

ONE FLEW OVER THE CRICKEY-DICK!

by  
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LIGHTS UP:

Ambient cocktail music plays throughout.

The stage is set with a folding table rear center with a meager array of cookies and paper cups filled with soda set on top. A tag board sign hanging on the front of the table reads: "Welcome Obsessive Compulsives!"

Three metal chairs are set down center.

Enter JERRY, a very greasy looking man with an ill-fitting suit. His face is riddled with acne. He is a mouth breather. He stops by the table and tries to pick out a soda. Although they are all identical, he still can't decide on which one. He picks them up one by one, examining, smelling, then putting them down.

Enter MAUREEN, a nebbish woman wearing a mousey dress, white gloves and horn-rimmed glasses. Her face is an endless variety of twitches and tics. She also has a habit of touching and checking her nose. She goes to the cookie tray, takes a spray bottle and towel from her purse and begins wiping and disinfecting each cookie.

She finally selects a cookie. He finally selects a soda. He crosses to the cookies. She crosses to the soda. They meet at the middle of the table. They are overcome. It's geek love at first sight. Her face twitches nervously. He begins tapping on the table with his knuckle. They try to speak, but are both frozen with fear. They give up, pathetically.

JERRY

(Nervously.)

I...I have to, uhhh..

MAUREEN

(Just as nervously.)

Yeah...I...s-s-s-s-s...

She twitches more. He absently pulls at his penis.

JERRY

Get a cookie!

MAUREEN

Soda pop!

They stumble past each other, recovering. She takes a soda, wiping the rim with her wet wipe. He rummages through the cookies and settles on one. They wander nervously toward the chairs. She picks at her nose and sits. He selects a chair, then taps on the back of it twenty-eight times, mouthing the count as he taps. He sits.

MICK, The Crocodile Hunter, bursts on stage. He talks to the audience as if he's talking to the camera on his TV show.

MICK

Crikey-Dick! What a show we got for you today! It's a bit off the beaten path. Since my intense, on camera persona has gone a little bit 'round the bend as of late, my doctors have advised me to seek help. So rather than observe the behavior of the banded alligator or the limp-wristed wallaby, were going take a peek into the world of The Obsessive Compulsive! Come with me.

He tip-toes closer to Jerry and Maureen. He whispers to the audience.

MICK

What luck! We've stumbled on a pair right off. A male and female. Looks like they're about ready to start mating. I'll try to infuse myself into their group and see if I can't speed up the breeding process.

He tip-toes behind them, then...

MICK

G'day, folks!

Startled, Maureen spits out her soda. Jerry screeches and leaps to his feet, pulling nervously at his penis.

MICK

Mind if I join you're little self-help looney group here?

Maureen shakes her head. Jerry gestures to the empty chair. Mick sits. Jerry starts to sit, then taps the chair twenty-eight times. He sits.

MICK

Well...I reckon we should get going, eh?

They look at one another. Jerry shrugs.

JERRY

Okay, I'll, uh, I'll start, I guess.

He starts to stand, then taps his chair twenty-eight times.  
As he talks he tugs once in a while on his penis.

JERRY  
Hello, everyone, I'm Jerry.

MICK & MAUREEN  
Hello Jerry.

JERRY  
I'm an obsessive compulsive.

MICK  
Great.

JERRY  
I live my life in constant fear of  
the unknown. I wrap my refrigerator  
in hermetically sealed plastic  
every morning to avoid poisoning.

MICK  
Super.

JERRY  
I've developed a foil hat and suit  
that I wear to bed every night to  
keep alien radio waves from  
entering my brain.

MICK  
Great.

JERRY  
But my biggest problem is tapping.  
I tap incessantly. I used to tap  
ninety-six times on the nearest  
piece of furniture every time I got  
up or sat down.

MICK  
Crikey, why d'you do that?

JERRY  
(Solemnly.)  
Constant, unsubstantiated fear.

MICK  
Super Great.

JERRY  
It got me fired from every job I've  
ever had. It drives people crazy.  
Especially on my last job.

MICK

What'd you do there?

JERRY

I was a chair tester. I've gotten it down to about twenty-eight taps on a good day. So, I feel like I'm making progress. But tapping, overall, I'd say is my biggest problem.

