

*NEW PLAYS*  
for Children and Young People

Funded thanks to the

**Ministry of  
Culture  
and National  
Heritage of  
the Republic  
of Poland.**

*New Plays for Children and Young People* is a periodical that presents Polish and international contemporary drama. The source of the dramas varies but the majority come from the Theatre Plays Competition organised annually by the Children's Art Centre in Poznań.

*New Plays for Children and Young People* is sent out to theatres, cultural centres, libraries, publishers, schools and other institutions both in Poland and around the world.

We believe that our collection of plays will be of value to those who intend to stage new, interesting performances.

*NEW*  
*PLAYS*

for Children  
and Young People

SELECTION OF RECENT POLISH PLAYS. SUMMARIES AND FRAGMENTS

Children's Art Centre in Poznań  
2013



## *Liliana Bardijewska*

Prolific author of radio plays, theatre plays and prose for children, literary and theatre reviews. Bardijewska also translates Bulgarian literature and publishes literature for children and young people. Her work includes 20 radio plays for children and adults, 10 plays for children's theatre and TV. She has published novels and stories for children. Bardijewska has translated 6 novels and collections of stories from Bulgarian into Polish as well as over 20 plays for theatre and radio. Multiple award winner of the Theatre Plays Competition organised by the Children's Art Centre in Poznań which has published much of her work in *New Plays for Children and Young People*.

# *The Green Wanderer*

## *Zielony Wędrowiec*

In a world where everything, absolutely everything - the sky, the river, the dawn, every animal, every single dream, is grey, one little bit of colour must really stand out. Imagine then, what it would be like to be the one single green creature amongst all this grey. Is it a good thing to be so special, to be one of a kind, or is it hard to be different? And in fact, this is exactly the situation our little green friend finds himself in. Bird, Snail, Hare, Porcupine and Bear are all suspicious of Creature and instead of being feted for being unique, Creature is forced out and must not return to the most beautiful Land of Grey if he cannot prove that the Land of Green really does exist. So off he sets on his quest. He must travel through many lands, each of a different colour, and encounter many challenges before he finally finds what he seeks.

“The Green Wanderer” is a heart-warming tale about a world which is full of colour and diversity, where every being is special and unique. Even the grandest dreams can come true if there are true friends around who are willing to help. Bardijewska, a master in the art of classic fairytale poetry, proves that it is thanks to our differences that we have something we can share, and that every journey can have a happy, and wise, ending.

Age: 3-7

## **Creatureland Anthem**

We are all completely grey,  
We know we look great this way.  
We wake up in the dusky dawn light,  
and have beautiful dreams  
through the smoky grey night  
Grey dreams are best – that's right!

Our grey world is truly lovely,  
dusky silvery pearly smoky,  
our grey dreams and our grey days,  
slate and graphite forever and always!

Grey cat grey mouse make a pair,  
Furry grey rabbit and grey bear,  
grey snail here and grey bird there.  
Today and tomorrow – all is grey,  
we know we look great this way!

Our grey world is truly lovely,  
dusky silvery pearly smoky,  
our grey dreams and our grey days,  
slate and graphite forever and always!

Let us turn the whole world grey!  
All greys together forever and a day!  
Winter is ash, autumn is pepper,  
Dove in May, powder in November,  
Fridays are granite, weekends are stone,  
grey rules outside and at home!

Our grey world is truly lovely,  
dusky silvery pearly smoky,  
our grey dreams and our grey days,  
slate and graphite forever and always!

*The whistling wind dies down. A storm is coming. Everything turns  
navy, then blue.*

*Porcupine sneakily puts up a blue sign: "Greens no entry".*

## **CREATURE**

(reading) "Greens no entry". That's about me!

*A blue hare hops across the stage. On seeing Creature, he runs away in fright. A blue bear slips past. A blue bird flutters overhead. Creature attempts to stop them, but only succeeds in causing panic.*

## **CREATURE**

Good morning... Excuse me... Could I...?

*Everything starts to turn navy-blue. Porcupine puts up another sign: "If you want to stay in the Land of Blue, bathe in the blue rain".*

## **CREATURE**

(reading) "If you want to stay in the Land of Blue, bathe in the blue rain". (to the figures flitting about in panic) But I don't want to stay in the Land of Blue! I am the Green Wanderer and I must journey on!

*The sounds of the storm become louder. Splashes of raindrops can be heard. Both sign boards sway in the wind like trees.*

## **CREATURE**

(shouting over the storm) I am not going to bathe in anything, not in any blue rain! I had a bath yesterday!

*The storm blows Azure Snail, rolling in his shell, onto the stage.*

## **AZURE**

Psst! Come, quickly, into my home. You'll be safe here.

*Creature squeezes into Azure's house, who closes the door tightly after him. Grey Porcupine remains outside, he's getting soaked in the blue rain.*

*In Azure's house*

## **AZURE**

I am Azure. We travellers must stick together! (a sudden rumble of thunder rattles the door) Not a chance sweetheart, I'm not going to let you in. Outside is where a storm belongs!



**CREATURE**

It's very cosy here...

**AZURE**

Took me years to do it up.

**CREATURE**

... it's really unusual... all spirally...

**AZURE**

I'll show you around later, but now we'd better sit down and fasten our seatbelts. It'll start for real in a minute...

**CREATURE**

I'm afraid it already has...  
*Azure's house tips upside down.*

**AZURE**

*(from the ceiling)* What makes you say that?

**CREATURE**

*(as above)* Has that chandelier always hung... from the floor?

**AZURE**

So you've got me convinced – it's already started. We are in the eye of the blue cyclone. But we're safe here. There's no rush, we've got lots and lots of time. You can tell me all about it...

**CREATURE**

My story isn't very long...

**AZURE**

But it could be. And I love long stories. Let's start at the beginning...

**CREATURE**

I had a dream... Oh, my head's spinning...

**AZURE**

Because the beginning is somewhere else.

**CREATURE**

Where else?

**AZURE**

Everyone has their own beginning. And my beginning is you.

**CREATURE**

Me?

**AZURE**

You. In the beginning there was (*copying Creature's voice*): "I am the Green Wanderer and I must journey on!"

*Clap of thunder. The house rolls onto its side.*

**CREATURE**

(*from the wall*) And now this is the next part! Is the storm always like this?

**AZURE**

Azure storms are meant to be horrible and nasty, but this one seems particularly determined. And I think I know why!

**CREATURE**

Why?

**AZURE**

It doesn't like strangers. Especially those of a different colour! Listen!

© **Liliana Bardijewska**

# *Hag and Nag*

## *Paskuda i Maruda*

The Evil Witch (Hag) and her Cat (Nag) keep a prosperous shop where they sell magic herbs. They don't have to worry about business as there are plenty of vile creatures in the world. The only thing that bothers them is the vision of getting old. It is possible to acquire youth by magic, but only by taking it away from somebody else. This doesn't seem to be a problem for Hag as she gets whatever she wants, and shows no remorse. She acquires youth not only for Nag and Winged Mare from Patch and Donkey but also for herself from Prince (who was born thanks to her magic). In addition, she takes beauty from Lovely. The trouble starts when Prince decides to get back what was stolen from him. Together with some of Hag's aggrieved customers, he sets off on a successful journey.

In the end it turns out that even though everyone is afraid of getting old, youth in itself does not bring happiness. The world is a clever place where everything has its own proper time and place.

Age: 6-10

*A meadow. We see a huge sack, it's moving. Cat, moaning, emerges from underneath.*

**CAT**

This is not work for me... I'm too old...

*Witch enters and puts some herbs into the sack.*

**WITCH**

What are you moaning about, Nag? Get a move on!

**CAT**

I can't even move my paw, Hag!

**WITCH**

Hush... I can feel it coming... It's close... Very close...

*Lovely enters on Donkey. Young Dog runs alongside. Barking, he attacks Cat. Cat hides on the top of the sack.*

**LOVELY**

Patch, don't scare the cat! I'm sorry, granny...

**CAT**

*(to the Dog)* Be good or I'll turn you into a mouse!

**WITCH**

*(sweetly)* What a cute puppy... What a lovely girl...

**LOVELY**

I'm looking for the evil witch, granny...

**CAT**

You've come to the right place. There's no Hag worse on earth!

**WITCH**

Don't listen to that Nag! What do you need, my child?

**LOVELY**

It really is you? I've come to ask you for good health...

**CAT**

Disease, you mean. We have the full range...

**WITCH**

Be quiet, you nitwit! Carry on, dear...

**LOVELY**

... good health for my mum. She gets dizzy spells, her legs hurt and she is very weak.

**WITCH**

There are herbs for everything.

**CAT**

Hang on, hang on! Magic doesn't come cheap! I control the cash around here.

**LOVELY**

I have neither silver nor gold...

**WITCH**

Don't worry your pretty little head over that... here's a cure for your mum...

**LOVELY**

Oh, my dear granny, how can ever I repay you!

**WITCH**

You can give me the doggy...

**CAT**

And what do we need the puppy for?!

**WITCH**

Quiet, Nag! Get away! Shoo!

*Cat runs away and disappears.*

**LOVELY**

My dearest Patch... OK, granny, take him. He'll guard your house...

*Witch takes the dog. The donkey starts braying to warn Lovely.*

**LOVELY**

It's for my mum... Don't cry donkey...

*Unnoticed by Lovely, Witch hits Patch with her wand who instantly becomes old. Nag chases the dog away.*

**WITCH**

Go away, you old mongrel!

**LOVELY**

But where is Patch?

**WITCH**

He's probably playing with Cat...

*A little kitten jumps onto the sack. He looks a lot like Cat.*

© **Liliana Bardijewska**

## *Marta Guśniowska*

Philosopher (graduated from the Adam Mickiewicz University in Poznań in 2005), playwright, dramatist at the Puppet Theatre in Białystok. Multiple award winner of the Theatre Plays Competition organised by the Children's Art Centre in Poznań. Winner of the Ministry of Culture's Staged Contemporary Plays Competition. Guśniowska has also received a bronze "Gloria Artis" medal for Services to Culture. The author of many original works and adaptations for puppet theatre which have appeared in *New Plays for Children and Young People* and been performed both in Poland and abroad.

