

DreamDrill

SCENE I – A SPACE WITH ONE CHAIR
DOTTED AROUND THE SPACE ARE PILES OF HATS, COATS,
SCARVES, AND BALLS OF VARIOUS TYPES.
NO SURRENDER - BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN ACOUSTIC
VERSION PLAYS

JONO ENTERS AND SITS ON THE CHAIR. BIBS ENTERS AND
STANDS BEHIND HIM. JONO STARTS TO SOB GENTLY. BIBS
OFFERS HIM A CIGARETTE. JONO STOPS CRYING AND
ACCEPTS. JONO PLAYS WITH THE CIGARETTE AND
RESUMES HIS SOBBING A LITTLE LOUDER. BIBS GIVES HIM A
SECOND CIGARETTE. JONO CRIES GENTLY AND THEN A
LITTLE LOUDER. HE SNIVELS. BIBS GIVES JONO A THIRD
CIGARETTE. THE CRYING STOPS

PAUSE

JONO GOES INTO A WAIL AND SHAKES WITH SOBBING.
BIBS GIVES UP AND STRIDES TO THE FURTHEST PART OF
THE STAGE.

BIBS:

What do you want?

JONO:

A light.

BIBS:

Bastard. You don't need a light, you need a concerted effort to
grow up and a blow torch applied to your bottom.

BIBS FRISKS HERSELF AND EVENTUALLY PRODUCES A BOX
OF MATCHES FROM HER SOCK.

BIBS:

I've got a hole.

BIBS STRIKES A MATCH. IT DOES NOT LIGHT. SHE TRIES
ANOTHER AND IT ALSO DOESN'T LIGHT.

JONO:

Norman is coming here.

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BIBS:

You have said that before.

JONO:

He's going to take me to the circus now.

BIBS:

Don't wake me up when you come in.

JONO:

I won't be coming back. I'm going to be a clown.

BIBS:

That will be nice. A painted face and baggy trousers. You'll look like a casually dressed Easter Egg.

JONO:

I'm going to be a clown.

BIBS:

That will be a change.

JONO:

I'm going to be a clown.

BIBS:

You said.

JONO:

I'm going to be a clown always.

BIBS:

Always is a long time. It's longer than history.

JONO:

I'm going to be a clown always.

BIBS:

Is that the same always you used when you were going to be a zoo keeper? Is that the always that crops up when you say you'll be good? I can't hear you. I remember an always when you were always the Lone Ranger.

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BIBS (CONT.):

Why can't you get a good job with prospects? Perhaps an education and then move into estate agency. You could start with bed sits and small detached residencies with character; start your own business and employ lots of people. You'll meet other estate agents who'll....

JONO:

Charge a fifty pound cleaning fee because you forgot to empty an ashtray.

BIBS:

You have a vocation.

JONO:

Bibs?

BIBS:

Yes?

JONO:

I always wanted to be an estate agent.

BIBS:

Good.

JONO:

With a red nose and a big smile.

BIBS:

Bastard is a word too small for you Jono.

JONO:

Norman will help. All I need is my nose. I haven't seen it all day.
Bibs have you seen my nose?

JONO FONDLES HIS NOSE

JONO:

It could be a fin

JONO PLACES BOTH HANDS TOGETHER, TO HIS NOSE AND
TILTS HIS HEAD BACK

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JONO (CONT.):

It could be a trunk

HE PUTS TWO FISTS TOGETHER TO FORM AN ELEPHANT TRUNK

It could be a tin opener

HE HOLDS AN IMAGINARY TIN AND NODS VIGOROUSLY, AS IF OPENING IT WITH HIS NOSE

I could turn it upside down.

JONO DOES A HANDSTAND

And you have a very small golf course.

BIBS:

A golf course has eighteen holes.

JONO:

We'll get some more noses AND SOME VERY SMALL BALLS.

BIBS:

You'll need planning permission.

JONO GETS TO HIS FEET

JONO:

This could make money. All over the country men will dress in tartan, tell jokes with no merit and...

