

TWO HALF-HOUR PLAYS

Bermuda Tangle

&

Why Can't I be a Teenager in Love?

by

ANDRA BISHOP

SchoolPlay Productions Ltd

15 Inglis Road, Colchester, Essex CO3 3HU

BERMUDA TANGLE
and
WHY CAN'T I BE A TEENAGER IN LOVE?

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WHY CAN'T I BE A TEENAGER IN LOVE?

A Play for Teenagers

by

Andra Bishop

SchoolPlay Productions Ltd

CAST

- Frank** *Husband and father. He talks directly to the audience. Hen-pecked by both wife and mother-in-law. A decent sort of a bloke.*
- Maureen** *Frank's wife. The one left to do all the work. A pleasant enough woman when her husband isn't irritating her.*
- Sir Walter Raleigh** *A flamboyant Elizabethan. His quest is to discover the potato and Virginia which he does (more or less!). He should be able to play the guitar.*
- Jack** *The cabin boy on Sir Walter Raleigh's ship. A young lad, fearless and loyal to his Captain.*
- Guy Fawkes** *Sunk whilst on his way to England to blow up Parliament. He doesn't let a little thing like being in the wrong century put him off.*
- Customs Officer** *Female but could become male if necessary. Trying to do her job whilst confronted with extraordinary items being brought into the country.*
- Granny** *Maureen's mother. A formidable lady who has never approved of Frank as a son in law.*
- Ann** *Frank and Maureen's young daughter. She's around 12 or 13 years old.*
- James:** *Frank and Maureen's son. He's about 14 or 15.*
- Burger King Assistant** *She's not too bright and totally bemused by Sir Walter Raleigh.*
- Virginia Lobotomy M.P.** *The Minister for Health. A no nonsense, Upper Class woman steeped in the Government's manifesto*

WHY CAN'T I BE A TEENAGER IN LOVE?

by Andra Bishop

(The Curtains open. All the Cast are standing in a line with their backs to the AUDIENCE. If a member of your cast can play the guitar he / she needs to have it with them. SARAH turns round and comes forward to speak directly to the audience).

Sarah: We're all teenagers, right? So what are teenagers supposed to be into?

Steve: *(Turns).* Sex.

Mark: *(Turns).* Drugs.

Mel: *(Turns).* And rock and roll.

Steve: But mainly sex.

(STEVE, MARK and MEL turn back).

Sarah: So I reckon I'm missing out. My life is really boring. I've never had a boyfriend. Dear Problem Page. What's the matter with me? Why can't I be a teenager in love?

(The whole CAST turn to face the audience and sing. If one of the cast can accompany the song on the guitar so much the better. If they can do a dance sequence to it even better! It can be sung to the tune of "TEENAGER IN LOVE").

All: *Each time that there's a party
It almost breaks my heart
Because it seems that I am
Always the one apart.*

*Each night I ask
The stars up above
Why can't I be
A teenager in love?*

*I cry a tear
For somebody like you
No longer the lonely one
If you would say I do.*

*But each time I try a chat up
I find myself tongue-tied.
I just get so embarrassed
I wish that I could die.
Each night I ask the stars up above
Why can't I be a teenager in love?
In love.*

(EVERYONE exits except SARAH. Some exit as couples. SARAH moves downstage left. She sits on stage and sighs).

Sarah: Sometimes it seems everyone in the world is in a couple. I'm 15, with no boyfriend. Am I doomed to be single all my life? People can be so tactless too. The other day my Aunty Flo came round.

(Enter AUNTY FLO right).

Flo: Hello Sarah.

Sarah: Hi Aunty Flo.

Flo: My, haven't you grown?

Sarah: Actually I've been the same height for the past two years.

Flo: Not height dear. I mean GROWN BLOSSOMED You know BOSOMS!

Sarah: *(Embarrassed).* Aunty Flo!

Flo: Quite the young lady now, aren't you? I'll bet you have all the boys after you, don't you? What's your boyfriend's name?

Sarah: I haven't got a boyfriend.

Flo: Not got a boyfriend! What's the matter with you girl? When I was your age I used to have a different boyfriend each month. You want to get a move on, get yourself a boy, else all the good ones will have gone.

(FLO exits left).

Sarah: The problem is I never know what to say to boys. And some of them I wouldn't be seen dead with.

(The BOYS enter from the back of the theatre or right. STEVE is the leader. RANDOLPH straggles along at the rear, not really part of the group. They kick a tin can down the aisle and gather on the stage. MARK gets out some cans of beer).

Steve: Give us a beer Mark.

