

## **Turning Duck**

### **Act One**

*(Opening scene is the kitchen of Clement and Emma Sellars. The radio is blaring out some form of funky beats. Clement is at table in dressing gown and is preparing a cafetiere of coffee, he exits towards bedroom. Emma enters in a ravey headscarf from opposite end of stage. She pours herself a coffee from coffee pot and then proceeds to empty shopping bag of its contents whilst dancing to funky beats. The contents emptied onto table include a muffin among other assorted foodstuffs. When food is packed away in cupboards etc and muffin left on table Emma exits. A few seconds later Clement enters dressed in dressing gown, he pours himself a cup of coffee and unwraps the muffin. Emma enters with letter in hand.)*

**Emma:** Morning gorgeous.

*(Emma kisses Clement)*

**Clement:** Morning... sorry I crashed out early last night.

**Emma:** Three a.m. is hardly early.

**Clement:** Yeah, I suppose. Have you been shopping already?

**Emma:** I couldn't sleep... still buzzing from last night.

**Clement:** So it was a good night then?

**Emma:** Clem, it was a triumph.

**Clement:** As always.

**Emma:** Well, usually.

**Clement:** I don't know how they'd do without you.

**Emma:** They'll have to for a few days after tonight... I'm looking forward to a couple of days in bed.

**Clement:** Me too... I mean, you know...

**Emma:** Yeah, I know babe... couple of days of doing whatever we want... mmm.

*(Emma drifts off into her own thoughts)*

**Clement:** Who's the letter from?

**Emma:** Oh yeah, it's for you.

**Clement:** Me? That's unusual.

**Emma:** I think it's from Zany TV.

*(Clement takes letter from Emma and stares at the envelope apprehensively)*

**Emma:** You're not going to just stare at it all day are you?

**Clement:** Well... no.

**Emma:** Go on then.

**Clement:** OK... calm down.

**Emma:** I'm not leaving here without knowing.

**Clement:** Leaving?

**Emma:** Not for long.

**Clement:** How long is long?

**Emma:** No need to panic. Just doing a bit of shopping. I need to stock up on some stuff for the Big Field Weekend.

**Clement:** Right.

**Emma:** Clem?

**Clement:** Yeah?

*(Emma nods at letter as if to say 'open it')*

**Clement:** Oh right... here goes.

*(Clement nervously opens letter and reads it)*

**Clement:** Yes!

*(Clement jumps to his feet, thumping his fist into and obliterating muffin)*

**Clement:** Oh bollocks.

**Emma:** Forget the muffin Clem.

**Clement:** Quite right, it's just a muffin.

**Emma:** That's right babe, it's just a muffin... I guess I don't need to ask if you got the gig or not.

**Clement:** No, I guess not.

**Emma:** Nice one.

**Clement:** Certainly is.

**Emma:** So... My fella's a working man again.

**Clement:** I guess I am.

**Emma:** I knew you would

**Clement:** Did you?

**Emma:** Of course, never in doubt.

**Clement:** Sure?

**Emma:** And now you are finally back where you belong, I hope you won't be so mopey all the time.

**Clement:** Promise.

**Emma:** Cool.

*(Emma kisses Clement then smiles)*

**Emma:** I just hope your outfit still fits.

**Clement:** Did it ever?

**Emma:** That's true.

**Clement:** I don't think I've filled out that much in the last three years.

**Emma:** It wouldn't take much.

**Clement:** I'm sure it had some give in it.

**Emma:** Three years? ... It seriously hasn't been that long.

**Clement:** It seriously has been that long.

**Emma:** Three years... Oh Clem this is great news.

**Clement:** It is right up there isn't it.

**Emma:** Yeah, I was wired enough as it was. Oh, I'm well happy babe.

**Clement:** Me too.

**Emma:** I can't wait to tell the world.

**Clement:** I haven't accepted yet.

**Emma:** But you will.

**Clement:** Too right I will... that's my plans for the day changed.

**Emma:** You had plans?

**Clement:** Um... no.

*(Clement takes muffin from table)*

**Clement:** I have now though. First up, I'm going to eat this here muffin. Then I'm getting dressed for a few celebratory drinks with Shaun... perhaps I should give him a call first.

