

# FERRAL MONSTER



# Script extracts

## Feral Monster

By Bethan Marlow

Expelled from school and not even able to get a job at the chippy, Jax (she/they/whatever) is a cocky, loveable teen living with her Nan in a tiny, boring village.

When Jax meets Ffion, with her smart talk and loud looks, sparks fly. Queer teenage lust brings together this unlikely match in all its messy, clumsy and awesome glory.

*Feral Monster* follows Jax and her noisy, opinionated brain as they navigate love, identity, class and family.

Mashing up grime, R&B, soul, pop and rap, the soundtrack takes us from the high highs to low lows of the hormonal rollercoaster of adolescence.

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### Content information

*Feral Monster* is recommended for 14+. It contains strong language as well as:

References to: exploration of gender identity and sexuality, pornography, sex, death, self harm, childhood trauma, mental ill health, poverty and drugs.

Depictions of: alcoholism, violence, knife crime, sexual activity.

Theatrical representation of: suicide

*With thanks to Ayesha Rees Khan, a counsellor who read through the script and gave advice on the content information.*

## CHARACTERS

### OUT OF THE BRAIN

**JAX** (*whatever, queer masculine*)

**FFION** (*she/they, queer feminine*)

**CUZ** (*she/her*)

**NAN** (*she/her*)

**SAM** (*he/him*)

**BLUBZ** (*he/him or they/them*)

**CONNOR** (*he/him*)

**DAD** (*he/him*)

**CHERYL** (*she/her*)

**KAZ** (*I'll let you know*)

### IN THE BRAIN

**TEX - *Pre-Frontal Cortex*** - Under-developed, rational, friendly.

**A.R - *Amagdyla Right*** - Negative, anxious, scared.

**A.L - *Amagdyla Left*** - Positive, angry, impulsive.

**PIT - *Pituitary Gland*** - Deep-feeling, emotional, horny.

**C - *Cerebrum*** - Intelligent, inquisitive, high-achiever.

**YOUNG JAX**

**MAM NEURON**

### CHORUS (audio only)

**Neurons** - Each one represents specific memories.

### COMMUNITY CAST (audio OR live)

**Axons** - carry messages around the brain.

### SUGGESTED CHARACTER BREAKDOWN

**Actor 1 (she/her, they/them)** - Jax, Young Jax.

**Actor 2 (she/her, they/them)** - Ffion, Kaz, C.

**Actor 3 (she/her, they/them)** - Nan, Connor, A.L.

**Actor 4 (he/him, they/them)** - Sam, TEX.

**Actor 5 (he/him, they/them)** - Dad, Blubz, Cheryl, PIT.

**Actor 6 (she/her, they/them)** - Cuz, Mam Neuron. A.R.

## SCENE 4

*SAM AND BLUBZ ARE AT THE SWINGS.*

*MUSIC "BLASTING" FROM A PHONE.*

*SAM SWIGS A CAN OF CIDER, BLUBZ HANGS UPSIDE DOWN FROM THE SWING FRAME.*

*SAM PASSES HIM THE CIDER AND HE TRIES DRINKING IT UPSIDE DOWN- STARTS OFF ALRIGHT THEN LAUGHS AND CHOKES, SPRAYING IT EVERYWHERE.*

*THEY CRACK UP.*

*JAX ARRIVES. JOINS THEM.*

Jax-                      Where do you get that booze from?

Blubz-                    Your dad did us a deal- 'buy one for me and I'll get you three'.

C-                         *I'm nothing like my dad.*

Sam-                     Want a swig?

C-                         *I'm nothing like my dad.*

Jax-                     ...

Blubz and Sam-        Chug! Chug! Chug! Chug!

*A.R and A.L- SHUT UP. Have a LAUGH!*

*FUCK IT. JAX TAKES A LONG SWIG*

Sam-                     What happened at the chippy?

Jax- Nothin'.

Blubz- You didn't get it?

