

NO PLACE FOR A GIRL

A New Musical Play

by

MARK WHEELER

Music and lyrics by

BRIAN PRICE

SchoolPlay Productions Ltd

15 Inglis Road, Colchester, Essex CO3 3HU

NO PLACE FOR A GIRL

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WRITERS' NOTES

NO PLACE FOR A GIRL is a musical play telling the true story of Southampton girl, Sarah Stanbury, and her struggle to gain recognition as a football player.

Sources: Sarah, Sue and Rob Stanbury, John Brewer, Pat Chapman (Red Star Southampton), Jane Clarke, Barbara Dobson, Yolander Soler, Paul Sanders, *Southern Evening Echo*.

Music: Solos and chorus numbers. *N.B. The leading actors do not need to be singers. There are also singing parts for non-actors.*

Set: The setting in the original production consisted of an area S.R. set up naturalistically to represent the Stanbury's front room. The main body of the stage (the central area) was covered by a floor cloth painted green with a penalty area marked out on it together with the logo used on the original poster. Any action in the play that is not set in the Stanbury's front room occurred in this area.

The singers stood separately on S.L. with the band. The cast when not on stage could be positioned as a football crowd, at the back or to the side of the stage, behind the singers. In no way should these ideas be seen as prescriptive.

Props: In the original production very few props were used in the non-family scenes; a simple form of mime being considered a better way to maintain the pace of the action.

For the same reason there were few costumes. Sarah's family were dressed realistically but the remainder of the cast wore a simple uniform, with the possibility of adding items to identify a particular character.

This play was premiered by the Oaklands Youth Theatre at the Edinburgh Festival Fringe 1991 under the title "LETHAL IN THE BOX".

A BACKGROUND TO THE PLAY

Just before the Easter holidays, 1990, one of the groups in my G.C.S.E. drama class were going through all kinds of crises which led to them breaking up. This suited five of the students who developed a highly entertaining play entitled **FALLING IN LOVE**. However, the remaining two students, Leanne Humphries and Sarah Stanbury, were stuck, fed up and about to jeopardise my prediction of a good G.C.S.E. grade.

With only two weeks to go I sat with the two girls and made a last ditch suggestion to them - that they use Sarah's interest in football as a starting point. Sarah was immediately excited by this prospect and began to talk about her struggle to be recognised as a footballer.

I knew Sarah played football; I had seen her in the Sports Hall at our school. I had absolutely no idea that she played for one of the top women's football teams in this country (Red Star Southampton), recently promoted to be in the new Super-League. I merely thought she played football occasionally in the Sports Hall at Oaklands with the boys!

The two girls worked very hard in the remaining time and by the exam presentation evening had successfully worked out a ten-minute play.

I remember being utterly gripped by the content of the play and immediately saw enormous potential for it as a modern day equivalent of the old Youth Theatre favourite **ZIGGER ZAGGER**. It was in fact the sort of story I'd always wanted to adapt - but never come across. I approached Sarah and asked her if she thought her parents would be agreeable to me researching her story. She thought they would and the next day she told me that they were indeed very keen.

Much of my summer holiday was spent researching and then writing the play (my wife can testify to this fact!) and by September I had the first draft completed. Brian Price was one of the first people to see the script and agreed it was ideal material for a school musical - as such we would be able to involve many more young people and be assured of an uplifting and a far more entertaining event. Eight songs and many script changes later we now have **NO PLACE FOR A GIRL**.

I hope that we are able to provide you with an enjoyable and rewarding school production to stage; and food for thought for anyone in any audience who has anything to do with 'Sport For All' and - more particularly - schoolboys' football!

Mark Wheeler

LIST OF CHARACTERS

The Family -

Young Sedge
Sedge
Sue (*Sedge's mum*)
Rob (*Sedge's dad*)
Debbie (*Sedge's sister*)

Others in order of appearance -

Girls 1-6
Boys middle school football team
Mr. Brewer
Quentin
Schoolboys Football Association Official
Cool P.E. Teacher
Shopkeeper
Quentin's Daddy
Referee
Pat Chapman
Red Star Southampton Women's football team
W.P.C. Elliot
Miss Vallas
Netball Team
Pupils at Oaklands Community School
Paul Sanders
Teacher
Sexist P.E. Teacher
Spanner in the Works
Shopkeeper 2
Shop Assistants 1-3
Pronuptia Assistant
Dresser 1-3
Sweeney Todd
Selina
Wedding guests
Bride
Groom

Best man
Vicar
Photographer
Sexy Cynthia
American Private Investigators 1-4
Southern Evening Echo 1-3
Secondary School Football Team
Women's England under 21 football team
Northern Region number 9
Liz Deigan
Puppeteer
Singing Group

The play can be performed by a smaller cast with doubling of parts

COMMENTS FROM THE PRESS

An exuberant musical.... Imaginative, exciting, tuneful and very funny. It is much more than about football: it is also about growing up, pursuing your talents in the face of adversity, the temptations of teendom, sexual stereotyping, friendship, romance and family life.

John Hart: *Times Educational Supplement*

The great virtues of this script are in the use of a wide range of dramatic devices to tell it's story, and in catering successfully for a large cast.

Assessor's report: *Lloyds Bank Theatre Challenge*

The songs were excellent. The play was often funny and never dull. I would definitely recommend it.

Paul Shaw (11): *Early Times*

A massive musical Drama success.... a cry for equality in all things.... thumping rock music and soft ballads.... captures the mood of football terraces everywhere.

Sue Wilkinson: *Southern Evening Echo*

Thumping rock music and gentle ballads accompany a witty and compassionate script.... O.Y.T. has never produced a winner like this which could hold its own on any professional stage.

Sue Wilkinson: *Amateur Stage*

NO PLACE FOR A GIRL

A new musical play telling the true story of Southampton girl, Sarah Stanbury, and her struggle to gain recognition as a football player.

Researched and scripted by: Mark Wheeler

Music and Lyrics by: Brian Price

Sources:- Sarah, Sue and Rob Stanbury.

John Brewer, Pat Chapman (Red Star Southampton), Jane Clarke,
Barbara Dobson, Yolander Soler, Paul Sanders, Southern Evening Echo.

The play was premiered by the Oaklands Youth Theatre at the Edinburgh Festival Fringe 1991 under the title "LETHAL IN THE BOX"

Cast: As large as possible! At least 15 females & 13 males

Suggested age range: 9 upwards. Works best with a wide variety of ages.

Synopsis: Just like her dad, Sarah or 'Sedge', as she is known to most people, has always liked football - her mother hated it! Despite her talent (and a magnificent goal in her one and only school football match), the football authorities prevented her from playing for her school. Nevertheless, Sedge's ambition remained firm - to earn a living from playing football even if it meant moving abroad!

By the age of fifteen she was a regular first team member of top W.F.A. National Premiere League team, Red Star Southampton. By sixteen she had been asked to represent the England under 21's Women's football team. Approx running time: 2 x 45 minute halves.

NO PLACE FOR A GIRL

Book by Mark Wheeler
Music & Lyrics by Brian Price

SECTION 1. THE EARLY YEARS.

(Football Chants chanted simultaneously and loudly by all the CAST finally merge into the Chant beneath).

MUSIC 1 - LETHAL IN THE BOX

Singing Group & Company: *Lethal in the box, she was lethal in the box.*
 Lethal in the box, she was lethal in the box.

Take a tight line to the top to the very top
Going all the way, so don't stop!
Take a tight line to the top to the very top
Going all the way, so don't stop!

All the way.... going all the way to the top
All the way.... going all the way to the top.

Time will show the way that we must try to go
No-one else will show the way.
We must try to find the things we need to know
Leaving nothing else to say.

Lethal in the box, she was lethal in the box.
Lethal in the box, she was lethal in the box.

(SUE is doing the dusting, ROB is reading).

Sue: Rob, I remember quite clearly discussing it before Christmas. We both agreed not to let Sarah have a football kit.

Rob: We agreed that WE wouldn't buy her one.

Sue: How on earth was I to know that you'd go behind my back and ask Dave and Margaret to get it for her!

Rob: I I didn't. As soon as I realised what they'd got her I thought the muck's really going to hit the fan now and I'm going to be right in the firing line.

Sue: You must have had something to do with it Rob. People don't buy football kits for little girls no more than they'd buy you a bra and suspenders!

Rob: I didn't ask for a bra and suspenders (*affected!*) Why do you think they'd suit me?

Sue: Well without your influence, Sarah would never even have wanted this stupid football kit.

Rob: Sue, it's got nothing to do with me. It's Sedge. It's just the way she is!

Sue: I hate that name as well. Why can't you call her Sarah?

Rob: Everybody calls her Sedge.

Sue: I don't, and you shouldn't!

Rob: Why?

Sue: It's not her name. It's not feminine. Oh all this playing football and so on, it's not natural.

Rob: She can't even kick a ball she's so little.

Sue: But I bet you've tried to teach her! If we let her go on like this we'll pay for it you mark my words. She'll be trouble if we go on like this.

Rob: I don't know what you're on about.

Sue: Rob. She's a girl she's a three year old girl for crying out loud! How do you think I feel with all the other little girls at the play-group showing off their new dresses and playing with their dolls while Sarah struts around in her new football kit. You don't have to suffer that embarrassment Rob. All the other mums are looking at me and thinking well I don't know what they must think!

Rob: That football kit made her Christmas.

Sue: But we agreed Rob. You knew what I thought. We spent a lot of money on that pedal car to make up for her not having the kit. We'd successfully knocked it on the head. You saw her face in the morning how pleased she was with the little car. She's played with it non-stop ever since. That could have been the end of it! I can't imagine what she'll be on to next pint of lager down at the club by the time she's five at this rate!

Rob: Can't you see Sue, even with the pedal car she's not like all the other little girls. She's not happy unless she's getting it to skid.

Sue: And who taught her to do that I wonder?

Rob: She found out for herself!

Sue: Rob I see you out there with her. You treat her like a boy.

Rob: What do you mean?

Sue: You know what I mean. Everything.

Rob: I just follow what appears to interest her.

Sue: I hope you'll be just as keen when she starts to do the things all the other little girls do like ballet classes.

Rob: She loves that little football kit and I'm glad Dave and Margaret bought it for her. I think she looks great in it it suits her.

Sue: Rob it doesn't. It makes her look like a boy.

Rob: I'm absolutely certain that it won't do her any harm. Next month she'll be on to something else and she probably won't want ever to wear it again.

Sue: Well at the moment she won't go to bed without it on.. In my opinion the quicker she grows up and out of this football thing the quicker I can throw it away!

CHANT - LETHAL IN THE BOX

Singing Group: *Lethal in the box, she was lethal in the box.*

SECTION 2: THE 'JASON' INCIDENT

Young Sedge: By the time I was about nine I had become well known for playing football at my Middle School. Mum and dad knew nothing about it. They thought I'd gone off football cos I never talked about it to them.

Girls: Girls. In the school playground. Skirts, blouses and little white socks playing skipping, or kiss chase with the boys but Sarah or Sedge as she liked to be called

Girl 1: She used to come to our school in this skirt that did up at the side.

Girl 2: And she'd have shorts on underneath.

