

PATIENCE: THE AUDIO DRAMA (transcript)
by J A Smith.

JAKE. Hi, I'm Jake Smith. What you're about to hear is the first two scenes of the new play "PATIENCE: The Name of Revenge" adapted for Audio drama. This audio is brought to you for free by myself and a group of immensely talented performers who have given their time and skills for to make this happen, recording from their homes with their what equipment they have available during this troubling time. If you are able, please click the link below to donate to our JustGiving page. Every penny we make will be donated to "Acting for Others" who provide financial and emotional support to all theatre workers during times of hardship.

I hope you enjoy the following extract of "PATIENCE: THE NAME OF REVENGE."

Prologue.

Viola. *(On phone)* Hello Mr Green? Yeah I'm here now. Are you inside? The door was open. No that's fine I don't mind waiting. Righto, see you shortly. Cheers...

(Phone beep. Door creaks, Bobbie enters.)

Bobbie. *(Hums to self.)*

Viola. Oh hello.

Bobbie. Fuck a duck! Christ, sorry, I didn't see you. Made me jump! Sorry let me stick this down. I'll be right with you.

Viola. Sorry love, I didn't realise there was anyone here working. I'm not in your way am I?

Bobbie. Not at all.

Viola. Are you the tennant? From the flat above?

Bobbie. Something like that.

Viola. Sorry if I am in your way, I'm waiting for Mr. Green-

Bobbie. Oh! You the journalist?

Viola. Thats the one! And It's Viola please. Viola Hyde, I'm here from the Mail.

Bobbie. Viola. Great to meet you.

Viola. Likewise, Miss...?

Bobbie. Bobbie. Bobbie Mills.

Viola. Lovely.

Bobbie. I think it's amazing you want to write about the club. Didn't think anyone even knew about this place any more. We've been sitting gathering dust for so long...

Viola. Local history ain't it? Hopefully with a bit of exposure we can get some interest, maybe help you find a buyer.

Bobbie. It would be nice to see some people here again.

Viola. There's not enough places left like this.

Bobbie. What do you mean.

Viola. Y'know? Proper culture hubs.

Bobbie. Oh aye, It was quite something back in the day.

Viola. Oh aye, I've heard.

Bobbie. You know I had my 18th here back in '83.

Viola. You were 18 in 1983? You're looking good for it!

Bobbie. I can still feel it. The heat of the lights, The beat of the fucking music, That smell.

Viola. The smell?

Bobbie. You'd walk through that door and you could smell the... fun. The dancing, the sweat, the drinks, the vomit puddle someone had left in the bogs. It sound's disgusting but it was like a second home.

Viola. Oh my God, that's exactly what I want to hear! That's something the city really misses these days. You know what I mean? There's enough hippie hipster gin bars here to fill a city of their own. There's something missing, a hole where places like this used to live. There's only a few proper indie clubs left now; It's a real shame.

Bobbie. It is.

Viola. I've heard so many stories about what it used to be, what it meant to people.

Bobbie. Oh aye, there's plenty of stories in these walls. Plenty of ghosts.

Viola. I'm sorry...ghosts?

Bobbie. "Double Trouble." ain't just a name. But I'm sure you know all that, you'll have done your homework.

Viola. I've read a bit you could say. Young couple, found dead, yeah? Was it 1985?

Bobbie. Yeah. I relive it everyday.

Viola. Oh I'm sorry. I didn't-

Bobbie. 'Course you fucking didn't. No offence taken, love. I'm guessing you weren't even born!

Viola. Not quite. '86.

Bobbie. This room is full of them. You can feel the beating of their hearts in the wall. The young love. Stupid. No amount of good press can wash away their blood.

Viola. Well I hope you're wrong.

Bobbie. I was a singer here, me and my sister.

Viola. Oh?

Bobbie. Thursday nights! "The Trouble Twins!" Not that we were actual twins mind.

Viola. Amazing! What sort of stuff did you sing?

Bobbie. We were like Blondie meets Bananarama. Bubblegum with a fucking attitude.

Viola. Oh my God, I love it!

Bobbie. The lights, the fog and the sweat glittering on people's faces. It was like we were in a storybook or a painting. We were a moment in history that should've been remembered forever.

Viola. Wow, this is good. You paint a good picture.

Bobbie. Everything's forgotten in the end though. Years pass, crowds fade and we're nothing but a crack in the ceiling and a dirty stain on the carpet, 'til we're a half forgotten memory sinking into the abyss.

Viola. Tell me more about it.

Bobbie. How long have you got?

Viola. Let me see...

(Checks phone. Phone beep)

Viola. Anyone's guess. Mr Green seems to have gone AWOL. Thankfully I'm not in any hurry.

Bobbie. You seem kind.

Viola. I try to be.

