

Betty B. Different - a new musical

Cast:

Betty Holt (protagonist)
Donnie Fowland (love interest and friend)
Reg (Producer)
Betty's mum
Brittany (Queen Bee at school)
Ashleigh (follower of Brittany)
Ebonee (another follower of Brittany)
Betty's mum (single mum)
Mrs Williams (Betty's music teacher and mentor)
MC/Leroy: MC of an open mic
Drunken man
Anchorman/Anchorwoman
Sebastian/Sabrina Barkley (news reporter)
Police Officer
Child Psychologist
Music show host
Late Night TV host
Publicist
Roadie
Zac Finn: CEO of record company
Chorus: Music punters, school kids, parents

(Stage is set. A silhouette of a double story house hangs in the background and it is night. Behind the house is a backdrop of fairy lights that are meant to represent stars. A light appears at the top right hand corner. It is Betty's room and she has just entered. A voice calls from offstage.)

Betty's mum: Did you wash the dishes?

Betty: yes mum

Betty's mum: did you check to see if they were cleaned properly?

Betty: yes mum!

Betty mum: Ok, where are you off to now?

Betty: homework!

Betty's mum: Ok, you know what they say "Fail to prepare, prepare to fail." (Betty mouths the words as she closes the door)

(Betty pulls out her guitar and grabs her notebook from her school bag and starts playing some chords. As she starts playing, the song SHE'S GOT DREAMS begins.)

Betty:

*Betty Holt liked to stay up late
By her window and watch the stars
Instead of studying for her exams
She would study on her guitar*

*Everyday she'd look down and walk to class
And the kids who thought were cool
They would call her names and would put her down
Telling her she is a fool*

*But she's got dreams, she's got plans
One day she's gonna rise up to the stars
And have the whole world in her hands
Cos she writes songs that speak her mind
And one day she's tell go back and tell those bitches
That they weren't worth her time.
Worth her time*

*Mumma said she was always different
She was never like all the rest
That the day she realised she wanted to play
She would put herself to the test*

*Late at night she would stare at the wall
And imagine what life could be
Playing to a concert full of fans
And she'd be so wild and free*

*Cos she's got dreams, she's got plans
One day she's gonna rise up to the stars
And have the whole world in her hands
Cos she writes songs that speak her mind
And one day she's tell go back and tell those bitches
That they weren't worth her time.*

*But she's got a long way to go
And how the odds just don't seem fair
There are days that don't go fast enough
That you wanna gasp for air*

*So she'll put her dreams on the shelf
And build a life that will make mum proud
But every time she'll look at the stars
There'll be a voice that will speak out loud*

*saying You've got dreams, you've got plans
One day you'll gonna rise up to the stars*

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*And have the whole world in your hands
Cos you write songs that speak your mind
And one day you're tell go back and tell those bitches
That they weren't worth your time.*

Worth your time

(Betty then puts her notebook and guitar away, pulls the bed covers over her and goes to sleep)

Scene 2: School

(underscore for "Fly on the Wall" starts)

(It is a typical day at school. It is set in the school corridor where students are getting stuff out of their lockers. On one side of the corridor, the 3 popular girls: Brittany, Ashleigh and Ebonee are giggling and taking selfies of each other for no reason and checking out the final result of the photos. On the other side of the corridor, Donnie Watson, Betty's friend is also getting stuff out of his locker. Brittany gives him a dirty look.)

Brittany: Nice one, Donnie! You ruined our selfie!

Donnie: You can always photoshop me out (to himself) like you do with your face.

Brittany: What was that?

Donnie: Nothing. (Sees Betty walking along) Oh, hey!

(Betty waves to Donnie and walks towards him and the 3 girls walk in the opposite direction and deliberately bump into her, causing Betty to spill all of her books on the floor.)

Brittany: Watch where you're going!

Ashleigh: Yeah, like, didn't you see us coming?

(Betty bends down to pick up her things and Brittany comes across Betty's songbook.)

Brittany: What's this? Your personal diary?

Betty: Give it back to me!

(Brittany skims through the pages and randomly reads aloud some of her writing)

Brittany: "we are like fire and ice, dynamic but never meant to be" (The girls starts giggling)
Nice words, Shakespeare. I'm surprised you can actually write.

Betty: Yeah, and I'm surprised you can actually read.

Brittany: (stunned by her words, then says in a tad aggressive manner) What did you say?

(Mrs Williams, the music teacher, walks along the corridor and notices the girls taunting Betty)

Mrs Williams: are we moving along, ladies?

Girls: Yes, Mrs Williams.

Mrs Williams: Brittany Foster, I believe that notebook belongs to Betty. Would you kindly give it back to her?

Brittany: Of course. I was just helping her pick up her stuff. (Brittany offers to pick up Betty's things and the other girls follow suit. To Betty) Here you go.

Betty: (mutters) thanks

Mrs Williams: Lovely. See you in class (Walks off)

(Brittany storms off with her entourage. Donnie walks up to Betty)

Donnie: Well done for standing up to them.

Betty: I'm amazed how they got this far to year 12.

Donnie: It helps when your dad is the president of the alumni club. Do you think the year level will vote her as Valedictory Queen?

Betty: Probably. It's nothing but a stupid popularity contest.

Hey, I've got some good news!

Betty: What is it?

Donnie: guess who scored a job writing for Sonic Music street mag?

Betty: you're kidding! That's awesome.

Donnie: Yeah, they must have liked my music review on "the Presets". Anyway, they will probably start me out reviewing local bands and then I can start interviewing musicians. (nudges) Maybe one day, I might interview you.

Betty: (Betty pushes him away in denial) You're not gonna get the truth from me.

Donnie: Hey, did you wanna come over tonight and study for our history SAC?

Betty: I would but I've got this open mic that I'm going to and I want to try out this new song that I've been working on.

Donnie: Oh yeah. What time does that start?

Betty: 8 O'Clock, yet I promised mum I would be home by 9:30 at the very latest.

Donnie: Do you want someone to tag along and give you some support?

Betty: Sure, I'll text you the address.

Donnie: Cool

Betty: I better go. Harvey will kick my arse if I'm late for English again.

Donnie: yeah, no worries. Talk to you later.

(Betty leaves while Donnie keeps looking on while all of the students are still getting ready for class)

Fly on the Wall

*I see you walking down right past me
I've give my all to you if you asked me
But you don't even know that I'm here
Even though I'm acting so cavalier*

*We've been friends so God knows how long
It's taken me forever to write this song
But I'm tired of playing charades
I'd tell you how I feel but I'm so afraid*

So I'll

*Be a fly on the wall
Fly on the wall
Follow you around like you don't know me at all
And I'll stay around
Stay around
Till you know we've got more than common ground
I'm a fly on the wall
Fly on the wall
Watch me fly over your head and watch me crawl
Cos I'll make you see
Make you see
One of these days you're gonna be the one for me*

*We sit together in every math class
While Mr Wilson's kicking our ass
But we don't care about results or scores
Cos what we've got is something that's more*

*And every night when I go to bed
Crazy thoughts would creep in my head
Involving three little words that you'll say
But I'll just have to hope that one day*

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That I'll

*Won't be that fly on the wall
Fly on the wall
Follow you around like you don't know me at all
And I'll stay around
Stay around
Till you know we've got more than common ground
I'm a fly on the wall
Fly on the wall
Watch me fly over your head and watch me crawl
Cos I'll make you see
Make you see
One of these days you're you're gonna be the one for me*

*But I know that girls like you
Won't stay for long and will shoot through
But that's fine
You know that's fine
So when I'll see your name in lights
I'll be standing there on opening night
And I'll pine
Over the girl who could've been mine*

*Could've been mine
Could've been mine*

*So I'll be a
Fly on the wall
Follow you around like you don't know me at all
And I'll stay around
Stay around
Till you know we've got more than common ground
I'm a fly on the wall
Fly on the wall
Watch me fly over your head and watch me crawl
Cos I'll make you see
Make you see
One of these days you're you're gonna be the one for me*

Scene 3: The Open Mic

(The stage transforms into a small live music establishment. On one side of the stage is a bar where people are sitting on bar stools while a bartender is serving drinks while the rest of the stage is adorned with wooden chairs and matching round tables where people are sitting drinking beer and any other alcoholic beverage of their choice. Towards the upstage centre is a circular stage with a red velvet curtain serving as a cheap backdrop and there's a microphone on stage, a PA and a spare drum kit. One band has just finished jamming when Betty arrives with her guitar case with Donnie in tow. An MC arrives on

stage, almost a little enthusiastically as if to indicate to the band that it's time for them to vacate the stage.)

MC: Give it up for "Puddle of Chair" (meagre response).

Betty: God, I'm so nervous.

Donnie: You'll be fine.

MC: Ok, well next up, we have a newcomer joining our ranks. She is a solo act and she has just turned 18, so let's give her a big welcome. Betty Holt.

(Betty takes a deep breath and walks up to the stage.)

Betty: Hi (no response). As the other guy said, my name is Betty Holt and here's a song that I wrote a while back. It's called "Poor Little Rich Girl". Hope you enjoy it.

(A man wearing a stylish suit turns his bar stool to face Betty as she is about to start playing.)

Poor Little Rich Girl

*Somewhere in a faraway place
Lives a girl I used to know
She was just like you and me
But that was a long time ago*

*Cos now she's untouchable
Fancy car and fancy things
Living in her fancy palace
Diamond jewels and diamond rings*

*She's got everything in place
But if you look into her face
You'll see*

(chorus)

*She's just a poor little rich girl
Singing in her gilded cage
Cos on the surface she's happy
But inside there's a burning rage
Cos once the lights come down
And there's no one around
The only thing that's missing
Is love*

(The crowd gets into the song and some even stand up from their seats and clap to the beat of the music, while some others try to maintain a rhythm in their drunken stupors. The man in the suit takes his phone out and starts filming her performance. While she is

playing, more music starts to build up around her, almost as though she is envisioning what she would look like performing to a stadium packed audience.)

*You'll see her on the silver screen
you'll see her in the magazines
Dressed up in the latest style
Hanging with the fashion queens*

*But behind the painted smile
Lies a girl who just can't hide
The fact that the only thing
That she wants she just can't buy*

*She's got everything in place
But if you look into her face
You'll see*

(chorus)

*She's just a poor little rich girl
Singing in her gilded cage
Cos on the surface she's happy
But inside there's a burning rage
Cos once the lights come down
And there's no one around
The only thing that's missing
Is love*

*Nothing is what it seems
All lipstick and beauty queens
Cos once you're in, there's no way out
Even if you scream and shout*

The nightmare stemmed from the dream

(chorus)

*She's just a poor little rich girl
Singing in her gilded cage
Cos on the surface she's happy
But inside there's a burning rage
Cos once the lights come down
And there's no one around
The only thing that's missing
Is love*

(The crowd applauds in response to the song while Betty is still playing)

*Cos She's just a poor little rich girl
Cos She's just a poor little rich girl*

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(Most people cheer, although one drunken reveller deliberately yells “Booo!” Betty continues playing while the MC approaches the stage.)

MC: Now, come on! Let’s all be encouraging of one another.

Drunken man: Show us your tits!

(The MC tries to placate the crowd while Betty stops playing and starts getting wound up)

Betty: What did you say to me!

Drunken Man: I said show us your tits, cos you obviously can’t sing!

Betty: You wanna come right here and say it to my face!

(The crowd is obviously interested in this verbal exchange and some start pulling out their phones to film the whole thing. Another Punter approaches the drunken man.)

Punter: Mate, maybe you should stop drinking and shut the hell up!

Drunken Man: What the fuck did you just say?

(The drunken man tries to swing a punch at the Punter and he gets held down by another guy and Betty seizes this opportunity to take a swipe at him which creates a domino effect and other people start punching each other while a few other people are still standing in the sidelines filming the scene with their phones.)

MC: Ok guys! That’s enough! Take it outside! Security!

(A couple of bouncers try to escort the punters outside while Betty rushes for her guitar and tries to leave with Donnie through the front entrance while the man in the suit gestures for them to leave through the back entrance.)