Girl 3: She used to take off the skirt

Girls: Take off her skirt?!?! Whoosh! (*She does so*).

Girl 4: and drop it on the floor.

Girl 5: I mean none of us would rip our skirts off and

Girls: (*sung*) '*Wonder woman!*'

Girl: one minute she had a skirt on

Girl 6: and the next she was wearing shorts!

Girls 1-5: (*imitating Dinner Ladies*) 'Put it on!'

Girl 6: the dinner ladies used to say.

Girl 1: 'I can't play football in a skirt!' She'd shout back.

Girl 3: Sometimes she used to roll her skirt up into the shorts and run around in like a great nappy. Underneath were these

Girls: huge

Girl 3: muscly legs.

Pupil 4: She was better than all of the boys except Abdul. He's playing professionally now.

Pupils 1-6: (*chanting*) Good old Abdul!

Young Sedge: I never thought of asking to be in the school team.

Girls: (*dreamily blowing a kiss to the BOYS*) The School Team.

Young Sedge: I knew I'd be turned down.

School Football Team: (*entering - led by S.F.A. Official*) The School Team!
(*The GIRLS sigh/swoon*)

SFA Official: 'Local Schoolboys Football Association'. Football is a boys game, and only boys should play it. Any girls who try to play are stupid ninnies.

Quentin: Shoot

Team: Score.

Player 7: Head

Team: Score.

Player 12: Overhead kick

Team: Score.

Young Sedge: Anyway the team were doing fine without me! (*She exits*).

Team: Twenty-three - nil. Foundhart Middle School. We are the Champions!
(*indicating Mr. Brewer*) P.E. teacher. Mr. Brewer.

Mr. Brewer: (*enters jogging in fact MR. BREWER jogs everywhere throughout the time he is on stage!*) I suppose that's quite a good result lads but I wanted twenty-four! (*FOOTBALL TEAM jeer*).

Quentin: Wasn't I brilliant today Sir? You are lucky to have me.

Team: Introducing Quentin The big head!

Mr. Brewer: We certainly wouldn't be the same team without you Quentin! (*The TEAM laugh*).

Team: Introducing Quentin's daddy

Mr. Brewer: A self appointed big-wig in local football!

Quentin's Daddy: My son is an exceptional talent. This **** * Brewer has never recognised him for what he is.

[**** = Claxon or football horn played by someone at QUENTIN's DADDY's side].

Team: (*sung*) **Get him off Get him off Get him off.**

Mr. Brewer: (*reprimanding*) Boys! You are representing the school. Behave properly!

Quentin's Daddy: I serve on numerous football committees and am highly respected for my services to football.

Mr. Brewer: Quentin's becoming far more Prima-Donna-ish and if he's not careful he'll be dropped!

Team: Yeah!

Quentin's Daddy: (*almost exploding with anger*) This is a **** * outrage!

Mr. Brewer: The season continued until

SFA Official: The Championship this Season has been decided. The Winners -

Houndwell Middle School. Runners up are last year's Champions....

Team: Foundhart Middle School.

SFA Official: (*To TEAM*) They are king of the castle and you are stupid rascals!

Mr. Brewer: We had one match left. No matter what happened to us or our opposition the league table would not be affected.

Team: (*except QUENTIN*) Sir, Why don't you let Sedge play?

Mr. Brewer: She was good enough and everyone wanted her to play

Quentin: (*proudly*) Except Quentin.

Team: Tut! Except Quentin.

Mr. Brewer: I phoned the local Schools Football Association.

SFA Official: No!

Mr. Brewer: What do you mean 'no!'

SFA Official: No!!! She can't play! Gutted! How small do you feel?

Team: She's very good!

Mr. Brewer: and she is only ten.

SFA Official: Girls do not play football in our league! So ner!!!

Team: Please pretty please.

SFA Official: No, and if you carry on like this I'll send you all up to bed with no supper!

Team: What do we do now?

Mr. Brewer: Dilemma Do we play her, or do we stick to the rules?

Team: Go for it!

Young Sedge: Brilliant! Sir, shall I go and get my football kit?

Mr. Brewer: I'll have to phone your mother first.

Young Sedge: Do you have to? She doesn't even know that I play football. She'll hate it!

Team: Ring ring. Ring ring. Ring ring.

Sue: (*as though very busy*) I'm coming!

Mr. Brewer: Hello. This Mr. Brewer from Foundhart Middle School.

Sue: (*resigned*) Oh no, what's she done now?

Mr. Brewer: Oh nothing's wrong. It's just about the football team at school.

Sue: I think you must have made a mistake Mr. Brewer I'm Sarah's mother, Sarah Stanbury.

Mr. Brewer: I know. Look, I don't know whether you realise but Sarah is playing a lot of football at lunch times and she's very good.

Sue: I do hope you've made a mistake Mr. Brewer!

Mr. Brewer: In fact she's as good, if not better than, most of the boys and so I'm thinking of playing her in the School football team.

Sue: What?

Mr. Brewer: You don't have any objections do you?

Sue: I really don't know what to say.

Mr. Brewer: Good, I hoped you'd agree. I'll have to phone my colleague from Haystack Middle School, and if he agrees she'll be playing. (*He puts the phone down*).

Sue: Mr. Brewer (*desperately*) Mr. Brewer! (*She reluctantly puts the phone down*) Why me? What have I done to deserve this?

Cool P.E. Teacher: Cool P.E. Teacher from the Haystack Middle School.

Team: Ring ring. Ring ring.

Cool P.E. Teacher: Hello. Cool P.E. Teacher speaking.

Mr. Brewer: I'm just phoning to ask you if it would be O.K. to play a young girl in our football match.!

Cool P.E. Teacher: I don't see why not. I'm pretty cool. I can cope with anything!

Mr. Brewer: It's just that the league won't give their permission and I wanted to check that you don't mind.

Cool P.E. Teacher: It won't make any difference to me.

All: Joke!

Cool P.E. Teacher: My team play like a bunch of girls anyway.

All: Chortle chortle! (*aside*) What a sexist!

Sue: Sarah, is that you?

Young Sedge: Yeah!

Sue: Oh Sarah! What a state you're in. You'd better get upstairs and have a shower and don't walk on my new carpet in those blooming football boots!

Young Sedge: All right mum, keep your hair on! (*She takes off her boots*).

Sue: Don't you ever wear those in this house again!

Young Sedge: Sorry.

Sue: If I had my way you wouldn't be doing this.

Young Sedge: Mr. Brewer told me he phoned you and asked you if I could play and you said yes. Mr. Brewer wouldn't lie!

Sue: Well if I did say yes, he bamboozelled me into it. Now get up those stairs and clean yourself up. You look a disgrace. (*SEdge EXITS*).

Rob: (*entering with a small sandwich box and a Sainsbury's bag containing a bottle*) Hello love. It's only me.

Sue: Everything all right?

Rob: You bet it is. We got that contract and its a big one so I've bought some champagne; I thought we could celebrate!

Sue: Can we afford it?

Rob: We'll be able to afford anything after this Sue. (*They embrace*).

Sue: We haven't got anything that exciting for supper it's only a fry up!

Rob: Oh well (*taking the bottle out of the bag*) It's just as well that I only bought some plonk from Sainsbury's. (*They laugh*).

Sue: Oh Rob!

Rob: Where are the kids?

Sue: Deb's gone over the road to Linda's don't you remember it's Becky's birthday.

Rob: Oh yes.

Sue: I said I'd go and collect her at five.

Rob: Do you want me to go?

Sue: If you want to that would be very nice save the bacon from burning.

Rob: And Sedge. Where's she?

Sue: She's upstairs having a shower.

Rob: (*looking at his watch*) What's she been up to then?

Sue: She's been training with the school football team!

Rob: (*delighted*) What?!

Sue: Mr. Brewer phoned from school, completely out of the blue, to ask me if Sarah can play for the school tomorrow!

Rob: What did you say?

Sue: I really don't know, but whatever it was he's taken it that he has my consent.

Rob: I can't believe it!

Sue: Nor can I!!! Apparently she's out in the playground playing every lunch time. He says she's very good.

Rob: I suppose it explains why she doesn't want to wear her skirt to school.

Sue: And her scuffed shoes. What must they think of us?

Rob: What must who think of us?

Sue: Well everybody the teachers. I won't be able to show my face at parents' evening.

Rob: I bet they're quite amused.

Sue: Well they won't be if she gets injured and you'll be the first to be up in arms if she does get hurt!

Rob: (*laughing*) Oh Sue.

Sue: Some of those boys are very rough!

Rob: Nothing that Sedge can't stand up to.

Sue: And what about the mud on her kit clogging up my washing machine (*ROB is laughing*) and where will she get changed?

Rob: (*sarcastically*) In front of everybody on the pitch as a warm up to the match! Sue, you've got to see the funny side of it.

Sue: I don't believe I'm letting her do this! It just doesn't seem right. My

daughter playing for the School Football Team!

CHANT - LETHAL IN THE BOX

Singing Group: *Lethal in the box she was lethal in the box.*

Boys from Team 1,2,3 & Young Sedge:

Players from Foundheart football team
Finished our training and off we steam
On the way home we pass a shop
Got no money but that won't stop
Us mischief makers Regulation breakers
Walk walk walk. (*indicating sign*) Drifters (*aside*) ... for
Apprentice shop-lifters. (*They all laugh; then enter*) Ting!

Boy 1: (*pointing*) Shopkeeper!

Boy 2: (*turns to SHOPKEEPER*) Distract. (*They laugh*) Chat.

Shopkeeper: Talk

Boy 1: Zip! (*He mimes unzipping his bag*) Nick! Chocolate, crisps, Cindy-doll.
(*He mimes stealing these objects*).

Boy 2, 3 & Young Sedge: Cindy doll? (*They laugh*).

Boy 1: Zip! (*He mimes zipping up his bag*)

Boy 1, 3 & Young Sedge: Is she looking?

Boy 2: No. (*turns to SHOPKEEPER*) Distract. (*They laugh*).

Boy 3: Zip! (*He mimes unzipping his bag*) Nick! Pot Noodles sandwich,
reduced to clear Financial Times. (*He mimes stealing these items*). Zip!!
(*He mimes zipping up his bag*).

Boy 1, 3 & Young Sedge: Is she looking?

Boy 2: No. (*turns to SHOPKEEPER*) Distract. (*They laugh*).

Young Sedge: Somewhat nervous. Zip! (*She mimes unzipping her bag*) Nick!
Pens football mag Transformers. (*She mimes stealing these items*).
Zip!!! (*She mimes zipping up her bag*).

Boy 1, 3 & Young Sedge: Is she looking?

Boy 2: Yes.

All Four: Leg it! (*They leave the shop hurriedly!!*)

Boys 1, 2, 3 & Young Sedge:

Tearing down the streets.
Zip-bags full with no receipts
Hearts are pumping

Minds are jumping
Will they catch us
Then dispatch us
To the local police. (*They are all out of breath, panting*).
Out of breath at the top of a hill.
Got the stitch but what a thrill it was
Nicking from a shop.
Then fond farewells we all did swap
(*They turn to go. SEDGE exits*).
Hey wait....
(*SEdge has by now gone. The BOYS are on their own*).
Sudden thought hang on Stop!!!
The football match tomorrow....
If Sedge is playing who on earth will Brewer drop?

