



Lipstick[®]

A musical comedy play

by

SUSANNA BONARETTI

Music and lyrics by Susanna Bonaretti
Arranged by Tim Carson

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SYNOPSIS

Upon losing a dead-cert promotion, Gary Miller and his secretary, Deidre Wallbreaker (Didi), also his paramour, plot to get even by selling their company’s secret production processes to the opposition.

The scheming is overheard by the company’s courier, the androgynous Nicky.

Much to everyone’s astonishment, Didi, a man-eater and homophobe, falls for Nicky deluding herself by thinking she’s a spunky young Greek stud.

When the remaining loyal staff discover the conspiracy, they concoct a plan using preposterous disguises and subterfuge to stop the hand-over going ahead.

Set in a Newtown office and a women-only night club and covering one day’s events, this is a musical comedy play dealing with one woman’s biased beliefs and her ultimate struggle to accept her natural emotions.



List of characters in order of appearance

Sue	Office manager
Jim Lang	The owner of Lang Plastics Pty Ltd
Gary Miller	NSW sales manager of Dawn and Lang
Didi (Deidre Wallbreaker)	Gary’s personal assistant
David	One of Gary’s sales representatives
Adrienne	Office clerk
Rebecca	Office clerk
Nicky	The company’s courier
Mr Dixon	The opposition
Jeffries	Mr Dixon’s body guard
Office workers; Lipstick patrons	Chorus
Chrissy	Voice over loudspeaker

Settings

Act I

Scene 1 **Jim’s office**

Scenes 2 and 4 **Factory car park**

Scenes 3, 5 and 6 **Open plan office**

Act II

Scene 1 **Footpath outside *Lipstick***

Scene 2 **Inside *Lipstick*’s disco and bar**



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Songs

Didi's Anthem	Didi, Gary
Men!	Adrienne, Rebecca, David, Chorus
Let's be Friends	Rebecca
Lipstick	Adrienne, David, Nicky, Chorus
She's Gonna be my Baby	Nicky
She's a Tramp	Nicky
Didi and Nicky Duet	Didi, Nicky
Why?	Rebecca
Big Fat Poppa	Adrienne
Man of my Dreams	Adrienne
Alone	David
Inside Out	Nicky

ACT I

SCENE I - JIM'S OFFICE

A busy executive's factory office. It is morning. The monotonous thumping of machinery can be heard faintly in the background.

SUE (Jangling a bunch of keys) Found them.

JIM Thank God! Where were they?

SUE In the top drawer of my desk. I know I didn't leave them there. I never leave them there.

JIM Never mind. Maybe one of the girls found them and put them there.

SUE I know I didn't lose them, Jim.

JIM As long as there's nothing missing.

SUE No, everything's there.

JIM Good. Don't worry about it. Have the documents arrived, yet?

SUE Nicky's picking them up now.

JIM Good. I don't need to tell you, Sue, if we don't if I don't Well, I just don't want to let you all down. You've all worked so hard for me. The future of this company depends on this new venture.

SUE Jim, relax. Nothing will go wrong. Go to Melbourne and enjoy.

JIM Wish I didn't have to make these decisions.

SUE You've made the right choice, Jim. Gary will see that. He'll have to. It's for the company's good.

JIM

Still

SUE

Jim, this process your processwill revolutionise the plastics industry. It's a fantastic concept. The environment will be so clean we'll have to take off our shoes to go bush walking. Now, what about a cup of tea before they arrive?

ACT I

SCENE II - CARPARK

Brick wall. Large sign displays 'LANG PLASTICS PTY LTD'. Another sign displays 'CAR PARK Please park within the marked lines'. Underneath, another sign, 'LANG PLASTICS COURIER ONLY'. This spot is vacant. Noise of passing traffic, as well as the hum of machinery can be heard.

Intercom tone sounds.

LOUDSPEAKER *(Husky, high-camp voice, very suggestively and slowly)* Attention, all employees! A very important announcement! Tonight, there'll be the usual Friday night piss-up at the Imperial and remember that tomorrow morning, the lads from our cycle club will be training at Centennial Park. Girls, here's your chance to go and see our very own lycra lunatics in action and see why they call it a cycle “meet”. Ooooo, makes me feel like a Kransky for lunch.

Off stage, the sound of a car driving in, stopping and car doors being opened and closed. DIDI and GARY enter. Both are smartly dressed in business suits and well groomed. DIDI is in her late twenties and GARY in his mid forties. They are both carrying distinctive brief cases.

GARY *(With a gleeful smirk)* This is it. Feeling nervous?

DIDI looks at him contemptuously.

GARY Today, I'm finally getting everything I deserve! How does this sound? Gary Miller, National Sales Executive *Director*. Sounds good, huh? Five years, that's all it took and today, I'll have reached the top.

DIDI The nerve of him! Summoning us here like a couple of junior reps!

GARY Ah, forget that babe! Today's the greatest day of my career.

DIDI Don't call me babe.

GARY That's not what you said last night, babe. Cream puff. Horn burger.

(*He nuzzles her neck*) Fancy a bit of tongue wrestling? Success always makes me horny. (*He nuzzles her again*)

DIDI Stop it, Gary. At least *behave* as if you're married! I'm not so sure about this. It doesn't make sense. Why would he call Storchetti in from Melbourne if you've got the job?

GARY He wants to let the loser down easy. Jim's that kinda guy.

DIDI I don't know He is very well connected in Melbourne and if Jim gave him the prestige of the directorship, he could swing this merger faster than you or I could imagine.

GARY Don't make me laugh, Deidre. Ha, ha, bloody ha! Bloody Spaghetti Storchetti, hah! No chance! Lang wouldn't give it to someone from Melbourne over me, a Sydney boy an *Australian* Sydney boy!

DIDI What if he does?

GARY Let's just say I have a plan.

DIDI Oh, Christ no. What plan? Have you done something without telling me again?

GARY No, no. Let's just say I'm holding the "key" to my future success if I don't get this promotion.

DIDI Stop talking in riddles, Gary. What have you done?

GARY Trust me, babe.

DIDI Trust you? Trust the man who almost sold us out to New Zealand?

GARY It would have worked.

DIDI We almost lost our jobs because of you. If it hadn't been for me finding out what I did when I did

GARY Babe, I’m grateful, believe me. You’re a great secretary.

DIDI Personal assistant!

GARY Yeah, yeah. Personal assistant. Haven’t I shown you just how much your dedication means to me? Don’t I take you out to dinner? To shows? On “business” trips?

DIDI And all on your expense account, you cheapskate! If Lang ever found out

GARY Babe

DIDI Don’t call me babe!

GARY Deidre, I appreciate all the work you’ve done for me. When I get this promotion, you’ll be right up there with me. The little woman behind the great man.

DIDI Oh, spare me, Gary! The only reason I’m behind you is because I’m pushing you. Without me, you’d still be flogging fluffy toys door to door. You’re a means to an end, Gary.

GARY Huh?

Cue song "Didi's Anthem".

DIDI’S ANTHEM

DIDI (*Singing*) **When I was young, Mother said to me,
“You’re just a girl, so don’t expect to see
“the success you dream of. In this life
“you’ll just be some kid’s mother and some man’s wife
“just like I am, Deidre, just like me.
“Just like me.”**

(*Speaking*) I couldn’t believe what she was telling me! My own mother! I wouldn’t believe it! I said,

(*Singing*) **“No, mum, never! No way!
“I’ll prove you wrong. You’ll retract what you say.
“I won’t be like you: just a mother and wife
“and I’ll get the three things I want out of life!”**

GARY Three things? What three things?

DIDI **As I grew older, I tried to play fair.
Obeyed the rules but it got me nowhere.
Then I learned the trick! No! I wasn’t cursed!
To beat the bastards, you’ve got to screw them first!
Yes! Yes!
Lie! Cheat! Take till it hurts!
Claw up that pile to your just desserts.
There’s nothing on earth not worth spivving for
to get the only three things worth living for!**

GARY What three things?

DIDI **Power!
Glory!
Money!**

GARY Power ? Gl

DIDI **Power!**
(*Speaking*) Yes. Yes, power
(*Singing*) **I’ll use my intelligence,
my instinct, my eloquence;
by one means or ‘nother,
(I’ll even sell Mother,)
I’ll attain such great power**

**that the plebeians will cower
and the corporate elite
will kowtow at my feet.
And, if my men don't have guts,
they'll end up with crushed nuts!** (*GARY winces*)
(*Speaking*) So watch yourself, Gary!
(*Singing*) **Power!**

(*Tempo and mood change. Hymn-like and a cappella*)
**Glory! I can feel it!
The skies will open; the clouds will part;
a light will stream down from a heavenly heart.
I will stand there, bathed in the glory,
loved and revered, they will all tell my story
of how I achieved my life's goal so early**

GARY (*Singing*) **Astounded, as well, since she's only a girlie!**

DIDI **You will all acknowledge and then surrender
to my vigour and worth despite my gender!**
(*Speaking*) Even Mother!
Glory!

(*Tempo and mood change. Raunchy with stripper's beat*)
Money!
**The glory and the power could make you really sour
but your life's the best vintage if you've got the mintage.
I'll spend with a mania on all miscellanea.
With this bottomless font, I'll BUY all I want!**

GARY (*Speaking*) You can't buy happiness or love.

DIDI **I don't want to try it if money can't buy it!**
(*Speaking but subdued*) Not even happiness or love.
(*Regaining her raunchiness and singing*) **Money!**

(*Tempo change to original beat*)
**My nights may be lonely but I don't really care;
I can pick up a lover anytime any where.
The only friends I want are those I can use
and I think of those three things should I get the blues.**

**Power!
Glory!
Money!**

DIDI *(Looking at her watch)* It’s time. *(She exits)*

GARY Wow! And all I ever wanted was a BMW. *(He exits)*

Fade out.

Intercom tone sounds.

LOUDSPEAKER Chrissy, again. Forgot to mention that our spunky fork operator, Dorian, will also be there displaying his er, talents. And what a lovely set of talents he has, too!

ACT I

SCENE III - MAIN OFFICE

The main office. There is a clock on the wall displaying 11.15 am. Reception entry is right and amenities rooms are left. A typical office with desks and office machinery.

*There are several other girls working in the background who are dressed very casually in jeans or short skirt and who have very short hair and look butch. **ADRIENNE** is sitting at her desk trying to work. She is slim but butch-looking and dressed casually. She is in her mid-twenties and speaks in a broad inner-west accent. She is angry with **DAVID**.*

***DAVID** is hovering around her trying to explain. He is repentant. He is neatly dressed in shirt, tie and trousers and is in his late twenties.*

***REBECCA** is close by and is filing, which takes her from one side of the office to the other, passing close to them each time she crosses. She is very feminine and smartly dressed in slacks and blouse and speaks in a cultured eastern suburbs accent. She is in her early twenties. She is being mischievous.*

DAVID Come on Addy, I'm sorry, okay? I got caught up with this guy. He wanted to go for a drink.

ADRIENNE You could have rung, David.

REBECCA You got drunk, didn't you?

DAVID Addy, please, I've already explained. I couldn't get out of it; he's a customer.

ADRIENNE You did get pissed, didn't you? And you forgot, didn't you?

DAVID I only had three beers.

REBECCA Aha! I told you he got drunk!

DAVID Come on, Rebecca! Lay off!

REBECCA It's true! One beer and you're anybody's; two beers and you forget whose you are! Three beers

ADRIENNE and you're an embarrassment!

DAVID Aw, come on, Adrienne, I said I’m sorry. Let me make it up to you. Let’s go out tonight.

ADRIENNE No! Tonight I’m going out without you! To my club.

DAVID Come on, please, Adrienne, it won't happen again, I promise.

ADRIENNE Damn right! I've had it with you. (*DAVID tries to interject throughout*) You’re always doing this to me. And that was the last time! We're finished! You men are all alike! Users! Don't give me that innocent look! I've been through enough boyfriends to know that you'll end up just like them! Selfish! Immature! And finished! I don't need you, David. You think I can't do without you? Well, I'm going to. Plenty of women do and I'm going to, too!

REBECCA Whoa!

Cue song "Men".

MEN!

ADRIENNE

**Men!
Hah!
Who needs them?!**

**Who needs their whiny ways?
their power plays?
Who needs their tasteless quips?
their ego trips?
Who needs their childish jokes?
These macho blokes
half of the human race
are just a waste of space!**

CHORUS

**Men! Men! Men! Men!
Men! Men! Men! Men!**

ADRIENNE

**They hang around bars
then drive their big cars
with madness, mayhem and malice.
The bigger the car,
the smaller they are:
twenty foot Chev, two inch phallus!**

DAVID

Aaaaaaaahhhhhh Women!

(Trot tempo)

**They niggle, they nag,
they pick and they bag
your taste in clothes and the trimmin'.**

**But joke if you dare,
'bout their clothes or their hair
you're harassed till your brains are a-swimmin'!
Women!**

(Gallop tempo)

**They want us
they need us
they beg us
they plead us
to be their ultimate treasure**

**and when
we succumb
what do we**

become?
An object for their sexual pleasure!

Women! Schwimmen!

ADRIENNE

Men!
Hah!
Who needs them?!

