

# CONCORD THEATRICALS SAMPLE PERUSAL

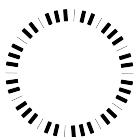
---

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](http://www.concordtheatricals.co.uk)  
or, in the US [www.concordtheatricals.com](http://www.concordtheatricals.com)



**CONCORD**  
THEATRICALS

# IF THERE IS I HAVEN'T FOUND IT YET

by Nick Payne

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

Copyright © 2020 by Nick Payne  
All Rights Reserved

*IF THERE IS I HAVEN'T FOUND IT YET* 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 978-0-573-11657-5

[www.concordtheatricals.co.uk](http://www.concordtheatricals.co.uk)  
[www.concordtheatricals.com](http://www.concordtheatricals.com)

**FOR AMATEUR PRODUCTION ENQUIRIES**

UNITED KINGDOM AND WORLD  
EXCLUDING NORTH AMERICA  
[licensing@concordtheatricals.co.uk](mailto: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 *IF THERE IS I HAVEN'T FOUND IT YET* 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 Curtis Brown Group Ltd, Haymarket House, 28-29 Haymarket, London SW1Y 4SP.

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

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 Nick Payne to be identified as author 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.

## **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.

## **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. A separate and additional licence from PHONOGRAPHIC PERFORMANCE LTD, 1 Upper James Street, London W1F 9DE ([www.ppluk.com](http://www.ppluk.com)) is needed whenever commercial recordings are used.



## FIRST PERFORMANCE

*If There Is I Haven't Found It Yet* was first performed at the Bush Theatre, London, October 2009 with the following cast and creatives:

**TERRY**

Rafe Spall

**ANNA**

Ailish O'Connor

**FIONA**

Pandora Colin

**GEORGE**

Michael Begley

Director

Josie Rourke

Designer

Lucy Osborne

Lighting Designer

Oliver Fenwick

Sound Designer

Emma Laxton

## **CHARACTERS**

**GEORGE**, male, forties.

**FIONA**, female, forties.

**ANNA**, female, fifteen. Anna is considerably overweight.

**TERRY**, male, twenties.

A ‘...’ following a character’s name indicates a desire to speak  
but an inability to know quite what to say.

*George.*

**GEORGE** When I was younger I adored polar bears. My, my father used to subscribe to National Geographic and for years, I had polar bear paraphernalia all over the walls of my bedroom – I even had a pair of polar bear swimming trunks. Not long after my wife had given birth to our daughter, I insisted the three of us take trip to Edinburgh Zoo, to see the last two polar bears in Britain – a couple – Barney and Mercedes, would you believe. But when we arrived – and I’ll never forget this – when we arrived at the zoo, we were told that Barney had died – he had choked to death on a child’s toy that had been thrown into his pool. So, so, I suppose you could say that my interest in the fate of “our little blue planet” began with a love of all things *Ursus maritimus*.

*School corridor, day. ANNA and FIONA. ANNA wears her PE kit. ANNA dabs a tissue on her slightly bloody nose throughout.*

**FIONA** Why don’t we just start at the beginning? (*Meaning tissue*) Here.

*FIONA hands ANNA a fresh tissue and removes the old one.*

Keep it pressed. Try not to dab it.

**ANNA** I can taste it. The blood, in the back of my throat.

*Beat.*

**FIONA** I used to loathe PE you know.

**ANNA** What?

**FIONA** The horror, my goodness, the horror of having to get changed in front of your peers. Everyone trying not to look

at each other's bits – or rather everyone trying to look as if they're not trying to look at each other's bits – because who knows how our bits are supposed to look when we're that age.

ANNA What on earth are you on about?

FIONA I understand your frustration. But I just want you to know that in spite of all of that, it's important to try and remember—

ANNA No I'm being serious, I don't understand what you're talking about? None of this has anything to do with PE.

FIONA Oh. Really? Well that's strange because I thought – Miss Clarke said to me that—

If the fight wasn't about netball, Anna, then what was it about?