# *Under-Mushroom*

## *Pod-Grzybek*

Two Foxes are hiding from the Hunter under a big mushroom. Little Fox is so inquisitive that he simply cannot sit still. Old Fox, irritated, tells him off again and again. When danger comes Old Fox saves Little Fox. He's fatally wounded. Other animals gather around him – some out of curiosity, others because they hope to be fed well at the wake. Their discussion around the topic of death ends when Death itself actually appears. The heroic act of rescuing Little Fox's life saves Old Fox from hell. Little Fox wants to accompany Old Fox on his way to Fox's Heaven. Death allows him to stay in Heaven for as long as he wants. Little Fox is so bored in Heaven and so excited about life that he decides to come back to Earth where he happily meets a Young Lady Fox.

This is a story about a true bond which leads to great commitment but doesn't need to be spoken out loud. It deals with real problems such as separation, the fear of loneliness and death as well as smaller dangers that children encounter.

Age: 5-10



*The forest – everybody is wandering around.*

**LITTLE FOX**

So how far is this heaven?

**DEATH**

Not far...

**LITTLE FOX**

Where exactly?

**DEATH**

Exactly... here.

**LITTLE FOX**

Here?

**DEATH**

Uhuh.

**LITTLE FOX**

*(hopping across to another spot)* Or here?

**DEATH**

Here and there.

**LITTLE FOX**

So where?

**DEATH**

Wherever you want.

**LITTLE FOX**

It's all so strange... Ouch!

*Suddenly – boom! Everyone – apart from Old Fox, Death and Hedgehog  
– bang into an invisible wall.*

**DOG**

Ouch!

**HENS**

*(rubbing the bumps on their heads)*

1. Oh he...ns: are you still alive?
2. I'm alive...
3. But what kind of life is this?

**DEER**

*(looking around)* Who hit me? Hic! Who?!

**LITTLE FOX**

What's going on?

**DEATH**

This is the end of your world and the beginning of mine. Only those who have died can enter...

**LITTLE FOX**

What about Hedgehog?

**HEDGEHOG**

*(embarrassed)* Well... it's because... oh... running across the street wasn't so safe in the end...

**DEATH**

Let's go...

**LITTLE FOX**

I want to go with you!

**DEATH**

It's not your time, Little Fox, not your time yet...

**LITTLE FOX**

I don't care – I'm going and that's that! I have to check if Old Fox is going to be OK in heaven.

**DEATH**

He will be.

**OLD FOX**

Well then, go away!

## **LITTLE FOX**

I am not going... away! I'm staying with you.

## **DEATH**

You can't go with us.

## **LITTLE FOX**

Really? So, I'll eat a whole toadstool, poison myself and die – and then you'll have to take me with you!

## **OLD FOX**

Just wait till I get my hands on this little...

## **LITTLE FOX**

I'll throw myself under a car – just like Hedgehog did!

## **HEDGEHOG**

I didn't throw myself under it – it fell on top of me.

## **OLD FOX**

Now you listen to me, Foxy you blockhead!

## **DEATH**

(to Little Fox) OK, so then – you can see Old Fox off to heaven. After that, you will return to the forest like a good Little Fox...

## **LITTLE FOX**

Deal! Let's go! (*invisible wall again*) Ouch!

## **HENS**

(*on seeing him bang into the wall*)

1. Oh, he...n...

2. Where? (*looking around*) It's probably one of mine - but I told them to stay in the hen house...

## **DEATH**

You can't cross over on your own – give me your hand.

*Little Fox holds hands with Death – they cross the wall together.*

# *Snake...*

## *Waż...*

Snake is upset, not having arms or legs makes him a little different from everyone else, and it seems to be a rather touchy subject. The Narrator and Nibbles the hamster - with whom an unlikely friendship develops - accompany Snake on his quest to become the same as everyone else. Along the way they make friends with Gecko and encounter Rabbit and Spider, each ready with their own piece of advice on where best to seek help. But you really have to ask the right questions to get the right answers. So... can the Tooth Fairy wave her magic wand to fix the situation? Has the Magician got a trick up his sleeve or does the answer lie elsewhere?

Snake, Nibbles and Gecko travel far and wide, but in the end, the solution is closer than they think. Self-acceptance, faith, friendship – just some of the things that truly matter in life.

Through her animal characters, always close to children's hearts, the amusing situations and entertaining songs, Marta Guśniowska creates a world in which basic human values come to the fore. “Snake” is proof of her exceptional literary ability and excellent sense of the stage, which make Guśniowska one of the most popular Polish female playwrights.

Age: 6-10

## Scene 1

*Enter Narrator.*

### **NARRATOR**

There was once a really mad Snake...  
He was angry for a very good reason.  
When it was time for his birthday cake  
He'd get socks without fail - every season.

And they all thought he'd adore  
Brand new gloves even more  
But that made it worse  
Oh my, how he'd cry, how he'd curse!

### **SNAKE**

*(just slithering along on the stage)* No comment... *(continues to slither)*

### **NARRATOR**

You put them on! You try to wear them!  
Oh, I did feel sorry for him, it's true...  
So I had this idea, this sweet little gem  
I decided about him I'll tell you.

### **SNAKE**

Hang on, hang on! No one asked me anything about this...

### **NARRATOR**

Well, that's because... it was meant to be a surprise...

### **SNAKE**

I've already had one surprise: when I found out I had no limbs. Thanks,  
but no thanks.

### **NARRATOR**

But it's a nice surprise! Because I'm going to say such lovely things  
about you! In my story you're going to be so charming...

**SNAKE**

Not interested...

**NARRATOR**

Intelligent...

**SNAKE**

Not interested...

**NARRATOR**

So cool...

**SNAKE**

Not interested...

**NARRATOR**

And slimmer...

**SNAKE**

Not interes... you what?! Why should I be slimmer?!

**NARRATOR**

Relax – everyone wants be slimmer...

**SNAKE**

But like, how slimmer?! Slimmer where exactly?! I am a snake. Snakes are slim by nature!

**NARRATOR**

Well, you know...there's a little spare tyre here...

**SNAKE**

*(calmly)* That's not a spare tyre...

**NARRATOR**

*(ironically)* Sure, of course...

**SNAKE**

That's not a spare tyre. That's your Hamster.

**NARRATOR**

WHAT?!?!?! (to *Snake's stomach*) Nibbles?! Is that you?!!!

**VOICE OF THE HAMSTER**

It's me!

**NARRATOR**

But...what are you doing there?!!!

**VOICE OF THE HAMSTER**

Not much...

**NARRATOR**

But...well, how?!!! (to *Snake*) You let him out right now!!!

**SNAKE**

Sorry – goods which have been consumed cannot be returned.

**NARRATOR**

But that's Nibbles!!!

**SNAKE**

I don't read the labels. It was lying there, so I ate it.

**NARRATOR**

But Nibbles?!!! (to *Snake's stomach*) Nibbles!!! Nibbles!!! Can you hear me? Don't go into the light! Whatever happens – don't go into the light!

**VOICE OF THE HAMSTER**

But there is no light! It's as dark in here as it is up a...

**NARRATOR**

No! Fine, Nibbles! Change of plan! Head for the light!

**VOICE OF THE HAMSTER**

What light?

**NARRATOR**

Here!

*Throws himself at Snake and forces his jaw open.*

**SNAKE**

*(muffled)* Hey! You can't do that!

**NARRATOR**

*(wrestling with Snake)* Here it is, here! Nibbles, can you see the light?!

**VOICE OF THE HAMSTER**

Yes, I see it!

**NARRATOR**

So come on! Come here! Here, Nibbles here! He's coming! He's coming! I can see his head!

**SNAKE**

Think I'm going to be sick...

**NARRATOR**

Don't bother! He's OK on his own... Here he is! Here's Nibbles! *(Nibbles emerges)* Ah, you're so cute! So sweet! *(Narrator looks at Nibbles, who's all wet, with disgust)* And so slimy...

**HAMSTER**

*(angry and dripping)* You don't say...

**SNAKE**

*(to Hamster)* By the by – everything OK with the old stomach? No ulcers? Because sometimes I get such bad indigestion that...

**HAMSTER**

You must be joking!!! You ate me! And now you want me to be your endoscope?!!  
*(he exits)*

**SNAKE**

And I thought I was meant to be upset...



(...)

**HAMSTER**

So, where are we going exactly?

**SNAKE**

Wherever.

**HAMSTER**

Right... so, how far is that then?

**SNAKE**

I don't know. Never been...

**HAMSTER**

Right... so, how will we know when we get there?

**SNAKE**

I don't know. Worst case scenario is we'll go around the world and get back home in time for supper...

**HAMSTER**

Right... thought I was the one who goes round and round in circles in my wheel for nothing? So, now what?

*Gecko appears from nowhere!*

**GECKO**

Hands up!!!

*Hamster follows orders, Snake – what a surprise – does not...*

**HAMSTER**

Aaaargh!

**GECKO**

(to Snake) What about you? (Snake shoots him an angry look, Gecko figures out what he means) Oh, right... Don't move! This is a robbery! What have you got to eat?

**HAMSTER**

I've got a chocolate bar...

**SNAKE**

And I've got a hamster...

**HAMSTER**

*(angrily)* Hey!

**GECKO**

Whatever! I'll take it...

**HAMSTER**

Me?!!!

**GECKO**

The chocolate bar. I'm off! And you count to a hundred before you move! One...

© Marta Guśniowska

## *Robert Jarosz*

Playwright and director, 2007 graduate of the Białystok Puppetry Department at the Theatre Academy in Warsaw. Student of Krakow Scriptwriting School and Postgraduate Programme for Culture Managers at the Warsaw School of Economics. Winner of a number of prestigious awards for both dramas and original performances. Past holder of drama scholarship of the Ministry of Culture and National Heritage. Author and director of modern and innovative plays for young audiences. Multiple winner of the Theatre Plays Competition organised by the Children's Art Centre in Poznań. Most of his works have been printed in *New Plays for Children and Young People*.

# *Brought up in a Barrel*

*W becze chowany*

Dog introduces a strange world where Mother and Father decide to bring up their child in an enclosed environment, to keep him away from harm. Mother and Father believe that only in this way can they protect their only son and let no evil touch him. So they put him in a barrel and close the lid. Son grows up in this barrel, knowing only the inside of the barrel and what his parents tell him. He starts asking questions about the world outside which Mother and Father answer as best they can. When he grows too big for the barrel Mother and Father let him out. Son continues to ask questions and his parents grow increasingly irritated and disappointed for he does not live up to their expectations. Mother and Father send him away into the big wide world alone and tell him not to return until he has earned a lot of money to prove that he is good and clever. It's a journey he is not prepared for, a task he does not understand, a world he is unable to comprehend.