*JAX SHAKES HER HEAD.*

*THEY ALL LAUGH*

*THE BRAIN VIBRATES WITH SHAME.*

*JAX WALKS AWAY, SMASHING THE SWING DOWN WITH FORCE, TRYING TO GET IT OVER THE TOP BAR.*

Sam- What you gonna do now?

C-

It's not that I'm not thinking  
I'm just thinking  
differently,  
I'm thinking, thinking differently  
to....normal people.

Sam- You should come college with me. There's this teacher yeah, she says mad stuff like "you've got potential Sam." It's weird but like... dunno, nice.

A.L- I'M THICK! I'M THICK! I'M THICK!!

C- Keep a lid on that temper.

*JAX GETS IN SAM'S FACE, SMILING MANICALLY.*

Jax- I was expelled, remember?

C- I'm nothing like my dad.

A.L-                      Probably end up like him.

A.R-                      Sad. So sad.

C-                         But true.

*JAX GRABS A CAN OF CIDER AND SWIGS IT DOWN.*

*BLUBZ AND SAM JUMP ON TOP OF JAX.*

*THEY ALL LAUGH.*

*THEY WRESTLE, TAKING THE PISS OUT OF EACH OTHER, HAVING A LAUGH.*

*'WHOOOP WHOOP' TUNE PLAYS ON THE PHONE*

Blubz-                      Ahhh, turn it up, this one's bangin'.

Sam-                        Yeah, it's blowing up on Tik Tok. *(to Jax)* You know it?

Jax-                        Kinda.

Blubz-                      You know the guy wrote it when he was in juvie? And then he filmed it yeah and uploaded it on a phone he'd sneaked in and boom. He's got a record deal and everything now.

Sam-                        The moves are bangin'.

Blubz-                      Yeah, me and Sam know 'em all.

Jaz-                        Go on 'en.

*SAM AND BLUBZ GET READY, MOVING THE SWINGS TO MAKE SPACE, AS IF PREPARING FOR A STADIUM PERFORMANCE.*

*THEY DANCE AND SING- AND THEY'RE SHIT!*

Sam and Blubz-

Woop! Woop! Here we come!  
We got bounce in our step and smoke in our gun.  
Don't need a degree to know that we're wankers  
But who cares, got plenty of banter.

*THEY DRAG JAX WITH THEM. JAX EVENTUALLY JOINS IN- SHE KNOWS EVERY MOVE.*

Gang-

Woop! Woop! Here we come!  
We got bounce in our step and smoke in our gun.  
Don't need a degree to know that we're wankers  
But who cares, got plenty of banter

Woop! Woop! Here we come! /  
Cum, cum, cum, cum, cum , cum, cum  
We got bounce in our step and smoke in our gun. /  
Bang, pow! Blow up the world right now!

Don't need a degree to know that we're wankers,  
but who cares, got plenty of banter  
Don't need a degree to know that we're wankers,  
but who cares, got plenty of banter

*BLUBZ AND SAM FAKE GIRATE EACH OTHER. JAX ESCAPES UP THE SLIDE.*

Jax-

We all know by now that we don't choose the shoe  
That fits our feet.  
We don't choose its style, its cost or colour.  
We choose very little in life for that matter.  
Chained to our lives  
to the rules of society

Tread-milled politically  
In an unequal sausage factory  
Of an educational system.  
So turn up, be quiet, learn, be quiet  
write, be quiet, talk.....why are you so quiet?  
Talk....get up to the front and talk  
Get up from your chair and walk  
Sit down, be quiet, do your work, but quiet!  
Growing like carrots  
training to be parrots.  
Obedient, respectful,  
Robotic, sick parrots.

-

We're bashing through barriers  
And smacking the carriers  
Of smack from our face  
Feel the weight  
Of Them All  
As they breathe on your case  
And your knees always buckling  
You're standing there punching  
An iron glass ceiling  
You're slashing and cutting  
And life is one big steaming pile of shiiiiiiit!

Jax (double-speed, fast)-

You've got to get through it  
You've got to survive it  
You wade through the bullshit  
Find gold and you grab it.  
You hide it,  
you sell it.



