

Characters:

DAISY	female	fourteen years old	
PARKER	female	fifteen years old	
NOAH	male	seventeen years old	Daisy's brother
JIMMY	male	seventeen years old	
GAGA	female		

Location:

Bateman's Bay

Punctuation:

/ indicates the exact point of interruption in overlapping dialogue

... indicates the character is choosing not to speak and should be afforded this space

The playwright encourages collaboration with artists from diverse backgrounds in the realisation and presentation of this play.

This play can be performed without an interval.

Thanks:

My love and thanks to Jane Bodie, Dom Mercer and Nick Atkins who all provided invaluable dramaturgy to the script.

1.

The bus stop on Daisy Moon's front lawn. Except it's not a bus stop. It's the stage of a Lady Gaga concert.

In the darkness, fans cheer, "We want Gaga! We want Gaga!"

Lights rise slowly on Daisy Moon. Fourteen years old. Silver sequined UFO skirt, disco ball earrings. A crown of vintage Troll dolls. And long-faded glow stick bangles.

Daisy is surrounded by an impressive array of homemade collages, glitter glue signs with swirling lyrics, a galaxy of gemstones.

GAGA: What's on your mind Daisy Moon?

Gaga is a voiceover of Daisy's own voice, modulated and melodic. Gaga is like a super sassy Cheshire Cat.

DAISY: Gaga, I'm thinking about changing my name. To Celeste. Celestial. Celestial Moon.

GAGA: That's tight. But then you wouldn't be Daisy anymore.

DAISY: Daisy's not so great.

GAGA: Transformation is in the air, girl. The energy at this precise moment in time is electrifying. So buckle up star-seed, and let the music guide you through new and exciting positions.

GAGA lets out a lengthy cough.

GAGA: Daisy, I can't make my show tonight. I have laryngitis.

DAISY: Is it a bacterial infection?

GAGA coughs again

GAGA: Viral.

DAISY: The only cure is bed rest.

GAGA: Daisy, you're the only person I trust to take my place on stage tonight.

DAISY: You can count on me.

GAGA: Did you practice the song?

DAISY: Just like you told me.

DAISY puts on her sunglasses and picks up a sparkling ukulele. Nervous, she gulps.

GAGA: Well?

DAISY: It's- It's scary! What if someone from school sees?

GAGA: Daisy, you don't wanna fit in. You wanna stand out. Way out. So far out they'll think you were from outta space.

An electric guitar chord buzzes in the air.

DAISY sings an acoustic rendition of "Born This Way" by Lady Gaga.

2.

The bus stop on Daisy Moon's front lawn.

DAISY: Four years ago today. Ten years old. Double digits.

Come into the kitchen and up at the bench, in my usual seat at the kitchen counter, Mum's bought Coco Pops and Milo. Yum! Chocolate for breakfast. Next to the cereal is a small, square present. Shimmery turquoise wrapping paper with an orange ribbon. The card reads, 'Happy Birthday Daisy. Kiss kiss. Mum.'

I pull at the bow slowly. Peel back the sticky tape, and out slides a CD.

On the front is a pink neon triangle outlining a woman's face. She has super thick eyeliner and black lipstick. Ice white hair swirling around her face.

In pink letters across the bottom of the CD reads, 'Lady Gaga Born This Way 2 Disc Deluxe Edition'.

And that was the beginning of the new me. Adult Daisy. See ya later childhood. Hello puberty.

I'm totally obsessed. I know the lyrics to every single song.

I beg Mum for a guitar but she buys me a ukulele.

"It's more portable," she says.

"Yeah right. Rock stars don't play ukuleles."

I learn all the chords.

Fast-forward, and Mum and I are on a Murrays Bus from Bateman's Bay to Sydney Central Station. My first time in the city. We get off at Central and walk through China Town down to Darling Harbour, past the shops and traffic lights and footpaths packed with people, and massive concrete buildings, 'til we get to The Entertainment Centre.

