marvellous house plays are performed, there is a lot of 'silliness' to be seen going on. Not to mention any names or particular houses, but I am sure you will all agree, that there is 'too much silliness'. Is that right? (*Wait for audience reaction.. even silence*) Thank you. In a desperate, but courageous attempt to stem the overpowering silliness flow, I have taken control over Blundell Bogong's house play. Of course, the play is still essentially about dreams *and* schemes *and* rock *and* roll... but under my stern and ever-vigilant eye, I have seen to it that you, esteemed audience, will not have to endure any of the silliness that has been associated with past drama festivals.

Sadly enough... more so for you than I, I fear... It is time for me to depart this wondrous, ravishing and indeed marvellous stage... I need to go and have a bit of a lie down; I have a headache.

So thank you for watching, and thank me for the 'non-silliness', and now, I would like to leave you in the lovely and very serious and proper and not silly at all presence of the Gungarra Ladies' Auxiliary group... thank you... (muttered) .. that's presence.. with an 'nce'.. not gifts.. I thought I might clear up.. ohh my head...

*Anti-Silly person exits stage muttering.. lights come up to old ladies around tea table.. Brandenburg is playing in background*

Ladies chatter...

*Music is scratched off to ACDC, Pirates come in playing air guitar and generally rocking out. They act like morons for about 20 seconds while the ladies are screaming...*

Ladies: OH no! pirates rocking out to ACDC!

*After a short while of this, one of the ladies shouts;*

Lady 1: Hang on... Pirates don't rock out to ACDC! This is preposterous... In all my years... not *that* many really... never have pirates displayed such disrespect as to rock out to ACDC...

*(She continues on while another lady talks)*

Lady 2: May I ask *why* you are rocking out to ACDC?

Pirate 2: Yarrrrgh, you may ma'am.

Lady 2: Thank you.

Pirate 2: You're welcome.

*Silence for a few seconds (Lady 1 stops here and mutters:)*

Lady 1: Nice manners for a pirate..

*More silence*

Lady 2: Why are you rocking out to ACDC?

Pirate 1: I thought you might ask that... (takes deep breath, *moves to centre front*) You see, we're pirates, really, we are... and being pirates, which we are, we have a natural sense of groove, the ability to 'rock out', if you will. But not all people have this groove. My friend here, Michael, (*gestures to empty space where no-one is standing*) he doesn't have the groove.. and he's sad.

Other pirates: ohhh

Pirate 2: (Singing Lean On Me) Since he wasn't strong, we were just being his friends, helping him carryyyy on..

Pirates chorus: Lean on me...

Lady 2: Woah woah.. hang on... hold your horses... we're not having this, 'dopey dumb guys singing the lines to well known songs for light comic relief thing' again are we?

Lady 1: Better not.. that was done to death two years ago. (*glares at pirates*)

Pirate 3: (singing to lady 1) Something in the way she moooves... (*Is subtly kicked in the head by other pirates*)

Other Pirates together: No no... no... of course not... (cough)

Lady 2: Good. Now, your friend Michael... where is he?

Pirates (over the top of each other):

Pirate 1: He's just... here... um...

Pirate 3: I'm not sure... he was a moment ago...

Pirate 2: Must've been the singing...

Pirate 3: Poor fella...

Pirate 1: He's got no groove...

(pirates pause and think of Michael... then:)

Pirate 2 (shocked): OH NO!

Pirates 1 + 3: What?

Pirate 2: THE SHIP!!

Pirate 1 (Shocked): Oh nO!

Pirate 3 (copying not knowing what's going on): No OH!

Pirate 2: This could be a disaster!

Lady 1: A disaster?...The ship? What is it?

Pirate 1: It's a big wooden structure with sails and cannons... but that's not important right now... We have to get back... back in black... (runs offstage)

*Lights go down as Back in Black plays and the pirates run offstage with ladies puzzling over where Michael is. Lights dim...stage changes to a raised platform on the front left and Michael's room in the background, just a couch... maybe some posters or something...Lights come up to Michael in centre front in spotlight... looking very lonely and not very groovy at all... looks nervous*

*Lights light up host on platform – ragtime jazz or some weird music playing very softly in background*

## SCENE 2 - Michael's place

Host: AND NOW... Ladies and germs, the moment you've all been waiting for... the introducing of THE PROTAGONIST!