Team & Quentin: *Who's he going to drop?*
Who's he going to drop?
Ee-ay-adio who's he going to drop?

Mr. Brewer: Quentin! (*taking QUENTIN to one side*) I'm afraid you won't be playing in this match.

Quentin: Why not?

Mr. Brewer: You're not working hard enough.

Quentin: Sir?

Mr. Brewer: Yes Quentin.

Quentin: Sir. Who's replacing me?

Mr. Brewer: Sarah Stanbury.

Quentin: But she's not as good as me.

Mr. Brewer: That's a matter of opinion Quentin!

Quentin: She can't be though sir.

Mr. Brewer: Why not?

Quentin: Well sir, she's a girl.

Young Sedge: And what's wrong with that Quentin?

Quentin: Girls can't play football my Daddy told me

Mr. Brewer: Well I'm afraid your Daddy's wrong!

Quentin: But he can't be?

Mr. Brewer: Oh yes he can!

Quentin: Oh no he can't.

Team: Oh yes he can.

Mr. Brewer: I'm telling you he is Quentin and I'll tell you another thing. Sarah is

playing in your place tomorrow. (*The TEAM cheer*).

Quentin: We'll soon see about that Mr. "I know it all" Brewer. I'm going home to tell my daddy!! You won't get away with this. (*He exits moaning. From this point on he is not included in the TEAM*).

Team: ***Hard luck Quentin***
 Hard luck son.
 Hard luck Quentin.
 He's got you on the run.

Young Sedge & Team: (*They re-group as though sitting in a mini-bus*).
 We're on our way to Haystack.
 We're on our way to Haystack.
 We're on our way to Haystack.
 And Sedge is going to score.

(*They mime being in the bus and skidding to a halt*).

Mr. Brewer: We can't call her Sarah we'll have to call her by one of the names of our registered players

Team: How about Jason Cox?

Mr. Brewer: Good idea. (*He starts the mini-bus up and it continues on its journey*).

Young Sedge & Team: ***And Jason's gonna score.***
 And Jason's gonna score.
 We're on our way to Haystack Middle School
 And Jason's gonna score.
 Yeah!!!

(*A whistle signifying the start of the MATCH is blown by the REFEREE*).

Mr. Brewer: The match was going well. After only 15 minutes the score was

Team: (*loudly and enthusiastically*) Two - nil!

Mr. Brewer: Then, just before half time, almost from nowhere, Quentin's father appeared on the opposite touchline. I imagined he may want to have a quiet discussion about the situation!

Quentin's Daddy: What the **** do you think you're doing, Brewer?

Mr. Brewer: He marched across the pitch and really let fly!

Quentin's Daddy: Why isn't my Quentin in the team?

Mr. Brewer: If you really want to know I think he has a bad attitude problem and the person playing in his shirt is a better player.

Quentin's Daddy: You are a **** *liar, Brewer! Any fool can see the person playing in his shirt is a girl.

Mr. Brewer: At that very moment, no word of a lie, Sedge, who had a lethal right

foot, planted a 15 yard shot right in the corner of the net.

Team: Three - nil.

Team & Mr. Brewer: Yeah!!!

Mr. Brewer: ‘Good goal! Excellent shot!’ (*aside*) He had to have seen it!

Quentin’s Daddy: You’re not even listening to me are you, you **** * * * * *!

Mr. Brewer: I’m not here to listen to you, I’m here to encourage my team.

Quentin’s Daddy: Some **** * * * * * encouragement you’ve given my son.
You’ve **** * * * * * humiliated him.

Mr. Brewer: We are achieving a good result, so as far as I’m concerned my selection is entirely vindicated! I will not be put under pressure from parents to pick their children. You cannot EXPECT Quentin to be in the team.

Quentin’s Daddy: Mr. Brewer you leave me no choice. I will see your Headmaster tomorrow to make arrangements to remove my son from Foundhart Middle School.

Mr. Brewer: Well that is what you want to do, it’s your choice, but really, over a football match!

Quentin’s Daddy: No Mr. Brewer there’s a **** * * * * * principle at stake here.

Mr. Brewer: I agree. There is indeed.

Quentin’s Daddy: You’ll be hearing from me Brewer you **** * * * * *!
(*Exit, ranting and raving. As he leaves a **** * * * * * is played for each of his footsteps he may even be catcalled, etc.*)

Team: Ooooooh! Four - nil.

Mr. Brewer: Well done lads. Let’s have another. (*The REFEREE blows his whistle*) The next few minutes are all a bit of a blur. I don’t quite know what had happened but the ref. called both teams together. (*They gather round*) I couldn’t really see what was going on.

Referee: There’s a girl on the pitch! Come on. It’d be very easy to find out who you are. O.K. then if you’re not going to play ball with me I’ll have to ask all of you "lads" to take off your shirts. (*Everyone slowly backs off leaving YOUNG SEDGE isolated*) Ahh! What’s your name girl? (*There is silence*).

Mr. Brewer: Ref., it’s my responsibility. You’d better sort it out with me.

Referee: We’ve had a complaint. I think the players ought to know that the result of this match probably won’t stand.

Young Sedge: You can’t cancel my goal! Everyone saw it. Everyone knows that it was the best one in the match! It’s so stupid! Just cos I’m a girl. Why should it matter?

Referee: It’s what the rules say young lady and your teacher knew it!

Young Sedge: The rules are pathetic! They won’t stop me from playing.

Referee: The rules will stop you from playing in THIS league.

Mr. Brewer: Any rule that prevents the best player from taking part can't be right!

Referee: I shall be reporting this incident to the Schoolboys Football Association; we'll let them decide that for us shall we?

MUSIC 2 - NO PLACE FOR A GIRL [part one]

Singing Group: *There was a time when nothing I did could turn a head*

Nothing I felt nothing I said.

Now things are changing can anyone explain why it is?

Nothing's the same, it's only a game.

No place for a girl

Even though she may be as good as the best

Pass any test, how can it be, that they can decree.

No place for a girl

It doesn't make sense to me

I just want to know, why should it be so

That there is no place for a girl.

No place for a girl

No matter what I say, I'm just at a loss,

Counting the cost how much have I lost?

Some things I don't understand

Sometimes I wish I'd been a man

But why be so underhand with their plans?

Miss Vallas: I was Sarah's form teacher at the time and also used to teach her Netball. There was one conversation I had with Sarah that I remember, really quite distinctly. It was just myself and a few kids from her class discussing what they were going to do when they left school they were saying things like "When I grow up I'm going to be an actor" or "an astronaut" or mundane things like "work in a shop" or "an office." I was hardly prepared for what Sarah was about to say: "When I grow up I'm going to have a sex change." So I said: "Why Sarah?" I was mentally preparing myself for all manner of possible accounts. Everything was just buzzing round in my mind. Her answer, though, was very clear. "I want to have a sex change so that I can play football properly in a mens' team." It was as simple as that. That was her sole reason for wanting it. It really was very sad to discover that this nine year old child had to think along these lines to pursue her dream in life and

that in this day and age there is not equality in something as basic as a sports activity.

MUSIC 3 - NO PLACE FOR A GIRL [part two]

Singing Group: *No place for a girl....
Guess that I'll have to wait....
Till things have changed all re-arranged a different game....
Then they won't be so blind.... they'll have to accept them....
They'll have to find somewhere alongside men....
A place for a girl.*

S.F.A. Official: School-boys' Football Association: Response to Referee's Report.

Mr. Brewer: Wrist slapping time.

S.F.A. Official: If you throw football open to girls then the Netball Association would have to change their rules and allow boys to play.

Mr. Brewer: So what!

S.F.A. Official: It's just not practical to spend time setting up a schoolgirls' league. You would probably only be able to drum up fifty girls from the whole of Southampton.

Mr. Brewer: She's only ten! Can't you grant her dispensation to play?

S.F.A. Official: No we can not. Furthermore if the situation is repeated either you, Mr. Brewer, or the school you are appointed to will receive a ban.

Mr. Brewer: He gave the impression that the ban would be for something like ten years!

S.F.A. Official: If you don't go away I'll shoot you! (*He gets out a water pistol and chases BREWER. BREWER dies elaborately*) He won't come bothering me again!

Mr. Brewer: (*getting up*) Too right! I knew where I stood! It was blatant discrimination. However, I suggested to Sarah's father that he could contact Pat Chapman, the Manager of the local women's team in Southampton. Maybe she could help.

MUSIC - TRAINING THEME

(*Training sequence. PAT is very evident in this sequence spurring the women from the Red Star Team on to better things. MUSIC continues under the following dialogue.*)

Pat: Well! You really do have a lot of talent. If you'd like to, and your dad agrees, we'll sign you up here and now.

Young Sedge: What! a contract!

Pat: Yes.

Young Sedge: Brilliant!

Pat: You do realise that once you sign for Red Star you won't be able to play for any other team.

Young Sedge: What! Not even England?

Pat: One step at a time eh young Sarah?

Young Sedge: Oh, I'll be playing for England before long, you'll see!

All: *Here we go here we go here we go....*
 Here we go here we go here we go.
 Here we go.... here we go.
 Sedge for England!

(Training theme - "AMBITION", without the singing - comes in loudly to cover the Scene Change).

SECTION 3. A RED CARD FROM MUM.

Young Sedge: *(She is carrying/playing with a football as is almost always the case throughout the rest of the play)* Now that I was in Red Star I knew I could make it, I mean it's one of the best Women's football teams in the country. Everything was going so well but I was not prepared for what was to happen towards the end of my third year at Middle School. I arrived home from school one evening to find a policewoman sitting in our front room.

W.P.C. Elliot: I've been asked to call in and see you tonight because there's been some shoplifting from Drifters recently.

Young Sedge: What could I say?

Rob: Sedge, the police officer found these Transformers in your room.

Young Sedge: I felt so humiliated. There was nothing I could do so I admitted it.

W.P.C. Elliot: Was anyone else involved?

Rob: Sedge, if someone else was involved you'd better say now, so that we can sort it out. If it was you on your own then you're going to have to face up to it.

Young Sedge: I couldn't grass my friends up. I mean I was considered to be 'one of the lads'. It's just not done well is it?

W.P.C. Elliot: Do you know someone called Steven Carey?

Young Sedge: They knew all along. They wanted to see if I'd tell tales.

W.P.C. Elliot: Steven was caught shoplifting today and when we asked him who

else has been involved he mentioned your name.

Young Sedge: The bastard! and here's me protecting him!

W.P.C. Elliot: We want you to make a list of everything you have taken. Then on Wednesday you'll come up to the station with all the things that you have put on the list and we'll ask you to make a statement.

Young Sedge: What'll happen?

W.P.C. Elliot: My senior officer will decide what action is to be taken. *(exit)*.

Young Sedge: In the end I was given a verbal warning and told that nothing would go on my record unless I got into trouble again before I was eighteen. The ball was in my court. *(YOUNG SEDGE has the football)*.

Sue: *(She takes the ball from YOUNG SEDGE)* Give that to me Sarah. You're not playing with it in the house! Now go up to your bedroom.

