

SERIES 2: TRUST



[PRIVATE PLAYS]

Written by



Designed by Steven Fraser

SERIES 2: TRUST

A Private Play Zine Collection written by



privateplays.wordpress.com

SERIES 2: TRUST

A Private Play you can perform yourself and make believe.

SERIES 2: TRUST

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION	PAGE 4
BACK OF THE BRAIN	PAGE 5
MOUTH	PAGE 13
THE GREATEST ARTISTIC CRIME OF THE 21ST CENTURY	PAGE 22
SEMI-AUTOBIOGRAPY	PAGE 30
CHOICES	PAGE 41
SELFIE	PAGE 49

SERIES 1: TRUST

INTRODUCTION

Book 2 of Private Plays collects together the 6 Private Plays that were released for Series 2. Here we take the performer out of the house and into public parks, buses and the streets of the town, city or village they live in. Taking the performer away from the comfort of their homes is something new and different for us. It is up to the performer whether they embrace this. It is entirely their choice. We are happy for performers just to read the scripts and enjoy the illustrations. Participation is up to whoever is taking part. Private Plays aim to be a unique theatre experience for everyone regardless of age, sex, background, race, sexual orientation etc. With Book 2 – Truth we do this in an honest and open way and that is why we decided to call the book Truth. It is hoped you enjoy it.

Thanks,

Do It Theatre 2013.

The logo for 'Private Plays' features the words 'PRIVATE PLAYS' in a bold, white, sans-serif font. The text is enclosed within large, white, stylized square brackets. The entire graphic is set against a solid black rectangular background.

BACK OF THE BRAIN



The Back of the Brain

A Private Play written by



privateplays.wordpress.com

Perform by yourself and make believe.



The Back of the Brain

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 angry relative reads poetry at a funeral.

Characters

The sole main character goes by the name of Ash. This protagonist can be male or female of any age, but preferably 18+ . Ash should seem drunk as he/she talks, however alcohol consumption prior to performance is at the discretion of the performer. Ash is of Scottish decent and has a Scottish accent.

Set and Props

The play takes place in a church during a funeral. The church should ideally be a Christian church, but a place of worship of any faith, where the dead are mourned would do. We are at the funeral of Ash's Father. The idea for the Private Play is at that the performer finds a location that a funeral is taking place and then performs the Private Play during the service. The performer can make believe that it is Ash's Father that the funeral attendees are mourning.

However, as this may be in bad taste, the performer may just want to find an empty church or another location and make believe that the funeral is taking place.

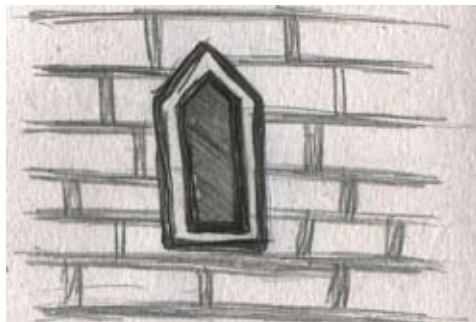
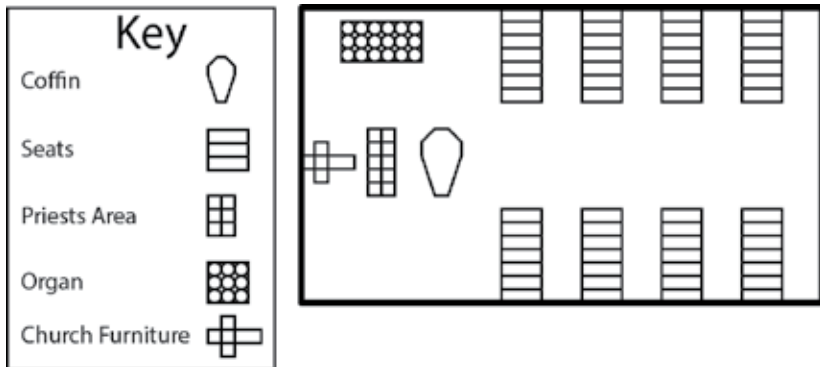
Setting

The Back of the Brain takes place in its own fantasy world. Ideally the Private Play should take place on a cold day whilst it is raining.

Brief Synopsis

It's cold it's wet and we're at a funeral. During the service Ash stands up while the Priest is talking. Ash proclaims that he/she must read out a poem and begins to read out a diatribe about the deceased. We are mourning the Father of Ash, but the mourner seems more preoccupied at using expletives and crass poetic insults directed at the coffin.

The rant ends and Ash sits down and patiently waits for the Priest to continue the service.



The Back of the Brain

Ash sits in the pew of a church during a funeral. The Priest is talking and conducting the service. Ash abruptly stands up and begins to talk loudly.

Ash: Shut the Fuck up. Shut the Fuck up. That's what he used to scream to me. They were the words that spilled from the wet tongue as the spittle went from mouth to ear and the back of my rattling brain.

Pause for dramatic effect.

Ash: Am reading a poem. It's a tribute. I would appreciate it if you would all shut the fuck up and listen to the words. Sit down, be patient, cause you lot dinny ken the shite I have gone through. But am telling ya, you're gonna git ta ken it. It's gonna seep into yer skull.

Ash pauses to take a breath and compose himself/herself.

Ash: Don't you bloody well interrupt me. That's what he used to scream doon at me as I collapsed in a heap on the carpet, rug burns under ma fingernails revealing the red raw bone.

Ash pauses and looks around the church at the mourners. He smiles as they look on in shock and amazement.

Ash: I. And I'm no fucking stupid either. I'm not anything but a man standing up and pointing the finger and accusing a man of deing wrong.

Ash then points at the mourners, who we can assume are getting more and more agitated and insulted at Ash's comments and his/hers insulting speech.

Ash: Now just wait there, just wait there. It's about time I hud a wee chance ta talk. I huv ta finish this dissertation. This conversation with a man. A deed man who sleeps in a wooden box.

Ash clumsily makes his/her way from the church seats over to the coffin to the front of the church. As he/she makes his/her way over, Ash clambers over people and causes a general fracas among the funeral guests.

Ash staggers slowly down the Church aisle and arrives at the coffin. He/She pauses before returning to their speech which has extra venom and poignancy as Ash is now addressing his/her father in the coffin.

Ash: I realised a while ago that yer heed huz ta be in the right space before
ya cun set oot whit ya wanna do whe yer life.
I learnt that on ma ain. The old man taught me nothing. The old man is nothing.
You taught me nothing. I had to take the forward steps myself. I had to climb the stairs on my ain.

