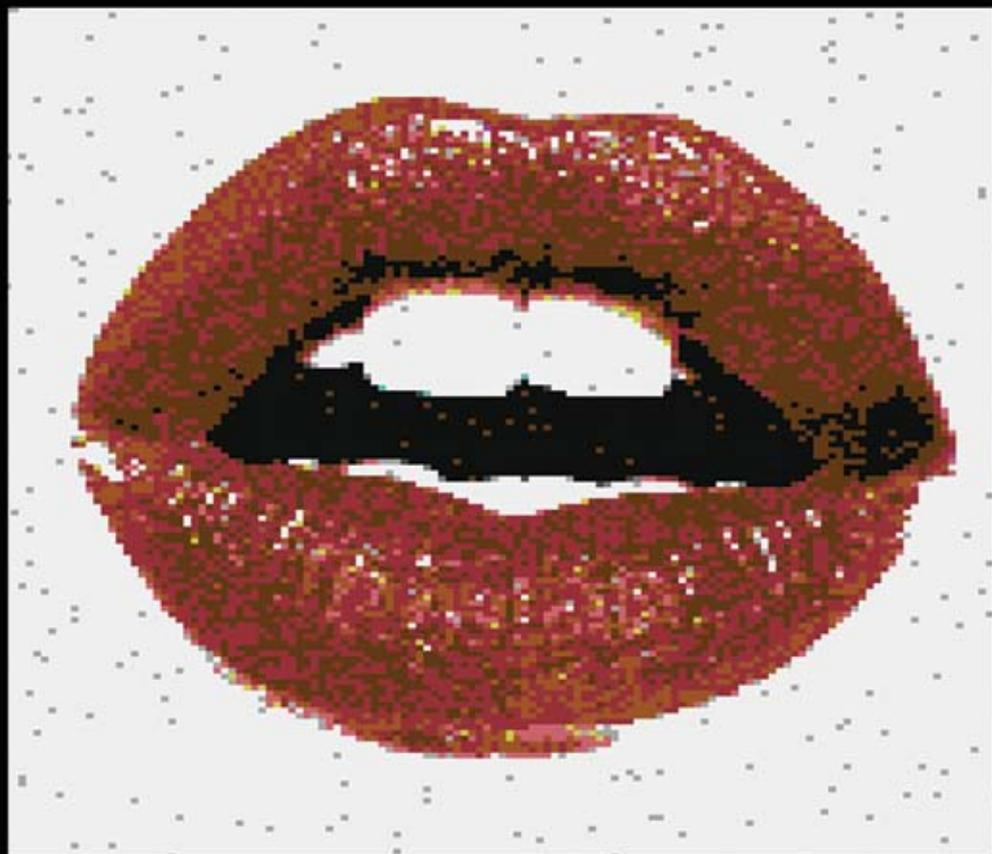


Search List



[PRIVATE PLAYS]

Written by

DO IT
THEATRE

Designed by Steven Fraser

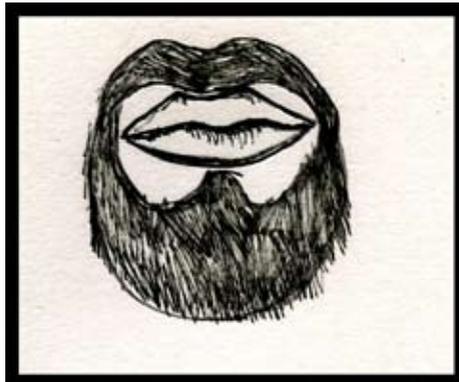
SEARCH LIST

A Private Play written by



privateplays.wordpress.com

SEARCH LIST. A Private Play you can perform yourself and make believe.



SEARCH LIST

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.

Premise

A love story about running out of time and an obsession with beards.

Characters

The sole main character is anonymous (referred to as Anon) and can be male or female of any age, however a performance depicting an older character may add to the gravity of the story. It is also important to note that the protagonist is in love with a Bearded Lady and this may influence your choice of sexuality for the character.

Set and Props

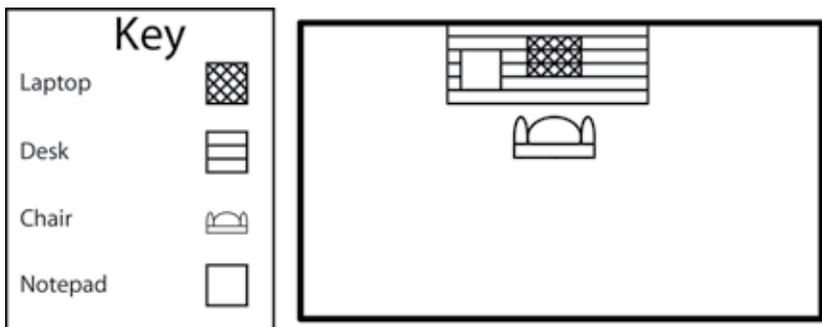
The location can be any room in a house, as long it has a desk or table to place a laptop. The only props needed are the desk, laptop, a pile of paper and a chair to sit on. The paper should be sitting next to the laptop on the desk. The top page of the paper will be the 'Search List'. This is a list of circus names the protagonist is searching for. Therefore the list of circuses that appear in the script must be written on the first page.

