

**The Phoenix Theatre
presents**



**Songs My Mother
Taught Me**

**by
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Songs My Mother Taught Me

Scenario

The play is set in a park, at school

Characters

Sami:	15 year old girl. Sami.
Noah:	15 year old boy. Noah.
Josh:	16 year old
John Murray:	In his early 30's

Background

The play is set in the U.K but it could be any country. Sami is from a fictitious country called Tansanova as we didn't want to make the play specifically about one known country caught up in the refugee crisis. Similarities to existing countries is incidental and not a reflection or comment on any particular country or peoples.

Storyline

Sami is a 15 year old girl and a refugee. She has travelled from Tansanova with her family in the hope of a better, safer life. Craig is a boy born and raised in the U.K. He hasn't travelled much in his life and is open to new people and ideas. He is shocked by what is happening in the world and is a curious for the new children who are going to start at his school soon. "The Refugess". Sami and Craig meet and a friendship arises.

Scene 1

A Train

(Open with news broadcasts, positive and negative regarding the migrant crisis. Clips of people being welcomed etc. A voiceover announcement. We are at a station. A man is sitting on a train, reading.)

Mr Murray: 'War was always here. Before man was, war waited for him. The ultimate trade awaiting its ultimate practitioner.' You know who wrote that? No. Cormac McCarthy? No? Well. One of his books has been added to the curriculum I'm teaching this term. 'The Road.' It's about a father and son, fighting to survive. They're walking, right, across this desolate, burned landscape. It's so cold, the stones crack and when it snows, it snows grey. They're trying to reach the coast, but they have no idea what's waiting for them there, if anything is there. All they have is the clothes on their back, and each other. Pretty bleak, hey? But there is this tiny, pinprick of hope that they're both clinging to, that somewhere, something better is waiting for them. I won't tell you how it ends, I don't want to spoil it for you.

A girl, loaded with bags and carrying a guitar struggles onto the carriage

Sami: May I sit here?

Mr. Murray: Of course, be my guest *(He moves his bag to the seat next to him.)* It's very busy today you're lucky you found a seat.

Sami: Yes.

Mr Murray: Can I help you with that?

Sami: No! Sorry, No, thank you I can do it.

Mr Murray: Okay no worries, you just have a lot of things with you! Where have you been? Have you been on holiday?

Sami: No.

Mr Murray: My wife and I are trying to get away, Spain you know? Bit of sun and that. It's hard, finding the time and the money of course. We both teach, different schools so of course they break up the week before my school does. Nightmare. You'd think they'd speak to each other, make it a bit easier for people. No course not.

Sami doesn't respond. Mr Murray starts to go through his bag, gets out a bag of crisps. Sami watches him eat.

Mr Murray: Would you like one?

Sami: No thank you

Mr Murray: Go on, you'll be helping me out.

Sami takes one. She is starving. Mr Murray has another dig and pulls out a sandwich. He offers it to her

Mr Murray: Go on, take it and save it for later.

She takes it

Mr Murray: So you're on your way back from Uni? Or what?

Sami: I'm meeting my aunt. I'm going to live with her.

Mr Murray: Oh! So you're moving here! That explains the kitchen sink. (she looks confused) Sorry that's something we say here, so 'Wow you've packed a lot, have you got the kitchen sink, like you've got everything.... Never mind it doesn't matter. Where are you from?

Sami: I'm from Tansanova

Realisation dawns on him.

Mr Murray: ...And you left to...

Sami: It wasn't safe to stay. We had to leave.

Mr Murray: We? Are you travelling with anyone?

Sami: I was. I was with my father and brother, but we became separated and...

Mr Murray: And now you're going to live with your aunt.

Sami: Yes.

Mr Murray: I pulled out a bar of chocolate and split it with her. Gradually, she started to tell me things, little snippets of her journey, what led to us crossing paths this day. Her name was Sami. She was 15. She had left Tansanova to escape the fighting. Her and her family had taken a bus through Turkey, and walked WALKED to Germany. As she was talking, I looked out of the window and kept seeing these paths and fields by the tracks, imagining her walking along these for months. When they were registering, she had become separated from her father and brother but with no phone she had no way of reaching them. All she had was the address of her mother's sister, who has lived in the UK for several years. A charity working in a camp had managed to contact the girls aunt on her behalf, and well. Here she was. She said she was...