(MARK hands one over. As he offers cans around he obviously misses RANDOLPH out. SAM tries to stand like STEVE. He copies everything he does).

Sarah: Mark's probably going to be a sharp suited wheeler dealer. He can get anything anyone wants. It's probably not a good idea to question WHERE or HOW he gets it.

(STEVE saunters forward, takes a swig from can and moves upstage. SAM takes a can, saunters forward, takes a swig, starts coughing, moves upstage).

Sarah: Sam's always trying to copy Steve, only he can't quite make it.

(PAUL is dribbling the "football" can).

Paul: And it's coming up the field. He dribbles past He deftly passes it round He takes it on his right foot and GOAL!

Sarah: Paul's all consuming passion is football - not girls.

(PAUL moves upstage. MARK offers DAVE a cigarette downstage).

Dave: No thank you. They're bad for your health - AND bad for the environment.

Sarah: Dave cares a lot about almost everything. Health, environment, his studies, his future - but not girls.

(PAUL takes another can and kicks it to RANDOLPH).

Paul: Take it Randolph.

(RANDOLPH clumsily misses).

Randolph: Sorry.

Paul: You're useless.

Sarah: That's Randolph. He's just Randolph. He doesn't really fit in. He just tags along. I can't imagine him EVER getting a girl.

Steve: I'm bored.

Sam: What shall we do then Steve?

Steve: Let's call up a couple of girls.

Sam: Yeah. Great.

Steve: Do you know any girls Sam?

Sam: Er no not really.

Steve: Anyone else got any girls they could call?

(All BOYS shuffle and mumble "No").

Steve: It's all down to me then I suppose.

Mark: I've got a mobile you can use.

(STEVE starts to dial on mobile. BOYS freeze. STEVE preens).

Steve: Hiya babe, it's me.

Sarah: And that's Steve. All the girls fancy Steve. And Steve fancies himself. Sometimes I have this daydream that he'll actually notice me.

(DAYDREAM SEQUENCE).

Sarah: I'll be standing with all my friends.

(All GIRLS enter left, form a group round SARAH).

Sarah: Steve will be with his mates.

(STEVE and BOYS start chatting and laughing, pointing out the GIRLS who respond)

Sarah: And then, suddenly he notices me.

Steve: Who's that one there?

Mark: Her name's Sarah.

Steve: Sarah. What a lovely name. Why haven't I noticed her before?

Sam: Do you want me to ask her out for you Steve?

Steve: Shut up Sam.

(STEVE walks across to the GIRLS. They all sigh).

Girls: Hello Steve.

Steve: Hi girls. Sarah.

Sarah: Who? Me?

Steve: Where have you been all my life? You and me have got a lot of catching up to do. *(He takes her hand and leads her centre stage).*

Sarah: But I know that's all just a dream. The reality is different.

(SARAH goes back to group of GIRLS. STEVE goes back to BOYS. They all eye each other up).

Laura: Those boys are looking at us.

Mel: Ignore them.

Beccy: Some of them are quite nice though.

Sarah: What do you think of Steve?

Louise: He's really fit.

Marsha: Does he work out?

Louise: What?

Marsha: You said he's really fit.

Mel: Don't be such a dweeb Marsha. It means he's gorgeous.

Marsha: Does it?

Beccy: Do you fancy him Sarah?

Sarah: No.

Marsha: My mum says I'm too young to start going out with boys.

Mel: Well, YOU probably are. But the rest of us are ready and willing

Louise: From what I've heard, Mel, you're a bit TOO willing.

Mel: I can't help it if all the boys fancy me.

Laura: I think they're talking about us.

Mel: Of course they are.

Steve: Nice bit of talent over there. Who do you fancy boys?

Dave: Er I really should be getting my homework done.

Sam: Which one do YOU fancy, Steve?

Steve: Doesn't matter, does it? I could have any of them.

Mark: Do you want me to get you one Steve?

Steve: Yeah. *(Indicates LOUISE)*. Get me that one.

(MARK goes over to the GIRLS. They giggle).

Mark: *(To LOUISE)*. My mate fancies you.

Louise: Who's your mate then?

Mark: Steve, the tall one. Do you want to come over?

Louise: *(Acting cool)*. All right then.

(LOUISE goes over to STEVE. He puts his arm round her. They go to walk off left. SARAH steps forward).

Sarah: Hi Steve.

Steve: Who are you?

Louise: That's my mate Sarah.

Steve: Never heard of her. Come on.

(STEVE and LOUISE exit left to BOYS' shouts. BOYS exit right)

Mel: WELL!

Beccy: Lucky Louise.