**Emma:** Good plan babe... Oh, and Clement...

**Clement:** Yes darling?

**Emma:** Don't get too wasted.

**Clement:** As if...

**Emma:** You know how alcohol reacts with your pills.

**Clement:** You know I do.

**Emma:** I know, I know... but still...

**Clement:** Don't worry.

*(Emma gives Clement knowing look)*

-4-

**Clement:** I'm sure Shaun will look after me.

**Emma:** He'd better do. You need to keep in good shape if you're going to climb back into those famous greens.

**Clement:** Oh yes, the famous greens... well, right now I'm going to get dressed. See you later sexy.

*(Clement kisses Emma and exits. Emma peruses the letter that has been left on the table. She reads it smiling whilst drinking coffee and eating the splattered remains of the muffin. She then takes out her mobile phone and phones a friend.)*

**Emma:** Hiya buddy, its Emma ..... How are things at your end? ..... Well, I'm nearly ready, I've got some stuff in town though ..... Are you? ..... Yeah, me too .... I'm really looking forward to this one ..... oh guess what, we've got celebrating to do .... So we've got to make tonight's set an extra special one .... You'll never guess ..... Clement's just had a job offer ..... Confirmed just now. .... It's from a company called Zany TV. .... They want him to do some wacky late night live thing. .... Friday's I think. .... Yeah, just think, we do our thing and he'll do his, then back here in the early hours. ... We could be looking at a summer of some damn good parties back here. .... No, he's going to be doing his Neville thing again, mad eh? ..... Couldn't have come at a better time for us, I think he needed this. .... With any luck he might get off that weird drakeine stuff. .... Duck DNA anti-depressants may seem to work but they do worry me a bit. .... Any way, let's not dwell on that eh, we've got some work to do. .... I know. .... Still, got to go. There is only a few shopping hours left before five. .... So, I'll see you soon then Luce. .... Right. ... OK, catch you later babe. ... Bye.

*(Emma downs what is left of her coffee)*

**Emma:** *(shouting as if to Clement, who is upstairs)* Catch you later Clem!

**Clement:** *(offstage)* OK, bye.

*(Emma exits. There is a lighting change and music to indicate passage of time. Emma and Lucy enter)*

**Emma:** Clem! ... Clem!

**Lucy:** Clem?

**Emma:** Perhaps not.

**Lucy:** So, he's out.

**Emma:** Looks like it.

**Lucy:** Celebrating I hope.

**Emma:** Yeah. I reckon he might just have hooked up with Shaun for the day.

**Lucy:** If he's out with Shaun, they may end up at our gig later.

**Emma:** Don't be daft Lu

**Lucy:** What?

**Emma:** Shaun?

**Lucy:** Well no, you're probably right.

**Emma:** What's the time?

**Lucy:** Um. ... *(Shrugs shoulders)*. ... It's still pretty light out there.

**Emma:** Not too late then?

**Lucy:** Too late for what?

**Emma:** Whatever.

*(Lucy looks at her watch)*

**Lucy:** About half four.

**Emma:** Time enough.

**Lucy:** Time enough for some Dutch courage.

**Emma:** Not too early?

**Lucy:** What's too early?

**Emma:** I suppose we need to get into character.

**Lucy:** Sure thing.

*(Lucy produces a bottle of clear alcoholic spirit and two shot glasses from large oversized handbag. She then pours to glasses)*

**Lucy:** Music?

*(Lucy produces CD from handbag)*

-6-

**Emma:** Music.

*(Emma takes CD from Lucy. Emma puts CD on CD player and presses play. Some form of pumping rave music then emanates from CD player. Lucy hands glass of the clear spirit to Emma)*

**Lucy:** Salut!

**Emma:** Salut babe!

*(Emma and Lucy chink glasses together and down spirit in one swig.)*

**Lucy:** Nice.

**Emma:** Very nice.

*(Emma takes two plates from cupboard and places them side-by-side on table, Lucy pours two more glasses of the spirit)*

**Lucy:** Right, come on then, time to focus.

**Emma:** Focus.

**Lucy:** Now think character.

**Emma:** Character. Sure thing, Loopy-Lu Loverocket!

**Lucy:** MC Minxy!

**Emma:** So here's to the best gig within three counties.

**Lucy:** Four even. ... Five. ... This side of. ...

*(Lucy hands glass of spirit to Emma. They both down their respective drinks in one lusty swig)*