Man in suit: Don’t go through there! They’ll take you into custody. Go through here!

(Betty, Donnie and the man in suit exit through the backstage door while the fighting starts to die down.)

Scene 4: Outside the Open Mic Venue.

(The stage revolves around to reveal the back entrance to the venue. Betty and Donnie try to catch their breath whereas the man in the suit is checking to see if anyone is following them.)

Donnie: Are you ok?

(Betty nods)

Man in Suit: Talk about making a lasting impression, but well done for standing up to that guy.

Betty: I don't take shit from anyone. Listen man, thanks for getting us outta there.

Man in suit: it's my pleasure (awkward pause). Listen, I don't normally do this, but I'm a producer/manager looking for some new musical talent, and I was quite impressed with what I saw, so if you're interested (hands her a business card) give me a call.

Betty: (takes the card and reads it) Reginald Spencer, Skyscraper records. Cool, I'll think about it. Thanks Reginald.

Man in Suit: Call me Reg. (exits stage. Betty and Donnie stand looking a bit stupified with what had just happened and then they start to run off stage as soon as they hear the sound of police sirens in the distance.)

Scene 5: News report

(A giant screen appears from the fly tower and a news reporter is ushered onto the stage behind a news desk and is looking forward as if delivering a report)

VO: This is the Evening News Update with Jennifer/Gerald Patterson

News reporter: Good evening. A community is left in utter disbelief as a teenager starts a riot in a popular music venue in the CBD, causing mass arrests, property damage and an urgent warning to parents when it comes to letting their adolescent children roam the streets unattended. Sebastian/Sabrina Barkley has filed this report.

(VO of Sebastian/Sabrina appears as a phone video of the open mic riot appears on the screen. The video commences during the actual fighting)

Sebastian/Sabrina: A sight to behold that no-one should expect to see on a regular night out. Police were called to the Striped Macaw at 9pm last night when an out of control performance reared its ugly head, causing mass chaos where at least 5 people have been arrested and extensive damage has been made to the venue. Thanks to a punter who captured all this on their phone before streaming it on the internet, police can identify that this was triggered by a teenage girl who was performing on that very night.

(Video catches a few seconds of Betty playing, then cross fades to the moment where Betty says "What did you say to me!" To the Drunken Man including captions that capture the dialogue exchange leading up to her saying "You wanna come right here and say it to my face!")

Sebastian/Sabrina: Leroy Johns, who was hosting the event, saw it all unfold.

(The MC's (Leroy) face appears on the screen)

MC: it all happened so fast, there was nothing that could be done. Now, we are faced with the prospect of losing our residency where we will need to find another suitable venue to host our open mics, which until now, has never attracted this form of violence. (Footage of people being ushered out of the venue by police)

Sebastian/Sabrina: Police were immediately called to the scene and arrested a few violent punters, but were unfortunate to apprehend the culprit.

(Police officer's face appears on the screen)

Police Officer: At this stage, we were able to identify the person as a young teenage girl who came mainly to play. Whether or not she intended to start a riot is unclear but for a minor to wander the streets on a weeknight unsupervised should raise a few eyebrows in the wider community.

Sebastian/Sabrina: Such an event has sparked fear and outrage amongst parents.

(Camera pans to parents being interviewed on the street after dropping their children off at school.)

Parent 1: I'd be appalled if that was my daughter

Parent 2: She probably deserves a good walloping. Unfortunately most parents these days are too soft.

Parents 3: where was the mother when this happened?

Sebastian/Sabrina: Child psychologist expert, Samuel Layton-Shore says this is a reflection of modern parenting.

(Child psychologist's face appears on the screen)

Child psychologist: children, as far into their late teens, need strict boundaries and moral codes before they can venture out into the world. Due to the onslaught of social media and technology, children feel more disconnected than ever and don't know how to communicate, causing parents to feel helpless and often resort to letting them do what they want.

Sebastian/Sabrina: Police are urging this young woman to come forward and answer some questions, otherwise if she fails to comply, then it is likely that this incident would appear on her permanent record. In the meantime, here's a word of caution:

Police Officer: Make sure you know exactly where your child is at night, that they are fully supervised and that they are safe at home, especially on a school night.

Sebastian/Sabrina: Sebastian/Sabrina Barkley. Evening news

(Blackout)

Scene 6: Betty's home.

(Betty's mum drags Betty onto the stage into her bedroom.)

Betty's Mum: Do you have any idea what you put me through? Count your lucky stars you only got 3 days community service and an internal suspension!

Betty: But I told you, Mum! I didn't start anything! I was only there to play my songs!

Betty's Mum: And you won't be doing that for a while! Not while you're under my roof and while you're at school.

Betty: What do you mean by that exactly?

Betty's Mum: I'm saying it's time to knuckle down and focus on your future.

Betty: But this is my future!

Betty's mum: Dammit Betty! When are you gonna realise that you are not gonna make it as a rock star. Ever!

(Silence)

It's time for you to start thinking realistically about things. (pause) People like us don't always get what we want. We go with what we have.

(Betty says nothing. Mum exits the room while closing the door behind her. Betty stands frozen on the spot and slowly makes her way to the bed and sits down)

Hopeless Dreamer

(E) So that's it

(C#m) The law has spoken

(E) It's time to open up all the (C#m) books

(E) Back to class

(C#m) Kids sneak a joke in

(E) Behind their shiny smiles and plastic (C#m) looks

(Pre-chorus)

(A) You can be whatever you want to be

(B) I've heard that line before

(A) On some college brochure at a school (B) expo

I (A) know this is my senior year

And how (B) every grade will count

Still my (A) head says "stay"

But still my heart says (B) "go"

(Chorus)

(E) But I'm just a hopeless dreamer with hopeless (F#m) dreams

Who (D#dim) always seems to go to such extremes
(E) I must be wearing a sign that screams (A, B, C#m) "catastrophe"
(D#dim) And if that's true then you best steer clear from me

(E, C#m)
(E) There was a time
(C#m) When it was easy
(E) To make music without the online (C#m) game
(E) When words meant something
(C#m) And weren't just cheesy
(E) And it wasn't just about all the (C#m) fame

(Pre-chorus)
(A) You can be whatever you want to be
(B) I've heard that line before
(A) On some college brochure at a school (B) expo
I (A) know this is my senior year
And how (B) every grade will count
Still my (A) head says "stay"
But still my heart says (B) "go"

(E) But I'm just a hopeless dreamer with hopeless (F#m) dreams
Whose (D#dim) life is falling apart at the seams (E)
Do I wanna be Miss Ivy League, or a (A, B, C#m) school drop out
Cos I (D#dim) just can't see what this life is about (E)
Cos I'm just a hopeless dreamer who can't shoot (F#m) straight
With no (D#dim) sense of direction to (E) navigate
Should I (E) lay my cards down at the table, or (A, B, C#m) fold them back
It's a (D#dim) metaphor that just seems out of (E) whack

(Bridge)
(F#m) So many choices that I must make in so little (B) time, time
(F#m) Stay on the straight and narrow seems so much safer than going (B) blind
To a world that's (G#m) mine

(chorus)
But I'm (E) just a hopeless dreamer with hopeless (F#m) dreams
In a (D#dim) world that's filled with white noise and touch (E) screens
(E) Success is only for the lucky and (A, B, C#m) for the rich
And if (D#dim) that's the rule, then life sure is a (E) bitch

But I'm (E) just a hopeless dreamer who writes sad (F#m) songs
In a (D#dim) world where it seems I don't (E) belong
And if that's the way you make it through
then (A, B, C#m) strike me dead! (pause)
I'll just (D#dim) stick to this mundane life (E) instead

And if that's the way you make it through
then (A, B, C#m) strike me dead!

I'll just (D#dim) stick to this mundane life (E) instead

Scene 7: School corridor

(The students are making their way to class. There is now a banner hanging across the corridor saying "Cast your vote for Valedictory King and Queen of ...". Donnie enters via one side of the stage and Betty enters via the other. She is taking her time getting to class while everyone else is rushing and she is looking down while clutching her books close to her chest. While this is happening, the students notice her in passing and they are looking at their phones, still transfixed by the viral video of the riot. Brittany and her entourage walk past Betty while holding their phones.)

Brittany: (sarcastic) Nice work, Betty! Looks like you made a great impression!

(The girls giggle and exit the stage.)

Betty: (calls out) Don't forget your chemical peel for Valedictory Queen!

(Donnie approaches her)

Donnie: Don't listen to them. They're just being bitches. Are you going to class?

Betty: Can't. Got an internal suspension. Can you please pass on any homework tasks to me at the end of school?

Donnie: sure. Listen, I haven't had a chance to see you since - you know, but I was wondering if you've given any thought about that producer guy we met.

Betty: yeah, so?

Donnie: (pause) So, are you gonna give it a shot?

Betty: I don't think so. Mum's really pissed off at me and she says I have zero chance of making it anyway. Besides, he's probably one of those creepy producers who just wants to get into your pants.

Donnie: Are you serious? Betty, this is something that you've been wanting to do for such a long time. How could you not give it go?

Betty: I gotta be realistic about things. Success doesn't come to people like me.

Donnie: What do you mean "people like you?" You have every chance of making it, just like everyone else.

Make this moment last

*(E) I can hear your heart beating
Your palms are starting to sweat*

*(A) It looks like this feeling
(E) Is as scary as it's gonna get*

*I know that you're doubting
Whether this will be a mistake
(A) But what if I told you
(E) This would be the best risk you would take*

*(A) This is your chance
(B) So do it
(A) Just take the dance
(B) And prove it
Cos when a (C#m) moment comes
It can (B) go so fast
(A) So do it and make this (B) moment last*

*We're not getting any younger
Everyone is saying what we should do
if we look on the outside
You will know it all comes down to you*

*We spend our lives searching
For someone that makes our hearts soar
But you know what you want right now
So what are you waiting for?*

*(A) This is your chance
(B) So do it
(A) Just take the dance
(B) And prove it
Cos when a (C#m) moment comes
It can (B) go so fast
(A) So do it and make this (B) moment last*

*(F#m) Just listen to your heart
And let your (B) passion lead the way*

(go up a 3rd)

*(C#M) This is your chance
(E#m) So do it
(C#M) Just take the dance
(E#m) And prove it
Cos when a (E) moment comes
It can (E#m) go so fast
(C#m) So do it and make this (E#m) moment last*

(Betty looks at Donnie and her mood suddenly changes. They both look at each other for what may be considered a “moment” before Mr Griffin, the Vice Principal, approaches them.)

Mr Griffin: What are you two doing just standing there? Donnie, you should be in class by now. And Betty, you’re supposed to report to reception to serve your suspension.

Betty: Sorry, Mr Griffin. I was just getting my books.

Donnie: (aside to Betty) think about it.

(Donnie exits one side of the stage, while Betty and Mr Griffin exit via the other side)

Scene 8: Music Room

(The school music room looks like a standard classroom only it is a bit shabby looking, almost as though the department has been underfunded by the school. There are music instruments placed along the walls and there are posters of famous musicians who represent a range of different genres, in particular, there is a poster of Alanis Morissette hovering around the room. Mrs Williams is sitting on one of the student desks trying to learn a song on her guitar when Betty walks in with her guitar for a private tutorial.)

Mrs Williams: (looks at her watch) It’s 3:45. I almost thought you weren’t gonna make it.

Betty: Sorry, Mrs Williams. I had to collect my homework from Donnie after serving my internal suspension.

Mrs Williams: That’s alright. As I say to all of my students “this is your time”.

(Betty opens her guitar case. As she is doing this, Mrs Williams notices Betty’s sour expression on her face)

Is everything ok?

Betty: (puzzled) yeah, why?

Mrs Williams: You seem a bit down. Listen, I know how upset you must feel about the video and how it went viral, but...

Betty: It’s not that.

Mrs Williams: Well listen, at this stage of year 12, it’s normal to feel...

Betty: it’s not that either.

Mrs Williams: Then what is it?

(Mrs Williams gestures a seat for Betty to sit down. Betty puts her guitar down and sits next to her.)

