



# LOVE. STOP. REPEAT

[PRIVATE PLAYS]

**DO IT  
THEATRE**

Presented at  
Rich Mix London  
35-47 Bethnal Green Road,  
London E1 6LA  
18 April 2015

**RICH  
MIX**

## Who are Do it Theatre?

Do It Theatre are a new and exciting theatre collective who create work for people with autism.

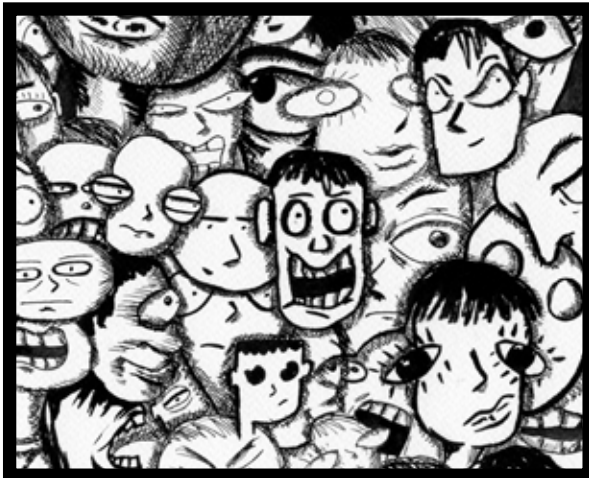
Our practice centres on illustration, literature and art installations to develop unique theatre experiences for people who may be intimidated by traditional theatre spaces.

We call these events Private Plays.

## What Are Private Plays?

Private Plays are immersive performances where the audience read illustrated theatre scripts in unusual settings.

The scripts are developed to be read in these locations and the illustrations spark the readers' imagination. It's site specific theatre without performers and mood lighting. Private Plays open up storytelling to a new audience.



## **What is Autism?**

Autism is a lifelong developmental disability, which affects how people communicate with and relate to others. It can also impact on how people make sense of and interact with the world around them.

Autism can affect people in many different ways, which is why it is so unique to every individual, just as every person with autism is unique themselves. People with autism can have a wide skill set, including a variety of strengths and difficulties.

## **Why Private Plays?**

Private Plays will appeal to individuals with autism because they allow you to act out the script at your own pace and with minimal interaction with other people. The text includes extra graphics and artwork to guide you through the story. The plays are free of any unnecessary stimuli, which some people with autism may find difficult to cope with.

Presenting the stories with illustrations and text ensure Private Plays also appeal to people without autism and proposes a new and exciting way to experience theatre.

More information on Private Plays can be found at:

**[www.doittheatre.com](http://www.doittheatre.com)**

## How it Works:

You may be in Rich Mix London or you may even be somewhere else, but this play will unfold in your imagination. The script you are holding in your hand will lead you on the way and be your guide into your own personal **Private Play**. The title is *Love.Stop.Repeat* and you are reading a unique script that tells a forlorn story.

Read the script to yourself and use the illustrations to spark your imagination. As the story unfolds you will be a participant in the play. All you need to do is read the text, view the pictures and make believe. No acting skills or experience in theatre is required.



# Love Stop Repeat

You are in a room. It's a mess. The room is a mess. It's not how it should be. It should be clean precise and exact. You are hazy and very, very close. Everything that you want is a short breath away, just take that one step forward and you'll be there. You will be happy.

The life of the lonely, tortured artist is a cliched one, but you understand it and wallow in it. There has been a long collection of missed opportunities and rejection letters, but at least a whole lot of hope remains. Maybe that's the reason you carry on. You have hope cause you are an artist with pens and pencils and you realise you can draw yourself out of this lull of loneliness.

Hope is all you need to create your ideal life on the page and maybe that will begin to reflect in your real life.

Just have hope and keep pencils and paper handy and it will all come true. Keep going, keep drawing and it will all fall into place.

Throughout the story you think back to your lonely days and attempt to put together the pieces of your life. You relive your memories as if they exist today. These memories help you realise why you are in this room, what you have been drawing and what is about to happen.

You want love? Well you've got it. But it took a few drawings and quite a lot of practice. There is only one drawing that shows you the way forward. The last one. This final drawing. It is hidden though. It's hidden in a diary. A catalogue of your existence. In this diary you will find the final blueprint for your happiness. All you have to do is read on and you'll see it. But let's just hope the memories don't get in the way.

