

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



Nature as Explained by Theatre

by Damon Lockwood

EXTRACT

© 2006 Damon Lockwood



This script is distributed by The Australian Script Centre
77 Salamanca Place Hobart 7004 Tasmania Australia
email admin@ozscript.org
www.ozscript.org
ph +61 3 6223 4675
fax +61 3 6223 4678

INTRODUCTION

Lights flash and music plays. NARRATOR and MIKE enter.

NARRATOR: This is Mike Dukjic. At the moment he is playing a beetle grub.

MIKE: Hello.

NARRATOR: Here he is doing happy little beetle grub things.

MIKE: Tra la la.

NARRATOR: See if you can spot the moment when he realises that two weeks ago a Ryconnin wasp laid her eggs inside his belly and they are now starting to eat their way out of him, effectively eating him alive.

Strange look from MIKE, who then runs off screaming. MARK enters.

NARRATOR: Meet Mark Storen. He is six feet tall, or 184cm, or, as he would be known in the natural world, the size of a blue whale penis.

MARK waves, then lies down and stretches out.

NARRATOR: And here is how much Mark ejaculates in the height of blue whale passion.

MICHELLE enters with a bowl of eight litres of milk, and displays it like she is a model on a game show.

NARRATOR: That's right, eight litres. How does it feel pumping that out, Marky?

MARK sings a single elongated note of opera, then walks off with MICHELLE arm in arm.

NARRATOR: Get a room you two... and plenty of towels! Speaking of penises, here's a picture of Sigurour Hjartarson who is speaking on a penis phone. He is the founder of the Icelandic Phallological Museum, which displays in vats of formaldehyde a penis specimen of every mammal that lives in Iceland! In the wild his scientific name is known as weird fuck.

ANDREA and TEAGAN enter, playing netball.

NARRATOR: Meet Andrea Gibbs and Tegan Mulvany – just look at that netball form! One of each of their eyes is just two centimetres across, but the netball they play with is twenty-five centimetres in diameter, equivalent to one eye of the giant squid, the largest eye in the wild.

One girl puts the ball in front of their head, revealing an eye.

NARRATOR: Got any... eye-deas about that one, girls?!

ANDREA: Fuck off, dickhead.

Girls exit, NARRATOR laughs nervously. MIKE is wheeled in on a trolley, paralysed. An egg sack is dangled in front of him. Throughout the following he goes through a state of increased hysteria.

NARRATOR: Say hello to Mike again everybody. He is now playing a caterpillar who has been stung by a mud dauber wasp, so he is now paralysed but still quite alive. He has been stuffed into a mud cell where the mother wasp has suspended a single egg from the roof. When the egg hatches, it will drop into Mike's warm, waiting and still paralysed body, providing enough yummy food for the larvae to turn into a fully fledged wasp. So until that time, Mike just has to sit there, paralysed, and wait and wait and wait for all his guts to be eaten out in front of his very eyes – how you feeling there, Mikey?

MIKE: AAAAAARRRRGGGHHHH!!!!

MIKE is wheeled off.

NARRATOR: When you came in this evening you would... hopefully have noticed a small piece of confectionery on your seat, so you've either eaten it, thrown it away or accidentally sat on it, and if you've done that, then you've accidentally sat on the actual size on the smallest reptile in the world, *brooksia minima*, or the pygmy chameleon, found on an island called Nosy Be off the north-eastern coast of Madagascar.

MIKE enters.

NARRATOR: Say hello one last time to Mike Dukjic. He is now playing a cicada. For many years he lived underground, but now he is ready for his final moult and leaves the ground for the relative safety of the trees. Mike will now display what the cicada goes through on its final moult into adulthood –

Lights begin to fade on MIKE.

NARRATOR: - not only does the cicada lose its last layer of skin –

MIKE: Ow –

NARRATOR: - it also loses the string-like lining of its oesophagus –

MIKE: - aarrggh –

NARRATOR: - breathing tubes –

MIKE: -AARRGGHH –

NARRATOR: - and, most unfortunately, the lining of its anus.

Lights fully down on MIKE.

MIKE: AAARRRRGGHHH, OH GOOODDD, OH GOD, oh god....

NARRATOR: Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to NATURE as explained by THEATRE.

Blackout

THE NORTHERN FULMAR DARK MORPH

NARRATOR: Before humans invented cross-continental air travel a great mystery existed in the bird world. For three months of the year every single member of the Northern Fulmar Dark Morph family would disappear without a trace. When air travel was invented it was discovered these birds would conglomerate in giant flocks, numbering maybe ten thousand or more, thus keeping the seas from freezing over and the bountiful hunting grounds of the Atlantic ocean open. Every step of evolution has to have a beginning.

Two NORTHERN FULMAR DARK MORPHs enter.

BIRD 1: Hey, you know how it gets really cold around this place between December and January –

BIRD 2: Yeah, and how like there's like bugger all to eat and shit and stuff.

BIRD 1: Yeah, well... *(pause, thinking)* I think I've had an idea.

NARRATOR: A few moments later...

BIRD 2: That... is the wildest idea I think I've ever heard.

BIRD 1: I know.

BIRD 2: It's just so crazy it might work. Yeah man, we'll get five of our mates together, go for a bit of a road trip up to the Pacific –

BIRD 1: I think it's got to be everyone or no one, Debbie.

BIRD 2: Yeah, right. Good luck.

Pause.

BIRD 2: You serious?

BIRD 1 nods his head.

BIRD 2: Johnno, Mick?