Mel: I don't think he's much to look at anyway.

Beccy: *(Sarcastically)*. Yeah. Right.

Laura: You never seem to have any trouble getting a boy, Mel.

Beccy: Yeah. And we all know why.

Marsha: I don't know why.

Mel: It's attitude, isn't it?

Beccy: Yeah. The "I'm available" attitude.

Marsha: I suppose it's because she's blonde and pretty.

Laura: That helps.

Marsha: *(Sighs)*. I'll never be able to look like that.

Mel: You could dye your hair Marsha and I could do your make up for you.

Marsha: Oh no. My mum says I'm too young to wear make up. "Time enough for that when everything starts to sag" she says.

Sarah: I just never know what to SAY to a boy.

Marsha: Get lost is a good one.

Sarah: No. What to say to a boy I fancy.

Marsha: Do you fancy a boy! Heh! Heh!

Mel: If you're no good talking to a boy face to face why don't you try phoning him up?

Sarah: O.K. I'll try it.

(All GIRLS except SARAH exit left. Phones brought in. PHONE SEQUENCE).

Sarah: *(To AUDIENCE)*. The phone call. Easy. Right?

(SARAH dials. Phone rings).

Offstage voice: Paul, get the phone.

Paul: *(Offstage)*. Do I have to?

Voice: I'm busy.

Paul: Oh, all right. *(PAUL enters and picks up phone)*. Hello?

Sarah: Hello, Paul?

Paul: Yeah.

Sarah: (*Enthusiastic*). Hi, it's Sarah.

Paul: Sarah who?

Sarah: (*Deflated*). Sarah Foster.

Paul: Oh. What do you want?

Sarah: I er I wondered if you were doing anything tonight?

Paul: I'm doing my homework.

Sarah: (*A good idea hits her*). Well, I could come round and help you if you like.

Paul: No thanks. What do you think I am thick? I can do my homework without any help.

Sarah Oh.

Paul: And then I'm watching Spurs on the box.

Sarah: Oh well bye then.

Paul: Yeah.

(They put phone down).

Voice (*From offstage*) Who was that on the phone?

Paul: No one.

(PAUL exits right).

Sarah: Phoning. Not such a great idea. Perhaps it's just me that's useless on the phone. Probably everybody else is witty and confident and can chat someone up easily probably.

(Enter DAVE and LAURA. DAVE phones. LAURA doesn't pick up phone but it is answered).

Dave: (*In a rush*). Hello Laura, it's Dave. I wondered if you'd like to go out with me tonight. Oh. Sorry. Wrong number.

(He puts phone down then tries again. LAURA answers phone. DAVE is hesitant. LAURA is eager).

Dave: Hello?

Laura: Hello.

Dave: It's Dave.

Laura: Hello Dave. It's Laura.

Dave: Hi Laura. I er I wondered if you probably won't want to but
er would you like to go out with me tonight?

Laura: Yeah. O.K.

Dave: GREAT!

(He puts phone down. LAURA looks at receiver for a moment then redials).

Dave: Hello?

Laura: Dave?

Dave: Yeah?

Laura: It's Laura.

Dave: Hi Laura.

Laura: Where and when?

Dave: What?

Laura: You asked me to go out with you.

Dave: Yeah. And you said yes!

Laura: But you didn't say where and what time.

Dave: Oh yeah. There's a new Art Exhibition on at school. *(LAURA's face falls).*
Shall I call for you about 6.00?

Laura: An ART Exhibition? I shall be washing my hair. *(Puts phone down).*

Dave: Oh.

(DAVE and LAURA exit. Enter SAM and MEL).

Sam: *(To himself).* Be cool. Be laid back. Be Steve. *(He dials).*

Mel: Hello, Steve?

Sam: It's Sam.

Mel: What do you want?

Sam: How are you?

Mel: Fine. *(Pause).* What do you want?

Sam: How are you?

Mel: Fine. *(Pause).* What do you want?

Sam: Er What was our Maths homework?

Mel: Sam, I'm not in your Maths class.

Sam: Oh, no, of course you're not. *(Mimes: "Damn, stupid idea.").*

Mel: What do you want Sam?

Sam: I was wondering if you'd like to go out tonight?

Mel: I'm going out with my boy friend.

Sam: Oh.

(Puts down phone quickly and exits. Enter MARK. MEL phones, he answers.)

Mark: This is the Ferguson household. I'm afraid there's nobody here to answer your call at the moment but please leave a message after the tone. BLEEP!

Mel: Hello. This is Mel. I'm sorry you're not in ...