Each work Jarosz creates is an autonomic, closed world, subject to its own laws. A characteristic these worlds share is their brutal honesty and refusal to compromise dressed up in a laconic, poetic language. "Brought up in a Barrel" is a study in the process of parenting and a story about the irony of life, in which good intentions can turn against people.

Age:14-18

**DOG**

Your parents are the tree.  
You are the fruit of this tree.  
You fell from the tree,  
The end.  
There are no parents.  
There is no tree.  
You are.  
Fruit,  
And in you seed.  
A tree you will become.

**SON**

Then on this tree,  
New fruit will grow?  
Fall?  
And from it a tree?  
The same again,  
Without end?  
In a circle.  
There is no end,  
Only a beginning.  
Always only a beginning?

**DOG**

That's right.

**SON**

What am I to do?

**DOG**

Go,  
Through the meadows.  
You must go before you.

**SON**

And the money?

**DOG**

It's yours.

**SON**

What do I need it for?

**DOG**

It will be useful,  
Though its weight you will carry.

**SON**

So I will leave it,  
The splinter hurts.  
It will be easier.

**DOG**

Easier?  
You will always bear its weight.

**SON**

What did I do?  
He tricked me.  
Hurt me,  
Pushed the splinter in.  
He deserved it.

**DOG**

That was no he,  
No Mr. Wealthy.  
Just a post!  
From afar I thought someone had tied a dog to the post.  
I went I saw.  
It was just a fool talking to the post.

**SON**

And what's wrong with that?

**DOG**

Nothing wrong with that.  
But on the way to get your pay,  
You killed.  
The hare and the frog.

They died because of you.  
They are gone.

**SON**

Not true.

**DOG**

True.  
Jumping big-ears the hare.  
Greeny, or whatever you called her,  
The frog.

**SON**

Hare and frog.  
They were sitting in the road.  
They did not want to get out of the way.  
They wanted a beating,  
They got a beating.

**DOG**

You were in a hurry?

**SON**

I was.

**DOG**

To your father and mother?

**SON**

To my father and mother.

**DOG**

You killed your father and mother!

**SON**

I did not!  
Father and mother were not on the road.

**DOG**

They were.

Disguised,  
As a hare and a frog.

**SON**  
Disguised?  
Why?

**DOG**  
They wanted to help.

**SON**  
I wanted on my own.  
The splinter hurts.  
I did not want to kill.

**DOG**  
You killed.

**SON**  
I wanted, for them to be proud.  
Proud they are not.  
They are not at all.  
The splinter is stuck.

**DOG**  
The splinter will hurt.  
With the splinter you will go.  
The fruit will roll on the ground.  
The tree will leave behind its own  
A tree you will become.  
Time to go.  
Roll on, roll.

**SON**  
A tree I cannot be.  
Splinter from the tree.  
The splinter hurts.  
The splinter is not wanted.  
Everything around the splinter.



The sun hurts,  
Of splinter it hurts.  
Father hurts of mother.  
Mother hurts of father.  
It's all the same.  
One tree.  
One splinter.  
Hurts.  
It does not want to come out.  
The barrel.  
The barrel was good.

### **DOG**

The barrel of wood was made.

### **SON**

In the barrel there were no splinters.  
In the barrel it was dark.  
I saw no barrel wood.  
It was dark.  
I saw, what I wanted.  
A splinter I did not see.  
There was no splinter.  
Now everything is a splinter.  
I am a splinter.  
All of me is a splinter.  
Back to the barrel I will go.  
Yes!  
Back to the barrel.  
The barrel like my mother's belly.  
A splinter in my mother's belly.  
That's me.  
Out of the barrel I came.  
To the barrel I have returned.

### **DOG**

Fruit which falls from the tree,  
Never returns.  
Becomes a tree itself.

There is no other way.  
Unless, that in falling from the tree.  
Flying it will love.  
And never fall to the ground.

THE END

© Robert Jarosz

# *Son-of-a-rat*

*Szczurzysyn*

Son-of-a-rat is a lonely twelve-year-old boy. His skin is a slightly different colour from other people's. Old Bear's experiences of life have made him bitter and left him hating the world and his life. They are both subject to constant mockery and abuse from their young neighbours – the Autochthons – whose search for a particular kind of entertainment develops, becoming more and more brutal. Verbal aggression against Old Bear and mental abuse of Son-of-a-rat are no longer sufficient. They make up a new game - throwing stones at Old Bear. They want the boy to take part in it but he runs away.

One day, all the hatred that Son-of-a-rat has collected throughout his miserable life transforms into real anger against the world. He decides to challenge Old Bear and he ends up setting Old Bear's house on fire in an act of true desperation though he will never really understand what led him to do it.

The world in which you are raised has a huge influence upon your life. Children who grow up in a world full of hatred will have hatred growing within them. Evil takes control and is reborn over and over again.

Age: 14-18

### **GRANDAD-OF-A-RAT**

His parents don't know who their son spends his time with, nor how he spends it. Son-of-a-rat doesn't have any friends, he plays alone. He has never abused his parents' trust. He always comes home before dark.

### **SON-OF-A-RAT**

I'm twelve years old.  
Year by year,  
I take a step.  
Step by step,  
I get closer,  
To the day,  
When I  
turn the corner.

### **GRANDAD-OF-A-RAT**

Son-of-a-rat's skin, just like mine, is a slightly different colour. Personally, I'm not bothered. But there are some, who make a big deal out of it. There are more of them than there are of us. Than me, Son-of-a-rat and his parents.

### **SON-OF-A-RAT**

The day will come,  
When even the shadow  
will turn pale.  
My blood  
Will be sure  
Not to go down the drain.

(...)

### **SON-OF-A-RAT**

When I went in,  
I heard a terrifying roar.  
I didn't turn back.  
I stood in front of the Bear,  
I held out my hand,  
in it an apple.  
He looked me in the eye,  
Took the apple.

Felt its weight,  
Smelled it,  
Put it to his face.  
Closed his eyes,  
Held his breath.  
Straightened his fingers.  
Gathering up his strength.  
He sinks his fingernails in.  
But the skin of the apple is too hard.  
His fingernails break one after another.  
He looked me in the eye once more,  
And stood up.  
I followed him,  
To the bathroom.  
On the shelf,  
Under the mirror,  
There was a glass,  
With teeth in it, false.  
Steel teeth in yellowed water.  
Plaque in the gaps between the teeth.  
More bloody than rusty.  
The Bear took out the teeth,  
He shook the water off and put them into his mouth.  
He took a bite.  
This time the skin gave in.  
The Bear collapsed onto the floor.  
His head between the sink and the toilet bowl.  
He fell asleep,  
Although I wasn't sure if he was still alive.  
I took the mirror off the wall and held it to his mouth.  
The mirror clouded up with steam.  
So he is alive.

### **AUTOCHTHONS 1,2,3,4**

The Old Bear is sleeping tight.  
The Old Bear is sleeping tight.  
We're not afraid of him.  
We've got stones.  
He who wakes him, he will eat him!

## **SON-OF-A-RAT**

When I was putting the mirror back,  
I noticed that it did not cloud all over.  
Some spots were left untouched, lustrous.  
They formed letters and the letters formed words:  
You don't know where she came from and where she is going.  
The reflection of love in the mirror is not love itself.  
It becomes something else.  
The question is: What?

© Robert Jarosz

# *In the belly of the Wolf*

*W brzuchu Wilka*

The play is a poetic study of evil. Based on the well-known story of Little Red Riding Hood, here the figure of the Wolf is far more complex and deep. In the first part of the play evil is created and it goes by the name of Wolf. The second part is the tale of the remaining characters. It seems that everybody has encountered evil in one form or another – as the Wolf who meets a vulnerable child, a mysterious man at the tram stop who brings confusion to an adolescent relationship or a plumber responsible for the death of a naive student. Different stories bring these people together – and they all finally meet in the belly of the Wolf.

A choir of lumberjacks, in the role of a chorus in a classical drama, comments on events taking place.

In the end we hear that “good is too small to make it into the headlines”. The belly of the Wolf, which seems to be a place full of hatred, becomes the beginning of the new world where the eternal struggle between good and evil comes to an end.

Age: 15 +

## **WOLF**

Exactly! We are in the belly of the Wolf. There is a king's castle in the belly of the Wolf. There are houses, roads, forests and lakes in the belly of the Wolf. Birds fly and flowers bloom in the belly of the Wolf. The graves of the people the Wolf valued are to be found in the belly of the Wolf. Everything that the Wolf ever swallowed is in the belly of the Wolf. Even the good hunter, the one who shot the Wolf and tore open his belly, is in the belly of the Wolf. When he ripped the belly open he saw the beautiful interior of the Wolf and he was delighted. He climbed in and sewed up the belly from the inside. Little Red Riding Hood is a princess in the belly of the Wolf and Grandmother is the Queen Mother. For the Wolf is love scorned, imperfect. The cause of passing ailments: heartburn, hiccups and other such obstructions.

(...)

## **LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD**

I fell in love that spring. Not for the first time, sure. But it was the first time I had dared to speak of it. I kissed and was kissed for the first time. For the first time, I couldn't sleep knowing that we were going to meet the next day. For the first time, no longer was I a baby. I spoke of my desires and did everything to fulfil them. It was going well. It was going smoothly. It was warm. It was safe. I got to like the smell of my boyfriend. We were a perfect match. We held each other so tightly.

## **WOLF**

I wish I were sixteen again.

## **BOY**

I was almost seventeen then. I was waiting for a tram and a man came up to me. I'd seen him around before.

## **WOLF**

You smell rather nice, young man. Going on a date, I suppose?

## **BOY**

I looked at him and said nothing. I pretended to be in a hurry.

## **WOLF**

The boy was so pathetic. He went to check the tram times. He turned



pale when he realised he didn't have a watch.

**BOY**

All day long, I'd been thinking of her. A kind of obsession. Shame I had forgotten my watch. Yes, I'm absent-minded sometimes.

**WOLF**

It's a quarter past five.

**BOY**

Thank you.

**WOLF**

Listen Boy, I have a few roses here. I had planned to give them to a lady, but it didn't work out. You take them. You'll make use of them, for sure.

**BOY**

Thank you. How much do you want for them?

