

An if an angel should have come to me  
 And told me you should put out mine eyes,  
 I would not have believ'd him; no tongue but yours.  
 O! save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out  
 Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.  
 Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough?  
 I will not struggle; I will stand stone-still.  
 For heaven's sake, let me not be bound!

*by William Shakespeare*

### Adrian Mole

*At nearly 14, ADRIAN Mole is an unrecognised intellectual and poet suffering the traumas of first love, the threat of parental divorce and spots. If he could only have his mum back home, a date with the desirable Pandora, and his own poetry programme on the BBC, all might be well...*

ADRIAN: I think I'm turning into an intellectual.

*[Nigel asks, "When did you turn?"]*

Last night. I saw Malcolm Muggeridge on the telly and I understood nearly every word. Intellectuals don't waste their time looking at old statues and stuff, they're too busy writing poems and appearing on BBC book programmes. Yes! I'll write to Mr Muggeridge care of the BBC. I'd better enclose a stamped addressed envelope because Mr Muggeridge is an old aged pensioner and probably can't afford a first class stamp. I'll soon be an expert on old aged pensioners. We joined a group at school called The Good Samaritans. The old people were shared out at break today. I got an old man called Bert Baxter. He's eighty-nine so I don't suppose I'll have him for long.

*[At the house of Bert Baxter. Bert asks fiercely, "Who's there?"]*

Can I come in, please? I think your dog's trying to bite me. I'm Adrian Mole from Neil Armstrong Comprehensive school.

*[Bert says, "You got me out of bed."]*

I thought you'd be up. It's the afternoon!

No I haven't got a light. I don't smoke.

Mr Baxter, the school sent you a letter about me. It was to warn you that I'd be coming round. I'm not a burglar! I'm a Good Samaritan. I go round doing good in the community. Is

there anything you'd like me to do?

Then could you sign my paper to prove that I've been? I've got to go. I've got a test on the Norwegian Leather Industry.

*(To audience)* Today was the most terrible day of my life: I've got fifteen spots on my shoulders, my father is in a bad mood – he thinks his big-end is going. Pandora is going out with Nigel, but, worst of all, Bert Baxter is not a nice old age pensioner!

*by Sue Townsend*

## Life of Pi

*Young Pi has been shipwrecked while travelling from India to Canada with his family and their collection of zoo animals, including a Bengal tiger called Richard Parker. There is a storm and torrential rain.*

**PI:** Richard Parker, is that you? It's so hard to see. Oh, that this rain would stop! Richard Parker? Richard Parker? Yes, it is you! Oh, how good to see you, Richard Parker! Don't give up, please. Come to the lifeboat. Do you hear this whistle? *(He whistles three times.)* TREEEE! TREEEE! TREEEE! You heard right. Swim, swim! You're a strong swimmer. It's not a hundred feet.

Richard Parker, can you believe what has happened to us? Tell me it's a bad dream. Tell me it's not real. Tell me I'm still in my bunk on the 'Tsimtsum' and I'm tossing and turning and soon I'll wake up from this nightmare. Tell me I'm still happy. I can't bear it! *(He whistles 3 times again.)* What are you doing, Richard Parker? Don't you love life? Keep swimming then! *(3 more whistles.)* Kick with your legs. Kick! Kick! Kick!

Every single thing I value in life has been destroyed. And am I allowed no explanation? Am I to suffer hell without any account from heaven? What is the purpose of reason, Richard Parker? Why can't reason give greater answers?

That's right! One, two, one, two, one, two. Breathe when you can, watch for the waves. *(He whistles again, 3 times.)* Isn't it ironic, Richard Parker? We're in hell, yet still we're afraid of immortality. Look how close you are! *(Whistles again, 3 times.)* Hurrah, hurrah! You've made it Richard Parker, you've made it! Catch! HUMPF! *(He throws the lifebuoy.)*

Hold on tight, I'll pull you in, don't let go. Pull with your eyes while I pull with my hands. In a few seconds you'll be aboard and we'll be together... Wait a second... Together? We'll be together? Have I gone mad?

Let go of that lifebuoy, Richard Parker! Let go, I said. I don't want you here, do you understand? Go somewhere else. Leave me alone. Get lost. Drown! Drown!

*(But it's too late, the Bengal Tiger, Richard Parker, has pulled himself aboard.)*

Oh my God!