# Beginning

Alone,  
I wonder;  
what would life be like?  
To see the trees  
and the sky  
through someone else's eyes.

Alone,  
I wander;  
up and down city streets.  
The colour now dull -  
it's black and white.  
My world feels incomplete.

Alone,  
I ponder;  
about a world I don't know.  
It confuses me,  
so terribly.  
But somehow I carry on.

Alone,  
I hunger;  
for fears that aren't my own.  
Why does my mind  
conjure these lies,  
that I can't escape or atone?

**Danielle Montgomery**

# 1. Starting

*The performance begins with the reader (that's you) closing their eyes really tight. After a few moments, open your eyes. The location has changed.*

*Look around, then react to the situation of being in a haphazard room with drawings and diagrams scattered randomly about the place.*

Love is an overused word, but I'm using it here. This is a love story. It's my love story and it's the kind that makes you think. You might just stop for a while and wonder if you've made the correct decisions in life.

But don't worry too much because I wrote the outcomes of this love story in a book. It's a manual and also a diary. The book should be in this room somewhere. It should be right under your nose. You are reading it now actually.

*Pause briefly. Compose your thoughts and take a full deep breath.*

To me love is something that you can never really hold. You have to keep trying to force it. Keep going and going and one day you'll be there. Trust me on that one. I've tried and I've only got one more step to go. I'm ready to progress to the last stage.

If you're ready, we can start the process and see how you feel about it.

## 2. Missing

*Look around the room and sigh and talk with a tired and disappointed perspective.*

I miss him. Or her. I can't tell anymore. It's just so confusing. So different now that I am here. Again. Alone. All alone.

*Pause as you are thinking hard and attempting to recall previous events. Look around and take in the location you are in.*

This room was my laboratory. The place that I could go to think and create and do whatever I want. Now I'm tired and I've got a headache. In here it's different. It's changed recently and it's not how it should be.

At least I tried to get better. To make him. Or her. Or whatever I did. I got there in the end though. If it was a total failure, then I wouldn't be here. I'd be somewhere else, hiding and even more miserable.

*Another long pause to scratch your head and remember the past.*

I first thought of it a while ago. I can't remember the exact year or month or day. It doesn't matter. All that matters is that I tried. I decided if I was going to be alone, I should create someone to be alone with. Design a friend. That would be a lot easier than actually meeting someone in real life.

All I had to do was draw and draw and draw. And then I know you would come alive. I would see you and have you in my life. And as my life was



going, things weren't getting any easier. I couldn't shake the headache off. I had to find someone to talk to.

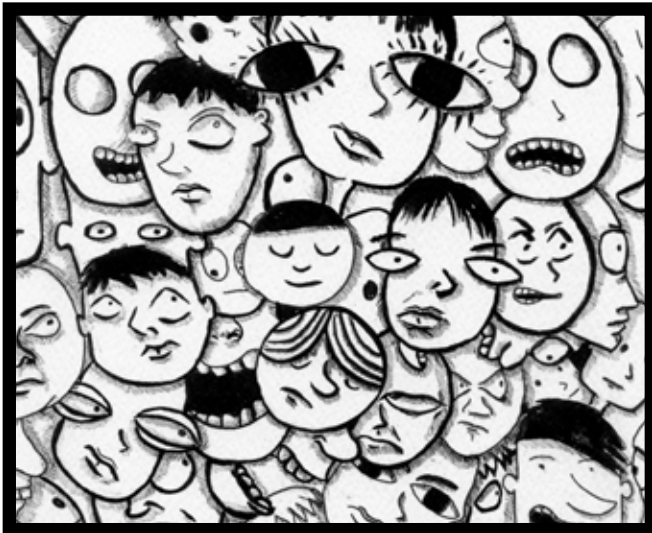
*Pause again to ready yourself and to explain what you have been drawing.*

I gave you hands, feet, eyes, a heart. I gave you a soul, thoughts feelings and a reason to breathe and live and try and work. I wanted you to sit here with me and live. But it never sparked at first. It took a lot of effort. I'm still here holding my blueprints. I had time though and I knew I could make this idea happen.

