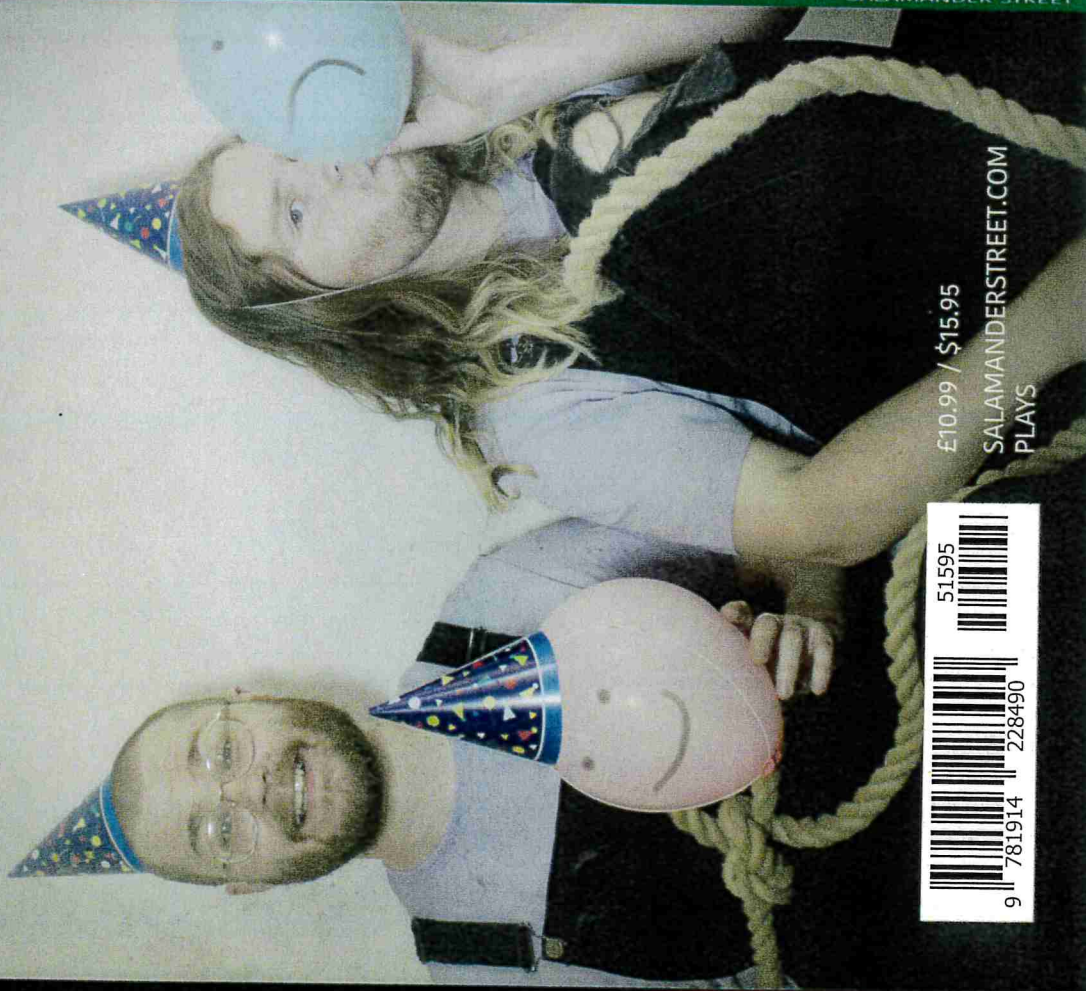


CHEWBOY
THEATRICAL PRODUCTIONS

TETHERED

(OR THE ADVENTURES OF THE ADEQUATELY EXCITED PEOPLE)