You buy it,  
you feed it  
Then back in the bull shit.  
You push it  
You twist it  
You fight it  
You grab it  
You breathe when you're winning  
Fight back when you're dying.  
Then die!  
Die! Die! Die!!  
But that's life.

Sam-                    You should go to LA and be a rapper Jax. Tomboy Tunes!

*THEY ALL LAUGH. BLUBZ FORCES A CIDER TO JAX'S LIPS. SHE NECKS IT.*

*CUZ ZOOMS IN ON HER BIKE, DROPPING A VERSE.*

Cuz-

Woop! Woop! Here they cum!  
Got absolutely no clue how to use a gun.  
Don't need a degree to know that they're rank  
Just one big jizzy sad wank.

Blubz-                    Oi, cop off with me for a fiver?

Cuz-                    Yeah, you wish, whatever.

*CUZ CYCLES OFF*

Cuz-                    Bring your fags then.... and your fiver!

Blubz-                                Serious? *(to the gang)* I only got two pound fifty.

*THEY LAUGH AS HE SPRINTS AFTER CUZ.*

*CONNOR ARRIVES.*

*FFION APPEARS ON THE EDGE OF THE PARK, PUTTING UP ANOTHER POSTER.*

*JAX NOTICES HER. THE BRAIN PERKS UP.*

Connor-                              Go on Jax. I dare ya.

Jax-                                      Wha'?

Sam-                                     You fancy her?

Jax-                                     Whatever.

Connor-                                You like 100% lesbian now then?

Sam-                                     She's 100% virgin.

Jax-                                     Takes one to know one, knob.

Sam-                                     I'm working on it, you watch. Cuming soon.

Connor-                                Oh yeah? Who with?

Sam-                                     Your sister.

*SAM OPENS HIS FINGERS IN A V AND PUTS THE ON HIS MOUTH, LICKING IN BETWEEN THE FINGERS. CONNOR GRABS SAM, STARTS HUMMING HIM FROM BEHIND.*

Sam-                                     Get off me!

Connor- Go on Jax. Go give her some grief.

Jax- Shut up. I don't even know her.

A.R- Don't. No. She's beautiful. Stand BACK.

Sam- You need to buy a DILDO first so you can shag her.

*THEY ALL LAUGH*

*CONNOR STARTS PULLING JAX DOWN FROM THE SLIDE.*

*SAM JOINS IN.*

*JAX LAUGHS, GRABS THE TOP OF HER TRACKSUIT, KICKING AT THEM TO STOP.*

*SHE KICKS CONNOR IN THE HEAD.*

*HE LAUGHS.*

*SAM KEEPS PULLING.*

*JAX FINALLY JUMPS DOWN AND GIVES IN TO THE DARE.*

*WALKS UP TO FFION, ALL COCKY.*

Pit- I'm gonna screeeeew this uuuuuup.

A.R- This is a terrible idea. Is it fair on the girl? Am I being a shit?  
Shit, shit, shit.

Sam- Tell her you love her.

Jax- Shut up.

*SAM AND CONNOR EDGE CLOSER TO WATCH.*

*JAX PREPARES FOR HER OPENING LINE...*

Jax- Oi.

Brain- *(scream)* Noooooo!

*FFION TURNS.*

Ffion- Yes?

Jax- Alright?

Ffion- Fine, thanks.

*PIT HAS A HUGE CELEBRATION.*

*A.R- This celebration feels very premature.*

*SILENCE*

Jax- What's that?

Ffion- A group I'm organising.

Jax- Yeah, what?

*A.R- Am I rude? Is this what rude is? Or is it cool?*

Ffion- Can you not read or something?

*Pit- Oh she's fuuuuuunny.*

Connor- She wants you to read her a dirty bedtime story!

Ffion- And has "she" not got a name or something?

Sam- Go on Tomboy.

Ffion- Tomboy?

Jax- Yeah. That's Sam, Connor and Blubz is back there with my Cuz.

Ffion- Blubz?

Sam- Yeah, coz he cries every time he watches a film.

*JAX READS THE POSTER.*

Jax- What's a 'Queer Circle'?

