CONCORD THEATRICALS SAMPLE PERUSAL

This sample is an excerpt 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.

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

CONCORD
THEATRICALS

THE LOVELY BONES

By Alice Sebold

Adapted by Bryony Lavery

SAMUEL FRENCH

Copyright © 2020 by Bryony Lavery and Alice Sebold
All Rights Reserved

THE LOVELY BONES 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 978-0-573-11686-5

www.concordtheatricals.co.uk
www.concordtheatricals.com

For Amateur Production Enquiries

United Kingdom and World
excluding north america
licensing@concordtheatricals.co.uk
020-7054-7200

Each title is subject to availability from Concord Theatricals, depending upon country of performance.

CAUTION: Professional and amateur producers are hereby warned that *THE LOVELY BONES* 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.

This work is published by Samuel French, an imprint of Concord Theatricals.

The professional rights in this play are controlled by United Agents, 12-26 Lexington Street, London W1F 0LE.

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 Bryony Lavery and Alice Sebold to be identified as authors of this work has been asserted in accordance with Section 77 of the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

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, Concord Theatricals, 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.

USE OF COPYRIGHT MUSIC

A licence issued by Concord Theatricals to perform this play does not include permission to use the incidental music specified in this copy. Where the place of performance is already licensed by the PERFORMING RIGHT SOCIETY (PRS) a return of the music used must be made to them. If the place of performance is not so licensed then application should be made to the PRS, 2 Pancras Square, London, N1C 4AG (www.prsformusic.com).A separate and additional licence from PHONOGRAPHIC PERFORMANCE LTD, 1 Upper James Street, London W1F 9DE (www.ppluk.com) is needed whenever commercial recordings are used.

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.

FIRST PERFORMANCE

The Lovely Bones was first perfomed at the Royal & Derngate theatre, Northampton in September 2018 with the following cast:

Pete Ashmore	Len Fenerman/Samuel
Charlotte Beaumont	Susie Salmon
Emily Bevan	Abigail Salmon
Bhawna Bhawsar	Ruana Singh/Franny
Susan Bovell	Lynn/Cop/Mrs Flanaghan
Natasha Cottriall	Ruth Connors/Buckley Salmon
Keith Dunphy	Mr Harvey
Karan Gill	Ray Singh/Principal Caden
Jack Sandle	Jack Salmon
Ayoola Smart	Lindsay Salmon

Director	**Melly Still**
Designer	**Ana Inés Jabares-Pita**
Lighting Designer	**Matt Haskins**
Composer	**Dave Price**
Sound Designer	**Helen Skiera**
Movement Director	**Mike Ashcroft**
Assistant Director	**Lucy Bird**

CHARACTERS

ALFIE

RUTH CONNORS

SUSIE SALMON

MR HARVEY

FRANNY

ABIGAIL SALMON

JACK SALMON

LINDSEY SALMON

BUCKLEY SALMON

HOLIDAY – the family dog

RAY SINGH

RUANA SINGH

LEN FENERMAN

PRINCIPAL CADEN

COPS [2]

MRS FLANAGAN

SAMUEL HECKLER

GRANDMA LYNN

GIRL

And dogs in heaven...

And the vanished girls... **FLORA HERNANDEZ**, **LEAH FOX**, **WENDY RICHTER** ...

1. We Are in Pieces...

Utter darkness.

Within this...

RUTH *is amazed to see* **SUSIE** *leave earth.*

Somebody's body parts are seen, here and there, in limbo working out how to reassemble...

On earth, in a small town, dismembered and bloody body parts.

HARVEY *gathers up the parts into his sack.*

SUSIE, *reassembles and becomes our helpful hostess...*

2. It Happens

SUSIE My name is Salmon. Like the fish.

Susie.

Fourteen years old.

Favourite quote: *if they give you ruled paper, write the other way.*

Observes **HARVEY** *at his task.*

That's me in there.

