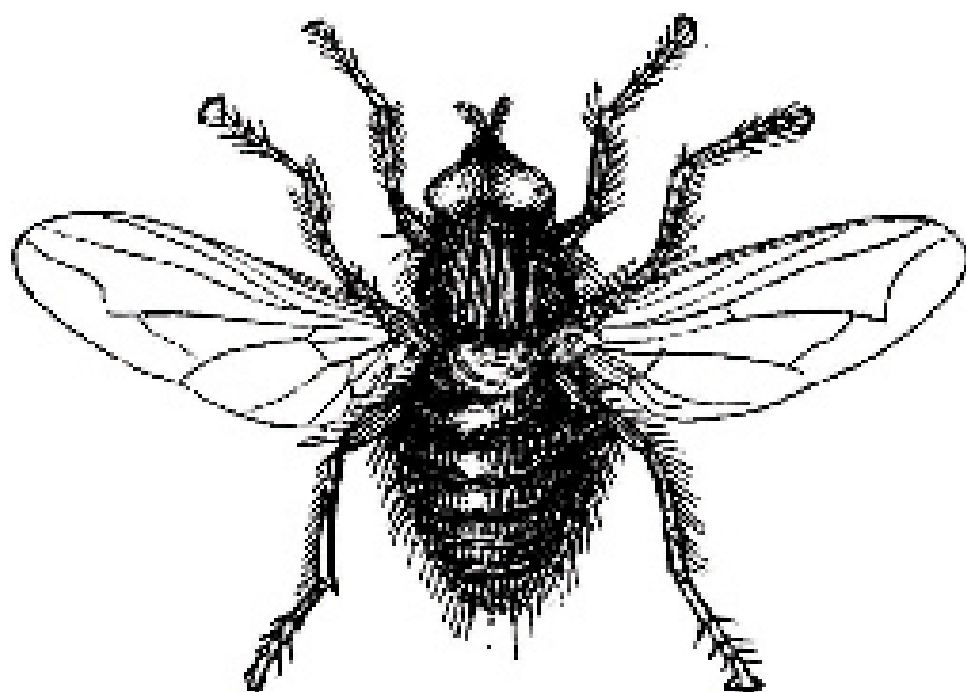


SERIES 1: SOLIDARITY



[PRIVATE PLAYS]

Written by

**DDIT
THEATRE**

Designed by Steven Fraser

SERIES 1: SOLIDARITY

A Private Play Zine Collection written by



privateplays.wordpress.com

SERIES 1: SOLIDARITY

A Private Play you can perform yourself and make believe.

SERIES 1: SOLIDARITY

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION	PAGE 4
THE LONELY BEEKEEPER	PAGE 5
FROZEN	PAGE 14
EVENING SHOWER BURNING	PAGE 23
CARTOGRAPHY	PAGE 32
SEARCH LIST	PAGE 39
INVASION ASAP	PAGE 48

SERIES 1: SOLIDARITY

INTRODUCTION

Private Plays are a basic idea. Short Plays which people can act out in their spare time. All that is needed is some imagination and the ability to read. The Private Play Scripts are short and succinct and to the point. This first collection pulls together the first 6 Private Plays. Each one is different but they share the passion and enthusiasm that is needed for great art.

The idea to illustrate the Private Play Scripts was a simple one. Even though the words on the page convey the stories, having images convey the playfulness and the imagination that is at the heart of Private Plays.

Series 1 is entitled Solidarity. The Private Plays were designed for individuals to enact out on their own and an audience is not necessarily needed. The word solidarity can be seen as an oxymoron as it has connotations with groups and community. But this oxymoron maybe a misnomer as part of the Private Plays project is to create a community of theatre and art lovers who love great stories. If you don't want to act out the plays you can read the scripts and enjoy the stories. If you like art you can take enjoyment out of the illustrations and if you are an extraverted actor you can undertake an original and fascinating performance.

The six Private Plays are collected here as a Zine. Feel free to engage with the Private Plays in whichever way you wish.

Thanks,

Do It Theatre 2013.

The Lonely BeeKeeper



[PRIVATE PLAYS]

