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## TEAMWORK

Outside, the incessant rain – inside, a motley crew of recruits. Kylie, foul of mouth and manner who makes Arnold Schwarzenegger look effeminate; Yvonne, wet and cold, discovering too late that she hates guns and would rather be in a warm office processing G70 applications; Jim, bustling round oblivious making tea and sandwiches; and Capt Steele, whose leadership qualities owe more to Dad's Army than General Rommell. They are in trouble – the operation is not going according to plan, their escape is thwarted by the rain. Tempers fray, and personal revelations do nothing to ease the tension. A daring escape plan is devised, but then catastrophe strikes, and the characters' true strengths and weaknesses are revealed.

CHARACTERS: *JIM*, 20s or 30s, rather dreamy, oblivious to what is going on around him

*Kaylee*, 20s, abrupt, bloodthirsty, butch

*Yvonne*, 20s, feminine, more genteel and refined

*Captain Steele*, 20s or 30s, private schooled with delusions of leadership

No specific regional location or accents

The scene is the *INTERIOR of a DUGOUT*. There are crates and ammunition boxes on the floor, various pieces of military equipment strewn around or hanging up. Entrance at the rear, through a sackcloth curtain. There are distant sounds of shells, explosions, gun fire etc, overlaid on the incessant hiss of rain.

*JIM*, wearing a flowery apron over his army-style uniform, is bustling around making sandwiches and pots of tea. *KAYLEE* has just entered in full combat gear, face blackened, dripping with water, with a machine-gun slung over her shoulder.

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*JIM* – Where's Captain Steele?

*KAYLEE* – Having a recce. Trying to find a way out. Not that he's any use ...

*JIM* – Things a bit of a mess, then?

*KAYLEE* – Right mucking fuddle. Now, if I was in charge of this bunch ...

*JIM* – I'm sure he's trying his best.

*KAYLEE* – Leadership? Ha! Couldn't fart his way out a wet paper bag, that one.

*KAYLEE* tucks into a sandwich – she is not a delicate eater – as *YVONNE* enters. She is bedraggled, and her arrival is subdued, in complete contrast to *KAYLEE*'s. She flings her gun down wearily

*YVONNE* – God, I hate this.

*KAYLEE* – What's wrong, darlin', rain ruined your hairdo?

YVONNE – I don't mean that. It's this pointless violence.

KAYLEE – Not if it like stops 'em getting you first.

YVONNE – Yes, but there must be other ways. Negotiation, diplomacy ...

KAYLEE – Do unto others before they do unto you, that's what it's about.

YVONNE – It just goes to show how futile war is.

KAYLEE – I dunno. Never tell when it might be useful, able to look after yourself, handle a gun an' that.

YVONNE – If World War Three comes, it'd take four minutes to nuke us into oblivion. Fat lot of use our combat skills would be then.

KAYLEE – It's a dirty job, but someone's got to do it.

YVONNE (*she has taken out a mobile phone and is stabbing at it*) – Maybe, but not me. I'd rather be at home. Damn! Can't get it to work.

KAYLEE – So why d'you, like, sign up, then?

YVONNE – I never thought it'd be like this.

KAYLEE – Wouldn't be to get closer to a certain person, would it?

JIM – Now, Kaylee ...

YVONNE (*rather too sharply*) – I don't know what you're talking about.

KAYLEE – No? Whoa! Not trying to impress Sir?

YVONNE – That's none of your business.

KAYLEE – I'm not blind, Yvonne. It's pathetic, like (*she simpers*) “Please Captain Steele” and “Oh how wonderful, Captain Steele”, and “Every time you bend over, Captain Steele, I'm like blinded by the sunshine”.

YVONNE – Bitch. Anyway, we're just ...

KAYLEE – Don't tell me. Just good friends. It's only your mind he's after, eh?

YVONNE – Least he's got more chance of finding something in *my* mind than in that empty hyperspace between *your* ears.

JIM – Now, girls, there's a full-scale barney out there without any squabbling in the ranks. Truce?

KAYLEE (*about to retort, then thinks better of it*) – Yeah, she ain't worth it.