December sixth, nineteen seventy-three...

back in the day when people believed things like this didn't happen...

I was murdered

It starts to snow.

She puts on her pom-pom hat that has sewn jingle-bells on it...

I take a shortcut through the cornfield back from junior high.

It's snowing lightly

She sticks out her tongue to catch a snowflake.

A lovely sensation.

Six feet away, **MR HARVEY** *stands.*

HARVEY Don't let me startle you

SUSIE Mr Harvey

HARVEY You're the older Salmon girl, right?

SUSIE Yes

HARVEY How are your folks?

SUSIE Fine.

HARVEY I've built something here
Would you like to see?

SUSIE My mum likes me home before dark

HARVEY It's already after dark, Susie.

Beat.

I've made a little hiding place

SUSIE *(looks around...)* I don't see anything.

HARVEY You should be more observant Susie

He squats down and taps the ground.

Hear that?

A hard non-earth sound.

SUSIE What's that?

HARVEY Wood
It keeps the entrance from collapsing
Other than that...
It's all made out of earth...

SUSIE What is it?

HARVEY Come and see.

And he gets down into the trap...

SUSIE *takes off her jingle-bell hat, curious, she follows him in.*

SUSIE this is *neato*!
(surprised) I haven't said *neato* since elementary school!

HARVEY Look around

She looks around.

it's got a chimney...

shelf for useful stuff...

see...?

SUSIE It's *really* interesting!!!

HARVEY isn't it?

SUSIE I *like* it!

HARVEY it's *warm*

SUSIE How did you *build* it?

HARVEY I made a plan...

and just followed it.

Beat.

Be polite and have a Coke.

Beat.

I'm sure the other kids would.

Beat.

I built this for the neighbourhood kids for a club house...

SUSIE *(She knows he's lying)* right.

it's a *pitiful* lie

She thinks...

She looks at him...

I imagine he's lonely

My father has a nice way of describing people like him...

JACK the man's a *character,* that's all

SUSIE Okay I'll have a Coke

HARVEY Take off your parka

SUSIE Thanks

HARVEY You're very pretty Susie
Do you have a boyfriend?

SUSIE No Mr Harvey...
he's giving me the *skeevies*...
I'll just drink my...

She downs all her Coke in one go.

This is not easy.

HARVEY *watches her drink.*

This is a cool place but I have to go...

The trapdoor shuts.

HARVEY I don't know why you think you're leaving.
Are you a good girl, Susie?
take off your clothes.

Beat.

I want to check you're a virgin.
Parents only want good girls.

FRANNY It's like taking candy from a baby...

SUSIE *leaves her body.*

We hear sounds of **SUSIE** *fighting...*

SUSIE I fight as hard as I can down there
But hard as I can isn't enough.
He begins to shove his hand up under my shirt
I say
"Don't Mr Harvey."
he kisses his wet lips down my face and neck
Please don't.

I feel like a sea in which he stands and pisses and shits.

Don't.

I'm on the ground.

In the ground.

Don't please!

FRANNY Everyone says that before dying.

SUSIE He takes the hat my mother had made me

Smashes it into my mouth

After that the only sound I make is...

Directs us to listen to...

The weak tinkling of bells...

ABIGAIL Susie!

Susie!

Dinner's ready... Jack!

JACK I'll be right there...

ABIGAIL We're having lamb

and string beans...

LINDSEY *(with attitude...) ughstringbeans*

SUSIE he is the pestle

I am the mortar

And **HOLIDAY** *arrives...*

He is whining and begging...

ABIGAIL Lamb's not for *you,* Holiday!

LINDSEY Get *down,* Holiday!

BUCKLEY Mumma!

(as **BUCKLEY** *arrives with...) Look!*

HOLIDAY *circles them...*

They ignore his urgency...

ABIGAIL *(maternal love struggles with art appreciation...)* What a lovely painting, Buckley!!!

JACK Did you do that with your *fingers*...???

