

Gary's Place

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The Cast

Gary: 23 years old, uni student.

Suzie: 20 years old, uni student and Gary's roommate.

Francine: 21 years old.

Brandon: 23 years old; Suzie's brother.

The Setting

Gary's living room. It is cosy but neat. Everything is in its place. There is a sofa laden with cushions facing the audience, and a rug on the floor. There is a mirror on the upstage wall. The "television" is the audience, so every time the characters appear to be watching TV, they are staring into the audience.

Scene One

It is morning. We hear vomiting noises from offstage. After a while, GARY enters from USL, in a dressing gown. He hesitates every time he hears the retching, and has a slight chuckle in-between. He sits down on the couch and turns on the television. We hear a flushing noise.

GARY: You right there, love?

SUZIE enters from USR and hesitates behind the couch. She looks pale and irritable, and is in a matching dressing gown.

SUZIE: I don't know.

SUZIE watches the television briefly.

SUZIE: I must have some bug or something.

GARY: Mmmm.

Beat.

SUZIE: But I always feel better after I've had a shower.

Beat.

GARY smiles to himself, then pulls a poker face before turning to face SUZIE.

GARY: What are you up to today?

SUZIE: I've got a doctor's appointment in ten.

GARY: You and your anal-retentive need to see the doctor over every little thing.

SUZIE just shakes her head and exits.

A knock on the front door causes GARY to get up and answer it. It's FRANCINE.

GARY: Wasn't expecting to see you today.

FRANCINE: You know I like to show up unannounced. Suzie home?

GARY: Actually she's heading out in a minute, but you're welcome to stick around.

GARY and FRANCINE take a seat on the sofa in front of the TV. After a short while, SUZIE returns with her handbag. She notices FRANCINE on the sofa.

SUZIE: I didn't hear you come in. What are you doing here?

FRANCINE: You don't seem too pleased to see me.

SUZIE: I'm just heading out is all. I'm running late already.

SUZIE exits via front door.

FRANCINE: She okay?

GARY: Oh, she's just been complaining about feeling sick. Says she's got a bug or something.

FRANCINE: Has she been drinking again?

GARY: She has. But we both know she doesn't drink half as much as you do. We both know that she has more self-control.

FRANCINE: Yeah, thanks Gary. But... She's not usually this... cold.

GARY: Well, you're not exactly her favourite person at the moment.

Beat.

FRANCINE: Still, she just seems uncharacteristically... odd.

GARY: Yeah, I dunno. She's probably premenstrual or something. I think the past couple of months have been stressful - I think it's late.

FRANCINE: Stress can do that.

GARY: Oh, you women and your bodies!

FRANCINE: The female body is beautiful.

GARY: I wouldn't know about that.

FRANCINE: I know.

GARY: Anyway... I'm going to go get breakfast.

GARY exits.

BLACKOUT.

Scene Two

GARY is curled up in a doona on the sofa, staring at the TV.

GARY: Oh, Mr Jackman. I could watch you every hour of every day. When will Hugh and I be together once more?

GARY smiles to himself and snuggles further into the couch. He finds some lollies and starts eating them. We hear a car stop and a door open and close. A key struggles to unlock the door. SUZIE stumbles in, crying. GARY pauses the TV with his remote.

GARY: What's wrong? What happened?

SUZIE: I need a drink. Get me one?

GARY gets out of the sofa and heads over to pours a couple of glasses of an alcoholic drink as SUZIE makes herself comfortable on the sofa.

SUZIE: What are you watching? Oh not Hugh Jackman in his gold pants and leopard print shirt on the Tonys again. What is it with you and this clip?

GARY: He is my dream man! What's not to love?

GARY brings the drink to SUZIE and has one for himself and settles back down on the sofa.

SUZIE: Thanks, Gary. You're such a sweetheart. What would I do without you?

GARY: Don't worry about it, now what happened?

SUZIE: It's Frankie...

GARY: What happened this time?

SUZIE: We were at this club and this woman... filthy whore... she kept coming over and then Frankie just couldn't help it and the dirty whore was laying on the moves and I was right there!

SUZIE downs her drink.

GARY: Whoa, whoa! Back up there. Stop stressing and start again from the beginning. Slowly.

SUZIE: I, uh, caught Frankie with another girl. Again.

GARY: Why do you keep letting this happen?

SUZIE: You promised.

GARY: Sorry. I just don't understand why Frankie keeps doing this to you and yet you keep going back for more. You deserve better.