Young Sedge: *(muttered under her breath)* I wasn't even playing with it.

Sue: Something like this was bound to happen the way she's been carrying on. I've really had to bite my tongue up till now but I can't do it any longer not after this! She's not a boy Rob. She shouldn't be hanging around with them trying to prove herself all the time.

Rob: I've not made her do these things. I'm as shocked as you are about this.

Sue: We can't leave this without punishing her.

Rob: So, what are we going to do?

Sue: We should ban her from going to Red Star.

Rob: It's got nothing to do with Red Star, and anyway, the season doesn't start again until August so it'll hardly affect her.

Sue: That depends on how long we ban her for.

Rob: How long were you thinking of?

Sue: I think a ban for next season would make the point.

Rob: The whole of next season?!

Sue: Well why not?

Rob: It'd be like a lifetime to her.

Sue: With luck she'll be onto something different by then anyway.

Rob: It's really important to her, and she's good at it. She has a real talent.

Sue: She can't play for the blooming team until she's fourteen.

Rob: That's not the point.

Sue: What exactly is the point?

Rob: She's done something wrong, she's been seen by the police, she's been scared and I just think it's a bit over the top.

Sue: What do you suggest then?

Rob: Stop her pocket money something like that.

Sue: That's not serious enough.

Rob: What about a period of time when she's going to have to do all the washing

up? She'd find that difficult.

Sue: You know what she's like and we'd need a warehouse full of super-glue to sort out all the breakages No Rob, I'm quite clear on this one. We've got to make a stand. (*She exits*).

CHANT - LETHAL IN THE BOX

Singing Group: *Lethal in the box she was lethal in the box.*

Young Sedge: How long are you banning me for?

Rob: We've decided that it should be for the whole of next season.

Young Sedge: What? (*YOUNG SEDGE is obviously devastated*).

Sue: You've got to realise how serious it is Sarah.

Young Sedge: I do, but it had nothing to do with football and you know it. It's so unfair.

Sue: Sarah we're not going to change our minds, are we Rob?

Rob: No. We've both agreed on this Sedge.

Young Sedge: You've done this just to try and stop me from playing football haven't you? (*to SUE*) It's so obvious. You hate me training with Red Star. You decided on this didn't you?

Rob: I've already told you, we both agreed on what we should do.

Young Sedge: I don't believe you! (*to SUE angrily, nearly in tears*) Why don't you just admit it?

Rob: Sedge, almost all of my free time is spent taking you here and there to play football.

Sue: and what with that and the business, your dad doesn't get much time to himself

Rob: I don't mind that but you ought to think before you start accusing us of trying to stop you from playing.

Young Sedge: If I was a nipper you'd never have done this to me, and anyway if I WAS a nipper it wouldn't matter cos at least I could play for the school. I've said I won't do it again.

Rob: When you've seen the punishment through you can go back to Red Star.

Young Sedge: And what am I going to say to Pat?! I don't want her knowing what's happened!

Rob: Then, we won't tell her.

Young Sedge: She'll think I've lost interest.

Rob: We'll find a way round that somehow.

Young Sedge: How?

Rob: We've got some time to think on that. Sedge, the decision is final and no

amount of argument is going to make us change our minds.

MUSIC 4 - A DIFFERENT CHILD

Solo Girl: *A different child to the one that you'd invented
Dreamed of the child that you'd expected she would be.
A different child to the girl you'd always wanted deep down inside.*

Singing Group: *No matter how you try to hide your feelings
You just can't help believing
If only she could be a little more like you.*

*A different journey ahead
And no-one knows which way another person goes we have to wait.
And every step that you take may bring you closer than you'll ever know
And even if you try to re-arrange her there's nothing you do to change
Not even if she were a little more like you. [her,*

How can you know what it's like for your child?

*A different person to love nothing less will do for her.
No matter how you try to hide your feelings
You just can't help believing
If only she could be a little more like you.*

How can you know what is right for your child?

SECTION 4: FRIENDLIES

Young Sedge: I was determined to make the best of any opportunity to play football, be it at lunch time or in 'friendly' matches for the school. *(Throughout this anecdote a small group of boys from the TEAM present a comic mime of what she is saying)* I remember one match when there weren't enough shirts to go round and I was sub! Then one of the nippers got injured so I was brought on in a bit of a hurry. He gave me his shirt and I went to change behind a bush. I hated wearing bras and I hadn't got one on. It was so embarrassing everyone was looking over and laughing!

Player 5: Sedge always used to like to hang loose and bounce around the field.

Sedge: Then there was the scandal.

Football Team: Mr. Brewer's seeing the Netball teacher.

Netball Team: Don't believe you!

Football Team: It's true!

Netball Team: Don't believe you!

Football Player 3: I saw them holding hands.

Netball Team: Don't believe you!

Football Player 4: I saw them kissing!

Netball Team: Don't believe you!

Football Player 5: I saw them in the back of his car.

Netball Team: Don't believe you!

Football Team: Guess what they were doing?

Netball Team: Don't be dirty!

Football Team: Look! Over there. In the Staff room! Brewer

Both Teams: and Miss Vallas!!!

Netball Team: So it is true! *(This conversation is performed as a Victorian melodrama).*

Mr. Brewer: So the NUT action will mean the end of all after school activities I suppose.

Both Teams: *(Unison sigh accompanied by appropriate stylised gesture).*

Miss Vallas: That's right Malcolm. No more Football and no more Netball.

Both Teams: *(Unison sigh accompanied by appropriate stylised gesture).*

Mr. Brewer: It's such a shame and we both have such good teams this year too.

Both Teams: *(Unison sigh accompanied by appropriate stylised gesture).*

Miss Vallas: I know. It's so disappointing for the children.

Both Teams: Such a shame! *(Unison sigh accompanied by appropriate stylised gestures).*

Mr. Brewer: It's the after school activities that make my life bearable.

Both Teams: *(Unison sigh accompanied by appropriate stylised gesture).*

Miss Vallas: I know Malcolm! *(becoming very emotional)* I hadn't told you but my David has secured the leading role in his school production.

Both Teams: To be or not to be?

Mr. Brewer: Will they have to cancel it?

Both Teams: That is the question.

Miss Vallas: I'm afraid so Malcolm, and he's worked so very hard learning the lines.

Both Teams: *(as though 'David' learning the lines said very fast with no intonation)* To be or not to be that is the question.

Mr. Brewer: Oh Gwenda! What a waste. How do we break this news to our teams? They'll be utterly devastated.

Miss Vallas: It'll serve your footballers right for spreading rumours.

Football Team: Us? (*They look suitably innocent*).

Mr. Brewer: Oh that! How can they think that Gwenda. How can they think that.

MUSIC 5 - ONLY A GAME

(*This song could be sung by Mr. Brewer and Miss Vallas or mimed by them to a backing tape*).

Him: *And they think we're in love*
Her: *But it's only a game.*
Him: *Don't know what they're thinking of*
Her: *It's so hard to explain.*
Him: *Each night that there's a match on*
Her: *They imagine unbridled passion.*
Him: *There's no shame*
Both: *'Cos it's only a game.*

Him: *And they think we're in love*
Her: *It's a simple refrain,*
Him: *.... Heavens above*
Her: *It's so hard to explain.*
Him: *It doesn't matter even if it's raining*
Her: *We never miss our football training*
Him: *It's insane*
Both: *'Cos it's only a game.*

Him: *And now our season's ended*
Her: *We have to say our team's been splendid again*
Both: *It's only a game.*
Him: *Let's extinguish the flame*
Both: *'Cos it's only a game.*

SECTION 5: LIMITED COMPANY

(*SUE and DEBBIE, Sarah's 8 year old sister, are in the front room. DEBBIE is dressed very much as "Mummie's little girl"*).

Rob: (*entering*) Done it! Sue we've done it! all signed and sealed.
Sue: Brilliant Why didn't you bring John over to celebrate?

Rob: He's coming over with Lorraine later and boy are we going to celebrate?!

Debbie: What's happened Mum?

Sue: Dad's gone into a partnership with Uncle John.

Rob: *(to SUE)* Seemore Contract Services Limited and we've got premises!

Sue: *(to DEBBIE)* Uncle John has left his job because he wants to work with us so it means our business is going to be much bigger.

Rob: Much bigger!

Debbie: Are we going to be rich now?

Rob: *(puts bottle on table)* Rich enough to afford some champagne. *(He lifts DEBBIE up and twirls her around).*

Debbie: Can I have some?

Rob: Course you can!

Sue: *(unwraps the bottle)* Bolangers Rob?! You must be confident.

Rob: This is the big one Sue. We're going to be based at the Power Station and we're getting a lot of work out of them. John wouldn't have come in with us if it hadn't been a cert.

Sue: It's going to increase my work a hundredfold

Rob: and the rest. The wage bill alone is going to be hell.

Sue: *(to DEBBIE)* It's just as well you're at school young lady otherwise I couldn't do it, could I?

Debbie: What'll happen when Sarah goes up to the Comprehensive?

Sue: She'll have to meet you from school, love.

Debbie: *(anxiously)* Will she have to cook my supper?

Sue: You don't need to worry about that! I'd rather have King Kong cooking in my kitchen than let her loose in it. When did John give his notice in?

Rob: Yesterday.

Sue: What did Larry say?

Rob: He was really good about it he understands completely.

Sue: Well the next few months are going to be exciting

Rob: It's going to be hard work.

Sue: That's only to be expected.

Rob: How about a take-away?

Sue: That'd be lovely but we'd better wait for Sarah, she was due back a quarter of an hour ago.

Debbie: Mum?

Sue: Yes Debbie.

Debbie: Mum? What's What's a Tampax?

Sue: It's something that girls have to use when they're older.

Debbie: Does Sarah use them?

Rob: Why do you ask that?

Debbie: It's just that she's been making me go into the shop to buy them for her.

Rob & Sue: Oh, has she now?

Rob: Sedge's first period was a real bombshell. She couldn't put up with how unwell she felt. She was angry and resentful about it. She felt that it was yet another problem that men didn't have. She saw it as her own inefficiency, not as something natural. She thought it would be the end of her sport. She asked me if she could have an operation to stop it from happening ... permanently. She wanted to go up to the doctors. By a stroke of luck she saw a young guy straight out of College with all the new ideas. He explained that every sportswoman in the world had this problem and that there was a solution to it. He gave her the pill so that she could control her period ... bring it backwards or forwards to ensure that she was alright for the sports fixtures. It was like a big load lifted off her. She finally had an answer to it. It was just like she'd had an operation and it was all cured. She was over the moon.

SECTION 6: PUBERTY

(SEdge stands back to back with YOUNG SEdge, facing the audience).

Young Sedge: What with the ban and the never ending teachers' strike, my last year at Middle School had not been good for me as far as my progress in sport went. *(They turn as though on a revolve and YOUNG SEdge exits).*

Sedge: But the next year I became a pupil at the Oaklands Community School where they had every possible sports facility. It was brilliant!

(A number of 12 year old PUPILS enter wearing school uniform).

Pupils: First day at school.

Sedge: Sedge....

Paul: and Paul.

