

**Positive
Stories
For
Negative
Times**

Season 5
2026/27

Presented by

**WONDER
FOOLS**

Knock Twice

by Johnny McKnight



CHARACTER LIST

The Andersons

Kelly Anderson
Tom Anderson
Laura Anderson

The McAdams

Mikey McAdams
Tracey McAdams
Daryl McAdams

The School

Arthur
Dexter
Miss Simpson
Mrs Burns
Poppy
Frances
Kelly Trainor
Craig Kelley

Where listed as ENSEMBLE, these can be distributed to anyone in the group, break the text up, have fun with how you stage this.

If casts are small, double up parts. If casts are exceptionally large, feel free to split text up amongst groups and create more characters. The words are there for you all to have fun with.

Enjoy...

ENSEMBLE

There's that one house at the end of every street
The house that has a story
They always look the same
In stories
Or films
or books
Large, looming, garden full of weeds choking the life out of anything
that once lived there.
Windows with curtains that never open
A For Sale sign lopsided and battered by the elements
cos who would want to move in there?
A house that great philosophers, when walking past would say,
'That house is creepy as
Gives me the ick'
Ours isn't like that.

It isn't old.
There's no weeds.
And it's not at the end of the street. It's in the middle.
Number 16.
A nice house.
A nice ordinary house with a nice ordinary garden
Only....
There's nothing ordinary about what happened in there.

NUMBER 10.

KELLY

They moved in 2 months ago.

TOM

2 months and 3 days ago, actually. It was a Tuesday.

KELLY

The McAdams. Four of them. Daryl.

DARYL

The sweat is pouring out me, these boxes aren't as light as they look,

Trace.

TOM

Trace.

TRACEY

Short for Tracey. Well, it's actually Tracey-Anne, with an e both in Tracey and in Anne, think my mum might have been playing Scrabble when she had me.

TOM

Sparky the dug. Sparky the dug is a pure angel. Swear down. It sits at the window all day long and you never hear it bark.

KELLY

Not like our Duke.

TOM

Our Duke is a total rocket. Barks at everything since Dad died. Mum says it's cos now he thinks he's the man of the house. Which is offensive actually cos I'm nearly **[INSERT AGE]**

KELLY

And Mikey.

TOM

And Mikey.

KELLY

Since the day they arrived, we knew something weird was going on. The van pulled into the street, our Duke barked, ran to the window and -

TOM

Stopped. Just sat watching. Not a bark to be heard.

KELLY

Just sat there at the window watching them unload the van.

TOM

Like mum. Only she was doing it from behind tilted blinds.

KELLY

Mum was straight over. Said she was being neighbourly.

TOM

She wasn't, mum's a nosey neb. It's how she fills her days now.
Nebbing at neighbours or taking trips to the cemetery to put down
more flowers.

KELLY

Waste of money. Flowers. They just die, so why bother? Why not
leave them in the ground to stay alive and pretty?

TOM

"Everything dies, Kel. Living is dying." Frances told us that. Mum
says Frances is helping us make sense of Dad not being here now.

KELLY

Which is seriously bonkers given Frances wears orange tights and
yellow shoes, where's the sense in that?

ENSEMBLE

Kelly says you can't be the school nurse and a qualified head doctor,
so she doesn't talk to Frances. Tom doesn't know how to stop talking
to her. They might be twins, but that's the only similarity between
them both.

TOM

Anyways, Mum's neb was right in there.

LAURA ANDERSON

Hi, I'm Laura, number 10. Just wanted to welcome you to the street...
where've you come from?

KELLY

The Tracey one was like -

TRACEY

Who's this nosey coo?

TOM

She wasn't. She was nice to her. She was like-

TRACEY

Oh, so nice to meet you. We're down from Glasgow.

LAURA ANDERSON

Glasgow! That's a journey, Trace! D'you mind if I call you Trace? Just I'm not only a nosey neb, I'm a presumptuous one too, and I like giving people nicknames for no apparent reason. Yeah, Trace, welcome to the neighbourhood. Bit different from Glasgow, I bet. All that travelling. And in this heat. Phew. You must be shattered. Why don't you come over later, have a wee glass of wine, tell us all the stories?

TOM

And she smiled, Tracey, while Daryl swore loudly in the background as a dumbbell landed on his big toe.

TRACEY

I told him to leave them. Nothing but a glorified doorstep, but you can't tell them, can you? The old rubber band.

KELLY

Rubber band, that's rotten banterage meaning husband.

TOM

Tracey waits for Mum to laugh. She doesn't. Watching them joke with each other just makes her feel sad.

KELLY

Course it does. Everything does.

TRACEY

Wine sounds nice though. No, excellent, it sounds excellent...

