

November spawned a Monster

by

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CAST

William

SONGS

(PLEASE NOTE: Songs in Italics are existing versions of Morrissey/Smiths songs that underscore scenes so don't need to be recorded.)

1. Stop me if you think that you've heard this one before (The Smiths)
2. Interesting Drug (Morrissey)
3. *Unhappy birthday (The Smiths – recording)*
4. Work is a four letter word (The Smiths)
5. *Unloveable (Morrissey - recording)*
6. Bengali in platforms (Morrissey)
7. *Girl least likely to (Morrissey - recording)*
8. Suedehead (Morrissey)
9. I want the one I can't have (The Smiths)
10. Sing your life (Morrissey)
11. Something is squeezing my skull (Morrissey)
12. Let me kiss you (Morrissey)
13. *Heaven knows I'm miserable now (The Smiths - recording)*
14. November spawned a Monster (Morrissey)
15. To me you are a work of art (Morrissey)
16. Friday Mourning (Morrissey - encore)
17. *That's how people grow up (Morrissey recording – play out)*

NOTES ON TEXT

The devil will find work for idle hands to do

Lines in Italics without “ ” are sung by William

“I'm William. Jackie's brother.”

Words in Italics and “ ” are spoken by William to the other characters.

(FELICE) “We'll – let – you – know”

Words in Italics and “ ”, preceded by (brackets), are spoken by the character in (brackets)

A wordsmith, a craftsmen, a conjurer of clarity.

Lines NOT in Italics and without “ ” are spoken by William to the audience.

“A double bed and a stalwart lover for sure”

Lines NOT in Italics but with “” are quotes from Morrissey or other sources.

November spawned a Monster



James Wright as William at the Old Fitzroy Hotel Theatre, Sydney 2014

SPOTLIGHT.

WILLIAM SINGS: STOP ME IF YOU THINK YOU'VE HEARD THIS ONE BEFORE

(During the song we see images of Rick and Salome on the screen. It is a love song to Rick, a remembering of Salome – an essential recap of *Half a Person*.)

WILLIAM: *Stop me, oh, stop me*
 Stop me if you think that you've
 Heard this one before
 Stop me, oh, stop me
 Stop me if you think that you've heard this one before

Nothing's changed
I still love you, oh, I still love you
...Only slightly, only slightly less than I used to, my love

I was delayed, I was way-laid
An emergency stop
I smelt the last ten seconds of life
I crashed down on the crossbar
And the pain was enough to make
A shy, bald, buddhist reflect
And plan a mass murder
Who said lied I'd to you ?

Oh, who said I'd lied because I never ? I never !
Who said I'd lied because I never ?
I was detained, I was restrained
And broke my spleen
And broke my knee
(and then he really lays into me)
Friday night in Out-patients
Who said I'd lied to you?

Oh, who said I'd lied ? - because I never, I never
Who said I'd lied ? - because I never

And so I drank one
It became four
And when I fell on the floor ...
...I drank more

Stop me, oh, stop me
Stop me if you think that you've
Heard this one before

*Stop me, oh, stop me
Stop me if you think that you've heard this one before
Nothing's changed
I still love you, oh, I still love you
...Only slightly, only slightly less than I used to, my love*

LIGHTS CHANGE.

WILLIAM: Afterwards there is a glow.
Not for those who are gone.
They have passed into wherever they pass.
But for those who remain - there is a glow.
The wonder of a life lived.
An amazement of everything that has been given.
All they leave behind.
For some that glow only lasts a day, a week – a month.
But for others, others, the glow lasts for years, decades, centuries.
Oscar Wilde, John Keats, Sylvia Plath.
Rick.

WE SEE AN IMAGE OF RICK ON THE SCREEN.

For them the glow stretches through ages, millenniums, eons.
Bridging time and space.
Touching those who thought they were unable to be touched.

WILLIAM STRETCHES HIS HAND TOWARDS RICK'S IMAGE.

(SINGS) "I wear black on the outside cause black is how I feel on the inside. And if I seem a little strange maybe that's because I am."

CUT: If this was some fabulously expensive – and no doubt completely crass – Aussie movie, with a cute dog or Leonardo di Caprio, there would now be a fast-intercut flashback sequence bringing us up to date with the back story.

But it isn't, so for those of you who might have missed the first chapter of our tawdry tale – here is the potted version.

"Half A Person" - A triangle of disaffection, un-care, non-love sub-titled: "When you are young you crave affection and it can come from the strangest direction."

Boy is lost.

Boy meets goth girl.

Boy falls in lust-love with goth girl.

Boy meets older man.