Sami: ...glad to be here though. A new life. New chances.

Mr Murray: Your English is really good already, you'll have no problem making friends and school, well it'll be different I'm sure but once you settle you'll get on ok.

Sami: Thank you. I learned English at my school in Tansanova and I watch a lot of Netflix. I don't know what to expect here, people act differently wherever you go. I have met people who are kind, and others who aren't. I don't know how long I will be here.

Mr Murray: No, I don't suppose you can know.

Sami: Before I left, I wanted to be a doctor. Now I don't know if I will be here for a month, a year or if I can ever go home. Will I be allowed to stay? Where will I go if I can't?

Mr Murray: You know what, I can't help thinking you can achieve anything you want. You've got this far.

Sami: Sometimes when I'm sleeping, I have this dream. It's always the same. I am carrying a bag and its full of stones. It's really heavy and I can hardly carry it. I pull it through hedges and over walls and for some reason I can't leave it. I can't let go. I have to take it with me no matter what.

Mr Murray: And then what.

Sami: Then nothing. I wake up.

Mr Murray: (Picks up his book) Here.

Sami: What's this?

Mr Murray: Will you take it?

Sami takes it and looks at it

Sami: What's it about?

Mr Murray: It's about a lot of things. But mostly hope.

Sami looks at it again and reads the back

Mr Murray: 'Keep a little fire burning, however small, however hidden'

Sami: What?

Mr Murray: It's from the book. It's a good one. You take it, read it. I hope you like it. I do.

Sami: How does it end?

Mr Murray: I can't tell you that, you'll have to read it for yourself.

(Announcement)

Sami: This is my stop.

Mr Murray: Let me help you.

Sami: Thanks

Mr Murray: It was great to meet you Sami. Good luck, safe journey.

Sami: You too.

Sami Exits

Mr Murray: When I was younger, at Christmas or Easter my mother would always set an extra place at the table. She said it was in case a stranger ever came knocking. If an unexpected guest did turn up, she'd say it was lucky for our family and even luckier for the unexpected guest.

Announcement. Mr Murray gathers his bag.

Mr Murray: Be good to strangers, for amongst strangers, angels dwell.

He Exits

Scene 2

First Day of School

*Noah enters stage left, looking out into the audience as if he's searching for someone.
He starts to work his way down into the audience*

Noah: Hey, sorry. Are you Sami? No. Sorry, my bad. Okay, not you. Erm, excuse me, sorry. Is your name Sami. No, right, okay. Sorry.

Okay, this is awkward. Basically we have a new student starting today called Sami. She's travelled all the way from Tansanova to live here in England. I don't really like traveling all that much, so I can't even begin to imagine what she must be feeling about starting at a new school in a completely different country.

*Sami enters, rucksack on and guitar case in hand,
lost and confused, looking at her time table*

Ms. Franklin asked me if I give her a tour of the school, show her the ropes sort of thing. Only problem is.. I can't bloody find her.

Sami: (To Noah) Excuse me, I'm really sorry, but do you know where Ms. Franklin's office is? It's my first day and I have no idea where I'm supposed to be going.

Noah: Yeah, of course. If you follow this corridor, chuck a left, follow it straight down, do a right, and it's the last door on your left.

Sami: (Visual confusion) Thanks.

Sami turns and starts to leave

Noah: Oh shit. Wait, sorry, are you Sami by any chance?

Sami: I am.

Noah: Brilliant. I'm Noah.

Sami: Hi Noah.

Pause

Noah: Ms. Franklin asked me to show you around and stuff.

Sami: Cool. Thanks.

Awkward pause

Sorry, I am really nervous. First and all.

Noah: Oh no no no no that's fine, don't worry! Besides, I think you'll love it here! Well, maybe not love it. It's still school. But you get what I mean.

Noah sees her guitar case

So you play guitar? Well there's this music competition that the school does every year. The best original song. Maybe you could enter?

Sami: Oh I don't really play.

Noah: So why do you have then?

Sami: It's mums guitar.

Noah: So your mum plays?

Sami: Sure.

Pause

I have music first anyway.

Noah: So do I! Let's see your time table?

Noah looks over Sami's timetable

We have quite a few of the same classes!

Sami: Cool.

Noah: Right, well let me give you a quick run down of the school, and then we'll head to music together. Sound good?

