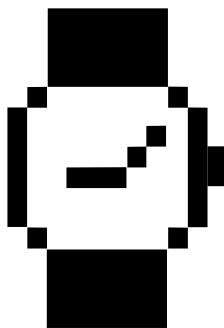


Corner Horror

A Play.



CHARACTER LIST

Narrator

Ulrich

Leroy

Basil

Chorus

Subway Preacher

Protestors

Boyfriends

Leroy's Wife

Ten Schoolchildren

Necromancer ACT 1

Narrator: A ruined driftwood door creaks open, waves crash somewhere in the distance, the door creaks closed muffling the noise of waves and bringing into focus the dry, violent snaps of a crackling fire. Have you come to kill me.

Narrator: No

What have you come for then?

Narrator: The long and short of it.

Beat.

Narrator: The performance was to take place in a place during a day in a month on a year and was commissioned by a body. The performance was to take place in a

specific place during a certain significant day in a month with appropriate weather on a landmark year and was commissioned by a generous and relevant body.

INT: LONG SNAKING ROOM.

Ulrich, thirty six enters. Sunglasses; future proof. Grey suit jacket; below, sunglasses. Salmon coloured shirt; below sunglasses. Polished oxblood loafers; below salmon coloured shirt, below sunglasses. Gold ring on hand on thick pewter belt buckle above undone fly; below sunglasses. Camel coloured chinos; below sunglasses. **Ulrich** takes his hand slowly off his belt buckle and opens a can of Diet Coke with it. He smiles and bats his girlishness at the others. He lands on a seat, legs, quarter past 11, fake bulge in nefarious situ and removes his jacket to reveal his salmon coloured dress shirt underneath. The shirt has long sweat patches cascading down its parachute sides. He loosens his shiny tie and plants imperious like, to feed us writing. Us being a series of locals travel. across. town.

Ulrich: As a Roomba I often experience corner horror, corner horr-

Ulrich collapses and dies, a book about how to avoid burnout falls out of his person. The others, back to him, back to back, and back in town for the weekend, back busting balls and screwing around, read its pages - covering the corners in spittle for digesting. They putt day old Pret eggs into **Ulrich**'s agape mouth for a game of golf. Worlds greatest boss, worlds greatest dad, worlds greatest grandpa, worlds greatest worlds greatest worlds worlds greatest worlds worlds greatest worlds greatest, worlds, worlds greatest, greatest, greatest-

Enter **Leroy**, a policeman, an abyss. The others scatter.

Leroy is damaged goods after a video of him twerking at Notting Hill Carnival went viral. On the morning of the carnival, he woke up and sat on the side of his bed as he always did. He coughed up the night that had collected in his lungs as he always did. That morning he walked across the bedroom and locked the standing fan on its turning axis. He positioned the fan closer to his wife, who had moved above the covers to get cooler in the night. He extracted a bit of

sticky hair out of her face, tucked it behind her ear and gently kissed her on the forehead, as he always did.

*That morning **Leroy** put on his uniform in front of the mirror as he always did and noticed the soles of his wife's bare feet reflected in the mirror. That morning **Leroy** thought his wife's feet looked especially beautiful, they arched and wrinkled awake, the left moving over the right like a pile of sleepy puppies. It*

was an angle of her he had seen a thousand times, an angle he never tired of.

*That morning, unfortunately, **Leroy** mistook a kind of permanent ink in his wife's bureau, for a kind of temporary face paint and now, forever, **Leroy** sports two Jamaican flags on his flushed pink cheeks.*

Leroy: Ello ello ello-ello ello ello Ello
Ello ello ello ello ello, ello ello, ello, ello
ello ello ello ello, ello, ello, ello, ello, ello

Leroy gestures to **Ulrich**'s body and looks at the others as suspects.

*One of the men; **Basil**, men are monsters, monsters, monsters, picks up the book about how to avoid burn out and reads from its pages to **Leroy**.*

Basil: People are a blood vector Leroy
start here and then end. We are circuitous
in terms of that we are.

Basil takes out a small bottle wrapped in a brown paper bag from his long trench coat and offers some to **Leroy**. **Leroy** hesitates and then accepts, he takes a long swig.

