



SHIVERED

BY PHILIP RIDLEY



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PLAY SERVICE
INC.

SHIVERED
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SHIVERED received its world premiere
at Southwark Playhouse, London, on 9th March 2012.

SHIVERED received its world premiere at the Southwark Playhouse in London, England, opening on March 9, 2012. It was directed by Russell Bolam; the scenic and costume designs were by Anthony Lambie; the lighting design was by Richard Howell; and the sound design was by Tom Gibbons. The cast was as follows:

ALEC	Robbie Jarvis-Dean
RYAN	Joseph Drake
JACK	Joshua Williams
LYN	Olivia Poulet
GORDY	Andrew Hawley
EVIE	Amanda Daniels
MIKEY	Simon Lenagan

CHARACTERS

ALEC

RYAN

JACK

LYN

GORDY

EVIE

MIKEY

*... I can be happy in what you call the dark
but which, to me, is golden ...*

Hellen Keller

*We plow the dust of stars
and drink the universe
in a glass of rain.*

Ihab Hassan

... time is the fire in which we burn.

Delmore Schwartz

SHIVERED

ACT ONE

5

A hostage cell.

Alec, twenty, hands tied.

He is beaten, traumatised.

He goes to say something, then stops.

Eventually ...

ALEC. Monsters ... *(Pause.)* Monsters ... *(Pause.)* Monsters ...

Wasteground. Night.

Ryan appears, carrying a bag, followed by Jack.

They are both twelve and holding torches.

Jack is limping, Ryan wears glasses.

JACK. Slow down.

RYAN. Sorry — You need help?

JACK. No. Just don't go sprinting ahead like some fucking ... sprinting-ahead fucker.

RYAN. Watch out for the barbed wire.

JACK. *What* barbed wire?

RYAN. It sort of ... springs up.

JACK. Fucking hell.

RYAN. Well, *you* wanted to come!

JACK. I *do*. Just didn't realise we were — How far we fucking going?

RYAN. The canal.

JACK. Oh, do fuck off.

RYAN. That's where the monster was seen.

JACK. Coming *out* of the canal what's-his-name said.

RYAN. Mr Chembow.

JACK. "I saw the creature coming out of the canal," said Mr Chembow.

RYAN. That's right.

JACK. Well ... here's "out," ain't it?

RYAN. A bit further.

JACK. No, mate! My legs're fucking hurting. I can feel the veins knotting together like ... like knotting-together stuff. They hurt! Fuck!

RYAN. Okay, okay, I guess this is close enough.

JACK. A million miles back was close enough.

RYAN. You can sit down if you like.

JACK. There's broken glass and crap everywhere.

RYAN. Not here there's not.

JACK. Well, *you* sit down then.

RYAN. I am.

JACK. Go right ahead. Just don't come crying to me if a rusty nail punctures one of your bollocks. (*Ryan sits and opens his bag.*)

JACK. Fuck me, it's dark — What's that noise?

RYAN. ... Can't hear anything.

JACK. Drug addicts shoot up in the old factory, you know. What if one of them goes ape-shit and wants to rape us.

RYAN. I can't see anyone.

JACK. They could be secretly watching. Having a wank to get in the mood.

RYAN. Oh, do shut up.

JACK. It's what they're like, mate. They watch ... they get in the mood ... Next thing you know, your asshole looks like spaghetti with meatballs.

RYAN. Go back if you're that scared.

JACK. Who said anything about scared, for fuck's sake!? Jesus! (*Ryan has got a tripod from bag.*)

RYAN. Help me with this.

JACK. What is it?

RYAN. Tripod. This leg's a bit stiff — Pull! (*Jack pulls leg.*)

RYAN. Harder! (*Tripod leg opens up.*)

RYAN. Yesss!

JACK. What's it for?

RYAN. This. (*Shows Jack camera.*)

JACK. Fuck me, that's some camera.

RYAN. My dad's. (*Starts attaching camera to tripod.*)

JACK. Don't he mind you using it?

RYAN. Dad ... he's away on important business at the moment.

JACK. You mean he's fucked off and left you.

RYAN. ... Sort of, yeah.

JACK. Mine too. Never seen him.

RYAN. Mine'll be back.

JACK. Yeah, yeah, sure he will.

RYAN. He fucking will.

JACK. Okay, okay. (*Indicates camera.*) Has it got night vision stuff?

RYAN. Not really. But the quality's still good.

JACK. We don't want it all grainy. People never watch grainy clips.

RYAN. It won't be too grainy. And it'll be nice and steady.

JACK. Great. Wobbly clips cause blindness and, in some cases, brain tumours. (*Ryan has now attached camera to tripod. He looks through lens.*)

RYAN. Okay ... If anything comes out of the canal — We're ready!

JACK. ... So! What now?