Both: *(shake hands / 'fives')* Best mates.

Paul: *(cocky)* The first time she spoke to me she asked out!

Pupil 1: She went out with a couple of other nippers.

Paul: She finished with one of them 'cos he took the Mick when he scored a goal against her team in a match at lunch time.

Pupil 2: *(taunting)* Go back to your Barbi dolls Sarah!

Paul: Then she decked him!

Pupils: *(as she hits him)* Ooooooh Guttled Lee!

Sedge: Sedge

Paul: and Paul.

Paul & Sedge: (*clapping hands together*) Same class.

Paul & Sedge: Same table. Messing around! (*impersonating*) Vicious boys!

Teacher: Enter Teacher.

Paul & Sedge: Scared shitless!

Teacher: That surprised you.

Paul & Sedge: Sure did sir.

Teacher: Don't let me catch you doing it again!

Pupils: Bell!

Paul & Sedge: Lessons.

Pupils: Bell.

Paul & Sedge: School lunch. (*They put their fingers to the back of their throats and mime vomiting*) We'll bring sandwiches tomorrow!

Pupils: Bell!

Paul & Sedge: P.E.

Pupils: Yeah!!! Badminton! Gymnastics! Trampolining! Netball!

Sedge: Football?

Sexist P.E. Teacher (male): I don't think girls should play football!

Pupils: Sexist!!! You wait till you see Sedge play.

Sedge & Pupils: (*shooting*) Goal!!!

Sexist P.E. Teacher: Very good for a girl!

Pupils: Sir? She wants to play for England.

Sexist P.E. Teacher: You've about as much chance of doing that as I have serving on the Equal Opportunities Commission!

Sedge: (*determined*) You'll see!

Pupils: Yeah! Sarah Sarah,
Sarah Sarah,
We'll support you evermore.
We'll support you evermore.
Sedge! Sedge! Sedge!

Sexist P.E. Teacher: Right! Off to the changing rooms and don't forget, I want everyone to have a shower.

Pupils: Do we have to?

Sexist P.E. Teacher: Yes you do.

Pupils: But we're nearly teenagers. We're so embarrassed.

Sexist P.E. Teacher: What's the problem?

Pupils: Puberty!!! Aaargh!

MUSIC 6 - PUBERTY BLUES

Singing Group & Pupils: *Woke up this morning
Something had changed
My body had been re-arranged.
It's making the news
I've got the puberty blues - yeah
I've got the puberty blues.*

*Suddenly hair
Is everywhere
I've discovered new bits
Now nothing fits.
Grown out of my shoes
I've got the puberty blues - yeah
I've got the puberty blues.*

*My life is complicated every morning I see
My face is being covered by all sorts of acne
My folks say I'm going through an awkward phase
I'm spending all my money on deodorant sprays.
One things for sure
I'm never bored
I'm putting away my toys
Discovering boys.
I'm changing my views
About the puberty blues - yeah
About the puberty blues that's right!*

Sedge: *(entering)* Hi mum!

Sue: Hello love how Sarah, you haven't got your bra on have you?

Sedge: I took it off because I had to have a shower at school.

Sue: Well why didn't you put it back on again? You know what we've told you!

Sedge: There was no point because I was coming home!

Sue: I don't care where you were going.

Sedge: It itches.

Sue: They all do at first. You'll get used to it.

Sedge: It's stupid I don't need to wear one.

Sue: You do.

Sedge: It's my body! Why can't I wear what I want to wear? I don't tell you what

to wear do I? I don't tell you or dad to make sure you've got your knickers on.

Sue: Sarah, I'm not discussing it any more. You have to wear one.

Sedge: Why?

Sue: You're of an age now when men will notice.

Sedge: Well these ones are no good! I need a sports bra!

Sue: Sarah, the only bras I buy for you are sports bras! Suppose Bernie notices and comments to me about it.

Sedge: What's Bernie got to do with it?

Sue: She's my friend Sarah. She's already told me that I ought to have a word with you because you're a big girl!

Sedge: Oh that's right! I suppose you've been talking about me behind my back! Why don't you tell everybody? I don't care!

Sue: Sarah. She didn't need me to point it out to her! I don't understand why you won't wear one!

Sedge: I just hate them! They get in the way when I'm playing football.

Sue: If anything Sarah, wearing one will help you.

Sedge: You don't know anything mum and anyway you don't care about my sport else you wouldn't have banned me from Red Star.

Sue: You know why that was.

Sedge: Yes, and I know who decided it.

Sue: Sarah, I'm not arguing.

Sedge: No, 'cos you can't! A whole season ban is way out of order! Red Star is one of the top teams in the country.

Sue: It's not going to get you a job though is it Sarah?

Sedge: Being in the Girl Guides wouldn't get me a job but you'd love me to do that! Anyway if I went to Italy I could turn professional and earn £30,000 a year!

Sue: Italy! Sarah, you're only twelve!

Sedge: You thought the stupid ban would stop me from wanting to play football well it hasn't! Tonight's the start of the new season and I'm going to Red Star tonight no matter what.

Sue: Sarah I wasn't even talking about football. All I'm asking you to do is to wear your bra. (*ROB enters with small sandwich box and two clothes shop bags*) Thank God you're here. Will you have a word with her?

Rob: Don't tell me! Oh Sedge! This is stupid. I come in from work and the last thing I want to do is to have to talk to you about your bra. Why don't you just wear the bloody thing?!

Sedge: Dad you don't understand!

Rob: No I don't. We have the Spanish inquisition to find out if you're wearing it

in the morning. We get upset, you get upset, and the radiator in your room gets beaten up after every argument, and by the time you get in after school or whatever, you're not wearing one. Sedge if you don't we're going to have the teachers at the school phoning us up about it.

Sue: Oh that's already happened.

Sedge: Who?

Sue: The head of Year.

Sedge: It's none of her business.

Rob: Sedge, just go and put one on and get your stuff ready for football. We've got to leave at six o'clock! *(She goes to exit. Holding out the clothes shop bags, he calls her back)* Sedge.

Sedge: *(aggressively)* What?

Rob: I bought you this track suit for you to wear tonight. I thought it'd help you to make a fresh start!

Sedge: Oh thanks dad!

Rob: Just you make sure you put your bra on eh?

Sedge: *(resigned)* All right! *(She exits)*.

Sue: What did you go and do that for?

Rob: What?

Sue: You know what!

Rob: She's served her ban. I wanted her to know that, at least, I am behind her.

Sue: She's always going to be a problem. We should have banned her altogether.

Rob: Why?

Sue: Because she's a girl. She's our daughter! It's not natural.

Rob: I'll never understand how you can think like that.

Sue: For one thing the training's far too tough for her. They forget how young she is.

Rob: They're actually very good to her.

Sue: Oh Rob you know what I mean. I just don't want her to end up being come on then Rob. What do they look like then, these 'women footballers'?

Rob: What does it matter? I don't take any notice really.

Sue: What do you mean you don't take any notice? Since when didn't you take any notice of women?

Rob: Well they don't all look the same. It's just that they all play football.

Sue: So why won't you give me a straight answer?

Rob: They come in all shapes and sizes just like any women, athletes, tennis players even women down our club!

Sue: You wouldn't find any of the women down our club playing football. It's not a women's game, we shouldn't allow her to play!

Rob: She lives for it. She'd never forgive us if we did stop her! Anyway we

haven't got any right to, but I do agree with you about the bra thing.

Sue: You're always giving in to her encouraging her.

Rob: Well we've just got to insist. Both of us.

Sue: Yes, both of us. That means you too Rob.

Rob: What was the last thing I said to her?

Debbie: (*interrupts from offstage*) Mum?

Sue: Yes Debbie?

Debbie: (*from offstage*) Can I show you something?

Sue: Of course you can. (*DEBBIE enters wearing a bra on the outside of her jumper*).

Sue: (*laughing*) Debbie. What on earth are you doing?

Debbie: I've got Sarah's bra on!

Sue: I can see that, but why are you wearing it?

Debbie: Well, Sarah won't wear it so I thought I would.

Sue: It looks lovely darling but I reckon it would look even better UNDER your jumper!

SECTION 7: END OF THE BAN

Red Star 1: A smart track suit was the generous gift from her dad.

Red Star 2: She closed her bedroom door and looked round her room.

Red Star 3: Footballing heroes covering her wall and by her bed a Head bag.

Red Star 4: She unzipped it and saw what lay inside.

Red Star 5: A football kit unused for a whole year.

All Red Star Team: The ban was finally over.

Red Star 6: Tuesday training sessions at seven o'clock.

Red Star 7: Tonight Sedge would be there training with Red Star.

Red Star 8: Fighting for a place in the team.

Red Star 9: Fired with determination

Red Star 10: Driven with ambition.

Red Star 11: To be the best.

Red Star 12: To be the winner.

Red Star 1: The scorer of the goals.

Sedge & All Red Star Team: The GIRL who scores the goals. Ambition!
Ambition! Ambition!

MUSIC 7 - AMBITION

Singing Group & Red Star Team: *Ambition, ambition*
Moving, moving, moving you on,
Ambition, ambition
Moving, moving, moving you on

Life is for living
You've got to take it while you can,
Life is for giving
If you're a woman or a man with
Ambition, ambition.
Moving, moving, moving you on.
Ambition, ambition
Moving, moving, moving you on.

Life is for living
You've got to take it while you can,
Life is for living
If you're a woman or a man with
Ambition A.M.B.I.T.I.O.N. ambition etc
Ambition, ooh, ooh
Ambition, ooh, ooh
A.M.B.I.T.I.O.N. ambition
A.M.B.I.T.I.O.N. ambition.

SECTION 8: SPANNER IN THE WORKS

Spanner in the works: Ambition/ one in a million sees dreams to fruition/ I wonder will adolescent quirks/ finally put a spanner in Sedge's works?/ These spanners to you'se I will introduce! (*SEdge is vigourously polishing a table in the front room*) 'Happy Families' in Sedge's house on Monday/ no-one mentions football/ Red Star train on Tuesdays/ so on Mondays no-one mentions football.

Sue: You're definitely improving Sarah. I can almost see my reflection in the table.

Sedge: No need to be sarci!

Sue: I'm being serious!

Sedge: You're giving me a pay rise then?

Sue: I don't know about that!

Sedge: Oh come on Mum! I'll call the Union in!

Sue: You'll have to speak to the boss.

Sedge: I thought you were the boss!

Sue: Oh, flattery will get you everywhere.

Sedge: How much then?

Sue: There's a fiver (*hands it to SEDGE*).

Sedge: Brilliant!

Debbie: (*entering with a new "pretty" Party dress on*) Does it suit me?

Sue: It looks lovely really pretty.

Sedge: Really pratty!

Debbie: It's better than your track suit!

Sedge: Get away! This is the best that money can buy.

Sue: Come on you two.

Sedge: Mum, can I go out? I said I'd meet Paul at the shop and I want to get away from her!

Rob: (*enters carrying a holdall*) Not before you explain this young lady!

Sue: What is it Rob?

Sedge: Dad, that's mine!

Rob: I thought it was! I found it in the garage, hidden behind the shelves!

Sedge: Please don't open it! Please!

