

progress”.

**Chicken!** was written to be performed by any secondary school age group (ideally for a target audience of 8-12 year olds – although my own 6 and 4 year olds have watched it... and loved it). Equally it makes an unusual choice of play to perform at local or National (NSDF National Student Drama Festival) Festivals! I have found that unusual plays can work to your advantage in competitions/ Festivals such as these!

It is ideal material for GCSE/A' level students to become involved in Theatre in Education presentations working cross phase or within your own school. Alternatively, separate scenes can be used to teach aspects of stagecraft relevant to your exam course. The accident scene is one that may be of particular interest to explore... what different, yet effective ways can your students find to stage this scene?

At my school in Southampton we use the opening scene as one of our “page to stage” exercise for Year 9 students to present. They enjoy the lively nature of the scene and the use of choral speech and choral movement makes an excellent teaching tool for this age group.

Good luck to all who attempt to perform this play. I hope that you will find it challenging and exciting to work on.

Mark Wheeler

**Note: The play should be performed with *minimum props* and *maximum imagination*.**

### The Cast (in order of appearance)

Chris Simpson

Tammy Eccles

Ann – Chris' mum

Ray – Tammy's dad

Shopkeeper

Nut-Job (Ian Sturrock)

Massive – Nut-Job's sidekick

Gary Nelson – Tammy's boyfriend

Liz Nelson – Gary's sister

The play has 9 main characters: 4 male, 3 females and 2 of either sex. It can also be presented by two males and two females, in which case the cast should be as follows:

Male 1: Chris and Nut-Job

Male 2: Ray and Gary

Female 1: Tammy and shopkeeper

Female 2: Ann, Liz and Massive

### Performances

The first version of this play was first performed by Oaklands Community School “Monday Group” on June 22nd 1992. The cast was as follows:

Chris:	Chris Gilfoy	Ian Sturrock:	Chris Clairidge
Matt:	Matthew Simpson	Mate:	Daniel Sturrock
Ann:	Kirsty Housley	Linda Ratcliffe:	Cassie Eccles
Sue:	Samantha Phillips	Car Driver:	Carly Wilson
Shopkeeper:	Angie Johnston	Cyclist:	Sarah Ridout

Other parts in the original version played by: Jensen Bourke; Lizzie Hole; Christian Onslow; Kelly Ridout; Paul Severn and Paul Sturrock.

The play received its first professional performance by the Southampton based StopWatch Theatre Company in September 1992.

## Section 1: A Bike for Christmas

As the audience arrive music is playing. Throughout the following scene the two families mirror each other on opposite sides of the stage, each side representing their different homes.

- Chris: (With a high five.) Chris!
- Tammy: (With a high five.) Tammy!
- Tammy & Chris: Cousins and best mates  
Chillin' together on the local estates.
- Tammy: Water fights at weekends...
- Chris: ... playing knock door run
- Tammy: (Holding up a phone camera) Videoing what happens and always having fun!
- Chris: Showing it to our mates next day makes everybody laugh
- Tammy: But if your mum caught sight of them she'd drown you in the bath!
- Chris: She's not that bad!
- Tammy: She's... well sad!
- Tammy & Chris: Anyway...
- Tammy: Christmas is coming and there's one thing we'd both like...
- Chris: A state of the art...
- Tammy: ... well sorted...
- Tammy & Chris: ... mountain bike.
- Tammy: We've dropped some blatant hints
- Chris: ... almost every day.
- Tammy & Chris: But if mum/dad's bought one, it's hidden well away. (NB Throughout choral sections, Tammy says "Dad" and Chris says "Mum")

## Chicken!

- Chris: So a potted introduction has passed before your eye
- Tammy & Chris: And here we are for you today... the "dramatis personae".
- Tammy: There is one little problem though... we're meant to be thirteen
- Chris: Easy... (To audience) ...suspend your disbelief in every single scene. In Theatre you can conjure up anything at all.
- Tammy: Like what?
- Chris: A microphone
- Tammy: DJ!
- Chris: ... Pump it Up!
- Tammy: ... Good call!  
(They go into a DJ/rap routine. Tammy soon stops but Chris continues.)
- Chris: (He finally stops)
- Chris: At least I don't wear Barbie pyjamas.
- Tammy: Good! Anyway we're here to do this play. So, let's introduce our folks...
- Tammy & Chris: ... and get it underway.
- Chris: My mum Ann.
- Ann: Hello! (As if lighting up her face.)
- Tammy: And my dad... Ray.
- Ray: Hi! (As if lighting up his face.)
- Tammy & Chris: Come on mum/dad tell us, what's the date today?
- Ray & Ann: 15th December.

- All: Ten more days till Christmas!!
- Tammy & Chris: Mum/Dad... I'd really like a bike for Christmas.
- Ray & Ann: We'll see...
- Tammy & Chris: You always say (*imitating*) "we'll see".
- Ray & Ann: Well! We'll see! Now time for bed!
- Tammy & Chris: Do I have to?
- Ray & Ann: Yes... or do you want a goodnight kiss?
- Tammy & Chris: Maybe I will go to bed!  
(*Exit.*)
- Ray & Ann: Catalogue.  
(*They each grab at a catalogue in their separate homes/sides of the stage. They use an exaggerated style of mime to open it.*)  
Bicycle pages.  
(*They point.*)  
That one! That one! That one!  
(*Finally they point at the same one.*)  
That one!!
- Ray: She'll be ever so pleased with it!
- Ann: I can't wait for his little face to light up when he sees it.  
(*They come together to denote arrival at the bike shop.*)
- Ray & Ann: (*Indicating sign.*) Bike shop. (*They enter.*) Ting-a ling.
- Shopkeeper: (*Caricature old style shopkeeper, out to fleece the parents for every penny s/he can!*)  
Greedy shopkeeper. Ah look, some more customers!
- Ray: (*Pointing.*) There it is!
- Ann: That's the one!

