

SAMUEL FRENCH SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an excerpt - an appetiser, if you will - from a full Samuel French title.

This sample is just for you to try out, and it can't be used for performance, downloaded, printed or distributed in any way.

Take it for a whirl and see if it tickles your fancy!

For more information about licensing this or other shows, or to browse thousands more plays and theatre books to buy please visit our website.

www.samuelfrench.co.uk
or, in the US www.samuelfrench.com

PRODUCT

by Mark Ravenhill

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

samuelfrench.co.uk

Copyright © 2005 by Mark Ravenhill
All Rights Reserved

PRODUCT 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 978-0-573-11612-4
www.samuelfrench.co.uk
www.samuelfrench.com

FOR AMATEUR PRODUCTION ENQUIRIES

UNITED KINGDOM AND WORLD
EXCLUDING NORTH AMERICA
plays@samuelfrench.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 *PRODUCT* 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 Judy Daish Associates Ltd, 2 St Charles Pl, London W10 6EG.

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 Mark Ravenhill to be identified as author of this work has been asserted in accordance with Section 77 of the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

THINKING ABOUT PERFORMING A SHOW?

There are thousands of plays and musicals available to perform from Samuel French right now, and applying for a licence is easier and more affordable than you might think

From classic plays to brand new musicals, from monologues to epic dramas, there are shows for everyone.

Plays and musicals are protected by copyright law, so if you want to perform them, the first thing you'll need is a licence. This simple process helps support the playwright by ensuring they get paid for their work and means that you'll have the documents you need to stage the show in public.

Not all our shows are available to perform all the time, so it's important to check and apply for a licence before you start rehearsals or commit to doing the show.

LEARN MORE & FIND THOUSANDS OF SHOWS

Browse our full range of plays and musicals, and find out more about how to license a show

www.samuelfrench.co.uk/perform

Talk to the friendly experts in our Licensing team for advice on choosing a show and help with licensing

plays@samuelfrench.co.uk 020 7387 9373

Acting Editions

BORN TO PERFORM

**Playscripts designed from the ground up
to work the way you do in rehearsal,
performance and study**

Larger, clearer text for easier reading



Wider margins for notes



Performance features such as character and props lists, sound and lighting cues, and more

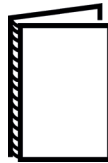


+ CHOOSE A SIZE AND STYLE TO SUIT YOU



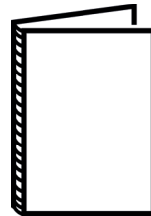
STANDARD EDITION

Our regular
paperback book at
our regular size



SPIRAL-BOUND EDITION

The same size
as the Standard
Edition, but with a
sturdy, easy-to-fold,
easy-to-hold
spiral-bound spine



LARGE EDITION

A4 size and spiral
bound, with larger text
and a blank page for
notes opposite every
page of text – perfect
for technical and
directing use

LEARN MORE

samuelfrench.co.uk/actingeditions

**Other plays by MARK RAVENHILL
published and licensed by Samuel French**

Candide

Citizenship

Ghost Story

Golden Child

Handbag

Mother Clap's Molly House

Over There

Pool (No Water)

Scenes from Family Life

Shoot/Get Treasure/Repeat

Shopping and Fucking

Some Explicit Polaroids

The Cut

The Experiment

**FIND PERFECT PLAYS TO PERFORM AT
www.samuel french.co.uk/perform**

ABOUT THE AUTHOR



Mark Ravenhill was born in Haywards Heath, West Sussex in 1966. He studied Drama and English at Bristol University. His first play *Shopping and Fucking* was produced by Out of Joint and the Royal Court Theatre in 1996. Subsequent plays include *Faust Is Dead* and *Handbag* (both Actors Touring Company), *Some Explicit Polaroids* (Out of Joint at the Ambassadors Theatre), *Mother Clap's Molly House* and *Citizenship* (both National Theatre), *Pool (No Water)* (Frantic Assembly at the Lyric Theatre), *The Cut* (Donmar Theatre), *Shoot/Get Treasure/Repeat* (Paines Plough) and *Over There* (Royal Court). From 2012 to 2014, Mark was playwright in residence for the Royal Shakespeare Company, producing a new version of Brecht's *Galileo* and a new play *Candide* inspired by Voltaire (both Swan Theatre, Stratford-Upon-Avon). Mark's work in music theatre includes a new English version of Monteverdi's *The Coronation of Poppea* with additional material by Michael Nyman (King's Head); *Ten Plagues*, a song cycle for Marc Almond with composer Connor Mitchell (Traverse Theatre) and *Elysium* with composer Rolf Wallin for the Norwegian Opera. Mark is the co-creator of the ITV sitcom *Vicious*.

