

A Madhouse Dramey
By Scott Garland

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A MADHOUSE DRAMEDY was first presented by Stage Mage Productions, in
Toronto, July 2012 at the Toronto Fringe Festival.

Directed by Scott Garland. Stage Managed by Joshua Swartzentruber.

The cast was as follows:

DORIAN/RABBIT --- Alexander Offord
TAYLOR/BUNNY --- Graeme Black Robinson
JOANNA/SLEEPY --- Nicole Wilson
MILDRED --- Geneviève Trottier

A MADHOUSE DRAMEDY was presented by Defiance Theatre as part of
NextFest in Edmonton, June 2014. Directed by Scott Garland. Stage
Managed by Kate Elliot. The cast was as follows:

DORIAN/RABBIT --- Alexander Forsyth
TAYLOR/BUNNY --- William Mitchell
JOANNA/SLEEPY --- Louise Large
MILDRED --- Lianna Makuch

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CAST

DORIAN/Rabbit-Married to JOANNA/Sleepy

TAYLOR/Bunny-Younger brother to DORIAN/Rabbit

JOANNA/Sleepy-Married to DORIAN/Rabbit

MILDRED - their dead therapist

Lights up on the reading room of a wealthy home. TAYLOR stares intently at MILDRED; who is dead on the floor, JOANNA and DORIAN are ignoring MILDRED; who is dead on the floor.

TAYLOR: Hand!

DORIAN: Nope.

BEAT

TAYLOR: Hand?

DORIAN: Nope.

BEAT

TAYLOR: Hand-

DORIAN: Nay.

TAYLOR: A

DORIAN: No r

TAYLOR: B

DORIAN: not!

TAYLOR: C

DORIAN: NEITHER!

JOANNA: (correcting his pronunciation) Neither.

DORIAN steams.

TAYLOR: Moving hand on Mildred.

DORIAN: Improbable.

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TAYLOR: Yet, is oh so.

DORIAN: Bunny. Pray pardon, what is red and bled?

TAYLOR: ... Mildred?

DORIAN: Coherently. And, wherefortohitherto, is said: red and bled?

TAYLOR: ... in the head.

DORIAN: Gad-zounds! Whatforevermore can it portend?

TAYLOR: ... red ... bled ... in the head ... dead?

DORIAN: Dead! Well fed.

BEAT. TAYLOR looks back and forth between MILDRED and DORIAN wishing to speak. DORIAN is intent on ignoring him.

JOANNA: Rabbit, Bunny wants to waggle.

DORIAN: Aware.

BEAT. TAYLOR begins to whimper.

JOANNA: Will you leave him wanting?

DORIAN: With consideration.

TAYLOR whimpers until finally...

DORIAN: ... Inquiry?

TAYLOR: If Mildred is dead from red bled in the head and I'm well fed for stating said dead is dead from red bled in the head, how can said dead be dead from red bled in the head, if moving hand on Mildred?

DORIAN: Forehead.

TAYLOR hits himself in the forehead.

DORIAN: Clarity?

TAYLOR shakes his head "no".

DORIAN: Delirium. I see no moving and so no proving neither.

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JOANNA: (correcting him on his pronunciation) Neither.

DORIAN steams.

TAYLOR: Cannot be red bled nor red bled from the head and still not dead?

JOANNA: Sense and sensibility brother bunny.

TAYLOR: Thanks sister Sleepy.

DORIAN: Spouse! Seconds to speak?

DORIAN takes JOANNA aside while TAYLOR goes back to investigating MILDRED.

DORIAN: Need you feed the neanderthal?

JOANNA: Tosh, posh beloved. Needs him to be so bullied? Nay say. He is needing feeding for foolishing.

DORIAN: However will you weather?

JOANNA: Watch and yearn.

DORIAN: Ha!

JOANNA lets out a blood curdling scream. She grabs Taylor.

DORIAN: What means this wailing?