Connor- Your bum hole!!!

*SAM AND CONNOR CRACK UP.*

*FFION TURNS HER BACK ON THEM, FACES JAX.*

Ffion- It's a space for queer folk to come together and not conform to any preconceptions from society about sexuality or gender.

A.R- Sorry, what now? I actually didn't understand a word of that.

Ffion- Put simply, a place where you don't have to deal with childish dickheads.

*JAX SMILES*

*CONNOR PULLS THE POSTER DOWN, SCRUNCHES IT INTO A BALL, PLAYS FOOTIE WITH IT. FFION IGNORES HIM.*

Ffion- You wanna come?

A.R- Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.

*EYES ON THE FLOOR, JAX SHRUGS, AWARE THAT THE BOYS ARE WATCHING.*

Jax- Sounds like an orgy.

Ffion                      It's got nothing to do with sex.

Jax-                      What's the point then? *(laughs)*

*BOYS LAUGH*

Connor-                She's got something sexy for you.

*CONNOR PUSHES JAX TOWARDS FFION.*

*THEY CRASH INTO EACH OTHER AWKWARDLY.*

*JAX AND FFION STAY CLOSE, NEITHER WANTING TO MOVE AWAY.*

*BLUBZ COMES BACK, SWAGGERING.*

*THE CONNOR RUNS AND JUMPS ON HIM.*

Connor-                Did you shag her?

*BLUBZ RUBS HIS FINGER IN CONNOR'S FACE.*

Connor-                Urgh! You smell of scampi!

*SAM, BLUBZ AND CONNOR GO TO LEAVE.*

*SAM TURNS.*

Sam-                      Oi, knob goblin, come!

*JAX STARTS STEPPING AWAY FROM FFION.*

Ffion-                    What are you, his bitch or something?

Sam-                      Oi, Jax.

Jax-                      Yeah, two minutes.

*JAX STAYS WITH FFION*

*SAM STARES AT JAX.*

*CONNOR PULLS SAM AWAY AND THEY LEAVE.*

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## END OF SCENE 11

*AT THE END OF JAX'S SHIFT - ON HER WAY OUT JAX STARES AT A CRATE OF CIDER AT THE BACK.*

Brain-

Catch me.  
Can't catch me.  
Catch me.  
Can't catch me.

*JAX STEALS A COUPLE OF CANS, PUTS THEM IN HER POCKETS.  
WALKS OUT THE BACK DOOR, DOWN A BACK ALLEY AND SEES...*

*SAM AND FFION HAVING SEX*

*KNICKERS AT THE KNEES, UP AGAINST THE WALL, TYPE OF SEX.*

*FFION AND SAM SEE JAX.*

*JAX RUNS UP TO THEM, THROWS THE CANS IN THEIR DIRECTION. MISSING THEM.  
SAM LIFTS HIS TRACKSUIT AND RUNS INTO THE SUPERMARKET.  
JAX RUNS AFTER HIM... SPRINTING THROUGH THE AISLES .... BUT SAM GETS  
AWAY.*

*JAX ERUPTS IN A VIOLENT RAGE-  
BANG! CRASHES INTO THE DISPLAYS,  
SLAM! DESTROYING THE PLACE.*

Nan-                      Oi!!

*JAX TURNS TO SEE NAN LOOKING AT HER.*

Nan-                      I was serious love. Half a chance, that's it. That's all you get.

*JAX RUNS.*

*HER BRAIN'S IN UTTER CHAOS.  
CUZ CROSSES HER PATH. IN A STATE.*

Cuz-                      Cuuuuuuuz!

*JAX PUSHES CUZ OUT THE WAY.*

Cuz-                                I love you!  
    Tell Nan I'm sorry.

*JAX CATCHES UP WITH FFION.  
JAX GRABS THE KNIFE FROM HER SOCK.  
GRABS FFION.  
THE ENTIRE BRAIN GRABS FFION.  
JAX WRAPS HER HAND AROUND THE KNIFE*

Ffion-                                Jax, no, please.

