

CREATURE FEATURES

(MODERN DAY MUTANTS)

A one-act dramedy by
Christian Kiley

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

The Normals

NORMAL 1, a nameless normal person.

NORMAL 2, another nameless normal person.

NORMAL 3, yet another nameless normal person.

The Originals

COKE BOTTLES, eyes.

GRIPPY, hands.

CYRANO, nose.

DUMBO, ears.

CRANIUM, forehead.

CHARLIE, Red Dot over the Heart.

CASTING NOTE

The roles of Normals 1-3 may be reduced or increased based on the size of your cast.

It is possible for one actor to play all three parts or for more than three actors to play the roles.

(You may redistribute the lines at your discretion.)

PLACE

A school yard anywhere in the world.

TIME

Present.

(The lights come up on NORMAL 1, 2, and 3. They are dressed exactly the same and there is a purposeful effort for them to sound the same.)

NORMAL 1: Being normal is hard work.

NORMAL 2: Blending in is challenging.

NORMAL 3: Trying not to be noticed is...

NORMALS: Nearly impossible.

NORMAL 1: I usually buy whatever the mannequin is wearing.

NORMAL 2: I buy it after you do.

NORMAL 3: Then I. But only if I can be guaranteed that we will all be wearing it on the same day.

NORMAL 1: True.

NORMAL 2: So true.

NORMAL 3: So, so, true.

NORMAL 1: Laundry cycles can mess everything up.

NORMAL 2: Yes.

NORMAL 3: Yes.

NORMAL 1: And clothes can wear unevenly.

NORMAL 2: And then they don't look the same.

NORMAL 3: And then they are...

NORMALS: ...different.

NORMAL 1: Grey.

NORMAL 2: Silver Peony.

NORMAL 3: Cloud Nine.

NORMAL 1: Ski Slope.

NORMAL 2: Rarified Air.

NORMAL 3: Snowdrop.

NORMAL 1: Charcoal.

NORMAL 2: Atmospheric Grey.

NORMAL 3: Brushed Silver.

NORMAL 1: Raincloud.

NORMAL 2: Stormcloud.

NORMAL 3: Eye-of-the-storm-cloud!

NORMALS: Grey is so much easier...

NORMAL 1: ...to digest.

NORMAL 2: ...to deal with.

NORMAL 3: ...to quickly forget.

(COKE BOTTLES enters, very upset.)

COKE BOTTLES: I am lost...I can't find my way...I just can't.

NORMAL 1: It might be those large...

NORMAL 2: ...and cumbersome...

NORMAL 3: ...and hideous to behold...

NORMALS: Glasses.

NORMAL 1: Which make your already...

NORMAL 2: ...bug-like eyes...

NORMAL 3: ...even more monstrous and...

NORMALS: Gargantuan!

COKE BOTTLES: I am lost.

NORMAL 1: That is the least of your problems.

NORMAL 2: More accurately, no one wants to find you.

NORMAL 3: Being lost is best for you.

NORMALS: Blind, lost soul!

(Normal 1 takes Coke Bottles' glasses, and the Normals pass them around in a circle while Coke Bottles breaks down. GRIPPY enters.)

GRIPPY: May I have those glasses?

NORMAL 1: No.

NORMAL 2: No.

NORMAL 3: No.

NORMALS: No!

GRIPPY: Please.

NORMAL 1: If you pick your nose...

NORMAL 2: ...do you touch your brain...

NORMAL 3: ...with your long, twisted...

NORMALS: ...fingers!

GRIPPY: No.

NORMAL 1: No, you don't pick your nose?

NORMAL 2: Or, no you don't touch your brain?

NORMAL 3: Or, no you don't have long, twisted fingers?

NORMAL 1: Because that...

NORMAL 2: ...would be a...

NORMAL 3: ...twisted...

NORMALS: Lie!

GRIPPY: I just think you shouldn't take things that aren't yours. Particularly prescription things that other people need to—

NORMALS: Alien fingers!

GRIPPY: Maybe I should go?

NORMALS: Yes!

COKE BOTTLES: Please don't.

NORMAL 1: Yes.

NORMAL 2: Yes.

NORMAL 3: Yes.

NORMALS: Go!

COKE BOTTLES: I can't see. Distorted figures make me flinch.

NORMAL 1: Freaks...

NORMAL 2: ...make...

NORMAL 3: ...me...

NORMALS: Flinch!

(Grippy moves toward Coke Bottles.)

GRIPPY: Hold my hand.

NORMAL 1: Every resident of Wyoming...

NORMAL 2: ...and most of the residents of Montana...

NORMAL 3: ...could hold onto your...

NORMALS: ...humongahands!

NORMAL 1: At...

NORMAL 2: ...the...

NORMAL 3: ...same...

NORMALS: ...time!

(Grippy leads Coke Bottles off stage. The Normals break Coke Bottles' glasses.)

NORMAL 1: Eliminate the...

NORMAL 2: ...abnormal...

NORMAL 3: ...and preserve...

NORMALS: ...the normal.

(CYRANO enters, and the Normals circle around Cyrano.)

CYRANO: Ah, the status quo, the conformist crowd, the blah, blah, bourgeoisie.

NORMALS: Rhinoceros!

