

Everlasting (Act One Scene One)  
S A M P L E

By

Stephen Radford

Copyright (c) 2016, Stephen  
Radford. All Rights Reserved

DRAFT ONE: 05/06/2016

DRAFT TWO: 05/07/2016

EMAIL:

[stephen@stephenradford.com](mailto:stephen@stephenradford.com)

## Cast of Characters

TONY - portrayed by Dave Vescio:

A struggling painter, profound thinker who leads a steady job by day. He has an obsession with recently deceased friend, Kandice. He has a cosmetic fixation with actress Juliette Binoche. First and foremost, he is a drunk who frequents hookers and drives a beat up Rav4

REBEKAH - portrayed by Clodagh Downing:

A new age single girl who likes to fix broken people, whether through attraction or just pain feeling sorry. Spiritual with her love of tarot and pot scoring, smoking. Vocally explosive when others are quiet, but staying quiet when others get heated.

KANDIS:

Smart, beautiful, broken and no longer living, having killed herself to make a point to her parents about the importance of having complex emotional needs. Heroin was her fix, and writing was her release. She now haunts Tony in the afterlife.

RILEY:

The writer. the traveller from England who just wants to find a project to ease his mind while trying to find ways to make money and stay in Oz. People will offer him drinks, and then either retract or be denied without a chance to answer either way.

(MORE)

Cast of Characters (cont'd)

- MARTIN: A lean-to bhuddist enthusiast who experiments with psychdellics and incubates mushrooms from his room. He is Cate's ex but they remain friends. He loves his tarot deck, walks barefoot, hugs trees and is generally mellow, like a laughing tea-towel.
- MR TAYLOR: A mild mannered elderly man who has MARTIN squatting in his shed without permission. Devoted husband and naieve.
- FICTIONAL DEAN: A fictional imagining of the character for the film within the play. Doctor
- FICTIONAL ANITA: A fictional imagining of the character for the film within the play. Junkie
- FICTIONAL LAURA: A fictional imagining of the character for the film within the play. Daughter of Lance
- FICTIONAL RYAN: A fictional imagining of the character for the film within the play. Backpacker
- FICTIONAL LANCE: A fictional imagining of the character for the film within the play. Bartender

ACT I

1

Scene ONE

1

*From the house floor, we have steps leading up to stage center, which is Tony's Living room. A house in the suburbs. It is in darkness - with a staircase heading stage right into the wings, and in front of that is a kitchen counter with the rest of the kitchen left unseen out of the right wing.*

*Behind the Stair rail, we see the fogged glass bi-fold doors that leads to a painters room. Various portraits - of the same girl - reflect through in shades of black.*

*Stage centre is a square table, two chairs with a wall behind creating the divide from the raised room at the back of the stage that is connected to a landing corridor that can be seen back stage left. Stage right, next to the kitchen counter are two comfy chairs and a chess board table.*

*We hear the hum of an approaching car engine. We see a light illuminating the house floor left and dimming once more.*

*Enter from house floor left, REBEKAH and RILEY.*

REBEKAH

His car is here.

*The living room lights raise up as they arrive at centre steps leading to centre stage.*

RILEY

Do you want me to ring the bell?

REBEKAH

It doesn't work. Just knock.

RILEY

Is he going to be okay with me seeing him?

REBEKAH

Oh he's fine. I'll just try the other side of the house.

*The lights on the house floor illuminate like garden torches. Bushes and plant pots adorn the stage front. We note here that there are piles of broken canvases, all dark with an image of an unknown figure all smudged with black. REBEKAH notices them heads back around to the front.*

(CONTINUED)

REBEKAH

Did you knock again?

RILEY

No, just waiting for you.

*REBEKAH tries the door and is surprised that it opens.*

REBEKAH

Bugger didn't lock it.

RILEY

You think we should go in?

REBEKAH

Are you kidding...?

*REBEKAH steps up and opens the imaginary door to the living room switching the light switch on as she goes.*

*RILEY steps up. REBEKAH heads across to the stairway stage right. She calls up.*

REBEKAH (cont'd)

Tony? Put your pants on. It's me Becks.