BY GEORGIE BAILEY



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PLAYS

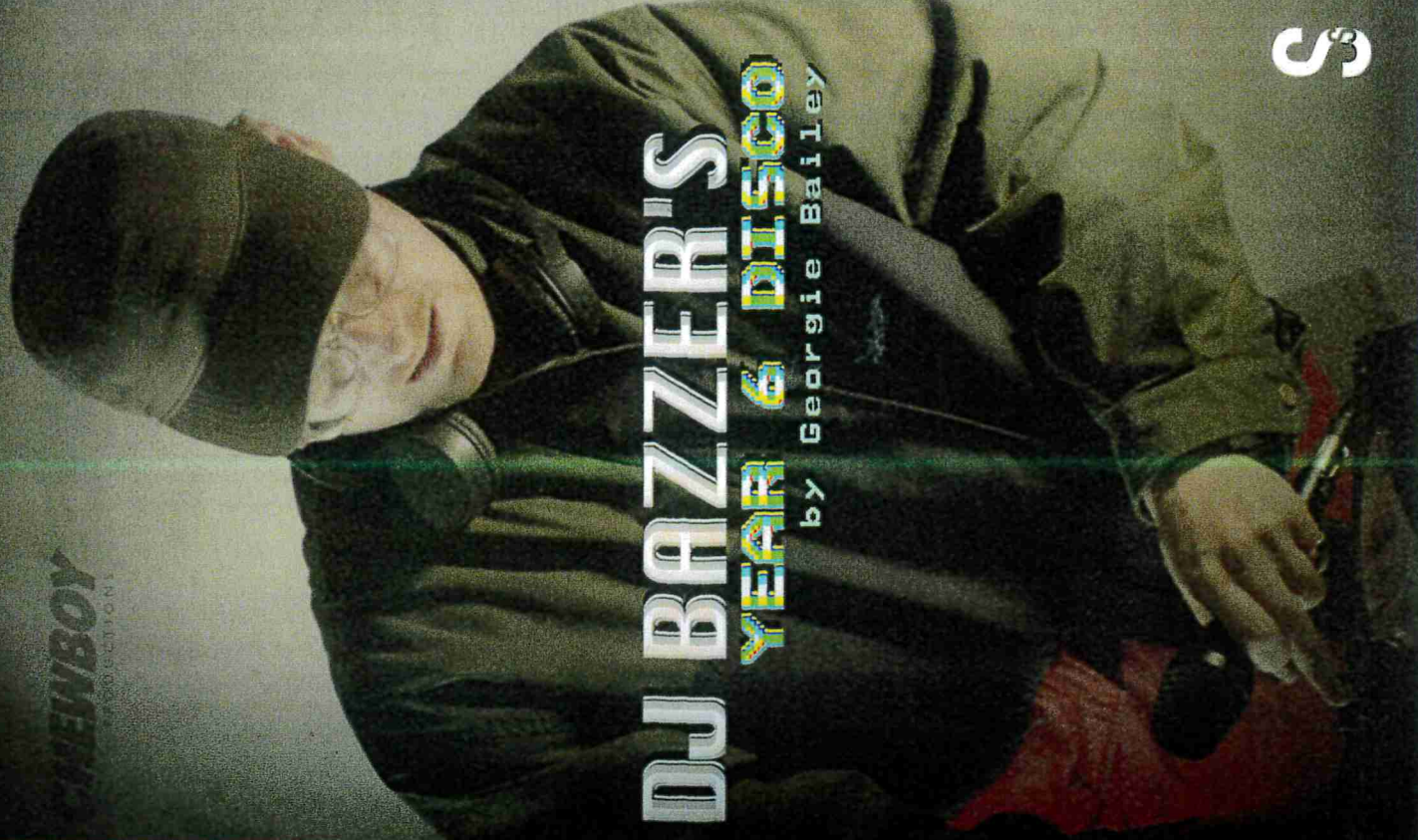
CHEWBOY
THEATRICAL PRODUCTIONS

GEORGIE BAILEY DJ BAZZER'S YEAR SIX DISCO / TETHERED

SALAMANDER STREET

DJ BAZZER'S YEAR 6 DISCO

by Georgie Bailey



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Chewboy Productions Biography

ChewBoy Productions are an award-winning multi-arts production company specialising in theatre, film, digital and working with new voices. Established in 2018, they have produced a plethora of multi-disciplinary projects, including their critically acclaimed debut production *ELIAN* which enjoyed a UK Tour in 2019 to venues such as Chichester Festival Theatre and Rose Theatre Kingston.

The company creates surrealist work which gives you something to chew on long after you've experienced it; with each project being unique in utilising the skills of creatives from different backgrounds and specialties. ChewBoy champions the development of early-career creatives of any age and the company has worked with over 100 collaborators at the point of publication.

ChewBoy Productions are 2021 associates of the Lion and Unicorn Theatre and digital residents of Living Records Festival. They recently won an ORCOM Short Run award for their critically acclaimed show *TETHERED* and were nominated for the Standing Ovation Award from London Pub Theatres. In 2019, they won the Best of Brighton Fringe Award for their show *ELIAN*, alongside picking up multiple 5-star reviews.

Characters

BAZZER *A primary school disco DJ. Terrified of what they might say next. The definition of someone afraid of the thing they haven't done.*

Heart of gold. A story burning to tell.

VOICES *A collection of voices throughout the play:*

<i>MATTY</i>	<i>YOUNG MATTY</i>	<i>BOSS</i>	<i>MR BOU</i>
<i>MUM</i>	<i>NURSE</i>	<i>DECKS</i>	<i>DAD</i>

NOTE ON THE TEXT

/ indicates an interruption

UPPER CASE doesn't always indicate shouting.

Bold indicates moments where sound design filters in as a second character:

NOTE ON THE SETTING

The play takes place in a variety of locations:

A School Hall (Bazzer's old primary school) // A Hospital Room // A Rooftop in Magaluf.

These could all be portrayed within the same space. The audience might not sit on chairs, they could be plunged back into that nostalgic hole of early-noughties discos.

They could become DJs themselves. Go wild, have fun.

NOTE ON CHARACTER

BAZZER can be played by anyone of any gender, race, sexuality, age or ability:

The other characters should be mainly portrayed through the 'decks' (aka the sound design), and other objects onstage.

Part One

JAMIE VARDY'S HAVIN' A PARTY

BAZZER stands behind the decks as the audience enter.

A heavy Electronic DnB set. Glowsticks everywhere.

Maybe an inflatable flamingo somewhere. Maybe sunglasses and a short sleeve flame shirt.

BAZZER might hide under the decks and re-emerge with new hats etc.

As the audience enter, BAZZER makes some form of mass onstage (glowsticks, Hanibog, whatever's available).

The house lights gradually fade over the following as a song takes us into...

BAZZER: I'M STANDING ON A ROOFTOP IN MAGALUF.

A PENTHOUSE PARADISE.

SATURATED IN PEOPLE JUST LOOKING FOR A
GOOD TIME.

THEY'RE HERE TO SEE ME, HEAR WHAT I'VE GOT
FOR EM,

HEAR WHAT I'VE GOT IN MY BACK POCKET!

AND I'M READY FOR IT.

AIN'T NOTHING STOPPING ME TODAY!

BAZZER vibes for a sec. Maybe changes the song

BEFORE WE GET STARTED, JUST A FEW HOUSE RULES.

DJ BAZZER'S HOUSE RULES.

LIKE FIGHT CLUB BUT WITH MORE RULES AND, YANO,
NOT LIKE FIGHT CLUB IN THE SLIGHTEST.

THE FIRST RULE OF DJ BAZZER'S HOUSE RULES IS:

PLEASE TURN YOUR MOBILES, TABLETS,
LAPTOPS AND ANY ELECTRONIC DEVICES OFF.

IT MIGHT INTERFERE WITH MY STATE-OF-THE-ART SET-UP.

THE SECOND RULE OF DJ BAZZER'S HOUSE RULES IS:

DON'T TALK ABOUT FIGHT...AAAAAAHI!

BAZZER jokes with the audience.

NO, REALLY THOUGH, THE SECOND RULE IS:

DON'T TALK ABOUT DJ BAZ, JUST HAVE FUN.

LET LOOSE, DON'T BE A RECLUSE AND MAYBE GRAB AJUCE.

