

Fulfil Me Fully, Phil

by Sebastian Rex

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Characters

Phil
Baker
Captain Kyil
Chairman Kesh
Fatso
Husband
Doctor Hiil
First Whore
Second Whore
Sister Father
The Suicider
Wife

Fulfil Me Fully, Phil was first performed at the Space theatre in London, between 27/11-15/12/2012, with the following cast:

Fatso – Matt Lord
Chairman Kesh – Ed Sheridan
Baker – Kate Sandison
First Whore – Julie Ross
Second Whore – Eamon Ali
Husband – Steve Jesson
Doctor Hill – Avita Jay
Captain Kyil – Joshua Ross Grocott
Sister Father – Clare Harlow
The Suicider – Milo Burridge
Wife – Julia Stone
Phil – Rhys Lawton

Assistant Director: Saskia Marland
Creative Producer: Mari Rettedal-Westlake
Set Designer: Anna Soboleva
Costume Designer: Faye Bradley
Composer: Noam Galperin
Lighting Designer: Nic Farman
Stage Manager: Ina Berggren
Casting Assistant: Rhona Foulis
ASM: Steven Shawcroft, Naomi Evans, Lindsay Butkus, Christen Perez



Eamon Ali and Julie Ross as *The Whores*
Photography: Tina Engström

"This new play by Sebastian Rex, showing his imagination is as keenly inventive as ever"

Jeremy Kingston, critic for *The Times*, 2012

ACT ONE

Scene 1

Town Centre

We are in the town centre, which includes a bakery, a house and most noticeably, a door with a big sign saying 'Phil'

Song:

FATSO:	<i>Good morning boys and girls</i>
CHAIRMAN KESH:	<i>This is our town's centre</i>
BAKER:	<i>This place is quite delightful</i>
FIRST WHORE:	<i>Come on</i>
SECOND WHORE:	<i>Let's go</i>
HUSBAND:	<i>Do enter!</i>
DOCTOR HIIL:	<i>We all live here in bliss</i>
CHAIRMAN KESH:	<i>We live a perfect life</i>
SECOND WHORE:	<i>We're happy all the time</i>
HUSBAND:	<i>Except for me, I have no wife</i>
DOCTOR HIIL	<i>My name is Doctor Hiil</i>
	<i>I'm here if you feel ill</i>
CAPTAIN KYIL:	<i>And I am Captain Kyil</i>
	<i>Protecting you in the name of Phil</i>
SISTER FATHER:	<i>If you are in a crisis</i>
	<i>And need a comforting ear</i>
BAKER:	<i>This is Sister Father</i>
	<i>She's really quite a dear</i>
FIRST WHORE:	<i>If anyone Is hungry</i>
	<i>The bakery's over there</i>
FATSO:	<i>But the cakes are too delicious</i>
	<i>So you better all beware</i>
ALL:	<i>We live a perfect life</i>
	<i>We're happy as can be</i>
	<i>So please enjoy our town</i>
SISTER FATHER:	<i>And come to visit me</i>
CAPTAIN KYIL:	<i>And me</i>
DOCTOR HIIL:	<i>And me</i>
FATSO:	<i>And me</i>
BAKER:	<i>And me</i>
CHAIRMAN KESH:	<i>And me</i>
HUSBAND:	<i>And me</i>
FIRST WHORE:	<i>And me</i>
SECOND WHORE:	<i>And me</i>

FIRST WHORE: *No, me*
CAPTAIN KYIL: *I'm the happiest person*
SECOND WHORE: *I'm happier than him*
CHAIRMAN KESH: *I'm happier than both of them together*
THE SUICIDER: *(Walks on and cross out) I'm actually quite grim (exits)*
ALL: *We're always all so happy*
And that's all thanks to Phil
We've been happy since creation
And we're happy ever still
We're happy happy happy
Happy happy happy happy
Happy happy happy happy
Happy happ...

*A long scream and a crash on the floor as **THE SUICIDER** falls off a tall building*

***THE SUICIDER** lays motionless centre-stage*

*Standing around the body are **HUSBAND**, **FATSO**, **CAPTAIN KYIL**, **BAKER** and **CHAIRMAN KESH***

***SISTER FATHER** sits praying next to the door marked 'Phil'*

***TWO WHORES** are standing leaning on the wall, uninterested in the events*

BAKER: What a horrible way to end a life.
CAPTAIN KYIL: What a poor soul, having to jump off the building.
CHAIRMAN KESH: It must be at least twenty-storey-tall.
FATSO: Twenty-five.
BAKER: Twenty-five. What a horrible way to end a life.
HUSBAND: It's quite a shame that one tries to die. It really makes me wonder why.
FATSO: Un-happiness?
HUSBAND: Yes, I suppose that is the case for wanting to leave this worldly place.

***DOCTOR HIIL** runs in*

DOCTOR HIIL: I came as soon as I heard. How is the patient?
CHAIRMAN KESH: Well, we think the patient is dead, Doctor Hiil.
DOCTOR HIIL: Has Sister Father given the verdict yet?
FATSO: No. Sister Father is still praying to Phil.
DOCTOR HIIL: So we can't know, can we!
CHAIRMAN KESH: The Suicider almost hit me. I could have died.
DOCTOR HIIL: Did any of you see what happened?
FATSO: I think the whores saw it.
DOCTOR HIIL: Oh... whores, did you see what happened?
FIRST WHORE: Piss off!

Long stop

CAPTAIN KYIL: It's a beautiful day.
BAKER: Oh, yes. Beautiful.
CHAIRMAN KESH: It would be a lovely day for a funeral.
FATSO: I love a good funeral...

