

Please Enjoy the Following Sample

- This sample is an *excerpt* from a Samuel French title.
- This sample is for **perusal only** and may not be used for performance purposes.
- You may not download, print, or distribute this excerpt.
- We highly recommend purchasing a copy of the title before considering for performance.

For more information about
licensing or purchasing a play or
musical, please visit our websites

www.samuelfrench.com

www.samuelfrench.co.uk



DAFFODIL SCISSORS

by Philip Ridley

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

samuelfrench.co.uk

Copyright © 2017 by Philip Ridley
All Rights Reserved

DAFFODIL SCISSORS is fully protected under the copyright laws of the British Commonwealth, including Canada, the United States of America, and all other countries of the Copyright Union. All rights, including professional and amateur stage productions, recitation, lecturing, public reading, motion picture, radio broadcasting, television and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved.

ISBN 978-0-573-12040-4

www.samuelfrench.co.uk

www.samuelfrench.com

FOR AMATEUR PRODUCTION ENQUIRIES

UNITED KINGDOM AND WORLD

EXCLUDING NORTH AMERICA

plays@SamuelFrench-London.co.uk

020 7255 4302/01

Each title is subject to availability from Samuel French,
depending upon country of performance.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *DAFFODIL SCISSORS* is subject to a licensing fee. Publication of this play does not imply availability for performance. Both amateurs and professionals considering a production are strongly advised to apply to the appropriate agent before starting rehearsals, advertising, or booking a theatre. A licensing fee must be paid whether the title is presented for charity or gain and whether or not admission is charged.

The professional rights in this play are controlled by Knight Hall Agency Ltd, Lower Ground Floor, 7 Mallow Street, London, EC1Y 8RQ

No one shall make any changes in this title for the purpose of production. No part of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means, now known or yet to be invented, including mechanical, electronic, photocopying, recording, videotaping, or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the publisher. No one shall upload this title, or part of this title, to any social media websites.

The right of Philip Ridley to be identified as authors of this work has been asserted in accordance with Section 77 of the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Philip was born in the East End of London. He studied painting at St Martin's School of Art. He has written many highly regarded and hugely influential plays: the seminal *The Pitchfork Disney*, the multi-award-winning *The Fastest Clock in the Universe*, *Ghost from a Perfect Place*, *Vincent River*, *Mercury Fur*, *Leaves of Glass*, *Piranha Heights*, *Tender Napalm* (nominated for the London Fringe Best Play Award), *Shivered* (nominated Off-West End Best New Play Award), *Dark Vanilla Jungle* (winner of an Edinburgh Festival Fringe First Award), *Radiant Vermin*, *Karagula* and *Tonight With Donny Stixx*, plus several plays for young people: *Karamazoo*, *Fairytalesheart*, *Moonfleece* (named as one of the 50 Best Works About Cultural Diversity by the National Centre for Children's Books), *Sparkleshark*, *Brokenville* and *Feathers in the Snow* (shortlisted for the Brian Way Best Play Award).

He has also written novels for children, including *Scribbleboy* and *Mighty Fizz Chilla* (both nominated for the Carnegie Medal) and the bestseller *Krindlekraw* (winner of both the Smarties Prize and WH Smith's Mind-Boggling Books Award), the stage play of which – adapted by Philip himself – was premiered at the Birmingham Rep Theatre in 2002.

In 2010 Philip, along with song-writing collaborator Nick Bicat, formed the music group *Dreamskin Cradle* and their first album, *Songs from Grimm*, is available on iTunes, Amazon and all major download sites. Philip is also a performance artist in his own right, and his highly-charged readings of his ongoing poetry sequence *Lovesongs for Extinct Creatures* (first embarked on when he was a student) have proved increasingly popular in recent years.

In 2012 *What's On Stage* named him a Jubilee Playwright (one of the most influential British writers to have emerged in the past six decades). Philip has won both the Evening Standard's Most Promising Newcomer to British Film and Most Promising Playwright Awards. The only person ever to receive both prizes.