**Lucy:** This side of...

**Emma:** Um... what?

**Lucy:** This side of...

**Emma:** My face!

**Lucy:** *(pause for smile)* ... Yeah, your face... in this.

-7-

*(Lucy produces a small packet of white powder from pocket)*

**Emma:** Mmm...

**Lucy:** MC Minxy's marching powder.

*(Emma and Lucy go into rave montage. They take us through the highlights of their set. This includes references to lasers and glow sticks using various kitchen utensils to illustrate their actions. They continued dipping their fingers into the packet of white powder whilst introducing characters from their rave set, including Billy Whiz Rave Badger and Techno Squirrel. Emma scratches/spins the two plates and Lucy listens to music through two halves of a bread roll, simulating headphones. They down yet another glass of the spirit.)*

**Lucy:** Cheers.

*(Emma breaks from raving to turn off CD player)*

**Emma:** You don't think we might need to pace ourselves a bit?

**Lucy:** Don't worry Emm.

**Emma:** It's still pretty early.

**Lucy:** That stuff means we'll breeze through it.

*(Lucy points to powder on table)*

**Emma:** Glad to hear it Lu.

**Lucy:** You know what I think.

**Emma:** What babe?

**Lucy:** We should rope Clem into the Big Field event this weekend.

**Emma:** What?

**Lucy:** Yeah.

**Emma:** And what exactly should we have Clem do at the Big Field thing?

**Lucy:** Well, you know.

**Emma:** No, can't think.

**Lucy:** You know.

**Emma:** What?

**Lucy:** He could do his funny little green goblin thing

**Emma:** You mean Neville the Novelty Gnome.

**Lucy:** Yeah, that's the fella, I meant gnome... So, what do you think?

**Lucy:** Do you think he could be persuaded?

**Emma:** Well maybe.

**Lucy:** Why wouldn't he be up for it?

**Emma:** Well I'm just not sure that he would.

**Lucy:** He should, it would be good publicity.

**Emma:** Whether he does or not, I want him to come with us.

**Lucy:** You need to get him out of the house.

**Emma:** A good weekend away is just what we need.

**Lucy:** Absolutely right.

*(Emma hops about a bit)*

**Emma:** Sorry, got a bit of a rush on there.

**Lucy:** Good for you.

**Emma:** What is this stuff?

**Lucy:** Not your usual.

**Emma:** I don't have a usual.

**Lucy:** Mad bunny mix.

*(Lucy imitates rabbit by ruffling up her nose and showing bucked teeth whilst holding up rabbit paws)*

**Lucy:** Hopping mad eh?

**Emma:** Lovely pun babe... if it is a pun.

**Lucy:** When we get your man to Big Field, we'll get him on some proper pills and maybe we can get him off those weird duck things.

**Emma:** Oh, they're not that bad are they?

**Lucy:** Well...

**Emma:** Well what?

**Lucy:** There's no chance of him, you know...

**Emma:** What?

**Lucy:** Well... turning duck.

*(They both find this concept highly amusing)*

**Emma:** Turning duck... that's nuts.

**Lucy:** No... it's quackers!

**Emma:** Yeah.

**Lucy:** Perhaps... perhaps we should...

*(Lucy is laughing at the witticism she is about to unleash)*

**Emma:** We should what?

**Lucy:** Hide...

**Emma:** Hide?

**Lucy:** Hide...

**Emma:** What?

**Lucy:** No, no...

**Emma:** No? ... no, what?

**Lucy:** No listen... we should hide the bread.

*(Both find this hysterical, Emma eventually composes herself)*

-10-

**Emma:** Right, time for us to get a grip babe... We've got work to do.

**Lucy:** Sure thing Emm... We got everything together?

**Emma:** Everything except myself... I think we should ease up on that stuff, no more till we get there... bollocks.

**Lucy:** Bollocks?

**Emma:** How are we getting there?

**Lucy:** Don't panic, it's sorted.

**Emma:** Is it?

**Lucy:** Yeah, didn't I mention? The club's sending a driver over.

**Emma:** No you didn't.

**Lucy:** Well they are... should be here at about six.

**Emma:** Excellent.

**Lucy:** So, I was thinking about what we should get Shaun doing at The Big Field weekend.

**Emma:** Yeah, well done for talking Shaun into that.

**Lucy:** Quite a coup. I'm thinking of putting him in the Festival Fox costume. What do you think?

**Emma:** Brilliant idea Luce, we haven't had the fox costume out in ages. So, what do you think we should get up to for the next hour or so?

