

## Fight The Good Fight

*James, 16, the narrator.*

*Cockney, 26, the antagonist.*

*Ashley, 16, a friend.*

*Phillip, 16, a friend.*

*Charlotte, 16, a friend.*

*James' friends, 16.*

*Cockney's mates. Mid-twenties.*

*The stage is bare, black. James stands in the centre, he is in festival clothing.*

James            I should've fought back. That's what I should've done, right there, that morning. After he laid that final blow I should've stood back up and taken that fucker down.

*Cockney appears SR a spotlight shines on him, he is tall, slim and has long red hair. He is wearing a large coat and a hat, his eyes are piercing.*

I know people say, "No! Violence isn't the answer", "there's always a better way around situations like this". Okay, so what should I have done to prevent a grown man who was high from sniffing lines from beating me up? A 16 year old kid?

*Cockney leaves. Spotlight shines back on James.*

I should've fought back. I never have, seems like something that my parents taught me, not to fight. But I think you lose something of yourself when you don't. You don't stand up for yourself and with that you lose respect, not from others, fuck them. But you lose respect for yourself.

*The lighting changes to a bright day, the backdrop gives way to a school playground kids rush on stage and right in front of James stand two kids. One, wearing the same clothes as him and the other wearing a school uniform. The action described by the narrator (James) is acted out.*

The one time I am proud of myself was returning the punch of my primary school rival, he was a class A prick and it was a feud that started innocently enough through maths. But somehow, it turned into hatred. He laid the first punch one lunchtime, claiming it was a ball,

so I returned it, straight to the face and sent him down. It was satisfying and to this day I daren't look back.

*All the kids disappear and Cockney appears SR again, a spotlight comes back on him. Spotlight remains on James.*

But what I can't fathom is why I didn't give this cockney prick a smack, or at least a tackle? I probably would've lost, whether or not my mates joined in was something else. But they didn't help me out when I was getting hit, apart from the odd call to stop, and eventually lifting me up. The cockney guy fucked off after that. I think I would rest easier now knowing I had at least attempted to fight, because he deserved it and instead I went to my tent and cried.

*"Reptilla" by the Stokes plays. A new stage surface comes on from either side. The lighting reflects the time; It is early in the morning, possibly 2am. The new stage is littered with mess, it is a camping site, cans, bags, food and more are scattered over the floor, and tents make the walls and in the centre of the stage are about 6 fold up chairs. All of which are currently preoccupied, a number of supernumeraries are sat. James navigates the new setting and eventually sits down. There are some distant flood lights to keep the scene bright. The spotlight comes off of James and he is half talking to the audience and half to those around him. Sipping from a beer.*

Oh sorry just for context this was at a festival, very late at night, or early, depends how you look at it, by the time this fuck arrived to the time he'd left the sun had already rose. He stayed most of the night and turned our festival experience into a tedious, distraction.

*Cockney enters the scene from SR.*

He invited himself into the group; he was alone and cut off from his mates. But this guy, this guy was different, there was an uneasy feeling with him, something wrong, something twisted. He came over and wanted to sit with us, there was no prompt for this, he saw us talking, have a good time, and he invaded it, he wanted in. I get it from an outside perspective he sounds lonely, a bit lost, and maybe he was, but he should've acted better, especially at his age. I mean what kind of guy beats up teenagers just for fun? Just because they're scared or want to impress.

Okay, I'm missing out details, after some time of him being with us, we were all getting a little impatient, I woke up first, I told him to move on, I mocked his accent and I told him to

fuck off. He made me uncomfortable, I remember his cold eyes turned to me, and his pupils were slits, like a snake. And then he smiled crookedly and tipped me over in my chair,

*The action is played out.*

He then grabbed my chair and sat on it. Funny at first, the others laughed and I tried to see the funny side, I found it. But after that and with each progressive push I was feeling more helpless and less strong. I felt weak. For the first time I felt really, really vulnerable. And I wanted to fight, I continued to make jokes and mock him and challenge him on everything he said, after all, I was never a fighter, so I fought with the best skills I had, wit.