Sami: Sounds good.

Noah: Sweet.

Noah leads Sami around the auditorium, pointing in different directions and saying where places are, e.g bathroom, English block, science block, Library, canteen. They end at the music room

Noah: And this is where our music lesson is. We're early but we can still go in.

Sami: I am never going to remember all of that.

Noah: Lucky we have a lot of the same lessons then, isn't it.

Sami: True.

They set their guitars/bags down on the floor. Sami sits at the edge of the room

Noah: So... first impressions.

Sami: You seem nice.

Noah: No not me. Of the school. Thanks though.

Sami: Oh right, yeah, obviously. Erm, yeah. Loads of people.

Noah: You think so? Many people were in your old school?

Sami: It was just the kids in our village really. Maybe around a hundred?

Noah: One hundred kids? Are you serious?

Sami: Yeah.

Noah: That's like, nothing! That's like, half our year group!

Sami: Crazy.

Pause

Noah: So how long did it take for you to get to England?

Sami: I'm not really sure, I lost track of the days. Must have been around two months or so.

Noah: Two months, are you joking? I can't even be in the car for more than 3 hours before I want to throw up.

Sami: Well I was walking for most of it!

Noah: That's even worse!

Sami: It really wasn't that bad. I met a lot of people along the way, some even travelled with us a while. I remember, maybe around 2 weeks in, we met this small family from a village not far from ours. There was this girl, Taya, only a couple of years younger than me and we talked and talked for hours. It felt like a little piece of home, you know? I mean, as bad as things got there before I left it was all I knew. All my friends, my family, every memory I have was in that village and walking away was...hard. Anyway we travelled together for over a week and along the way we passed through some of the most beautiful places. There were mountains, trees and so many animals. Sometimes I forgot why I was even walking, I just looked at the world around me and felt so... well alive. Of course, it wasn't all like that. When they left things got really lonely at times and I'll be honest it was terrifying. But I guess seeing how beautiful the world can be reminded me why I was doing it and.... I am so sorry I have been talking for far too long.

Noah: No no it's really fine. Sounds like quiet the adventure. I'm just sorry you had to go through it in the first place.

Sami: Why are you sorry? You didn't do anything.

Noah: No I know, I'm just sorry for what's happened to you. I just don't understand why some people want to hurt others how you've been hurt. It's just... yeah.

Sami: I don't understand either.

Pause

Noah: Hey, do you want a Vimto?

Sami: A what?

Noah: Vimto? It's like Ribena, but so much better.

Sami: Ri-whata?

Noah: Ooooooooookay. I'll go get the Vimto's, you save my seat.

Sami: O.K. thanks.

Sami looks around the room. She bends down and opens her guitar case, picking up her guitar and begins to play a song her mother taught her when she was younger. She hums a tune along with her playing

Noah enters back in empty handed

Noah: Right, bad news. They've ran out of Vimto but... oh I knew you could play! You were just being modest.

Sami rushes to put the guitar back into her guitar case

Sami: I've just never really played in front of anyone except my mum before. She's the one who taught me.

Noah: Sounds like you and mum are really close.

Sami: Yeah, we are.

Noah: Still want a drink?

Sami: Yeah, what else is there?

Noah: Oh just come with me, you can see for yourself. Erm, bring your guitar though. It's a good school, but, ya know, just in case someone plays it or damages it.

Sami: Good point.

They exit

Scene 3

Noah's Room

Sami and Noah enter Noah's room

Noah: And this is my room.

Sami: It's huge!

Noah: (Laughs) No it's not.

Sami: It's not?

Noah: Maybe to you it is. Sorry, I didn't mean to.

Sami: Why are you sorry?

Noah: Well, it's just that I thought that maybe...

Sami: It's OK. Oh!

Sami bends down and starts to take off her shoes

Noah: What are you doing?

Sami: Taking my shoes off.

Noah: Why? You don't have to. It's OK.

Sami: Are you sure?

Noah: Positive. We're not too fussed about that sort of thing. Unless you want to. If you're more comfortable.

Sami: Really? OK.

*Sami stands silently at the edge of the room.
There is a feeling of awkward tension.*

Sami: Are your parents' home?

Noah: Well, Dad works in Wales Monday to Wednesday, but Mum should be home around 8 ish.

Sami: What do they do?