Other plays by PHILIP RIDLEY
published and licensed by Samuel French

ADULT

The Pitchfork Disney

The Fastest Clock in the Universe

Ghost from a Perfect Place

Vincent River

Mercury Fur

Leaves of Glass

Piranha Heights

Tender Napalm

Shivered

Dark Vanilla Jungle

Radiant Vermin

Tonight with Donny Stixx

Karagula

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

The Storyteller Sequence

Karamazoo

Fairytaleheart

Sparkleshark

Moonfleece

Brokenville

FOR FAMILIES AND CHILDREN

Krindlekrax

Feathers in the Snow

FIND PERFECT PLAYS TO PERFORM AT

www.samuel french.co.uk/perform

INTERVIEW WITH THE AUTHOR

You wrote *Daffodil Scissors* for the Royal National Theatre, didn't you?

I did, yes. It was part of their Connections scheme.

Plays written for young people?

That's right. I'd already written several other plays for Connections: *Sparkleshark*, *Moonfleece*, *Brokenville* and *Karamazoo*. But *Daffodil Scissors* was a little different in that it was part of a new strand. It was called Assembly Connections: plays written to be done by a whole class at a school's morning assembly.

So...how did the play come together?

Not the dreaded "where did you get the idea from?" question?!

Afraid so.

Well... a lot of the initial thoughts were triggered by the brief itself. The play was to be performed by a class, so the cast size needed to reflect that. It was also important for me that no child in the class should feel excluded: so there are big parts with lots of words for pupils that want those, and smaller parts with less words for pupils who feel more comfortable with that. It's also possible to be on stage – as part of a crowd – and say nothing! Also, for those pupils who wanted to be part of the show but didn't relish being up on stage at all, there are other aspects they can be involved with, like design and costume and so on. In short, I wanted *Daffodil Scissors* to be a play in which, hopefully, everyone could be part of it in some way.

The biggest “design” activity, I suppose, is the hats?

Yes, yes! I think that could be great fun. Every member of the class can design and make a hat that reflects who they are. I’ve seen some wonderful productions where the play ends with a sort of catwalk fashion show: every pupil proudly displaying their headgear. Some of the creations I’ve seen – in both schools and drama groups – have been quite breathtaking, believe me!

And with the initial brief of doing the play at a school assembly... that dictated the running time, I suppose?

Yes. It’s quite short. And it should be performed at great pace. All scenes go straight into the next. I’ve seen some productions go at such a lick they took my breath away. But that’s part of the thrill of it, I think.

And what can you say about the actual “story” aspects of the play?

Again, the initial brief contributed here. It was intended to be done in schools, so it made sense to set it in a school. And, consequently, it made sense to explore those things every child going to school (including me!) experiences: how to fit in, making friends, peer pressure, bullying.

You didn’t have to wear extraordinary hats, did you?

No, no. Not that I would have minded! But I did wear rather eye-catching bow-ties. My mum chose them for me. Like a lot of people in the East End of London at that time, she worked in tailoring. She had an acute sense of fashion. I was always “well turned out”, as the saying goes. I look at school photos from that time and there’s all my classmates in jeans and T-shirts...and there’s me in button up shirt and bow-tie. Don’t get me wrong, I loved the bow-ties. But they did make me – how shall I say? – “stand out” somewhat. I remember the ties were on elastic, so classmates were always pulling them so they’d snap back on my nose or forehead. But I never mentioned any of this to my mum. Not just because – like Daffodil in the play – I didn’t want to upset a parent, but because, as I say, I enjoyed wearing them. I liked the way they made me look different. But at school – as in life – we’re constantly weighing up the balance between individuality and conformity. Do I sacrifice

eccentricity for the sake of popularity? Or will my eccentricities, in time, become the *reason* I'm popular.

Which is what happens to Daffodil.

Yes.

Did it happen to you?

I'm still waiting.