Pause for effect.

Ash: And here I am. Solitary. Stood in front of a box. Dinny tell me that am no in the right. Just for wan moment I wanted to feel love from him. I just wanted to feel warm inside. I wanted to be wanted.

Ash begins to sway as he/she talks and stumbles on his feet as if he/she is drunk.

Ash: All ya do is lie there. That's all you've even done. You've always ignored me.

Ash lounges forward and collapses on top of the coffin. He/She almost knocks it over.

Ash (Screaming): Who are you Dad? Who are you?
Ash is now sobbing uncontrollably.

Ash gets up from the coffin, looks up to the heavens and shouts as loud as he/she can.

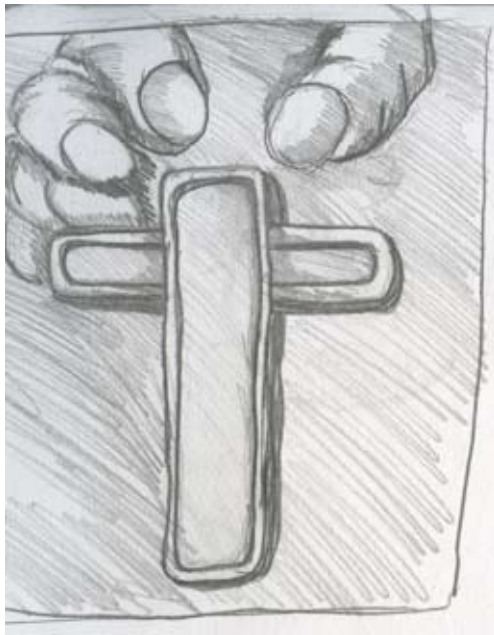
Ash (Shouting): BASTARD!

Ash stands up proud, turns around and swiftly runs out of the Church.

Pause outside the church for several moments. Ash returns to the church and walks nonchalantly back to their seat as if nothing has happened.

The End.





A Private Play written by



Designed by Steven Fraser

privateplays.wordpress.com



@DoItTheatre

www.facebook.com/doittheatre

MOUTH



[PRIVATE PLAYS]

Written by

DO IT
THEATRE

Designed by Steven Fraser

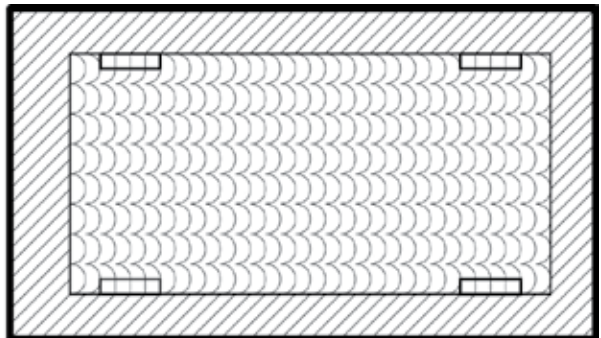
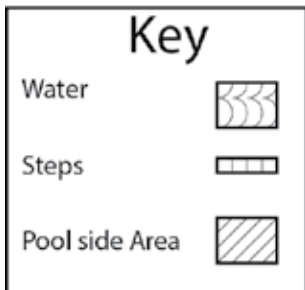
MOUTH

A Private Play written by



privateplays.wordpress.com

Perform by yourself and make believe.



Mouth

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

A cautious swimmer thinks they see a shark in a swimming pool.

Characters

The sole main character goes by the name of Jo. This protagonist can be male or female of any age, but preferably 18+. Jo is not a confident swimmer. He/She is a cautious person and likes to make a drama out of simple situations.

Ideally the performer should be a proficient swimmer who can perform whilst in the water. Do It Theatre will not be held responsible if anyone drowns before, during or after the performance.

Set, costume and Props

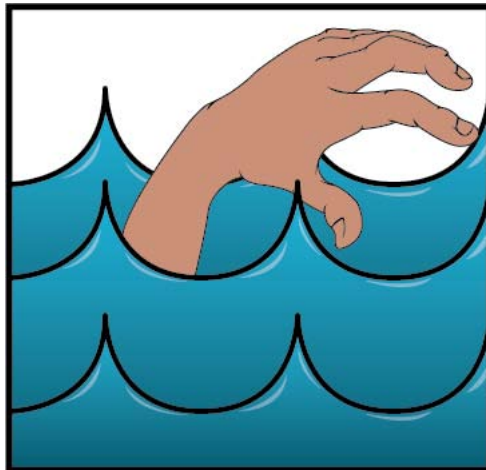
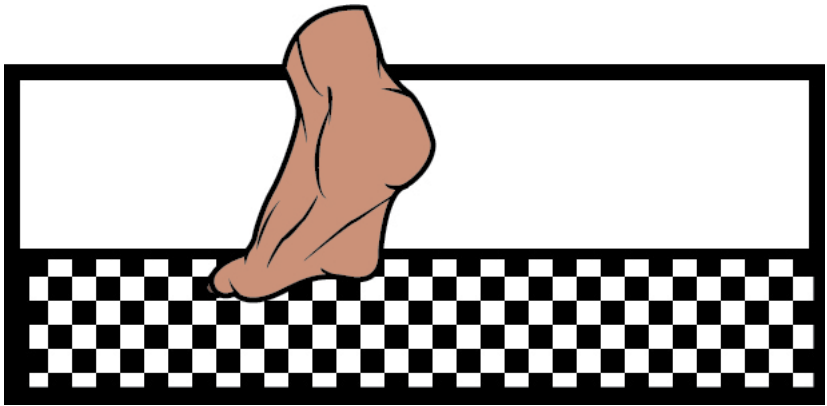
Mouth should take place in a swimming pool. The performer can choose which pool, but it is recommended to find a pool with few children as bad language is apparent throughout the Private Play. The performer will need to be wearing trunks, swim shorts, speedos or a swim costume (depending on gender). Swim goggles and a buoyancy aid are optional.

Setting

Mouth has no specific time and period and takes place in its own fantasy world.

Brief Synopsis

Jo is a cautious swimmer but has decided to venture to their local pool for some practice. After some hesitation Jo makes it into the water and begins to gain confidence as he/she swims lengths of the pool. Jo however is a paranoid person and is prone to delusions whilst under stress. Our protagonist thinks they can see a shark and begins to panic. Jo tries to swim as fast as he/she can to the side of the pool. Jo finds it hard to believe that the other swimmers haven't noticed the shark. The Private Play concludes with Jo considering whether to raise the alarm for the other swimmers or leave them to their death at the jaws of a hungry shark. Will Jo be heroic or cautious?



