

SOUND CHECK AND FURY

A Musical in Three Acts

By J.P. Wasson

Cast of Characters

Jay: Musician in his later twenties.

James: Film set builder in his later twenties.
Jay's roommate.

Baldwin: Straight laced man in his mid-twenties.
Perspective roommate #1.

Mary/Celeste: Hippie Woman in her mid-twenties
Perspective roommate #2.

Sheena: Rock and Roll Girl in her mid-twenties
Perspective roommate #3.

JD: Bass player in the band, male early
twenties.

CJ: Drummer in the band, male early twenties.

JP: Guitarist in the band, male of undetermined
age.

Fan#1: Male mid thirties

Fan#2: Female early twenties

Crowd: Male & females of various ages, shape/sizes
& hair styles

Act 1

Jay and James' warehouse flat in a downtown urban setting

Act 2

In the tour van, various clubs and parking lots

Act 3

Jay and James' warehouse flat in a downtown urban setting

The Songs

Act 1 (Not from this town)

1. Not from this town
2. I like to get high
3. Joyful bits
4. My life story
5. Leg on my shoulder

Act 2 (Life in a van)

1. 24 hours
2. Pot Stinks*
3. Music whores
4. Expectations
5. My baby is a go-go girl
6. I'm Addicted to her

Act 3 (Looking forward)

1. A bit too heavy (for the mainstream)
2. Silver Spoon**
3. Up is down
4. Has been never was
5. Mile in their shoes
6. Looking forward

All songs The Discarded

J.P. Wasson, J.D Wasson, C.J. Wasson

Except:

* JP Wasson/Hudson/Lewis

**JP Wasson/Northey

All song registered SOCAN/ASCAP

Act 1-Scene 1:

The lights come up on the front of stage to reveal a sparsely decorated musician's flat: a couch, a chair, a coffee table. On the coffee table is a PlayStation and controller, a bag of pot, a bong, an ashtray, a few empty beer bottles, a wine bottle, a box of cereal, a carton of milk and a bowl and spoon. The sink is to stage right at the back wall and is full of dishes. There are various knapsacks, bags, piles of paper, newspapers and pizza boxes scattered about the apartment. On the couch is JAY. He has his guitar and is scribbling in a notebook, strumming on his guitar a bit and taking hits off his bong. His roommate, JAMES descends the staircase from his room and is dishevelled, having just awoken.

As James shuffles by Jay sitting on couch

JAMES: Hey.

Jay answers without looking up.

JAY: Hey.

James walks over to the table and takes a hit off the bong and then crosses over to the kitchen. He looks for a bowl and can't find one, then looks for the cereal and sees it and the milk on the coffee table. He goes over and picks up the bowl.

JAMES: This relatively clean?

Still not looking up at James

JAY: Relatively.

James pours a bowl of cereal and then some milk on it. He then takes the milk and cereal plus his bowl over to the kitchen counter. He surveys the load of dishes in the sink, and turns to Jay.

JAMES: Hey man- do you ever clean up? At least put the milk back in the fridge so it's not warm or doesn't go bad!

JAY: Yeah man- sorry. I was working on a tune.

James turns back to the kitchen and starts to do the dishes - the light fades to 50% on James as he freezes. Jay looks up and addresses the audience.

JAY: I find it hard to like anyone. Well, that has more to do with me than them, I guess. I'm an outsider, a musician, a poet. You may have noticed I like to smoke a little weed.

Light comes back up on James as he unfreezes and turns his upper body towards Jay.

JAMES: A little!??

Jay turns towards James.

JAY: Hey! - This is my soliloquy to the audience- respect the conventions of theatre and stay frozen until I'm done!

James lets out a heavy sign and turns back towards the kitchen and freezes again, and light fades on him to 50%.

JAY: Where was I? Oh yeah- if I was running everything, then the world would be such a better place. Okay, so technically it is being run by a bunch of white males already and that's how we got here. I'm just saying, with me it would be different.

A little about me: I like the path of least resistance. Can't say I'm a big fan of "work" in the traditional sense, but again that might have to do with that pot smoking thing.

James speaks without turning around or unfreezing.

JAMES: I was saying!

Jay holds his fingers to his lips to shush James.

JAY: Cheap seats--zip it!

Jay then addresses the audience again.

JAY: I tried the real world. I mean, look at me, I won the lottery: white, male and living in North America. But the tide has been turning, and really I was on the band wagon for that even before it was deemed popular. So what if I'm the new villain, I am. Well, not me, personally, but yeah, white, male, privileged.

Jay puts down his guitar and get up and starts pacing at the front of the stage as he delivers the rest of his speech.

JAY: Sure, after a few jobs I got tired of the grind. It's not the work that's tough; it's the getting up and going there every day. Most jobs now are the never-never plan of contracts with the promise that if you break your hump for six month there might be a full time job. Mostly it was just an endless series of contracts, no benefits and two weeks' notice and the job ends, the McJobs of today. Now, I work through a temp agency that knows me pretty good and places me at various factories doing quality checks. There's no expectation of longevity or punctuality, so it works pretty good and gets me enough money to live month to month.

Jay goes back over to the couch and sits down and picks up his guitar.

Then I can indulge my true passion, music. I sing, play guitar and write the music and words for my band. I play a dying art form called Rock 'n' Roll or more accurately: Rock 'n' Roll but with a punk energy. No computers, no backing tracks -- real music played by real people. It used to be all the rage, but now it's more underground and subversive. You hear people pay lip service to the energy or the style, but it's far too scary for the mainstream. So you don't hear it on the radio, and it's a bit too heavy even for the "alternative" or state-run Avant-garde stations. It's outside the mainstream, subversive again, like all good rock and roll should be.

I've always felt like an outsider. Even where I grew up, about an hour from this big city where I live now, I felt different from those I went to school with. I read a lot, understood history and how we got to where we are now. I watched movies that were not just your latest blockbuster or action flick. I listened to music that wasn't just on the radio. Most people are born, live and die in a hundred mile radius. Where I'm from you could say ten miles, their whole life, in the same home town, the same kids in the same class since kindergarten. My dad moved a bit for his job and career, so I was the new kid on more than one occasion. Sure, there were cool people you met everywhere you went -- like James here -

James speaks again without unfreezing.

JAMES: Thank you!

JAY: But you were always the outsider. You weren't from that town. Once high school was over, the outsiders would get out of that small town and get lost in the big city. It was a lot more exciting for the sheer volume of things going on and a greater chance to meet other outsiders like you. But big cities are geared for rich people. It's expensive to live there. I still feel like an outsider. I still feel I'm not from this town. I'm from nowhere man.

Lights fade on entire set except for Jay and light comes up on the band behind.

The music for the song "Not From This Town" begins and Jay sings the song

I'm not from this town -- I'm from all around
You know I don't belong -- Now is that so wrong?

I'm looking at you -- You're looking at me
I observe what's true -- In all that I see

I'm not from this town -- You think that I'm a clown
You've lived a sheltered life -- Third grade you met your wife

I'm looking at you -- You're looking at me
I observe what's true -- In all that I see

I am a different voice -- I made a different choice
Now that's in your head -- Can't ignore what's been said

I'm looking at you -- You're looking at me
I observe what's true -- In all that I see

Freak, of nature; freak, of nature; freak, of nature

I'm looking at you -- You're looking at me
I observe what's true -- In all that I see
I'm looking at you -- You're looking at me
I observe what's true -- In all that I see

As the song ends the light fades into darkness on the band and comes up again on the flat. James is still frozen at the sink and Jay begins cleaning up the bottles on the table and brings them over to the kitchen area where James is frozen. Jay looks at James and wonders why he is still frozen.

JAY: What are you doing?

JAMES: I'm frozen - respect the conventions of theatre and all that?

JAY: Oh yeah -- that's done.

JAMES: This would work better as a movie, wouldn't it?

James starts eating his cereal.

JAY: Yeah, probably--or a book.

JAMES: Graphic novel!

James looks down at his cereal and then dumps it out in the garbage

JAMES: And my cereal is soggy now-- but the kids, they don't read.

JAY: Yeah good point. Why are you not on set working?

JAMES: I know, man, nothing going on for two weeks in the film biz. No set construction needed.

JAY: In a month and a half I'm off on tour; you're still coming as the roadie?

JAMES: Oh yeah! I am totally psyched!

James walks over to the couch and takes a seat. Jay follows him and joins him on the couch.

JAY: But we have to make the rent in two weeks. And then we're away for another three weeks the following month.

JAMES: We need to get a roommate.

JAY: There are only two bedrooms.

JAMES: Couch is a pull out.

JAY: So who gets the couch?

JAMES: It's where you sleep half the time anyway.

JAY: Fair point. We'll throw it up online for half the cost of rent, and then you and I will only need to cover the other half.

JAMES: Not too many of these warehouse flats left in this city. And the rent -- \$500 for half should not be an issue.

JAY: Give it two years, and they'll be evicting us to build a condo.

JAMES: Then all the young urban socialites will complain their gentrified neighborhood has lost all its artistic flavour that attracted them.

JAY: Like I always tell you James -- "You can't buy cool" -- you just are.

JAMES: Jay, you're not cool.

JAY: Piss off.

Fade to black.

Act 1 Scene 2

The light comes up and the flat looks remarkably cleaner. All the dishes are gone from the sink. The pizza boxes are cleaned up, and there are no piles of papers around the apartment. The coffee table is clean. To the right of the stereo (stage left) there are now storage cubbies holding Jay's clothes. Jay and James are awaiting prospective room mates who have answered the ad.

JAMES: Place looks good!

JAY: Yeah it does.

JAMES: We should rent it monthly so you'll be inspired to clean up more often.

JAY: Shut up.

They both survey the place one last time to make sure it looks good, and they both stop as they see the bong sitting on the table. At the same moment there is a knock on the door. Jay darts over to the table, snatches up the bong, and hides it behind his cubbies as James opens the door.

In front of them is a much manicured twenty-something male. He is dressed in very snappy preppy attire, Polo shirt, khakis, designer V-neck sweater -- no socks and loafers.

JAMES: Hey man, I'm James.

BALDWIN: *(stiffly)* pleased to meet you. I'm Baldwin, I 'm here to view the accommodations.

He looks around the flat surveying it from the doorway and at the same time puts out his hand to shake James' hand. James looks at his hand and then at Baldwin and gives him a thumbs up. Jay steps in and shakes his hand and takes over. He can tell that James does not like this guy even before he comes in.