Friendship is freedom.
Anonymous

CHARACTERS

DAFFODIL

DAD

TELLY

BASH

FIRST BULLY

SECOND BULLY

THIRD BULLY

FOURTH BULLY

FIFTH BULLY

SIXTH BULLY

SEVENTH BULLY

STAR

ACTION

KA-POW

TEACHER

FOOTBALLER

COMMENTATOR JACK

COMMENTATOR BOB

GOALIE

FOOTBALL FAN

SECOND FOOTBALL FAN

BAG LADY

PEST CONTROL

COCKROACH EXTERMINATOR

DAFFODIL Hello, everyone.

My name is Daffodil Scissors.

I haven't got

any friends.

Not *one*!

This is why...

DAD Morning, Daffodil.

DAFFODIL Morning, Dad –

Now, watch this! –

...Dad, can I go out to play
after school today please?

DAD “Go out to play”?!

You mean not come

home straight away?!

Oh, why would you

want to do that?

Oh, why? Why?

DAD *starts to cry.*

DAFFODIL Dad always cries

if I say I want to go out to play.

DAD Oh, I do, I do.

DAFFODIL He cries if I say

I want to make friends.

DAD *cries louder.*

Tell me why

you're crying, Dad?

DAD I'm crying because
...oh, what would I do
if I *lost* you.
Lost *you* like
I lost your poor
departed *Mum*?

DAFFODIL But you *won't*
lose me, Dad.

DAD But I might.
Only home is safe.
If you go out to play
and make friends...
anything could happen.
DAD *bursts into tears again.*

DAFFODIL Okay, okay.
I *won't* go out to play.
I won't make friends.
I'll come straight home
where everything is safe
...and *nothing* happens.

DAD You promise?

DAFFODIL I promise.

DAD *calms down.*

DAD Oh, I feel a lot better now.
By the way, I've made you a new hat!

DAFFODIL Dad's hats!
Wait to you get
an eyeful of this!

DAD *produces new hat.*

It is quite extraordinary.

DAFFODIL See what I mean?

DAD Put it on, Daffodil!

DAFFODIL *puts the hat on.*

Like it?

DAFFODIL Love it! Time I left for school!

DAD Don't take your hat off.

DAFFODIL I won't.

DAD Cross your heart?

DAFFODIL Cross my heart.

DAFFODIL *goes to school –*

BASH Here comes Daffodil.

FIRST BULLY What're you wearing on your head today, Daffodil?

SECOND BULLY Is it a mutant pineapple on your head, Daffodil?

THIRD BULLY Has someone's been sick on your head, Daffodil?

BASH AND BULLIES (*chanting*) Daffodil, Daffodil – Stupid Hat!

Who could ever be friends with *that*?

BULLIES *laugh and move away.*

DAFFODIL (*calling after BULLIES*) I'd rather look like *me* than *you*.

I've got...individuality!

STAR *steps forward.*

STAR I agree.

DAFFODIL Who're you?

STAR They call me "Star".

DAFFODIL Why?

STAR It's what I'm going to be.

DAFFODIL A *pop* star? A *film* star?

STAR Oh, I don't care.

DAFFODIL I haven't seen you before.

STAR It's my first day at this school.

DAFFODIL Where'd you go before?

STAR Another school. Miles away.

DAFFODIL How *many* miles?

STAR Two hundred and twenty-six.

DAFFODIL Where d'you live now?

STAR The street opposite the supermarket.

DAFFODIL I know where that is!

STAR Why don't you visit me after school?

We can go out to play and be friends.

DAFFODIL What's your door number?

STAR Twelve.

DAD (*calling*) Daf – fod – dil!

DAFFODIL I'm at school, Dad!

DAD It's over now! You should be home!

DAFFODIL Oh! Okay.

(*at STAR*) Sorry, Star.

I have to go home.

DAFFODIL *goes to DAD.*

DAD I'm making you a new hat.

DAFFODIL Another one?

DAD It may be my most ambitious yet.

DAFFODIL Shall I make you a sandwich, Dad?

DAD That'd be scrumptious.

DAFFODIL There's hardly anything in the fridge
except cheese...or cheese.

DAD Er... I'll have a cheese sandwich please.

DAFFODIL You need to go to the shops
to get other things
to put in sandwiches.

DAD I'm too busy making hats to go to the shops.