Over the following dialogue, DORIAN approaches the two as they retreat.

JOANNA: (Grabs Taylor) Perceive and grieve!

TAYLOR: Perceiving ...

DORIAN: Pray tell?

JOANNA: O melancholy.

TAYLOR: O Mercy.

JOANNA: O Moderation.

TAYLOR: O Mud.

TAYLOR & JOANNA: O Madness!

DORIAN: MITIGATE!

All movement stops.

JOANNA: ... A single stray.

DORIAN: A stray?

JOANNA: Mm hmm a stray.

DORIAN: A single stray-

TAYLOR: EYELASHES!!!

Beat.

TAYLOR: You got eyelashes.

DORIAN: I do?

joanna: Yes.

DORIAN: Why? (Cursing the heavens) WHY!

TAYLOR: What now? What now!

JOANNA: Wait willy will you, wait ... I know!

TAYLOR: I knew you'd know.

DORIAN: (Accusingly) You knew?!

TAYLOR: No.

DORIAN: You know!

TAYLOR: No! Well ... uh ... now I know.

DORIAN: (On the brink of tears.) Now you know. And now I know.
(Cries.)

JOANNA: (Comfortingly) Now, now. No need to know nothing. No?

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TAYLOR: (In agreement) No.

DORIAN: (Cheering up.) No need?

TAYLOR& JOANNA: No need.

The three embrace.

DORIAN: (suddenly) Eyelashes!

They separate quickly.

JOANNA: Okay. Now, you know-

DORIAN: (Crying) Now I know-

JOANNA: (Sternly) Not now! Now, you know all eyelashes are eager to take: take time, take tears.

TAYLOR: Time and tears and hopes and fears-

DORIAN: Truth. Trivial, but truth.

JOANNA: Mmhmm used for a witches brew and ...

TAYLOR: Wishing winds too!

DORIAN: What?

TAYLOR: Well, why not? Why not! Wishes with wind make Willy Nilly, Nilly Willy!

JOANNA: Why not?

DORIAN: (following along) ... okay ... one wish, then: bye, bye, eye fly?

JOANNA: (Warmly, nodding.) Why not. Sleepy grasps and clasps, Rabbit is chill and still and Bunny fishes a wish. Wish Mamma Mildred makes no more moves. Now, don't forget to wind.

DORIAN approaches JOANNA nervously and closes his eyes. JOANNA extends her hand and gently takes the eyelash from his face and presents it to TAYLOR who is intently concentrating on his wish and the eyelash.

JOANNA: Wishing?

TAYLOR: Wishing.

Beat

JOANNA: Wishful wishing?

TAYLOR: Wishful wishing.

Beat

JOANNA: Wishing to wish wishfully?

DORIAN: WOULD YOU BLOODY WELL WISH!

TAYLOR& JOANNA: Wind!

TAYLOR Blows the eyelash away.

JOANNA: Go, go! Follow the flow!

TAYLOR chases the airborne eyelash, EXITS.

JOANNA: And that is how to handle a ham.

DORIAN: How? (Eyes still closed, he feels around blindly) Hello?

JOANNA: I honestly empathize. Poor boar.

DORIAN: Echo?

JOANNA: Ugly, pugly, fugly and ug-pug-fugly.

DORIAN: Echo?

JOANNA: Bashfully brilliant, though. Distract the dog AND make Mildred stop moving. He wished it, so he washed it. Squeaky clean fed and foolished. You recompense your wife-

JOANNA turns into DORIAN'S hands, which should be inappropriately placed. DORIAN'S eyes open. A beat. JOANNA jumps on DORIAN and begins to ravage him passionately. TAYLOR enters unawares.

TAYLOR: Flowing, flowing, flown! Ho-Ho! What a Willy. Makes me mile a smile. May mopers? (Looks to JOANNA and DORIAN, still embracing and kissing passionately. He turns away quickly, embarrassed.) Wow! ... Wishes. Well, while Willy Nilly, will's Nilly, we could will a wee wittle Nilly- (See's MILDRED's body on the ground.) Well, well. What

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will we, eh? (Looks back at passionate couple then back at body.) Why not? (Drags the body outside of the room.)