*Beat.*

Anna?

*Beat.*

Anna, please, I promise you I'm just trying to help.

*Beat.*

Anna they're thinking of suspending you.

ANNA What? How long for?

FIONA At the moment it's two weeks.

ANNA What about Lucy Mitchell, everyone else?

FIONA What about them?

ANNA Are they gonna get suspended?

FIONA Not as far as I know, no.

ANNA This is such fucking bullshit.

FIONA Language.

ANNA Isn't it though?

FIONA Well. Perhaps if you tell me what happened, I might be able to help. But at the moment I'm completely in the dark – And you can tell me and I promise you won't have to tell anyone else. You can tell me anything.

*Beat.*

ANNA They found out you were my mum.

FIONA What did they say? Anna?

ANNA They just called you lots of stuff.

FIONA Like what?

ANNA Just. Lots of stuff alright.

FIONA And is that why you lost your temper?

As opposed to it being about netball—

ANNA Can't you talk to someone?

FIONA How do you mean?

ANNA Tell them it's not my fault. Tell them it's because you work here. Tell them what I'm normally like. That I'm not normally like this. I didn't ask to come here, you know.

FIONA Anna (*doesn't finish*).

*Beat, FIONA watches ANNA briefly.*

Why don't we finish this conversation off at home? There's soup in the fridge when you get in. And then I'll pick something up for dinner on the way home.

ANNA What time do you think you'll be back?

FIONA I might have to stop off at Granny's on the way home, but not late.

ANNA What about Dad?

FIONA Wait and see. (*Meaning nose*) How is it? Can I see?

**FIONA** *removes the tissue from ANNA's nose, wipes it clean with a fresh tissue.*

Think it's stopped.

*Beat.*

**ANNA** They called you a cunt. Lucy Mitchell and everyone. They said, what's it like having a mum who's a full-time cunt?

*Family home, night. ANNA is watching television, eating from a large bag of crisps. Doorbell, off. ANNA turns off the television, hides the crisps and exits. ANNA opens front door, off.*

**TERRY** (*offstage*) Alright? Hannah right? Terry. How's it going? Alright to come in?

**ANNA** *shuts front door, off. Enter TERRY with backpack.*

**TERRY** *looks around the room. Enter ANNA.*

Wallpaper's different.

**TERRY** *perhaps finds this a little amusing, but ANNA remains stoney-faced.*

's this a bad time?

**ANNA** *shakes her head.*

Prob'ly shoulda rung or something, but. Phone was fucked and I thought, by the time I've arsed around getting change for the fucking. You know the phone and that, thought I might as well just. Anyway sorry if all this is a bit out of the blue. Don't remember me do you?

**ANNA** (*meaning yes*) No, no. My name's Anna. Called me Hannah—

**TERRY** Right.

**ANNA** But it's actually Anna.

**TERRY** Right. Sorry. Only asking 'cos, y'know, me and y'dad, sorta sound a bit different and that, but – mean some people

find it a bit. "Brothers"? Yeah, brothers. Have to fucking explain it to 'em. Moved about a bit and that, y'have to fucking say. Anyway I'm saying. 'Cos I mean you're sort of looking at me as if we've never even fucking met. (*New thought*) Worked a treat y'know. Whole niece thing. While I's away. This one bird, right, told her about you, told her about, being a fucking uncle and that, and she went fucking, seriously, she went fucking. We get back to her place and she literally starts fucking (*demonstrates, stripping*). Mean I was like.

ANNA ...

TERRY So anyway how's things?

ANNA *nods*.

Yeah?

ANNA *nods*.

Still at school and that is it?

ANNA Yeah.

TERRY How's that going then?

ANNA *shrugs*.

's alright t'say y'fucking hate it y'know. I did.

ANNA It's not like the most thrilling part of my life right now, no.

TERRY Fair enough.

Anyone else about?

ANNA Dad's out but Mum should be back in a bit.

TERRY (*meaning what was she doing before he arrived*) Watching telly or something was it?

