

SCENE 1 EXT/DAY 1

SET: A BUS STOP

Rob stands at a bus stop on a cold and crisp day. People walk past occasionally on both sides of the street. Sometimes he takes interest by watching them pass and sometimes he knows only his own world. He does this for a full minute.

Rob walks up and down kicking at a leaf. He does this for twenty seconds.

Rob stifles a laugh and turns away from the audience. We see his back heave up and down with laughter. He recovers and turns to face the audience. He is dead pan.

Again he starts to laugh and again he turns and stifles his laughter. He turns back to the audience. He is straight faced. He looks up the road to his left and then to his right.

ROB: I woke up this morning and I thought I'd rid the world of evil. Well it was a choice really. I could go into work or rid the world of evil.

His eyes follow a woman who walks past him.

Beautiful.

He inhales deeply.

Honey soap and a bath bomb of lavender. So, I could rid the world of evil or go to work ...or I could just look some more.

He moves up stage right and pauses. He catches sight of another woman who is walking slowly and shaking her hair. He mimics her and follows her across stage left walking as she does and shaking his head as if he had long hair. He inhales deeply.

Coconut. South Sea Islands or a bar in Malaga?

He looks up.

Sun, sun sun. Sun and sand. Sun and sea. Just some sun. Barnet eh?

I wish I were as beautiful as...that crisp packet. I wish I were as beautiful as that bus. Which is going past and I should have put my hand out. Eh!

He follows the bus across the stage left. He stops and hums to himself until he reaches centre stage.

I could have been a contender. I could have been a bartender. O' I was a bartender. Perhaps I'll be a [SHOUTING] BUS CONDUCTOR!

Another bus has gone past. He walks after it but gives up quickly.

OK. One last time. Why am I talking to myself when I have the angel? I was five and alone and my mother was away at my Aunt Serena. Dad was at work in the fields and I was alone. I had Boris the bear. I had the Superman versus The Cruncher comic. I had biscuits. My sister was chatting to her friends and I was alone. Then I found the angel. He wasn't a real angel. No he was a friend.

Gabby came and talked to me. Gabby wore an orange coat of great fur and a tall black hat and he talked to me. No one else ever saw him. I'd wake in the night and Gabby would be in the corner smoking his pipe.

Rob pretends to smoke a pipe.

Gabby? Why not keep your invisible friends? I could wake up in the morning and go to work with Gabby. Work and burn your heart till it's a matchstick, never able to light your way. A charred tip never beating away the Sunday supplements and the dark eyed men of the brand. The logo, the T-shirt, the Swatch special edition watch with matching inhaler.

He smiles and walks into the audience humming. He walks back humming.

I'll wait for the bus and go to work. I still have Gabby. Perhaps I should share him? Perhaps I could ask him what to do about work? Perhaps I should just enjoy him?

He pauses for ten beats.

A girl walks past and he inhales deeply.

Silk Cut.

He coughs.

Sunny Barnet. Well Gabby what to do? Catch the bus. OK. Good idea.
Catch the bus and go to work. Gabby I can ask you anything? Absolutely
anything?

Well, why do woman wear crop tops and expose their bellies in
February? You don't know? I see and finally Gabby why do woman
never have enough shoes? And why...? I know I said 'finally' but there
are a lot of questions in the world and even more women, and you have
all the answers. I know I'm thirty-five and not five. And I rarely read
comics. I know I should know. Women Gabby. Gabby women...why do
I love them?

Why do I love the soul sharpening pleasure of a woman's touch on my
face?

Can I have her name for my records? Can I hold onto her feather
fingers? Can I have her love after a bottle of wine and a lift in her car?
Yes I can.

What's it to be Gabby? Rid the world of evil become a crisp packet or
talk about a woman with a golden cloak of hair nestling on my arm?
What is it to be Gabby? Gabby? Gabby?

*He pauses for five beats. He moves his head only to his right and follows
a woman waking past him and he follows her with his eyes as she exits
left. He faces front and lifts his eyebrows.*

Rob shouts

JOJOBA!

He clicks both the fingers of both hands.

- END -

[875 Words]