

COCK-A-DOODLE-DO

Written by

Ray Mooney

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JEM/COMPUTER EXPERT Male 25-30 smartly dressed lawyer
RUBY Female 25-30 smartly dressed lawyer

On a table is a keyboard, mobile phone, two controls for a Playstation, {just the controls} water bottle and glasses. Techno music {video game} plays. JEM and RUBY, smartly dressed lawyers, enter from opposite sides, sit at the table facing the audience. They coyly make eye contact. Jem takes one control. Ruby responds by talking the other control. Jem pushes a button. Ruby pushes a button. Using the audience as the monitor {all throughout play} they imaginatively compete against each other. Suddenly, they stop, stand, acknowledging the entrance of the 'Judge', then sit. Jem confidently rises, preens himself.

JEM

Your Honour, my case is simple.

Ruby smirks. Jem forces himself to ignore her.

JEM

The defendant should be deleted. He deliberately opened fire on authorities...

RUBY

Who were shooting at him!

JEM

...attacked a village...

RUBY

He was programmed.

JEM

...terrorised women and children.

RUBY

Terrorised is negative media spin!

JEM

He locked them in a dungeon!

RUBY

It was a game.

JEM

Recently we discovered a file.

RUBY

Illegally!

JEM

It is the existence of that file that causes us to seek preventive action.

RUBY

To which we are utterly opposed!

JEM

If I may quote from that file...

Jem presses a control button. Loud techno music is heard. Jem dances, sending techno up. Ruby shoots to her feet. Jem abruptly sits. She presses a button on her control. The music stops.

RUBY

That was emotional and pseudo white angle stuff!

JEM

It was in your client's file.

She sits. Jem stands, types on the keyboard and reads from the imaginary monitor.

JEM

"I have dreamed alive the ultimate mind-game, Rooster-mania, a mosaic of destruction so artistic that the Napoleons, the Hitlers, the frozen chook brigade..." The list goes on for half a page, Your Honour. "...will be but distant memories in my blitzkrieg of destruction. I will introduce you to neo-reality where everything is possible, where imagination is limited only by one's inability to escape the chicken netting of self-imposed virtual reality. There is no upper limit. Come with me, my darling hens, and we will implement our very own frozen people department on every corner." This is so dangerous. We have an obligation to legislate to protect society. He goes on. "I am your rooster..."

(Ruby laughs)

I'm quoting here. "I'm your cock-a-doodle-do..."

Ruby gives an outrageous rooster call. Jem abruptly sits. Ruby laughs, then stands.

RUBY

I'm sorry, Your Honour...Yes...Yes, Your Honour. It won't happen again, sorry.

(she sits)
That was a metaphor.

JEM
For what?

RUBY
For common sense.
(standing)
This is a threat to no one, Your
Honour.

JEM
It's a threat to the world.

RUBY
Get serious.

JEM
It's a virus.

RUBY
It's a game.

JEM
An electronic Twin Towers.

RUBY
He's simply using his imagination,
dreaming aloud. You can't delete his
right to express a thought?

JEM
We've done it before?

RUBY
When?

JEM
Anti-vilification.

RUBY
That's different. Vilification, by
definition, creates a victim. Someone
has been offended because of what has
actually happened.

JEM
I'm offended by this.

RUBY
Because you have created you own
virtual morality. We're talking about
the right to have a thought.

JEM
Gary David.

RUBY

I'm not commenting. It's before the courts. Hasn't been decided yet.

JEM

In his diaries, he intended destruction upon release. Not what he actually did. But what he imagined himself doing.

RUBY

I'm not commenting!

JEM

I quote from his Blueprint for Urban Warfare "I will commit massacres upon my release. I will dispense severed fingers from cigarette machines, bomb bridges and public buildings, assassinate public figures." Surely he must be incarcerated indefinitely.

RUBY

It's up to the court!

JEM

Do you want him released?

RUBY

I don't know!

JEM

Why not? His imagined threat is real, expressed in self-mutilation.

RUBY

A mosaic of imagined destruction is not real.

JEM

Get real. He cut off a nipple, his penis...

RUBY

Censuring the right to creative thought, because you don't like what it implies, creates a world of unimaginable problems. It's too intangible.

JEM

Not when it's reproduced in a manifesto.

RUBY

It's representative. Nothing more.
Representative of a new generation, a
new culture, a new and exciting way of
thinking.

Jem gives an outrageous rooster call. Ruby, upset, sits.
Jem stands.

JEM

Sorry, Your Honour. Just wanted to
make the point that representative
expression can pose a threat. So
sorry.

(aside as he sits)

That's the risk of opening the door to
stupidity.

RUBY

We don't need your paternalism. The
privacy of one's mind should be
outside the boundaries of legislation.