ABIGAIL And your *nose*???

BUCKLEY Yes!!

JACK *and* **ABIGAIL** *together enjoy cleaning up the young artist...*

ABIGAIL Susie..?

As she cleans **BUCKLEY***'s fingers...*

JACK Your brother has a new finger painting!

Beat.

Susie...?

ABIGAIL I made apple crumb cake!

They all sort of wait for **SUSIE** *as...*

The beating of hearts.

Hers like a rabbit.

His a hammer thudding.

SUSIE The dark earth around us smells like...
where worms live

LINDSEY *watches* **HOLIDAY** ...

LINDSEY Holiday what is *wrong* with you...?

HARVEY *(like a lover)* Why don't you get up?

SUSIE When I don't move
he leans to the side
brings back a knife...

I *know* he is going to kill me

He takes the hat from my mouth...

HARVEY Tell me you love me

SUSIE *(gently)* I love you.

The end came anyway.

The trap swings open.

MR HARVEY *drags out, with difficulty, the huge sack and pulls it across earth towards his house as...*

SUSIE *watches until he disappears...*

Thinks about something nicer...

I had been kissed once

by someone I *liked*.

His name was Ray and he was Indian.

Under his yearbook picture

he'd answered the standard

RAY "my heart belongs to...?"

Writes as he says...

"Susie Salmon"

SUSIE I guess *he* had plans too.

RAY *exits.*

Ray... Ray!!!

In his house space, **MR HARVEY** *lowers the sack into his basement...*

HOLIDAY *goes a bit berserk...*

Barking and signalling towards that direction.

LINDSEY Holiday!!!...

shut *up*!!!

3. First Day in Heaven...

Heaven.

FRANNY *stands waiting until...*

SUSIE Why *wasn't* I more observant?
Why didn't I just *observe* my way *out* of there?
I was going to be a wildlife photographer!!!
Why *didn't* I???

FRANNY These questions are fruitless
You didn't and that's that.

She watches **SUSIE***'s struggle.*

Don't dwell on it.

SUSIE *continues her struggle...*

It does no good.
You're *dead* and you have to *accept* it.

Big one. Teenage frustration and fury.

SUSIE *needs time until...*

SUSIE Who are *you* anyway?

FRANNY I'm Franny.
I'm your intake counsellor.
I manage *all* the junior heavens.
This is *your* heaven.

SUSIE I don't like it!

FRANNY Then *change* it...
It's *your* heaven.
Anything you want you can have.
All you have to do is *desire* it.

It will come...

that's The Deal.

What do you want?

SUSIE *(closes her eyes... We see her wishing... Darkness. A thrumming)* I want to be un-raped and un-killed.

She reaches the boundaries of her heaven...

She's back in the hell of **HARVEY**.

FRANNY That's too far, Susie

SUSIE *shocked and silent.*

You're not ready.

SUSIE *sees* **JACK**.

SUSIE *DAD!!!*

But he cannot hear her now...

JACK *(telephone)* blood type O.

Listens.

pale. her skin's...light I guess...

SUSIE But I'm here

JACK *(Listens. Distinguishing features...?)* regular...

she has this smile...

it's...like stars exploding...

Listens.

Something terrible...

If you've only found a body part...

You can't be certain she's dead

Listens.

No, I know nothing is ever certain.

ABIGAIL *hears this.*

Listens.

Yes, you can come round and get her fingerprints…

HOLIDAY *whines.*

SUSIE There's a *perfect* one on the snow globe in your study, Dad…

JACK *puts the phone down.*

Beat.

Then he takes a full whiskey bottle, contemplates it…

So wants a drink…

But…

Then begins to pour it down the sink…

MUM!

LINDSEY What's that?

JACK Whiskey

LINDSEY Why are you pouring that away?

SUSIE *(sees* **LINDSEY***)* Lindsey…

JACK I'm afraid I might drink it

Beat.