Who needs their tight embrace?
their scratchy face?
Who needs their sloppy kiss?
their drunken bliss?
Who needs their dangly bits?
These worthless shits,
lords over grub and grime,
are just a waste of time!

CHORUS

Men! Men! Men! Men!
Men! Men! Men! Men!

ADRIENNE

Their lovemaking stinks
when they've had a few drinks,
they lose their lightning and thunder.
They grope and they poke
but they can't see the joke
when you mock their one-minute wonder!

DAVID

Aaaaaaahhhhhh Sheilas!
(Trot tempo)
They're coy or they're brash
but you'll still do your cash
on a dinner, a show and tequilas

When the timing seems right,
your hormones take flight,
they say “Stop! you can look but don't feel us!”
Sheilas!

(Gallop tempo)
They want us
they need us
they beg us
they plead us
to be their one and only

and what

do we loose
when we're caught
in the noose?
All our mates and we're forever lonely!

Women! Schwimmen!

ADRIENNE

Men!
Hah!
Who needs them?!

I need a trusting face
 around my place.
I need companionship
 that gives no lip.
I need a loyal friend
 that won't depend
on me for sex and grog.

REBECCA

My dear, you need a dog!

CHORUS

Men! Men! Men! Men!
Men! Men! Men! Men!

ADRIENNE

Laugh if you will,
I've had my fill
of men treating me like an enemy.
I think I'd get more
from women. I'm sure
I'm becoming decidedly lemony!

DAVID Ahhh who needs women, anyway!

ADRIENNE You know what you are?! You're a you're a misogynist!

DAVID I am not! What's that?

REBECCA A woman-hater.

DAVID Yeah? Yeah?! Yeah, well you're a *mister-ogynist*! And don't be too surprised when I turn up at that women's club of yours one night and catch you doing whatever you do there. Bunch of men-hating, hairy-legged feminists! Women only! Talk about discrimination! I'd love nothing more than to teach a battery of radical old boilers about equality! (*He exits*)

REBECCA I wouldn't if I were you, David. They will tear bits off your body before they'll let you in.

ADRIENNE Good riddance! No more salesmen! Ever!

Fade out

Intercom tone sounds.

LOUDSPEAKER Message for Dorian, you fabulous hunk! The fork lift technician rang to say he couldn't do you a grease and oil change until next week. Why don't you call me? I'm very well versed in lubricating parts that cause friction.

ACT I

SCENE IV - CARPARK

Same set as Scene II. Enter NICKY riding a black Harley-Davidson motor cycle. She manoeuvres into the vacant 'LANG PLASTICS COURIER ONLY' car space. She is dressed all in black: leather jacket, jeans, boots and gloves and has on a full-faced helmet. She dismounts and removes her helmet and begins to examine the side of the motor cycle, backing away from it. DAVID rushes in looking backward and collides with NICKY. DAVID is still angry; NICKY's voice is low-pitched and easy.

NICKY Geez! Watch it, mate!

DAVID Oh, it's you, Nick.

NICKY Another blue with Adrienne, eh?

DAVID Yeah, the silly cow! Just because I forgot to call. Like as if she's perfect!

NICKY Ah, the sweet song of true love.

DAVID I'll show her a thing or two about true love and men! No more grovelling. No more apologising! From now on, she'll do what I tell her, when I tell her! Women's lib! Hah! What she needs is a firm hand and a harsh tongue! See if she can get that from another woman! (*He looks at NICKY then shakes his head*) You know what I mean!

NICKY Yeah, I know what you mean, Dave. You don't think it's a bit over the top?

DAVID Na! I've got to save her from herself, Nick. She's going to go out tonight looking for it! If they know she's on the make, she's gone! Doesn't she know that club's full of lecherous, lust-driven pussy-nappers? No offence, Nick.

NICKY It's cool.

DAVID It'll be the biggest mistake of her life. I can't let her do it!

NICKY All I can say is good luck. Listen, mate, that's Miller's car over there and if he catches you here again

DAVID Oh, shit! What's he doing here? (*He exits*) See you later, Nick.

NICKY Hang in there, mate, she'll be right. (*She bends to make adjustments to the bike*)

Intercom tone sounds.

LOUDSPEAKER Dorian, your squash partner just called. The game's off for tonight. Too bad. You and I can play "squash" if you like!

*NICKY drops behind the bike and is completely obscured by her bike.
Enter GARY and DIDI both carrying their brief cases.*

GARY How could he do this to me? Five years' loyal five years' service! Passed over for a wog!

DIDI Stop whining, Gary. I told you not to be so cock-sure.

GARY And I thought he liked me! He's Australian, too, you know. (*Pointing to the company sign*) Jim Lang! Who the hell does he think he is? Giving the job to an eyetie. How's a dinkydi supposed to get up in this job? All he ever hires are greasers, wops and chinks. The bigot! And they love him! And you know why? Because he *buys* them! Yeah, buys them! I hate that! He keeps giving them whatever they ask for. Tools, tea breaks, holidays, superannuation! They're only workers for Christ's sake, not executives! God, I hate that! God, I hate him! But I know they respect me, too, you know. The wogs around here.

DIDI Really!

GARY Yep. I know of a title they call me to show just how much they do.

DIDI Oh ?

GARY Yep. Around here, they call me "Mister Gary Miller, Malaka".

DIDI "Malaka"? Who calls you that?

GARY Con, the foreman.

DIDI Gary, do you know what "malaka" means in Greek?

GARY Well, I I Con said it means someone with a strong grip on things who gets a lot of pleasure out of what he's doing. That's me!

DIDI It's Greek for "wanker".

GARY What?! That short, hairy, Greek bastard! I'll fix him *and* his twenty-five year mortgage right after I've fixed Jim-bloody-Lang!

DIDI Just what do you intend to do?

GARY (*Taking out a ring of keys*) See these?

DIDI The apartment keys? I'm not in the mood right now!

GARY No, not the apartment keys, Miss Smarty Pants. These are the keys to a *locker*. A *locker* which holds the *new plastics process*. The new *secret* plastics process. The new, secret, *unpatented* plastics process which Jim Lang reckons Storchetti can implement better than I can!

DIDI Get on with it, Gary! So what?!

GARY So, I rang Dixon a few days ago to see how things were.

DIDI You rang the opposition?! Without talking to me first?!

GARY Things aren't too good with him. Actually, business is really shit. A new, secret, unpatented plastics process would get him out of trouble and without too much capital outlay. He's got all the equipment, unlike us. He could get this new, secret, unpatented plastics process under way in half the time we could. With or without Storchetti!

DIDI You’d betray Jim and sell out? Become a traitor? This will ruin Jim Lang and this business. Everyone will lose their job.

GARY So what? Jim betrayed me by giving the job to a wog! He’s the traitor! I’m just giving him back some traitory!

DIDI Traitorousness.

GARY Hm?

DIDI The noun is “traitorousness”. What you said sounds like an Italian restaurant.

GARY Whatever! Where was I?

DIDI You were about to destroy everyone’s lives.

GARY Oh, yeah. All I have to do is show him the *new, secret, unpa*

DIDI “Process!” Just call it “process,” will you!

GARY Is it that time of the month, Deidre?

DIDI Get on with it!

GARY Well, he’s willing to pay me a nice little sum for it.

DIDI Oh? How much?

GARY Enough so *we* don’t have to work for a very, very long time.

DIDI We?

GARY Of course, darling, “we.” I’ve already booked a tick a couple of tickets for New Caledonia.

- DIDI** Didn't you think you'd get this promotion or were you going to do this anyway?
- GARY** What do you think? Jim's on his way to Melbourne with Storchetti right now. Hah! What a waste of time! And I'm off to Dixon with the deal.
- DIDI** Don't show him everything! Just whet his appetite. Let him think about it, then we can finalise the deal as soon as he's ready.
- GARY** I'll close this one, tonight, doll. You just hang around here for my call. We'll finish this deal off over dinner - on my expense account!
(*Turning to the company sign*) Eat that, Jim Lang!
- DIDI** Alright. I'll make all the arrangements as soon as I hear from you.
- GARY** New Caledonia here we come. (*He draws her towards him and she embraces him. They coo and then kiss passionately*)
- DIDI** You're starting to feel successful again, I see.
- GARY** Coming to Newtown always makes me feel this way. "Successful".
- DIDI** Oh?
- GARY** Oh, yeah. Just an eyeful of some of the, um butch-babes around here and what they must get up to together it's a real turn on. Then I imagine you and what was her name ?
- DIDI** Stop it! Nothing happened! You're disgusting, Gary. And they're disgusting!
- GARY** Why are you so upset? Lezzies are okay. It's the poofers that are disgusting! Come on, baby (*She pushes him away*) Hey, I was only kidding. You know I wouldn't do anything to upset you ... Snookums Didi-poo
- DIDI** Oh, cut the crap! You're such a suck! There's only one part of you that has any semblance of a man and even that can shrink to

insignificance. I'll bet the rider of that Harley-Davidson over there is a *real* man. And probably has a tattoo! (**GARY** winces)

GARY Ah, Didi, darling, manhood is not a test of how much pain you can endure but cerebral aptitude. I use my brain not my brawn to get what I want.

DIDI (*Scornfully looking him up and down*) Yup! I'm going in now. Call me when you've arranged things with Dixon! And don't stuff it up!

DIDI exits. GARY watches as she leaves, then looks at the motor cycle.

GARY (*Calling after DIDI but not too loudly*) What's the matter with you? Haven't you made it with a bkie, yet? (*Exiting*) Size isn't everything, you know. Technique. It's how you use what you've got that counts

NICKY emerges from behind her bike and watches as they leave. She takes out an envelope from the bike's pouch.

Slow black-out.

Intercom tone sounds

LOUDSPEAKER Two messages for Dorian. Your doctor called. The results of your tests are fine but you shouldn't use your elbow and wrist so vigorously and your optometrist said your new glasses are ready to collect.

ACT I

SCENE V - MAIN OFFICE

Same set as before. All the girls are busy working. ADRIENNE is seated at her desk and REBECCA is standing nearby. NICKY enters carrying her helmet and the envelope. She is looking about concerned as she goes to ADRIENNE.

NICKY Where’s Sue?

ADRIENNE And hello to you, too.

REBECCA *(Sweetly)* Hi, Nicky.

NICKY Hi, Beccy, Addy. Do you know where Sue is? Gotta see her urgent.

ADRIENNE I’ve just broken up with David.

NICKY Yeah, I know.

ADRIENNE Don’t be too cut up!

NICKY You get used to recurring events.

ADRIENNE This time it’s for good!

NICKY Sure! Where’s Sue?

REBECCA She’s showing Deidre from head office around. Strange, really. Deidre *asked* to be shown around.

ADRIENNE This time it’s for sure! As a matter of fact, we’re going to celebrate it tonight. At your club.

REBECCA We are!?

ADRIENNE We are! (*To NICKY*) Are you on tonight?

NICKY Yeah, but you'll have to ask Dave-O for one last favour.

ADRIENNE Like hell! Like what?

NICKY Special night, tonight.

ADRIENNE What?

NICKY Passing.

REBECCA Passing what?

NICKY Tell you later. How long do you think they'll be?

REBECCA What's the matter, Nick?

NICKY Deidre and Gary Miller Just heard something in the car park. We're all going to lose our jobs if we don't do something and quick!

ADRIENNE What do you mean?

REBECCA Lose our jobs?!

ADRIENNE I need my job!

Enter SUE and DIDI. NICKY, ADRIENNE and REBECCA stop.

NICKY (*Softly*) Cool it. Gotta tell Sue. Don't say nothing, okay?

SUE There have been quite a few changes since you were last here, Deidre. You and Gary really should come to the factory more often if only to keep up with the new production processes.

DIDI We know all about the new production processes, Sue, but you know Gary, work, work, work. We're incredibly busy marketing the stuff. It's very difficult to find the time.

DIDI puts her brief case down beside the desk. NICKY crosses to Sue's desk and REBECCA and ADRIENNE stop their work to listen to what is going on. DIDI looks at NICKY and smiles at her not realising she is female and begins flirting with her but NICKY avoids looking at her and is not aware of her flirting.

NICKY Sue, these are the papers you were waiting for. Got a minute, Sue?

SUE Oh, thank you Nick. Jim's been in a bit of a panic over these. *(She begins looking through the papers from the envelope.)*

NICKY Got a minute?

SUE Yes, yes. As soon as I've checked these. *(She continues looking through the papers)*

NICKY now catches a glimpse of DIDI looking and smiling at her and does a double-take. DIDI smiles more intensely which makes NICKY feel uncomfortable and embarrassed but she keeps looking at DIDI.

DIDI Is that your Harley-Davidson in the car park?

NICKY Yeah, why?

DIDI Just wondering Do you have a tattoo?

NICKY yeah?

DIDI smiles with self-satisfaction.

SUE *(She signs the papers and puts them back into the envelope. Looking up at NICKY)* Nicky, these *(She looks at DIDI and then back at NICKY.)* Nicky? You wanted to talk to me?

DIDI Aren't you going to introduce us, Sue?

SUE You haven't met before?

NICKY No, I always pick up their stuff from the girl in reception.

SUE ... Oh! Ah, Deidre, this is Nick our inter-office courier.