*REBEKAH returns to the centre table. Riley is drawn to the corner painting room which he can see portraits through fogged glass doors.*

*A dark figure descends quietly, cautiously down the stairs. This is TONY, looking hungover.*

TONY

Is it New Year already?

*RILEY backs into the living room as Tony turns from the staircase and against the kitchen counter, front stage.*

REBEKAH

Bloody hell Tony, you look like shit.

TONY

If this another one of your interventions, you're forty two years too late.

*RILEY is still fixated on the painting through the glass door.*

REBEKAH

Why didn't you answer your phone?

TONY

I don't have it.

REBEKAH

What do you mean, you don't have it?

TONY

I lent it to Martin about three week ago... and that was the last time I saw him or my phone.

REBEKAH

What? Why would you... I gave him money for rent because his family cut him off again...

TONY

Why did you do that? He'll never stand up on his own two feet if you keep carrying him.

(Gestures champagne bottle)

You want a drink?

REBEKAH

(Subject Change)

I noticed that you've started painting again.

TONY

(Enthusiastic)

I know, hey! Pretty good right?

REBEKAH

I noticed that you're painting her again.

TONY

(Gestures the painting room)

I know...I know... whatever gets me through those doors, right? You know how it goes? It's just... It's Christmas. What do you want from me Bezwick?

REBEKAH

I saw the canvasses on the ground outside.

TONY

One thing at a time. You need to get in touch with Martin. I know he's taken most of his stuff. Took my upright push trolley with him too the bugger.

REBEKAH

He did what? Did he take his clothes too?

*Several beats of silence.*

TONY

(RE: newspaper on table)

Judging by the circles in the classified section, I think he was looking for another place to stay.

*REBEKAH sits down and takes a look at the newspaper for clues.*

(CONTINUED)

REBEKAH

Idiot. He won't even have enough to cover bond or bills let alone the rent that others will charge.

*...RILEY is about to open the doors to the painting studio. His hand snaps back.*

TONY

(To Riley)

Hi, so which tortured housemate are you?

*TONY sits down on a comfy chair, puts the champagne bottle onto the chessboard table.*

RILEY

I'm Riley. Riley Stevenson.

*RILEY reaches out to shake TONY's hand but TONY just sits pouring champagne into his glass.*

TONY

Good to meet you Riley Stevenson. Excuse the mess. Excuse me while you're at it. I notice you have an accent?

RILEY

Yeah, I'm from England.

TONY

Do you want a drink or not? It's no fun drinking bubbly on your own. Even worse when it's not with a woman. We have Maryln Monroe to thank for that I guess.

REBEKAH

(Disapproving)

Tony?

TONY

Give it a rest Bezwick. It's Christmas and we're all out of fuckin' tinsel. Besides, it's been a long week.

*REBEKAH shuts up and sits on the other comfy chair. RILEY leans against the table, looking across at the painters room.*

RILEY

I love that you paint.

REBEKAH

(Gesturing the painting room)

I take it you see Kandis still in these?

TONY

No... no... I just lose my colour. Can't understand it. I keep trying to get back into it...

(CONTINUED)

RILEY

I think they're great. So much going on. She was in a lot of pain.

*REBEKAH gives RILEY a confused look. Surely he can see that these canvasses are just a jet wash of black tones that mean nothing. TONY is equally in awe of RILEY's throwaway observation.*

TONY

Wow. And I thought they were nothing but empty vessels of listless abstract.

RILEY

Not at all. I can see the figure. She not in the best of places.

REBEKAH

She was in a lot of pain. Kandis was a friend.

RILEY

(Points to the paintings)  
Are these paintings of a real person?

TONY

Is there any way we can just smoke a joint and talk about the weather some more?

REBEKAH

(Whispering to Riley)  
She died... six months ago. It's a bit of a heady subject matter.  
(To Tony)  
Do you still have her stories?

TONY

Yeah... yeah. It's all good. ready to go.

REBEKAH

(Surprised)  
You've polished them already?

TONY

I said, ready to go didn't I? The suitability of my vocation is unequivocal.

*REBEKAH knows TONY only uses those words she can't understand to shut her up. Not working this time.*

REBEKAH

Riley, tell Tony about your writing!

TONY

Let me guess. Poetry and angst? Tangents and rambling non sequiturs that you search for, all hidden in the mysteries of loves, lived and lost.

