

# A Load of Rubbish

**Carrier Bag:** Brr!!!! How cold this morning! And what a night, eh!

**Houseplant:** You can say that again. I have never heard so much noise in all my life.

**Dessert Pot:** Nor me.

**Carrier Bag:** It must have been the worst night we've ever had here. I hardly got a wink of sleep. What about you newspaper? Newspaper? Where's the Newspaper?

**Dessert Pot:** I haven't seen him.

**Carrier Bag:** I wonder where he is?

**Dessert Pot:** Don't worry. I'm sure he'll turn up.

**Houseplant:** Unless of course... he's blown away, got caught up in some barbed wire and torn to pieces.

**Carrier Bag:** No! Newspaper? Newspaper!

**Newspaper:** Over here.

**Carrier Bag:** There you are! What are you doing all the way over there?

**Newspaper:** I just couldn't get to sleep yesterday with all that noise. So I moved over there.

**Dessert Pot:** Me too! With all those lorries thundering past all the time I couldn't sleep too!

**Newspaper:** I suppose it was more stuff on the way to the dump?

**Dessert Pot:** It was.

**Houseplant:** Yep, and as usual, there were things dropping off the lorries right, left and centre. All over the grass. Everywhere.

**Carrier Bag:** That's right. See those piles of junk over there by the kerb? All from last night.

**Dessert Pot:** Oh well, never mind. The more the merrier.

**Houseplant:** You think so? I've always thought the opposite.

**Carrier Bag:** Come on, come on you two. There's no point in getting annoyed with each other. We're all tired, so let's try to keep... ..what on earth...?

**Pink Wool:** Don't give me any of that, young man!

**Coke Tin:** Any of what? I don't know what you mean.

**Pink Wool:** "Don't know what you mean." That's what they all say.

**Blue Wool:** Yes. A likely story.

**Coke Tin:** What? Look, just get off my back, will you.

**Blue Wool:** Now that's typical of the young generation of today.

**Pink Wool:** Exactly.

**Coke Tin:** Are these two off their heads or what?

**Blue Wool:** Off our heads? Did you hear that, sister? Why you cheeky young...

**Carrier Bag:** Hang on, hang on! What's all this about?

**Pink Wool + Blue Wool:** It's him.

**Coke Tin:** It's them.

**Carrier Bag:** Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! One at a time, now. What on earth has started all this up?

**Cartridge:** Perhaps I can help. Empty Ink Cartridge. One of the bunch that parachuted in last night. Coke here's one of my chaps.

**Carrier Bag:** I see.

**Cartridge:** I think you're in charge?

**Carrier Bag:** Well.. unfortunately, I suppose. I've been here longest.

**Cartridge:** I thought so! Now, my lad. What's all this trouble you're causing?

**Coke Tin:** I'm not causing any trouble. It was just a mistake.

**Pink Wool:** Mistake my foot! These newcomers!

**Blue Wool:** Who do they think they are? Coming in, taking over.

**Cartridge:** Now now, ladies. I think that's rather...

**Pink Wool:** I mean, we don't mind a few extra bits of junk, do we sister?

**Blue Wool:** Of course we don't....but they're behaving like they own the place.

**Carrier Bag:** Really? In what way?

**Pink Wool:** Well for one thing - he seems to think he has the right to sleep on our tree root.

**Coke Tin:** Now just a minute! How was I to know?

**Cartridge:** Now, now, calm down, lad.

**Carrier Bag:** Pink Wool, Blue Wool. With respect, I think you're being a bit unreasonable.

**Pink Wool + Blue Wool:** What?

**Carrier Bag:** Well, firstly, take young Coke here - and the others. They can't help where they've ended up, now can they?

**Blue Wool:** I suppose not.

**Carrier Bag:** Secondly, as he says, he wasn't to know he'd sat in anyone else's place. Now, since we're all in this together, don't you think we should be extending the hand of welcome to newcomers rather than shouting at them?

**Carrier Bag:** There've been so many arguments to sort out lately.

**Newspaper:** Yes! Remember when it was only me, you and the Beer Can?

**Carrier Bag:** Those were the days, eh? Where is the Beer Can, by the way?

**Newspaper:** Who knows? You know what he's like, he could be anywhere.

**Houseplant:** Or maybe... he's just rolled off into the road and got squashed. Well? He might have? He could be squashed as flat as a pancake.

**Dessert Pot:** Yeah. And so might you if you don't shut up.

**Carrier Bag:** It wouldn't be the same round here without the Beer Can he is always with a smile on his face.

**Newspaper:** It certainly wouldn't. Actually, he shouldn't be here at all.

**Dessert Pot:** No?

**Newspaper:** He's like us. He should be recycled.

**Dessert Pot:** Of course. Yeah. He's made of can.

**Newspaper:** Exactly. There's so much you can do with recycled paper and cans, but... people just can't be bothered they just throw everything away instead.