ANNA *nods*.

Any good?

ANNA *shrugs*.

**TERRY** Put it back on if y'want.

**ANNA** It's alright.

**TERRY** No, serious, 's alright. Do with a shit anyway.

*ANNA (finally?) smiles a little. Front door sounds, off.*

**FIONA** (*offstage*) Hello. It's me, anyone in?

**ANNA** Yeah.

**FIONA** (*offstage*) Do you mind giving me a hand with the shopping please darling?

*Exit ANNA. TERRY is unsure quite what to do with himself while he awaits FIONA's entrance. He perhaps takes out some rizlas, rolling tobacco etc – but then thinks twice. TERRY puts the tobacco etc away and checks he's looking reasonably presentable. Enter FIONA. FIONA holds a number of sheets of sheet music and various other papers (perhaps also a bag or two of shopping).*

Hello Terry.

*FIONA and TERRY kiss one another on the cheek during the following:*

**TERRY** Oh, hiya, hi, how's it going?

**FIONA** Very well thank you. Yourself?

**TERRY** Yeah, yeah, y'know. D'ya need a hand?

**FIONA** Thank you.

*TERRY takes bags of shopping from FIONA and exits. FIONA, alone for a moment. Re-enter TERRY. FIONA and TERRY perhaps smile at one another politely for a moment, neither quite sure where to begin.*

*(simultaneous)* Excuse the mess. If I'd have known you were—

**TERRY** (*simultaneous*) Sorry to just turn up unannounced but—

FIONA Sorry.

TERRY No, no.

FIONA Just apologising for the mess.

TERRY Don't worry about it.

FIONA Been roped in to helping out with the school musical.  
One of the other teachers had to drop out.

TERRY Oh right. How's that going?

FIONA Busy.

TERRY What y'doing? For the musical, which show is it—

FIONA *War of the Worlds.*

TERRY Oh right. Sounds good. No George then?

FIONA Is that a question or an observation?

TERRY ?

FIONA He'll be back at some point, I'm sure.

*Beat.*

TERRY Listen I'm sorry about. Turning up, but. Didn't really  
have anywhere else to—

FIONA Mustn't apologise.

TERRY Yeah, no, thanks, but—

FIONA Honestly.

TERRY Cheers.

*Beat.*

So how's Rachel getting on these days?

FIONA's mobile telephone begins to ring (the ring tone  
is a pop song).

FIONA Shit, sorry.

**FIONA** *answers the phone.* **TERRY** *perhaps does now roll a cigarette during the following.* **FIONA** *perhaps throws* **TERRY** *a knowing look or two during the following.*

*(into phone)* Mum. No it's not on tonight. It's not tonight, no. No it's on tomorrow night. Tomorrow night that's right. I've set the recorder to record it tomorrow night. No you don't have to do anything. That's right. All you have to do is sit back and watch it. That's right. Yes it's all very modern. *(Cutting her mother off)* Listen, Mum, I might have to... Yeah that's right I've... Okay. Okay. Bye, Mum, bye.

**FIONA** *hangs up.*

Sorry about that.

**TERRY** How is she?

**FIONA** Other than the fact she's losing her fucking mind, fine.

**TERRY** How d'you mean?

*Beat.*

**FIONA** Better just make sure Anna's getting on alright.

**TERRY** Sure.

**FIONA** Can I get you something to drink?

**TERRY** Beer'd be nice. Cheers.

*Exit FIONA. Enter ANNA with beer.*

You not having one?

**ANNA** I'm fifteen.

**TERRY** Yeah, I know, was a. Was a joke. Don't worry about it. Didn't fancy being in y'mum's musical then? Tom Cruise innit? *War of the Worlds*. Aliens. Well. Here's to it.