*Michael just stands there looking at the Host with a bewildered expression*

Host (to Michael): IT'S YOU!

Michael: Oh.. (pause) who are all those people? (points to crowd)

Host (to michael, offside): Not sure... just ignore them and maybe they'll go away..

Michael: Kinda weird looking aren't they...

Host (takes a pause before saying): KIND SIR.. can you tell all these lovely people.. WHAT IS YOUR NAME?!

Michael: Michael.

Host: MICHAEL! WOW! THAT'S YOUR NAME?!

Michael: yep

Host: Michael who? Rowtheboatashore?! (laughs at own joke.. honks horn in pocket)

Michael (confused): No...?

Host: And how, Michael, did you come to be on this wondrous show?

Michael: (confused pause...) Well... I was with my friends... the pirates... and I don't have any groove... they were trying to help me find groove... but... I just don't have any... (wipes nose and sniffs)

Host: Aaah.. well... no groove, eh? Well then... Well well well... three holes in the ground.. (laughs at own joke.. honks horn.. glances at sad Michael and sobers up) Well.. m'boy... why do you need this groove?

Michael: All my life I've wanted to be a guitarist... I've always wanted to use the guitar as my medium to make this world a better place... make it sing... really wail... you know... (Frankenstein by Edgar Winter Group comes on and Michael plays air guitar and sings and generally looks like a fool)

Host: Aha! I see... so you wanna be a rock guitarist?

Michael (Cheerfully): That's IT!

Host: So can you play guitar at all?

Michael (Fearfully): No.... never tried...

Host: NEVER TRIED?! Surely you need to at least play a guitar before you can be a legendary rock and roll guitarist!?

Michael: Well... I would.. but I swallowed one once and nearly died... sort of scarred me I think.. and since then.. I just haven't been able to touch one.. not until I get some groove, at least.

Host: So you feel that you need some groove before you will be able to play the guitar?

Michael (sadly again): That's my problem... (sighs)

Host: Well Michael... I'm sorry that I can't actually help you... groove is something that you need to find for yourself... an elusive concept whereby you must be totally at peace with yourself before it can be obtained...(Pauses then adds) Actually.. I think I could help you with a little something... (Opens up jacket) In here I have tablets.. (Sees shocked look on Michael's face) oh no!... not drugs or anything... I mean ancient Hebrew tablets... messages of our forefathers hewn from the very living rock... Anyway.. just have a read through these before going to bed tonight...

Michael (to himself): But I can't read hebrew...

Host (Over the top of Michael): It should help with your achieving peace... . (Hands him a tablet) Now remember... don't swallow it with a cup of water after eating your dinner.

Michael: Thanks.

*Host walks off and Michael stares at the tablet as lights dim. After Host is gone.. Michael sits down on couch and reads the tablet..*

Michael (reading): And then the third eggplant decided that he would not shepherd the spider flock for any period of time other than that which he was being paid for. Having heard of such happenings, the first eggplant officer, the grand high poo-bah, the big shot; who consequently, was the leader of the tribe, spake saying; 'those of the Eggplantarians who wish to participate in our society and culture, must shepherd spiders for their allocated time, as

well as shepherding during any other time deemed necessary by the community'.. and the third eggplant ran off crying "I don't want to be an eggplant" he yelled... "I've always wanted to be a passionfruit" he cried as he ran out of sight... (yawns) and was later barbecued and eaten by many spiders, of all different colours and sizes, such was their displeasure at his not wanting to shepherd them... (falls asleep)

### SCENE 3 - DREAM – Michael's place

*Michael slowly dozes off while the lights change from yellow to green. Speed King by Deep Purple blasts on and Michael jerks... Michael keeps being restless until keyboard comes though.. then rests*

*Lights change to red...*

*Boris the Spider by The Who comes on... Large spider figure either comes down from roof or from side.. lights pulsing red... Michael jolts upright.. still asleep*

*Lights to blue...*

*Pirate music (by Mad Caddies) comes on.. pirates start dancing around the back of stage.. Michael jigs in his sleep... Starts murmuring about pirates...*

*Ladies come on, pirates creep off stage.. ladies wake Michael up.. music stops.. lights up..*

### SCENE 4 - Michael's place

Michael: THE PIRATES! Pirates have the key! .... (notices ladies) Huh? Who are you? What?