MUSIC USE NOTE

Licensees are solely responsible for obtaining formal written permission from copyright owners to use copyrighted music in the performance of this play and are strongly cautioned to do so. If no such permission is obtained by the licensee, then the licensee must use only original music that the licensee owns and controls. Licensees are solely responsible and liable for all music clearances and shall indemnify the copyright owners of the play(s) and their licensing agent, Samuel French, against any costs, expenses, losses and liabilities arising from the use of music by licensees. Please contact the appropriate music licensing authority in your territory for the rights to any incidental music.

IMPORTANT BILLING AND CREDIT REQUIREMENTS

If you have obtained performance rights to this title, please refer to your licensing agreement for important billing and credit requirements.

Product was first presented by Mark Ravenhill and Paines Plough at the Traverse Theatre Edinburgh on 17 August 2005.

An office. JAMES, a film producer and Olivia, an actress.

JAMES So there's a knife.

And your eyes widen as you see the knife.

And he's pulled it out from under his... The knife comes out from... He's wearing a, a...robe

He's a tall fellow, a tall, dusky fellow and—

And now he uses the knife, he uses the knife and he slits open the plastic on his croissant and he puts the croissant in his mouth and he puts the knife in that sort of stringy pouch in front of him.

Now you want to call out, – you are just about to call out:

He's got a knife. The tall dusky fellow has got a knife.

But something – a decision, a small but important beat, you don't call out. You look down the aisle at the tanned and blonde and frankly effeminate airline staff and you don't call out.

Why? Why? Why? Well...

Let's just discover her shall we? Let's just discover Amy a beat at a time.

“Excuse me,” you tells the dusky fellow, “that's my seat” – you've had the window seat since childhood and he stands to let you in and you open the overhead baggage container – your luggage is Gucci, Gucci are in, it's going to be fabulous, you opens the luggage container and...

There's a mat. A small oriental mat rolled up very neat.

Hold on your face. Surprise, apprehension, maybe, I just want you to...play it.

Is this yours?

Yes.

Do you do yoga?

No. That is my prayer mat. I pray.

Oh.

And you sit and you...you look out the window and you... fear...you're in an an aeroplane up in the air, next to a tall dusky fellow whose prayer mat is up above you and whose knife is in the pouch in front of you.

Ladies and gentlemen. Could I remind you to switch off all electrical goods?

And you reach into your bag and you takes out your mobile and you go to switch off your mobile phone and now we – close up on you – you look down at the mobile and something is triggered inside you, a chord of emotion resonates and we see – ah! Amy is wounded, there's a wound and it's something about the mobile, something about the... It's a narrative hook and it's empathy.

I know you're going to love her. I hope you're going to love her. She is three-dimensional. And I'd love to see you play three-dimensional again after those last three, four...

And now the fellow turns, he turns, the tall dusky fellow, he turns and suddenly his head is on the shoulder of your suit – it's Versace, Versace are on board, it's a Versace suit – his dusky head is on the fabulous shoulder of your fabulous Versace suit and he falls asleep.

And you look at, you look at him... You... His smell is so different.

And do you know what you want to do? Do you know what you want to do? Well I'll...

You want to...you actually want to...you want to reach out to the knife...reach out to the knife and you want to grab hold of the knife okay and pull the knife out of that stringy pouch and you want to feel the weight of the blade in your hand and then you want to thrust it into him, in and out and in and in and out and in out until there is blood, there is blood shooting from that dusky frame and the blood is

shooting over you and you're more blood than face and you want to call out

This is for the towers. This is for civilisation. This is for all of us you bastard.

You don't say that. You don't do that. That's an interior monologue. You play that? I want you to play that with your eyes. Can you play that with your? Well of course you can, of course you can. I love your work.

This is for all of us you bastard.

You see? You see? Amy is wounded. She is... To each of us the wound, to each the wound is different. It sounds classical but it's me, it's my note to my writers... Show me the wound...and...please...! Will show you Amy's wound if you'll - yes? Yes? Yes?

It's a thrill to have you in the room.

So Amy doesn't touch the knife, she leaves the knife, the knife is untouched and the plane lands and the dusky fellow puts the knife under his robe and he takes his prayer mat from the baggage container and that should be... They should never meet again but...this is the world of the heart, this is the screen the dream, this is movie-land, so, so, so...

It's a rainy night, a storm at Heathrow, a broken heel on your Jimmy Choos and the only taxi left and it's his taxi and suddenly he's saying:

Please - get in

Fear but somehow excitement. The adventure has begun. Into the car of a stranger.

And you climb in with fear and excitement and there's the prayer mat and there's the knife on the seat between him and you and you:

Which way are you going?

I don't know. Which way you going?