**WOLF**

Nothing. Just tell your girlfriend that these roses were still alive this morning.

**BOY**

That will make her sad.

**WOLF**

You're right. But before that, before you say it, she'll be happy.

**BOY**

That doesn't make sense.

**WOLF**

Love requires sacrifice. Everybody knows that but nobody wants to talk about it.

**BOY**

Are you unhappily in love?

## **WOLF**

Nobody wants to admit that love requires sacrifice. Everyone wants to take as much as possible and run away. You're just the same. I can see it. Show me your pockets. I bet you have a condom hidden away deep inside. I guess it's stolen as you wouldn't dare buy one. You're ashamed but on the other hand you're hopeful. You hold her close, whisper in her ear and never stop thinking of feeling her up, of getting inside her.

## **LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD**

I loved him and he loved me. I was sure of our love for only love can outgrow us to become a sweet burden.

## **WOLF**

Bugger off, he said. He didn't get on the tram. He was lying there behind the tram stop for three hours. I saw him from my window as I live nearby. People are rubbish, so many passed by and no one helped him. They just walked faster and disappeared around the corner. They could at least have called the police or something.

(...)

## **LUMBERJACKS**

The Lumberjack's choir hits the tree with their axes.  
The trunk comes down, twisting the crown.  
We are that force which,  
wanting to do right,  
always does everything wrong.

© Robert Jarosz

# *It's Snowing*

## *Śnieży*

Father and Daughter meet up on the roof and Father begins to tell his tale of a girl and a boy on an island, but Daughter, not liking what she hears, introduces changes, and the story develops. The Weather Girl pops round for lunch, Kay and Gerda disappear, it's all reported in the news. The ambitious Evil Sorcerer creates a crooked mirror in which good becomes evil, all things ugly become beautiful, it all depends on the eye of the beholder, yet the Sorcerer has bigger plans. The mirror shatters and shards fall as snow, changing perceptions, like some sort of static interference on the TV. Stories and lives overlap, worlds cross over and everything changes, time moves forward. The Snow Queen gets a mention, the Little Match Girl tells her version. However, stories can be changed and manipulated.

A twisted, weaving tale, a potted history of Hans Christian Andersen.

Jarosz's work is very distinctive, he creates text-laboratories investigating the mechanisms governing the world and people. For him, the source of these mechanisms become fairy tales – archetypal stories, being both the material for the creative process and grounds for discussion about the contemporary world. “It's Snowing” is a tale about mixed up values and the loss of a point of reference which would help people differentiate between good and bad.

Age: 15+

**JOURNALIST**

Welcome to today's news. Here's the latest update.

**FATHER**

Wait a moment, I'll just put the kettle on.

**WEATHERGIRL**

Set up the camera, we have to record this.

**JOURNALIST**

What are we recording this old git for?

**WEATHERGIRL**

I don't know. It's an order from the Evil One.

**FATHER**

OK. Let's start.

**JOURNALIST**

The whole nation is in a state of mourning after the death of the first intelligent robot. He was three months old and died due to human stupidity.

**FATHER**

Sorry, but isn't there any news about a girl and a boy? Her skin is a pale golden colour and his is silver.

**JOURNALIST**

We can find something.

The news sweeping across the nation is that of two children who have run away. Our information is that they lived on the eighth floor of the same tower block, though on different sides. A woman who lives on the ground floor in the same stairwell as the boy testified that, over the past few months, she had found a number of letters in the form of paper aeroplanes. Investigators have determined that this is how the children were able to communicate with one another. A technology teacher in the nearby primary school claims that he had nothing to do with any alleged how-to-fold-paper-aeroplanes lessons. The school's headmaster has suspended the teacher preventing him from working with children

until the case is resolved. The content of the letters found has not been released in order not to interfere with the investigation. More now on this incident from my colleague.

### **WEATHERGIRL**

This is terrible. Where were the parents? After they have been found, the children should go straight into a children's home. My feelings go out to the neighbours, who, having lived alongside this increasing abuse most certainly cannot forgive themselves for not reacting. Fortunately, as of tomorrow, psychologists will be on hand to provide their support.

### **JOURNALIST**

It is thought that the children left home without their winter coats, scarves, hats or gloves. They are not the only ones having to face the cold at the moment. Winter has also come as a surprise to the shopping centres. There are still no winter collections to be seen in the shops. For certain, one factor contributing to this crisis is the tailors' and hairdressers' strike, who, shouting "leggings for all" came out onto the streets in demonstration. The tailors' and hairdressers' unions are demanding the introduction of a law forbidding the division of styles into men's and women's.

### **FATHER**

Have you got anything else on the children?

### **JOURNALIST**

Err, I don't know. I can show you a computer simulation of the tower block and the flight trajectory of the paper aeroplanes.

### **FATHER**

No, that's not necessary.

### **WEATHERGIRL**

News just in. The lake not far from where the children lived is covered in ice. A pair of gold trainers have been found at the water's edge. It is thought they belonged to the missing girl. And now a short break.

### **FATHER**

Instead of the commercials, can we ask the good Lord together for the children to be found quickly?

**JOURNALIST**

Actually, no. I mean, we don't know if the children want to be found.

**WEATHERGIRL**

That's an interesting story to follow. If the children themselves wanted to run away, do we have the right to take action against their wishes? And with this question in mind we turn to the officer for children's rights.

**FATHER**

It's all my fault. I shouldn't have left them up on the roof.

**JOURNALIST**

Close up of the old git's face. Could you repeat that once again, please?

**EVIL SORCERER**

The ancient camera still uses film. There's a man in the shot, nearly seventy years old. He's shaking. He doesn't look into the camera. He's afraid of something, but what? The face of the devil? His own reflection perhaps?

**JOURNALIST**

In one interview you said that there is no devil apart from the one who lives in our hearts. Please explain what you meant.

**WEATHERGIRL**

Clouds are gathering over the old git's head.

**FATHER**

I didn't say that, my father did. I only repeated it after him.

**WEATHERGIRL**

There's a cold front drawing in from the north.

**FATHER**

Another time he said that Christ was a man – but not an ordinary man. Please believe me when I say these are not my words, but those of my father. When my mother heard them, she burst into tears, and I prayed hard for God to forgive him.

**WEATHERGIRL**

I'm sorry, I can't help laughing. So big and yet he still believes in God.

**JOURNALIST**

And here we most probably have a text-book example of the Santa syndrome. A disorder arising as a result of the sufferer's traumatic reaction to finding out that Santa does not deliver presents.

Did your father have a heavy influence on your development during your adolescence?

**FATHER**

Adolescence, when was that? My development was most influenced by the books I read, however, as a human I remain a child till today.

**JOURNALIST**

Here we can ascertain that Hans Christian Andersen, in bringing his characters to life, felt no responsibility for their future. In his defence, he claimed that he was, in fact, still a child himself.

**FATHER**

We differ from newborn children only in that we can walk.

**JOURNALIST**

Breaking news. There is a new development in the investigation. It appears the boy was most probably kidnapped by an unknown woman, and the girl, witnessing what was happening, went to his aid.

Can you comment on these reports?

**FATHER**

Yes. The woman who kidnapped the boy is the Snow Queen.

**WEATHERGIRL**

Who is the Snow Queen?

**FATHER**

I don't know yet. I've only just begun making this story up.

**JOURNALIST**

Who is the Snow Queen? I demand you give us a description. The lives of these innocent beings depend on it.

**FATHER**

Honestly, I hardly know anything about her. It was winter. My father called me to the window and showed me the frost which had covered the window. In the icy patterns he saw an image of a woman, her hair loose. He said: that's the Snow Queen, she's come to get me. He died a moment later.

**JOURNALIST**

I shall ask you straight: does the story of the children have a happy ending?

**FATHER**

The life of every human being ends well. There is no other possibility as the good Lord watches over the life of every person, and He will not permit a bad ending.

**JOURNALIST**

Do you have any proof of that?

**FATHER**

My whole life story is the best proof there is. There is a merciful God who makes everything turn out well.

**JOURNALIST**

What about the Little Match Girl?

**EVIL SORCERER**

The film runs from spool to spool, and on it there are violent gestures and shouts. The old man turns the table over. He pours hot tea over the Weathergirl, punches the Journalist. He tears open his own shirt and screams. He lashes out again, this time at the woman. He moves into the darkness of the hall. Slams the door shut with a bang. The door rebounds off its frame. We can hear him running, not having waited for the lift, down the stairs.



# *Malina Prześluga*

Prześluga graduated in Culture Studies from the Adam Mickiewicz University, Poznań in 2007 and then from the Tadeusz Słobodzianek School of Drama in Warsaw. A playwright, songwriter, she has also written “Ziuzia”, a children’s book, and other stories. Prześluga regularly contributes articles to various publications. Her work has been performed by professional, amateur and puppet theatres. She has received the Young Art Medal and prizes in editions of the Theatre Plays Competition organised by the Children's Art Centre in Poznań. Nearly all of Prześluga's theatre plays have been published in *New Plays for Children and Young People*.

# *The Smallest Ball in the World*

## *Najmniejszy bal świata*

Mr. Cross-Over, the keeper of the Mini-Maxi gateway to the smallest kingdom in the world, leads the audience through to the ball which is about to start. They all have to make themselves as small as possible because the kingdom is so minuscule that a single drop of water is like an ocean. Unfortunately, when the guests arrive, the kingdom is still in the midst of getting ready, the King and Queen are all in a panic for Princess Twinkle is being very naughty, she's not even dressed yet! She doesn't want to go to the party. She doesn't want to help, she doesn't want to dance, she doesn't want to do anything, except play and ride her ant.

Princess Twinkle thinks she's big enough to look after herself and that she doesn't need anyone, not her mummy, Queen Teeny Weeny, nor her daddy, King Tiny, to help her any more. Well, she mixes up a magic potion to send the King and Queen away to planet Big People. And suddenly, when she's all alone, Princess Twinkle discovers it's not as much fun as she thought it would be.

Mr. Cross-Over helps Princess Twinkle make another potion to create a friend to help her get her parents back. Midget magically appears and together they go in search of the King and Queen. They encounter many new and strange things along their journey: Shoe Mountain, Mosquito, Watch, the Shivers and Goose Bump.