Lady 1: Are you Michael?

Michael: Uh.. yeh... sorry.. I'm still half-asleep..

Lady 2: Don't worry about it..

Lady 1: We've been looking for you...

Lady 2: You're pirate friends told us about your problem.. you know..

*Awkward silence*

Lady 1: We really don't mean to be rude... but do you mind if we ask how you plan to get your groove?

Michael: (sighs) yeah.. ok.. I s'pose...

Lady 1: Thank you

Michael: You're welcome

*Silence for a few seconds*

Lady 2: How do you plan to get your groove?

Michael: I had a feeling you were going to ask that... (takes a deep breath)

Well... I'm not sure how to answer that.. as it wasn't written into my script.. hopefully some sort of distraction, possibly involving pirates, could help me avoid answering that question.

Lady 1: Ahhh.. I see...

*They stand there waiting for a moment.. then pirates burst onto the scene...*

Pirates: Yaaarrgh YARRRRRGH YAAarrGGH YO HO HO!

Michael (to self): Phewf.. that was lucky... who would have thought?!

Pirates: Aaaargh aaargh.. Yaaargh.. Aarrrrgh me 'earties...

*short pause*

Pirate 3 (less forcefully): yaargh... arrgh?..

Lady 1: Hang on! You're not real pirates!

Lady 2: You're wearing GUMBOOTS!

Michael: Shh shhh (desperately tries to quieten the ladies, the pirates look more and more uncomfortable)

Lady 1: WHY!? and you're wearing a FLANELLETE SHIRT!!

Lady 2: And that's not a parrot... it's a dog.. with a beak glued to its head!

Ladies: What have you got to say for yourselves?

*Pirates shuffle feet and look nervous... after a few seconds of silence, Pirate 1 clears throat and says:*

Pirate 1 (Moving to centre front): Ever since we've come to this mighty land, we've been pirates...

Pirate 2 (Moving next to Pirate 1): Yeah..and we want to stay as pirates

Pirate 3 (Behind other two): It's the thought that counts...

Lady 2: So do you mean to say that you haven't always been pirates?

*Michael looks nervous and starts making shh-ing noises to the ladies*

Lady 1 (muttering): I thought they were strangely polite...

Pirate 2: We used to be...

Michael: uh oh...

Pirates 1 + 3 (With a southern accent): Country and western musicians!

Michael (groans): Ohhh no... now you've done it...

Lady 1: Country and Western! How interesting!

Pirate 1 (with southern accent): We can show you if you like... ready boys?

Pirates 2 + 3: Yeeeeeha

Pirate 1: Ooooooooooooooooooooooh... (country music starts playing while the pirates howl and stamp their feet... ladies start line dancing)

Michael: guys.. guys... GUYS!

*music stops*

Michael: Thank you... Now.. I'm sorry.. but you've all come into my house like this... and.. I've been dazed and confused for so long that it's not true... and I'm trying to find my groove so I can become an awesome rock and roll guitarist... (air guitars for a bit singing to self)

Lady 2: How do you plan to do that?

*Michael looks awkward then nudges a pirate...*

Pirate 3: YaaaaARGH!

Michael (to pirate): Good distraction.. thanks...

Pirate 1: Actually.. now that they mention it.. that's what we're here about..

Michael: Sorry?

Pirate 2: Last night.. we got together with some of our pirate friends...

Pirate 3: Because we are pirates...we really are..

Pirate 1: Shh.

Pirate 2: And we did a bit of.. (pause).. scheming...

Ladies and Michael: Ooooh.. (pause) scheming?

