

**Positive
Stories
For
Negative
Times**

**Season 4
2024/25**

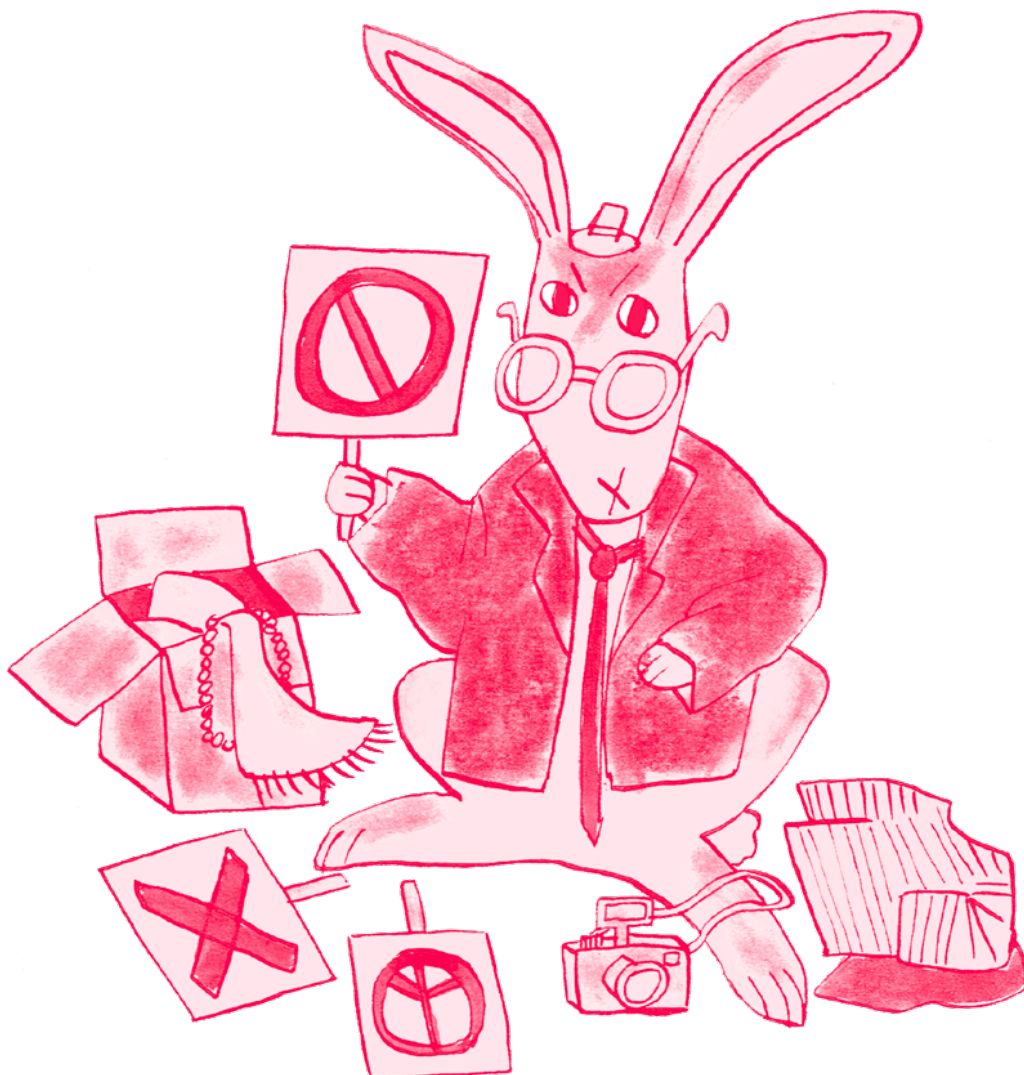
Presented by

**WONDER
FOOLS**

In association with



We Ain't Movin' by Travis Alabanza



Introduction:

'We Ain't Movin' is a play written by me, Travis Alabanza, and is intended for schools, youth groups and drama classes. It is aimed at ages 12-17.

The script should be seen as a guide, use it as much as you like. But feel free to change up the lines or make edits that suit you all. Maybe it is just inspiration for you to write your own? Or maybe you love my words so much you do it word for word! Both are fine.

The script will be written with a **minimum cast of 6 people**, however if you have more, you can create the role that is also scripted as **student chorus** – they are here to pick up narration lines in flashbacks and take up the extra roles and dramatics in the script.

The characters have names, which you could assume genders, but honestly it doesn't really matter. Change the gender, race, character however you see fit.