In "The Smallest Ball in the World", all of Malina Prześluga's extraordinary talent can be seen: the play on words, thanks to which her texts, although full of hidden meanings and wise advice, remain light and full of humour, the creation of astonishing and extraordinary characters (such as Ladder-in-Tights or the Shivers), how she encourages audience participation and above all, the world she presents seen from the perspective - and logic - of a child.

Age: 6-10

**MIDGET**

Cha-cha-cha. Twinkle. Off to your mummy and daddy. You be afraid not.

**TWINKLE**

Jeez....

**MIDGET**

Twinkle, be afraid not.

**TWINKLE**

I am NOT afraid.

**MIDGET**

Afraid not. Cha-cha-cha. Jumps. Midget catch.

**TWINKLE**

I'll be fine. What is this meant to be anyway, this mountain smells.

**MIDGET**

This Shoe Mountain. Well, let's go, to ours mummy and daddy.

**TWINKLE**

This is stupid. What am I supposed to do, how will I find them?

**MIDGET**

You know, yes.

**TWINKLE**

I don't! You're so stupid.

**LADDER-IN-TIGHTS**

I can see you!

**TWINKLE**

And who are you anyway?

**LADDER-IN-TIGHTS**

I see everything. I am Ladder-in-Tights. I won't let you climb up.

**MIDGET**

Can you see mummy daddy?

**LADDER-IN-TIGHTS**

I see everything. I am Ladder-in-Tights. I won't let you climb up.

**TWINKLE**

Pah, that's silly.

**MIDGET**

Please let climb, friend.

**TWINKLE**

And why are you talking to her, stupid, come on.

**LADDER-IN-TIGHTS**

I see you are very rude. I am Ladder-in-Tights. I won't let you climb up.

**TWINKLE**

You're the rude one! I'm going to find my mummy and daddy, because they left me, let me up!

**LADDER-IN-TIGHTS**

I see you're lying. I am Ladder-in-Tights. I won't let you climb up.

**TWINKLE**

I'm lying! There I was playing nicely, then along came my parents, they were horrible, they shouted at me and then they left me forever! And I have to look for them all by myself!

**LADDER-IN-TIGHTS**

Are you telling the truth?

**TWINKLE**

Can't you see?! Poor little me, all alone and so small?

**LADDER-IN-TIGHTS**

I see that I have to ask someone else how it really was. Children, did this girl's parents really leave her? Or did she send them away to Planet Big People?

*The children in the audience answer that Twinkle sent them them away.*

**LADDER-IN-TIGHTS**

You see Twinkle?

**TWINKLE**

So what. I just forgot, that's all.

**MIDGET**

Twinkle forgets all, yes.

**LADDER-IN-TIGHTS**

I'll let you climb up if you apologise nicely.

**MIDGET**

Twinkle sorry. Us let up, friend?

**LADDER-IN-TIGHTS**

Twinkle...

**TWINKLE**

I said I'm sorry.

**LADDER-IN-TIGHTS**

I didn't notice.

**TWINKLE**

Midget said it for me.

**LADDER-IN-TIGHTS**

That doesn't count.

**TWINKLE**

Yes, it does.

**LADDER-IN-TIGHTS**

It doesn't count.

**TWINKLE**

Does too!

**MIDGET**

One! Two! Eight!

**LADDER-IN-TIGHTS**

Oh, Twinkle...

**TWINKLE**

Oh, you'll see when I'll break a rung!

*Twinkle breaks one of Ladder-in-Tight's rungs. Ladder twists in pain and traps Twinkle under a layer of lycra.*

**LADDER-IN-TIGHTS**

You see! And now what?

**TWINKLE**

Nothing. It's very cosy here.

**LADDER-IN-TIGHTS**

Do you like it there?

**TWINKLE**

Yes. I'm going to play at hanging.

**LADDER-IN-TIGHTS**

Fine. So hang then.

*A long moment passes when nothing is happening. Midget is picking his toes and looking at what he finds, Twinkle is pretending that hanging is fun. Finally, she starts to fidget, she wants to get free.*

**LADDER-IN-TIGHTS**

Is it so difficult? One word and you can go.

**MIDGET**

Apologies! Midget helps. Sorries. Sorries! And go off to mummy daddy!

**TWINKLE**

Sorry. (*whispers*)

**LADDER-IN-TIGHTS**

But what for?

**TWINKLE**

That I broke one of your stupid rungs.

*Ladder-in-Tights does not let her go.*

**LADDER-IN-TIGHTS**

There's another great game I know, it's called "Trapped in tights for a week".

**TWINKLE**

I'm sorry for breaking your rung... and that I lied to you.

**LADDER-IN-TIGHTS**

You see? In reward I'll not only let you go, I'll also tell you something more, you're on the right road.

© Malina Prześluga

# *Grande Roofo*

## *Grande Papa*

Antek, an outdoor TV aerial, and Frog, a plastic carrier bag from the “Frog”, a chain of Polish convenience stores, live together on the roof. Antek is really a female, so he wants to be called Antonina and Frog believes he is a real animal. They don’t know much about the world as their lives boil down to TV shows and commercials. They dream of things they have never seen, like grass or flies. Suddenly, their world changes together with the appearance of a new character, Andrew, a “typical macho man”. “British name, Spanish blood, Polish pigeon” is how he introduces himself. There is one problem though, Andrew is, in fact, just a pigeon dropping, but that doesn’t seem to bother him much. He wants to fly away and instills this vision into Frog and Antek. Finally, they fly away to make their dreams come true.

A one-act play which demonstrates that everybody can dream. We can be whoever we want to be and we should not place so much faith in what we see.

Age: 10-18



**PLOP!**

*Andrew, a pigeon dropping, falls onto the roof.*

**FROG**

Aaaaaah!

**ANTEK**

Buzzz! Fuzzz! Geee!

*Pigeon dropping Andrew tries to recover after his fall, he pulls himself together, takes a look around, he's very self-confident. He speaks in a deep, strong voice. A typical macho man.*

**ANDREW**

Buenos dias, chicas bonitas.

**FROG**

*(shyly, blushing)*

Goodas afternoonas...

**ANDREW**

Oh, man, what a bang! Where am I?

**FROG**

On the roof...

**ANDREW**

Que dios! Roof of the world! Wicked!

**ANTEK**

House roof. We're on the roof of a house.

**ANDREW**

House roof. That'll do.

**ANTEK**

And you... begging your pardon, are who?

**ANDREW**

Andrew, British name, Spanish blood, Polish pigeon.

**FROG**

Pigeon? But...

**ANTEK**

But where did you come from?

**ANDREW**

Bueno question. I am from the sky!

**FROG**

You mean that blue thing, from which the wet thing falls down and makes puddles?

**ANDREW**

Si, si, señorita.

**FROG**

Cool! That is so cool, right, Antek?

**ANTEK**

Antonina.

**ANDREW**

Andrew.

**FROG**

Froggy!

**ANDREW**

Si. I am from the big blue, anyway, I'm going back there in a mo. I just have to pick something up... Let's think, what was it... Of course. Wings. Well, so I'll be off then. Hasta la vista!

**FROG**

Wings? But...

**ANDREW**

I will keep you in my heart, chicas. Adiós.

*Andrew tries to fly off, but he can't because he's a pigeon dropping.*

**ANDREW**

Grande roofo. Que pasa?

**ANTEK**

How should I put it...

**ANDREW**

Mios wingos!

**ANTEK**

Well, you see...

**ANDREW**

Where are mios wingos?

**ANTEK**

Generally speaking...

**ANDREW**

Where are mios wingos?

**FROG**

It's because he's just a piece of poo, isn't it?

**ANTEK**

Exactly.

**ANDREW**

Grandes problemas... Now what, chicas? Andrew, Spanish blood, the sky's the limit, heaven sent, every moment is well spent...

© Malina Prześluga

# *Freeze Frame*

## *Stopklatka*

This is the story of a boy who has had an accident. The real world overlaps the virtual world hidden away deep inside his head. It is difficult to distinguish between real and imagined events, yet we can easily understand how complicated the life of someone who is paralysed actually is. The boy tells us about his life before and after the accident. He talks about how far he had to come before he could accept the irreversible changes. It's a monodrama in which the female characters appear only to put a visual emphasis on certain situations. He speaks of his mother and girlfriend, who try hard to love him, and tells us what happens when love becomes a burden and an obligation. When talking about himself, we never know what he really means. He continues to mislead the audience right up to the very last moment: "What is real? I'm an actor pretending to be a paralysed boy. I'm a paralysed boy celebrating a miracle. I'm an effigy that became human and a human being that became an effigy."

A story of loneliness, this play deals with social isolation and the struggle to comply with social expectations whilst at the same time attempting to find personal happiness. The story is told in a unique language – one which is funny, unassuming and intelligent – that appeals to a young audience.

Age: 10-18

## BOY

Director: me. Screenwriter: me. Starring: me.

You've been waiting for me to arrive. You've been waiting especially for me. Wow. You had no idea who I am and you've been waiting for me like for a weekend or salvation – and just like then, you don't know what's going to happen, so you wait. You've been talking, checking your mobiles, you've left your coats in the cloakroom – that's if it's winter right now. I know how it is to go to the theatre – I used to do it too. Mostly when I was at school, and not to rave about somebody pretending to experience some extreme feelings in front of me, but to skip classes. Theatre. Theatre is lame. A few years ago I tried writing something for the stage, but everything I did was crap. Is that what they say now? Crap? Dire? If there's a different word for it now, correct me, please – I don't want to mess up. Mess up, cock up, screw up. Well, I wrote something for the stage, a kind of drama I guess, but all the while I kept imagining all these shootouts, car chases, jumps off the roof of a lorry. But there's no way of showing any of that on stage, is there? You can't show anything good on stage so that it looks real. A helicopter landing or a water dive, for example. It's not about a ladder, an inflatable pool and a dummy that's meant to be human. It's about action, live action.

The cinema is much better. I know, 'cause I used to go. You can show much more in films than you can on stage. For example, there are some movies, like, when the guy shoots they show the bullet in slow motion so that it almost stops, and you can see, like, these transparent waves of energy spreading out behind the shrapnel. And this bullet, in slow motion, goes through the throat and comes out the other side. Or, you know, you can freeze the jump in films. The guy jumps and the slow motion comes in. Everything stops even though you know he's in mid-jump and they only froze it to turn up the tension. The guy's gathering momentum, right? You can see him running. The cliff he's going to jump from is getting closer and closer. We can hear his heartbeat in dolby surround. Tooo.... Shhh... Tooo... Shhh... Tooo... Shhh...