LINDSEY What was the phone call?

JACK What phone call?

LINDSEY the phone call where

You said that thing you *always* say

about Susie's smile…

how "it's like stars exploding."

that phone call

Beat.

It was a cop, wasn't it?

JACK No lies?

LINDSEY No lies

JACK It was a cop.

LINDSEY Tell me.

No lies.

Everything.

JACK The Gilberts' dog found a body part.

Beat.

It might be Susie's.

LINDSEY *flinches.*

He said

Nothing is ever certain

LINDSEY Dad, tell me which body part

Then

I'm going to need to throw up

He gets a metal mixing bowl...

Holds it ready...

HOLIDAY *watches...*

Okay

which body part...

JACK the elbow.

LINDSEY *takes his hand.*

He holds her hand as she throws up.

4. Calling to Earth...

HOLIDAY *barks and yowls to the endless sky.*

SUSIE Holiday!

Seek!

Find!

As **ABIGAIL** *tries to remember what* **SUSIE** *had worn, carried when she last left the house...*

POLICE *and* **TOWNSFOLK** *...searching... a line...*

SUSIE *in line with them while really in her heaven...*

ABIGAIL *(numbly)* Jingle-bell hat

parka/

...Red book bag

Biology book

English book

Jotter...

Charm bracelet

SUSIE Yes...

keep looking...

I'm around somewhere...

eyes down!

look for any traces of me!

Where's the den gone?

It's not here!!!

??????????

He's collapsed the den!

That's *my blood*!

Watches, desperate, uber-teenage-frustration-with-adults until...

COP *(holds up an earth-caked fist...)* Over here!

Muddy copy of To Kill a Mockingbird...

It is examined...

Do they read this at school?

SUSIE/RUTH/RAY *(various)* Yes we do!!!

Us *older* kids!

Sure!

It's on the syllabus!!!

Older kids' syllabus!

Sure!

That's

To Kill a Mockingbird!!!

SUSIE Yes!

I was *carrying* it!

RUTH Mrs Dewitt does a big Shakespeare push right before Christmas

Then she passes out *To Kill a Mockingbird*

SUSIE as a reward

RAY Ask Mrs Dewitt for Susie's paper...

SUSIE/LINDSEY *(a bit proud of...)* "Ostracised: One Man Alone*!*"

LINDSEY I thought up that title.

SUSIE Credit Hog!

I wrote the thing!!!

Lindsey...?

SUSIE *waits for* **LINDSEY** *to answer back...*

Okay… you also need to

Look for my

SUSIE/RAY …biology notes from

Mr Botte's class!

RAY/RUTH That was our last lesson before…

SUSIE Dig!

FENERMAN Okay… We'll check this out…

okay…

look for…

school stuff…

papers

text books

notes whatever/ anything…

SUSIE Try *the green-painted* house

look!

close to my parents!!!

There! See????

Mr Harvey's

He's got most of me in his basement!!!

Check *his* fingerprints!!!

But the police exit…

HARVEY *appears, watching…*

Him!

Terrible impotence of…

Just WATCHING!!!

This is making me *crazy*!

Sees **ABIGAIL** …

Mum!

ABIGAIL *passes* **HARVEY** …

HARVEY Mrs Salmon

ABIGAIL Mr Harvey

HARVEY I heard about the horrible, horrible tragedy.

ABIGAIL *can't speak. Just nods.*

What was your daughter's name, again?

ABIGAIL/SUSIE Susie

SUSIE You *know* that!

You *called* me Susie!

HARVEY I hope they get the bastard.

I'm sorry for your loss.

SUSIE Mum…

I'm in *heaven*

It's *horrible*!!!

He's the one who…

But **ABIGAIL** *exits as…*

FRANNY *arrives…*

The man has NO SHAME!!!

FRANNY you can't expect *shame*

SUSIE He *knows* my name!

FRANNY Exactly.