SISTER FATHER finishes praying and joins the group

DOCTOR HIIL: Oh, Sister Father. What's the verdict?
SISTER FATHER: Not dead.

THE SUICIDER regains consciousness

BAKER, FATSO, CAPTAIN KYIL and HUSBAND exit disappointed

BAKER: What a waste of an afternoon. Now I must get back and reopen the bakery. And I was hoping to get an afternoon off.
CAPTAIN KYIL: Never mind, Baker, perhaps someone will die tomorrow instead.
FATSO: And Baker, take delight in knowing that I will enjoy your open bakery very much.

They exit

SISTER FATHER: It's a miracle! Thank Phil.
THE SUICIDER: A miracle?
CHAIRMAN KESH: You survived.
DOCTOR HIIL: You fell off a building. Twenty-five-storey-tall.
THE SUICIDER: Who survives falling off twenty-five-storey-tall buildings? This is a joke. A mad twist of fate's cruel knife.
SISTER FATHER: Or... a miracle!
THE SUICIDER: Sister Father, my survival is not a miracle. All it means is that I need to do a better job of my suicide.
SISTER FATHER: You don't see your survival as a miracle?
THE SUICIDER: I see it as a curse. A challenge. But fear not, I will not rest until I succeed. I have to work hard. I must think of cunning ways in which to kill myself. My suicide must be well crafted. It must be spectacular and genius. Thank you for setting me this challenge. Finally there's some meaning in my life. A point!

THE SUICIDER gets up and walks out

DOCTOR HIIL: I don't understand.

SISTER FATHER: Oh, Doctor Hiil, I'm not sure that went to plan.
DOCTOR HIIL: No, Sister Father. Not at all.

SISTER FATHER and DOCTOR HIIL exit

CHAIRMAN KESH: I could have died. What am I doing with myself? There are twenty-four hours in a day. I sleep for eight of them, travel for four, eat for one, take care of my body for one, work for ten, that leaves... oh dear. That leaves nothing for joy. But if I keep on working so much and doing all those things, I could go on holiday. Right. Let's start again. There are three hundred and sixty five days in a year. I work for two hundred and sixty days, I visit my family for ten, I worship Phil for sixty-eight, I am sick for fifteen, exhausted for seven, two are for thinking, and one for regrets. That leaves two days of holiday. Two days of joy. How wonderful. Two whole days in a year to live towards. Hold on. Two days out of three hundred and sixty five is less than one percent. That doesn't make any sense. I am wasting my time! I'm like the mule of the universe, wandering around and wondering why I'm not getting anywhere. My parents would be so disappointed in me if they saw me living on the farm of the universe eating universe hay. I can imagine my mother looking at me with sadness and my father with disgust, both saying, "Chairman, you are such a failure. Such a failure indeed." I am not a mule! I must make a success of myself. I must make enough money to move out of the farm and into the penthouse of the universe, where I could look at everybody from above and laugh. Ha! That's right. Ha!

Starts shouting

Buy something! Buy something!

THE SUICIDER passes by

THE SUICIDER: Excuse me. Would you like to buy something?
And what would I do with something? I'm going to be dead soon.

THE SUICIDER exits

CHAIRMAN KESH: Selling appears not to be as simple or as straightforward as I had first anticipated.

HUSBAND enters

CHAIRMAN KESH: Buy something from me.

HUSBAND: Shopping might help my depression. What do you have in your possession?

CHAIRMAN KESH: What would you like?

HUSBAND: I think your shirt is rather nice. Tell me, what would be its price?

CHAIRMAN KESH: How much do you think is fair for this beautiful shirt?

HUSBAND: I'll give you twenty notes for it. I do though hope that it will fit.

CHAIRMAN KESH: Oh, that is so much. I am joyful.

CHAIRMAN KESH takes off the shirt and gives it to HUSBAND in exchange for twenty notes and exits

HUSBAND stands lonely on stage

HUSBAND: I am alone, a lonely man. Trying to be happy, but I don't think I can. I so want to be in love, but I haven't received it from above. What is the point of living if you can't share your feeling? Aloneness and misery result in rhyming couplets and poetry. Why do these thoughts of loneliness bring out an immense sense of horniness? I want my horizons to expand, and I wouldn't mind having a different hand. What's the point of filling my existence if I can't share those feelings with some assistance? Oh, cruel world, please let me love. Give me a wife that I could have. I demand you give some meaning to my life. Oh, cruel world, give me a wife!

WIFE enters

WIFE: Are you to be my husband?

HUSBAND: Are you to be my wife?

WIFE: I am.

HUSBAND: I am... happy. Not-so-cruel-world-after-all, thank you for turning my sadness into happiness in an instant. The introduction of a wife is all I needed to change my lyricism into prose.

As HUSBAND and WIFE exit to their home, HUSBAND shouts to the WHORES

SECOND WHORE: Whores, look. I am happy!

Piss off!