Older man falls in lust-love with boy

Older man introduces boy to Morrissey/The Smiths

Boy falls in lust-love with Morrissey/The Smiths.
Boy listens to Morrissey and The Smiths.
A lot.
Boy and goth girl “hook up”.
A lot.
Older Man and boy dot dot dot question mark
Goth girl goes to Sydney.
Older man goes to Sydney.
Boy doesn’t know what to do.
Boy realises what to do.
Boy goes to Sydney.
Boy finds goth girl has mutated into blonde footy-head.
Boy discovers older Man is dying.
Boy goes to his bedside.
Boy realises who he actually loved all along.
Boy goes to funeral.
Boy is sad.
Boy comes back to Melbourne.
The glow fades.
Boy is lost.
Which brings us up to now.

WE SEE AN IMAGE OF SALOME ON THE SCREEN. WILLIAM
RETRACTS HIS HAND.

WILLIAM: And then there was Salome.
Still with us – unfortunately.
*(SINGS OR SPOKEN) “On the day that your mentality catches up with
your biology.”*

WE SEE A SPLIT-IMAGE – ONE SIDE RICK, THE OTHER SALOME.

WILLIAM: So here I stand without the two forces that have dominated my recent
existence.
On one side – the positive - Rick.
On the other – the negative - Salome.
And when no one is pulling you one way or the other the only thing
that you’re left with is – you – and hideous, unadulterated reality.
So I get back to Melbourne after the funeral and finding myself
direction-less and with my only friend one Steven Patrick Morrissey, I
do what any not-so-well-balanced-and-mature twenty something
would do.
Buy myself a dozen black roses and a thousand gallons of cask wine
and lock myself into my squalid bachelor flat in Brunswick to listen to
the entire back catalogue of The Smiths - on perpetual repeat.

I decide to only listen to the depressing songs, which is oh yes –
everything.
All of course remind me of Rick.
In every song I am Morrissey and he is the unnamed unrequited love.
The lyrics never rang truer.
*(SING) “Mine eyes have seen the glory of the sacred
wunderkind” (POSSIBLY CUT)*
Some nights the songs and the sangria are not enough to grant blessed
release.
On those nights a stronger blend is required.
I go out and pretend to be Morrissey.
I hang out at bars waiting for nice men who look like Rick, to buy me a
drink.
*(AS MORRISSEY) “I find no emotion, no gentility, no sensitivity in
modern art” – what about you? (POSSIBLY CUT)*
Escape never lasts long.
The problem is they’re not Rick.
Other nights I just close my eyes, clamp the headphones on tight and
lose myself in the words.
*(SINGS OR SPOKEN) “I was happy in the haze of a drunken hour but
heavens knows ...”*
You know the rest.
Hope, honour, chivalry is dead.
And so much more.
I descend into a black bottomless pit of never-ending despair – of
which there is almost zero chance of re-emergence.
But hope-free vacuums are interesting breeding grounds for strange
saviours.
And one lonely Thursday morning the strangest of saviours arrives at
my doorstep.
Or they would have if I had one.
I heard an odd but eerily familiar sound.
Something from a distant memory.
A knock on the door.
Surely I’d learnt by now the danger of opening doors.

WILLIAM OPENS THE DOOR.

There stood Mathias.
Blonde and Dutch – although he came from Sandringham.
I think we played in a band together once.
He used to play guitar and I sung.
Badly.
Or was it the other way around?
Now he was an “ac-tor”.
He played the generic European in low budget indie films.

And quite successful - when he wasn't completely drug-fucked.
(MATHIAS) "Hullo Villiam"
"Mathias?"
(MATHIAS) "Heard about that writer guy who - (MAKES THROAT SLITTING GESTURE) ... He was like ... famous."
"His name was Rick."
(MATHIAS) "Ja, Rick. How are you feeling?"
"Not great."
(MATHIAS) "Oh. You want to snort up the speed?"
(BEAT)
"Sounds like a plan."
(MATHIAS) "Cool, could I get the cash?"
So began my speed-induced descent into a kind of Hades that can be found somewhere between the 7th and 8th circles of hell, better known as St Kilda and Elsternwick.

SONG: INTERESTING DRUG (EDITED VERSION)

We see images of Tony Abbott, Joe Hockey, Clive Palmer, ISIS etc

*WILLIAM: There are some bad people on the RISE
There are some bad people on the RISE
They're saving their own skins by
Ruining people's lives
Bad, bad people on the RISE
La la la la la*

*Interesting drug
The one that you took
TELL THE TRUTH - IT REALLY HELPED YOU
An interesting drug
The one that you took
God, it really really helped you
You wonder why we're only half-ashamed?
"Because ENOUGH is TOO MUCH!
...and look around ...
...can you blame us ? CAN you blame us? "*

*La la la la la
Interesting drug
The one that you took
TELL THE TRUTH - IT REALLY HELPED YOU
An interesting drug
The one that you took
God, it really really helped you
You wonder why we're only half-ashamed ?*