Noah: Dad recycles waste paper and my mums a nurse.

Sami: Cool.

Silence

Noah: What do your parents do?

Sami: My dad is a teacher.

Noah: Cool. What about your mum?

Sami: She was a florist.

Noah: Oh cool, so what does she do now.

Sami doesn't answer, she looks at him

Noah: Oh. Oh She's not? Is she...

Sami: Yes

Noah: I'm so sorry. What happened?

Sami: She was a few towns away, delivering flowers for a wedding. While they were setting up these soldiers came and they just started shooting. Some people got out. A lot didn't.

Noah: I'm so sorry, I can't even imagine how that feels.

Sami: It's bad.

Pause

Noah: Would you like a cup of tea?

Sami: What?

Noah: It's just, my mum always says there's nothing a cup of tea can't fix.

Sami: What is it with Brits and tea? Do you always drink it?

Noah: Well yeah. It's like Brits love tea, Americans and coffee, Italians and Pizza, Germans and sausages.

Sami starts looking around his room and analyzing his book shelf.

Sami: You've got a huge collection of books.

Noah: Thanks, I bloody love reading. Do you like reading?

Sami: I do, but most of my books are in Tansanova though.

Noah: I can lend you one if you'd like?

Sami: Oh it's OK, I've got a book at the moment. I keep meaning to start it.

Noah: OK. Well when you finish, and if you'd like to borrow one, you can.

Sami: Thank you.

Noah: No problem.

Noah's phone starts to ring.

Sami: Aren't you going to get that?

Noah: Nah, it's only James. I'll call him back later.

Sami: That ring tone was cool. What song was that?

Noah: Are you serious?!

Sami: What?

Noah: You don't know what song that was?

Sami: *(Shrugs)*

Noah: "I'm on my way. Driving at ninety down those, country lanes. Singing to Tiny Dancer, and I, miss the waaaaaaaayyyyyy you make!" Ed Sheeran, Castle on the Hill.

Sami: Who?

Noah: Oh no way! You've never listened to Ed Sheeran?!

Sami: Sorry.

Noah: Well that is something that needs to change right away! I think he's great!

Noah plays song on his phone

Sami: I like it. Can you sing it?

Noah: Erm... I can. I can play it on the guitar too.

Sami: No way! Go on then.

Noah: What?

Sami: Sing it for me.

Noah: Okaaaay. Only if you sing it too.

Sami: But I don't know the words.

Noah: That's fine, I can get the lyrics for you.

*Noah Googles the lyrics for Sami on his phone and passes it to her.
While she's looking over the lyrics, Noah picks up his guitar and sits down*

Noah: Ready?

Sami: Sure.

They sing

Noah: Holy shit your voice is incredible!

Sami: Thank you. You're not too bad yourself.

Noah: I try.

The voice of Noah's mum echoes out. "Noah I'm home!"

Noah: That's my mum, must be home from work a little early.

Sami: Wait, what time is it?

Noah: Twenty to eight. Well, 23 minutes to eight if you want to be pernickety.

Sami: I'm sorry but I've got to go!

Noah: Oh OK, do you not want to sing another song?

Sami: Another time, maybe at school or something. I've really got to get back to my Aunties.

Noah: OK I'll walk you to the door. Have you got everything?

Sami: I believe so.

Noah: If not, I'll give it to you tomorrow.

Sami: Thank you. And thank you for inviting me round.

Noah: My pleasure.

They exit, stage right

Scene 4

Sami's Room

*Takes out a tape recorder and presses play
Conversation between Sami and her mum*

Mum: Right, Sami, let's record it now while you remember it.

Sami: Ah Mum, I can't do it. I'm not very good.

Mum: Well we all have to start somewhere, don't we?

Sami: I don't even like it, it's boring.

Mum: Come on, just give it a try.

Attempts to play but gets it wrong

Mum: Keep going.

Plays from the beginning again, gets slightly further but gets it wrong again

Sami: I'll be here forever at this rate!

Mum: It does not matter how slowly you go, as long as you do not stop.

Sami: You're right, I'm sorry. O.K. let's try again.

Mum: That's my girl.

Backing track plays, Sami plays guitar in real life, we hear some words of encouragement from mum throughout

Scene 5 School

A bells rings for the start of lunch.

