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SCRIPT SAMPLE

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WILLIAM
NARRATOR
DEIDRE/CONSCIENCE
FATHER
DOCTOR

(Lights up on the NARRATOR, center-stage and silent. Behind him is a giant mirror. The lights are dim and somber, and shadows dance upon his face. He moves downstage slowly, and addresses the audience in a low and somber voice)

NARRATOR

I was standing over there a second ago.

(Small pause)

Now I'm standing over here.

(He crosses stage right)

I figure if I keep moving, you'll never see my face. I mean, really *see* it. Because you can't see a face unless you stare forever. And even then, it always disappears. A stubble in the chin, a beam or sparkle in the eye. I stared for hours once, inside my room, at the mirror on my wall. And my ugly face just stared right back. I couldn't see a thing. I wonder if it has a point, you know? Staring at a mirror.

(The mirror cracks in half, and the two sides slowly separate)

Can't see the WORLD AROUND ME, but when I stare into my eyes, I feel like Nostradamus.

(He snorts, disdainfully)

Read between the lines! I've got... wrinkles on my forehead. And bags beneath my eyes. The world is different from tomorrow. It... seemed... better yesterday. I've never swallowed from the gut before. But, my throat... just couldn't close.

(He breathes heavily. He stops.)

I hope you like my play.

(He crosses into darkness, stage right, as the mirror completes its separation. Behind the mirror is an attic, highly cluttered, with a mattress on the floor, a tiny window at the back, and a single door stage left. All sorts of boxes, objects, Christmas trees, skis, etc. clutter up the space. It is the home of the forgotten junk. WILLIAM bursts into the room)

WILLIAM

The fact that I'm unhappy is not the point at all! The fact that I can't *stand* myself. Now, that... That's what I'm afraid of.

(He looks around)

I don't like this room.

(DEIDRE enters right behind him. She is an older woman; cold, distant, almost tired.)

DEIDRE

Go to sleep outside.

WILLIAM
I WANT TO SLEEP IN HERE!!!
(He collects himself)
But I still don't like this room.

DEIDRE
(Maintaining her composure)
It's not too cold outside.

WILLIAM
It's 28 degrees!

(DEIDRE glares at him)

DEIDRE
It's not too cold outside.

WILLIAM
I want to sleep in here.

(DEIDRE shrugs)

DEIDRE
The cushion's on the floor.

(She turns to exit)

WILLIAM
Mom?

(She stops)

DEIDRE
What?

WILLIAM
You still love me, right?

(She glares at him)

DEIDRE
Get some rest. You've got a lot of work to do.

(She exits. He sits down on the mattress)

WILLIAM

The fact that I'm unhappy is not the point at all.
(He lies down and pulls a blanket up around him)
I fuckin hate this room.

(Lights up on the NARRATOR)

NARRATOR

After every tribulation, the body needs to rest. After every turmoil and turbulent event, the body needs a break.

(We hear crunching noises in the background.)

But, that BREAK is where the danger lies. When the brain begins to dream. And the body shatters OPEN like a fissure in the stream of consciousness.

(WILLIAM tosses in his bed, as if reacting to a dream.)

And the face begins to MELT like molten lava. The face begins to fade. I feel the nightmares eating at me, feasting, like worms inside a grave. I feel the maggots crawling forward.

CREEPING from my psyche. Crawling from my sleepy dreams and festering inside me. The hurried feet of insects scurry deep inside my brain, resting just to incubate betwixt my Id and Super-Ego. My EGO bridles in its cortex like a bull inside the ring. "TORO!" cries the fighter as he waves his scarlet RAG before my eyes!

(He breathes heavily. He stops.)

My body is an anvil and my horns are razor blades. I feel the rage within me rising up. I snort the way an ENGINE does before it starts to turn and stamp my ebon hoof upon the ground.

The sun is burning hotly through my fur unto my flesh, and the dust is rising slowly like the ghost of yesterday. WHOOSH!

(He increases tempo until he is almost frenetic by the end)

The muleta of the fighter flaps away like nightingales and reveals the gilded metal of his Spanish rapier, glistening like fire in the brilliant morning sun. He holds it raised it above his HEAD like a bolt of lightning from the GODS, and I thrust my body forward as if leaping from a CLIFF, his rod of death upon me in an INSTANT if –

(DEIDRE enters, turning on the light. WILLIAM jumps up, frightened, letting out an awful yell. Lights out on NARRATOR. DEIDRE stares at him.)

DEIDRE

Your father sent me in to see how you were doing.

(WILLIAM stares at her, breathing heavily. He stops)

WILLIAM

The fact that I'm unhappy is not the point at all.

(DEIDRE growls, exasperated. She turns off the light and exits. She slams the door.

WILLIAM sits up, too angry now to sleep. The room is fairly luminescent)

WILLIAM (Cont'd)

No one understands me.

(He rises)

No one knows the damage of an underrated mind.

(Spotlight on the NARRATOR)

NARRATOR

Sometimes a dream is not a dream if you feel like it's the truth.

WILLIAM

I wanna drive an anvil through the center of the world.

NARRATOR

My BODY is an anvil and my horns are razor blades.

(WILLIAM points at him, angrily)

WILLIAM

I am not an animal. I...

(Pause. He lowers his head, sadly)

I just want to be alone.