Rosa Parks, Gandhi and Glasgow Protestors can be played by any race or gender, as the flashbacks are heightened reality – not portraying the realistic character.

In addition to this, there will be an activity sheet at the end of this script for other ideas on how students can get involved in the show, who may not want to work within the traditional framework of "role" and "line learning".

Character list:

Mrs Dame – the eccentric, camp and over the top Drama teacher and part of the protest.

Rachel - the head girl of the school and keen drama student. A keener, who is doing the protest to impress her teacher and hoping to get extra credit but regrets her choices. She cares but is scared about breaking the rules.

Angie – conscious and engaged protest leader. She cares about justice and wants the school to listen. She knows the history of protests and is motivating the group.

Conor – is there on a detention. The school troublemaker and bully. He hates drama but he'd rather be part of the protest than write lines. Ends up enjoying it.

Sam – A jock and popular guy at school. Drama has given him a chance to be his true self and he loves it, so he wants to save it. Even if others don't understand why

Sara – She is the popular girl, is slightly judgemental of others at Drama, she is mainly here because she fancies Sam, but ends up seeing the worth in the group and protesting too.

Student Chorus – a group of keen year sevens who love Mrs Dame. They are here to help out. Take up the important narration, but also have a chance to play lots of roles like: The overhead announcement, A politician's wig, and a reporter!

We Ain't Movin'.
By Travis Alabanza

The stage is blackout.

The sound of bulldozers is heard from off stage.

A heightened sound of a construction site.

An overhead announcement / or one from a megaphone outside is heard:

Overhead announcement: "Ok this is your last warning, if you give up now, we will not call the police – can't be assed with that, who trusts them to do their job, but we will call your parents, which can be scarier – and well, in the case of Mrs Dame, we aren't sure if your parents are still alive, but we know your cat would be VERY disappointed in you for doing this – so please, just come out now and we can talk, save us all the aggro.... You don't need to go through with this"

Lights up. The cast are all facing forward as if caught in the middle of something. Angie is tying the cast together

- Mrs Dame: I think Mx Whiskers really would be disappointed in me
- Sara: (*whispers to Sam*) She gave her cat gender-neutral pronouns?
- Mrs Dame: (*overhearing them*) Of course I did, he, I mean they, can't speak! So, who knows their gender!
- Sara: And this is why people hate drama students!
- Sam: You hate us?
- Sara: Not you Sam, never you.
- Rachel: Well Miss, if you are having cold feet then maybe I am too.
- Sara: No surprises there, a teacher says jump and you say "how high? And can I get you an apple whilst I'm there from inside your ass-..."
- Angie: Assimilation! That's what they want from us.
- Rachel: Only, I thought doing this would be good for, of course the future of theatre and the dramatic arts, but also, if I am to be honest in this moment of heightened scene and character setting tension: I have always wanted your star pupil award for many years now and in doing this I thought maybe...
- Angie is focussed on the mission at hand. Angie tightens the ropes/chains hard on Rachel which makes her stop speaking as she is caught off guard.*
- Angie: We aren't backing out now. That's what they want us to do. Split up. Divide. Scare us!
- Sam: The overhead announcement was a bit scary, so loud.

Sara: Yeah, I didn't even know we could afford one of those.

Rachel: And the bulldozers, what about the bulldozers?

Mrs Dame: Oooh what if my cat is disappointed in me! They really do hold a grudge.

Angie: Enough! They want to take away our drama building. Rip up our home. Take away our safe space in the name of what? Another science lab for Chris to burn last week's lunch on the Bunsen burners. What did that letter say?

Mrs Dame takes out a letter from her pocket and reads it.

Mrs Dame: "We regret to inform you that the Drama Block will be removed and remodelled in favour of the schools push for science and technology and in line with the cuts enlisted by INSERT BAD GOVERNMENT PARTY BUT THIS PLAY REMAINS NON-PARTISAN BECAUSE MAYBE ONE DAY THE BBC WILL FUND A TV ADAPTATION OF IT...."

She takes a big breath.

We also are sorry to inform you, but Mrs Dame's cat will be EXTREMELY DISAPPOINTED IN HER!!"

They all look at Mrs Dame after the outburst at the end.

Mrs Dame: Sorry, it said all of that, except the bit about the cat...

Angie: We regret to inform you.

Sara: At least they feel sad about it.

Angie: They didn't even ASK us. Just INFORMED us. We can't take this lying down. If they are going to bulldoze this drama block, they'll have to go through us.

Rachel: Oh wait, you don't mean literally, do you?

Angie: Oh, I very literally did.