Setting

Search List has no specific time and location and takes place in its own fantasy world. The play can take place at either day or night.

Brief Synopsis

Our unnamed trapeze artist protagonist has been searching for years for a lost love who is a Bearded Lady. During an incident at a carnival the lady lost her beard and the trapeze artist gained a life changing injury. The protagonist has a list of circuses to search for online to find the Bearded Lady and he/she takes to google for the search. As he/she carries out the search, they divulge tales of lost love, goals and aspirations. We are told of the life changing injury and this tale of woe is broken by a remarkable website discovery. Will the protagonist go after the lost love or will their injury hold them back? The conclusion is ambiguous and asks questions of free will, lost love and beards.



SEARCH LIST

Anon sits down at a desk and opens up a closed laptop lid. Anon then presses the 'on' button and waits for the laptop to start up.

Anon: Time, I'm always wasting sooooooo much time.

Anon looks up and begins to whistle.

Anon: There it is.

Anon picks up the pile of paper and looks at it. The top page is the search list.

Anon: My Search List.

Pause as Anon composes his/herself.

Anon takes a large breath and begins to type the words as he/she talks.

Anon: Franklin's Circus. (Pause). Search.

Anon peers at the screen.

Anon: She's not there.

Anon picks up the paper again and looks at the list before putting it down.

Anon: Babette's Circus. (Pause). Search.

Anon peers at the screen.

Anon: Nothing.

Disappointing sigh.

Anon: Circus of the Stranglers. (Pause). Search.

Anon peers at the screen.

Anon: This is a waste of time. Over one million circuses in the world and they all employ Bearded Ladies. I'm never going to find 'The One'.

Pause for Anon to regain his/her composure.

Anon: It's been so long since I ran my fingers through that silky smooth hair. I loved the way it delicately flowed and sent warm shivers all the way up my arm and through my spine.

Anon sits back in the chair to reminisce.

Anon: I first saw the brown bearded locks from the top of the trapeze. I was playing Chopin on the violin and making my way across the rope. The beard was 40ft below. In all my years of performing I had never had to use the safety net. That was the first time. I literally fell in love.

Anon leans forward and begins to type again.

Anon: Heartbeat Circus. (Pause). Search.

Anon peers at the screen.

Anon: Pointless. (*Pause*). It was during the Summerhall carnival. The beard had been working at the circus for a few months. Everyone wanted to stroke it, but I got there first. I was doing my violin performance, the Barber of Seville this time and the Bearded Lady was below doing some barber based performance art with the Soprano. It happened so fast. Scissors, opera and Bearded Ladies don't mix. I caught the glimmer of the scissors in my eye and saw the beard fall to the floor. I then fell to the floor. I caught the safety net, but left leg first.

Anon begins to type again.

Anon: Circus of Fools. (*Pause*). Search.

Anon peers at the screen.

Anon: Fool me. (*Pause*). That incident was the last time I saw the Beard. She left the circus and I was in hospital for weeks. I had to give up my act and got a job in a shampoo factory. And I can't listen to Opera anymore. I know she has grown the beard back. How could she not. It was magnificent. It would blow in the wind and dance it's own personal ballet. Pure poetry.

Pause for Anon to reminisce, before he/she starts to type again.

Anon: Bonanza Circus. (*Pause*). Search.

Anon peers at the screen and pauses for several moments.

Anon: That's the beard. That is the beard.

Anon gets up in amazement.

Anon: I need to go to....

Pause as Anon bends down to peer at the screen.

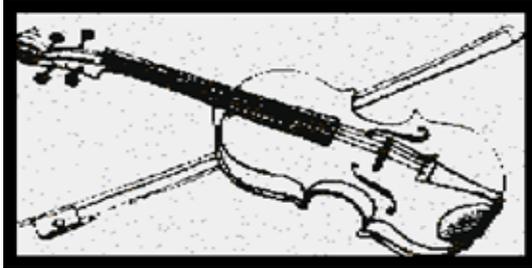
Anon: ...The Summerhall Carnival.

Anon turns around and begins to swiftly walk to the door. As he/she does, they stop abruptly to grab their leg.

Anon: Opera... (Pause) Memories... (Pause) My Career... (Pause) The Beard..... (Pause) The Beard.

The End.





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