- Shopkeeper, Ray & Ann: Suspension front and rear.
- Shopkeeper: Complete with grip shift gears.
- Ray & Ann: Wow!
- Shopkeeper: And...
- Ray & Ann: And?
- Shopkeeper: A lightweight aviation aluminium frame... not to forget the computer contoured saddle.
- Ann: Shaped beautifully for his delicate little bottie!
- Ray & Ann: Can we afford it?
- Shopkeeper: Well, there's the price ticket.
- Ray & Ann: Oh no! Aaaargh!  
(*Ray faints into Ann's arms and revives pretty much instantaneously*)
- Shopkeeper: Maybe I could offer you a discount?
- Ray & Ann: (*Pulling themselves together.*)  
We did want that bike for our kids.
- Ann: Christopher...
- Ray: And Tammy.
- Ray & Ann: For Christmas. But we hadn't realised how expensive it was!
- Shopkeeper: Expensive? Ahh. This, my good people, is precision engineering. Quality through and through. You wouldn't want your kids riding through the busy streets of today on any old wheels now... well, would you?
- Ray & Ann: Well, no!
- Shopkeeper: It's guaranteed for 24 months and, as it's

- Christmas, I'll give you a five, no, ten per cent discount... if you both buy one! Irresistible don't you say?
- Ray & Ann: A bargain!
- Shopkeeper: But there are a few extras.
- Ray & Ann: Oh no!
- Shopkeeper: Each bike will need lights... front and rear.
- Ray & Ann: Road safety slogan... "Be Safe... Be Seen"!
- Shopkeeper: Fluorescent clothing for the daytime with reflective strips for the night.
- Ray & Ann: Essential... we'll have the lot. (To audience.) Can't accuse us of not being safety conscious. (To Shopkeeper.) Credit cards?
- Shopkeeper: (As their hands are full of "stuff" they proffer their back pockets. Shopkeeper takes out the - mimed - credit cards.) Pop in your pin. (As s/he slashes their cards.)
- Ray & Ann: Beep beep beep beep (as they tap their pin numbers)
- Shopkeeper: Ting!!! (Of the till!) Receipts. Credit cards (S/he pops the - mimed - receipts into their mouths. Each bites on their receipt.)
- Ray & Ann: (Through gritted teeth.) Thanks.
- Shopkeeper: (Handing them over.) Bikes.
- Ray & Ann: (Through gritted teeth.) Thanks.
- Shopkeeper: Thank-you. Merry Christmas.
- Ray & Ann: (Through gritted teeth.) Merry Christmas to you. (They make to leave.)
- Shopkeeper: STOP! Haven't you forgotten something?

- Ray & Ann: (Through gritted teeth.) What's that?
- Shopkeeper: Have a guess?
- Ray & Ann: (Looking suitably puzzled.) Hmmmmmm!
- Shopkeeper: Can't you work it out?
- Ray & Ann: (Through gritted teeth.) No.
- Shopkeeper: (S/he checks with audience until revealing...) It's a bicycle helmet.
- Ray & Ann: (Mime spitting out their credit cards enabling them to talk normally again.) Oh how could we forget?
- Ray: Now we'll have no worries at all! Our kids will be completely safe!
- Shopkeeper: Just remember. These features only serve to make the cyclist safer. You will still need to remind your kids that their good road sense is the real key to their safety.
- Ray & Ann: Right thanks for the advice Shopkeeper. (As they turn they arrive home.)
- Shopkeeper: (Rubbing hands with glee.) All part of the service! (Exits.)
- Ray & Ann: Home... Garage... (Opening the garage door upwards) Hide the bike.
- Tammy & Chris: (Off stage.) Hi mum/dad. I'm home.
- Ray & Ann: Oh no!
- Tammy & Chris: (Lively entrance.) Hi mum/dad. I'm home. (Ray & Ann freeze. There is silence.) Mum/Dad, where are you? (They spot their parents.) What are you doing in the garage?

## Section 1

- Ray & Ann: (*Whistling or singing to "cover" obvious guilt.*)  
Oh nothing!
- Tammy & Chris: What do you mean nothing?
- Ray & Ann: Nothing to do with you.  
(*Momentarily freeze action.*)
- All: Five more shopping days till Christmas!  
Aaaaaargh! Shops are packed!
- Ray & Ann: (*Reading shopping list. As they do this Chris & Tammy reach out and put said item into the trolley.*)  
Potatoes... turkey... Carrots... Sprouts...
- Tammy & Chris: Yeuchh. Chocolate, chocolate, chocolate, chocolate, chocolate!
- Ray & Ann: Brandy.
- Tammy & Chris: Shandy?
- Ray & Ann: No! You're only 13!
- Tammy & Chris: Ohhhhh!
- All: Now the tree.
- Tammy & Chris: Tree. (*Tammy & Chris point out different trees, using the audience As they do this Ann and Ray find a different fault.*)
- Ray & Ann: Too small.
- Tammy & Chris: Tree.
- Ray & Ann: Too tall.
- Tammy & Chris: Tree.
- Ray & Ann: Too many branches.
- Tammy & Chris: Tree.
- Ray & Ann: No needles.
- Tammy & Chris: Tree.