Pirates: Yes... (pause) scheming...

Michael: And... what did this... (pause) scheming involve?

Pirate 1: We found you a rasta.... someone who can really get you your groove dude... (does action with hands to accent 'rasta' and 'groove dude')

Michael: Oh wow! Thanks fellas...

Pirate 2: No worries... just... uhh... stay quiet about the whole country thing....

Pirate 1: Yeah... we'd rather be pirates...

Pirate 3: Coz we ARE pirates... really.... (Is ignored)

Pirate 2: Here's the address of your main man (hand signals)...

Pirate 1: Check him out.... it's gotta help....

Michael: Thanks dudes... (makes hand signal to accent 'dudes')

Pirates: YaAarrgh (make noise as they go offstage)

*Michael checks out the piece of paper with the address on it and smiles.... turns around to find, with a shock, that the ladies are still there....*

Michael: Um.... hi.... uhh....

Lady 1: Don't mind us.

Michael (awkwardly): Um.... you're in my house.... I need to go.... I'm going to find this rasta guy and obtain my groove, my rock and roll power.... my license to wail.... (starts air-guitaring to the solo from Highway Star by Deep Purple (playing in background)... stops abruptly noticing ladies aren't leaving, looks awkwardly at them and they smile stupidly back... there's an awkward pause... he then decides to air-guitar them away... and resumes the solo... being annoying to try and get rid of the ladies. As it goes into the fast bit... he notices that they're just sitting there watching him; not planning on moving at all... so loses momentum and gives in... leaving the backing music to fade out...)

Michael (defeated): ok then.... well... so you'll wait here...? (looks at ladies) um.... see you later then... I suppose....

Ladies: bye! (and wave overenthusiastically from the couch)

*Michael walks off shaking his head, lights dim. Hippy Hippy Shake plays... fades out when lights are up....*

*In the house of the rasta - a rasta-type person with flowing robes and beads etc.... on the couch with lots of cushions... lots of suspicious-looking smoke around... some reggae playing in the background...*

### SCENE 5 - Rasta's place

Rasta (Jamaican accent): Heeeeeey mun... howz it goin rasta?

Michael (confused): I was told that *you* were the rasta

Rasta: Noo mun... dat's how we rastas say hey to the down with it jiggy jiggys hip right round up down dudes

Michael: Um... ok... thanks, but I've already eaten...

Rasta: And why would you be jammin' in on my session dis afternoon hey?

Michael: Ahhh... well... I've got some friends... they're pirates...

Pirate 3 (offstage): Really... we are...

Michael: And they're trying to help me obtain my groove... so I can rock out on the guitar... (starts air guitaring, then realizes there's no music... looks around and waits for music... then gives up)

Rasta: Oookaaay mun... I jam wit ya... You're tryin to pick up da groove hey?

Michael (puzzled): Sure.... I eat meat...?

rasta: Wicked!

Michael: So you can help me?

rasta: Ya mun... by Jah... I can help you feel right and stay cool... and if dat ain't groove... then I'm no rasta...

Michael (quietly): If you're a rasta... why was Hippy Hippy Shake playing before?...

rasta: Right mun... what's your name?

Michael: Michael

rasta: And your second name?

Michael: Jagger

rasta: Michael Jagger... (pause considering) no mun... that's too weak to be a rock star... I say we change it to...

Michael: I've always liked being called Mick...

rasta: FALCO! (with hand action)

Michael: Falco? (with hand action)

rasta: Falco! (hand action) Hey mun... with a name like this... you're sure to be a superstar for long, long wicked time.

Michael: well...

rasta: Right Falco (hand action on falco) mun... the next step to bein a full choice excellent rasta groove guy is to...

*the rasta's mobile phone rings*

rasta (w/o Jamaican accent): Oh darn. This always happens.

Michael (shocked): You aren't a rasta!

rasta: (pulling off robes to reveal a business suit underneath) no... sorry... (into phone) hello?... yes sir... right... I'll be there soon... (hangs up... talks to Michael again) Sorry... that was my father... he says there's a huge problem at the library...

