

WARRIOR SQUARE.

BY

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WARRIOR SQUARE.

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WARRIOR SQUARE.

A BOY AND GIRL ARE STANDING IN A PARK,
ON A SMALL HILL, LOOKING DOWN ON THEIR
NEW SCHOOLS. SILENCE.

RIVA: In the middle of a park,

ANDREA: On the top of a small hill,

RIVA: Stand a boy,

ANDREA: And a girl. Looking brave.

RIVA: But feeling a little bit frightened.

ANDREA: Far away from their own country, they are
getting ready to start their lives all over again.

RIVA: Below them they can see two schools.

ANDREA: Tomorrow, with their mother, they will leave
their new flat, turn left down by the side of the
newsagents, cross the road...

RIVA: But that is what will happen tomorrow.

ANDREA: The girl is called Riva

RIVA: The boy is called Andrea.

ANDREA: And their story doesn't start here, it begins just
before morning break, in a different school, in
a different country.

PAUSE.

TEACHER: Right, off you go. Quietly. Andrea, will you wait behind, please?

ANDREA: Yes, miss?

TEACHER: Find your sister now, and go home.

ANDREA: Sorry, miss?

TEACHER: Go home at once, both of you, and tell your father I sent you.

ANDREA: What have we done, miss?

TEACHER: You haven't done anything. Don't let anyone see you. Use the hole in the fence behind the girls' toilets.

ANDREA: Miss...?

TEACHER: Please, Andrea, go.

ANDREA: I'll have to have a note, miss, otherwise he'll never believe me.

TEACHER: Yes, he will. Now, go. And tell him...tell him... I'm sorry.

ANDREA: Can we come back tomorrow, miss?

TEACHER: No.

ANDREA: I ran out of the class, pushing past my friends who were waiting for me to play football, like we did every playtime. There she was, on the far side of the playground.

Riva, I need to speak to you for a minute.

RIVA; Why?

ANDREA: We've got to go home.

RIVA : Why ?

ANDREA: As we slipped behind the toilets and through the hole in the fence that we never dreamed miss knew about...

RIVA: I looked back and saw two big black cars swing in through the front gates and our headteacher, Mrs Drosnovich, coming down the steps to greet them.

ANDREA: And that's how it happens.

RIVA: In the middle of an ordinary day.

ANDREA: When you're least expecting it.

RIVA: The sky falls in.

ANDREA: And nothing is ever the same again.

RIVA: We began to realise that something was really wrong on the day Andrea went missing. Father came home, and there'd been no sign of Andrea all morning. I didn't mind, but mum was anxious, and dad was angry.

FATHER: Eva ? Eva ? There you are. Where's Andrea?

MOTHER: He can't have gone far. He'll be playing with his friends.

FATHER: Where? Where is he playing with his friends?

MOTHER: Don't shout at me, Jan, I'm as anxious as you are.

FATHER: I'm sorry, but he can't be allowed to wander any where he wants to, not any longer.

MOTHER: I think he has a den.

FATHER: Where is it?

MOTHER: Do you think he tells me? Why don't you ask him?

FATHER: I would if I could find him.

RIVA: I knew where you were.

ANDREA: You didn't. Nobody did.

RIVA: Behind Lazlo's store, in the old garages. When he came home father made Andrea tell him where he'd been...

ANDREA: Behind Lazlo's store. In the old garages.

RIVA SMILES. ANDREA SCOWLS AT HER.

ANDREA: There's a big hole, in the middle of the workshop, it's covered with boards, but if you push them to one side there's steps leading down...

RIVA: ...and...

ANDREA: ... Riva thought he was going to get mad at me, but he didn't. Because after she'd gone to bed, when she weren't there, he asked me...

FATHER: Andrea, show me exactly where it was.

ANDREA: All the street lights were out. We kept close against the walls. At each corner he sent me on ahead to make sure no-one was about. We didn't say a word, we didn't need to. It was very dark...

RIVA: And when you got there he said not to tell anyone about your den because it would be our hiding place if the troubles started.

ANDREA: Yes, he did.

RIVA: Right then.

ANDREA: What did you do that for?

RIVA: Do what?

ANDREA: Spoil my story.

RIVA: I've heard it before

RIVA GOES TO ONE SIDE AND SITS BY HERSELF. ANDREA APPEARS TO TAKE NO NOTICE. HE GOES TO THE SIDE OF THE

STAGE AND GETS A FOOTBALL. HE STARTS
TO PLAY 'KEEP UP'. HE'S GOOD.

RIVA: You don't have the football yet.