SUSIE *is desperate.*

Calm/ down.

SUSIE Don't tell me what to do, y*ou're* not my *mum*

ABIGAIL *alone, smoking…*

I want to talk to my *mum*

FRANNY Talk all you want she won't hear

SUSIE *MUM!!!*

I want Mum.

FRANNY Can't have her…

You know the score.

Beat.

What do you want that you can *have*???

All you have to do is

FRANNY/SUSIE desire it

If you desire it enough

FRANNY And understand *why*

Really *know*

FRANNY/SUSIE It Will Come…

SUSIE *defiantly wishes for and gets…*

Multiple telephones.

SUSIE Calling all cops…

This is *Susie Salmon*!!!

Try the *green* house close to my parents!!!

Mr Harvey's

He's got most of me *in his basement*!!!

But, no one hears.

It doesn't *work*!!!

FRANNY All you have to do is…

SUSIE I *know…*

SUSIE *wishes.*

do you mind…?

this is private type thing.

FRANNY, *who gets, if not appreciates teenagers, gives her space...*

Desires... a song in the style of ***"YOU MAKE ME FEEL BRAND NEW"*** *by The Stylistics plays** *as...*

RAY *appears, Soul Train Love God as...*

He helped me cheat on my algebra exam

He kissed me by my locker

His lips were chapped

We had *plans*

(calls) Franny!

I *know* what I want...

I want to *grow up...*

FRANNY People grow up by *living*

SUSIE I want to *live*

FRANNY You can't

SUSIE I want Mr Harvey *dead* and me *living*! *Don't tell me*

FRANNY/SUSIE That's out

That's the deal.

SUSIE There isn't a lot of *bullshit* in *my* heaven.

FRANNY *exits...*

And **SUSIE** *watches as...*

---

* A licence to produce THE LOVELY BONES does not include a performance licence for "YOU MAKE ME FEEL BRAND NEW". The publisher and author suggest that the licensee contact PRS to ascertain the music publisher and contact such music publisher to license or acquire permission for performance of the song. If a licence or permission is unattainable for "YOU MAKE ME FEEL BRAND NEW", the licensee may not use the song in THE LOVELY BONES but should create an original composition in a similar style or use a similar song in the public domain. For further information, please see Music Use Note on page iii.

5. A Suspect...

BUCKLEY/LINDSEY *making Christmas cards...*

LINDSEY That's nice.

Pointing.

What's *that,* Buckley...?

BUCKLEY That's the In-between.

?

Beat.

Where's Susie...?

LINDSEY *(beat)* Out.

Beat.

Want me to help?

BUCKLEY No.

I want Mum to help.

JACK *taking* **HOLIDAY** *for a walk...*

ABIGAIL *listlessly bringing home presents...*

A tree...

They untangle, carefully...

As...

COP Detective Fenerman...

Sir...

look here...

bird's nest

see...?

something
among the leaves and twigs...?

FENERMAN shreds of paper...

SUSIE my *biology* stuff...
from Mr Botte's class...

They examine...

To them...

COP some handwriting on it...

FENERMAN *(...)* That's not *her* handwriting/...

SUSIE That's not *my* handwriting...

FENERMAN Dear Susie
Desdemona is nothing compared to you...
"Perdition Catch my Soul...
but I do love /thee Susie Salmon..."

SUSIE ...don't read it it's *private*!!!

But they do...

COP Signed "The Moor"

SUSIE It's on his mother's *special* rice paper...

FENERMAN Who's "The Moor?"

SUSIE It's a *love* note

COP The brown kid
with the la-di-da accent

FENERMAN Ray Singh

Another nearby space... another family...

RAY SINGH, *his* **MOTHER, RUANA SINGH**, *safeguarding her son...* **COP** ...*and* **FENERMAN** ...

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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

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

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

@ConcordUKShows and @ConcordShows on Facebook, Twitter and Instagram.

CONCORD
THEATRICALS