Betty: There's this guy I met - at the open mic

Mrs Williams: (looks away as if embarrassed) Oh, I see.

Betty: No, no (laughs). Nothing like that. Donnie and I met this guy and he was dressed in a nice business suit, and he told us he was a music producer. He liked what he saw, as in my performance, and he gave me his card.

Mrs Williams: And you're upset about that?

Betty: I just feel like maybe I'm taking this music stuff way too seriously, and that I should just focus on my schoolwork and get through this year without too many distractions.

Mrs Williams: That sounds like a mature thing to do. (pause) But -

Betty: But what?

Mrs Williams: See that poster over there?

(She points to a poster of Alanis Morissette)

Betty: Yeah. She was your idol when you were at school.

Mrs Williams: (nods) Do you think when opportunities came her way, that she had to think rationally and think about careers and responsibility? What about those other people?

(She points to other posters of artists on the wall.)

People who have changed the course of history have never played it safe. They just took whatever opportunities they could get.

(music starts)

Betty: But what if I'm aiming too high and I'm not that good?

Mrs Williams: Well, how are you gonna know that if you don't at least try?

Not Me

*(G) I was once like you
Only my (C) sweater was on my backwards and my hair was painted blue
I'd (G) sit at my window sill
While (C) putting words to chords listening to Jagged Little Pill*

*And I'd say I've (D) got all this time to make my mind up
So (G) time must be on my (A) side, baby*

So I'd be

*(D) Hanging with the boys smoking weed for inspiration
Hoping somewhere in that haze, I'd find that spark of creation
And (Em) who would've (A) known
How much (Em) time would've (A) flown*

*Not me (D)
Not me*

(transition to 2nd verse in G)

*At 19, I went to this bar
When I (C) saw this long haired hippie crooning with his old guitar
You could (G) say we got along
Then 5 (C) years had passed, got a house and a kid, just like an old folk song*

*And I'd say I've (D) got all this time to make my mind up
So (G) time must be on my (A) side, baby*

So I'd be

*(D) Hanging with the boys smoking weed for inspiration
Hoping somewhere in that haze, I'd find that spark of creation
And (Em) who would've (A) known
How much (Em) time would've (A) flown
And I'd be (D) scribbling in my notebook in between diapers and sleep
While Jerry thinks that he's a rock star when he's going cheap
And (Em) who would've (A) known
How much (Em) time would've (A) flown*

*(Em) So the more I pushed, the more I fell
Into my own domestic hell
(C) Until the flame became a (Bm) flicker
(Em) You live, you learn, that's what they say
That's good to know but either way
(C) That's hard to swallow with some (Bm) liquor*

*(G) 15 years have come and gone
Got (C) divorced, got a DUI and a sponsor named Leon
And during (G) my sobriety
Went to (C) school, got my shit together and a teacher's degree*

*And despite (D) everything that went down and how my (G) dream never came (A) true
I oughta (D) know just how much I see the old me (G) inside someone like (A) you*

*And isn't it (C) ironic that we're here?
This very (G) moment I wanna make it (A) clear*

Don't go (D) Hanging with the boys smoking weed for inspiration

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*Hoping somewhere in that haze, you'll find that spark of creation
Thinking (Em) I'll be (A) fine
Cos I've got (Em) plenty of (A) time
So throw (D) caution to the wind and put your thoughts right into action
And don't let all of your Jerry's become your sole distraction
Because (Em) who, who (A) knows
How (Em) far you'll (A) go
So (Em) go and (A) try
Cos you've got (Em) time on your (A) side
But not me
(D) Not me
Not me*

Mrs Williams: So I think you know what to do.

Betty: Yeah, I do. Thanks

(Betty walks out of the classroom pulls out Reg's business card and starts dialling his number)

Hello, is this Reg?

Scene 9: Reg's music studio

(Scene takes place at Reg's music studio. The room contains a couple of sofas, a desk with a leather chair behind it and a couple of armchairs facing the desk. The walls are adorned with gold records complete with Venetian blinds. Reg sits at the desk talking on his phone.)

Reg: Look, don't worry about it, Saul. He'll come around. Yes, I added that clause in the contract, so he won't have a leg to stand on.

(Betty opens the door and stands in the doorway. Reg gestures for her to sit.)

Reg: Yeah? Listen, as soon as you hear this guy's voice, you can imagine him being in the soundtrack for the next Tarantino film. Ok, we'll talk soon.

(Reg hangs up.)

Betty! Good to see you. How you've been? Did you want a drink?

Betty: Sure, just a coke is fine.

Reg: Great! (Presses a button on his phone.) Meg, bring us two cokes please. (To Betty) So, I've had a listen to your stuff and might I say, it's really good.

Betty: Really?

Reg: Absolutely! Young woman like you with a punk-ass edge. Who were your idols while you were growing up?

Betty: Well, my mum made me listen to women rock singers such as Alanis Morissette, Melissa Etheridge, Sheryl Crow, Courtney Love...

Reg: You mean singers of the 90s? Angry Chick rock?

Betty: Yeah. I guess that kinda style doesn't really apply in today's music scene, huh?

Reg: (shrugs) the music industry is constantly evolving. One minute they like this person, the next, they're into this. You just gotta go with the tide.

Betty: yeah but I wanna be true to myself rather than conform to the masses.

Reg: And that's what drew me towards you in the first place. When I saw you perform, you didn't take shit from anyone, even that guy who tried to sabotage your act.

Betty: Yeah, like that really got me somewhere. Chances are that venue won't let me set foot in that place again.

Reg: But now thanks to the internet, you've established yourself as this tough chick who's not afraid to stick up for herself, and you can use that to your advantage as a singer. That's how people will remember you.

Betty: But I wanna be remembered for my songs, not for some video that went viral.

Reg: Oh no doubt about it, but sometimes you gotta play at their game to get somewhere.

Betty: Is that your philosophy on life and how you became a producer?

Reg: Well, not at the start it was. Do you believe in superstition?

Betty: You mean like broken mirrors and walking under ladders and all that stuff? Maybe.

Reg: Well, I'm of Greek descent and we're very superstitious people. (pulls out a necklace from under his shirt) See this? This protects me from bad luck. It's called a matiasma charm. It's to protect you from the "Evil Eye".
(music starts)

Betty: And what does the "evil eye" mean to you?

Reg: Well, it goes something like this...

Evil Eye

*When mum and dad arrived in this place
With everything that they had in one suitcase*
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*They agreed they were in for a good start
Because a good home always starts with a good heart*

*So they settled in a house with a few kids
And bought a business that sold fish and chips
They had everything down to a fine art
Because a good home always starts with a good heart*

*And so they prayed to their own saints
Hoping things will be fine
And that no bad luck would appear
If we just stay on the line*

*(chorus)
Work a little hard
Learn a little more
Have a little common sense to know what you should really aim for
Show a little love
Get a little wife
And then maybe you just might
Overlook the evil eye*

*Years had passed and the kids had all left school
Making money was always the golden rule
Getting a law degree was only just the start
Because a good home always starts with a good heart*

*But this one son had his heart set on this thing
Back in the day when radio was king
He wanted to study music and the arts
Because a good home always starts with a good heart*

*And so they prayed to their own saints
Hoping things will be fine
And that no bad luck would appear
If we just stay on the line*

*(chorus)
Work a little hard
Learn a little more
Have a little common sense to know what you should really aim for
Show a little love
Get a little wife
And then maybe you just might
Overlook the evil eye*

*(bridge)
So when he told them what he wanted
Father fell into a rage
And the son packed up and left*

*Said he had to disengage
And the father stayed up late
Waiting for him to come home
And then one day mother found him
On the floor, cold and alone*

*So he saw his father for the last time
As he laid still, they said he was at his prime
And the pallbearers got up and played their part
Because a good home always starts with a good heart*

*As his mother cried, he thought he heard her say
That's what you get when bad luck comes your way
So he turned around while his world fell apart
Because a good home always starts with a good heart*

*(chorus)
Work a little hard
Learn a little more
Have a little common sense to know what you should really aim for
Show a little love
Get a little wife
And then maybe you just might
Overlook the evil eye*

*When mum and dad arrived in this place
With everything that they had in one suitcase*

Betty: So that's the price you paid for getting into music. (pause) Is Reg your real name?

Reg: No, I've never really told anyone. But enough about me, let's hear more about you. Have you got any songs that you're currently working on?

Betty: Well, there is this one song.

(She moves to the guitar and plays some chords)

(Eb) I didn't get into your TV show

(Cm) I guess I just wasn't that good

(Eb) You didn't like any of the songs that I wrote

(Cm) I guess that I weren't understood

(Eb) You don't even like the sound of my voice

(Cm) You want me to be quiet

(Eb) You don't even like the way that I look

(Cm) So with that, I wanna riot

(Chorus)

(Ab) Cos I'm a freak (yeah)

Are you with me? (yeah)

(Bb) And I won't stop (no)

Until I reach the very top

Cos I'm a (Ab) freak (yeah)

Do you get me? (no)

Cos I'm on (Bb) fire

And with that, I wanna riot

(Stops playing)

So, what you do think?

Reg: I think it's got potential, but it needs some tweaking, and that's why I'm willing to work with you.

Betty: (excited) you really mean that? Thankyou so much! (gets up to hug him)

Reg: But, I gotta warn you. You will need to work hard, and you gotta trust me with whatever it is I suggest you do.

Betty: Absolutely! Anything you say.

Scene 10: School Corridor

(All of the kids are making their way to class. Donnie walks past. You can tell he is nervous.)

(Music Starts)

Fly to the Stars (in the same key and style to "Fly on the Wall")

Donnie: Betty, I've got something to tell you. We've been friends for a long time and we know each other inside and out. Well, seeing it's our last year of school, how would you feel if...

(Betty grabs Donnie and pulls him aside)

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Betty:

(Bb Major) I've been looking everywhere for you
I know that this has all come out of the blue
(F) But I'm here to tell you that I've got some good news
And that my dreams are starting to come true

Donnie: (speaks) that's great!

Betty:

(Bb Major) You've been a good friend since Kindergarten
This is something that I've put my heart in
(F) but before I embark on this mission
All I ask is this one condition

Donnie: (spoken) name it

Betty:

(Gm) So I need to know I've got your back
Just in case things go off track
And (A) I'm - am going to

(Chorus)

(Eb Major) Fly to the stars
Fly to the stars
Maybe I'll see Jupiter or even stars
And I'll (F) take them down
Take them down
So they will know I'm not some viral clown

Donnie: what?

Betty:

Cos I'll (Eb Major) Fly to the stars
Fly to the stars
Soon it will just be me and my guitar
And I'll (F) play my songs
Play my songs
Maybe one day the whole world will sing along.

Donnie: (speaking) Are you serious? You're really gonna do it? You're gonna go with that producer guy? But I thought you said he was a bit of a creep?

Betty: (spoken) Well, that was before I actually got to know him and he seems really interested in my music, and he's got some great ideas in place.

Donnie: Really? What sort of ideas?

Betty: Well...

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(Sings) (Bb Major) First, I gotta get a full time wage
So I can finally get out of this place
(F) So that can cover my recording sessions.
But there is one little indiscretion

Donnie: What's that?

Betty: (Bb Major) I know I'm going against the golden rule
But it's time that I drop out of school
And now I have to...

Donnie: What? Wait a second!

(music stops)

You're dropping out of school?

Betty: Donnie, this is my one and probably my only shot. You said so yourself.

Donnie: yeah, but I never expected you to leave school to do it, especially when we're nearly at the end.

Betty: Dave Grohl dropped out when he joined Nirvana.

Donnie: Yeah, but he's only the exception.

Betty: Come on, Don! Since when were you into following the rules. Like you said earlier, it is really all up to us to decide what we wanna do.

Donnie: But, can't you do this and finish school? There's gotta be a lot of producers out there who can accomodate.

Betty: Reg tells me the best way to approach the market is to go full pelt, especially at my age while I'm still young

Donnie: Still young? You've just turned 18! You've got your life ahead of you! What if this guy isn't who you thought he would be? What if all he wants to do is exploit you, like the way the media did you when that video went viral?

