

PAPERMAN PATRICK.

By

Max Kyte

5 The Uplands
Kenton, Newcastle Upon Tyne
Tyne & Wear, NE34LH
07506248240
maxkyte16@gmail.com
Paperman Patrick © Max Kyte, 01/07/2019

Cast of characters.**Patrick.****The Playwright.****Anna.****Mr. Whittaker.****Tommy.****Father.****Note on text:**

Both the Playwright; and Father never appear on stage and are only heard. Father, Mr. Whittaker, and Tommy can all be performed by the same actor.

ACT ONE. SCENE 1.

A SPOTLIGHT APPEARS CENTRE STAGE AND LYING UNDERNEATH IT, CURLED UP INTO A BALL IS **PATRICK**, 17, SKINNY. AS HE WAKES, HE UNRAVELS AND SLOWLY LOOKS AROUND HIM. HE HAS NO IDEA WHERE HE IS BUT REMAINS CALM. HE LOOKS UP AT THE LIGHT ABOVE HIM AND THEN STANDS UP.

PATRICK: Hello? Anybody there? Mum? (HE WALKS OUT OF THE SPOTLIGHT) Mum? Chris? (FINDING NOTHING HE WALKS BACK INTO THE SPOTLIGHT AND SCRATCHES HIS HEAD)

PLAYWRIGHT: Patrick darling!

PATRICK: What? Who's that?

PLAYWRIGHT: Patrick, lovey I'm so thrilled you're here! Are you well? How did you sleep?

PATRICK: I don't know. I think so... where am I? Who are you?

PLAYWRIGHT: Silly boy we've no time for that. Look at you! You're filthy.

PATRICK LOOKS AT HIMSELF. HE SEEMS PERFECTLY HAPPY WITH HOW HE LOOKS.

I'll have to re-imagine your clothing later, but first I'd like you to introduce yourself to the audience!

PATRICK: You mean them? (HE POINTS RATHER RUDELY TO THE AUDIENCE)

PLAYWRIGHT: Manners Patrick. Introduce yourself.

PATRICK TURNS TO THE AUDIENCE AS IF HE'S SNAPPED INTO A TRANCE.

PATRICK: Patrick. 17. Lives at home with his parents. He's a lanky, greasy haired teen, with a *peculiar* fashion sense, especially because his mother buys his jeans. Currently he studies A-Level English and film studies. Patrick enjoys writing in his abnormally large free time, but most importantly Patrick is...

A SNARE DRUM SOUND IS HEARD TO 'BUILD TENSION'.

Single!

HE SNAPS OUT OF THE TRANCE.

PATRICK: Hey, that's personal! And I don't have greasy hair. (HE RUNS HIS FINGERS THROUGH HIS HAIR TO CHECK. HE SIGHS.)

PLAYWRIGHT: But Patrick, they need to know all of this to build *sympathy* for you.

PATRICK: Sympathy?

PLAYWRIGHT: Now, let's check you're working properly. Arms up.

PATRICK'S ARMS FLY UP INSTANTLY.

There you are. Down!

THEY CRASH DOWN.

Walk backwards.

PATRICK WALKS BACKWARDS OUT OF THE SPOTLIGHT.

Oops. Forwards.

PATRICK WALKS BACK INTO THE SPOTLIGHT. PATRICK IS CONFUSED.

PATRICK: What's happening?

PLAYWRIGHT: I'm making sure you work. Now sing!

THE CHORUS OF 'I WILL ALWAYS LOVE YOU' BY WHITNEY HOUSTEN PLAYS. PATRICK MIMES ALONG PASSIONATELY. EVENTUALLY THE MUSIC SUBSIDES.

Good! Now dance.

'DON'T STOP ME NOW' BY QUEEN PLAYS. PATRICK DANCES.

PATRICK: Oh my god, I'm a robot!

PLAYWRIGHT: Stop!

THE MUSIC CUTS OUT INSTANTLY.

A robot? Course you're not a robot, stupid.

PATRICK: Then what am I?

PLAYWRIGHT: I just said. Well, you just said it technically. You're a teenager.

PATRICK: Who are you?

PLAYWRIGHT: I'm God.

PATRICK: Really?

PLAYWRIGHT: Well, sort of.