Noah enters and heads straight for the empty bench before it is taken. He puts his bag next to him to save a space for someone. He starts digging through his bag and pulls out a bottle of water and a book and begins to read.

Sami enters talking to a friend off stage

Sami: I'll see you after lunch OK?

Noah notices Sami and puts down his book

Noah: Hey Sami! Sami!

Sami: Oh hi!

Sami crosses to Noah

Noah: Making more friends i see.

Sami: Yeah well i figured i can't just annoy you all the time can I. That was Steph, she's been helping me catch up on maths since i missed out on the first few months. **Gesturing to his bag**May I?

Noah: Actually, I was saving it for a friend buuuuuuttt.....

Sami: oh shush

Sami puts his bag by his feet and sits down

Noah: Oi! that was for James!

Sami: I'll only be here a minute anyway, I have that meeting at quarter past with Mrs Franklin to talk about my first few weeks and how I'm settling in.

Noah: Ahhhh fun..... make sure you tell her how great I am yeah?

Sami: And why would i want to do that?

Noah: Because it's true!..... That and i didn't do todays homework so I could do with being on her good side before class. You know how she can be sometimes.

Sami: Ah so you are asking me to make sure you don't get in trouble?

Noah: No no it's just.... uuhhhh..... yeah no that's exactly what I'm asking.

Sami poses as if she is thinking very hard

Noah: ...Well?

Sami: **teasing** Well.... I think you better get started on that homework.

Noah: Awww come on please?

Sami: OK. fine BUT on one condition. You buy me a can of Vimto.

Noah: **laughing** you know I should never have introduced you to those.

Sami: So I take that as a no then?

Noah: No, no, no, no, of course not. It's only fair, I scratch your back you scratch mine.

Sami: **looking confused** uuuuhhh thanks but I think I'll just take the Vimto.

Noah: Ha, ha not literally it's just an expression. Like i do a favour for you, you do a favour for me.

Sami: Oh I get it. That's good, I was looking forward to that Vimto.

Pause

Sami: Oh I completely forgot to tell you! My dad and brother arrived over the weekend!

Noah: No way that's amazing!

Sami: I know.

Noah: Did you find out what happened?

Sami: Yes, it's really complicated but basically **Brothers name** had trouble getting registered and there was no way dad was going to leave him on his own. So they got put into this temporary camp thing while it all got sorted. Dad was really worried at first because he didn't know where I was. He said he asked everyone there for a phone but when he eventually got one, realised he didn't know Auntie Trish's number and couldn't call anyway. So he spoke to some of the people at the camp and THEY said that a charity had picked up a young girl alone on the other side and would look into it. A couple days later they told him I had been taken to my Aunties and I would be fine there till he could get through. It took two weeks for them to finally sort out the paperwork and by the time they did there was no way across for another few days so they were stuck there. Sounds really rubbish to be honest, but I'm just glad they made it across safely.

Noah: Yeah of course that's fantastic. Well i mean the bit where they got here safe. The rest, not so much.

Sami: Yeah.

Sami sees his book

Sami: Started a new book I see?

Noah: I have indeed. It's really good, you can borrow it once I've finished if you like? That's if you ever read that other book you keep telling me about anyway.

Sami: Add it to the list. I promise I'll get round to it eventually. Maybe tonight actually, since I'm not doing anything.

Noah: Woah wait you're not? I thought you were coming to that party by my house?

Sami: I thought about it but I don't really know anyone that's going so i.....

Noah: Uhhhh you know me? Besides where better to meet new friends than at a party right?

Sami: I don't know.

Noah: Awww come on. Look how about this. I'll meet you at the park, I'll walk you to the party and I will be there the whole time so if you need someone to talk to you just come find me and i'll take care of you.

Sami: Thank you but.....

Noah: And if you hate it that much we can go back to mine. We can watch a film or play some music or something.

Sami:Okay deal.

Noah: Perfect! So how about we meet at.....

Sami: Oh shit! My meeting!

Sami picks up her bag and stands up then turns back to say goodbye. Noah is clearly hiding a smile.

Sami: What?

Noah: You said shit.

Sami: And?

Noah: And I've never heard you say shit before.

Sami: Stop it I'm late I have to go! I'll see you later yeah?

Noah: Yeah of course, meet you at the park at 6?

Sami: Sounds good. See you then!

Sami goes to leave

Noah: Oh and Sami!