AND THIRD AND FINAL RULE OF DJ BAZZER'S HOUSE RULES IS:

IF YOU NEED TO LEAVE AT ANY POINT, CAN YOU DO IT QUIETLY PLEASE? LIKE A LIZARD

OR...OR...

BAZZER turns the decks down.

What're those changing colour lizard things called?

Chameleon? Jamiroquais?

Someone might shout out, they might not.

Chameleons!

BAZZER turns the decks back up.

CHAMELLEONS! LEAVE LIKE A CHAMELLEON!

I'M JUST QUITE SENSITIVE, SEE.

EMPTY SEATS. DISBANDED GLOWSTICKS.

SO, FINGERS ON LIPS, IF YOU NEED TO LEAVE.

IF YOU REALLY HAVE TO, OK?

LEGGGGOOO!

Sudden change in pace. Times change to primary school DJ vibes.

An old school late 90's to early-noughties mega mix plays:

Yengaboyz. Cha Cha Slide. Bustled.

BAZZER: Year 5, please take the floor, it's your moment.

Don't forget to pick up your glowsticks and sweets. 50p offer now on blackjacks and sherbet dib dabs. Gummy bear packs even cheaper. We'll announce the winner of the raffle in half an hour but unti then...

BAZZER reads a note.

Rose and Hattie, your Munn is outside to collect you, please head to the car park with Mrs Hardman, don't keep her waiting.

Now boys and girls are you ready for a good time?

Let's get that sugar rush a'going, let's get those feet, arms, hands in the air and get ready foooooooooo THE MACARENA!

Time to take it up a gear!

BAZZER comes out and begins the **MACARENA**.

It evolves into a DnB remixed version. The worlds of sound are pushing and pulling

I'M ON A ROOFTOP IN MAGALUF! I SWEAR!

A PENTHOUSE PARADISE.

AND I'M LOOKING AT MY OLD PRIMARY SCHOOL RIVAL

TAKES ME BACK TO THOSE PRIMARY SCHOOL DAYS

AND I GIVE THEM ONE O THESE FROM BEHIND THE DECKS!

BAZZER holds a middle finger up.

AND I AM ALIVE! I AM BREATHING! THIS IS LIVING!

The music builds to a crescendo, the decks screaming.

BAZZER covers their ears.

DECKS: NO! NO! PLEASE!

BAZZER slams the laptop lid shut.

The lights suddenly dim down. BAZZER takes a few long breaths.

Darkness. Just glowsicks.

Silence.

BAZZER: What I'm about to tell you is entirely non-fiction.

The truth. The whole truth. And nothing but the truth.

It might get tough. You might even cry, you might laugh. Whatever.

Do what ya need to, and I'll do what I need to.

To kill some demons. To live.

Part Two

LOOK AT HIS FACE

Hospital. Heart rate monitor. It punctuates the scene.

Maybe BAZZER props up the flamingo on the decks. Maybe they don't.

BAZZER: I'm staring at his face.

Mangled mouth, dented cheeks, blackened eyes. Ghoulish.

Funny word that, ain't it? Ghoulish.

Makes me think of something that's dead, or should be dead.

But isn't quite yet.

I can't see the back of his head. That's where it's worst, apparently.

But I dunno. Can't see it. Just see this face.

This gaunt, paper white face. Ghoulish.

He's got this tube? Thing? Coming out his mouth, it's really big and it's attached to some machine that's making these weird like HUUURRH noises? And it's freaking me out a bit, to be honest, cus...

It looks bad. Really, really quite bad.

And I'm thinking...

He's too young to be looking like this.

And I think about what if I was in his position.

Looking like that. All...ghoulish.

Beat.

Through the following, the heart rate monitor could quicken with BAZZER's anxiety.

BAZZER: I think about playing some music?

Liven the place up a bit, make it feel a bit less...bleak.

Maybe it'll wake him up, get him out of this thing he's got himself into,

But I look around and it seems a bit, like, insensitive?

There's an old geeza laid up in the bed opposite, and he's in one too, and then *that* gets me thinking:

Do people still shit in a coma? Do they piss? Do they just...do it on themselves? It's got me thinking about all these things, and my mind it's like, it's just *going* right? Like, like you know when you're about to fall asleep, yeah, and you just kinda start thinking about one little thing, yeah? And then the little thing snowballs and become a bigger thing and then suddenly you're thinking about the things that you don't really *need* to be thinking about right now but your brain is suddenly like – if you don't think about this right now then you ain't ever gonna think again? Like at all? Like like like like like if –

Beat.

BAZZER *tunes back into the heart rate monitor.*

I channel back into the thing I've come here to do.

And I think about how this is gonna be a very long night.

Part Three

READY UP FOR SCHOOL, SKIPPER!

The school bell rings.

It's ten years later.

BAZZER *gets changed, quickly. Caretaker clothes. Grabs a broom.*

Sweeps the floors, tidies up the mess they made earlier in Part One.

BAZZER *should improv with the audience, asking if certain things are theirs, playing games with them, slagging off the mess before...*

BAZZER: Kids these days, they don't half make a mess, do they?

And who's the one that has to tidy up after 'em?

Got me thinkin' like, was it always this way?

At what point did I become the tidier of the tidy-less?

BAZZER *continues tidying*

BAZZER: I'm thirty-five. I'm sweepin' up classrooms in my old Primary School.

Givin' back to the community, yano.

Also help 'em out with the discos. They love 'em, and to be fair, so do I.

Here, tonight is the Year 6 Leavers' Disco: the event of the year.

Each time it comes round I get a lil flutter in my stomach. I just get so GASSED! And this year, I've got a corker of a setlist lined up:

Venga Boys | Atomic Kitten | Leona Lewis *(for the end of the night when we're being reflective)* | Girls Aloud | Dexys Midnight Runners just to name a bloody FEW!

It's gonna go off. It's gonna go off big time.

And I am off my NUT with excitement.

And no, it won't be any of their Jessie J, 1975, Ed Sheeran shit.

It's gonna be real music. Real, energy ridden, beat stricken, banger qualified music. And ain't no one's gonna tell me anything different.