FIRST WHORE: We are two big whores.
SECOND WHORE: Huge whores.
FIRST WHORE: Huge whores.
SECOND WHORE: We sell our bodies.
FIRST WHORE: For money.
SECOND WHORE: For money.
FIRST WHORE: We provide...
SECOND WHORE: Shelter.
FIRST WHORE: That's right. We provide shelter.
SECOND WHORE: And comfort.
FIRST WHORE: And comfort.
SECOND WHORE: And we love it.
FIRST WHORE: And our clients love us.
SECOND WHORE: We offer bliss.
FIRST WHORE: Yes! Bliss! Why didn't I think of that word?
SECOND WHORE: That's because you're a whore, dear.
FIRST WHORE: Thank you, and you're a whore too.
SECOND WHORE: Tonight we go to the theatre.
FIRST WHORE: Yes, our two clients are taking us out to the theatre.
SECOND WHORE: We are so sophisticated.
FIRST WHORE: We are the classiest whores in the world.
SECOND WHORE: We will sip champagne at the theatre.
FIRST WHORE: And we will eat caviar.
SECOND WHORE: Well, I don't know if they sell caviar at the theatre.
FIRST WHORE: Oh, I'm sure our clients will...
SECOND WHORE: Let's not call them that tonight. Tonight they're our friends.
FIRST WHORE: Yes. Tonight they're our friends. I'm sure our friends will bring caviar from their homes.
SECOND WHORE: Are they Russian?
FIRST WHORE: Well... They do have an accent of some sort.
SECOND WHORE: I bet they're Russian.
FIRST WHORE: Yeah, why not. Our Russian friends.
SECOND WHORE: I wonder what the theatre will be like.
FIRST WHORE: Oh, they have all sorts there.
SECOND WHORE: Will they have songs?
FIRST WHORE: I'm sure they will.
SECOND WHORE: What about deaths?
FIRST WHORE: Always. You can't have a good play without good deaths.
SECOND WHORE: I'm very excited.
FIRST WHORE: Yes. Me too.
SECOND WHORE: Two whores at the theatre. Now that's going to be interesting.
FIRST WHORE: Do you think anyone will look down on us?

SECOND WHORE: How can they? We are sophisticated. We're even wearing our most sophisticated outfits.
FIRST WHORE: Oh, Whore, I am happy.
SECOND WHORE: Oh, Whore, so am I.
FIRST WHORE: We are the luckiest whores in the world.

They start dancing

SECOND WHORE: I can't wait for our Russian friends to arrive.
FIRST WHORE: With caviar.
SECOND WHORE: And champagne.
FIRST WHORE: And the tickets to the theatre.
SECOND WHORE: I'm full of anticipation.
FIRST WHORE: Me too, my sophisticated whore friend. Me too.

WIFE and HUSBAND enter

WIFE: Husband...
HUSBAND: Yes, Wife.
WIFE: Today I reached a decision.
HUSBAND: Well, Wife, I am happy that you reached a decision. You seemed to be missing something, and perhaps it was a decision.
WIFE: Oh, Husband. I am glad I married you. You are right. I was empty and missing something and this decision has filled my life with new meaning and hope. I was sitting at home so miserable, not knowing what I was feeling. I was in pain. Pain inside. Pain in my heart. I was so pained and so I pined. You pined for this, and I for what I miss.
HUSBAND: So what is the decision you so elatedly made? What are you missing?
WIFE: Right... well, I closed my eyes and focused on my pain. I retraced it and started to look for its birthplace. I made a shocking discovery – the pain originated from my womb. My womb was in pain. And then I realised what can cause such wombly pains. So I would like you to impregnate me!

Long stop

HUSBAND: I would like you to...
WIFE: Yes. I... did hear what you said.
HUSBAND: You don't seem happy.
WIFE: I... I am happy! I must admit, Wife, I was scared for a

moment, but I do see the light. A baby. That would be... rewarding.

WIFE: A little mini Husband or a little mini Wife for us to take care of.

HUSBAND: And nurture.

WIFE: And grow.

HUSBAND: And make into a perfect human being.

WIFE: Oh Husband, it might even be twins.

HUSBAND: Oh Wife, it might even be more.

WIFE: My vagina would not handle all that, Husband.

HUSBAND: You are right, Wife.

WIFE: Oh, husband. Shall we fornicate now?

HUSBAND: Why not. Let's fornicate now.

WIFE: I can't wait for your sperm to enter my egg.

HUSBAND and WIFE leave

CAPTAIN KYIL enters the stage holding a rifle

CAPTAIN KYIL: Oh, what kind of a soldier am I? I've been protecting all my life, yet I've never killed anyone. I wonder what it would feel like to kill. To take a person's life. And all the blood. The blood exiting the wounds. All those sad empty creatures. Blood oozing out of their holes. Blood emptying from their bodies. Kill them until they have no life. Oh, killing must be so much fun. Phil, do let me feel what it feels like to kill. For now, I will have to be satisfied with protecting the streets.

As CAPTAIN KYIL shouts, all the characters except PHIL enter the stage one by one

Ladies and Gentlemen, I am Captain Kyil and I am the protector of this town. Come out and listen to me! From now on there will be some ground rules. A curfew will come into place every evening at ten PM. Anyone seen out on the streets after that will be shot. Shot to kill. So don't leave your homes.

HUSBAND: But what if we must?

CAPTAIN KYIL: You never must.

HUSBAND: Sometimes we have to leave our house for our loves.

CAPTAIN KYIL: You do not have to leave for love!

HUSBAND: I refuse to accept that.

CAPTAIN KYIL: Then I refuse to keep you alive and I will be forced to use force.

WIFE: Come, Husband. Don't argue with Captain Kyil. You will live for love but not leave for love. Now let's get back inside and you can return to your rejoicement.

DOCTOR HIIL: Captain Kyil.
CAPTAIN KYIL: Yes, Doctor Hiil.
DOCTOR HIIL: I assume this curfew will not affect me, is that right?
CAPTAIN KYIL: Of course it will, Doctor Hiil.
DOCTOR HIIL: But what if I must go and treat a patient?
CAPTAIN KYIL: No one is to be ill after ten.
FATSO: You need not worry about me. I sleep at ten. You see, after my seven-course nightly meal at eight, I take a long bath... with bubbles. I smoke a large cigar, drink a glass – not too much, I'm not an alcoholic, after all – of Cognac and then by ten, I am always in bed. With my satin pajamas and silky sheets and hundreds of pillows. I am too fat to do anything else. Besides, sleeping is fun. I happily sleep Captain Kyil, you will not see me out of my house past the curfew.
CAPTAIN KYIL: That is excellent news, Fatso. You can all go back to your homes now!

*They all return to their homes except for **DOCTOR HIIL**, **FATSO** and the **WHORES***

DOCTOR HIIL: Fatso...
FATSO: Yes, Doctor Hiil.
DOCTOR HIIL: I'm concerned about your size. You are very fat.
FATSO: I know, Doctor Hiil.
DOCTOR HIIL: Why are you so fat, Fatso?
FATSO: I... eat too much?
DOCTOR HIIL: Yes. Why else?
FATSO: Oh, do I have glandular problems?
DOCTOR HIIL: Possibly.
FATSO: Oh, I know. I don't exercise enough.
DOCTOR HIIL: Enough?
FATSO: At all.
DOCTOR HIIL: Yes.
FATSO: Are there any other reasons?
DOCTOR HIIL: Do you have a problem with over-indulgence?
FATSO: I don't think so. I over-indulge fairly easily.
DOCTOR HIIL: Fatso, you have to take better care of yourself otherwise Phil might smite you.
FATSO: And is that bad, Doctor Hiil?
DOCTOR HIIL: Very bad, Fatso. You do not want Phil to smite you.
FATSO: Right, Doctor Hiil. I will do what is needed of me not to be smitten.
DOCTOR HIIL: Smited.
FATSO: Smited.
DOCTOR HIIL: If you make sure you make amends, you may come out of it and survive.

FATSO: Oh, I want to survive, Doctor Hiil. I don't want to die. I'm still too young to die. I've not yet lived. I've not kissed a woman. I've not eaten pig's liver. I've not been to the jungles of America. I don't want to die.

DOCTOR HIIL: Then stop eating!

FATSO: But when I was born I was promised life. I was told that if I didn't eat – I would die. So I ate, and I drank and I pooped and I grew. Nobody told me that if I eat too much I would die as well. I was never given that warning. It's not fair. This world is steeped with such delicious food. Such tasty and appetising delicious sustaining, substantial, sufficient, satiating, satisfying, salivating, saturated food.

DOCTOR HIIL: I believe in you, Fatso! You can do it!

FATSO: Thank you, Doctor Hiil.

DOCTOR HIIL exits

FATSO starts walking in circles muttering words and punching the air

THE SUICIDER enters the stage and runs to FATSO

THE SUICIDER: Fatso, surely you have a piece of rope you can give me!

FATSO: And what would I do with a piece of rope?

THE SUICIDER: Oh, great disappointment. Thank you for failing.

FATSO: I'm very good at that.

THE SUICIDER: I'm better!

FATSO exits

THE SUICIDER knocks on HUSBAND and WIFE's door

HUSBAND: Yes?

THE SUICIDER: Husband, do you have a razor?

HUSBAND: I need it for my shaving.

THE SUICIDER: I promise to return it.

WIFE: Husband, who disturbs us again in the middle of fornication?

HUSBAND: The Suicider wants to shave.

WIFE: But now is not the time.

HUSBAND: I am sorry, I would love to give you my razor, but Wife is right, now is not the time. Goodbye

THE SUICIDER: Now is never the time. Another disappointment! How many more can I take? I have a fragile soul and every disappointment leads me closer and closer to despair. No. I will not give up. I will succeed.

THE SUICIDER exits

FIRST WHORE: They're late.

SECOND WHORE: Very late.
FIRST WHORE: Very late.
SECOND WHORE: We're looking forward to showing our friends the time of their lives.
FIRST WHORE: After they show us the time of ours.
SECOND WHORE: We will make them happy.
FIRST WHORE: They will make us happy.
SECOND WHORE: Everybody will be happy.
FIRST WHORE: Now we wait.
SECOND WHORE: We wait.
FIRST WHORE: For our two Russian friends.
SECOND WHORE: I wonder what they'll be wearing.
FIRST WHORE: I wonder if they will like what we're wearing.

Long stop

TOGETHER: Of course they will.
FIRST WHORE: We are so sophisticated.
SECOND WHORE: So sophisticated.

DOCTOR HIIL knocks on HUSBAND and WIFE's door

DOCTOR HIIL: Husband, Wife... I have some fantastic news.
WIFE: Oh, Husband, can it really be?
DOCTOR HIIL: Yes, Wife. It is. You're pregnant.
HUSBAND: Oh, Doctor Hiil. Thank you so much. You have excited us, pleased us and happilised us.
WIFE: Doctor Hiil, Husband does not lie. We are the happiest we've ever been.
HUSBAND: Even more.
WIFE: Even more.
DOCTOR HIIL: Well, Husband, well Wife. I am glad to be your Doctor today and to see you now, when you are at the happiest you've ever been.
HUSBAND: Even more.
WIFE: Even more!

HUSBAND and WIFE exit, leaving DOCTOR HIIL alone

DOCTOR HIIL: New life! How exciting. There is nothing more important in life than living, is there? As long as we're alive and healthy. Living sick is not living at all. If living is the most important thing, and being healthy is the only way to live. I should be the most valuable person on earth. And yet... I thought to myself, If I become a Doctor I'd save the world.