*by Yann Martel, adapted by LAMDA*

## Our Day Out

*Young and troubled CAROL is a back-street child from Liverpool on a rare 'day out'. She is standing on top of a cliff watching the waves below. She looks out over the sea, alone and at peace with the warm sun and small breeze upon her – a fleeting moment of tranquillity. The schoolteacher Briggs approaches.*

CAROL: Don't you come near me! *(Pause.)*

I'm not comin'. Tell Mrs Kay that she can go home without me. I'm stoppin' here... in Wales.

*(Briggs starts to move towards her. She takes a step towards the edge of the cliff.)*

Try an' get me an' I'll jump over.

*(Briggs stops, astounded. There is an angry pause. She continues to ignore him.)*

I've told y'... I'm not comin' down with y'. *(Pause.)*

I'll jump y' know... I will. I've told you. Leave me alone and I won't jump. *(Pause.)* I wanna stay here. Where it's nice. I'd be all right.

*(Turning on Briggs.)* What do you worry for, eh? Eh? You don't care, do y'? Do y'? Because if I jumped over, you'll get in trouble when you get back to school. That's why, Briggsy! So stop goin' on. You hate me. I know you hate me. I've seen you goin' home in your car, passin' us on the street. And the way y' look at us. You hate all the kids.

*(She turns again to the sea, dismissing Briggs.)*

Why can't I just stay out here, eh? Why can't I live in one of them nice white houses an' do the garden an' that?

*(She turns and looks down at the sea below.)*

It's been a great day today. I loved it. I don't wanna leave

## The Date

*KARL is sitting in his bedroom. His laptop is placed in front of him. In this scene, he is speaking to his best friend, John, and trying to decide what he should do to unravel a mix-up he has created by trying to organise a date for his older sister, Melanie.*

**KARL:** (*Looking at the computer*) How on earth can I get out of this? I can't believe what I have done? Fixed my sister up for a date with *Mr Lehman*. *Lehman* – our English teacher, I mean that is so... so... awful! He is *quite* young, I suppose, about thirty... and she's actually twenty-six – although her online profile said she was only twenty-two! But... urghhh... just the thought of it makes me feel sick... and it's all my fault!

(*Moving towards the computer*) It started out as a joke. I was so fed up with her moaning night after night that she was so lonely... so bored... and friendless since she moved back home. I said – well, why don't you make friends at work! That went down like a lead balloon! She works in a nursery! All the others are women and they're old enough to be her mother! Anyway – one of her old school friends said that she had met her boyfriend online... through this dating agency! That's when the fun began! You see, Mel created her profile. I read it. Well, it was sort of private, but I know her password... she doesn't know that... but I just worked it out. It was easy! She has this thing about a certain poet... Byron of all things... and an actor called Benedict! She even called her dog Byron and the cat Benedict! I don't always understand girls, do you? Anyway, I put the two names together and... Bingo! I could access her files!

(*Turning the laptop on and accessing the site*) Look! See how easy it is. (*Thoughtfully*) Perhaps I could become a hacker? I do seem to have a talent for this! (*Scanning Mel's profile*) Look, John. This sounds so much more interesting than her original description. Yes, well each person has to really make themselves sound irresistible to any boy – or, in her case – man – reading it! I kind of thought – I'll pretend that I am looking for a girlfriend and write a description of the sort of girl I would like to date! (*Moving away*) That was a

...take. You see, she had written that she was a short, slim woman  
...twenty-two with short brown hair, brown eyes and a love of  
...English Literature. She then went on to describe her Master's thesis  
...Byron! I mean – who is going to get excited about a very boring  
...and who likes Byron! I just altered it a *little*. I like tall, well-built blonde  
...girls with blue eyes! So...I made her taller, bigger and blonder... Oh,  
...and changed her eye colour too! I left the bit about Byron. I didn't  
...real I could change everything!

(*Self-consciously*) The next night, at supper, she was just so  
...excited! "I've had a reply" she said, "someone wants to take me out!  
...I didn't even know that I had posted it!" I couldn't tell her that I had!  
...she went on to describe the man... his age... his interests... and,  
...wait for it, his place of work! It was then that I knew exactly who he  
...was! Lehman! *Mr Lehman!* They've arranged to meet up – go out  
...for a meal! As if that wasn't bad enough... he'll think she tells lies! I  
...mean... she doesn't look anything like the description I sent! What  
...am I going to do?

by Anne Odden

**Midnight**  
(Teenager)

## Eclipse

Simon Armitage

Commissioned for *Connections 97* by the Royal National Theatre, this is a poetic drama set in Cornwall in 1999. An unseen group of adults gather on the headland to watch the eclipse of the sun, while their teenaged offspring – MIDNIGHT, Tulip, Klondike, Glue Boy and Polly and Jane – are on the beach below. A strange girl, Lucy appears to challenge each and every one of the young people and then vanishes. The action of the play alternates between the beach and the police station, where they try to make sense of and come to terms with Lucy's disappearance.