Betty: Of all the people whom I thought would be happy for me, you're doubting whether I can do this.

Donnie: I'm not doubting you, Betty! I just don't want you the make the biggest mistake of your life!

Betty: Thanks for your vote of confidence. I'll do this on my own.

(Betty walks off)

Donnie: Betty wait!

(Reprise of “Fly on the Wall” only slower, like a ballad)

Fly on the Wall (reprise)

*(D) I'll be Be a fly on the wall
Fly on the wall
Follow you around like you don't know me at all
And I'll (E) stay around
Stay around
Till your feet will hopefully touch the ground
(D) I'm a fly on the wall
Fly on the wall
Hoping that you'll soar and you won't take the fall
And I'll (E) make you see
Make you see...*

(musical interlude until Donnie realises that he's lost for words and walks offstage)

Scene 11: Recording studio

(Betty is in the recording studio recording her song)

Freak

*(Eb) I didn't get into your TV show
(Cm) I guess I just wasn't that good
(Eb) You didn't like any of the songs that I wrote
(Cm) I guess that I weren't understood
(Eb) You don't even like the sound of my voice
(Cm) You want me to be quiet
(Eb) You don't even like the way that I look
(Cm) So with that, I wanna riot*

(Betty stops playing and looks to Reg for approval)

Reg: I think - it's got legs. But it still needs a bit more work.

Betty: (enthusiastically) Oh, I know. I actually wasn't intending on having lots of instruments. I was thinking...

Reg: (cuts her off) Peaches, just leave it up to me. You sing it, I'll make it work.

(A couple of studio executives visit the studio and watch Betty perform the song with a full band)

(Do Do Do Do Do Do, Do, Do, Do, Do, Do) X2

(Eb) I didn't get into your TV show

(Cm) I guess I just wasn't that good

(Eb) You didn't like any of the songs that I wrote

(Cm) I guess that I weren't understood

(Eb) You don't even like the sound of my voice

(Cm) You want me to be quiet

(Eb) You don't even like the way that I look

(Cm) So with that, I wanna riot

(Do Do Do Do Do Do, Do, Do, Do, Do, Do) X2

(Chorus)

(Ab) Cos I'm a freak (yeah)

Are you with me? (yeah)

(Bb) And I won't stop (no)

Until I reach the very top

Cos I'm a (Ab) freak (yeah)

Do you get me? (no)

Cos I'm on (Bb) fire

And with that I wanna riot.

(Reg turns to face the studio executives.)

Reg: So, what do you think.

Studio Executive: She's got a good voice, however something is lacking, something vanilla, something with almonds. In other words, she needs more work. Her music sounds a bit outdated and she needs a new look. Work on it and get back to me. At this stage, she just doesn't have "it."

(Starting chords: Eb, Cm - chordal structure same as verse 1)

(Eb) I had a radio interview

(Cm) Promoting a new EP

(Eb) But suddenly I got bumped off the slot

(Cm) By little miss pop diva queen

(Eb) I went to the music producer

(Cm) And he said I should go on a diet

(Eb) So I grabbed my guitar

(Cm) Went to the bar

(Eb) And screamed that I wanna riot

(Do Do Do Do Do Do, Do, Do, Do, Do, Do) X2

(Chorus)

(Ab) Cos I'm a freak (yeah)

Are you with me? (yeah)

(Bb) And I won't stop (no)

Until I reach the very top

Cos I'm a (Ab) freak (yeah)

Do you get me? (no)

Cos I'm on (Bb) fire

And with that, I wanna riot

(Reg and Betty are back in the studio and they are both exhausted. There are empty soda cans and half empty pizza boxes left strewn around the room.)

Betty: What am I gonna do, Reg? I can't go back to school and be a total laughing stock. Maybe that executive guy's right. I just don't have "it".

Reg: Hey. What did I tell you about that self-talk? You gotta stay positive.

Betty: We've been working on the same track for over a month now! I can't afford all of this studio time. There's gotta be something we can do.

Reg: (pause) Maybe it's got nothing to do with the way you sing. Maybe it's about the look. Sometimes you just need a gimmick to sell your product. Something that defines you, but is not really you. You told me your influences were the angry rock chicks of the 90s, but that's not enough. Was there someone else, like a fictional character that you looked up to as a child?

Betty: Well, you know when you're a kid and you're still trying to get a sense of your own identity that as soon as you see something in a shop with your name on it, you wanna buy it. Well, I couldn't find anything that said "Betty". You always saw names such as "Sarah" or "Samantha" or "Amanda" on pretty pink keyrings or drink bottles, but not Betty. And then one day, mum was at an outdoor market, and she saw this black and red over the shoulder bag that said "Betty", and a picture of this cartoon character with short black hair, a black dress and this dark stare that screamed "what are you looking at?" When mum brought it home, I was so happy yet so transfixed by this character who didn't seem to give a damn about anything. When I googled her to see if there was anything else about this character, I couldn't find anything, so I made her up as though she was real. She lived in this castle all by herself and only had animals as friends. She also had a flying skateboard that would take her anywhere, and she was so smart that she had these secret potions where she could make herself have super powers. One day at school, we had a free dress day and I brought this bag along and all of the kids looked at me as though I was this strange person. I felt like a freak for wearing a bag that didn't look like all of the other bags that had unicorns pooping rainbows out of their arses. I felt different. I gave myself a name that only I called myself: Betty B. Different. Everything I saw, everything I heard, I would state the opposite. When people say, "the world is yours" I would say "The world isn't yours". When someone says the sky is blue, I would say, "no it's not. It's green". I deliberately set myself to oppose anything for what it was, almost to the point where people found me uncomfortable, like they didn't wanna know that I existed. It's funny how a persona can stem from a silly handbag. I always held onto that handbag like grim death, almost to the point where it was unusable and I would have to sticky tape the straps to the purse so I could still wear it out. One day, mum found it while we were in the middle of moving due to my parents separating, and she threw it in the bin. It was too late to fish it out because it was bin day. I cried myself to sleep that night and I didn't speak to mum for nearly a week. But then I kept telling myself that it's just a handbag.

(Reg gets up)

Reg: I've think I've got an idea. (hands her a pad and pen) Write this down.

(Betty and Reg exit while the chorus get up on stage.)

Chorus:

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*(Fm) I see the walls
They seem to fence me in
Reminding me I'm at a (Gm) loss
(Fm) Yet deep inside
I hear the voice from within
(Gm) Stop making these excuses
I am worth the cost*

(Scene change where the studio transforms into a live stage for a TV show similar to "Top of the Pops". Betty undergoes an extreme change. She now has black shoulder length hair with bangs, a matching black dress, with a full band and she song "Freak" has undergone a complete change as well as it is more a Punk Rock Anthem than a power ballad.)

(Do Do Do Do Do Do, Do, Do, Do, Do, Do) X2

(Chorus and Betty)

Cos I'm a freak (yeah)

Are you with me? (yeah)

And I won't stop (no)

Until I reach the very top

Cos I'm a freak (yeah)

Do you get me? (no)

Cos I'm on fire

And with that, I wanna riot

(repeat)

(The chorus clap and cheer as Betty revels in the applause)

End of Act One

Act Two

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Scene 12: Music montage

(The chorus are listening to music on their iphones and headphones while walking across the stage as “Radio Radio” starts. A giant screen from upstage appears featuring a music video and Betty appears in it in her new persona)

Chorus:

*Gonna write another love song
It's gonna climb right up the charts
It's gonna make everyone dance
It's gonna touch everyone's heart*

Betty:

*Repetition, alliteration
A substitution for true inspiration*

Betty and Chorus:

*Radio Radio
I've got something to sing along
Media Media
Who cares what it means, it's just another song*

Radio Radio

*I've got something to sing along
Media Media
Who cares what it means, it's just another song*

(Betty exits from a restaurant or hotel and fans are flanked on either side of her separated by security and velvet rope. Reg is standing next to her talking on his mobile phone. Betty is signing autographs and getting selfies with fans, while on Downstage Right, a music video programmer is addressing the audience.)

Music show host: Next up we have a newcomer who is trending online with her unique style of music. You asked for it, so here it is: Betty B. Different with “Radio Radio”.)

Betty:

*Gonna write another love song
That's gonna stick right in your head
With little words that go
do, do, oo, oo, oh yeah!
I'm gonna write another love song
Gonna get me a grammy
Cos I'll tell whoever
That you never
Believed in me*

Betty and Chorus:

Repetition, alliteration

Who cares it's my interpretation

Radio Radio

I've got something to sing along

Media Media

Who cares what it means, it's just another song

Radio Radio

I've got something to sing along

Media Media

Who cares what it means, it's just another song

(Sebastian/Sabrina Barkley is tailing a camera crew around and he enters Betty's old school.)

Sebastian/Sabrina Barkley: Yes, Betty B. Different is the talk of the town right now and it's hard to believe that this current music megastar started off here in this state school where conditions could not have been worse.

(Mr Griffin walks past him/her and gives a funny look)

Ahem, we have some of Betty's past school friends here to give their view on the singer.

(Brittany, Ashlee and Ebonee totter towards the reporter)

(to the girls) what do you remember about Betty when she was at school?

Brittany: Oh, she was of our best friends who was part of our group.

Ashlee: yeah, we were the ones who told her to chase her dream.

Ebonee: We always knew she'd make it!

Brittany: Anyway, hiya Betty! If you're ever in L.A. tell Ariana Grande I said hi!

Mr Griffin: I'm sorry, but these girls need to be preparing for their end of year exams, so would you mind?

(Donnie walks past and is caught off guard by the reporter.)

Sebastian/Sabrina Barkley: Excuse me. Are you a friend of Betty B. Different?

Donnie: (looks at camera and back at reporter) sort of.

Sebastian/Sabrina Barkley: What do you remember most fondly of her?

Donnie: I guess that she always wanted to stand out from everyone else, which I guess she has. Excuse me.

(Donnie exits the stage)

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(Towards the front of stage, Betty is being interviewed by a music show host and she is lounging on a couch, wearing a faux fur coat and sunglasses, almost unrecognisable.)

Music show host: So your song has now hit number one on the iTunes Charts and you're about to go to America to record your first album. What do you have to say to all of your fans who brought you here?

Betty: (takes off her sunglasses)

We're just hearing

Never listening

It all sounds clear

We don't wanna hear

Your bullshit drama

Or what's truly missing

Betty and Chorus:

Radio Radio

I've got something to sing along

Media Media

Who cares what it means, it's just another song

Radio Radio

I've got something to sing along

Media Media

Who cares what it means, it's just another song

Whoa!

Whoa!

Whoa!

Whoa!

Scene 13: Year 12 Valedictory

(The stage is divided into two sections: one section is a corridor leading to the ballroom strewn with balloons and a banner displaying "congratulations Class of..." and the other section is a powder/ladies room. Donnie walks out of the ballroom wearing a suit and tie and answers his phone.)

Donnie: Hello? Yes. Yeah, I should be free. Who's playing? An interview? That sounds awesome. Thankyou.

(Donnie hangs up as Mrs Williams enters the corridor and partly overhears Donnie's conversation. Donnie turns around.)

Oh, hi Mrs Williams.

Mrs Williams: I thought you were hiding away from the crowd after they announced the Valedictory King and Queen.

Donnie: Ugh! Couldn't care less.

Mrs Williams: are you having a good time?

Donnie: (thinks for a second) yeah, yeah I guess I am.

Mrs Williams: You wish she was here, don't you?

(Donnie knows who Mrs Williams is referring to and nods)

It seems as though you're not really happy for her.

Donnie: I am. It's just, I still can't believe what she did, gambling her future for this dream. Most people don't even get to where she is, so I should be happy for her...

Mrs Williams: but you still want her around.

Donnie: Yeah. I guess I just don't want her to lose herself in the process. Everything she does is now gonna be viewed for the whole world to see, if she gets that far.

Mrs Williams: Well, for her sake, let's hope it doesn't get that far.