I'm thirty-five! I think I know a thing or two about MUSIC.

Like, we all remember the discos, right? The rite of passage into adulthood. Secrets shared, shapes thrown, songs sung till you had a sore throat. And I think, the way I remember them is probably very different to you. Or you. Or you, even.

Cus we all remember things differently, right? Two people's version of one story are always butting heads, but it's about which one is true to you, yeah?

Goes back to sweeping. Notices some dominos on the floor.

They pick one up, inspecting it. They place one down, beginning the formation.

BAZZER: I love games. Always have. Always will.

Love playing them. Love being part of them.

Love making up new ones.

Do you like games? Do you wanna play one? With me?

I won't patronise you, do you wanna play or not?

Take this. Go on.

BAZZER hands the domino to an audience member

Pop it down right here.

BAZZER encourages the person to place the domino in a specific place

See! Wasn't that fun. Aren't we having fun? Can I get an "oh yeah!"

"OH YEAH!"

Ok, ok, take a seat, thanks.

They get another domino out, placing it next to the last one.

It's nice, you all joining me.

Nice to have company, ain't it?

So that you don't get swept up in all the chatter... the noise inside the ol' head. Things you shoulda said. Things said to you.

Bouncing around like the ghost of a kangaroo.

Smacking. Punching. Clawing with everything it has.

Nice to have company, to stop those... those...

Beat.

Or... are you here to judge me? Not listen, but judge?

Is this my reckoning? Because people remember things differently; ok, not everything that one person says is exactly how things happened. How they panned out, ok. People lie. So, I want you to remember that if nothing else out of all this. So, think on that, and then, and then...

Stares at the dominos a while. Goes back to sweeping, noticeably faster. Erratic.

BAZZER: Did you know that music helps plants grow faster?

That's why I like playing it for the kids, maybe they'll be giants. The superhumans of Brigdale school... And and, and did you know, right, listen, did you know that none of the Beatles could read music? Imagine that! Being arguably the most prolific band of ALL time and not being able to-to-to-

Martin Block was the first ever Radio DJ

But a kid called Ray Newby did it all first as a laugh in 1909

Before the term DJ even existed

DJ Stands for Disc Jockey

And, last, last one for ya,

Music helps people with brain injuries recall personal memories.

BAZZER breathes deeply

I'm not awful, I'm not a horrible person. I promise you that.
Because the thing is, right –

School bell.

Part Four

YEAR FIVE!

BAZZER puts on some sunglasses again. Resumes position behind the decks.

BAZZER plays *Superman by Black Lace* or the *Cha Cha Slide* by *DJ Casper*. Something which the audience recognise and could maybe dance along to.

GALILEO: Now, Year Five, let's play a little game – How much can you Tango for a can of Tango?! Best dance move gets a free can of Tango!

BAZZER could be dancing in the space, as if **GALILEO** is controlling the decks.

Or, BAZZER could dance with the audience, getting them up.

ROBBIE – NO KISSING.

CHARLOTTE – NO HANDSTANDS, YOU KNOW YOU GET HEADACHES FROM HANDSTANDS.

BARRY – STOP ACTING LIKE A BIG MAN, WE KNOW YOU'RE NOT A BIG MAN!

BAZZER: It all started in school.

Got my first taste of the beats at the Year Five disco.

I'd been to school discos, birthday parties, the works, but,

THIS guy – Galileo. He was tearing the place up.

Like a musical magician, taking us on a magical music tour.

He controlled the room like an Aircraft Marshal bringing us in to land.

The star in my eyes. The centre of the Universe.

Galileo.

Proper *sound geezza*.

And ya see, at the discos, you'd always have the groups, right?

You had your cool kids, always at the back, bopping their heads every now and then to a beat like this.

Then you had your imberwenners, the ones who were shy, but get enough haribo in their veins and they'd be OFF. Kneec sliding, conga lining, cha cha sliding all over the place.

And then you had your rubber eaters. You know the ones, the ones who'd pick their noses with pencils. The ones who'd have this unexplainable smell. The ones with questionable shirts on.

But Galileo, see, he had this way of bringing them all together, breaking down those barriers.

Bringing pure bliss to the primary school discos.

Bringing the best times out in all of us.

But, well, ya see, it was also a time of worry, amongst all the happiness and joy. It was a time of dread, for little old Barry:

When I were in year five, I got my first rival.

Matty Bovril. Galileo's Son.

Maybe an image of MATTY could appear, or he could be the inflatable flamingo.

MATTY could be portrayed through the orange hat.

One of the cool-kid-gang through and through.

Matty was the best at everything.

Good at sport // Good at drama shit // And most importantly

Good at music.

The best at music, apparently:

I thought he were shit! Proper shit. But everyone loved him.

And so, he's out there, right now, doing big gigs in London; underground caves, underage drinking raves, secret dens where he can spout off all his crap, leaving the proper talent (me) to die in the dark. To die in the school halls of years gone by.

AND he'd always wear this stupid orange hat.

BAZZER has the hat.

He thought it was cool but he looked like a knob.

The decks malfunction. The music is quieter now: OUTKAST – HEY YA.

BAZZER reverts to their younger self:

YOUNG MATTY's voice comes through:

YOUNG MATTY: What is this?

BAZZER: It's Outkast.

YOUNG MATTY: Hey Ya is it?

BAZZER: It's my favourite song.

YOUNG MATTY: It's mine too!

BAZZER: It was mine first.

YOUNG MATTY: So you wanna be a DJ, yeah? My Dad's a DJ!

BAZZER: Wait, wait...he didn't sound like this.

BAZZER changes the decks.

YOUNG MATTY: So you wanna be a DJ, yeah?

BAZZER: Better.

YOUNG MATTY: My Dad's a DJ!

BAZZER: Yeah, a rubbish one.

YOUNG MATTY: Why you copying my Dad?

BAZZER: Your Dad copied me.

YOUNG MATTY: My Dad doesn't copy people.

BAZZER: My Dad could beat your Dad in a fight.

YOUNG MATTY: DJing is for cool people.