DAFFODIL Here's your cheese sandwich.

DAD Thank you.

DAFFODIL Dad...
can I go out to play?

DAD "Go out to play"!?
After what you promised
this morning!?

DAFFODIL But I met someone
called Star and –

DAD "Star"!?
And what am I supposed to do
while you're out playing with
this Star?

DAFFODIL You can watch the telly.

DAD *Alone?*

Starts to cry.

But... Daffodil!

We always watch the television *together!*

Oh, how can you break your promise to me?

How can you break your promise to me?

How can you break –?

DAFFODIL Okay, okay!

I'll turn the telly on!

We'll watch it together.

DAD What a good idea!

DAFFODIL *turns the television on.*

TELLY Hello. This is the news... Bad, bad, bad, bad, bad etc.

DAD Oh, the news is nothing but bad lately.

DAFFODIL I'll change the channel.

Switches channels.

TELLY And now for our film: "Everything Is Nice As Nice Can Be."

DAD Oh, this sounds nice.

TELLY People are nice,

houses are nice,

weather is nice,

dogs are nice...

DAD Turn it up, Daffodil.

DAFFODIL *turns volume up.*

TELLY POLITICIANS ARE NICE,

TRAFFIC WARDENS ARE NICE,

LAWYERS ARE NICE –

STAR Where'd you get to yesterday?

DAFFODIL Eh?

STAR It's next morning. We're in the school playground.

DAFFODIL Oh. Okay.

DAFFODIL *goes to STAR.*

STAR I thought we were going to play out
and be friends.

DAFFODIL I had to watch telly with my dad.

ACTION *has arrived.*

ACTION Not that "Nice" film. It was *so* boring!

DAFFODIL Who're you?

ACTION Action.

STAR It's a nickname.

DAFFODIL (*at ACTION*) How'd you get it?

STAR Action wants to be a film director.

ACTION Lights! Camera! Action!

DAFFODIL I've never seen you in this school before.

ACTION I joined today.

STAR Action was bullied at his last school.

DAFFODIL *I'm* bullied at *this* one.

ACTION Then we'll have to stick together won't we?

DAFFODIL, STAR and ACTION We *will*!

BULLIES Daffodil, Daffodil – Stupid Hat!

Who could ever be friends with – ?

STAR Leave Daffodil alone, you bullies!

ACTION Daffodil's hats are wonderful.

STAR They give him individuality.

ACTION We *like* individuality.

STAR And we *like* Daffodil.

ACTION and STAR Daffodil is our friend!

BASH *has now arrived.*

BASH Who could *ever* want

Daffodil as a friend?!

STAR and ACTION Who's this?

DAFFODIL Bash.

BASH Nickname.

ACTION How'd you get it?

BASH I like to bash things! – BASH!

BULLIES BASH!

DAFFODIL Bash is the *leader* of the bullies.

BASH We're Bash and the Bullies.

BASH and BULLIES BASH AND THE BULLIES – BASH!

FOURTH BULLY Listen, you two.

You can't be friends with Daffodil *and*
be friends with us.

FIFTH BULLY No you can't!

BASH So choose.

Daffodil...or *us*?

STAR AND ACTION ...Daffodil!

BASH and the BULLIES *gasp in shock.*

DAD (*calling*) Daf – fod – dil!

DAFFODIL I'm at school, Dad.

DAD It's *after* school now. Come home!

DAFFODIL Oh. Okay.

STAR Don't stay at home watching telly
all with your dad again, Daffodil.

ACTION No. Come out to play with us.

DAFFODIL I'll try.

STAR and ACTION Promise?

DAFFODIL Promise.

DAFFODIL *goes to DAD.*

DAD Turn the television on, Daffodil.

DAFFODIL Er... Dad –

DAD You're not going to ask
if you can go out to play

Hungry for More?

THIS IS A SAMPLE OF THE SCRIPT

Buy the **full script** and explore other titles

www.samuelfrench.com

www.samuelfrench.co.uk



[Breaking Character]

An Online Resource for Theatre Makers



Find us on
Facebook

Titles are subject to availability depending on your territory.