Mouth

Jo is at the side of the pool looking nervously down at the water. He/She is contemplating dipping their toe in the water. Jo hesitantly walks over to the steps at the side of the pool and pauses. Jo is at the shallow end of the pool. He/She then takes a deep breath and makes their way down the steps into the cold water.

Jo: It's bloody freezing.

Jo is stood up in the shallow end and looks around.

Jo: Stupid New Years Resolutions. I should have learnt to play squash instead of this. I'm never going to make the Olympic Team at this rate.

Jo looks at the far end of the pool and has an expression of resolution on his/her face as he/she decides to set off for the opposite end of the pool.

Jo then starts to swim - doing the Doggie Paddle.

Jo: The Doggie Paddle is by far the best swim stroke.

Jo struggles to make their way across the pool. He/She looks at other swimmers as he/she swims. Jo addresses other swimmers with a nod as he/she goes, completely ignoring swimming etiquette.

Jo: Hi.

Jo continues to swim as he/she is being ignored.

Jo: Miserable bastards. Nobody talks to you here. It's such a lonely sport. And nobody else does the Doggie Paddle. I'm just going to shut up for the rest of this torture and say nothing to ...

Jo is cut off mid-sentence as he/she swallows a mouthful of water and starts to cough loudly.

Jo: This is fucking awful.

Jo eventually reaches the far end of the pool and hangs on to the side. He/She is in the deep end and is nervous.

Jo: I can't touch the bottom. I doubt any of these bastards would help me if I was drowning. Ignorance.

Jo looks around the pool at other swimmers and has a scowl on his/her face. Jo is jealous of the other swimmers ability.

Jo: May as well set off then.

Jo swims with more vigour to the shallow end. At about half way to the shallow end Jo's swim stroke is more vicious and he/she begins to kick with intensity.

Jo: I felt something. Something touched me. Under the water.

Jo slows down and looks around the pool as he/she continues to swim.

Jo peers at another swimmer in the distance.

Jo: Shark.

Jo pauses consider what he/she has seen.

Jo (whispering): A shark. A bloody shark. A deadly eye watering shark. Hungry teeth, empty belly and vacant eyes. I never should have went swimming today. I hate being moist. My skin crawls when it is wet. Now it's going to crawl right out of this wet death trap.

Jo begins to do a hectic doggie paddle to the side of the pool.

When he/she reaches the side he/she turns around and looks at the other swimmers.

Jo: Should I tell them. Let them know about the watery death.

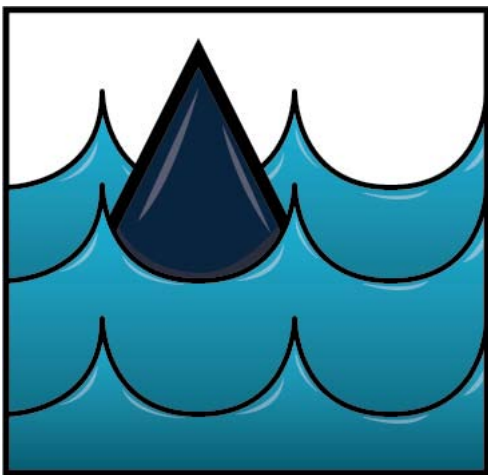
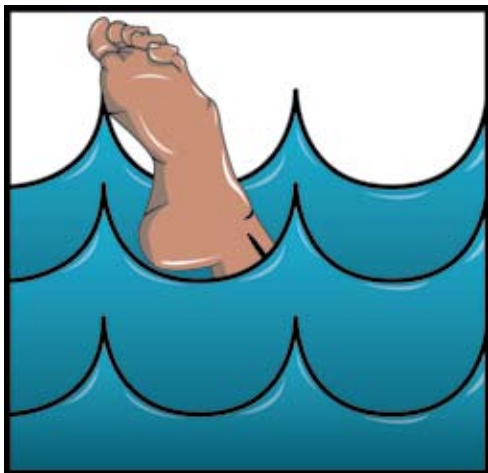
Jo looks to the side of the pool and the steps. He/She swiftly makes their way over to the steps and pulls them self out of the water.

Jo looks into the water and at the other swimmers.

Jo: There she is. She looks hungry. Let the water turn red and the shark run rampant. Swim free in this chlorine sea and eat what you will. Today my blood thirsty predator, today you will not be eating me.

Jo then leaves the swimming pool and enters the changing room. Jo has decided to leave the swimmers to their death.

The End.





A Private Play written by



Designed by Steven Fraser

privateplays.wordpress.com



@DoItTheatre

www.facebook.com/doittheatre

The Biggest Artistic Crime of the 21st Century



Written by

DO IT
THEATRE

Designed by
Steven Fraser

[PRIVATE PLAYS]

The Biggest Artistic Crime of the 21st Century

A Private Play written by



privateplays.wordpress.com

Perform by yourself and make believe.



The Biggest Artistic Crime of the 21st Century

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

A frustrated artist calls his mum.

Characters

The sole main character goes by the pseudonym of Androgynous. This protagonist can be male or female of any age, however he/she must be of the age to have a living mother.

Set and Props

The play takes place in a park and next to a park bench. This bench must be located next to a concrete path within the park. The path must be big and wide enough for the actor to lie down on. The only props needed are some chalk and a mobile phone.

Setting

The Biggest Artistic Crime of the 21st Century takes place in its own fantasy world. The play can take place at either day or night.



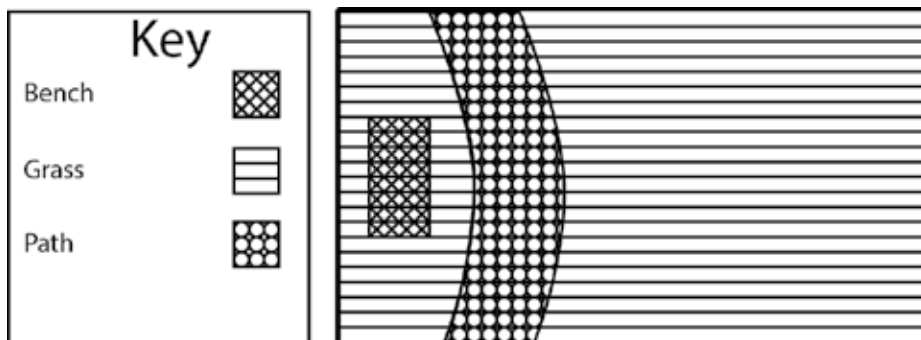
Brief Synopsis

Androgynous is a frustrated artist who is sick of being rejected by Arts Councils and not having his/her work noticed. We join Androgynous on a walk in a park, where he/she has decided to take a moments rest and sit on a park bench to take stock of life. Agitated, Androgynous decides to call his/her mother in order to let off some steam.