(CONTINUED)

RILEY

Been there, done that. Not anymore. My game is fiction: screenplays, novels... that kind of stuff. I'm not published... trying to hone it... learn the craft... but...

TONY

But.. your modesty says that one day you'd like to be sitting in a bookshop signing copies of something noteworthy, readable.... profitable.

RILEY

Something like that.

REBEKAH

Would it be okay if I read Kandis' stories? I've always wanted to read the,. It's been ages...

TONY

(Ignoring Rebekah / To Riley)

What are you working on now?

RILEY

I have a few ideas up my sleeve. Hoping Australia will be a spark to the imagination.

TONY

(Leading on nicely)

Hey, that's nice. I've had a few ideas lately for a movie. Something beautifully Australian.

RILEY

Really? Pitch it.

TONY

Pitch it?

RILEY

Yeah. What's your idea?

TONY

(Maybe too comfortable)

You know what? It is getting late. We have plenty of opportunities to talk film another time... Don't let me hold you up.

REBEKAH

That's Tony's subtle way of letting us know we've overstayed our welcome.

*REBEKAH takes the newspaper's classified section.*

REBEKAH (cont'd)

You won't be needing this will you?

(CONTINUED)

TONY

Be my guest. Once you've found him, just hit him over the head with it.

*REBEKAH and RILEY moves to the hallway.*

TONY (cont'd)

(To Riley)

Knowing Martin he'll probably smoke it.

RILEY

(Laughing)

It was nice to meet you Tony.

TONY

Likewise.

*RILEY and REBEKAH exit.*

*TONY sits back down on the chair and starts to rub his hair violently. The lights dim on his chair only.*

*TONY struggles as if listening to his inner monologue... in silence.*

*The upstairs bedroom which is set behind a screen remains unseen. It is joined to a corridor leading rear stage left and is connect by the bedroom door: Although we can't see inside the room, we are aware as the bedroom door opens and the white glow spreads across the top landing.*

*The living room lights FADE OUT*

*HOUSE FRONT and STAGE LEFT: the garden, we watch as RILEY and REBEKAH head over to the dumped canvasses splayed about the garden.*

*She gestures RILEY to pick them up one by one and taken them off HOUSE LEFT.*

*REBEKAH is using the newspaper and dialing numbers.*

REBEKAH

(On Phone)

Hi, I'm responding to the room for rent. Is the room still available?

*RILEY is occasionally nudged by REBEKAH for loitering... starrng at the paintings too long instead of helping to clear them all, taking them to the car.*

*REBEKAH hangs up and dials another number from the newspaper*

(CONTINUED)

REBEKAH (cont'd)

(On Phone)

Hi, I just read about a room... Oh no worries.

(hangs up)

Go spew. Okay, he's circled: shed space for storage...

*RILEY stares down at another canvas. Transfixed.*

REBEKAH (cont'd)

Hi I hear you have a shed available for storage?  
...house adjacent... Exactly. Did somebody take it?  
You mean it's going back up as available? Oh right...  
Was his name Martin by any chance? Yeah, i know him.  
He does what with the trees? He loves walking on  
grass...! Oh sorry I misheard... I guess smoking  
would have made more sense...

(Gestures Riley to get in the car)

No, he's a good soul, I'm sure he didn't misread the  
add. Storage and room for rent ARE two different  
things... Look I can come by with the rent... I mean  
holders fee now if he hasn't... okay... you're lucky  
I called. No he didn't tell me where he'd moved  
to. I'll come pick him up. First thing in the  
morning.

*RILEY and REBEKAH exit house left, canvasses in hand.**The living room lights FADE BACK UP**We see TONY sitting at his chess board table, in the process of preparing coke. He rants and raves to himself.*

TONY

No... I never promised anything. You can just fucking  
leave it. Kandis. Fucking leave it alone. They're not  
mine to deal with. People or bloody stories....  
they're your friends, your stories... not my problem.  
Alright. Rebekah is there for me. I know... I know...  
I know.... I KNOW! Just fucking leave me alone. Just  
leave it will you.....? I'll get to it... in my own  
time....

*TONY snorts a line.*

TONY (cont'd)

In my own time. I think that's fair, don't you?

BLACKOUT: