Top Class Drama

Angus Griggs solo transcript  
The Toy

**Woody:** Howdy, everybody! Now, we have a lot to get through today and only seven minutes until Andy gets home, so I’ll try and keep this brief- yes, Rex, I’ll take questions in a moment. Now, as we all know, tomorrow is Andy’s thirteenth birthday and he could be receiving “the toy.” Now, I don’t want anybody to-

*Woody suddenly contorts*

**Woody:** There’s a snake in my boot! REX! What did I tell you about touching my pull-string?!

**Rex:** I’m sorry, Woody, I just had to get your attention! What if this new toy overshadows us, Andy’s real toys?

*Cut to a possible future*

**Andy:** Woah! Thanks, Mom! I’ll never play with my toys again!

*Andy places a device over his face*

**VR Voice:** Welcome to virtual reality.

**Andy:** Woah!

*Andy’s room*

**Rex:** Suppose it’s a terrible influence… where’s he gonna be ten years from now?!

*Cut to another possible future*

**Andy:** Dear Mother, today I remembered a simpler time: my thirteenth birthday ten years ago. I received my pack of green army man action figures and from that point on all I wanted to do was serve my country!

*A faint whistling sound of a bomb is heard, followed by an explosion. Andy is transformed into a child version of himself, playing with his toy army men*

**Andy:** Pew pew pew! Oh god here they come!

**Army man:** Hut! Hut! Hut! Hut! Agh- I’m hit! I’m hit!

*Andy’s room*

**Rex:** Suppose it overtakes his mind!

*Cut to a possible future, Andy is an adult driving a car – several thumping noises are heard*

**Judge:** Mr. Andy Davis, your actions, specifically the slaughter of ten people whilst driving your automobile cannot be blamed on the fact that you received the board game “Rush Hour” for your thirteenth birthday. You shall serve the rest of your life behind bars. Court adjourned.

*Andy’s room*

**Woody:** …I think that we’re all overthinking this a little bit… look, we all remember Buzz’s arrival, right?

*Buzz’s arrival*

**Buzz:** Star Command, this is Buzz Lightyear reporting from an alien planet with no sign of intelligent life anywhere… HALT, poorly dressed extra-terrestrial! *Buzz activates his laser*. An understanding of danger does not apply here, I repeat, no sign of INTELLEGENT life anywhere…

*Andy’s room*

**Woody:** We all remember what a jerk I was right?

*Buzz’s arrival*

**Woody:** So, you’re the new birthday toy, huh? Wings, buttons… unbelievable, I’ve been replaced by a half-wit who doesn’t even know he’s a toy!

**Buzz:** A toy? No, cowboy, I’m a real spaceman, look at this message I just received from Star Command: “made in Taiwan.” I’ll decipher that in a moment, but not before I fly!

**Woody:** Oh, you wanna fly, Buzz? I’ll make you fly… out of this window!

*Woody opens and pushes Buzz out of a window*

**Buzz:** AAAAGGGHHHHHHH!

**Woody:** Simple, I’m Andy’s favourite… n-no, guys, not out the window, come on n-no! AAAAGGGGGGHHHHHH!

*Andy’s toys push Woody out of the window. Several loud footsteps are heard.*

**Woody:** Oh no, Buzz be still! Here comes Sid, Andy’s neighbour! He destroys toys, turns them into hybrids, we’ll end up like Mr. Pterodactyl Head!

*Sid’s room*

**Mr. Potato Head:** Oh, hello there, my name is Mr. Potato Head.

*Footsteps*

**Mr. Potato Head:** Was that an earthquake? Oh no! Aaaagh!

*Sid giggles as he grabs Mr. Potato Head, various sounds are heard, the now transformed Mr. Potato Head falls to the floor. A beat.*

**Mr. Pterodactyl Head: \****Inhuman screech\**

*Back to outside Andy’s room*

**Sid:** Andy’s Woody and Buzz toys, this should be interesting…

*Sid’s room*

**Sid:** Let’s see what I can do to this spaceman…

*Sid begins to pull Buzz apart. Sid pulls, Buzz screams. Sid pulls, Buzz screams.*

