

Philip, with one 'l'

a short play

by

Alex Broun

Email: abroun@bigpond.net.au

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Cast

Philip

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THE ROLE OF PHILIP SHOULD BE PLAYED BY A MIDDLE-AGED ACTOR DRESSED AS A PRIVATE SCHOOL BOY – SHORT PANTS, LONG SOCKS, TIE, BLAZER, CAP AND POLISHED, SHINY BLACK SHOES.

HE IS IMPECCABLE, EVEN FASTIDIOUSLY, TIDY.

SPOTLIGHT ON A BRIGHT RED METAL BOX, EMBLAZENED WITH THE WORDS: “PROPERTY OF PHILIP”

PHILIP ENTERS, CARRYING A CLIPBOARD/FOLDER.

PHILIP: Property of Philip. P – h – i – l – i – p. One l, not two, because I’m special. Mummy says so.

HE STARTS TAKING OUT IDENTICAL TOY CARS (EXCEPT FOR COLOUR) AND PLACING THEM IN NEAT ROWS.

PHILIP: Red car 1, Red car 2, Red car 3. All present and accounted for. Tick! A place for everything and everything in its place. Double tick!

HE STARTS TAKING OUT MORE CARS.

PHILIP: Blue Car 1, Blue Car 2, Blue Car ...

HE STOPS. HE COUNTS AGAIN.

PHILIP: Blue Car 1, Blue Car 2, Blue Car ... Blue Car ...

HE BEGINS SEARCHING THROUGH THE METAL BOX. WE HEAR OTHER CARS RATTLING AROUND.

PHILIP: Blue Car ... Blue Car ...

HIS SEARCHING BECOMES MORE FRANTIC, PANICKY.

PHILIP: Blue Car ... Blue Car ...

HE SUDDENLY TIPS OVER THE METAL BOX AND TOY CARS CLATTER ON TO THE STAGE. HE STARTS FLINGING THE CARS IN ALL DIRECTIONS.

PHILIP: Blue Car ! Blue Car !

HE CAN’T FIND IT. HIS FACE IS GROWING BRIGHT RED NOW – ABOUT TO POP.

PHILIP: Where is my Blue Car ?

HE SUDDENLY LOOKS UP TO SEE THE AUDIENCE.

PHILIP: You took it !

HE RUNS TO THE AUDIENCE.

PHILIP: Where is it ? Where's my Blue Car ? (NO ANSWER) Now you listen to me I'm the Attorney General – where is my Blue Fucking Car ? Oh, I'm sorry. I'm swearing. Please forgive me. Most uncalled for it's just – WHERE IS MY FUCKING BLUE FUCKING CAR YOU FUCKWIT ???? Oh. I'm sorry. Did I spit on you ? Oh I'm sorry. Let me wipe it off. (HE PULLS OUT A PRISTINE WHITE HANDKERCHIEF.) Here we go. I'll just wipe you down. Don't worry – it has undergone the cleaning procedure. (HE BEGINS TO WIPE AUDIENCE MEMBER) There you are. So sorry – it's just (BEGINNING TO BLUBBER) I've lost my Blue Car. I had three Blue Cars and now I've only got two. Somebody must've taken my third Blue Car. I can't survive with just two Blue Cars. Please help me find my Blue Car. You must know where it is. Tell me. Please.

HE BLOWS HIS NOSE, LOUDLY ON THE HANDKERCHIEF.

PHILIP: Errr yuck. It's snotty now. Initiate disposal procedure.

HE BEGINS TO MAKE MACHINE LIKE NOISES AND GOES TO THE BOX. HE TAKES OUT A PLASTIC BAG AND PLACES THE HANDKERCHIEF INSIDE. HE SEALS THE BAG CAREFULLY AND PLACES IT BACK IN THE BOX. THE MACHINE NOISES STOP.

PHILIP: Disposal procedure successfully completed. Now where was I ? That's right - (SUDDENLY) FUCKING TELL ME WHERE MY FUCKING BLUE CAR IS YOU FUCKING TERRORIST. I'LL KILL YOU. I'LL FUCKING KILL YOU ALL. YOU FUCKING BLUE FUCKING CAR-STEALING FUCKING SBS-LOVING TERRORISTS !!!

PHILIP SUDDENLY NOTICES A BULGE IN HIS SHORTS WHERE A BULGE SHOULDN'T BE.

PHILIP: Oh. That shouldn't be there. That should be around there. How did it get there ? (TRYING TO MOVE BULGE) Move back there. Move back there. (BLUBBERING AGAIN) Mummy my pee pee's in the wrong place. Mummy tell my pee pee to go back to the right place. Mummy ! It should be –

HE SUDDENLY FEELS WHERE HIS PEE PEE SHOULD BE AND DISCOVERS IT IS THERE AFTER ALL.

