



# DON JUAN IN SOHO

BY PATRICK  
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DRAMATISTS  
PLAY SERVICE  
INC.



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*For Sidney*

DON JUAN IN SOHO was first presented at the Donmar Warehouse (Michael Grandage, Artistic Director), London, on November 30, 2006. It was directed by Michael Grandage, the set and costume designs were by Christopher Oram, the lighting design was by Neil Austin, the original music and sound design were by Adam Cork, and the production stage manager was Patrick Molony. The cast was as follows:

COLM .....	Richard Flood
STAN .....	Stephen Wight
DJ .....	Rhys Ifans
ELVIRA .....	Laura Pyper
PETE/VAGABOND .....	Abdul Salis
LOTTIE/RUBY .....	Seroca Davis
MATTIE/DALIA .....	Jessica Brooks
ALOYSIUS .....	Chris Corrigan
STATUE .....	Tim Eagle
LOUIS .....	David Ryall

DON JUAN IN SOHO was first presented in this revised version at Wyndham's Theatre, London, on March 17, 2017, by Robert Fox for Robert Fox Ltd., Matthew Byam Shaw, Nia Janis and Nick Salmon for Playful Productions in association with Sonia Friedman Productions. It was directed by Patrick Marber, the set and costume designs were by Anna Fleischle, the lighting design was by Mark Henderson, the original music and sound design were by Adam Cork, and the company stage manager was Claire Sibley. The cast was as follows:

COL .....	David Jonsson
STAN .....	Adrian Scarborough
DJ .....	David Tennant
ELVIRA .....	Danielle Vitalis
ADAM .....	William Spray
PETE .....	Theo Barklem-Biggs
LOTTIE .....	Dominique Moore
MATTIE/RUBY .....	Alice Orr-Ewing
VAGABOND .....	Himesh Patel
STATUE .....	Mark Extance, Adrian Richards
ALOYSIUS .....	Mark Ebulué
DALIA .....	Eleanor Wyld
KRISTAL .....	Emma Naomi
LOUIS .....	Gawn Grainger

## INTRODUCTION

I wrote *Don Juan in Soho* in the summer of 2006. I hadn't written a full-length play for six years and this one was a great pleasure (and relief) to write. Simon Scardifield provided an excellent literal translation of the Molière original from which I worked. Simon also suggested the line, "a true poet of the flesh," which Elvira uses in Act Four. My enduring thanks to him. Rhys Ifans agreed to play the leading role before I'd written a word—a truly inspiring leap of faith. I will always be indebted to him. The original cast and creative team delivered the play beautifully. The director was Michael Grandage: he commissioned the play, he helped me write it and he directed a terrific production of it. We had a lot of fun and I remember those days with huge affection for all involved.

Ten years later my wife was at a party and happened to be chatting to our old friend David Tennant. He mentioned that he was keen to do a play in 2017. So I sent him this one. A week later he phoned and said he'd be delighted to do it. Such luck is rare in the theatre and I thank my lucky stars for it. I had always wanted the play to have more life and this was the perfect opportunity for it to reach a wider audience with another sensational actor playing the title role.

I looked at the play again and made a few changes; I updated a few things, rewrote and trimmed it here and there but essentially it has the same spirit as the original, written in what now seems an innocent summer long ago.

PM, February 2017

## **CHARACTERS**

*(in order of speaking)*

COL

STAN

DJ

ELVIRA

ADAM

PETE

LOTTIE

MATTIE

VAGABOND

ALOYSIUS

STATUE

DALIA

RUBY

LOUIS

KRISTAL

## **SETTING**

The play is set in London in the near present

# DON JUAN IN SOHO

## ACT ONE

*A statue of King Charles II alone onstage.*

*Music. Mozart's Don Giovanni overture or something modern.*

*Or both.*

*The company perform a strange, sensual dance. It can be eerie.*

*And a bit comical. But not too long.*

*They set the stage. Then clear it. Leaving:*

*Afternoon.*

*The large open-plan lobby of a swank, modern hotel in Soho.*

*Stan (still young enough to have hope, rumped, not tall) sits with a bottle of beer and a neat double scotch.*

*Also a small jar of cashew nuts.*

*Col (late twenties, earnest, noble) enters and sees Stan.*

COL. WHERE IS HE?!