Androgynous goes off on a vile diatribe bad mouthing arts organisation, the government, the general public and the educational system. He/She seems to forgot they are on the phone to their mother and uses foul language and is in a full throttle unstoppable rage.

As he/she is talking Androgynous takes some chalk out of their pocket and begins to draw on the path they are standing next to. This artist is drawing a chalk outline of a dead body. Androgynous lies down in the chalk outline and proclaims that they are a work of art.

Androgynous sees his/her entire life as art and this artistic happening is the allegorical end to this creative endeavour. The phone call was a suicide note and the chalk outline of his/her dead body is a symbolic death. An artistic conclusion to an artistic life.



The Biggest Artistic Crime of the 21st Century

Androgynous is sitting on a park bench looking frustrated and scratching their head with one hand. In the other hand they are holding a mobile phone.

Androgynous: Mum. Mum. (Shouting) Mum. (Pause).
Speak the fuck up mum. I can't hear you.

Androgynous gets up from the bench abruptly.

Androgynous: Yes it's me Mum. (Pause while
Androgynous waits for a response from his Mum in
the phone). Don't call me that. My name is
(Pause for impact and a bold proclamation)
Androgynous.

Long pause as Androgynous waits for a response.

Androgynous: I don't care if you can't spell it.
That's what people call me now. Look. I've got
something to say. A new dawn is dawning.
That's right a new dawn is dawning. I'm sick
of all these cunts who are running the Arts
Council. They're all a bunch of cunts Mum.

*Pause as Androgynous listens to his Mum on the
phone.*

Androgynous: But they are cunts Mum and I've
told them that many times. I've had my artwork
in over a hundred galleries. I've got poetry
flowing through my veins. I've been published

more times than any other fucker out there. The Arts Council are cunts, the government with their cuts are cunts and the fucking school I went to was run by a bunch of useless, pointless retched cunts. A new dawn is dawning Mum. A new dawn is dawning.

Androgynous stands up on the bench and starts to shout down the phone.

Androgynous: A new dawn is dawning. This is the greatest artistic crime of the 21st century.

Pause as Androgynous listens to his Mum on the phone.

Androgynous: I am not over exaggerating. I live and breath art. Everything I do is art. This bench is my art. The sky is my art. This fucking phone is my art.

Pause as Androgynous composes himself/herself.

Androgynous: People will notice me. I will change the world and I will go on forever. A new dawn is dawning Mum. I'm telling you a new dawn is dawning.

Androgynous jumps down from the bench and fumbles in his/her pocket for some chalk. He/She holds it up and begins to smile.

Androgynous: There is more talent in this chalk than there is in the entire Arts Council.

Androgynous bends down on his/her knees and begins to draw an outline of a human being on the path next to the bench. The diatribe continues as he/she draws. One hand is still holding the phone to his/her ear as he/she talks.

Androgynous: I fucking hated school Mum. They always tried to tell me what to do. No one tells me what to do. I am Mother Fucking Androgynous.

Androgynous stops talking to listen to his Mother but continues to draw.

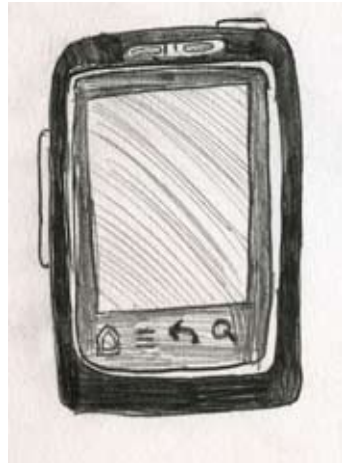
Androgynous: It's a figure of speech Mum. I don't want to fuck you. I want to fuck every other fucker out there. I am Androgynous. Victim of the greatest artistic tragedy of the 21st century. Times have now changed Mum. Times have now changed.

Androgynous has now completed the chalk outline and looks down at his/her work. He/She then gets down and lies in the chalk outline. When he/she is in position he/she raises the phone to their ear and shouts one last time.

Androgynous: I am a work of art. Look at me. Look at me.

The End.