BIBS:

Jono...

JONO:

Meander between large noses...

BIBS:

Jono...

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JONO:

Of course we couldn't call them greens..

BIBS:

I need a light.

JONO:

You've run out of ideas. You're always running out of ideas. What if we ran out of noses? What would life be like without noses? Where would you put your glasses? You'd have a gap in the middle of your face. You'd have to stick on your nose to spite your face...

BIBS:

I need to smoke.

JONO:

You need to burst into flames.

BIBS:

Don't get excited - you'll be ill.

JONO:

Do you remember the time you ran out of cigarettes and had to smoke those sandalwood incense sticks?

BIBS:

Made me cough

JONO:

Made me mellow.

BIG PAUSE

I need that nose Bibs. All I need is the nose and everything will be alright. I'll be able to do everything I ever wanted.

BIBS:

What you need is planning and application. Clowns don't have pension schemes. Clowns don't get mortgages. Clowning is Gods way of telling you that you'll make nothing of your life.

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JONO:

What have you made in your life Bibs?

BIBS:

I've made a living. I've made sacrifices for you. I've made the best of what I have.

JONO:

Have you made someone laugh? Have you made someone's day?
Get a giggle - get a laugh. Let's have a game.

BIBS:

What are the rules?

JONO:

We'll make them up later.

BIBS:

Who starts? Where's the finish?

JONO PACES TWELVE STEPS

JONO:

Come here. Turn around. When I say go you walk six paces and turn.

BIBS:

Then what happens?

JONO:

I don't know. trust me.

BIBS:

You can't have a game that doesn't exist.

JONO:

We're going to make it exist. GO.

BIBS:

What's it called?

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JONO:

The Bibs game. It wont hurt. GO.

JONO AND BIBS WALK SIX PACES AWAY AND TURN. BIBS IS STILL. JONO PULLS AN OUTRAGEOUS POSE.

JONO:

Best of three?

BIBS LAUGHS

BIBS:

I don't know what to do. I'll have a cigarette.

JONO:

You don't have a light yet. If you win and I find my nose I'll give you all the lights you need.

BIBS:

Please Jono. I don't know how to play. If we set some standards and found a referee perhaps...

JONO:

That's not the point Bibs. All you have to do is dare. GO.

JONO AND BIBS PACE OFF AND CROSS AS THEY WALK THEIR SIX PACES. BIBS IS STILL. JONO FALLS INTO A SITTING POSITION.

JONO:

It's a book, no it's a film.

BIBS HOLDS UP A HAND IN DISGUST.

Five words. You're still, you're silent - you're a rock. Black trousers, black rock, let me th...another clue please...anything [

BIBS FLICKS HIM A 'V' SIGN.

Fed up, pissed off, bad day - Bad Day at Black Trousers - ROCK. Thank you the champion, introducing Jono; saint, author, clown and all round Mr Good Guy. *Spencer Tracy* "YOU LISTENING KID?" Right best of five.

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JONO AND BIBS TAKE A POSITION, CENTRE STAGE, BACK TO BACK

BIBS:

I think I have an idea of what this is Jono.

JONO:

Yes?

BIBS:

It's idleness writ large. I have a plan. I'll take a couple of days and visit the library and research into the game and how it is played in the twentieth century. No I'll start with the mediaeval period and work forward. We still are a people who...

JONO:

Play games for fun. Go.

NORMAN APPEARS FROM THE AUDIENCE, AT THE EDGE OF THE STAGE.

NORMAN:

STOP IT. Stop it now. You're not getting anywhere. I'm here and I'm going to come in.

JONO:

NORMAN! Come in.

BIBS:

Take your shoes off and wipe your feet.

NORMAN JUMPS ONTO THE STAGE AND TAKES OFF HIS SHOES AND WIPES HIS FEET. HE LOOKS AT HIS SOCKED FEET AS HE DOES THIS REALISING HE'S A STEP AHEAD OF HIMSELF.