Bobbie. Kind is important. There's not enough kind people anymore. Listen, when I said there were ghosts here, I wasn't pissing about.

Viola. I don't understand.

Bobbie. That's only natural. But you need to understand that this story, it's not your average two-a-penny fluff piece.

Viola. I'm sure.

Bobbie. Truth be told I've been waiting to tell this story for a very long time. Now you're here, I don't even know where to start.

Viola. Let's start at the beginning.

Bobbie. There were two lovers. Both by love entranced,
In these four walls, surrounded by their friends.
For in this place of passion and romance
This pair of sea-cross'd lovers met their ends.
Rag'd in judgement of their diff'rent blood,
Her father did conspire to keep them split.
In twisted mission to protect his brood,
A gruesome murder did he so commit.
With this villain their false friend did conspire,
To force her hand and lead her to **his** bed!
In this house of hells and hate most dire,
Where shadows live that should be long, long dead.
I pray that you be strong where they were weak,
And, with this past, forgive the deeds long done,
So listen close, oh hear the songs I speak,
For music be the food of love, play on!

Scene One

(80's music plays.)

Bobbie. On the stage, Rosa, my sister, sang. Her voice filled the room like the pied piper, commanding people to dance like hypnotised rats. Over at the bar, the men went all goo-goo eyed over her. They didn't know whether to be caught in her eyes or stare at her tits. She was fucking perfect my sister.

Edmund. Look at her dear friend, 'tis craziness!
Can you believe I spend my nights with that?!

Julian. What?-

Edmund. -Dazed again dear Julian? Hello?!
Ev'ry man does look upon that stage,
Eyeing Rosa's chest with fiery lust,
Yet your eyes freeze for all except her sister!

Julian. Oh Edmund, Shush! I'm focussed on my work-

Edmund. Julian as you rub that pint glass clean,
Your eyes do linger over Bobbie's form,
As if you picture rubbing her instead!

Julian. She's beautiful, unparalleled in shape.

Edmund. Your mouth spouts poems written by your cock!
Use your eyes, and surely you must see,
'Tis Rosa who has claimed the beauty genes.
I know which one I'd rather take to bed!

Julian. There's more to life than where to park your prick!

Rosa. *(On mic)* Thank you! Now let's get pissed!

Julian. 'Tis you, my yankie friend, who is transfixed, .
Why not confess your love for her tonight?

Edmund. 'Tis not love, fool, but passions clock which chimes!
'Tis not my heart, but 'tis my dong which dings!

Julian. You say I am the poet! Nay! 'Tis you!
Your poetry could challenge Shakespeare's verse!

Edmund. Oh fuck off Julian-

Julian. -'Tis love's sweet verse!

Edmund. Nay, not love's sweet verse, but sour lust's song!
She's beautiful, I care for her, 'tis true.

But we did swear, the both of us, no feelings!
For feelings only complicate our course.

Julian. Methinks the cowboy doth protest too much!

Edmund. Shut up!-

Julian. -You are in love-

Edmund. -I said shut up!

Julian. Oh Edmund, fairies have enspelled your heart!
They are the thieves of thought and reasons wit.
For whilst they dance upon your beating brain,
You'll think of nought but her and wooing her.
They are the architects of nought but dreams,
Sometimes they dance across a soldier's neck,
And then he dreams of shooting foreign men,
Of bombs and breaches, pirates, spanish blades!

Edmund. You talk a lot of shit, dear Julian.

Julian. And so the teapot names the kettle black.
Queen Mab, the fairy queen, has captured you.
You are a puppet, and you must decree
Your bounty far more boundless than the sea,
Your love as deep, your waters far more wet!
You look as her, as I look on my love,
Yet claim you do not love her, 'tis absurd!
You spend your time together, hand in hand,
You share her bed, you give her gifts, 'tis true?

Edmund. 'Tis true-

Julian. -Yet you deny your love! Absurd!

Edmund. You speak of love as if you are not real,
But rather are a hero in a ballad.
Some ancient prince or brave adventurer,
Who saved a princess, happ'ly ever after!
The real world is far more complex sir!
Yes we lie together, share our time.
Yes her company does bring me joy.
But 'tis agreed, we keep it casual.
For 'tis the 80's not the middle ages!
The days of gentle courtship are no more!
We live in better times of rock and sex!

Julian. Just think on it-

Edmund. -On what-

Julian. -You know what.-

Edmund. -Nay!
I'm sure I don't know what you mean.-

Julian. -Oh shush.

Edmund. If you insist, I'll ponder love's intent.
But don't be shocked when I discover nought.
My love looks not with eyes, but with the cock.
And therefore, Cupid is a horny fuck.

Julian. You'd fuck owt.-

Edmund. -Not all, but aye most things.
Anyway, get cleaning. Ring the bell,
I'd like a fuck before we hit the 90s.