BALDWIN: Do you require me to remove my footwear?

JAY: No one has yet, so why start -ahaha!

Baldwin is not amused or doesn't seem to get the attempt at humour

JAY: Let me show you around then. Not much to show really.

Jay turns and gestures to the main room

JAY: Well it's a flat, converted from an industrial space. Not many like this anymore in the city. They are a vanishing breed, condo development and all.

Jay turns but Baldwin has only taken a few steps into the flat. He has the look of someone looking at a food they do not like and being forced to eat it.

JAY: Something the matter?

BALDWIN: It just I expected more for \$500.

JAMES: *(Incredulously)* What?

JAY: You're new to this town, right?

BALDWIN: As a matter of fact, yes.

Jay moves back towards Baldwin at the door and then guides him towards the door.

JAY: Obviously I don't think there's a good fit here with your expectations and, well... and us.

By this time Baldwin has moved outside the door and when Jay says "and us" he slaps the door shut with his parting words.

JAY: Good luck with your apartment search.

James, pulling a face like he's constipated, waddles over to Jay and addresses him in a fake English accent.

JAMES: I would like to survey your accommodation -- fuck off wanker!

JAY: Yeah -- not a fit.

BALDWIN: I'm still outside the door.

Jay shouts back through the door.

JAY: Well maybe you should leave.

JAMES: Okay -- so we have to live with this person too. We agree to talk this over before we make any rash decisions. How many more do we have?

JAY: I got a ton of calls, but I was trying to screen out the crazies before I invited them over for a viewing.

James affects a fake English accent again

JAMES: And (fake accent again) Baldwin...met your criteria?

JAY: He sounded respectable.

JAMES: Jay, we're not respectable.

JAY: You know what I mean--not crazy.

JAMES: I'm good with a little crazy.

There is a second knock at the door. Jay opens, and it's a woman. She is dressed in a very colourful flowing dress and scarves and a head band. She looks like a deadhead or a hippie.

Jay: Hi, I'm Jay and this is my roommate James.

MARY/CELESTE: I'm Mary, but most of my friends call me Celeste.

JAY: Come on in, then, Celeste.

Celeste floats into the room and stops just in front of the couch. She takes a deep breath and exhales, emitting a low humming sound. Jay and James both turn their heads towards each other and each gives a shrug of "whatever".

JAY: What's up, Celeste?

CELESTE: Oh, don't worry; I'm just trying to sense the energy of the apartment.

JAY: And?

CELESTE: It's okay. There is a melancholy that I can feel.

JAMES: That would be Jay.

JAY: That James is such a joker. Can I show you around? Not much to see, though.

CELESTE: No worries -- nothing I couldn't cleanse with a little sage to purify the aura.

JAMES: And here we were thinking it just needed a good mopping.

Celeste moves towards the kitchen and then over towards the bathroom, each time pausing to "feel the area's energy".

JAY: Energy still checking out?

CELESTE: Ha! Yes! You must both think I'm very strange.

James laughs a bit at her observation

JAMES: Ha! I won't lie -- yeah a little.

Celeste looks at Jay to see if he thinks the same.

CELESTE: And you?

Jay holds up his two fingers slightly apart and smiles and nods.

CELESTE: Well, energy is not just the space but comes from the people who inhabit the space currently and *(she pauses for dramatic effect)* previously.

JAY: And??

Again Celeste pauses for dramatic effect and opens her palms to the room and closes her eyes, then opens her eyes.

CELESTE: I don't sense any of the departed at this point in time. But you two -- you smoke weed right?

JAMES: For breakfast if we can. Why?

Celeste breaks into laughter and for the first time she takes on an air of normalcy.

JAMES: You wanna check for dead spirits again? I'm pretty sure Jay's love life died here just a few months ago.

Celeste and Jamie both break into laughter again, and Jay maintains a pained expression on his face.

CELESTE: *(to Jamie)* you are funny!

JAY: Yeah, hilarious -- I'll show you the bedroom -- its right up here.

Jay shows her where the room is, and she goes through her breathing ritual again.

CELESTE: Jamie is right -- there's sadness in that room.

JAY: Yeah, thanks, I can do without the report -- I lived it.

Celeste wraps her arms around Jay and gives him a hug.

CELESTE: I wasn't making light of your pain. I was merely saying I felt it.

Jay does not reciprocate the hug but looks around for Jamie who is silently laughing to himself at the scene. Celeste finishes hugging Jay and then moves towards the door.

CELESTE: I am a healer and a shaman. I hope I didn't offend you with the hug?

JAY: No, I'm good. It's just I wasn't hugged much as a child. Not such a touchy feely family.

CELESTE: Yes, I could sense that.

Jay forces a smile and responds.

JAY: Of course you could.

James moves over to Celeste at the door as she is leaving and gives her a big hug.

JAMES: Bring it in sister. I like your vibe.

Jay interjects during their hug to wrap up the viewing.

JAY: Yeah, we have a few people coming by today, but we'll give you a call later about the decision.

CELESTE: No worries. There is a strong male energy here, not a bad or toxic one but very male. It could use some balance.

JAY: I agree there -- the whole world could use a bit of that. We're all into embracing some female energy.

CELESTE: You have a good vibe, Jay. There is the sadness, but you have a good soul.

Jay nervously laughs at Celeste's last comment

JAY: Again with the sadness. Okay be safe -- talk soon

No sooner has the door closed than James makes his pronouncement.

JAMES: I like her!

JAY: Yeah . . . yeah she was nice, a little flakey, but nice.

JAMES: You're into that shit, though. You can relate. Plus, she's into the smoking and she gave you a hug. Do you feel better?

Jay thinks about it.

JAY: Yeah, I kind of do. I didn't say I didn't like her. It was just a bit intense, the whole vibe, aura, infinite Jay sadness thing. I mean, that could get tiring 24/7.

JAMES: Better than Baldwin.

JAY: I don't think Baldwin's in the running here -- and she's right.

JAMES: How's she right?

JAY: We could use more of a feminine vibe here -- in this world.

JAMES: See, I said you were into that shit.

JAY: I'm talking about here -- imagine if we got another fucking slob like us here.

JAMES: Women can be pigs too.

JAY: Yeah but the vibe that a woman brings. Let's see what the last one's like and make a final decision. I don't think they're here for a bit. Let's have a hit.

JAMES: Now there's a plan. Yeah, we have to decide on someone we both like. Because between the two of us, we don't have enough for the rent as it is.

JAY: Well you know what I like and you know what I think.

JAMES: What's that?

The song -"I Like To Get High"--start to play- lights come illuminating the band.

Jay and James start dancing around - Jay retrieves the bong- they both take a hit and begin singing the song trading lines.

JAY:
We all know it don't make sense

JAMES:
What's the matter, why so tense?

JAY:
One more week you owe the rent

JAMES:
But your money is all spent

BOTH:
Chorus
I-I-I-I-I-I- I don't know why
I-I-I-I-I-I- I don't know why
I like to get high

JAY:
Pretty soon you're out on your ass

JAMES:
Instead of one month, it's first and last

JAY:
Sure is tough to make ends meet

JAMES:
It's even harder when you're out on the street

BOTH:
I-I-I-I-I-I- I don't know why
I-I-I-I-I-I- I don't know why
I like to get high

The song breaks down to a drum break during this section James retrieves the bong-- Jay and Jamie take a hit and then another and then another. A fog machine fills the stage with smoke.

JAY:
So another day and another dollar

JAMES:
Be it blue or white collar

JAY:
The inheritance your parents hid

JAMES:
You want to be a trust fund kid

BOTH:
I-I-I-I-I-I- I don't know why
I-I-I-I-I-I- I don't know why
I like to get high

I-I-I-I-I-I- I don't know why
I-I-I-I-I-I- I don't know why
I-I-I-I-I-I- I don't know why
I-I-I-I-I-I- I won't lie
I like to get high

During the song they are dancing around trading off singing lines, but as the song ends they collapse on the couch in a stoned daze. Lights fade on whole set.

Act 1 Scene 3

The lights come up on the apartment, and there is still a slight haze of smoke in the air. Jay and James are dazed on the couch, chilling after some hits on the bong and listening to a record playing. Their blissful dozing is interrupted by a loud knock at the door. They both jump up from their slouched position on the couch and look at one another.

Both: Appointment number three!

They both jump up to their feet as there is a second knock at the door. Jay responds loudly so they can hear through the door.

JAY: Coming!

Jay grabs the bong and deposits it back in its hiding place. James jumps wildly about, waving his hands trying to disperse what is left of the smoke in the air. Jay heads to the door and swings it open to reveal Sheena.

Sheena struts confidently into the room. She is dressed in edgy rock and roll attire; she has black nails, dark long hair and a leather jacket but she is not overly made up. She is quite stunning and both Jay and James are a bit taken back by this beautiful woman at their door.

SHEENA: Hi, I'm Sheena. I answered your ad for the flat.

She looks around the room, nodding her head.

SHEENA: Cool place.

She stops and listens to the song playing on the stereo, nodding her head.

SHEENA: Good tune.

Jay stares at her at a loss for words but then responds to her last comment.

JAY: Strangely self-referential in an ironic way.

Sheena gives a warm smile to Jay.

SHEENA: What's that?

Jay gives his head a shake as if snapping out of his daze.

JAY: Never mind. I'll show you around the flat.

JAMES: Hi, I'm James. The other roommate!

JAY: Oh yeah, James -- and I'm Jay

SHEENA: Cool. Hi James, hi Jay.

Sheena sees the guitar on the couch.

SHEENA: You both musicians?

JAMES: Jay is, I work in film. Set construction.

James is trying to see if it impresses her.

SHEENA: Oh yeah. I tried that once, boring as shit, long hours. Hahaha! I'm kidding, carpentry, noble profession.

Sheena turns her attention to Jay.

SHEENA: So you're the musician?

JAY: Yeah.

Sheena gives a wry smile to Jay.

SHEENA: So where do you work to make money then?

With this last comment Jay comes to life to meet her witty putdown.

JAY: Oh, a comedian. I'm on my third platinum album, independently wealthy. I just slum it here to stay in touch with the commoners. Those mansions get so drafty, you know.

SHEENA: Actually, I do.

JAY: What, daddy kicked you out?

SHEENA: No, daddy just funds me to follow my dream -- for real.

JAY: And what's the dream now?

SHEENA: To live in this dream flat with James the carpenter and Jay the musician. To get in touch with my common side and explore what this life has to offer.

JAY: You know -- contract jobs, bar gigs, tattoos, booze and weed. Regardless of daddy or whoever, you'll still be working for "the man" somehow.

SHEENA: Oh yeah, 40 hours a week for 40 years so I can retire on 40 percent!

JAY: And all the Kraft dinner you can eat!

SHEENA: Gotta love KD!

James has been watching the two of them banter back and forth, his head looking back and forth as one rapid fires a witty response to the other. After the Kraft dinner exchange he sees his chance to comment.

James: Alright, I see you two have this well at hand. I'm out. I'm sure Jay can give you the grand tour.

SHEENA: Nice meeting you, James.

James retreats to his room.

JAMES: Same.

JAY: There isn't a lot, really, this room, the kitchenette over there, and the bathroom under the stairs over there. The two rooms are up there. James' on the left and the one for rent is on the right.

SHEENA: And your room?

Jay pats the couch.

JAY: Pull out couch. Anyways, in just over a month I'm going on tour.

SHEENA: So you do play out?

JAY: All the time.

SHEENA: I hope you guys don't suck -- that would be awkward. You seem like a nice guy, but if your band sucks I don't think I could fake it.

JAY: We sort of sound like the band you heard when you arrived.

SHEENA: Well, they were alright. You're not a cover band or one of those bands that are more backing tracks than musicians?

JAY: Hell no -- real music played by real people -- with a little punk edge to it. Well, maybe a bit more than a little.

SHEENA: My mom named me Sheena after "Sheena Is a Punk Rocker." She was a model and was into edgy stuff. Dad not so much, but he liked those cool edgy girls.

Jay gives Sheena wry smile as he gives her a little dig.

JAY: Well, go check out the room and see if it meets your strict privileged upbringing.

Sheena goes upstairs and checks out the room, and Jay takes a seat on the couch. She descends the stairs and joins him on the couch.

SHEENA: Sure you can call me a daddy's girl. But what am I supposed to do? Struggle or embrace what I was born into, at least the money. Really, it's absurd that we are duped into thinking that everyone needs to work this drudgery of a forty hour week. Just because I'm a part of it doesn't mean I have to accept that it's right.

JAY: And that 10% who have the 82%, did they really work for it with all their hard work--right?

SHEENA: Hell no. They were born rich and they have advantages. You have connections. Certain doors and opportunities are open to you. They're not just white males -- they're white rich males.

JAY: Yup, and they own the media and have convinced those other 90% who have 18% of the pie to hate those at the bottom.

SHEENA: So, I'm sure it wasn't incense I smelt burning when I came in. You're not holding out on a sister are you? Or maybe you want to smoke a little of mine?

She pulls out a baggie. James yells from his room.

Jamie: She's in. She has my vote!

The lights fade and come back up. Some time has passed. The room is again filled with smoke, and Jay and Sheena are still pontificating on life on the sofa.

JAY: ...the fact that marijuana is not as easily accessible as alcohol for sale, cultivation and consumption. It's a plant. Why is a plant illegal?

SHEENA: The dinosaurs will die. The old thinking will fade. It has already started to happen, this is their last gasp to try and control their patriarchal society. They are even trying to police my vagina for god's sake.

JAY: And the absurdity of the macho gun mindset.

Sheena looks at her phone.

SHEENA: Oh shit, I need to go -- I said I'd meet my friend a half hour ago.

Sheena gets up off the couch and surveys the apartment again.

SHEENA: I'm in if you're looking for a roommate. And you guys seem alright to hang with.

Jay looks up from the couch expressionless and a bit stoned, so she asks again.

SHEENA: Well, you boys need time to think about it?

James sticks his head out of his bedroom door.

JAMES: No -- you're in. \$500 a month.

JAY: Uh yeah, \$500 a month

Sheena takes out her check book and writes a check.

SHEENA: Here's first and last. My cell is on the check. Text me yours so I have it or if you need to talk about anything else. See you in a week?

Sheena leaves. James comes out of his room.

JAMES: Man, she was awesome!

JAY: Yeah, she's cool

JAMES: Hello, are you still dead inside. She was gorgeous!

JAY: I know you were listening to every word she was saying from your room, Jamie. She'd chew you up and spit you out if you tried any of your standard stupid lines.

JAMES: I wasn't talking about me; I heard the chemistry between you two.

JAY: What? Just because a man and a woman have an interesting conversation doesn't mean it must be sexual or lead that way. I think that was a bit of what she was saying about the problem with men is.

James voice takes a teasing tone.

JAMES: But you like her!

JAY: Yeah, but it has been a while for me since Nicole. It just seems a lot easier without that drama in my life. I'm not saying I'm still hung up and if something happened, I mean not with her, but in general, I think I could be open to it. I'm just not forcing that issue like it's a real pressing need.

Light fades to black.

Act 1 Scene 4

Lights come up. It has been a few weeks and Sheena has now moved in. Jay and Sheena on the couch, playing PlayStation, pausing to smoke a bit and laughing as they yell at each other to "cover" the other in the video shooter game they are playing. They sound no different than two teenage boys would if they were playing.

JAY: Shooter on the right, deploy a grenade.

SHEENA: Screw you -- take them out yourself -- hahahaha!

JAY: So - no grenade?

SHEENA: I kind of thought I was clear about that.

JAY: Ah shit, they got me.

SHEENA: And grenade! I cleared the level!

Jay looks at her incredulously. Sheena pauses the game, looks at Jay and smiles.

SHEENA: So Jay, why's a guy like you still single?

Jay looks surprised by Sheena's blunt question.

JAY: What?

SHEENA: I didn't think I stuttered. Why no girlfriend, Jay -- main squeeze, sweet young thing, friends with benefits - booty calls, groupies, rock sluts, someone to get your freak on with?

JAY: It just ...

SHEENA: Yeah yeah -- Jamie filled me in on the whole heart break -- love of your life. She changed and didn't like the little rocker stoner boy lifestyle. I mean it was cool at twenty but twenty-seven - time to do something with your life, Jay. These ovaries aren't getting any younger!

JAY: So glad Jamie has brought you up to speed about my mental state in regards to my affairs of the heart. I'm over that, just seems more hassle than its worth. I mean I'm not ruling it out it's just...

SHEENA: I'm just yanking your chain, Jay. For the most part relationships are bullshit -- at least the romantic kind. I mean, god -- I've found them to be insufferable, suffocating and rooted in insecurity.

JAY: Then maybe you've been in the wrong kind of relationships.

SHEENA: Not for any length of time. Do you really think that humans are monogamist or heterosexual or anything hardwired sexually? Love, sex, sexual gratification, do they go together or, like food, is it good to have a little variety in the diet?

JAY: I think there is an over-emphasis on it all.

SHEENA: The sex or the love?

JAY: Both!

SHEENA: Ha, copout! Don't get me wrong, I've fallen for the odd man in my life. I like that feeling, that rush of new love, the infatuation, the hot passionate sex. But it fades.

JAY: That's not love - that's the infatuation period. That's the endorphins.

SHEENA: I like the endorphins, Jay. I like taking that chance that maybe someday after the endorphins fade maybe I'll still like the guy.

JAY: You ever hang out long enough to find out?

SHEENA: Oh, burn!

She put her hand up for a high five but he just looks at it so she continues talking.

SHEENA: Not yet -- but I haven't found that guy who I really liked. Lust -- well that I'm good at evoking it in others. So how come you've never hit on me Jay? You never sent that vibe.

JAY: Sure -- I'll view you as a vagina that I'm looking to fuck. I thought you said you were already tired of that and recognized "that look" in most men you encountered. I was trying not to be the cliché.

SHEENA: Oh -- well played. So you're playing the long game with me, Jay?

Jay starts to get annoyed.

JAY: I'm not playing any game with you. So who's the one sexualizing all this now?

Sheena softens her tone.

SHEENA: Sorry Jay -- I'm only teasing you. It's our thing isn't it? I like what we got, the banter. I'm a bit like you. If it happens it happens. But your sexuality is part of who you are. You seem to be shutting that part down.

JAY: It seems that's the best thing to do if you're male. Let's see if there is a meeting of minds first and then we'll see if the rest clicks.

SHEENA: Well, just "be open" to it, okay? I've got to get ready.

She leaves and goes upstairs to the bathroom; the sound of the shower can be heard a few moments later. During this time Jay opens a notebook and scribbles a few words, then gets his guitar and starts strumming a few chords, working out a song. He plays a bit, and writes a few more words. As she re-enters, Jay launches into his song.

Song—Joyful Bits- starts to play and Jay sing his new song to Sheena who watches with glowing appreciation at this new song obviously inspired by their conversation. As the song goes along Sheena starts to move and dance to the song.

You got a message that was just for you
You got a message and you hope that it's true
You got a feeling and it's here to stay
You got a feeling and it's made your day
You really hope that it's coming true
A validation of the things that you knew
About a connection that was meant to be
And now it's here you want the world to see

That it's about time --You want a sure sign
You loved the greatest hits --And all the joyful bits

You let yourself go along with the flow
Now you're red hot and it's starting to show
See what happens when you dare to confess
About a love that you dared to express
You opened up and don't care if you're hurt
You learned your lesson, won't be treated like dirt
You understand that you could end up in pain
But you're still okay to try it all again

That it's about time --You want a sure sign
You loved the greatest hits --And all the joyful bits

Will it last well who really knows
But 'til then you're going to let it all show
Because it's not about winning the race
Even if it's hard to keep up the pace
So even if it all falls apart
We always remember how it all starts
And reminisce about way back then
And think about doing it all again

That it's about time --You want a sure sign
You loved the greatest hits --you love the joyful bits

SHEENA: You just wrote that?

Jay looks up modestly.

JAY: Yeah.

SHEENA: It's about what we just talked about. That's really good.

JAY: It's what I do -- I write songs and play in a band -- and when you feel inspired, it's best to go with the inspiration.

SHEENA: So I'm your muse now?

Jay thinks about what she said.

JAY: Well, inspiration comes from many sources. Let's say our conversation got me thinking.

She goes over and picks up his notebook and reads the words.

SHEENA: Yeah I like the joyful bits.

Sheena leaves. Jay starts strumming the song again and softly sings some lines.

Fades to black

Act 1 Scene 5

When lights come up again, Jay is sleeping on the couch with the TV on. Sheena enters with a man. She is slightly drunk and they are groping one another as they make their way to her bedroom. Jay awakes as they retreat to her bedroom and then hears them having sex. Fade to black. Lights up. Jay is still on the couch having a hit from his bong as the guy is seen leaving Sheena's room. He sees Jay as he passes the couch and acknowledges him.

