



Theatrefolk

Original Playscripts

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Floating On A Don't Care Cloud by Lindsay Price

MYA: So I'm over at Shona's house and we're studying, we're not doing anything out of the ordinary, I have an Economics test tomorrow and we're grilling each other. Everything's fine. Everything's fine. I took a pill earlier today and they're supposed to last a long time. I guess I'm taking them more and more. I guess. Not really. It's not drugs. But I guess, if I was really thinking about it, not that I do, but I notice more and more I find the edge getting stronger and if I don't take another pill I think I might fly apart. Not really. But I might. And I said I'd never inject. Never, never. But it's got to be faster and we're just sitting around and I feel the edge. I go to the bathroom. Her bathroom is a mess. The tub is disgusting. If I clean her tub I'll bet I can make the edge go away. That's what I'll do. I scrub the tile. Up the walls. Faucets. Can't stop it. I scrub and scrub and my fingers are bleeding and my heart is beating so fast, I have to hold the edge. If I don't hold on I'll fly part. All of a sudden it's all edge. All I feel is the edge. Everything is edge and my hands won't stop shaking. I can't get rid of the edge. I can't get rid of it. I have to pull back from the edge the edge the edge if I go too far I'll fly apart, I'll break into pieces, I'll break, I'll break, I'll I'll I'll I'll I'll -

The Pregnancy Project by Lindsay Price

NEIL: First she's quiet. And distant. Like on another planet. I'd be talking about track and how coach won't stop ragging on me – normal stuff. She doesn't hear a word. Then. She doesn't want me to touch her. She keeps shrugging me off. I put an arm around her shoulder, I try to hold her hand. Nothing. I ask her: "What's wrong." Nothing. She's fine. "What's wrong." She's perfectly fine. Mrs. Rossi, why do girls say they're fine, when they're not? Cause she wasn't. I'm on my way to practise. She's at my locker. I'm late; I don't have time to talk. She's late. She. Is. Late. How? What am I – I'm not, I'm just a normal guy. I'm supposed to get a track scholarship. It's not my fault. We were careful. It's not mine. We were so careful. Sort of careful. I thought we were careful. She's waiting for me to say something. Anything. I want to run. I want to get away from her face. I want her to stop looking at me. Stop waiting. My life can't be ruined because of one... I don't run. I can't. I blame my parents. I don't run. I say: Ok. We'll handle it. I'm a father. I'm a father. I try to get into that frame of mind. Figure out the right thing to do. I'm a father. I'm a father. Over and over and over and just when I.... she's yelling at me in the hall. It's ok. It's ok. No baby. Everything - the whole world wrenches back to normal. Before normal. Sort of. It's stupid. I feel kind of sad. Only not. I'm sure I'll be....We broke up last week. I broke up with her. I guess I couldn't go back to normal.



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Preparing A Monologue

Movement Exercise Examples

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The Pose: There is so much chaos in the sound of the monologue, it's important to contrast that in the movement, rather than add on to it. Chaos in both sound and movement is just that, a lot of chaos. I would go for intense forced stillness – the character talks about flying apart, so the character's pose should try to contain that: arms folded tightly across the body, locked legs with maybe the glimmer of a shake that would be instantly contained.

The Move: Down to the knees when the character talks about scrubbing the tile.

The Gesture: Mya is on the verge of flying apart, which gets harder and harder to contain. I see a case of the shakes just bursting to get out of her as her heart beats faster and faster. So the gesture would be that shake coming to the surface – a fluttering of a hand, a trembling of the leg, and then instantly containing that shake.



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The Pose: Neil is an athlete, confident, and very conscientious. These should both be revealed in his pose – firmly planted feet, hands on the hips, straight back, head held high.

The Move: Neil is talking to two people in the monologue: his girlfriend and his teacher. They should be to his front left and his front right. When he expresses his frustration to Mrs Rossi, a definite strong cross, a bursting out to physicalize his lack of control on this situation.

The Gesture: The events of the monologue are out of Neil's control, and he's a character with a lot of control – the gesture should definitely reflect that. Fists tightly clenched when he talks about his girlfriend being late and then splaying open, like there's nothing he can hold on to.