BAZZER: I'm cool enough to DJ.

YOUNG MATTY: No you're not.

BAZZER: Am.

YOUNG MATTY: Not.

BAZZER: AM!

YOUNG MATTY: NOT!

BAZZER: I'M COOLER THAN YOU!

YOUNG MATTY: Why you being so loud?

BAZZER: Why you being a NOOB?

YOUNG MATTY: Djing sounds cool.

BAZZER: Don't you dare.

YOUNG MATTY: I might give it a go.

BAZZER: DON'T YOU DARE

YOUNG MATTY: Wish me / luck.

BAZZER *shuts the laptop lid.*

BAZZER: You ever play over stuff back in your head.

The crucial moments in life // The ones that made all the difference
// The fork in the crossroads // The conversations where you think
of what you shoulda said after // Those specific specks in time

And wished you'd caved their fucking skull in?

The school bell rings, again.

BAZZER *heads back round to the decks, plays one of MATTY's bangers.*

Part Five

BACK ONCE AGAIN TO THE MAGALUF MASTER

BAZZER *in Magaluf regalia again.*

BAZZER: I'm twenty-two.

I'm on a rooftop in Magaluf having a mediocre time.

There's sun rays burning my skin cus Mum said the factor thirty
would be fine and it isn't cus look at it. I'm a bloody lobster.

This random guy in a Metallica t-shirt comes up to me and asks "are
you not hot mate?" and I say of course I am Steven, it's 30 degrees in
Magaluf, you tit. And Metallica aren't even that good. They have like
what, three good songs? Two at the most? And did you know –

STEVEN's gone

I'm pretty pissed. I'm seeing double, a bit.

And this rooftop is weird. I don't know anyone and...

I'm kinda blending in?

No one's really noticing me. Not since Metalhead Steven left.

And I'm not sure... I don't know how to talk to anyone.

The sun is beating down on my forehead like a bloodsucking maggot.

My drink is too sugary, I'm feeling buzzed but not in a nice way.

And I get this... rising feeling? In my chest? Almost like someone's
pushing a boulder up my throat and I'm...

BAZZER *stares ahead, breathing heavily.*

I head to the smoking area to have a cig,

As they always say when you're feeling bad, do something that makes
you feel worse, right?

BAZZER *might mine a ciggie. They might use a domina, who knows.*

It's this quiet little smoking area behind where the party is kicking off.
And no one's here. Apart from this random guy in a Metallica t-shirt.

It's the middle of a big set, apparently.

But all it is really, to you and me, is a BTEC kinda gig.

No one of real value.

So, the smoking area, albeit shit, is the place to be, right now. For me.

And I look up from the floor, after trying to channel my energy into something that isn't this sense of impending doom to see him there.

Marty fucking Bovril. Wearing that shitty orange hat.

Laughing, hitting people on the shoulder, like some Adonis sent from above. And I have this wave of...something. Can't put my finger on what that something is, but it's there.

He clocks eyes with me. Half recognising, half avoiding for now.

And that riles this feeling up even more.

And then he says something dumb like "one-minute *gigs*" and before I know it, he's...he's...

Before I know it, we're...

BAZZER *tries to console themselves.*

BAZZER: Did you know, that musicians have the shortest life span of anyone?

Did you know that there's a national Disc Jockey day? January 20th.

Did you know that jealousy is the only emotion we can't put into words?

We can't describe it. Think about it. How would you describe jealousy?

And did you know -

The decks kick into action on their own.

BOSS: Excuse me, Baz? Could I have a word?

BAZZER: Um. Not right now / sorry -

BOSS: It'll only take a moment.

BAZZER: But not this / moment.

BOSS: I need to speak with / you.

BAZZER: I didn't / do it.

BOSS: Baz.

BAZZER: I DIDN'T / DO IT!

BOSS: IN HERE. NOW.

School bell. Loud, harsh.

Part Six

INTO THE HEART OF THE HEADMASTER'S OFFICE

BAZZER *is sat sheepishly, still thin-fac*

BAZZER: Sorry, I'm not following.

BOSS: We've been approached by someone new.

BAZZER: Did I do something wrong?

BOSS: You've been doing this for over ten years now, Barry. Your songs are getting a bit...

BAZZER: A bit?

BOSS: Past it, I'm afraid.

BAZZER: Past it.

BOSS: This new DJ has got all the tracks the kids are loving these days. Stormy, Duodipo, Lizzy –

BAZZER: It's all shit!

BOSS: I fear you're a bit stuck in the past, Barry.

BAZZER: Am not.

BOSS: I think it's good for you to spread those wings!

BAZZER: I'm not a bird.

BOSS: New ventures are awaiting you!

Beat.

BAZZER: So I'm...

BOSS: So you're...

BAZZER: I'm leaving?

BOSS: If that's ok with you!

BAZZER: No, no that's, that's that's... that's fine that's –

BOSS: Of course, you can keep your caretaking position, if you so wish.

The resident sweeper, *Barry!*

BAZZER: Who's taking over?

BOSS: Confidential.

BAZZER: Who's taking over?

BOSS: Confidential my boy!

BAZZER: WHO'S TAKING OVER?

BOSS: Confidential my / boy –

BAZZER is back to the audience

BAZZER: WHAT THE FUCK IS THIS ALL ABOUT?

I'VE BEEN A DEDICATED MEMBER OF THIS TEAM FOR TEN YEARS AS THE IN-HOUSE DJ AND NOW THEY JUST WANNA SLING ME OUT MY SHITTING ARSE LIKE SOME SORT OF DISCARDED MUPPET PUPPET THE FUCKING –

BAZZER could kick the decks, they could hurt their foot.

As they (potentially) kick, the decks spit out an underscore for memories.

BAZZER: I'm ten years old.

I get a set of plastic DJ decks from Mum for Christmas.

I stay up all night pretending to be Fat Boy Slim, Carl Cox, Romanthony, shit, even Craig bloody *David*. I'm wearing hats, headphones, puffing on a candy stick. I'm playing Spice Girls through my disc Walkman. I'm flicking the lights on and off and Mum howls at me to stop doing that or I'll blow the bulbs.