SUZIE: Well, we were at the club, where we usually go. We were talking, and then this girl started giving Frankie the eye.

GARY: Was she pretty?

SUZIE: Yeah.

GARY: As pretty as you?

SUZIE looks at him. She reaches for GARY's untouched drink. He gives it to her, takes her glass, and goes to fill it up again.

GARY: Of course not. Please, continue.

SUZIE: Well I tried to glare at her - you know: keep your hands off, this is mine... but she didn't stop. Frankie didn't stop her either...

GARY: Oh God.

SUZIE: I needed to go to the loo, and when I came back, they were kissing. Frankie was 'oh-so apologetic' and didn't know why I was upset.

GARY: I bet you didn't like that.

GARY returns to the couch with his drink. SUZIE has already finished hers and reaches out for the one GARY has just got. He sighs and gives it to her, going back to get another drink. He drinks it before he goes back to SUZIE.

SUZIE: This girl had been asking about a threesome, and Frankie was backing her up. Oh my God. I'd never want to do that, and I've always made it very clear.

GARY sits down next to SUZIE, who has put her glass on the floor.

GARY: I know you have. Oh my God! What did you say?

SUZIE: I told them that I thought they were being selfish, lustful sluts. Then Frankie had the nerve to attack me and say that I was the one who was being selfish! And all the time, this girl just looked on with a smug look on her face. She knew she was breaking us up and it gave her such a kick.

GARY: How can breaking someone up be a kick for anyone?!

SUZIE: Power trip, I think.

GARY: Girls can be such bitches sometimes. That's why I like men.

SUZIE: People are bitches.

GARY: You're not a bitch.

SUZIE: I try not to be. Maybe that's why I always get hurt?

GARY: Maybe if you stopped going back. You deserve better.

SUZIE: Well you deserve better than a one-way relationship with Hugh Jackman on your TV.

GARY: Fair call. But I don't exactly see anyone knocking my door down, do I?

SUZIE: Too bad you're gay. I know plenty of girls who'd love to be with a guy like you.

GARY: Yeah, thanks.

SUZIE: Seriously!

GARY: I'm sure you could find someone better than Frankie if you looked in the right places, too.

SUZIE: Well what are the right places?

GARY: I don't know. If I knew, don't you think I'd have more than an imaginary relationship with Hugh?

SUZIE: I think that tells us it's time for another drink.

SUZIE goes to bring back a couple of bottles of alcohol.

SUZIE: I brought enough for you as well.

GARY: Uh, thanks.

SUZIE: You know, if it weren't for the whole gay thing, I'd probably do you, too.

Beat.

SUZIE: I mean it.

GARY: Hey, I love you. But I think we could both do with a relationship more meaningful than just sex.

SUZIE: What me and Frankie have isn't just about sex.

GARY: I'm sure Frankie sees it that way, too.

SUZIE: Gimme a break, Gary.

GARY: Why don't we just forget about Frankie for tonight, then?

SUZIE: Fine by me.

Beat.

GARY: I can release the golden pants if you like.

SUZIE: But that would mean releasing that hideous shirt,
too. Pass.

Beat.

GARY: I think you're wonderful the way you are.

SUZIE: That means so much to me right now. Thank you.

SUZIE cuddles up to GARY.

GARY: What would you like to do, then?

SUZIE looks at GARY and lightly kisses him on the lips. After some reluctance GARY kisses SUZIE back. They both go into a more passionate embrace.

BLACKOUT.

LIGHTS UP.

The next morning. GARY and SUZIE are both asleep on the sofa, underneath GARY's doona. GARY wakes up and assesses his surroundings, then grabs his pants from beside the sofa and puts them on underneath the doona. He emerges from under the doona and exits the room.

BLACKOUT.

Scene Three

GARY's lounge room, minus some items which suggest that this is an earlier time. No one is on stage

BRANDON enters from outside, holding a box. He looks around the apartment, puts it down. He walks out again slowly, looking suspiciously at the room. He hurries out of the door.

GARY enters from the bathroom with a towel wrapped around his head, brushing his teeth. He looks at the box, looks at the door, and walks back into the bathroom.

BRANDON re-enters with another box. He puts it down next to the second one and walks out.

GARY sticks his head out of the bathroom again, and watches BRANDON leave. He smiles to himself, realises that he won't make the best impression while he's not all dressed, and returns to the bathroom.

BRANDON enters with another box. He puts it down and walks to the door, stopping before he reaches it, and smiles.