Mark: Hi Mel. It's me. Not the answerphone. That was a joke. It's really me.

Mel: Oh. Right. Hi Mark.

(Enter MARK's MUM).

Mum: Who is it Mark?

Mark: A friend from school mum.

Mel: I was wondering if you'd like to come out tonight.

Mark: Yeah. Great. I'll just ask my mum. *(MEL pulls a face)*. Mum, can I go out tonight?

Mum: Where are you going?

Mark: Where are we going?

Mel: I thought we could go to the cinema.

Mark: Great. Mum, we're going to the cinema.

Mum: So long as it's not more than a P.G.

Mark: Ummm. What certificate is it?

Mel: What does it matter?

Mark: Well, my mum says I can't go to anything higher than a P.G.

Mum: Who IS this school friend, Mark?

Mark: Her name's Mel.

Mum: A GIRL! In that case make sure you get seats near the front. I don't want you getting up to anything.

Mark: Mu-um! Give over. You're making me look a fool. *(MUM takes phone)*.

Mum: Hello?

Mel: *(Wary)*. Hello?

Mum: Now, what time is this film going to finish because I don't want Mark to be out too late. He has got school tomorrow you know.

Mark: Mu-um!

(MEL puts phone down in disgust and exits).

Mum: Hello? Hello? That's odd, there's no one there.

Mark: How am I ever going to live this down?

(MUM and MARK exit. Enter RANDOLPH and MARSHA. RANDOLPH psych's)

himself up then dials).

Marsha: Hello?

(RANDOLPH puts phone down. Psych's himself up again and dials).

Marsha: Hello?

Randolph: Hi. It's Randolph.

Marsha: *(Squeals)*. A boy!!

Randolph: I was wondering er what time is it at your house? *(Realises what a stupid question that was)*.

Marsha: Why don't you ask the speaking clock?

Randolph: Yes. Of course. Thank you.

(Puts phone down. Acts out what a stupid prat he is. Psych's himself up again. Dials).

Marsha: Hello?

Randolph: It's Randolph again. Er what are you doing?

Marsha: I'm standing here by the phone.

Randolph: Great. *(Desperately trying to think of something to say)* What are you wearing?

Marsha: That's a weird question. You're frightening me.

Randolph: Sorry. Sorry.

(Puts phone down. Psych's himself up one last time. Dials).

Marsha: Hello?

Randolph: Hi. It's Randolph again. Um will you walk to school with me tomorrow?

Marsha: I come on the school coach.

Randolph: *(Mimes damn)*. Oh. Yes. O.K. Bye.

Marsha: Bye.

(MARSHA & RANDOLPH exit).

Sarah: Well O.K. Perhaps it's not just me who's useless on the phone.

(Enter STEVE and LOUISE. STEVE dials).

Steve: Hi Babe.

Louise: Hi Steve.

Steve: I'll pick you up at 7.00.

Louise: O.K.

Steve: Oh. And wear something easy for me to get into.

Louise: Yes Steve.

(THEY exit taking phones. Enter LAURA left).

Laura: Hey, Sarah. Are you going to the school Disco on Saturday?

Sarah: I'm not sure.

Laura: Go on. It'll be a laugh. And we're bound to get off with someone.

Sarah: Yeah. But what if I DON'T get off with someone? What if everyone else ends up with someone and I don't? My life's just one worry after another.

Laura: We're all going to meet up at Marsha's house to get ready.

Sarah: Marsha's!

Laura: Yeah, I know, but she's got the biggest bedroom.

(LAURA and Sarah exit left. Enter STEVE and MARK right).

Mark: Are you going to the Disco on Saturday?

Steve: Yeah. I thought I'd check it out. See what chicks turn up.

Mark: I thought you were going out with Louise?

Steve: Hey, we're not a married couple you know. There are so many babes in the world and I want to try them all. Who are you seeing at the moment?

Mark: No one.

Steve: No one!

Mark: My mum makes life difficult.

Steve: Hey, Mark, chill out. Mums are there to wash, clean and cook, right? Don't let them interfere with your private life.

Mark: Also, I find it difficult to think of what to say. How do YOU go about chatting up a girl?

Steve: You're speaking to the expert here. O.K.. Imagine you're the girl.

Mark: Right.

Steve: You've already checked me out. Fit guy right? You're thinking "I'd like a bit of that"

Mark: Right.

Steve: So then I see you. Yeah. Not bad. So I come on over. Playing it cool, right?

Mark: Right.

(STEVE saunters over).

Steve: Hi Go on. You're the girl.

Mark: *(Giggling).* Hi.

