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### FUDDY MEERS CHARACTERS

(Fuddy Meers is a farcical dark comedy that features suggestions of domestic abuse and addiction.)

**Claire:** 30's-40's, working class, married to Richard. Claire suffers from psychogenic amnesia. Each morning, she wakes up with her memories wiped clean. Claire is thoughtful, kind, and a bit overly trusting, but is capable of surprising herself and others with moments of surprising strength and clarity.

→ **Richard:** 30's-40's, working class, married to Claire. Hospital worker, overly cheerful and somewhat clueless man with good intentions. Richard is a former addict who has gotten his life together, even if he has occasional bouts of poor judgement. He truly loves Claire and cares for her to the best of his abilities.

**Limping Man:** 30's 40's, working class. Recently escaped from prison, Limping Man is posing as Claire's dead brother, he is actually Claire's abusive ex-husband. He speaks with an exaggerated lisp, is blind in one eye deaf in one ear, and has a pronounced limp. He seems very calm, reasonable and kind, but is capable of explosive and alarming bouts of temper and violence.

**Millet:** 30's 40's, working class. Crony to Limping Man. A very confused, very disturbed and very large man who wears a dirty sock puppet on his hand. Binky, the puppet, has become a bizarre aspect of Millet's personality, and Millet actually believes Binky is alive. Because of all of this, Millet is very easy to manipulate and control, which Limping Man does effectively. Despite all this, Millet has a very strong moral compass, and even though his thoughts are confused and surreal, he has a genuine sense of right and wrong.

**Gertie:** 50's-60's, working class. Claire's mother. Gertie suffered a serious stroke a few years ago and suffers from a kind of aphasia which makes her speech garbled and indecipherable. Despite this, she is incredibly clear-headed and even though others have terrible difficulty understanding her, her thoughts, intentions, objectives and actions are crystal clear and she is incredibly keen and strong-willed.

→ **Kenny:** 17. Claire's son. Kenny is a very large 17-year-old who is still in 8<sup>th</sup> grade. He is the son of Limping Man, and was witness to Limping Man's daily physical abuse of his mother, Claire. He has a budding drug problem, is angry at the world, and doesn't know how to express any of it very well.

→ **Heidi:** 30's, 40's. Prison lunch-lady posing as a cop. She is Limping Man's girlfriend and accomplice. She has been misled into participating in Claire's abduction by Limping Man.

**The Clowns:** Only seen by Claire, The Clowns are silent but persistent reflections of Claire's confused memories and the day she lost them. They spend most of the show moving the set around, lurking in shadows and being generally weird and unsettling,

bad, and I've never paid for it, so I was always waiting for the other foot to drop. But it never did. And I pray it never will.

(Silence as KENNY stares at him.)

RICHARD

I'm sorry. I'm feeling a little off-kilter today. I hope we find your mother soon. Otherwise I—I don't what I'm gonna—May I have a hit?

KENNY

What?

RICHARD

Just a little one. To take the edge off.

(KENNY passes him the joint. Richard takes a hit.)

RICHARD

(holding breath in)

I really shouldn't be doing this, but I'm worried about your mom and—

(suddenly)

Did I ever tell you about the time I met Dennis Hopper?

(A siren blares in distance.)

RICHARD

Aw geez, it's the fuzz.

(tosses joint out the window)

Open the windows. Air it out.

(pulls over)

See what happens, Kenny? Drugs lead to crime. Let that be a lesson. Try and act natural.

(floats for cop)

Jeepers. I get awful jumpy around the pigs. How are my eyes? Bloodshot?

KENNY

Shut up, moron.

(HEIDI & cop. approaches.)

START

RICHARD

How-do, officer?

HEIDI

In a hurry this morning?

RICHARD

Not especially. I'm just out for a drive with the boy, playing some "I Spy," heading to the Friendly's for a treat.

HEIDI

Kinda early for a Fribble, isn't it?

RICHARD

Not for this family. We love ice cream. Right, Kenny?

HEIDI

I clocked you going eighty-four in a fifty-five zone.

RICHARD

Is that right? Well, I'll be. Maybe that speedy-radar thing of yours needs new batteries.

(KENNY gets a giggle-fit which may last through the scene.)

HEIDI

Have you been smoking marijuana in this vehicle, sir?

RICHARD

No ma'am I have not.

HEIDI

Smells like maybe someone was, sir.

RICHARD

Well, Kenny here, I must admit was taking up a bit of the doobage, so to speak.

HEIDI

I'll be needing your license and registration, sir, and then I'd like you both to step out of the vehicle.

RICHARD

Oh, you misunderstood me. You see, Kenny here has glaucoma and he smokes pot for purely medicinal purposes.

HEIDI

And do you have a letter from your doctor stating as much?

RICHARD

Actually, our doctor had a terrible accident and he no longer has hands, so writing a note isn't possible for him right now. But as soon as he's fitted for prosthetic limbs and learns how to write with those awkward little hooks I'll pass the note onto the highway patrol office.

HEIDI

I believe you're lying to me, sir.

RICHARD

No, he was fiddling inside a lawn mower in between operations and—

HEIDI

Sir?

RICHARD

All right, I'm lying. But Kenny here is a troubled teen and—  
Fritos! I suddenly want Fritos! Are you craving Fritos, Kenny?  
(snickers)

KENNY

Mmmmm. Fritos.

HEIDI

(pulls gun on him)

Please step out of the vehicle, sir!

RICHARD

Hold on there, flat-foot. I don't think we need you pulling a Rodney King here.

HEIDI

Get out of the car!

RICHARD

Okay. We're getting out, but this is all much ado about nothing, eh Kenny?

(They step out of car, HEIDI's gun on them. KENNY is trying not to giggle.)

HEIDI

License and registration please.

RICHARD

(hands them over)

This is all very unnecessary, officer. You see, my wife has a form of psychogenic amnesia, and she wandered off this morning . . .

HEIDI

I think I've heard just about enough of your stories, tough guy.

RICHARD

Tough guy? I'm not tough guy. I'm *nice* guy. Everyone I know calls me *nice* guy.

HEIDI

(looking at license)

Well, Mr. Fiddle, if that's your *real* name, I'm gonna radio back to headquarters and have them pop your name into a computer and see what turns up.

RICHARD

Headquarters? Computer? No! No! No!

(He goes into self-defense mode, lunging at her with each "No!" He twists her wrist so she drops the gun. He scrambles for it and points it at her.)

END