**Carrier Bag:** It really makes me sad sometimes, the way the human race goes on. Using everything up. Destroying all the natural resources. Treating the planet like some huge dustbin.

**Dessert Pot:** I know. I mean, don't they see what's happening?

**House Plant:** Maybe they'll change one day. Maybe they'll realise what they're doing.

**Newspaper:** Well I don't know. At the moment they don't seem to care about anything. I mean, take this place, for example. I bet this used to be a lovely bit for a picnic, once upon a time.

**Carrier Bag:** I know. Nice trees, grass, wild flowers. Great spot for a picnic. Once upon a time, as you say.

## Song 1 ONCE UPON A TIME

**Carrier Bag:** Where's it all coming from? That's what I'd like to know. Oh never mind. Let's say hello to the newcomers.

**Dessert Pot:** Houseplant? Are you coming?

**Houseplant:** Is it worth it? They probably won't be friendly anyway.

**Dessert Pot:** Oh will you stop moaning for once and do something positive? The Carrier Bag's right. Where *is* it all coming from?

**Newspaper:** Oh, that's easy. There'll never be any shortage of rubbish. Did you know that a single person today creates fifteen kilos of rubbish per week?

**Dessert Pot:** Wow! How do you know?

**Newspaper:** Just something I picked up. Page nine or ten I think it was.

**Dessert Pot:** Good grief.

**Newspaper:** I know. I'm sure if I were a human being I'd think a bit more about the environment.

**Dessert Pot:** Have you read this paragraph underneath the picture?

**Newspaper:** I'm not very keen on those long written bits.

**Dessert Pot:** No, you just like facts and figures. We know.

**Newspaper:** Ah yes. So what's so interesting?

**Dessert Pot:** Oh right. Well listen. It says here... just a minute... ah, here we are. It says although 80% of junk can be recycled, more than 50% of it ends up dumped in landfills like the one down the road there. Incredible!

**Newspaper:** Mmm. It's true, these humans will turn the whole world into one huge rubbish tip if they don't do something soon. Oh, when you're a newspaper you know an awful lot of information. I've often thought of going on one of those T.V. quiz shows, X'jismu bhalissa? – bhal Divided you know! I could probably answer just about any question I'm so so clever!

**Newspaper:** (To the audience) Tell you what, go on – try me!

**A1:** Oj oj..ha nsaqsik waħda jien ħa nara kemm vera taf fuq kollox! Xi tfisser TSUNAMI?

**Newspaper:** Easy 'Tsunami' is a Japanese word for a huge sea wave. Any more questions?

**A1:** Ok. Imħatra li ma tafx x'jismu l-ktieb li kiteb is-sur Camilleri tal-Year 5?

**Newspaper:** Everyone knows that around here... għax ħadilna rasna s-sur Camilleri u powsters kullimkien! Mhux ovja li Prima Facie jismu!

**A2:** Mr. Knowitall mela ara jekk ma tafx din. It-Taj Mahal fl-Indja x'inhu... palazz, knisja jew qabar?

**Newspaper:** It's a tomb.

**A2:** U Mr. Cassar x'ihobb l-aktar barra l-familja tiegħu?

**Newspaper:** From the looks of it I can say that he loves his ties and I also know that he has quite a Collection!

(Prompter enters holding an audience prompt sign which reads "Cheer/Go crazy")

**Newspaper:** Ah yes. When you're a newspaper you're a mine of information.

**Choir :** Useless information!

## **Song 2: When You're Black and White And Read All Over.**

**Coke Tin:** Hup, two, three, four. Hup, two, three, four. Hup, two, three, four. ATTENTION!

**Carrier Bag:** Looks like a well-disciplined platoon you've got there, Cartridge.

**Cartridge:** It certainly is. Watch this.

**Carrier Bag:** Very impressive,

**Carrier Bag:** Right, well, I'd like to welcome you all to the old picnic site here. Please just make yourselves at home. If you've got any problems or questions, any of us will be happy to help. At ease, troops.

**Cartridge:** Let them go Sergeant.

**Coke Tin:** Yes sir. Platoon Dis-miss!

**Dessert Pot:** Poor things. They look frozen. I bet they wish they were on a nice warm compost heap.

**Carrier Bag:** I know. It's a shame it's so chilly, their first day here. Must be a bit of a shock.

**Houseplant:** Well can't somebody come up with an idea to get warm? My leaves are dropping off with the cold.

**Carrier Bag:** Mmm. I wonder if we could find something to make a fire.

**Newspaper:** Well don't look at me.

**Carrier Bag:** Oh sorry. Wasn't thinking.

**Houseplant:** What about some aerobics?

**Dessert Pot:** I don't like aerobics.

**Houseplant:** Don't tell us – you don't like aerobics.

**Newspaper:** Well he's not alone. Do you that only 10% of the people get the exercise their body needs.

**Dessert Pot:** Hey I know – what about a dance?

**Newspaper:** Yeah! Right. I'll go and let everybody else know. Come on, houseplant.

**Carrier Bag:** I'll tell you one thing - the Beer Can'll like this. He loves a good party. Tell you what lets make some space for the dancing.

