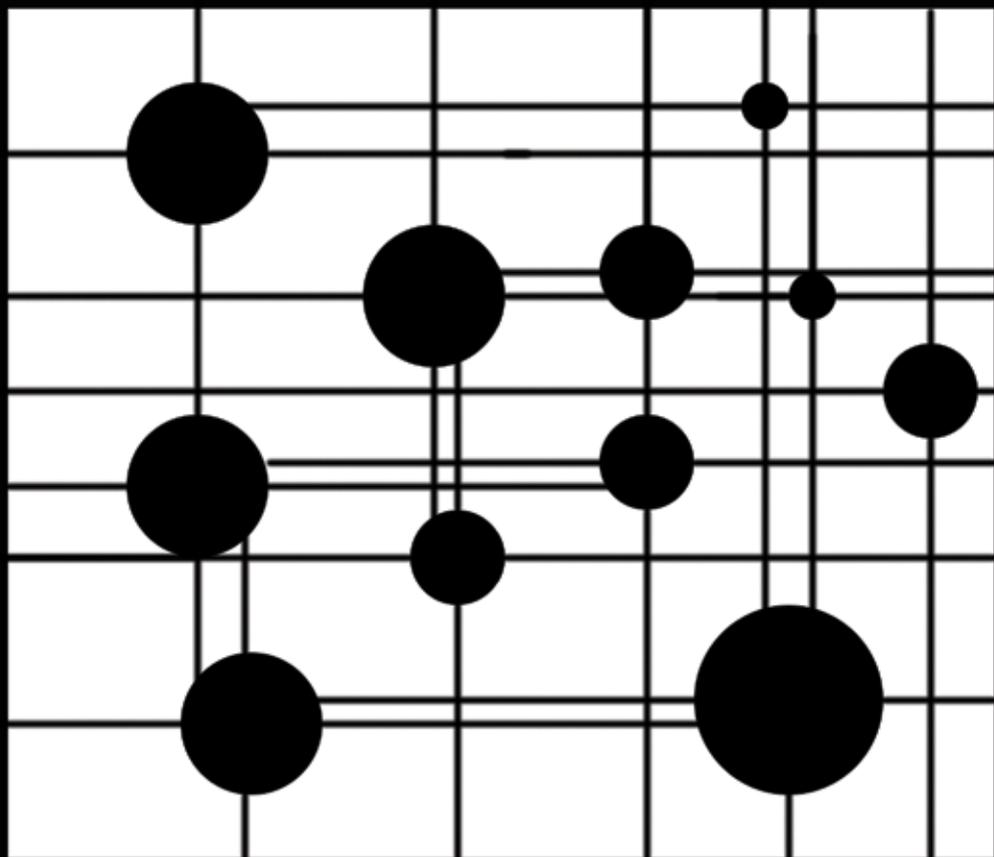


FROZEN



[PRIVATE PLAYS]

Written by

DO IT
THEATRE

Designed by Steven Fraser

FROZEN

A Private Play written by



privateplays.wordpress.com

FROZEN. A Private Play you can perform yourself and make believe.



FROZEN

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 are adult in nature, therefore not to be performed in front of children.

Characters

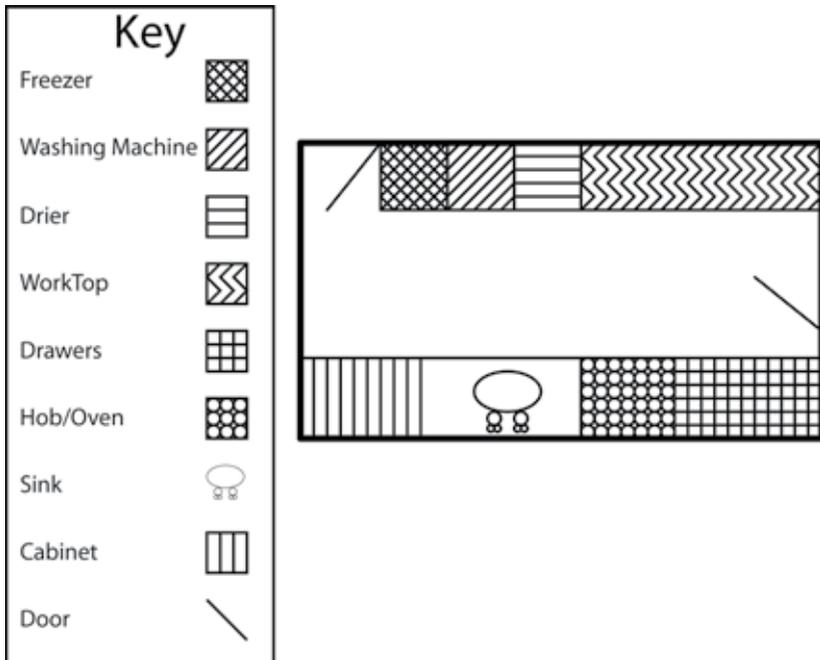
Jamie can either be male or female in their early thirties.

