

RANDOM HOUSE  BOOKS



Nation: The Play

Terry Pratchett and Mark Ravenhill

About the Book

Playscript of Mark Ravenhill's exhilarating adaptation of Terry Pratchett's witty and challenging adventure story, *Nation*, for the National Theatre's major production for Christmas 2009.

A parallel world, 1860. Two teenagers are thrown together by a tsunami that has destroyed Mau's village and left Daphne shipwrecked on his South Pacific island, thousands of miles from home. One wears next to nothing, the other a long white dress; neither speaks the other's language; somehow they must learn to survive starvation, mutiny and cannibals. Together they come of age, overseen by a foul-mouthed parrot, as they discard old doctrine to forge a new Nation.

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Also by Terry Pratchett and Mark Ravenhill

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Nation

a play adapted for the stage by

MARK RAVENHILL

from the novel by

TERRY PRATCHETT



CORGI BOOKS

FIRST PERFORMANCE

11 November 2009, in the Olivier auditorium of the
National Theatre, London

MAU	Gary Carr
DAPHNE	Emily Taaffe
MILTON, A PARROT	Jason Thorpe
CAPTAIN ROBERTS	David Sterne
POLEGRAVE	Al Nedjari
FOXCLIP	Michael Mears
COX	Paul Chahidi
MAU'S FATHER	Bhasker Patel
GRANDMOTHER	Gaye Brown
ATABA	Ewart James Walters
MILO	David Ajala
PILU	Craig Stein
CAHLE	Sirine Saba
MARISGALA	Lorna Gayle
DAPHNE'S FATHER	Nicholas Rowe
THE JUDY	Itxaso Moreno

Gentlemen of Last Resort

Elaine Claxton, Howard Gossington, Robert Hastie, Nick
Malinowski, David Sterne

Islanders and Raiders

Elaine Claxton, Adrian Decosta, Mike Denman, Nancy Wei
George, Howard Gossington, Tony Hasnath, Robert Hastie,
Amy Loughton, Michelle Lukes, Nick Malinowski, Gurpreet
Singh, David Sterne

All other parts played by members of the company

<i>Director</i>	Melly Still
<i>Set Designers</i>	Melly Still with Mark Friend
<i>Costume Designer</i>	Dinah Collin
<i>Puppets and Puppetry</i>	Yvonne Stone
<i>Lighting Designer</i>	Paul Anderson
<i>Projection Designers</i>	Jon Driscoll and Gemma Carrington
<i>Composer</i>	Adrian Sutton
<i>Sound Designer</i>	Paul Arditti
<i>Music Director</i>	Martin Lowe
<i>Fight Director</i>	Paul Benzing
<i>Choreography</i>	The Company

*This text went to press before the first performance, so will
not include any changes made in the final weeks of
rehearsal.*

CHARACTERS

MAU
DAPHNE
MILTON, A PARROT
CAPTAIN ROBERTS
FOXLIPI
POLEGRAVE
COX
MAU'S FATHER
LOCAHA
DAPHNE'S GRANDMOTHER
CHIEF RAIDER
ATABA
MILO
PILU
CAHLE
TWINKLE
MARISGALA
DAPHNE'S FATHER
COX'S SON
I-TO
MAN
BOY
GIRL
FIVE GENTLEMEN OF THE LAST RESORT
SAILORS
ISLANDERS
GRANDFATHERS
RAIDERS
SOLDIERS
GRANDFATHER BIRDS
A SOW WITH PIGLETS
SHARKS
DOLPHINS

Act One

Prologue

On the Boy Island.

MAU: Imo. This is Mau. I've done it. When my father left me here on the island of the boys I was frightened but now I've lived here for thirty nights alone. I'm ready to leave. I'm ready to leave my boy soul here and go back to my family. My island. The Nation. I'm ready for my man ceremony.

On board the Sweet Judy.

ROBERTS: Our father in heaven we ask you to keep our vessel, the *Sweet Judy*, safe on her voyage to Port Mercia on the other side of the world. Watch over our crew and our most special passenger Miss Ermintrude Fanshaw.

MILTON: Knobs and Knockers.

DAPHNE: Milton – sshh!

ROBERTS: Let us pray.