The fire spits.

Narrator: Are you following.

Yes.

Narrator: Ok then.

Leroy takes another swig, he takes another swig, and another swig and another swig and another swig. He blinks like a newborn and sways gently backward, putting his weight into his heels before correcting himself upright.

Leroy: *Burps*

The others start chanting, quietly at first, increasing in volume.

Chorus: Leroy. Leroy. Leroy. Leroy.

They get louderLeroy! Leroy!

Leroy begins to grin, he loves it, he can barely contain himself. He starts to dance.

LEROY! LEROY! LEROY!

Leroy is smiling ear to ear, the flags on his pink cheeks roll into a green smudge around his dimples.

LEROY! LEROY! LEROY!

Leroy begins to cry, he is overwhelmed. A puddle of tears forms around his feet.

*The day is a long gruesome squelch and London is a sweaty self interest. A **Subway Preacher** rolls a small amplifier onto the train, he raises a microphone to his lips.*

Rory: DO LEVITICUS!

Rory shouts. **Rory** is homosexual and thinly drawn, his role is this line.

*The **Subway Preacher** holds the mic to his lips. There is the naked sound of his breath breathing, just breathing for what feels like a destiny. When the **Subway Preacher** speaks, they speak with a serious and converting economy.*

Beat.

Subway Preacher: ATONE

The word atone becomes a long enduring digital tone. It ends with a Pop!

Which sounds like the loud crackle of a fire.

*A spark flies out from the **Subway Preacher**'s amplifier, and lands in the puddle of tears around **Leroy**'s feet, **Leroy** is electrocuted, his skeleton skeleton strobos and then he collapses dead.*

Narrator: A spark is a small fiery particle thrown off from a fire, alight in ashes, or produced by striking together two hardsurfaces such as stone or metal. It has a central element and then frantic extremities that fly away from the central element very quickly. Here is one slowed right down to 40 frames per second.

Notice it's structure, how it flies through the air but also flies away from itself.

The door creaks open, the sound of the ocean washes in.

Narrator: Where are you going?

There is no beauty in this story.

Narrator: Wait, there is beauty coming, there is beauty coming.

The door creaks shut.

ACT ♥♥

INT: STALLED TRAIN, RED SIGNAL AT BRIXTON STATION.

VALENTINES DAY, FUNEREAL ATMOSPHERE.

*All performers on the carriage sit on their seats, absorbed by their own thoughts, they look intently in all different directions. The body count stands at 2, **Ulrich** as the base, a steaming **Leroy** as the ham, awaiting his top.*

*The platform outside the carriage is lined with **Protestors** staging a sit-in. Sowed amongst them, standing, are a dozen or so **Boyfriends** all*

*clutching the same supermarket flowers- a tableaux so impossibly universal it is difficult to look at for too long - the **Protestors** shield their eyes.*

Leroy's Wife along with **Ten Schoolchildren** and a **Necromancer** stand in a circle around **Leroy** and **Ulrich**'s bodies. Since **Leroy**'s death, at the hands of the **Subway Preacher**, **Leroy's Wife** has found solace in paganism, she met the **Necromancer** at a meeting in Victoria, they hit it off.

The red signal goes green, the train begins to move and the action unfreezes.

Leroy's Wife begins to sing, she sings very beautifully. A second voice eventually joins hers in the chorus - it is **Leroy**'s.

Beat.

There was beauty.

Narrator: Yes.

Leroy was brought back to life.

Narrator: Maybe.

What happened next?

Narrator: Nothing.

Nothing?

Narrator: Nothing.

Why?

Narrator: As a piece of public art, as far as the art world is concerned, I made the cardinal mistake of making a work of public art that the public might've actually liked. Funding was cut. Never happened.

Why have you told me this?

Narrator: I was walking.

Walking?

Narrator: Yes I was walking along the beach and I saw this place, so I let myself in and sat down and waited.

Waited for what?

Narrator: An audience. *The narrator pulls off a toe nail that was hanging from his big toe and puts it in his mouth.*

I see.

Narrator: Yes I was walking along the beach looking for an audience and I saw this place and sat down and waited for one. And then you came in and the

universe just sort of, yes. I mean no, I am not here to kill you.