

LIGHTS UP

Two men on stage, one an older man with balding hair, beer belly and black socks in sandals. The younger, physically fit man has headphones resting on his neck and moves around the space pointing.

Sound Tech

Well, we've set up the room, we've got monitors over here, all the instruments up here, mics and cords layed out and plenty of water if you need it. Anything else?

Retired Dad

No, that sounds great. I'm just excited to get my music down.

Sound Tech

Great.

Retired Dad

I've been dreaming about this for years.

Sound Tech

Wonderful.

Retired dad strums hard, accidentally knocks over expensive guitar. Sound Tech, used go this happening daily, picks up the guitar and hands it back to Retired Dad.

Retired Dad

It's just that I never really let myself get into it, y'know? I guess I was scared.

Sound Tech

Sure.

Retired Dad

And I spent more time being afraid than actually doing the thing!

Sound Tech

Uh-huh.

Retired Dad

And then there were kids. And then there was the divorce. And therapy.

Sound Tech

Right.

Retired Dad

And pretty soon I saw that I would always have an excuse not to do this, until I gave myself a reason to do it.

Sound Tech

Well, I'm gonna be on the other side of the booth...so

Retired Dad

Of course. Look, I...I don't really expect to do anything much here. I just want to play something now I can listen to when I'm old and in a hospital bed, you know?

Sound Tech

Hey...I hear you.

Sound Tech touches Retired Dad on the shoulder, the lights dim and SFX of fastforward tape play loudly. The two move quickly on stage, jittery, twitching back and forth in place until the end on the Retired Dad, lying on two chairs, his body covered in a blanket. A faint beeping in the background is masked by the sound of an oxygen tank.

Sound Tech walks in sheepishly, his hat in his hands.

Retired Dad

(aged now)

Oh...it's you!

Sound Tech

Hey, uh, sir, I've been looking all over for you.

Retired Dad

I thought I'd never see you again.

Sound Tech

Well, we didn't spend too much time together.

Retired Dad

Well you look awfully good. How are the kids?

Sound Tech

Excuse me?

Retired Dad

The kids! I've been meaning to visit.

Nurse comes in with clipboard.

Nurse

Don't worry, he won't remember in a few minutes. Just enjoy the time.

Retired Dad

Oh! Well hello there, what's your name?

Nurse

It's Cheryl. Now you behave.

Retired Dad

Of course of course. I'm very lucky, to see my son and such a lovely lady.
I must have won the lottery!

Sound Tech

Well, hey...

Retired Dad

Yes son?

Sound Tech

Jeez, look, I just want you to have this.

Sound Tech takes out a cassette tape.

Retired Dad

And what's that now?

Sound Tech

Something you made.

Sound Tech puts the tape in a stereo deck, spotlight on Retired Dad's bed now. We hear him coughing, then a faint "1, 2, 3, 4" in the background.

It's a tender, heart rending country blues take on Pour Some Sugar On Me.

Retired Dad looks off in the distance, focused now, seeing something beyond his hospital confines.

Retired Dad

(an epiphany)

I...I remember!

LIGHTS dim again, same SFX play tape in reverse and men move quickly backwards on stage, twitching and moving about. They settle into their positions from the beginning of the scene

Sound Tech
So what do you want to record.

Retired Dad
Something...classic.

LIGHTS OUT