(Donnie nods and walks away while Mrs Williams enters the ladies room. She looks into the mirror and reapplies her make up. While she is doing this, she can hear someone throwing up in one of the toilet cubicles. Mrs Williams slowly walks up to the cubicle and knocks.)

Is everything alright in there?

Girl in cubicle: (slightly shaky) yes, I'm fine. Thankyou.

Mrs Williams: Are you sure?

Girl in Cubicle: yes. Please, I just wanna be alone right now.

Mrs Williams: sweetie, if I had a dollar every time I heard that saying, only to turn out they don't wanna be alone, I wouldn't be working at this school anymore. (pause) Please honey, open the door.

(The door opens to reveal Brittany as she walks tentatively outside of the cubicle. She looks very flustered and her mascara has run down her face. In one hand, she is holding a plastic tiara revealing that she has won Valedictory Queen)

Brittany: I'm fine. I guess when they announced I won, I was a bit shocked.

Mrs Williams: (not convinced) Is there something you're not telling me?

Brittany: Something I ate just didn't sit right with me

(Mrs Williams gestures for her to sit on the couch in the ladies room.)

(intro to song starts)

Mrs Williams: Brittany Foster, I have taught you for the last 6 years. Do you honestly think all those times you asked to go to the bathroom it wouldn't have twigged that something was up.

Valedictory Queen

There was a girl who had a brother

He was smart and he was sporty

He was school captain in senior year

And everyone thought he was cool

Got his first pick at a good college

He received the Dux award

And he came back and gave a speech

To everyone at his old school

And they soon started comparing

To see if she would strive as well

But the more they tried to push

The more she stayed in her own shell

It was something she could control

As a way to face the pain

And the days got easier

But If only she would abstain

And then one day, she'd be on that stage

And face the school years from now

She'd wear a crown made of plastic

Saying she was valedictory queen

And they'd mention her as well as her brother

*And how she tried to make her way
A skinny princess, with a plastic crown*

*And now we're all here celebrating
Somehow I managed to scrape through
And I made the cool kids like me
And made some enemies too*

*And I'll step out in this big world
like an actor in a scene
With no claim to her name
But valedictory queen*

*And then one day, she'd be on that stage
And face the school years from now
She'd wear a crown made of plastic
Saying she was valedictory queen
And they'd mention her as well as her brother
And how she tried to make her way*

Still feeling empty

(Mrs Williams hands Brittany a hanky.)

Brittany: I'm gonna be ok, really. I'm gonna get some help. I don't really have anything to hide anymore.

Mrs Williams: I remember your brother in my year 8 Music class. He may have been smart, but he was an absolute little shit who had no appreciation for the arts.

(Brittany laughs and hands back the hanky which Mrs Williams waves off.)

Brittany: Does it get any better? You know, out there?

Mrs Williams: You'll find your way. And all of this will matter less as you get older.

Brittany: I can't believe I told you.

Mrs Williams: Well, believe it. Because I've got something to tell you as well.

Scene 14: Hotel Room

(Betty is sitting in a hotel room. Her suitcase is open with half of her things hanging out of it. She is either sitting on a chair or on the bed and she is in the middle of her publicity tour.)

The Girl who Cried

*The world is such a different place right now
In a blink, it seems that time as gone so fast
and here I'm in this hotel room
Drinking coke out of a champagne glass*

*The press are downstairs waiting for a meal
Making up some bullshit about me
But they can say whatever they want
Cos in the end, I know who I am, and who I'm meant to be*

*(chorus)
Because I've decided to become
The impenetrable one
Who wold never let anything pull her down
Cos once you have lost everything
And your self-worth's hanging by a string
All you have that's left is your pride
So I left the girl who cried*

*I remember waking up late in the night
To the sounds mum and dad in a screaming feud
coming home so late from work
Reeking of cheap booze and cheap perfume*

*Then one day, Dad packed his bags and left
Without a single explanation why
Except to say that he'll come back
But 6 years on, this well has now gone dry
So I had to say goodbye*

*(chorus)
Because I've decided to become
The impenetrable one
Who would never let anything pull her down*

*Cos once you have lost everything
And your self-worth's hanging by a string
All you have that's left is your pride
So I left the girl who cried*

*If I can take anything from this
It would be this creed
To never stoop myself so low
And become a coward or a sheep
Or someone who builds their strength
By tearing others down
Then maybe I can get through this
And be the talk of the town*

The talk of the town

(short solo)

*(chorus)
Because I've decided to become
The impenetrable one
Who would never let anything pull her down
Cos once you have lost everything
And your self-worth's hanging by a string
All you have that's left is your pride
So I left the girl who cried*

The girl who cried

The girl who cried

That's why I left the girl who cried.

Scene 15: Donnie's room

(Donnie is sitting in his bedroom writing on his laptop)

Where are the Rock Stars Now?

*(D) I thought that Journalism
Would be a form of activism
Where I would (A) unveil the truth
Of the corrupt and uncouth*

*But what has (D) gone from optimism
Has now become just skepticism
Where it's (A) not about one's art
But how high they're in the charts*

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(Em) Whoa, Whoa

*(G) Where are the rock stars now?
Where's the (C#dim) booze and where's the scenes
Instead of online posts and screens
(G) Where are the rock stars now?
Instead of (C#dim) hanging with the band
I'm stuck at home building my brand*

*(D) Excuse my cynicism
But there is so much formalism
The moment (A) you step out of line
Someone is trolling you online*

*(D) Words reduced to tokenism
To get away with plagiarism
Instead of (A) meeting one in haste
You can simply cut and paste*

(Em) Whoa, Whoa

*(G) Where are the rock stars now?
Instead of (C#dim) living on the road
It's all deadline overload
(G) Where are the rock stars now?
One minute you're (C#dim) trying to be discreet
While gossip is now so chic*

*(F#m) So this is what's become of my English score
(A) Asking what was all this hard work (G) for
(Em) They're just words, only words
But they're my words
That I'm adding to this trash
(A) But maybe I'll be a rock star
And burn this (G) empire to ash*

(gets his phone)

*(spoken)
George, it's Donnie. Yes, you'll get the article by midnight. But I'm just writing to tell you
that I no longer wanna write for your crummy website, because I'm starting my own blog
baby, and writing whatever the hell I want, yeah!*

(move song up a semi tone)

*Here are the Rock stars now!
Instead of following the flock
I'm gonna shred this pen and rock!*

*There's no stopping now
I'm gonna find and write my own story
While going down in a blaze of glory
And I won't hold nothing back
While sending censors to cardiac*

*And I'll be trending by laying it bare
And if you sue me, then (spoken) I won't care*

*And to the pulitzer, I'll say too-da-loo
Cos that's what Rock stars do!*

Scene 16: American TV show

(The stage is set like a late night TV show, similar to David Letterman or Jimmy Kimmel. Late night TV host is sitting behind a desk on the side of the stage and the audience has just applauded as if they has just finished an ad break.)

Late Night TV show host: Our next guest hails all the way from and she is debuting her first single here in the state. Cleverly titled "American Dream," here is Betty.

(The stage lights up and in the centre is a round stage with a digital backdrop of palm trees, beaches, and other American landmarks and standing in the centre is Betty performing with her band and she is wearing sunglasses.)

American Dream

*(G) The plane lands and my (C) feet touch the tarmac
(G) With just a dream and a (D) song
(G) This is the land of (C) fame and fortune
(G) Am I gonna get (D) along?*

*(G) Hailed a cab
Seeing (C) palm trees and sports cars
(G) Nothing's all as it (D) seems
(G) But if you make it here then (C) you can make it out there
(G) It's the American (D) Dream*

*(Pre-chorus)
(G) So my palms starts sweating
© There's no point in forgetting
(G) Just how far I came (D) alone*

*So I (G) put on my headphones
And © then I enter the zone
When the (G) music starts playing, I'm (D) home*

And I'm (D) home

(chorus)

Now I (C) know why I'm here
And it's (D) gonna be fine
So let me (G) throw my hands up and (Em) scream
And I (C) have no fear
So just (D) ring the party line
Cos we're all (G) living the American (Em) Dream
Yeah, we're all (G) living the American (C) Dream

(G) Enter the club
And it © takes a while to get in
(G) My name wasn't on the (D) door

(G) I'm dressed in denim
While (C) everyone's Versace
(G) That's what designers are (D) for

(Pre-chorus)
And then (G) I start pacing
© And my heart is racing
It is (G) time I make my way back (D) home?

Then my (G) song starts playing
© And my fear starts fading
And I (G) know that I'm not (D) alone

Not (D) alone

(chorus)
Now I (C) know why I'm here
And it's (D) gonna be fine
So let me (G) throw my hands up and (Em) scream
And I (C) have no fear
So just (D) ring the party line
Cos we're all (G) living the American (Em) Dream
Yeah, we're all (G) living the American (C) Dream

(Bridge)
(Em) Sometimes I just wanna (C) flee
From this (Em) land of opportunity (C)
But (Em) when I hear that song, I (C) say
(D) Everything is gonna, gonna be ok

(chorus)
Now I (C) know why I'm here
And it's (D) gonna be fine
So let me (G) throw my hands up and (Em) scream
And I (C) have no fear
So just (D) ring the party line
Cos we're all (G) living the American (Em) Dream
Yeah, we're all (G) living the American (C) Dream

(Betty then walks towards the desk and sits next to the host's desk.)

Late Night TV show host: Betty everyone. (crowd applauds) So Betty, what do you think of America?

Betty: It's pretty cool. I've always wanted to visit the land of the free.

Late Night TV show host: What's been the best thing so far?

Betty: (lost for words) About America? Probably the variety of food that you eat for breakfast. Back home, we eat either toast or cereal. Here, you normally eat pancakes, pie, waffles, bacon as well as the usual. It's a massive smorgasbord.

Late Night TV show host: So that was all you ate at home?

Betty: yeah. I mean, sometimes I used to skip breakfast altogether. I guess I was just one of those girls who didn't think breakfast was the most important meal of the day.

Late Night TV show host: So where to from here?

Betty: Well, I'll be performing at some venues across the state. All of the details are on the website, then we'll stop by at a few other countries, fly home for a bit of a break and then start on a new album, I guess.

Late Night TV show host: Do you miss home?

Betty: (shrugs) Yeah, a little. I don't miss the people who used to bully me at school. Well, now they've graduated and they're probably leading boring lives going to uni - or what you call college.

Late Night TV show host: So people who go to college are boring?

Betty: (laughs) No, course not.

Late Night TV show host: But the future's looking bright for you, eh?

Betty: Yeah, pretty much. I don't have any complaints.

Late Night TV show host: (facing audience) So, there you have it. Betty's EP is out now. Please thank her. We'll be right back.

(audience claps and TV crew indicates that it's now an ad break. Betty swaggers offstage to see her entourage and her publicist who hands her a cup of water while examining her phone)

Betty: how did it go?

Publicist: I'm just checking your twitter feed. So far, you've had a few comments about what you said about college people being quote "boring".

Betty: I was talking about my performance

Publicist: (nonchalant) Oh, yeah that was fine, however you need to be careful about what you say. You don't want your image to be tarnished at this stage of your career.

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Betty: Who cares about my image. Can't the music stand out on its own.

Publicist: We've been through this, Betty. It's all about the brand.

(Reg enters)

Reg: Hey Bets!

Betty: Reg, did you like my act?

Reg: liked it. I loved it! Let's celebrate.

Publicist: Ah, now would not be a good time. So far, there's a bit of a backlash online where you seem to be trending for all the wrong reasons. They're saying that you're a bad role model who advocates dropping out of school, and that you have an eating disorder because you skip meals.

Betty: Well, now that you mention it, I did drop out of school. But I had a valid reason. As for the eating disorder, I don't know what to do about that. Should we just stop at a Mac-cas on the way to the hotel and you film me eating a burger? It's like you have to insta-gram everything that I do to get the right audience.

Reg: That's because you're a bonafide rock star!

Betty: Not yet though

Publicist: Ok. Well, while I go online trying to pick up the pieces, you need to go back to your hotel and rest up a bit. We've got a busy day lined up as we fly out to Vegas tomorrow.

