**Last Man in Watford**

(a 5 minute play by Claire Booker)

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 **Characters**

Adam: A zoological exhibit.

Katharine: An eager young school swot.

Lucy: Her fellow student – naïve but mischievous.

 **Props and Set**

An open set with the upstage area demarcated by cage bars. These may be represented by rope, bars from the ceiling or lighting effect. Within this circle is a small table and chair. Props include an I-pad (non-functioning), a small table and chair.

(*The year is 2084 and women rule the world. A handful of men remain, carefully exhibited in zoos. The lights rise on Adam in his cage. He is seated astride the chair pedalling enthusiastically. There is a large sign behind which reads ‘Do Not Feed The Man’)*

Adam Adam ‘Wiggo’Johnson sweeps past the finishing line in the final leg of the Tour de France 2084. It’s a triumph of guts, grit and sheer animal magnetism!

 (*Adam continues enjoying his fantasy as Lucy and Katharine arrive)*

Lucy Wow!

Kath A man! Look at his feet.

Lucy They’re enormous. (s*he pulls out her camera*)

Kath Don’t! A sudden flash might set him off.

Lucy He’s behind bars. He can’t do a thing.

Kath Yes he can. They used to roam in packs before the Revolution. They’re very dangerous.

Lucy You don’t believe that guff, do you?

Kath *(looking nervously up at the CCTV camera)* Shh, do you want to get us into trouble?

Lucy I thought he’d be hairier. More like an Orang ‘utan.

Kath Let’s not waste time. We’ve only got a ten minute slot and there are all these questions to answer.  *(she keys into a portable gadget)*

Lucy Look at those thighs! (*Lucy snaps a photo)*  Gotcha!

Adam *Adam spins round with the flash.* What the . . . ? *(he spots the girls and livens up. Katharine scurries to the other side of the stage)*

Kath Lucy, not so close!

Lucy (*Adam wolf-whistles*) Did you hear that?

Kath Yes. Very clear. Very distinct. The mating call of Homo Sapien male.

Lucy Does that mean he wants to play?

Kath In a manner of speaking.

Adam Oi! Can I have your digits?

Kath A chat-up line. What a stroke of luck. *(she types into the portable gadget)* We can put that under Section 2A: attention-seeking behaviour. I wonder if he’s going to give us a phallic upper arm thrust. Sally Burgess got a distinction with one of those. *(Adam picks up a football and does some keepy-upy)*

Lucy What’s he doing now?

Kath I think that goes under Sport or Male Bonding.

Adam Adam Johnson dribbles down the centre, passes to Smithy, cunning little flick to Bernardo, just on-side, waiting, waiting, waiting . . . Goooooalll!!!  *(Adam runs around the cage, then skids onto both knees, holding his arms up in a victory salute*)

Kath How can anyone seriously consider breeding men again?

Lucy The Revolutionary Mothers never meant to totally eradicate the male species, Kath. Just to cull it to safe proportions.

Kath Next thing, they’ll be re-introducing small pox.

Lucy He’s not a germ. *(to Adam)* Are you?

Adam I’m very misunderstood.

Lucy You’d like it in a Safari Park, bouncing on our car bonnets, clinging to the bumpers, tugging away at our aerials . . .

Adam *(he stretches one arm out towards Lucy*) I can see my unborn child in your eyes.

Kath Don’t encourage him, Lucy. He’ll only poke something out through the bars.

Lucy He needs companions. He’s lonely.

Kath He’s dangerous. He might . . .

Lucy Might what?

Kath I don’t know exactly. We haven’t got to that module yet. But it must be something pretty horrible otherwise the Revolutionary Mothers wouldn’t have liquidated 30 million of them.

Lucy Bollocks to the Revolutionary Mothers!

Kath *(horrified glances towards the CCTV camera)* ‘Bollocks’ has been abolished.

Lucy Bollocks, bollocks, bollocks.

Kath Lucy!