Sami: Mhmm?

Noah: Don't forget to tell Mrs Franklin how great I've been!

Sami: Yeah yeah.

Sami exits

Scene 6

The Park

Music

*Sometime later at the park
Walks around audience*

Noah (Voice note): Alright Sami? Sorry I'm running a bit late, I'm on my way I just had to help my mum set up her new phone. I kept saying I've got to go mum, Sami's waiting for me but she's going on shift soon and she's all like 'it'll only take a minute, help your mum out, well any way, I'm on my way now 'I'M ON MY WAY' eh? Right see you soon!

Josh: Hey what you doing?

Sami: Nothing. I was just...

Josh: Just what? What are you doing here?

Sami: I wasn't doing anything. I was just hanging around.

Josh: Are you allowed to do that? Hang around?

Sami: Sure, why not?

Josh: Because of your religion or something.

Sami laughs awkwardly

I don't know what you think is so funny. Why don't you just go home?

Sami: Excuse me?

Josh: I said, why don't you just go home?

*Sami tries to leave
He blocks her way*

Sami: Look I don't want any trouble. Just leave me alone.

Josh: And what if I say no?

Sami: Look please get out of my way you idiot.

Josh: What did you call me? Getting angry are ya?

Sami: Sorry I didn't mean to offend you. Please leave me alone.

Josh: Offend me? Not bloody likely. Why don't you just piss off?

Walks around her menacingly

You're foreign aren't you? You talk a bit weird. Where are you from?

Sami: Why does it matter?

Josh: Of course it bloody matters. I want to know if you're one of us or not. So where are from?

Josh: I'm from Tansanova.

Josh: Tansawhat? *(laughs)* Never heard of it. Why don't you just go back there? You're not wanted here. Did you hear me? Bloody scumbag. Go on get your stuff and piss off.

Sami: Look I don't want any trouble. Please just leave me alone.

Josh: Ahhh poor little foreign girl doesn't want any trouble. Well you should have thought about that before you came here shouldn't you. Who you here with then? Your mum and dad? Scrounging, getting all the benefits. Taking our jobs. Bet you get your house for free.

Sami: Please just leave me alone. I'm not taking your jobs or your houses. Please!

Josh: *(laughs spitefully)* What about your parents? What about them? Do they even speak English?

Sami: Stop it please. I just want to be quiet, to be left alone.

Josh: Poor little bitch wants to be alone. Poor little girl wants to be quiet. Come on then you can be alone with me if you like. I'll treat you nice. Give us a kiss won't you.

Tries to kiss her

Sami: Get off me. Leave me alone. I don't want this.

Josh: Come on one little kiss then we'll be friends. It won't do any harm. Come on.

Sami: I said leave me alone.

Josh: And I said one little kiss. What's wrong with you? Don't you like boys?

Sami: Please just leave me alone.

He taunts her more pulling her bag off and spilling her stuff on the floor.

Josh: Well what do we have here?

Sami: Give it back please. No don't touch it. It's just a photograph. Of my friend. Please?

Josh: Your girlfriend is it? *(Laughs)* You want it, you come and get it.

He teases her

Sami: Please just give me the photo. Or I'll ...

Josh: Or you'll what? Hit me? (*laughs*)

Sami: Stop!

Josh: *Rips the photo in bits*

Sami Cries

Josh: And what do we have here. (*Takes out letter*)

Sami: Get your filthy hands off.

Flies at him and snatches the letter.

Josh: Woah, woah. Steady on. It's just a stupid letter, and whatever this is. (*The lyrics*)

Sami: I said leave them alone. Give them to me.

Josh: What crap is this? Read it to me!

Sami: It's private.

Josh: Read it to me or I'll rip it up.

Sami: My Mum wrote it for me.

Sami starts reading it then it goes over into voice over

You my child, are the hope
The light of the day
The warmth of my heart
Without you there is nothing
Without you I am lost.

Little child whilst you sleep
I cradle you from all that harms
I hold you up to rise above
I give you all, a mother's love.

And if I ever have to leave you
I am sorry I cannot shield you from the pain
Don't forget me, my child
And always remember the songs.

Josh: What a load of rubbish! (*screws it up and throws it in the bin*). And this? (*the lyrics*)
What even is this?

Flies at him again. Scratches him

Josh: Flipping 'eck you crazy bitch. Get off me.

