

First Production Details

The Trolleys was the recipient the 2014 ATYP Foundation Commission and was first produced by Australian Theatre for Young People premiering at Studio 1, The Wharf on November 4, 2015.

BLUE	Laura Bunting
RIVER	Finbar Clayton
BABY MAY	Coco Jack Gillies
LEMON	Kiri Jenssen
JONES BOY	Max Mulvenney
PHLEGM	Harry Straw
SAVAGE KIM	Scarlett Waters
DUSTER	Grace Campbell
DUSTER	Daniel Page
DUSTER	Noah Sturzaker
DUSTER	Amelia Warburton
DIRECTOR	Danielle O'Keefe
LIGHTING DESIGN	Emma Lockhart-Wilson
DESIGNER	Mel Liertz
DRAMATURG	Jennifer Medway
SOUND DESIGNER	Sam Weller
SOUND DESIGN MENTOR*	Steve Francis
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR	Rowan Bates
STAGE MANAGER	Bridget McCluskey
PRODUCTION MANAGER	Juz McGuire

*This mentorship was made possible in partnership with Artology



The Trolleys

1

Black. Everything is still. Suddenly we hear panting, off stage at first and then the rush of a figure bursting onto stage. A single SMALL KID(1) carries a jar with a flickering light inside — they're panicked — darting backward and forward with nowhere to go.

Their breath amplified, the only sound we hear. The light in their jar getting dimmer — their breath more and more labored. They stop and look into their jar, still panting hard. Whispers start to fill the space.

THE TROLLEYS

They a goner/ For sure/ It's going out/ They gunna be dust/
It's out/ There's no hope/ Gone.

[all together] It's a Duster!

Suddenly the SMALL KID(1) looks up just as their light flickers to life one last time — then it goes out completely. They implode into a plume of pink dust and it falls where they stood just a moment before; the sound of each particle hitting the earth.

Slowly a more ambient glow starts to fill the space — like a sunrise but never as bright. Through the tangle of upturned shopping trolleys and makeshift tarpaulin housing we see more jars. Empty jars bar a few with a light emitting from the inside. Into focus come faces through the trolleys, peering out — covered in dirt but there nonetheless. The lights revealing what we now see clearly as a pack of kids all tucked into Trolley Tower; a 3-storey mammoth

structure not in anyway uniform. Their clothes torn and makeshift — some wear bone headdresses and necklaces; their shoes misfit and their hair wild, these are — The Trolleys. They fade into the background before —

The cover to a manhole starts to shift, slides across the brown sludge floor and a beautiful glowing jar is pushed to the surface. A small hand, then an arm — a girl [LEMON] pulls herself through the opening; her once white overalls, covered in muck. Carefully she scoops up the pink dust, the remains of the SMALL KID(1), and places them in a bumbag strapped around her waist. She picks up her jar, holds it tight to her chest and looks to us. Looks right at us. The lights start to flicker — a collective intake of breath then ... the lights go out.

2

A loud and rhythmic thud comes from somewhere beyond the tower. It builds — all percussion in the form of schoolyard hand clap beats. A war cry.

PHLEGM leads RIVER and BLUE in a messy conga line — BABY MAY dancing along behind but can't keep the beat. They are raucous.

PHLEGM *[continuing the beat whilst chanting] T-R-O-L-L-E-Y-S*

BLUE/RIVER *T-R-O-L-L-E-Y-S*

PHLEGM *We are the Trolleys, with something to confess
We live in Trolley Tower, last ones left in sight
We have all the power*

PHLEGM/RIVER/
BLUE *We have all the light!*



BABY MAY *[aside]* 'cept it's fading

PHLEGM T-R-O-L-L-E-Y-S

BLUE/RIVER T-R-O-L-L-E-Y-S

PHLEGM *Cross our path, we'll put you to the test
Phlegm, River, Blue, Jones Boy and Baby May
Savage Kim leads us*

PHLEGM/RIVER/
BLUE/BABY MAY *Leads us all the way!*

 T-R-O-L-L-E-Y-S

PHLEGM *We are the Trolleys*

*The others fall silent as PHLEGM is left with both arms up
ready for the finale — SAVAGE KIM stands atop a tangle of
trolleys looking down over the group — she's not pleased.*

AND WE ARE THE BEST! ...

*PHLEGM notices SAVAGE KIM — a long beat, PHLEGM
lowers his arms.*

SAVAGE KIM I thought I said no more chanting

BABY MAY Well we were just thinking ...

SAVAGE KIM Best don't Baby May ... I thought we said no more chanting

Silence from everyone, then.

PHLEGM You decide everything!

*PHLEGM throws down a hubcap left nearby to make his
point further known — he encourages the others to speak
up, they don't.*

 Say something you idiots ...