**Lucy:** Dunno, what do you feel like doing?

**Emma:** Mmm... not sure.

**Lucy:** I think we should consult the inner bunny in us.

**Emma:** That's a thought.

**Lucy:** Now, what does bunny want to do?

**Emma:** Mmm...

-11-

**Lucy:** Mmm...

*(Emma and Lucy close their eyes and smile)*

**Lucy:** It's going to be some night tonight.

**Emma:** You can tell that already?

**Lucy:** Sure.

**Emma:** Sure.

**Lucy:** Sure, I just hope your fella has plenty of energy when you get home... he's going need some.

**Emma:** Will he?

**Lucy:** Oh yes.

**Emma:** Ha... feeling the bunny again now.

**Lucy:** Good.

**Emma:** Yes...

**Lucy:** And what does bunny say?

**Emma:** Bunny says... let's go and bounce on the sofa for an hour.

**Lucy:** Cool.

*(Lucy and Emma exit. Lucy grabs bottle as they exit toward living room. Scene changes to table in pub style environment. Clement and Shaun are sat at this table playing chess with a pint glass each)*

**Shaun:** But you don't start for another fortnight.

**Clement:** Just another fortnight, yeah.

**Shaun:** Cool, I'm chuffed for you man.

**Clement:** Glad to hear it.

**Shaun:** Hopefully you won't be such a miserable glum guts now that you're back doing your goblin malarkey.

-12-

**Clement:** It's a gnome.

**Shaun:** Yeah, yeah, OK man, gnome. Look, don't get at me mate, I really am genuinely happy for you.

**Clement:** Yeah I know you are.

**Shaun:** So why are you so tetchy?

**Clement:** Dunno, I think I wanted to feel a bit more uplifted than this.

**Shaun:** So why aren't you man. It is just a state of mind thing after all.

**Clement:** I guess it's too quiet in here.

**Shaun:** Yeah... true. But quiet's good. It is only the middle of the afternoon.

**Clement:** It's early evening.

**Shaun:** It's not is it?

**Clement:** It's dark and dingy in here.

**Shaun:** Is it?

**Clement:** Yes it is Shaun.

**Shaun:** Yes well, I thought you liked dark and dingy. You are clinically depressed after all.

**Clement:** Well, I'm not anymore.

**Shaun:** Sound.

**Clement:** Yeah, it is sound.

**Shaun:** Look Clem, we've got plenty of time to party and all that... if that's what you had in mind.

**Clement:** Well, I do, but playing chess in a basement bar is hardly how I envisaged starting.

**Shaun:** Well, you have got two weeks before you do your gnome thing. I thought you might like to pace yourself.

**Clement:** It's not like I'm actually going off anywhere. The studio is just down the

-13-

road from our house. I'll be back from my gnome thing before Emm gets back from her gig even.

**Shaun:** Great, just think. We could be partying back at your place every Friday night for the whole summer.

**Clement:** I may not feel like it after a night's work.

**Shaun:** Oh come on man, its no big deal.

**Clement:** No big deal... you're unbelievable.

**Shaun:** What did I say?

**Clement:** It's work.

**Shaun:** So you say.

**Clement:** And that's more than you'll ever know anything about.

**Shaun:** Hey, I wasn't knocking it man.

**Clement:** I hope not.

**Shaun:** Who's move is it?

**Clement:** Um... no idea.

**Shaun:** Me neither.

**Clement:** Can't say I care anymore.

**Shaun:** Good call, abandon the game. I was getting a bit bored of it anyway and its obviously not holding your attention.

**Clement:** I've got too many things on my mind.

**Shaun:** I'm not surprised your head's a buzzing... That's why I thought this might be a useful distraction... obviously not.

*(Shaun sips his beer)*

**Shaun:** You know, I do work sometimes.

**Clement:** Since when?

**Shaun:** I did six weeks product testing for Virgin Reefers.