DAPHNE: Our father who art in heaven this is Miss Ermintrude Fanshaw. A ridiculous name I know but it's the one I was christened with so I assume you approved it. I wish you hadn't. Our father who art thank you so much for making my daddy send for me. When he went off to be Governor of Port Mercia I thought I'd never see him again. But now we can be scientists together. Make experiments. The Bishop says that you don't altogether approve of science and I'm sorry for that because I like it very much. Father who art, keep Grandmother safe at home. She likes you a great deal. Rather more I think than she likes me. And keep Milton the ship's parrot safe.

MILTON: Large Pillows!

DAPHNE: And find it in your heart to forgive his rude words for he knows not what he says. Please look after my mummy and my baby brother who are with you in heaven already. And watch over Cox the butler who accompanies me and – oh our father who art Mr Cox frightens me. He's changed. But there's something ... keep Mr Cox safe.

COX: I used to hear you Lord. See you when I shut my eyes. But now ... Lord my struggle is a hard one. For generations the Cox family have looked after the Fanshaws of Wiltshire. And I am charged now to see Miss Ermintrude Fanshaw safe to her father. But Lord – I fear I am beginning to hate Miss Ermintrude Fanshaw. When the Russian Influenza came to the house it could have taken her but it took my boy. My boy died and she keeps on living. I should hate you for that Lord. But you are a distant thing and fade a little more every day. Dear Lord who was once in heaven, don't let me hurt Miss Ermintrude Fanshaw.

MILTON: Arseholes.

COX: And tell that bloody parrot to mind his noise.

ROBERTS: The power and glory forever and ever. Amen.

ALL: Amen.

FOXLIP: We won't make it safe to Port Mercia.

POLEGRAVE: Why do you say that?

FOXLIP: Woman on board. No ship's safe with a woman.

POLEGRAVE: More a girl Mr Foxlip. And they say her father is 139th in line to the throne.

FOXCLIP: I'm telling you Polegrave, we're dead men.

Back on the Boy Island.

MAU: Imo. I am between souls. It is strange. They say you are easy prey for Locaha, for death, when you are neither boy nor man. But, thank you Imo for the blue crab shell. It keeps me safe. Imo - I thank you for leaving the axe for me. I have made a canoe for my return to the Nation. And now my adventure has ended I leave it here for the next boy and the next and the - Mah!

Mau brings axe down, explosion of birds.

MAU: This is warning. The birds call danger. Imo tell me. What is wrong in the world? Imo!

Huge rolling thunder. Mau runs.

Scene 1

Thunder. Great flashes of lightning. A huge storm at sea. The deck of the Sweet Judy. Sailors rush around, desperate to save the ship.

SAILORS: We're taking in water. She's breaking up. We're going down. Abandon ship.

Daphne, aged twelve and in Victorian clothing, appears from below and runs along the deck with Milton, the ship's parrot.

DAPHNE: What's happening?

MILTON: Abandon ship.

Captain Roberts appears above.

ROBERTS: Tie me fast.

Several soldiers tie Roberts to the wheel. He sings an Evangelical hymn.

DAPHNE: Captain Roberts!

MILTON: Captain Roberts.

DAPHNE: What are your instructions?

ROBERTS: The light is so bright. He's calling me to march amongst the chosen ones. Oh rapture! Oh everlasting light!

Polegrave approaches.

DAPHNE: Captain Roberts!

POLEGRAVE: He's no use. In heaven already.

DAPHNE: Put me on a lifeboat.

POLEGRAVE: Every man for himself.

Foxlip approaches.

FOXLIP: Only one boat left. Come on.

DAPHNE: Foxlip, take me with you.

FOXLIP: No bloody way. Bad luck. No women. No parrot.

DAPHNE: My father is 139th in line to the throne —

FOXCLIP: Off we go. Come hell and high water.

DAPHNE: Won't one of you help me I —

FOXCLIP: Polegrave!

They've gone. Daphne goes below deck to Cox.

DAPHNE: Cox? Cox. Help me. The ship's breaking up.

COX: Let a fellow sleep can't you?

DAPHNE: Cox — you've been drinking. Grandmother would not approve —

COX: Damn your grandmother and damn you Miss Ermintrude.

DAPHNE: That is hardly the way for a butler to —

COX: I'm no butler now. I'm a dead man. You're a dead man. We're all dead men.

MILTON: In heaven already.

COX: We're all going to be taken just like my boy was taken. Let it take you.

DAPHNE: My father is waiting for me in Port Mercia.

MILTON: Oh rapture. Oh everlasting light.

COX: Shut your noise parrot. Whole voyage in me head.

MILTON: Every man for himself.