

STILL LIFE

ONE DAY

A play by Phil Lewis

This play requires permission to perform and a performance fee

SHORTENED **SAMPLE** VERSION

For full version please contact:
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Approx: 9 minutes

CAST:

JO: Any age, any sex

SET:

Single chair and spotlight.

ONE DAY

(OPENING MUSIC.

LIGHTS UP ON JO)

(JO ENTERS WITH A HUGE SHEAF OF PAPERS, WHICH ARE WAVED AROUND TO EMPHASISE THE FRUSTRATION)

JO: What really gets my Goat...whatever that's supposed to mean? Goat, what Goat? How're you supposed to get a Goat, especially your own?

Anyway. I digress, a problem I have when I get into my subject. Where was I?

Oh, yes. Getting my Goat.

Publishers. And, I have to add – agents. Both lots. They really do get my Goat.

They just can't see quality work when it's staring them in the face. Literarily. I couldn't do more to put a play in front of them.

Anyway.

I should know, because I've tried for over twenty years to get these idiots to understand the class writing held before their very eyes.

Of course if my name was Orton, Shakespeare, Russell...they'd read it avidly and exclaim the genius of the piece. But not when you're name is Jo Higginbottom. And I refuse to go under a non-de plum.

The importance of a piece of art should not be the creator's name. It should be the piece itself. All my plays stand up for themselves. They stand alone to be counted and recognised for pure fact and human statement.

Not your pappy plays for TV. Happy plays with happy endings. Reality isn't like that. It's gritty and unjust.

In as much as reality TV shows aren't reality at all. They're contrived, manipulated and scripted. More often than not, a vehicle for the presenters, than contestants.

Pap. Utter pap for the mindless, non-thinking classes that pervade our country. Indeed, pervade the whole world now.

We used to accuse the Russians and Chinese of mind control, propaganda and brain-washing of the masses. Then we realised America was doing the same. Brain-washing using the TV shows. Government control of the news media. Tell the public what the government wants them to know. Tell them what to think, how to behave.

Well we've come a long way. We're all at it now. Britain's no longer an exception. Daily doses of pap, followed by more pap and greater pap. I'm surprised there's not a University Degree in Papology. There could be. There's enough of it going around. But most of it unrecognised for what it really is. Pap! That's the problem.

Nobody thinks anymore. Bloody music hammered in the brain twenty-four hours a day via I-Pods. Anything to distract, not to have to think, no exercising of the brain. If you don't use it – you lose it.

The masses rely on being told what to think, what to say, what to wear. Even what to eat. Bloody Jamie Oliver. He's made a fortune out of the written words and ME - not a penny.

How difficult is it to boil an egg, Jamie? I don't need to buy your bloody pappy book to find out!

Crappy pappy jumped up clown calling himself an author. You're looking at a real author, right here. Real work. Real subjects. Real facts. Real heart.

My stuff would be performed by real actors, not kids leaping around a barbecue, or fake kitchen showing cold food prepared earlier. With all the errors edited out. Added colouring, no doubt. Well lit, well presented – but still more pap!

My work needs real people to get the message across. Real actors like Michael Gambon. A man of gravitas. Totally believable in everything he does.

I met him once. Never forget it. He was coming out as I was going in. Briefly, I only had one moment. Briefly he was blocked by me in the doorway.

I had a play with me, as I do most days. I thrust it into his hand, outstretched to prevent me from getting any nearer. He grasped the script with a look of hunger in his eyes, I'd never seen in an actor before.

I memorised that look and wrote it in the very next play. The very next day. In the script it's referred to as "The Gambon Look."

To this day, he's not called back. The part was perfect for him. The play a masterpiece of historical storytelling. He'd make the perfect Che Guevara.

What a loss that is to the arts. I can only try my best.

I've now written over two-hundred plays. It surprises people when I say that. Over two-hundred and still I've many more screaming to come out.

They're packed with fact and emotion. History, upheaval and torment. Strong, powerful and fascinating material, set against backgrounds of national rebellion and war.

Right triumphing over might. The pen is mightier than the sword. Blood thicker than water. Death before dishonour.

My cross to bear in life is to illuminate the world with truth. The truth of mankind's bitter struggle against tyranny and oppression. The people's voice will be heard again. All over the world. Whether through the strength of my plays, or the soft words of better politicians to come.

One day. One day!

In the meantime...I've a living to make and must return to my earthly duties.

There are tables out there that won't wait on themselves. I must return to pamper the idiots who drift through their lives with their eyes shut and brains in neutral.

EDITED