

The logo for Polka Theatre, featuring the words "POLKA" and "THEATRE" stacked vertically in a white, stylized, sans-serif font, set against a solid red square background.

**POLKA  
THEATRE**

**World-class theatre  
for children**

# ***Cloud Pictures***

**by Mike Kenny**

**Extract**

T: At Beeny's house they eat curry and rice and samosas. They sit at the kitchen table.

B: At Theo's house they eat cheese and baked bean toasties, in front of the telly.

T: They're friends

B: Better than friends

T: Best friends.

T: One day they found the new game I said I'd tell you about later.  
I'll tell you about it now.

B: They were at Theo's  
There was a power cut.  
In the whole building  
The electricity stopped working.  
The telly wouldn't work.  
The cooker wouldn't work  
Or the toastie maker.  
The fridge defrosted and dripped on the kitchen floor.  
Theo's mum phoned up about it  
The whole street had no electricity.  
The men were working on it.

THEO: Mum

MUM: What?

THEO: Bored.

MUM: Tidy your bedroom.

THEO: No.

MUM: Thought you were bored.

THEO: No  
Beeny just had an idea.

MUM: What's that then?

BEENY: I don't know

THEO: It's a secret.  
Beeny's not allowed to tell you.

BEENY: What's my idea?

THEO: I don't know

BEENY: I didn't have an idea.

THEO: I know.

BEENY: Why did you just say I did?

THEO: Don't want to tidy my bedroom.

BEENY: Oh.

THEO: Do you?

BEENY: If you like.

THEO: Let's look out of the window.

BEENY: All right.

T:     So Theo and Beeny looked out of the big window.  
       They'd looked out of the window before.  
       They'd always looked down.  
       At the building site below. They liked the big yellow diggers.  
When you walked past them in the street they were huge.  
They were noisy  
You couldn't hear yourself think  
From up here they looked like toys.  
They were little  
       You couldn't hear them at all.

B:     This time they looked up at the sky.  
       They saw the clouds.  
       And the clouds made pictures.

*(This is the heart of the play. This stuff is quite intimate, you are projecting yourself on the clouds. It's hard to dream together. So, in the play it's an indicator of the closeness of the two kids. It's a love story. It's about being in love, and later about falling out of love. It's about feeling you're joined at the hip, then realising you're separate individuals. It's one of life's big challenges.*

*So without them talking about it they just step into a huge cloud landscape. In this landscape they don't have to say, 'This is this, that is that, you do this and I do that.' Clouds just transform into different things and they go along with it. At this stage the relationship just works. It would be nice to have clouds as birds, animals and fish, - riding birds, which become dolphins. One of them dropped and then caught by the other. It's playful and it's joyful, and it's easy.*

*At the end of this section the children are deposited back into the flats.)*

T: This became their favourite game.  
B: They called it cloud pictures  
T: They played it every day  
B: They lived in a very cloudy place.  
T: They still played other things as well  
B: But every day  
T: They'd stand at the window  
B: Sometimes in Theo's place  
T: Sometimes in Beeny's  
B: They'd see the pictures in the clouds  
T: They always see the same pictures  
B: As each other  
T: Different every time  
B: Same as each other.

BEENY: How long will we be friends?

THEO: Don't know.  
Long time.

BEENY: How long?

THEO: Forever

BEENY: Forever?  
Long time.  
That is a long time

T: Sometimes a day can take forever  
B: Sometimes a year can be a blink  
T: How soon is soon, how long is never  
B: It's never as long as you might think

B: Then one day  
Beeny came to Theo's.