Kath Go on, tell the College, tell the Purity Committee, tell both my mothers for all I care.

Kath You need help. You’re having a pre-revolutionary seizure. I’ll get security. Don’t let him touch you!

Lucy Bollocks!

*(Katharine runs off stage.* *Lucy turns her attention back to Adam who flexes his biceps suggestively. Curiosity gets the better of her and she approaches the cage)*

Adam Am I your first man?

Lucy If you don't count the stuffed one in Dudley Town Hall.

Adam (s*eductively)* I want to give you something.

Lucy Something nice?

Adam Very.

Lucy I hope it’s small enough to fit through the bars.

Adam Only just.

Lucy Shall I close my eyes?

Adam That’s a good idea. (she *closes her eyes. Adam pulls her to him)*

Lucy Oh, you’re strong. (*Adam kisses her vigorously. She frees herself in disgust)* What was that?

Adam That was a kiss.

Lucy Really? I thought it was supposed to be devastating.

Adam I am devastating.

Lucy It was like sucking on a wet flannel.

Adam A wet fla . . . Look, I might have got a bit rusty, ok? It’s been a while. I’ll give it another go. Full throttle this time. You'll love it.

Lucy Minus the chewing gum would be good.

Adam Don’t you like gum?

Lucy Not in someone else’s mouth, no.

Adam *(Adam removes the gum and starts psyching himself up)* Right. Think sexy. Think hunk. Think man-beast. I am the greatest. I am the greatest. I am the greatest! (*he nibbles her ear*) Yum, yum, ym, ym, ym, ym. (*he blows into her ear)* That’s more like it. The old magic. (*Lucy express surprised pleasure)* They don’t call me the Nozzle for nothing.

Lucy (*Lucy begins to moans with pleasure*) Oh.

Adam Beg Nozzle for more.

Lucy (*increasingly inflamed*) Oh. Yes.

Adam Yum, yum, ym, ym, ym . . .

Lucy Yes! Yes! Yes!

Adam (*glances up at the CCTV*) Ssshhhh!

Lucy I’m your skivvy, your slave, your drudge!

Adam Not so loud, they’ll hear us!

Lucy I’m your minion, your trollop, your floozy, your PA, your wife, your dinner lady . . . . *(a loud series of bleeps comes over the Tannoy)*

Adam (h*e tries to silence her)* Ssssshhh!

Tannoy Exhibit 53, stand away from the girl.

Adam Oh, shit

Lucy Keep going!

Tannoy Stand away from the girl.

Adam Sorry, babe.

Lucy Let him finish!

Tannoy Citizen 5/32-Lucy report to the decontamination chamber.

Adam We didn’t even get to the best bit.

Lucy What is the best bit? Quick, before they . . .

Tannoy Citizen 5/32-Lucy report immediately to the decontamination chamber.

Lucy One last kiss?

Adam Yes.

Tannoy Exhibit 53, stand away from the girl. Repeated contravention of regulations Z6, Z7, Z15. . .

Adam Yes, yes, yes. All the Zs. I know the drill. (*to Lucy*) So close, babe. So close.

Lucy You were wonderful. *(Lucy walks towards the exit crestfallen. They look longingly at each other*)

Adam (*shouts after her*) I’ll never forget you.(*Lucy exits. Adam glares up at the CCTV camera)* Satisfied?

 (*Adam picks up a placard from the table and wearily steps up onto his chair. He hangs the placard from his neck. On it are the words ‘A MAN’S PLACE IS IN THE CAGE’. The lights fade down over a woman’s voice singing a revolutionary anthem – ‘A woman’s place is not at home. A woman’s place is free to roam. A woman’s place is not in bed. A woman’s place is at the head.’*

 *(Final Black Out)*

TO PERFORM THIS PLAY PLEASE CONTACT:

Claire Booker at bookerplays@yahoo.co.uk or [www.bookerplays.co.uk](http://www.bookerplays.co.uk) Royalties are normally waived if the performance is for educational or charitable purpose.