DIDI If only I'd known. You'll have to come to my office in future. I'll look after you personally, Nick.

ADRIENNE (To **REBECCA**) Ooooooo. "Personally!" (**REBECCA** is becoming jealous)

DIDI "Nick"? Are you Greek?

ADRIENNE and REBECCA giggle. SUE is astounded and starts to say something when NICKY looks at her and discreetly shakes her head. SUE says nothing but is puzzled.

NICKY Yeah, sort of. I guess you could say I'm sorta connected with one of the Greek Isles.

ADRIENNE and REBECCA giggle again.

DIDI I've been there. I just adore Greece.

Momentary pause. NICKY's face lights up.

NICKY You like Greek food? I know a place up in King Street that serves a mean dish from Corfu.

ADRIENNE (To **REBECCA**) I think someone around here's already being served a mean dish from Lesvos.

More giggles from the girls.

NICKY What do you reckon? Wanna have lunch with me?

DIDI Oh, goodness me, “Nicholas,” I don't know

The girls giggle again.

SUE (*Handing the envelope to NICKY*) Here you go, Nicky. These go to our solicitors' right away. What did you want to talk to me about?

NICKY (*Hesitating and looking at REBECCA and then at ADRIENNE, then at DIDI, then to SUE*) Ah, nothing, ah, look, it can wait till later. (*To DIDI*) You will have lunch with me, won'tcha?

DIDI I don't know I'd like to (*Looking to SUE for advice*)

SUE What can I say? There's no harm. Nicky won't eat you. (*The girls laugh.*) I mean um Go. It'll be all right. Go!

DIDI Why not! I'll go, damn it! I could do with some interesting company right now.

NICKY Cool! I'll pick you up here at twelve thirty and we'll go down on my bike.

ADRIENNE Oooooooooo, and you hardly know her, "Nicholas"!

NICKY I mean, I'll take you there on my bike.

REBECCA looks on very disappointed.

DIDI Mmmm, I can hardly wait. I've not straddled a Harley before.

REBECCA But I'll bet she's straddled everything else that moves!

NICKY Well, gotta go. Catchya later. (*To SUE*) Speak to you later, Sue. (*To ADRIENNE*) See ya, you old tart. (*To REBECCA*) Beccy.

NICKY picks up her helmet and is followed by ADRIENNE who grabs her by the arm and talks quietly to her.

ADRIENNE Just a minute! What's going on? What about our jobs?

NICKY Look, I'll tell you later. Just don't say nothing to Sue just now, okay?

ADRIENNE Why are you playing silly buggers with that puffed up bitch? Why the hell are you taking her out to lunch? Are you crazy?

NICKY Hey, there's a reason. I've got to find out more. Can't you see she's got the hots for me?

ADRIENNE Yeah, something bad. God!

NICKY So, maybe she'll open up to me. Tell you, it's *bad* {.... *bad*,
mate....}

(As bracketed dialogue is spoken, the speaker's volume diminishes to nothing being taken up by the ensuing dialogue which starts at nothing then increases to normal ie, fade out, fade in)

DIDI {.... I'm so glad she's gone} why do you hire women like that? She's one of *those* women, isn't she?

SUE Who? I thought you thought Nicky

DIDI Yes, that one with Nicholas.

NICKY {.... Look, just trust me} She thinks I'm a bloke!

ADRIENNE Yeah, I noticed. She must be desperate. Or blind. {.... But so what?.... }

SUE Adrienne?! *(She laughs)*

DIDI They're so easy to spot. The hair. The clothes. The way they speak.

REBECCA Is that so?

DIDI *(Turning her attention to REBECCA)* Hm? {....}

NICKY {.... I want to have some fun with her.} She hates coming to Newtown. And she hates dykes. Wouldn't it be just too much if she ended up lemon-sucking?

ADRIENNE You wouldn't go that far?

NICKY Nah Why not? She's not so bad to look at. And, from what I've heard, she's pretty hot. (*She grins broadly at ADRIENNE then they both turn to DIDI and they smile to her. DIDI returns the smile and waves. NICKY leaves.*) Catchya.

ADRIENNE returns to the group.

DIDI I'll bet Nicky has every girl's heart racing.

REBECCA Only one in ten.

ADRIENNE Except here in Newtown. Probably one in five.

DIDI I don't understand

REBECCA Really? Let me tell you about Newtown. This may not be obvious, but I wasn't brought up Newtown like Adrienne.

ADRIENNE You're kidding!?

REBECCA No, I was a monied, private-school Vaocluse girl sheila and all my friends me mates came from only the best stock. I had everything money could buy. Yet, there was something missing. I felt empty inside. Like I was missing out on something but I didn't know what. Then, one day, I was driving cruisin' around in my red soft-top Jag which daddy gave me for passing the HSC and ended up on the wrong side of South Dowling Street. Yep! I hit King Street and King Street hit me! I was with people I could relate to! What a feeling! I finally felt I belonged somewhere. These were my people. I found this job and I found a place to stay.

ADRIENNE Tell her about your first day.

Cue song "Let's be Friends"

LET'S BE FRIENDS

REBECCA

(Speaking) There I was, my first day in a new job, no friends, hadn't even met my new flat-mate AND in Newtown. It was my lunch break so I went for a walk you understand and ...

(singing) I was walking down the street just to pass the day
when this lithesome creature strolls the other way
in a black leather jacket and brush-cut hair,
skin-tight jeans and a devil-may-care
attitude
and stopped!
and the conversation went something like this:

(indicating the imaginary other person) "G'day."

(indicating herself) "Hello."

(indicating the other person) "How ya goin'?"

(indicating herself, again) "So-so."

(indicating the other person and with emotion)

"Let's be friends. I'd like to get to know you better.

"Let's be friends. Tell me what you like.

"Let's be friends. We could talk about the weather,

"let's eat out together,

"this way to my bike."

(speaking) I said, "Thanks, but I really must be getting back to work. Ciao!" *(indicating the other person)* "Catchya!"

Later that day, after work, I decided to go to this pub I saw. Just for a soda, you understand and ...

(singing) I walked into the bar apprehensively
and this gorgeous creature sauntered up to me
in a red satin shirt opened down to the buckle,
dripping gold chains and on every knuckle
a diamond
and stopped.

and the conversation went something like this:

"G'day!"

"Hello."

"How ya goin'?"

"So-so."

"Let's be friends. I'd like to get to know you better.

"Let's be friends. I really do like your face.

"Let's be friends. We could talk about the weather,

"let's eat out together.

"Come back to my place."

(speaking) I said, "Thanks, but I really must be going home, now. Ciao!"
"Catchya!"

I got to my car and there were the police, breath testing. I hadn't had anything to drink you understand and ...

(singing) Leaning on my car, finger pointed at me,
I was beckoned to approach; I went reluctantly
toward mirrored sunglasses, cap pulled down tight
and a stone-faced stare that would stop a fight
without question!

I stopped

and the conversation went something like this:

"G'day."

"Hello."

"How ya goin'?"

"So-so."

"Let's be friends. I'd like to get to know you better.

"Let's be friends. You've got a sweet and gentle face.

"Let's be friends. You can dress up in my leather,

"play some games together

"and boss me around the place!"

(speaking) I said, "Thanks, but, if you don't mind, I really must be getting home to meet my new flat-mate. Ciao."
"Catchya!"

When I got home, my new flat-mate was already there and I experienced something I never had before you understand and ...

(singing) Standing there before me, a vision to behold;
a body just made to be a centrefold
with soft, brown eyes and silk-smooth skin
and a breathtaking smile inviting me in
to heaven!

My heart stopped!

and the conversation went something like this:

"Hello!"

"G'day."

"Nice place."

"I'll say."

Let's be friends. This really isn't like me.

Let's be friends. I've never done this before.

Let's be friends. My life's turned 'round today,

I never thought I'd feel this way,

maybe you can show me more.

Let's be friends. I'd like to get to know you better.

**Let's be friends. My heart is all but gone.
Let's be friends. Let's forget about the weather,
let's eat out together,
you really do turn me on.**

DIDI I don't know how you do it. I live alone and I prefer it that way.

Slow blackout.

Intercom tone sounds.

LOUDSPEAKER Dorian, someone's just given me a another message for you. It's from your laundry. The handwriting's terrible. (*Short pause, then superciliously*) Oh, it must be about your girlfriend. It says, "The slut in your deep shit has been raped". (*Distracted*) What? (*Pause with audible whispers then disappointedly*) Oh, sorry, that should read, "The slit in your taupe shirt has been repaired".

ACT I

SCENE VI - MAIN OFFICE

The clock on the wall indicates it is 3.05 pm. The girls and REBECCA are giggling and laughing in a group around ADRIENNE's desk. ADRIENNE is a little worried. SUE, DIDI and NICKY are not there.

ADRIENNE God! They're two hours late. What could they be up to? *(The girls laugh)* Don't laugh! Unless you think being out of a job is funny.

REBECCA I'm sure it's not as bad as you think. Nicky will find out. I just wish I could be there when Deidre finds Nicky has bulges in her singlet instead of her pants! I can just imagine it. *(Looking up into an imaginary person's eyes and placing her hands on her breasts)* "My, what splendid pecs you have, Nicholas. Pointy, but splendid." *(The girls laugh)*

ADRIENNE Oh yeah, man and "I know you Greeks are well hung," *(She puts her hand to her groin smiling wistfully and then, feeling her groin with more pressure, frowning)* "Just where do you hang it, at home on your wall?"

REBECCA "No! Top drawer, left hand-side of my dresser."

ADRIENNE "Batteries in the second drawer!" Can you imagine!?

Enter SUE with a stack of files, goes to her desk and dumps it on top.

SUE Are they back, yet? Gary Miller's been on the phone every five minutes for Deidre. He sounds desperate and angry.

REBECCA No, maybe Deidre hasn't had her fill of straddling Nicky's Harley yet.

SUE What was Nicky carrying on with before? Pretending she was a boy Sometimes I worry about that girl. What possessed her to ask Deidre to lunch? I hope she's told her she's not a boy. This is too amazing for words!

ADRIENNE She said something "bad" was happening and she wanted to find out more. Whatever it is, she said we could all be out of a job if they go through with it.

SUE If who goes through with what? What are you talking about? I don't know! All, this intrigue! I think you girls inhale too much of the atmosphere in that club of yours.

Enter NICKY and quickly goes over to SUE, ADRIENNE and REBECCA.

NICKY Hi, guys! *(To SUE)* Sorry we're late. *(Leaning in towards them and more softly)* Have I got something to tell you! Not in front of her.

SUE Who?

NICKY Oh, shit! Where'd she go?

NICKY begins to go back just as DIDI, obviously drunk, rolls in against the door frame and leans against it. She looks straight at NICKY with lust in her eyes.

DIDI Nicky *(She makes a move forward but can't walk straight. NICKY catches her before she falls and supports her. DIDI has one arm round NICKY's neck and she pulls her towards SUE)* Nicky Nicholas. Sagapo, my little love-moussaka.

NICKY She's pissed as a fart. I guess I was a little heavy on the ouzo in the O J.

REBECCA pulls up a chair behind them and NICKY and SUE manage to sit DIDI on it.

DIDI Nicky-po. Fly with me on the wings of Pegasus to Greece and show me your peri periper peripolopolous.

NICKY Oh, man! You don't need no magic horse to fly.

SUE "Peripolopolous?" What on earth is that?

NICKY You're asking me? What do you think I am, Greek?

- SUE** *(Gasping after taking a whiff of DIDI'S breath)* Oh! Why did you let her drink so much?
- NICKY** Just wanted to loosen her tongue a bit.
- DIDI** Ooooh, Nicky-po, my tongue is very loose for you. Look. *(She wiggles her tongue)*
- NICKY** Oh, please, put it away.
- SUE** We've got to sober her up and quick. Deidre, can you hear me? Are you alright?
- DIDI** No. I'm half all right and half all left. Ha, ha. Get it? Half right. Half left. Half right half left.
- SUE** Oh, Deidre.
- NICKY** You won't feel so sympathetic when I tell you what "Didi" here and Miller are up to. *(She takes SUE by the arm and leads her away. DIDI slowly loses her balance on the chair, leaning sideways and falling to the floor. SUE and NICKY hear her fall and rush back. They pick her up and put her back on the chair)*
- DIDI** What's the matter? Can't you sit me straight? I've got a round bum, you know. Look. *(She rolls from side to side)* See? *(Exaggerating the vowel sound)* Round! Just like you Greeks like it, Nicky-po.
- SUE's telephone rings.*
- SUE** That's got to be Gary again. *(Picking up the receiver)* Yes? *(Pause)* Oh, Gary, yes, she's here now. Hold on. *(She puts her hand over the mouthpiece)* Deidre, it's Gary. He wants to speak to you. Are you okay to speak to him?
- DIDI** Sure! No worries! *(Taking the phone)* Gazza-babe! How're they hangin'? Havin' a great time, glad you're not here! *(She pulls the phone away from her ear and grimaces.)* Oooo, I think he's mad. *(Pause)* Mobile? *(Pause)* Of course I had it with me! *(Softly)* I just didn't

want to answer it, that’s all. Hmm? Lunch Very liquid Orange juice, just orange juice. *(Pause)* Hmm? *(Pause. Now listening intently and lowering her voice)* Yeah, I'm listening. *(Looking around)* Nooooo, there's no-one around. *(Pause)* Uh-ha, uh-ha, uh-ha

As DIDI is talking on the phone, NICKY pulls SUE aside again where they are joined by ADRIENNE and REBECCA.