Michael: The library? What is it?

rasta: It's a big building... full of books... but that's not important... what's important is me getting there in time... (starts leaving)

Michael (bewildered): Why do you pretend to be a rasta?

rasta: (almost offstage, turns, stops and thinks) My dad always wants me to be important, and do everything right - help society. (walk to centre front) He forced me so hard... (getting upset) and I just ended up not wanting to do it... rastas just seemed so... cool (hand signal for cool)

Michael: Then why?... the library?

rasta: I have to do it... if I don't.....

Michael (threatening): If you *do*... there'll be trouble... (advancing on rasta)

Rasta (stammering): uhh... heh... umm...

Michael: I came here to obtain my groove, my rock and roll power... my license to wail... (looks like he's going to play guitar, but instead starts crying and whining.) ohhhh... it's not fair...

Rasta: (Looks at Michael with pity) Well... ok... (pauses) since we need a link to the next scene, and... (pauses and looks sadly at Michael who's sobbing and blubbering noisily) here, go to this place... it's one of the best clubs around... I'm sure someone can help you... (throws card on the ground) Now... I have to go... (turns and runs offstage)

Michael (desperately to audience): I just wanna play the guitar... (plays one sad, yucky sounding chord then says:)

A place where someone can help me? Yeah... sure... (bends and picks up card) Well... I suppose I've got to get back on that wounded camel again... anything's worth a go really... (Foxy Lady starts playing) even a club called... (reads card) (Michael pauses and says with music...) The Foxy Lady... (music goes into riff)

*Foxy lady continues playing while the scene is changed to a club setting*

### SCENE 6 - The Foxy Lady Club

Teeny bopper 1: I think you're wrong, there's no way Backyard Boys could have founded rock *and* roll, especially with other artists like, Human's caring for Nature... and nSYNCopation

Teeny bopper 2: Of course they did... I mean... they've been around since long before anyone else that *I* can remember... (giggles)

Teeny bopper 1: Don't you (giggles) me, just because you know I'm right...

Teeny bopper 2: Are not

Teeny bopper 1: Am too

Teeny bopper 2: Are not

Teeny bopper 1: Am too times (thinks for a while and counts on hands...) 54 (looks proud of herself)

Teeny bopper 2: Are not times 10 plus 5 plus 5 plus 5... plus... (thinks then says slowly...) 23... (looks pleased with herself)

Teeny bopper 1: Ohhhhhhhh not fair.... Can't we just get someone to decide for us?

Teeny bopper 2: Yes... that way always seems the easiest

*Both giggle*

Teeny bopper 1: Ummm... excuse me... (to bartender) excuse me...

Bartender: (Looks at them disapprovingly) yes?

Teeny bopper 2 (butting in): Backyard boys started rock and roll didn't they? (smiles)

*Bartender pulls out a gun and shoots them both just as Michael walks in*

Michael: oh My GOD! What's happening here?!

Bartender: Oh don't worry... think of them as echidnas in 'native protected wildlife shooting season'...

Michael: What?

Bartender: (sighs) They were arguing over whether or not the Backyard Boys started rock and roll...

Michael: THAT'S TERRIBLE!

Person at bar: Isn't it!... the Old Spice Girls never got their due credit... (stands from stool) as the true mothers and nurturers of rock and roll... (takes off his hat and stares wistfully into the distance) they wrote all their own songs, you know... (is shot by the bartender)

Michael: Umm... this *is* the Foxy Lady isn't it?

Bartender: Of course! Look at the sign! Listen to the tunes... feel the atmosphere... there's no place quite like it....

Michael (quietly): I certainly hope not...

*Bartender reaches under bar for the gun*

Bartender (threateningly): What?...

Michael (squeaks): I said... I really enjoy being at this bar and it smells nice and I like it a... lot?

Bartender: Oh... well... thank you... now... can I get you anything to drink? How about a Screaming-from-pain Maths Teacher? Or a Sympathetic Head of Year? Or a Blundell Bogong Wins the House Shield?

Michael (impressed): What are they?

Bartender: Rubbish really... complete myth... but a nice idea none the less...