*Stop for a moment and breathe in before making an over the top conclusion.*

Persevere and you will succeed. That's my philosophy.

*Smile and look down in self-satisfaction.*



### 3. Thinking

*Your eyes rise to the ceiling as you recollect an old and vivid memory.*

It's twenty years ago. I'm waiting for a train in a cold dark station. I look around. There is no one here except me and the departures board. 6 minutes to go. The board is more interesting than my book. I hate this stupid book.

*Take a brief pause to collect your thoughts.*

My mind goes off again. There is someone behind me. I can't see them, but I know they are there. Sharp heavy footsteps falling on cold hard concrete come closer and closer. 5 minutes.

*Breathe heavily and hold the moment and then continue. You are slightly confused while recalling the situation.*

It's a shape. A big nothing shape. Not young, not old, but tall, tall, tall. Elegant and feminine, I think. I think. I can't tell. I don't turn. It's still just a shape behind me. I wait with the feeling of bright, white eyes on the back of my neck. And I like it.

They are there, just there. I want to turn, but I'm frozen stiff. Stood still with both my quivering eyes on the departures board. 4 minutes.

*Stop to take a breath and carry on, but with more conviction and confidence as the memory appears more visceral and real.*

I can feel breathing on my neck hairs. I can only smell the cold air. I open my mouth and nothing comes out and my mind leaves me.

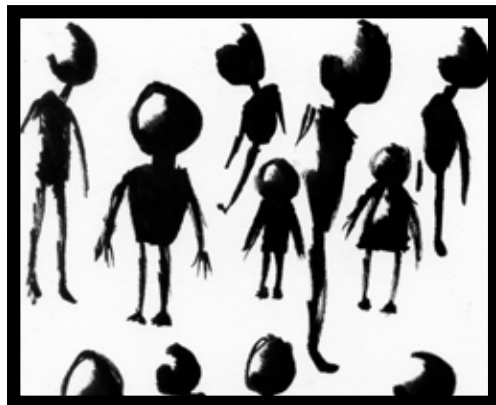
It drifts to a new universe where no one exists. People have no bodies. They just fall through the air like memories. Billions of billions of bright memories for each individual person. It's not busy though cause it's so big here. Big and vast and brilliant and blue and free.

Then my mind bursts like a firework.

*Break again to compose yourself.*

And then relentless rain, a flicker of pigeons and me. Only me and I'm back. The nothing shape is nothing and my train arrives and it's wet. I get on and look around hoping to see someone I know. There is no one. So I sit and try to get into a book I don't understand.

*Your recollection of this memory ends and you are back in the room.*



## 4. Drawing

*Begin to describe the act of drawing and revel in your own passion and creativity.*

I get obsessed with creating it.  
I draw the perfect hand. It takes ages, but I practice and practice. Every moment of the day I practice drawing a right hand. Then after a few months, when I can do it without reference, I draw a left one. And I practice more and more until I know what the perfect left hand looks like and I've got the pair.

And I keep going cause I've got the entire body to do and I've got time, but I know that time runs out and I want there to be something at the end to enjoy. I want the hands to belong to someone. I want to hold those hands.

*Pause and look down at your own hands and then quickly touch your nose.*

Nose. There are a million ways to draw a nose. So I draw a million noses in a million different styles. And this is my life. All I know is pen and paper and different parts of someone else's body and I can't wait to meet you. And it goes on and on. And I get older and older. And I don't actually realise cause with every stroke of the pencil I am closer and closer to where I want to be. Closer to you.

*Pause to savour the moment.*

I cannot wait to meet you.

*Give a slight smile as you think of the person you are attempting to draw.*

## 5. Gaming

*You reminisce again - this time to recall your solitude through the playing of a video game. You are animated as you remember playing the game and enjoying the never-ending challenge.*

*Recount this memory as if it is happening at this very moment.*

It's 25 years ago and my bedroom is all I want to see today. I am playing a video game. A platform game where the main character has to get from one end of the screen to the other without being eaten.

The character looks like a rodent or maybe a fox with a massive tail. The graphics look amazing for their time and the pixels jump into my eyes and light up. Or something like that, I suppose.

I don't really care cause I just want to play. Right now I'm lost in a strange world. A strange forest, with tall trees and boney old branches.