Steve: I'm Steve. What you doing tonight?

Mark: Washing my hair?

Steve: Whatever it is babe, cancel it. *(Puts his arm round MARK).* Because tonight, you and me are going to make beautiful music together.

(MARK gazes up at STEVE. SAM has entered right to hear the last speech).

Sam: STEVE!

(MARK and STEVE spring apart).

Sam: I thought you were MY friend!

Mark: Hey, we're not

(SAM rushes off right).

Steve: Weird boy. See you at the Disco.

(STEVE and MARK exit right. MARSHA and LAURA enter left. Set up 3 chairs with a throw over them to represent sofa centre stage).

Marsha: How many girls have you invited to my house?

Laura: Dunno. But it'll be great fun won't it all getting ready for the Disco together? A great laugh.

Marsha: *(Laughs falsely).* Yeah.

(SARAH rings doorbell left. She is carrying a suitcase).

Laura: I'll get that shall I? Hi, Sarah. What's with the suitcase? Are you running away from home?

Sarah: No. I just couldn't decide what to wear so I brought a few outfits over for everyone to help me choose. I don't want my bum to look too big.

Laura: Go and try something on then. Where's the bathroom Marsha?

Marsha: Top of the stairs.

(SARAH exits right. BECCY and LOUISE ring doorbell left. LOUISE is

depressed).

Laura: Hi. Isn't this exciting?

Beccy: I can't wait. I hope there are lots of really great boys there.

Marsha: Hello Louise.

Louise: (*Depressed*). Hi

Marsha: What's the matter?

Louise: Everything.

Beccy: Oh ignore her. She's been miserable all day. We're not going to let her spoil our evening. What make up have you got Marsha?

Marsha: I haven't got any make up. My mum doesn't approve.

Beccy: No make up! I was counting on being able to use what was here.

(MEL rings doorbell. She is dressed in very skimpy outfit and carrying a case).

Laura: Hi. (*Kisses her on both sides of her face*). You look great!

Beccy: (*To LAURA*). Bitch! Look at what she's wearing.

Laura: She's boy mad.

Beccy: Talk about panting for it.

Marsha: (*To MEL*). I think I can see your pants.

Mel: Shut up Marsha.

Beccy: Marsha hasn't got any make up.

Mel: No worries. I've brought my collection. (*Opens case*).

Beccy & Laura: Great!

(Enter SARAH right in party outfit. SHE poses).

Sarah: What do you think?

Mel: It makes your bum look too big.

Sarah: (*Deflated*). Oh. I'll change then.

(SHE exits right).

Mel: Have you got anything to drink?

Marsha: We've got loads of orange squash.

Mel: Yeah, right. I was thinking of something alcoholic, to get us in the party mood.

Marsha: Alcohol! Oh no! My parents don't agree with alcohol.

Mel: (*Pulling bottle from bottom of case*). Good job I brought this along then.

Marsha: Oh no! My parents don't allow alcohol in the house!

Mel: So who's going to tell them?

Beccy: Let's go to the kitchen and get some glasses. *(Calls offstage right)*. Come on Sarah. We're just going to open a bottle in the kitchen.

(BECCY, MEL, MARSHA and LAURA exit left. LOUISE sits down really depressed. SARAH enters right in a different outfit. She poses).

Sarah: How does this look?

Louise: Fine.

Sarah: Really? I don't look fat or anything? I want to look good.

Louise: Who are you trying to look good for anyway?

Sarah: Well ... the boys I suppose.

Louise: Take it from me, they're not worth it. Don't waste your time trying to impress them.

Sarah: Look who's talking. You've GOT a boyfriend - Steve. All the girls in school envy you.

Louise: Then they're all stupid. All boys are bastards.

(She runs out left, crying).

Sarah: *(Trying to look at herself)*. I wonder if this really does look O.K. Wouldn't it be awful if I walked into the Disco and everyone thought I looked like a dweeb? Oh I DO hope I get a boy tonight. You know, I had a nightmare last night. I dreamed that even Marsha and Randolph got it together. It was a really weird dream. They were meeting on this blind date in the middle of a restaurant.

(SARAH exits left. Enter MARSHA left. She sits on "sofa". She is nervous. She has a flower or other item to be recognised. Enter RANDOLPH right with the same item to be recognised. He looks around "crowded room" nervously. He sees MARSHA, she sees him. He points to his "item", she points to hers. He walks over awkwardly).

Randolph: Hi, I'm Randolph.

Marsha: *(All giggly and nervous)*. Hi, I'm Marsha.

Randolph: I think you must be my partner for this blind date.