Mick notices Jerry tugging at his penis.

MICK

(Pointing at Jerry's penis.)

Well that, and your one handed love affair with your Wee Willy Winkie, eh mate?

Startled, Jerry removes his hand and sits, tapping twenty-eight times before he does. Mick turns to Maureen.

MICK

All right, Sheila, how about you?

She looks around confused, then realizes he's talking to her. She gets up nervously. She speaks in a mousy voice.

MAUREEN

I just, I...

She smells her fingers nervously. She takes her spray bottle out and sprays her hands. She clears her throat, then sprays into her mouth.

MAUREEN

My name is Maureen.

MICK & JERRY

Hello Maureen.

MAUREEN

I'm an obsessive compulsive. I have a really...I just...I

She gestures clumsily.

MAUREEN

Germs. I just...I really, really have a thing about germs. I live in constant mortal terror of germs.

MICK  
Great, really great.

MAUREEN  
I wash my hands every twelve  
minutes like clockwork...

MICK  
Great.

MAUREEN  
...with a stiff nylon scrub  
brush...

MICK  
Super.

MAUREEN  
...that I throw away after every  
use to ensure proper bristle  
stiffness.

MICK  
Super kooky.

MAUREEN  
I wash my hair three times a day  
with Janitor In A Drum Industrial  
Strength Cleaner, and sterilize my  
silverware with boric acid. And  
even with all these precautions, I  
still have a deep, paralyzing fear  
that certain, prehistoric germs are  
crawling on my body while I sleep  
and slithering up into my womb.

MICK  
(Enthusiastically.)  
Fruitcake city!

Maureen sits.

MICK  
Okie-doke. My turn, eh?

He stands.

MICK  
G'Day all. My name's Mick.

MAUREEN & JERRY  
Hello Mick.

MICK  
I'm a crocodile hunter.

He pauses a moment, then sits.

MAUREEN  
Is...is that it?

MICK  
Pardon?

MAUREEN  
I mean, what's your obsession or  
compulsion? That's why we meet here  
every Thursday, we--

Jerry has opened his mouth wide to bite his cookie. Suddenly, Mick jumps on Jerry's back and wrestles him to the ground like a crocodile, even keeping his hands around Jerry's jaws. Maureen jumps up and screams.

MICK  
(To the invisible camera.)  
Crikey, look at the jaws of that  
big galoot, will you?! If I let  
loose one ounce of pressure that  
snapper could easily rear back and  
nip off my left testicle before you  
could say Wooley Maloo!

Maureen starts spraying Mick with her disinfectant.

MAUREEN  
Stop it! What are you doing?! Get  
off of him!

Mick comes to his senses and lets Jerry go. Jerry collapses to the floor. Mick sits calmly in his chair. Jerry crawls to his, gasping for breath and tapping twenty-eight times before he sits.

MICK  
Sorry mate. That's my wee little  
compulsion, I reckon. Whenever I  
see a mouth gaping wide open like  
his was, I immediately go into  
crook hunting mode. I developed it  
after wrestling a whole herd of  
giant blue nosed crocks down near  
Tipperary. The biggest one nearly  
nipped off my right testicle.

There is silence as Jerry composes himself and Maureen looks nervously at Mick.

MICK

Well, time for a little self-help,  
eh?

JERRY

Well...I suppose...that's what  
we're here for.

MAUREEN

Yes...yes, I suppose.

MICK

Let's start with some straight  
ahead will power. Let's see if we  
can overcome our obsessions and  
compulsions out in the real world.  
Kooky Jerry, you stop tapping like  
a banshee and man-handling your Mr.  
Johnson. And Nutbag Maureen, you  
get it through your thick skull  
there ain't no dinosaur germs  
having a whoop-dee-doo in your  
kootch. And I'll stop wrestling  
every Bruce and Sheila that opens  
her trap on the street. We'll meet  
back here same time next week. What  
do you say?

Jerry and Maureen look at one another a moment, then smile in  
agreement.

MICK & JERRY

Okay!

The lights go out, then quickly come back on. The scene is  
the same except Jerry is standing behind his chair.