This scene is set in the police Interview Room, where MIDNIGHT, a blind boy, is the first to make his statement.

From: *New Connections – New Plays for Young People*  
Published by Faber & Faber, London

MIDNIGHT

(A police interview room) Martin Blackwood, they call me Midnight – it's a sick joke but I don't mind. Coffee please, two sugars, white – don't ask me to say that I saw, I'm profoundly blind, but I'll tell you as much as I can, all right?

Cornwall, August, as you know. There's a beach down there, seaside and all that, cliffs with caves at the back, but up on the hill there's a view looking south, perfect for watching a total eclipse of the sun. The mums and dads were up on the top, we were down in the drop – we'd just gone along for the trip, killing a few hours. You see it's like watching birds or trains, but with planets and stars, and about as much fun as cricket in my condition, or 3D. There was Glue Boy, Polly and Jane, Tulip and Klondike and me. Thing is, we were messing around in the caverns when Lucy appeared. Her mother and father were up with the rest of the spotters; she wasn't from round here. Thing is, I was different then, did a lot of praying, wore a cross, went to church, thought I was walking towards the light of the Lord – when it's as dark as it is in here, you follow any road with any torch. Lucy put me on the straight and narrow. There's no such thing as the soul, there's bone and there's marrow. It's just biology. You make your own light, follow your own nose. She came and she went. And that's as much as I know.

**Freddie** – young, American

**A BRIEF HISTORY OF HELEN OF TROY  
OR EVERYTHING WILL BE DIFFERENT**

MARK SCHULTZ

Originally produced in the US by the Soho Repertory Theatre and first performed in the UK at the Drum Theatre, Plymouth in 2005.

Charlotte is grief-stricken by the death of her beautiful mother. She is obsessed by Helen of Troy and her fantasies of becoming an object of desire start to spill over into normal life.

**Freddie** is every young girl's ideal lover. Tall and handsome, he has no time for Charlotte and tells her to stop pestering him.

In this fantasy scene, Charlotte is lying on her bed as **Freddie** enters her bedroom. He is bare-chested and is carrying a football. He has come to confess his love for her.

Published by Oberon Modern Plays, London  
The full text is currently available from Oberon Books, ISBN: 1840026340.

**Freddie**

Um. Hi.

Charlotte.

Um.

Okay I know this is awkward and everything. Me just coming here and all. Like this. I mean I know I just really met you and everything. But I've seen you. Really. And I just gotta. I had to come and tell you. You know. And.

This is embarrassing, I know. And I don't mean it to be. It's not supposed to be. I mean. But. Jesus, it's cold out, right? Anyway there's like a million things I wanna tell you right now, Charlotte. And I just. I don't know. Like. You have such a cool room. I really like your bedspread.

Um.

This is usually the other way around.

Okay I've seen you. And. You are so. Pretty. I think. I mean. I think you're pretty. Right. Um. So I'll just come out and say it. Okay. I think I love you. Charlotte. I really do. And. It's not like this happens every day. You know. For me. I don't just like fall in love with people. It's hard. And I've really fallen for you. And I know it's stupid and like. Stupid and everything. But. I wanna know if maybe we can go out and be like boyfriend girlfriend or something I don't know. 'Cause I'm really. I'm. In love. With you. And it's hard. Keeping it inside. All the time. And I came here to say that. And ask you. You know. If we can maybe. Go out sometime. And. Eat something. Or. Watch a movie. Or I don't know. I got a great entertainment system at home. I could show you. DVD. Surround sound and everything. It's really cool. But. You know.

We could go out and. Maybe I could touch you. And. Maybe you'd let me kiss you. I mean if that's okay. Is that okay? 'Cause I really love you. I really wanna be with you. It's so important to me right now. I really. Just had to come and tell you. I couldn't wait. Um.

Shit I gotta get back to practice. Um.

Okay. I love you. Please love me.

Oh. And. I'm really sorry. About your mom. Being dead and all. That sucks.

I gotta go.