JIM – Good. Let's be friends, then?

*Both WOMEN snort derisively to indicate what they think of this suggestion.*

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LATER, the Landrover, vital to their escape, has got bogged down in the mud and water levels outside are rising fast. Capt Steele has gone out to try and get it moving. In their ongoing argument, Yvonne is casting doubts on Kaylee's sexual orientation...

KAYLEE – What d'you mean?

YVONNE – Just 'cause you're that way ...

KAYLEE – I am not!

YVONNE – Come off it. Look at the way you dress. And that hairstyle. You'd make Arnold Schwarzenegger look effeminate.

KAYLEE – I don't. I'm just making like a post-modern feminist statement.

YVONNE – Dyke!

KAYLEE – Don't dare call me that, you two-timing little whore!

YVONNE – At least I don't have trouble attracting men.

KAYLEE – You saying I do?

YVONNE – Of course. You scare the hell out them. Have you ever seen her with a bloke, Jim?

JIM – Well, now you come to mention it ...

KAYLEE – Shut it, you! *(after a pause)* I'm just saving myself for Mr Right, that's all.

YVONNE – You'll never get him the way you carry on. 'Course, you might get Mr Cheap, and Mr Psychopath ...

KAYLEE – Gobshite!

YVONNE – You might get him and all, as long as he's blind.

KAYLEE – Slut! I'll tell old Steeley about you and Jim.

YVONNE – Just you dare, Dyke!

KAYLEE – Don't push me, Whore!

*KAYLEE and YVONNE grab each other, faces close together, straining to break each other's hold*

YVONNE – Shut it, cow!

KAYLEE – Slut!

*They are still locked in combat when CAPTAIN STEELE comes back in. He completely misinterprets the situation, and smiles benignly*

STEELE – Doing a bit of bonding, eh, girls? Good, good, that's the spirit. Teamwork and all that.

*They release their grip on each other*

JIM – Did you move it, Captain?

STEELE – 'Fraid not, you're right, Jim, it's stuck fast.

KAYLEE – Oh, for fuck's sake, gimme the keys. I'll sort it out. *(she grabs the keys from STEELE)*  
God, I wish I'd got me bike here.

STEELE – Then you could go for help.

KAYLEE – You must be jucking foking, I'd bugger off, leave you lot to drown.

*She sweeps across to the bunker entrance, turning and pausing dramatically –*

KAYLEE – I'll be back!

*She storms out*

JIM (to Yvonne, confidentially) – You don't think she'll really tell Mr Steele?

*From outside there is the scream of an engine being run at high revs as the accelerator is gunned; metallic thumps as if being hit by a hammer, and KAYLEE's voice shouting, 'Go, you bugger!'*

STEELE (nodding approvingly) – You can see she's got a real rapport with machines.

*The noise increases to a deafening level, then a series of skidding sounds, splintering of timber, a loud crash, a heavy splash, a thud, and a single scream from KAYLEE. This is followed by absolute silence, with only the hissing of the rain to be heard. The others all look at each other doubtfully, frozen into inactivity.*

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*First Performed February 2008 at St Serf's, Edinburgh by Leitheatre with Lee Shedden (Jim); Vikki Horne (Kaylee); Jane McGuinness (Yvonne) and Billy Renfrew (Capt Steele)*

*Performed February 2009 at Arran Drama Festival by Clamjamfrie with Allan Nicol (Jim); Isla Blair (Kaylee); Laura Selkirk (Yvonne) and Campbell Seaton (Capt Steele).*

*April 2008 - 2nd Place in SCDA Scott Salver award for best new one-act play*

Comments & Reviews:

“Interesting theme ... good crisp dialogue ... looks at how relationships change when you are faced with dilemmas. As they face a really difficult situation the tables are turned and the true leader emerges. “ *Morna Barron, Scene Magazine*

“a good lively play with twist upon twist ... everyone is playing out a private fantasy when the Landrover gets bogged down ... (the play's) strength lay in the freedom of the characters to be as extreme as they liked” *Arran Voice*

*Note: a sound-effects disc, including the Landrover sequence noted above, is available if required*

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