Set and Props

A kitchen with a fridge/freezer and a set of ice cubes in a tray. A hammer is also needed; concealed in Jamie's back pocket.

Setting

Early 1990's in an unnamed town.



FROZEN

Jamie is in the Kitchen. He/She opens the freezer and takes out an ice cube tray. Jamie removes one cube and places it on the kitchen top and returns the tray.

Jamie: By the time this ice cube melts I will tell you an interesting story. A story in which this ice changed my future.

Pause as Jamie catches his/her breath and readies his/herself for a speech.

Jamie: Claire was my best friend. We were 13, growing up fast. But it was Claire's older brother who I idolised. David had short spikey red hair. His fading leather jacket had badges and studs all over it, but his record collection impressed me most.

Jamie takes a moment to smile and consider the past.

Jamie: The Clash, The Ramones, Suicide. Fucking Suicide ... amazing. I used to love walking past his bedroom. The door was shut tight, but the music blasted out through the cracks. This crisp sound was the biggest inspiration anyone could ask for. Dave and his music ensured I would be best friends with Claire. I was too young for Dave to notice, but Claire was my way in. I never loved Claire. I loved Dave.

Jamie stares intently at the ice cube as the speech gets serious. He/she has his/her hands on

the kitchen top, pressing down hard, willing the cube to melt.

Jamie: Claire started getting into the music as well. Died her blue, ripped her jeans and got her brother's old jacket. It smelt like him. Smoke and vinyl.

Claire sneaked into Dave's room when he wasn't in. She took in a blank tape and stuck it into Dave's tape deck. She was in there for a couple of hours and made a mix-tape. I was jealous. I wanted to go into Dave's room and finger his records. I wanted to sit on his bed and stare at the sleeves.

Claire said as long as we had this mix-tape we didn't have to press our ears against the wall. We could listen to music whenever, wherever as long as we had a Walkman and headphones. One ear piece each.

Jamie looks down shaking his/her head in disagreement.

Jamie: Fuck that. I didn't want a mix-tape. She had done some stupid illustration on it as well. Bloody love hearts and kisses.

Pause as Jamie still stares at the ice cube. He/She puts his/her hand on the hammer in his/her back pocket.

Jamie: It was Winter. Freezing, mid January and snow covered the town. Claire and I would walk each other to school; real close, listening to the tape. One day on the way home Claire wanted to walk past the lake.

Jamie (impersonating Claire): If we go that way we could listen to all of side A.

Jamie: I said ok. I wish I hadn't.

Pause as Jamie collects himself/herself.

Jamie: The lake was frozen. Claire stopped. I carried on walking, the earpiece fell out.

Jamie begins to impersonate a younger version of himself/herself along with Claire.

Jamie (young impersonation): What are you doing?

Jamie (impersonating Claire): Looking at the lake.

Jamie: Claire held the Walkman and pressed stop.

Jamie (young impersonation): I was listening to that.

Jamie (impersonating Claire): No you weren't.

Jamie: Claire flipped up the door and removed the tape. She looked at it and started to grit her teeth.

Jamie (impersonating Claire): Do you like me?

Jamie (young impersonation): What?

Jamie (impersonating Claire): Do you like me or the music?

Jamie (young impersonation): Both? But mainly the music.

Jamie: I smiled but she could not keep back the tears.

Jamie (impersonating Claire): Do you like me, the music, or my brother.

Jamie (young impersonation): What are you trying to say?

Jamie: Claire threw the tape as hard as she could. It landed on the lake and skidded across the surface with a horrible scratching sound.

Jamie (young impersonation): What did you do that for? The bloody mix tape.

Jamie: Claire looked at me with horrible jealousy, hate and loss. She ran out onto the lake.

Jamie (young impersonation): No. The ice isn't that thick.

Jamie: Claire's steps were heavy. She didn't care. She made it to the middle and picked up the tape. She put it in the Walkman, pressed play and started to walk to the far end. I could hear the ice cracking under her boots. She couldn't, the music was too loud.

Jamie pauses again and stares at the ice cube.

Teary eyed, with his/her hand on the hammer.

Jamie: She made it to the bank. My heart was in my mouth. I could see her walking away nonchalantly.

Jamie takes another moment to compose himself/herself.

Jamie: We are still friends and see each other from time to time. I never see Dave. Don't care. He wasn't my friend. I still listen to punk and whenever I make a new friend I always give them my full attention and trust. I also make them a mix-tape.

Pause as Jamie takes out the hammer from his/her pocket. He/She looks down at the ice cube and smashes it with the hammer.

Jamie: I'm glad the ice didn't break.

The End





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