



COCK

BY MIKE BARTLETT



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Produced Off-Broadway by Stuart Thompson, Jean Doumanian,
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Jon B. Platt, Scott Rudin, Ted Snowdon, True Love Productions
Associate Producers: Kevin Emrick, Patrick Daly

COCK was first performed at the Royal Court Jerwood Theatre Upstairs,
London, on 13 November 2009

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COCK was presented by the Royal Court Theatre in London, England, opening on November 13, 2009. It was directed by James Macdonald; the set and costume designs were by Miriam Buether; the lighting design was by Peter Mumford; the sound design was by David McSeveny; and the production stage manager was Tariq Rifaat. The cast was as follows:

JOHN..... Ben Wishaw
M Andrew Scott
W..... Katherine Parkinson
F Paul Jesson

The Royal Court Theatre production of COCK was subsequently presented at the Duke on 42nd Street in New York City, opening on May 17, 2012. The production stage manager was Martha Donaldson; and the sound design was by Darron L West. The cast was as follows:

JOHN Cory Michael Smith
M Jason Butler Harner
W Amanda Quaid
F Cotter Smith

CHARACTERS

JOHN

M

W

F

NOTES

The audience is raked down towards the actors.

There is no scenery, no props, no furniture, and no mime.

Instead the focus is entirely on the drama of the scene.

(/) means the next speech begins at that point.

(—) means the next line interrupts.

(...) at the end of a speech means it trails off. On its own it indicates a pressure, expectation or desire to speak.

A line with no full stop at the end indicates that the next speech follows on immediately.

A speech with no written dialogue indicates a character deliberately remaining silent.

Blank space between speeches in the dialogue indicates a silence equal to the length of the space.

COCK

1.

M. You take it out that's what you do you take it out first otherwise what's the point?

JOHN. alright

M. It's not alright it's a —
Don't.
Don't you dare, put it down first put it down.

JOHN. I can't. I can't. Not when you're.

M. I'm

JOHN. OH!
Not when you're like that standing over me watching everything I do you're like a ...
Pest.
Is that the word?
A. Nuisance.

M. Nuisance?

JOHN. Yeah look don't mock me, now you mock the way I speak, first you mock what I'm doing, what I'm making here, what I'm trying to do then you're mocking the way I speak.

M. You said it.

JOHN. I know.

M. You spake it

JOHN. I don't need this. Not now. Not ... do you understand?

M. Why am I being so nasty to you.

JOHN. Why are you being so nasty to me ... yes exactly why why why?

M. Because you're like a brother to me.

JOHN. What?

M. You're like a brother.

JOHN. You're playing now.

M. But you are.

JOHN. I'm not your

M. No I know you're not. But that's what you're like, I'm mocking you like this, because that's what brothers do.

JOHN. But you're not.

M. I'm not I know.

JOHN. Fuck off now, go and watch your programme.

M. Why?

JOHN. You're pestering me.

M. Pestering

JOHN. If you don't just don't just I'll I'll

M. Look. All. I'm saying is. That you. Can't fucking cook. Can't do anything with your hands.

JOHN. Really?

M. Yes. Hands. No. Nothing. Nothing practical. Nothing that needs to be done. You're all gestures and waving. Cutting the air, and flapping them up and down all the time, trying to make a point, it's like EMPHASIS-ING a WORD because you DON'T know how to use them and compensating with those *hands* of yours have you seen them?

JOHN. Have I seen my hands?

M. They're like tennis rackets on the end of sticks. Like satellite dishes at the end of fishing rods. They're ridiculous.

JOHN. Okay.

M. Ridiculous.

JOHN. Okay.

M. I've missed you today.

JOHN. Really.

M. Love you.

JOHN. Right.

M. Really.

JOHN. Right.

M. I'm like a puppy.

M. It took ten years off me. A shock like that.

I know that's not what they say that's not the expression, but it did. I felt ten years younger after I picked myself up, and came to terms with the fact, with the fact I wasn't dead.

JOHN. You felt glad to be alive.

M. I felt more alive. I felt like a child again. I wanted to

JOHN. Not dance.

M. Like run around and find someone and kiss them.

JOHN. Who?

M. Someone. Doesn't —
You know what I mean?

JOHN. No.

M. You're not trying.

JOHN. But you're alright.

M. I'm alright. Alright yes. Yes.

JOHN. Because I was worried.

M. Of course.

JOHN. When you didn't call.

M. then when I did call.

JOHN. When you did call yes, then I became even more worried breathing down the phone like that I don't want

to be insensitive but you didn't think about me did you? Even for a minute. That I'd be worrying, I'd be dying thinking what might've happened, you didn't reassure me at all, the words you were using I thought you must have ... I don't know concussion or something like that something that made you mad.

M. I didn't

JOHN. You seem a bit

M. I'm not mad I'm not mad this isn't madness this is energy this is fireworks burning like on that one night of the year this is fingers up like sparklers this is eyes popping like fucking roman candles this is the *bonfire* in my

JOHN. In your

M. In my I don't know my chest my arms my legs, my ... *hair* I don't want to waste it, what what what? Why can't you go with me on this?

JOHN. I think we're fundamentally different individuals you know that?

M. I don't

JOHN. Fundamentally different people.

M. Are we.

JOHN. I mean we live under the same roof, we go to bed at night we fuck and chat and cook and eat and everything but I think only now, only now I'm beginning to realise yes, look at us, that we're fundamentally different people. We're like. I mean you're eggs and I'm

COCK

by Mike Bartlett

WINNER OF THE 2010 OLIVIER AWARD FOR OUTSTANDING ACHIEVEMENT

3M, 1W

John has been in a stable relationship with his boyfriend for a number of years. But when he takes a break, he accidentally falls in love with a woman. Torn between the two, filled with guilt and conflicting emotions, he doesn't know which way to turn. His boyfriend is willing to wait for him to make a decision, but so is his girlfriend. And both are prepared to fight to keep him. As the pressure mounts, a dinner with both parties is arranged, and everyone wants to know. Who is John? What is he? And what will his decision be? A comic discussion of identity and sexuality, the play is specified to be performed with no props or set, so the focus is all on the drama of the situation.

"A terrific comedy ... Hypnotic and utterly contemporary." —The New York Times

"Uproariously funny ... COCK is a rite of spring you shouldn't miss!"
—New York Magazine

"Exhilarating! Robust and rollicking. Mike Bartlett's dialogue crackles and pops with the rhetoric of vituperation."
—The New Yorker

"Never mind its provocative title: COCK is wonderful!" —The New York Post

"Pure theatricality. An engagingly unique perspective on affairs of the heart ... and that other part of the body."
—NY1

"With the exception of Oscar Wilde, quarreling lovers are never as articulate and entertaining as they are in COCK, Mike Bartlett's Battle Royal of wit and persuasion."
—Variety

"An impressive package." —The Evening Standard (London)

Also by Mike Bartlett
BULL

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