BRANDON: That the last one?

SUZIE enters holding another box and her bag. BRANDON takes the box from her and puts it down with the others.

SUZIE: Yeah, ta. Hm, I don't know where Gary is. He knew what time we were coming around.

SUZIE starts wandering around, looking into the kitchen etc, looking for GARY, calling his name etc. GARY emerges from the bathroom: it is obvious he has made an effort to impress BRANDON.

GARY: Hi! I'm here!

SUZIE hugs GARY. BRANDON is staring at GARY.

BRANDON: Hi. I'm Brandon.

GARY: Hi, Gary.

It is clear that BRANDON and GARY know each other, but they are trying to pretend that there is no recognition. They shake hands awkwardly.

SUZIE: Brandon's my brother.

GARY: Yeah, I figured.

SUZIE: We don't look that alike!

GARY: You did say your brother was going to be helping, though, didn't you?

SUZIE: ...Oh yeah. Well, I'm going to start taking my stuff into my new room.

BRANDON: I'll help.

SUZIE: No, that's okay. You've done all the hard carrying and stuff. Have a chat to Gary. I think you guys went to the same high school... I think.

GARY: Oh. Really?

SUZIE: Plenty to talk about.

SUZIE picks up one box and starts kicking a second across the floor towards her "room" - the opposite US exit to the Bathroom. GARY and BRANDON consider each other.

BRANDON: I haven't seen you since you ran off to gay it up in Europe. So why'd you come back? (Faux-French accent) They not like Aussie dick in Gay Paris?

GARY gives a wry smile.

Beat.

GARY: How's your girlfriend?

BRANDON: She dumped me for someone else.

GARY: Karma.

BRANDON: What?

GARY: Nothing. You're looking well.

BRANDON: That won't work on me.

GARY: What won't? I just said you're looking well!

BRANDON: You're disgusting.

GARY: Forget it.

BRANDON and GARY stand apart in silence until SUZIE re-enters.

SUZIE: It's so nice... oh... what's going on?

BRANDON: Are you all done?

SUZIE: Well, I have all the boxes...

BRANDON: I might have to head off. Have... fun, Suze.

SUZIE: Um, okay... bye.

GARY: Bye, sweetie! So nice to meet you!

BRANDON shoots GARY a glare and exits.

SUZIE: That was odd.

GARY: I don't think your brother likes "ze gays."

GARY picks up one of the boxes and exits.

SUZIE: That would be awfully short-sighted of him.

SUZIE picks up the last box and exits.

BLACKOUT.

Scene Four

LIGHTS UP.

GARY's living room is even barer than before - he's recently moved in. This is several years before, so maybe wigs or some bad fashion choices would be nice. GARY enters, does up his shirt, and sits on his sofa then picks up a European travel brochure to read.

GARY: I can't believe these prices. Mum would've preferred me to spend my savings on uni. Oh well, she's not the boss of me any more.

The doorbell chimes. GARY gets up to answer the door, leaving his brochure on the sofa. It is BRANDON.

GARY: Oh, hey Brandon!

GARY goes to kiss BRANDON on the lips, but BRANDON avoids him and walks in.

BRANDON: We need to talk.

GARY: About the holiday? Yeah I know, I've been looking at the prices of accommodation. I think we ought to backpack instead.

BRANDON: No, not the holiday. About this... this stupidity.

GARY: What are you on about?

BRANDON: Gary, there's this girl I've been seeing...

GARY: A fag-hag? I've always wanted one of those. That's what our school was missing. Girls.

BRANDON: Yeah, well, maybe things would have been different if we had girls.

GARY: What do you mean by that?

BRANDON: Gary, I have a girlfriend.

GARY: What?

Beat.

BRANDON: There's this girl... We've been seeing each other for a few weeks now. We had sex.

Beat.

GARY: You had sex. With a girl.

BRANDON: Yes.

GARY: Not a drag queen?

BRANDON: No.

GARY: A real, live girl; with real boobs and a actual vagina. And no penis?

BRANDON: No penis. With a vagina; and I'm pretty sure her boobs are real.

GARY: But... I thought you liked penis. They like you.

BRANDON: What is it with you and Rocky Horror?

GARY: Frankie is my dream man. Aside from you of course. You're not fictional!

Beat.

BRANDON: I'm leaving now.

GARY: No, wait. You cheated on me, you can't just walk away. We need to talk about this.

BRANDON: There's nothing more to say. I didn't cheat on you.

