

A CHANGE IS AS GOOD AS A SCYTHE TO THE FACE

by

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Scene opens with homeless person panhandling in the street while a rich city boy type in a pinstripe suit comes down the street talking management bollocks on his Bluetooth-wanker headset.

RICH CHUMP: No we've got to shift the paradigm and think outside of the box you know get some of those synergies in, really sweat those assets.

Rich Chump pauses while the other person talks

RICH CHUMP: No, no we've baselined it in the transformational agenda meeting and we got parked.

Rich Chump pauses while the other person talks

RICH CHUMP: Yeah tell me about it, talk about squaring the circle, I mean you can't put the toothpaste back in the tube people hello!

Rich Chump pauses while the other person talks

RICH CHUMP: Exactly! Anyway got to go I've got a home thing.

Rich Chump pauses while the other person talks

RICH CHUMP: Yeah, well she's fine for now; I'll give her another year then I'll need to trade her for a younger model. Anyway pal lets touch base next week. Ciao buddy."

Dog flies across the stage in an excited blur

DOG: A new manbeast friend!

HOMELESS MAN: Excuse me mate you don't happen to have any spare change do you?

RICH CHUMP: What do you mean spare change?

HOMELESS MAN: Umm... Well you know like some money you won't miss; 20p or something. Umm...

Homeless man points to his sign

HOMELESS MAN: Hungry and homeless and all that...

Dog flies across the stage in an excited blur

DOG: Wow! The new manbeast and my old manbeast are best friends.

RICH CHUMP: Look at me I mean just really look. Does this suit look like it came from Primark to you?

HOMELESS MAN: Well...

RICH CHUMP: The answer you're looking for is no! You know what that is? It's fucking Egyptian cotton, all the way from China or India or one of those poor countries you see on the TV. You know where Lenny Henry, and that hippy from the Boomtown Rats lives. Do they make good cotton there? I've no fucking idea. I don't buy it because it's good I buy it because it's expensive.

Dog whizzes across the stage again

DOG: Oh gotta smell the new manbeast.

HOMELESS MAN: That seems frivolous but...

RICH CHUMP: So when you ask me if I have spare change.

HOMELESS MAN: Oh, you're not finished OK...

RICH CHUMP: When you ask me if I have any spare change, what do you think the answer is?

HOMELESS MAN: Umm... yes?

RICH CHUMP: Someone get that guy a fucking medal. Of course I do. Fucking tons of the stuff.

Dog whizzes across the stage again

DOG: Today is the best day ever.

HOMELESS MAN: Well can I have some?

RICH CHUMP: No fuck off.

The lights dim slightly and everyone freezes. Death glides in behind Rich Chump dressed in a big black cloak and wielding a wicked looking scythe. Rich Chump and Homeless Man unfreeze but Dog remains frozen mid run.

RICH CHUMP: I mean what would you even spend it on?

Homeless Man goes pale and points to himself with a. Shaking hand. Death shoes his head.

RICH CHUMP: Probably some of that extra strong lager. I mean hello! Have you never heard of Dom Perignon.

Homeless Man points to Rich Chump and Death nods. Homeless Man gives him the thumbs up.

RICH CHUMP: I don't know how you lot drink that stuff I really don't.

HOMELESS MAN: Erm... Egyptian cotton wanker, look behind you.

Rich Chump turns and sees Death. Homeless Man gives him the finger to his back... a lot.

RICH CHUMP: Who's this joker now? Look I don't have time for your bullshit I've got money to make. Excuse me.

Rich Chump goes to step around Death but he blocks his way with his scythe.

DEATH: Rupert Eleanor Johnson-Smythe, you're time here is done; I need you to come with me

RICH CHUMP: No, piss off.

DEATH: I'm afraid you don't really have a say in it Rupert your allotted time is spent and now you have to face your judgement.

RICH CHUMP: Make me.

Death reaches for Rich Chump but he dodges out of the way.

DEATH: Oh come on you dick just come quietly will you you're making me look bad in front of the bum.

HOMELESS MAN: We prefer the housingly challenged.

DEATH: You're making me look bad in front of the housingly challenged person.