PHILIP: (EXCITED) Oh. There is my Pee Pee. Then what is –

HE REACHES INTO HIS POCKET AND PULLS OUT THE THIRD BLUE CAR.

PHILIP: Blue Car.

HE GOES BACK AND PUTS THE BLUE CAR IN LINE.

PHILIP: Blue Car 3. All present and accounted for. Tick! A place for everything and Blue Car 3 in its place. Double tick!

HE GOES SEARCHING THROUGH OTHER CARS SCATTERED AROUND THE STAGE.

PHILIP: Now what have we here. (PICKING UP CAR) A Brown car.

PHILIP ROLLS THE BROWN CAR IN BETWEEN THE RED AND BLUE CARS.

PHILIP: Oh oh ! Shouldn't have done that. (LOUD) Intruder alert. Intruder alert. Blue cars, red cars standby. Intruder alert. (MAKING HANDS INTO MEGAPHONE) "Brown Car, you have entered a restricted zone. Please withdraw from the restricted zone or penalties will be imposed."

HE ANSWERS HIMSELF IN GIBBERISH.

PHILIP (ACCENT) Zuluman eib trumbala. (MEGAPHONE) I'm sorry Brown Car. What was that ? (ACCENT) Zuluman eib trumbala. (MEGAPHONE) Brown Car you have been warned. If you fail to leave the restricted Zone in ten seconds you will suffer penalties. Ten, nine, eight, seven – (ACCENT) Zuluman eib trumbala (ANNOYED) Learn to speak English – three, two, one. (ACCENT) Zuluman ! Remember Brown Car you made me do this. No Amnesty for you. Blue Car 1, Red Car 1 – impose penalties.

PHILIP RAMS RED CAR 1 AND BLUE CAR 1 REPEATEDLY IN THE BROWN CAR. AS HE DOES HE MAKES SOUNDS OF CARS CRASHING AND THE BROWN CAR PASSENGERS SCREAMING.

PHILIP: Crash, crash (ACCENT) Help me, help me – Smash, chunk – (ACCENT) Save my children, please – Rip, bash – You should've listened.

IN SLOW MOTION HE FLIPS THE BROWN CAR UP AND BOUNCES IT AND FLIPS IT AS IF IT IS ROLLING DOWN A CLIFF. IT HITS THE BOTTOM AND MAKES THE SOUND OF IT CRASHING AND FINALLY EXPLODING.

PHILIP: Roll, tip, bounce, bounce, land. (ACCENT) Oh, I think we're okay. (LOUDLY) Explosion, fire, fire. (ACCENT) I'm melting, I'm melting.

PHILIP: (CONT) Fire, fire, burning flesh, fry, fry. (ACCENT) Who will save the children ? Die queue jumper. Die ! (HE SCREAMS LOUD AND LONG THEN SILENCE.) All dead. Situation comprehensively re-articulated.

HE RETURNS TO OTHER CARS.

PHILIP: Red Car 1, Blue Car 1. Mission accomplished. Tick! Well done. Return to stations. Intruder – exterminated. Double tick!

HE PUSHES THE CARS BACK INTO LINE. HE GOES SEARCHING FOR ANOTHER CAR.

PHILIP: And now – oh dear. Black Car.

HE ROLLS THE BLACK CAR SLOWLY IN BETWEEN THE RED AND BLUE CARS.

PHILIP: (ACCENT) Oh dear – chug chug - This isn't a very good car – chug chug – we seem to be stopping – chug chug – oh dear – chug ...

HE MAKES THE SOUND OF THE CAR EXPIRING.

PHILIP: (ACCENT) We've stopped. Where are we ? Looks very clean. Not use to things being so clean. (MEGAPHONE) "Black Car, you have entered a clean zone. Please withdraw from the clean zone or cleaning will begin." (ACCENT) Oogga boogga ning ning. (MEGAPHONE) I'm sorry Black Car. What did you say ? (AGITATED) Oogga boogga ning ning. (MEGAPHONE) I'm sorry Black Car that language is incorrect. Prepare for cleaning to begin. Red Car 2, Blue Car 2. Begin cleaning !

PHILIP RAMS RED CAR 2 AND BLUE CAR 2 REPEATEDLY IN TO THE BLACK CAR. AS HE DOES HE MAKES SOUNDS AGAIN OF CARS CRASHING AND THE BLACK CAR PASSENGERS SCREAMING.

PHILIP: Crunch, smash - (ACCENT) Save us Mr Philip! I'm sorry – no can do - you should've thought of that before you dirtied the clean zone. FUCKING BURN UNCLEAN BITCH !!! (ACCENT) Oogga – smash, crunch – (ACCENT) Boogga – Crunch crunch smash smash – (ACCENT, WEAKENING) Ning ... (HE IS NOW WHACKING BOTH CARS DOWN ON THE BLACK CAR) (ACCENT, SOFT) ning ...

