

The play takes place a number of decades into the future, and costumes should reflect this. The stage is dominated by a large cage, above which hangs a notice 'Do Not Feed The Man'. There is a small hoarding, stage right, with printed information on the species Homo Sapien (Male).

Inside the cage there is a chair, a small sofa, a chest of drawers and a wardrobe. An exercise-bike stands in one corner and a large laundry basket.

The lights rise on Adam who is sitting astride the chair. Opposite him on the sofa sits a life-sized female inflatable doll. Adam is arguing with 'her'.

Adam It's my money. I've earned it. And if I say we're going to Ibiza, then Ibiza it is. (HE PAUSES TO OBSERVE THE DOLL) Oh, for God's sake, Samantha, don't sulk. I hate it when you sulk. (AS IF LISTENING IMPATIENTLY TO HER REPLY) Yes, yes, yes, I know we need a new sofa. Yes, yes. Your sister's got a three piece suite . . . Yes, yes, latest model. . . yes, leather. (LOSING HIS TEMPER) Look, I'm not made of money. If you want a three piece leather suite go out and buy one yourself!

(PAUSE) Aha. That shut you up, didn't it? That put a zip on your lip. (PUFFS HIMSELF UP) I'm the one who wears the trousers in this household. I'm the one who brings home the bacon. In fact. I'm . . . (TRIUMPHANT PAUSE) . . . God.

Keeper THE KEEPER ENTERS THE AUDITORIUM VIA THE AUDIENCE, UNNOTICED BY ADAM WHOSE FOCUS IS 'SAMANTHA'. THE KEEPER IS DRESSED IN OVERALLS AND CARRIES A BUCKET. SHE STOPS SUDDENLY) How many times do I have to tell you, Adam? No doll when we've got visitors. (SHE DROPS HER BUCKET AND HASTILY EXITS)

Adam (TO THE DOLL) Don't give me that look. You'll love Ibiza. Sun, sea, scenery - and 'moi'. What more could a girl ask for? (POURS HIMSELF A LAGER) Pina Colada and chips, The Birdie Song, and you and me, hip to hip, doing the Lambada. (LOOKS LONGINGLY AT HER) Come to me, Samantha. (PAUSE) Come to me. (HE PULLS A PIECE OF STRING WHICH IS ATTACHED TO THE DOLL'S ARM. SHE FALLS OFF THE CHAIR AND IS DRAGGED ALONG THE GROUND UNTIL SHE REACHES ADAM'S FEET. HE LIFTS THE DOLL UP SO SHE'S FACING HIM) My God, but you're beautiful. (HE KISSES THE DOLL)

Keeper (JANGLING KEYS, SHE ENTERS FROM STAGE LEFT) Adam.

Adam (STARTLED, HE CLUTCHES THE DOLL PROTECTIVELY) You're not having her.

Keeper Time to put her to bed.

Adam No.

Keeper Samantha wants to go bye byes. (SHE UNLOCKS THE CAGE DOOR)

Adam She's my wife.

Keeper She's going to bed and no arguing.

Adam I have conjugal rights!

Keeper (SHE ENTERS THE CAGE AND LOCKS THE DOOR BEHIND HER)
We've got visitors. Important visitors.

Adam So you keep telling me.

Keeper You're our main exhibit, Adam. Even the Orang U-tan doesn't get as many visitors. You've got pulling power.

Adam (BLOCKING THE DOLL'S EARS) Sssh. Not so loud. She gets jealous.
(GAZES LOVINGLY AT 'SAMANTHA') There's no-one else in my life, darling. No-one.

Keeper Don't hold her so tight, Adam. You'll give her another puncture.

Adam I didn't.

Keeper You did. I had to stick her head in a bucket of water to find the leak.

Adam (SHIRTILY) I lost my temper . . .

Keeper You shouldn't knock her around like you do, Adam.

Adam She's my wife. I know my rights. I'm entitled to my conjugals whenever I like. Look. (HE POINTS THE SMILING DOLL'S FACE TOWARDS THE KEEPER) She's begging for it. There's not a judge in the land who'd send me down, and I've got witnesses. (ADAM PLACES THE DOLL ON THE CHAIR BEHIND HIM AND MOVES TOWARDS THE KEEPER THREATENINGLY) I'm warning you.

Keeper And I'm warning you, Adam. (SHE POINTS A SMALL DEVICE AT HIM) I don't want to give you a shot of Zapper, but . . .

Adam The balance of my mind was disturbed, m'Lud.

Keeper Adam . . .