PATRICK: Then am I in Heaven?

PLAYWRIGHT: No, can't you tell where you are? It's obvious. You're on a stage.

PATRICK: A Stage?

PLAYWRIGHT: Mhmm.

PATRICK: Like a pantomime?!

PLAYWRIGHT: Exactly.

PATRICK POINTS UNWILLINGLY TO THE AUDIENCE.

And they're your audience!

THE SOUNDS OF APPLAUDING AND GENERAL CELEBRATION IS HEARD, ONLY TO BE CUT OFF BY PATRICK.

PATRICK: Enough. (HE WALKS OUT OF THE SPOTLIGHT)

PLAYWRIGHT: Patrick, where are you going? Come back and play right now young man.

NOTHING.

You can't leave Patrick.

THE PLAYWRIGHT CLICKS HIS FINGERS AND THE SOUND OF A 'REWIND' OCCURS AS PATRICK WALKS BACKWARDS BACK INTO THE SPOTLIGHT, WHEN HE DOES A CLICK IS HEARD AGAIN, STOPPING EVERYTHING.

PLAYWRIGHT: The whole point of all this is to play with me and entertain the audience, okay?

PATRICK: You can't keep me here, it's against my human rights!

PLAYWRIGHT: Honey, I think you'll find I can do whatever I want with you, but you can't keep fucking off whenever you choose.

PATRICK: Then tell me who you are, and what I'm *really* doing here.

PLAYWRIGHT: (PAUSE) Fine. Call me The Playwright. I'm the sole reason you're on that stage.

PATRICK: The playwright? What so you write plays, and characters and... shit.

PLAYWRIGHT: I wrote you. And I certainly don't write shit, thank you very much. I mean there was once this political drama exploring themes of faith, but that was for my exam.

PATRICK: So, you're saying I'm just a character?

PLAYWRIGHT: Yes, you're a character. My character.

PAUSE. PATRICK DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK.

Could be worse. You could've been written by George R. R. Martin. He kills half his fucking characters before the second chapter.

PATRICK: Surely if I'm a character, well, I'm just an actor, aren't I?

PLAYWRIGHT: Nope. You're Patrick. Named after your father, well, your father's middle name to be precise. You see, I do care. I wrote you a backstory. I'm good like that.

PATRICK: So, I'm not real?

PLAYWRIGHT: Well, technically no.

PATRICK: I'm a nobody?

PLAYWRIGHT: Of course not-

PATRICK: But I'm not real!

PLAYWRIGHT: Neither is Batman, Doctor Who, or the Easter bunny, but they're still important. Iron Man has more twitter followers than Trump for fuck sake. (PAUSE) Bad example. What I'm trying to say is they entertain the masses, and that's just what we're gonna do with you tonight. Plus, I have the ability to make you whoever I want.

PATRICK: You can turn me into anyone?

PLAYWRIGHT: Anyone! For example, I could make you a Shakespearian hero. (HE SNAPS HIS FINGERS)

PATRICK BECOMES HAMLET.

PATRICK: To be, or not to be, that is the question: Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

PLAYWRIGHT: Or how about hyper-intelligent mathematician. (HE SNAPS HIS FINGERS AGAIN)

PATRICK: Pie to nine decimal places is 3.141592653.

PLAYWRIGHT: Or even a famous singer. (HE SNAPS HIS FINGERS)

'WONDERWALL' BY OASIS PLAYS AND
PATRICK BECOMES LIAM GHALLAGHER.

PLAYWRIGHT: You see, anyone!

PATRICK: (*Excited.*) That's cool but I just have one question. Where are you?

PLAYWRIGHT: Well... in my office, obviously.

PATRICK: (*Impressed.*) An office? Wow, have you written anything good?

PLAYWRIGHT: Well, I've won an award or two.

PATRICK: Cool, and you're writing everything I do and say on a piece of paper?

PLAYWRIGHT: Yup. I can make you do anything. See-

PATRICK SLAPS HIMSELF UNCONTROLLABLY.

PATRICK: Ouch!

PLAYWRIGHT: Sorry. Have a lolly.

PATRICK REACHES INTO HIS POCKET AND PULLS OUT A LOLLY.