Written by

DO IT
THEATRE

Designed by Steven Fraser

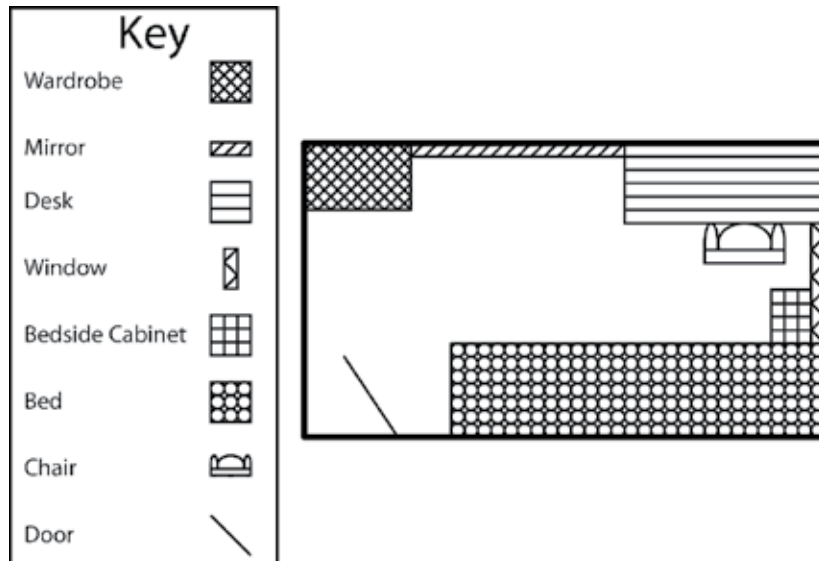
The Lonely BeeKeeper

A Private Play written by



privateplays.wordpress.com

The Lonely Beekeeper is a one man Private Play. A friend will be needed as a foley artist and to turn off your bedroom lights, or you can just perform by yourself in your bedroom and make believe.



The Lonely BeeKeeper

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 grandparents.

Premise

An angry and haphazard beekeeper vents their anger.

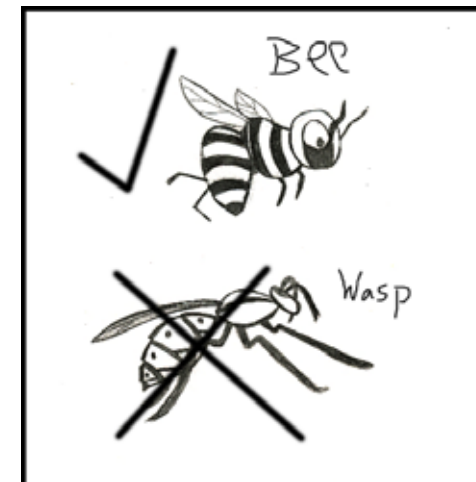
Characters

Alex is a clumsy, angry, beekeeper. Alex can be male or female depending on who is performing the play.

Alex wears an eye patch (if you don't have a patch the same effect can be achieve by closing one eye).

Set and Props

An average bedroom. It will need to have a mirror and a CD player with the album Weald by singer songwriter Rob St. John ready to play. On the mirror a photograph of Ashley will be needed. Ashley can be male or female depending on what sexuality you would like Alex to be.



The Lonely BeeKeeper

Alex swiftly enters his/her bedroom walks over to the CD player and presses play. He/She appears distressed. He/She then walks over to the mirror and stares intently at his/her reflection.

The song Sargasso Sea comes on the CD player. The volume is loud enough to be heard, but not loud enough to drown out the voice. Alex is wearing an eye patch.

Alex: Fucking bees, buzzing around by head. I should have never bought that hive.

Rapping sound at window

Alex: They're coming for me. It's because I squashed The Queen.

Pause as Alex composes himself/herself.

Alex: I could smell the honey. I picked up the cover to the hive with the bees still on it. I tried to lick the thing - I adore honey, but one of the bastards stung me, right in the god dam eye. I fell over in pain and dropped the cover. My initial reaction was shit, the bees are out of the hive. My second reaction was... my bloody eye is sore.

Alex's hips begin to sway with the music as he/she talks.

Alex: I picked myself up and looked down at the broken hive cover on the floor. I could see

her, I could see The Queen. Squashed. A blue ooze, gooing from her frail skeleton and a loose flapping wing.

Pause

Alex: Three flaps, two flaps, one flap, dead. I gently put my hands out to pick her up. But my depth perception was off and I just slapped the corpse in the face. Insult to fatal injury.

Alex falls to his/her knees.

Alex: Your majesty, oh my god your majesty. Forgive me, forgive my clumsiness. Forgive my stupidity.

(Shouting) Spare me, Spare me from my constant ignorance and my lack of coordination. I am condemned to a lifetime of falling over. I am condemned, I am condemned.

Alex slowly rises to his/her feet.

Alex: That's why Ashley left. I was always falling over. Ashley couldn't take it. We couldn't go out. My two left feet would kick each other and I would spend the evening picking myself up from the concrete.

Alex points at the photo of Ashley on the mirror.

Alex: And you hated Bees. How could Ashley, how could you?

Alex pauses again to regain composure and begins

to readdress the mirror.

Alex: Then I ran. As fast as I could, to the hospital. They gave me a wet paper towel to put over my eye as I waited for Dr Farquhar.

Pause.

Alex: Dr Farquhar entered, smelling of good health. The Doctor looked like medicine personified. I bet Farquhar tasted like Calpol. I decided to flirt, which is hard with one eye.

Alex talks with a sultry tone.

