



The Ark

A Wintry Play

by Mollie Molumby

Commissioned by The Ark for
The Show Must Go On!

On RTÉ After School Hub
30 November – 4 December 2020
@ 3.20pm on RTÉ2



Hi there,

This is the script for *A Wintry Play*.

This play can be performed at home, in your school, outdoors, or even online in a video call with your family.

TOP TIP:

wearing different hats or items of clothing can show the audience when you are changing character.

There are eight characters in the play: **Narrator, Mayor, Clerk, Dress-maker, Carpenter, Alex, Hurler** and **Caoilainn**. The play can be performed with any number of actors. You can divide up the characters however you wish.

You might choose to perform this show with your pet dog, or by yourself.

When you see something like this, it tells you which character is speaking:

NARRATOR:

When you see something written in *italics* like this, it is a stage direction:

All create winter's storm.

There is no need to read stage directions out loud. Just act them out.

Feel free to add new characters, change the lines or even add a song! The most important thing is to HAVE FUN.

We hope you enjoy performing *A Wintry Play*!

Mollie

NARRATOR: It was a great tradition,
That every single year,
The town would host a wintry play
To celebrate with cheer.

A troupe of famous players,
Who travelled far and wide,
Would bring their latest offering
And how the village cried.

MAYOR: I don't know how they do it, no!
Remembering those lines.
The set, the costumes and the script,
They really are quite fine.

NARRATOR: But this year something happened.
Something quite out the norm.
The very night before the play,
There struck a winter's storm.

All create winter's storm.

NARRATOR: The storm swept through the village.
Wind whistled through the trees.
It crushed the players' travelling cart
And brought them to their knees.

Storm dies down.

The Town Hall. The next morning. Enter Clerk.

CLERK: Knock, knock.

MAYOR: Come in!

CLERK: A letter from the players.

Clerk hands Mayor a letter. Mayor reads the letter.

MAYOR: “Dear Mayor, this is the players.
We’re very sad to say,
We cannot travel to your town
With our little wintry play.

You see our cart is damaged.
It was the storm we fear.
We can’t perform for you today.
We’ll see you all next year.”

The players cannot travel here.
This is quite the kerfuffle.
This year’s been hard, without a play
Our town could really struggle.

CLERK: Ahem, ahem, excuse me Mayor
But really if I may,
Perhaps this year we all could make
Our town’s *own* wintry play?

MAYOR: A great suggestion that you have.
Let’s set a plan in motion.
We’ll make a play with style and grace
And buckets of emotion!

Mayor trots around town, making announcement.

MAYOR: Here ye, here ye! One and all,
We're making our own play.
So if you want to get involved
Come to Town Hall today!

Back in Town Hall. Enter dress-maker.

DRESS-MAKER: Knock, knock.

MAYOR: Come in!

DRESS-MAKER: I am the village dress-maker.
Bows and buttons are my passion.
I'd love to dress the performers
In all the latest fashions.

MAYOR: Fantastic! You will be our costume designer.

Exit dress-maker. Enter Carpenter with pet.

CARPENTER: Knock, knock.

MAYOR: Come in!

CARPENTER: I am the village carpenter.
This is my darling pet.
We always work together
And we'd love to build your set.

MAYOR: Fantastic! You will be our set designers.

Exit Carpenter. Enter Alex.

ALEX: Knock, knock.

MAYOR: Come in!

ALEX: Hi Mayor, my name is Alex.
I'm lead singer of 'Rock Band.'
And if your show needs music
Then we'd love to lend a hand.

MAYOR: Wonderful! Your band can provide the show's music.

Exit Alex. Enter Hurler.

HURLER: Knock, knock.

MAYOR: Come in!

HURLER: I'm used to lots of eyes on me,
Just with my hurl and sliotar.
But if you're looking for actors,
I'd love to be considered.

MAYOR: Wonderful – you've got the part! Actually, do you think
the rest of the team might like to perform?

HURLER: I'm sure they'd be delighted.

Exit Hurler.

MAYOR: I wish that I could write a play,
But I don't possess those powers.
We still do not have our script.
The show's in just three hours!!

Enter Caoilainn holding a script.

CAOILAINN: Knock, knock.

MAYOR: Come in!

CAOILAINN: Hello my name is Caoilainn
And I'm seven years of age.
I wrote a wintry story
That I'd love for you to stage.

Caoilainn hands script to Mayor.

MAYOR: Oh my... It's a masterpiece!

Enter full cast.

NARRATOR: So the whole team works together
To stage little Caoilainn's play.
There's little time to get things done
And yet they find a way.

The audience are seated now.
There's a hum from the musicians.
The actors enter from backstage
And take their first positions.

They look out to the audience.
A wild bouquet of grins.
They all breathe one collective breath.
Our wintry play begins.

So whether we spend winter,
Together or apart,
We'll always have this moment,
To treasure in our hearts.

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