Marsha: Yes. I don't want you to think I often do this.

Randolph: Oh no. Me neither.

Marsha: This is the first blind date I've ever been on.

Randolph: Me too.

(Pause. Embarrassed).

Randolph: Ummm. Can I get you a drink?

Marsha: Mineral water please - no ice.

Randolph: Right.

(He indicates to a "WAITER", who remains offstage. Pause. Then they speak together).

Randolph: } That's a nice jumper you're wearing.

Marsha: } So, what interests do you have?

Both: Sorry.

Randolph: After you.

Marsha: No. You go first.

Randolph: I was just saying, that's a nice top you're wearing.

Marsha: Thank you. I was admiring your top too.

Randolph: I wove it myself.

Marsha: Did you? That's wonderful. I made my top too.

Randolph: Really? That's marvellous.

Marsha: In fact, I'm a member of the Dyers, Spinners and Weavers Club.

Randolph: Are you? That's great! I've often thought about joining them myself.

Marsha: Really? I could take you to a meeting one night, if you'd like.

Randolph: Hey, we're getting on really well, aren't we?

Marsha: *(Surprised).* Yes, we are. *(They giggle).*

Marsha: So you made that top. It's an interesting colour. What shade do they call it?

Randolph: Grey.

Marsha: Ah.

Randolph: It's given me hours of pleasure.

Marsha: I expect it has.

Randolph: This may surprise you but I'm not really very popular with the other boys.

Marsha: I don't believe it. You're such an interesting person.

Randolph: Well, believe it or not the other boys don't really like me - I don't know why. So, when I'd been left out by them yet again I'd go home, tip toe up to my bedroom and sneak out one of my magazines hidden under my bed.

Marsha: *(Dubious).* Oh.

Randolph: And then I'd sit on my bed, flip through the magazine until I'd found my favourite page on crochet and then I'd knit away all night.

Marsha: It's so therapeutic, isn't it?

Randolph: What ply do you use?

Marsha: Two ply.

Randolph: I sometimes go as high as twelve ply!

Marsha: Oooh, I don't think I'd be brave enough!

Randolph: Would you like to come back to my house to see my collection of crocheted doilies?

Marsha: Oh, I'd love to.

(THEY exit right arm in arm. Enter SARAH left).

Sarah: Was that weird or what? Still, it goes to show that EVERYONE has someone out there who's their ideal soulmate. I just hope I meet mine tonight.

(SARAH exits left. "Sofa" is removed. Disco music starts. Enter RANDOLPH right).

Randolph: Looks like I'm the first one here. It did say the Disco started at 7.30.

(He begins to dance badly. After a little while SAM enters right).

Sam: Isn't Steve here yet?

Randolph: Not yet. This is fun, isn't it?

Sam: Where did you learn to dance like that?

Randolph: While I was on holiday.

Sam: Where did you go? Lanzarote? Majorca?

Randolph: South Wales.

(Enter MARK right).

Mark: Hi! Bit dead here, isn't it? Where's Steve?

Sam: I'd have thought YOU'D have known.

Mark: What do you mean by that?

Sam: You know.

(Enter DAVE left on a bike complete with helmet, knee pads etc.).

Mark: Great outfit Dave. Are you trying to start a new fashion?

Sam: Why have you brought a bike to the Disco?

Mark: It's in case he doesn't get a girl. At least he'll have something to walk home

with.

Dave: I'm doing my bit for the environment. If we go everywhere by car we pollute the air. Everyone should go by bike, it's a totally clean form of travel AND it's healthy.

(THEY all yawn, "Yeah yeah").

Dave: Now, where can I put it? I don't want to leave it outside in case it gets nicked.

Randolph: There's a store room at the end of the corridor. You could put it in there.

(Enter PAUL right).

Paul: Yo! *(Does hand greeting with MARK. Goes to do it with DAVE who thinks he's trying to play peanut war).*

Dave: I'm surprised to see you here Paul. I thought Spurs were playing tonight.

Paul: *(Shows radio and headphones).* I'm going to follow it on the radio. Why the body protection Dave? Are you expecting a fight?

Dave: One should always wear safety equipment when riding a bike. Better safe than sorry.

(Enter STEVE right).

Steve: Yo! What's that - better safe than sorry?

Dave: Safety helmet and shin and elbow pads - for my bike.

Steve: Oh. For a moment there I thought you were talking about safe sex.

Mark: I've got some condoms if anyone needs them.

Paul: I'll take three. *(ALL look at him).* You never know.

Randolph: I'll have one; thanks Mark.

Mark: You?