Alex: "Did you know that it's mating seasons for bees right in this very instant of time. They make love with a bit of a sting. Of course bee sex is as sweet as honey..."

Alex talks normal again, addressing the mirror.

Alex: I went on like this for a while as The Doctor injected something into my eye. Fucking sore. And then I was made to swallow some pills and then I had to read out some letters on a board.

Alex talks sultry again.

Alex: "Did you know The Queen has several partners per mating cycle. It's very interesting in fact..."

Alex addresses the mirror as himself/herself again, but sounds frustrated and assertive.

Alex: I've never met an individual so uninterested in my beekeeping tales. Heart breaking, stomach sickening, eye pulsating, boring life.

Alex pauses.

Alex: So why am I telling you this.

Alex points to his/her reflection in the mirror, which points back.

Alex: You can save me. You can stop me from falling again.

Alex puts his/her hand out and gently touches the mirror. It appears as if the hands are touching one another. Alex then swiftly removes his/her hand from the mirror and claps two times.

The house lights go down and the bedroom is in complete darkness.

The music from the CD player continues and after several seconds the lights are turned back on.

Alex is lying on his/her bed. He/She is looking up at the ceiling with his/her good eye and appears content.

Alex: I can tell my mirror my problems and they go away. I realised this today after Farquhar blew me off. I can only love myself. I can only love my reflection. So now you are my only love. Ashley left, the bees hate me and The Queen is

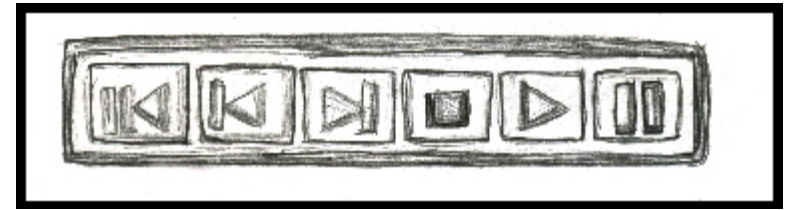
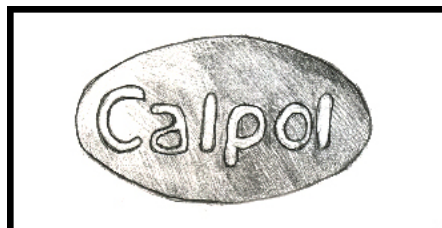
dead. It's just you and me now, just you and me.

Alex gets up from the bed and stares at the mirror.

Alex: It's just you and me.

There is a rapping sound at the window.

The End



A Private Play written by



Designed by Steven Fraser

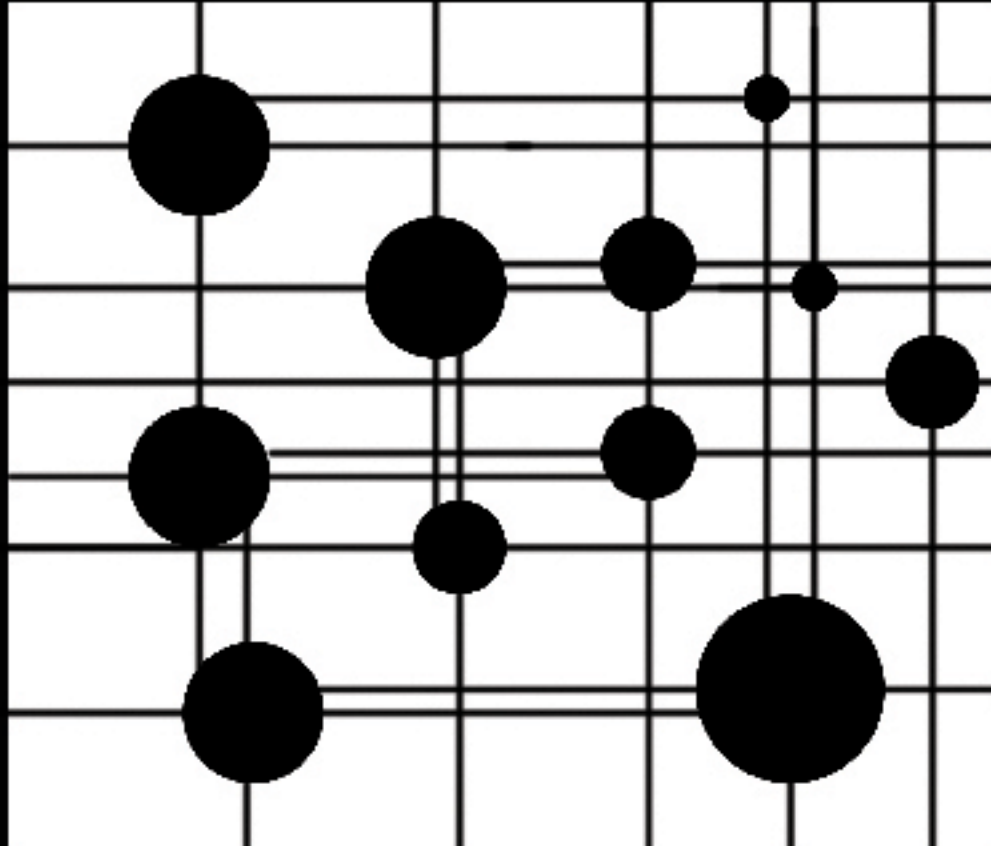
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FROZEN



