

Gathering Dust

By Daniel Jones

Cast

DEE PALMER, transsexual rock star

MICK, her tour manager

TONY and MARGARET, two fans

Action takes place in **Dee's** dressing room after she has played the first live gig of a tour.

{Dee's dressing room. Dee is sitting in her chair in front the desk/mirror with a bottle of red wine and a few glasses. There are a couple of publicity photographs of Dee on her desk in no particular order. The door to her dressing room is shut. She is taking off her make-up. There is a knock at the door.}

Dee: Come in.

{Enter Mick}

Mick: Alright Dee. Cracking show.

Dee: Thank you, Mick. It's all to starting to fall together now, don't you think? Do you remember it was a little heavy handed in rehearsals at first? I think all of us were a little apprehensive back then, and not just me.

Mick: Well, it was cool tonight. Tomorrow we're playing Wolverhampton so we'll need to get an early start.

Dee: I'll be fine. I'll sleep on the bus.

Mick: Great. If you have a couple of minutes, there are a couple of people outside, fans. Are they alright to come in and get an autograph and that?

Dee: Oh, of course. Please, tell them I shan't keep them a moment.

Mick: No problem.

{Exit Mick}

{After Mick has left the room and shut the door, she turns to the mirror and begins to reapply her make-up, blusher, eyeliner etc. She combs her hair. All of this is done fastidiously and precisely, and when completed she checks that her appearance is suitably gratifying.}

Dee: *{To herself in the mirror}*

We are but the dust that speaks together
to make its transience felt upon our skin.

{Pause, as she flicks a lock of hair into place}

And of course, what am I if I am not my own skin?

Come in!

{Enter Tony and Margaret}

Hello there. I hope you enjoyed the show tonight. I haven't played live for a while. Even at my age you can't help first night nerves! Sorry, what are your names?

Tony: I'm Tony. *{Proffers his hand to Dee, who shakes it.}*

Margaret: And I'm Margaret. *{She does as Tony, above}*

The show was really great, I'm so glad you chose to start your tour here.

Tony: Yeah, the music was great. I know you must want people to appreciate your new stuff, but when you started playing Teacher, well...

Margaret: Yeah, it was so cool. It's just the old stuff is, like, comfortable.

Like an old friend. But we like all your music, David/

Dee: Dee.

Margaret: Excuse me?

Dee: My name isn't David anymore. Surely you must know that?

Margaret: Oh, I am so terribly sorry, really. God, sorry. It's just that, well, you know, how conditioned people become after so long... it's a bit of a shock.

Dee: But you must have known?

Margaret: I did, I just...

Dee: Look, it's okay. Really. But there is no David anymore.

{Slight pause}

Would you like a drink?

{She offers the bottle of wine to them, they accept. She pours out a couple of glasses}

Tony: It's all a bit weird though, because it was David Palmer who helped to conceive those songs. We followed your career as David, so he must exist. Is he like, inside you?

Dee: *{Now visibly uncomfortable and agitated}* Look, David was something I lived inside, and something I had to step out of because it wasn't me, and it wasn't who I am. It was something I had to be rid of to be me. And if you don't mind, I'd really

rather not discuss this with you. Don't you want to talk about the music, the show/

Margaret: It must be hard; we appreciate that, but surely...

Dee: {*gulping down her wine*} Would you like an autograph? Signed photo? I have a few publicity photos here somewhere.
{*Dee picks up a nearby photograph. There is an uneasy pause.*}

Tony: Who will you sign it as?
{*Pause*}

Dee: Oh for Christ's sake. Get out. Get out!
{*Tony and Margaret go to leave*}
You ignorant, insensitive bastards!
{*Exit Tony and Margaret. Dee slams the door behind them and locks it, leans against it and sighs deeply. She returns to the desk/mirror and dejectedly, yet still meticulously removes her make-up. When done, she takes her lipstick and draws a pair of lips upon the mirror. She stares at the reflection for a long moment*}

Lights fade