Mark: You?

Randolph: If you're giving them away. What are they used for? *(ALL look at him).*

Mark: I'll bet you'll need quite a few Steve.

Steve: No mate. Never use them. That's something for the bird to sort out.

Dave: Isn't that a bit irresponsible?

Steve: Are you trying to tell me how to treat a bird when the only thing you've ever got your leg over is that bike?

Mark: For goodness sake Dave, get rid of it.

(DAVE exits left with bike).

Randolph: This is great, isn't it?

Sam: It's a bit dead really.

Mark: Where are all the girls?

Steve: Getting ready, aren't they? For US. You know it takes them ages to tart themselves up.

Sam: It shouldn't take Mel that long. She's got a head start in looking like a tart.

Mark: But we could wait all night for Marsha to look half decent.

Randolph: I think Marsha's a very nice girl.

(DAVE enters minus bike and safety gear).

Dave: You were right about the store cupboard Randolph. The bike just about fits.

Steve: Oh great, you've put all our minds at rest. I'm bored.

Paul: I know. What about a football quiz?

(ALL groan "Oh no").

Dave: You only ever ask questions about Spurs.

Paul: So? Who scored the winning goal for Spurs v on 19?

Randolph: Ummm, don't tell me. I think I know that one.

Dave: No you don't, Randolph. You don't know ANYTHING about football.

Randolph: *(Looks offstage left).* Oh look! They've got NUTS!

(DAVE and RANDOLPH run off left).

Paul: Sad. Right then, give up? It was Now, who scored the winning goal for Spurs v on 19.....?

Steve: Who cares? Who's got the beers in?

Mark: Me.

Sam: And me.

Steve: What are we waiting for then? Let's hang around outside and get some beers down us.

Paul: I've brought my radio. We can listen into the match. Spurs v

(BOYS exit right. Enter GIRLS left).

Beccy: Those loos are disgusting.

Sarah: Do I really look O.K.?

Laura: You look fine Sarah. Stop worrying.

Beccy: Where are all the boys?

Mel: Getting a bit of dutch courage of course. Like WE have.

Marsha: I didn't. And nor did Louise.

Mel: Oh for goodness sake Louise, lighten up. You're going to spoil the whole evening.

Sarah: Don't worry Louise. Steve will be along soon.

(Enter DAVE and RANDOLPH left).

Randolph: Girls!

Dave: Oh.

Beccy: Look, the boys are here.

Mel: *(Dismissively)*. It's only Dave and Randolph. Let's dance.

(GIRLS dance. LOUISE half heartedly. DAVE and RANDOLPH look on).

Randolph: Shall we join them?

Dave: Not yet. Let's wait. There's a lot of them.

Mel: Come on Beccy. Let's chat them up.

Beccy: What? Those two?

Mel: It'll be a laugh.

Beccy: You can have Randolph then.

Mel: No way. I'll take Dave.

Beccy: Do you fancy him then?

Mel: No. It's Steve I'm after.

Beccy: But what about Louise?

Mel: What about her? Come on.

(BECCY & MEL go up to RANDOLPH & DAVE).

Mel: Hi Dave.

Dave: Er hello.

Mel: Go on Beccy.

Beccy: *(Unenthusiastic)*. Hello Randolph.

Randolph: Hi um

Beccy: Well, say something then.

Randolph: *(Gets a bright idea)*. Would you like a nut?

Beccy: Oh. All right. *(She goes to take one)*.

Randolph: I dropped them on the floor but I managed to wipe most of the muck

off. The ones on top are the cleanest.

Betty: Yeuk!

(She walks off in disgust).

Mel: Do you think I'm looking good tonight Dave?

Dave: Er yes.

Mel: *(Gets out hair spray in aerosol can)* Do you like blonds Dave?

Dave: I don't really decide on whether I like a person just because of the colour of their hair.

Mel: I like to look good Dave. *(She starts to spray her hair).*

Dave: You shouldn't be doing that.

Mel: Why not?

Dave: We should all do our bit to protect the ozone layer.

Mel: Oh, I do.

Dave: What? With an aerosol can?

Mel: No. We use recycled toilet paper.

Randolph: Yeuk that's disgusting.

(MEL moves away. Rest of BOYS enter right. Mingle. LAURA and PAUL move downstage. PAUL is listening to the match on his headphones. He hears nothing LAURA says but is reacting to the radio commentary).

Laura: This is a great Disco, isn't it?

Paul: *(Spurs are going for the ball).* Go on.

Laura: Do you want to dance, or what.

Paul: *(Spurs are heading up the field).* YEAH!