BIBS:

Smoke?

NORMAN:

Only when I have a cigarette.

JONO:

I'm ready Norman. Can we go? I don't have a nose Norman.

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BIBS:

That's something you'll have to face.

JONO:

That was funny Bibs.

BIBS:

Was it?

NORMAN:

I think...

JONO:

We should all play a game. Where'd you leave your marbles Bibs?

NORMAN:

I think we...

BIBS:

We should sit down and work through Jono's problems.

NORMAN:

I've got some marbles somewhere...

JONO:

All I want is my nose and we can go and play, and then get to the circus.

BIBS:

What I want to say is you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs...

JONO:

Yes you can, you poke a hole in each end and blow the egg into a bowl...

NORMAN:

I don't know what to do.

JONO:

Of course you can't fry them.

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BIBS:

Of course you know what to do.

JONO:

Yeah scramble them...I've got some balls over here.

NORMAN:

Can I juggle Jono?

JONO:

Yes.

BIBS:

No.

JONO:

Marbles or juggling? My favourite egg is the poached egg.

BIBS:

You've over done it with the eggs.

JONO:

Boiled eggs instead of marbles - wild game.

JONO STARTS SEARCHING FOR THE CORRECT BALLS. AS HE DOES THIS HE TRIES ON VARIOUS HATS AND MAKES AN IMPRESSION FOR EACH. EVENTUALLY HE'S RECRUITED THREE BALLS; RED, WHITE, AND GREEN. HE JUGGLES AND DROPS THEM SEVERAL TIMES.

BIBS:

When are we leaving for the circus?

NORMAN:

I'm only taking Jono.

BIBS:

I have to go where Jono goes, we're a team.

NORMAN:

You won't like it.

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JONO: [HOLDING A BALL ON HIS NOSE AND SINGING]
“Love is a nose but you better not pick it.”

NORMAN:
I’m not sure I want to go. Jono has lost the nose and I’m not sure if the circus is really what I want.

JONO WALKS UPSTAGE ALTERNATIVELY TURNING HIS HEAD RIGHT AND WALKING IN THAT DIRECTION AND THEN LEFT AND WALKING LEFT.

BIBS:
We’ll go to the library then. I’ll help you find something to do, something with prospects, something with a clear career progression, something to make your mother happy.

NORMAN:
I suppose I could go back to being a draughtsman. What are you doing Jono?

JONO:
I’m following my nose.

BIBS:
Draughtsman of course Norman, that’s the way to get ahead. People will always need a draughtsman.

JONO PUTS THE BALLS DOWN NEXT TO NORMAN. HE PLAYS WITH THE HATS. TRYING ON VARIOUS HATS HIS EXPRESSION CHANGES FOR EACH ONE.

JONO:
Norman?

NORMAN:
Yes?

JONO:
How do you draw draughts?

NORMAN:
The same way you draw a blank.

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JONO:

Piece of piss then? Try these Norman.

JONO HANDS NORMAN THE BALLS.

NORMAN:

I can't juggle.

JONO & BIBS:

You can.

JONO IS SURPRISED BY BIBS AND BIBS IS SURPRISED BY JONO. NORMAN TRIES TO JUGGLE BUT FAILS SEVERAL TIMES.

NORMAN:

I'll try again tomorrow.

JONO:

OK.

BIBS:

Tomorrow never comes.

JONO:

It did yesterday.

BIBS:

That makes sense to you Jono?

JONO:

Not really. It was only a thought. I'll finish it tomorrow.

NORMAN:

I'm tired. I'm going to bed.

JONO:

What about the circus Norman?

NORMAN:

Another time Jono.

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BIBS:

You don't need the nose do you?

NORMAN:

Good night.

NORMAN PUTS HIS SHOES BACK ON. BIBS PUTS AN ARM AROUND JONO AND WALKS HIM TO EXTREME STAGE RIGHT. THEY WHISPER. JONO GROWS MORE AND MORE AGITATED UNTIL FINALLY HE BREAKS AWAY AND STORMS TO EXTREME STAGE LEFT.