PATRICK: Wow, thanks! (HE LICKS IT)

PLAYWRIGHT: Anyway, we don't have time for all this

PATRICK UNCONTROLLABLY THROWS THE LOLLY ACROSS THE STAGE. HE IS BRIEFLY SADDENED BY THIS.

We need to put on a show for the audience.

PATRICK: Cool, who am I gonna be? James Bond? Legolas? Ryan Reynolds?

PLAYWRIGHT: You'll see. Lights!

STAGE LIGHTS FRANTICALLY TURN OFF AND ON. SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS CUT OUT.

PATRICK: Ooh, snazzy!

PLAYWRIGHT: Ladies and gentlemen. Put your hands together for this evening's show, performed live by the insanely talented, awe inspiring, the sexiest teen heart-throb of our generation...

DRUM ROLL.

Patrick!

A WASH COVERS THE STAGE. THERE IS A TABLE WITH TWO CHAIRS UPSTAGE. IN THE CENTRE, PATRICK, STANDING CLUELESS. AN AWKWARD MOMENT OF SILENCE.

PATRICK: I thought you could make me James Bond?

PLAYWRIGHT: Well, not exactly, do you know what the penalty is for copyright infringement? We're talking millions.

PATRICK: 'Sexiest teen heart-throb of our generation'?

PLAYWRIGHT: Poetic licence, darling. Just do your thang.

PATRICK: Erm... okay. (HE GOES TO SPEAK BUT DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY)

A CRICKET SOUND EFFECT PLAYS.

Mr. Writer. What do I do?

PLAYWRIGHT: Entertain them, stupid.

PATRICK: How do I do that?

PLAYWRIGHT: Well, though you can't quite be whatever you want, you can certainly do whatever you want.

PATRICK: Okay?

PLAYWRIGHT: For example, how about we take your horrible English teacher Mr. Whittaker...

MR. WHITTAKER APPEARS ONTO THE STAGE HOLDING A PIECE OF PAPER AND A RED APPLE.

MR. WHITTAKER: You really don't get it, do you? Writing a story about a boy who gets the powers of a God isn't original, Patrick! (HE RIPS THE PAPER TO SHREDS) I may seem elderly to you, but I have seen Bruce Almighty. F.

PLAYWRIGHT: And we can turn him into less of a...

PATRICK: Prick?

PLAYWRIGHT: Yes, less of a prick. (HE SNAPS HIS FINGERS)

MR. WHITTAKER BECOMES A DELICATE FLOWER. HE THROWS THE APPLE AWAY.

MR. WHITTAKER: F. For fabulous. It's poetry, perfection, deeply moving. Much more original than the other posers in your class. Your parents must be miracle workers to bring up such a talent... you should go on Britain's Got Talent!

PATRICK: My dad passed away when I was four.

MR. WHITTAKER: A sob story as well! You're destined for fame.

THE PLAYWRIGHT SNAPS HIS FINGERS. MR. WHITTAKER EXITS.

PLAYWRIGHT: We could also do something about the kid in your film class, Tommy Puncheon.

TOMMY APPEARS WITH A SMALL GLASS OF WATER IN HIS HANDS.

TOMMY: Oi, Pat, D'you know what waterboardin' is? It's how Bin Lagging tortured shits like you with just water so stop acting like such a dick aight?

PLAYWRIGHT: Now, watch this. (HE SNAPS.)

TOMMY POURS THE WATER OVER HIMSELF AND BEGINS CHANTING.

TOMMY: I'm a prick, and pricks need water. Prick. Prick. Prick. Prick. Prick. Prick. A prick is what. I. Am!

A SNAP. TOMMY LEAVES.

PLAYWRIGHT: We can do anything, Patrick.

PATRICK: Since we're on a stage, shouldn't we do a play?

PLAYWRIGHT: Great! What type of play do you want to be in?

PATRICK SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS.

How about a love story?

THE LIGHTS TURN PINK AS 'CARELESS WHISPERS' PLAYS. PATRICK LOOKS AROUND AWKWARDLY. EVENTUALLY THE LIGHTS AND MUSIC STOP.

PLAYWRIGHT: Or how about... a horror?

PATRICK: Wait no.

THE LIGHTS FADE TO NEATLY PITCH BLACK AS THE THEME FROM 'PSYCHO' PLAYS.

