Truth, beauty and a picture of you

a musical

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Story/Book: Tim Freedman and Alex Broun

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SONG LIST

Act 1

1. ALL: KEEP THE LIGHT ON
2. 1990 THE BAND FIGHTS – You sound like Louis Burdett /TOM ARRIVES
3. TOM ARRIVES IN TOWN – BAND: You gotta love this city
4. BAND: You gotta love this city (REPRISE)
5. BEATRICE TELLS TOM NOT TO GIVE IN: Laugh in their faces
6. STEWIE: God drinks down at the Sando
7. ANTON PLEADS WITH CHARLIE: Buy now Pay later (Charlie No.2)
8. BEATRICE SINGS TO TOM: Beauty in me
9. TOM TO BEATRICE: Beauty in me (REPRISE)
10. STEWIE AND BAND: Tonight
11. BEATRICE IN ATTIC: Beauty in me (REPRISE)
12. ANTON SINGS: No Aphrodisiac
13. ANTON, JOINED BY TOM, ALICE AND BAND: Pretty as you
14. ANTON, TOM, BEATRICE AND BAND: Tonight (REPRISE)

Act 2

1. ANTON, STEWIE, CHARLIE AND BAND: Up against the wall
2. TOM ALONE: Fancy lover
3. BEATRICE AND TOM: Fall for you
4. ANTON SINGS TO CHARLIE: Blow up the pokies
5. TOM TO BEATRICE: Breathing you in
6. BEATRICE AND TOM: Fall for you (REPRISE)
7. CHARLIE AND ANTON SING: Charlie No.1
8. CHARLIE ON THE ROOF: Fondness makes the heart grow absent
9. ANTON AND CHARLIE: Charlie No. 3
10. CHARLIE: I will not go quietly
11. ALL: Keep the light on (REPRISE)
12. ALL: Best work

1. OPENING

STEWIE APPEARS IN A SPOTLIGHT. *HE SINGS: KEEP THE LIGHT ON*

STEWIE: *We stumble into each other's lives and we knock some things over*
Try not to make a sound

LIGHT COMES UP ON **ANTON**

ANTON: *Each time you reach out, a new shout or shine-on*

LIGHT COME UP ON **CHARLIE**

CHARLIE: *We run in and fall out, fumble around for the key*

SPOTLIGHTS COME UP ON **BEATRICE** AND **TOM**

ALL: *I'll always keep the light on for you*
You try so hard to be alive
What else can you do, but close your eyes
You can't see the beautiful way when you're burning so bright

LIGHTS CHANGE

2. 1990. PUB. THE SACK ARTISTS ARE IN CONCERT.

ANTON , **STEVE** AND **CHARLIE** ARE IN THE BAND.

ANTON: (INTO MIC) Okay this is the last one. We gotta get home and have our beauty sleep. Except Stewie. He's too fuckin' ugly. Sleep won't help.

STEWIE: (INTO HIS MIC) Not as ugly as you princess.

ANTON: Ahh friends, I give you the master of repartee, who as well as being ugly will still be drunk in the morning.

STEWIE: Fuck you too. Hey I might be ugly, I give good head but

STEWIE HEADBUTTS MICROPHONE. ANTON ROLLS HIS EYES. STEWIE GIVES HIM THE FINGER.

ANTON: Boom boom. Let's get outta here.

DURING THE **SONG** ANTON AND **STEWIE** SING LINES AT EACH OTHER - THE TENSION BUILDING.

SONG: "YOU SOUND LIKE LOUIS BURDETT"

ANTON: Had a little bit to drink
There's a little thing I want at a do out East

STEWIE: Nothing too emotional, my good miss

ANTON: I couldn't be serious in a room full of jack-knife eyes

STEWIE: Stop talking 'bout the years - you sound like Louis Burdett

BAND: And we roll on to my backshed, play some poker, scratch my head
Look at the sky and spot the planes, where would I go on holidays?
Roll with the punches, down the aisles, and down the street the weeks roll by

THE TENSION IS BEGINNING TO BUBBLE OVER.

STEWIE AND **ANTON** BEGIN BUMPING EACH OTHER – YELLING THE LINES INTO EACH OTHER'S FACE.

ANTON: I'm chewing ice and grinning,

STEWIE: I'm spewing up and spinning

ANTON: It's biliousness-ness as usual in my corner of the kitchen

STEWIE: Hey you, lose that friend before we go anywhere

ANTON: What? Someone might see you alone?

