

Audition piece

BOBBIE, PETER, PHYLLIS

*The Train Crash, lots of fear, emotion, energy*

BOBBIE. It's moving. So are the other. Look.

PHYLLIS. It's magic. I don't like it. Let's go home.

BOBBIE. Then some stones and earth fell down onto the railway lines, and rattled

PETER. It's all coming down.

BOBBIE. And just as Peter said that, it did. Rock 'n' roll and grass and earth. The whole face of the cutting came we and and fell on the line with a blundering, cacophonous away cloud of dust rose up. Everything went quiet.

PHYLLIS. It's right across the line.

BOBBIE. That'll take some clearing up.

PETER. Yes. Yes. The 11:29 hasn't gone by yet. We must let them know at the station, or there'll be a most frightful accident.

BOBBIE. Let's run

PETER. Come back. No time. No time. It's miles away and it's already past eleven. ., ,

PHYLLIS. We could do something to the wires. Climb up a telegraph post... ;

PETER. We don't know how.

PHYLLIS. They do it in war.

PETER. They cut them, silly. That wouldn't help. And we couldn't, even if we got up. :

PHYLLIS. Don't call me silly.

PETER. And we can't get up. We need Something red to wave. We could get down on the line

PHYLLIS. But the train wouldn't see us till it got round the corner

PETER. If we had somethine red.

BOBBIE. We might wave anyway:

PHYLLIS. They'd only think it was just us as usual, We're always waving.

PETER. We need something red.

BOBBIE. Stop saying that. We haven't got anything red.

PHYLLIS. Yes we have. Look!

She whips up her skirt, revealing her red flannel petticoats.

BOBBIE. Our red flannel petticoats. Phyllis. That's brilliant.

PHYLLIS. Let's take them off.

BOBBIE. They're too hot anyway.

PETER wakes one and makes to tear it.

PHYLLIS. You're not — you're not going to tear them.

PETER. Shut up.

BOBBIE. Phyll, we must. If we can't stop the train, there'll be a real live accident. With people killed.

PHYLLIS. Right. (She rips it.) I rather enjoyed that.

PETER. Sticks. Sticks. We need sticks to make flags.

BOBBIE. How long have we got?

PETER. Three minutes.

BOBBIE. No time.

PETER. Take one each. We must just wave them.

PHYLLIS. Come on.

They take up position on the tracks. They wait. Nothing happens.

ROBBIE. Where is it? Where is it?

PETER. Perhaps we missed it.

PHYLLIS. Your watch must be wrong.

BOBBIE. No, I hear it! I hear it. Wave. Wave.

PETER. Not on the track, Bobtie. Stand back. Stand back.

BOBBIE. They don't see us! They won't see us. It's all no good.

PETER. Keep off the line, you silly cuckoo.

BOBBIE. It's no good.

PETER. Stand back. Come on, Phyll.

He drags her out of the way.

BOBBIE. Not yet. Not yet.

Stop! Stop! Stop!

The train arrives and stops just in time.

(Turns to talk to the audience). So, ladies and gentlemen,

that's how, oh —

She faints.

PETER. Oh no! Bobbie.

PHYLLIS. She's fainted. She's fainted.

They go over to her.

I believe that's just how people look when they're dead.

PETER. Phyllis! |

PHYLLIS. What?

PETER. I think she'll be all right.

PHYLLIS (to audience). Look, you really do have to go now. If I were you I'd go off and have an ice cream or something, while we get all this sorted out. I expect some of you are rather disappointed you didn't see a rail disaster. I would point out that this is supposed to be family entertainment.

End of Part One.