

**Positive
Stories
For
Negative
Times**

**Season 2
2021/22**

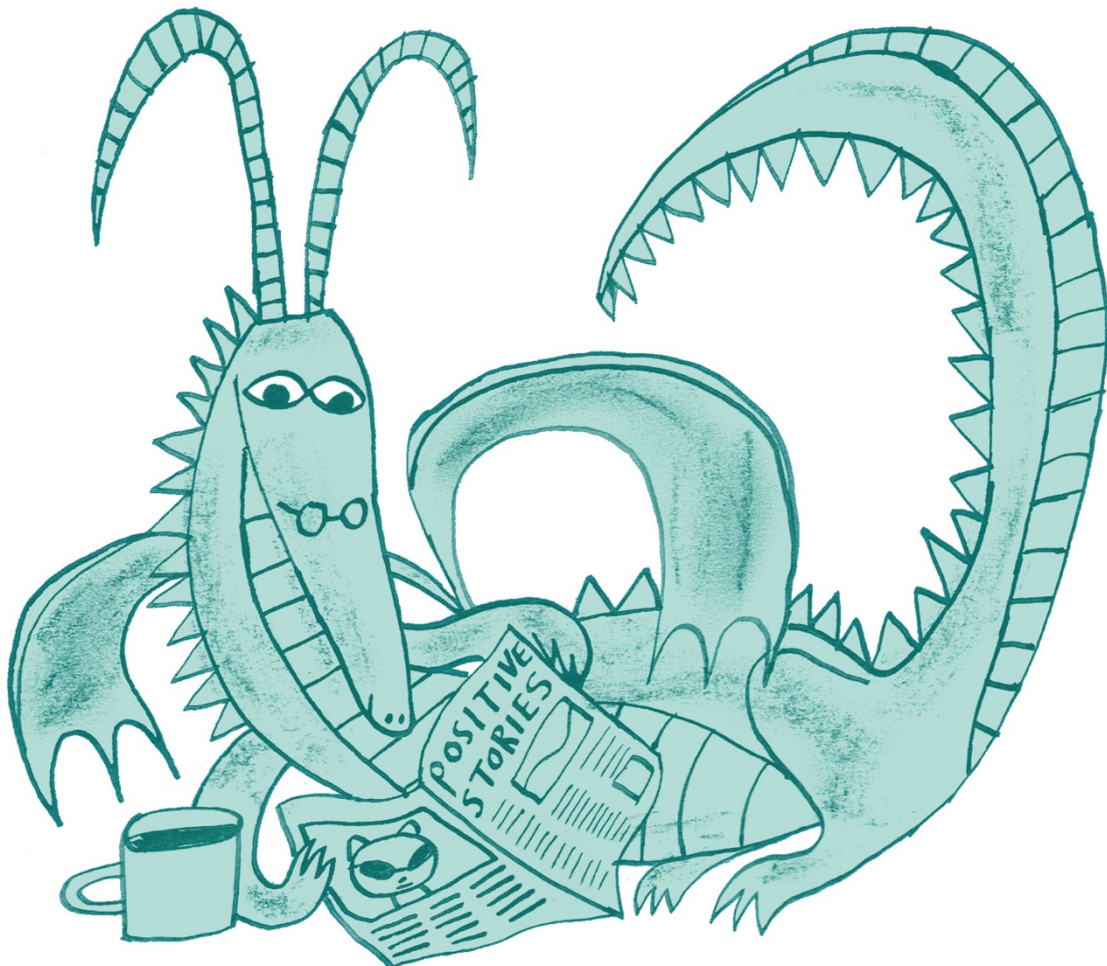
Presented by

**WONDER
FOOLS**

In association with



The Skirt
by Ellen Bannerman



Characters

Chorus members

Kay Kovalyov - a schoolgirl

The Skirt - Kay's skirt, American punk, Patti Smith inspired accent

Gary - a builder, mid-fifties.

Sticky Fingers – a sixteen-year-old schoolboy

Good Boys - Sticky Finger's pals

Headmistress - a headmistress, mid-sixties

Janet - Kay's Mum

Notes

It is encouraged for casts to share roles and for casting not to be restricted by gender.

Slashes at the end and start of lines indicate characters interrupting each other or when lines of dialogue between characters cannot have a beat in between them.

Trigger warning

Sexual harassment

Dedicated to Fiona Black, My mum. The strongest woman I know and who always let me wear a short skirt.

Chorus: All bodies in a sleepy town lie in sweet slumber, bar one.

Chorus: A girl's body. Kay Kovalyov's body.