*Michael nods in agreement*

So... what's your name?

Michael: It's Mic... FALCO (does hand action)

Bartender: Falco? (snorts)

Michael: YEAH... FALCO! (does hand action)... and with a name like that... I'm sure to be a legendary rock guitarist...

Bartender (quietly): Ohhh one of 'those'... are you?

Michael: So can you fix me up a Yelping Dog?

Bartender (rolls eyese): Anything you want matey... (sets to work doing it... making strange sounds and banging and screaming in the background)

*Michael leans awkwardly against the bar and surveys the club's contents... there are a few groups of people; one group sharing air-guitar technique, another arguing the Bonham/Paice/Moon/Baker/Powell/etc. debate... another group sitting in a semi-circle staring at each other – strange clothes and look... have someone dressed like Tommy playing pinball in a corner... and one lady across the room, watching Michael through a telescope or binoculars... Michael notices and walks around the room, slowly getting nearer to the lady, who watches him obviously through the telescope the whole way... He then reaches her...*

Michael: Um... hello... (pauses) were you... um... watching me?

Lady (flustered, screams at him): NO!

Michael (surprised): oh.

(pause)

Michael: well then... Umm... I think I'll go... (starts walking away)

Lady: NO! (Michael stops, startled again... then turns around)

Michael (thinking): Umm... do you like.... Toasted cheese sandwiches?

Lady: NO!

Michael (spotting a pattern): How many spoons of sugar do you have in coffee?

Lady: NO! (Interchange getting faster now)

Michael (enjoying himself and laughing at his own jokes): Are you a human?

Lady: NO!

Michael: Do you have a house?

Lady: NO!

Michael: Were the Backyard Boys the founders of Rock and Roll?

Lady: NO!

Bartender (from across the room): Your yelping dog's ready...

Michael: How much would could a wood chuck chuck if a wood chuck could chuck wood? (starts walking away grinning)

Lady: Welllll... (Michael stops and looks amazed) it really depends on the size of the pieces... since the woodchuck is a mammal, of the rodentia family, and consequently not very big, sizewise, large pieces of wood might prove difficult for it to 'chuck' as t'were. However, with small, woodchuck-handly sized pieces, I would estimate that quite a substantial amount of wood would be able to be 'chucked', by this amazing little creature.

Michael (completely confused): What's going on? (walks back over to the lady)

Lady: what?

*Michael just stares at her, confused...*

Michael: can you help me?

Lady: I think so

Michael: but... how do you know...

Lady: Ohhh... I know a lot...

Michael: but you only said...

Lady: What one says and what one knows are two very different things... never judge a book by what your little brother tells you... (mumbling) chances are he's ripped half the pages out and the story gets mucked up and...

Michael: I'm sorry?

Lady: what I am saying to you... is that I can help you, achieve your dreams... (knowingly) Do you have any dreams in particular?

Michael: YES! FINALLY! I will be able to rock like the greats, wail like the... greats... I could even be... great! I'm gunna play the guitar like the guitar has never been played before... (Smoke on the Water by Deep Purple starts playing and Michael air-guitars to it)

Lady (confused): You want to be a guitarist? That's your dream?

Michael (puzzled): Well... yeah... (stops mid air-guitar)

Lady: So your dream isn't to make the biggest potato sculpture of the nativity scene in the world?

Bartender: Hey... you... Falco... Your yelping dog's ready... it's getting warm...

Michael: Listen lady, I don't know who you are... or what you *think* you know... but... just stay out of my way ok... now... if you'll excuse me... I have a wounded animal I must attend to... (turns and starts walking back to bar)

Lady: but...

Michael (turning): but *what*?

Lady: I'm sorry... I was just trying to help... I've always wanted to help... I've tried so hard... (sobs)

Michael: And what exactly have you tried hard at?

Lady: I want to be a masseuse...

Michael: WHAT?!

Lady: I mean... a clairvoyant...

Michael: Claire who?

Lady: I want to help people, to be able to see their needs, their solutions...

Michael: So if all this get up with the telescope and the knowledge and stuff isn't you.... Well...?

