Extracts from GUY

Below are three song lyrics from three very different songs, followed by three extracts from the accompanying script.

Lyrics:
1. CLICK *(pop, love duet).*
2. SUPPRESSION EFFECT *(ballad, solo).*
3. BINGE *(hip-hop, ensemble).*

Script:
1. Guy and Tyler. At a Christmas party.
2. Guy and Dick. At the gym.
**Song Lyrics 1: Click**

In this scene, Guy (in the fake profile of Tyler) falls in love with Joe. Only at the end of the show is it revealed that Joe is Aziz’s fake profile.

Tyler: He says something cute.
Joe: And he says something true.
Tyler: He makes an awkward joke.
Joe: He says something kinda rogue...

Joe: Then he gives a compliment.
Tyler: But he twists it into a social comment.
Joe: He shoutsout his favourite band.
Tyler: He quotes a philosopher I don’t understand.

Joe: He tries to grill me with a quizz.
Tyler: When he just slides into a whirl of emojis.
Joe: He just used three exclamation marks.
Tyler: I sense he’s feeling emotional sparks.

Tyler: He says he’s got a deep question.
Joe: And boy is he waiting with an honest confession.
Tyler: But then he says he’ll be right back.
Joe: He says by the time I return he’ll have a wisecrack, just to make sure I come back.

Joe: We click like a light switch.
Tyler: Love,
Joe: Quick...
Tyler: ...as an algorithm.
Joe: The rhythm of the heart beat.
Tyler: Boy,
Joe: Let’s you and I meet?

Guy: The perfect conversation, it’s straightaway nice.
Joe: I don’t know what it is but your just my type.
Guy: I’ve hidden away my face, but we’ve broken the ice.
Joe: It’s easy to imagine you take part in my life..

Guy: He asks about my day.
Joe: He shares his last five years.
Guy: He asks wud I choose to be gay.
Joe: He says he loves that he is queer.
Guy: He brings up his politics.
Joe: So he changes the conversation quick.
Guy: He says where d’you wanna go.
Joe: He’s like, anywhere, everywhere, but the truth is:
   It’s less about where than who with.

Joe: We click like a light switch.
Tyler: Love,
Joe: Quick...
Tyler: ...as an algorithm.
Joe: The rhythm of the heart beat.
Tyler: Boy,
Joe: Let’s you and I meet?

Guy: The perfect conversation, it’s straightaway nice.
Joe: I don’t know what it is but your just my type.
Guy: I’ve showed him my face, and we’ve broken the ice.
Joe: It’s easy to imagine you take part in my life..
In this scene, after Guy has rejected him while they were out dancing at Pride, Aziz tries to articulate how he feels.

I think it's a suppression effect.
When I dance with you
I can feel the hair on your back
on the threshold
  of a move you refuse to make.
Sculptures,
  for a moment.
Just a moment,
  like frozen wine.
Sculptures
  cut away from time.

Would you be happier if you were dancing with two empty shoes?
Would you choose to go solo if diva could choose?
Drawing maps with our feet,
And they trap me for days,
  Now I’m lost in our maze.

In the strobe-light? Weren’t we laughing? Were we not holding hands?
What’s the chance I’ve been dancing my sad totentanz.?
Blind to the truth: you’re a one-sided nuke.
  If you win this, I lose.

Someone’s not telling the truth: is it me or you.
Your clothes are not you, they’re just costumes.
  Too late:
Send the endorphins away, let’s be honest.
Don’t overcomplicate what’s obvious:
  He doesn’t want me.

...I think it’s a suppression effect.
Surely you know this used to be more than just choreography??
Written into my skin, like a prison, walling me in.
So I’m going
  to be open
For a moment:
  It’s not my choice.
Just laugh at me, laugh at me, laugh at me,
  Or love me.
Towards the end of the show, Guy feels isolated - he’s been rejected by Aziz, and realises that his catfishing also destroyed his Tyler’s relationship. Driven by all the imaginary voices making him feel worthless, he binges.