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- Ray & Ann: Let's go and get a plastic one.
- All: (*They struggle to pick up large boxed Christmas trees, Tammy and Chris complaining about the tackiness of plastic trees, their parents ignoring their complaints.*)  
By the window I think.  
Decorations.  
Lights, baubles...  
... fairy.  
It looks even better than the real ones.  
Tacky, cheap and nasty muck.
- Ray & Ann: If you don't stop being rude, Father Christmas won't come and see you!
- Tammy & Chris: (*Mock horror.*) Oh, no!
- All: No more days till Christmas.
- Ray & Ann: It's Christmas day.
- Tammy & Chris: (*To their own parents.*) Merry Christmas!
- Ann: Merry Christmas Chris.
- Ray: Merry Christmas Tammy.
- All: Presents. Exchange. Thanks a lot!
- Ray & Ann: And that's not all. If you look over there you'll see...
- Tammy & Chris: (*Frantically unwrapping.*)  
Wow!!! A bike!!! Thanks Mum/Dad.
- Ray & Ann: And here's a little something extra!
- Tammy: A cool bicycle helmet. (*Immediately tries it on and does a catwalk turn.*) Does it suit me?

## Section 1

- Ray: You look great, Tammy.  
(*Disappointed.*) Mum. Do I have to wear it?  
Chris: It's gonna kill my cred!  
Ann: Christopher!  
Chris: Mum! Don't call me Christopher!

## Section 2: Christmas Outing

- Tammy: (*Wearing her helmet.*) Christmas afternoon, we both arrange to meet.  
Tammy & Chris: (*Chris enters, also wearing helmet.*)  
"On yer bike at 3 o' clock at the bottom of the street."  
Chris: "You'll miss the Queen do her speech!" me mum she says to me.  
So, just to please her, I stayed to watch it, then leave at ten past three.  
"Now wrap up warm... don't want you to catch a chill...  
And keep that cycle helmet on!" ... "Yes mum, course I will!"  
But once her back is turned ... I pull it off my head... (*he does*)...  
I've got good balance... I won't fall off... I won't come back dead!!  
Tammy: What kept you Chris... no, don't tell me... your mum made you watch the Queen.  
Chris: Don't be stupid... I was ... er ... giving my bike a clean.  
Tammy: (*Noticing the bike*) New bike?  
Chris: (*Noticing Tammy's bike*) New bike?  
Tammy: Blatantly!  
Chris: Cool!  
Tammy: Sweet! So... why were you cleaning it?  
Chris: Well, you know Aunt Ermintrude?  
Tammy: My favourite old Aunt...  
Tammy & Chris: ... with the knitting needles and the squeaky voice!  
Chris: Yeh, well, I had to find some use for the homemade jumper she sent me.

Tammy: Another one!

Chris: Yeh, this year it was yellow... with Winnie the Pooh sewn onto it.

Tammy: With what?

Chris: Winnie the Pooh!

Tammy: Nice! You'll never guess what she sent me?

Chris: I don't know... something cool.

Tammy: An mp3!

Chris: I don't believe it!

Tammy: Can just imagine your mum... "Ooh, isn't that smart. I know... you can wear that when you go to see Uncle Ray and Tammy on Boxing Day. Ooh! I will be proud!"

Chris: I've even got to write a thank-you letter... that's probably why she keeps sending them... She thinks I like them.

Tammy: "Tell her what a lovely colour it is... yellow... ooh! Lovely!" Vomit or what!

Chris: Swap?

Tammy: No way!

Chris: Worth a try!

Tammy: Not really!

Chris: Come on... let's go to the park?

Tammy: Whatever!

Chris: I'm not racing!

Tammy: Didn't say you had to!

Chris: You would have

Tammy: What are you on?

Chris: My new bike!

Tammy: Funny!

Tammy & Chris: Riding to the park we see some mates from school.

Chris: They can't believe the bikes we're on...

Tammy: ... then Chris shouts out...

Chris: Yo!

Tammy: Uncool!

Chris: Riding to the park, I think I'll do some tricks. A wheelie, an endo and a double flick.

Tammy: Whack on the brakes and do a skid "Chris has anybody told you you're a real sad kid!"

Chris: Yeh. But I'm changing! Today is not only Christmas day... today is a turning point in my life. *(He starts to take on superhero persona.)*

Tammy: A what?

Chris: The dawning of a new era.

Tammy: What?

Chris: I am a mean machine.

Tammy: More like a micro machine!

Chris: Shut-up!! I'm where it's at... I am where it's happening... Christopher "super-hero" Simpson!

Tammy: More like Christopher Robin with your friend Winnie the Pooh! *(reminding him of jumper)*

Chris: And Gary "I think I'm a hero" Nelson had better watch out.

## Section 2

- Tammy: Why's that then Chris?  
Chris: He's only gone and stolen...  
Tammy: Stolen what?  
Chris: Linda Radcliffe.  
Tammy: Yeh, good one!  
Chris: What do you mean?  
Tammy: Gary "I think I'm a hero" Nelson chucked her last week.  
Chris: How do you know?  
Tammy: I sort of made him do it! I said... "if you want to go out with me... you can't still be going out with her."  
- that's two-timing, isn't it.  
Chris: You're going out with...  
Tammy & Chris: Gary "I think I'm a hero" Nelson!  
Tammy: Yeh. So you Chris, are free to ask Linda Radcliffe out whenever you want... and all thanks to me.  
Chris: I'll phone her when I get back then.  
Tammy: On Christmas Day?  
Chris: It'd be a sort of... extra Christmas present for her.  
Tammy: Like your jumper from Aunt Ermintrude was for you.  
Chris: What're you trying to say?  
Tammy: Joke!  
Chris: Come on lets go back to my place and phone her.

## Section 3: A Reprimand from Mum

(Chris's house. Chris & Tammy arrive home carrying helmets.)