JEM

Not when it implies prohibited intent!

RUBY

Even if it implies criminal intent.

JEM

That's outright idiocy!

RUBY

How many times have you said, 'I could
kill you for that'?

JEM

Never.

RUBY

Not even in jest?

JEM

No.

RUBY

Ever watched a film and hoped the bad
guy get's it in the neck? HMMMMMM?
We've all done it. The intention
doesn't make us criminals.

JEM

We're not talking about that and you
know it!

RUBY

Your moral conscience is so rusted
onto good that your mental wiring is
on rewind. Look out, folks, here
comes the dark ages.

JEM

The times we live in, they demand our
reassessment.

RUBY

Lovely, code red the universe, clone
the black angels.

JEM

Give your brain cells a wash.

RUBY

Now you're being stupid!

JEM

You started it.

They turn their backs on each other. Lights change. Ruby presses a control button. Techno music plays. She dances to it. Jem pours water into two glasses as if it's Champagne, hands her one. She refuses to take it.

JEM

Don't be like that.

She dances round him, takes the glass, sips, turns from him and continues dancing. He dances to her rhythm, kisses the back of her neck. She dances away. He follows.

JEM

You know what I think of you.

RUBY

Hmmmmmm.

JEM

What I'd like to do to you.

RUBY

Hmmmmmm.

They play a sensuous game of touching and caressing. Jem is the initiator but whenever Jem physically advances Ruby playfully holds him at arm's length, frustrating Jem. Jem abruptly pulls away. She laughs.

RUBY

I know what you're thinking.

He amusingly shakes his head.

RUBY

I do you know.

JEM

So you've legislated against me.

RUBY

No.

JEM

You've deleted my access points.

RUBY

There's a time and a place.

JEM

That you'll decide?

RUBY

That we'll decide.

JEM

I have to go away.

RUBY

Why?

JEM

There's a file in the computer. Open it.

RUBY

Where are you going?

JEM

I'll call.

RUBY

I didn't know about this.

JEM

There's a lot you don't know about me.

He hands her a business card.

JEM

He's a computer psychologist.

RUBY

Why would I call him?

JEM

Don't give him my password.

RUBY

I don't know it.

He writes it on her arm, then goes to leave.

RUBY

You wouldn't do anything...?

JEM

To hurt you?

RUBY

Would you?

He smiles then leaves. She types on the keyboard and is shocked when she hears her own voice.

RUBY V.O.

(seductive)

Hallo, big boy. Why don't you make yourself comfortable while I slip out of this flimsy negligee...?

She presses a key. The voice over stops. She presses another key. Nothing happens. She types. Still nothing happens. She checks the business card, rings her mobile.

RUBY

Um...I've been given your number...It's frozen...Ah, pornography I think...Thank you.

Jem immediately enters. He is disguised as a COMPUTER EXPERT wearing a white dust coat and carrying a small bag. He puts the bag on the table, sits, looks at the monitor

COMPUTER EXPERT

You rang? Wow. Is that you? Wow? What a body.

He types.

COMPUTER EXPERT

I've gotta say you look better...

She glares at him.

COMPUTER EXPERT

...um, in real life.

RUBY

That's not me.

COMPUTER EXPERT

It's the clothes. I'm hopeless recognising people with their clothes on.

RUBY

I've never been to this site.

COMPUTER EXPERT
Let's see what we can come up with.

RUBY
I hardly even use the internet.

He types.

COMPUTER EXPERT
Once, I told my old man someone trace-
routed our computer and called all
these chicks, the five-bucks-a-minute
ones. He believed me.

RUBY
(slowly)
I've never been to that site.

COMPUTER EXPERT
I'll believe anything you say, luv.
But your computer says otherwise. I
need a password.

RUBY
I don't use one.

COMPUTER EXPERT
Well someone does.

Ruby puts her arm behind her back.

RUBY
I don't know it.

COMPUTER EXPERT
Okay, let's have a gig. Ah, right,
now we're getting somewhere.

RUBY
Who's that?

COMPUTER EXPERT
That's the chick who's site it is, who
you dubbed yourself over. Whatever
softwear you used I want a copy of it.

RUBY
I didn't dub myself over anyone.

COMPUTER EXPERT
So that chick I saw, stark bollocky
looking back at the camera through her
legs, was a figment of my imagination?

RUBY
Whatever, whoever you saw was not me.
Simple as that.

COMPUTER EXPERT

If you say so.

RUBY

Why would I do that?

COMPUTER EXPERT

You tell me.

RUBY

And if I had the computer skills to do that I certainly wouldn't need to call you, would I?

COMPUTER EXPERT

You wouldn't believe the things I get called out for.

RUBY

Can you fix it?