SUE Will you tell me what's going on?

NICKY When I came in this morning, I overheard Ms Round-bum over there and Miller in the car park talking about Storchetti’s promotion.

SUE So

NICKY Miller's real pissed off about it and they’re going to sell the new production process to Dixon.

SUE No! They wouldn't do that! Besides, they’ve signed a secrecy agreement. That would ruin Jim!

ADRIENNE And we’ll all lose our jobs!

DIDI *(Loudly)* Great! Dixon’s going for it! *(Suddenly slumping in her chair and quietly)* Shhhh No, nobody heard.

SUE, ADRIENNE and REBECCA look at each other, stunned.

NICKY See?

SUE You heard all this in the car park?

NICKY Most of it. The rest when Deidre spilled her guts to me at lunch. *(To ADRIENNE)* You know, it was real pathetic. She's got no real friends and she like, was coming on to me real strong, like. I felt real sorry for her. *(Looking over to DIDI)* If she wasn't such a bitch

REBECCA reacts with jealous disappointment.

DIDI Yeah Flight bookings, yeah. *(Pause)* Dinner, tonight? Sure, Gazza-babe. Can I bring this gorgeous Greek bikie stud? I think I'm in lust. *(Looking over to NICKY and flirting with her eyes. Pause)* Oh, to finalise the “you-know-what”? What? Oh! The secret Hah? *(Pause)* Okay, name the place, baby! *(She looks around on the desk)* Paper. I need some paper. *(She leans over towards the desk but overbalances and falls off her chair, grabbing pen and paper on the way down to the floor and lands on her stomach.)* Which restaurant was that? *(She stays lying on her stomach as she writes on the paper)* The "Ido Givashee Twitch Restaurant". Is that Japanese? *(Pause)* Oh! You don't give a shit which restaurant! Right! Got it Joe! Huh? *(Pause)* Okay, okay on the mobile as soon as I've made the reversat rev booking. Catchya! Hah, learned that today. Catchya! Catchya! *(Attempting to replace the receiver on the phone on the desk)* Catchya. Catchya.

NICKY, SUE, ADRIENNE and REBECCA return to DIDI. SUE and NICKY assist DIDI back into the chair. REBECCA replaces the receiver while ADRIENNE picks up the pen and other objects which fell.

DIDI *(Looking at the piece of paper)* What was I supposed to do? I know. Shhhh gotta make a very important reversion revers booking tonight. Can't tell ya what. Don't ask! Secret. Secret. *(Frowning and to NICKY)* And I wanted soooo much to go out with you tonight, Nicholas.

SUE You're not going to go through with this, are you Deidre?

DIDI Nooooo What?

SUE She doesn't know if she's Arthur or Martha.

NICKY She doesn't know if I'm Arthur or Martha. The broad's in love with me!

SUE Serves you right. You shouldn't have gone this far. You should have told her.

NICKY Just wanted to have a bit of fun. She thinks she's so much better than the rest of us. *(NICKY looks at DIDI with a lot of sympathy. ADRIENNE and REBECCA pick up on this and ADRIENNE,*

smiling sarcastically, nudges REBECCA with her elbow. REBECCA is jealous.)

DIDI Sleep. Didi wanna sleep. Big night out, tonight. Sleep. (*She folds her arms on the desk and rests her head on them. She raises one arm and makes a spluttering sound with her lips*) Up, up and away

REBECCA Well, what about that?!

ADRIENNE Well, what about you, Nicky! You've fallen for Deidre!

NICKY Bullshit!

REBECCA What are we going to do?

ADRIENNE Yeah.

SUE Have to contact Jim. But he's on his way to Melbourne with Storchetti. It'll be at least another half an hour before he lands.

NICKY Why don't we leave a message for him at the airport?

SUE Yes. Good idea, Nicky.

NICKY (*To ADRIENNE and pointing to her head*) Up here for thinking,
(*Pointing to her feet*) down there for dancing, baby!

ADRIENNE Now if you could just work out what to do with the bits in between.

NICKY feigns to hit ADRIENNE

SUE We have to stop Dixon from getting his hands on those plans.

NICKY Yeah. Miller's going to hand them over tonight.

REBECCA Over dinner

ADRIENNE At a restaurant.

NICKY Right!

SUE Yes We have to keep them under control inconspicuously until Jim can get back I know! Nicky, are you playing at your club tonight?

NICKY Yeah?

SUE Good! I want you to make some special arrangements.

NICKY Sure. But tonight's a special night.

SUE What.

NICKY Passing.

SUE Passing what?

REBECCA That's what I want to know!

NICKY It's when the girls get decked out in guys' gear. Passing off as guys.

SUE Even better! Okay! This is what we're going to do. I'll ring the Golden Wings lounge at Melbourne airport (*The four go into a huddle*).

Intercom tone sounds

LOUDSPEAKER Oh, Dorian, just heard the news. Your fork has gone down on you. Lucky fork! I know where you can get a good fork when ever you want it. Give me a call.

SUE (*Breaking from the huddle*) Okay, Nicky, you know what to do.

NICKY goes over to DIDI and writes on the writing pad then gently shakes DIDI by the shoulder.

NICKY Didi, darlin' (*DIDI begins to groggily wake up*) Don't forget to ring Gary with the booking you've made. Here's the address. (*NICKY puts the writing pad on the desk in front of DIDI, picks up the phone and dials a number from the phone listing then hands the phone to DIDI*) Here. Tell Gary this is where dinner will be tonight.

DIDI Dinner? Tonight?

NICKY Uh-ha. You remember, with Gary and Mr Dixon.

DIDI Oh yes. (*Attention is drawn to the phone*) Hello? Gary? (*NICKY pushes the writing pad towards DIDI who looks at it and then at NICKY*) "Lipstick"?

NICKY Yeah. You just made the booking. Don't tell me you don't remember?

DIDI Of course I remember! (*On the phone*) Hello, Gary? The restaurant tonight. The name of the place is "Lipstick" (*She looks up at NICKY*) "Lipstick"? (*NICKY nods her head positively. Carrying on with the conversation*) It's at two thirty King Street, Newtown. Newtown?! (*She looks up at NICKY again who taps her finger on the pad. DIDI continues*) At eight o'clock. (*Pause*) Yes. (*She hands the receiver to NICKY who hangs it up.*) I made a booking in Newtown? At a place called "Lipstick"?!

NICKY Sure did, darlin'!

DIDI (*Attempting to stand up but falling back into her chair, holding her head*) Oh, my head!

NICKY Why don't you sit down and take a nap? Big night, tonight, darlin'.

Enter DAVID and, with a determined look, he strides over to ADRIENNE.

DIDI (*Going back to sleep*) Yes. Sleep. Newtown? (*She sleeps*)

DAVID I’m putting my foot down, Adrienne. You're not going out tonight to have a good time, you're coming out with me!

ADRIENNE Really?! Picture this, Dave-O!

Cue song "Lipstick".

LIPSTICK

ADRIENNE

**My dancing shoes are out of the box
and they're strapped on to my feet.
I'm out of this place so get out of my face
you're the worst I'll ever meet.
I've had your bad humour; your penchant for rumour;
you're lower than the low.
I've done what I can but you're still just a man
watch the door and weep as I go.**

**It's a bright night spot
where, believe it or not,
they don't give a damn
if you're straight
or you're not,
where they're raging all night
till the bright morning light
and there's never a man
never, never in sight!**

CHORUS

**Dancing,
I'm dancing,
I'm dancing hard in Lipstick!
Lipstick,
in Lipstick,
in Lipstick I feel free!
Freedom,
my freedom,
my freedom's calling me!**

NICKY

**Yeah!
My dancing boots are slapping the boards
and my pulse begins to race.
The music is loud and is pumping the crowd
up to a wild and frantic pace.
We all start to yell when we're given a spell;
the DJ's in disgrace.
Then it's on with a blast; loud, hard and fast.
It's a real cool hot kind of place!**

**It's a bright night spot
where, believe it or not,
they don't give a damn
if you're straight or you're not
where big mammas mix
with the gals and their chicks**

and there's never no Toms,
no Harrys or Dicks!

CHORUS

Dancing,
I'm dancing,
I'm dancing hard in Lipstick!
Lipstick,
in Lipstick,
in Lipstick I feel free!
Freedom,
my freedom,
my freedom's calling me!

DAVID

(Speaking) Yeah, and I can see where it will all end, too:
(Singing) **Your dancing shoes are under a bed
and your head is in a spin.
Why are you there and what have you done?
What kind of fool have you been?**

ADRIENNE

**I really don't care! 'Cause, while I was there
I must have had a great time!
One thing's for sure: I'd go back for more,
Having fun ain't a crime!**

**It's a bright night spot
where, believe it or not,
they don't give a damn
if you're straight or you're not,
where women can play
any time, any day
and dance, if they want,
all their worries away.**

CHORUS

Dancing
I'm dancing
I'm dancing hard in Lipstick.
Lipstick
in Lipstick
in Lipstick I feel free.
Freedom
my freedom
my freedom's calling me!

ADRIENNE Yes! Goodbye, David. Have a good weekend!

ADRIENNE, REBECCA, NICKY and the girls exit running calling out "Goodbye, good night" etc. SUE looks at DIDI and then at DAVID and shrugs her shoulders.

Black out.

Intercom tone sounds.

LOUDSPEAKER Well, boys and girls, the end of another working week. Go out and throw your cares to the wind. But remember, be good. If you can't be good you can't charge for it. Dorian, my handsome fairy prince, why don't you come home with me? The bubbly's on ice, the phone's on hold and the KY's on hand and other bits.

END OF ACT I

INTERMISSION

Intercom tone sounds.

LOUDSPEAKER Dorian, your mother rang. She went and cleaned your flat. She wants to know when you started horse riding and shouldn't you keep all those harnesses and whips somewhere else? They're ruining your fish-net stockings.

ACT II

SCENE I - OUTSIDE THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF LIPSTICK

It is night. There are bright neon lights flashing the name "Lipstick" over the open front door and loud music, the Lipstick Theme, can be heard coming from inside. The wall has posters on it featuring various entertainers, proclaiming "Coming Soon" as well as posters featuring the resident band, "Kisses" with photos of NICKY and the other band members. Another sign displays "The Smudged Napkin Restaurant. A la carte dining."

Enter NICKY from SR. She is dressed very neatly in a man's shiny grey polyester suit, black shirt and narrow white tie and black leather shoes. She walks briskly towards the doorway then stops to look around. The music fades as the action begins.

Enter REBECCA a little reluctantly. She is neatly dressed in a dark suit, shirt and tie and with flat shoes. Her hair has been pulled back and up into a large black fedora. Otherwise, there is nothing extraordinary about her appearance. She is holding a very large black moustache in her free hand. NICKY pulls REBECCA across to the front door.

NICKY You look great, Beccy. It don't look like they're here yet and I'm on soon.

REBECCA You know, Nicky, that's the first time I've been on a Harley-Davidson.

NICKY Yeah?

REBECCA And the last time, too! It was terrifying. Do you always go so fast?

NICKY Yeah? Well Didi loved it!

REBECCA "Didi", is it? Hah! She's a blonde. What'd you expect? They go for any cheap thrill.

NICKY Didn't it get your adrenalin pumping?

REBECCA No. Just my heart. Like it was going to jump out of my mouth. *(She slaps the moustache onto her face and presses it firmly in place)*

NICKY *(Adjusting REBECCA's moustache on her)* You were hanging on so tight I thought you were going to break a couple of ribs.

REBECCA No, they're just a bit sore.

NICKY Not yours, mine! (*Finishing adjusting REBECCA's moustache*) There! Now don't jiggle it around too much, it might drop off.

REBECCA A guy said that to me once.

NICKY You don't go out much with guys, do you?

REBECCA No Not much.

NICKY How come? I'd have thought someone as spunky as you would have lots of guys hanging around.

REBECCA Nicky, I'm I'm

NICKY Yeah, I know. You're from Vaucluse and the guys around here, well, to say the most, they're a bunch of dead shits and probably too scared to talk to you, anyway. Can't blame them, but. Took me a long time just to get up the nerve to say hello to you. (*There is a pause and REBECCA is about to speak when NICKY'S attention is distracted*) Finally!

REBECCA lets out her breath with disappointment.

NICKY takes out a pair of sunglasses and puts them on crossing to meet SUE and ADRIENNE. SUE is dressed in a tuxedo and bow tie and is wearing a short, dark wig and has dark rimmed glasses in her pocket. ADRIENNE is dressed as a cowboy in blue jeans, a checked shirt, leather chaps, fringed vest, boots and with a bandanna around her neck and a large stetson. She has a ginger-coloured beard in her pocket.

NICKY (*Pointing at ADRIENNE and laughing uncontrollably*) Look at you! What the fudge are you supposed to be?

ADRIENNE A cowboy! What does it look like?

NICKY You're supposed to be dressed for passing not a posse, you idiot!