His feet are, like, almost on the edge, right? Close-up of his feet. He goes for it, you can see his calf muscles stretching in slow motion. He bends and flexes his knees and makes to leap into the air. When he's hanging over the edge... freeze frame... the camera swings around him, trrrrr, and he's got his arms spread out like Trinity in Matrix.

Total silence. For like three, four seconds.

And then the music. Loud, hard, dynamic, you know.  
And then, he jumps.

(...)

*He quotes the famous line from Pulp Fiction:*

“Everybody be cool *this is a robbery!* – Any of you fuckin’ pricks move and *I’ll execute every motherfucking last one of ya!*”

And cue the music, you know (*humming the melody*). Hang on, I’ll show you something.

*He plays a video from some high school ball or maybe a prom, people are dancing to Chuck Berry’s “You Never Can Tell” from Pulp Fiction. We can see Boy in a wheelchair among them. If we don’t want to show a video, Boy can act out this scene.*

That’s me, white shirt, no tie. It must have been a school disco. I was dancing like Travolta. I know that movie by heart so it wasn’t hard for me to get into character.

*Now he actually dances like Travolta.*

Later on I watched the video and I thought I’d fall to pieces. The shame!! Do you sometimes get this feeling that you’re the king of the dance floor and then you see the pictures or the movie and it’s a total downer? Turns out the reality was the complete opposite and you realize only courtesy stopped people from sticking you in a straitjacket and giving you laxatives? But the worst part is that my mother is crazy about it and she shows it to everyone who comes round. She’s got two embarrassing videos of me that she just has to show the whole world, ‘cause otherwise the whole world would just slit its wrists if it couldn’t see how sweet I was, age four, sitting on the lap of a fake Santa with this cotton wool beard and singing my little heart out: “Head and shoulders, knees and toes, knees and toes, and eyes and ears, and mouth and nose...” I was wearing this pink waistcoat with buttons, no self-respect. And the other is from that disco, where I’m shaking my head like I’m having a fit to “You never can tell”. She says, like, she shows them to everyone because you can see I’m happy, and I can’t even explain to her clearly not to show them...

Do you get along with your folks? I had a problem with that long before

the accident. Whenever I wanted to go out in the evening they would just freak.

“Where do you think you’re going in this weather?! You’ll be hanging around on the street corner, getting drunk! What about school? A-levels? Tests! Don’t you have any better trousers? Are you wearing a nappy so your trousers have to hang down to your knees, halfway down your backside?”

And when I stayed in it was even worse.

“Why don’t you go outside, play football? When I was your age I was out kicking the ball around all the time!” (that’s Dad).

“Always playing those video games. You’ll get confused one day and shoot your own family! Is there nothing better on TV? Turn it down! Why do you keep your door closed? When you get your own house you can get yourself a bullet-proof door put in but here we keep them open! Don’t you know how to air your room? It stinks as if someone died in here.” (that’s Mum).

That was before the accident. Now everything’s different and they treat me like I’m the Pope. And they don’t think the room stinks any longer. Although I know it reeks.

And I really have started to wear nappies. Try to imagine what it’s like when your mother changes your nappy. Must be great, right? Dad usually does it, but sometimes he’s not home. Mum looks at the ceiling then and does it by touch, feeling her way around. I hate it. That’s got to be the worst part.

Whatever. I can’t simply tell her not to do it, can I?

Anyway. It’s getting a bit stiff in here. Here I am, standing alone and rambling away. Well, to be honest, it’s fucking great that I’m standing. But that’s not what it’s about, me standing and everybody else sitting, just like it’s not about me sitting and everybody else standing, now is it?

(...)

*Girl enters.*

**BOY**

Do you love me?

**GIRL**

No.

**BOY**

Why?

**GIRL**

God loves you.

**BOY**

I don't want to kiss God. Do you love me?

**GIRL**

No.

**BOY**

Why?

**GIRL**

How can I love you?

**BOY**

It's simple – 'cause it's easier with me. I won't run away, I won't cheat on you, hit you, offend you, I'll always be by your side.

**GIRL**

No.

**BOY**

Sure, I know. I was only kidding.

I'll talk to my hand. Hello hand, do you love me? I love you. I love you so much. Leg loves you too, you know? The other one does as well. I wish you were here... I really want to touch you, hold you, stroke your hair... Yes, I'm fine, I'm just lying here, thinking of you. We were so happy together, remember? Oh, do you remember us brushing our teeth together, or when I would open the door for you? Or when we'd turn on your MP3 player? Us picking up on stuff at the same time. It was good, wasn't it? We did so many wonderful things together. We made a good pair. Pity it all fell apart like it did. I miss you so much, my love. Bye, bye.



## *Stach Szulist*

Szulist graduated in History from the University of Gdańsk, he is a junior high school teacher and drama instructor. Szulist writes poetry, prose and plays. Prizewinner of the Theatre Plays Competition organised by the Children's Art Centre in Poznań, Szulist's work is often performed by amateur theatre groups.

# *Me, as...?*

## *Ja, jako...?*

We join our ordinary 16-year-old protagonist on an average school day as he winds himself up to get on with the rest of the day, the rest of his life. As he shares the thoughts running through his head we see that his life is not all that straightforward, he's trying to work things out - who is he, who will he become? His parents are not finding life easy either, there's a communication breakdown on all fronts. School is a battleground - against the teachers, the system. He's got to keep in with the crowd, can't let anyone see who he really is, what he really thinks or feels. And then there's all that adolescent growing up stuff he has to get through, girls to deal with, relationships to negotiate. Isn't there anyone he can turn to?

The story develops and our protagonist continues to question the world around him, revealing an unexpected depth of emotions and perception. This is a gritty tale of one teenage boy's experience, his search for identity, his fight for survival.

Szulist has not shied away from doing that which many thought was impossible – taking a “behind the scenes” look at the life of a teenager. The swearing and double-track narration (the internal monologue and attempts to communicate with the world) mean that the text is surprisingly close to the experience of young people who are able to find some of their own problems and thoughts reflected in the various situations Szulist depicts.

Age: 15+

*After a nightmare of a night*

First thing I'll do is murder the cat.  
Won't let you sleep.  
Panting and purring.  
Like it's doing it on purpose.  
And then I'll blow up the school.  
P'haps I'll spare the English teacher.  
He's human.  
The rest is mad.  
Barbarians.  
Hunters treating pupils like game.  
I'll shoot you down, headmaster!  
Down with slavery!  
Bang, bang, bang.  
We've got ourselves a corpse, wicked.  
And now it's your turn, now you, and you.  
Got to rest up a bit.  
My arms ache.  
This machine gun weighs a ton.  
Don't matter where it's from.  
Think I got it off grandad, he fought in the war in Germany.  
Now for the explosives.  
There's gonna be one hell of a bang!  
A massive hole from here to the sun.  
Wipe out!  
They've only just finished it and it's falling to bits already.

Who, for fuck's sake, put alarm clocks in mobile phones!  
I'm not shouting.  
Mum's already faffing about in the kitchen.  
There'd be trouble.  
I only think in swear words, makes me feel better.  
It makes getting up easier.  
Not just for my brain, but in general...getting it up.  
Same old every morning.  
Got to lie here a bit, let it get back to normal.  
Actually, what IS normal?  
Best to ask some sort of specialist.  
A sex therapist would be good.

But what exactly would you tell him?  
Can't talk to the oldies, let alone some stranger.  
What if it's a woman?  
Nah, couldn't talk to a woman.  
Bloody phone.  
Gonna throw it out, for fuc....

**FULL-ON PARENT:** Darling. Time to get that bottom of yours out of bed. Breakfast's on the table, Daddy will drop you off at school in twenty minutes.

Yes Mum.  
Why can't you all just piss off.  
Even so I've put on a smile for mum.  
Correct every inch of the way.  
We're a civilised nation in the European Union.  
Building perfectly proper relations.  
Tolerance and a smile for hello.  
Another America – yeah...cool man.  
Just you try not getting up.  
Can't even think properly yet and already...

**JUST A PARENT:** I'm not going to wait, not even a minute. You'll have to leg it. Mummy's spoilt little brat.

Frequent cause of argument between the oldies.  
I get up.  
He – Daddy – that's what he says to call him, thinks he's the big head of the household.  
Not literally, 'cause really his head's quite small.  
But he reckons he's great.  
Even brilliant.  
Whenever he can, he lets mum know who's boss.  
He's like a king.  
Our very own Charles the Great or even better.  
Nationalist.  
Our local Alfred the Great.

**JUST A PARENT:** Are you going to get your arse into gear or what?!

I get up.  
He'll burst in for a third time with his fuck this, fucking that.  
Words I know and use, but he makes them sound different.  
Kind of more threatening.  
And nastier.  
He swears more often now.  
Something's up at work probably.  
He's always whining, that's he got a shit load of work and he's screwed.  
Doesn't even hold back in front of grandad.  
But grandad doesn't get most of it.  
Just smiles like a stupid old moron, and pats his son on the back.  
Mum rolls her eyes then.  
She obviously can't stand these father-son touchy-feely moments.  
After "Caresses" at the theatre they argued about sex a lot.  
She's not happy about something.  
Dad knows, 'cause afterwards he always lets rip, I mean he never lets her forget.  
Recently, they went to the cinema to see that film from Iran  
"A Separation",  
I've not seen it, but then there was this father in that film they rowed about.  
Mother accused dad of being just like that bloke in the film.  
I'd like to go to Iran.

**FULL-ON PARENT:** Here's your breakfast sweetie, and here's your yummy packed lunch.

Mum, your baby talk is really annoying.  
Really feel like saying out loud – your baby talk really fucks me off.  
Can't you speak normally – that's the strongest I can muster.  
Mother's putting her slap on in the bathroom.  
Every morning's the same old ritual.  
The door's open and she's looking to see if I'm eating or feeding the dog.  
I'm not.  
I'd most like to poison the beast.  
At least I wouldn't have to take the bugger out for a crap in the evenings.

