



Australian Theatre  
for Young People

## ATYP ON DEMAND PLUS FORWARD TO THE PAST GUIDED MEDITATION SCRIPT

Wow, would you look at that! No buildings, no cars, not another soul in sight. The ground is a golden brown. The nearby trees crackle and sway in shades of orange and grey and green. The sun sizzles everything it touches. It's like you're living in a painting.

Without your bag and your hat you have no water, no food, no shade. Maybe you'll get a better view standing on the rocks over there. Hopefully you'll see a river or a creek. How do you climb up those rocks? A little lizard lies lazily on a nearby ledge. Its eyes are like two dewy diamonds reflecting in the light. Its back ripples as it adjusts its legs and tail.

That's funny...I didn't know lizards made hissing sounds.

A snake!

You backflip away from the lizard. You tumble down the rocks. You rip your school uniform and lose a shoe in the process.

Limping toward the sand dunes, you hope there'll be some water on the other side. The sand crumbles each time you claw your way up the dune. How are you going to get up this impossible climb? The last final motions to get to the top you feel all hope may be lost until...you see a handful of homes on the other side. Dome-shaped huts lined with a thick layer of clay. Thick seams of grass and leaves layer the roof. Rows of homes with smaller huts beside them to use for food and grain storage. They look strong and safe...and empty.

A bird circles overhead. You see in its beak a big fish. You see it swoop downward in the distance. Your only hope is that it'll lead you to water. Time is ticking by as you grow thirstier. You weave through the huts, away from the dunes and try your hardest to remember where the bird had landed. You brush past the itchy bushes and over the shrubs. Your bare foot burns against the earth, beads of sweat slide down your cheeks, you huff and puff as shades of brown turn into green and grey into gold...and...wait...is that...is that a riverbed? You pick up the pace. Is this a mirage? Is it all in your imagination? You charge onward and see that bird having its lion's share of fish. You belly flop into the riverbed and feel the cool water all over your body. You've never seen water so clear. You see fish traps upstream where the bird was eating. Low walls of rocks and boulders seem to funnel the fish to a smaller pool of water where the bird could catch them easily. Food isn't on your mind though. You're happy just lying, cooling off. You spend the rest of the afternoon in the shade, making shapes of lizards and snakes, of huts and fish traps in the clouds.