KELLY

Mum is speaking to her, about to arrange a time when -

TOM

She gets this look in her eye.

KELLY

It's a weird look.

TOM

It was a weird look. Something like...

He shows the look.

KELLY

Nah, it was more like...

She shows her version of the look.

TOM

She's looking at this wee guy in the garden - messy brown hair in like a - what would you call that kind of -

KELLY

Bowl cut. Like the wee gimpy one in Stranger Things who ends up not gimpy at all.

TOM

This wee bowl cut guy with big eyes -

KELLY

Like cartoon eyes. Massive.

TOM

And the wee dude -

KELLY

Mikey. She's looking at Mikey -

TOM

And he lifts up his arm, like this -

KELLY

Points at our mum and he says something...

The ensemble make a strange, incomprehensible noise.

TOM

And mum says...

LAURA ANDERSON

Sorry, what did you say?

KELLY

He doesn't say another word. Daryl rushes him inside, dumbbell in one hand, mop-topped moppet in the other.

TOM

And Trace smiles. But Mum doesn't. She looks-

KELLY

Scared. She looks scared.

ST ANTHONY'S PRIMARY SCHOOL

ENSEMBLE

Wednesday morning.

Nine o'clock

Class [INSERT CLASS NAME e.g. 6B, 2A] have hung up their coats
Opened their jotters, ready to start work on this month's new topic,
when the Headie - Mrs Burns - knocks on the door

MRS BURNS

Class, I want to introduce you all to a new student all the way from
the exotic climes of Thornliebank. Can we please make sure we give
a warm St Anthony's welcome –

Kelly is being suitably disruptive as Mrs Burns talks.

MRS BURNS

Kelly Anderson! Attention here, please! Can we give a warm St
Anthony's welcome to Mikey McAdams.

KELLY

The wee bowl cut with the googly eyes who freaked out Mum the
other day.

ENSEMBLE

Our teacher Miss Simpson is right in about it - moving desks and
shouting for -

MISS SIMPSON

Dexter, take Poppy's seat, and Poppy, you move up next to Kelly -

KELLY

Which is bang out of order cos Poppy's had nits twice, so now I'll probably get them.

MISS SIMPSON

And when Chatty Cathy stops complaining -

KELLY

My name's not Cathy. It's Kel.

MISS SIMPSON

When Miss Anderson decides to fermer sa bouche, perhaps we can go round the room and introduce ourselves to Mikey. Your name and one interesting fact.

KELLY

We go round the room, and people obviously haven't really heard the instruction properly. The stuff they're saying is anything but interesting.

I'm Kelly, and I like Taylor Swift.

POPPY

How's that interesting, Kelly? That's basic-level bammery.

DEXTER

Yeah, you could have said that your dad-

MISS SIMPSON

Thank you, Dexter, if you'd like to state your interesting fact and leave Kelly with hers.

DEXTER

I'm Dexter, and I like jam.

ENSEMBLE

The class laugh cos Dexter's answer is even worse than Kelly's.

ARTHUR

My name's Arthur and I have an allergy to peanuts.

ENSEMBLE

And we all [groan]. Arthur says if you flicked a cashew nut at him he'd be dead. Which we think is a lie cos Kelly chucked a bit of coffee and walnut cake at him and all that happened was his lips got big, and he had to go to see Frances in first aid for his EpiPen.

KELLY

It was absolutely... hilarious!

POPPY

My name's Poppy and I-

ENSEMBLE

Poppy has two goldfish. Yvie has a cat named Mrs Cat. Fergus has been to Disney World. Twice.

TOM

All those big foam faces? Well creepy.

ENSEMBLE

And then it gets to Mikey.

He's silent, and Miss Simpson says -

MISS SIMPSON

Don't be shy, one interesting fact. Anything you like.

ENSEMBLE

Mikey bites his lip for a long time, thinking, until he says.

MIKEY

My name is Mikey. And I... I hear the dead talking.

THE CANTEEN - WEDNESDAY LUNCHTIME

ENSEMBLE

There's a saying we have in school - if you want something to spread round the school - tell Kel, she's louder than a bell.

THE KELLY GANG

Ghosts? Actual ghosts? Seriously?

ENSEMBLE

That's the Kelly Gang. Kelly's bezzies. A trio of titans. A triumvirate of tormentors, all called Kelly... Kelly Anderson, who you met. Kelly Trainor, who last told the truth in 2021-

KELLY TRAINOR

Did I tell you my Dad snogged the face off Shakira at Skegness Caravan Park?

ENSEMBLE

And Craig Kelley, who you meet and forget almost instantly.

CRAIG KELLEY

It's not a white t-shirt, Kel! It's snowdrop ivory. Sake!