GUY: Oh, hey.

Jay looks up as he passes.

JAY: Hey.

As he leaves Sheena emerges from her room in a t-shirt and pajama pants.

SHEENA: Oh, you're up.

Jay responds in a tired voice.

JAY: Yeah -- what time is it?

SHEENA: five, I think.

JAY: I got called into a shift sorting parts. Boring as shit but we're heading out in a week and I could use as much cash as I can at this point.

SHEENA: Where's James?

JAY: He's at a shoot for a commercial for three days. New friend?

SHEENA: Ha -- new for now. He's nice and all but a little too basic for my liking.

She comes over and Jay sits up and hands her the bong. Sheena sits down on the couch beside Jay as they share a hit.

SHEENA: Thanks -- that takes a little edge off the hangover.

JAY: So you're not that into him?

Sheena gives Jay a coy smile.

SHEENA: Well, obviously a bit.

Then she gives Jay a serious look.

SHEENA: Is this bothering you?

JAY: What do you mean? No --no -- I'm cool.

SHEENA: Just me being open to possibilities. We've chatted a few times before, parties together for the past few months. He's cool, I was horny.

JAY: I don't know why you are explaining.

Sheena is a bit annoyed at his nonchalant defensiveness.

SHEENA: I'm just talking to you about things, don't be weird. *(Scolding)* You say you're over your ex, you say you're open to new opportunities, but you seem very "shut down" about it all.

JAY: Why are sex and relationships the center of everyone's conversations? There's shit going on in this world and we shuffle along worrying about if we have an achy knee or what gives us a boner. *(Mockingly)* Or makes me horny.

SHEENA: Dial back being a dick a bit, will ya?

Then thinking about what he said.

SHEENA: Well, that is the immediate, the day to day, the endorphins that trick you into thinking you're happy. *(Mockingly as well)* We don't go around 24-7 thinking about the social economic malaise that befalls the working classes, do we?

Jay rises to the debate.

JAY: Yeah -- yeah. Do I win if I can say I've cum inside of the greatest number of people though? Is that my rock star goal? I can't subscribe to your ideas on relationships nor do I need to toe the line of it. *(Singing)* And then I saw her face and now I'm a believer.

SHEENA: Shrek was a great movie.

JAY: It's a Monkees song.

Sheena puts on a fake Scottish accent.

Sheena: Okay Donkey.

Sheena quickly drops the accent and resumes speaking in her regular voice.

SHEENA: but perhaps you're a bit more like Eeyore than Shrek. Ahahahaha. Look Jay, you know James told me a bit about your story. But why don't you tell me your story?

JAY: Really?

SHEENA: Yeah really. What makes Jay . . . well -- Jay.

JAY: This could be the pot talking, but I do believe in kindness and love being a good foundation to approach things from.

He stops and looks at Sheena for her reaction, but her eyes are sympathetic so he continues.

JAY: My dad was an influence on me. He developed my love of history, the world, critical thinking. He played too, but once he met my mom he dedicated himself to his family and drifted off into the working world. He played me a lot of music that until I got older I didn't realize wasn't the mainstream music that others listened to.

SHEENA: Oh yeah? Like what?

JAY: Ramones, Buzzcocks, The Clash, Iggy and the Stooges, The New York Dolls, Supersuckers, but also The Beatles, Led Zeppelin, Johnny Cash, The Who, The Stones, Bob Dylan -- but not just the hits but the deep cuts. He talked about the spirit of Rock 'n' roll from Early Elvis, Little Richard, Screaming Jay Hawkins -- the wildness and un-tamedness of it all. I mean all

the way up into the '80's and '90's, Nirvana, Dinosaur Jr and Sonic Youth. So when I got into music and started playing guitar it was hard for me to not notice when something was processed, fake or fabricated by some music industry person. It always had the elements of what I knew was cool, but it was lame, tamed and tailored to be safe as milk.

SHEENA: that doesn't explain the hurt look behind your eyes.

JAY: Ha, thanks for noticing, really? We moved a bit as my dad got better jobs to support the family. So I found myself at a few different schools, in a few new different towns, and since I'm not one who easily jumped onto the band wagon of whatever was deemed popular, it made me a bit of an outsider.

SHEENA: Yeah, we've all been there, Jay.

JAY: My parents split up when I was sixteen. Mom got tired of the moving every three years and had a bit of a mid-life crisis.

SHEENA: That's usually Dad's role.

JAY: Yeah, sorry to deviate from the cliché. Mom found some man and left the family. Dad kept working but seemed a bit more shut down than he was before. Almost like he'd dedicated his life to something and it all fell apart after twenty years. So during that transition I bounced between a few places until dad had a steady place to live, and not wanting to hang out at mom's, I moved in there for the last year of high school before I got out of that one horse town to move here.

SHEENA: I'm sorry to hear that.

JAY: No need to be sorry. Are your parents still together?

SHEENA: Hell no. But I was six and don't remember much of it. Dad was the cliché and left mom for his younger secretary.

JAY: See -- not that uncommon, is it? So down here I started the band and met my ex. It was my first deep relationship, and now I can see that perhaps I idolized the idea of it.

SHEENA: Ah yes - soul mates, twin flames, you complete me.

JAY: Be nice. But yes, I did think that we knew each other on a deeper level.

SHEENA: You probably did.

JAY: Yeah, I thought we did.

SHEENA: What happened, then?

JAY: Well that's the part James filled you in on. I guess I can only say, people change what they're about and your life view at eighteen or twenty might be different than what you want at twenty-five or twenty-seven.

Sheena: People changed.

JAY: Yes they do and this is my perspective. I get having an idealistic pot-smoking musician boyfriend can seem really cool and dangerous at first, but when you are thinking long term family and earning potential, maybe not so much.

SHEENA: And when that fun phase of her life was over it was time to move on.

JAY: I hadn't thought of it that way but yeah -- I was a fun phase.

SHEENA: So, now, are you sorry about that?

JAY: I wouldn't say sorry. I like a connection, Sheena. I don't tell people my life story often as the typical reaction is -- oh sorry. Well, I'm not sorry that's my life or that I view the world this way!

SHEENA: I didn't mean it that way. We all have our journey that got us to where we currently are.

JAY: And that journey continues. Some of us plan it and other just let it happen.

SHEENA: True, I just think you need to be in charge of what direction you're taking. There are always things out of your control but it's a combination of what the universe unfolds and what you try to make happen.

JAY: How about you? Are you shaping your destiny?

Sheena reflects on Jay's last question and for the first time looks a bit sad.

SHEENA: Not at this point, just living and going with the flow. You're the first one who's ever asked me that.

The song, My Life Story starts to play- Jay gets up off the couch and starts and sings the song to Sheena.

I'll be me and you be you -- Be authentic in all you do
Spread the joy is what I choose -- Don't judge others 'til I've
been in their shoes

Please don't say you're sorry -- as I tell you my life story

It's not what you take, it's what you give -- That is the mark
of a life well lived
You know we've all been broken hearted -- But life's not over
it's only started

Please don't say you're sorry -- as I tell you my life story

Love many, trust a few -- Ya gotta learn to paddle your own
canoe 4X

Please don't say you're sorry -- as I tell you my life story

Light fade on scene.

Act 1 Scene 6

Lights up:

It's a couple of weeks later, evening. Jamie, Sheena and Jay are eating pizza, drinking wine and generally in a joyous mood.

JAY: Tomorrow the tour begins! But tonight a little food and wine!

JAMES: Awesome man, I can't wait to get out of town for a little while. Road trips expand your mind! Or Mushrooms -- I always mix those two up.

They pass the bottle of wine around.

SHEENA: Well I'm going to miss you two losers, if only for the comedy relief.

JAMES: Well at least you'll have the place to yourself for your "gentleman callers."

SHEENA: Seriously -- Gentleman callers -- What are you, eighty?

JAMES: Blame Jay - he made me read A Streetcar Named Desire!

SHEENA: It's The Glass Menagerie, fool and there are no gentleman callers.

JAY: What happened to Jonathon?

SHEENA: History! As are Damian, Susie, Mark and Alex.

JAY and JAMES (BOTH): Suzie?

SHEENA: A girl's gotta explore -- and any love is good love!

She laughs and takes another swig of wine and dances to the music playing

Fades to black.

Lights fade up. It's a couple of hours later and there are now three empty bottles on the table. All three are very tipsy. James has had enough and is staggering towards his room.

JAMES: I'm out! Later.

JAY: Lightweight!

SHEENA: Shots!

Looking at Sheena and shuddering at the thought of shots.

JAY: Yeah, no shots.

SHEENA: You're both lightweights!

JAY: Settle down now there, rock and roll girl!

James takes this opportunity to slip into his room off to bed. Sheena begins dancing to the music playing but like a stripper or pole dancer.

SHEENA: Ha! Rock and roll girl - now there's a dream girl for you now, isn't it Jay?

Sheena continues her stripper dance and does a little shimmy and twirl in front of Jay. She is overtly flirting with Jay to tease him -- Jay shakes his head.

SHEENA: So I got a job as a go-go girl dancer down at the Whiskey a go-go.

JAY: Seriously?

Jay plops down onto the couch. The music ends but Sheena continues to dance seductively to an imaginary song.

SHEENA: Seriously.

JAY: You need the cash?

SHEENA: I need the excitement. It's going to be boring as shit with you guys gone.

As she comes out of her twirl she is front of Jay with the latest bottle of wine and hands it to him.

JAY: Isn't that sweet - you're going to miss us.

A moment of clarity cuts into her comment.

SHEENA: More than you'll know - sweetie. So are you going to dance or are you this lame rock guy who just sits on the couch, too cool for words?

Jay struggles to his feet from the couch and puts out his hand and affects a fake Victorian manner.

JAY: Would the lady favour me with a dance?

SHEENA: Ha!

Sheena pushes Jay back down on the couch and puts her foot/leg up on the couch behind Jay's shoulder, leans in and gives him a kiss.

SHEENA: Yeah -- let's dance, Romeo.

Sheena is looking intensely and seductively into Jay's eyes.

The song- Leg on his shoulder- begins to play and Jay begins to sing the song. As the song plays they dance and act out the words to the song.