Adam (CLOSING IN ON THE KEEPER, HIS HANDS IN THE SHAPE OF A NECK AS IF TO STRANGLE HER) Something inside me snapped,

m'Lud . . (THE KEEPER POINTS THE GADGET AT HIM AND FIRES. ADAM CRUMPLES TO THE GROUND WRITHING IN PAIN) Aggh.

Keeper
Who

Sorry Adam. I know it upsets your digestion. (PICKS UP THE DOLL)

else would let you play with Samantha like I do? She's only meant to be twice a week for therapy sessions.

Adam

(WEAKLY REACHES OUT FOR THE DOLL) She gets lonely without me.

Keeper

(STARTS TO DEFLATE THE DOLL) I'll blow her up for you again tonight, poppet. But only if you behave yourself.

Adam

(TO THE DEFLATING DOLL) Missing you already.

Keeper

Try and remember to smile at our visitors today, Adam. You were a right misery yesterday. People don't travel hundreds of miles just to watch you with your feet up on the sofa, reading The Sun. (LEAVING THE CAGE WITH THE FOLDED UP DOLL TUCKED UNDER HER ARM) It's the Humanities Field Study Group from Birmingham Middle College, today. Be nice to them. They sponsor your toilet paper.

Adam

(A LONG-STANDING COMPLAINT) As we're on the subject of toilet paper . . .

Keeper

Two hundred rolls a year. Three hundred when Arsenal play at home.

Adam

(PERKING UP) Arsenal! (STARTS UP A FOOTBALL CHANT) Ole, ole, ole . . .

Keeper

That's more like it.

Adam
magic.

You should have seen that goal . . . right in the back of the net . . . pure

Keeper

Works every time. (CHECKS HER WATCH) Well, they're due. I'll go and find them. (LOCKS THE CAGE DOOR BEHIND HER) Be good. (EXITS)

Adam

Pulling power, eh? (IN A CHURCHILLIAN ACCENT) We shall not flag or fail. We shall fight them on the beaches, we shall fight them on the landing grounds, we shall fight them in the fields and in the streets; we shall never surrender! (HE CATCHES SIGHT OF A PAIR OF LACE KNICKERS ON THE FLOOR, AND PICKS THEM UP, TREMBLING WITH EMOTION) Samantha. (HE WEEPS INCONSOLABLY INTO THE KNICKERS)

LUCY AND KATHERINE ENTER A FRACTION AHEAD OF THE OTHERS)

Lucy If I have to sit through one more lecture on the male endocrine system . . .
(SHE SPOTS ADAM) Oh!

Kath It's a man! Look at his feet. They're enormous.

Lucy Do you think he'll come if I whistle?

Kath (LUCY MOVES TOWARDS THE CAGE) Don't, Lucy. He's dangerous.

Cit J. (ENTER CITIZENS JESMOND AND SWAN AND THE KEEPER) Ok
ladies. Gather round. Can everyone see and hear?

Others Yes.

Cit J. Use your note books. Take full field notes, mark everything down - his
movements, his gestures, his verbalisations.

Cit. S. (NOTICES LUCY) Lucy, not so close, please. He may poke something
out through the bars.

Lucy I was only looking. (MOVES BACK TO THE GROUP)

Cit J. Remember, everyone. Assumptions are the enemy of science.

Cit. S. Forget the cage, forget the bars. Just observe Homo Sapien (Male) as
though he were roaming freely across the housing estates and football
pitches of the pre-revolutionary world.

Kath Will he urinate against the wall?

Cit J. No, Katherine. That's dogs.

Kath I'm sure I read somewhere . . .

Keeper Lighting up now, Adam. (SHE FLICKS A SWITCH)

Adam (THE CAGE IS FLOODLIT. HE PULLS HIS FACE FROM THE
KNICKERS) What the . . . (HE SPOTS THE WOMEN, PANICS FOR A
MOMENT, AND MANFULLY WIPES THE TEARS FROM HIS EYES)
Just a speck of dust in my eye, that's all. I don't cry . . . I never cry . . .
(HE HASTILY PUTS ON A PAIR OF SHADES AND TOSSES AWAY
THE KNICKERS) How cool am I?

Others He's not very hairy . . . I thought he'd be hairier. He's standing up, just like
us . . . Do you think he'll do anything violent?

Keeper Come on, Adam. Why don't you have a little go on your bike?

Adam I'm not in the mood.

Keeper They've come all the way from Birmingham to see you.

Adam (DISPLAYS HIMSELF TO THE GROUP) Right profile, left profile . . . (HE FACES THEM AND STARTS TO LOWER HIS TROUSERS). . . full frontal.