ENSEMBLE

Craig Kelley only got allowed in the gang to make up the numbers. You can't have a gang with only two people.

KELLY TRAINOR

D'you really see dead people?

CRAIG KELLEY

D'you see Princess Diana?

KELLY

Does Whitney Houston sing you to sleep?

ENSEMBLE

Mikey doesn't know how to talk to people like The Kelly Gang. The Kelly Gang are a lot. He just nods at them.

KELLY

Prove it then.

MIKEY

Prove what?

KELLY

That you can talk to dead people.

KELLY TRAINOR

My dad once had a conversation with Elvis Presley at the Prestwick Airport Duty Free. He was buying a big Toblerone. Can you ask Elvis if he remembers my dad?

ENSEMBLE

A trio of eyes burn into wee Mikey.

KELLY

Go on. Prove it. Talk to them.

The ensemble whisper a cacophony of sounds of the various ghosts of the school... someone saying don't order the custard at lunchtime, someone bemoaning having to sit through more maths, someone asking if Beyoncé has released a new album yet... One phrase slightly louder than the rest.

ENSEMBLE

Tell her.

MIKEY

I... I don't want to.

KELLY

Why would you make something like that up? That's embarrassing.

CRAIG KELLEY

Yeah, you're embarrassing.

KELLY

I just said that!

MIKEY

I'm not a liar.

KELLY

So prove it.

ENSEMBLE

And they gather round Mikey. Push him like they're playing a game of catch and he's the ball until-

MIKEY

If I'm a liar, then who's Gavin?

Silence.

ENSEMBLE

The Kelly Gang stop.
Cos they know who Gavin is.
Everyone from school does.
All eyes on Kelly Anderson.

Kelly looks like she's not breathing.
Her wee brother, watching from the side.

CRAIG KELLEY

Did he say...?

KELLY TRAINOR

He did, Kel. He said, Gavin.

CRAIG KELLEY

How did he know about your...?

KELLY

Who told you that name?

ENSEMBLE

Kelly Anderson looks like she might cry.

The only time anyone's seen Kelly Anderson cry was when Shona Murray broke her arm in four places, and it looked like a wiggly snake. A tearful Kelly Anderson said it was the most beautiful thing she'd ever seen.

For a moment, the teeniest, tiniest moment, Kelly Anderson looks like a wee girl. Like she could never flush heids down lavvies, or send teachers to their supply cupboards wishing they'd followed their dream of living in a yurt in York. Kelly Anderson looks like a wee lassie. A sad wee lassie.
But only for a moment.

KELLY

Who told you his name?

MIKEY

He told me. He told me his name, he told me his name was -

ENSEMBLE

Before Mikey McAdams can say any more, Kelly Anderson's fist comes flying at his face.

THE MEDICAL ROOM

FRANCES

Soon as I stepped into the doctor's surgery, I thought, Frances, I thought, this is not your day. They're running behind. No surprise there.

When Doctor We've-Not-Got-All-Day does grace me with their presence, I can't help but think this was a mistake. This so-called medical wonder with a face like a soggy sandwich droning on about test results and recommendations for the future.

Grim it was. And I hate grim news, specially before midday.

I don't even remember leaving their office, let alone driving into the school car park.

I barely have time to switch into the Crocs, sports mode activated, when this little poppet's brought in with a burst nose. So much blood! I'm surprised he could stand.

Hold your nose back, darlin'.

Now how did this happen?

MIKEY

I fell.

FRANCES

If he'd fallen there'd be cuts or grazes on his hands.
Did someone do this to you?

Mikey shakes his head.

FRANCES

Right... well you fall like that again... you let me know who did the pushing. I've a zero-tolerance policy for little bullying bastards round here.

That got him smiling. Throw wee ones a naughty word, and they know you're for them. They might be little, but they don't like being spoken down to, denied the right to half their vocabulary on account of their age. Language is like a Wall's Viennetta. Suitable for sharing.

The mop-topped poppet smiles, I clean up the blood, and then he does the strangest thing.

There's a cacophony of whispered voices, difficult to make out what they're saying. Frances doesn't appear to hear. It stops after a few seconds.

FRANCES

He takes me hand, tight. Looks me right in the bifocals and says:

MIKEY

You're going to be okay.

FRANCES

... I don't know about that. I've an online training course in trauma-informed practice in an hour.

MIKEY

You've not to worry.
You're going to be okay. Eventually.

Frances shifts. She can see he really means this. He suddenly feels like the adult in the room.

FRANCES

Right. And you know this how?

MIKEY

Your mum told me.

FRANCES

I don't have the heart to tell him me mam died twenty-three years ago.