JAY:

She put her leg on his shoulder, how could you get any bolder?
All he wanted to do was hold her and she put her leg on his
shoulder

They both harmonize on the first word of each line of the verse.
He asked her if she wanted to dance, she was looking to start a
romance

He laughed and called her a tease; she kissed him and said

SHEENA:

"Aren't you pleased?"

JAY:

She put her leg on his shoulder, how could you get any bolder?
All he wanted to do was hold her and she put her leg on his
shoulder

*They both harmonize on the first word of each line of the verse
and act out what is sung.*

She shimmied and started to twirl, he was falling for this rock
and roll girl

He pulled her close and they started to kiss, they shared a
dance called heavenly bliss

JAY:

She put her leg on his shoulder, how could you get any bolder?
All he wanted to do was hold her and she put her leg on his
shoulder

SHEENA:

A casual question without any plan,

JAY:

He knew he was one lucky man

SHEENA:

Was this story their first chapter?

BOTH:

Could there be a happy ever after?

They both harmonize on the first word of each line of the verse.

*They both fell head over heels, now they were both starting to
feel*

*They never realised they both cared and the feeling that they
were starting to share*

*From bridge on they walk hand in hand towards her room. They
pause by her door and share a deep passionate kiss as the lights
fade when the song ends.*

END OF ACT ONE

ACT 2

Act 2 Scene 1

Lights come up and the stage is bare black space, illuminated in the spot is Jay as Sheena gives him a passionate kiss goodbye. James comes walking through the spot with a couple of bags over his shoulder.

JAMES: She just said good bye to me. Come on Romeo, time to hit the road.

JAY: Wow, sorry, I've got to go.

He picks up his bag and his guitar case.

SHEENA: Yeah I know. Don't get all mushy on me.

Jay starts to walk away and then turns back to Sheena. She has taken out her phone and is pointing at it.

SHEENA: Go! I'm excellent at sexting.

And gives him a wink and blows him a kiss.

Jay laughs, turns and leaves.

Lights dim

Act 2 Scene 2

When the lights come back up as "24 hours" begins to play. There is a montage on the scrim of the van driving through country. Gas stations, Canadian Shield, lakes, trees, symbols on the road, signs, and funny statues along the way. This occurs as the song plays with the band in silhouette and Jay singing the song.

Twenty four hours, I live in a van,
Next destination according to plan
Crack in the windshield, snow up ahead,
Just hit the mountains don't want to be dead

Chorus:

Don't you be laughing when I'm walking out the door
Pretty soon you'll be crying when you realize I won't be coming
back no more

Twenty four hours, just sleep in a van
What's there to know now, "yeah we're the band"
Hot on the prairies, forty below
Just hit the mountains, starting to snow

Chorus

Twenty four hours, I live in a van,
Next destination according to plan
Crack in the windshield, snow up ahead,
Just hit the mountains don't want to be dead

Chorus

Twenty four hours, just sleep in a van
What's there to know now, "yeah we're the band"
Hot on the prairies, forty below
Just hit the mountains, starting to snow

Chorus

Twenty four hours, I live in a van,
Next destination according to plan
Crack in the windshield, snow up ahead,
Just hit the mountains don't want to be dead
Chorus

As the song ends the band puts down their instruments and the lights come up on the main stage. The spot illuminates the interior of a van and the members enter and get in.

James is the driver, Jay is shot gun and the other three climb in the back and immediately try to fall asleep.

JAMES: \$120 to fill the van.

JAY: Right, I'm keeping track of that.

Jay takes out his phone and types in the gas purchase; his phone dings and he opens the text and reads it and is smiling to himself. James looks over to see who was texting him.

JAMES: Who's that?

JAY: Eyes on the road. It's Sheena - just letting me know everything is fine on the home front.

JAMES: So is this going to be totally lame when we get back and it's "the couple" and me as the third wheel?

JAY: Look man, I don't know. We just got together before I left. I don't know what it's going to be like. I wouldn't call us a couple.

JAMES: So is she good at sexting?

JAY: Shut up. *(Changing topic.)* Regina tonight?

JAMES: Vagina?

JAY: Please don't make that joke at the club.

JAMES: Marriage has changed you. Yeah, Regina tonight, then Saskatoon, Edmonton, then Calgary. Through the mountains and Vancouver, Victoria.

JAY: Can't wait! Sleep is for losers.

They sit in silence as they drive as Jay plugs in his phone to play some music - music come up and in. Lights dim.

Act 2 scene 3

Lights come up. They are in a club in Regina and there are a few people but not many. A few are texting; once they start playing, one of them leaves but 3 or 4 of them are at the front and into the band. As the three songs play, people wander in and stand in front of the band nodding their heads. James is to one side at the t-shirt/merch desk.

JAY: Hi, we're The Discarded.

There is little reaction from the crowd so instead of continuing he launches into their song.

JAY: 1-2-3-4!

The song "Toxic Reason" plays and Jay sing it with the band.

I don't want to wear your jacket
I won't fit into your mold
I'm going to reach my own conclusion
I won't do what I am told

Chorus:

I don't believe your toxic reasons
I won't swallow your bitter pill
Wrapped in a flag you're screaming treason
The medicine you feed me is making me ill

Your motivation is only profit
Don't make me out to be a fool
You're gonna crush all who try to stop it
Because I won't be your corporate tool

Chorus

Bridge:

The media says jump, you control how high
Concoct a story from your lies
Fall in line the rich man screams
I won't be a part of your artificial dream

Chorus

I like to keep my eyes wide open
I don't accept the things that I hear
I don't believe your misinformation
I see the future, it's bright and clear

Chorus 2x

JAY: Here's a glimpse into my life.
And the band launches into the next song-"Cheques on Time".

A millionaire on minimum wage
So they say but not in this day and age

That job that I couldn't arrange
Looks like I'm down to pocket change

Chorus:
Cause I'm doing fine
Cause my cheque's on time

Tax break for the boys in suits
Let's give the poor some new recruits
Sawed the rungs on the ladder of success
Now you're up there, screw the rest

Chorus:

Bridge:
How did I get so damn bitter?
Never peg myself as a quitter
I'll bet you'd like me or so you'll find
Just happen to be the firing kind

Chorus:

Trickle down means I cut your lawn
Or work a shift from dusk till dawn
Maybe I could change your kid's diaper
Become a professional ass wiper

Double Chorus

Lights fade on scene.

Act 2 scene 4

Lights come up and they are back in the van. James is driving, Jay in the passenger seat and the other three in the band in the back attempting to sleep.

JAY: How did we do?

JAMES: \$300 guarantee, 1 t-shirt and 3 CD's.

JAY: That's not that good.

JAMES: Not as good as the first three nights. It was slow there tonight, the manager said.

JAY: But I thought those who were there were into us.

JAMES: Yeah, all twenty.

JAY: There were more than twenty.

JAMES: Thirty tops.

JAY: Weakest show so far. Still, we played well.

JAMES: No worries; we're still in the black as far as the tour is going.

JAY: How are supplies holding out?

JAMES: No worries, Jay, still plenty of pot left.

JAY: Funny, but in a few years it will be legal.

JAMES: Yeah but like alcohol there's some pretty draconian laws around it all. I mean the same people who demonized and suppressed it are now the ones who will be the major players in the new pot economy.

JAY: Sad but true. But you can grow up to four plants on your own.

JAMES: Right and you grow all your own food now too?

JAY: Good point. But hopefully the reefer madness and scare tactics will fade. The pharmaceutical companies will look to get their cut.

JAMES: And the dinosaurs will soon all be dead within the political ranks and the hysteria should subside once the new reality takes hold.

JAY: What? I won't want to kill my grandmother after partaking in the devil's lettuce?

JAMES: Ha, maybe you will! We better pull over and get some gas.

Jay gets out of the van as does James. The other three members do as well and exit stage right to the gas station to get snacks.

Jay: Hey James!

James: What?

Jay says the opening line of the song "Pot stinks"

JAY:

I smell pot I think it stinks,
I'm anti-drugs but I still drink
My alcohol with Aspartame,
I take a pill when I feel pain

BOTH (JAMES AND JAY):

We need it all, we need the lot,

JAY:

But you'll go to hell if you smoke pot

JAMES:

From Dexedrine to valium,
little pills for my ho-hums

JAY:

From pick me ups to pain relievers
for my colds perhaps slight fevers

BOTH:

We need it all, we need the lot,

JAMES:

But you'll go to hell if you smoke pot

JAY:

Up on a soap box in an endless charade

JAMES:

Two million dollars more for a "just say no" parade

JAY:

Martini lunch to discuss the solution

JAMES:

More money against drugs but none for pollution

BOTH:

We need it all, we need the lot,

JAY:

But you'll go to hell if you smoke pot

JAMES:

My cigarettes cause heart attacks

JAY:

The city ghettos are still full of rats

JAMES:

Cop shoots a black man caused quite a commotion

JAY:

Suspected drug dealer gave the cop a promotion

By this time the band has returned from the gas station with their snacks and is watching Jay and James sing the song and the three of them join in on the chorus.

ALL:

We need it all, we need the lot,

JAY:

But you'll go to hell if you smoke pot

Lights fade after song.

Act 2 scene 5

Lights come up and the band is in a club in Vancouver. The club is very busy; people drinking and talking. James is at the merch table and has a small crowd looking over the merch.

JAY: Hi, we're the Discarded and day jobs are for suckers!

There is a loud cheer from the audience and the drummer CJ clicks in the song on his sticks. As the song starts, "40-40-40), the crowd starts to move towards the front of the stage. About halfway through the crowd starts to mosh a bit, and by the end they are fully into it.

I'll say it now 'cause I shouldn't speak
They make you work 40 hours a week

So you can retire on 40%
But even with that you can't make the rent
5 buys you 2, yeah that's the deal
They buy your time and your youth they did steal
Now you've done that for forty odd years
Here's the part I want to make perfectly clear

40-40-40 what you do to survive
40-40-40, have you bought the lie?
40-40-40, have you figured it yet?
40-40-40, it's a suckers bet

So now you bought the 40 year plan
All the riches go straight to the man
Made you slave to consumerism
To believe differently is communism
They mesmerize all the girls and boys
They suck you in with the latest toys
You'll trade your time for an hourly wage
They'll lock you up on their working cage

Chorus

Protests happen but soon dissipate
More free money, lowered interest rates
Make you think that gains have been made
So dissent soon it will fade
The utopian society for which you scream
Bought off the leaders, cooped the dream
Turned your rebellion into a marketing ploy
Sold it back to you as clothing and toys

Chorus

Come on you people get up on your feet
Come on you people get out in the streets
Come on you people it's some time for action
Come on you people get some satisfaction
Come on you people, can't you think for yourself?
Come on you people redistribute the wealth

JAY: I wish I was the president, 1-2-3-4!

