

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



# Death of a Fish Finger

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by Rhys Martin

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EXTRACT

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*Death of a Fish Finger*

A One-Act Play by Rhys Martin

Characters

Charlie– a 20-year-old male uni Student

Frank – a 21-year-old male uni Student.

Frank F – a Fish Finger.

**Setting:**

There are four parts to the stage. Stage right we have a bed and clothes strewn around it (a basic bedroom), centre stage (a living room) a couch in the middle and two chairs on either side of the couch, down stage left is a TV unit, TV, game console of some sort and a bookcase with a CD player on top. Stage left is an oven with tongs and a plate sitting on the hotplate. It is obvious that this is a bachelor pad due to the fact that it is messy. Beer bottles and other oddments are scattered around. Frank coughs randomly, but not frequently, all throughout the play.

**Lights Up.**

*(Charlie runs on stage. Frank is laying face down, down stage centre).*

Charlie: Oh shit...oh no *(waving his arms to clear the smoke)*, Frank. Frank wake up!  
*(Frank hazily wakes up and coughs several times. They both run to the kitchen.)*

**Lights Down.**

*(The pre-show music begins to play; it is 'The Ride of the Valkyries' by Wagner)*

**Lights Up. Music stops.**

*(The scene opens with Charlie in bed asleep, oblivious to what occurs in the living room. Frank (the man) is lying unconscious on a rug in the middle of the stage (living room) with the furniture behind/around him. Sitting on a chair (centre stage right) is a man-sized fish finger. He is sitting still, with his head staring at his feet).*

Frank (man) stirs.

Frank: mmmhh, eerrghhh. *(He is severely parched and has the beginnings of a headache). (Coughs). (He tries to sit up but it is an effort and he lies back down again. After a few seconds he forces himself to a sitting position, he knocks over some beer bottles. He stares around the room with blurry vision. He rubs his eyes. He now realises where he is. He turns and looks at the object sitting in the chair, trying to figure out what it is. He stands. He stands and examines this 'thing'. All of a sudden Frank F. jolts upright and stares at Frank. Frank reels backwards). Holy Shit!*

Frank F: Frank? *(Silence)*, Frank? Frank? *(Silence)*, Fraa-ank? *(Silence)*,  
Frank...Frank, Frank...Frank, Frank.

Frank: Y-eah?

Frank F: Frank. *(Long pause). (Frank coughs several times), (they stare at each other. Frank is quite obviously freaked out, but Frank F. is cool calm and collected). Are you okay Frank? You look a little pale. Have a big one last night? (Silence) Talk to me Franky wanky.*

Frank: You're a...

Frank F: Fish Finger?

*(Frank winks).*

Frank: But how?

Frank F: Lets not get into the semantics of it Frank. The question is why?

Frank:...am I dead?... is this heaven?...ARE YOU GOD?....