REBECCA And we're supposed to be inconspicuous.

ADRIENNE Look who's talking: Merv-Bloody-Hughes of Vau-Bloody-cluse! (*To NICKY*) And you! You look like a cross between Roy Orbison and a Mafia poofta! At least, I'm original!

NICKY I'm surprised you didn't bring a horse along! You couldn't attract any more attention if you did!

REBECCA Sue looks great!

SUE Do I look the part? This has got to fool not only Dixon, but Miller and Deidre as well. (*To NICKY*) Are you sure everything's okay with the manager here?

NICKY Yep. She knows what's going down and she's let everyone inside that needs to know, know. It's all set.

SUE Good! (*Looking at her watch*) Oh dear! Our friends will be here any minute now. *If* they're not already here.

NICKY Nah, me and Beccy passed them on the way in. Gary was driving so, naturally, they were going the wrong way. We got plenty of time.

SUE Jim called me from Melbourne. He can't believe what they're planning. He'll be on the next available flight back. We just have to stop the plans from changing hands until he gets here.

NICKY No worries!

SUE Alright, girls, er, boys! You all know what to do. Let's go and good luck!

ADRIENNE puts on the false beard as NICKY watches her and laughs.

NICKY Well, gol-durn it if'n it ain't the Testosterone Kid!

ADRIENNE Oh, shove it, "Nickel-Arse!"

SUE Come on.

The girls turn towards the entrance. REBECCA joins NICKY.

NICKY (*Aside to ADRIENNE*) Where did you get the suit? St Vinnie's,

Tamworth? Slim Dusty's bin? (*ADRIENNE takes swipe at NICKY who ducks and laughs. They all enter through the door*)

Enter DAVID. He is dressed in drag wearing a tight form-fitting top and falsies, tight, short, shiny black skirt, fish net stockings and gold, high-heeled shoes and is clutching a gold handbag. His face is heavily made up and he has a short-cropped black pageboy wig on. He crosses very briskly and apprehensively to the doorway, stops and looks about him nervously. He is followed in by a group of three girls dressed mannishly. They are laughing and talking as they pass him and enter the doorway. DAVID turns and leaves.

DIDI and GARY enter not seeing DAVID. DIDI is wearing a short black form fitting dress, low cut with shoestring straps and black patent leather stiletto heeled shoes. Her hair is swept up in a neat bun at the back and her jewellery is simple and elegant. GARY is wearing a dark suit and tie. They are arguing as they enter.

DIDI I told you to turn right. You really have a lousy sense of direction!

GARY I was looking for parking!

DIDI You found it, alright. Ten blocks down the road. Do you know what it's like to walk in these heels? Probably do.

They stop in front of the entrance to Lipstick. They are dumbstruck.

GARY This is the place?!

DIDI The sign says "Lipstick" This is the place This is where I booked

GARY Well, I hope the food is good.

DIDI Nicholas said the food is excellent.

GARY Nicholas, bloody, Nicholas! All you've talked about all bloody night is bloody Nicholas! Nicholas this! Nicholas that! Can you change the bloody subject?!

DIDI Are we jealous? (*She puts her hand to her head and, painfully*) This isn't doing my headache any good.

GARY You mean hangover!

Enter two manly-looking young women dressed in tuxedos. As they cross and enter through the doorway to Lipstick, GARY and DIDI look at them, GARY peering at them trying to discern what they are then looks at DIDI who shakes her head and shrugs her shoulders.

DIXON and JEFFRIES enter closely following the two young women looking about. DIXON is a portly man of about fifty-five with grey hair and a ruddy complexion and is dressed in a business suit. JEFFRIES is a hefty man of about thirty, with a scarred battlefield face and also well dressed. His tone is well modulated and his manner is gentle however, his speech is practically indecipherable as it is heavily slurred and grammatically incorrect. He is incongruously effeminate. Most of the time DIXON just pretends to understand JEFFRIES. They join GARY and DIDI. DIXON is stern-faced.

DIXON Miller! There you are! I had a hell of a time finding parking.

GARY Ah Mr Dixon I'd like you to meet my secre personal assistant, Deidre Wallbreaker.

DIXON Deidre Ball ?

DIDI Wallbreaker. With a double-u.

DIXON Oh! Well, I'm very pleased to meet you, finally. *(He shakes her hand)*
Ho, ho, such a firm handshake. I like that in a woman. It shows a strong character and determination. *(GARY extends his hand to DIXON but is ignored. He self consciously examines his hand)*

DIDI And this is?

JEFFRIES *(Extending his hand and with excessively slurred speech)* Jeffries, ma'am.

DIDI *(Pause)* Shellfish man?

JEFFRIES Oh, no, no, ma'am. My name is Jeffries.

Pause.

GARY Are you speaking English?

- DIXON** For goodness' sake, Miller! His name is Jeffries. He's my er associate.
- JEFFRIES** Thank you, sir.
- DIXON** Quite alright. (*To GARY firmly*) Er I hope you don't mind Jeffries would like to erfrisk you.
- GARY** What?
- DIDI** What?
- DIXON** Not you, dear. It's obvious you're not hiding anything. Can't be too careful, Miller. You understand. It wouldn't be the first time.
- JEFFRIES begins to frisk GARY who is very unwilling and baffled.*
- GARY** The first time for what? What are you doing? (*JEFFRIES feels around GARY's crotch and GARY yells*) Hey!
- JEFFRIES** Nothing there, sir.
- DIXON** Thank you. (*Looking about*) Just what is this place, Miller ?!
- GARY** Ah ah a night club, Mr Dixon! (*Turning quickly to DIDI who snubs him*)
- DIXON** I can see it's a night club! What sort!?
- JEFFRIES** Looks like a dyke dive to me, sir. (*No-one understands what he has said and they ignore him*)
- DIDI** I've heard this club has a fine restaurant, Mr Dixon Mr Miller and I thought this place would be perfect for the “consummation” of our “arrangement”. Who would ever suspect people of our calibre coming to a place like this for the quietus of our little industrial “adventure”?

JEFFRIES Hm, good idea, Miss Wallbreaker.

DIXON Good thinking, my dear. (*Chuckling her under the chin*) You will be joining us, I hope?

DIDI Of course.

DIXON And for a little something afterwards, perhaps? In celebration? (*DIDI looks at JEFFRIES*) Alone?

DIDI I would be delighted.

JEFFRIES (*To GARY*) Maybe you and me could get together for a little drink, too? Alone.

GARY Yes, nice shoes maroon

Another group of three girls enters. Each is dressed effeminately masculine. They enter through the doorway.

GARY (*Cont*) Well, I suppose we'd better get on with it. (*To DIXON, timorously*) Shall we go in, Mr Dixon?

DIXON I haven't come all this way to stand outside.

GARY moves to offer his arm to DIDI but DIXON pushes ahead of him offering his arm to her.

DIXON Miss Wallbreaker?

DIDI takes DIXON's arm and they all move toward the doorway. NICKY emerges from the doorway without her glasses on and smiles broadly when she sees them. GARY reacts with shock, DIDI is pleasantly surprised, DIXON and JEFFRIES do not react.

NICKY Hey! Fancy seeing you guys here! (*To DIDI*) Wow! You look great!

DIDI Nicholas!

GARY This is Nicholas?! (*laughs*) This is what you’ve gone ga-ga over? (*To DIXON*) This is what Jim Lang employs (*sudden realisation*) Jim Lang!? What the hell *are* you doing here?! (*He looks nervously at DIXON then to NICKY*) Do you know this man?!

NICKY Never met him.

GARY Good! This is my father.

DIXON What?!

JEFFRIES Oh?

GARY Dad, say hello to Nicholas. He works for Dawn and Lang where I work!

DIXON Oh! You work with my son?

NICKY Yeah. Glad to know you, Mr "Miller". (*They shake hands*) And who’s this continental divide?

JEFFRIES (*Grabbing GARY firmly with one arm*) I’m his brother! (*GARY tries to push him off but feels a gun under his jacket. He opens the jacket to reveal a holstered gun. He is stunned*) Jeffries. Glad to meet you.

NICKY Didn’t know you had a “brother” (*Imitating JEFFRIES*) but I see it runs in the family.

GARY now tries desperately and unsuccessfully to attract DIDI’s attention but she snubs him each time.

DIDI What are you doing here?

NICKY You told me this afternoon, remember?

DIDI Oh, yes

NICKY (*Taking DIDI by the hand*) Come on.

DIXON Now, just a minute, young man!

JEFFRIES Young man?

NICKY It’s cool, dad, I’m not racing off with her. You can come, too. *(To DIDI)*
Come on, babe, I’ll show you around. You don’t mind being called
“babe”, do you?

DIDI No, of course not.

They all go through the doorway except GARY.

GARY Since when?! *(Now reflecting on JEFFRIES’ gun)* He’s got a gun!
That mumbling moron’s carrying a gun!

DAVID enters very nervously, looking about him but not seeing GARY, bumps into him.

DAVID Cripes!

There is stunned silence as they look at each other. DAVID is terrified as he stares at GARY. GARY looks toward the doorway disillusioned then at DAVID leeringly.

GARY *(Suavely)* Hi, there! What are you doing in a place like this?

DAVID Um um

GARY Do you come here often?

DAVID Well, um

GARY *(Offering his hand)* My name’s Gary. They call me Gary Miller, Malak
.... Gary Miller. Coming inside? *(He offers his arm)* Please *(DAVID*
takes his arm and they enter through the doorway) Haven’t we met
somewhere before?

DAVID No! no! no no

ACT II

SCENE II - INSIDE LIPSTICK

*Inside Lipstick's disco. It is dark and there is taped pulsating disco music playing in the background. On the wall, there is a sign "The Smudged Napkin Restaurant" with an arrow pointing right. There are small tables and chairs about, there is a raised band platform with the six-piece rock band's instruments on it. The drum kit has the band's name "Kisses" on it. There are laser lights set up ready for the show and in front of the platform is the dance floor with a mirror ball suspended from the ceiling. There is a bar with a female bartender who is wearing a moustache and there are three bar stools in front of it. This area is better lit than the dance floor. The girls who entered before as well as many others are seated on the bar stools drinking or moving about and chatting and at the tables or standing around in groups. There is a lot of chatter and laughter from them. **ADRIENNE** and **REBECCA** are seated a table and watch the action.*

*Enter **NICKY** still gently pulling **DIDI** by the arm followed **DIXON** and **JEFFRIES**. They, except **NICKY**, look around them bewildered and stop. **GARY** and **DAVID** enter as **DAVID** anxiously and nervously pulls away from **GARY**.*

DAVID Um thanks. I have to go now.

GARY No, no, no.

DIXON Are you with us or what, Miller son!?

GARY (To **DAVID**) Why don't you join us?

DAVID No! No! Can't. I'm meeting my friend.

GARY Boyfriend?

DAVID Girlfriend!

DIXON Son!

GARY Hmm Maybe we can get together for a threesome later on, hm?
Gorgeous?

DAVID Um um gotta go! Bye! (He hurriedly looks about then races off to

the bar)

GARY Bye, angel, catch you later.

DAVID orders one drink then and then another keeping his eyes on GARY as he drinks them. GARY goes to DIDI and now becomes concerned over the gun. He again tries to tell DIDI by tugging on her arm. She tries to ignore him.

DIDI Nicky, this isn't the restaurant.

NICKY I know. Your table's not ready yet.

DIDI But I made the booking for eight I think.

NICKY Yeah, but it's real busy in there right now.

DIDI *(Sharply to GARY) What?! (GARY inconspicuously tries to mime that JEFFRIES has a gun) What is the matter with you?!*

GARY Nothing! Nothing! Nothing!

NICKY *(To DIDI) Can I buy you a drink before the show?*

GARY Nah, nah. We're here on very important business.

SUE enters and walks up behind DIXON. The band enters taking up their positions.

NICKY What? With your dad?

GARY Well, ah

DIXON Family business.

GARY Yes. We're celebrating

DIXON Miss Wallbreaker's engagement to my son. *(DIDI and GARY wince)*

NICKY (To **DIDI**) Well, congratulations! (To **GARY**) Does your wife know?

DIXON Now look here, young man

JEFFRIES (*Putting his hand inside his jacket*) You want I should do something, Mr Dixon?

GARY Oh, shit! (*He again tries to make **DIDI** aware of the gun*)

DIXON No, no, no, no

SUE (*Standing behind **DIXON** and in a deepened voice and French accent*) Pardonnez-moi (***DIXON** jumps around startled. **SUE** looks at each of them*) Monsieur Miller? Your table won't be ready for another fifteen minutes. (***DIDI** and **GARY** scrutinise **SUE** closely. **SUE** lowers her head and gestures towards the bar*) Perhaps you would like to enjoy a drink? On the house?

GARY Yes, yes. Why not?

DIXON No, no. Just show us to our table in the restaurant.

SUE Oh, c'est impossible, monsieur. S'il vous plait, mais comprenez-vous que nous sommes tresum busy.

***DIXON** turns to **GARY** who can only shrug his shoulders*

NICKY (*Aside to **SUE***) Hey, that's neat.

SUE SBS.

DIXON (*To **GARY***) I'm not happy about this.

DIDI I'm sure it'll all be sorted out very quickly.