And then clean it up.  
Dead embarrassing that is.  
Always makes me want to throw up.  
Worse if you see someone you know.  
In the end I have to get that bloody cheese and tomato sarnie down my neck.  
Be great if I could get a pizza and a beer first thing in the morning.  
Alcohol free would be OK.  
Text from Lilly.  
She wants the maths homework.  
Give it to her already done more like.  
Quite like that phrase, would prefer it in a different context.  
About Lilly.  
Give it to her.  
I fancy her, but can't tell her that.  
Jack would bust up my face.  
He's got the hots for her  
And she for him.  
Even though he's a hundred times thicker than me.  
But he's got wheels, got a set for his eighteenth.  
She's nice, really nice, but a bit too chav.  
Money and white shoes, that's what she likes.  
Jack tells everyone that no one does it as good as Lilly.  
And everyone knows what he means.  
And I'm amazed when Lilly tells anyone who's listening that she'll save her virginity for her beloved until her wedding day.  
When I asked Jack, if they were already married he...

**WHAT DO YOU WANT:** Fuck off!

He was furious.

**FULL-ON PARENT:** Your father's kicking the garage door he's so angry!

Tell him to go fu...  
I go.

**WHO AM I?**

I'm not keen on Hamletisms.

I don't even know who Hamlet is.  
I heard he's a bit of a nutter.  
That bloke, the one who wrote it, he wasn't too right in the head  
either.  
There's no escaping it.  
I've got to go with the old man by car to the pit – the hole.  
I could go hoof it, but I'd rather save my legs for when I'm old.  
Can't stand gran, but her theory about saving your legs for your old age  
is alright, suits me.  
It's practical.  
And comfortable.

**JUST A PARENT:** When I was your age I couldn't even have  
dreams.

He could.  
He had to even.  
How else would he be doing what he's doing, what he likes?  
That's what he says anyway.  
He likes to piss me off.  
Grandad had a cross to bear with him.  
That's probably why he went crazy.

© Stach Szulist





## *Michał Walczak*

Playwright, translator and director, made his début in 2002 with “Sandpit” which has received numerous awards and been premièred in professional and amateur theatre. Walczak has written plays for adults, comedy sketches, stand-up material and some texts for a young audience which have already been published in the *New Plays for Children and Young People* series. Winner of prestigious prizes. His plays have had many first nights in Poland and abroad.

# *The Last Daddy*

## *Ostatni Tatuś*

Annie's daddy works hard, putting in long hours at the office, and is very often too tired to play with his daughter when he returns home in the evening. Annie must play on her own though she does have Rover and Barbie to keep her company. Rover, who is a teddy bear and not the dog that Annie longs for, makes up a dramatic story explaining why daddy is late home. The Great Black Bird has taken him away and Daddy is being held prisoner in a great glass palace in the centre of the city. Rover's story, as it turns out, is real. Annie must go on a dangerous adventure to get Daddy back. Accompanied by Rover and Barbie, she sets off into the dark rainy night knowing only that she must find the Talking Puddle who will tell her where to find her daddy. On their journey they encounter many strange people, some of whom have their own tales to tell.

Girl: "There are things, which adults can't handle. We, children, have to do it for you".

When a child sets off to put the dangerous world of adults right, her guides in the urban jungle are not those who should teach her about the world – mum and dad, but those who really are closest to her – her teddy and her doll. Walczak has the ability to touch on the most contemporary and current themes. The uniqueness of "The Last Daddy" is the fact that for children this is a thrilling adventure, but for parents – a painful lesson.

Age: 8-14

### **Scene 3**

*After having been arrested by the Policeman on night patrol, Annie finds herself locked up with the King of the the Hooligans.*

**ANNIE**

I'm telling you, it's all true! The Great bird is real! I have to rescue my Dad!

**POLICE CONSTABLE**

I'm arresting you for making up stories and lying. I'm going to lock you up and then go on patrol around the city. It's especially dangerous at night.

**ANNIE**

But Constable... I'll never rescue my Daddy. Anyway, I'm innocent...

**POLICE CONSTABLE**

That's what they all say...

**KING OF THE THUGS**

Welcome behind bars, sweetheart. Bloody Frankie's the name. King of the Thugs.

**ANNIE**

King of the Thugs? Oh dear... please don't hurt me.

**KING OF THE THUGS**

Don't be scared. We thugs have got our own rules too. And one of them is: don't do anything nasty to little girls, only look after them.

**ANNIE**

My mum always warned me to steer clear of thugs. But why do they call you Bloody Frankie? Did you hurt yourself?

**KING OF THE THUGS**

The name's Bloody Frankie, 'cause I fight the best out of all the thugs.

**ANNIE**

Really?

**KING OF THE THUGS**

There's no one better than me within a million miles.

**ANNIE**

But why exactly are you a thug and not a normal settled boy who goes to school and always does his homework?

**KING OF THE THUGS**

It's a long story...

*Frankie "tells" his story without words, he plays the keyboard or sings a song which passes on the feel of his story*

**ANNIE**

That's very sad.

**KING OF THE THUGS**

Yes... we've all got our own sad stories.... What's your sad story?

**ANNIE**

Do you really want to know?

**KING OF THE THUGS**

Sure.

*Annie tells her story in the same way as Frankie, without words, by playing an instrument etc.*

**FRANKIE**

That's a terrible story.

**ANNIE**

The worst thing is, I have to find Daddy, and that policeman has locked me up! Bloody Frankie, will you help me?

**KING OF THE THUGS**

I'll try.

**ANNIE**

Yippee! We're free.

(...)

**KING OF THE THUGS**

Hang on, where are you going?

**ANNIE**

There's no time to lose. I have to find my friends and then find the Talking Puddle.

**KING OF THE THUGS**

The Talking what?

**ANNIE**

Nothing, nothing.

**KING OF THE THUGS**

Now you just take care. It's a dangerous city, especially for a little girl like you. If you ever need help, just say my name and I'll be there as fast as I can.

Look after yourself.

(...)

**The city at night**

The city at night  
Is not for youngsters  
It's full of strange things  
And overflowing dumpsters

In the city at night  
Everyone's sleeping  
But in the zoo  
Restless monkey are creeping

The city at night  
Is a world upside down  
It's easy to loose trace  
Of each clue in this town

You can listen to the houses quietly talking  
In the dark you'll hear whispers floating  
When there's laughter from the streets  
The football fans will lull us to sleep

At night the statues get up and walk  
The kerbstones they gossip and talk  
At night all is in a different range  
So dark, so weird, so very strange.

A hooligan freely moves past  
A policeman so quiet and fast  
The Talking Puddle is right here  
The sleeping mermaid is quite near

The city at night  
is not for youngsters  
It's full of strange things  
and overflowing dumpsters.

(...)

## **Scene 7**

*Teddy and Barbie missed the ending of the story...*

### **ROVER**

Oh dear... we missed the entire ending.

### **BARBIE**

Don't worry. I'm sure Annie will tell us all about it.

### **ROVER**

Well, yes, but it was my story. I wanted to be the hero who rescues the daddies which will prove to everyone that I am not a stupid little furry bear.

### **BARBIE**

You'll always be my biggest hero, remember that. Maybe that's how it is, that someone else finishes our stories, and we sometimes finish them for other people... That's just how it is.

## **ROVER**

Perhaps you're right... So then, are you going to sew my hand back on or what? Because I really want to give you a hug.

*Barbie and Teddy kiss.*

*Curtain falls.*

THE END

© **Michal Walczak**





## *Maria Wojtyszko*

Screenwriter, playwright, dramatist and author of numerous theatre and film adaptations. Having graduated in Culture Studies at the University of Warsaw, she went on to study screen-writing at the Łódź Film School and fiction directing at the Andrzej Wajda Master School of Film Directing. Wojtyszko also studied at the School of Drama at the Drama Laboratory. Currently the literary director at the Wrocław Puppet Theatre.

In 2010 Wojtyszko was awarded first prize in the Theatre Plays Competition organised by the Children's Art Centre in Poznań for her play “The First Man in the World”.

# *The first man in the world. Blood, sweat and tears*

*Pierwszy człowiek świata,  
czyli krew, pot i łzy*

The story of the reunion of the first parents, Pre-Mouse and Pre-Elephant, and their firstborn, Pre-It, who sets off on a journey looking for his own place in the world and for colours other than grey. On his way, he meets Moon, Wind and River, as well as Fever, who seems to keep him company quite often. Pre-It learns a lot on his travels but in the end, after many adventures and mishaps, he decides to return to his parents where he wants to raise his own family together with Pre-Lady.

A tale about creating a world from colours and pieces but also about growing up and learning how to take responsibility for our decisions and actions. It shows that we all have to make some mistakes before we can understand what is really important.

Age: 12+

*Pre-It sits on the ground and starts to cry. Pre-Lady enters.*

**PRE-LADY**

Hi. What are you doing here?

**PRE-IT**

Me? What are you doing here?

**PRE-LADY**

This is my piece of the world. You are my guest and you should behave properly.

**PRE-IT**

I thought I was the only person in the world.

**PRE-LADY**

So you got it wrong. You must be pretty stupid.

**PRE-IT**

You're the stupid one.

**PRE-LADY**

Why are you crying?

**PRE-IT**

I'm not crying.

**PRE-LADY**

But I saw you. You shouldn't be ashamed. I cry from time to time too.

**PRE-IT**

Really?

**PRE-LADY**

Sure. For example when I look at the moon shining away.

**PRE-IT**

I made it shine!

**PRE-LADY**

You did?

**PRE-IT**

My name is Pre-It and I've had many difficult adventures. I was king of the world once.

**PRE-LADY**

Pre-Lady

**PRE-IT**

I've got two whole colours.

**PRE-LADY**

Big deal. I have three.

**PRE-IT**

Impossible.

**PRE-LADY**

Red, yellow and blue. But I don't show off about it.

**PRE-IT**

There is no blue.

**PRE-LADY**

Want to bet?

**PRE-IT**

Sure, what are the stakes?

**PRE-LADY**

If I win, we'll sit and watch the stars together.

**PRE-IT**

And if you lose?

**PRE-LADY**

Whatever you like. I'll win anyway.

**PRE-IT**

OK. Got it.

**PRE-LADY**

Look.

**PRE-IT**

What happened to your eyes?

**PRE-LADY**

They are blue. And I have blue tears when I cry.

**PRE-IT**

Yeah, right. Maybe they're green as well, huh?

**PRE-LADY**

Stupid. There is no such colour.

© Maria Wojtyszko



# *Aneta Wróbel-Wojtyszko* *Adam Wojtyszko*

Screenwriters and dramatists. Together they have covered thousands of pages and created screen plays, theatre plays for both adults and children, musicals and series.