**Sid:** Mom! Not now! I’m playing Josef Mengele!

*Sid pulls.*

**Buzz:** Star Command, I need backup…

*A comical popping sound*

**Sid:** Broken in half… Cowboy, you’re next… coming, Mom!

**Woody:** Oh, Buzz! Buzz! Talk to me, man! *Woody places his head against Buzz’s chest, thumping heartbeat sounds.* Oh, thank goodness, I gotta get you home, back to Andy! I’m sorry I was jealous! *Scanning the room.* A wind-up car… a ramp… a window… it’s not much but it’ll do!

*Woody hops in the car, winds it up, zips around the room*

**Sid:** Oh, Cowboy! *\*gasps\**

*Woody and Buzz zip around Sid and launch out of his bedroom window*

**Andy:** Mom, I found my Woody and Buzz toys! Sid, if your break my Buzz again, I’m going to be very upset! Let’s get you fixed…

**Woody:** Somebody’s poisoned the waterhole! Rex! Calm down… what I’m saying is that this adventure with Buzz is what made me realise I’m only as important as all of you! Jealousy makes for a lousy toy. And of course, jealousy and self-obsession is all Buzz found earlier today when he went to visit those toys in the Attic.

*In the Attic*

**Buzz:** So, tell me a little bit about yourself.

**Rubik’s Cube:** After the craze of 1980, society cast its scrutinising gaze upon me, dismissing me for being an array of mismatching colours, an enigma.

**Buzz:** A simple cube puzzle?

*Buzz attempts to solve the Rubik’s Cube*

**Rubik’s Cube:** Stop! I’ll do it myself. *The Rubik’s Cube changes itself into a “finished” Rubik’s cube.* Society let me be overshadowed by new toy crazes, and nothing, not even stupid sculpture at the University of Michigan is gonna make up for it! They wanted me to be one colour? Well, I guess they won, because now my entire soul is pitch black!

**Buzz:** …Well in that case, I’ll leave you to it. You two, would you like to talk about how you ended up here in the attic?

**Rock Sockem Robot 1:** Picture this, the ideal world: 1964.

**Rock Sockem Robot 2:** Blokes in the pub, the wife in the kitchen, and the Rock Sockem Robots as the top-selling toy!

**Rock Sockem Robot 1:** Didn’t last long though… the toy of ’65? Bloody G.I. Joe, teachin’ kids military warfare…

**Rock Sockem Robot 2:** Ohh what I’d do to give him a nice good king-hit!

**Buzz:** …Well we could take you down to Andy’s room? We’d be more than happy to have you!

**Rock Sockem Robot 1:** Ohh as if we’d want to ASSIMILATE with those FOREIGNERS!

**Rock Sockem Robot 2:** Modern times are too soft for us, nothin’ but namby pamby carry-on.

**Rock Sockem Robot 1:** Nowadays you can’t even call your wife “the ball and chain” without the PC Police on your back!

**Buzz:** …Well that’s just too bad. *Gasp*. I can’t believe it! I’ve found The Beast…

*Buzz flips a switch, The Beast awakens.*

**The Beast:** *Childish gibberish, clears its throat, a beat.* I suppose you’re here for my story, darling? I was the real crème de la crème of the toy world of 1998, the children simply lost their marbles for a toy that they could talk to! But then January 13, 1999 trotted on in…

*A news broadcast*

**Kenneth Minihan:** There is a possibility that they can record private information, therefore we, the National Security Agency of America, are placing a ban on Furbies.

*The Attic*

**The Beast:** Overshadowed and forgotten in favour of less controversial toys…

*Back in Andy’s room, Woody contorts.*

**Woody:** You’re my favourite deputy! My point, Rex, is that if we don’t take into consideration what I learned through accepting Buzz, well then, we’re no better than those toys up in the Attic. The only way that we make sure that we stay relevant, the only way that we can make sure that we don’t get overshadowed, is by accepting whatever Andy gets for his birthday tomorrow. Like I said, jealousy makes for a lousy toy.