Betty: but I haven't really had a chance to see much of Los Angeles. In fact, I haven't really had a chance to see anything.

Publicist: Well, welcome to the life of being a celebrity.

(Publicist exits. Betty turns to face Reg)

Betty: I don't like her

Reg: she's just trying to do her job.

Betty: Listen, I never really thanked you for everything you've done for me. I can't believe all of this has happened in the space of a year. It was all because of you.

Reg: I just like to see people achieve their potential.

Betty: Although I'm grateful for everything, I just have one little criticism. I thought I was going to be called "Betty B. Different" not "Betty".

Reg: Yeah, well we thought about it, and we think it suits your style. Think of all of the other artists who also go by the one name. Helps people remember them easily.

Betty: But I thought we weren't gonna go with the status quo. I thought being unique and "different" was my selling point.

Reg: Oh, I just forgot. I've got some exciting news. Meteoric Records have just got back to me, and - they wanna sign you!

(Betty screams)

Betty: You're kidding! That's amazing! (hugs Reg) I'll have to call my mum, however it will be a totally different time zone compared to here. What if I wake her? I'll have to tweet this! The whole world needs to know. I can't wait to tell everyone when I fly back home. Everyone from school is gonna be so jealous...

Reg: Whoa. Hold it, sweetie. That leaves me to the next thing. Unfortunately now that you're in, you won't be able to go home for a while.

Betty: how long is a while?

Reg: Well, you see the company has been very generous with their resources, and they want us to go into the studio straight away and record your first album, then after the album has been released, they will embark on a nation wide tour, then depending on how successful the album goes, maybe a European Tour, which might include your home country.

Betty: So you mean, I can't go and visit my mum for Christmas? She'd be devastated! It would be her first Christmas alone.

Reg: Betty, this has been your childhood dream. Surely she would understand what a wonderful opportunity you've been given. Not everyone gets to have what you have. Look, I know this is a bit much to take in so I'll give you some time to process. Congratulations Bets. You've accomplished the American dream.

(Reg walks away. Betty stands there looking stupified)

She's got dreams (reprise)

*But she's got dreams, she's got plans
And right now she is gonna rise up to the stars
And have the whole world in her hands
Cos she writes songs that speak her mind
And one day she's tell go back and tell those bitches
That they weren't worth her time.*

(Betty walks offstage still in a daze over the news. Blackout)

Scene 17: Betty's mum's home

(set is outside Betty's mum's house. It is a sweltering hot night and Betty's mum is standing outside smoking a cigarette while Christmas lights are hanging outside her front porch.)

Cold

(Am) I listened as I heard your (Em) voice
(Am) I skimmed every page that you (Em) wrote

(Am) And I knew that this girl could (Em) make it
(G, D) If she held on and just stay afloat

(Am) You've exceeded my (Em) expectations
(Am) Despite everything we went (Em) through
(Am) And now it's one lonely Christmas without (G,D) you

(Bm) I admit that it was hard
When you decided to pull out of school
So I (C) chalked it all off, saying she's found her path
And she's (Em) not gonna look like a fool

Then (Bm) success came knocking so quickly
Before the struggle would even come
And (C) now you're on the other side of the world
My baby (Em) girl, without her mum

(Bm) We spent every Christmas together
Even though it was only us two
You (C) made a nativity out of Barbies
And had (Em) snags on a barbecue

(Bm) And you say you're gonna be fine
Your first Christmas without someone to hold
And you (C) say that it's freezing and you wish it was warm
Well (D) here it is boiling, but inside I'm feeling so

(Em, D) Cold
I'm feeling so (Em, D) cold

(Am) I'm so glad you're doing so (Em) well
That you're (Am) living the life that you (Em) wanted
You've (Am) achieved everything at (Em) only eighteen
(G) Only to take it for (D) granted

(Am) I only had one (Em) request
(Am) I assumed wouldn't cost the (Em) world
(Am) That you would be back for (Em) Christmas
(G) Me and you, my baby (D) girl

This is (Bm) so like you to forget me
The one who decided to stay
While your (C) father had made up his mind and left
Said he (Em) needed to "break away"

(Bm) And you say you're gonna be fine
Now your career has made you bold
While your (C) mother is sweating and is no longer fretting
Over (D) whether you'll come
Why must you be so

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(Em, D) Cold
You have to be so
(Em, D) Cold

(F#dim) Once the party is over
And the fans are all but gone
(C) I hope one day you'll wake up
And remember where you came from

(Bm) But till then I'll gonna be fine
Cos that's how I will always roll
And (C) when you come back I will always be here
Cos I'm (D) not like the rest
Who'll leave you out in the

(Em, D) Cold

Cos this world is broken and

(Em, D) Cold

One minute you're hot, and the next you're suddenly

(Em, D) Cold

I hope you enjoy your white Christmas where it's always

(Em, D) Cold

Your heart is so cold

(Em)

Scene 18 (Concert)

(A large backdrop of Betty's face, which has obviously been touched, is hanging in the background. There is a backing track of a crowd shouting "Betty, Betty." Spotlights, strobes and laser lights are frenetically moving across the stage as music starts pulsing. Back up dancers approach the stage and start moving around around as Betty then comes onto the stage and it is evident that Betty is now no longer a rock star but a pop singer and is dressed in a provocative dress. The crowd goes wild as she enters)

Dangerous

To look at you is Dangerous
To talk to you is Dangerous
To be with you is Dangerous to me

I never should have opened that door

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Like so many times before
Cos your presence is a plague that is bring me down
And now you're here asking me why
Why it has to be goodbye
Cos you didn't have to say a word back then to tell me
It was over
And you won't infect me

To look at you is Dangerous
To talk to you is Dangerous
To be with you is Dangerous to me
One breath of you is toxic
One look and I'll go blind
Cos you're so Dangerous
I'm afraid I'll lose my mind

You never could get it right
To satiate your appetite
As if it wasn't enough to have what was left of me
And yet I still bear the scars
From assuming there still was
A chance that we could make it through
Now I'm bitten twice and it's over now with you
And you won't infect me

To look at you is Dangerous
To talk to you is Dangerous
To be with you is Dangerous to me
One breath of you is toxic
One look and I'll go blind
Cos you're so Dangerous
I'm afraid I'll lose my mind

Your kiss is like venom
Your touch is like fire
Your eyes are like bullets
Penetrating my desire
You are the perfect weapon
That feeds my hungry soul
Now I must starve you out
And regain my control

To look at you is Dangerous
To talk to you is Dangerous
To be with you is Dangerous to me
Why must you be so toxic

To look at you is Dangerous
To talk to you is Dangerous

To be with you is Dangerous to me
One breath of you is toxic
One look and I'll go blind
Cos you're so Dangerous
I'm afraid of what I'll find

(The crowd is cheering. Betty addresses the audience.)

Betty: Thankyou. You guys are so amazing. You know, it wasn't easy. These past 6 months have felt like such a blur, but before this, it wasn't all sunshine and rainbows. I was told from an early age that I would never amount to anything, that I would always end up a loser, just like my dad who I never really knew. Hands up those who were bullied at school. (she puts her hand up) Wow! So many of you. You know, everyday I went, I would be harassed by the cool kids who would deliberately knock me out of the way, thinking they were all top class shit. Well, look who's top class now! (crowd roars) and I'm here to tell you, don't let the retards get you down. You are so much better than them. I love you all.

(Betty swaggers off the stage into the wings and she is ushered back into her dressing room where it is just her and her publicist. Betty is smiling and is admiring herself in the mirror.)

Betty: Well, that went pretty well. What do you think?

Publicist: (looking at her phone and frowning) Well so far, the only response we've had on twitter was that you hate people with disabilities because you used the word "retards".

Betty: Oh, come on! That was so out of context! Has anyone mentioned anything about the performance? Oh well, I guess any publicity is good publicity.

Publicist: If that's what you think.

Betty: Where is my diet coke? I asked specifically for someone to leave me a diet coke in my dressing room after my show. Why is everyone such a spastic around here!

(There is a knock on the door)

Betty: WHAT!!!

(A roadie peers his/her head out of the door.)

Roadie: Sorry to disturb you, but there's a guy waiting outside. He says he knows you.

Betty: Gee mate! How many times have you fallen for that little trick. Tell him to rack off!

Roadie: Yeah, he assumed you would say that. He also told me to tell you that Donnie said hi.

(Betty freezes and changes her tone. She turns around to face the roadie.)

Roadie: Well, don't just stand there, bring him in.

(Roadie disappears behind the door. Betty checks her appearance.)

Publicist: Well, someone's a bit excited. An old flame?

Betty: not exactly. We used to go to school together.

Publicist: Where all the retards used to go? (Betty doesn't respond) Listen, I can't keep saving you from these little gaffes. If you're not too careful, you'll be out the door before you know it. (Donnie slips through the door and neither person notice him) Just be grateful that you've been given this opportunity, most people like you don't even make it.

Betty: What do you mean "people like me?" You mean people like us who don't stand a chance at anything.

Publicist: (backing down) I didn't mean it that way.

Betty: yeah, you better not have, so just do your job and piss off!

(Publicist shakes his/her head and dodges past Donnie as they head out the door and exchanges a brief glance at Donnie as if to say "she's all yours." Betty still doesn't realise he's there.)

Who can I root in this joint to get a drink!

(she turns around and see's Donnie. She screams and runs to hug him.)

I can't believe it's you! What are you doing here?

Donnie: I wish I could say I'm here for business. Well, sort of. I'm working as a freelance journo, and I've deferred my journalism degree, so I guess you could call it a holiday.

Betty: I'm so glad to see you.

Donnie: You're a hard woman to track down.

Betty: Well, I've been busy. (gestures for him to sit) So did you come here to interview me or are you here just to say hello.

Donnie: Bit of both, only kidding. I guess the last time we spoke, we didn't really end things on the right foot, so while I was planning to go overseas, I thought I'd track down your whereabouts and - well, you know - patch things up.

Betty: Yeah, I guess we did exchange a few words that weren't very nice.

Donnie: I was only trying to look out for you.

Betty: Yeah well. You didn't need to. Everything's turned out exactly how I wanted it to be.

Donnie: like what exactly?

Betty: (jokes) Ooooh, looks who's become all journo now!

Donnie: No I mean, strictly off record.

Betty: Well, look at this! (gestures the dressing room they are sitting in) People know me, they're playing my music, I have a following, I have an encourage, I'm famous. I'm in the process of recording an album...

Donnie: Yes, I've heard. Meteoric Records. That's great.

Betty: I've proved them all!

Donnie: Proved them what?

Betty: That I'm better than those bitches who made my life hell. Listen, did you want a drink. I'm bloody thirsty. Hang on a sec.

(Betty opens the door and pokes her head out.)

Betty: I'm still waiting for that diet coke! (looks at Donnie) Did you want anything?

(Donnie waves his hand indicating that he's fine. Betty goes back to her seat and adjusts her make up in the mirror.)

So how's it all going back home? Have you bumped into the old crowd?

Donnie: Not since valedictory, however you know Mrs Williams?

Betty: (slightly distracted) Who?

Donnie: (pause) Our music teacher?

Betty: Oh yeah, how is she?

Donnie: Not the best, I'm afraid.

Betty: Oh, what's wrong?

Donnie: she has cancer.

Betty: Oh (doesn't know how to react to the news) Is it that bad?

Donnie: stage 4

Betty: that's awful.

Donnie: she doesn't have much time left.

Betty: Will you tell her I said hi?

Donnie: You're not coming back sometime soon?

Betty: Donnie, in case you didn't notice, I'm busy. I can't stop everything now. Not while everything has just started to take off.

Donnie: no, of course, I understand. (pauses. He watches Betty still checking herself in the mirror and then starts taking selfies of herself in the mirror, almost like he doesn't recognise her anymore.) Why didn't you contact me?

Betty: What?

Donnie: You always considered me your closest friend, you said that to me.

Betty: (still dumbfounded) Yeah?

Donnie: Well, wouldn't you want to share the most exciting time of your life with your best friend? Instead you chose to shut me out.

Betty: We had an argument, remember?

Donnie: No Betty, we had a disagreement.

