

Ramadan Rocketship

By Tasnim Hossain

This play is a single scene, set in a kitchen, but also briefly in outer space, and a race track.

Ideally, you will have a very large pot that a small child can climb into. If you don't have a pot, you could pretend with a big box or even a small suitcase. It might also be useful to have some vegetables, dates, red cordial and a mobile phone to hand. If you don't have any of those, coloured paper and a bottle of something else might do the trick, or you can always pretend. That works very well too.

There are three characters – Big Kid, Little Kid, Littlest Kid. They can be any gender or age, but loose suggestions are below:

Big Kid – 13 years old-ish to adult (let's face it, all grown-ups are big kids anyway)

Little Kid – about 8 to 12 years old

Littlest Kid – about 5 to 8 years old

...but really, who cares, as long as you're having fun.

A kitchen. Late afternoon. Big Kid is looking at a phone.

Littlest Kid: I'm huuuun-gry!

Little Kid: You're not even fasting.

Littlest Kid: Yes I am!

Little Kid: I saw you eat a Mars Bar just now!

Littlest Kid: Okay, fine. I ate a Mars Bar. But I was fasting before that...And after that! I haven't eaten anything since then!

Little Kid: You don't even have to. You're too little!

Littlest Kid: Am not!

Little Kid: Am too!

A moment of confusion.

Little Kid: Hang on...Uh, I mean, *are too!*

Big Kid puts away the phone.

Big Kid: You're both too small to be fasting but that doesn't mean you can't be helping. Come on.

Littlest Kid: Come on where?

Big Kid: The grown-ups are going to be late. I'm in charge of iftar –

Little Kid: You're always in charge...

Big Kid: – and I need your help to make it.

Littlest Kid: But I'm too little to do the cooking. And too cute.

Big Kid: Maybe you're too little to do the cooking. Doesn't mean you're too little to help.

Little Kid: Why do *we* have to do it?

Big Kid: Because the grown-ups are still at work and it's a nice thing to do. You should always be nice, but during Ramadan you should try extra hard.

Little Kid: Alright...

Littlest Kid: I guess...

Big Kid: I mean, honestly though, I couldn't do it without you. Without either of you. You two are the strongest, most helpful, most generous, most...splendiferous helpers anyone could ever ask for, ever.

Littlest Kid: *[to Little Kid]* I don't think splendiferous is a word.

Little Kid: *[to Littlest Kid]* Me neither.

Big Kid: I'm going to need you to help me get everything ready. Are you ready?

Little Kid: Okay.

Littlest Kid: Okay!

Big Kid: We're gonna have to find the biggest pot we can.

Little Kid: Why?

Big Kid: We're going to make soup.

Little Kid: What kind of soup?

Big Kid: Lentil soup with lemon and spinach.

Littlest Kid: But I don't like lentils!

Little Kid: What about lemons?

Littlest Kid: I don't like lemons!

Little Kid: ...spinach?

A pause, while Littlest Kid thinks.

Littlest Kid: I like spinach.

Little Kid: Really?

Littlest Kid: It's green! Like Shrek.

Big Kid: Great...

Littlest Kid: And boogers.

Big Kid: Gross. Right. Okay then, let's get this soup on the stove. *[To Little Kid]* Do you want to get the pot and I'll get the lentils?

Little Kid: Sure!

Big Kid: Will it be too heavy to carry?

Little Kid: No way! Look at these muscles!

Little Kid flexes arm muscles, there's nothing to see.

Big Kid: Hmm, okay. I trust you...

Little Kid is struggling with the pot. They put it on the floor to rest their arms.

Littlest kid climbs into the pot and sits.

Littlest Kid: Wheeeee!!

Big Kid, who is fetching vegetables, notices what Littlest Kid is up to.

Big Kid: What are you doing?

Littlest Kid: I'm being an astronaut!

Little Kid: Astronauts don't go "wheeeee".

Littlest Kid: What do they do then?

Little Kid: They go...*[in the deepest, most serious "something bad is about to go down" voice possible]* "Houston, we have a problem."

Littlest Kid: And then what?

Little Kid: And then...*[makes a "krrrx" radio noise and speaks as if over an oldtimey radio]* "that's one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind."

A pause while they take this in.

Big Kid: How do you know that?

Little Kid: I read.

Littlest Kid: "Houston, we have a problem! That's one small step for man, one giant leap for...for..." What was it?

Little Kid: "Mankind."

Littlest Kid: What does that mean?

Little Kid: Humans.

Littlest Kid: What does manmean mean?

Little Kid: What?

Littlest Kid: Well, if man-kind means humans does man-mean mean...cats? Freddo, that big orange cat down the street, is pretty mean.

Little Kid: That's not how it...Ugh, never mind.

Littlest Kid: And anyway, I'm not a man. I'm a kid.

Little Kid: The littlest kid. A tiny kid.

Littlest Kid: Am not!

Little Kid: Am too! I mean, are too.

Littlest Kid: Am not!

Big Kid: Alright, cut it out. We need that pot for soup.

Big Kid holds up the vegetables to remind them about soup.

Littlest Kid: It's not a pot. It's a...it's a...

Little Kid: Race car! Vroom!

Littlest Kid: Wheeeee!!

Littlest Kid looks to Little Kid to make sure this time it's right. Little Kid nods – it is.

Little Kid goes to push the pot, with Littlest Kid in it, across the floor of the kitchen like a race car.

Big Kid stops them.

Big Kid: Careful! You're going to scratch the floor. Even if we cook a feast, they're not going to be impressed with us if we *break the house*.

Little Kid: Yep, yep, that makes sense. Uh-huh.

Littlest Kid: Nah, that wouldn't break the house. We'd need a bulldozer or something for that.

Big Kid: Okay, I'm going to give this pot a wash, get all the little kid germs out of it –

Littlest Kid: That's rude!

Big Kid: – and then put the soup on.

Big Kid washes the pot and starts putting the vegetables into the pot.

Littlest Kid: Now what?

Big Kid: Now, you go get the dates.

Little Kid: Ooooooh, who's got a date??

Big Kid: Haha, very funny.

Littlest Kid gets some dates.

Littlest Kid: Anyone think they look a bit like cockroaches?

Big Kid: That's even worse than that thing you said about spinach and boogers.

Littlest Kid: Whaaat? It's not bad. I like eating them though.

Littlest Kid goes to put a date into their mouth.

Big Kid: Wait! Not yet. Wait for everyone else. The sun's almost down. Go grab the cordial.

Little Kid: I'll do it. Which one?

Big Kid: The red one.

Little Kid: The raspberry one or the one that tastes like flowers?

Big Kid: Rooh afza? Hmm, which one do you want?

Littlest Kid: Flower cordial!

Big Kid: Okay, bring it over and we'll mix it up.

Little Kid grabs some cordial and brings it over.

Little Kid: Is it almost time for iftar?

Big Kid checks the time on their phone.

Big Kid: Almost. A minute! And the grown-ups will be home any moment.

Little Kid: Look, the sun's down!

Big Kid: And look at how pink the sky is.

Littlest Kid: Just like flower cordial.

They all turn to take a moment to watch the splendid dusk sky darken.

The call to prayer plays on the phone and there's the sound of a key turning in the lock of the front door – the grown ups are home, and it's time to eat.

End of play.