

CARTOGRAPHY



[PRIVATE PLAYS]

Written by

DO IT
THEATRE

Designed by Steven Fraser

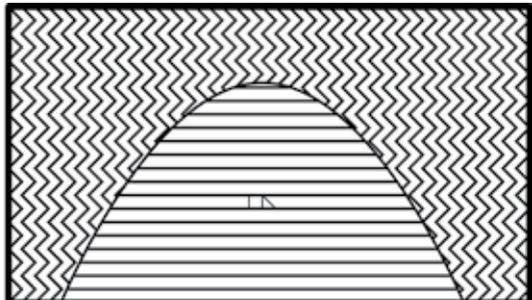
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A Private Play written by



privateplays.wordpress.com

CARTOGRAPHY is a one man Private Play that you can perform by yourself and make believe.



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Introduction

Private Plays are short one man/woman plays that participants can perform in their own homes, in their own good time. Acting ability and an audience is not required, just a sense of fun and adventure. Private Plays tend to be adult in nature and are not recommend to be performed in front of children and grand parents.

Premise

The prevention of a rape brings on a curious discovery.

Synopsis

A student returns back home after travelling Australia. Whilst travelling he/she became interested in photography and documenting their life. During a photography walk in a garden the protagonist witnesses and prevents a rape. The perpetrator of the rape runs off before Anon can do anything. The victim also swiftly, but awkwardly runs off, leaving behind their high heels. Anon picks up the heels and finds them interesting. Anon puts them on and gains confidence from the style and fashion of the shoes. This is an epiphany for Anon, seemingly granting them the poise and assurance they were looking for. The ending is somewhat ambiguous and asks questions of sex, violence and self confidence.

Characters

Anon - In his/her mid-twenties, working class background. Anon can either be male or female as the Private play is not gender specific. This is also the reason the character is called Anon. The performer has the right to declare what gender they would like the character to be.

Set and Props

The scene takes place in a garden just as the sun is setting. A pair of high-heeled shoes are centre stage (in the middle of your lawn). Anon has a camera around his/her neck and is wearing sandals.

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Anon: My return to Edinburgh was long over due. Australia was an experience, but visa's have their expiry dates and my bank account had a glass ceiling. One trait I developed whilst travelling was the need to document my life.

Anon puts the camera to his/her eye and points it at the audience. He takes a photograph.

Anon: I photographed the nooks and crannies of Edinburgh. The back alleys and side streets. The pissing rain and piss poor. The bankers eating their 3 course diners. The girls, the girls in their short skirts and long legs. The guys with their goose pimples and tight t-shirts. It was cartography. It was my cartography study.

Takes photograph.

Anon: One November night I took a couple of turns round the dark back streets of the old town. As I admired the gardens and alleys a scream echoed around the quad.

Anon begins to walk around the High Heels and takes another photograph.

Anon: The sound entered my ears and my feet reacted. I ran, following the scream, bouncing off the walls and reaching a cul-de-sac.

Takes another photograph, this time of the heels, as he/she walks faster around the heels.

Anon: In front of my eyes was a scene. This really fat bloke, I couldn't see his face, too dark. He was standing over this wee girl. One hand on her throat and another on his cock.

Takes another photograph, again of the heels as he/she walks around them.

Anon: He saw the camera flash, then me, then scampered. I could have ran after, but I was more interested in her. She must have been about fourteen/fifteen. Too young.

Takes photograph of the heels.

Anon: Tears were streaming down her face. She wasn't hysterical but she was nearly there. She looked through me. Then caught my eyes. I then caught hers.

Takes a photograph.

Anon: She got up in a flash. She ran the opposite way of the rapist. Left behind the smell of cheap perfume and the heavy thumping echo of a heartbeat. She also left her high heels. They were in a puddle, glistening in the moonlight.

Takes photograph. Anon then picks up one of the shoes. He/She starts to gently stroke and smell it.

Anon: It felt good. It felt right. It was what I was looking for. It never even occurred to me to run after her, make sure she was ok, or even

call the police. These were mine.

Anon instinctively kicks off his/her sandals and puts on the heels.

Anon: Now I had truly returned. I could start to live my life the way I wanted. Edinburgh get ready.

Anon walks of stage wearing the high-heeled shoes.

The End





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