Betty: You told me I was going to make the biggest mistake of my life. How do you think I would've reacted to that?

Donnie: I was looking out for you.

Betty: You say that, but you were just trying to hold me back!

Donnie: Why would I do that?

Betty: because you didn't want to be the only loser in the school left behind.

Donnie: (pause) That's what you think of me?

Betty: Well, who quits their job for a news blog and goes freelance?

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Donnie: (pause) How did you know that?

Betty: (pauses) I've occasionally kept in contact with your mum to see how you're going.
(pause) You see, I'm not the only one who only thinks of myself.

Donnie: What are you talking about?

Betty: You should've been in my corner when I needed you. I needed you to believe in me!

Donnie: Well, you pushed me away first.

Betty: How?

Donnie: Oh come on! Don't tell me you never knew. Who was there for you at every open mics carrying your amp and cheering you on when no-one else would? (pause) You know what? You've far exceeded Brittany and Ashleigh and all of those other stupid girls! You take and you take! And look where it's got you! I don't even recognise you or your music. You've becoming everything you said you would never be: a product.

Betty: Well, at least I've made something of myself. And feel free to write that your little column that no-one will ever read.

(Roadie opens the door with a diet coke)

(keeps looking at Donnie) I don't want it anymore.

Donnie: No, but I will. (takes Diet Coke and leaves the room.)

Roadie: Will there be anything else?

Betty: No, I'm fine.

(Roadie closes door, leaving Betty alone in the room.)

Scene 19 - Recording studio

(Reg and some record producers are in the recording listening back to some tracks done by Betty. They are listening to a song called "Flicker" that Betty has just recorded.)

Flicker

*I don't know why you're offering assistance
like you're trying to clear your conscience
for something that you have done*

*Sorry I can't join in your successes
While I'm busy learning my lessons
and see how my new life has begun.*

*Pre chorus (B flat major, C major)
Aahh, Aahh*

*Don't feel sorry for me
because I want to be free
And I'd rather be a flicker than to share your spotlight
Cos I don't wanna be your shadow anymore*

*I'd rather be a flicker
I'd rather be a flicker
I'd rather be a flicker
I don't want to be your shadow*

(Reg and the producers look at each other and agree that they're happy with the product. Betty walks in. She looks a bit hagged as if she's spent countless hours in the recording studio)

Reg: Betty! How's it going? We've just heard the latest cut. It sounds great!

Betty: (relieved) really?

Reg: absolutely. Listen, I've got someone I want you to meet. (taps man on the shoulder and gestures for him to come their way.) Betty, this is Zac Finn, the CEO of Meteoric Records.

Zac: How's it going, Betty?

Betty: Wow, it is such an honour. Thankyou so much. You have an awesome studio

Zac: Well, I don't open it up to everybody. You really have something going for you.

(Betty blushes)

Reg: Zac was just telling me that the opening single is doing so well overseas that the executives are thinking of organising a European tour.

Betty: Already! But what about the album?

Zac: That will all happen in due course. But listen, I was wondering if we could have a private chat. How about you come over to my place tonight for drinks and we can talk about your future.

Betty: Sure, I'd like that.

Zac: Reg will take you there, won't you?

Reg: (pauses for a bit as Zac looks at him) Sure, not a problem.

Zac: Good, so I'll see you there.

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(Zac leaves the room. Betty goes back to the studio board and listens to her recorded take while Reg stands there looking conflicted and leaves the studio.)

Scene 20 - Zac's penthouse

(Scene opens to a living room that is filled with glass and white furniture, and a view overlooking the Hollywood sign. There are two double doors that are situated towards Upstage Right. Doorbell rings. A maid opens the door and lets Betty and Reg in. Betty is dressed up in a short skirt and leather jacket.)

Betty: Wow! This house is amazing! Looks exactly like what you see in the movies.

(Betty sits down on a white leather couch and sprawls herself across it.)

I could get used to this lifestyle.

(Zac talks down a spiral staircase)

Zac: like my couch? I bought it from Milan.

(Betty automatically gets up)

No, no, no. Make yourself comfortable. How do you like my pad?

Betty: It's really impressive.

Zac: Wait until you see the scenic view.

(Maid comes back with a tray containing glasses of champagne. Zac takes two and hands them to Reg and Betty while helping himself to one.)

A toast, to our latest star. May you break new ground.

(everyone says "cheers" and takes a sip)

So Betty. How do you feel about things progressing?

Betty: Yeah, I'm pretty happy with where everything's going, however I've got some ideas about my upcoming album. I was thinking of maybe going a little bit more rock, then pop. Mainly because that's who I really am. If not for this album, then maybe for the next one...

Zac: You sound like you've got lots of great ideas up your sleeve. But let's not talk about work right now. (gives Reg a look)

Reg: I might duck out for a few minutes. Got a few calls I gotta make.

(Reg exits the room. Zac takes a seat at the sofa.)

Zac: So, how are you finding settling in this side of town? (gestures for Betty to sit next to him.)

Betty: Yeah, it's not bad. Seen a few clubs in my spare time, but that's about it. Listen, I know you said we shouldn't talk about work right now, but I just wanna say how grateful I am to be recording at your studio. I've always been a big fan of your work.

Zac: have some more champagne

Betty: Ok. (reluctantly takes a sip) I'm not used to drinking alcohol a lot.

Zac: Betty, you know how the industry works, right?

(Betty nods)

And I don't just want you to see me as a boss, but as a friend.

Betty: Sure, that sounds good.

(Zac leans in closer so that he's nearly touching her)

Zac: friends help each other out, don't they?

(Betty is a bit confused but nods anyway.)

And I'm gonna need you to help me out from time to time.

(Zac's arm leans across the couch while the other touches Betty's knee and then glides up her thigh as he leans in to kiss her. While he is about to do this. Reg barges in unexpectedly. Zac quickly turns around while Betty is frozen with shock)

Is there a problem, Reg?

Reg: I just got an urgent phone call. Something about Betty's mum not feeling well. (looks at Betty.) Do you wanna take this outside?

(Betty dashes past Zac and leaves the house without saying a word. Zac continues to glare at Reg while Reg looks away and follows Betty outside.)

Scene 21 - Street

(Betty is marching down the street. Reg tries to catch up with her. Intro to "Dying Inside" starts)

Reg: Betty! Betty, are you alright?

Betty: Leave me alone.

Reg: I swear I had no idea he would do that.

Betty: Bullshit! You two had this planned.

Reg: Ok, well maybe we did, but I couldn't go through with it.

Betty: How many girls have you done this to?

Reg: look, will you just stop and listen!

Betty: Forget it! I'm done. If this is all he wanted me for, you can all get fucked!

Reg: Betty!

(Betty and Reg walk offstage. Betty comes back through the other side and faces the audience)

Dying inside

What was that?
Did he say the things I thought he said
An old hat
A way to get into his bed
A simple look
As I saw his hand just cross the line
And then I shook
As his hand went over mine

And I thought No! No!
This cannot be happening
I feel so dirty
Hurting (hurting)
And dying inside

And his mind said, go! Go!
This is my property
I feel so dirty (dirty)
Hurting (hurting)
And dying inside

So where to now?
Am I still a pawn in his own game
Take a bow
Is this all part of success and fame?
Where do I go
Is there someone that I can talk to?
I gotta know
Were there others too?

And I scream No! No!
This cannot be happening
I feel so dirty (dirty)
Hurting (hurting)
And dying inside

And his mind said, go! Go!
Cos in the end, you belong to me!
I feel so dirty (dirty)
Hurting (hurting)
And dying inside

I gotta get away
But it seems the further that I go the nightmare still resides
I'm not his prey
And even though I've survived
I am still dying inside

No more denigration
No more living in trepidation
This is a new beginning
They want the truth
Well, they're gonna get it
But till then,

I gotta get away
But it seems the further that I go the nightmare still resides
I'm not his prey
And even though I've survived
I am still dying inside

I'm not his prey
And even though I've survived
I am still dying inside

Scene 22: Hotel Room

(Betty starts packing her bags and Reg walks in.)

Betty: come to help me pack?

Reg: Where are you going?

Betty: Home. There's no reason for me to be here.

Reg: So that's how it ends? Everything you've worked for, that it? (Betty keeps packing)
You know, when I first saw you at that bar, I saw something.

Betty: (snorts) me and several other suckers you brought here. Well, thanks for the wild ride. It was fun while it lasted.

Reg: It doesn't have to end like this.

Betty: Where did you think this was gonna end up? Did you really think I was gonna let him do that to me? Just so I could be a success, and make you look good? Screw you! I trusted you. I dropped out of school, I left my mum, my friends, just to chase a pathetic dream! Well, you can keep it all, my music, everything! Mum was right. People like us don't get what we want. We go with what we have. Now, if you excuse me, I'm about to call an Uber, so I can get on the next flight home.

(Betty closes her suitcase and is about to head out the door)

Reg: That doesn't sound like something Betty B. Different would do. The Betty I know wouldn't just settle for nothing. Sure, she wouldn't let some sleeze-ball grab her like that. But she also wouldn't let him get away with it. The Betty I know would also realise that she can't do it by herself. That with the right intel, she would put that scumbag in his place.

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Betty: You know that's not me. You said so yourself. She's not real.

Reg: But that's the thing. She is you. Don't you want to get what you've come all this way for? You have a following. You have an influence. Use that influence for good.

Betty: And what are you prepared to do to help me?

Reg: All my life, I've tried to make something of myself - just to prove to those "bullies" out there that I'm worth something. And you know where that got me? I'm just their little lap dog that brings in the latest piece of ass, only to see them go home with their dreams destroyed. Fuck that! You always said you wanted to show the bullies of this world that you're worth something, so let's do it.

(Music for "The Wall" starts)

Betty: I don't know if I can. I've already made too many stupid decisions.

Reg: So what damage can another stupid decision do?

The Wall

Betty: I'm running a race that I can't seem to win again.
I'm back at the start and I don't know how to begin.
I don't know how to move on but I know that something's got to give.
So if you promise to hold me will you let me breathe again

Reg: I'm so alone in this battle, I cry
Or try to push the anger aside, just to numb the pain
I wanna love but I Gotta know what that means
And if I must forget then I must forgive me

Betty: So I'm going back to the Wall again
before I go stand tall again
going back to the wall
so I can push it through
Going back to the wall again
and rise above it all again
gonna break it down
so I can get to you.

I was ready to rise up and stand and face the day
I'm soaring high while I'm keeping my fears at bay.
But then that voice that from within saying it's no good.
Betty and Reg: And I once again I set myself for the fall, and fall again

Betty and Reg: So I'm going back to the Wall again
before I go stand tall again
going back to the wall

so I can push it through
Going back to the wall again
and rise above it all again
gonna break it down
so I can get to you.

Reg: I know you think that this is all in my head
It grips me when I'm up and when I'm in my bed
Betty: But I'm not alone, because I know you're here with me
I've realised that the greatest wall is me

Betty and Reg: So I'm going back to the Wall again
before I go stand tall again
going back to the wall
so I can push it through
Going back to the wall again
and rise above it all again
gonna break it down
so I can get to you.

(Betty and Reg hug. Blackout)

Scene 23 - Donnie's room/News Montage

(Donnie is typing in his room while working on his blog. He gets an email notification. He opens it and starts reading it. While he is reading, intro begins for "Sharks".)

Donnie: You have got to be joking!

(Donnie frantically starts typing. While the chorus is walking around. They are looking at their phones. And they cannot believe what they are reading.)

Person 1: have you read this?

Person 2: Not again!

(An anchor reporter appears on the side of the stage behind a news desk.)

Anchorman/Anchorwoman 1: And news just in, CEO of Meteroic Records, Zac Finn, is currently under investigation following a string of accusations of sexual assault dating back to nearly 10 years.

(A News reporter is standing on the other side of the stage.)

News reporter: following the announcement that singer-songwriter, Betty B. Different was sexually harassed by Music CEO, Zac Finn, several young women who were claimed to be protégées of the music giant, have now come forward saying they were victims of sexual harassment and rape.