Out on the promenade are so many people. Dressed up totally crazy. These freaks and geeks and weirdoes. The misfits and the trouble makers. Little Monsters. That's what

Gaga calls us. Her fans. We're her Little Monsters. The ones that don't fit in. The ones that stand out. Way out. So far out you'd think we were from outta space.

There's one group of girls in particular. Standing in front of a merch stand covered in all these awesome tees. I want one so bad.

"Please Mum please!"

"Forty bucks? Daisy, what about a key chain?"

"You said you didn't trust me with house keys."

"Look they have fridge magnets, they look nice."

"No I want a t-shirt! Please please please please please?"

"Forty bucks? There's just no way, Daisy."

We get inline behind the group of girls. There's five of them.

All dressed like... like... like queens!

But not in tiaras and glass slippers.

In sequins and glitter and body paint.

Hairspray and eyeliner and stick on diamantes.

Velvet and fishnets and tutus and hot pink combat boots.

Teen. Weirdo. Royalty.

Head to toe their outfits say something. Their clothes scream, 'I'm different'. Their clothes scream, 'I don't care what you think'. Their clothes scream, 'bow down to my creative genius or else!'

Queens like this don't care about palaces and princes.

Queens like this don't need no one to save them.

Queens like this know how to save themselves.

The tallest, towering over the rest in platform sneakers, wet-look leggings, an aqua tutu, and a monster mask. She says to her friends, *"Lady Gaga is our church and music is our religion."*

And I get it.

I totally one hundred percent get it.

She must be one of Gaga's High Priestesses. Sent from the stars to planet Earth.

She buys a packet of glow stick bangles, so I turn to Mum and say,

"Don't worry about a t-shirt Mum. I want those bangles."

They're so cool. Neon green and hot pink.

Gaga's *my* church and music is *my* religion.

Then, inside the stadium, music starts blasting. Blasting so loud I can feel the bass notes in the concrete below my feet. The whole of Darling Harbour rumbles with Mother Monster's sound waves.

"Mum, let's go in it's starting!"

"MUM I SAID IT'S STARTING!"

"MUMMMM?!"

3.

Noah's bedroom. Unlived in. No sheets on the mattress. Kmart in the corner. A cardboard box with the word 'trophies' scrawled across it. A working portable radio sits on top of the boxes, which Daisy uses for her dance rehearsal.

DAISY practices her choreography to "Paparazzi" by Lady Gaga. She dances from the heart with expressive moves akin to performance art. It's surprisingly good.

DAISY: Five, six, seven, eight!

*"I'm your biggest fan,
I'll follow you until you-"*

Three and four, five, six, seven, eight.

*"Baby there's no other
Superstar you know that-"*

Point and point, drop, jump!

NOAH and JIMMY enter carrying cardboard boxes and a duffle bag.

NOAH: That's my radio.

DAISY: Noah!

DAISY bear-hugs Noah. NOAH doesn't hug her back.

NOAH dumps his duffle bag on the floor, examines his old room.

NOAH: What's all this shit on the wall?

DAISY: The Bateman's Bay Little Monsters Fan Club. This is now the number one safe space for the freaks and geeks of the South Coast.

JIMMY: She got the freaks and geeks part right.

DAISY: I heard that.

NOAH opens his wardrobe, looks inside.

NOAH: Get your crap outta here before dinner-

DAISY: Overruled! This space is booked daily from two PM. There's a booking schedule on the door. Clubhouse meet-ups have been clearly outlined and color-coded for your convenience.

NOAH: Oi Daze, where's the box that was in my cupboard?

DAISY: I dunno.

NOAH: There was a cardboard box right there.

DAISY: I said I dunno, Noah.

NOAH: Where the fuck is it?

DAISY: You mean Dad's stuff?

Pause.

DAISY: There was a box with Dad's jacket and some smokes.

NOAH: Where'd you put it?

DAISY: Nowhere. Mum musta chucked it.

JIMMY: Where is ya Mum anyways?

NOAH: Probably still in bed.

JIMMY: Saw her down the shops last week.

Pause.

NOAH and DAISY eyeball each other, unsure what to say to Jimmy.

JIMMY: Nah, she actually looked alright.