ANDRREA: Can if I want.

RIVA: Put it away.

ANDREA: No.

RIVA: Put it away.

ANDREA KEEPS PLAYING WITH THE BALL.

RIVA GETS UP. HE GRINS AT HER AND SHE
RUSHES AT HIM, HE HOLDS THE BALL ABOVE
HIS HEAD SO THAT SHE CAN'T GET IT.

STAND OFF. HE RELENTS AND LETS TAKE IT,
LOWERING THE BALL SLOWLY. SHE TAKES
THE BALL AND PUTS IT BACK.

SHE STANDS LOOKING AT ANDREA.

RIVA: I haven't got any stories about dad. Not ones
where we're on our own, just the two of us.

ANDREA: You have.

RIVA: No, I haven't.

ANDREA: You can't remember them, that's all.

PAUSE.

ANDREA: There was the time you fell in the pond trying
to save the duck from drowning.

RIVA: Only an idiot would try to rescue a duck.

ANDREA: This duck had landed on the pond...

RIVA: No, don't.

ANDREA: This duck landed on the pond near the childrens' playground and Dad took you down to feed it. It was sitting on the bank, and when there was no more bread left, it waddled over to the water, flopped in, and disappeared. Before he could stop you, in you went, headfirst, to save it from drowning.

RIVA: I didn't know ducks could swim.

ANDREA: But at the end of the story he always said, 'she's a brave one, my little girl, you watch her, she's going to do great things'.

RIVA: Did mum used to laugh?

ANDREA: Everybody did.

RIVA: I can't remember.

ANDREA: Don't worry, he was there, it happened.

PAUSE.

RIVA: One morning, soon after we were sent home from school, we were sitting by my bedroom window.

ANDREA: Watching for our father who had started to come home from work every lunch time.

RIVA: We would wait until he had got off the tram and wave to him as he crossed the square.

ANDREA: Today he didn't wave back.

RIVA: He looked very serious.

ANDREA: We heard his key in the door, and he went into the kitchen to find mum.

ANDREA BECKONS TO RIVA TO CREEP CLOSER TO THE KITCHEN. THIS MOVEMENT ENABLES THEM TO MOVE FROM THE CHILDREN TO THE PARENTS.

RIVA; They lowered their voices so we couldn't hear.

ANDREA; We crept to the top of the stairs, to listen.

They were talking about us.

MOTHER: What are we going to do with the children, if they can't go back to school?

FATHER: We must keep them indoors. We must all stay indoors as much as possible. I think I can still go to work for the time being.

MOTHER: Will you be safe?

FATHER: Most of them are making a big show of how it's all nonsense, but it won't be long before they stop talking to me.

MOTHER: Yesterday, I saw Mischa in the street, Mischa, she sang at our wedding, actually her little girl saw me first, let go of her mother's hand, and ran across to me, laughing and calling my name. Mischa took the child's hand, never looked at me, never spoke, and pulled her away.

FATHER: Who care's about Mischa?

MOTHER: What are we going to do? We can't stay here.

FATHER: If the worst comes to the worst we shall use Andrea's den. We must make a list of all those things we'll need, food, bottles of water, torches, batteries, blankets, candles, and a radio, of course. Don't worry we'll be safe.

MOTHER: And when we're not?

FATHER: I've been in touch with Stefan.

MOTHER: He's a crook.

FATHER: He's my cousin. He knows someone who can get us across the border, he's had it arranged for weeks, he'll tell us when it's time.

Until then we try and keep everything as normal as possible. For the children. THEY LOOK AT EACHOTHER, TURN FRONT, LOOKING PUZZLED. THEY ARE ANDREA AND RIVA AGAIN. ALONE IN THE GARAGE. THEY CLIMB UNDER A BLANKET.

RIVA :

Why don't they like us ?

ANDREA :

I don't know.

AT THE END OF THIS SEQUENCE THEY ARE IN
THE SAME POSITIONS AS THEY WERE AT THE
START OF THE PLAY.

RIVA: In the middle of a park,

ANDREA: On the top of a small hill,

RIVA: Stand a boy,

ANDREA: And a girl.

RIVA: Tomorrow they'll have new people to meet...

ANDREA: And a new place to call home.

RIVA: Tomorrow they'll stand patiently by an office
window, next to a notice that says, will all
visitors please report to reception, waiting for a
woman in a blue cardigan to look up from her
typing to hear the boy say...

ANDREA: Good morning, we came to live here yesterday,
and we have to go to school.

RIVA: Wish them luck.

THE END.