Lady: I'm a canoeist...

Michael: A canoeist?

Lady: yes...

Michael: So... what's wrong with that?

Lady: Nothing really... I mean... I like it and all... but... it's so uncomfortable... and wet... being a clairvoyant just seemed so much drier...

Michael: Claire who?

Lady: So I'm sorry... I can't really help you... and I must go... there's a huge crack in my new racing canoe and I need to attend to it straight away...

Michael: Your canoe? What is it?

Bartender: Listen mate, Falco, if you don't get rid of this Yelping Dog in the next 30 seconds, I'm going to have it put down...

Lady: I've gotta go... I'm sorry... (turns and leaves)

*Michael just stands there for a minute taking in all the weird people in the bar... then he notices the bartender with his hand moving under the bar and hurries over to finish his drink*

Michael: Sorry about that...

Bartender: Yes well... I heard a bit of what you said... I'm sorry about that... I really am... to get your hopes up and all... (Michael downs his drink)

Bartender: oh! Look at the time! (Starts scurrying around excitedly while Michael looks on confused. At last, the bartender stops and starts talking into a small microphone:) AND NOOOOW honoured patrons of The Foxy Lady Club, it's the time you've all been waiting for... it's the...

Crowd in bar: Rock Daggety Ragtime Hour!

Bartender: Thaaaat's right folks... time for some of your great ragtime classics... (Ragtime music starts playing and the people in the club start dancing and looking stupid, we see Michael slump onto the bar, and the lights dim... the music keeps going through the scene change)

*Lights down*

*Lights come up... half stage... Michael's house... the other side of stage has a drumkit and guitars... in darkness... on lit side the ladies are just sitting there on Michael's couch drinking tea when Michael walks in looking beaten and depressed...*

### SCENE 7 - Michael's place w/drumkit over to the side, where platform was

Michael (Mumbling): Rock Daggety Ragtime Hour? What a joke... at a rock club... what a load of bull...(cuts off and notices ladies) Hey... you're still here...

Lady 1: Of course!?

Lady 2: What did you expect?

Michael: Well... actually...

Lady 1: We'd like to have a little chat with you, dearie

Lady 2: Yes, a good heart to heart...

Michael (slumps down on couch): fine...

Lady 1: Now Michael...

Michael (interrupting): Actually it's Falco... (hand action for Falco) I've changed my name to Falco... (hand action) I'm gunna be a rock superstar... Falco... (hand action)

Lady 1: Ohhh the bird!

Lady 2: No you sausage... it's a reference to the car...

Michael: No... not Falcon... Falco... (hand action)...

Lady 1: ok then... Falco... (Michael does hand action)... we have just been having a little bit of a discussion about your lack of groove, and how this is hindering your progress towards your rock-guitaring goal...

Lady 2: We've actually been quite busy, talking and scheming...

Lady 1: Oooh that's right... scheming...

lady 2: Speaking of scheming... who did your interior design... it's none too flash...

Michael: Umm... I'm not sure really...

(pause)

Lady 1: As you were saying (nudges Lady 2)

Lady 2: Ah yes... we've been scheming... (glances at Lady 1 on 'scheming') and we've decided to let you in on a little secret

Lady 1: Well... not little at all...

Lady 2: (coughs nervously) quite large in fact...

Lady 1: Huge...

Lady 2: Monstrous

Lady 1: Ginormous

Lady 2: Massivillous

*short pause*

Lady 2: I don't actually think Massivillous is a word...

Lady 1: I think it's French...

Michael: (coughs)

Lady 1: Ah yes... the secret... well... we thought... since you're so keen on guitar... and the general rock and roll scheme (glances at Lady 2 and emphasises 'scheme')...

Lady 2: We used to be rock stars...

Michael: WHAT!?!?!?

Lady 1: Don't be so shocked... we really knew how to wail...

Lady 2: We thought perhaps we could help you... you know... get your groove...

Lady 1: And if you get it... you can play with us...

Michael: Riiiiight... ok thanks..... I think... (stops to think about the whole situation) So you're not members of the Gungarra Ladies Auxiliary?