The big freaking fox is on the left of the screen. In front of him is the forest. A big freaking forest with large trees and nuts and a mental squirrel and an angry badger and a rabbit with fangs.

That's right a big rabid rabbit with vampire fangs and he wants to suck my blood. I die 20 times before I even get half way. The rabbit is good, but I'm getting better.

I keep trying and eventually I make it out of the forest. I get a satisfying 'Level Complete' screen and the game starts again. I'm on Level

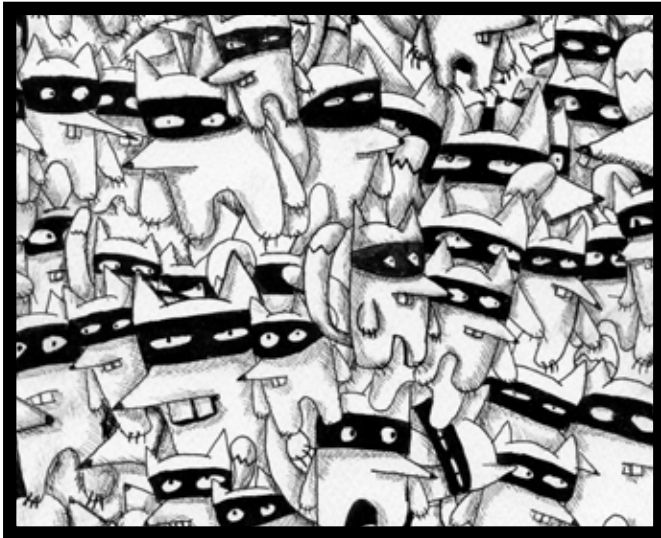
2 and this level is identical to the last but there is an extra squirrel sneaking behind a branch.

I can see him. He thinks I can't but I can. I ease forward avoiding the stupid squirrel and a big assed badger jumps out of nowhere and kills me.

*Pause in frustration.*

I start again and don't leave my room for a long, long time.

*The memory ends and you return to real time. Look around the room again and acquaint yourself with the location.*



## 6. Looking

*You begin to recount drawing a pair of eyes and you talk passionately.*

Eyes. Blue eyes. I draw big, bright blue eyes. Eyes that glow. Pupils that expand and contract. But they are soulless and there is a very good reason why.

*Pause to mount some tension, then propose a rhetorical question.*

Do you know what the uncanny valley is?

*Pause for several moments, wait for a reaction and then continue regardless.*

Sometimes something can look so real it's not real. You look at a character, a person created on a computer. It looks so lifelike, just like an actual human being. It was created by the most talented digital artists alive.

The software used to create it was developed by the most intelligent and amazing technicians on the planet. It was developed on the most powerful and expensive computer in existence. It took hundreds upon hundreds of man hours to create and it took twice that length of time for the computer to render the image.

*Wait again for a reaction, which never comes and then continue.*

You get the image. Hold it in your hands and you look at it. The hair falls the right way over delicate facial features and the face reminds you of someone you used to know.

The skin is imperfect like skin actually is. The ears look like ears actually do and the eyebrows look like real eyebrows, with misplaced hairs and a natural randomness.

*Take a brief moment, before you carry on with the monologue.*

But look at the eyes. Don't awkwardly pass your gaze over them. Stare right into them. Stare directly into the eyes. It's difficult, but do it. Stare right into both the eyes, right to the very back.

You'll see it and you'll notice what is missing. The person, the face, has no soul. It's not that it looks wrong. It's just not there. The person is not in the room. It's gone into a world, it's own world by itself and it's lonely and it can't say anything.

*Another pause to compose yourself.*

Well, you know something? That's how I feel. I feel like I'm stuck in the uncanny valley and the only thing that can understand how I feel doesn't even exist in the first place. It was created on a computer by people I'll never meet.

That's how I feel. So I have to work twice as hard on the eyes.

I don't want it to have my eyes.



## 7. Talking

*Grit your teeth in frustration as your project isn't going according to plan at the moment. You are thinking hard and the passion you previously had, has boiled over into annoyance and arrogance.*

The colour of the skin. The ethnicity. You've been looking in the wrong direction. Just drawing what you see, not what you need. It has to have a backstory. This person must have an origin.