Chorus: In her bedroom, what should be a girl's sanctuary.

Kay: Should be, but isn't.

Chorus: Because?

Kay: Of my mother...

Chorus: Pink walls, world maps, periodic tables, and various prints of French impressionist art. Not to mention the post-it notes on Kay's mirror.

Kay: Wanted my walls red and to dress them up in posters of Patti and Iggy. But apparently, that's not beneficial to my education. So, at night I cover it up with bedsheets.

Chorus: Transforming it into a club, in preparation for tonight's twilight performance.

Chorus: In which Kay becomes her alter ego self. A punk performer, a soul in constant artistic strife.

Kay: In my hand a fake cigarette, sourced from a crunchy nut cereal box.

Chorus: In the other:

Kay: A stolen washing line attached to a deodorant can. My microphone.

Chorus: Legs dressed...

Kay: In punk fishnet tights.

Chorus: The main attraction.

Chorus: The skirt.

Kay: That I'll keep till the end of time.

Chorus: A skirt which makes her want to dance and bop.

Chorus: A skirt which makes her feel like herself, good.

Kay: Its pleats fly, slash through space as my hips move to my favourite Patti Smith beat.

Chorus: Miming lyrics, silently screaming/

Chorus: /Until a church bell chimes.

Chorus: Clocks turning blank.

Kay: Fuck, it's today, officially head girl election day.

Chorus: Turning to her crowd of fans, three unenthused goldfish and a sad teddy.

Chorus: In her best Patti Smith, smokers growl she says:

Kay: Babies, today is the day I sell my soul, become the ultimate good girl. Say my speech, get head girl. One last song, before/

Chorus: /She has to pack it all away, the fishnet stockings, deodorant can and washing line, jet black eyeliner and of course her...

Kay: My skirt. What a fucking great Oxfam find! Proper punk. Still with a safety pin in its side and tobacco stench still intact. If only I could....Nah I couldn't. Could I? For my head girl election day? I mean it's a bit short, but at least it's black... No that's mad. I can't. But don't I look good? Wouldn't I feel better on that stage... delivering my speech in... This? Who's going to stand in my way?

The morning of Kay's head girl election day, she is in a short school skirt practising her head girl speech with her mother.

Janet: It's too short. It's against school uniform policy and you know it!

Kay: *Aside* Fucks sakes. /like it.

Janet: It's not about what we like. It's about what's expected. You'll change. Now from the top.

Kay: Good morning boys and...

Janet: Head up.

Kay: ...Good morning, boys and girls. I stand in front of you/

Janet:/ More like slump, straighten up.

Kay: I stand here today to pose a question. What does the world see when they see a schoolgirl? Or rather what does the community see when they see a girl from this institution? They see...girls who... possess...fuck/

Janet: /Language.

Kay: Sorry... Good manners...

Janet: Morals.

Kay: Good morals, manners and.... modesty. I hope as your head girl to lead by example, to continue to represent this institution with integrity, to, to... preserve the... immaculate reputation of our girls. So/

Janet: With a smile.

Kay: Which part?

Janet: All of it preferably. Take it from immaculate.

Kay: *With a smile* Preserve the immaculate reputation of our girls. So please vote for/

Janet: /Conviction Kay.

Kay: (*loudly*) Please vote for/

Janet: /I said conviction not aggression.

Kay: (*Calmly*) Vote for me, to be your head girl.

Kay waits to be relieved of her mother's presence.

Janet: This speech decides if you get this, you know that?

Kay: I know.

Janet: Guaranteed spot at uni.

Kay: /I know.

Janet: I'm just saying, I've seen you do it much/

Kay:/ I'm nervous.

Janet: No time for nerves, now go up and change.

Kay: No.

Janet: No one will make a tart head girl. So change.

Kay turns

Janet: And remember.

All turn and smile at audience.

All: SMILE

Chorus: Storm up steps, back to her bedroom, her church, what should be a girl's sanctuary.

Chorus: On her pulpit, a dressing table, invaded by pink post-it notes, affirmations written by:

Kay: My fucking mother.

Chorus: I will succeed.

Chorus: I will stay strong.

Chorus: I will keep on smiling.

Chorus: I will keep my head up.

Chorus: I will become head girl.

Kay: Get head girl, be the ultimate good girl. Make mum proud so I can write my own post-it notes, affirmations, decide who I am without her judgement looming over me.

Janet: What you doing up there?

Kay: Get her to understand that being a good girl isn't for me, but rather for her peace of mind. That she brought me up well, right.