MUM: STOP DOING THAT, YOU'LL BLOW THE BLOODY BULBS!

BAZZER: I'm ten years old and I'm having the time of my fucking life.

I'm fourteen years old and I tell everyone about my dream. My music teacher at school, Mr. Bouillard, ain't convinced, cus he's into the more classical renaissance-esque vibes of the olden days. He always says to me, he says:

MR BOU: YOU WANT TO PICK UP A REAL INSTRUMENT RATHER THAN WASTING ALL YOUR POTENTIAL ON A LITTLE BOYS' GAME.

BAZZER: But I *am* a little boy, so I tell him where to stick it, and that year I win second place at the secondary school talent contest: Brigdale's Got Talent. Second place is, in some cases, better than first. A robbed win. I'm eighteen years old.

I'm walking down the high street.

I see a promoter outside a new bar and I ask her if they're looking for any music support. Techies. Stagehands. DJ's, maybe.

She laughs at me, but thinks I've got a bit of 'swagger' as she put it.

PROMO: YOU'RE QUITE COOL MATE...

BAZZER: So I'm there the next night on the decks. And it goes well, and someone there gives me a card and then I'm calling them up, and they're talking about a collab, and I think it's all going good and then and then and then...

They ask me for an investment.

I'm twenty-two and I'm on a rooftop in Megaluf, wondering where it all went wrong for me to be having a panic attack in front of a group of strangers, watching other people do what I wanna do and be shit at it.

Beat.

So, now, I'm thirty-five. And the crumb of it all I had left is being slowly nibbled away at by some little raty fucking twat with —

BOSS: CONFIDENTIAL, MY BOY!

BAZZER returns to position. *The underscore is cut short.*

BAZZER: I'm still doing Year 6 Leavers' Disco tonight.

BOSS: Now, Barry —

BAZZER: You promised! I always get Leavers' Disco!

BOSS: We think it's / best if

BAZZER: No no no **NO** You promised.

BOSS: But I'm not sure the Year 6's want your 'tunes' anymore, Barry —

BAZZER: I have to do it.

Beat.

I have to do it because it's the only time I get to feel like I'm actually contributing something // everyone remembers the first song that got them bopping at the Year 6 prom // everyone remembers the sugar-rush-hand-holding and the not-quite-understood fear of the future that is surging to the pit of the stomach // I'm the one to play those songs to make them know... it'll all be ok // Someday // Someday where they don't have to be jealous of another...

Beat.

Matty:

BOSS: Hm?

BAZZER: Matty Bovril. Is this because of Matty?

His Dad used to do the DJ sets here. Galileo Bovril.

If that *was* his real name.

BOSS: Matty! No, nothing about Matty, God no.

He was a big fan of that Outkast song, wasn't he? Hey You!

BAZZER: Because it really didn't happen how you might think.

BOSS: Matty's only just woken up, Barry.

Beat.

We just think it's time to get some new blood on our disco dancefloor!

Think about my offer, hm? The resident caretaker!

BAZZER: He's woken up?

BOSS: Hm?

BAZZER: Matty. He's woken up? Are you... is this...

BAZZER *begins to feel uneasy.*

BOSS: Ok, Baz, it's ok. Take it easy, hm?

You can still do the Leavers' Disco tonight, how about that? You do it!

One final gig, hm?

BAZZER *stares into space. Long. The world seems to tunnel in.*

Part Seven

DON'T HUG ME I'M TERRIFIED

BAZZER *puts on a song. It could be Threnody for the Victims of Hiroshima.*

It might not be as intense as that...

They place dominos around the space. It takes a long, long time. Focused.

When they're finished...

BAZZER: I'm twenty-two.

I'm stood on a rooftop in Magaluf, in the smoking area.

And Matty Bovril is there, chewing my ear off,

Trying to one-up me constantly. In his stupid little orange hat.

He's asking me questions about what I'm up to

And I don't tell him about the investment that went wrong at
eighteen,

I don't tell him about the DJ battle I was laughed out of.

I don't tell him about the growing sense that what I'm doing isn't
good enough because that's *exactly* what he wants to hear.

He wants to know how badly I'm doing so he can rub it in my face
and I won't give him that pleasure.

He's going on about this gig he's doing next week in Ibiza, and the set
he's got coming up today. And he's talking about—

MATTY: When the beats are just hitting *right* and you know they're hitting
right, and you're looking out over the arena, and everyone's just *vibing*,
you know? You know when you get that. When you get that *feeling*?
That's what it's all about, *right*?

BAZZER: The sun is slugging away at my face, and I can feel it reaching
its way down my throat. Like it might never let my skin go.

The distant echoes of people living for life are ricocheting between my ears and I feel like they're talking about me.

My hand grips onto this shitty mojiro tighter

And I feel like a cretin.

My head is pounding, my chest is locked, ready to implode if I give it half a chance and my legs feel like they're gonna collapse.

I'm thinking about music facts to calm me down and I think about how stupid it is that I have to resort to music facts to calm me down.

And today, on this blistering day at twenty-two in Magaluf... they don't work.

I'm tuning Matry out but giving a few nods like a nodding dog with an iron deficiency.

And then as I'm tuning out, I'm tuning into these voices.

These ghosts. These...ghouls. And they start to sound familiar.

They blend, they transform, they pollute the noise.

words that have been said. Words that haven't yet.

Smashing into my brain like a group of wrecking balls into a wall.

Over the following, the music grows in pace and volume.

The voices could clash with one another:

MR BOU: YOU WANT TO PICK UP A REAL INSTRUMENT,
RATHER THAN WASTING ALL YOUR POTENTIAL ON A
LITTLE BOYS GAME.

BOSS: CONFIDENTIAL, MY BOY.

BAZZER: It's not

DAD: CAN'T YOU GET A CHEAPER HOBBY?

BAZZER: It's not a hobby

BOSS: ANY HOBBIES?

BAZZER: IT'S NOT A HOBBY.

MATTY: I never said it was.