GARY: Oh really? What else would you call it?

BRANDON: We were never together.

GARY is taken aback.

GARY: What?

BRANDON: You and me. We were never really together. It was sexual displacement.

GARY: "Sexual displacement."

BRANDON: I'm not gay, Gary.

GARY: Bullshit.

BRANDON: You might not be, either.

GARY: I might not be gay; and you're straight, now.

BRANDON: That's right.

GARY: And this "sexual displacement" theory has no room for bisexuality?

BRANDON: Gary... don't make this hard.

GARY: I won't. Apparently, I can't... but that wasn't the case last week!

BRANDON: Stop it. Just... stop it.

GARY: No. I can't believe it. You wouldn't have been happy to suck me off if it was like that. Come on, Brandon. I'm not the only person who has been enjoying it.

BRANDON: Whether I did or didn't doesn't matter. It has to stop.

GARY: Don't you even want to remember the good times? You don't really want to stop. You're just... just

scared. Or embarrassed. Or this girl has brainwashed you or something.

BRANDON: We were nothing. We were two boys at a boarding school, curious, horny as fuck, and with no outlet but each other. I've known you for eight years. Everyone told you that you were gay. I think you just believed it. I believed it. But you know what we were? We were fuck-buddies. That's all. Fuck-Buddies.

Beat.

GARY: You're disgusting.

BRANDON: Now I have a girlfriend, I don't need you. I don't need a snivelling little faggy fuck buddy.

GARY fights back tears.

GARY: Well, I'm glad we're not going out, because I'd dump you right now.

BRANDON: Gary...

GARY: And I'd never want to see you again.

BRANDON gives GARY one more look from head to toe (scanning the important bits), and back up to his face. GARY is resolute. BRANDON walks out the door. GARY follows and shuts it after him. He stands in the middle of the floor, lost.

BLACKOUT.

Scene Five

Return to 'present day' - set a few hours after scene one.

The living room is empty. SUZIE enters through the front door, carrying a handbag and looking a little bewildered.

When she slams the door shut, GARY enters the room.

GARY: What did the doctor say?

SUZIE walks over to the sofa, only staring at the ground.

SUZIE: It's completely absurd.

GARY: What is?

SUZIE: He gave me a referral.

GARY: For?

SUZIE: He's sending me to a Gynaecologist.

GARY: Why?

SUZIE: It's absurd.

GARY: What is?

FRANCINE enters. SUZIE starts to laugh.

SUZIE: I'm pregnant.

FRANCINE: You're what? I can't believe you cheated on me.

SUZIE: I didn't.

FRANCINE: And you cheated on me with a MAN.

SUZIE: I didn't cheat on you!

FRANCINE: What else could it be? It's not like you're the virgin Mary.

SUZIE: I haven't even thought of being with a man in the last few years.

FRANCINE: Are they sure you're pregnant then?

SUZIE: They did the urine test.

FRANCINE: Maybe they switched it with someone else's test, then?

SUZIE: I was in the room the whole time.

FRANCINE: Maybe it gave a false positive.

SUZIE: They reckon that the urine test doesn't lie after you miss your period.

FRANCINE: Shit. That doesn't make any sense.

SUZIE: I know.

FRANCINE: You should probably start thinking about names. Might I suggest, "Jesus"?

SUZIE: Frankie, stop it.

FRANCINE: Well, it's stupid. I mean, you said yourself you haven't been with a guy.

FRANCINE glances over at GARY, who is very quiet and uncomfortable.

FRANCINE: You're not lying, are you?

GARY: Why did you look at me?

FRANCINE: Well you're her flatmate. Has she brought someone home?

GARY: No...

SUZIE: Frankie, I didn't cheat on you!

FRANCINE: Gary. You've been awfully quiet. You know something, don't you Gary?

SUZIE: Frankie, stop it!

FRANCINE: You've been cheating on me! I just know it.

SUZIE: Oh, I suppose that's because it takes one to know one.

FRANCINE: What?

SUZIE: You're the one always running off with other girls... "Oh, it's just physical. I need a lot of affection. My mother way absent, blah blah blah..."

FRANCINE: Shut up, Suzannah!

SUZIE: I never even thought about anyone else the entire time I've been with you... except how much I hate those girls that are always following you around!

FRANCINE: That's different!

SUZIE: *How* is it different?

FRANCINE: I never got pregnant.