STAN. I'm sorry?

COL. Is he here? He *must* be here!

STAN. Well he's not.

*Col senses a lie. His eyes wander to the jar of nuts...*

COL. Are they from a mini-bar? Did you stay here last night?

STAN. Nahhh. There's a little nut man on Berwick Street. Chinese bloke. I love a nut. Want one?

COL. Where were you last night?

STAN. I was tucked up in bed!

COL. *Where?*

STAN. In my lowly hovel.

COL. So where's *he*?



STAN. I don't know!

COL. Then what are you doing here?

STAN. Can't a man have an innocent beer without being molested?

COL. (*Points to other drink.*) Who's this for? *He drinks scotch.*

STAN. It's for *me*, it's a chaser.

COL. So neither of you stayed here last night?

STAN. Why would he stay here when he's got a lovely new wife to go home to?

COL. I don't know! But Elvira's in pieces. We've called the police, the hospitals and I've searched every hotel in town. He's *vanished!* Our only concern is his safety, if he's here then *please, tell me.*

STAN. I would if I could but he's not so I can't.

COL. (*Suddenly.*) Your nuts are from the mini-bar of a room in this hotel!

*He tries to snatch the nuts. After a brief struggle he grabs the jar and prods the logo vigorously.*

There! There! The logo! I ask you once more, in the name of God, IS HE HERE?

STAN. (*Aside.*) Can I betray the man who has clothed and fed me these two decades? (*To Col.*) He's in the penthouse suite.

COL. Thank you! Wha—what's he doing there?

STAN. He's banging a Croatian supermodel.

*Col emits a small scream.*

You did ask.

COL. Has he gone mad? He's a married man! My sister is a person of purity, of quality—she's a *colossal* human being. She was a virgin.

STAN. Well, we all were.

COL. (*Testily.*) I mean on her wedding day. A Croatian supermodel—this is a terrible shock.

STAN. I know, he usually favours a bit of Bosnian.

COL. There have been *other* episodes?

STAN. Well, it's possible—but don't quote me.

COL. But—but he seems so *charming*, and so in *love*, how can this *be?*

STAN. Oh, the modern monster *conceals* himself. Don't expect a fiend to be fanged. Ever seen a dictator with blood on his hands? *Never!* First the manicure, then the massacre.

COL. And—and—he's fornicating with this lady as we speak?

STAN. Making shapes like balloon animals. He texted me a pic of the hotel and one word, "Noon." I waited an hour, nothing, so up I go. Knock knock. He opens the door, stark testicle naked and full morning glory. She's on all fours, nude as a spoon. I recognised her immediately.

COL. How?

STAN. She's *famous*—she's on the circuit. (*Remembering, transfixed.*) So there she is: all sloe-eyed and luscious...full Brazilian...she's *glistening*. Gives me a friendly wink with her arseòle—which *I* think is a bit forward.

COL. That's enough information.

STAN. He goes, "Be a good chap and wait downstairs." I scored the nuts and two hours later here we are. I 'spect he'll be down soon. Or not. I once waited six days for him in the lobby of the Bangkok Sheraton. Go on, treat yourself, have a cashew.

*Col is still in shock. He hands the jar back to Stan.*

You see, what you're dealing with here is a savage, he's a *pirate*. Forgive my lack of discretion, but the man's a *slag*. He'd do it with anything—a hole in the ozone layer. All he lives for is chasing skirt and once in a blue moon, trouser. And it's not just models and virgins, oh no, he's *seedy*—likes a bit of rough to vary the menu; endless nights have I chauffeured him to the reeking slums as he preys on the deranged and the destitute: the pickled, raging prozzer on parole, the sweetly simpering smackhead, the near corpse of an ancient hag dinkled with filth—he's not choosy! Apart from a brief hiatus last winter he's had, on average, three different women a day for a quarter of a century—you do the maths. You might say—*he* does—what's wrong with a young(*ish*) man getting his rocks off on a very regular basis? Well I'll tell you: the rocks create an avalanche of *agony*—he's a cheating, betraying, lying dog and I've wasted the best years of my life mopping up after him. Well, I've had enough of his broody Byronic bullshit. He's had every privilege known to

man and pissed it up a wall—as a point of principle! NOT THAT HE'S GOT ANY!

COL. What happened last winter?