*JAX PULLS THE KNIFE BACK, ON THE BRINK OF ATTACKING WHEN...*

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## SCENE 12

*BOOM!*

*A HUGE CONFETTI CANNON EXPLODES ACROSS THE AUDIENCE. THE LIGHTS ARE BIG, BRIGHT AND STARK.*

*WE TRAVEL INTO JAX'S BRAIN.*

*AN "OUT OF CONTROL" CONSTRUCTION SIGN HANGS ABOVE IT.*

Axons-

O.M.G, O.M, O.M, O.M.G  
O.M.G, O.M, O.M, O.M.G  
O.M.G, O.M, O.M, O.M.G  
O.M.G, O.M, O.M, O.M.G

Tex-

Let's take our time to sit and think this over  
If we cross this line, no second chance, remember?

A.R-

Ffion she's. Ffion's she's dead,  
Ffion she's, Ffion she's so, so dead.

Tex-



I know what she did but we are out of chances  
We now need to be thinking of all the consequences!

A.L. (*fuming*)-

Bollocks!  
Stab her, cut her, slash her, skin her.  
Kill her, burn her.

Tex-

Wait!

A.L.-

Let blood seep 'til the slut's deep in guilty.  
It's her own bloody fault cos the bitch is filthy.

A.R. (*spiralling*)-

We loved her  
And trusted her  
Came with her  
Changed for her  
I think I miss Sam.  
And I really want Mam.

Tex-

What? No, no, no, don't start with that. Focus!

A.L.-

KILL HER!!!

A.R.-

Ffion she's. Ffion's she's dead,  
Ffion she's, Ffion she's so, so dead.  
Ffion she's. Ffion's she's dead,  
Ffion she's, Ffion she's so, so dead.

Pit (*devastated*)-

Why did she do this?  
She was my forever.  
Did I do something wrong?  
Let's stay together.

*PIT FALLS TO HER KNEES AND BREAKS HER HEART.  
THE AXONS GIGGLE. FILMING IT ON THEIR PHONES.*

A.R.-

So Ffion's been with Jax for three months now, yeah?  
Been doing it over and over, yeah?  
Now she's fucking Sam at the same time, oh.  
Met up in secret so they could get it on, woah.  
First time, oh, do you know that though?  
I'm not sure, we don't know that, no?

Maybe Sam's more her type though you know though, really.  
Both like in college and a bit like dreamy.  
Maybe Jax was a blip, maybe little bit of pity?  
Did she feel sorry for this loser and her Granny?  
Whatever, Ffion's screwed and her life's about to end.  
Jax is gonna kill her. Ciao. Send.

A.L-

Stab her, cut her, slash her, skin her.  
Let her die slowly, bitch, then burn her.  
I don't give a shit, she can feel whatever.  
Got her by the throat now yeah, gonna smile when I slice her.

Pit-

I can't go ooooooooooon!

A.L-

What you waiting for wimpy, you never really liked her.  
pancake tits, fish lips, she's a minger.  
Never fancied this frump, she's cheap and skanky.  
Only fell in love cos I was bored and horny!!!

*PIT HUGS A.L*

A.L-

Wha'?

Pit-

I'm gonna miss her tooooooo.

*THE FOLLOWING TO WEAVE INTO EACH OTHER MUSICALLY-*

A.L-

Stab her, cut her, slash her, skin her.  
Let her die slowly, bitch, then burn her.  
Stab her, cut her, slash her, skin her.  
Let her die slowly, bitch, then burn her.

Tex-

I know what she did but we are out of chances  
We now need to be thinking of all the consequences!

A.R-

Ffion she's. Ffion's she's dead,  
Ffion she's, Ffion she's so, so dead.  
Ffion she's. Ffion's she's dead,  
Ffion she's, Ffion she's so, so dead.

Pit-

Why did she do this?  
She was my forever.  
I can't go oooooooooooooon!

Ffion- I made a mistake, I'm sorry.

*JAX GETS INTO FFION'S FACE*

Ffion- I'm not scared of you.

Jax- You should be.