JONO:

I'm not doing it.

BIBS:

It's for our own good.

NORMAN MOVES AS IF TO LEAVE THE STAGE.

BIBS:

You've given up before Norman and you'll do it again.

NORMAN:

Thanks for your help Jono. Bibs, what should I do?

BIBS:

Get a haircut. Tidy hair - tidy mind. join some employment agencies and better yourself, exams, steady job, settle down with a nice girl.

JONO:

Norman, would you like to be a woman?

NORMAN:

I think I'd just like to make guest appearances.

BIBS:

You need to walk like a man.

NORMAN:

What?

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BIBS:

It's very easy Norman. Shoulders back, tummy in, go on, walk with purpose, be neat.

NORMAN FEELS COMPELLED TO OBEY BIBS. HE TRIES WALKING AS DIRECTED BUT KEEPS BREAKING DOWN INTO A LOSER CASUAL WALK. BIBS NOW CROSSES THE STAGE AND PUTS HER HANDS OVER JONO'S EYES.

NORMAN WALKS 'CORRECTLY'. JONO BREAKS AWAY AND FOLLOWS NORMAN ACROSS THE STAGE IN A VERY CASUAL WALK. THEY GET TO BIBS AND TURN. BIBS JOINS ON THE BACK. THE PACE INCREASES AND THEY CROSS THE STAGE FOUR TIMES. AS THEY REACH CENTRE STAGE...

BIBS:

Very good. A salute would be nice.

ALL THREE SALUTE IN UNISON.

JONO:

Simon says walk like a Boogie Woogie man.

ALL THREE WALK LIKE A BOOGIE WOOGIE MAN.

BIBS:

And turn. BY THE LEFT SLOW MARCH!

THEY DO A FUNERAL PACE WALK.

JONO:

John Wayne.

THE THREE WALK LIKE JOHN WAYNE.

JONO:

Tiller girls.

THEY HIGH KICK, LIKE A CHORUS LINE AND WALK ACROSS THE STAGE.

BIBS:

QUICK MARCH.

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JONO:

John Wayne.

NORMAN:

Boogie Woogie

THE LAST THREE WALKS ARE DONE IN QUICK
SUCCESSION. THEY PAUSE. PANT IN AN EXAGGERATED
MANNER.

JONO:

ARNIE!

THEY WALK LIKE TERMINATORS. AND CHANGE WALKS
WITH THE FOLLOWING CALLS

BIBS: THE QUEEN!

A STATELY WALK.

NORMAN:

Ibiza Chill out session!

BIBS:

The brigade of Guards.

NORMAN:

Moby!

BIBS:

Hitler!

NORMAN:

Ducks!

JONO:

Tiller girls!

THE LAST SIX WALKS MERGE INTO ONE ANOTHER. THE
THREE BREAK UP LAUGHING.

NORMAN:

I can hear something.

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BIBS:

It could be anything.

JONO:

It could be something.

NORMAN:

It's getting closer. It's just outside. I hope it...could it...

MUSIC FADES IN. 'NO SURRENDER' BY BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN. DURING THE SONG NORMAN IS VERY STILL. BIBS AGAIN TRIES LIGHTING A CIGARETTE WITHOUT SUCCESS. JONO GOES INTO A PHYSICAL IMPROV' MIME OF HIS DAY IN THE KITCHEN.