Rob: Too late! (*He opens it*) Guess what's in here Sue? Go on! You'll never believe it!

Sedge: (*desperately*) Dad!!!

Sue: What on earth is it?

Rob: It's full of bras! (*He picks a handful out*)

Sue: Sarah!

Rob: Sedge, do you know how many bras there are in here?

Sedge: Dad!!!

Rob: Sixteen! There are sixteen bras hidden in here, Sedge! Enough to last you for a good long time to come!

Sedge: I'm off out!

Sue: (*calling after her*) Sarah!

Sedge: I'll be back in about an hour. To the shop! (*She meets PAUL 'Fives' or greeting sign*) Sedge.

Paul: and Paul.

Sedge & Paul: The local shop. 'Ard nuts!

Spanner in the works: Outside a quaint little hideaway for out of nappy inbetweenies/ keep themselves cleanies/ where saucy secrets are given their first airing of this generation/ flavoured with a strong scent/ of trying to

invent/ a better story than the one the night before./ Welcoming peers ears approve before the following night they go on to improve/ and prove/ themselves./ Real life Chinese whispers where truth and fantasy merge/ to emerge as 'I'm growing up'./ All this outside the local shop/ alongside environmentally unfriendly coke can/ dropped carelessly by "environmentally friendly" human consumer/ providing ball substitute ready for a new Lineker to score another scorcher/ hearty shouting no doubting the skill of that particular kill./ Now wait we're only on the outside. Inside paradise. A shop selling sugary sweets and sweet picture comics/ just above/ hidden from view/ a few out of reach dirty mags/ with piccies those 'wet behind the ears' eyes love to spy/ Sexism on the shelf/ making pelf/ new wealth/ the mags and then the fags/ across the aisle/ hid behind the counter/ dozens and dozens and dozens/ waiting for lips to drool or some fool to buy them./ Why are thrills always out of reach to each and every kid?/ Well maybe not / a 'need the money' shopkeeper/ what a find/ to be trapped/ strapped into wanting cigarettes.

Paul: '20 Embassy please'.

Spanner in the works: He says in my most adult of voices but not bothering to wear his expensive false beard.

Shopkeeper: 'Are you sure you're over sixteen laddie?'

Spanner in the works: Says the shopkeeper. (*The SHOPKEEPER rubs her hands with glee!*) eager to hook another youngster and insure a steady income throughout his secondary schooling.

Paul: I've just had my birthday, I'm ... forty eight.'

Spanner in the works: He says this just to expose how immoral they really are and just in case they see through his little fiction he puts his false beard on. (*Paul does so*) That's bound to let him buy them!

Shopkeeper: (*nervously laughing*) We have to ask just to cover ourselves you know. Give me all your money. Fags are expensive.

Paul: But worth it!

Shopkeeper: They're certainly worth it to me! (*She takes the money, fiddles with the till and gives PAUL the cigarettes*) Ting!

Paul: (*to SEDGE*) Cigarettes!! Do you want to try one?

Sedge: Yes. Alright.

Spanner in the works: Spanner No 1. Clank!

Paul & Sedge: 'Ard nuts!

Spanner in the works: (*standing behind SEDGE and PAUL, almost treating them as puppets*) Breathe in inhale cough! Breathe in inhale cough! Breathe in inhale cough! Breathe in inhale cough!

Paul: Good aren't they?

Spanner in the works: Breathe in inhale cough.

Sedge: Yeah suppose so.

Spanner in the works: Forbidden fruit festering in her lungs/ nico-teenage temptation came to kill that/ some say/ misplaced football skill./ One year on/ and all those boring 'don't smoke' warnings she's ignoring/ "Don't affect my game"/ she'll exclaim/ claiming she's immune/ in tune with her body/ so much so that Pat, the Red Star Coach, makes her approach/ to Sedge and asks her to play for the first team./ That night at home/ someone mentioned football!

Sue: Rob, you knew we were going to see Dave and Margaret on Sunday.

Rob: Oh no! I forgot!

Sue: Well! What are you going to do about it?

Rob: There's not much I can do now. I said to Pat that she could play!

Sue: You'll have to phone this Pat up and say that we've got something else on.

Rob: I can't.

Sue: Of course you can!

Rob: Sue, I'm not going to. Sedge has worked hard and I won't stand in her way. We can go over to Dave and Margarets during the kids half term. She can't let the team down.

Sue: And what about Dave and Margaret? We can't have her football interfering with our family life.

Rob: It won't.

Sue: It will Rob and you know it! Every Tuesday you and her are off out training, I've accepted that, now it's going to be Sundays, you'll be off to god knows where and we won't have weekends any more. It's not fair on Debbie or me.

Rob: And it's not fair on Sedge to stop her from doing the one thing she is really good at.

Sue: Well she'd better not cause any fuss about Saturday week!

Rob: She won't. She really likes Alison. Mind you, I don't think she'd be a bridesmaid for anyone else.

All: Sedge, a bridesmaid? We can't believe it!

Sue & Rob: Well it's true!

SECTION 9: BRIDESMAID

Sue: Right Sarah, today's the day we're going to sort out your clothes for next Saturday.

Sedge: O.K. then.

All: *(She drags SEDGE to each shop assistant in turn)* Tyrrell and Green.

Shop Assistant 2: This one Madam.

Sedge: Don't like it!

All: Debenhams.

Shop Assistant 3: This one Madam.

Sedge: Don't like it!

All: Pronuptia.

Sedge: Pronuptia?

Sue: Yes Sarah, Pronuptia. There'll be something in here, I'm sure. It specialises in Wedding clothes.

Sedge: Oh no!

Sue: Oh yes. In we go!

Pronuptia Assistant: This one Madam.

Sedge: Don't like it!

Pronuptia Assistant: This one Madam.

Sedge: Don't like it!

Pronuptia Assistant: This one Madam.

Sedge: Don't like any of them!

Sue: This one.

Pronuptia Assistant: Peach. Excellent choice. *(calling)* Assistants.

Dresser 1: Dresser 1.

Dresser 2: Dresser 2.

Dresser 3: Dresser 3. *(DRESSERS go through a flowery mime showing the style of the bridesmaid's dress).*

Dressers, Pronuptia Assistant & Sue: Lovely.

Sedge: Yuk!

Sue: We'll take it.

Pronuptia Assistant: Wise choice Madam.

Dressers: A very pretty daughter Madam.

Sue: Yes she is isn't she. *(to SEDGE)* For once! *(to the SHOP ASSISTANT)*
Thank you. Bye.

Pronuptia Assistant and Dressers: Bye.

Sue: Hairdressers.

Sweeney Todd: Sweeney Todd's. House speciality: Razor cuts! Also pleased to do Crew cuts, Mohicans, D.A.s, Grades 1 - 1,000,000, fancy cuts, straight cuts and beard trimming.

Sedge: Sounds great!

Sue: No thank-you.

Selina: Hair at Number Ten. Hair design for that total look.

Sedge: Yuk!

Sue: Appointment.

Selina: Saturday 7th August. 10.00 a.m.

Sue and Sedge: The day of the wedding.

Selina: Booked.

Sedge: Saturday the 7th August. 10.10a.m. Arrive.

Sue: Ten minutes late because Sarah couldn't get up on time.

Sedge: Mum!

Sue: Enters.

Selina: Ting!

Sue: Flustered.

Selina: Aaaah! The bridesmaid. (*SELINA sits SEDGE on the seat*).

Sedge: (*SEdge stands up*) The footballer!

Sue: (*SELINA sits her down again*) The bridesmaid!

Selina: Wash, wash wash. Rub, rub rub. Snip, snip snip. Curl, curl curl. Style, style style. Finally a flower.

Sedge: A flower?

Sedge & Sue: Don't you look a picture! (*A snapshot is taken*).

Selina: That'll be (*mimes feeding information into a till*) totally overpriced!

Sue: Paid.

Sedge, Sue and Rob: The wedding. (*Throughout the scene SEDGE walks awkwardly on mimed high heels*).

All: (*entering*) Guests arrive. (*SEdge enters from a different direction*).

Debbie: Hey mum there's Sedge! Doesn't she look different?

All: Ooooh what a pretty bridesmaid!

Sue: Rob she looks so lovely. So pretty. Just how I've always wanted her to look!
Don't you feel proud?

Rob: Hadn't really thought about it!

Sedge, Sue and Rob: Church bells. (*F.X. Church Bells*).

2 Actors: Church. (*making an arch. Everyone sings the wedding march*).

Vicar: Do you take this woman to be your lawful wedded wife?

Groom: I do.

Vicar: Blah blah blah blah blah blah.

All: Blah blah blah blah blah (*Wedding march again as everyone leaves the church*).

Photographer: Cheese. (*Each time the PHOTOGRAPHER says this the GUESTS strike up a different pose*).

All: Cheese.

Photographer: Cheese.

All: Cheese.

Photographer: Cheese.

All: Cheese.

Photographer: Thank you.

All: Mrs. Stanbury you are lucky to have such a beautiful daughter. She looked SO lovely!

Sue: Yes, we're very proud of her today aren't we Rob.

All: And who's this? Coojee coojee coo.

Debbie: My names Debbie and I'm nine years old! I'm not a baby!

Sue: Debbie!

All: You are lucky to have such a beautiful sister.

Debbie: That's what you think!

Sedge: Exit Sedge! The car. Spare set of keys! Open boot. Under carpet. Jeans hidden.

All: Blah blah blah blah blah blah.

Sedge: High heels off. Flower out! Jeans on. Trainers on. Dress pulled up tucked into jeans!

All: Blah blah blah blah blah blah.

Team B: Car park. Boys playing football. Come on Sedge. *(They pass to her).*

Sedge: *(She shoots)* Score!

All: Blah blah blah blah blah blah.

Sue & Rob: Where's Sarah?

Sedge: *(She shoots again)* Score!!!

Best Man: Reception.

All: To the car park.

Sue & Rob: Where's Sarah?

All: There!

Sue & Rob: Where?

All: There!!!

Sue & Rob: Sarah!

Sedge: Shoot!!! *(SEdge kicks the ball hard aiming to score. She misses. The CAST trace the path of the mimed ball in slow motion as it goes towards SUE. SUE catches it as it embeds itself in her stomach)*

All: Isn't that the bridesmaid? *(pause)* Mrs. Stanbury isn't that your daughter?

Sue: Yes that's Sarah.

Rob: *(proudly)* Actually she plays for one of the top women's football teams in the country.

Sue: *(reprimanding)* Rob!

All: Well isn't she a one?! Ho ho ho!

Rob & Sue: Yes isn't she!

MUSIC 8 - YOU CAN'T DO THAT

Singing Group & Company:

*Sedge was the kind of girl who didn't want to work too hard
Making a noise with the boys playing football everywhere.
Sedge didn't think too much of anything to do with girls
Even her friends in the end used to say "forget it!"*

*"You can't do that you just can't do that," her mother said.
"You can't do that - you just can't do that
.... listen to the things we say to you."
Why don't you listen to your mum and your dad?*

*Sedge couldn't see the point of A.B.C. "It's such a bore"
But she was neat on her feet she let them do the talking.*

*"You can't do that you just can't do that," her mother said.
"You can't do that - you just can't do that
.... listen to the things we say to you."
Why don't you listen to your mum and your dad?*

*But nothing seemed to shake her,
Nothing seemed to make her bothered.
She moved in one direction
Moved without deflection
Couldn't wait to be the best that she would surely be.*

SECTION 10: LOYALTIES

(Four ACTORS dressed as Film-style American Detectives speaking with suitable accents. They hide beneath their collars when they are not talking!).