A Private Play written by



Designed by Steven Fraser

privateplays.wordpress.com



@DoItTheatre

www.facebook.com/doittheatre

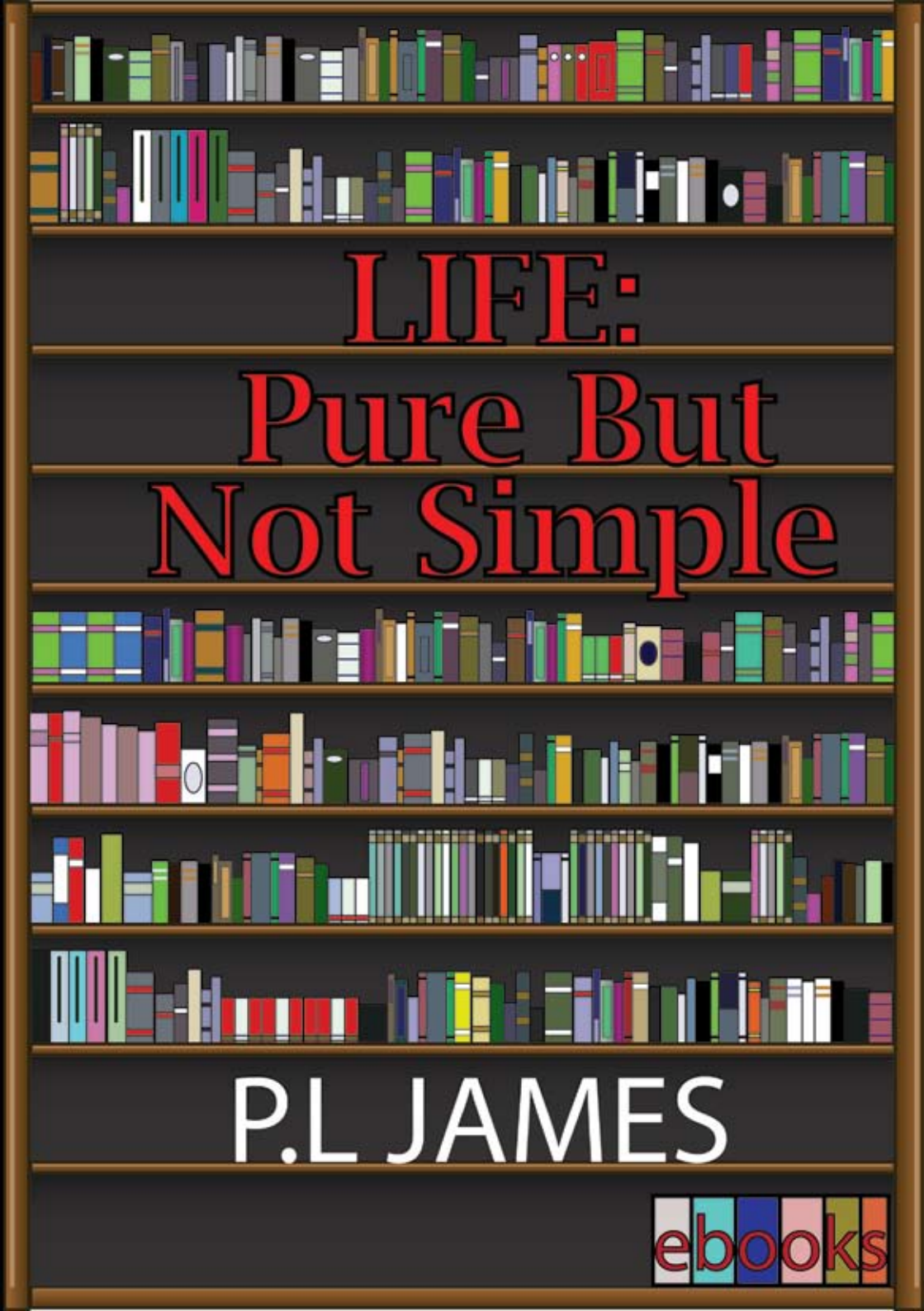
SEMI- AUTOBIOGRAPHY

[PRIVATE PLAYS]

Written by



Designed by Steven Fraser

The background of the entire image is a stylized illustration of a wooden bookshelf. It has several horizontal shelves, each filled with a variety of books. The books are represented by simple vertical rectangles in various colors including green, blue, red, yellow, grey, and brown. The central part of the image, where the title is located, is a dark grey rectangular area that spans across the middle shelves.

LIFE: Pure But Not Simple

P.L JAMES

ebooks

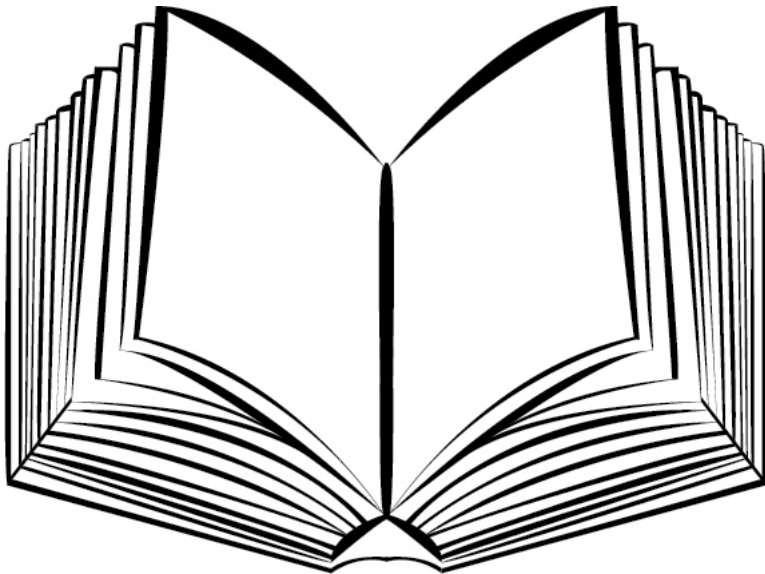
Semi-Autobiography

A Private Play written by



privateplays.wordpress.com

Perform by yourself and make believe.



Semi-Autobiography

Introduction

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

A writer reads out their biography to an unsuspecting bookshop.

Characters

The sole main character goes by the name of P.L James. This protagonist (and performer) can be male or female of any age (preferably 18+) . P.L James is an unpublished writer who is fuming at the literary establishment. He/She is bitter and filled with contempt for all people, especially those who do not recognise talent. P.L James is trying to hide this contempt, but anger sometimes overcomes.

Set and Props

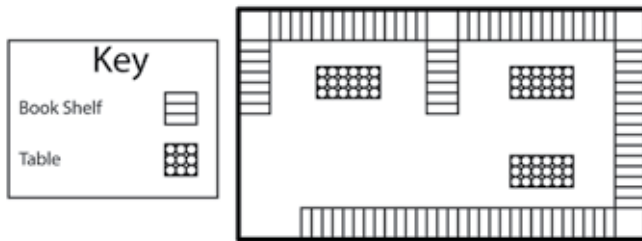
The Private Play takes place in a bookshop. The performer should be next to the literary biography section. A book will be needed as a prop. This book is the fictional autobiography of P.L James - 'Life - Pure But Not Simple'. The performer will need to take a substitute book into the bookshop, as the biography does not exist. The performer may remove the dust jacket from a hardback book in their collection and replace with the one attached to this Private Play Script. The replacement dust jacket will need to be printed using your own printing facilities.

Setting

Semi-Autobiography has no specific time and takes place in its own fantasy world. Any bookshop will do for the location.

Brief Synopsis

P.L James is an unpublished author who has tried everything to get noticed. He/She has attempted all types of writing (poetry, prose, journalism etc) but in an act of self obsessed arrogance, James has decided to write an autobiography called 'Life - Pure But Not Simple'. As no publisher will touch it, P.L James has decided to give an impromptu reading at a bookshop. During the reading the author tries to remain positive as he/she briefly reads excerpts from chapters on early childhood. The story concludes when P.L James can't keep up the charade and admits the autobiography is a fake. P.L James leaves the bookshop ashamed, but has an epiphany before reaching the exit. This unfortunate book reading could be material for a new play and future success.



Semi-Autobiography

P.L James is standing by the biography section of a busy book store. He/She has a copy of 'Life - Pure But Not Simple' by P.L James tightly grasped in their left hand. Standing bold and proud P.L James opens the autobiography, takes a deep breath and begins to read.

P.L James: Life - Pure But Not Simple by P.L James. Chapter 1: My Childhood.

Pause for intake of breath.

P.L James: My humble beginnings were harsh, yet what should one expect from growing up in an impoverished society. I was a child of a depression. An economic depression and a physical and spiritual one felt by my honest and suffering mother. She was fair, but also an oxymoron of sorts. She would stand up for her family and children, but let her husband beat her down again (in a literal sense). And where did I fit in with all this I hear you ask? I was the fourth of eight children so I was slotted directly in the middle of the torment. However I was by no means in the eye of the storm and I have the bruises to prove it.