Dick:  “Oh, kill me now, yes please.
Netlix and grilled cheese,”
That’s your Achilles’ meal.

Oh but now he needs brownies.
Now he needs nuggets.
Get him chips - NOW PLEASE.
Now he’s a peanut-butter addict.

“Fat face, fat lips, fat esophagus, fat hips.
Best bet is liposuction before you apocalypse.”
Oh it’s Shrek minus the ogre,
Double-check your lifestyle before your life’s over.

“Oh hello Victoria sponge, bungee-binge-jump,
Into a big brunch till 10PM and it’s time for bed.
Oh but the shortbread…
Hello what are you? Chocolate fondue. Found u!”

Eat it like a superhero,
Half-watching San Junipero,
Lying flat fat on your bed like a Pharoah.
Dunno how to climb your inner Kilimanjaro
To burn a kilocalorie of Vitamin Marshmallow.

Uhh, you spent last month’s salary
On chocolate-coated celery.
Doctor prescribes you:
“Anything un-sugary.”
But I say: plastic surgery.

Chorus: Your dad thought he taught you to seek truth.
But all you got from him was your sweet tooth.
You didn’t ever believe in the tooth fairy.
For someone like you, she was way too scary.
Tyler:  Firstly:  Seriously? Jealousy??

Secondly:  Why would you do that? Too fat
to see that it was bad?
Lost weight but couldn’t wait for the payback?
Overdose of prozac? Throwback
to when I could trust you. Fuck you.

Finally:  Wanna be a bit cute?
Stomach like a wetsuit?
Wonder what the square root
of the problem is? You. You.
You dug yourself into an asshole.

Chorus:  Kamikaze, kami-kami-kamikaze.
Lying with the takeaway in the back car seat.
The problem is systemic,
It’s the size of your stomach.

Aziz:  Fat boy. Wanna be a fuccboii?
Man you got a problem
Getting in your way like a condom.
Sucker-sucker-sucker for a nice cock,
otherwise an ice pop.
A sugar candy treat, huh,
But another sugar daddy would be hella sweeter.

Wanna pretty little gay kiss?
Superficial racist.
South Korean playboy,
Eatin ass like pak choi,
Stuff you like a spring roll,
3 - 2 - 1 - ½ - AH
Have you lost control?

Chorus:  You could’ve bin getting all the action.
You could’ve bin hotter than the burning down of Troy.
Now your best sex will be purely imagined.
Mister Tragedy, propose to your sex toy.
Script Extract 1: At Tyler’s Christmas Party

Tyler is Guy’s best friend. Except that Guy recently used Tyler’s profile to catfish, which inadvertently sets of a chain of events with Tyler’s own relationship with Conor later in the show. He also has an eating disorder which comes to light later in the show.