JOANNA and DORIAN grab at each other fiercely. Over the next conversation, they go through various bizarre positions. Indicative of sexual partners not quite on the same page.

JOANNA: (Teasingly) Willy wants his Nilly?

DORIAN: Willy wants Nilly to shut up.

JOANNA: Ooo. Barracuda. Take me tweety.

DORIAN: Don't call me tweety.

JOANNA: Don't "don't" me. Do me.

DORIAN: Oh, I'll do.

JOANNA: If you say do, you must go through.

DORIAN: Right through.

JOANNA: Right through?

DORIAN: Thoroughly.

JOANNA: Then do ...

JOANNA Closes her eyes and squeals excitedly. Pause.

JOANNA: Doing? Is doing?

DORIAN: ... not doing.

JOANNA: Okee! (Squeals. Pause.) Now?

DORIAN: (Tensely) No.

JOANNA: (peaking) Almost doing? Doing? Done?

DORIAN: (Untangling himself) Disembark!

JOANNA: (confused) Did do?

DORIAN: Ponder that.

JOANNA: Okee ... did do?

DORIAN: Know not?

JOANNA: Nu uh.

DORIAN: Oh ... uh ... Did.

JOANNA: Did?

DORIAN: Did did. Oh did rid the did with what we did.

JOANNA: Did what?

DORIAN: The deed. Did do the deed. Did, do, done!

JOANNA: Wow ... so that was the did.

DORIAN: The deed, Darling. Did the deed.

JOANNA: ... did the deed ... is the deed always so ... disappointing?

DORIAN: Yes- No! Maychance ... to ... some instantaneous of affair, when the doing of said did-

JOANNA: Deed?

DORIAN: Don't disrupt- the doer's don't drop determinately. But whether it weather a dazzle or a dud, you cannot deny we did do the deed, indeed.

JOANNA: Indeed. (Awkward pause.) Supposed it'd be a bit ... better-

DORIAN: No not did the deed! Desired to did but didn't and deed be damned I am ... I am a dud.

JOANNA: Oh now, not a dud.

DORIAN: Dud.

JOANNA: Negative.

DORIAN: Appeal: thought the deed was did one instance afore. Not best broker in this insistence.

JOANNA: (Insisting) Not a dud. (Searching) Member ... Mama Mildred? Did the deed. Not dud then, eh?

DORIAN: Different. Berry different.

JOANNA: No.

DORIAN: Berry berry different.

JOANNA: Berry, berry different?

DORIAN: Berry.

JOANNA: (Insulted.)... Berry, **berry** different?

DORIAN: Well, not berry, berry different-

JOANNA: Definition!

DORIAN: Meaning is ... well purpose being-

JOANNA: Pronounce!

DORIAN: Mildred ... muddy. Mildred muddy!

JOANNA: ... muddy?

DORIAN: True blue! Mildred muddy.

JOANNA: And sleepy?

DORIAN: Smooth. Soft! ... super.

JOANNA: *Super?* Super! S-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-s-

DORIAN: (tentatively) Super-

JOANNA: SUPER!

DORIAN: (indicating self) Stupid?

JOANNA: Forehead!

DORIAN hits himself in the head.

DORIAN: See saw sleepy, see saw. Contrast: muddy with super!

JOANNA: Sick of super. Sick of soft. Smooth.

DORIAN: Smooth is nice.

JOANNA: Pah! Nice is ice. Muddy is hot. Muddy makes men move.
Stirs screams. All in all they fall for the filth of fallen.
Crowding. Smooth? Smooth is sheltered. Is sipped and shopped.
Shingled and shined. Says it's super and smooth makes me 'member.

DORIAN: 'Member?

JOANNA: Me ...