

SCRATCH

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Structure

SESSION 1: INTRO + TRACK 1

BREAK 1: HOME
HOME, PART TWO

SESSION 2: TRACKS 2 + 3

BREAK 2 + SONG

SESSION 3: SOUND CHECK

WARM-UP

DJ HARVEY FEAT. DJ LAUREEN

TRACK 4 + BREAK 3 + SONG

SESSION 4: CHILL + WARM-UP

WARM-UP ENEJO FEAT. LAURA OR DJ LAUREEN

TRACK 5

BREAKDOWN

SUBWOOFER

TRACK 6

FINALE: SILENCE + SONG

BONUS TRACK

A horizontal line across the page indicates a change of speaker or space.

Square brackets [] indicate inner thoughts that are verbalized by the character.

A forward slash / indicates a cut, an interruption or an overlap.

SESSION 1: INTRO + TRACK 1

You enter the club. Chilled electronic music is playing; not dance music. Sit down if you want; grab a stool, take a seat. Have you ordered drinks? Okay. If everyone's got a drink – or if you're sitting comfortably at least – the set can begin. Opening chords, percussion + blinding lights + flashes + moving lights pointing at the booth. ARE YOU READY!?

DJ Laureen appears. She looks fabulous, dressed in a mix of glam-rock and cyber-punk (although to anyone over the age of forty it looks retro): shades, wig, large earrings, an outlandish overcoat. Very idiosyncratic.

She enters the booth and stands at the turntables as the acoustic and visual show continues.

Smoke?

Smoke!

She takes the mic.

Hello (add name of place where the production is being staged)! Are you ready? I said: ARE YOU READY?

Let's GO!

An electro-house-tribal rhythm starts to play – the lights follow its vibe; the style – classy dance music, Miss Kittin style.

DJ Laureen puts on her headphones, gives a half-smile. She lowers her shades and encourages people to dance, to get into the groove.

She dances in a laid-back way, like any modern DJ, following the rhythm with her body and observing how people respond.

You're all dancing, in a slight trance, happy; perhaps a little inhibited at the beginning but then you gradually get into the rhythm.

She holds the mic up again, adjusts her shades and gives her voice free rein. Harmonic loops that generate several voices. A song? Call it what you want.

LOOP 1

If you feel shit, fake it.

If it ain't fixed, break it.

Set yourself free,

Free to feel.

Believe in your smile,

Know that it's real.

If you're too good, live it.

If it ain't right, hide it.

Ain't no limits,

Do what feels right.

You seem so happy,

let it shine bright.

DONE! It's recorded on the looper. It repeats and repeats and repeats, it repeats and repeats and repeats and that's the... LOOP! The loop of life.

Suddenly she removes her shades and stares out at everyone. Are you looking into her eyes?

Look at her!

Now she takes off her headphones and the music fades into the background. Is she going to talk?

Listen to her!

She leaves part of her costume in the booth and gets down onto the dancefloor.

Hi, Laura!

Relax, carry on sipping from your hip flasks – or get off your heads whichever way you want.

(To one of you) Hey! How's it going? How's life?

I'm not gonna get on your case, get all intense on you. It's just... Not much eye contact in the disco, amiright? A lotta hearing, not much listening. You all know who I am, right?

(To one of you) Hey! You alright?

Nobody answers, nobody speaks. You all listening to me? You came to see me, right?

You can answer me. From your faces I'm guessing you're not just here to dance: you're looking for somewhere to be free, to let loose your desires, to forget, to do whatever the fuck you want. Me too, I try, but this place, here, this is my work and I've got obligations.

(To one of you) Sweet rhythm, you move real good! I'm lovin' your outfit!

Don't worry. The beat goes on: the looper's kicking, the session's started. Everything's under control. I just want to talk for a moment/ tell you about my stuff, put my thoughts in order, my story... break my silence. You know me? Yeah? No? No problem! New faces? That's good. You won't judge me before I finish speaking, you won't be trying to set me right or tell me where I've gone wrong, like my friends and family and everyone else. How many times do we tell them something, and they find a link that we don't want them to find? They get stuck on A or B, and they think any personal stuff is just an excuse. You lot have "the kindness of strangers", you can see me with the innocence of eyes that don't have prior information, ears that haven't been contaminated despite all this noise pollution. You know how to listen to me. And if not, use your get-out-of-jail card. This is a disco, you're free to move, free to leave, free to turn away and ignore me, in the bright lights and the darkness. You've got the easy part.