STAN. Syphilis. (*Wistfully.*) “Love”—“loyalty”—“truth,” all that you and I hold dear he craps on. He's Satan in a suit from Savile Row, no exaggeration, he's a *terrorist*. Your new brother-in-law has declared jihad against the human spirit. And he's made me *cynical*. I hate him, I hate him, I—Hate—Him! (*Beat.*) I've never said that before—this is progress! (*Beat.*) You see, he hurts people, enjoys it—*seeks* it. It's all sport to him. And now he's done it to your sister, the most innocent of them all. It makes me heave, it's so unfair. I wish he'd just... (*Darkly.*) I wish there was a hell he could burn in forever.

COL. There is a hell.

STAN. Oh, don't give me hope.

COL. Hell is real.

*Col whips out his mobile.*

STAN. Ooh, I wouldn't tell her!

COL. I am compelled to!

STAN. By who??

COL. By all that is decent and right! Have you no moral code?

STAN. Of course I have, it's just hard to decipher it when he's around!

*Col dials.*

Don't tell her—I shouldn't have told you—I'll get the blame now!

COL. How can you associate with this reptile? Aren't you ashamed of yourself?

STAN. Yes!

COL. THEN SHOW IT, MAN! You're a disgrace, you fester just like him!

STAN. Hey, there's no need for that, I'm on *your* side!

COL. Maggot! Every part of you is corrupted, you're a moral black hole!

*He puts the phone back in his pocket, can't get through.*

Oh, the wrath of my family will be fearsome. You've met my step-brother?

STAN. (*Aside, scared.*) He refers to Vicious Aloysius.

COL. He will exact his revenge on *both* of you. No mercy. Especially not for his—*ligger*.

STAN. (*Angrily.*) I am NOT a ligger, I am a *paid* employee!

COL. You're just a dogsbody!

STAN. *No*, I am paid to enable and—and facilitate his lifestyle. I am the keeper of the database. (*Holds iPhone aloft.*) I've got twenty thousand numbers in here!

COL. You're nothing but a fly on a horse's shitey arse! I and my brother will be the tail that smites the fly. And the horse too!

STAN. Oh, be gone—and take your terrible metaphors with you.

COL. (*Exiting.*) I'm coming back!

*Stan calls after him.*

STAN. I'll deny everything! You've no proof!

*Stan paces a moment, worried. Enter DJ, immaculate in a bespoke suit.*

DJ. Did you pine for me while I was gone? Oh you *did*, you darling little munchkin.

*Stan glances nervously at the exit. DJ sees this and looks too.*

Was that my brother-in-law?

STAN. Where?

DJ. Exiting.

STAN. I think it might've been.

DJ. Well, *was* it? Don't lie, you're a feeble dissembler.

STAN. It was him.

*DJ ponders a moment.*

DJ. You covered for me?

STAN. As ever.

DJ. (*Doubtfully.*) Hmm. (*Sits.*) Furnish me, please.

STAN. You can't smoke here.

# DON JUAN IN SOHO

by Patrick Marber  
after Molière

9 men, 6 women

DJ will go to bed with anything that breathes. His lust is so unquenchable that he's employed his friend and assistant, Stan, to organize his ever-growing digital Rolodex of partners. As the two of them romp the streets of London's Soho seeking DJ's next conquest, they leave a wreckage of heartbreak and betrayal in their wake. A racy twist on Molière's *Don Juan*, Patrick Marber's irresistible adaptation imagines the classic antihero in the twenty-first century, where idiocy, masculinity, and hubris still reign.

*"[DON JUAN IN SOHO] can make you almost vomit with laughter—and anxiety—as it updates this archetypal erotomane... As brilliantly reconceived by Marber, the Don who gets his end away endlessly becomes one of this playwright's personal pantheon of men who have used themselves up and are now running on empty—dangerously funny, frantic and, in their own way, fearless. ...In every way, a prodigious evening."* —**The Independent (UK)**

*"DON JUAN IN SOHO is [an] absolute cracker ...the play proves savagely funny, disturbingly dark and disgracefully sexy."* —**The Telegraph (UK)**

*"...destined to be [a] crowd-pleaser—and the rudest, raunchiest, most unabashedly guilty pleasure in town."* —**The Hollywood Reporter**

**Also by Patrick Marber**  
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**DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC.**

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