**Dessert Pot:** Well you can. I think I'll just have to sit if that's ok. I'm feeling a bit blue.

**Carrier Bag:** Really?

**Dessert Pot:** I could have been used for lots of things if people had only thought. All I needed was washing out. **Kieku gejt f'idejn it-teacher ta' l-art kieku kienet tuzani zgur...daqqa bil-karti u daqqa biz-zebgha!**

**Carrier Bag:** I know what you mean. But everybody's got some kind of sad story here.

**Dessert Pot:** Have they?

**Carrier Bag:** 'Course they have. We just have to make the best of things.

**Dessert Pot:** I suppose you're right.

**Carrier Bag:** As a matter of fact I've only been used once.

**Dessert Pot:** Really?

**Carrier Bag:** One trip home from the supermarket.

**Dessert Pot:** What a waste!

**Carrier Bag:** I know. I mean, look at me - I'm as good as new! Well, okay, obviously I've got slightly dirty, being in the bin and everything, but there's nothing actually *wrong* with me.

I could have been used again and again. Unbelievable.

### **Song 3: It's A Drag Being A Bag.**

**Oil Bottle:** Bravo! Bravissimo!

**Carrier Bag:** Who are you?

**Oil Bottle:** Olive Oil Bottle. This is my friend. We dropped in early this morning. I come from Italy. See? "Olive oil, Made in Italy."

**Dessert Pot:** Wow! That's a long way away. How did you end up here?

**Oil Bottle:** Oh, the usual route I suppose. Same as the Ketchup here.

**Ketchup:** First we're imported and sent to a shop. Than we're bought by someone and taken home. Put in a cupboard...Used till we're empty, then...

**Oil Bottle, Ketchup }** (Together) THROWN AWAY!

**Oil Bottle:** Thrown away. And it's ridiculous. I mean look. We're all made of glass. Best thing you can recycle surely everyone knows that?

**Carrier Bag:** You'd think so. But nothing would surprise me anymore. Wait till you meet the rest of us - there's a beer can and a newspaper here too.

**Oil Bottle:** Disgraceful. I'm exhausted after that journey on the lorry.

**Dessert Pot:** I can imagine. Still remember the night I arrived here.

**Oil Bottle:** Tell me about it. I was stuck next to this snotty perfume box all the way. "There's been an awful mistake." She kept saying. "I should never be here."

**Dessert Pot:** Well at least we don't have any stuck up pieces of junk like *that* here.

**Oil Bottle:** Unfortunately, you do now.

**Carrier Bag:** Look, we're having a bit of a party this evening.

**Oil Bottle:** Oh yes?

**Carrier Bag:** Nothing fancy. Just us and some new stuff that arrived last night. Think the rest of your lot would fancy joining us?

**Oil Bottle:** I'm sure they would. Most of them, anyway.

**Carrier Bag:** I'll go and see. Coming?

**Oil Bottle:** Oh, I wouldn't bother inviting Her Ladyship the perfume box, though. This would be much too common for her.

**Carrier Bag:** Oh – I see!

**Ketchup:** I still can't quite believe what's happened to us, you know.

**Oil Bottle:** I know. It's just ridiculous that things made of glass are thrown away. What a senseless waste of resources.

### **Song 4 : Please Don't Throw Any Glass Away**

**Beer Can:** Hello. This is a nice surprise! Don't think we've met, have we?

**Oil Bottle:** No, my name is Olive. I come from Italy.

**Beer Can:** Beer Can. I come from the supermarket.

**Oil Bottle:** Right, I suppose we should get back to work. Can't be much longer before the others get back.

**Beer Can:** Er... have I missed something?

**Oil Bottle:** What do you mean?

**Beer Can:** Well... it's very nice, you tidying up and everything, but...?

**Oil Bottle:** Oh, we're just making space so people can dance.

**Beer Can:** Dance?

**Oil Bottle:** Apparently there's going to be some kind of party here tonight.

**Beer Can:** Party, eh? Excellent! Well, you certainly won't keep me away. Never turn down a party, I don't. We need a few snacks, though. Not the same without a few snacks.