Aneta Wróbel-Wojtyszko is a Political Science graduate and completed post-graduate studies in Film and TV production from the Łódź Film School.

Adam Wojtyszko studied Drama Direction at the Theatre Academy in Warsaw.

“The Story of a Certain Object”, which they co-wrote, received a special mention in the Theatre Plays Competition organised by the Children's Art Centre in Poznań in 2010 and was first performed (as “Say what?”) at the Animation Theatre of Poznań in 2012.

# *The story of a Certain Object*

## *Historia pewnego przedmiotu*

Something, the leading character of the play, does not know who he is, where he comes from nor what his purpose is. In order to find the answer to these questions he must go on a fascinating journey: from the cutlery drawer to Dad's tool box, through Mum's handbag to the rubbish bin. He meets other objects and learns a lot about the world on the way. Just when it seems that his adventures are about to come to an end, Something somehow manages to escape from the bin before Dad empties it, and he winds up in a toy box. So is this his final destination? The toys are so delighted by his stories that they want him to be their king. But no, Girl finds him. Not knowing what he is, she takes him to Grandma. After inspecting him, Grandma decides to put him in the special drawer where only extraordinary and unusual objects are kept. At long last, Something has found his true place in the world. Here, everybody is proud to be unique.

It is impossible to classify and name everything in the World. It is essential to believe in yourself. Every single one of us is unique and this is what makes the world such a beautiful place, so full of diversity.

Age: 7-13



*Something falls into Mum's handbag. It's complete chaos inside. Everybody is running around. They all seem to be very busy. Mobile Phone keeps ringing all the time, the GPS unit turns on and off. Purse, Lipstick, Mobile Phone, hankies, a compact powder with a mirror and the other objects don't even notice that Something has fallen in. They are too busy creating chaos.*

**MOBILE PHONE**

*(ringing all the time)* Hello! Oh, where is that Mum? Doesn't she know that I'm here, in her handbag? Can't anybody pick me up?!

**PURSE**

Has anyone seen the Coins? They've scattered again!

**LIPSTICK**

Are the Car Keys back yet? They were supposed to help me with the crossword.

**MOBILE PHONE**

*(ringing all the time)* I could help you, but somebody must pick me up first!!!

**PURSE**

What about Sweet? He's been fond of sticking to crosswords lately.

**LIPSTICK**

Sweet is sticky and he smells weird...

*Sweet appears. He is covered in fluff and hair. Everybody falls silent.*

**SWEET**

It's not my fault that I'm sticky. You think I'm not ashamed? That I don't miss my wrapper? That I like going about naked, having been licked and abandoned? Is it my fault that I'm a cough sweet and I smell weird?!!!

**LIPSTICK**

Come on Sweet! Calm down, I was just kidding. If you want we can have a go at the crossword together.

**SWEET**

No, thanks. I'd rather hide in the darkest corner of Mum's handbag and collect some fluff.

**SOMETHING**

So this is where I've landed? In Mum's handbag?

*They all notice Something.*

**SOMETHING**

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt you when you're... doing whatever it is you do. Before you start asking questions, let me say that I have no idea who I am and what I am for. Don't even bother.

*Chaos returns once more. Everybody starts running around, Mobile Phone starts ringing.*

**PURSE**

Don't worry, kid. We'll find something for you.

**MOBILE PHONE**

You can open and close my flap if you want.

**LIPSTICK**

Or you can sort the plasters. They are very useful. If you hurt yourself you simply put one of them on and you get better instantly. Plasters are the oldest inhabitants of Mum's purse. They've been here with us since nineteen ninety...

**SOMETHING**

Why would I sort them?

**LIPSTICK**

What do you mean: why? To scatter them about afterwards so nobody can find them again.

**PURSE**

You see, there's a problem with Mum....

**MOBILE PHONE**

She doesn't know what she wants.

## **LIPSTICK**

She thinks that she is looking for Mobile Phone but we know that in fact she is looking for a nail file.

## **PURSE**

Or she thinks that she needs Car Keys, while we all know that she would like to find that disgusting cough sweet... well, maybe she wouldn't like to find Sweet.

## **SWEET**

*(off stage)* I heard that!

## **SOMETHING**

You think you know what Mum is looking for in her handbag better than she does herself?

## **PURSE**

Yes. And it makes us sad to see her getting all stressed and angry when she finds something she's not looking for. Even though that is what she actually needs. We jump into her hand ourselves but she rejects us.

## **LIPSTICK**

After all, we all know exactly who we are and what we should do.

## **MOBILE PHONE**

We all know exactly where we should be.

## **SOMETHING**

So perhaps you can help me because I don't know who I am nor what I should do with myself.

## **PURSE**

The Oracle can tell you.

## **SOMETHING**

Who?

## **LIPSTICK**

Oracle. It tells us what path we should follow. Purse, can you show us?

*Purse goes to the GPS unit and pushes the button.*

**GPS UNIT**

In two hundred metres turn left. Keep to the right.

*All the objects begin to move according to the instructions. But there's a lot of confusion as they are all facing different directions.*

**PURSE**

You see how easy it is?

**SOMETHING**

But why do you do this?

**PURSE**

What do you mean?

**SOMETHING**

Why do you move like that?

**LIPSTICK**

Because that's how it works.

**SOMETHING**

But why?

**MOBILE PHONE**

Because that's how it is.

**SOMETHING**

And that's it?

**MOBILE PHONE**

That's it.

**SOMETHING**

That doesn't make sense.

## Contents

<i>Liliana Bardijewska</i>	
<b><i>The Green Wanderer</i></b>	6
<b><i>Hag and Nag</i></b>	11
<i>Marta Guśniowska</i>	
<b><i>Under-Mushroom</i></b>	15
<b><i>Snake...</i></b>	20
<i>Robert Jarosz</i>	
<b><i>Brought up in a Barrel</i></b>	28
<b><i>Son-of-a-rat</i></b>	35
<b><i>In the belly of the Wolf</i></b>	39
<b><i>It's Snowing</i></b>	43
<i>Malina Prześluga</i>	
<b><i>The Smallest Ball</i></b>	50
<b><i>Grande Roofo</i></b>	56
<b><i>Freeze Frame</i></b>	60
<i>Stach Szulist</i>	
<b><i>Me, as...?</i></b>	66
<i>Michał Walczak</i>	
<b><i>The Last Daddy</i></b>	74
<i>Maria Wojtyszko</i>	
<b><i>The first man in the world. Blood, sweat and tears.</i></b>	82
<i>Aneta Wróbel-Wojtyszko, Adam Wojtyszko</i>	
<b><i>The story of a Certain Object</i></b>	88

**Editors**

Joanna Haracz-Lewandowska

Barbara Małecka

Zbigniew Rudziński

Wojciech Nowak

Tadeusz Wieczorek

**Copyright by Children's Art Centre in Poznań, 2013**

**Children's Art Centre in Poznań**

Św. Marcin 80/82, 61-809 Poznań, Poland

tel. +48 61/646 44 75

[zrudzinski@csdpoznan.pl](mailto:zrudzinski@csdpoznan.pl)

[www.csdpoznan.pl](http://www.csdpoznan.pl)

[www.nowesztuki.pl](http://www.nowesztuki.pl)



# NOWE SZTUKI

## dla Dzieci i Młodzieży

WYBÓR NAJNOWSZYCH POLSKICH SZTUK. STRESZCZENIA I FRAGMENTY

---

**Liliana Bardijewska** / Henryk Bardijewski / Krystyna Berwińska  
Anna Bocian / Bożena Borek / Lech Borski / Teresa Buchwald / Piotr Bulak  
Krystyna Chołoniewska / Elżbieta Chowaniec / Izabela Degórska / Magda Durda  
Maciej Dużyński / Radosław Figura / Marcin Graj / Marek Grala  
Agnieszka Grudzińska / **Marta Guśniowska** / **Robert Jarosz** / Krystyna Jakóbczyk  
Jarosław Jakubowski / Elżbieta Jodko-Kula / Małgorzata Kamińska-Sobczyk  
Żywia Karasińska-Fluks / Bogusław Kierc / Joanna Kulmowa / Iwona Kusiak  
Przemysław Laskowski / Lucyna Legut / Andrzej Lenartowski / Andrzej Maleszka  
Alfred Mieczkowski / Monika Milewska / Jerzy Niemczuk / Anna Onichimowska  
Paweł Pawlik / **Malina Prześluga** / Grzegorz Reszka / Jerzy Rochowiak  
Bogumiła Rzymska / **Stanisław Szulist** / Paweł Szumiec / Janusz Toczek  
**Michał Walczak** / **Adam Wojtyszko** / Maciej Wojtyszko / **Maria Wojtyszko**  
Waldemar Wolański / **Aneta Wróbel-Wojtyszko** / Justyna Zarzycka  
Cezary Żołyński



# NEW PLAYS

## for Children and Young People

SELECTION OF POLISH RECENT PLAYS. SUMMARIES AND FRAGMENTS

---

**Liliana Bardijewska** / Henryk Bardijewski / Krystyna Berwińska  
Anna Bocian / Bożena Borek / Lech Borski / Teresa Buchwald / Piotr Bulak  
Krystyna Chołoniewska / Elżbieta Chowaniec / **Izabela Degórska** / Magda Durda  
Maciej Dużyński / Radosław Figura / Marcin Graj / Marek Grala  
Agnieszka Grudzińska / **Marta Guśniowska** / **Robert Jarosz** / Krystyna Jakóbczyk  
Jarosław Jakubowski / Elżbieta Jodko-Kula / Małgorzata Kamińska-Sobczyk  
Żywia Karasińska-Fluks / Bogusław Kierc / Joanna Kulmowa / Iwona Kusiak  
Przemysław Laskowski / Lucyna Legut / Andrzej Lenartowski / Andrzej Maleszka  
Alfred Mieczkowski / Monika Milewska / Jerzy Niemczuk / Anna Onichimowska  
Paweł Pawlik / **Malina Prześluga** / Grzegorz Reszka / Jerzy Rochowiak  
Bogumiła Rzymska / **Stanisław Szulist** / Paweł Szumiec / Janusz Toczek  
**Michał Walczak** / **Adam Wojtyszko** / Maciej Wojtyszko / **Maria Wojtyszko**  
Waldemar Wolański / **Aneta Wróbel-Wojtyszko** / Justyna Zarzycka  
Cezary Żołyński