



## First Production Details

*Lights in the Park* was the winner of the ATYP Foundation Commission (cast aged 14-17 years) in 2018 and was first produced by ATYP and Q Theatre, premiering at the Joan Sutherland Performing Arts Centre on 21 April, 2021.

DIRECTOR	Lucy Clements
DRAMATURG	Jane FitzGerald
DESIGNER	Liv Hutley
LIGHTING DESIGNER	Benjamin Turner
COMPOSER & SOUND DESIGNER	Chrysoulla Markoulli
PRODUCTION & STAGE MANAGER	Sorie Bangura
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR	Sacha Slip
REHEARSAL ASSISTANT	Kate Wooden
CONTENT PRODUCER	Adam Stepfner
R.J.	Scott Barton
BUTLER	Alexander Billett
CAL	Ben Buenen
BEX	Laila Chesterman
HAL	Robin Golka
JULES	Josephine Hill
CODY	Amélie James-Power
ASH	Denica Brillo
FULLER	Dean Liehr
TAY	Eliza Marshall
AMY	Daisy Millpark
SHAN	Brayden Sim
EM	Cooper Soo

# Notes

## CAST OF CHARACTERS:

AMY

HAL

EM

BEX

SHAN

JULES

ASH

TAY

CAL

FULLER

R.J.

CODY

BUTLER

While the character HAL identifies as non-binary, and all efforts should be made to see a likewise-identifying performer undertake this role, names/pronouns/genders of all characters may be altered to reflect the best casting available for each production.



# Lights in the Park

## AMY'S WALK

*A light breeze, brakes on a school bus releasing, the rumble of traffic on a far-off highway. From a nearby sports field, the sounds of an after-school football match; elsewhere in the neighbourhood, the distant arpeggios of a violin lesson.*

*Afternoon becomes night. Streetlights flicker to life and give the empty space a warm glow. AMY enters and stands beneath them. And then, one by one, they flicker out. She lights herself with a small lantern.*

AMY

The streetlights are out ... the streetlights are out ... "the streetlights are out" sounds like the start of an English paper. "Creative writing: respond to the stimulus, blah blah blah." I really hate exams. Everybody always starts writing straight away except for me. Just: *fvoom!* [***She mimes the action***] A room full of robots losing power in one big go. Their heads go down, they start rattling off their memorised opening paragraphs and I sit there like a sore thumb who's forgotten how to hold a pen. I glance at my English teacher: she gives me a look as if to say "we've talked about this, Amy" because, technically, we have. If I'm lucky, I might catch Jess's eye as she scribbles away at the desk next to me.

I think the problem is I enjoy that moment too much. The clock is ticking, the pressure is on ... but the possibilities of what I could write are endless. It's kinda how I feel right now: in the dark, with the streetlights out.

Word is Butler's throwing a lights-out party in Royal Park. Everyone's invited, which is pretty generous if you know him at all. And there's no firm details yet, but I'll bet anything it involves bad music and cheap alcohol and it'll be down by the south end near the river. You know what's strange? I'm actually kinda excited. Not for the party — that's not really my thing — but for what might happen tonight. It feels like a night where things happen.

*AMY turns her lantern off.*

Things feel darker in the dark, don't they? [*She switches the lantern back on*] Okay, that sounded more profound in my head. I get good marks in English, by the way, just in case you had a picture of me sitting there totally blank in the exam room. But I digress. I digress a lot, I'm told. Gotta stay focused, tonight: got ground to cover. The streetlights are out and Butler's throwing a party in Royal Park. Sounds like it could be the start of something, right? Heads down, no talking. Go ...

*AMY switches off her lamp.*

## GOBLINS

*HAL's voice drifts through the blackness.*

HAL                    It's dark. Darker than the darkest night. The air is so cold you can see every breath you take, and your footsteps echo ahead of you as the passage winds down, deeper, into the earth.

EM                    I light a torch.

HAL                    Your torches are damp.



EM I try really, *really* hard to light a torch.

*A pause. The sound of a die roll.*

HAL Critical fail. You drop your flint somewhere by your feet.

EM Damn it! I freeze on the spot ... *[To BEX]* Bex? Bex, we need to stop. I dropped my flint trying to light a torch. Do you reckon you could use your flint to light a torch so I can find my own flint to light my own torch?

BEX Em? I'm pretty sure you dropping your flint at that exact moment in time was Hal hinting that we're not supposed to be able to see anything right now.

HAL Hey! No meta-gaming. And how dare you suggest I'd fake a die roll ...

EM Wait a second — Hal? If it's as dark as you say, how could we see the breaths we're taking in the cold air? Earlier, when we were walking? Remember?

BEX Hal made a mistake.

EM They wouldn't do that ... *[To HAL]* Hal? If it's completely dark —

HAL You know what, friends? Your loud voices awaken an ancient evil. Do a perception check.

*Lights up on a game of Dungeons and Dragons. HAL, BEX and EM sit in a den filled with rule books and snack foods. HAL and EM roll dice on the floor; BEX's attentions seem to be focused elsewhere.*

EM Ten.

HAL Em, you take ... four damage from a floor trap.

EM Ouch.