*James finds himself a new chair.*

But that wasn't really that effective, instead I would be tipped over, time and time again, it became a bit pathetic after a while, I saw my friends slowly stop enjoying it and start to think:

Ashley            Fuck, why won't either of them stop?  
James            We were relentless to each other, and this went on for most of the morning. Until I left, I went to bed, for a moment.

*James stands up and the two sides of the stage slide away with the others still on it, a white tent comes forward into the new gap, this is James' tent. He gets inside. A light shines from within the tent and as it is a gauze; the audience can still see James very clearly, sat inside. Even if the actor may not be able to see the audience.*

I got into my tent, I zipped it up and I sat there. I just, sat there. I remember thinking fuck, what a cunt, he's ruined my night, he's made me uncomfortable when I should be having the time of my life, he does not deserve and has no right to take that away from me. But I sat, sat there, cross legged. And I thought, I zoned out for a while, whether or not I slept I can't remember. But I do remember thinking. Fuck this guy, fuck this horrible cold man, whose come into our area, taunted me, pushed me and terrorised me this whole evening. I couldn't let it stand.

*James acts out the actions.*

I got out of the tent, I stood up, grabbed a beer zipped up the tent and marched back over to the seating area.

*The central tent is pulled away, and the two sides return.*

I mean this area wasn't a pretty sight, cans were strewn everywhere, and it was difficult to actually see people amongst the mess. But he had gone. He wasn't there by the time I'd got back, I asked them what had happened and someone replied:

Charlotte      He's gone to find his mates  
James            Or:  
Phillip          He got bored.  
James            Lost his plaything more like. And for that moment, I was relieved, for some time I chatted with my friends, talked about the guy, and they suddenly cared for me, they suddenly realised that this guy and I had been feuding all evening. But all of that talk and joy was short lived, because he returned, with two of his mates.

*Cockney enters SR with his mates. They enter the scene.*

I felt pity for his friends, that they would have to see this guy on a regular basis. They sat down, some on the floor, some on chairs left by friends who had gone to bed. The new friends were nice, they were friendly, they were approachable, and were polite, they asked if they could sit, they inquired about us, wanted to know our names wanted to know who we were. But the other man, just sat, and stared. I realised then that in that moment, all of that squabble and all of that negative energy I was getting off this man was, him. Possibly insecurity, he was lonely after all. But his friends didn't seem to be anything like him, they seemed normal, and for that, I was appreciative. That is how you should be, they reminded me of what real kind people should be like, in comparison to the other man.

This next part is hazy, I was sat on a chair, near him, his friend on the other side of me, something was said and I was tipped, again. Not funny, this time I didn't get up, I laid there in the rubbish and refused to sit up, I turned to my friend and said if I rise against him, he'll just keep tipping me, so I stayed.

*The action is played out.*

Until he spoke out against my friend, a girl, who at the time I was very fond of. He had pushed me too far and that was the final straw. I stood up and turned to him, looked him in the eye and I told him to leave, that no one wanted him here and that he can fuck off. It was at this point, he hit me, square in the face.

*Pow, James falls to the floor.*

And I went down. I was tired, I was drunk, and I was very confused. Next, a boot to the chest.

*Cockney stomps on James.*

A harsh stomp, to wind me. And finally he picked something up and struck me across the face, several times.

*Cockney does so. Cockney is soon pulled away by his friends and James'.*

Through the blurred vision and confused thoughts I saw him get pulled away, I stood up, drowsy, disorientated, I didn't even look at my friends, but I knew he was still there. He was leaving, and his friends with him.

*Cockney and friends leave.*

I slowly walked back to my tent, still dazed

*The stage splits a part again, James' tent comes back. The same as before.*

I got inside and cried.

I should've fought back; I said to myself, I should've fought back.

Maybe not, maybe his friends had shown me how normal people are. Maybe it was just him; maybe it was the drugs he was on. But he shall always be an example of someone I must never become. Intrusive, violent and alone.

-End-