

Boys: 17+ years

## Suggestion One

### Journey's End

R C Sherriff

Set in March 1918, towards the end of the First World War, the play takes place in a dug-out in France. In this early scene, SECOND LIEUTENANT RALEIGH, who has just been assigned to Captain Stanhope's Company, has just arrived and introduces himself. He is offered a whiskey and asked if he knows the Captain.

#### RALEIGH

We were at school together - at least - of course - I was only a kid and he was one of the big fellows; he's three years older than I am ... He was skipper of Rugger at Barford, and kept wicket for the eleven. A jolly good bat, too ... Oh, I think he'll remember me. (*He stops, and goes on rather awkwardly*) You see; our fathers were friends, and Dennis used to come and stay with us in the holidays. At school I didn't see much of him, but in the holidays we were terrific pals ... Last time he was on leave he came down to the school; he'd just got his MC and been made a captain. He looked splendid! It - sort of - made me feel ... keen ... Yes. Keen to get out here. I was frightfully keen to get into Dennis's regiment. I thought, perhaps, with a bit of luck I might get into the same battalion ... I know. It's an amazing bit of luck ... And when I got to Battalion Headquarters, and the colonel told me to report to 'C' Company, I could have cheered.

## Suggestion Two

### The Glass Menagerie

Tennessee Williams

TOM WINGFIELD recalls his life in St Louis with his mother and his crippled sister. His mother hopelessly clings to the past, while his sister lives in a world of her own among her collection of glass animals. As a result, TOM spends most of his time trying to escape this unbearable situation at home. In this scene, he is arguing with his mother as he has apparently pushed her to be 'at the end of her patience'.

#### TOM

What do you think I'm at? Aren't I supposed to have any patience to reach the end of, Mother? I know, I know. It seems unimportant to you,

what I'm *doing* - what I *want* to do - having a little *difference* between them! ... Listen! You think I'm crazy about the *warehouse*? (*He bends fiercely toward her slight figure*) You think I'm in love with the Continental Shoemakers? You think I want to spend fifty-five *years* down there in that - *celotex interior*! With - *fluorescent - tubes*! Look! I'd rather somebody picked up a crowbar and battered out my brains - than go back mornings! I *go*! Every time you come in and Yell that God damn '*Rise and Shine!*' '*Rise and Shine!*' I say to myself, 'How *lucky dead* people are!' But I get up. I *go*! For sixty-five dollars a month I give up all that I dream of doing and being *ever*! And you say self - *self's* all I ever think of. Why, listen, if self is what I thought of, Mother, I'd be where he is - GONE!