(Rosa and Bobbie approach.)

Julian. I'm just about to ring the bell, last drink?

Rosa. Blue stuff, and a vodka for my sister.
Though see you don't get too drunk, Bobbie dear.
Or Julian will have to drag you home!
God forbid that's how he meets our dad!

Bobbie. I've only had one pint! Something tells me I'm not gonna be passing out
any time soon,.

Edmund. Pint of bitter, sure, I would agree.
But knowing you, it's vodka by the pint!

Bobbie. At least I can hold it Eddie. We all remember cocktail night. Where was it
you ended up. Wakefield. Sodding wakefield.

Rosa. I still don't know what happened-

Edmund. -Nor do I.
For I awoke a-sunday morn, head pain'd.
I spied a signpost, Wakefield, oh hell!
Twas then I stood and hence did I decree,
"I shall not drink again!" 'til Sat'day next...

(All laugh.)

Bobbie. I'm gonna go change. See you out there?

Julian. Yeah, I'll finish up and grab my coat.

(She kisses his cheek and leaves)

Edmund. You changing too?-

Rosa. -Why? Wanna join in?

Edmund. No I'll wait for you, then drive you home.

Rosa. Good boy. I'll be right out, go get your keys.

(Rosa exits.)

Edmund. Shut up.-

Julian. -I'm saying nothing!-

Edmund. -It's just fun!

Julian. I'm sure! Now grab your keys, good boy!-

Edmund. -Oh shut your face.

Julian. At this rate, you'll beat me and Bob to wed!

Edmund. Ugh, I'll not be wed! No chance rank sir.
Goodbye, and may your love drown you dear friend.

(Exit Edmund.)

Julian. Nor shall I if Lawrence has his way.
For Bobbie's father is a fearsome man,
Who hates me for my blood, which he deems foul.
He cannot see past foreign blood. 'Tis sick.
He hates my name! Oh be some other name.
What's in a name? That which we call a turd,
By any other name would smell as shit.
I'd still be me, were I not foreign bred.
Proud am I of who I am, not sham'd,
But drop my past would I to see us wed.
If I were Smith, there would not be this pain.
'Tis Julian Kaczmarek he does hate,
Aye, Julian Smith is far more affable
And likeable for racist bigot Dads,
Who sweat with pride at Britain's wartime win,
Yet hate the very people they did save!
He speaks of rivers run with reddest blood,
He claims such blood is thicker than our love,
Yet he'd despise his kin, without a thought,
Because my father was made overseas.
His precious British blood is but a stew
Of other bloods long colonis'd and mix'd!

He thinks me foolish, thinks me just a phase!
His daughter but a child who cannot love.
We'll prove our love and cast his hate aside,
For even one so blinded by his views,
Can surely not ignore his daughter's heart.
So Lawrence, hear my vow. I'll prove you: fool.

(Door creaks. Exit Julian.)

Bobbie. I'll just grab my bag from backstage, you waiting.

Rosa. Yeah, I'm sure the feller will not mind.
He'll wait for me, to get his end away.

Bobbie. How's your little puppy? Still pining? You oughta watch him before he starts humping your leg!

Rosa. You're one to talk, have you seen Julian's eyes?
Whene'er your near they grow three foot in width.

Bobbie. True, but we're in love. As in, we had a conversation about how we felt and actually decided that we should be together.

Rosa. If rose be red, and violet deepest blue,
My sister hasn't got a fucking clue!
I swear to God you're on some wierd new drug,
I pray you share with me that I may feel
This magic love you boast about so well!

Bobbie. What even is it with Edmund and you? I hear you up all night shagging, but then you barely share a word outside the bedroom. Do you like him or not?

Rosa. Oh I don't fucking know, what is this now?
For I did not expect this inquisition!
Edmund is a muse, a pleasing pastime.
I'll not endure these questions, let it lie.

Bobbie. Sooner or later he's going to want more.

Rosa. You know him not, we have a bond secure.
No feelings, no emotions, lots of sex.

Bobbie. We'll see.-

Rosa. -I swear you shall be disappointed-

Bobbie. -Oh?!
I think you'll be surprised by your own feelings Rosa.

Rosa. The only thing surprising about Ed,
Is that which grows but sadly cannot show.

(They laugh.)

Bobbie. Come on, your lap dog is waiting for you in the car.

END.

JAKE. Thank you for listening to this extract from “PATIENCE: The Name of Revenge.”

This performance was written and directed by Jake Smith, and starred

Keri Hopwood as Viola Hyde
Betheni Conyers as Bobbie Mills
Jeanie Barnsley as Rosa Mills
Forest Mannikko as Edmund Green
And Jake Smith as Julian Kackzmarek

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