Sara: Only my shoes can't get dirty. They're vintage.

Sam: My mum would be really upset about this.

Rachel: I can't scratch my perfect school record, honestly.

Mrs Dame: My cat must get fed soon.

Angie: Enough! We are doing this.

Conor: We are?

Angie: We have to...

Sara: We do?

Angie: Because... well...WE AIN'T MOVIN'!

Mrs Dame: *(whilst clapping)* That's the title of the play, how marvellous!

Mrs Dame Looks at THE STUDENT CHORUS who then start clapping profusely, copying Mrs Dame!

Angie: What are the year sevens doing here? They're too young for this.

Student Chorus: Some of us are in year eight, actually.

Sam: It's Mrs Dame's fan club.

Mrs Dame: Uh, I cannot help that my work inspires.

Student Chorus: Your protest is cutting into our drama club time, with Mrs Dame.

Student Chorus: We were supposed to be learning about participatory work.

Angie: Well, this is definitely participatory.

Sam: We don't need younger people for this, surely.

Angie: We need as many hands as we can get. Are you in?

Student Chorus: YES!

Angie stands proudly, it gets the rest of the gang except Conor excited.

MRS DAME is clapping profusely in pride of Angie. Conor, who up until this point has been disinterested, takes out some party poppers and lets them off. They all look at him after this.

Conor: What? You pick up a lot of confiscated stuff in detention.

Rachel: No offence, but what are you doing here, Conor?

Conor: I'm asking myself the same question.

Rachel: You hate drama. No, quite literally, you threw a pie at me last week that had the words 'I HATE STUPID DRAMA AND I HATE YOU TOO, STUPID RACHEL' decorated on it.

Sara: Transferring skills from food tech to bullying, at least he's resourceful.

Conor: You think I want to be here? Mrs Dame gave me a detention for calling her cat a 6/10

Mrs Dame lets out a shriek at that remark.

Conor: Oh, wait, that was last week. I'm here because I called the vice principal a swear word I can't repeat in this particular production. But it began with C, F, or W—I'll let you decide.

Rachel: Always shouting you, never thinking.

Conor: Whatever, he deserved it. Coming for our bike sheds. But I got a detention and next thing I know Ms Freedom Fighter over there starts handing out leaflets and here we are...

Rachel: You don't even care! Tilda Swinton once said –

Conor: Who?

Mrs Dame lets out another shriek at that remark, the student chorus follow suit.

Rachel: - Tilda Swinton once said 'Authenticity is the key to any great moment', if this protest isn't authentic then how will it be a great moment for me... I mean for us...

Sam: Here, here!

Sara: Yeah here, here Sam! I mean, I am here... right next to you

Conor: Shut up. You guys need the numbers. Drama hasn't been in fashion for years. Sure, I don't care about it and I'm here because they take your phone in detention, so I really do need a constant stimulant otherwise I start to nervous twitch – but Sara hates drama too. She's only here because she wants to get with Sam.

They all look at Sara.

Rachel: Is that true, Sara?

Sara: I mean, Sam, I would love a chance to get to know you properly and –

Sam: Now isn't the time.

Sara: It's never the time

Sam: Drama needs us.

Conor: Drama needs us? No one has needed drama for years.

Mrs Dame: How very dare you. This is my job, my life passion, my call to the stars!

Conor: Well the stars haven't picked up.

Rachel: It's one of the eight extra subjects I'm doing and it creates an obvious example of being a team player on my university application.

Conor: I'm snoring.

Angie: It's where I can express things.

Conor: Get a diary.

Sam: It's the only subject I feel I can be myself.

Sara: It's the only subject me and Sam share.... A passion together for...

Conor: Get a room!

They all start arguing with each other, voices colliding, one over the other and the ground starts shaking, the bulldozing sounds louder, marching and protest sounds collide. It's as if time is moving backwards and forwards, the drama block is shaking.

Sam: What's happening to us?

Sara: The ground is shaking!!

Conor: The drama block is old!

Angie: No, something is definitely happening!

Rachel: Is anyone getting this on Camera?

Mrs Dame: My wig- I mean, my hair!!!! Ahhh!!!

The bulldozing sounds, mixed with protest sounds, reach a crescendo, and as they do, all the cast land and find their feet as if they have been shaken.

They look around...

Mrs Dame stiffens up and becomes a Bus Driver, driving the bus. Saying things like "20 cents then please" or "two stops, sure thing."

The cast look at Mrs Dame weirdly...

Mrs Dame: Haven't you heard of multi rolling? Everyone's doing it darlings...

