

CATERPILLAR

ALISON CARR



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Caterpillar had its world premiere at Theatre503 in London on 3 September 2018 ahead of its transfer to the Stephen Joseph Theatre in Scarborough, produced by Small Truth Theatre in association with Theatre503 and Michelle Barnette Production. The cast was as follows:

CLAIRE
MAEVE
SIMON

Judith Amsenga
Tricia Kelly
Alan Mahon

Director

Yasmeen Arden

Producer

Michelle Barnette

Executive Producer

Jamie Arden

Set and Costume Designer

Holly Pigott

Lighting Designer

Ben Jacobs

Sound Designer

Jac Cooper

Stage Manager

Abi Toghill

To Ma and Pa Carr

Characters

CLAIRE, *mid-thirties*

MAEVE, *sixties, Claire's mother*

SIMON, *early twenties, a guest*

JAMIE, *Claire's husband (voice only)*

CALLUM, *four, Claire's son (voice only)*

Setting

Present day.

A seaside town, a weekend in July.

This ebook was created before the end of rehearsals and so may differ slightly from the play as performed.

Scene One

In the sky.

CLAIRE. I launch myself off the pier. The wind fills my ears and my fingertips brush a cloud as I soar past. It's soft, as fluffy as the ones your dad painted on your bedroom wall for when we brought you home and are still there.

I'm propelling forward, still forward, have I made the jackpot distance? I'm probably not even close, but then –

A gust whips your birthday balloons out of my hand. I watch them skitter away, brightly coloured dots in the blue. I brace myself for the plummet, but no.

The wind is now a breeze is now a whisper and I've stopped; suspended in the sky. The light glistening off the water is blinding.

I slowly stretch myself out as long as I can go. I feel my spine crick and uncurl, my shoulders loosen. I hold my head up high for the first time in...

I point my toes. I hold my fingers like a dancer. Like I think a dancer might. I'm not really sure.

My body hangs here. My mind is quiet. I breathe the clean crisp air, in and out, deep and long. I picture my lungs filling to bursting. I picture you.

I don't know how long this will last. It's already gone on longer than I dreamed. The drop is coming. But I've done it. It's done. I jumped.

Scene Two

The front room of a seaside guesthouse. The decor is chintzy, nautical, seaside-y.

Exit off to the hallway, stairs, kitchen, bedrooms, etc.

Saturday. Very early morning.

A lamp is on.

CLAIRE lies on the settee, asleep. Or maybe passed out.

A couple of empty bottles of wine and one glass are on the coffee table.

There's a soft knocking on the front door.

Nothing moves.

The knocking gets louder, more insistent.

CLAIRE stirs. Groans.

The doorbell rings. It's obnoxiously loud.

CLAIRE wakes with a jolt. She's not sure where she is for a moment.

The doorbell rings again.

CLAIRE. Stop it.

But it rings again. She staggers to the door but doesn't open it.

Stop.

SIMON (*outside*). Hello?

CLAIRE. Stop ringing the bell.

SIMON (*outside*). Sorry.

CLAIRE. Who is it?