AFTER A MOMENT THE LIGHTING SNAPS
BACK TO HOW IT WAS BEFORE.

Please don't put me in a horror.

PLAYWRIGHT: Romance it is!

ANNA, 17, SMART, BEAUTIFUL AND PETITE
ENTERS. PATRICK CLEARLY FANCIES HER.

PLAYWRIGHT: This is your love interest, Alice.

PATRICK: But she looks just like Anna from my school?

PLAYWRIGHT: I wrote you, remember, I know who you fancy.

ANNA WALKS OVER TO PATRICK. HE'S
NERVOUS.

PATRICK: Hello. I'm Patrick. (HE AWKWARDLY SHAKES HER
HAND)

ANNA: Hey.

PLAYWRIGHT: Wait! Alice doesn't sound right. Let's start
again.

A REWIND SOUND EFFECTS PLAYS AS
ANNA WALKS BACKWARDS TO HER
ENTRANCE POINT AS IF SHE WERE BEING
REWOUND. PATRICK REMAINS IN HIS
PLACE. PUZZLED.

This is your love interest, Amanda.

ANNA WALKS OVER TO PATRICK.

PATRICK: Hey, I'm Patrick, if you remember?

ANNA: Hey, I like your-

PLAYWRIGHT: Actually! My mistake Amanda doesn't sound quite
right either, from the top.

PATRICK: Oh, come on!

THE REWIND SOUND EFFECT PLAYS AND
ANNA RETURNS BACK TO HER ENTRANCE
PLACE. PATRICK IS ANNOYED.

PLAYWRIGHT: This is your love interest, Anna. It was always Anna.

SHE WALKS OVER TO PATRICK.

PATRICK: Hi.

ANNA: Hey.

PLAYWRIGHT: Great. Now that's settled, let's move you young lovers to the table.

PATRICK: I think it's a bit early to say I'm in love, isn't it?

PLAYWRIGHT: Not anymore.

A SERGE OF ENERGY PULSATES THROUGH PATRICK. HE LOVES ANNA. HE TAKES HER TO THE TABLE RATHER FLUENTLY THEN SITS IN THE CHAIR OPPOSITE HER.

PATRICK: *(To Anna)* So... what do you do?

ANNA SNAPS INTO A TRANCE

ANNA: Anna. 17. Is in your English literature class. She's beautiful, funny and much, much smarter than you. You think nobody knows you love her, but to anybody other than you it's obvious.

PATRICK: Playwright, couldn't we have met in Paris, or on a beach somewhere? Why a boring old classroom?

PLAYWRIGHT: Hush. This is a realistic play. Now say something to her.

PATRICK IS NERVOUS.

PATRICK: Hello.

ANNA: Hiya.

PAUSE. PATRICK DOESN'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY ALTHOUGH ANNA IS EAGER TO RESPOND TO HIM.

PLAYWRIGHT: Come on.

PATRICK: I don't know what to say.

PLAYWRIGHT: Compliment her.

PATRICK: I don't know how?!

PLAYWRIGHT: Be sexy!

PATRICK: Sexy?

PLAYWRIGHT: Seductive!

PATRICK: Seductive?

PLAYWRIGHT: Right, play B.

A CLICK. PATRICK IS SPEAKING FRENCH
UNCONTROLLABLY.

PATRICK: Madame vos yeux sont comme le fromage des
lunes.

ANNA: Sorry what?

PLAYWRIGHT: Ah shit.

A SNAP. PATRICK RETURNS TO SPEAKING
ENGLISH.

PATRICK: What the fuck was that?

PLAYWRIGHT: Sorry, I'm not great at flirting with girls
either.

PATRICK: So, what do we do?

PLAYWRIGHT: I don't know. This is your character arc, work
it out yourself.

PATRICK: But I can't!

PLAYWRIGHT: You'll be fab, just say something.

PATRICK TAKES A MOMENT.

PATRICK: You look really, really, really... gorgeous.

ANNA: Thank you.

PATRICK: And cute. Very cute.

ANNA: Thanks. You're really sort of cute as well.

PATRICK: Really? I didn't even realise you noticed me.

ANNA: How couldn't I? We sit next to each other in English, silly.