The student chorus lead in turning the stage into a functioning bus, joining in the multi rolling.

The named cast look confused but sit on the bus as it chugs along.

In sections "away from reality", during the flashbacks, the student chorus can come alive for the narration! Play with it. Make it your own and part of the piece.

Student Chorus: It's 1955.

All the cast look confused at the student.

Student chorus: It's Montgomery, Alabama.

Sara: You can't be serious?

Mrs Dame: Shhh, they're multi-rolling. It's beautiful to see.

Student Chorus: The air is hot.

They all start fanning themselves.

Student Chorus: Wait no, it's December 1st 1955, the air is real cold.

They all start acting as if it is cold.

Student chorus: But the bus is quite stuffy.

They all go back to acting too hot, Rachel looks displeased.

Student Chorus: But whatever the temperature, one thing remains clear, we were segregated.

The cast split in two, awkwardly...

Student Chorus: The front was for the whites. The back was for the Blacks. And that was the way things was. You didn't mix up on the bus. That's just the way things was.

Angie: *(whispering to Rachel)* He's quite good?

Rachel: Whatever. Narration is the easy bit

Mrs Dame Shh's Rachel.

Student Chorus: That was until a woman named Rosa.

There's a pause. Student Chorus all look at each other as if to see what is next.

Mrs Dame *(as the bus driver)*: Someone's gotta play her! Extra marks!! And not the younger kids, Rosa is a role that needs age.

Sam nudges Sara to do it.

Sara: Oh no, I'm not doing any of this

Sam: Please? For me?

Sara looks at Sam's eyes, lost in them...

Sara: Urgh, fine. I'm Rosa –

Mrs Dame: Make us BELIEVEEEEE IT! FEEEEEEL IT! GET INTOOO THE CHARACTER!!

Student Chorus: That was until a woman named Rosa!

They all start chanting ROSA ROSA ROSA, as Sara stands up, a student chorus hands her a pair of sunglasses. Becoming a secret agent version of Rosa Parks.

Sara: It's Parks, Rosa Parks to you.

The cast all cheer, some pretend to be photographers taking photographs, Rosa Parks is in the building!

Sara: And I ain't movin'.

Mrs Dame: (*whispering*) Oh the title of the play, again! How clever!

Sara: You see, they always expected us to move. right after we got all comfortable. We could sit there and relax just until a white decided to change their mind.... Uhh... Just until a white decided to change her mind.... Um, just until a white decided to change their mind...

Sara is shaking, she's nervous! She keeps stuttering and repeating the line.

Angie: Uh, what's happening to her?

Conor: Is she malfunctioning? Bad line for that...

Sam: I think she's freezing. Like stage fright.

Mrs Dame: Oh, it happens to the best of us darlings, one time in 1996 I was on a cruise with Angelina and Brad and...

Angie: Someone help her, there's no greater sin than an un-finished flashback.

Conor: Do you guys hear yourself, really?

They all look at Rachel.

Rachel: I'm not helping her, she hates drama kids. Not so easy now is it.

They all look at Rachel some more.

Rachel: Urgh, fine! In the name of finishing a flashback!

Rachel approaches Sara and taps her.

Rachel: Hey Sara.

Sara: My name.... is Rosa....

Rachel: Ok good, phew, you're still in character. God, forbid you drop character.

Conor: Really?

Sara: What do I do? I'm so embarrassed!

Rachel: It's ok. It's ok. It happens. Deep breathing. Just let the character flow. Here, why don't I start, and you follow. There can be two Rosa's for the day.

Rachel snaps into character.

Rachel: We could sit there just until a white decided to change their mind, then at the drop of a hat we'd have to move all up just for them. It wasn't segregation in the way you think it, no, no, at this point they liked to pretend that we were still human -

Rachel looks at Sara to finish it.

Sara: Except remind us every day of the ways we were second class citizens to them.

The class feel relaxed again, Sara is in her groove

Sara: You know on the day they told me to move, I wasn't even in the designated white seats – heck they made an EXTRA row that day cus there wasn't enough space in the normal row.

The rest of the cast become reporters, except Conor.

Rachel: Conor, we're becoming reporters?

Conor: How we have no props?

Sam: Just scrunch up your face and look like someone just farted, all reporters have that look.

Conor does it, and the group all look and nod in acceptance!

Student Chorus: Hold on Ms Rosa, what do you mean extra row?

Student Chorus: Yeah Ms Rosa, tell us what you mean!

Sara: I mean what I said. Normally there were two rows on the front of the bus for the whites, but this time the bus was super busy, so they went and asked us in the third row to move.