Sami: It's all I have.

Josh: Tell me what it is and you can have it.

Sami: It's just a song. It's all I have.

Josh: Oh for god's sake. Drop it will you. I was only having a bit of fun. Don't you know what that is?

Sami: It's O.K. Sami everything will be O.K. Don't worry. We will all be fine. We will soon be out of here and on our way to a safe place I promise.

Josh: I knew you were mental. Should be locked up that's what you should. Talking to yourself. Bloody mental.

*Sami rocks back and forth and
sometimes stroking her own hair.*

Go on go back to where you came from. (*pushes her*) Get up and leave. Crazy bitch.

Sami runs off

Josh runs after her laughing

Scene 7

The Song my Mother Taught Me

*Sami is sitting in the music room. She's playing her guitar and singing her Mother's song.
Noah enters with his guitar case, quietly without Sami noticing.*

Noah: Nice song.

Sami: God, you scared me.

Noah: Sorry. Sounds good.

Sami: Thanks. It's a song my mother taught me. She used to sing it to me when I was a kid.

Noah: That's nice.

Silence

Noah: What happened to you last night? Why'd you ditch me? You could have called me, or at least of sent a bloody text.

Sami: Yeah no, I know, I'm sorry.

Noah: So... what happened?

Sami: I was on my way to meet you, I promise, but... there was this guy in the park who stopped me and he was pushing me... and then he tried to kiss me.

Noah: What!?

Sami: He even screwed up this poem that my mother wrote for me a couple of months before she died. He kept saying things like, "poor little foreign girl," "stop stealing our jobs," "do you even speak English?" It was disgusting. And I'm sorry but after digging through a bin to find that poem, the last thing I wanted to do was go to a party and socialise, so I just went back to my Aunts.

Noah: Christ, I'm so sorry! Why didn't you text me? I would have come and met you!

Sami: I just wanted to be alone.

Noah: Understandable. That guys sounds like he was a right bastard.

Sami: He was. Total bastard.

Noah: You just swore!

Sami: I did!

They both laugh

Noah: How're you feeling today?

Sami: I'm fine. The whole thing really shook me. Why are some people like that? I didn't even do anything, I was literally just walking!

Noah: I honestly couldn't tell you. Some people don't even have a single good bone in their body. They get some sort of kick about being a bully.

Pause

Sami: Anyway, how was the party?

Noah: Yeah it wasn't too bad. James had a bit too much punch though, so I ended up walking him home early. I was back at mine by ten, started watching... shit is that "The Road"? Is that the book you've been reading?

Sami: Yeah! I finished it on the bus this morning!

Noah: It's one of my all-time favourite books, I absolutely love it!

Sami: I really liked it too! Quite sad though.

Noah: Sad, but brilliant! "Keep a little fire burning, however small, however hidden."

Sami picks the book up and looks at it, remembering that day on the train

Sami: This random man on a train gave it to me. And he gave me a sandwich!

Noah: Why?

Sami: Dunno, just did.

Noah: What kinda sandwich?

Sami: Ham and cheese.

Noah: Decent. See, there you go! You have your horrible people in the world, like that git last night, but then that's balanced out by those random acts of kindness from a total stranger on a train. The worlds a funny place to live in.

Sami: Isn't it just.

Noah starts to open his guitar case and gets his guitar out.

Noah: Go on then.

Sami: Go on then, what?

Noah: Teach me that song your mother taught you.

Sami: Oh, wow. Really?

Noah: Really really.

Sami starts to show Noah what the chords are, and sings the first verse for him.

Sami: Think you can remember that?

Noah: I'll give it crack!

They sing the song together, guitars playing as one, harmonising, resonating

Sami: That was beautiful.

Noah: It was! Shit, we should enter into the music competition! Ya know the "best original song" one!

Sami: Oh, no I'm not sure.

Noah: Why not? It would be *the* best tribute to your mum. And no one has to know. It can be our little secret.

Sami: Do you really think people will like it?

Noah: I think they'll love it.

Sami: Okay. But only if you sing it with me.

Noah: Deal.

Sami: OK.

Noah: Come on then, let's go sign up for the competition!

Sami: Sure!

*They pack their guitar away and exit stage left.
Some sort of recording plays*

The End

The Phoenix Theatre



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The Art of Language Learning



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