- Ann: How were the bikes then?  
Tammy & Chris: Fine.  
Ann: And the helmets?  
Tammy: Mine's cool.  
Ann: What about yours Chris?  
Chris: Mine?  
Ann: Yes. Yours.  
Chris: You know what I think about mine.  
Ann: I don't care what you think... as long as you wear it! (Silence.) You did wear it didn't you? (Silence.) Chris? (Silence.)  
Tammy... he did wear it, didn't he?  
Tammy: (Starting to exit.) I'd better be going now... Dad's just got broadband and there's loads of tunes I want to download (addressing this to Chris)... on my new mp3 player from Aunt Ermintrude.  
Ann: That was nice of her... she got Chris this lovely jumper, didn't she Chris?  
Chris: Yeh she did Mum.  
Ann: Anyway... where was I? Oh yeh I was asking Tammy...  
Tammy: Didn't I give you an answer?  
Ann: No you didn't!  
Tammy: Sorry... what was the question?  
Chris: (Suddenly shouts out.) I didn't wear the stupid thing... (Silence. Freeze.)  
(Quieter) I look ilike a wally in it.



### Section 3

Ann: I will not tolerate being spoken to in that way in my house.

Chris: Shall we go to the garden then?

Ann: Christopher!

Chris: I'm not going to wear it... not ever, no matter what you say!

Ann: What ever has got into you?

Chris: You're always trying to make me look stupid. Kids at school still call me "Brief-case" because you made me go to school on my first day with some stupid leather brief case...

Ann: It wasn't stupid... it belonged to your grandfather.

Chris: Exactly. You told me everyone at Secondary school would have one!

Tammy: Errrrr, is it alright if I go now, Auntie Ann?

Ann: I forgot you were there lovey. Bye-bye Tammy.

Tammy: See you Chris! (She exits.)

Ann: What a fuss! What an embarrassment... and in front of Tammy too.

Chris: As if she cares!

Ann: I just want you to wear your cycle helmet. I don't understand why you have to be so awkward about it?

Chris: No-one else wears them!

Ann: Tammy was wearing hers, wasn't she?

Chris: Tammy's a girl!

Ann: What difference does that make these days.

Chris: Quite a bit really.

### Chicken!

Ann: Your friend Gary Nelson wears one. I've seen him.

Chris: Number one... Gary Nelson is not my "friend"

Ann: He was!

Chris: Well he's not any more...

Ann: Oh I can't keep up with you and your friends...

Chris: (Interrupting.) And number two. Gary Nelson is sad!

Ann: He always looks happy enough to me!

Chris: (Sarcastically) Ha ha ha! Mum, if you're cool... you don't wear them.

Ann: They all wear them in Neighbours.

Chris: Neighbours ain't cool... anyway they're in Australia...

Ann: What's that got to do with it?

Chris: It's more dangerous! They're all upside down over there.

Ann: (Copying Chris) Ha ha ha! If you want to use your bike, you've got to wear your helmet. And if you won't we'll just lock it in the garage until you change your mind.

Chris: Go on then!

Ann: Now you're being "sad"!

Chris: (Creeping) Muuuuum. I'll do you a deal.

Ann: Try me.

Chris: I'll wear it... all the time... except for the journeys to and from school.

Ann: No! It's dangerous.

Chris: (Imitating.) "It's dangerous!"

### Section 3

- Ann: (Normal voice.) So is walking to school.  
Not if you're sensible. You don't have to cross any main roads... not with the subway. If you want to ride your bike anywhere you will have to wear your helmet. Your school should make it a rule. If everyone had to wear one, no one would take the Micky.
- Chris: Well they won't. Our school only makes stupid rules.
- Ann: So you agree it is sensible... I know! I'll pop up to school at the beginning of term and have a word with your teacher about it.  
(She exits triumphantly.)
- Chris: Mum! You're so embarrassing!  
Anyway you're not going to change my mind so you can lock it up where you like. It'll stay there and it'll never get used cos there's no way I'm going to wear the stupid thing. No way!

### Section 4: Valentines Disco

- Tammy & Chris: (Both are wearing cycle helmets.)  
Holidays fly by and soon we're back to school.
- Tammy & Chris: Riding our new bikes and feeling real cool.
- Tammy: (Taking off her helmet.)  
Chris always wears his helmet now, I wonder what his mum said.
- Chris: (Taking off his helmet.)  
It's got nothing to do with my mum... I don't want a smashed up head!
- Tammy: When you wouldn't wear it, I thought you were really dumb.
- Chris: Oh, stop going on Tammy – you sound just like my mum!  
Tammy, she seems to have altered. She doesn't seem quite the same.  
My mum said she's "growing up too fast... and her boyfriend Gary's to blame!  
She's got a boyfriend... I haven't even had a snog...  
And when I asked Linda Radcliffe out she said she'd rather snog a dog.  
Gary is a pain... he's going out with my best mate.  
But I won't let him split us... Tam' and I shan't separate.
- Tammy: I get on well with Chris... he's my cousin and he's ok to me  
But since I've been with Gary, it's him I want to see.  
I see Chris every morning, but we don't talk much no more  
I hate to "dis" him, but... he is silly and immature.
- Tammy & Chris: February the fourteenth, our friendship seems to end.
- Chris: Tammy drives me round the bend!

Tammy: It's over something so pathetic... School Valentines Disco. I mean, I promised Gary that I'd go with him, and Chris, the little saddy... says to me "You've got to make a choice! Him or me!" ... like we were a couple or something!

But that don't stop me from feeling guilty... well a bit... but I'll survive... cos Gary's gorgeous...  
(Ray, dressed in a suit and carrying a briefcase, enters silently behind Tammy who remains unaware of his presence.)  
School disco's are a laugh and I'm up for it cos this is my first with a proper boyfriend. (She sings a current song as she gets ready.)

Ray: Tam?

Tammy: Dad, how long have you been there?

Ray: What do you mean?

Tammy: I didn't know you were there.

Ray: Why are you having a go at me when I'm about to...

Tammy: What?

