

CHARLOTTE YOUNG

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(TWO HUMANOID PLASTICINE MODELS)

Morph... Male. Aged 35. Paranoid. Egomaniac.
On the brink. Occasional smoker.

Chas... Male. Aged 17. Cousin of **Morph**. Irritation incarnate. Relentless alcoholic. 'Psychopathic' – Wikipedia.

ACT I, SCENE 1

Curtain and lights already up as audience enter auditorium.

Empty stage except for an oversized wooden pencil box, slightly upstage left.

CHAS enters stage right, unsteady on his feet, pausing a short distance from the box. he tries to stop himself from swaying, but can't. He is evidently drunk.

CHAS (to the box) Cheer up.
The box says nothing. there is a pause as **Chas** ponders his next sentence.

CHAS Why the long face?
He laughs at his own joke, trying to stifle himself from being heard, which causes him to laugh even more, before realising that the joke doesn't work.

CHAS (sniggering) It's not a horse.
(PAUSE)

CHAS Why the wide face?
(PAUSE)

CHAS Is it the trousers?
A muffled reply comes from within the box.

CHAS (too loudly) Miserable dickhead.
The box muffles angrily.

CHAS Get out, you bit of lumpy muck.
Chas lifts the lid of the box to reveal **Morph**.

Morph, with unwanted and unnecessary assistance from **Chas**, climbs out. He looks drained and is wearing ill-fitting red trousers. **Chas** laughs at him.

MORPH You stink.

CHAS It's Lynx Anarchy (he sniggers).
Morph is pissed in the American sense, because **Chas** is pissed in the British sense.

CHAS Mo, look –

MORPH Don't call me that!

CHAS Christ.

MORPH (correcting) Son of Antony.
(BEAT)

CHAS Your trousers look like shit.

MORPH They're too big.

CHAS We can take them in easily enough...

Chas starts patting **Morph's** trousers with his hands, attempting to get the plasticine to form a more exact fit around his legs. **Morph**, assuming this is one of **Chas's** wind-ups, knocks his arms away.

CHAS I'm just trying to help.

MORPH Don't touch me.

CHAS Oh yeah, that's right, isn't it? Don't touch Golden Boy. Everyone loves brown-nose.

MORPH I am the first-born, the eldest son, the prodigal child, the brightest star, the mould from which all others are cast –

CHAS You're an old lump of old fucking clay! *Non-toxic pug!*
Morph swings a punch but misses.

MORPH Judas! Thomas!

CHAS (threateningly) Come on then, Daddy's little rotter. They brawl. Lumps of plasticine fly about the stage and into the audience. Apoplectic, **Morph** grabs an oversized 4H pencil from the box and smacks **Chas** around the head with the leaded end. **Chas** collapses.

BLACK-OUT.

(LONG PAUSE)

LIGHTS UP SLOWLY.

Chas is lying in the wooden pencil box, arms folded across his chest, an open casket. **Morph** is kneeling close to it.

MORPH Mine – His fingerprints – everywhere. (BEAT)
We are clay; you, our potter.
(PAUSE)

MORPH I don't want to die alone.
(BEAT)

MORPH God.
(PAUSE)

MORPH (standing) Everyone dies alone.

Morph turns towards the audience, his face wet with tears fashioned from crumpled plastic.

A descending swanee whistle glissando sounds from the stalls. His trousers fall down.

CURTAIN