***SUE** discreetly exists.*

GARY And I could really do with a scotch. We can talk at the bar, Mr Dix dad!

DIXON *(He glares at GARY and then to DIDI with a slight bow and smiling)*
May I buy you a drink, Deidre I may call you “Deidre”?

DIDI Of course you may, Mr Dix ... Miller.

Cue band: Intro to show

NICKY Gotta go. *(She goes to the platform and prepares to sing)*

DIDI Nicholas ? *(She becomes impressed by NICKY)*

GARY About bloody time. Let’s get that drink.

DIXON grumbles with annoyance as they move to the bar.

DAVID sees this and quickly exits with his drink in hand.

GARY desperately tries to see where DAVID’s gone to but loses sight of him. They all order their drinks except JEFFRIES. JEFFRIES sidles up close to GARY who becomes very uncomfortable with this.

Meanwhile, REBECCA and ADRIENNE follow them to the bar

DIXON Well, Miller, this is as good *(REBECCA and ADRIENNE push their way in between GARY and DIXON to prevent the men from talking to each other and they are visibly annoyed by this intrusion. To ADRIENNE)* Excuse me, do you think you and your friend could find another place to stand?

ADRIENNE *(In a deep froggy voice in a slow country drawl)* Free country, mate. *(DIDI does a double-take. ADRIENNE pulls her hat over her brow and looks away. REBECCA averts her face from DIDI who is confused.)*

GARY There’s a table over there, Mr Dixon.

They cross to it and sit, JEFFRIES making sure he sits as close to GARY as he can, ADRIENNE and REBECCA follow and sit at an adjacent table.

DIXON Now, let's get this business out of the way.

GARY Excuse me for asking this, Mr Dixon, but is it necessary for your um associate to be involved? At least, could he sit on your side of the table?

DIXON What's your objection? Have you got something to hide?

GARY No it's just getting awfully hot in here ...

JEFFRIES Yes, I'm feeling a bit that way too.

DIXON Enough of that. Miller, where have you left the plans

ADRIENNE Oy, mate! Wanna hear the music not you, eh?

DIXON You again?!

ADRIENNE Shoosh! (*DIXON grimaces as GARY winces. They remain silent and watch.*)

Cue song "She's Gonna be my Baby".

SHE’S GONNA BE MY BABY

NICKY

**She's tall.
She's lean.
The most beautiful creature
I've ever seen.**

**High class.
Well bred.
With a look in her eye
that knocks me dead.**

**She can't
be missed
and she's just realised
that I exist**

**and she's gonna be my baby.
I'm gonna make her mine.
I'll give her the kinda lovin'
that'll blow her mind.**

**Yeah! She's gonna be my baby.
I'll do whatever I can
so she'll never want to go back
to another man.**

**Yeah, I'll give her the kinda lovin',
give her the kinda love,
give her the kinda lovin'
that she craves!**

**She's cool
like ice,
makes me shiver all over
and feel real nice.**

**Calm down
you fool,
don't let her see you acting
so uncool.**

**She just
said "Hi";
took my breath away,
I think I'm gonna die.**

**and she's gonna be my baby.
I'm gonna make her mine.**

**I'll give her the kinda lovin'
that'll blow her mind.**

**Yeah! She's gonna be my baby.
I'll do whatever I can
so she'll never want to go back
to another man.**

**Yeah, I'll give her the kinda lovin'
give her the kina love,
give her the kinda lovin'
that she craves!**

Music break. NICKY jumps off the platform and goes to DIDI and takes DIDI's hand and jives with her through the break. The jive should be sensuous and suggestive but without body contact except by holding hands. DIDI delights in the attention NICKY gives her. During this break, DAVID staggers in noticed by GARY. He buys another drink then staggers off with it. GARY wants to follow but is stropped by JEFFRIES.

NICKY

**She's mine
for sure.
With this kinda lovin'
she'll beg for more.**

**She won't
resist
being hugged and cuddled
and caressed and kissed**

**by me.
I know
she'll never want to leave me
never want to go**

**And she's gonna be my baby.
I'm gonna make her mine.
I'll give her the kinda lovin'
that'll blow her mind!**

**Yeah, she's gonna be my baby
I'll do whatever I can
so she'll never want to go back
to another man**

**Yeah. I'll give her the kinda lovin'
give her the kinda love
give her the kinda lovin'
(Repeat this phrase)**

that she craves!

*During the repeat of the phrase, **NICKY** backs **DIDI** onto their table and, by the end of the repetition, **NICKY** is leaning right over her. The audience begins to cheer but there is a pause from **NICKY**, with her lips close to **DIDI**'s. Just as **DIDI** closes her eyes to kiss **NICKY**, **NICKY** stands up and bows. She goes back to the platform.*

***ADRIENNE** "yip-yips" and howls while applauding loudly.*

***REBECCA** claps unenthusiastically and looks hurt.*

***GARY** claps nervously while **DIXON** sits with an approving look on his face but does not applaud. **JEFFRIES** is impressed and claps.*

***DIDI** composes herself and she sits feeling a little self-conscious.*

DIXON That was excellent, my dear.

JEFFRIES Yes, very impressive.

GARY (*Not impressed*) Yeah, great. You really made a show of yourself.

NICKY Thank you, thank you! Hi! (*The audience enthusiastically responds "Hi!"*) I'm Nick and this is my band, "Kisses". (*The audience cheers*) We'll be doing a few rock and roll numbers tonight and, later on, we'll be playing "Don't you wish you were somewhere else?" (*The audience cheers*) Okay. This next song is dedicated to all of you who get off having that throbbing sensation between your legs, you wild things! (*The crowd cheers excitedly and the band prepares for the next number*)

GARY Headache gone?

DIDI Pity you don't have the same sense of rhythm.

GARY Hah! You like short, weedy pansy boys, do you?

JEFFRIES I do.

ADRIENNE Oy! Watch the show, eh!

Cue song "She's a Tramp"

SHE’S A TRAMP

NICKY

**She stands at my back gate beckoning me
and my belly fills with desire.
She says nothing yet she's taunting me
and my body rages with fire.
All I can think of, up here in my room
as I look down at her across the yard,
is how she must want me and want me now
to ride her and ride her hard.**

**She's a tramp, a slut, a whore
but I couldn't want a woman more.
She's a tramp, a slut a whore
but I couldn't love a lover more.
No, I couldn't love a lover more.**

**The hunger consumes me and I run down to her;
I take her and she does as I will.
We're flying down the freeway and I open her up
and I ride her till we've both had our fill.
Exhausted, we wander back to my gate
each sated, I take her in.
I wipe her off and let her cool down,
my black, thirteen-forty V-twin.**

**She's a tramp, a slut, a whore
but I couldn't want a woman more.
She's a tramp, a slut, a whore
but I couldn't love a lover more.
No, I couldn't love a lover more.**

**Rubber and steel,
black and chrome,
alive with sexuality,
to me she's real
flesh and bone
as real as a lover could be.**

**When I sit astride her and fire her up
I tremble from a powerful thrill.
Her pistons pulsing in time with my heart,
there's a craving only she can fulfil.
A twist of the throttle and she roars her might
I'm left breathless and have to give in.
I'm not the master, I'm only the slave
to my black thirteen-forty V-twin.**

I'm the tramp, the slut the whore

**because I couldn't want a woman more.
I'm the tramp, the slut the whore
because I couldn't love a lover more.
No, I couldn't love a lover more.**

At the end of the song, the audience cheers. NICKY looks over to REBECCA who turns away. NICKY then turns to DIDI who smiles appreciatively and claps enthusiastically. SUE enters and goes to NICKY who bends down and they speak quietly. She looks at NICKY and her watch and has a concerned look on her face. Meanwhile:

GARY Good. The music's stopped. Now we can talk.

DIXON I'm sick of this! Just how long does it take to set a table around here?

DIDI Shouldn't take too long, Mr Dixon. We're perfectly safe here. We can have our little private repast after the show.

DIXON Oh Something special for me to look forward to, eh? (*DIDI nods her head seductively*) Let's get on with it, then.

GARY Yes, yes. (*Secretively to DIXON*) I've put the ah ... new, secret, unpa
....

DIXON The new plastics process.

ADRIENNE nudges REBECCA.

GARY Shh yes, yes. I've put them in a locker at the airport. (*Fishing in his pocket*) I have the keys right here (*He takes out the keys and dangles them in front of DIXON. ADRIENNE and REBECCA see this and nudge each other again then stand abruptly just as DAVID staggers in and bumps into ADRIENNE.*

ADRIENNE Hey, watch it! (*She turns and stops, startled. She can just make out it is DAVID but he doesn't recognise her.*) You!! (*GARY turns to see DAVID as ADRIENNE makes a grab for DAVID's arm*) Come here! (*DAVID becomes alarmed and runs out. ADRIENNE turns to see that GARY had been watching with concern and then with bravado, adjusts her crotch, sits back on her chair putting her feet on the table*) I'm feelin' a touch randy, tonight. (*REBECCA sits quietly down. ADRIENNE mouths to REBECCA that it was DAVID. REBECCA's eyes widen with disbelief*)

During the ensuing dialogue, GARY puts the key on the table.

NICKY *(Standing up, to SUE)* Okay, okay. *(SUE exits. Addressing the audience with the microphone)* Hey, guys and dolls! We're going to change things around a bit now. Usually, we save this bit until later when you're all so out of it you don't care what sort of gawks you make of yourselves. But we're going to play "Don't you wish you were somewhere else" *now!* *(The crowd cheers)* Just give us a few minutes to set up. *(She indicates to off stage. The band members shuffle their music sheets, lights are re-arranged, tables moved and a video screen on a trolley is rolled in and placed in the centre of the dance floor. Meanwhile, NICKY jumps onto the floor with a hand mike and meanders across the dance floor)* Now, let's see who will be our first victim I mean artiste? Someone so sexy, so droolable *(Reaching DIDI)* Aha! G'day, darlin'. Would you like to come up and sing for us? *(She points the microphone at her).*

DIDI *(Embarrassed)* No. I don't think I could.

NICKY 'Course you can. Come on, babe, we'll sing together. *(She leads DIDI onto the platform, glancing at DIXON and GARY. To DIDI)* Have you ever sung on stage before?

DIDI No. There's a lot of things I've done today that I've never done before.

NICKY Did you enjoy doing them?

DIDI Oh, yes.

NICKY Good! Now's the time to show us what you've got not that there's much left to show. What would you like to sing?

REBECCA What about "I Call My Dog 'Janus' 'Cause She's a Two-faced Bitch"?

NICKY looks at REBECCA stunned. Pause.

DIDI I don't think I know that one.

NICKY What about this? *(Intro Duet)*

DIDI Oh, I know this one.

NICKY Alright! Let's do it!

Cue song **DUET**

DUET

[Didi’s lines are *italicised* and Nicky’s lines are **bold**]

DIDI
*The look in your eyes
Your swaggering walk
Your self-assured smile
Your reluctance to talk
You’re cucumber cool and controlled*

NICKY
**My heart beats a frenzy whenever you’re near
My knees start a-trembling; I’m feeling real queer
My hands get so clammy; you’re hard to ignore
My brain overloads and I can’t take no more!**

What can I do? What can I do? What can I do? What can I do? (She folds her arms and turns scornfully to Didi)

DIDI
*Your arrogant pose
Your impetuous ways,
The way you crinkle your nose,
Your cheeky displays,
You’re really quite cute when you’re bold.*

NICKY
**My friends have told me ‘bout women like you!
Said “Keep away from them, whatever you do!”
But when you’re near me, I feel so alive
If you should leave me, I don’t think I’d survive!**

What can I do? What can I do? What can I do? What can I do?

I think I’m falling in love with you

DIDI
I think I’m falling in love with you

NICKY
I’ve tried real hard; I’ve lost the fight!

DIDI
It can’t be wrong if it feels so right.

Repeat from beginning with Nicky and Didi singing their parts together and Nicky’s attitude changing to fondness towards Didi.

DIDI
The look in your eyes

NICKY
**My heart beats a frenzy whenever you’re near

Your swaggering walk**

My knees start a-trembling; I’m feeling real queer

Your self-assured smile

My hands get so clammy; you’re hard to ignore

Your reluctance to talk

My brain overloads and I can’t take no more!

You’re cucumber cool and controlled

What can I do? What can I do? What can I do? What can I do?

Your arrogant pose

My friends have told me ‘bout women like you!

Your impetuous ways,

Said “Keep away from them, whatever you do!”

The way you crinkle your nose,

But when you’re near me, I feel so alive

Your cheeky displays,

If you should leave me, I don’t think I’d survive!

You’re really quite cute when you’re bold.

What can I do? What can I do? What can I do? What can I do?

I think I’m falling in love with you

I think I’m falling in love with you

I’ve tried real hard; I’ve lost the fight!

It can’t be wrong if it feels so right.

But, you know,

we’re different as night and day,

Things you don’t know could drive you away.

from me.

Yes, I know

we're different as night and day.

Things I don't know don't matter anyway

to me.

Cue song “Why?”

WHY?