Ray: Well I know it's too late for tonight... but...

Tammy: What're you going on about?

Ray: How about this? (Hands a card to Tammy who opens it.)

Tammy: A card... why?

Ray: Open it

Tammy: What? Forty quid? That's a bit random! Why?

Ray: I want you to go and buy yourself some clothes.

Tammy: Cool!

Ray: I wanted to do it at the weekend but the money hadn't cleared... so...

Tammy: (Hugging him) That's amazing! What's the catch?

Ray: No catch... well... one maybe... I don't want you spending it on piercings or anything.

Tammy: (Laughing) As if! Thanks Dad... that's so cool! I'm gonna get... whoa I can get virtually anything! Can I go tomorrow after school?

Ray: Course you can. Don't take the money to school though. When's the disco finish?

Tammy: Nine.

Ray: And Gary's bringing you back?

Tammy: Yeh.

Ray: Be home by half nine then yeh?

Tammy: Easy. What time does your meeting finish?

Ray: Nine. So I should be here. And he's picking you up?

Tammy: We're meeting at the subway.

Ray: Why can't he pick you up from here? Hasn't there been some bother there?

Tammy: It's only Nut-Job.

Ray: Nut-Job?

Tammy: Ian Sturrock... and his massive. They're just some year elevens at school. They think they're hard.

Ray: Are they?

Tammy: (Laughs) No!

Ray: You be careful.

Tammy: Blatantly.

- Ray: Is Chris going?
- Tammy: (*Laughing*) He's not allowed.
- Ray: Oh?
- Tammy: You know what Auntie Ann's like. (*Imitating*) "I don't want my Christopher going to a disco. There'll be too many ruffians there and he'll end up in trouble! He's far too young for that kind of thing!
- Ray: Careful, that's my sister you're laughing at. Do you want a lift?
- Tammy: No, I don't want you embarrassing me.
- Ray: As if I'd do that!
- Tammy: As if!
- Ray: See you later. Don't forget. Half nine!
- Tammy: See ya!
- (*Exits in a hurry.*)
- Nut-Job: (*Entering loudly.*) Nut-Job.
- Massive: Nut-Job's massive!  
(*Massive can repeat key words to comic effect and are always Nut-Job's shadow.*)
- Nut-Job: Where's the rest of the Massive?
- Massive: School Disco
- Nut-Job: Nut-Job.  
I bet you've heard gory tales of Nut-Job
- Massive: And his massive.
- Nut-Job: Nut-Job
- Massive: ... and his massive

- Nut-Job: ... don't do school Discos. They ilke to watch people climb up the bank to cross the road to avoid Nut Job
- Massive: ... and his massive!
- Nut-Job: Nut Job hangs around looking mean. Sometimes... some dudes tries to walk through Nut-Job's subway...
- Massive: ... they don't try it twice...
- Nut-Job: ... not if they value their life... not if they value eight pints of blood running through their veins...
- Massive: Nut-Job values his eight pints.
- Nut-Job: What's this? Nut-Job spies some dude coming this way. Nut-Job strike up a mean pose.
- Massive: ... and so do his massive!
- Nut-Job: Nut-Job is a bit confused. This ain't no dude.
- Massive: This is a little Year 9 kid!
- Nut-Job: ... and he's getting closer.
- Massive: ... and closer!
- Nut-Job: Nut-Job stands his ground and hollers:  
Oi... You!
- Massive: I'n't he so manly!
- Gary: (*Innocently.*) Who me?
- Nut-Job: What's your name... little Year 9.
- Gary: Gary Nelson.
- Nut-Job: Nut-Job wants to know who said you could pass through this subway... Nut Job's Subway?
- Gary: I said I'd meet my girlfriend here.

**Nut-Job:** You've got a girlfriend?!

**Gary:** Yeh... sorry.

**Nut-Job:** "Sorry" ... is not good enough little Year 9. *(Picking Gary up by the scruff of his neck.)*

**Nut-Job:** Nut-Job wants you to beg for mercy and hand over all your money!

**Massive:** Hand over all your money!

**Tammy:** *(Entering)* No way Gary!

**Nut-Job:** Eh?

**Tammy:** No way Nut-Job. Put him down!

**Nut-Job:** Tammy Eccles... the fittest bird on this manor. Nut-Job can't believe you're going out with him. Why don't you come over here and give Nut-Job a big sloppy kiss. *(Tammy ducks out of the way, leaving Nut-Job and Massive to kiss, realise what they have done, make lots of "yeuch!" noises, and during the confusion, Tammy and Gary get through the subway.)*

**Nut-Job & Massive:** *(After composing themselves, looking at where Tammy and Gary were.)* Where've you gone?

**Tammy & Gary:** Through the subway!

**Tammy:** Nut-Job, can't you find anything better to do than terrorise kids in Year 9... after all, it is... Valentine's night?

**Nut-Job:** Nut-Job's girl-friend dumped him.

**Massive:** Dumped him – ha ha ha! *(Nut-Job pulls The Massive's hat over his eyes, or some other humiliating gesture!)*

**Tammy:** Good for her! Get a life Nut-Job.

**Nut-Job:** If you were a bloke, Nut-Job would slap you!

**Tammy:** Well, I'm not... so sling your hook Nut-Job! *(Nut-Job exits, simpering.)*

**Massive:** Yeh, sling your hook!

**Nut-Job:** Why don't you just get lost!

**Massive:** No, you get lost!

**Nut-Job:** No, you get lost!

**Massive:** No, you get lost!

**Nut-Job:** No, you get lost!

**Massive:** Do you know what. We don't even like you anymore. *(Exit.)*

**Nut-Job:** I didn't mean it! Come back! Please! *(Exit.)*

**Gary:** Well, now we've sorted him for you, I can give you this.

**Tammy:** Gary? A red rose! How romantic. Did you get my card?

**Gary:** Yeh.

**Tammy:** I meant what I said in it.

**Gary:** Did you? I'm gonna enjoy tonight then!

**Tammy:** So... to the disco?

**Gary:** Blatantly!

**Tammy:** You'll dance with me.

**Gary:** Course.

**Tammy:** Even though your mates'll be there.

**Gary:** Tammy... I want them to see!

*(Sudden loud music and Tammy and Gary dance together making the most of any opportunity to be*

*humorous. The audience can become involved in the dance routine too. After a while the music fades slightly for the following dialogue.*

Gary: Oh yeah, what did you say to Chris after school?