SONG

*Well we busted out of class
had to get away from those fools
We learned more from a three minute record baby than we ever
learned in school*

*Tonight I hear the neighbourhood drummer sound
I can feel my heart begin to pound
you say you're tired and you just want to close your eyes
and follow your dreams down.*

*Well we made a promise
We swore we'd always remember
No retreat baby, No surrender
Like Soldiers in the winter's night
with a vow to defend
No retreat baby, No surrender*

*And now young faces grow sad and old
and hearts of fire grow cold
We swore blood brothers against the wind
now I'm ready to grow young again and
hear your sister's voice calling us home
across the open yards
Or maybe we'll cut some place of our own with these drums and these
guitars*

*Cos we made a promise
We swore we'd always remember*

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*No retreat baby, No surrender
Blood brothers in a stormy night with a vow to defend
No retreat baby, No surrender*

*No w on the streets and at last th lights grow dim
the walls of my room are closing in
There's a war outside still raging
you say it ain't ours anymore to win
I want to sleep beneath peaceful skies in my lover's bed
with a wide open country in my eyes and these romantic dreams in my
head.*

*Cos we made a promise
We swore we'd always remember
No retreat baby, No surrender
Blood brothers in the stormy night]With a vow to defend
No Retreat baby, No Surrender
No Retreat baby, No Surrender
No Retreat baby, No Surrender*

MUSIC FADES OUT.

NORMAN:

What do you thing Jono?

JONO:

Now, Now, Now. I think...Now. Bibs, what's now?

BIBS:

You're a now Jono. I'm a before. Norman's a later. I'm a history book, you're a pen. Norman's a reader. It's a game to you, it's a model to Norman. It's fear to me. I'm afraid of you and I'm afraid of him. I'm afraid of cigarettes and Yorkshire Terriers, slammed doors, and past promises, crying children, and empty houses. I'm afraid of it all. I want to sleep in a shared bed and dream of rooms full of Summer sunshine.

NORMAN TAKES BIBS HAND AND KISSES IT. JONO TAKES BIB'S OTHER HAND AND KISSES IT. STILL HOLDING THE BOYS HANDS BIBS KISSES ONE THEN THE OTHER. NORMAN AND JONO'S OTHER HANDS MEET AND EXPLORE EACH. THEY HOLD HANDS THEN SQUEEZE. JONO RAISES NORMAN'S HAND SLOWLY TO HIS LIPS AND KISSES...

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JONO: [TURNING TO AUDIENCE]
Curry?

THE THREE BREAK UP AND SCATTER ABOUT THE STAGE.
ALL FACE AWAY FROM THE AUDIENCE. NORMAN IS THE
FIRST TO TURN

NORMAN:
I think I know what to do.

Jono and Bibs turn.

JONO:
So do I.

BIBS:
I always knew.

JONO DOES A PLANK FALL.

JONO:
Something just hit me.

JONO STILL PRONE.

Norman JUGGLE!

NORMAN:
Bibs?

JONO GETS UP.

BIBS:
Keep your eye on the ball and don't throw the second one too
early.

WOMANS VOICE: [V.O.]
Norman couldn't entertain a geratic ward.

[THE VOICE IS A RECORDING OF THE BIBS CHARACTER]

JONO:
What the hell was that? Bloody, bloody hell!

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JONO HIDES BEHIND BIBS. BIBS PUTS HER ARM AROUND JONO AND BRINGS HIM TO HER SIDE.

NORMAN:

It's the Wicked Witch of the North.

BIBS:

That's no way to refer to your mother.

WOMANS VOICE: [V.O.]

If he doesn't keep his nose to the grindstone. I'll throw him out of the house.

JONO & NORMAN:

BLOODY HELL!

JONO AND NORMAN PUT THEIR ARMS AROUND EACH OTHER AND BIBS.

BIBS:

Stay Calm.

JONO & NORMAN:

OK.

BIBS:

Not you Jono. You can panic.

JONO:

WHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAaaaaaaa!

JONO BREAKS FREE AND DOES AN IMPRESSION OF A DYING WASP BUMPING INTO WALLS, FLYING THROUGH THE AUDIENCE. HE SLOWS DOWN, SPEEDS UP AND GENERALLY MILKS THE MOMENT BEFORE FINALLY 'DYING' AT THE FEET OF NORMAN AND BIBS.

JONO (CONT.): [RAISING HIS HEAD]

Like that?

BIBS:

Very good.

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NORMAN:

Thanks Jono. Nice panic.