RYAN. We wait — Oh! I did this! (*Takes sheet of paper from his pocket.*)

JACK. What is it?

RYAN. A drawing of the monster.

JACK. Fuck me! Look at those teeth.

RYAN. I based them on a Tyrannosaurus Rex.

JACK. I like the way you've done the skin.

RYAN. The green scales took forever.

JACK. Wish I could draw this good.

RYAN. It's easy. I'll teach you if you like.

JACK. Really?

RYAN. Yeah.

JACK. Oh, mate. Thank you — What's that?

RYAN. ... I can't hear anything.

JACK. You sure?

RYAN. Sure.

JACK. ... They're discovering new creatures all the time. I did some research. They discovered a new kind of cow. It was up this mountain in Vietnam or somewhere. They called it the pseudo-oryx — What's that noise?

RYAN. ... I didn't hear anything. (*Slight pause.*)

JACK. You heard about that creature in China?

RYAN. What creature?

JACK. The Hee-Qwa-Nyaa Monster. It lives in this river or lake or something. It's been seen by lots of people. They said it has big teeth and makes a noise like a strangled dolphin, whatever the fuck that's supposed to sound like. Someone filmed it. You can't see much cos it's at night but it's a big fucker. Elephant big. Two people went out to find it. They found their remains two weeks later. Mangled. The monster had eaten their heads and legs — What's that? Fuck!

RYAN. You're scaring yourself.

JACK. Mate, we're alone. It's night. There's something out there that just might want to eat us. That is not me scaring me. That's *everything else* fucking scaring me.

RYAN. Jack! Relax. Okay?

JACK. We need a fucking weapon or something.

RYAN. All indications are the creature's more afraid of us than we are of it.

JACK. You wanna fucking bet?

RYAN. Look, what's more risky? Sitting here at night waiting for ... whatever's in that canal. Or walking the streets during the day waiting to get beat up by Krafer and his fucking gang? Eh? You can barely walk cos that bastard's kicked you so fucking hard. (*Slight pause.*)

JACK. You're right, mate.

RYAN. Okay.

JACK. Okay.

RYAN. Why's Krafer picking on you all the time anyway?

JACK. Fuck knows. He picks on my mum too. Follows her down the street calling her "weirdo" and "fat." A few weeks ago he said he wanted to slice off her tits to make parachutes. She's afraid to leave the fucking house now.

RYAN. Ain't she told the police?

JACK. Hundreds of fucking times. They do fuck-all. One time Krafer and his gang locked me in a shed. They said they were gonna set fire to it. I could smell the petrol and everything. I heard them striking matches. I screamed so much I lost my voice. Someone must've heard. No one did a fucking thing. I tell you, mate, if I'm ever found dead — beaten-up sort of thing — promise me you'll tell the police who did it. Big Prick Krafer and his gang of fucking ... whatever.

RYAN. That won't happen, Jack.

JACK. But you *promise*, Ryan?

RYAN. Yeah, mate, of course — You hear that?

JACK. What?

RYAN. Shhh! Listen!

JACK. Oh, Jesus.

RYAN. ... It's coming from the canal.

JACK. I was afraid it was. (*Ryan turns off torch.*)

RYAN. Turn your torch off.

JACK. Are you fucking kidding?

RYAN. Off.

JACK. Fuck. (*Turns torch off. Ryan turns camera on.*) Is it recording?

RYAN. Yeah.

SHIVERED

by Philip Ridley

5M, 2W

A young couple are moving into their new home. A soldier is being held hostage. Two boys are searching for monsters. All these things are connected by both family and time ... but what story can be told when family and time are broken? Covering over twelve years, SHIVERED unpicks the story of two families and then re-weaves it into something new and startling. Seven people, one war, a derelict car plant and mysterious lights in the sky ... all come together in the Essex new-town of Draylingstowe, where the view from green hills once offered hope and prosperity for all.

“SHIVERED is about fragmentation, as we see the break-up of families, friendships and community, as well as the shattering of certainties between reality and fantasy. This is reflected in the fascinating way Ridley has constructed the play, with 17 brilliantly linked scenes performed non-chronologically as we move back and forth in time, painfully piecing together the shards of glass ... Ridley at his imaginative best in what is arguably his most moving and accessible adult play to date.”

—**What’s On Stage**

“Everyone. Go see Philip Ridley’s SHIVERED ... A unique, pertinent, significant play by a major playwright.”

—**Mark Ravenhill, Playwright (via Twitter)**

“Philip Ridley’s new play about family is an amazing and glorious thing. Jumping from the past to the present, the story is presented in a fascinating and dazzling way ... he tells the story with enormous flair and stunning control, he also lets his audiences hear the background howls of the weird and the wonderful.”

—**The Arts Desk**

Also by Philip Ridley
VINCENT RIVER
TENDER NAPALM

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