[PRIVATE PLAYS]

Written by



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FROZEN

A Private Play written by



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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

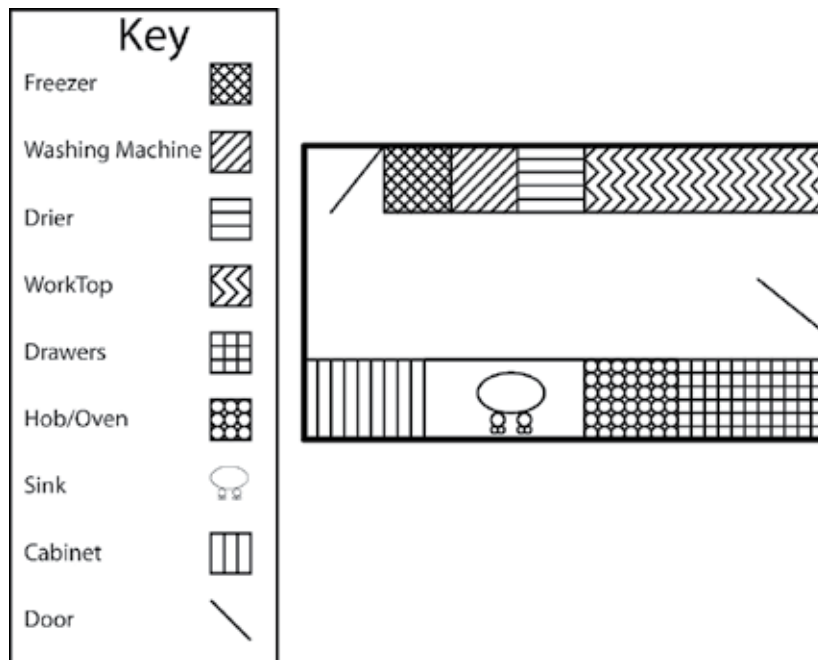
Jamie can either be male or female in their early thirties.

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 thin 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





A Private Play written by



Designed by Steven Fraser

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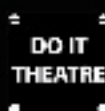
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EVENING SHOWER BURNING



[PRIVATE PLAYS]

Written by



Designed by Steven Fraser

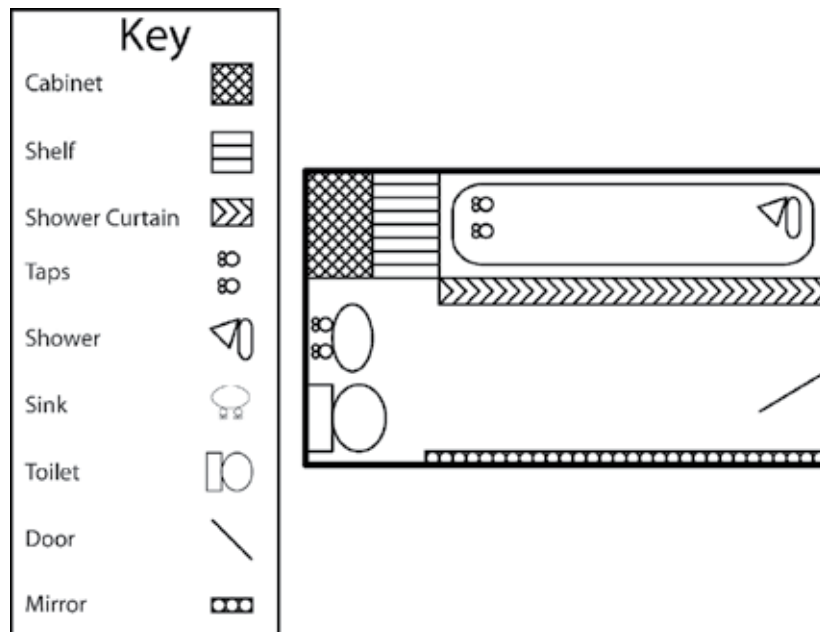
EVENING SHOWER BURNING

A Private Play written by



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Perform by yourself and make believe.



EVENING SHOWER BURNING

Introduction

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Premise

A horror story about an abuse victim who takes a shower.

Characters

Ashley can either be male or female between the ages of 18 - 40.

Set and Props

A bathroom with a shower, mirror and a towel. A bottle of shampoo is also needed.