Ffion- Look, just because I've triggered your abandonment issues-

*THE BRAIN ALL GASP*

Jax- You know nothing about me.

Ffion- I know you're scared of rejection but you're projecting your trauma on me right now and I don't deserve that.

*FFION LEAVES*

Mam Neuron- Jax?

*EVERYTHING SLOWS DOWN  
QUIETENS DOWN*

*STOOD IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STAGE, WIPING TEARS AS SHE PUTS ON HER  
SMILE, MAM NEURON APPEARS OUT OF NOWHERE.  
YOUNG JAX RUNS TO HER.*

Young Jax- Maaaaaaaam!

*MAM NEURON HUGS YOUNG JAX.*

Young Jax- Pam ti'n crio?

Mam Neuron- Achos dwi'n caru chdi loads.

Young Jax- Lle ti'n mynd?

Mam Neuron- Dwi'n goro mynd iawn?

Young Jax- A fi?

Mam Neuron- Na, mond Mam.

Young Jax- Pam?

Mam Neuron- Mam angan brêc, iawn?

Young Jax- Brêc o fi?

Mam Neuron- Caru chdi loads, iawn?

Young Jax- Achos nesh i gwasgu toothpaste i gyd allan?

*FIGHTING TEARS, MAM NEURON SHAKES HER HEAD "NO", HUGS YOUNG JAX TIGHT.*

Mam Neuron- Caru chdi loads, iawn?

*MAM GOES TO LEAVE BUT A.L GETS IN HER FACE*

A.L- When you coming back?

Mam Neuron- Caru chdi loads, iawn?

*PIT HOLDS ON TO MAM NEURON, REFUSING TO LET HER GO.*

Pit- I neeeeeed you now more than eveeeeeeeer.

*MAM NEURON PEELS HER OFF.*

Mam Neuron- Caru chdi loads, iawn?

A.L- I said when are you coming back?!

*TEX HOLDS A.L BACK*

Tex- She's a memory. It's all we remember. She's a memory. Just a memory.

*YOUNG JAX STANDS ALONE, WATCHING MAM NEURON SMILE, WAVE AND LEAVE.  
A.L, PIT AND TEX ARE HURTING.  
YOUNG JAX WAVES BACK.*

*Young Jax- (A softer, younger version of)*

Dal. Fi.  
Mam?  
Dal. Fi.  
Catch. Me.  
Mam?  
Dal. Fi.

Ground is crashing as my feet keep stepping  
Got my heart set then my mind keeps blowing.  
Got no back-up plan and still I'm falling.  
Who's in control, who's got the steer?  
My brain is bursting, it's a mess, it's never clear.  
On what corner can I turn, in a world that's round?  
Being told to grow up whilst being smacked to the ground.

Catch Me.  
Mam?  
Catch. Me.  
Mam?

*UNABLE TO TAKE ALL THE CHAOS IN HER HEAD, JAX TAKES OVER.*

Jax-

Boom. Bap!  
Ground is crashing as my feet keep stepping  
Zoom. Zap!  
Got my heart set then my mind keeps blowing.  
Boom. Bang!  
Got no back-up plan, this Fuck Up's falling.  
Watch. Me.

I'm in control, I've got the steer  
My brain is bursting, it's a mess, but now it's clear  
On what corner can I turn, in a world that's round?  
All the roads in my life were always ending up here.

Watch me.  
Can't catch me.

Watch me.  
Can't catch me.

I'm born for this, I've got me here.  
People's eyes are dry for me, not worth a tear.  
There's no corners to turn, I keep spinning around.  
Cutting chaos in life until I smack to the ground

I'm Insignificant  
I'm Insignificant  
Un-remarkable  
I'm un-magnificent  
I'm Insignificant  
Insignificant

Got my heart set and my mind is blowing.  
No back-up plan for me, this Fuck Up's falling.

Watch me.  
Can't catch me.  
Watch me.  
Can't catch me.  
Watch me  
Watch me  
Watch. Me!

*...A HEART-WRENCHING SCREAM FROM NAN*