Sharks

(Chorus is singing)

Sharks in the water

You better watch out where you go

Because someone's looking for fresh blood to feed

Sharks in the water

You can see them all below

Whoa!

Whoa!

Sharks!

Here they come along

In their power suits

And all that bling

Sharks!

You wanna get a drink

And hook up with the latest thing

Sharks!

You wanna get a room

And let's get naughty under sheets

Sharks!

You wanna be a star?

So save your pride and get with me!

Sharks in the water

You better watch out where you go

Because someone's looking for fresh blood to feed

Sharks in the water

You can see them all below

Whoa!

Whoa!

(On one side of the stage, Betty and Reg are talking after Reg has just spoken on his phone.)

Reg: The execs have just got back saying that they won't release your album, unless you agree to their terms.

Betty: Well, that's pretty much what I thought would happen anyway.

Reg: We're talking about your work here.

Betty: But we've already told these women that we would expose the prick! If they let me release the album on the grounds that I deny everything, how am I supposed to live with myself, let alone face them?

Reg: (tries to answer but is lost for words) Shit!

(Reg walks away, Betty follows)

Sharks!

You've got me in your sight

A little plaything you can use

Sharks!

That trademark smile

And some compliments that you can spruce

Sharks!

Sweet words and honey

Making promises that you can't keep

Sharks!

Show me the money

Cos he'll leave you dry when you're asleep

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Sharks in the water

You better watch out where you go

Because someone's looking for fresh blood to feed

Sharks in the water

You can see them all below

Whoa!

Whoa!

(Anchorman/Anchorwoman approaches on side of stage)

Anchorman/Anchorwoman 1: Millions of people from across the world are using the hashtag "Betty.B.Ready" to declare that at some point in their lives, they were a victim of sexual assault.

(On the other side of the stage, Reg and Betty's publicist are sitting in front of a laptop. Betty comes in with a tray containing disposable coffees. She hands Reg and the publicist a coffee.)

Reg: The hashtag seems to be developing traction. (To publicist) Great idea to come up with that name.

Publicist: I know, right. (they both fist pump)

Betty: What have I missed? (Distributes coffee)

Reg: Check out the latest celebrity who has tweeted the hashtag.

Betty: (looks at screen) Cool.

Publicist: As the face of this movement, we need to get you live. But it has to be something that's gonna capture people's attention.

Reg: releasing her album around now would've been a good idea.

Publicist: We're already asking people to boycott streaming music from that label, and they already noticed a significant drop.

Betty: but what about the other artists who've recorded under their label? How will they be affected?

Reg: Do you have any other ideas?

Betty: As a matter of act, I've been working on something.

(Betty pulls out a few sheets of paper containing lyrics from her handbag.)

(solo)

Sharks!

Get away from me

Cos I'm done with all the likes of you

Sharks!

Better run and flee

Cos you'll be sorry when I'm through with you!

Sharks in the water

You better watch out where you go

Because someone's looking for fresh blood to feed

Sharks in the water

You can see them all below

Whoa!

Whoa!

News reporter: Betty B. Different has announced that she will be releasing a live video anytime soon. The singer has since gone into hiding after going public over sexual harassment allegations against Music Heavyweight, Zac Finn. A release date is yet to be confirmed. Rumours are circulating that she might be releasing a new single detailing her ordeal, and that proceeds will go towards raising awareness on "victims of abuse" and "gender equality".

Scene 24: Mrs Williams's house

(Mrs Williams is sitting on a couch in her pajamas with a blanket wrapped over her. There is another couch next to Mrs Williams and a coffee table in front of her. Brittany Forster comes in carrying a cup of tea and hands it to her. There is a knock on the door. Brittany opens it. Donnie and Betty's mum enter. Donnie freezes when he sees her.)

Donnie: (suspicious) Hi

Brittany: Hi.

Mrs Williams: Is that you Donnie? About time. Come in.

(Donnie and Betty's mum enter and sit on the spare couch. Donnie gets his laptop and opens it up so that everyone can see it.)

Mrs Williams: I was worried we would've miss it.

Donnie: She told me 3pm sharp.

(Above them, the publicist is pointing her phone to Betty who is sitting on a couch with her guitar. Reg is standing behind the publicist, taking in everything.)

Brittany: Hope the internet doesn't crash. (everyone looks at her) What? I really wanna see this.

(Donnie connects to the internet and they all look at the screen when Betty starts talking.)

Betty: Hi guys. My name is Betty Holt, or what most of you would know me as "Betty B. Different". Thankyou to everyone who has shown their support, not just to me but to the other survivors of whom I shall not name, but let's just call him "Mr Shark". At this stage, Meteoric records still refuse to release my album, but only on the condition that I stay quiet. That's not an option for me. Now that I am continuing to go public, I am being threatened with a law suit for defamation. All I ever wanted to do was to make music and be a rock star, but now I know that all that glitters is not gold. And me doing this is far more rewarding than going double platinum. So let your voices be heard, be a voice for the voiceless, and don't let the bullies of this world win. So here's a song that I've written that I think sums it up.

(Betty strums her guitar and plays the song "Spirit")

Spirit

(Cm, Gm, Bb, Adim)

The crowd's applauding

As I step down to take my final bow

It's only white noise, cos I know

You had it all planned up to now

(Gm, F)

And all of my cards are stacked

And there's no turning back

Because the damage is complete

(Gm, F)

You've got where you want me here

Make me disappear

While you act so discreet

(Eb, Bb, Cm, Dm, F)

You can just cast me off like trash

And pretend the past just don't mean jack

But you won't take away my spirit

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*You've taken everything that's mine
That I've worked so hard overtime
But you can't take away my spirit
My spirit*

(Cm, Gm, Bb, Adim)

*I was blind
To think you would fit the pieces of the past
I was willing to do anything
For you if you had asked*

(Gm, F)

*But you didn't even try
Wanna play the good guy
Without knowing me deep within*

(Gm, F)

*I gave you the best of me
While you watched me bleed
It's a battle I can't win*

(Eb, Bb, Cm, Dm, F)

*You can just cast me off like trash
And pretend the past just don't mean jack
But you won't take away my spirit
You've taken everything that's mine
That I've worked so hard overtime
But you can't take away my spirit*

(Dm, F, Eb)

*So I'm gonna watch you run in circles
Until you realise
That you won't get very far to the truth
If you feed on lies
I was standing on the edge for far too long
Afraid to take the fall*

(Bb, F)

*But if you hadn't have pushed me off
I wouldn't be standing tall*

(Eb, Bb, Cm, Dm, F)

*You can just cast me off like trash
And pretend the past just don't mean jack
But you won't take away my spirit
You've taken everything that's mine
That I've worked so hard overtime
But you can't take away my spirit*

(Reg makes a sign to indicate “cut” and downstage, Betty’s family and friends all simultaneously applaud)

Scene 25 Nursing Home.

(on one side of the stage Reg enters where he is ushered by a person in a nursing uniform. On the other side of the stage is an old woman sitting on a sofa looking into space.)

A good home (reprise)

And so the prodigal son has now returned
After years of getting high and getting burned
he could never really tell the two apart
Despite a good home always comes with a good heart

So he gave in and he left it all behind
Just so he could make up for some lost time
And when he saw her, she looked like a work of art
Because a good home always comes with a good heart.

(he takes a few tentative steps towards, then hesitates.)

Work a little hard
Forgive a little more
Have a little faith inside and say, that today’s a brand new day
Show a little love

(Reg sits next to his mum who is still looking into space. Reg takes her hand and holds it in his.)

Reg: Hello mama.

(Reg’s mum cups her hand over his, turns to him and smiles.)

Scene 26 Chapel (After Mrs William’s Funeral)

(Betty is standing at the back of a chapel dressed in black and wearing sunglasses while smoking a cigarette. Donnie approaches her from behind.)

Donnie: When did you start smoking?

(Betty is taken back, turns around and relaxes when she sees him)

Don’t worry, I’m not the paparazzi

Betty: But you work for them. Well, used to.

Donnie: When did you get back?

Betty: Last week. Spoke to her the day after she went. Couldn't really put two words together, but I could tell she was happy to see me.

Donnie: You were her favourite. She always believed in you.

Betty: (snorts) And look where that got me. Despite releasing that song and trying to tell the world about what happened, that douche-bag still has my originals. He could give them to some young wannabe, and the world wouldn't know anything about it.

Donnie: These investigations take time. You already said that people are slowly coming forward. They wouldn't have done that if you hadn't of spoken up.

Betty: And now, I'm just a has-been. People won't remember me for my music. They'll just see me a desperate singer who tried to get more publicity by playing the victim.

Donnie: That's not true. You're a hero.

Betty: Bullshit Donnie! You know how the world works! It's just like that time in the bar where I first met Reg. People don't really wanna know what happened. They just want to find some scapegoat that can make them feel good about themselves. That their life is worth meaning because someone else's life is fucked up. And as soon as we get somewhere, they will be the first to take you down. It's like I never left school at all, but now I have to start again, only this time the whole world will be laughing at me.

Donnie: Who are these people who laugh at you? Brittany? Zac Finn? Those online trolls who have nothing else better to do with their time? Or maybe your dad who left you when you were a kid, I'm just guessing. If there's anyone who bullies you more than anymore, it's yourself. It's like you always have to prove something! Doesn't it wear you out?

(music for Finale starts)

Betty: All of the rock stars I used to look up are either washed up or dead. Mum always said that they don't make music like they used to.

Donnie: Be your own kind of rock star. Even if the world isn't listening.

Even if the world isn't listening (finale)

Donnie:

You say that life has really brought you down
They chew you up and then they spit you out
It's like nobody appreciates what you do

Betty:

You ask yourself if this is worth the pain
You get back up and then you fall again

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Always waiting for the next breakthrough

Both:

When it seems that life's going by
And you're you're just sitting on the shelf
If you're not getting through
Just do it for yourself

Be loud, be bold
Be young, be old
Do whatever you want
Even if the world isn't listening

Be black, be white
Be left, be right
Just be yourself
Even if the world isn't listening

Betty:

Nobody wants to be unknown
Misunderstood or even outgrown
Why do we hurt ourselves by playing this game

Donnie:

We learn to listen and we play our role
We do our part and then sell our soul

Both:

But I don't wanna live in guilt and shame

When the world has turned its face
and you've taken one last hit
Try to put on a happy grin
And say I don't give a shit!

Be loud, be bold
Be young, be old
Do whatever you want
Even if the world isn't listening

Be black, be white
Be left, be right
Just be yourself
Even if the world isn't listening

(Donnie and Betty run offstage and everything goes dark. During the bridge, screen appears USC and Betty is playing and singing to a home camera while at home. The stage lights up DS where there are people walking across the stage as if they are walking

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across the street. Some people get notifications on their phone and as soon as they open their phone, they ignore it and walk away, while some keep looking and stop to listen.

Once all of the pedestrians exit the stage. The stage lights up and it is the same stage as the Striped Macaw, only the venue is packed with punters and the MC/Leroy jumps up on stage.)

MC: Ok everyone. Back by popular demand, here is Betty B. Different and her band.

(Crowd goes wild as Betty appears from behind the curtain with Donnie standing next to her holding a microphone while Betty sings to a mic on a stand while holding her guitar.)

Both:

Not everyone is gonna like what you have become
But if you have someone by your side, play to an audience of one.

(The Punters/chorus turns and face the stage. One half sing the tag while the other half join in and sing the chorus after the tag has been sung once.)

Chorus/Donnie:

Sing, even if the world isn't listening
Dance, even if the world isn't watching
Speak, even if the no-one is hearing
Fight, even if the rest are running

(Loop tag with chorus as it overlaps)

Chorus/Betty:

Be loud, be bold
Be young, be old
Do whatever you want
Even if the world isn't listening

Be black, be white
Be left, be right
Just be yourself
Even if the world isn't listening

Everyone:

Just be yourself
Even if the world isn't listening

(Betty and Donnie are beaming with excitement. Betty plants a kiss on Donnie's cheek while he grabs her hand and they hold their arms up high while the crowd swells with cheer.)

The End.