The bathroom should initially be in darkness, with windows closed and curtains/blinds drawn. The light should initially be off. Ideally it should be dark outside so the bathroom is completely dark.

Setting

Modern day Britain. The play should take place at night.



EVENING SHOWER BURNING

Ashley hastily enters the bathroom. He/She turns the light on and then closes the door. Ashley should then appear to lock the door (the door should remain unlocked - this is for the twist at the end, but the audience/performer believes it is locked). Ashley swiftly begins to undress.

Ashley: I feel dirty.

Ashley is now naked and turns on the shower. He/She then waits, shivering as the water heats up.

Ashley: Hurry up ya Bastard, I'm freezing here.

Ashley waits a few more moments.

Ashley: Oh fuck it I'm jumping in.

Ashley quickly gets in the shower.

Ashley: It's bloody cold. Where's that god damn shampoo.

Ashley picks up a bottle of Shampoo and begins to wash his/her hair.

Ashley: I hate showers, but I hate being dirty. I need to be clean, I need to wash away all the memories and all the dirt between the pores, all the grime on my skin and the smell of the city, polluting my hair and smoking up my lungs, putting pressure on my heart and thump, thumping away at my brain like a clockwork tumor that is energised by stress, money and badly fitting

business suits worn by optimistic graduates while on their daily commute on the unforgiving tube.

Ashley vigorously washes his/her hair.

Ashley: I always feel like someone is watching me in the shower. Norman Bates in a dress, pervertedly creeping through the door.

Ashley abruptly pauses as if he/she hears something.

Ashley: What? What is it?

Pause.

Ashley (Screaming): Who is it?

Ashley begins to frantically wash his/her hair again.

Ashley: Eyes, eyes, eyes always on me. Eyes at work. Eyes in the office. I hate being an Estate Agent. Showing people around houses. Eyes looking at bedrooms, bathrooms, showers.

Pause, as the steam from the hot shower rises and creates an almost smokey atmosphere.

Ashley: He had eyes. Eyes and hands. Creeping over my body as I washed myself. The soap was smooth on my soft skin but his hands were rough. Workman like hands, dirty hands that had never held anything soft in their life.

Pause as the steam continues to rise.

Ashley (*Screaming*): Who is it? Who is it?

Ashley (*Whispering*): Is it him? Is he back?

Ashley: Every time I take a shower. Every bloody time. They take forever. Forever washing my skin. Washing my hair. Getting rid of the daily grime. I can't take a bath. That memory is a lot worse. It's not just the cold that makes me shiver. But it's over now. It was years ago.

Ashley picks up the shampoo bottle and begins to wash his/her again.

Ashley: Wash some more, wash some more. Never stop.

Pause. The bathroom is now consumed with rising steam.

Ashley (*Screaming*): Who is it? Who is it?

Ashley continues to wash and is now almost done.

Ashley: I'm done. No more eyes and no more dirt.

Ashley switches off the shower and steps out. He/She picks up the towel and begins to dry his/herself. Ashley is now smiling and appears happy and content. The bathroom is still steamy, but the steam should be starting to yield as the shower is off.

Ashley: Thank god. What type of idiot has to

take three showers a day and go through the trauma that I do? I had to get a stupid job next to my flat so I could come home on my lunch break and shower. I swear the boss knows I do it. He's always commenting on how good I smell. Harassment? No.

Pause. Ashley stops to think about what he/she is saying. Ashley continues to dry himself/herself and starts to look concerned.

Ashley: It pays well and I've lost too many jobs. It's not like he follows me home and watches me. He doesn't even know where I live.

Ashley is now dry and begins to put on his/her clothes.

Ashley: I suppose he could find out easily enough, he is the boss of an Estate Agents after all. But he couldn't get through the front door.

Pause as Ashley thinks and continues to dress.

Ashley: He couldn't get a key.

Pause. Ashley is now dressed. He/She looks at the mirror. Steam has risen and steamed up the mirror..

Ashley: He wouldn't do that.

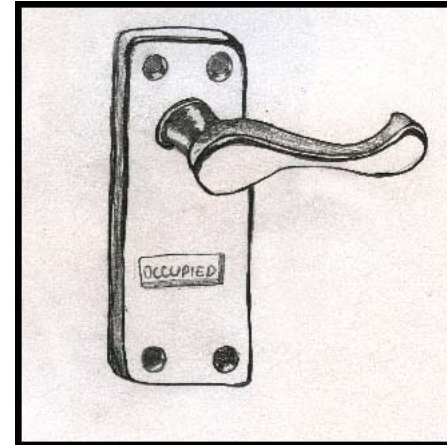
Pause. Ashley wipes the steam from the mirror and begins to look at himself/herself. Ashley swiftly grabs the handle of the bathroom door. The door is unlocked and opens.

Ashley: I swear I locked that door.