Private Investigator 1: Thursday 16th December. Five thirty.

Priv. Inv. 2: Sedge's best friend, Paul, on his way home from Southampton city centre

Priv. Inv. 4: an after school shopping excursion.

Priv. Inv. 1: with his new girl friend

All: Sexy Cynthia!

Paul: Right Synth. I'd better be off home now.

Sexy Cynthia: You weren't in such a rush to get home last night were you?

Paul: Nah, but that was different wasn't it?

Sexy Cynthia: It can easily be 'different' again!!

Paul: Oh I'm busy tonight.

Sexy Cynthia: Busy?

Paul: Yeh I'm going out with my mates.

Sexy Cynthia: Your mates eh?

Paul: Yeh. My mates.

Sexy Cynthia: Sarah?

Paul: What Sedgely.

Sexy Cynthia: How would you like it if I went out with another boy?

Paul: Sedgely is just well she's a mate.

Sexy Cynthia: And you'd prefer to go out with her tonight than me. Is that it?

Paul: Well it's just that I promised her.

Sexy Cynthia: And what am I supposed to think?

Paul: Well I don't really know.

Sexy Cynthia: Big boy.

Priv. Inv. 2: Paul was two whole years older than Cynthia and fast approaching his dreaded G.C.S.E. examinations.

Sexy Cynthia: There's one thing I have to say to you.

Paul: What's that?

Sexy Cynthia: I need a man who's mine all mine.

Priv. Inv. 1: A shiver rippled down Paul's spine.

Priv. Inv. 2: And found the part other shivers.... never reach!

Paul: You want me to tell Sedgely that I can't see her any more.

Sexy Cynthia: Got it in one.... that is if you want to see more.... of me!!

Priv. Inv. 4: And with that Sexy Cynthia slid off into the hazy sunset!

Paul: That's not fair.

Priv. Inv. 1: Poor old Paul.

Priv. Inv. 2: He dreamed for months of dating Sexy Cynthia.... and now she's laid down the law.

Priv. Inv. 4: What will he do?

Priv. Inv. 1: No time to think. (*As SEDGELY enters*) Enter Sedgely sporting yet another new tracksuit with much to tell.

Sedgely: (*She is kicking an imaginary Coke can*) And it's Sedgely coming fast down the right wing, she's past Whittingham, she's past Stevens, with only the keeper to beat. She's given herself all the time in the world and shoots. What a goal!!! The crowd go absolutely mental! Come on then Paul. On your knees. That was me scoring a cracker against Pompey!

Paul: That's no big deal. Pompey are crap anyway! (*They both laugh*).

Sedgely: You'll never guess what's happened!

Paul: You're being pursued by a bunch of American Private Detectives! (*They all turn*).

Sedge: No seriously.

Paul: I dunno.

Sedge: Dad's rumbled about the subs.

Paul: What?

Sedge: Yeah. Pat must have told him that Red Star don't charge for juniors.

Paul: Two quid a week! When he found out he must have gone mental!

Sedge: He wasn't too pleased about it!

Paul: What did your mum say?

Sedge: He's not going to tell her.... he reckons she'd ban me if she found out!

Paul: Yeah.... I know she would! Hey, have you got those wedding photos yet?

Sedge: What?

Paul: The wedding photos! Your mum said when you get them I can come round and have a look!

Sedge: No way!

Paul: I bet you looked really pretty!

Sedge: Paul. (*SEdge chases PAUL*).

Paul: Little bridesmaid! (*She catches him and forces him on to the ground*).

Priv. Inv. 1: Now this could be compromising.

Priv. Inv. 2: If Sexy Cynthia saw.

Priv. Inv. 4: See how easy it is to misinterpret such fun and laughter.

Sedge: (*mock threatens*) What was that Paul?

Paul: Nothing.

Sedge: Right. Now don't wind me up! (*pushes him away*).

Paul: Else what?

Sedge: Else I'll set my little sister onto you!

Priv. Inv.s 1-4: A threat even we'd be afraid of. Aaaagh! (*They exit*).

Pause.

Paul: (*getting out a pack of cigarettes*) Want a fag?

Sedge: (*takes one*) Cheers. (*PAUL lights his. SEDGE uses his to light hers*).

Sedge: Paul? What would you say if you had a daughter like me?

Paul: What do you mean?

Sedge: Well you know would you let her play football and that?

Paul: Course I would.

Sedge: So, what about if your son wanted to be, say, a ballet dancer?

Paul: Well that's different.

Sedge: No it's not.

Paul: I think I'd be embarrassed.

Sedge: What like my mum is about me?

Paul: Do you ever wish you WERE a boy?

Sedge: No way! No, I just want to be me how I am not how everyone expects me to be. I want to be a girl footballer. What's wrong with that?

Paul: Nothing.

Sedge: My mum's strange. She's quite the business woman. The latest thing is that dad's bought this new place for the Company and there's a shop attached to it so Mum and Auntie Loraine are going to manage it well traditionally that's a man's job, but she doesn't give that a second thought I don't understand her it just doesn't make sense. (*PAUL is in another world*)
Paul oh, sorry, am I boring you?

Paul: No.

Sedge: What's up then?

Paul: Sedge. There's something I've got to tell you.

Sedge: Yeah.

Paul: I don't know how to put it.

Sedge: Come on Paul.

Paul: It's really awkward.

Sedge: Come on, Paul! Are you going to tell me or what?

Paul: I've been getting hassle too.

Sedge: What do you mean?

Paul: People reckon I'm seeing you.

Sedge: And?

Paul: (*pause*) Look I really like you a lot but well it's just that going around with you could affect my chances of going out with other girls.

Sedge: You bastard! And after what you've just been saying!

Pau: I'm sorry but it's

Sedge: I thought you were my best mate.

Paul: Yes, I know. It's really stupid, I know it is 'cos I can talk to you better than I can to anyone else.

Sedge: I get the mickey taken out of me too. People are always asking me about me and you. You shouldn't let it get to you. It's none of their business.

Paul: They make it 'their business'.

Sedge: You can't fall to these people. You've got to beat them. You're dusting me off just 'cos I'm a girl just like you said you'd never do.

Paul: Yeah I know it's just that

Sedge: It's just that what?

Paul: I can't say.

Sedge: So that's it is it? (*She stubs out the cigarette and makes to leave*).

Paul: No don't go.

Sedge: Well if you can't tell me there's no point in me hanging around.

Paul: Sedge!

Sedge: Well is there?

Paul: Look it's not that easy.

Sedge: You've got to decide what you want Paul and stop messing me about. It's not fair on me either.

Paul: I don't think you'd understand. (*Paul stubs out his cigarette, frustratedly*).

Sedge: Try me.

Paul: It's Cynth.

Sedge: Tart!

Paul: She's not Sedge.

Sedge: Well in my opinion she is. Right!

Paul: She won't keep going out with me unless I stop seeing you!

Sedge: But I'm a 'mate' Paul. It's different with mates!

Paul: Yeah, I know.

Sedge: So what's going to happen at school then. We don't sit next to each other any more? We don't play football any more? We don't talk any more? We don't mess around any more? You're going to make everything change because some third year tart starts telling you what to do. I thought you were my best mate Paul. I really thought I could trust you.

Paul: Oh for God's sake Sedge.

Sedge: I get it all the time this stupid 'girl' business. Why does it matter so much to everyone?

Paul: Yeah, I know. (*pause*) Look, I'm sorry. (*pause*) I didn't think it won't make any difference, I promise you. Shall we go and get some booze from the Offie?

Sedge: Yeah, good idea.

MUSIC 9 - TWO PEOPLE

Singing Group *and / or Sedge & Paul:*

Two people in the same direction.

Two people with the same ideas.

Two people seeing eye to eye together.

How many times do you wonder,

Looking for someone to believe in you?

Two people in the same direction.

Two people with the same ideas.

*Two people seeing eye to eye together.
Two people against the world, running into their future.
Taking no time to stop, and look.
Two friends for evermore, nothing can come between them.
Nothing can break the bond, they're sure.*

*Two people seeing eye to eye together.
And though they think they're on their own,
People are right behind them, helping them on the road ahead.
Two of us growing up, pointing out the things we want to know
about,
Shout about, going hand in hand and never falling out, holding
on to one another,
Going on, always strong, thinking that we're never wrong.*

*Two people in the same direction,
Two people with the same ideas.
Two people seeing eye to eye together.*

SECTION 11: SPANNER IN THE WORKS

Spanner in the works: Speeding into view, yet another hurdle, temptation number two/ booze/ to take away the blues/ what blues?/ fifteen and drinking/ football skills she's sinking/ Sedge should be as happy as a lark/ as she plays yet more teams off the park/ Here a goal, there a goal everywhere a goal/ but Pat, the Red Star Coach, has an Ace up her sleeve/ some news on match day Sedge could not believe.

Pat: You're sub!

Spanner in the works: Maybe Pat had seen her down the pub/

Pat: After the match I want a word or two.

Spanner in the works: And then thought Sedge: 'Screw you'/ but deep inside she knew/ she had to savour Pat's 'word or two'/

Pat: You know why you were sub today don't you?

Sedge: No.

Pat: If you don't come to training you can't expect to play.

Sedge: I sent a message in.

Pat: I heard you were out with your mates.

Sedge: I had a bad back.

Pat: Then you should have had the courtesy to phone me and let me know. What's

more you were late this morning.

Sedge: It's not my fault!

Past: It's your responsibility. If you don't make the effort to speak to me what am I to believe?

Sedge: I'm sorry.

Pat: You didn't look like you were ready for a football match. Had you been drinking last night?

Sedge: Yeah, a bit.

Pat: Look it's not for me to say where you go or what you do but turning up late with a hangover, and missing training sessions is not on while you're playing for us.

Sedge: I know.

Pat: We've got thirteen players turning up for training and I just can't play one who misses and turns up late. You're no good to me like that.

Sedge: It won't happen again.

Pat: Too right it won't! You've got to sort your priorities out.

Sedge: It was only once.

Pat: So long as it is only once. Girls like you don't come along very often Sedge. You know we've all got really high hopes for you. You mustn't throw it away. We all know you could really make a name for yourself.

Spanner in the works: Both spanners in the work removed/ bit by bit her attitude's improved/ mistakes she vows she won't repeat/ complete her case/ for finding a place/ as a Regular Red Star face/

All: Read all about it. Read all about it!

1 Southern Evening Echo: Red Stars package stuns the Gunners. A Sarah Stanbury hat-trick took Red Star Southampton to the top of the Home Counties Division 1 following their four-one victory over Arsenal.

All: RED STAR CHAMPIONS!

2 Southern Evening Echo: Red Star's Ginger bombshell lived up to her 'lethal in the box' reputation again today as she repeatedly weaved her way into Fulham's penalty area setting up two spectacular goals for her team-mates.