HOMELESS MAN: Thank you.

DEATH: Manners cost nothing.

RICH CHUMP: Look, I can't die I'm too rich and important. Why don't you just take that guy he looks pretty useless.

HOMELESS MAN: Hey!

DEATH: Dude, you sell beard combs door to door it's not like your bloody Ghandi or something.

RICH CHUMP: That Ghandi fellow might have had some nice flip flops but did he have this.

Rich Chump pulls a wedge of cash from his jacket and waves it in Death's face

RICH CHUMP: Did he bollocks, now how much is this going to cost me?

DEATH: Look, I don't need money I'm death...

HOMELESS MAN: I could use some money...

Homeless Man reaches for it but Rich Chump swings it out of the way just as Homeless Man is about to take it.

DEATH: I'm not messing about now come on.

DT goes to grab RA but he dodges out of the way again

DEATH: Oi, Come back you little prick.

Death chase Rich Chump swinging at him with his scythe. In the background Dog unfreezes and cocks his head at Death

DOG: Another manbeast? AMAZING!

HOMELESS MAN: Yeah death fuck his shit up.

Death continues to chase Rich Chump around the stage while Dog joins in

DOG: Best. Day. Ever!

RICH CHUMP: Leave me alone... I... I... I have allergies.

HOMELESS MAN: To what not being a dick?

RICH CHUMP: No! No you little pointless pauper, to death. I mean it's bad you know, I get close to death and I come out in rash and well let's just say I could shit through the eye of a needle and leave it at that shall we? Basically I'm bad with death so I'm going to have to say thanks but no thanks.

Dog circles the stage sniffing

DOG: Oh, I smell food.

DEATH: You'll be more than ill when I get my bloody hands on you!

RICH CHUMP: See what I mean that is threatening behaviour that is it's just not right.

DOG: Maybe if I find it my manbeast will share

DEATH: OK I get it death is scary right. Just try not to think of it as death try to think of it as... well as more of a change.

RICH CHUMP: Change? Change? I mean What kind of moron likes bloody change?"

Homeless Man slowly raises his hand.

RICH CHUMP: Seriously? Change!

HOMELESS MAN: Yeah well you know people give me change and I use it to buy beer and dru..... I mean food. Yes food and shelter.

Homeless Man points to his sign

HOMELESS MAN: Hungry and homeless.

RICH CHUMP: Really so if you love change so much if I offered you ten pence or ten pounds you'd take the pence?

Dogs circles slowly close in on Death.

HOMELESS MAN: Can I have both?

RICH CHUMP: No you can't bloody well have both!

HOMELESS MAN: Hmm... OK then probably the tenner that would get me more... housing.

RICH CHUMP: Ah ha!

HOMELESS MAN: But they say a change is as good as a rest.

DEATH: Exactly.

Death and Homeless Man high five.

DOG: My god it smells delicious I have to find it NOW!!!

Dog prods at Death who fends him off absently.

RICH CHUMP: But is it though? I mean is it really? So I let the reaper here smash your soul from your body with his impressive weapon...

DEATH: Well, it's actually you I'm after but...

RICH CHUMP: "So he blasts your soul down to hell and the devil is all poking you with red hot pokers in your, you know what. Then he's like I could stop, you know, give you a rest or whatever or I could change it up and use my fatter, spikier poker. Would you go with the change or the rest?"

HOMELESS MAN: I'll have to go rest on that one

RICH CHUMP: There you go, point proven. No one likes change, you only thought you did but what you actually like is just cash and not being ruthlessly bugged by the devil.

HOMELESS MAN: Yeah. Fuck change!

RICH CHUMP: Fuck change!

DOG: It smells SO good where is the manbeast hiding it?!?

DEATH: Look I think we're getting a little off topic here. I'm her to reap your immortal soul and send you on to the next plain of existence not to argue about change.

RICH CHUMP: Oh so it's reaping now is it? You see how he's changed his tune.

HOMELESS MAN: Yeah, you said it was about change not reaping or whatever.

DEATH: I said you can think of it as change...

RICH CHUMP: See he's full of it! Right now it's me he's after, and you might think that's fair, but who do you think he'll come looking for next.