What happened to me is over but it could happen again and that's why I want to set the record straight. You get me, right? Life is a loop, everything is on repeat and we don't always learn. It happens to you too, right?

I'll get off your case. This is a disco motherfuckers and we're here to shake our asses. Bring on the night! Next track cued up. Don't stop moving. Hit it!

Laura adjusts some settings on the deck. The rhythm changes and she rejoins everyone on the floor. She smiles. You smile back at her, right? Laura points at the booth.

INTRO: Laura. That's me. But here you have to call me DJ Laureen. DJ, vocalist, musician – and drop-dead gorgeous. Sorry if that sounds arrogant or superficial. I wanted to be an indie artist and sing about the things I felt, with all my contradictions... We've all gotta dream, right? Who doesn't want to make it on their own merits, with their own voice? But this opportunity came up and... it could be a lot worse.

I work doing something I like, I've got a great boyfriend, I make enough to pay the rent; the only problems I've had are those of any 'normal' woman, whatever that means. I do WHATEVER I want. Why shouldn't I?

I'm what they call a 'nice girl'. What problem could there be? None!

She puts on her shades and turns up the volume. She starts dancing and encourages everyone to loosen up.

She turns the volume down; the music fades into the background.

That up there is my stage, my office, my lonely palace. Surrounded by smoke and with my shades on, I can see you all down here, together, sharing a good time, enjoying yourselves on the dancefloor.

I observe you, I look at you. And I try to distinguish between appearances and reality. So tell it to me straight.

(To one of you) Do you fancy that guy over there? Yes or no? No lying!

(To someone else) And that woman? Is she just waiting for someone else to make a move or is she happy to be alone? Or both things at once?

(To someone else) Look! That one there *(the first person she spoke to)* is going up to him *(the second one she spoke to)*. She's asking him something. They're talking. Is she hitting on him? What does he think? What does she want? What does he see? What does she see? What do they make of each other?

It's private, right? Even when it happens in a public space. I watch them even though it's not really my business but theirs: their business, your business. And here, the game is that you watch me, DJ Laureen.

A bit more info:

She goes back to the booth and talks into the mic.

TRACK 1: DJ Laureen, I'm the queen of the fucking dancefloor. I make people happy, I make them sweat, I make them dance, I make them laugh. I set the rhythm, I decide which notes get played – and which don't.

So, whether you're go-getting, high-achieving Boomers or if you're Gen Z like me, here in the darkness of the night, of this session, I'm telling you to let yourselves go, to feel it, not to overthink it.

And now: DANCE!

She puts on her DJ outfit again.

Are you ready for the next high? Let's go!

She changes the rhythm, brings in the kickdrums, sets the volume and EQ back to normal and takes the mic.

LOOP 2

No future, no past,
all we have is now.
Forget about tomorrow,
tomorrow never comes.

No future, no past,
all we have is now.
Nothing to remember,
yesterday is gone.

You're too good: live it.
You're so high: give it.
Ain't no limits,
do what feels right.
You look so happy,
let your smile shine bright.

Laura carries on playing music in the booth. You dance until, after a while, the music becomes less frenetic.

Laura looks at you, she does a scratch and stops the music abruptly.

You know what a scratch is, right? Stopping the record, creating this acoustic break with a harsh, strident sound.

That's enough half-measures, let's get to the point. I'm going to scratch my life: break it in two and put it all on show.

The lighting comes up; it's harsh; the club is about to close. The floor is covered with broken plastic cups. Silence.

There's no turning back. When you start to tell a story, you can't choose which parts to tell and which not. Or can you? I don't know but I've already started and I'm sticking with my decision. This story is about me, DJ Laureen (*she points at the turntables*). And about me,

Laura. And now the party's over, there's another side to me. Power off and I'll tell you the next part at home, in my chill-out zone. Silence, tranquillity, a bit of down time.

Laura puts away her things (Mac, earphones). She swaps her DJ Laureen outfit for street clothes: Laura's clothes.

I open the door and go in.