MR BOU: FIND SOMETHING YOU'RE BETTER AT.

MUM: YOU'LL BLOW THE ELECTRICS OUT.

BOSS: SOMEONE NEW SOMEONE FRESH.

MUM: IT'LL COST ME MONEY.

DECKS: CAN YOU STOP SPOUTTING MUSIC FACTS FOR ONE
SECOND?

DECKS: YOU DON'T REALLY WANT TO DO THIS.

DECKS: DO YOU REALLY WANT TO DO THIS?

DECKS: COME ON NOW, GIVE IT UP.

DECKS: GIVE IT UP

DECKS: GIVE IT UP

DECKS: GIVE IT UP

DECKS: GIVE IT UP

DECKS: GIVE IT UP

DECKS: GIVE IT UP

MATTY: YOU'RE NOT AS GOOD AS ME ANYWAY!

BAZZER: You don't even know.

MATTY: YOU'RE NOT GOOD ENOUGH!

BAZZER: AND *THEY* HE FUCKING LAUGHS AT ME

MATTY: C'MON MATE, WE CAN'T ALL BE BRILLIANT
CAN WE!

BAZZER: AND I LAUNCH AT HIM, AND I GRAB HIM AND HE'S
THERE ON THE EDGE AND I JUST -

MATTY: NO! NO!

PLEASE!

BAZZER pushes the dominoes over. It could be quiet, controlled destruction, with one Domino falling off a higher area. It could be hideously charged and chaotic. Whatever feels right for your **BAZZER**.

Once they're finished, they hold the orange hat.

A hollow kind of silence.

Part Eight

THE EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

Hospital. Life support machine beeping.

BAZZER is stood at the door.

BAZZER: I'm thirty-five. I'm thinking about the last time I was here.

Twenty-two. They had to fly him from Magaluf back to England.

I came late at night so no one would be around. Sat there all night trying to...say something.

And here I am, again now. To do what I couldn't do back then.

Bead.

I'm stood at the door of his hospital room.

Wondering if that old guy who was in a coma has died, or shat himself, or pissed all over himself. And I wonder how many of those Marty's done since I was last here. I hold his orange hat in my hand.

And then, and then...

BAZZER doesn't describe how they feel for the first time. They just feel it.

BAZZER: I'm thinking what this means for me if he remembers?

Like, what if he knows? Will he tell everyone?

Or, is it worse if he doesn't? Do I have to tell him? And then I think...

What if he's not the person I remember?

And what if...

What if I haven't remembered it right?

Did I actually...could I actually have...*(done that?)*

Monaco's Army is smaller than its Military Orchestra // Prince played twenty-seven instruments on his debut album // some

people feel nothing towards / / some people with brain injuries can remember –

NURSE: You alright, love?

BAZZER: I bolt into the room and close the door behind me. And... he's there.

MATTY could be represented by the flamingo, or even just the decks.

His eyes are blank. They trace my body from head to toe.

Not a flicker. Not a whisper even of the life they used to have.

Hiiii mate. Long-time no see!

Nothing.

You ok? How're you...how's...

He starts shaking his head. He looks out the window.

He breathes heavily, like Darth Vader if Darth Vader had just woken up from a twelve-year coma.

Nice long sleep you had! Hah. Must be well rested.

His chest rises and falls even quicker now.

I'm doing a gig at the primary school tonight.

Near 6 Leavers' Disco. Remember those? Hah.

My last one. Yeah. Don't really know what I'll do after –

His face turns to look at me. He's squinting. Looking

And he has that look of disgust on his face that he always used to have. In the playground. At the discos. Like I'm somehow...*worse.*

And now... I want him to remember me.

I don't care what it'll mean, I don't care what'll happen.

I need him to remember me.

BAZZER *heads to decks, puts on HEY YA by OUTKAST.*

BAZZER *tries to get him to remember. Really badly.*

BAZZER: WHY CAN'T YOU REMEMBER!

HERE, HERE'S YOUR HAT, DOES THAT HELP? DOES IT?

I'M BAZZER.

WE USED TO KNOW EACH OTHER, DIDN'T WE?

WE USED TO PLAY TOP TRUMPS? WE STAYED IN A TENT TOGETHER ON THE YEAR 4 CAMPING TRIP. STAYED UP ALL NIGHT TALKING ABOUT AND LISTENING TO AND, AND...

BAZZER.

WHAT DO YOU WANT ME TO SAY? THAT I'M SORRY? IS THAT WHAT YOU WANT? SPEAK TO ME MATTY FOR FUCK SAKE!

In broken speech, MATTY's voice:

MATTY: B-a...zzzzz-err

Beat.

B-azzer.

Beat.

H...eeey y-y-y...yaaaaa.

Reverts to MATTY's younger voice.

HEEEY YAAAAAA!

BAZZER: Maty... I –

MATTY: I'm proud of you.

BAZZER: What? No you're...you're meant to be –

MATTY: I miss you. Where've you been all these / years

BAZZER: You're not meant to be like this.

YOU'RE NOT MEANT TO BE LIKE THIS.

YOU'RE NOT... THIS ISN'T THE VERSION THAT I -

MATTY: Don't you remember?

Beat.

Don't you remember how it used to be?

The decks play an echoed version of Hey Ya! by Outkast.

BAZZER: No, no no no this isn't... it's not -

BAZZER *pulls on a track. The beginning of his YEAR 6 DISCO SETLIST.*

Part Nine

THE WHIMPER

BAZZER *frantically gets the stage ready, maybe leaving it in more of a state than it already was to begin with. They get changed into their Year 6 Disco outfit.*

They take their place behind the decks.

A mega mix of early noughties bangers should play under the following sequence. It should be different to the one at the top of the play.

This is BAZZER's final purge. The final disco.

BAZZER *tries to maintain their anxiety through the decks.*

The following doesn't have to be shouted.

BAZZER: All having a good time? Can I get an 'oh yeah!'

OH YEAH! Ok, let's turn this up a notch Year 6...

BAZZER *moves the mega mix on. Trying to get things going. Uncomfortable.*

THIS IS THE FINAL BIT OF THE NIGHT! IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT UP AND DANCED YET, GET DANCING!