SUDDENLY HE MAKES THE SOUND OF A FIERY EXPLOSION.

THEN HE SWEEPS AWAY THE CAR WITH HIS HAND FLINGING IT ACROSS STAGE. HE GOES SEARCHING FOR ANOTHER CAR.

PHILIP: Ah ha. Green car. Come with me.

HE BEGINS TO ROLL THE GREEN CAR IN BETWEEN THE RED AND BLUE CARS.

PHILIP: Loud music loud music – chuggity chuggity - smoke out of windows smoke out of windows – chuggity chuggity – seditious thoughts seditious thoughts – chuggity chuggity. (DIFFERENT VOICE) Hey like incredible man, what a really organised place. This is so cool. I think I'll stop for a while and just chill out in this really organised place. I'm like so jealous. (MEGAPHONE) Green car. You have entered an organised area. (VOICE) Yeah like wow man and it's really cool. (MEGAPHONE) Green car. Yes it is cool but it is also organised and you are making it unorganised. (VOICE) Wow man but that's okay. Unorganisation is like cool man. (MEGAPHONE) Green car. Unorganisation is not cool. It is uncool. Very uncool. Organisation is cool. (VOICE) Man, you sound like you've got a weenie up your arse. (MEGAPHONE, BECOMING ANGRY) Green car. I do not have a weenie up my arse. (VOICE) Man you do – a big fat weenie. (MEGAPHONE) Green car ! Stop saying that. (VOICE) Weenie, weenie. (MEGAPHONE) Green Car prepare for extermination. Blue Car 3, Red Car 3. Standby to exterminate. (VOICE) Big fat weenie! (MEGAPHONE, VERY ANGRY NOW) Green Car – stop fucking saying that !!! (VOICE) Philip with two ls, Philip with two ls.

HE SUDDENLY PICKS UP THE GREEN CAR.

PHILIP: I'm the Attorney Fuckface General – I mean Attorney General Fuckface. And it's Philip with one l not two. Because I'm special like mummy says. (VOICE) F – i – double l – i – p spells weenie ! (SCREAMING) That's it! I know exactly what to do with you.

PHILIP PLACES THE GREEN CAR DOWN AND GOES TO THE BOX.
HE TAKES OUT FOUR PIECES OF WOOD AND COMES BACK TO THE CAR.

HE BEGINS PLACING THE PIECES OF WOOD IN A SQUARE NEXT TO THE GREEN CAR.

PHILIP: (ONE PIECE) Razor wire. (SECOND PIECE) Razor wire. (THIRD PIECE) Electric fence. (LAST PIECE) Minefield. And – (TOUCHING FLOOR AROUND SQUARE) desert, desert, desert. Come this way my friend.

HE PICKS UP THE CAR AND LOWERS IT INTO THE WOODEN SQUARE.

PHILIP: Kerr-clunk. Welcome green car. You are now safely in detention. A place for everything and everybody in their place. And now ... the neutron ray.

HE PULLS A TOY GUN OUT OF HIS BLAZER AND FIRES IT AT THE GREEN CAR. (A GUN WITH FLASHING LIGHTS AND SCI-FI SOUNDS.)

PHILIP: Ahahahaha – (VOICE) Oh no my brain is frying - hahahahahahahaha – (VOICE) Should never try to be unorganised in an organised place – hahahahahaha – (VOICE) My – brain – is – fry – ing. Sorry Philip with one 1. Sorry Attorney General. Sorry ... ahahahaha ... (VOICE) I'm dead.
Apologies Red Car 3 and Blue Car 3 that called for my own personal intervention. Now, what colour's next ?

MOTHER: (OFFSTAGE) Philip, come inside.

PHILIP: (INSTANTLY WHINING) But Mum – I don't want to come inside.

MOTHER: But Philip – you must.

PHILIP: Don – wanna, don – wanna, don – wanna.

MOTHER: Philip – a friend has come to play.

PHILIP: A friend? What's that?

MOTHER: In your case, someone who lets you suck up to them.

PHILIP: Oh. Goody. (OVERAWED) But Mum – I've never had a friend come to play.

MOTHER: That's because you've never had a friend Philip.

PHILIP: But Mum – what's his name ?

MOTHER: He says his name's Johnny. He doesn't have any friends either.

PHILIP: Johnny. My friend Johnny. Oh Mum – this is the happiest day of my life. Johnny's my friend. Johnny's my friend.

HE STARTS JUMPING AROUND STAGE.

PHILIP: Fuck you Brown Car, fuck you Black Car, and double fuck you Green Car – Johnny's my friend ! Johnny's my friend ! Johnny's my -

HE LANDS WITH A CRUNCH ON A BLUE CAR. HE LOOKS UP, HORRIFIED.

PHILIP: Mum – I think I broke my Blue Car.

BLACKOUT.