Keeper Adam! (ADAM SWIFTLY TURNS HIS BACK ON THE VISITORS AND DOES UP HIS TROUSERS) (TO CITIZEN JESMOND) He's a bit unpredictable at the moment. I wouldn't let them get too close.

Cit J. Stand well back, girls. Use your binoculars if need be. (LUCY VEERS TOWARDS THE CAGE AGAIN) Lucy?

Lucy (TO ADAM) Coooie! (AS IF TO A DOG) Here boy.

Adam (ADAM NOTICES LUCY'S CHARMS AND GIVES A LONG LOW WOLF WHISTLE)

Kath (SCRIBBLING NOTES) What was that noise?

Lucy (TO CITIZEN JESMOND) Does that mean he wants to play?

Cit J. In a manner of speaking, Lucy, yes.

Lucy He must get lonely.

Cit J. A man is never lonely, Lucy. He has his ego for company.

Adam (TO LUCY) What's a lovely girl like you doing in a place like this? Got the
time on you, love? Your place, or mine?

Lucy Which one does he want me to answer first?

Cit S (ENTHUSING) Ooh, how lucky. Chat up lines. (TO THE OTHERS) A form of gibberish spoken to complete strangers on the street.

Adam Woaah, hot totty.

Kath Is this what they call courtship, Citizen Swan?

Adam (STARTS TO GESTURE SUGGESTIVELY) Waaaarr!

Cit S. Did you see that, girls? A perfect example of the upper phallic thrust. (TO CITIZEN JESMOND) It's just not the same on DVD.

Adam (RATTLING AT THE BARS AND SINGING) I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts . . . (HE PRANCES AROUND WITH ALARMING ENTHUSIASM)

Keeper (FIRMLY) Adam. Behave yourself.

Kath I think he must be ill. Shouldn't we fetch a doctor?

Cit J. No, Katherine. This is normal behavior for a man.

Cit S. He's trying to woo us. Woo? Definition anyone?

Kath (PERPLEXED) But why?

Cit S. Opinion varies, Katherine, but research suggests . . .

Cit J. Research is inconclusive on the subject, Citizen Swan. (TO THE GIRLS) Bronowitz and Schrank claim all this extraordinary posturing is an overwhelming urge to be noticed by a potential mate, regardless of personal humiliation or physical danger. Clearly he's in no physical danger here. But the personal humiliation factor . . . (ADAM STARTS TO DISCO DANCE TO SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER, SINGING AND GYRRATING HIS HIPS) . . .

Adam (HANGS UPSIDE DOWN FROM THE CAGE SINGING) "Voulez vous coucher avec moi ce soir . . ."

Keeper (APOLOGISING TO THE OTHERS) He's on new medication. It's playing havoc with his hormones.

Adam (REFERRING TO LUCY) Look at those legs - crying out for a bit of 'what for'.

Lucy 'What for' ? . . . What's 'what for' ? . . .

Kath How can Lucy's legs be crying out for anything, Citizen Jesmond?

Cit J. Precisely. The male is a tragic victim of his endocrine system. He desires her legs - but somewhere in the tangled morass of his brain, he concludes that it is her legs that desire him.

Keeper (ADAM JUMPS ONTO HIS EXERCISE BIKE AND STARTS PEDALLING) He loves his little bike. It's a donation from The Male Studies Unit, U.C.L.A. They're funding our modest breeding programme.

Kath Breed men? When there's a world shortage of Orang U-tans?

Cit S. The intention of the Founding Mothers never was to totally eradicate the male species, Katherine; simply to cull it to manageable proportions.

Lucy It would be an awful shame if they became extinct.

Cit J In my opinion any breeding programme is unwise. How do we know

in future years males won't be used as a biological weapon? It would be like re-introducing small pox.

Keeper He's not that bad, are you Adam?

Cit S So your planning application to the D.L.S. has been successful then?

Keeper Oh yes, we aim to open our Male Safari Park by 2056.

Kath A Safari park . . . what, in the open?

Cit S. A more passive, socialised male might be suitable for semi-liberty.

Cit J Possibly. But is it worth the risk?

Cit S. The male is such a splendid curio. With its fascinating autistic tendencies and its astounding ability to make women believe it's indispensable. Surely, we have a duty to preserve Homo Sapien (Male) for future generations. (STARRY EYED) I can see them now. Fathers and sons frolicking together in the fields. clinging onto car bumpers, bouncing on bonnets, playing havoc with people's aerials.