Hiil will heal the ill. But everybody dies. I failed them all.
All I end up with are sick and dead. Dead and sick.
Corpses and failure. Failure and corpses. Oh, why did I
waste my life like this? I feel sick from this success-less
life. When the doctor is sick, what hope is there for
anyone?

Long stop

No, Doctor Hiil, you mustn't give up! Perhaps people die,
but hope must never die! Hope! There must be hope if
there is to be happiness. I must fight for happiness! Hiil,
you *will* heal the ill.

Scene 2

Monastery

*SISTER FATHER is sitting next to a hospital bed on which **THE SUICIDER** is laying
SISTER FATHER is nursing **THE SUICIDER** back to health*

SISTER FATHER: Now, that was a stupid thing to do, wasn't it?
THE SUICIDER: Was it?
SISTER FATHER: You didn't read the instructions properly.
THE SUICIDER: Didn't I?
SISTER FATHER: You weren't supposed to swallow all the pills.
THE SUICIDER: Weren't I?
SISTER FATHER: I'm afraid the doctors have had to pump your stomach.
THE SUICIDER: Have had they?
SISTER FATHER: So was this an accident?
THE SUICIDER: It was.
SISTER FATHER: Oh, thank Phil. For a moment there I thought that you attempted suicide.
THE SUICIDER: Yes, Sister Father. The accident is that I survived!
SISTER FATHER: Your survival is a miracle. You must be grateful and thank Phil.
THE SUICIDER: Phil failed me.
SISTER FATHER: How?
THE SUICIDER: By not letting me die.
SISTER FATHER: Suicide is an act of moral lowness and results in punishment.
THE SUICIDER: But it's punishment for me to survive. Are you saying that by trying to kill myself I get punished with survival? But... This would mean I could never kill myself. What horrible fate is Phil laying on someone whose only wish is to die? Phil, can you hear me?

***THE SUICIDER** gets up and rummages around looking for something, eventually finding a knife*

Phil, look at this. I want to die.

***THE SUICIDER** sticks the knife - it's a toy knife and it breaks*

What is this meant to be? You can't do that! That's not fair. So many innocent people die every day. So many people who don't want to die end up in the morgue. And here am I, a simple failure and all I want is to die, and you won't even give me that? Let me be noble. Allow me to pretend to be thoughtful and cry to the world "take me, instead of them". Let me jump and catch a bullet for someone. Let me

push someone out of the road and fall in front of a bus.
Why are you killing them and not me? This is not fair. It's
not fair!

THE SUICIDER breaks down crying
SISTER FATHER starts consoling THE SUICIDER

SISTER FATHER: Phil works in mysterious ways.

Stop

Dear Suicider, for solidarity, I will dedicate my life to
trying to die for others. Just so you won't feel alone.

THE SUICIDER gets up and storms out as FATSO enters

FATSO: Sister Father.
SISTER FATHER: Yes, Fatso.
FATSO: I need help.
SISTER FATHER: Well, I am here to help. I am help. How may I help you?
FATSO: Doctor Hiil said that if I eat again I would die.
SISTER FATHER: And what is the problem?
FATSO: I'm hungry.
SISTER FATHER: Fatso, we must give up these pleasures in order to be
pure. We are all Phil's children and in order to receive
love from Phil we must deny ourselves these gratuitous
pleasures.
FATSO: Yes, I understand but... I'm hungry.
SISTER FATHER: Fatso, I'll tell you what I'll do. I will assist you.
FATSO: You will assist me, Sister Father?
SISTER FATHER: For solidarity, I will also starve and stop eating.
FATSO: You are a saint for starving and stopping eating to assist
me for solidarity, Sister Father.
SISTER FATHER: Oh, please. It's part of my duty for serving Phil. From
now on I will not eat anymore. I will will my will to
behave.
FATSO: Thank you.
SISTER FATHER: All in a day's job, Fatso. All in a lifetime's calling.

SISTER FATHER leaves

FATSO: Excellent. From now on I will eat no more.

Stop

Oh, my stomach started talking to me. What is it that you're saying? I can't understand you under all those grumbles. You feel lonely. Yes. I understand. Fatso, do you want to be happy or healthy? To be me or not to be me? My flaws are what construct me and make me unique. For all my life you've been telling me to love the person I've become. Now you tell me I was wrong all along? Upon my deathbed, would I rather feel like a work of art or a happy soul? To deal and cope and float on a breeze or to thine own self be true?

*A pregnant **WIFE** enters*

WIFE: Wife!
FATSO: Yes, Fatso!
WIFE: You are pregnant.
FATSO: I know, Fatso.
WIFE: Do you get... cravings?
FATSO: I do.
WIFE: Oh, wife. Would you tell me about your cravings?
FATSO: Of course.

***FATSO** sits on the floor and cradles into **WIFE**, like a child being told a bedtime story*

FATSO: Last night I woke up in the middle of the night wanting to eat olives.
WIFE: Green or black?
FATSO: Green, obviously. I wanted old green olives, but ended up having to make do with olive oil.
WIFE: Oil?
FATSO: Yes. I drank half a bottle of olive oil.
WIFE: Extra virgin?
FATSO: Of course, Fatso. Oh, you are sweet and innocent.
WIFE: Like a virgin?
FATSO: Like the finest extra virgin oil there is.
WIFE: What did you eat with the oil?
FATSO: Chocolate and rice and mousse with allspice.
WIFE: Tell me more.
FATSO: *Pork pies with whipped cream and topped with some cheese
Kidneys and honey from the finest bees
Chicken in seaweed with corn in a flan
Noodles in saffron with truffle sauce and naan
Forty kinds of chocolate with sardines on the side
Marmite fondue and a swan that just died
Pizza with breadcrumbs and apricot cheese*

*and finally a milkshake from spinach and peas
Pasta with baked beans and caramel sauce
Bacon ice cream and that's just the first course*

FATSO:

Thank you, Wife. You are kind.