As the song, "President", starts the crowd erupts into a vibrant mosh pit of people jumping about.

Some feller asked me about the government

And did I know where all that money went
And then he asked me to be the president
But then I'd have to tell them where all the money was spent

On bombs galore and the threat of a nuclear war
On tools of hate, designed to wipe out the human race

Well then he asked me about the deficit
And what's the overall net effect
So then I thought about being the president
So I could control where all the money went

On food galore, let's put an end to threats of nuclear war
On peace and love, let's worship prophets that are up above

Let's worship profits that are up above
Let's worship prophets that are up above (let's go!)

It's so easy to build utopia
Spaced between my own two ears
And not to inflict it on anyone
Or play on other people's fear

About bombs galore, let's put an end to threats of nuclear war
Say peace and love; let's worship prophets that are up above

Let's worship profits/prophets that are up above- Let's worship
prophets that are up above
Say peace and love, say peace and love,
Say peace, peace, peace and love, love, love -- I said peace

JAY: Thank you Vancouver! We are the Discarded. Grab a t-
shirt, buy some of our music!

*The band finishes and the other three members go to silhouette,
and then fade to black as the scrim descends in front of the
stage, and the lights come up in the bar area. Jay enters this
area as he leaves the stage and is greeted by well-wishers.*

*The first to meet Jay is a thirty something man who is in jeans
and a punk t-shirt of a band for about twenty years ago.*

FAN #1: Awesome set, man. You guys really have some old school energy to your sound. Not like that crap on the radio today. That last tune was killer. Is that on your record?

Jay: Thanks, yeah that one's on the latest.

A cute young twenty college looking girl approaches Jay. She is wearing black skinny jeans, converse sneakers and a baggy band t-shirt.

FAN#2 (college girl): Wow, you guys are great. You want to join my girlfriends and me for a drink?

JAY: Very tempting offer, but I've got to go over to the merch table and say hi to a few people. Maybe we could chat over there?

Jay heads over to James who at this point swamped post gig is selling t-shirts, records and CD's. Jay joins him and starts selling as well and signs two CD's, for the guy who was talking to him earlier and who has also purchased a t-shirt. The college girl and her friends have come over to the merch table; buy a record from James, and then line up to get Jay to sign it.

FAN #2: You guys in town for the night?

At this point the bass player JD has joined Jay and says something in his ear. Jay turns to him to respond.

JAY: Yeah, if you guys could load the van, James and I will finish up here.

(Turning back to the girls) Actually, we are heading out tonight.

JD leaves and goes back up onto the stage and with the other two they can be seen in silhouette.

FAN#2: Well, if you need a place to sleep tonight, we all rent a house together and you guys are welcome there. There's plenty of room.

JAMES: That sounds great! Do you want to text Sheena about that Jay?

Jay puts a forced smile on his face and looks at James and then the girls.

JAY: Thanks for your input, James. But you know we have to head out tonight if we're going to make it to Edmonton by tomorrow.

The band has slipped back onto their instruments and can be heard doing the opening riff to "Music Whores" and the lights come up to illuminate them again.

FAN #2: Well if you change your mind here's my number and address. We think you guys are the coolest.

Jay breaks into the song and sings it to the various crowd members. The girls follow him around and swoon over him. The scrim rises as the band is fully illuminated for the song. There is a spot that follows Jay around and a crazy light show in the club as he sings to the various crowd members. James can be seen selling more t-shirts and records and counting all the money they are making, and then packs up the merch.

JAY:

I'm a cool cat
I know where it's at
Rockin' rhythm kings
We'll make your ears ring

Now I'm telling you the score
We are all just music whores

Making music, making money

JAMES:

Selling merch, what's so funny?

JAY:

Rockin' band, rockin' show

JAMES:

Love to talk but gotta go

JAY:

Towel down my sweaty choad

JAMES:

Load the van and hit the road

JAY:
Grab a bite and forty winks
JAMES:
Crank the windows something stinks
JAY:
Destination up ahead
Keep on playing until we're dead
JAMES:
Making music, making money
Selling merch, what's so funny?
ALL:
Now I'm telling you the score
We are all just music whores

Music whores, music whores

Jay is singing like a teen heart throb to them as they swoon over the ending line. He falls into the girls who fawn over him.

FAN#2: We could help you with the whore part if you like?

James pulls Jay out of the group of girls and hurls him towards the door, then returns to talk to the girls, and Jay returns and pulls him away from the girls. Then the light fades on the entire scene.

Act 2 Scene 6

The lights come up and they are at the end of their show in Winnipeg. The song is the last verse of "Could that be you" from the drum break to the end.

JAY:
..you know it's been a while
Since we've laughed and since we've smiled
Everybody wants a little spice
A little excitement in their life

Could that be you? Could that be you?
Someone who is true. Could that be you-you-you?

JAY: Thank you Winnipeg, good night!

The crowd cheers at the end of the song and then the club goes to black and James walks on stage.

JAMES: Wow - that was a smoking set.

JAY: Yeah, it was a lot of fun. But let's get the hell outta dodge.

JAMES: What's eating you? Look out there -- you guys killed. The woman at the merch table is selling a bunch and we're on the final couple of shows.

Jay reflects on what is bothering him.

JAY: Yeah I know. Sorry man, I guess the lack of sleep is starting to catch up to me. I know it's silly, but sometimes this can all seem a bit cliché. I'm the singer, at the club; the girls will expect me to be the rock slut.

JAMES: You are hilarious, man.

JAY: I know I shouldn't say this to you, but I kind of miss talking to Sheena, hanging out.

JAMES: No worries, I've seen your texting obsession and your puppy dog in love look over this entire tour. But lighten up will ya! This is the shit you whined about not doing and now you're doing it, you're whining about having to do it.

JAY: Yeah, yeah, I know. I love doing this. The tour's been great. Like I said, I'm tired and just thinking out loud.

JAMES: Write a song about it then and let's enjoy the moment shall we?

The spotlight keys on Jay as the song "Expectations" begins to play and Jay sings to James.

JAY:

The jacket's made to order
But now it fits too tight
All the boundaries have become borders
That I'll try and cross tonight

A certain set of givens,
A rigid code you accept
The light shines harshly on my features
As I toy with what you expect

But who am I, to patronize
Who am I to criticize?
I should have delivered instead I neglect
Limits are safe and always should be met

A certain set of givens,
A rigid code you accept
The light shines harshly on my features
As I toy with what you expect

Fades to black

Act 2 Scene 7

Lights come up and they are at the Whiskey a go-go in Toronto. There is a crazy light show as the people dance. Sheena is in a cage and is dancing to the song, "My Baby Is a Go-Go Girl "as it begins to play. Jay enters stage right and start to sing the song that he acts out the words with Sheena. During the song James enters but looks bored as the two of them dance and Jay sings to her.

JAY:

My baby is a go-go girl,
Jet black hair and a flip and a curl
She likes to dance, she never stops,
She invented the Blitzkrieg bop

One thing for sure, I love her a lot, in her go-go boots, she's
really hot
My baby is a go-go girl 4X

Meet her at the discotheque on a Saturday night,
In her vinyl mini she was quite a sight
Up in her cage she caught my eye
Shakin' to the music, goddess in the sky

One thing for sure, I love her a lot, in her go-go boots, she's really hot

My baby is a go-go girl 4X

Bridge:

Thick mascara and black eyeliner, that's when I knew it had to be her

Caught her on her break and she bought me a drink

She blew me a kiss, she gave me a wink

My baby is a go-go girl,

Jet black hair and a flip and a curl

She likes to dance, she never stops,

She invented the Blitzkrieg bop

One thing for sure, I love her a lot, in her go-go boots, she's really hot

My baby is a go-go girl 4X

During the last four line of the song, Jay and Sheena get closer and closer until by the end they are forehead to forehead.

James is standing behind Jay by the end of the song.

SHEENA: Oh Baby, I missed you so much!

Sheena looks past Jay to James.

SHEENA: And you too, James.

James opens his arms wide and goes into give her a hug and a kiss but Jay pushes him back and give Sheena another hug. James hugs Jay and Sheena, making Jay into a human sandwich. James begins to fake cry in an overly emotional voice.

JAMES: There's a lot of love in this room.

The hug breaks up and James takes his cue and exits to leave them alone.

JAY: So what now?

SHEENA: I finish my shift and meet you at home later for the real welcome home.

JAY: I mean in the greater scheme of things.

SHEENA: We pick china patterns for the wedding and baby names. Is that what you meant?

JAY: No, I just thought...

Sheena palms Jay on the forehead.

SHEENA: Less thinking and more just let it happen, okay? I've got to get back to my shift.

JAY: Okay.

Sheena goes to leave and then turns back to Jay.

SHEENA: This scares me a bit, too. I usually don't connect with my boyfriends like I do with you.

Jay looks at her with a surprised and hopeful look.

JAY: Boyfriend?

SHEENA: Shut up. Sure. *(Shrugging)* Well we are sort of living together.

JAY: Roommates. I am on the couch.

SHEENA: How about you get out of the doghouse and join me in my room, then? What do you say, stud?

Sheena approaches him during these lines and gives him a passionate kiss after her last line. She continues standing with her body pressed against his to await his answer. Jay answers her stunned and with a matter of fact tone.

JAY: Yes.

*She gives him another quick kiss and turns and abruptly leaves.
The music for "I'm Addicted to Her" begins as the lights fade on
the set, the band come up in silhouette, and Jay sings the song.*

JAY:

I'm addicted to her -- and her womanly charms
I'm addicted to her -- I want her in my arms
I'm addicted to her -- this much I'm sure
I'm addicted to her -- I hope there is no cure

Her energy is all I need -- And her love on which I feed
Got these feeling that I cannot quell -l- got that feeling I'm
under her spell
Oxytocin, endorphin hit -- I'm in deep you know I cannot quit
Power surge going straight to my brain -- Can't think straight,
you know I'm going insane

Cause -- I'm addicted to her
I'm addicted to her
I'm addicted to her
I'm addicted to her

I'm addicted to her -- call it heavenly bliss
I'm addicted to her -- started with a kiss
I'm addicted to her -- yeah she's my drug
I'm addicted to her -- I absorb it through hugs
Chorus

I'm addicted to her-- and her sweet caress
I'm addicted to her -- she's simply the best
I'm addicted to her - - I need her to stay
I'm addicted to her-- please don't go away
Chorus 2X

At the end of the song the stage abruptly blacks out.

