

# THE MANBODY

Elliot Dodd 2017 Script

## Scene 1

Do you know what I feel when I think about you? I feel my flesh rotting back into my blood. I feel sore with inflammation pressing against my entrails. The shadows cast by the prophesying liver scar me and make me reek with sweat.

But have you bothered to try and work it out? Take yourself. Just your body, head, isthmus, trunk. Management designed it like that to separate the gizmo from the tuber. The head is boss and moves in the air, propelled about on legs.

I can't just sit here. I get fidgety. My gizmo is all out of sorts.

Maybe you just need to relax

I told you, I can't relax. I'm fidgety. I feel uncoupled. It must be a kind of froth; one of the biles, or phlegms. Maybe I'm dissolving too quickly?

I wouldn't worry about it. It's probably just the rivets. They've worked a bit loose. It happened to the first man out of the lab. He couldn't handle it. This was primal sensation, the first feelings. Soon after it was pleasure and pain, fear and anger and if you could deal with all that, a one-way ticket back to your star.

## Scene 2

It's all so tidy for you isn't it? "a one-way ticket back to your star". I'm a failed man. A woman. If I don't sort myself out I'll come back as a horse or a goat. At least now my eye can melt into a tear. What if I were a squirrel? Day after day obsessing about nuts?

Keeps the marrow healthy.

Health? What do you know about health? It's all about balance: maintaining proportion between gizmo and tuber. That and a proper diet. If you look after yourself then you look after society and everyone is happy.

### Scene 3

I'm scared. Time is a creature. I hear it moving about me. I can feel it sniffing at my innards. Lapping at the blood flooding with decomposing flesh. My hole chokes on unwanted froth. I feel my eye skin peel back. A scalpel of sharp, fast, stabbings, like the teeth of a million tiny piranhas, it wants me to see it.

It's perfectly normal. There's nothing to be frightened of. You forget about the clarity of space. You can trust in it. You can't trust phlegm. Peeling eyeballs? Come on, get a grip. It's all solid and dependable. Why focus on all that murk.

Stop! don't talk to me. I need to think. Inside me the sex creature. An agent of the marrow's seed that wants sexual love with the self-willed organ. I feel my insides reversed. And everywhere, the other creature.

Look, it's true there's some weird shit around. But, let's face it the Fabricator is a good guy. And the management team, well they organised all the materials to be the same throughout.

### Scene 4

And when the man body is new it is made of fresh triangles and fed on milk. And the Fabricator in his magnificence housed the marrow in flesh.

And, get this; when young flesh putrefies it bubbles and froths and old flesh turns black. I mean, you've got to hand it to him – he's thought of everything.

Too much flesh on the head would restrict perception. To keep the brain seed warm he allowed fire to perforate the loose-fitting film and out sprouted fine strands of mixture to form a warming web.

If only he knew of the sucking trough of saline phlegm that slops within him.