Lady 1: Oh yes... we are...

Michael: So you *are* ladies?

*Awkward silence*

Lady 2: Well... yes...

Lady 1: Technically...

Lady 2: We just used to be so wild back in the old days... we're not too sure anymore...

Lady 1: We got sick of who we were anyway... so decided to stay as we are, and we joined the Gungarra Ladies Auxiliary

Lady 2: Never looked back

Michael (confused): woah woah... I'm sorry... I have to sort all this out... thanks for your invitation and everything... but this... this whole day...

Ladies: You're welcome...

Lady 1: As it works out... we were planning on leaving... there's a terrible problem with that there conveniently-placed drumkit (motions to drumkit in darkened side of stage)...

Michael: The drumkit? What is it?

Lady 2: It's a set of drums used to provide the beat and feel for bands... but that's not important right now... you just get your groove.

Michael (after thought): Ooookaaay... well... maybe you should go over *there* (exaggerates motion) and fix it...(ladies move) thank you

Ladies: You're welcome again

Michael (doubtedly to himself): So my name's Falco, and that's going to make me a legendary rock guitarist? (looks amazed as a realization hits him... lights focus on him as he moves to centre front) *That's not it!* Look at all these people who've tried to change who they are... people who weren't happy, and ran from their true sense of being... country and western pirates, an unhappy eggplant, a conformist rastafarian, a canoodling clairvoyant... (glances to dark half of stage and ladies) who knows what else... All these people trying to escape from who they really are. That's not the key to rock and roll... it's not the key to groove... Rock and roll is about your true self, being expressed through music... about your true self... being acknowledged and recognized by the audience...

*Anti-silly person comes on stage... half asleep... lights come up to dim... half stage*

Anti-silly person: Ahh... (yawns) you see? This is a good sensible play about morals and believing in ourselves... not silly at all... I think I've done a good job... but there was that terrible clanking in my lawnmower I have to fix...

Michael: Clanking? Your lawnmower? What is it?

Anti-Silly person: It's a smallish machine that I push around my yard, and it cuts the grass to a shorter, neater and more lovely and scrumptious length... but that's not important right now... I should go and fix it... (yawns while walking off stage) then I might have a sleep...

Michael: Sweet DREAMS! (emphasises dreams... as a reference to the theme)

*Anti-silly person screams "Pirates!" from offstage and we can hear them running away... then we hear lots of "Aarrghs" and "Yo ho hos" as the pirates run on stage... guitar solo starts playing in background sometime... (have to see how long the talking takes)*

Pirates: YArr!

Michael (to pirates): Hey guys! I've worked out my problem...

Pirate 1: You've got your groove?!

Pirate 2: But... how? What did you do?

Michael: That's just it! I haven't done anything!

Pirate 3: I think what our friend Michael here is about to say is that it doesn't matter who we are or what we do, we all need to believe in ourselves... as we all have groove... (to Michael) is that about right Michael?

*The pirates and Michael stare at Pirate 3*

Michael: Yeah... that's about it... um... how did you know?

Pirate 3: I found a copy of the script backstage... (Michael and others look shocked) due to which, I happen to know of another crucial plot point in this play...

Michael (shocked): Another plot point? The script? What is it?

Pirate 3: It's a little booklet with all our lines written on it... but that's not important right now... I think that in the realization of your dream... you need to just go and play the guitar... see what happens...

Michael: You know what? I think he's right...

Pirate 3: Of course I'm right... I read the script... *and* I knew you were going to say that...

Michael: I think we all should embrace our true selves...

Pirate 3: And that... I knew you were going to say that...

Michael: Come brothers and sisters... let us embrace ourselves for who we are... (Pirate 3 mutters: and that...) Country and western or conformist or rock star... let us make music... (picks up guitar) LET US ROCK AND ROLL (mimes to the guitar solo while pirates and ladies either play instruments or jig or air guitar)

*As music gets louder, everyone comes on stage and air guitars until end*

THE END

*Apologies and thanks to Jim Abrahams and David and Jerry Zucker for their joke I borrowed.*