

Drama, Baby by Jamie Brittain

*This play follows to groups of teenagers preparing for a taking their theatre studies A-Level. In this scene NEIL, the most arrogant and self-obsessed of the group, is getting ready to perform but is distracted by LISA, the girl he fancies.*

NEIL:

I know, I know. I'm sorry. I had a....thing. I'll tell you about it later. Is everyone ready? Where is she?

Have you had a look out there yet? (Looks) My mum and dad are in the front row. Typical. Which one's the examiner? Ah yes I see her. Excellent.

Think you're ready? Hangover? Never had one myself. I hear they're intense.

Emily. Finally. You can't muck around with this stuff. This counts. Do you want to go to Cardiff University? Cos that's where you're heading if we mess this up.

Right. No use crying over spilt dickheads. Got to get on with it. And we're on in... two minutes.

Right you lot. You all got your knives? Excellent. Now. I'm not one for speeches... But I just want to say.. after all the hard work, after all the tears, falling outs, bust-ups, screaming tantrums - you can put your knives away now - after everything we've been through you must remember one thing, and one thing alone. That it is all worth it. Why? Because you... are.... actors. You are the vanguard, existing at the very zenith between fact and fiction. You are actors. The chosen few. Now, go out there and make me proud.

Okay. Was expecting applause then, but... okay. Ready? Good luck everyone. On we go. (looks around and notices Lisa) Oh Lisa. (to the cast) One second.

(Walks over to Lisa) So.... last night. I'm sorry I had to leave in such a rush. There were things I wanted to say to you. Things I've been burning to say ever since I laid eyes on your...sweet face. Thing is, I'm a little pressed for time right now so if you could wait a teeny bit longer....

Right now? (shouting to the cast) I'll be there in a minute! (back to Lisa) So. Last night. It was.... amazing. Oh

No I haven't told anyone but why? Why can't we celebrate our love? (to the cast) IN A MINUTE NIGEL! (to Lisa) You were saying something...

Right. Right. Um, okay, so definitely no chance of more sex then?

(To cast) Yeah coming, coming!