DAISY: Why wouldn't she look alright?

An uncomfortable silence.

NOAH: Get out Daisy, we're playing FIFA.

DAISY: Mum sold the PlayStation.

NOAH: Lucky for me, I own an Xbox now. Out.

DAISY: You get out of my clubhouse. This is a closed rehearsal.

NOAH: Daisy, this is my bedroom.

DAISY: Then, then... I'm playing Xbox with you.

JIMMY: I don't think this is your sort of game.

DAISY: That's gender stereotyping.

JIMMY: You wish you were a gender stereotype-

DAISY: That doesn't even make sense-

JIMMY: You don't even make sense-

DAISY: You don't even / know what sense-

NOAH: Daisy, shut it.

NOAH sets up his Xbox during the following.

DAISY: This room's been empty all year. I always use this room.

NOAH: Well, permission revoked.

DAISY: It's my birthday by the way. Incase you forgot.

NOAH: Happy birthday, loser. Out.

DAISY: Mum's doing cake after dinner.

NOAH: Since when does Mum cook dinner?

DAISY: I'm baking the cake but it was Mum's idea. She bought packet mix. And if you haven't got me a present yet-

NOAH: I haven't got you a present-

DAISY: Well if you *haven't* got me a present *yet*, then what I'd *love* is three hundred bucks-

NOAH: I haven't got you a present-

DAISY: I know! I'm trying to *tell you* that what I would *love* is-

JIMMY: He's not doin' birthday cake alright, he's busy.

DAISY: You're not invited Jimmy, by the way.

JIMMY: Wouldn't show if I was.

DAISY: So I guess I'll see you later, Noah?

NOAH: Boys are doin' a bonfire tonight.

JIMMY: Unless ya busy with something else?

NOAH: Nothing jumps to mind.

DAISY: What about cake?

NOAH: Daze, fuck off already, how many times do I gotta tell you?

DAISY: If you're going to be *living here again*, Noah, then you have to actually try to be a decent person.

JIMMY: Live here again?

NOAH: I don't live here, it's just for summer.

DAISY: Liar.

NOAH: Daisy, leave it.

DAISY: He lives here now, Jimmy. Got expelled from boarding school.

NOAH: Shut up, Daisy.

DAISY: Perfect Noah got kicked out.

JIMMY: Since when?

DAISY: You'd know if you could read, Jimmy. It was all over the newspapers. Mum was humiliated. Shoulda heard her on the phone to Dad-

NOAH: Stop spewin' ya mouth off like ya know something bout it, when you actually know nothing alright!

JIMMY: Mate, why didn't you say anything?

DAISY: He's clearly mortified he's not as good at swimming as we all thought.

NOAH: She's lying.

DAISY: Am not. His new school shirts are in that Kmart bag.

JIMMY: What the fuck Noah, what about Nationals?

DAISY: Yeah Noah, what about Nationals?

NOAH: *[Approaching Daisy]* Listen Daisy, this is how it's gonna be now. You don't come in my room, you don't touch my things, and you stay outta my face.

DAISY doesn't back down, stares NOAH in the face.

DAISY: Jimmy, guess why he's back? He got arrested and kicked off the swim team.

NOAH: Don't listen to her, Jimmy. She's a stupid little bed-wetter, who hasn't even got her period yet. Now fuck off you little freak.

DAISY's eyes well with tears, she bites her lip, tries her hardest to look tough.

NOAH: What? Are you gonna cry?

DAISY: I hate you. I really really hate you.

DAISY storms out.

JIMMY: Is it true? You're starting back at Surfside Public?

NOAH: Dunno yet.

JIMMY: Well when will you know?

NOAH: I don't wanna talk about it.

JIMMY: What happened?

NOAH: I said I don't wanna talk about it, Jimmy. Get it in ya head, alright?

JIMMY: I mean you coulda told your best friend.

NOAH: ...

JIMMY: ...

NOAH: You wanna be Manchester or The Spurs?

JIMMY: Spurs.

NOAH hands Jimmy the Xbox controller.

