

## The Train

*TIMOTHY is an eleven-year-old boy who never does as he is told. He is travelling with his mother, father and sister on a train bound for the south of France. It is a long, hot journey and he is becoming bored and restless. When the train pulls into a station he persuades his father to let him climb down on to the platform in search of an ice-cream. Other people have had the same idea and the station is crowded with people running and pushing in all directions.*

**TIMOTHY:** *(Speaking to his father)* Come on Dad – we have only got a few minutes before we have to get back on the train again! I'm so hot and thirsty. Aren't you? Phew! I think it's even hotter on the platform than it was on the train and we're not even halfway yet! Let's find those ice-creams. You go over that side and I'll try here. *(Looking around him)* There are so many stalls – newspapers, magazines. *(Forgetting that his father is no longer next to him)* Dad. Dad. Look at this comic. It's Tintin! We read about him in school. *(Picking up the comic book)* But it's in French! I can't understand a word. *(At that moment a group of noisy children push past him, knocking the comic book out of his hand and almost knocking him to the ground).* Hey, look where you're going. Now I've dropped my money! I've got to find it. Coins can roll anywhere. *(Scrambling down onto the floor and picking his way between legs on the crowded platform)* Sorry sir, I didn't mean to tread on you. Excuse me. *(Trying to make himself understood)* Excusez-moi madame, it's my money. I've dropped it!

*(An elderly lady swipes him with her umbrella and he moves back very quickly)* There's no need to hit me madame. I'm not trying to take your bag. I'm not after money. I want to find my own! *(Getting up and moving to the side, TIMOTHY suddenly notices a coin on the floor)* There it is! *(He swerves, weaves and pushes past people and picks his coin up)* That's my money! I didn't steal. I dropped it when I was pushed. *(The old lady has now caught up with TIMOTHY. She is still shaking her umbrella at him and is calling him a thief. A small crowd has begun to gather round him)*

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Oh I wish I was better at French. They just don't understand me. Please don't shake your umbrella at me again, madame! *(As TIMOTHY tries to explain to the group of onlookers what has happened, he mimes the actions to try and make them understand)* I was pushed by some children. They knocked the money out of my hand. *(Holding up the coin in desperation)* This is my money! Oh, what are you all staring at? All I wanted was an ice-cream. Ice-cream! Ice-cream! It doesn't matter anyway. *(Looking around him and beginning to panic)* I've lost my father now, too... Dad. Dad! *(Jumping up and down to gain attention)* I'm over here! *(Waving)* Here! *(Turning to the people around him)* You can't stop me from leaving. Take the money! I don't want one of your ice-creams anyway. It would make me sick! I hate it here... and I want my father.

*(TIMOTHY suddenly hears the warning whistle of the departing train. He pushes free from the crowd and begins to run aimlessly, weaving his way through the crowd)* The train! Oh no! It's going. Help! Stop it! I've got to get on. Mum... Dad... Susan. HELP! *(To himself)* Oh, it's no use. It's going! Stop the train! Please!

by Jacqueline Emery