Tyler:  Guyyy!
Guy:  Hey Tyler.
Tyler:  Ooh Guy - you’ve lost your veganity? Eggs in the pastry..
Guy:  That lasted about a week. I’ve just eaten 8 of them in 3 minutes. Which is a personal record. So at least I’m improving, depending on how you look at it.
Tyler:  Fair. So how are you?
Guy:  Yeah good.
Tyler:  Good, just you sometimes don’t pick up your phone. And then I worry you’re not OK.
Guy:  No I am, why? How are you?
Tyler:  OK, I just get worried you’re gonna meet up with a pretty boy who drugs you, minces you and then makes pies out of you.
Guy:  No.. I’m still alive.
Tyler:  And then sells them to me, and then maybe that would be what your eating.
Guy:  No.. I’m alive and haven’t met Sweeney Todd and I’m not currently eating myself (eats another one).
Tyler:  Hallelujah, OK: I have a random question.
Guy:  Oh ok. Sure.
Tyler:  Nothing serious but: So Conor said someone said they saw my picture on Grindr a few weeks back which I wasn’t because, I mean, obviously.
Guy:  Oh that’s.. weird.
Tyler:  Yeah.
Guy:  ..
Tyler:  I was... wondering if you saw it too since you use Grindr, right? (Sees Guy is playing around on his phone) Are you on it now???
Guy:  No.. Yes. Literally, it’s an itch. It’s stupid really.
Tyler:  So did you see it?
Guy:  But no I don’t think I did see it.
Tyler: Right OK. Listen do me a favour, if you see them, will you message them and say “If the person using pictures of my best friend would kindly stop before he sets your house on fire, that would be great.”
Guy: Right. Yup. Totally.
Tyler: Thanks Guy. So how’s Grindr for you?
Guy: Honestly? I said hi to 44 different people on Grindr this past week - and nothing. I just don’t get it - I’ve been on it for over a year now. The polar ice caps will melt before I get a date.
Tyler: Hey nothing’s wrong with you.
Guy: I didn’t say anything was wrong with me.
Tyler: ...
There’s no one else like you in the world. You’re a unicorn :).
Guy: Yay.
Tyler: Guy :(?
Tyler: OK. Well, you know I’m always here for you.

(Guy takes another mince pie and offers it to Tyler).

Guy: Thanks.
Tyler: Keep them away from me. They shouldn’t even be in the house.
Dick: Ah it’s you from the party.
Guy: Yeah.
Dick: You’re in a gym.
Guy: Yeah.
Dick: Come to set the Mince Pies free?
Guy: It’s a New Years resolution.
Dick: Here’s a little tip.
Guy: Is this where you say something like: “Here’s a tip: Give up now and save yourself 5 minutes”. You funny.
Dick: Matthew Chapter 7, Verse 1.
Guy: Huh?
Dick: “Do not judge, or you too will be judged”.
Guy: You’re the one that said I’m made out of chocolate.
Dick: Man, that was nothing personal. That’s one of my classic motivation fodders, I say it to everyone about everyone. Good on you for trying. So listen. You’re playing a game with yourself, to trick yourself into exercise. Am I right?
Guy: I guess.
Dick: So. When you win, what’s your prize?
Guy: I don’t know.
Dick: Yes you do. What prize do you want?
Guy: I dunno. Just being in shape.
Dick: You are in shape. It’s just giant shape. No listen, you have to deprive yourself of something, and you’ll get it back. Classic one is sexual intercourse.
Guy: I mean, not much to deprive myself of there.
Dick: Well, what are you addicted to? TV? That’s a good one.
Guy: Grindr? I scroll down and down and down, it’s an endless pit.
Dick: Someone needs a Grindr coach.
Dick: OK. Why do you go on Grindr?
Guy: I don’t know? It’s just something to do.
Dick: Normally people would say, for the guys.
Guy: Right, yeah. There is - a guy? One really… nice guy.
Dick: And he doesn’t like you back.
Guy: Not so much.
Dick: You're gonna delete Grindr. Listen to me. You're gonna delete Grindr. But listen, Big Dick will let you have it back when you've completed a course of training of your choice. At that point, this guy of yours is gonna see you and come all over you with messages. You'll get more messages than the pope. Do you understand?
Guy: Is that, more Grindr messages than... the pope? I mean, I am already at that level..
Dick: You'd think so.
   Anyway: is it deleted, is it gone.
Guy: No?
Dick: Why not.
Guy: I was just gonna think about it a bit?
Dick: Tell me, do you value your neck being vertical?
Guy: Yes.
Dick: Then do it now.
Guy: Yes.
Aziz and Guy meet, and click immediately. This is one of their initial conversations, and then a later one. There’s a moment in the later one where Aziz brings out a second phone, which it turns out later is the phone he uses to catfish as Joe on.