DOG: Cough it up manbeast I can smell it, it's right here.

HOMELESS MAN: Your Mum?

RICH CHUMP: No not my Mum you weapons grade cock womble; it's gonna be you isn't it? I mean you've seen him get out foxed by a beard comb salesman. I mean an incredibly handsome and successful one but a beard comb salesman none the less.

DEATH: Look I've no beef with you it's that prick I'm after.

RICH CHUMP: He's changed his mind on change, what's to stop him changing his mind on icing you?

HOMELESS MAN: Umm... Nothing?

RICH CHUMP: Correct! We're in this together you and me there's only one solution. We take Death down once and for all.

DEATH: Try it bitches.

Death spins his scythe around like a ninja and drops into a fighting stance. When he does his bony leg sticks out of the bottom of his robe.

DOG: Found it, found it, found it!

Rich Chump and Homeless Man circle Death as the fight music from the Cable Guy medieval times fight scene plays. Rich Chump has a small beard comb and Homeless Man a plastic bag full of dirty clothes. They circle each other feinting to attack.

DEATH: You really think you can beat me? I'm motherfucking death!

DOG: Cough it up manbeast it smells the best!

RICH CHUMP: Yeah? Well all I need is one little opening and bam! Death is nothing but a pile of bones in an ugly black sack.

DEATH: Hey my wife made this!

Dog swoops in and steals Death's leg.

DOG: Ha Ha manbeast, it's mine! Mine!

DEATH: Hey you little shit give that back!

Death hops around on one leg chasing Dog.

RICH CHUMP: Game, set and match.

Rich Chump swoops and snatches Death's scythe causing him to tumble to the floor.

RICH CHUMP: Get him!

Homeless Man and Rich Chump wail on Death for a while then step back and wipe the sweat from their brows. Rich Chump tosses the Scythe to the floor.

RICH CHUMP: Phew! That was some fine smashing back their buddy.

HOMELESS MAN: You weren't too bad yourself.

Rich Chump and Homeless Man stand back and admire their handiwork while in the background Dog buries Death's leg.

HOMELESS MAN: So about that change

RICH CHUMP: Yeah it's not going to happen pal.

HOMELESS MAN: But I just saved you from Death...

RICH CHUMP: Look, we did a fine thing together here today but let's not dwell on the past let's look to the future.

HOMELESS MAN: I thought we were in this together?

RICH CHUMP: We were and now, well you're on your own.

Homeless Man stoops down and grabs the scythe then brandishes it at Rich Chump. In the background Dog looks up from where he is burying the bone.

DOG: A stick! Yeah sticks are the best. Throw it manbeast, throw it and I will return it for you to throw again.

RICH CHUMP: Dude we killed death that means we're immortal now, everyone is.

HOMELESS MAN: I don't believe you.

RICH CHUMP: Seriously have a swing with that thing if you like, it won't do you any good.

Homeless Man shrugs then swings the scythe the lights go out, there's a chopping noise and Rich Chump falls to the floor.

DOG: Wow a ball! Balls are the best.

The lights come back up. Rich Chump is dead and Dog is holding his head in his mouth.

DOG: Where did the other manbeast go?

HOMELESS MAN: Oh, crap, oh crap oh crap. Come on dog let's get out of here!

Homeless Man takes the head from Dog, tosses it and drags Dog off stage. After a pause Death stands slowly and retrieves his scythe from the ground by Rich Chump's feet.

DEATH: COME ON PAL GET UP, I'VE GOT PLACES TO GO PEOPLE TO SEE.

RICH CHUMP: You mean I'm not dead?

Rich Chump sits up but his body remains on the floor. Death looks down at his body then back up at Rich Chump.

DEATH: I wouldn't say not dead exactly I think your head is halfway down the road somewhere.

RICH CHUMP: So you tricked me?

DEATH: Well I wasn't going to chase you about all day you're quicker than you look.

RICH CHUMP: I can't believe I'm dead.

DEATH: Try not to think of it as death, think of it more like your life situation has changed somewhat.

Death puts his arm around RA and walk him off the stage.

RICH CHUMP: I don't like change.



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