CYRANO: Before you attempt to rip me apart with your ridiculously predictable and far from scathing barbs, let me just say, in regards to my nose...it is like the facial version of the Leaning Tower of Pisa, an imperfect monument. When I get old and need help walking, I will be able to detach it and use it as a cane. When playing billiards, we will always have a cue! My face is a murder weapon twice, once in its ugliness to behold, and the second in the mortal wound that it can inflict with this dagger here. When I sniff, I destroy cities. I can rent out a nostril to store airplanes, cruise ships, and small countries. When Italy turns up missing, check my left nostril! The cost for the surgery to repair this monstrosity would mire me in lifelong debt. If you wanted to purchase my nose you would need to go through a real estate agent or perhaps two. It is a big deal! My sneezes are given names like hurricanes. Bears hibernate in my nostrils and sometimes they can't find their way out. I think there is also a litter of puppies up there. If my nose were floating in the ocean it could easily be an island. "Land ho, Australia!" And there is nothing that you have said or will say that shines any light on the issue.

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NORMAL 1: Because your...

NORMAL 2: ...nose...

NORMAL 3: ...blocks out...

NORMALS: ...the sun!

CYRANO: Hold on. Let me write that down in the long list of unoriginal things that I will never say. Now why don't you give me the glasses and move along with your uninventive and trivial lives.

NORMAL 1: Pieces.

NORMAL 2: Pieces.

NORMAL 3: Pieces.

NORMALS: Pieces of glasses.

NORMAL 1: And...

NORMAL 2: ...lives...

NORMAL 3: ...in...

NORMALS: Pieces.

(The Normals hand the glasses to Cyrano and exit in a creepy uniformity. Cyrano tries to gingerly put the pieces of the glasses on Coke Bottles' face with no success.)

GRIPPY: You frightened them off by beating yourself up.

CYRANO: When your enemy attacks you with a rolling pin, make a pie filled with your flaws and feed it to them.

COKE BOTTLES: I am very insecure with my glasses on and yet I can't function without them.

CYRANO: That is the definition of accepting yourself for who you are.

GRIPPY: Can you teach us to do that?

CYRANO: Do what my friend?

GRIPPY: What you did to yourself...but really to them. It was like a new weapon!

COKE BOTTLES: I have never had a weapon.

CYRANO: Not weapons...gifts. Come with me.

(Cyrano starts to exit but realizes Coke Bottles and Grippy are frozen.)

Well come on!

(They remain frozen hoping for invisibility.)

If you wallow in indecision long enough, it becomes a decision.

COKE BOTTLES: Oh.

GRIPPY: I think we should go.

COKE BOTTLES: Me too.

(They stay frozen. Cyrano crosses to Coke Bottles.)

CYRANO: *(Encouraging:)* If your eyes were bodies of water...

COKE BOTTLES: If my eyes were bodies of water...they would be the...Pacific and Atlantic oceans...

CYRANO: And...

COKE BOTTLES: If they were swimming pools...I would need thousands of lifeguards to supervise them!

CYRANO: Yes!

COKE BOTTLES: The rubber ducky in the bath of my eyes would be the size of a whale.

CYRANO: Aha!

COKE BOTTLES: Crying, for me, is a felony...for every tear could drown a person!

GRIPPY: Fatalistic and funny!

COKE BOTTLES: Unbelievable!

CYRANO: So where are we going?

COKE BOTTLES: I have no idea. But by all means...lead the way!

GRIPPY: Yes, lead the way!

(Cyrano exits. Grippy grabs Coke Bottles' hand and they run after Cyrano. Blackout. The trio is jogging in the darkness.)

CYRANO: We are nearly there!

GRIPPY: Where?

COKE BOTTLES: I am so excited and I don't know why.

CYRANO: Very close now.

GRIPPY: This is like birthday suspense! Only with friends, and a party, and no crying at the end due to the lack of a party with friends.

(The lights gradually rise revealing DUMBO and CRANIUM. Cyrano, Coke Bottles, and Grippy stop jogging.)

CYRANO: Here we are.

(Coke Bottles and Grippy look at Dumbo and Cranium.)

This is the most unique place on earth.

GRIPPY: I feel at home here.

CYRANO: This is where we discuss the new way.

COKE BOTTLES: The new way?

CRANIUM: We are organizing a new movement.

COKE BOTTLES: Oh.

CRANIUM: No more one-size-fits all.

GRIPPY: Yes! I agree...I have yet to find a pair of gloves that fit me.

CRANIUM: I tried out for the baseball team. I made it! But there was no helmet that could fit me. We are transcending the predetermined dimensions.

GRIPPY: Sounds frighteningly fantastic!

CRANIUM: Most revolutions are. Watch...

(Cranium signals to Dumbo who steps forward and listens.)

DUMBO: A bird is singing a song.

GRIPPY: I don't hear anything.

CRANIUM: It is a gift.

DUMBO: How funny, she thinks it is morning. It is a morning song. *(Pauses to listen.)* There is a delivery truck, dropping off...must be something that requires refrigeration, milk, or ice cream...for a party...a birthday party! A pink ice cream cake for a birthday party for Mandy. Her Dad is nervous. He's not sure she will like it. He knows she will. He knows there are not many pink ice cream cakes left in her childhood. *(Pauses to listen.)* And a boy is talking to a girl. Sweet talk..."I like you a lot...and...I was wondering if you..."

COKE BOTTLES: If you...what?

DUMBO: He paused. His breathing is rapid, nervous with expectation.

COKE BOTTLES: What? What is he wondering?

DUMBO: "...will...you..." He is stopping.

COKE BOTTLES: No!

DUMBO: "...will...you..."

COKE BOTTLES: Hang in there buddy!

DUMBO: "go...to the prom...with me?"

COKE BOTTLES: What did she say?

DUMBO: Nothing. Nothing...oh...oh my...oh...

COKE BOTTLES: What?

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