P.L James stops and then address the audience that he/she believes they are talking to.

P.L James: Yes times were harsh. But I was not going to let that ruin my fun. I found solace in the library. Here I could shield myself away from the madness of my home. Of course this is

all in the book.

P.L James looks towards the audience.

P.L James: Oh yes, of course I forgot to mention. All these stories are in this book.

P.L James holds up the book for the audience to see. The author has a massive grin on their face.

P.L James: Life: Pure But Not Simple by P.L James. That's me. There isn't a photograph on the back, I find that so contrived. And now for a reading from a later chapter.

James flips through the pages of the book.

P.L James: Ah yes. Chapter 12: School.

James clears his/her throat before starting another reading.

P.L James: I hated school. The other children couldn't keep up. I was reading Elliot and Pound and they were still struggling on Peter Rabbit. So what is a child suppose to do? I was racing so far forward there was no books left in the library for me to read. Then it hit me. I should write some of my own.

James stops to look at the audience.

P.L James: I hope you're all taking notes it's not everyday a genius author gives out tips like this.

James begins to flip through the book again. He/She stops at various moments and gives out depressing sighs. Deflated, he/she starts another speech.

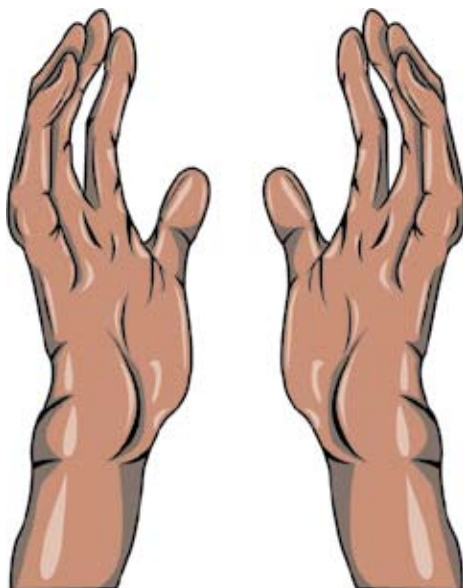
P.L James: Lies, lies, lies. It's all lies. I've never been published. Not even in Granta. I've tried so hard and I'm ready to give up. No one was even bloody well listening. I'm putting down my pen I'll never write again.

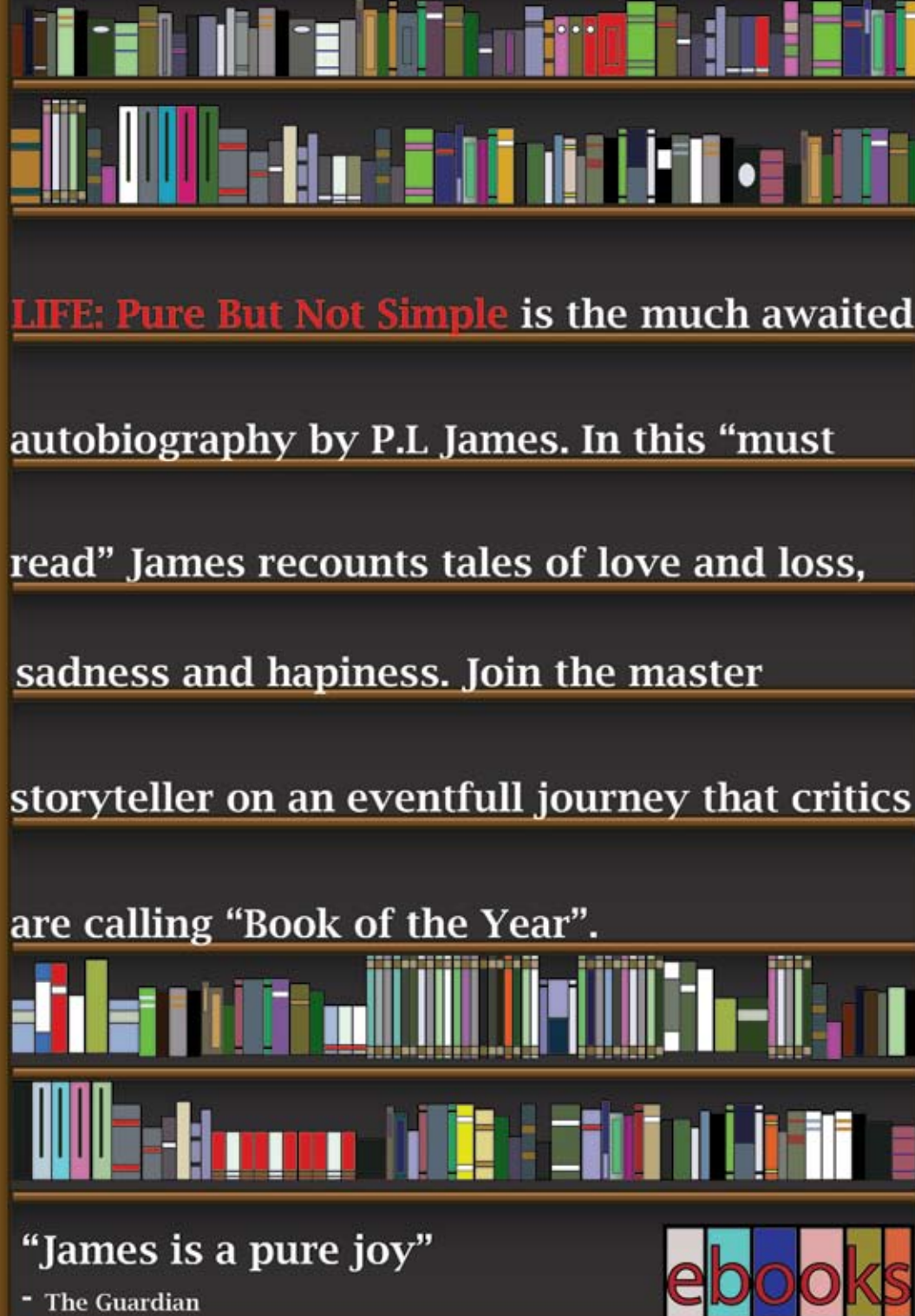
James sheepily makes their way to the exit of the bookshop, ignoring the customers and his/her audience.

Stopping at the exit the author turns round to make a quiet realisation to themselves.

P.L James: An author gives an impromptu book reading from an unpublished book. That could be material for my new play.

The End.