### **Song 5: I'm A Party Kind Of Guy.**

**Beer Can:** Can I help you, Miss?

**Perfume Box:** Oh I do hope so. I'm looking for somewhere to settle down, but the whole place seems to be a dump.

**Beer Can:** Nah, this isn't the dump. That's the dump up the road there. This place, you, me and the rest of the junk, we're just sort of...overspill.

**Perfume Box:** You may be overspill. I hardly think the term applies to me.

**Beer Can:** Oh sorry. Silly me. I thought you fell off the back of a lorry like the rest of us. I must have missed the private jet landing.

### **Song 6: I'm Better Than All this Riff Raff**

**Carrier Bag:** ... amazing... that's incredible. I don't believe it! Hey! You lot! Come and see this! Listen "As part of their current Eco Schools project, the children and parents of St. Theresa College, B'Kara Primary are planning to collect, reuse and recycle all rubbish from the former viewpoint picnic spot and restore the area to its former use."

**All Junk:** (Except Houseplant) Hooray!

**Carrier Bag:** "Re-use and recycle all rubbish." That's unbelievable!

**Dessert Pot:** So does this mean we're getting out of here?

**Carrier Bag:** Looks that way.

**Houseplant:** Mmm. I'll believe it when I see it.

**Dessert Pot:** Look, is there any chance you could just shut up and stop being so negative?

**Newspaper:** Hey look at this! You'll never guess what I've just... Oh, you've found one too, have you?

**Carrier Bag:** I was just telling everyone. A bunch of kids, eh. Who'd have thought it?

**Newspaper:** I would.

**All Junk:** What?

**Newspaper:** Well, in a recent study, children know more than their parents.

**Carrier Bag:** Amazing. So... does everybody over the other side know about this big clean up then?

**Newspaper:** Yep.

**Carrier Bag:** Funny, I'm going to miss this place, in a way. Oh, it's only a spare bit of ground, but I've made a kind of life here. And... well, of course I'm glad most of us are off to get recycled or reused, but I'll miss that load of idiots. Wonder where we'll all end up?

Wonder where I'll end up? Probably back here or up at the dump at the end of the day, when you think about it. But at least I'll have done a few more things in my life, not just one trip back from the supermarket.

**Perfume Box:** Oh, sorry. I... thought everyone had gone.

**Carrier Bag:** Not yet. Great news, eh?

**Perfume Box:** Oh. Yes. Great.

**Carrier Bag:** I mean, who'd have thought a bunch of kids would get the idea to... Hey, what's the matter?

**Perfume Box:** Nothing.

**Carrier Bag:** It can't be nothing. Come on, what's wrong?

**Perfume Box:** I'm sorry. It's just... well, I know I didn't fit in at first, but I was kind of getting used to this place. Just started to think I might have a chance of making some friends, and... it's all over.

**Carrier Bag:** I know how you feel, but come on, cheer up. You'll make new friends once you're recycled.

**Perfume Box:** You just don't get it, do you?

**Carrier Bag:** Get what?

**Perfume Box:** I can't be recycled.

**Carrier Bag:** Oh. Hey, I'm sorry, Box. I never thought.

**Perfume Box:** It doesn't matter. Nothing matters any more. There's no future for me. Nothing. I won't even have the pleasure of rotting down into the ground, thanks to this stupid... plastic... coat. No, I'll just go to the dump and stay there getting gradually covered in more and more.

**Carrier Bag:** You won't, you know.

**Perfume Box:** What do you mean?

**Carrier Bag:** Nah. No way. You don't think a load of little girls are going to let you go to the dump, do you?

**Perfume Box:** What do you mean?

**Carrier Bag:** Well, they love pretty boxes I bet one of them will snatch you up as soon as they set eyes on you.

**Perfume Box:** What, looking like this? Covered in filth?

**Carrier Bag:** You're not covered in filth. Stop being a drama queen. With a bit of a dust down you'll be just as beautiful as the day you came out of the shop. Come on, stand up, let's get you sorted.

**Perfume Box:** But... why should you do this for me? I've been such a snob.

**Carrier Bag:** It's all for one and one for all, as... somebody used to say.

### **Song 7 : We're all in this together.**

**Carrier Bag:** There. Turn round. Yep. Pretty as a picture.

**Perfume Box:** I... I don't know how to thank you.

**Carrier Bag:** No thanks needed.

**Perfume Box:** Goodbye. And... good luck.

**Carrier Bag:** Thanks. You know, I will miss this place but... well, it's nice to think we've still got some useful life ahead of us...

**Newspaper:** And nice to feel that somebody's finally doing something for the environment. You know, for a while there I thought it was going to be too late.

**Carrier Bag:** I suppose it's never too late, when you think about it, mate. Never too late to try.

### **Song 8 : It's Never too late to be an eco-warrior**