MICK

So, how'd we do?

MAUREEN

Well, I went to bed last night  
without putting a chemical peel on  
my body. And this morning I used  
...regular shampoo.

MICK

Great! Super great!

When no one is watching she pulls out her spray bottle and  
starts dousing her hair.

JERRY

And I, uh, I went two whole days  
without tapping at all. I think I  
licked it.

MICK

Super duper great!

JERRY

(Nervously.)

Yeah...

Jerry points off stage.

JERRY

Oh, look, is that Tony Randall?

Mick and Maureen turn away from Jerry to look.

MAUREEN

Oooh, where is he? I love him!

JERRY

He'll always be Felix Unger to me.

While they are turned Jerry taps quickly on the chair, twenty-eight times, then sits. Mick and Maureen turn back.

JERRY

Nope. Sorry, my mistake.

MAUREEN

(To Mick.)

How did you do?

MICK

I'll tell ya'. Three days back I'm  
strolling down Rodeo Drive in  
Beverly Hills when who should step  
out of Prada and into my path, but  
Julia Roberts.

MAUREEN

Goll-ee!

MICK

The Pretty Woman herself. Well,  
this being the hay fever season,  
Ms. Roberts snorts back a gob of  
goldenrod into those two hideously  
enormous nostrils of hers.

JERRY

Wow!

MICK

She rears back her head for a sneeze, opening up that cavernous hole she calls a mouth. It looked to be about fifty inches from side to side, top to bottom. And I swear, when I peered into that gaping crevasse...

MAUREEN

Yes?

MICK

I saw multiple rows of horse-like teeth...a freakish cross between Mr. Ed and a great white shark.

JERRY

I knew it!

MAUREEN

And you didn't wrestle her to the ground?

MICK

Of course I did! What choice did I have? She almost nipped off Alec Baldwin's testicles. I did not, however, rope her jaws shut or drag her by the tail into the back of my truck, so I looked at it as progress.

JERRY

Things are getting better every day.

MICK

There is one thing missing, however.

MAUREEN

What's that?

There is a pause as Mick looks at Maureen, then at Jerry.

MICK

Love.

Maureen twitches. Jerry touches himself.

MICK

Let's try another exercise, eh?

He goes to Maureen, helps her up and stands her center. He goes to Jerry and helps him up, standing him to face Maureen. Jerry holds on to his chair and taps on it as he is led over.

MICK

Now, I want you to look deep into one another's eyes.

They do.

MICK

Good. Now Jerry, you ever have a girlfriend?

JERRY

No...Mother forbid it.

MICK

Of course she did. Maureen? Any men in your life?

She begins her facial tics.

MAUREEN

Not much luck there, I'm afraid. I'm unable to have an or...orrr...

The facial twitching gets more intense.

MAUREEN

Orrrrrgasm!

JERRY

Oh, I'm so sorry.

MAUREEN

Well, you know...spastic labia.

MICK

Jerry, I want you to tell Maureen something you've never told anyone.

JERRY

I have warts inside my body.

MICK

Maureen?

MAUREEN

I drink Pine-Sol.

MICK

It's in the stars my little love-birds.

(MORE)

MICK (cont'd)

It's time you two freaks of nature realized you were meant to be. Now, do us a favor, make the world nauseous and kiss each other.

Jerry and Maureen move in slowly for a kiss. They are nervous. They stop and start. Twitter and twitch. As their lips are about to meet she sprays into Jerry's mouth with her disinfectant. He perks up.

JERRY

Oh baby.

MAUREEN

Give me some of that hot Lysol.

They kiss passionately, groping each other awkwardly. They reach into each others clothes. Jerry tugs at his penis. Maureen tugs at it, too. They fumble like this as Mick hops in front to address the audience.

MICK

There you have it, folks. The mating habits of the North American Obsessive Compulsive. Soon, after a freakishly short gestation period, the female will give birth to another mentally addled mutant, weakening the human chain of life one link at a time. Until next week, keep the shrimp on the barbie, waltzing Matilda, Bob's your uncle and all the rest of that Aussie crap! G'Day, mates!

Mick exits as Jerry and Maureen continue to go at it.

LIGHTS OUT

THE END