PATRICK: Oh, really? (HE LOOKS UP AS IF TO LOOK AT THE PLAYWRIGHT) Nobody told me that. (PATRICK SMILES)

ANNA SMILES BACK.

PLAYWRIGHT: Say she's wearing a nice dress!

PATRICK: Can't you give us some privacy?!

PLAYWRIGHT: As it happens, no.

PATRICK: Well your last piece of 'help' didn't go well, did it?

PLAYWRIGHT: Don't get cheeky Patrick. It's because of me you're on this date. I could always turn her into a notorious killer!

PATRICK: No!

ANNA STANDS UP SHARPLY AND RETRIEVES A KNIFE FROM UNDER THE TABLE. AS SHE DOES SO THE 'PSYCHO' THEME PLAYS AGAIN. PATRICK SHRIEKS SIMILARLY LIKE MARION CRANE. SHE LUNGES TOWARDS PATRICK, WHO QUICKLY JUMPS OUT THE WAY. THE LIGHTS GO OFF, BUT A STRUGGLE IS STILL HEARD AS THE MUSIC PLAYS. A SPOTLIGHT APPEARS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STAGE. EVENTUALLY, PATRICK CRAWLS INTO THE LIGHT. ANNA SHORTLY FOLLOWS AND STANDS OVER HIM. SHE IS ABOUT TO STAB HIM BUT STOPS MID-WAY THROUGH THE ACTION, AS DOES THE MUSIC. SHE STEPS OUTSIDE THE SPOTLIGHT.

PLAYWRIGHT: Or better yet, I could make *you* the killer!

THE STAGE BECOMES FULLY LIT AND THE PSYCHO MUSIC RINGS OUT AGAIN. ANNA IS LYING DEAD ON THE FLOOR NEXT TO PATRICK.

PATRICK: Oh my god! What have I done? Anna?

THE MUSIC STOPS.

PLAYWRIGHT: See it's not nice is it!

PATRICK: Can we move on now please? I'm sick of all this.

PLAYWRIGHT: Well sorry. I was just trying to make this interesting for the audience.

ANNA GETS UP AND GOES OVER TO THE TABLE AND SITS BACK DOWN.

ANNA: Sit next to me, Pat.

PATRICK LOOKS UP SUSPICIOUSLY.

PLAYWRIGHT: Well go on. Finish your date.

PATRICK CAUTIOUSLY MAKES HIS WAY BACK TO THE TABLE. HE SITS. HE TURNS TO ANNA.

PATRICK: *(To Anna)* So, do you remember how you got here?

ANNA: I do.

PLAYWRIGHT: You really shouldn't shout at me, you know! Remember, I am the reason you're here.

PATRICK: Please just give us privacy.

PLAYWRIGHT: How can I? Especially when I can make you do whatever I want, like this.

PATRICK SLAPS HIMSELF WITH BOTH HANDS BEFORE DOING THE MACARENA.

PATRICK: Stop-

PLAYWRIGHT: I can take the lead role off you.

THE LIGHTS CUT OUT.

PLAYWRIGHT: And give it to somebody else.

A SPOTLIGHT APPEARS ON ANNA, AND ONLY ANNA. SHE'S A NATURAL IN THE LIGHT.

And whilst I do that, I can still make a fool out of you.

PATRICK: Paper Patrick picked a peck of pickled peppers.

PATRICK SLAPS HIMSELF AGAIN AND HITS HIS HEAD OFF THE TABLE IN TIME WITH THE TONGUE TWISTERS RHYTHM.

Stop it.

PLAYWRIGHT: Why? It's fun. Everyone says it's fun.

ANNA: This is very fun.

PLAYWRIGHT: Look I can even make her do it.

ANNA: Paper Patrick picked a peck of pickled peppers. A peck of pickled peppers Paper Patrick picked. If Paper Patrick picked a peck of pickled peppers, where's the peck of pickled peppers Paper Patrick picked?

THE PLAYWRIGHT APPLAUDS.

PLAYWRIGHT: Well done, Anna, she's so much better than you. See why would she love you? Look, I can even make her do this.

ANNA MARCHES OVER TO HIM AND SLAPS HIM.

Oh, dramatic, just like EastEnders!

ANNA: You ruin everything, Patrick! You're nothing but a scared little kid. (SHE MARCHES OFF)

PATRICK IS FURIOUS.