Keeper We're planning a drive-through pub, darts board, everything - nude pictures of large-breasted women on the walls.

Kath Why do they do that?

Keeper Football hooligans will rampage through mock streets, causing GBH to strangers wearing the wrong colours. There'll be a small surgery for insensitive gynaecologists . . .

Lucy Doesn't he mind us talking about him like this?

Keeper So long as we're talking about him, he's perfectly happy. Aren't you, Adam?

Adam I'm starving. What's for dinner?

Kath Do men eat the same food as us?

Cit. S. Of course they do, Katherine. They expect us to cook it for them.

Cit J. (LECTURING) Congenital reluctance to prepare meals, believed to stem from a malformation of the thumb and forefinger, rendering the movements of peeling, chopping and scrubbing virtually impossible.

Cit S Except in the event of dinner parties during which loud assertions of "Oh, yes, I do all the cooking" can often be heard.

Adam (CHECKING HIS SHIRT COLLARS) Where are my clean shirts? I need a clean shirt.

Keeper (INDULGENTLY) We did agree, Adam. I wash and you iron. Remember?

Adam Nag, nag, nag. That's all I get, day in, day out. Nag, nag, nag.

Keeper I've done the washing, now you've got to do the ironing.

Adam I have done the ironing.

Keeper That was last month, Adam.

Adam You mean I've got to do it every month? (PAUSES AND CONSIDERS FOR A WHILE) No problem. (HE PULLS OUT A LAUNDRY BASKET, NOISILY) Leave it to me. Don't know what all the fuss is about. Ironing? Consider it done.

Kath (MYSTIFIED) They're not supposed to do any housework.

Lucy Well he's obviously different.

Cit J. Just watch and listen.

Adam (COMES TO A HALT) I do my share of the housework. Oh yes. I'm a new man, me. (STILL DOING NOTHING) The washing needs sorting? I sort it. The washing needs ironing? I iron it.

Cit S Did you catch that?

Cit J. (AGREEING) Pre-exertional self-praise. I've rarely seen it expressed so clearly.

Keeper He has to psyche himself up, poor love.

Adam (TO KEEPER) You run along. Put your feet up. Don't give it another thought. I'm doing the ironing.

Keeper I'll leave you to it, then.

Adam Not another thought. Ironing – done.

Lucy (LONG PAUSE) So when's he going to start?

Cit S. Notice how he's poking the laundry with his finger.

Lucy He's picked up some socks.

Kath He's smelling them. Urrh. He's putting them back. Why's he putting them back?

Adam (UNCERTAIN, HE CALLS TO THE KEEPER) Samantha?

Keeper (TO THE GROUP) I'd better go and help him.

Kath But he hasn't even started.

Cit J. He's a man, Katherine. It's not necessary for him to perform the task. Simply to offer is enough.

Adam (KEEPER EXITS) Samantha! (PAUSE) Do the socks go in the bottom drawer or the middle one? (PAUSE) Samantha! (HE CAN'T SEE HER AND STARES FORLORNLY AT THE WASHING) I'm doing the shirts now, Samantha! (PAUSE) Shall I put them in the wardrobe?

Lucy If I throw some gravel at him, will it get him moving?

Cit S. Don't be cruel, Lucy.

Cit J. We're here to observe him, like a germ under the microscope. One doesn't throw gravel at germs. One scrutinises, assesses and records.

Adam Samantha!

Keeper (REAPPEARING INSIDE THE CAGE) Yes, Adam.

Adam Do I fold the shirts or hang them?

Keeper Same as normal, Adam.

Adam Do I normally hang them?

Keeper (STILL SWEETLY PATIENT) Yes, Adam. You normally hang them.

Adam So I don't fold them, then?

Keeper No. You hang them.

Adam Everything's under control. Don't give it another thought.

Keeper (TO THE GROUP) We've been through it hundreds of times.

Adam Samantha?

Keeper Yes, Adam.

Adam When I put them on the hangers, do I button them up, or leave them loose?

Keeper You button them up, Adam. Otherwise they fall off.

Kath He's still not lifted a finger.

Lucy (APPROACHES THE CAGE, FASCINATED) Give him a bit of a time.

Cit J. (SNORTS) His goal, Lucy, is to get her to do the job for him. Or failing that, to ensure the whole experience is so frustrating she never asks him to do it again.

Lucy How can we possibly know what he'd really do if we weren't here? Our very presence is affecting his behaviour patterns.

Cit. J. This is a very sudden interest in methodology.

Lucy Now we've seen him for real, why don't we go back to the main console and observe him from there? Then we'll really know what he's capable of.