Laura: *(Really pleased).* You do? Come on then.

(SHE moves off to dance. PAUL is rooted to the spot. SHE turns to look for him).

Paul: *(Raising fist in air).* GOAL!

Laura: What?

Paul: Two nil!

Laura: Oh, for goodness sake!

(THEY move off in opposite directions. MEL and STEVE move downstage. LOUISE watches them).

Steve: You're looking good tonight.

Mel: You don't look so bad yourself.

Steve: This Disco's crap, isn't it?

Mel: Yeah.

Steve: Shall we split?

Mel: Great.

(THEY move to exit. LOUISE moves forward).

Louise: Steve!

Mel: Oh oh.

Steve: Hi Louise.

Louise: I need to talk to you.

Steve: Hey, be cool. Don't make a scene.

Louise: I need to talk to you - NOW.

Mel: Go on Steve. I'll wait for you.

(STEVE and LOUISE move centre stage. Everyone dancing, mimed talk etc. MEL watches them closely).

Louise: I need to talk to you in private.

Steve: Hey, it's here or nowhere babe.

Louise: All right then. I'm pregnant.

(Music stops. ALL look in shock at STEVE and LOUISE)

Steve: You what?

Louise: You heard. I'm pregnant.

Steve: So what're you telling ME for?

Louise: Because you're the father.

Steve: Yeah, right. It could have been anyone.

Louise: That's not true. You're the only boy I've ever slept with.

Steve: So YOU say.

Louise: What am I going to do Steve?

Steve: What do I care? It's your own stupid fault if you got yourself pregnant. Taking precautions was YOUR responsibility. It's YOUR mess. You sort it.

Louise: And what are YOU going to do?

Steve: What I was going to do when you interrupted me just now. Come on Mel.

Beccy: Mel! You're not really going off with him are you?

Mel: Why not?

Laura: What about Louise?

Mel: What about Louise? Silly cow.

Marsha: But there's a BABY. STEVE'S baby.

Mel: No. Just Louise's. I've always wanted Steve and now I'm going to have him.

Steve: You coming, babe, or what?

Sam: Steve? You can't just walk out.

Steve: Oh yes I can.

Mel: Just you watch us - losers.

(MEL and STEVE exit left. Stunned silence. Then LOUISE bursts into tears. GIRLS rush round to comfort her; take her out left, BOYS look embarrassed at each other. Pause).

Randolph: I don't think Steve is really - a very nice person.

Sam: Poor Louise.

Mark: There's no point hanging around here, is there?

Paul: No. I think the sooner we get going the better.

Dave: I've just got to get my bike.

Sam: See you later then Dave.

(BOYS exit right. DAVE left. Enter SARAH left).

Sarah: Poor Louise. Still, at least she's got all her friends to support her, whatever she decides to do. There just seem to be so many problems in this girlfriend/boyfriend thing. Maybe I just won't bother.

(Enter DAVE).

Dave: Oh, hi.

Sarah: Hi.

Dave: I just want to say I think Steve was well out of order. We all do really.

Sarah: Thanks.

Dave: What will Louise do, do you think?

Sarah: It's too soon for her to make a decision. I think she's just too shocked at the moment.

Dave: Yeah. We all are. I couldn't believe it when Mel went off with him - after what we'd just heard.

Sarah: She's always been a bitch. They deserve each other.

Dave: I suppose so.

Sarah: It's funny really. I always believed everyone has a soulmate somewhere. And I think Steve is Mel's.

Dave: Everyone has a soulmate somewhere. That's a nice thought.

Sarah: (*Indicates bike*). Do you always ride everywhere?

Dave: If I can. I do a lot of studying. I want to do well in my exams. But I have to be careful I don't spend all my time sitting with my head in a book. So I take a lot of exercise and cycling's a pretty good way.

Sarah: I cycle a bit but I can't ever get any of my mates to come with me. They reckon it's uncool.

Dave: Who cares what's "cool" or not? If you enjoy it, do it. Hey, you could come cycling with me if you like.

Sarah: Yeah?

Dave: What about next Saturday?

Sarah: O.K.

Dave: I think all your friends have gone off with Louise. I'll walk you home, if you like.

Sarah: Thanks.

(THEY walk to exit left. DAVE continues out. SARAH turns to Audience).

Sarah: Do you think I've just been asked on a date? He's quite nice isn't he?

Dave: (*Offstage*). Hurry up Sarah.

Sarah: Coming.

(Sings). ***Tonight I'll ask the stars up above
Please will you make me a teenager in love
In love.***

(SARAH exits)

CURTAIN