LIFE: Pure But Not Simple is the much awaited autobiography by P.L James. In this “must read” James recounts tales of love and loss, sadness and happiness. Join the master storyteller on an eventful journey that critics are calling “Book of the Year”.

“James is a pure joy”

- The Guardian

ebooks



LIFE: Pure But Not Simple P.L. JAMES

ebooks





A Private Play written by



Designed by Steven Fraser

privateplays.wordpress.com



[@DoItTheatre](https://twitter.com/DoItTheatre)

www.facebook.com/doittheatre



Written by

**DO IT
THEATRE**



**Designed
by
Steven
Fraser**

[PRIVATE PLAYS]



CHOICES

Choices

A Private Play written by



privateplays.wordpress.com

Perform by yourself and make believe.



Choices

Introduction

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

Superstitious choices.

Characters

Jay can either be male or female, depending on what gender the performer chooses to make the character. Jay is lonely and needs someone to talk to. Jay is superstitious and all the decisions he/she makes are determined on his/her elaborate decisions.

Set and Props

The majority of the Private Play occurs on a bus. Props needed are a mobile phone and money for a bus trip. The performer should not have any keys in their pockets.

Setting

The Private Play is set in modern day Britain.

Brief Synopsis

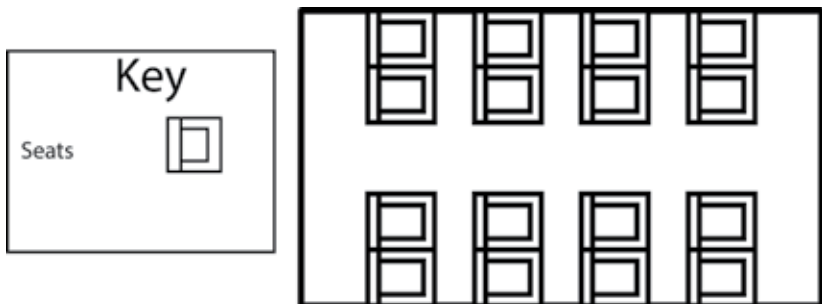
Jay is waiting at a bus stop and is looking up the road for the bus to arrive. Jay appears agitated and constantly looks at his/her watch. Jay is uneasy and nervous, with no patience. Jay is a superstitious person and these elaborate superstitions are going to determine his/her journey.

Eventually the bus arrives and there is a sigh of relief. Jay stumbles onto the bus and slumps himself/herself on the seat. Tension and agitation grows and grows, as Jay prepares to make a superstitious

decision which will determine the rest of their journey. Jay cautiously peers down at their phone and as the time ends in an even number, Jay decides to get off in three stops time. Alternatively an odd number would have dictated that Jay must leave the bus immediately. These impulsive decisions effect Jays life profoundly.

Jay steps off the bus and as no one else gets on Jay decides to turn to the left and briskly walk down the street. A blue sky is up ahead so Jay decides to cross the road. A cloudy sky would have resulted in Jay staying on the same side of the road. Also if someone had stepped on the bus, as Jay got off then he/she would have turned to the right. Superstitions affect Jays journey.

Jay continues to walk, but this time with purpose. There is a determination in his/her steps as if they are about to do something profound and momentous. Jay almost breaks into a run and the determination on his/her face is serious. Suddenly Jay stops in his/her tracks. Here we reach the dramatic conclusion. Jay puts his/her hands in his/her pockets and realises that they have left their keys at home. Jay puts his/her head down and starts to retrace their steps.



Choices

We begin with Jay waiting at a bus stop. He/She appears agitated and is looking down the road with a nervous and apprehensive look on his/her face.

Jay continues to look up at the road ahead and then down again at his/her watch. As time passes Jay's nervous nature begins to worsen. Jay starts to nervously scratch his/her head and even begins to pace up and down the street next to the bus stop. Jay is incredibly impatient.

Eventually the bus arrives and when Jay sees the vehicle he/she expresses relief and absolute joy. Jay's nervousness is temporarily relieved.

Jay jumps on the bus and slumps in their seat. Jay starts to feel agitated again and can't refrain from looking out of the window. He/She is nervous and eventually sits up straight and attentive, as opposed to being slumped.

Jay starts to take deep breaths as if he/she is readying themselves for something. Jay is preparing to make a superstitious decision.

Jay suddenly reaches into his/her pocket and pulls out a mobile phone. Jay looks at the time and it is the time which influences the rest of the story.

Here as a performer you have to make a decision. If the last digit on the clock on your phone is an even number then Jay has to get off in three stops time. If it is an odd number then Jay has to get off the bus immediately.

If Jay stays on the bus, he/she remains nervous and agitated. Although Jay will not go as far as talking, Jay will appear to be even more anxious and slightly aggressive. Jay may even punch the seat in front of him/her in frustration. Throughout the Private Play Jay will make several more decisions, each one will determine how frustrated he/she gets.

If Jay exits the bus straight away, he/she will be more relaxed and calm.

When Jay exits the bus he/she stops on the pavement, turns around and looks at the bus. Jay should stare at the bus until it pulls away and leaves the bus stop. Jay is thinking hard and again psyching themselves up for another superstitious choice.

If no one get on the bus as Jay stepped off then he/she should turn to the left. If another person got on after Jay stepped off the bus then you should turn right.

If you turn right then Jays attitude is slightly more agitated and chaotic. Turning left means that Jay is now more subdued.

Jay walks down the street with purpose, as if he/she knows exactly where they are going. After several metres however Jay almost stumbles. This stumble causes Jay to look up at the sky.

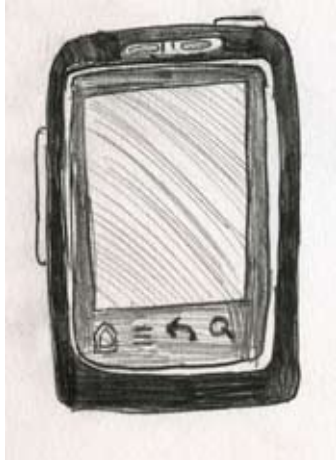
If the sky is grey and overcast then Jay should cross the street. If it is a blue or cloudless sky, Jay should continue walking.

As Jay walks down the street for several more metres, he/she eventually stops in their tracks. Jay then puts their hands in their pockets and struggles to find their keys.

Jay (agitated): I have to go back.

The End.





A Private Play written by



Designed by Steven Fraser

privateplays.wordpress.com



@DoItTheatre

www.facebook.com/doittheatre

Selfie



Written by

**DO IT
THEATRE**

**Designed by
Steven Fraser**

[PRIVATE PLAYS]

Selfie

A Private Play written by



privateplays.wordpress.com

Perform by yourself and make believe.