WIFE:

It's my pleasure, Fatso. It's my pleasure.

FATSO falls asleep

CHAIRMAN KESH enters and stands in the middle of the street looking at all the notes

CHAIRMAN KESH: I'm richer. My life is becoming more and more satisfying. Yet...
I still feel like I can get more. I now have twenty notes, but
surely twenty notes are not enough. I want more notes!

DOCTOR HIIL enters

Ahh, Doctor Hiil. You must want to buy something from me,
right?

DOCTOR HIIL: What can someone like you have to sell that a person like me
needs?

CHAIRMAN KESH: Shoes?

DOCTOR HIIL: Well I do must walk quite a lot in order to treat patients. But are
they clean? Are they sterile? Are you sure they have no germs,
bacterias or feline urine on them?

CHAIRMAN KESH: I am as sure as I am that felines urinate.

DOCTOR HIIL: In which case, I'll take them! How much do you want?

CHAIRMAN KESH: How much do you think is fair for these beautiful shoes?

DOCTOR HIIL: Thirty Notes?

CHAIRMAN KESH: I agree!

CHAIRMAN KESH gives DOCTOR HIIL a pair of shoes in exchange for thirty notes

DOCTOR HIIL exits

This is fun! What else can I sell? Wife, Fatso, would you like to
buy anything from me?

WIFE: Do you have maternity clothes?

CHAIRMAN KESH: Why would I have maternity clothes?

WIFE: Chairman Kesh, you are of no use to me. Good day!

WIFE exits

FATSO wakes up

FATSO: Oh, Chairman Kesh, what did you have for breakfast this
morning?

CHAIRMAN KESH: If I tell you, will you pay me for it?

FATSO: How much?

CHAIRMAN KESH: How much do you think is fair for this beautiful telling?

FATSO: Forty notes.

FATSO pays CHAIRMAN KESH

CHAIRMAN KESH: Oh, hurrah! Well, I ate three eggs. I always eat three eggs. Every morning I eat three eggs. One boiled, one scrambled and one sunny side up.

FATSO: Tell me more, Chairman Kesh.

CHAIRMAN KESH: The eggs are reared in the best farms in the country. Only the finest chickens lay my eggs.

FATSO: Chicken... Tell me more about the chicken.

CHAIRMAN KESH: It's an Indian chicken. They lay only the smoothest, creamiest eggs. So delicious, your tongue melts as you eat them.

FATSO: Tongue... Cream... Tongue in cream... Do you put any seasoning on it?

CHAIRMAN KESH: Salt, of course.

FATSO: I love salt.

CHAIRMAN KESH: Would you like to buy some eggs from me?

FATSO: I wish I could, but I am not allowed. The cholesterol!

CAPTAIN KYIL approaches

CAPTAIN KYIL: It's late. It's almost curfew time. You must go home.

FATSO: Yes, Captain Kyil.

FATSO exits

CHAIRMAN KESH: Before I go, would you like to buy my trousers?

CAPTAIN KYIL: Well, they are very nice trousers. How much would you like for them?

CHAIRMAN KESH: How much do you think is fair for these beautiful trousers?

CAPTAIN KYIL: Sixty notes.

CHAIRMAN KESH: Oh, hurrah! I'm now going to have one hundred and fifty notes. I am rich.

CHAIRMAN KESH exchanges the trousers for Sixty notes

CAPTAIN KYIL: Now you must go home.

CHAIRMAN KESH: Straightaway.

CAPTAIN KYIL exits

I have one hundred notes and yet, I still don't feel satisfied. I want more.

SISTER FATHER enters

SISTER FATHER: Excuse me.
CHAIRMAN KESH: Yes.
SISTER FATHER: You're naked.
CHAIRMAN KESH: I am.
SISTER FATHER: Why are you naked?
CHAIRMAN KESH: I sold all my clothes.
SISTER FATHER: Oh, you poor poor creature. For solidarity, please, allow me to give up my clothes for you.
CHAIRMAN KESH: You will give me your clothes?
SISTER FATHER: Yes.
CHAIRMAN KESH: How much do you want for them?
SISTER FATHER: Nothing. I will give them to you for free.
CHAIRMAN KESH: What an odd business proposal. I'll take it.

SISTER FATHER undresses and hands the clothes to **CHAIRMAN KESH** who exits joyfully

SISTER FATHER: Oh, Great Phil. Thank you for helping me fulfil my duty. Giving up things blissfulifies me. I want to give up more. I want to please you more. I will do anything for your approval, Phil. Anything. I am your wife, your husband, your mistress, your butler and your maid. I am your kinky little bit on the side and the girl next door. For solidarity, I will end all worldly pleasures for you. I am yours for eternity, Phil. Take me and do with me as you will, Phil. Fill me with your love, Phil. Fill me with your will, Phil. Fill me, Phil. Fulfil me, Phil. Fulfil me fully, Phil.