PATRICK: (*Shouting.*) Stop it now!

SILENCE.

I don't want to be controlled and bullied by you.

PLAYWRIGHT: Bullied? I'm just trying to have fun Patrick, that's your purpose! You were created to keep me happy, and that's it. You've failed to do so.

PATRICK IS CONCERNED.

PATRICK: What? -

PLAYWRIGHT: I'm bored of you now. And if I can create you and give you everything you wanted with a snap of my fingers. I can erase you just as easily. (HE SNAPS HIS FINGERS)

THE LIGHTS CUT TO BLACK, EXCEPT FOR THE ORIGINAL SPOTLIGHT, CENTRE. PATRICK RUNS INTO IT DESPERATELY.

PATRICK: What are you doing?

PLAYWRIGHT: If you don't care about me, then I can get rid of you.

PATRICK: What do you mean?

PATRICK FEELS ILL AND FALLS TO THE FLOOR.

PLAYWRIGHT: I can take you out of my play, easily. Cake.

PATRICK: Okay, I'm sorry.

PLAYWRIGHT: I don't want your pathetic apology. I want a better friend.

THE SPOTLIGHT SLOWLY BEGINS TO FADE TO BLACK.

Goodbye, Patrick.

A LOUD KNOCKING SOUND.

FATHER: Patrick!

THE SPOTLIGHT FADES BACK IN VERY SLIGHTLY AS IF PATRICK WERE CLINGING ONTO LIFE. THE SOUND OF A DOOR OPENING.

Patrick, come downstairs. I told you to do the dishes an hour ago.

PLAYWRIGHT: I know Chris, I'm just finishing-

FATHER: Don't call me Chris, have some respect. What's this your writing. 'Paperman Patrick' an

original comedy by Patrick Lane. What's this crap?

PLAYWRIGHT: It's for my English coursework.

FATHER: I don't know why you bother after the F in your mocks. Writing isn't for you. Now do the washing, please.

PLAYWRIGHT: Yes... dad.

FATHER: If you want that boy at school to quit picking on you, you need to start acting less like a loner and more like a normal teenager. Downstairs in five minutes, right?

THE PLAYWRIGHT SIGHS.

PLAYWRIGHT: Alright.

FATHER: And tidy your room, Patrick, it's disgusting!

A DOOR SLAMMING IS HEARD. SILENCE.

PATRICK: Patrick? Patrick! I'm you.

PLAYWRIGHT: Good for you, you're a person now.

PATRICK: You wrote about yourself?

PLAYWRIGHT: So, everyone does in some way or another.

PATRICK: A super boy with god like powers? This entire play is about you?

PLAYWRIGHT: Hardly. You can be with Anna and be more popular than all the bullies combined.

PATRICK: Then why did you create me?

PLAYWRIGHT: Because you're a voice that is heard, unlike a fat kid typing from his bedroom. You're more real than me, don't you see? Maybe one day this play will be performed in front of a sell-out crowd who will have paid to see you, and if they watch you speak and perform, they'll also hear me. (PAUSE) Anyway that's a long time away. I need to do the dishes. Goodnight Patrick. (HE IS HEARD GETTING UP FROM HIS CHAIR)

PATRICK: Wait!

PLAYWRIGHT: (PAUSE) What?

PATRICK: You need me as much as I need you. So, when you get back how about we put on a murder mystery together?

PLAYWRIGHT: A murder mystery?

PATRICK: Or a romance, or a horror. Who knows who you might one day inspire?

PLAYWRIGHT: You'd be in a horror for me?

PATRICK: Yeah, if you don't kill me off. So how about it? (PAUSE) Patrick?

PLAYWRIGHT: I'll be back shortly. Don't do anything till I get back!

PATRICK: Well, I can't. Not unless you've written that I do. I guess the stage will just fade to black until you get back?

PLAYWRIGHT: Probably, but I'll be quick. (HE IS HEARD LEAVING HIS ROOM)

PATRICK WAITS AND TURNS TO THE AUDIENCE.

PATRICK: Do you know what the greatest thing is? If you're reading or watching this now, it means he did it. His voice is heard. (HE SMILES) I'll be back in a tick.

THE LIGHTS FADE TO BLACK.

END OF PLAY.