**Last Man in Watford**

(a 20 minute comedy by Claire Booker)

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 **Characters**

 Adam: A couch potato with aspirations.

 The Keeper: A robust and down-to-earth woman.

 Lucy: A college student – naïve but mischievous.

 **Set and Props**

The stage is dissected by cage bars (using rope, wood props or lighting effect). A table and chair stand within ‘the cage’. Props include an inflatable ‘glamour’ doll, a second chair outside the ‘cage’ area, a football, an i-pad (non-functioning), a small gadget, a bucket.

*The year is 2084. Women rule the world. Only a few men remain, displayed in zoos for educational purposes. The lights rise on Adam who is arguing with his inflatable doll. Behind them is a large sign which reads ‘Do Not Feed The Man’.*

Adam It's my money. I've earned it. And if I say we're going to Ibiza, then Ibiza it is. (*pause*) Oh, for God's sake, Samantha, don't sulk. I hate it when you sulk. (*listening impatiently*) Yes, yes, yes, I know we need a new sofa. Yes, yes. Your sister's got a three piece suite . . . Yes, yes white leather . . . . Look, I'm not made of money. If you want a holiday and a three piece leather suite, go out and buy one yourself! (*pause*) Aha. That put a zip in your lip, didn’t it? I'm the breadwinner in this house. I’m the Boss, the Capo, the Numero Uno. Without me, you’re just a shrivelled up piece of plastic. As far as you’re concerned, I’m God.

Keeper (*enters carrying a bucket*) Adam. How many times do I have to tell you? No doll when we've got visitors. Put her to bed.

Adam No!

Keeper Samantha wants to go bye byes. (*she enters the cage*)

Adam She's my wife! I demand my conjugals.

Keeper She's going to bed and no arguing. (*grabs hold of the doll*)

Adam No.

Keeper (*they struggle*) Adam! You’ll give her another puncture.

Adam I never.

Keeper You did. I had to stick her head in a bucket of water, just to find the leak. (*she grabs the doll and starts to deflate it*) You shouldn't knock her around like you do.

Adam (*he grabs the doll back*) She's my wife. I'm entitled to my conjugals.

Keeper I haven’t got time for this, Adam. (*she takes a small device from her pocket*) Give her back.

Adam Bully.

Keeper (*points the device at him*) Do you want a shot of Zapper?

Adam You try, and I’ll take your lights out!

Keeper Give Samantha back.

Adam ‘Crime Passionelle. The balance of his mind was disturbed, M’Lud.’ There’s not a judge in this country who’d send me down.

Keeper Final warning.

Adam ‘Something inside me snapped, M’Lud.’ (*he rushes at the keeper who fires the zapper and Adam collapses in a writhing heap*) Aggh.

Keeper Sorry, poppet. I know how it upsets your digestion. (*she picks up the doll*) But rules are rules. She’s only meant to be used in therapy sessions.

Adam (*weakly*) She gets lonely without me.

Keeper I'll blow her up for you again tonight. But only if you behave yourself with our visitor.

Adam I’m sick of visitors.

Keeper You’re very popular, Adam. You should be pleased. Even the orang-utan doesn’t get as many hits. You’ve got pulling power.

Adam Have I?

Keeper When I look at you, do you know what I see?

Adam What?

Keeper A babe magnet.

Adam Really?

Keeper Thighs like tree trunks. And what a six-pack! (*she tucks the folded doll under the table*)

Adam I’m quite something, aren’t I? Well, let’s be generous. Let them come unto me and worship at temple testosterone.

Keeper (*checks her i-Pad*) So, today we’ve got Citizen 5/32-Lucy. Intermediate Male Studies. From the Humanities Department of Birmingham Methodist College.

Adam Oh, God.

Keeper Be nice to her, Adam. They sponsor your toilet paper.

Adam That awful stuff . . .

Keeper Try and remember to smile this time. (*exits, leaving bucket behind*)

Adam (*he gazes at the deflated doll*) Missing you already, babe. (*he kneels down and addresses the doll*) Would you like me to give you a blow? (*he picks her up and holds her fondly*) I don’t treat you badly, do I? You’ll love Ibiza. Sun, sea, lager, me. What’s not to like? (*he kisses ‘her’ collapsed face*). My God, I’m horny. (*he continues canoodling*)

Lucy (*Lucy enters, unseen by Adam*) Wow! A man! Look at his feet. They’re enormous. (*she pulls out her camera and gets ready to take a shot*)

Keeper (*enters hurredly behind her*) No cameras! A sudden flash can set him off.

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

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

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

Keeper (*looks upwards towards CCTV cameras*) Shhh, you’ll get us into trouble.

Lucy (*she flicks a pebble at him*) Coooie!

Adam (*he spins round and spots Lucy*) Oh. (*he hurredly gets up off the ground and grins at her*)

Keeper (*to Lucy*) Not so close! Use your binoculars.

Adam (*he kicks his doll back under the table*) Samantha go bye byes.

Lucy I thought he’d be hairier. More like the Orang ‘utan. (*Adam wolf-whistles at Lucy*) What was that?

Keeper The mating call of Homo Sapien male. Very clear, very distinct.

Lucy Does that mean he wants to play?

Keeper In a manner of speaking.

Lucy He must get very lonely.

Keeper Oh, he’s never lonely. He’s got his ego for company.

Adam (*to Lucy*) Can I have your digits?

Lucy (*thrilled*) A chat up line! You read up about it, but when you actually hear it, in real life, it’s amazing.

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