Tammy: Why?

Gary: He was well upset.

Tammy: I just got stressed with him. He can be such an idiot sometimes.

Gary: Maybe it'll do him some good... you know...

Tammy: No... I was well over the top.

Gary: What did you say to him?

Tammy: I was really cruel... I'll phone him tomorrow... in the morning. We'll cycle to school together... get it sorted.

Gary: I'm sure he'll forgive you. I would. *(Music changes to slow romantic song.)*

Gary & Tammy: And then they played a slow one  
We'd been waiting all night for this  
Time to dance close together  
And have our very first kiss.

*(Romantic music swells as they consult with the audience what they should do. As they approach each other, they nervously clinch and then kiss. When the music fades, their clinch and slow dancing continues until...)*

Tammy: *(Looking at watch.)* Gary... look at the time... ten o'clock... my dad'll go mental!

Gary: He's sorted, your dad.

Tammy: He is usually... but...

Gary & Tammy: Come on... let's run!

Tammy: I said goodnight to Gary at the corner of the street. The front room light's on... dad's still up... I walk in... all discrete.

*(Enters.)*

What?! Dad's not in... what a relief... I thought I'd get loads of grief.

I know what I'll surf the net... there's loads of tunes I want to get.

At least he didn't have to wait... he'll have no idea that I was late.

Ray: I've been out looking for you!

Tammy: What?

Ray: *(Looking at his watch.)* Ten past ten... you said you'd be back by half nine. I rang your mobile but you didn't answer.

Tammy: I didn't hear it!

Ray: It doesn't take you an hour to get home from school.

Tammy: *(With a wry grin.)* It did tonight!

Ray: I want to know where you've been, what you've been up to?

Tammy: I haven't been "up to" anything!

Ray: I'm not stupid! You've "blatantly" been doing something.

Tammy: Gary walked me home... I don't know... we were chatting.

Ray: Chatting! Tammy. For over an hour! I've been really worried. I've even phoned the school!

Tammy: No-one would be there you idiot!

Ray: Don't you speak to me like that!

## Section 4

- Tammy: Whatever!
- Ray: If you'd been much longer I'd've phoned the police
- Tammy: You often get home later than you say and I don't go phoning your office or telling the police.
- Ray: That's different.
- Tammy: It's not!
- Ray: If I stay on at work, it's to get enough money to make our lives more comfortable... and you know that!
- Tammy: But you're never here!
- Ray: That's not the point... and it's not true! If you want to be treated like an adult you've...
- Ray & Tammy: (*interrupting*)... got to behave like one.
- Ray: I wouldn't push it if I were you.
- Tammy: I'm off to bed.
- Ray: Right! If that's all you've got to say, I'll ground you for the rest of the week...
- Tammy: No way!
- Ray: And I'm not discussing it!
- Tammy: But you said I could go to town tomorrow after school... and...
- Ray: No!
- Tammy: Gary and me are going to the fair on Friday.
- Ray: Were going to the fair.
- Tammy: Dad!
- Ray: I can't imagine his parents'll be too happy about tonight either.

## Chicken!

- Tammy: They won't mind... they probably won't even be in!
- Ray: I'm not having this Tammy.
- Tammy: You're just jealous!
- Ray: What do you mean?
- Tammy: Oh... tut... it doesn't matter.
- Ray: It does.
- Tammy: I'm going to bed.
- Ray: Tammy! You said I was jealous. What did you mean?
- Tammy: (*Pause.*) You're jealous 'cos you haven't got anybody. Sorry dad, but it's true. (*Exits.*)

- Chris: Right since we were little kids, Tammy was my best mate  
Did everything together... life was simple... we were great  
Yesterday things changed... moved on... I don't really understand  
So today I'm going to school on my own... I don't need her to hold my hand.  
I wash, get dressed just like normal listening to Radio One.  
Then consider bunking school... yeah... cool... maybe not... knowing my luck I'd get done!  
So I lift the garage door vowing "To Tammy I will not talk!"  
(Sees *his* bike.)  
Oh what! I've got a puncture... I'm gonna have to walk!
- Ann: Christopher... are you still here darling?
- Chris: Yes, I am... and don't call me darling... or Christopher for that matter!
- Ann: There's no need to bite my head off!  
Tammy's on the phone for you.
- Chris: Tammy? What do you want?
- Tammy: Chris, I'm sorry about yesterday. Do you want to cycle to school with me?  
I can't.
- Tammy: (Resigned.) Oh, alright. I just thought... you know...
- Chris: Not "I don't want to"... I can't... I've got a puncture.
- Tammy: Let's walk then?
- Chris: Seriously?
- Tammy: (Sarcastically.) I've never been so serious in all my life!