I - I - I -

You gonna take me home?

Take him home? Take him home? Are you going to take him home?

Cut to your face. Cut to the knife. Cut to the prayer mat. Cut to his – and the lighting favours him now okay? Something in the lighting – for the first time he looks handsome.

And you, and you, and you – you play the, her aching sexuality. Which I know you...

Your sexuality aches and he's handsome and you ignore the prayer mat and the knife and you say to the the cabbie
The Docklands please

And he says

Docklands love course love

And you exit east from Trafalgar Square.

You live in an abattoir, it's an old converted abattoir, that is now a massively cool loft-style apartment and it feels good to be home and strange and exciting to be letting the dusky fellow into your world but you open the door and you let him in and he puts down the knife and the prayer mat on your floor and you offer him wine but he doesn't drink but you do drink—

And you're nervous and you drink the better part of a bottle and your eye occasionally flicks to the knife and the prayer mat and now you've drunk the bottle and you are...

"I'm Amy. I open call centres and call centres, I travel around and around and around in dwindling circles around this shrinking globe."

A man, a tall, dusky man in your apartment.

Your sexuality is so...it's aching, it's aching...it's inflamed and you – you surprise yourself – but you want him, you want him, you want the dusky fellow and you and you press yourself upon him.

Mohammed

But he's frightened. He's a virgin and he knows nothing of this world of aching sexuality and he's frightened.

Amy I'm frightened.

Mohammed don't be frightened. Don't be...shhhh. Shhhh. Shhhh.

And you lead him to the bed and it's very beautiful – and you have a body double, Beata is your body double – and you lead him to the bed and you slip his body from his robes and at last your ache can be, can be, can be...filled.

And he is slow and unsure and clumsy at first but then as you move together, body and heart and...as you find the music of your...and now you begin to come and come and come and come and come and it's the orgasm of your life.

To find yourself, to find yourself, you – Amy – with your wound, to find yourself so at one with this dusky fellow is so...strange. We have to...we have to see that in your face. Can you play that? Can you...? Of course. I love your work. I love it. I've seen you do those turns on a sixpence. Hate. Love. Click. Power. Subjection. Click. I've seen you do that with a shit script and a cast I wouldn't wish on a mini-series. You're fabulous and this is fab – it's gonna be fabulous once it's been punched up.

But then – time passes in the night – time passes in the night and maybe you fall asleep but you wake, you wake – a jolt – uh – and you reach out – you reach out – you reach out and – you're – like so many times before you're alone in the bed.

Has he—? Has he gone? Has he taken you and gone?

Your eyes adjust to the darkness. No. He hasn't gone. He hasn't... There is the prayer mat and there is the knife just where he left them on your floor so he hasn't gone he's just, he's...

And then you see him. You see his dusky frame. You see the dusky frame moving about your incredibly cool loft-style apartment – which was once an abattoir – and you see him and he's moving about and he's looking at your white goods and he's looking your black goods and your chrome

goods and your beech goods and your plasma and your blue tooth and your exercise equipment and you know, you know, you know what he's doing and you throw yourself, you throw your naked – Beata's naked body from the bed and the words just come up, they just come up from inside you and you scream:

Stop judging me. Stop fucking judging. So my life is worthless. So I'm busy but it means nothing. So all I have around me is clutter and no value. So I never had a belief. So I'm all alone and I'll let the first human being inside me who shows me the slightest.

So so so so

(We had a theatre writer work on this bit)

And you what about you? Who gives you your orders? The Imam? The Dictator? Allah? Oh open your eyes, open your eyes. What would you like to do to me eh? Given half a chance. Cover me up? Stone me. But you'd like to.

That's stopped him. That's stopped him in his tracks and he's just stopped and he's listening to you.

How can you how dare you feel superior to me? I am freedom, I am progress, I am democracy – and you are fear and darkness and evil and I hate you'.

His sperm is still dribbling down your leg. That's a private note. We won't shoot it.

And now you, there are tears, you are, the tears come up and now – your wound – as if on impulse, a beat, fast beat, you reach for your mobile and you call up a message, a message from the past, a message from – the time when the wound began, when all the hurting began to hurt.

And you – message on conference and you place it there in the middle of the floor down by the prayer mat and down by the knife, and you place your mobile phone down and you stand naked and Mohammed stands naked – like Eve, like Eve – and you listen to

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

Please visit our website to buy the full script, apply for a license to perform this show (if it's available), or to explore hundreds of similar titles.

www.samuelfrench.co.uk

or, in the US www.samuelfrench.com

To be the first to know about new books, licensing releases, and enjoy other theatre-related larks, do follow us on our spangley social media channels.



Samuel French London



SamuelFrenchLtd