SISTER FATHER faints from excitement

WIFE approaches **HUSBAND** holding a baby

WIFE: Husband...
HUSBAND: Yes, Wife.
WIFE: After many long hours of labour, I would like to introduce you to our baby.
HUSBAND: Our very own baby.
WIFE: A little Husband, a little Wife.
HUSBAND: Someone to love us.
WIFE: Someone to take care of us when we are old.
HUSBAND: Someone to share our education with.
WIFE: Someone to continue our lineage.
HUSBAND: Someone to take care of.
WIFE: To feed.
HUSBAND: And to cuddle.
WIFE: And to mollycoddle.

HUSBAND: And to wash.
WIFE: And to hug.
HUSBAND: And to kiss.
WIFE: And to love.
HUSBAND: You can love me.
WIFE: I do. We both do. We will all love each other. And smell the baby. Doesn't our child smell magnificent?
HUSBAND: Oh, yes. What a wonderful smell. Is that what your insides smell of?
WIFE: It must be.
HUSBAND: Oh, I am happy.
WIFE: So am I.
HUSBAND: This is the most beautiful baby in the world.

HUSBAND and WIFE exit

FIRST WHORE: We were stood up.
SECOND WHORE: We looked so beautiful, didn't we?
FIRST WHORE: Yes, we did. We looked beautiful.
SECOND WHORE: And we stood outside the theatre.
FIRST WHORE: Everyone was looking at us.
SECOND WHORE: They were jealous.
FIRST WHORE: Of our sophisticated outfits.
SECOND WHORE: We looked so beautiful.

Stop

FIRST WHORE: Why didn't they come?
SECOND WHORE: We had no champagne.
FIRST WHORE: We had no caviar.
SECOND WHORE: And we were all alone.
FIRST WHORE: All alone.
SECOND WHORE: My dear Whore...
FIRST WHORE: Yes, my dearer Whore?
SECOND WHORE: I feel cheap.
FIRST WHORE: I know you do... I know.

Scene 3

Bakery

BAKER stands alone in the bakery

After a few moments BAKER takes out a piece of paper and pen and starts writing a will

BAKER: Oh, woe me. I've been baking for so many years, yet I am still an insignificant, tiny baker, working in an insignificant, tiny bakery, living in an insignificant tiny town baking insignificant tiny goods for insignificant tiny clients who think insignificantly and tinily of my work. When I was young, I was a prodigy. A genius. Destined to bake the most incredible food. And when I entered baking school all eyes opened wide and pallets climaxed, all mouths gasped. And now. Now I am in woe. Time's lost its track and so have I. I sit now and write this will – when I die, I want my epitaph to say, “He had great potential”. What did I do wrong? Why is my cheek being slapped so sillily? A master baker – master of nothing. If a cake is baked in the middle of a forest and nobody eats it, does it still exist? Do I have a point to exist? I wanted to be pointed to the nearest point, but instead was shown the backdoor. Goodbye cakes and waffles and biscuits and buns.

FATSO walks into the Bakery

FATSO: Excuse me, I used to be thin.

BAKER: (*Angrily*) And I used to be young. We all have to deal with disappointments. We all must cope with our bodies never quite being as they were. I used to be young, and now all I have are wrinkles. Wrinkles and grey hairs. So why should I care about you being thin? Do you care about me being young?

FATSO: You don't understand. You are the reason to my fatity.

BAKER: Me?

FATSO: You bake such delicious cakes in the shop and the smell coming from the oven teases me, every morning when I wake up.

Long stop

I used to be thin.

BAKER: Well, my overly-calorized friend, I can assure you that

it was never my intention to sadden or fatten you. Although it does give me a great feeling of joy and consummation to see your calories and know they were my creation. Am I allowed to touch them?

FATSO:

I... I guess so.

BAKER:

Oh, wonderful folding. Beautiful bulging and the spillage... oh, the spillage. You are like a work of art – so beautiful. So... full. And this is all me?

FATSO:

Well, I have been known to eat other things?

BAKER:

Other things? How many other things?

FATSO:

Not as many as yours. See this piece of extra skin surrounding a large piece of fat?

BAKER:

I see it.

FATSO:

That is from your triple-chocolate obsession cake.

BAKER:

The one with the white chocolate filling?

FATSO:

The one with the white chocolate filling!

BAKER:

And what about this lovely piece of thigh?

FATSO:

This is from the indulgent strawberry and treacle cream cake.

BAKER:

The one in which the strawberries are made of sugar...

FATSO:

That is precisely the one.

CAPTAIN KYIL enters the Bakery

CAPTAIN KYIL:

Baker, Fatso...

BOTH:

Yes, Captain Kyil.

CAPTAIN KYIL:

Are you aware of the curfew?

BOTH:

Yes, Captain Kyil.

CAPTAIN KYIL:

Good.

BAKER:

Would you like a muffin, Captain Kyil?

CAPTAIN KYIL:

Wow. You just offered me a muffin. I did not expect such kindness from you town-folk. I don't like muffins, so I'll refuse your offer, but I am gobsmacked by your kindness. I come to do my duty. I come to work and do what is required of me, and in return – in selfless return, might I add – you shower me with offers of muffins. Baker, will you be my best friend?

BAKER:

I would be honoured.

CAPTAIN KYIL:

Well, I must go now. The streets won't protect themselves, you know. *(excited)* I have a friend!

CAPTAIN KYILL exits as HUSBAND enters and stands in a queue behind FATSO

BAKER:

Husband, congratulations.

FATSO:

Yes, such splendid news.

HUSBAND: Well, perhaps...

FATSO: A child.

BAKER: You have a child.

HUSBAND: Yes. I do.

BAKER: From now on you're a family.

HUSBAND: Well, yes...

BAKER: You don't seem sure.