SUZIE: Francine. Honestly. The only man I've shared a bed with has been Gary, and he's gay. And... so am I. We've shared a bed. Nothing happened.

GARY looks alarmed. FRANCINE notices.

FRANCINE: Is that true, Gary?

GARY: Well, uh...

SUZIE: Of course it's true. Unlike some people, it's not in my nature to lie.

FRANCINE: Are you the only man Suzannah's slept with?

GARY: Yes. I am.

FRANCINE: Did you *sleep* with her?

GARY: Oh. My. God. Do you even *know* me? I'm gay. Hello - I'm *gay*, remember? So *gay*, so very *gay*, everyone can tell that I'm *gay*, so *gay* that I can't possibly be anything but *gay*. Me, *gay*. *Gay*, *gay*, *gay*. Hello! GAY.

FRANCINE: Yeah, a little too 'I must be *gay*' for my liking. You're lying.

GARY: (*To Suzie*) What are you going to do, stay with her and raise the baby with *her*?

FRANCINE: Don't be stupid, she's damaged goods now. Unless she aborts the bastard child, there's no way she's getting back with me. And even then I don't know if I would want her.

SUZIE: Slow down, I need time to think.

FRANCINE: About what? You're a lesbian, Suzie. Lesbians don't have babies. Let's just leave that to the hetero couples.

SUZIE: You - what? Have you not even seen *Queer As Folk*? Do you think I became a lesbian just because I didn't want children?

GARY: I bet Frankie did.

FRANCINE: Oh, you two are in league with each other. You know what, Suzannah, forget it. Just get the damn abortion and we can forget this ever happened.

GARY: What if the kid *is* Jesus?

FRANCINE: You're kidding me. She should have the baby, just in case it's Jesus?

SUZIE: Can't *I* make this decision?

FRANCINE: Don't be stupid. You don't even know who the father is! The thing will have two mothers! I'm not ready to be a mother!

SUZIE, close to tears, has an epiphany and looks at GARY.

SUZIE: You won't have to be.

FRANCINE: What?

SUZIE: I wouldn't want my baby to have your drama in its life. And more importantly, I don't want it in mine. Not any more. Goodbye, Frankie.

FRANCINE: No, Suzie. Suzie, honey, Bambi. Bambi Deer... don't do this to me. You know I love you.

SUZIE: No, Frankie, sweetie. You love you. And I'm part of what makes you happy, so you keep me by your side. You don't love me. If you did, you'd want me to do whatever I was comfortable with.

FRANCINE: Bambi...

SUZIE: Goodbye, poodle.

FRANCINE looks from SUZIE to GARY and back to SUZIE. She takes stock of her environment, then heads towards the door. She pauses before exiting.

FRANCINE: Fine. I'm leaving until you sort out this mess, Suzie. You'd better abort.

FRANCINE leaves the house.

SUZIE suddenly breaks down in tears.

GARY walks over to the sofa to comfort SUZIE.

GARY: She doesn't deserve you.

SUZIE: What am I going to do?

GARY: It's your decision. Don't let what Frankie said try to sway you.

SUZIE: What would you do?

GARY: I don't know, it's impossible for me to get pregnant!

SUZIE: I thought that about myself.

GARY: Yeah but you're still female. I don't have the right equipment.

SUZIE: Okay, what would you do if you did have a vagina?

Beat.

GARY: I can't answer that.

SUZIE: What about if you found out you were fathering a child?

GARY: I - uh - I guess I'd probably want to keep it, but it still wouldn't be up to me. Mother's body, mother's choice, and all that.

SUZIE: I wish I knew who the father was. I wish I knew how this happened. It'd be easier to make a decision with all the facts.

GARY: It was me.

SUZIE: What?

GARY: It was me. I'm the father.

SUZIE: Don't be silly. How?

GARY: You said it yourself. We slept together. I'm sorry you don't remember what happened. I wished you would have. I regret the way it happened, but I don't regret it.

SUZIE: You're... you're not actually gay, are you?

GARY: Everyone just assumes I am because of the way I dress and the way I act. I guess I never felt the need to question it... it's only over the last few months that I have. I've had a kind of a thing for you for a while now.

SUZIE: Why didn't you ever say?

GARY: 'Cause you're a lesbian? Aaaaaaand you were taken?

SUZIE: I'm sorry. I didn't know.

Beat.

GARY: Like I said, whatever you want to do, it's your decision. I'll support you no matter what.

SUZIE: I'm going to have our baby.

BLACKOUT.

THE END