(He sits down, Indian-style, on the floor)

NARRATOR

I feel the rage within me rising up. I snort the way an engine does before it starts to turn.

(WILLIAM reaches for a box of junk. He pulls it over)

And STAMP my ebon hoof upon the ground.

(WILLIAM burrows through the box)

The sun is burning hotly through my fur unto my fleshhhhhhhh...

(WILLIAM pulls out a teddy bear)

And the dust is rising slowly like the ghost of yesterday.

WILLIAM

Hmm, I haven't seen *you* in ages.

NARRATOR

The fighter brings his sword UPON me...

(WILLIAM rips the head off the teddy bear)

Like a bullet through the sky. The silver metal GLEAMING like the SCYTHE of Death before me.

(WILLIAM tosses the head aside)

NARRATOR (Cont'd)

And I feel like... I don't mind. I feel like all I YEARN for is to feel the SHARP unYIELDing

blade upon me... through me...

(WILLIAM buries his fingers into the bear's intestines)

On me, and my horns return to glue. My body turns to dust. For every dream there is a danger. For every do there is a must.

(WILLIAM looks up at the audience)

I want to sleep outside. I want to... run. I want to run amok.

(Slow fade on the NARRATOR. WILLIAM remains in a tiny light, which gradually increases.)

WILLIAM

When I slept inside the pris... inside the "relaxation home," I felt like I was opened up. Like my insides were exposed.

(He removes the innards of the teddy bear)

I was cut up like a... flower. Like a frog in science class.

(He tosses the innards casually aside)

There was no alone in there. There was no a... alone. Sometimes I dream that I'm alone.

(He smiles)

But sometimes I dream that I'm a woman.

(He rises slowly, gloriously)

With the body of a pop star. With the world encircling around me, staring in, wanting just to touch me and to know what I'm about.

(He stops himself, defensively)

I'm not a homosexual. I'm not even a... tran... transcendentalist, or whatever it is they call it. I... just... My dreams are not irrelevant, but they're not exactly fitting either. I can't explain myself. I... just... It's not in me to explain to you why I'm here or why I'm feeling what I'm feeling. I... just... Sometimes I feel like...

(His lip begins to tremble)

I see you in my bedroom. The entire mob of you. Staring up at me like I am... Hunh.

Bedroom. I fuckin hate this room. Anyway, I see you staring up at me like I am... some great illusion. A spectacle of sorts.

(Small pause)

They tell me I'm psychotic. That I have paranoid delusions.

(Small pause)

But I think I'm just unhappy.

(Lights up on NARRATOR)

NARRATOR

Mind you. The fact that I'm unhappy is not the point at all.

(WILLIAM looks at him)

WILLIAM

That's my Inner Monologue. He sort of tells me what to do. Sometimes he gets so bad that he just bosses me around.

(Pause)

Sometimes... he doesn't say a word.

(Lights fade on NARRATOR)

Over here's my Conscience.

(Lights up on DEIDRE, dressed up like a fairy. She is the sweetest, innocent, most adorable fairy in the world)

CONSCIENCE

(Sweet and fairy-like)

Hello, William!

WILLIAM

I don't listen to her much. I... get my values from my mom. Hence the striking similarities.

CONSCIENCE

Did you brush your teeth before you went to bed?

WILLIAM

No, I've... got a thing for gingivitis. It makes me feel so good.

CONSCIENCE

(Excited)

Oh! Well! You didn't kill anyone today?

(He proudly gives the Boy Scout hand signal.)

WILLIAM

No, ma'am. I certainly did not.

CONSCIENCE

Oh, what a little angel!

(She claps as the lights go out on her. WILLIAM beams)

WILLIAM

She's really proud of me. Just like my dear old mom.

(Small pause)

That was sarcasm.

(Small pause)

You're all free to laugh. My mom don't give a shit for me. She treats me like a dog. Like I'm... Well, I guess she has a point. I mean, I guess she's justified. I mean, you know, I... I mean, you know, I... spent the last two years inside of... Well, anyway, my dad's not really well. He's not feeling very well. He was injured on the job. He was... working on the job and then he fell. He... fell and hit his head. He was working in an office and he fell and hit his

head on the edge of someone's... desk. He blacked out and everything. He had... two concussions and he had... damage to his vertebra. All from tripping in an office! Over someone's stupid stapler that they dropped onto the floor, and my father's not too... brilliant, and he tripped or... slipped, or... something, and he gave damage to his spine. So, he hardly moves much anymore. Thank god for workman's compensation! Oh, he got it all, of course. The whole... They hauled him in a stretcher. From the office. Down the steps. They took him in a stretcher out the building. He solved genetic codes.

(Small pause)

You know? He... worked inside an office and he solved genetic codes. He... solved... genet... and then he's taken by a stapler! He doesn't move much anymore. My mother waits on him now, hand and foot. Hand and... foot. Like she's a monkey wrench or something. Like she's an object now, a tool. And she treats me like I'm... She doesn't give a shit. And I am a little crazy. I mean, I have a god complex. I feel like Dionysus. No! I feel like I'm a Minotaur. You know, with the... body of man, but the head of... But the head of a...

(He thinks about this for a moment)

I feel like I'm a bull.

(He breathes heavily. He stops)

They put me in a home for several years. You know, a... a home for the insane. They let me out today.

(Small pause)

I hope you like my play.

END SAMPLE.