HUSBAND: Well, I don't know if I want a child.

FATSO: It wasn't our doing.

HUSBAND: I never asked for a child. I asked for a wife. I got a wife. I got Wife. Wife is my wife. I didn't ask for Child to be my child. Now I have a wife and a child. I don't think I want either of them.

FATSO: Poppycock! I'm sure when you look at the child you feel joy!

HUSBAND: Come to think of it, when I look at the child's eyes the child looks back at me with disappointment. I can never live up to the fantasy of the father the child wants. I am a husband. Not a father. The child will only grow to hate me, and the wife... well, she will grow to resent me. A hating child and a resenting wife. I never asked for either of them.

FATSO: Oh, Husband, you're just scared.

HUSBAND: I am not scared! I am mean. I mean, I am a mean man. I should run away before they suffer. I am doing them a favour. That's right. Doing them a favour. This way the child will never have to deal with the disappointment of discovering what a failure his father is. Oh, I don't know what to do, Fatso!

HUSBAND starts crying and hugs FATSO

BAKER: Well, Fatso, I must feed you.

FATSO: Oh, I can't lie – that will cause me tremendous joy, yet sadness at the same time. I feel conflicted.

BAKER: Eat. Food always solves conflicts.

FATSO: Doctor Hiil said I needed a diet

BAKER: But Fatso, there is no joy in dietetic food, is there.

FATSO: Dietetic, diabetic diabolic food.

BAKER: Fatso, look at these cakes. Look at these little bundles of joy. Think of the smiles they will create once entering your lips. Imagine the memories. Imagine the stories you will tell your grandchildren. Imagine what you can do with these gifts of carbohydrates in your body.

FATSO: Fatso, this is your moment... I will have a piece of your finest cake, Baker.

*PHIL enters and hits **FATSO** on the heart*

***FATSO** collapses on the floor on top of **HUSBAND**, killing him*

BAKER: A heart attack? In my bakery? And not one, but two bodies. What will people say? What do I do with the bodies?

***BAKER** sits on the two bodies thinking*

Oh, my beautiful stretchy-skinned Fatso. Your heart stopped in the prime of your existence. Just as you were about to add some more scope to your breadthy body.

***BAKER** looks around to check if anyone is coming and starts juggling **FATSO's** breasts*

I never had the chance to juggle and jiggle your breasts. Luscious! Splendid! Marvellous! Fatso, words escape me. My poor, poor, Fatso. Perfect in every curve. My real true work of art. Fatso, your death will not be in vain! I will find another canvas to feed. I will find another hungry stretch of fabric!

***BAKER** runs out*

***PHIL** escorts **HUSBAND** and **FATSO** out through the door marked 'Phil'*

Scene 4

Home

SISTER FATHER approaches WIFE who is holding the baby

SISTER FATHER: Wife...
WIFE: Yes, Sister Father.
SISTER FATHER: I'm afraid I have some terrible news.
WIFE: Terrible news?
SISTER FATHER: Yes.
WIFE: Should I sit down?
SISTER FATHER: If you wish.

WIFE sits down

WIFE: Should I get myself a glass of water?
SISTER FATHER: If you wish.

WIFE gets a glass of water

WIFE: Should I place pillows on the floor in case I faint?
SISTER FATHER: If you wish.

WIFE takes a pillow and places it on the front near her

WIFE: Should I give you my baby so I don't drop it?
SISTER FATHER: If you wish.

WIFE gives SISTER FATHER the baby

WIFE: Should I... hear what you have to say?
SISTER FATHER: Yes.
WIFE: Please, Sister Father, tell me.
SISTER FATHER: I'm afraid your husband died.
WIFE: Did he?
SISTER FATHER: He did. He died.
WIFE: I understand.

Stop

SISTER FATHER: So now I'm alone?
WIFE: Now you're alone.
SISTER FATHER: A lonely woman.
WIFE: You have your baby.
SISTER FATHER: Yes. My baby. My little chicken. But my husband. My husband is dead. I had a husband. I married Husband so he

could father my child. And Husband gave me Child. And now I have no husband but I have a child.

Stop

(Plainly) oh, how will we afford to eat?

SISTER FATHER: That's a problem.

WIFE: And the rent?

SISTER FATHER: Another problem.

WIFE: Sister Father, have you any solutions?

SISTER FATHER: I do not.

WIFE: Sister Father, you are very cruel to have told me such horrible news.

SISTER FATHER: And I'm sorry to have to be the bearer of such horrible news. I will now take a vow of silence so that I never cause such hurt to anyone.

WIFE: That might be wise, Sister Father.

No response

Sister Father...

No response

Sister Father...

No response

Sister Father...

No response

Sister Father...

No response

Sister Father...

SISTER FATHER *walks out broken and silent*

WIFE *walks over to the baby's cot*

As she sings the song, she slowly dies

WIFE: *(Sings)*

My dearest child you will now die

You must be killed and so must I

My dearest child please don't be scared

For soon my dear we'll both be dead

My dearest child so young in the days

*And still this world is quite a haze
My dearest child your death is dumb
But I right now am feeling numb
My dearest child the gas will run
We'll soon be free, and just have fun
My dearest child forgive your mother
That you, so young, she has to smother
Yes, dearest child I'm feeling unwell
My mental world is constant hell
I'd rather die and burn for eternity
Than live with you post this maternity
My dearest child your father waits
We'll join him at the pearly gates
My dearest child, a farewell kiss
To seal your life with total bliss*

*As the song fades out, **PHIL** enters and escorts **WIFE** out through the door marked 'Phil'*