

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 8th 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.

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(grabs puzzle book and fidgets)
This is very strange. You do know I have no memory to speak of?

CLAIRE

LIMPING MAN

(rushes her out)
Ieth be sthpeedy, Claire. Sthpeedy sthpeedy ethcape. You'll thank me later.

(Lights down on the bedroom. Sounds of cars on a road transisthops us into—)

Scene Two

(Lights up in the LIMPING MAN's car. He's driving. CLAIRE sits beside him.)

START

LIMPING MAN

Tho, here we are. Thack and hith thithter. Ith been thuch a long time, Claire.

CLAIRE

Has it?

LIMPING MAN

Ith very thad whaih happened to you.

CLAIRE

Are you gonna take off that mask now?

LIMPING MAN

If you inthitht. But pleathe, don't be thered.

CLAIRE

Are you deformed?

LIMPING MAN

Yeth. Yeth I am. But only thightly.

CLAIRE

Ooo, an unweeling. I can't wait to see what—

(He pulls off his mask. His right ear is a twisted mass of burnt scar tissue.)

CLAIRE

Ewwwww, your ear is a twisted mass of burnt scar tissue.

LIMPING MAN

Pleathe, try to be a little thenthitive.

CLAIRE

You limp, you lisp, and your ear is all clumpy. What happened to you?

LIMPING MAN

Claire, do you really not remember?

CLAIRE

I'm sorry, I don't.

LIMPING MAN

Good. Ith better you didn't. Thum things are better left forgotten.

CLAIRE

I don't know if that's true.

LIMPING MAN

What?

CLAIRE

I don't know if that's true.

LIMPING MAN

You don't know if *whaih* blue?

CLAIRE

True, I said!

LIMPING MAN
Oh. I'm thorry, but whenever you lit on my right like thith, you'll have to thpeak up. I'm deaf in thith ear.

CLAIRE
(yelling into his clumpy ear)
All right!

LIMPING MAN
I'm altho blind in thith eye.

CLAIRE
Should you be driving?

LIMPING MAN
No, but tho long ath they don't catch me, we'll be thuper.

CLAIRE
So long as who doesn't catch you?

LIMPING MAN
Pleathe, you're athking too many quethions.

CLAIRE
I'm sorry, but that's all I have right now.

LIMPING MAN
Juth look out for the right thide of the car.

CLAIRE
Where are we going again?

LIMPING MAN
To the country. Your mother hath a houth there.

CLAIRE
She does?

LIMPING MAN
Our mother I mean. She'th my mother too, even if she tetith-fied againtht me, even if she thaid I wath dead to her, she'th thtill my mother.

CLAIRE
Is she nice?

LIMPING MAN
She had a thtroke rethently and hath trouble forming thententh properly.

CLAIRE
We're quite a family it seems.

LIMPING MAN
Yeth. Yeth we are.

CLAIRE
(flips through her book)
Does it say anything in here about her?

LIMPING MAN
Put that book away.

CLAIRE
(removes photo from book)
Oh look, here's a photo. "Gertie's House" it says. Mama's name is Gertie, isn't it? Yes, this house is very familiar. And is that sweet looking lady Gertie?

LIMPING MAN
(grabs book)
Don't believe anything in thith book, Claire. It's all lithe. Lithe that that man made up. It's garbage.
(throws it out the car window)

CLAIRE
Hey, I needed that book.

LIMPING MAN

You have me now, and I'll tell you everything you need to know.

CLAIRE

All right then, how did I lose my memory?

LIMPING MAN

Except that. Your memory problem and the theory of my physical infiniteness are the two things I can't talk about.

CLAIRE

Why are you taking me away like this?

LIMPING MAN

Okay, three things, but that's not too much.

CLAIRE

And why is there a manacle on your wrist?

LIMPING MAN

(getting annoyed)

All right, too there are many things I can't say right now, but in time everything will be explained!

(We hear echoey carnival music far off.)

CLAIRE

Is that your radio playing?

LIMPING MAN

The radio's broken.

CLAIRE

Where's that music coming from then?

LIMPING MAN

I don't hear no music.

CLAIRE

Ooo, it must be a side-effect of the amnesia. Fun. It's kinda catchy.

END

(CLAIRE turns along to the music, then notices something in the rear-view mirror.)

CLAIRE

Oh, look at that. I have a little scar on my forehead. How'd I get that, Zack?

(A very loud horn blares suddenly.)

CLAIRE

Trailer changing lanes! Trailer changing lanes!

LIMPING MAN

(looking around madly)

CLAIRE

(pointing frantically)

Where?! Where?!

There! There!

(He swerves the car. We hear a screech. The trailer horn fades off.)

LIMPING MAN

Thank you.

CLAIRE

Maybe I should drive.

LIMPING MAN

No, I'm good. We'll be there in no time. Just relax.

CLAIRE

I'm not sure I can at this point, Zack. But I'll try.

(puts photo in her pocket)

(The lights fade on LIMPING MAN driving, and a concerned CLAIRE looking around. Again, sounds of cars transition us into—)