*When applause from audience dies down, lights dim, spot on **REBECCA** who stands, faces front, removes her moustache and sings "Why?" with feeling*

REBECCA

**They've taught me well
what's right and wrong
what's good and bad
and how to get along
with what society
expects of me**

**but I'm in this constant conflict:
the wrong seems so, so right;
they can't have felt
the way I feel
being here with you tonight.**

**Why
can't I tell you that I love you?
Why
does it hurt to feel this way?
Why
do I keep my feelings secret?
Why
won't this passion die away?**

**Why,
when we're all alone together
and I
am standing close to you
do I
want to hold you and caress you?
Why
don't you feel the same way, too?**

**Each working day
I'm filled with hope
knowing you'll be there
but, then, each night,
at home, alone,
my hope turns to despair.**

**Oh, why
can't I tell you that I love you?
Why
does it hurt to feel this way?
Why
do I keep my feelings secret?**

**Why
won't this passion die away?**

**Oh, God!
You have given me such hunger
but why
did you make this love so strong?**

**Why
can't I tell her that I love her?
Is,
is this love so wrong?**

She wipes the tears from her eyes, replaces the moustache and sits as the lights turn up.

JEFFRIES has put his arm across GARY's chair and, as the lights turn up ...

GARY Will you get your hand out of my lap!

JEFFRIES Oh, I'm sorry. I was looking for my serviette.

DIXON Can we get on with it so we can get out of here?

GARY Of course. I take it you have the er er

ADRIENNE and REBECCA jump up quickly, have a very brief whispered conference and move closer.

DIXON Oh, for Chrissake. *(Taking out a fat envelope from his pocket)* I have it right here *(ADRIENNE and REBECCA stand over DIXON. His attention is drawn by ADRIENNE. More annoyed)* Now what?! Am I still making too much noise for you? Maybe you should be out riding the range or something if your ears are so sensitive.

ADRIENNE No no just wanted to ask you something um

DIXON What?! For Chrissake, what?!

ADRIENNE Um um

DIXON What?!

ADRIENNE Wanna dance?

REBECCA What?!

DIXON What?!

DIDI *(To NICKY)* What's going on over there?

NICKY sees urgency in the situation.

NICKY Stay here. (*She jumps off the platform and goes to **ADRIENNE** with the microphone*)

ADRIENNE Uh, yeah! (*Gaining confidence*) Uh, sure like the way you move. Just like one of my heifers back home. Real smooth, like. I'm real fond of that heifer.

DIXON Get him away from me!

ADRIENNE Big, soft jowls just like yours.

JEFFRIES (*Reaching for his gun*) Want me to fix it, Mr Dixon?

DIXON (*Standing abruptly*) No! Not here!

NICKY Here we go! Next sacrifice! (*The band starts the into to “**Big Fat Poppa**”*) Introducing our resident cowboy known to the Indians as Heap Big Rumbling Wind From Way Down Deep. We just call him Wyatt Burp. (*She gives the mike to **ADRIENNE**. Audience cheers*)

*Cue songs “**Big Fat Poppa**” and “**Man of my Dreams**”*

***JEFFRIES** tries to intervene but **DIXON** stops him but becomes increasingly annoyed with **ADRIENNE**.*

***DIDI** looks on helplessly while **GARY** is bewildered but also continues to look out for **DAVID**. When the second song breaks in, **DIXON** is unwillingly lead in a waltz by **ADRIENNE** who overacts outrageously.*

BIG FAT POPPA

ADRIENNE

**You're a big, fat poppa with a big, fat belly, aha.
When you giggle with glee you joggle like a jelly, aha.
You can't touch your toes
and you can't see your knees.
Just combing your hair
makes you whiffle and wheeze.
You're a big, fat poppa with a big, fat belly, aha.**

**B-b-b-b-b-b-but
I love you!
I love you!
I love the acres of flesh
that cover you!
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-love!
Arg-h-h-h-h!**

**You're a big, fat poppa with a big, fat belly, aha.
Your favourite habitat is the local deli, aha.
Your sex life suffers
when you're offered a cookie.
You don't know what you want more -
noodles or a nookie.
You're a big, fat poppa with a big, fat belly, aha!**

**B-b-b-b-b-b-but!
I love you!
You sexy thing!
I love your ripples, your rolls,
your double chin!
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-love!
Argh-h-h-h-h!**

DIXON

The outback's fried your brains, boy.

JEFFRIES

Let me fix it.

Change to “Man of my Dreams”

GARY

You little pervert. Piss off. He's not interested!

ADRIENNE

Oh, I don't know. He sure is cute (*Singing and dancing with DIXON
in an exaggerated manner*)
I want to dance with the man of my dreams,

hold him close, hold him tight, hold him near.
Glide 'cross the floor with the man I adore,
whisper sweet little words in his ear.
La-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la.
I want to thrill in the strength of him arms,
in his vigour, his manhood, his power.
To be held up to ransom by a he-man so handsome,
to be crushed like a delicate flower.
La-la-la, la-la-la, la-la-la.

GARY This wasn't my idea, Mr Dixon.

JEFFRIES Now? Do something now?

REBECCA grabs the keys and the envelope from the table and quickly runs out. JEFFRIES sees this and is confused whether to give chase or help DIXON. He gives chase and runs off.

Change to “**Big Fat Poppa**”

ADRIENNE You're a big, fat poppa with a big, fat belly, aha.
But you ain't no better than old Ned Kelly, aha.
The salamis you crave
are full of fat.
The pates are gunk
but you love it like that.
You're a big, fat poppa with a big, fat belly, aha!

B-b-b-b-b-b-but!
I love you!
Holy Moly!
You're my own cute, fat
little roly poly!
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-love!
Argh-h-h-h!

NICKY take the mike and goes back to **DIDI** on the platform.

Meanwhile, DAVID enters again and makes for the bar. He is now drunk and is weaving through the tables looking for ADRIENNE, loudly interrupting the patrons and stumbling over things as NICKY watches.

ADRIENNE Forget your table! Let's go to Darlington. Just you and me, chubby chops.

DIXON Leave me alone! Where's Jeffries? Get me the maitre d'!

GARY Yes, yes! Where's that poncy French waiter?

GARY looks around. SUE enters in a rush looking for NICKY

GARY There he is! Oy! Waiter!

SUE looks to GARY and then to NICKY and then back to GARY. She goes to GARY.

SUE Si, signore?

GARY I thought you were French.

SUE Ah oui! I thought you were Italian.

DIXON Just what sort of a mad-house is this?

SUE Monsieur, your table is only a small more time *(She attempts to leave, glancing pleadingly at NICKY.)*

DAVID sees NICKY and staggers over to her, stops in front and tugs on her trouser leg.

NICKY Woah! And what have we here? An escapee from William Street?

They all stop and turn to DAVID. DIDI senses something is not right and peers closely at DAVID. DIXON sees this as just another interruption and is annoyed. GARY's eyes light up with surprise and anticipation.

DAVID Nicky, you’ve got to help me. I can’t find Adrienne. I want my girlfriend back. I miss her so much.

ADRIENNE looks to SUE who signals to be quiet. She becomes very compassionate. GARY rubs his hands with glee.

GARY A threesome! Yes!

NICKY You haven't seen her?

DAVID No.

NICKY Well I'll be hornswoggled! I hope you're partial to cowboys.

DIDI *(Peering closely)* Is that *(To NICKY)* Is that David? *(NICKY nods. She glances towards GARY and smiles. To DAVID)* What are you doing here, dressed like that?!

DAVID Miss Wallbreaker? What are you doing here? Dressed like that?

SUE inconspicuously but hurriedly pulls ADRIENNE away to find REBECCA.

DAVID Nick, I'm desperate, please help me

NICKY Okay, but don't say you weren't warned. Get up here.

DAVID Huh?

NICKY *(Taking his right arm and pulling him onto the platform)* Come on. *(He climbs up ungracefully, pulling his skirt up to his bottom to free his legs so he can swing his right leg up onto the platform. The audience cheers and carries on. GARY also becomes very excited by this. When DAVID finally straightens up next to NICKY, he looks around him horrified.)*
Hey, guys! Next victim! Meet Davida!

Audience cheers, GARY cheers enthusiastically.

GARY Oooo, isn't she just great?!

DIXON Yes. And your secretary is the only thing keeping me here.

NICKY Okay! Davida, when you're up here, you gotta sing!

DAVID What?!

NICKY Yep! (*To DIDI*) Ain't that right, darling?

DIDI Yes, "Davida". (*Aside to DAVID*) Do you know what trouble you could cause coming here dressed like that?! Sing!

DAVID What'll I sing about?

NICKY Why don't you tell us how you feel about being here, "sweetheart"?

Cue song “Alone”

ALONE

DAVID

(Pauses to close his eyes, take a deep breath, open his eyes and sings).

Alone!

**Here I am, alone in Lipstick
and my girlfriend's not in sight.
And this scheme is getting out of hand;
nothing like I planned,
why can't they disband
this crowd
is rowdy
how did
I get caught down here?**

Alone!

**I'm in a crowd, alone.
She's gone
and I am all alone!
And, now,
my crushing fear has grown
the panic seeds are sown
since she's up and blown
and left me on my own!**

Alone!

Alone!

Alone!

DAVID revels in the applause and bows and throws kisses etc.

NICKY A round of applause for these juicy curves: the Delectable Deidre
(*Applause*) and the luscious Davida. Or is that Davida the lush?
(*Applause.*)

DAVID continues hamming it up.

NICKY That's great, Davida! Nick off!

DAVID For my next number, I would like to

NICKY Thanks, Davida. Don't you wish you were somewhere else?

DAVID No. This is great.

GARY (*Applauding wildly*) More! More!

NICKY looks surprised at GARY's reaction and then to DIDI who is also astounded. NICKY gets an idea.

NICKY (*To DAVID*) Play along, okay?

DAVID What are you going to do?

NICKY Save your arse in more ways than one.

DAVID No, Nicky.

NICKY I'll fix it up with you and Adrienne, okay? I know where she is. (*To the audience*) You want more?

The audience responds enthusiastically, especially GARY: "Yes!"

NICKY Okay! Now me and “Davida” here go back a long ways. And, as well as the fabulous voice you've just heard and fantastic legs you've just seen, she's an exquisite dancer as well! (*DAVID reacts*) Yeah! Moves and grooves so sexy! Oooo! Drives men wild! But she needs a strong, firm

lead. Who would like to

GARY *(Jumping to his feet, arm shooting upward and rushing to the platform)*
Me! Me! Me!

NICKY *(Cont)* come up here and strip naked? *(GARY is stunned)*
Just kidding! Okay, Davida, onto the dance floor.

DAVID obeys and hitches his skirt up again and sits on the edge of the platform, ready to jump off. GARY helps him off, groping him.

GARY You're fantastic, Davida. You have such a deep, sexy voice. A firm body. I'd like to show you what effect you have on me.

DAVID Oh, God, please.

GARY I want to help you find your girlfriend. The three of us could make some really wonderful noises together. Trust me.

DAVID Nicky!

NICKY Okay, let's play something sleazy. *(She indicates to the band and they play "She's a Tramp")* Okay, now let's get down with it!
Encouragement! Encouragement! Show us what you've got Gazza!
(DAVID reluctantly begins dancing and becomes more involved and less self-conscious. GARY totally forgets himself as he becomes raunchy and suggestive. They continue during the ensuing conversation)

NICKY Gary seems to be really enjoying himself, eh?

DIDI If he only knew what a complete fool he's making of himself.

NICKY Why? Look at him. He's in ecstasy. If it makes him feel good, why not? What difference does it make?

DIDI He's dancing with another man, for goodness' sake! Can't he see it? It's revolting!

NICKY You wouldn't dance with a woman if it made you feel good?

DIDI Never! And I would never feel good dancing with a woman.

NICKY What if you didn't know, like Gary?

DIDI I'd know.

Pause

NICKY Wanna dance?

NICKY takes her hand and leads her onto the dance floor.

*From off stage there is a scream and **REBECCA** runs in screaming and waving the envelope in the air. She runs to **NICKY** and hides behind her terrified.*

Everybody stops.

***JEFFRIES** quickly follows her in waving his gun in the air and stops, pointing the gun at **NICKY**.*

***DIXON** jumps up.*

JEFFRIES Gimme that envelope!

DIXON What the hell are you doing!?

JEFFRIES She's got the money!

DIXON ... Pneumonia ?

JEFFRIES No! No! The keys! The envelope!

DIXON ... Kiss the vile pope?

JEFFRIES No!

***JEFFRIES** lunges toward **REBECCA** trying to grab the envelope, pushing **NICKY** aside.*

***NICKY** resists and makes a grab for the gun but he pushes her away. **DAVID** rushes forward and takes up an exaggerated karate stance. This, of course, excites **GARY** even more.*

***JEFFRIES** points the gun at **DAVID**.*

JEFFRIES Get back or I’ll shoot!

DAVID Sorry?

JEFFRIES makes threatening gestures with the gun. DAVID lunges and grabs JEFFRIES gun hand and they struggle. The gun goes off twice. DAVID punches and chops JEFFRIES until he falls to the ground unconscious. NICKY picks up the gun and hands it to a band member who takes it off. They all stop and look at JEFFRIES. GARY is overwhelmed by his desire and grabs DAVID.

GARY You’re my kinda woman! (*He kisses DAVID full on the lips. DAVID breaks free and exits.*) Hey!