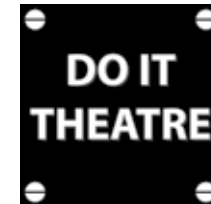
*Ashley closes the door and turns the light off
so we are in pitch darkness.*

Ashley (*Screaming*): Who is it? Who is it?

The End



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CARTOGRAPHY



[PRIVATE PLAYS]

Written by



Designed by Steven Fraser

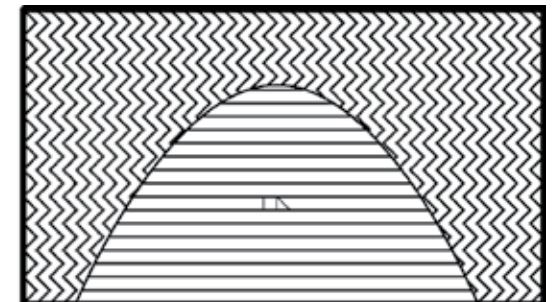
CARTOGRAPHY

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



CARTOGRAPHY

Introduction

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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.

CARTOGRAPHY

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

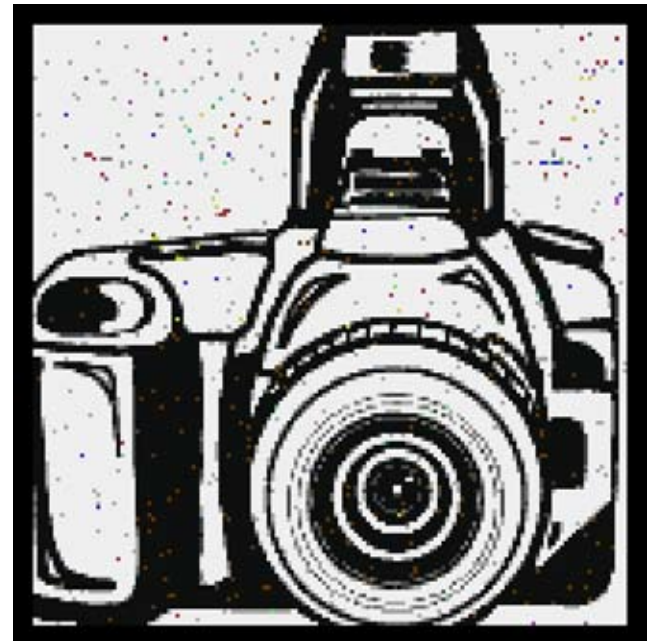
call the police. These were mine.

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





A Private Play written by



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Search List



[PRIVATE PLAYS]

Written by



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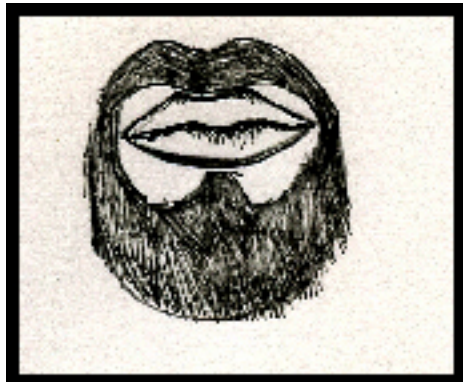
SEARCH LIST

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



SEARCH LIST

Introduction

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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 soooooooo 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.

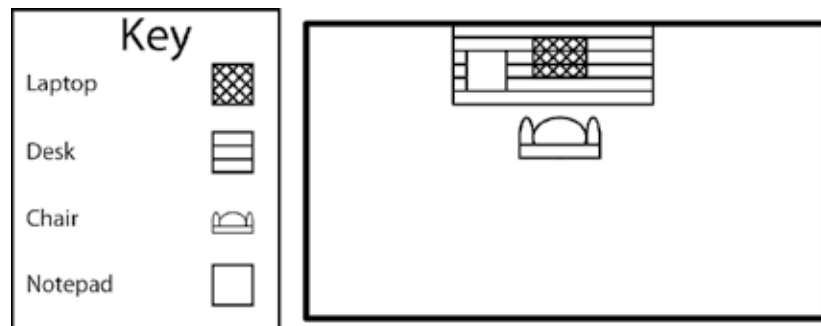
Anon peers at the screen.

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....

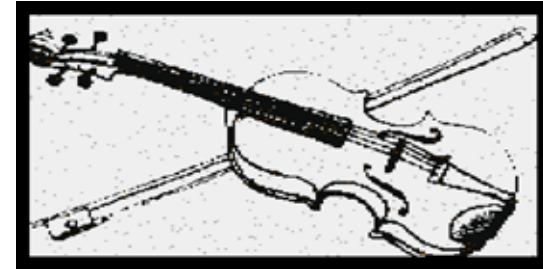
Pause as Anon bends down to peer at the screen.

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.