FREE CAN OF TANGO FOR THE BEST TANGO AND... AND...

BAZZER *throws out glowsticks, gets amongst the crowd.*

KAYLEIGH - REMEMBER TO TAKE SOME IBUPROFEN IF YOUR SHINS START TO HURT

TOBY - KEEP AWAY FROM THE HARIBO AND SUGARY DRINKS, YOU KNOW YOU SHOULDN'T BE HAVING THEM

MATTY - MATTY - MATTY - please... don't... *(die)*

BAZZER *moves the mega mix on.*

IT'S THE YEAR 6 LEAVERS' DISCO // I'M HAVING THE TIME OF MY LIFE // ALL THE KIDS ARE ON A SUGAR

RUSH // THERE'S SOME KINDA FRUIT PUNCH THAT
THEY'RE PRETENDING IS BOOZE // CAUGHT IT OFF
THEIR PARENTS LIKE A VIRUS // A SICKNESS // A
DISEASE // AND I'M LOOKIN' AT ALL THESE KIDS AND
// AND I CAN KINDA SEE THEIR FUTURES HANGING IN
THE BALANCE // LIKE THAT BIT IN DONNIE DARKO //
SEING THEIR SPIRITS LEAVE EM // KNOWING WHAT
COMES NEXT IS... THIS // A SHADE OF ME // LOOKING
LIKE THIS // AND I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT
WHAT THE FUTURE MEANS // AND WHAT A GOOD
FUTURE MEANS // AND WHAT IS SUPPOSED TO BE OUT
THERE FOR US.

THERE'S A KID BEING SICK IN THE CORNER.

THERE'S TWO BEST FRIENDS CRYING ON SHOULDERS
CUS OF THE DIFFERENT SCHOOLS THEY'RE GOING TO.
THERE'S A KID WHO LOOKS LIKE

Dream-like state. Soft focus.

He looks like

There's a kid who looks like Marty.

Who's come over to the ones crying.

And he's patting them on the back and he's

He's // It'll all be alright, is what he's saying and he's

BAZZER *is flailing*

ARE WE ALL HAVING A GOOD TIME?

WE'RE ALL HAVING FUUUUUUUUN AIN'T WE?

WE'RE ALL HAVING // AND WE'RE NOT // WE'RE NOT,

NO, WE'RE NOT // NOT THINKING ABOUT HOW WE

The decks begin to malfunction. BAZZER could be left just on mic.

ABOUT HOW WE MISREMEMBER EVENTS IN OUR LIVES

ABOUT HOW WE FORGET WHAT PEOPLE DID FOR US
ABOUT HOW THE FUTURE IS THE MOST TERRIFYING
THING

ABOUT HOW IT'S EASY TO THINK OF DEATH AS A
FRIEND

ABOUT HOW IT'S EASY TO THINK THAT WAY

ABOUT HOW THIS MIGHT BE THE LAST THING I DO

ABOUT HOW DYING AT MY OLD PRIMARY SCHOOL
IS THE ONLY THING THAT MAKES ME FEEL CLOSER
TO HIM

ABOUT HOW IT MAKES ME REMEMBER IT RIGHT

ABOUT HOW WE WERE BEST FRIENDS

ABOUT HOW HE WAS THE BEST

ABOUT HOW HE WAS SUPPORTIVE

ABOUT HOW HE WAS LIKE THE BROTHER I NEVER...

ABOUT HOW THINGS REALLY WERE

ABOUT HOW I'M // ABOUT HOW

BAZZER *puls MATTY's hat on.*

ABOUT HOW THIS IS DEDICATED TO MY BEST FRIEND

MATTY BOVRIL.

*The decks malfunction, they suddenly cut out. Broken. The noise dissipates,
evaporates into the air. BAZZER is left. Sans anything.*

Part Ten

THESE FACES LOOK LIKE OURS

BAZZER: I... I look around the hall. A vacant black hole. A void of what
ONCE WAS.

The kids have all gone home. All picked up by a family who cares.

The lingering ghost of sweat clings to the blue brick, that
unexplainable smell of a kid's party. And I look around at this room,
taking it in for one last time. Thinking of the years spent here, the
days I'll never get back.

Thinking about the sweeping up of classrooms.

About the things burrowed away in the now empty corridors, the
cupboards. Thinking about the time left.

Thinking about how loneliness is a real, living, breathing thing.

And like some kinda magic trick, this kid appears. Rabbit from a hat.

And it's the Matty lookalike from earlier.

And he's staring at me, from across the hall.

BAZZER *does a sheepish wave.*

*Realises the decks are broken. To tell this part, BAZZER either turns on a Bluetooth
speaker, or gives the final page of scribble from the technician, or last property box, to
an audience member:*

Bringing this metaphorical, abstract world into reality:

MATTY: When I grow up, I wanna be a DJ, just like you Bazi!

BAZZER: You don't wanna be like me.

MATTY: You didn't really push him through!

BAZZER: I wish I had.

MATTY: You couldn't do that to someone!

BAZZER: I could've done to him.

MATTY: No! He was your best friend. And only a little better at DJing!

BAZZER: Anyone can be a DJ. Even you.

MATTY: Even me?

BAZZER: Especially you.

MATTY: Keep at it!

BAZZER: Keep at what?

MATTY: Being who you want to be. Not who they say you should be.

BAZZER: Keep at it.

BAZZER *takes off the orange cap. Holds it out.*

This was a friend of mine's once. Maybe it'll do you some good.

MATTY: Thanks Bazi!

BAZZER: And he races off down the hall, after his mate comes through
the door to hurry him along. His best mate, maybe.

Maybe that's me... from time gone by.

Before he leaves, he pivots like an NBA player.

And a wave from his tiny hand barely grown.

A hand that's barely felt the world at all.

And in that wave, a knowing, in me, growing, I think.

That maybe everything I am right now, is enough.

It has to be enough. For me.

BAZZER *waves down the hall at MATTY. The clock ticks and grows
louder.*

Right?

END.