STEWIE: Stop bagging out the band, you sound like Louis Burdett

BAND: All my friends are fuck-ups but they're fun to have around
Banana chairs out on the concrete
Telling stories to the stars
How Gemini's love Wooden Dragons - Yeah
And how down the street the weeks roll by

ANTON GRABS HIS MIC AND COMES FORWARD

ANTON: The moment the night wears off, the bombsite reappears

STEVIE COMES FORWARD. THEY SING AT EACH OTHER.

STEWIE: They're all asleep but the morning tastes like wine

ANTON: It tastes like wine in Tempe

STEWIE: I feel so good I just might wake him up

*ANTON: (PATTING **STEWIE** ON THE HEAD) Pat him on the bald head*

STEWIE KNOCKS AWAY **ANTON'S** HAND.

ANTON: - tell me about a dream Stewie,

STEWIE: Something obscene Anton

ANTON: Your life's an open magazine Stewie

***ANTON** IS SINGING IN **STEWIE'S** FACE. **STEWIE** PUSHES HIM AWAY.*

ANTON: I'm stoned in a bookshop, sober in a nightclub
Sex is everywhere but nowhere 'round (TO STEWIE) YOU!
By the time she gets to Marrickville we'll be masturbating

THE LAST LINE PUSHES **STEWIE** OVER THE EDGE. HE TAKES A SWING AT **ANTON** IT MISSES.

THEY DESCEND INTO AN UGLY BRAWL – MORE WRESTLING THAN BOXING WITH NONE OF THE WILD SWINGS CONNECTING. **CHARLIE** HAS TO TAKE OVER THE SINGING.

CHARLIE: Oi!

ANTON AND **STEVIE** GO BACK ON STAGE.

CHARLIE: *It never rains in Tempe but the planes remind me of family money and the lack down here*
Stop talking frustrated, 'cause I sound like Louis Burdett

***TOM** APPEARS IN A SPOTLIGHT*

TOM: And we roll on to my backshed, play some poker, scratch my head

Look at the sky and spot the planes, where would I go on holidays?
Roll with the punches, down the aisles, and down the street the weeks roll by

BAND: *All my friends are fuck-ups but they're fun to have around*
Banana chairs out on the concrete
Telling stories to the stars
How Gemini's love Wooden Dragons
Yeah And how down the street the weeks roll by
They roll by

ANTON AND **STEWIE** WRESTLE AGAIN. THEY DISAPPEAR OFF STAGE.

CHARLIE: Yeah, we're The Sack artists. And will be here next Saturday night. I think.

BLACKOUT.

2. STREET OUTSIDE ANTON'S HOUSE.

TOM ENTERS CARRYING LARGE BAG. HE DROPS THE BAG. HE LOOKS AROUND. A BIG SMILE ON HIS FACE.

THE BAND SINGS.

BAND: *You gotta love this city*
Love this city
You gotta love this city

You gotta love this city
Love this city
You gotta to love this city

TOM ARRIVES AT A DOOR.

HE BANGS LOUDLY ON THE DOOR. PAUSE.

TOM OPENS HIS BAG AND TAKES OUT A LETTER. HE CHECKS THE LETTER THEN THE NUMBER ON THE HOUSE. HE BANGS AGAIN. PAUSE.

TOM IS ABOUT TO GIVE UP. HE TURNS TO LEAVE.
THE DOOR SLOWLY CREAKS OPEN. WE HEAR A VOICE.

VOICE: No.

TOM: Sorry?
VOICE: No.

TOM: No what ?

VOICE: Whatever you're selling. No.

TOM: I'm not selling anything.

VOICE: Then what do you want?

TOM: I'm Tom.

VOICE: Sweet Jesus, what time is it? Seven?

TOM: 10.30.

ANTON: Close enough.

TOM: I'm Stewie Anderton's kid.

THE DOOR OPENS FOR THE FIRST TIME. **ANTON** EMERGES SHADING HIS EYES.

TOM: (HOLDING UP LETTER) I've got a letter.

ANTON: And?

TOM: It's from my Mum.

ANTON: And?

TOM: I don't know. Telling you who I am.

ANTON: I already know that. Tom.

TOM: She thought I could stay at your place and you could, you know …

ANTON: No I don't.

TOM: Show me around.

ANTON: Why?