A Private Play written by



Designed by Steven Fraser

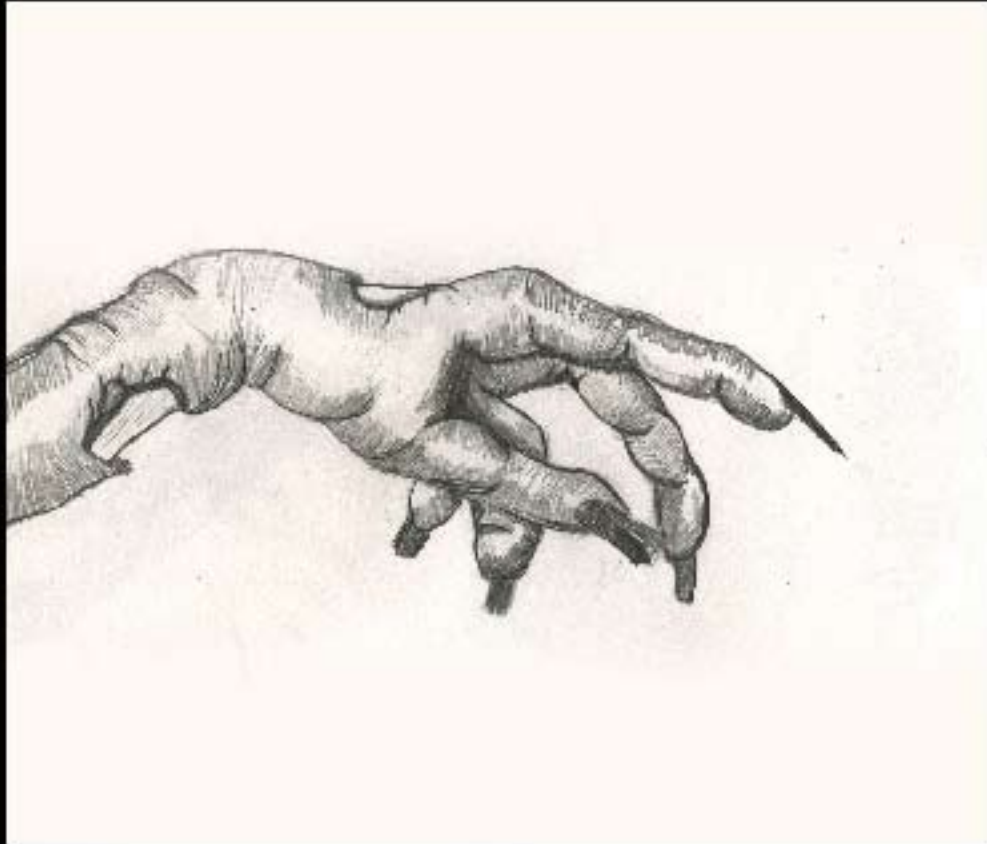
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Invasion ASAP



[PRIVATE PLAYS]

Written by



Designed by Steven Fraser

Invasion ASAP

A Private Play written by



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Perform yourself and make believe.



Invasion ASAP

Introduction

Private Plays are short one man/woman plays that participants can perform in a variety of locations and within 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

An office worker prepares for a zombie invasion.

Characters

The sole main character is called Charlie. Charlie can be male or female of any age, however he/she must be of the age to have an office job - 18+.

Set and Props

The performance takes place in an office. A desk with a PC is needed along with an office chair. A notepad and pen is also required.

Setting

An average office. The performer must have access to an office with a computer. If not, then the performance could potentially take place at home, but you will need a PC on a desk, with an office chair.

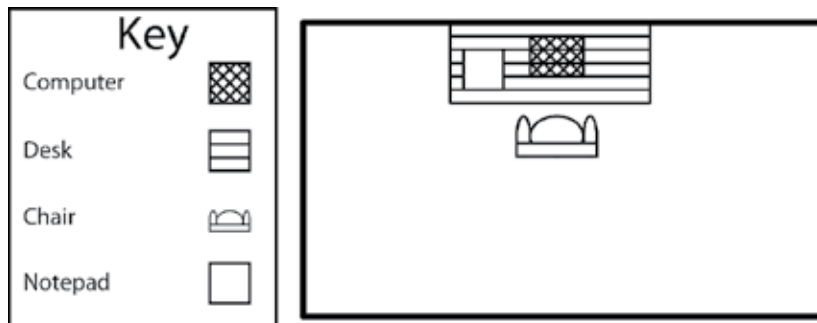
Brief Synopsis

Charlie is a paranoid office worker who believes that they are about to be attacked by a hoard of invading zombies. He/She scribbles an escape plan in their notepad and is incredibly vigilant and cautious that the horde is about to attack.

Charlie's paranoia gets the better of him/her and he/she sends their boss an email resigning from their job.

Charlie then swiftly makes a quick getaway from the office leaving their colleagues to perish in the zombie attack.