- Chris: (Looking at his watch.) We'll have to run...
- Tammy: See you at the swings!
- Tammy & Chris: (Suddenly together.) Sorted!  
(Creating a different scene in a different area of the stage.)
- Liz: (Calling out) Gary... Gary!
- Gary: (Off) What?
- Liz: It's half past eight.
- Gary: (Off) Where's mum? Oh Liz, why didn't you wake me up?
- Liz: What do you think I am doing now?
- Gary: (Entering) I'll never get to school on time and we've got a test!
- Liz: A test, the night after a school disco? That's stupid!
- Gary: Liz, can you give us a lift... please... you are the coolest sister anyone could ever have!
- Liz: (Pretending to think about it.) Ummmmmm.  
(Owning up) I was going to give you one anyway... mum said you'd be tired so I should let you sleep in a bit. You want to get there in time for the test then?
- Gary: Course I do! It'll be easy!
- Liz: Oh, will it now?!!
- Chris: (Back to the Chris & Tammy Scene.)  
(Lively.) Alright?
- Tammy: Alright! Did you mind me phoning?
- Chris: No... 's cool. How was it last night?



## Section 5

Tammy: Awesome... you should have gone!

Chris: I would have done... if I was allowed.

Tammy: My dad went mental with me after.

Chris: Why?

Tammy: I got back late.

Chris: What time?

Tammy: Nearly half ten.

Chris: What were you up to?

Tammy: (*Conspiring*) Do you really want to know?

Chris: Yeh.

Tammy: Can you keep a secret?

Chris: Yeh!

Tammy: Well, after the disco, me and Gary were walking down the street, and he says "let's nick that car".

Chris: Wow!

Tammy: So he breaks in...

Chris: Yeh?

Tammy: ... hot-wires it...

Chris: No?

Tammy: ... and we're off down the road.

Chris: That's not like Gary!

Tammy: Then he says "let's ram raid the jewellers"

Chris: (*Shocked*) Tammy!

Tammy: (*Speaking fast so Chris can't interrupt.*) So we crash into the front of it, Gary gets out, scoops up

## Chicken!

Chris: all the jewels and he gives me a hundred diamond rings!

Tammy: (*Having been with the story all the way.*) Really?

Chris: No you idiot! He just walked me home and we lost track of the time.

Tammy: But the disco was good.

Chris: Blatantly!

Tammy: Come on... we'd better get to school.

Chris: (*Cross to Gary & Liz... now in a car... Liz obviously in the driving seat. Gary yawns.*)

Liz: Good night last night?

Gary: Ok.

Liz: What does that mean?

Gary: I've been seeing her for two months... well... eight weeks! It's a long time.

Liz: You sound like you want a change?

Gary: Probably. Do you think you'll marry Martin?

Liz: He'll have to divorce football before I even consider it.

Gary: Do you think I look like George Clooney?

Liz: Why do you ask?

Gary: Tammy thinks I do.

Liz: She probably meant Wayne Rooney!

Gary: I don't think so!

Chris: (*Back to the Chris & Tammy scene.*)

Tammy: (*Pulling Chris*) Come on, let's go and get some sweets.

## Section 5

Chris: Tammy!

Tammy: Come on!

Chris: We're late as it is.

Tammy: It's only registration... we can get a late!

Chris: Ok. Guess what? I'm making my debut for the school football team.

Tammy: I know Gary told me.

Chris: What did he say?

Tammy: Just that you were playing.

Chris: They won't have seen anything like it!

Tammy: Yeh come to think of it... he said that too.

Chris: Cool! Come on then... but please hurry up!

Tammy: Remember I could have cycled to school!

Tammy & Chris: Into the shop... grab some sweets  
Pay at the checkout... and out onto the busy –  
(*They "mime" cars passing very fast*) – very busy street.  
(*Cross to Liz's car.*)

Gary: Oh, I've left my watch at home... what's the time?

Liz: Quarter to.

Gary: Come on Liz... hurry up... they won't let me do the test today if I'm not there at the start.

Liz: Course they will.

Gary: They won't. They've really tightened up since your time.

Liz: You're such a swot!

## Chicken!

Gary: Just want to do well that's all.

Liz: You mean you don't want to mess up like I did.

Gary: Hey look! (*Hurriedly winding the window down and shouting out of it*) Ange! How's Frankie?

Liz: Stop it Gary!

Gary: (*Winding the widow up.*) She's in my class! (*Laughing*) She kissed Frankie Worthington last night... couldn't believe it... she's really nice... he's a total dork!  
(*Back to the Chris & Tammy Scene*)

Chris: It's raining! Let's run!

Tammy: I'll race you.

Chris: No problem. (*They start running*)  
(*Cross to Liz's car.*)

Gary: If it keeps raining like this our football match'll be postponed.

Liz: Who are you playing?

Gary: St. Edmunds.

Liz: You normally hammer them.

Gary: We don't normally have "Brief-Case" in goal for us.

Liz: Who?

Gary: Briefcase... actually he's Tammy's cousin... he's a right plank!  
(*Back to the Chris & Tammy Scene*)

Chris: Come on Tammy, cross here or we'll get drenched!

Tammy: No!

Chris: Come on. Don't be such a chicken!

(Cross to Liz's car)

- Liz: Look at this rain!
- Gary: Dad said I can have a quid for every goal I score this season... he already owes me eight quid.
- Liz: Well you can give it to me for petrol.
- Gary: No way! Dad always buys your petrol anyway!
- Liz: Only while I'm on the dole.
- Gary: That's what I said... always!
- Liz: Cheeky monkey!
- (Back to the Chris & Tammy Scene)
- Chris: Time for Super-Hero Chris Simpson to strut out into the road, to dodge cars that dare to cross his path and slide past speeding motorcycles. He arrives at the other side of the road totally unscathed... adrenaline flowing... heart pounding... and ego... sky high! Yesss!
- Come on Tammy. You try!
- Tammy: No. I'll use the subway.
- Chris: "I'll use the subway" ... don't be such a chicken.
- Tammy: It's not a matter of being a chicken...
- Chris: What is it then?
- (Cross to Liz's car)
- Gary: I'm getting a dvd for my bedroom.
- Liz: With what?
- Gary: Saving... birthday money... and goal money from Dad!
- Liz: (Laughing) You won't score that many!