All: Two-nil two-nil two-nil two-nil!

Two-nil two-nil two-nil!

We are the Champions!

3 Southern Evening Echo: Stars tame proud Lions. Young Sarah Stanbury shined today in one of Red Star's finest performances of the season. I would hope that she, like so many of her team-mates will, sometime soon be accorded international honours. An exciting young player in an outstanding team performance.

ALL: News! Red hot news!!

Boy: Sedge's school football team win their division.

School Team: Yeah!!!

Girl 1: Without Sedge.

Girl 2: Because....

All Girls: She's a girl.

*MUSIC 10 - NO PLACE FOR A GIRL [REPRISE]
BRIEF NARRATIVE LINK*

Singing Group & Company: *No place for a girl
Even though she may be as good as the best
Pass any test, how can it be, that they can decree.
No place for a girl
It doesn't make sense to me
I just want to know, why should it be so
That there is no place for a girl.*

Pat: Sedge, you played brilliantly again today. You're doing really well.

Sedge: Thanks Pat.

Pat: Look, before you go and change, I've got some news for you.

Sedge: Oh yes?

Pat: I had a call from Liz Deigan, the England Under 21 Manager. She wants you to go for a training weekend at Lillehall.

Sedge: What! You're joking!

Pat: No I'm not, Sedge. You've worked hard for this. You've made your mistakes but you've pulled through. You've got your foot in the door. Don't let them slam it in your face.

Sedge: What do you reckon my chances are?

Pat: It depends on how you play.

Sedge: I'm really going to go go for this Pat I always dreamed of playing for England and now I can make it come true. I want to wear that number seven shirt and now nothing can stop me. England!

CHANT - LETHAL IN THE BOX

Singing Group: *Lethal in the box she was lethal in the box.
Lethal in the box going all the way so don't stop.*

SECTION 12: A CHANGE OF HEART

(SUE is ironing. DEBBIE is also in the room; she is reading)

Debbie: Mum? Why is the sky blue?

Sue: Well it isn't always, is it dear?

Debbie: Why though?

Sue: Debbie, I don't know, you'd have to look it up in an encyclopedia. (*SEDGE enters*) Sarah, is that you?

Sedge: (*offstage*) Yeah.

Sue: Had a good birthday?

Sedge: What, at school, with a Maths exam!

Sue: They'll soon be over and then you'll miss school.

Sedge: All I'll miss is P.E. and messing about in Darleks lesson. (*impersonating a Darlek*) If your homework is not in I will exterminate you!

Sue: Mr. Blackthorne is a very nice man.

Sedge: He's a crackpot!

Sue: Sarah, you should show more respect for your teachers.

Sedge: I would if they deserved it!

Sue: Oh, Paul phoned. He's coming over.

Sedge: What now?

Sue: Yeah. He said he'd got a birthday card for you oh and there's a letter in the kitchen. I think it's about the England Under 21's. Rob, can you bring that letter in for Sarah, please?

Rob: (*entering from the kitchen*) Here you are love.

Sedge: Oh great!

Sue: Go on then. Open it.

Sedge: (*She is opening it*) All right mum. Calm down!

Debbie: What does it say then?

Sedge: Hang on! Yeah! Brilliant!!!

Rob: What is it?

Sedge: The arrangements for the training week-end.

Debbie: Are you going to be away for the whole week-end then?

Sedge: Yeah. Away from you!

Debbie: Wicked!

Rob: You'd better step up your training, Sedge.

Sedge: No need. I'm as fit as I ever will be!

Sue: Here's Paul.

Paul: Happy birthday Sedgy 'my darling'. I made this little card for you.

Sedge: Couldn't you afford to buy one then?

Paul: (*sarcastically*) I'm not wasting my money on you!

Sedge: (*equally sarcastically*) You just don't care enough!!

Paul: (*even more sarcastically*) I care more for you than all the leaves on an autumn tree.

Sue: Oh Paul!!

Rob: Come on then Sedge, tell Paul the good news.

Paul: What? Have you heard from England then?

Sedge: (*having now looked at the card*) That's vulgar! Paul, that's really disgusting. I don't know how you can draw that on someone's birthday card. (*PAUL laughs*).

Sue: Let's have a look then!

Sedge: No way. You can't look at this. You wouldn't understand it!

Debbie: (*getting up*) Let me see Sedge.

Sedge: No (*pushes her away*) Hey Paul look at these. (*She shows him a pair of new Balance Football Boots*) Guess who bought them?

Paul: New Balance. These have set someone back a bit.

Sedge: Guess who bought them?

Paul: Your dad?

Sedge: No.

Paul: Not your mum.

Sedge: Right in two.

Paul: Joking.

Sedge: I'm not. You were really interested in the catalogue, weren't you mother?

Sue: I wanted to get you the ones you liked.

Paul: Bit of a change in attitude isn't it?

Sue: I suppose it is. She's had no help from me she's had to be so determined I really admire what she's done.

Paul: You have got into the England team!

Sedge: They've invited me to a training week-end.

Paul: When do we ask for your autograph?

Sedge: I'll do it now for you if you want.

Paul: If she gets into the team will you go and watch her Sue?

Sue: I think so yes I'd probably hate it, but I'll go.

Rob: You'd enjoy it if you let yourself.

Sue: Maybe. Ooh thank heavens I've done that! (*She packs up the ironing board and begins to take it out*) You've told Paul that we're going jogging every evening.

Sedge: Only when you're home from work on time.

Sue: It's been bad this week but you wait and see. I'm going to get fit so that I can play her at badminton.

Sedge: I'll still beat you.

Sue: I'm not playing to win Sarah it's just for fun!

Rob: I never believed I'd live to see the day when you two are out involved in sport together.

Sue: I'm full of surprises!

Sedge: But she still won't let me have my trophies on display down here.

Sue: I've got to draw the line somewhere!

Debbie: Dad can I tell you something?

Rob: Course you can Debbie.

Debbie: I scored a goal at school today. (*SUE is nearly offstage. She stops in her tracks*).

Rob: Did you well done darling.

Sedge: That's more like it Deb!

Sue: What did you say Debbie?

Debbie: Oh nothing mum!

Sue: Did I hear you say that you've been playing football at school today?

Debbie: Only a bit but I scored a brilliant goal!

Sue: Well don't you go thinking you can start doing everything Sarah's done!
Rob Rob, I want you to have a word with her!

Rob: Oh no! No way. I'm not going through all that again.

*(This does provide a natural ending: Section 13 is an optional extra!
If ending the play here, go straight through MUSIC 11, 12 & 13).*

MUSIC 11 - A DIFFERENT CHILD [Reprise]

Solo Girl: (*unaccompanied*) *How can you know what is right for your child?
A different child.*

SECTION 13: FAIRY TALE ENDING?

Sedge: Lilleshall was really impressive but by the evening I was absolutely knackered. The training was hard very hard. The next day we had a friendly against the Northern Region. I knew that if I could really prove myself, there was a chance I'd be picked for the England Under 21's match against Scotland due to be played in October. I was a sub for the whole of the first half.

England U. 21 Team: Control Shoot Goal. En-ger-land.

Sedge: I was brought on after half time. I was so determined and nervous. If I was selected I would become the youngest girl ever to play for England.

England U. 21 Team & Sedge: Control Shoot Goal. Eng-er-land.

Sedge: With only one minute to go the score was two all and a bad mistake by one of our defenders led to a clear shooting chance for the Northern Region number nine.

Northern Region Number Nine: Control Shoot

England U.21 & Sedge: Save. *(A simple mime of the football being kicked by the goalkeeper follows. A PUPPETEER takes the ball as though it is a puppet to two players who slow motion jump for the ball. They 'head' it on to SEDGE. [N.B. SEDGE 'controls' the ball in slow motion by flicking it from one shoulder to the other.] the PUPPETEER actually controlling the ball - and then from knee to knee finally setting herself up with the chance of a volley. A NORTHERN REGION DEFENDER in slow motion fouls her. A penalty is awarded).*

All: Penalty!! *(The action freezes).*

Player 1: A penalty kick with only seconds to go

Player 2: The dream of playing for England

Player 3: A last minute chance

Player 4: A final opportunity to put her name on the scoresheet

Player 5: Sarah Stanbury, 89, penalty

Player 6: *(over the next few lines build to a crescendo)* Adrenalyn flowing

Players 1 - 3: nerves on edge

Players 1 - 6: heart pounding

Players 1 - 9: excitement mounting

Players 1 - 10: *(almost whispered)* keep your cool show them you can do it!

All: *(Slowly SEDGE gets to her feet and prepares to take the penalty)* Will she score, won't she? Will she score, won't she? Will she score, won't she? *(There is silence. ALL take three deep breaths to build tension).*

England U. 21 Team & Sedge: Aim *(deep breath)* Shoot *(deep breath)* Goal Eng-er-land. *(Although the whole team shout the words it needs to be obvious that it is SEDGE who scores).*

England U. 21 Team & Sedge & Rob: Sedge!! *(They congratulate her).*

Rob: *(turning to SUE)* They've got to pick her now!

Liz. Deigan: Well Sedge, are you available for the Scotland match in October?

Sedge: What?! Yeah, course I am!

Liz. Deigan: Good. We'll be sending you details in the post, and, if you're fit you'll definitely be in the squad.

Sedge: I've done it dad! I'm going to be playing for England!

Rob: It's what I expected I'm really proud of you Sedge.

Liz. Deigan: Just make sure you're fit!

Sedge: Don't worry about that there'll be no stopping me now just you wait and see *(to Audience)* just you wait and see.

All: *(whispered)* Lethal in the box, she was lethal in the box. *(slightly louder)*
Lethal in the box, she was lethal in the box. *(loudly)* Lethal in the box, she was lethal in the box.

MUSIC 12 - LETHAL IN THE BOX

Singing Group & Company: *Lethal in the box, she was lethal in the box*
Lethal in the box, she was lethal in the box.

Take a tight line to the top to the very top
Going all the way, so don't stop!
Take a tight line to the top to the very top
Going all the way so don't stop!

All the way Going all the way to the top.
All the way Going all the way to the top.

Time will show the way that we must try to go
No-one else will show the way.
We must try to find the things we need to know
Leaving nothing else to say.

Lethal in the box, she was lethal in the box.
Lethal in the box, she was lethal in the box.

Sedge: Two weeks before the Scotland match I was out training when I suddenly felt a sharp pain up my leg. I later discovered that I'd torn my achilles tendon. Pat, my manager, informed Liz Deigan that I was unable to play. The injury kept me out of the Red Star team for the first half of the following season. I'm back in now, playing well and on occasions you can see me on Channel Four's coverage of the Women's National Premiere League. My ambition remains to play for the National side. Who knows, maybe I will, later in 1993.

MUSIC 13 - A PLACE FOR A GIRL [reprise]

Singing Group & Company: *A place for a girl*
Why should we have to wait
Till things have changed and re-arranged a different game?
Don't be so blind they'll have to accept them
They'll have to find somewhere alongside men
A place for a girl (hold).

(repeat LETHAL IN THE BOX).

THE END