COMPUTER EXPERT

I can do anything you want, luv.

RUBY

Good.

COMPUTER EXPERT

And anything you wouldn't want.

He types.

COMPUTER EXPERT

There's nothing to fix. It's fine. Ha, ha, Kill History, doesn't work, you know.

RUBY

Pardon?

COMPUTER EXPERT

See.

She looks at the monitor.

RUBY

What?

COMPUTER EXPERT

You've been to this site more than a dozen times.

RUBY

I have not!

He looks at her doubtfully.

RUBY

It was somebody else.

COMPUTER EXPERT

That's what I told my old man. You can empty the trash can, hit it with a sledge hammer, put it in the microwave if you want to, but I'd still track every site you've been to, every image you downloaded. See, you even use video cam...

RUBY

We do not!

COMPUTER EXPERT

You've installed it, complete with theater surround.

RUBY

I don't believe this. We don't even...

COMPUTER EXPERT

Who's we?

RUBY

My so-called boyfriend.

He goes to leave.

COMPUTER EXPERT

I'm not a moral's investigator. You sort it out with him.

RUBY

Um...?

He stops.

RUBY

Look, um...

COMPUTER EXPERT

Yes?

RUBY

Doesn't matter. No, wait.

He turns to her, grins.

RUBY

Could you show me the sites he's visited?

COMPUTER EXPERT

Not without a password.

RUBY
I'm sorry, I can't give you one.

COMPUTER EXPERT
Got his phone number?

She writes a phone number, hands it to him.

RUBY
There's no way he'll give it to you.
He punches the number into the mobile.

COMPUTER EXPERT
Gedday, I'm with...
Looks at the back of the keyboard.

COMPUTER EXPERT
...Dell International, part of their
ethical Response Team. I'm auditing
our internal IT systems, checking
everyone's computer to ensure their
system's secure.
He reads information from under the keyboard.

COMPUTER EXPERT
My records tell me your computer is
one of ours, a DCI express, serial
number 2671423. Good. Okay, I need
your password...Chicken Man. I like
it.
He types it in.

COMPUTER EXPERT
I'll be in touch if I find a problem.
He puts the phone down.

COMPUTER EXPERT
Works every time.
RUBY
You could be arrested for that.

COMPUTER EXPERT
Let's have a look.
He types.

COMPUTER EXPERT
HMMMMMM. I've been to this one myself.
She looks at the monitor and is immediately shocked.

COMPUTER EXPERT

What's wrong?

RUBY

It's disgusting.

COMPUTER EXPERT

You look great in leather.

He types.

COMPUTER EXPERT

So he's substituted you for her. I prefer you. This site's actually tame. Simulated sex, if you know what I mean.

He types.

COMPUTER EXPERT

Now this one's got tropical feathers. Heavy, heavy.

She's horrified at what she sees.

COMPUTER EXPERT

Your boyfriend's got a good imagination, I'll give him that. Ah, mate, I've gotta save this.

RUBY

You're just as bad as him.

COMPUTER EXPERT

There's nothing wrong with looking.

RUBY

I didn't give my permission.

COMPUTER EXPERT

You should've. You've got a top body.

RUBY

It's illegal.

COMPUTER EXPERT

If I close my eyes and imagine you naked, is that illegal?

RUBY

It's sick.

COMPUTER EXPERT

People do it all the time.

RUBY

Get rid of it.

He types.

RUBY

No wait. When's the last time he used this site?

COMPUTER EXPERT

Let's see, today...

RUBY

Today!

COMPUTER EXPERT

Yep. Gawd, look at this. Vanessa wants him to...Is that your name, Vanessa the Undresser?

RUBY

Course not! The bastard!

COMPUTER EXPERT

Why? You'd be upset if he was getting off on the real Vanessa, wouldn't you? He's just a new age romantic.

RUBY

Romantic! He's perverted. She's perverted.

COMPUTER EXPERT

She's only doing what he asked.

RUBY

If she is, it's disgusting.

COMPUTER EXPERT

They're computer generated images. Nothing's really happening.

RUBY

Yes it is. Anyone who goes to that site has access to me.

COMPUTER EXPERT

Na, na, your image can only be accessed through this computer. I heard a rumour about this softwear. Bloody good stuff.

RUBY

How many times has he used this site?

COMPUTER EXPERT

Let's see...one, two, three...maybe a dozen. I'd say your bloke was an A grade highway traveler. You know what they say?

RUBY

No

COMPUTER EXPERT

What's good or the goose is good for
the gander.

He opens his bag, removes a video cam with a long extension
and attaches it to the keyboard.

RUBY

What's that?

COMPUTER EXPERT

You'll see, so to speak.