END of ACT 2

ACT 3

Act 3 Scene 1

Lights come up on apartment. Sheena and Jay are on the couch. Jay is lying down and Sheena is snuggling up next to him. There is a blanket over them and there are some clothes on the floor. They have fallen asleep on the couch together, and they are only semi clothed under the blanket. James descends the stairs and sees them together on the couch, rolls his eyes and starts to make some noise to wake them. Jay wakes up and is a little pissed James has woken him intentionally.

JAY: Really?

JAMES: I could say get a room, but you guys have a room.

SHEENA: (Waking) Sorry James, why you up?

JAMES: Oh you know - some of us work. Dad didn't give me a credit card. My silver spoon is in the dishwasher at the moment. I could go on. Either way I'm on set in half an hour for the day.

SHEENA: I'll let you borrow mine.

JAMES: Nice of you, but I'd be satisfied if one of you would do the dishes while I'm out.

James stops at the sink but then just shakes his head.

JAMES: Sinks full again. Look guys, it's been two months since we've been back from tour. And I know you two are all lovey dovey here, but I've got to live here too. (*Shaking his head again.*) Never mind. Just see if you can clean up a bit while I'm away today.

JAY: Sorry man -- we'll get right on that.

James leaves.

SHEENA: We? Do I look like your mother?

JAY: I don't know I haven't seen my mother naked in a while.

SHEENA: I should hope not.

JAY: You work today?

SHEENA: I think I'm done. Not so much fun anymore.

JAY: Right; well, if you can afford to.

SHEENA: Meaning?

JAY: Nothing.

Jay looks at his phone.

JAY: This is too much!

SHEENA: What's up?

JAY: You know I have that person tracking our album at the different radio stations.

They both get up and start putting their clothes back on.

SHEENA: Oh yeah, how's that going?

JAY: Not too well.

SHEENA: What do you mean?

JAY: It's a bit frustrating. I can write a song and record a song, but I feel at a loss about how to get people to play or listen to the songs.

SHEENA: But that's why your band hired this guy to push it, right?

JAY: Yeah, but we're getting more passes than adds. And the latest is they think we are "bit too heavy for their current format."

SHEENA: But it all sounds so the same on the radio now, so tame. People still like to rock. I do, and I know a bunch of people that do as well.

JAY: You might, but that's not "in" at the moment. I'm afraid real guitars and drums are frowned upon.

SHEENA: Well at least you can be edgy, underground and subversive.

JAY: Which is a nice way to say, ignored?

The opening drum beat to the song, "A Bit Too Heavy", occurs as they finish dressing.

JAY:

Trade your coffee for some tea

SHEENA:

Settle into mediocrity

JAY:

I shouldn't bite the hand that feeds

SHEENA:

You wouldn't like where this leads

BOTH:

Just a bit too heavy for the mainstream

Just a bit too heavy for the mainstream

JAY:

Dig it

JAY:

Guitar music is on the way out

SHEENA

Does the singer have to shout?

JAY:

Did I upset your inner peace?

SHEENA:

When's that racket going to cease?

BOTH:

Just a bit too heavy for the mainstream
Just a bit too heavy for the mainstream

JAY:

Check it

SHEENA:

The programmer will decide

JAY:

If he'll play my latest side

SHEENA:

The latest sound all sounds the same

JAY:

All this music sounds so lame

BOTH:

Just a bit too heavy for the mainstream

Just a bit too heavy for the mainstream

JAY: We probably should clean up. James seemed a bit pissed about us not pulling our share. Good one about the silver spoon, though.

Sheena look a little annoyed.

SHEENA: You think so?

JAY: Well, I mean, I'm sure you've heard it before.

SHEENA: Yeah. I've heard it.

JAY: I mean, most of us can't play at "slumming it."

Sheena is visibly irritated at the last comment.

SHEENA: Is that what you think? I'm playing at this?

Jay finally clues into the fact that he has said something that has touched a nerve.

JAY: I didn't mean it badly, Sheena. I just meant that some of us don't have that safety net.

SHEENA: I know what you meant. But I didn't think I'd be hearing it from a privileged white boy.

Jay feels his angry rising from Sheena's last comment and feels it's time for the gloves to come off.

JAY: Oh, yeah, when called I go to work. I need to. I just can't quit when it's "not fun" any more.

SHEENA: You haven't seemed to mind the perks of my credit cards. Or should you stay clear of my tainted money? How about you put it on the table and tell me what you really think.

JAY: Sure.

The song Silver Spoon starts playing as soon as Jay says his last line and Jay jumps into the song with a vengeance. Sheena sings the "silver spoon" lines with an air of contempt and "what, me?" to Jay.

JAY:

Born with a silver spoon, if it ended all too soon
Then you'd have to fend for yourself
The real world much too scary, for one with little daring
Guess you'd have to find yourself a job

You never had to suffer, mom and dad were your buffer
Now things would get real hard, without those credit cards

Born with a silver spoon, if it ended all too soon
Then you'd have to fend for yourself
The real world much too scary, for one with little daring
Guess you'd have to find yourself a job

SHEENA:

Silver spoon -- 2x

JAY:

Rich kid, rich kid, rich kid, rich kid what'd you say?
Live your life hope your parents pay
Rich kid, rich kid, rich kid, rich kid, what'd you do?

Hope mom and dad never tire of you

You never had to suffer,
Mom and dad were your buffer
Now things would get real hard, without those credit cards

You never had to suffer, mom and dad were your buffer
Now things would get real hard, without those credit cards

You never had to suffer,
Mom and dad were your buffer
Now things would get real hard, without the credit cards

BOTH: *(singing into each other's face.)*

Silver spoon
Silver spoon

The song ends with them face to face inches away from each other looking fiercely at one another. Sheena huffs out her nose.

SHEENA: I need to take a walk. Clear my head.

JAY: Need to run away.

SHEENA: No, I need to look at this without the haze of infatuation as you like to call it. *(She stops and turns as she is about to leave.)* Maybe they don't play your songs because you write shitty music.

Sheena exits and slams the door. Jay is now alone in the apartment and still energized and angry at their confrontation. He walks over to the sink and goes to do the dishes but picks up and tosses a plate in frustration. Then he goes to the couch and takes a hit off the bong and settles back into the couch. Then as he calms down he feels a depression overtaking him. He begins to feel sad and lonely that he has just driven this woman he loves away. He looks up and at that moment his cell phone rings.

JAY: Mom? *(pause)*. No I'm good. I'm at home. *(pause -- and then choking up with emotion)* Dad? He's dead!?

Jay sinks to the floor as his mother continues talking on the other end of the phone.)

The scene fades to black.

Act 3 Scene 2

The light comes back up. Jay is sitting exactly the same way as when the light faded, but it is now a few hours later. His phone is on the table in front of him buzzing; he doesn't answer but remains curled in a ball. The song "Down Is Up" starts playing and Jay jumps to his feet and in a manic fashion starts singing and pacing around his apartment, then sings the song in an equally frantic fashion.

JAY:

Chorus:

Up is down, down is up - I know
Down is up, up is down -- so it goes
Up is down, down is up -- does it show?
Down is up, up is down - I feel low

Feeling down, you hope it's fleeting
You're alive your heart is beating
The destiny that you're not meeting
It's dangerous the death you're cheating

Chorus

So get up and earn your daily bread
You must take stock in what is said
About your life and where it's led
To be successful is what you're fed

Chorus

Now's the time to take the lead
Forget the wants there's only needs
They only treat the wounds that bleed
And celebrate only that which succeeds

Chorus

Mommy bailed left you alone

Daddy died left you his home
Now up is down and down is up
How'd it all get so fucked up?

When the song ends he falls to the floor again where he was sitting catatonic just before the song began. His phone begins to buzz again, but he does not answer. Scene fades to black

Act 3 Scene 3

Light comes up on stage and Jay is still where we last saw him. His phone buzzes once again but he does not answer. 15 seconds pass and then Sheena burst through the door. She is wound up and still angry -- maybe even angrier than when she left.

SHEENA: Answer your damn phone will you!

She looks at him on the floor and wrongly assumes he is sulking about their argument.

SHEENA: Really! This is how you react to an argument? You ignore my calls and then play the sulk when I return.

Jay looks up meekly and she sees his red eyes. She continues a little less angrily but still not showing any compassion.

SHEENA: Pull it together. We've been going out three months, one of which you were away on tour, and the first argument you go to pieces?

JAY: I...

Jay struggles to speak but Sheena keeps bulldozing ahead with her diatribe.

SHEENA: Oh, it was a good walk, lots of time to think. I calmed down and then I called you. But you didn't pick up. So I called again, thinking maybe you were in your once weekly shower. Still no answer, so I texted, seven calls and twenty-seven texts, and still you play the freeze out game.

Jay attempts to explain again in a meek fashion.

JAY: It's not like that. I can explain.

SHEENA: Save it. You know what, Jay?

JAY: What?

The song "Has been never was" begins to play

SHEENA:

You know there comes a time when finally I must decide
Seems you never found your place and soon you'll fade without a
trace
A has been / a never was you'll never make it just because
You know it's all the same, you'll never make in a young man's
game

JAY:

And still I continued on, trying to write your next hit song
And all those hits that be we'll they never seemed to happen for
me
A has been / a never was you'll never make it just because
You know it's all the same, you'll never make in a young man's
game

BOTH:

Sometimes, I wonder, I wonder -- why it has to be, all this
negativity
Sometimes, I wonder, I wonder -- if it's a product of our minds
Can't we leave it all behind?

JAY:

Well now I face my final curtain of this I only can be certain
And if I fade without a trace would that be such a big disgrace

SHEENA:

It doesn't matter if the song it grooved, all that matters is
the units moved
The hype machine continues on with little regard for music or
song

JAY:

All these things we say are true but I don't care since I found you

Come what may, it may be true, but I don't care since I love you

Sheena looks taken back when he says the word "love" as the song ends but quickly remembers that she is still angry with Jay and answers him dismissively.

SHEENA: Oh, the L word.

JAY: Sheena?

SHEENA: What!?

JAY: My dad died.

Sheena does not believe Jay and dismisses this news angrily.

SHEENA: Shut the fuck up! Why would you even go there?

