**The Ride Of My Life**

Pre-set

*The audience is stood outside by a podium which says “Welcome to “The Ride of My Life”. Please wait for your ride attendant who will escort you to the ride*.”

Me: Good afternoon everyone and welcome. Before entering, please ensure that all loose articles such as bags, coats and notebooks (*I look at the markers*) are placed into a locker (*The Performer gestures to the lockers*) Please can you now form a queue?

Scene 1

*The lights fade up. A whiteboard is seen at the side of the stage. The Performer walks to it.*

Me: Life is a rollercoaster. It’s has its ups and downs. My childhood was like that.

*The sound of fireworks are heard. The performer pulls a party popper.*

It was a new millennium and I was three years old. And I was diagnosed with ADHD and Worster-Drought Syndrome

Now some people may not know what both conditions are. Essentially, ADHD is a set of behavioural problems. Whereas, Worster-Drought Syndrome is a muscle condition where the mouth seizes up causing problems with eating, drinking and talking.

When being diagnosed, my mum knew something must be done. And so my ascent for help began.

*The sound of screaming is heard.*

However, my first downhill would occur when I had my first assembly at my primary school. I was pushed into this one room with everyone. I could hear the distant noise of loud footsteps. Out of the blue, this thing who looked like Maggie Thatcher arrived. She yelled “Good morning everyone”.

(*Audience: Good morning Ms. Arsehole!*”)

*The performer puts on the wig and becomes Mrs Arsehole*

Me (*As Mrs Arsehole*): Now, today we have a new student called Daniel. So I want you to be *really* nice to him. Now, Daniel needs some friends so lets be nice to him. Now how do we behave in this school? Yes.

V/O: We sit here and laugh about how you are called “Ms Arsehole”

*The V/O laughs and the school laughs and starts singing “MS ARSEHOLE IS A FARTER”*

Mrs Arsehole (*Exploding*): QUIET! (*Silence*) Anyway, who’s ready for our hymn today?

*The performer takes his mask off and places the mask on the automaton*.

Me: What a bit…Sorry. Witch.

*Pause*.

Me: As time passed, I brushed off that assembly. Yet, people were treating me as different. They cared about me that when I wanted to be in the school play, I would get the silent role. When my mum and dad found out about this behaviour, they confronted Mrs Arsehole. They knew the only cure was speech therapy and wanted the school to help. However, she had a different agenda.

V/O. As the Headmistress of Birdwell Primary, I can say there are problems with his behaviour. However, this is not the fault of the school. In fact, I would question you, Mrs Fotheringham, on his upbringing.

When my mum heard that, the Incredible Hulk arrived.

*The performer turns around and puts on some Incredible Hulk hands and roars. He rips off the wig and slams it on the floor and punches it and roars.*

Me: (*Relaxed*) My mum started assembling her own Avengers to help me win my case. In the end, we got a doctor who was prepared fully back me. However, Mrs Arsehole had assembled her own team. But what power does she hold over…

V/O: Ladies and Gentlemen, we appear to have technical difficulties with your ride. Thank you.

Me: Fucks sake. Just talk amongst for a sec.

*I turn the flipchart around to get the coaster*.

Me: (*Turning to the audience*) Right, I’m so sorry but we’re going to have to evacuate the ride so if you just raise your hands up in 3, 2…

*The sound of a rollercoaster launching is heard.*

The case had been won. I had defeated the Wicked Witch of the West. For now. It’s just a shame she didn’t melt away.

*The sound of phonetic cards are heard*.

When I won that battle, I went into consultation. I spent countless hours going over small phrases like “She sells sea shells on the sea shore” and words with a “th” sound. No. Not “F”. “Th”.

It’s year six. A time to pick my secondary school.

When searching for schools, my parents found “Kingstone High” – a school focused on performing arts. At the time, I wanted to be a actor. Partly because I wanted to play this role. (*The picture of the performer in a Phantom mask is seen on the projection board and the overture is heard. As this happens, the performer dresses up as the phantom and turns around*). Too dramatic? Suit yourself. Once I made my decision to go there, I told my friends.

*He turns round to certain audience members tears pictures of himself making confetti*.

One by one, they treated me as a ghost.

To get into the school, I had to get level fours in English, Maths and Science. What do you think Mrs Arsehole?

V/O: You will not get level fours. But, I admire your effort. Good luck.

When I told my mum, she would do everything to help me.

*Pause.*

I wait by the letterbox.

*The performer holds up a letter addressed to him. He opens it and reads it.*

Me (*Shock*): 4C in Science and two 4A’s in Maths and English. In your face Mrs Arsehole!

Me: So that ride happened ten years ago. But where am I now? Ten years ago, I ended my primary education n. Now, it’s the end. Nine years ago, I had my last speech therapy session. But ten years ago, I lost “life long friends”. Now, I have friends for life.

So, life is a rollercoaster. It has its ups and downs. But, its your choice to scream or enjoy the ride.

*The performer walks to the rostrum and sits on his own seat. A projection of POV on rollercoasters are seen with the song “Life is a Rollercoaster” by Ronan Keating is heard and he puts his hands up as if on the ride. Blackout.*