Student Chorus: Did anyone else help? Did you do it alone?

Student Chorus: Now those other ladies, no disrespect for them, they decided to get up and move. But not me. I was tired.

Student Chorus: Been a long day?

Student Chorus: A lot of work?

Student Chorus: Exhausted from your job?

Student Chorus: Didn't get much sleep?

Mrs Dame: Your cat woke you up early for morning snuggles?

They all look at Mrs Dame as if she ruined it...

Sara: No. Not tired in the physical sense. Tired in the mental sense. Tired in the emotions. Tired of taking it lying down.

Student Chorus: And then what happened Ms Parks?

Student Chorus: Did it all change after that?

Student Chorus: Everyone live happily ever after?

Mrs Dame: So do you own a pet Ms Parks?

Angie nudges Mrs Dame to shh.

Sara starts laughing as Rosa Parks.

Sara: Oh, of course not, after defiance it ain't ever easy. They sat me down, Nixon that is, told me I had to become a symbol for something. I had to move states just to catch a break. But worth it you know. Always worth it to take a stance.

Rachel: But what if you get in trouble?

Angie: Or expelled?

Sam: How do we hold our nerve?

Angie: How did you stay strong?

The ground starts shaking, the cast respond. The bus speeds up and Mrs Dame is thrown out of the driver's seat and the Student Chorus stops multi-rolling. The sound of bulldozers come back into the room, as the cast all fall off the bus and look confused. They are back in the classroom again.

Overhead Announcement: "Mrs Dame and students, this is becoming both repetitive and predictable. We know you will come out eventually, do it now before we must see another badly done flashback or attempt at meta theatre. Mrs Dame, your cat has been notified of your behaviour."

Mrs Dame: Maybe this is... it's too much! What am I doing? I'm a teacher! A beacon of responsibility!

Sara: Pull yourself together!

Sara quite obviously stage slaps Mrs Dame, where she shows her clapping her chest. The cast gasp dramatically.

Sara: Don't lose it now. No way. Did you not see all that? It's a sign.

Angie: Sam isn't going to date you, Sara. No matter how much you pretend -

Sara: Shut up. it's not about that.

Angie: It's always about that with you.

Sara: No, like, did you see what happened? Rachel, thank you!

Rachel: What? I mean, you're welcome. But huh?

Sara: You know as someone that has always been really pretty, and really beautiful, and really popular, and a REAL joy to be around

Rachel: And really modest...

Sara: I'm not used to making a fool out of myself, unlike you, or doing anything out of my comfort zone like that. Whatever happened there, me.... Freezing, forgetting my lines... pushing through that with Rachel. We can't lose that. It's important.

Angie & Rachel: Here, here!

Mrs Dame: Oh, who am I to deny personal growth! We have to stay! Screw the outside pressure!

Angie, Rachel, Sara: Here, here!

Sam: I think we should go

They all turn round

Rachel & Sara: What?

Sara: But you love it here...

Sam: Rosa was punished afterwards.

Sara: But she made a change

Sam: I can't have something on my record. I need to go to uni.

Sara: It's about being brave. We could make history.

Sam: You've changed your tune?

Sara: It's called a character arc, it just happens quickly in a twenty minute student piece.

Angie comes from offstage with Conor and a bunch of placards.

Angie: Well, I'm not going. I'm making banners and posters. I'm thinking "THE WHOLE WORLD'S A STAGE, FEEL OUR RAGE"

They all look awkwardly unimpressed with Angie's slogan

Angie: Or, or how about "SHAKESPEARE WOULD BE PISSED"

Mrs Dame: Something to work on, love.

Angie: Conor, can you help me cut these signs up.

Conor: Uh uh, nope. Not in my pay bracket. my detention time is up. I'm going home.

Rachel: What?

Angie: You can't leave us now!

Conor: I really can.

Angie: But what about Rosa?

Conor: That stuff mattered. No offence, drama is kind of irrelevant.

Mrs Dame lets out a huge shriek at the irrelevant comment.

Conor: I'm going. For once I'm trying to avoid trouble. See you later Miss, if I see your cat, I'll let him know you won't be home for dinner.

Mrs Dame: Them!!! My cat's pronouns are them!!!

Sam: If Conor is going then I am too.

Sara: Sam?

Rachel: That's ok, Sara, Mrs Dame, Angie and Me. That's still four of us...

Sara: Guys, uh, look ... But...

Rachel: That character arc lasted all of two seconds.

Angie: Follows the boy. Like she always does. Emily Pankhurst would never.