

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



# I Would Die 4 U

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by Glen Dolman

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EXTRACT

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- ACT ONE, SCENE ONE -

*A dark stage. Slowly a silver, techno-ish radio illuminates.*

*Crackle of the radio - the feverish babble of a partying crowd.*

D.J. (V.O.): JC, I don't know if you can hear me clearly or not but things are absolutely wild down here. The atmosphere is totally myth.

*As the radio DJ continues, the buzzing, night city-scape gradually fades up in the windows of what appears to be a plush city apartment.*

D.J. (V.O.): I've just been told that it's estimated about eight and a half million litres of alcohol is going to be consumed right here in the CBD before midnight tonight - there's going to be a few hang-overs in the morning I can tell you.

There's just a tremendous vibe in the air as everyone says farewell to what's been dubbed 'the unluckiest year this century'. Well hopefully it won't be an unlucky end to the year as well. Never the less, there's more than a few "end of the world" devotees out in force tonight. Now in a few minutes time we're going to be chatting to ...

*A gun shot pierces the air - the light on the stereo blacks out.*

D.J. (V.O.): Charles T. Coman, one of the organisers of tonight's main street parade. Now a bit of dough's been poured into this, let me tell you ...(CONT'D)...

*After a short moment, the door opens, light swelling in, as Jackson (Jack) enters, followed by Ethan and Bec. All have holiday backpacks.*

JACK: Lights!

*The lights flash on to reveal a clinical, futuristic apartment. Various art pieces make it more of a museum than a home.*

ETHAN: Wow - my God, what a welcome. This place is amazing.

JACK: Yeah.

ETHAN: And amazingly haughty.

BEC: What's that doing on?

*Bec switches off the stereo and throws his bag down.*

JACK: Security?

*Ethan chuckles.*

ETHAN: In what decade?

*Ethan checks out the view from the window.*

ETHAN: Novel - party on world! (beat) What a hell-  
hole.

*Bec studies a statuette.*

BEC: Jackson, is this guy an artist or something?

JACK: Nah - art adviser ... loaded.

BEC: (re: the statue) This is so myth.

ETHAN: How do you advise art?

JACK: By having a wallet bigger than your talent.

*Jack and Ethan share a laugh.*

JACK: After that trip, I am busting. So excuse me -  
assuming I can find a toilet.

*Jack heads down the corridor.*

*Bec catches Ethan's eye.*

BEC: Isn't this a little motley to you?

ETHAN: Why?

BEC: Well this is not even Jack's house - it's an  
Uncle he hardly even knows and ...

ETHAN: You are painfully infant when you're fussing,  
you know that?

BEC: Fussing? There's a word you just don't hear  
enough of.

*He hugs her. She kisses him.*

ETHAN: I know what'd make you relax. Come on - how  
about a little ... "contact"?

BEC: You really are a modern day poet.

ETHAN: Well come on - let me rattle your stack before  
Jack gets back.

BEC: You quite enjoy crossing that 'vulgar line' don't you?

ETHAN: Um ... yeah.

*They kiss.*

ETHAN: *(almost mocking)* Wow - I just kissed an angel.

BEC: I'm sorry, did you want me to vomit?

ETHAN: Come here.

*Jack returns, seeing them in an embrace.*

JACK: I leave you alone for one second...

BEC: Well please don't.

*Juliet opens the door, a hand-size, silver, cylindrical "Mem-corder" up to her eye, viewing her arrival.*

JULIET: The bottle shop is here!

*Amy enters with her bags and Leo follows behind with a massive box of alcohol.*

AMY: Oh wow.

BEC: Jesus, how many did we get?

LEO: Enough. *(re: apartment)* Oh wow.

ETHAN: Ah! Salvation - scoobies!

*Ethan grabs a blue bottle from Leo.*

JULIET: *(to her Mem-corder)* Here we are guys - the coolest bachelor pad known to civilisation. The time is 8.01, 2013, with apparently less than four hours before the world grinds to a halt. Despite that, we are now on the 123rd floor of one of the city's highest apartment towers - very vibe. Any higher we'd need oxygen.