As Charlie leaves the office he/she shouts out a parting shot and then says 'Boredom no more' to themselves. This suggests the invasion was in the protagonists head and the entire episode exists to relieve the monotonous boredom of work.



Invasion ASAP

Charlie walks swiftly in to an office and nervously sits at his/her desk. Charlie takes out a notepad and a pen from the drawer in his/her desk and presses the 'ON' button on his/her computer.

Charlie then waits anxiously as the computer starts up.

Charlie: *(Whispering to himself/herself) They are coming, they are coming.*

Charlie looks up from their desk and cautiously surveys the office.

Charlie: *(Whispering) I won't be bored today at work. Today is the day of the (pause) ... Apocalypse.*

Charlie puts their hand over their mouth and looks around again to make sure nobody heard him/her.

Charlie then picks up their pen and starts to write on the notepad.

Charlie: *(Whispering) Escape route.*

Charlie then draws an outline of their office in the notepad. This is a rough sketch which should only take a few seconds to complete.

Charlie: *(Whispering) What will my escape route be?*

Charlie looks around the room.

Charlie: *(Whispering) I need to write this down.*

Charlie picks up the pen and starts writing on the notepad. As he/she writes Charlie whispers what they are writing.

Charlie: *(Whispering) Dear everyone who loves me. There is something strange happening in here. I do not know how to function properly. Words don't matter anymore as there is nothing at all to say. The walls are caving in and it is time I stood up and took action.*

Charlie abruptly stops writing and stands up in haste. Charlie then pauses while on his/her feet and slowly returns to their chair. Charlie then picks up the pen and continues to write.

Charlie: *(Whispering) There's a horde coming. It's coming to sweep me away. To sweep everyone away. They have no thoughts and feelings. The only thing they want to do is destroy and they will destroy me, take me down and throw my corpse away. This is not a suicide note.*

Charlie stops writing and looks at the paper. He/she looks intently at when they have written. Charlie then scores out the last sentence - 'This is not a suicide note'. Charlie then begins to write again.

Charlie: *(Whispering) This is a suicide note. Everything is going to end. Everything is going to change and nothing will be left.*

Charlie stops again and looks around. Stress is now getting the better of him/her.

Charlie: *(Whispering)* I think they are coming now. All my regrets are battering my brain and I hope the light at the end of the tunnel washes me clean. I hope there is more than this. Sincerely, Charlie.

Charlie pauses and makes a great sigh. He/She then looks at their PC and opens up their email.

Charlie: *(Whispering)* So this is it.

Charlie then rips the letter from the notepad and places it in their pocket. Charlie sighs again and starts to write an email. As Charlie types they whisper what they are typing. There is an exaggerated vigour in their typing.

Charlie: *(Whispering)* Dear Miss Klankton. I am emailing to inform you that I am resigning from my worthless post at your company. I feel no longer capable in undertaking my role at your arrogant, corporate hell hole of an organisation. Not only are your management techniques pathetic and non-existent, the fact that the office is not zombie proof is hazardous and clearly in opposition to the companies Health and Safety policy. I feel my time at your organisation has been wasted and I am leaving to take my chances of survival outside this death trap of an office. I hope your death will be slow and painful. Sincerely, Charlie.

Charlie smugly looks at the screen and enters an

address to receive the email (feel free to add the address of your boss). Charlie then clicks on the send button.

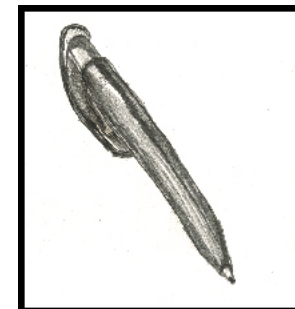
Charlie swiftly takes to their feet and marches out of the office. As they leave Charlie shouts out one last goodbye.

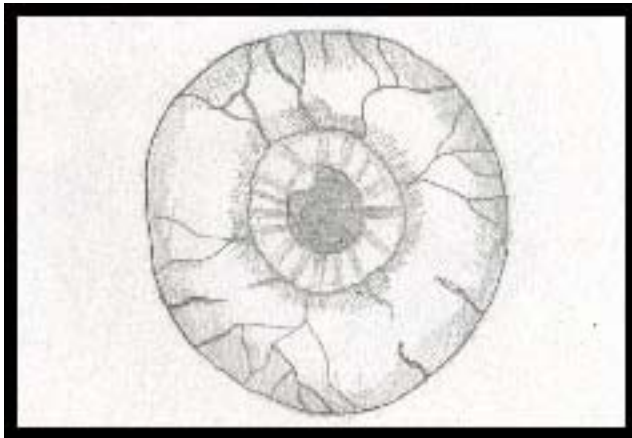
Charlie: *(Shouting)* So long suckers.

Charlie exits the office.

Charlie: Boredom no more.

The End





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SERIES 1: SOLIDARITY



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