(Back to the Chris & Tammy scene) •

- Chris: You're chicken. (Taking out his mobile and starting to film Tammy) Listen everyone! Tammy Eccles is a chicken! I'll show everyone what a chicken you are when we get to school!
- Tammy: It won't come out... I'm too far away.
- Chris: Want a bet?
- Tammy: Chris!
- Chris: Do it... it'll be well impressive!
- Tammy: Alright then?
- Chris: Seriously?
- Tammy: Yeh. I'll make it worth while!
- Chris: Come on then...
- Tammy: Pause it for a minute. The cars were miles away when you crossed. See that red car... I'll start when it reaches this lamppost. Ready?
- Chris: Come on then quick!
- Tammy: Ready to record?
- Chris: (Sudden realisation) Tammy! You sure!
- Voices: (A chant of "Chicken" is repeated rhythmically by the actors playing Liz and Gary to create an atmosphere of impending disaster/tragedy.)
- Tammy: Course! Just make sure you get this on your phone you wus!
- Chris: Go on then... quick.
- Tammy: After the lamp-post!
- Chris: Now!

- Tammy: No! *(Tammy hesitates, then finally steps into the road in front of Liz's car.)*  
Now!
- Chris: Tammy!
- All: No!!!  
*(Tammy is hit and falls. This staging of the accident should contain the main elements of this accident... i.e. impending danger, speed, screams/noise and impact.)*  
Sudden silence.
- Liz: *Realisation sets in. Possible use of slow motion?*  
*(To audience)* I didn't think she'd do it.
- Chris: *(Disbelievingly approaching Chris)* What was she playing at?
- Liz: I don't know!  
*(Moving towards Chris... in shock... hesitant but gaining in confidence.)* She just ran our in front of me... You must have seen something...
- Chris: I didn't!
- Liz: Why would she do that?
- Chris: I don't know! I don't know anything!
- Gary: Liz! Liz! It's Tammy!  
*(Silence)*
- Chris: While nobody was looking I slid the phone down a drain  
I knew if anybody found it... I'd get the blame... People'd say I'd encouraged her with a dare  
They'd make judgements and suspect I didn't care  
They'd say I should've known better... should have been more mature

- But everyone knows... for a moment's stupidity there is no known cure  
Believe me... I'd do anything to change what happened that day.  
The day I saw Tammy's body on the dual carriageway...  
Being totally covered by a blanket, then stretched away...  
*(Tammy and any other debris are cleared away. It is entirely acceptable for Tammy to walk off stage with minimal fuss.)*
- The funeral was awful, the church was packed  
Everybody went.  
I'll never forget her coffin, covered in the flowers that everyone'd sent.  
Tammy's Dad sat next to my mum... together in their grief  
She held his hand as the vicar talked of Tammy's life, saying it was "all too brief".  
And then... then they played her favourite song and everyone cried.  
Everyone apart from me... I felt numb... something inside me had died.
- Gary: *(Approaches Chris in silence.)*  
Chris... we should talk.
- Chris: Should we?
- Gary: I thought you might want to.
- Chris: Well, you're wrong.
- Gary: Why don't you want to talk to me?  
*(Silence.)*  
Do you blame my sister? Chris is that why you won't talk to me? Liz wouldn't have been driving along that road if it wasn't for me... so... so... was it my fault?

- Chris: I'm not saying it was anyone's fault!
- Gary: But others are... aren't they? That's the whole point. I didn't see anything... and nor did Liz... and people are blaming her. But you were with Tammy, so if anyone knows why she ran out like that, its you.  
(Silence.)
- (Exasperated) Why won't you tell me?
- (Entering.) Chris I've got you something.  
(He looks up. She hands him a little giftwrapped present. He opens it revealing a mobile phone in a box.)
- Ann: I know I said I wouldn't get you another one but... well, it's been difficult for you... and well... aren't you going to say anything?
- Chris: Who am I going to phone now Tammy's gone...
- Ann: Chris? How can you say such a thing?
- Chris: Easily.
- Ann: I thought you'd like it! I thought you'd be grateful. I should have known better! Chris I'm talking to you.  
(Silence.)
- You can't go on like this! It's been nearly a month since the accident and you've hardly been out of the house. Your Head of Year phoned and he says you should be back in school on Monday.
- Chris: I can't! Everybody'll treating me different... and Gary said... well he's blaming me... he's probably made everyone think I know something when I don't. I can't face all the questions mum... I thought it'd end once the police had talked to me... but... there's kids at school and then there's the inquest that's not going to be for ages either... and now you're starting! And there's something else. I can't cope with seeing Tammy's Dad.
- Ann: He's certainly not blaming you.
- Chris: I know... but...
- Ann: But what?
- Chris: He's been really good... really kind... but... couldn't we move?
- Ann: What?
- Chris: Couldn't we move house... start again away from everyone.
- Ann: Then it really would look like you're running away from something.
- Chris: I just wish it hadn't happened.
- Ann: I just wish someone had been there... you know... a witness... to see what happened... to see why she... I'm sorry Chris. I don't really know what to do either... but I do think you need to get back to some kind of normality...
- Chris: Life'll never be normal after this.
- Ann: You know Chris... sometimes I get the impression you are blaming yourself... it's not your fault... you were on the other side of the road, weren't you? How could it be anything to do with you?
- Chris: To this day I've not told anyone the words you know I said
- Someone, somehow finding out is the one thing I most dread.
- I think about it every day, every night before I fall asleep.
- A secret I must live with; a secret I must keep.  
(He stares at the phone, which remains unpacked.  
He slowly exits as music builds.)