DIXON You’re all loony! (*He sees the envelope and grabs it*) Gimme that envelope! And the keys!

GARY Hey! You haven’t paid for those keys!

GARY grabs DIXON’s hands and they wrestle for control of the keys. As they struggle, SUE, JIM and ADRIENNE rush in. GARY and DIXON break. GARY has the envelope and DIXON has the keys. GARY is wild.

GARY You want the keys? You can have them! The money’s mine!

Pause. Slow realisation by all that JIM has arrived. GARY is last realise. There is silence.

GARY Jim! (*He nervously looks to DIXON, then to DIDI. Then he realises he has the envelope and tries to hide it in his coat pocket. With feigned pleasant surprise*) Jim, fancy seeing you here. I thought you were in Melbourne.

JIM So it seems! I never expected this from you, Gary. What sort of man are you?

GARY What do you mean?

JIM (*To DIXON*) We’ve been competitors for a long time but did you really

think you could get away with this? And an armed thug? I know you're in deep financial trouble, Dixon, just who have you been borrowing money from?

GARY (*Turning to DIXON*) Dixon? This is Mr Dixon, our reviled competitor? Well, sir, you had me fooled!

NICKY And you mistook him for your dad!

JIM Let's stop all this nonsense. (*He takes the envelope from GARY's pocket and hands it back to DIXON then takes the keys from DIXON. He dangles the keys from his finger*) Just where in the airport have you put the plans?

GARY It's not what you think. Let me explain

JIM Explain what? It's all very clear. You were going to sell us all out.

GARY Ah It wasn't my idea! (*Looking and pointing to DIDI*) It was hers!

DIDI What!?

GARY Yeah. Yeah. She put me up to it! She arranged all this. Yeah. I didn't want to do it!

DIDI is outraged by GARY's accusations and interjects throughout.

GARY (*Cont*) You know what she's like. Telling everyone what to do. She thinks she runs the company. Owns the company. She's a super-bitch. She's crazy! Power mad! It's her fault! All her fault!

DIDI You lying bastard!

GARY Yeah!? Yeah!? Well why did you go along with it, eh? Why didn't you tell Jim? And who made all the contacts? All the arrangements? Who brought us here? You! You *seduced* me into this! Yeah! You said it yourself! You'd do anything to get to the top! Even *sleep* with me! I'm a married man, for God's sake! Did you think I enjoyed it? Think again, babe! I only did it because I felt sorry for you!

DIDI What?! Oh! Yes! It must have been very difficult for you to feel so sorry for me all those times! I hope your new “girlfriend” gives you a beard rash!

JEFFRIES begins to regain consciousness and slowly staggers onto his feet.

DIXON I’ve had enough of all this! I’m leaving now if that’s all right with the lot of you. *(To JIM)* With incompetent staff like these two, Lang, it’s no wonder you found out.

JEFFRIES follows him out.

JIM *(Turning to SUE and placing his arm around her shoulder)* Actually, I do have very competent staff and this is the person I need to thank.

GARY The poncy waiter's your spy?!

SUE removes her glasses and wig.

GARY Sue!

DIDI Sue?!

JIM She found out what you two were up to and organised all this until I got back from Melbourne. Gary, I’m disappointed in what you and Deidre have done but I’ve had my suspicions about you for a long time. I’ve always said that a man who cheats on his wife would cheat on his colleagues as well. I don't think you or Deidre will be causing us any further embarrassment.

NICKY Ah, Jim, listen. Deidre *was* involved in this but, before you decide, you should consider all the good things she’s done for this company.

GARY Like what!? She’s just a secretary. And she’s in this up to her armpits so keep your nose out of this, you randy hoodlum!

NICKY *(Cont)* Sure, Gary’s an okay salesman but only because he’s full of bullshit. It’s Deidre who’s the brains behind all those big deals that Gary

pulled off. Everyone knows that. You know that new business with Indonesia? It wasn't Gary who saw the market there, it was Deidre. And she did all the negotiating. And when New Zealand made a move to take us over? Deidre. She found out and got Gary to move on it. He just took all the credit, like he always does, that's all. Deidre did all the brain work. It'd be a real shame if we lost all that talent.

JIM Yes

GARY It's a bag of bullshit! You'd believe this petrol head?!

JIM Anytime! It won't take too much effort to find out. And I'm going to find out. I don't think you're going to be in this industry much longer. Gary, we need to discuss a few things in private.

DIDI Davida's a man, Gary.

Pause

GARY What do you mean?

DIDI Davida is David, your salesman. A man. Nice, juicy kiss, was it? Tonguey?

Pause.

JIM indicates to GARY and they leave.

Simultaneously: SUE goes to the bar, orders a drink and returns;

REBECCA removes her jacket and moustache. She is saddened;

DIDI turns to NICKY and takes hold of both of her hands.

DIDI Thank you, Nicholas, for what you tried to do for me.

NICKY It's cool.

DIDI I don't know what Jim will do. I don't think he'll keep me on

NICKY No, he's a cool guy. He'll treat you fair.

DIDI Nicholas, I'd like to I've never met anyone like you. I do like you very

much. More than I think I want to admit. You're not like the rest of them, all over me at any opportunity. You haven't tried anything all day. Not once. Is there something wrong with me?

NICKY Oh, no! Believe me, I'd like to get into your pants as much as any of them. Oh, shit! I'm sorry.

DIDI You're so unpretentious. So unaffected by ambition or all this. You're very popular, you know. I think that's what I like most about you, your modesty. No matter what, I'd like to keep in touch with you after this is over.

NICKY feels uncomfortable.

REBECCA Tell her, Nicky.

DIDI Rebecca! What are you doing here?

REBECCA Tell her.

DIDI Tell me what? Oh, goodness me! I thought I saw something between you two this morning. Rebecca's your girlfriend, isn't she?

NICKY Didi

DIDI *(Putting a finger to NICKY'S lips)* It's okay. I understand. I'm sure Rebecca won't mind this. *(DIDI kisses NICKY on the lips without body contact. DIDI breaks and looks at NICKY and then kisses her more passionately, putting one arm around NICKY'S shoulder and pressing herself to her. NICKY responds by pulling DIDI towards her. DIDI raises her leg in between NICKY'S. Pause: [things don't feel right!]* *DIDI pushes NICKY away then slips her hands inside NICKY'S jacket. Pause and shock. Her hand goes to NICKY'S crotch. Pause and more shock.)* You you're you're a wom *(She slaps NICKY's face. NICKY recoils.)* Liar! Cheat!

NICKY Shit that hurt!

DIDI You lied to me! You made me believe you were a man. *(Pause: bewildered.)* All the things we did *(pause)* you kissed *(With*

sudden realisation) You're a le le No no You have tattoos!

Cue song **“Inside Out”**

INSIDE OUT

DIDI (Pause. *Music intro.*)
You're a liar! (*Musical chord*)
a fraud! (*Musical chord*)
a fake! (*Musical chord*)

NICKY Didi

DIDI You're a dirty, (*Musical chord*)
perverted (*Musical chord*)
freak! (*Musical chord*)

NICKY Didi

DIDI Deviate! (*Musical chord*)
Scum! (*Musical chord*)

NICKY Enough! (*Musical chord and tempo beat*)
Open your eyes, Didi.

**If that's what you see
then I guess that is me
but try to look deeper inside.
There you will find
are my soul and my mind
laid out without nothin' to hide.**

**Don't look at me
with that hate in your eyes
you won't ever change what I am.
I've lived with that look,
and the whispers, the lies
all my life but I'm still what I am.**

**Do you think it's a breeze,
that it's all song and sleaze?
Think again, this life ain't a sham.
I've been bashed, I've been banned,
I've been spat on and damned
by them that despise what I am.**

**I am what I am
and I don't give a damn
what they think - I will always resist;**

**I won't play their game
and I won't hide in shame.
I've as much right as them to exist.**

**I won't change!
I won't hide!
This is me!
from inside
out this is me.**

(Repeat last verse and chorus)

**I am what I am
and I don't give a damn
what you think - I will always resist;
I won't play your game
and I won't hide in shame.
I've as much right as you to exist.**

**I won't change!
I won't hide!
This is me!
from inside
out this is me.**

**Inside out this is me.
Inside out this is me.**

*The band members and stage audience leave one by one.
There is a long pause.
DAVID runs in to NICKY and grabs her by the lapels.*

DAVID You gotta do something! (*REBECCA catches his eye.*) Rebecca?
Rebecca, where's Adrienne?

REBECCA (*Pointing to SUE*) Ask her.

DAVID Sue!? ... But you're not gay. What's going on here?

ADRIENNE walks in briskly up to DAVID and stands behind him.

ADRIENNE And neither am I!

DAVID jumps back. NICKY grabs hold of his blouse and pulls him in.

DAVID Arrrhh! Watch the hairs!

NICKY Look! (*She flicks off ADRIENNE's stetson and pulls off her beard*)

ADRIENNE Arrrhh! Watch the hairs!

NICKY It's Adrienne, you dope!

DAVID Addie!?

DIDI Adrienne!? Who else is there!

ADRIENNE Deidre Oh, my

NICKY It's okay. She knows. Why don't you two just make up? You really are
made for each other. Just look at you.

ADRIENNE and DAVID look at each other and laugh.

ADRIENNE Davey, I forgive you. I'm sorry. (*They hug*)

DAVID Oh, Addy, me too. Why are you dressed like that?

ADRIENNE It's a long story (*Feeling DAVID's bottom*) Hmm, you feel good in silk.

DAVID (*Turning and both strolling off*) It's only polyester. I picked up this outfit this afternoon at K Mart. Pretty neat, eh? The hardest bit was explaining things to the other guys in the fitting rooms and keeping my back to the wall when I was bending over Some weird guys in there Used three razor blades to do my legs The aftershave really stung

Pause.

NICKY turns to look at DIDI who turns away.

REBECCA approaches NICKY, reaches out and touches her arm. NICKY turns to REBECCA and takes her hand.

NICKY (*To DIDI*) So, I guess that's it. I don't reckon you'll be wanting to keep in touch with me, eh? You may not believe it but it was good being with you today. Too bad I'm me and you're you, eh?
Well, see you around that is, unless you see me first! (*She and REBECCA leave*) Let's get some fresh air.

Pause.

DIDI Why didn't you tell me Nichol she was a woman? Why did you let me make such a fool of myself? (*Beginning to sob*) Do you all hate me that much?

SUE Nobody hates you, Didi.

DIDI You could have fooled me! The way you all just stood there this morning and let me throw myself at N at her. And Nicky Why didn't you tell me, at least?

SUE Didi, what were you looking for so desperately that you couldn't see what she was?

DIDI I'm so confused. Nothing is what it seems. That girl with David.

SUE Adrienne.

DIDI This morning, I thought she was g gay. She looks so and she's got a boyfriend! And he dresses like a girl! And Rebecca. So feminine. So pretty. She's she's (*To SUE*) You're not

SUE No.

DIDI This morning, I knew where I was going. Now, I don't know anything any more. My future, my whole life has crashed.

SUE Come on. Come and sit down. (*She takes a packet of tissues from her pocket and gives them to DIDI who takes one out and to dry her eyes. SUE sits in a chair beside her.*)

DIDI I don't even know what I am. How could I have been so deceived by her? How could I be so stupid (*She cries*)

SUE Didi. It'll be alright. (*Pause*) I'll go and get a taxi and take you home. (*She exits*)

NICKY enters and stands beside DIDI who ignores her.

NICKY Dee

DIDI If you've come to embarrass me some more, you're wasting your time; there's no audience.

NICKY I've come to say that you were right. I am a cheat and a liar. But I'm no deviate! Look, I know you hate my guts. But don't hate me for what I am, hate me for what I put you through. I'm sorry you got hurt as much as you did. You didn't deserve it Well, maybe half you did. Anyways, look, I am sorry and it really was good being with you today. Despite everything, I still like you. Not in a queer sort of way; like friends.

DIDI You really think I could be friends with someone like you?

NICKY Wow! You mean you want to be more than friends?

DIDI Don't be ridiculous!

NICKY Just pretend I'm a guy, like this morning. I'm still the same person, you know.

DIDI You're a lesbian!

NICKY I'm a person! What are you afraid of?

DIDI Nicky, leave me alone.

NICKY You're afraid of yourself, aren't you? Love is love. You can love a man. You can love a dog. You can love your work. It's the feeling. If it feels good And if you get some of the same back then it's even better. From your man, from your dog from anyone. It doesn't matter from who or what. We all need it. Even you. Sex ain't love. Sex ain't even like. Anyway! I spoke to Jim just now and you and me are going to be working together.

DIDI What do you mean?

NICKY Well, Gary's finished and Jim say he wants you to work here. In Newtown. As a clerk. In the factory.

DIDI What!?

NICKY Nah, just kidding. I guess you're right but. You couldn't be friends with someone like me. Too bad. Me and my hog could have taken you places you've never been before. Away from the prison you've in up there. But I guess you don't really want to leave it. It must be real comfortable in there. *(She reaches out slowly and gently touches DIDI'S. She doesn't resist but closes her eyes. Pause. NICKY quickly gets up and stops at the exit.)*
Catchya, you old tart.

CURTAIN