**TERRY** *toasts, drinks.*

**FIONA** *(offstage)* Will you be staying for dinner Terry?

**TERRY** If that's alright, yeah?

**FIONA** (*offstage*) We're having mushroom stroganoff, I hope that's alright?

**TERRY** Sounds lovely!

**FIONA** (*offstage*) Anna would you mind giving me a quick hand please?

**TERRY** Been a pleasure.

*ANNA smiles a little. Exit ANNA. TERRY sips beer.*

*Family home, night. TERRY is watching television, eating from a large bag of crisps and smoking a joint. He's possibly a little stoned now. There are perhaps also one or two empty beer bottles. Front door sounds, off. TERRY stands, perhaps tries to make himself presentable (perhaps hides crisps etc). Enter GEORGE with briefcase etc (perhaps still wearing some cycling gear, high-vis vest and so on).*

**GEORGE** ...

**TERRY** Alright?

*GEORGE moves to TERRY and embraces him.*

How's it going?

**GEORGE** Did I did I did I know you were coming?

**TERRY** No.

**GEORGE** And are you, are you. Back, is this, is this, is this—

**TERRY** Bit more complicated than that, but—

**GEORGE** Of course, of course.

**TERRY** But, yeah, for a bit, yeah.

**GEORGE** Not really sure where to begin.

**TERRY** No.

**GEORGE** Where have you been Terry?

TERRY Did ya not get the postcards?

GEORGE I did, did you not get my emails?

TERRY Not really that up on all that sort of stuff to be honest with you George. What about you, been alright?

GEORGE There was one from Thailand, that was it wasn't it?

TERRY Yeah, yeah that's it.

GEORGE But you've been moving about presumably have you?

TERRY Yeah, y'know, here and there.

GEORGE Well it's good to, good to—

TERRY Yeah. Yeah.

*Beat.*

Bit late?

GEORGE Yes, yes.

TERRY Work and that is it?

GEORGE Yes.

TERRY Y'still lecturing and that then is it?

GEORGE Yes, that's right.

TERRY House looks nice.

GEORGE Do you think?

TERRY Yeah, yeah. Greenhouse. And the attic, blimey.

GEORGE We had it re-insulated. Lose a great deal less heat.

*Beat.*

Is that a cigarette?

TERRY Fiona reckoned it'd be alright as long as one of the windows was open.

GEORGE Wow, did she, did she really say that?

**TERRY** George course she didn't fucking say that, Jesus.  
(*Straight*) But I did open a window, so.

**TERRY** *offers GEORGE the joint. GEORGE is tempted, but perhaps first glances toward the entrance of the house. GEORGE take the cigarette from TERRY and smokes. GEORGE coughs immediately – Or if he doesn't cough, he is certainly surprised.*

**GEORGE** Terry, this is this is this is marijuana.

**TERRY** Is it?

*GEORGE's disappointment quickly disappears and he smokes a little more. GEORGE returns the joint to TERRY.*

So Fiona was telling us y'putting together some sort of a bible.

**GEORGE** I'm sorry?

**TERRY** Fiona, reckoned y'putting together some sort of book.

**GEORGE** Right, I see. I see.

**TERRY** Lot of work she reckoned.

**GEORGE** Is Fiona still, are her and Anna still awake?

**TERRY** Hit the sack a coupla hours ago I'm afraid. Stew for ya in the fridge though. Lovely actually. Loada herbs.

Look she told me to tell ya, but – mean she said if I was still up when y'got in, she wanted me to tell you to wake her. Up.

**GEORGE** Oh.

**TERRY** But, t'be honest with ya, she was looking pretty knackered, so I figure maybe 's best if I just. Tell ya. Now. 'stead of waking her up. Mean as long as y'don't mind hearing it from me and not her?

*GEORGE shakes his head a little.*

**TERRY** Don't look so worried George, whole thing sounds a bit of a mountain out of a molehill know what I mean. Hannah 'parently got into a bit of a—

GEORGE Sorry sorry, Hannah?

TERRY Yeah.

GEORGE Do you mean Anna?

TERRY Fuck's sake. *Anna*, today, 'parently she got into a bit of a fight with this other girl.

GEORGE A fight?