Cit S. Lucy does have a point, Hilda. He's quite clearly playing to the gallery. It would be interesting to know how he would deal with the laundry if no females were present.

Lucy He'll never lift a finger while we're all standing here watching him. We're biasing our own observations.

Cit S. (TO CITIZEN JESMOND) You see, she does listen.

Lucy (QUOTING) Assumptions are the enemy of science.

Kath. I still don't think he'll do any ironing.

Adam (TO THE GIRLS) Hey sexy! Do I do them up, or do I leave them loose? Know what I mean? Way hey hey!

Cit J Yes. I see the problem. His interaction with the group is putting the validity of our observations into jeopardy. (TO KEEPER) We'll continue from the console. (CHECKS HER WATCH) Our allocated slot ends in five minutes. (TO KEEPER) You'll deduct that from our invoice. (TO THE OTHERS) We'll continue from the console.

Lucy (TRIES TO DISGUISE HER PLEASURE) Yes!

Cit. J. You'd better come too, Citizen Keeper. Nothing must bias our observations.

Keeper I'll go and switch the close circuit cameras on. (SHE HEADS FOR EXIT) You get on with those shirts now, Adam.

Adam Hey! Where's everyone going?

Keeper Do your shirts.

Cit S. Come on, girls. (LUCY HIDES AWAY FROM THE OTHERS) Bring any litter with you.

Keeper Don't miss the baboons on your way out. (THE GROUP EXITS)

Adam (UPSET) Samantha! I can't do this on my own. They're buttons! (RATTLES THE CAGE FOR ATTENTION) My fingers are too big. Look. Man hands. (NO RESPONSE. LUCY OBSERVES HIM) I mean, women like insignificant little things; details, little details like buttons and anniversary cards. (LUCY PICKS UP A PIECE OF GRAVEL AND THROWS IT AT HIM. HE SPINS ROUND) What?

Lucy Hi.

Adam (POSES SEDUCTIVELY) Hello.

Lucy Can't you sort your own shirts out?

Adam (SPOTS THAT THEY'RE ALONE) Why are we talking shirts at a time like this?

Lucy I'll show you how, if you like.

Adam Touch me. I'm sizzling.

Lucy UNDO Buttons are easy. We can practise on my blouse. (SHE STARTS TO THE TOP BUTTON) Watch.

Adam (ADAM IS IS TRANSFIXED) Oh.

Lucy (DEMONSTRATES) Thumb into hole. Push button against thumb. Hole open.

Adam (LUSTFULLY) Again.

Lucy through. (UNDOES A SECOND BUTTON) Thumb into hole. Push button Hole open. (ADAM MESMERISED, COMES CLOSER AND CLOSER) Concentrate.

Adam Yes, yes.

Lucy (UNDOES A THIRD BUTTON, ADAM RECITING WITH HER) Thumb deep, deep into hole. Push button against thumb . . . hole open. (SHE HOLDS HER BLOUSE WIDE OPEN) How's that?

Adam Ohhhhh. (UNABLE TO CONTAIN HIMSELF HE STARTS TO RUB

HIMSELF AGAINST THE TABLE RYTHMICALLY)

Lucy What are you doing?

Adam (CONTINUING TO GAIN PACE) Er, nothing.

Lucy You are. You're doing something

Adam I'm . . . er . . . polishing the furniture. (ADAM GAINS PACE). . .

Lucy (BEMUSED) Polishing the furniture?

Adam Yes. (STILL RUBBING WILDLY)

Lucy But men aren't supposed to like polishing . . .

Adam We love it! (FORCES HIMSELF TO STOP)

Lucy Is anything wrong?

Adam (WEAKLY) No.

Lucy Good.

Adam Just keeping my hand in.

Lucy (PAUSE) You're my first man, you know.

Adam Your first?

Lucy If you don't count the stuffed one in Dudley Town Hall.

Adam (THRILLED) A virgin! We'll get married. You'll be my wife.

Lucy saying Wife? This is what they call talking dirty, isn't it? Next thing you'll be you love me.

Adam I do love you. I love you, Samantha.

Lucy (CORRECTING) Lucy.

Adam Whatever. The moment I set eyes on you the world stood still, the birds stopped singing, the very trees uprooted themselves in the tempest of my mind. Come closer. I want to give you something.

Lucy (SHE APPROACHES) Something nice?

Adam Oh, yes. (SHE PRESSES HERSELF AGAINST THE CAGE. HE GRABS HOLD OF HER HAND) Very nice.