Jay continues in a monotone calm voice.

JAY: I'm not going anywhere with this. My mom called. My dad had a heart attack and died this morning.

She sees by the look on his face that he is absolutely serious. Sheena is stunned into silence as she, realises the cruelty of her diatribe and her song to him. The scene fades to black.

Act 3 Scene 4

The lights come up on the apartment. It's a month later. Jay is sitting on the couch and is playing his PlayStation and is ignoring the room. James is at the sink eating a bowl of cereal. Sheena is pacing around the apartment getting ready but is looking impatient. She finally turns to Jay and speaks to him in a fake sunny upbeat voice.

SHEENA: So I'm going out to grab a coffee and a bit to eat.
Want to join me?

Jay responds in a monotone without looking up from his game.

JAY: No thanks.

Sheena moves towards Jay and tries again in a coaxing voice.

SHEENA: I don't know, a little sun and exercise might do you good.

Jay looks up with a pissed off look on his face but delivers his response in a controlled measured tone.

JAY: I said no thanks.

Sheena finds the last comment curt and begins to get annoyed at Jay and his lack of emotion or interaction. She responds in a sunny voice again but sarcastically.

SHEENA: Bite my head off much?

Jay: Hey Sheena it was my dad who died. I still have a mother alive to nag me, so no need to fill that role.

James turns his head slowly and puts down his bowl of cereal and starts walking towards his room. At the same time he begins counting down.

JAMES: In 3-2-1...

Sheena explodes.

SHEENA: You are an asshole!

JAY: Please spare me the lecture.

Sheena tries to contain her anger but she is exasperated and near tears with frustration.

SHEENA: I...I...I don't want to fight with you any more Jay. I understand that your father dying was a big thing.

Jay answers nonchalantly.

JAY: Yeah, pretty big thing.

SHEENA: Ahhhh! Like that. What did I say? What did I do? I'm trying to be helpful and all you've done is sit on the couch and push me away.

Jay stops playing his video game and put down the controller and looks up at her. He continues looking at her with no emotion on his face, almost bored.

SHEENA: Honestly, I'm trying to be there for you, but I don't know what to say. I don't know if I can take much more of this!

Jay responds very dryly.

JAY: Why don't you just say exactly what's on your mind then.

The song "Mile in Their Shoes" starts to play and Sheena addresses the audience with her frustrations.

SHEENA:
He's a lazy slob without a job
Never gets out of bed
He's on the dole, living in this hole
But he'd rather complain instead

Jay jumps to his feet and gives his summation about Sheena to the audience as he sings his lines.

JAY:
She's a daddy's girl, a spoiled brat
Seen all the world and more
But she's in touch with her common side
But she'll never do the chores

James comes out of his bedroom and sings the chorus.

JAMES:

Chorus:

You should walk a mile in their shoes
You should try the things that they do
You should live a year of their days
You should hear the things that they say

James walks down to the coach area and motions to Jay as he sings the next two lines.

JAMES:

He has inspiration but lacks motivations
All his days they seem to blur

SHEENA:

This rock and roll nation has led to stagnation
As no one could mature

JAY: *(singing about Sheena)*

She's a negative girl who's done it all
But can't find where she fits

JAMES: *(finishing the thought about Sheena)*

Her dad has paid for several schools
But she's rather nightclub it

ALL THREE:

Chorus:

You should walk a mile in their shoes
You should try the things that they do
You should live a year of their days
You should hear the things that they say

JAMES:

She sees trouble up ahead and on him she shouldn't be depending

JAY:

I see the future bright and clear and understand there is some
trouble pending

SHEENA:

I think he's hit the nail on the head and this relationship soon will be ending

JAMES:

They know it's happening right now but he doesn't like the opinion that she's lending

ALL THREE:

Chorus:

You should walk a mile in their shoes
You should try the things that they do
You should live a year of their days
You should hear the things that they say

At the end of the song Sheena shakes her head.

SHEENA: It's over.

She grabs her coat and leaves.

Scene goes to black

Act 3 Scene 5

Lights fade up. Sheena has her bags and is moving out. James is helping her. Jay is unfazed on the couch playing his PlayStation and ignoring the situation. After the last bag is picked up, she stops and turns to Jay. James gives her a quick hug and steps out the door into the hallway to give them some privacy.

SHEENA: Okay. I'm leaving now.

Jay puts down his controller and get up off the couch and walks over to Sheena but stops a few feet away.

JAY: I'm sorry.

SHEENA: Neither of us were the happy ever after type.

JAY: I'm sorry for where my head is at.

SHEENA: And I for not being able to be there for you.

JAY: That's not your fault.

SHEENA: Jay.

JAY: Yeah?

SHEENA: When you emerge from this dark tunnel. Say hi to me.

JAY: Yeah.

Sheena moves over to him and gives him a long hug and a kiss on his cheek.

SHEENA: If ever I could have loved a man, it would be you.

Jay gives a weak smile and looks down at the floor as she turns and leaves.

Scene fades to black.

Act 3 Scene 6

James exits his room, dishevelled much like he was in the first scene of the play, and descends the stairs. Jay is strumming his guitar and scribbling in his notebook. The cereal and milk are on the table. James heads over to the kitchen, can't find a bowl, and spies the milk and cereal on the coffee table. He turns to the audience.

JAMES: Déjà vu?

Jay realises James is there and responds to him about the mess absentmindedly but upbeat.

JAY: Sorry man, I'll get the dishes right after I finish up this song.

JAMES: Yeah, no worries. Not like I've ever mentioned for you to clean up around here.

He walks over to the table and picks up the bowl.

JAMES: This relatively clean?

Jay looks up and gives him a wink as he plays along with their routine.

JAY: Relatively.

James pours a bowl of cereal and then some milk on it. He takes the milk and cereal plus his bowl over to the kitchen counter.

JAMES: Yeah, I know the drill.

James turns back to the kitchen. The light fades to 50% on James and he freezes. Jay looks up and addresses the audience.

JAY: There's a hierarchy of privilege. First and foremost there is social economical, he top 1%, the top 10%. Make no mistake: Sheena was from that class. Also, make no mistake; I was an emotionally unavailable prick over the last few months. I won't make excuses. Sheena deserved better then what I gave her, and I can't blame her for needing out. Depression is a cruel mistress, whatever triggers it. I think I've suffered from it for a while now but would just get stoned. I don't know . . .Sheena and me; really it all would have fallen apart eventually anyway.

JAMES: May not have.

Jay yells back at James and then returns to addressing the audience.

JAY: Theatre conventions James. She said it herself; you didn't really expect a happy ending did you, some cute love story?

What I'm on about here isn't Sheena and me; it's the hierarchies in society, race, sex, religion, sexual orientation.

At the top, the rich, white, male heterosexual with the most important factor being that you are rich. However, next most important is that you are white. There is no hiding that. You either are or you are not. Next is if you are male, again difficult to hide, but religion, sexuality. To a certain

extent, these are traits that can be hidden from the overlords of the hierarchy. Or if you practice them in private then they are fine as long as you are not flaunting these undesirable traits. But for those of principle, these traits are defining characteristics and at times are juxtaposed to caring only about the almighty buck.

JAMES: Hey, Karl Marx, is this monologue going anywhere? We got it: throw off this yoke of oppression - (in a fake hippie voice) the man is keeping us down, man.

JAY: I wish this monologue was going somewhere. But it's that simple; now this straight up fascist viewpoint is seen as honourable, clear thinking fiscal conservatism. The simple act of traffic violation or a visit from the police can be and is a death sentence to a black man in America. We don't want the disenfranchised, the poor, and the marginalized. They are the problem. Not the selfishness and the greed.

And here I am the top of that food chain as that white male. But I'm not rich, and I'm calling out the hierarchy. I'm calling out the fascist selfish bullshit that passes for the new efficiencies. When I say redistribute the wealth, I mean they need to learn how to appreciate art, life, how to be caring empathetic humans as much as there are enough resources that all can live and eat and have a basic income. Sure, if money is your thing by all means make more. But is 70% of the pie okay, or does it have to be 82%?

JAMES: Does lecture...err, I mean this monologue end?

JAY: Yeah, okay. We'll keep it light. We'll keep it funny. *(Addressing the audience directly with this line)* That's what you paid for right?

What's up with me now? Life goes on. Eventually that numb feeling subsides. I do miss Sheena.

James unfreezes, dumps his now soggy cereal and turns to join the conversation.

JAMES: Ha, I knew it!

Jay starts to strum the song he was working on earlier and James strolls over to the couch to listen.

JAMES: What are you working on? You haven't written a new tune in a while. I mean, besides about two albums' worth of lame country songs you've been toying with since Sheena split.
(singing) "Margaret took the truck and left today -- I loved that truck!"

JAY: Do you want to hear about the new song or not?

JAMES: Yup.

JAY: It's a song or it could be my new mantra - a mantra song, I could say.

JAMES: What's it called?

JAY: "Looking Forward."

JAMES: Well, there's an idea for you.

JAY: Yes it is, and it's time.

The song "Looking Forward" starts to play.

JAY:

As I check out from this alienation
Start moving forward from this stagnation
Letting go of all my aggravation
I'm looking forward with much anticipation

As I latch onto this ray of hope
Start climbing up from the end of my rope
I'll put that horse before the cart
And getting over you is where I'll start

Chorus:

Because when it all comes together it comes together here
When I start looking forward it all becomes quite clear
When it all comes together it comes together here

When I start looking forward the sadness turns to cheer

I start looking out by looking in
Seeing where I'm going from where I've been
Going to start some winning instead of losing
Create a world of my own choosing

Chorus:

Because when it all comes together it comes together here
When I start looking forward is all becomes quite clear
When it all comes together it comes together here
When I start looking forward the sadness turns to cheer

First I had to visualize in order for me to realize
I'm better off with you gone, deep down I knew that all along
First I had to visualize in order for me to realize
I'm better off with you gone, deep down I knew that all along

Chorus:

Because when it all comes together it comes together here
When I start looking forward is all becomes quite clear
When it all comes together it comes together here
When I start looking forward the sadness turns to cheer

First I had to visualize in order for me to realize
I'm better off with you gone, deep down I knew that all along
First I had to visualize in order for me to realize
I'm better off with you gone, deep down I knew that all along

As I check out from this alienation
Start moving forward from this stagnation
Letting go of all my aggravation
I'm looking forward with much anticipation

At the end of the song James gives Jay a hug.

Scene fade to black

End