

THE FOX

By Tim Kenny

EXCERPT

Evening. A deserted beach. The sun is setting so stage colours are soft reds and yellows. The stage will slowly darken throughout the play, the stage being increasingly lit by bright moonlight

(FX: Gentle sounds of waves and occasional mewing of sea gulls.)

There is a small slope or upturned boat downstage representing a stony beach. An elderly man is sitting leaning against the slope/boat. He is wearing a blue sports shirt with yellow mustard tie, long baggy shorts, two pairs of non-matching socks, carpet slippers and sports a pair of old-fashioned driving gauntlets. Next to him are a golf stick and a haversack. He is idly throwing 'stones' into the sea.

(A young POLICEMAN/WOMAN enters upstage and looks around, spots the OLD MAN and walks towards him. The POLICEMAN is carrying a lit torch and wears a yellow fluorescent tabard over his uniform.)

POLICEMAN: Mr. Griffith? Mr. Griffith-Rhys?

(The OLD MAN does not look up. The POLICEMAN touches his arm)

Mr. Griffith-Rhys?

OLD MAN: *(Slowly in Welsh accent)* I'm glad you added that – the 'Rhys' part. I don't answer to just 'Griffith'.

POLICEMAN: We've been very worried.

OLD MAN: Have you? *(Looking up)* Full moon later tonight.

POLICEMAN: *(Looking up)* Yes.....

OLD MAN: They'll be here, you see. Full moon.

POLICEMAN: We've been looking for you everywhere. I just happened to be walking along the beach when I saw you. *(Pause)* You'll get cold dressed like that.

OLD MAN: Checking to see if some old guy had walked into the sunset you mean. Topped himself? That would make a lot of people happy I can tell you. And who's this 'we'? Don't tell me! The Home? That God-forsaken place. Giving you ideas are they?

POLICEMAN: No, I, I.....

OLD MAN: I said to them, 'I'm going out'. I've seen the dolphins. Through my window. Out there.

(Stretches arm towards the sea)

I am going out to see the foxes and....*(Voice fades)* yes, the foxes....