JIMMY: You'll be one of us again.

NOAH: ...

NOAH selects 'play' with the Xbox controller.

JIMMY: *[Playing]* Have you played the new Resident Evil 7?

NOAH: Haven't had time.

JIMMY: They switched the live action to a first-person perspective so the infections and blood and stuff is like, very intense. Like next level intense.

NOAH: Yeah?

JIMMY: It's a good switch. I prefer the deeper immersion of first person shooter. I preordered online and then camped out to get it.

NOAH: I'm pretty over Xbox. I used to be, really really into it. Not anymore.

JIMMY: ...

NOAH: You like Xbox though.

JIMMY: It's like my whole life.

JIMMY scores a goal.

JIMMY: Howzattttttt. Gotta keep your eyes on the screen, boy.

They play.

JIMMY scores again.

JIMMY: Ohhhhhhhhh!

NOAH frustrated and distracted, stares into space.

JIMMY presses buttons on the controller but nothing happens.

JIMMY: You gotta hit play, Noah. Oi, Noah!

NOAH: Right. Sorry.

NOAH selects 'play'.

They play.

JIMMY scores again.

NOAH: /Dammit!

JIMMY: GOALLLLLLL!

NOAH: Nah I'm over it. Let's get outta here.

JIMMY: Ah-ah-ah, you can't quit coz you're down three goals. I don't know how they do it in Sydney, but back home-

NOAH: It's FIFA. What are you twelve?

JIMMY: We can go to mine and play Resident Evil?

NOAH: Course there's nothing better to do in this shithole town.

JIMMY: Wanna get high? Unless you're training tomorrow?

NOAH: I am. But that's tomorrow.

JIMMY: Sounds like future Noah's problem to me.

NOAH: Solid point.

JIMMY: Alright, my boy is back. Lemme text Lucas.

JIMMY takes his phone out of his pocket. Begins a text conversation with Lucas.

NOAH: Wait up. Can you not mention to Lucas about the whole ‘moving back here’ thing? Actually can you not mention that to anyone?

JIMMY: Course mate. I’ll take it to the grave.

Jimmy’s phone buzzes.

JIMMY: Lucas is sweet if you got cash?

NOAH: How much?

JIMMY: Fifty.

NOAH: Who’s charging fifty?

JIMMY: Lucas.

NOAH: Why’s Lucas charging us at all? The little worm easily owes me at least one hundred.

JIMMY: Well he wants fifty, you want to or not?

NOAH: He has smoked like, hundreds of dollars of my pot. All of you have. You’re always mooching off me. What an absolute insult that he would even suggest that I pay him.

JIMMY: So it’s a no?

NOAH: I’m not giving Lucas ten until he sucks my balls.

JIMMY: Fine man, I’ll give him fifty, and you can spend tonight eating a sorry arse packet-mix birthday cake.

NOAH: We’re not giving any money to Lucas. I got pills anyways.

JIMMY: Pingers? In the middle of the day?

NOAH takes a bottle of prescription medication from his duffle bag.

NOAH: It’s Ritalin.

JIMMY: You a mental now or somethin’?

NOAH tosses Jimmy the bottle. JIMMY catches it and reads the label.

JIMMY: Who’s Alex?

NOAH: What?

JIMMY: Alex. His name’s on the bottle.

NOAH: Boy in my dorm.

JIMMY: Is he the mental?

NOAH: You sound like fucking chav when ya talk like that.

JIMMY: Your getting’ defensive-

NOAH: I’m not defensive-

JIMMY: Is Alex your boyfriend or something?

NOAH: He's a lad in my dorm. And I nicked his meds, alright?

JIMMY: Why?

NOAH: You want 'em or not?

JIMMY opens the bottle and takes out a pill.

JIMMY: Won't he notice 'em missing?

NOAH: All the boarders are swimming in cash, so... he'll live.

JIMMY swallows the pill.

JIMMY: *[Handing the bottle to Noah]* So you really back for good then?

NOAH: *[Taking the bottle]* Reckon so.

JIMMY: One of us again.

NOAH: Same as before.