JONO:

That's OK.

NORMAN:

What do I do Jono?

JONO: [HOLDING UP TWO FINGERS]

Second. Don't Panic.

NORMAN:

And First?

JONO: [*putting down a finger*]

Run for it.

NORMAN:

What do I do Bibs?

BIBS: [GATHERING HERSELF AND TAKING A BIG BREATH]

Juggle.

BIBS RETRIEVES THE BALLS AND HANDS THEM TO
NORMAN.

NORMAN:

I can't.

BIBS:

Can't isn't in our vocabulary is it?

JONO:

Yes but fuc....

BIBS & NORMAN:

JONO!

BIBS:

Norman if you can keep these balls in the air for ten seconds it means you can set your mind to what you want. Ten seconds means the world for you Norman. Ten seconds means we can all go to the circus tomorrow.

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JONO:

Greaaaaaaaaat.

NORMAN:

I'll try.

BIBS:

How trying?

NORMAN STARTS TO JUGGLE....

JONO:

ONETWOTHREETEN!

NORMAN CONTINUES TO JUGGLE A THREE BALL CASCADE.
HIS CONFIDENCE GROWS.

BIBS:

No Retreat Norman...

THE MUSIC FADES UP GENTLY.

NORMAN:

Eight. Nine. Ten.

THE MUSIC FADES UP HIGHER.

NORMAN INCREASE THE SPEED OF THE JUGGLING. HE
LAUNCHES THE RED BALL AS HIGH AS HE CAN.

BLACKOUT

THE LIGHTS FADE UP AND THE MUSIC FADES DOWN.
NORMAN HAS HIS HEAD RIGHT BACK. THE RED BALL 'SITS'
ON HIS NOSE. HE LOWERS HIS HEAD AND THE BALL STAYS
ON HIS NOSE. NORMAN THROWS THE WHITE BALL TO
BIBS AND THE GREEN BALL TO JONO. THEY CATCH THE
BALLS AND LOOK AT THEM.. THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER.
THEY LOOK AT NORMAN. THEY HURL THE BALLS HIGH.

BLACKOUT

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THE LIGHTS COME ON AND THE MUSIC FADES OUT COMPLETELY. JONO AND BIBS EACH HAVE THEIR BALL ON THEIR NOSE, THEIR HEADS ARE TILTED BACK. THEY LOWER THEIR HEADS. THE BALLS ARE STUCK ON THEIR NOSES.

THE LIGHTS FADE DOWN. NORMAN LOOKS AT HIS NOSE. THE NOSE LIGHTS UP. BIBS LOOKS AT NORMAN AND THEN TO THE AUDIENCE AND THEN HER NOSE LIGHTS UP. JONO LOOKS AT HIS NOSE AND THEN NORMAN, THEN THE AUDIENCE. HIS NOSE LIGHTS UP. JONO DOES A DOUBLE TAKE.

MUSIC FADES UP. THIS TIME IT'S THE ACOUSTIC VERSION. JONO AND BIBS PUT THEIR ARMS AROUND NORMAN AND THE THREE WALK BACKWARDS UP STAGE. AS THEY MOVE THEY CROUCH LOWER AND LOWER. FINALLY THEY GET TO THE BACK OF THE STAGE AND LIE HEADS FACING THE AUDIENCE. THE MUSIC FADES TILL VERY QUIET. THE LIGHTS FADE DOWN TO A GLOOM.

ALL:

No retreat baby, No surrender...

NORMAN:

Good night Jono.

JONO:

Good night Norman

JONO SWITCHES HIS NOSE OFF.

NORMAN:

Good night Bibs.

BIBS:

Good night Norman

BIBS SWITCHES HER NOSE OFF.

NORMAN: [HE LOOKS AT JONO AND BIBS IN TURN]

Good night Norman.

PAUSE OF FIVE BEATS AND THEN NORMAN SWITCHES HIS NOSE OFF.

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BLACKOUT.

MUSIC FADES IN

-END-