Aziz: (Checks phone) Aitch, where’s the time gone? I have to head into work in a bit.
Guy: What do you do?
Aziz: Me? I’m a doctor. It’s annoying, I want normal 9-5 shifts, but I’ve only just qualified so they’ve slapped me with all the evil night shifts and weekends and stuff. It’s really erotic.
Guy: Erratic?
Aziz: Yeah.
Guy: I’m a bit like that. I do graphic design, but freelance, so I’m all over the place.
Aziz: Right. But you don’t get to wear a cool costume.
Guy: That’s true. I also don’t save people’s lives.
Aziz: I don’t really, I’m an obstetrician, so I just get them started. I think my face is quite a nice first human face to see in the world. If there’s issues at birth, they bring the babies to me.
Guy: Like, if there’s any signs of homosexuality.
Aziz: God forbid :p. It’s actually really weird, I’ve been placed at Saint Mary’s hospital which is literally where I was born. And now I work there getting other people born.
Guy: I was born there too!
Aziz: Really?? Maybe I birthed you. Were you were born in the last 6 months?
Guy: You’re too kind. I mean, I wish. What’s the world gonna be like when those babies are our age?
Aziz: So like, 2040? 2050?
Guy: Right, exactly! For me, I feel like there’s a concrete wall at 2020. I am in the queue to get to the other side, but at the moment, I just can’t see what’s past it. What’s it gonna be like? It keeps me awake at night.
Aziz: Wow, OK. You stay here, finish my chips and be deep. I’m gonna go make some babies exist. But erm - let’s hang out again sometime?
Guy: Yeah :)

Script Extract 3: Guy and Aziz become friends
They’re watching Netflix on a laptop together.

Aziz: I’m gonna be Deadpool at Pride.
Guy: You’ve already decided?
Aziz: Just now.
Guy: You and clothes.
Aziz: Guy, can I be your wardrobe manager?
Guy: What’s wrong with my style?
Aziz: What style ;)? I have so much to teach you.
Guy: Hmm.
Aziz: Hey, I’m helping you train for a marathon. The least you should do in return is trust me with your credit card :p.
Guy: Maybeee... not.
Aziz: At the sales at least.
Guy: You at the sales? I reckon you’re the easiest person to take advantage of at that point (Grindr notification from Aziz’s phone)
Guy: Oooooh ;). Go on, let’s see.
Aziz: Yeah?
Guy: Yeah, I do miss Grindr. It’s like an old friend that you spend hours and hours talking shit with.
Aziz: Are you trying to saying something about me?
Guy: No. Actually it’s more like my friend Tyler. We used to chat constantly, but it’s been a while too. He seems like a friend from a different era.
Aziz: Are you gonna pass me my phone or not? (Guy passes phone) Ah, not that. (Reaches over him and gets a different phone, and pockets the other one)
Guy: What’s that?
Aziz: That’s my... work phone.
Guy: Right. (Aziz shows him his Grindr profile). I just love looking at people’s profiles! This guy. “Too old for small talk: you know what I want”. I don’t get it, some people are like tornados, they have a very clear centre. Right? I’m more hurricane, a huge confused mess.
Aziz: You’re a stone less huge since I took you out for runs.
Guy: Woof.
Aziz: You’re doing well. Hahahaha, I love this one: “Please note: I am not a twink drunk-texting you, I’m just a dyslexic bear”. I’m in love. Would you say he’s your type?
Guy: Nah.
Aziz: What’s your type.
Guy: I don’t think I have a type.
Aziz: Everyone has a type. Here’s one. “Lessons from Grindr: Having a dick is amazing.” What I don’t get is, he’s pretty ugly so how many times has he actually learnt that lesson.
Guy: Ha..
Aziz: Your turn?
Guy: Right. “Gamer, baker, bookworm, knitter.” Cool to weird in 4 words.
Aziz: I like that.
Guy: Here’s one: “We don’t have to take our clothes off to have a good time.”
Aziz: That’s from a song. Don’t you know it?
Guy: Hmm nope. But I agree with the line (the two of them exchange a weird eye contact).