TERRY Thass right, yeah.

GEORGE Well is she, is she alright? Is she, is she—

TERRY Yeah, yeah, course. Other girl took most of the kicking apparently.

GEORGE What were they fighting about?

TERRY Couldn't tell ya.

GEORGE I don't understand?

TERRY Didn't really wanna dig that deep to be honest with ya, George. "Hiya, good to see ya, been a year and half, but hear y'beat the shit outta some bird today, love to hear more about it". Anyway look the long and short of it is: Hannah's been suspended for a couple of weeks.

GEORGE Suspended?

TERRY Yeah. But it's alright, 'cos I've had a bit of a word and, y'know, me and Hannah we're gonna.

GEORGE I don't understand?

TERRY Y'know, spend a bit of time together and that.

GEORGE And and and Fiona thought this was a good, she thought it was a good—

TERRY Gonna go to a couple of galleries, museums, that sort of thing. 's not like y'gonna come home, find us snorting coke off y'skirting board.

GEORGE Terry please don't say things like that.

**TERRY** Alright.

**GEORGE** I know you're only, only joking, but—

**TERRY** Alright, alright, sorry. Sorry. Anyway. That was it. Just thought it'd be easier if y'heard it from me. Evidently misjudged that fucker though eh?

*Beat, during which: TERRY offers GEORGE the end of joint. GEORGE reluctantly smokes it.*

So this book—

**GEORGE** Yes.

**TERRY** This bible—

**GEORGE** (an “in-joke” that **TERRY** doesn't get) I think the preferred term is manifesto.

**TERRY** Is it?

**GEORGE** Possibly, I.

**TERRY** Well go on then. Give us ya. Y'pitch, George, y'pitch.

**GEORGE** It's very late, Terry.

**TERRY** I'm interested.

**GEORGE** Ultimately I suppose it's a response to the failure of the Kyoto Protocol. Are you sure you really want to—

**TERRY** Yes.

**GEORGE** It's going to be called “*How Green Are Your Tomatoes: The Carbon Footprint of Practically Everything*”. If the UN can't convince its member countries to reduce their GHG's, then, I think, ultimately, it's about making people aware, about, well, about what it is that they can – what it is that they can do. What it is that is within their *reach* to do. So the book maps out the emissions generated by, well, by—

**TERRY** Practically everything.

**GEORGE** That's right. A red rose, a pint of milk, a banana, a nappy, a leg of lamb, an international flight, having a child, a pair of shoes, a *vibrator*.

TERRY Wow.

GEORGE And I'm not saying don't do this or don't do that. But I suppose I am saying: are you aware of the cost? A latte a day, for instance, equates to roughly the same CO2 as sixty-mile drive in an average car. For the same impact as one kilogram of organic, out-of-season cherry tomatoes, a sixteen-stone man could eat his own body weight in oranges. A single cheeseburger a day for a year will generate just under a tonne of CO2. Everything, you see, everything counts a little more than we think.

*Beat.*

TERRY What about weed? What's the carbon footprint of a joint?

GEORGE *stubs out the joint.*

I'm joking, George, that was a joke. It sounds great.

GEORGE (*meaning go to bed*) I should, I should—

TERRY Yeah.

GEORGE *moves to go, stops.*

GEORGE It's it's it's. It's good to see you Terry.

TERRY Yeah, no. Definitely.

*Exit* GEORGE.

*Natural History Museum, day. Perhaps: temporary exhibition; intimate and colourful animal photography adorns the walls. TERRY and ANNA, both seated. TERRY is rolling a cigarette. TERRY watches ANNA.*

You alright? Had a look round and that? Y'mum reckoned y'might be taking some notes. D'ya need a bit more time? There anything else y'wanna have a look at? Anna.

ANNA *shakes her head.*

There's not? All done are ya?

# WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

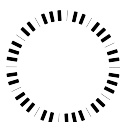
---

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](http://www.concordtheatricals.co.uk) or,  
in the US [www.concordtheatricals.com](http://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