He positions the video cam so it's filming them. He stands
behind her, blows on her neck. She jumps, shocked, moves
away

RUBY

What do you think you're doing!

COMPUTER EXPERT

Playing a game.

RUBY

Not with me, you're not.

COMPUTER EXPERT

Why not?

RUBY

Because I find you offensive.

COMPUTER EXPERT

He's mentally cheated on you. Get
back at him. I'd consider it part of
my ethical training, a sacrifice for
the greater good. You wouldn't even
have to be here. Just imagine you're
on a desert island...

He blows on her neck.

COMPUTER EXPERT

...and there's a gentle breeze blowing
on your lightly sunburnt, delicate
skin.

RUBY

You're as pathetic as him.

COMPUTER EXPERT

It's only a game, luv. One on one,
that's all.

RUBY

It's not a game to me. It's a hole in my atmosphere. Some bastard clones me and I'm at the mercy of every psychopath's fantasy. I cease to exist in my own right. If I give my approval it's not even personal, it becomes universal. Everybody sucked into the abyss.

COMPUTER EXPERT

D'you know you've got a sexy voice?

RUBY

Well they're not going to get away with it.

COMPUTER EXPERT

What do you intend doing about it?

A blue light covers the scene. They freeze.

JUDGE V.O.

Our Government has just passed The Community Protection Act. That gives me the power, Gary David, to sentence you to a minimum of twelve months preventive detention, to be reviewed annually.

Normal lights return. They unfreeze.

RUBY

Take off your jacket.

COMPUTER EXPERT

Pardon?

RUBY

You heard. Take off your jacket.

COMPUTER EXPERT

Why?

RUBY

You knocked on the door, didn't you?

COMPUTER EXPERT

I didn't expect to be invited in.

RUBY

You play this all the time, don't you?

COMPUTER EXPERT

No.

RUBY

You mean not with a real woman.
You're a keyboard wanker who can't
cope when it's no longer a game. It's
time to leave the playground, baby, so
take off your jacket.

COMPUTER EXPERT

I'm not sure what you're implying.

RUBY

Use your imagination.

He takes his jacket off. She laughs.

RUBY

So unimaginative. Put your hands
behind your back.

He puts his hands behind his back.

RUBY

Type one letter and I'll pull the
plug.

She takes the video cam, still attached to the computer, off
stage. He looks at the monitor. Her hand appears from off
stage and drops her top on the floor.

RUBY

Hallo, big boy. Why don't you make
yourself comfortable while I slip out
of this flimsy negligee. Tell me what
you see.

COMPUTER EXPERT

I can't see anything.

RUBY

Yes you can.

COMPUTER EXPERT

The screen's blank.

RUBY

You're on a desert island. Oh, that's
better. That was so restricting. So
much better...

She drops her bra.

COMPUTER EXPERT

Wait.

RUBY

Close your eyes.

He closes his eyes.

RUBY

The gentle breeze delicately caressing my sensitive scopemeter. See what you've done to my modes, how engorged they've become. Are you watching me, big boy.

COMPUTER EXPERT

It's out of focus. Tune it in. Tune it in damn you!

He watches the monitor. Without moving a muscle, except for facial expressions, he builds climatically. Her dress appears.

RUBY

You've triggered my dialogue box. Oh gawd, I'm in the pipeline. My tektronix oscilloscope is literally mutating. Oh gawd, don't, please don't. Oh gawd, why aren't you in here sticking your tester into my access points? Deep, deeper, oh gawd look at my display options. I'm interfacing, I'm interfacing, oh gawd...

COMPUTER EXPERT

I'm in. I'm in. Oh, gawd, I'm in.

Silk panties appear. His climax builds.

RUBY

Don't stop, don't stop, I'm color coded.

COMPUTER EXPERT

Yes...Yes...Yes...

RUBY

Go to floppy. No don't go to floppy! I'm locked on, you're locked on, wait for me, wait for me, you hermaphroditic conductor connector...

Just as he is about to orgasm she erupt into an almighty cock-a-doodle-doo. With his hands still behind his back he thrashes uncontrollably, almost painfully exploding as if shot, then collapses. Her hand appears, drags her clothing off stage. He takes a moment to recover, painfully staggers up. She enters, putting her top on. They address the Judge.

RUBY

Your Honour, research has come to light we were unaware of.

JEM

Your Honour, with the hindsight of personal experience, we have reconsidered our position.

RUBY

We submit there should be legislation to control Rooster-mania and the types of games we allow our children access to.

JEM

As long as it remains within the confines of imagination, we believe legislation would be inappropriate.

Lights fade.

RUBY

It is, after all, more than a game.

JEM

It is, after all, only a game.

Techno music builds to crescendo. They both exit dancing to the opposite direction to which they entered.

THE END