Selfie

Introduction

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

A lonely job seeker takes on a new art project.

Characters

Dale - Male or Female their late twenties and be of a compulsive and slightly reclusive nature. Dale has Asperger Syndrome and finds it demanding to relate to people. Dale may be nervous while speaking and be somewhat despondent. They find it difficult to make eye contact and talk directly to people. Dale is also slightly angry and finds it hard to control their voice and emotions.

Set and Props

The only prop needed is a mobile phone with a camera. The entire play takes place outside of a Job Centre.

Setting

Selfie is set in modern day Britain.

Brief Synopsis

Dale is unemployed and has found himself/herself having to go to the Job Centre to claim Job Seekers allowance. Dale feels somewhat neglected and let down. He/She is impulsive and has been unable to find a job in the arts after graduating from art school several years ago.

We begin with Dale waiting outside the local Job Centre. He/She is standing in a queue on a cold Winters morning. Dale is restless and agitated. Dale feels lost and lonely. No one at the Job Centre understands him/her. He/She keeps being offered jobs that are of no

interest.

With each job he/she undertakes, Dale eventually gets fired. Dale's problem is not just disinterest, but a mental illness that prevents him/her from relating to people. Dale retreats into himself/herself and does not talk to anyone. Dale communicates through art and he/she has decided to turn his/her job search into an art project. Each day Dale decides to take a photograph of himself/herself. This is a visual diary. This diary charts the struggle a young and misunderstood job seeker goes through.

Dale informs the audience of the art project and mentions that he/she wants this project to be a means of communication. He/She is trying to discover people who will allow themselves to join himself/herself in the photographs. Dale struggles to find politicians and potential employers that want to take part in the selfie project. Dale pours his/her heart out, telling the audience that most people ignore him/her. They do not want to be photographed next to an unemployed person. They don't want to take part and they fail to see that art is Dale's only way of communication.

Our story ends with Dale taking a photograph of himself/herself in the Job Centre queue just as the doors open. The conclusion is somewhat optimistic as Dale crosses his/her fingers hoping that today is the day that he/she gets offered a job that he/she is interested in and one which a person with Asperger Syndrome can successfully undertake.



Selfie

We begin by viewing Dale, eyes down while struggling to keep warm. He/She is awkward and annoyed.

Dale: 9am on Monday morning and I'm a square trying to fit into a circle. There's a queue of course. I'm not at the front. The lonely faces stretch on back, as the bitter, bitter, bitter cold freezes my lungs. I'm just in the frost waiting for the doors to open.

Dale stops to compose himself/herself and takes his/her mobile phone out of his/her pocket. He/She starts to play with it as he/she resumes talking. We can assume Dale is looking at old photographs on his/her phone.

Dale: The god damn Job Centre. Just another place that does not understand . I've been through 6 jobs in the past 10 months. They don't really grasp what's happening to me. No comprehension. They just keep me waiting outside.

Dale pauses to sigh, but still has his/her eyes down whilst looking at his/her phone.

Dale: I went to art school, got a good job as a designer. Then (pause). Then I got fired. I didn't, I couldn't speak to anyone. I just kept it all to myself. All my ideas and creativity. It was all in my head, buzzing around. It's my own little contained fantasy world.

Dale pauses again, but raises his/her head.

Dale: Now you try explaining that to someone in the Job Centre. I don't speak to anyone and all my thoughts and creativity are stuck inside my skull, pulsating at the edges of my head, trying so hard to break through and it never does. My tongue is numb and useless and my presence intimidates other people. I'm just stuck here, stuck here in this queue trying to explain myself to someone who doesn't care. I'm going down a spiral.

Another sigh and pause as Dale looks down at his/her phone. This time though he/she gives a wry smile and his/her eyes lighten up.

Dale: I was slipping away. But you know, I'm an artist. So I figured out a way to communicate through my art. After loosing my 6th job, in a fucking bakery, I decided to create a diary of sorts. I decided for every day that I am unemployed, for every day that I am unwell and unable to talk to people I will take a photograph. I will photograph myself. My face, my expression, my sadness, my pain, my happiness and my relief. I will chart my progress through this hell so I'll be able to look back at my journey and remember. I'll remember the humiliation of losing all those pointless god awful jobs. I'll remember that I had to move back home with my parents and I'll remember the blank look on the faces of the people in the Job Centre. I'll remember the stares on the faces of all the people who never took the extra few seconds it takes to get to know someone who

finds it hard to express themselves.

Dale pauses again to try and control his/her emotions.

Dale: It's enlightening though, being unable to talk out loud. Only in my head. You see how ignorant people are. Most of the employers didn't understand I had a problem. They just thought being this way was my ignorance and not their own problem. But now I have my catalogue. I have a series of selfies to look back on. I think I'm making progress. I think I'm moving forward. I've got an art project and I've got a hope that sometime, somewhere, someone won't look down at my CV and see a series of mistakes. They'll see an opportunity to give someone with a talent a break.

Dale pauses again for a second.

Dale: For this selfie art project though, I wanted to try something different. I just didn't want it to be about me. I wanted it to be my chance to talk to people and relate to them. I decided to find some politicians. My local MP was first. I found out where he worked and met him as he was going to work. I asked him if he wanted to join me in a selfie.

Dale composes himself/herself and starts to impersonate the politician, using an upper-class voice.

Dale (impersonating politician): "What on earth is a selfie?"

Dale returns to using his/her normal voice.

Dale: That response put me off. But it did give me confidence. I went up to a complete and utter stranger and I started a conversation. It may have not been a friendly or productive one, but it was a conversation never the less. And it gave me confidence. I started asking other people to join me in photographs. Strangers in the street, folk in this Job Centre queue. Some people started to warm to me, but others kept their distance. To be honest I find it hard to tell if people warm to me or not. But at least I'm making progress in that front.

Dale looks down at his/her phone again and smiles. He/She then looks up as the queue for the Job Centre is about to be let in.

Dale: Looks like it's time to go in and find a new job.

Dale then raises his/her phone to the front of his/her face and takes a selfie. He/She then smiles and begins to walk into the Job Centre.

The End.





A Private Play written by



Designed by Steven Fraser

privateplays.wordpress.com



@DoItTheatre

www.facebook.com/doittheatre

SERIES 2: TRUST



A Private Play Zine Collection written by



Designed by Steven Fraser

privateplays.wordpress.com



[@DoItTheatre](https://twitter.com/DoItTheatre)

www.facebook.com/doittheatre