LEO: That parking's got to snap.

ETHAN: How much?

LEO: Seventy.

AMY: For the whole night though. What a myth place. I can't believe he let you have this.

LEO: This is very not what I imagined.

JULIET: *(approaching Bec)* Bec darling, any comments to cap off the year that I can keep forever?

ETHAN: (to Bec) So you do know what tonight is right?

BEC: Well, it's a little hard not to pick up something's going on.

ETHAN: I'm not talking about New Year's.

BEC: Then what are you talking about?

ETHAN: Forget it.

JULIET: Oooh.

BEC: Forget what?

*Jack stands in the middle of them, smug.*

JACK: Wouldn't be anything about 9.13 PM, New Year's Eve, twenty-twelve, would it?

ETHAN: Well thanks for just yelling it out.

BEC: Is that what you're talking about? - I didn't forget that.

ETHAN: No, didn't sound like it.

BEC: It'll be one year in an hour and a half. Happy?

LEO: (to Jack) So where's everyone sleeping?

ETHAN: Sleep? Tonight? Are you joshing?

JACK: There's a couple of rooms through there. Just find a bed.

LEO: Novel, thanks.

*Leo heads through the door.*

AMY: (to Leo) Leo, wait a sec.

*She grabs her bag and follows him.*

*Bec sips her mixed drink, quietly having a word to Ethan.*

BEC: What's the matter?

ETHAN: Nothing.

BEC: Oh come on, you had the whole tone thing.

ETHAN: What tone thing?

BEC: You said you were looking forward to this weekend.

ETHAN: I was - I am.

BEC: Remember this.

*Bec gives her the finger.*

JULIET: Very novel.

ETHAN: Those things are so haughty, there's no way they actually work.

JULIET: They do so, they're guaranteed to improve Long Term recall by thirty percent. So when I'm an 'ancient' I'll be able to remember every single detail of tonight.

BEC: And how do you know it's not just your normal memory?

JULIET: Because I'll remember.

*Juliet flicks it off. Amy looks out the window.*

BEC: We must have the ultimate view of the fest.

ETHAN: We have the ultimate fest right here.

*Juliet records the view out the window.*

JULIET: Oh wow.

*Leo joins her as Ethan makes himself comfortable on the large couch, guzzling his drink.*

LEO: Oh shit that's high.

*Bec laughs.*

LEO: What?

BEC: "Shit" - how darling. I haven't heard that in over a decade.

LEO: Shit? What's wrong with "shit"?

ETHAN: It snaps.

JULIET: Hey - Leo can shit all he wants - I won't laugh at you.

LEO: Thank you.

*Juliet grabs Leo - he kisses her.*

AMY: How infant.

LEO: Well at least I don't blaspheme every second.

BEC: Oh for God's sake.

LEO: I'm serious!

*Bec smiles and joins Ethan on the couch. Ethan hugs her - she pushes him away.*

JULIET: Oh come on, come on - everyone, group hug. I missed all you guys.

*Bec pulls Ethan up off the couch.*

BEC: Lord help me.

ETHAN: (to Juliet) You're a serious hugamaniac.

JULIET: Oh, wait, wait, wait - this is a moment.

*She grabs her Mem-corder.*

BEC: Is the Mem-corder really necessary?

JULIET: Guaranteed.

BEC: Okay, who didn't deodorise this morning?

AMY: Ow - squishing.

*They break up.*

JACK: Okay now, I love you all, but if anyone breaks anything - they pay for it with their lives.

LEO: Yeah. Well, scoobie time.

ETHAN: Yeah, everyone dig in.

*Juliet, again with her Mem-corder, races over and grabs a bottle.*

JACK: Oh the pressure of it all ... why not.

*Leo finishes a gulp.*

LEO: Woah - that stuff is potent.

*Jack grabs a bottle and offers one to Bec.*

JACK: Bec?

BEC: Not just yet.

JULIET: Oh come on.

*Juliet hands her one.*

BEC: All right, let's mix it.

*She climbs up and heads for the bar to mix down her drink.*