*Shake your head at your own perceived frustration. You are being hard on yourself, but you believe that you deserve this harsh treatment.*

I couldn't decide. I didn't want it to be too beautiful. People who are too beautiful make me awkward. I want it to hold people's attention, but not consume it.

I want this thing to be like me. Not identical, not clumsy and anxious like I am. I want it to be exotic, mysterious and something else. I want it to be "other". Whatever "other" means. But not too beautiful. Just natural.

*Brief pause to gather your thoughts.*

There was an entire topic on race, religion, gender, sexuality and age that I was ignoring because of my own time consuming ignorance. I want to draw god damn it, not write a history on someone I haven't met yet.

I'll have to start again. Go back to the beginning and rethink the entire operation from start to finish. What I need is a project plan.

The ultimate to do list. That's it. Start a list.

*Smile in gratitude at your realisation and spend several moments in a pleasurable reverie. Quickly break out of this dream to remind yourself of the serious task in hand. Your voice returns to a severe and austere tone.*

But my mind was somewhere else. Not on lists. My mind began to race again and I realised what I had to draw. I had to draw the mouth. If I got the mouth right, it could talk to me. Tell me what to draw. Tell me how it wanted to be. Lips, teeth, tongue, mouth, voice.

*Pause for a moment of thought.*

A conversation. They could tell me their origin, roots, ethnicity, age, everything. I hated talking though. I knew I'd find it difficult to get the questions out and to talk back. I'd be happy to hear what the mouth was saying, but I knew it would be dangerous if I talked back and conversed. I wanted a friend, but conversation at this early stage? One step at a time, I think.

So I asked the question first. I asked the question before I drew the mouth. I wrote it down on a piece of paper and I drew the lips around it. I was taking control. The mouth would be born to answer the question.

"Who Are You?"



Who are you?

## 8. Acting

HAVE YOU  
EVER THOUGHT  
ABOUT MAKING  
A PUPPET?



NO. I'VE  
NEVER THOUGHT  
ABOUT MAKING  
A PUPPET.

PUPPETS ARE COOL.  
THEY HAVE PERSONALITY  
AND CHARACTER.  
PUPPETS SAY SO MUCH  
WITHOUT ACTUALLY SPEAKING.  
IN A WAY YOU ARE A  
PUPPET.



HOW?

WELL YOU DON'T SAY MUCH.



SO YOU SHOULD  
CREATE A PUPPET,  
YOU KNOW. ONE  
THAT IS PRETTY COOL.



LIKE A  
MUPPET?  
LIKE KERMIT  
THE FROG?

NO. LIKE A MARIONETTE.  
LIKE PINOCCHIO. REALLY COMPLEX  
AND INTERESTING. IT COULD BE  
YOUR COMPANION. IT COULD  
REPLACE THE VOICES IN YOUR HEAD.



REMEMBER YOU TOLD  
ME ABOUT THE VOICES?  
THE TIME IN THE CAR  
WHEN YOU MENTIONED  
THE VOICES?



DON'T  
MENTION  
THE TIME  
IN THE  
CAR.

BUT MAYBE  
THE PUPPET  
COULD REPLACE  
THE VOICES.  
MAYBE IT  
COULD HELP.



DO YOU  
THINK?

I THINK IT WILL WORK BETTER  
THAN WORRYING ABOUT THINGS.  
I WANT YOU TO GET BETTER,  
SO YOU CAN LIVE A BIT.  
REMEMBER HOW YOU SAID  
YOU LIVE IN YOUR HEAD?



STOP.

A PUPPET  
WILL STOP  
THE VOICES?  
IT'S NOT  
THAT EASY.

THE VOICES  
MIGHT LEAVE  
IF THEY ARE  
GIVEN A PHYSICAL  
BODY. THEY MIGHT  
LEAVE YOUR HEAD.

YOU THINK I  
SHOULD TALK  
TO A PUPPET?



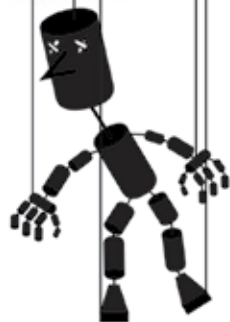
I THINK  
YOU SHOULD  
TRY.



I DO  
TRY.

I do  
try.

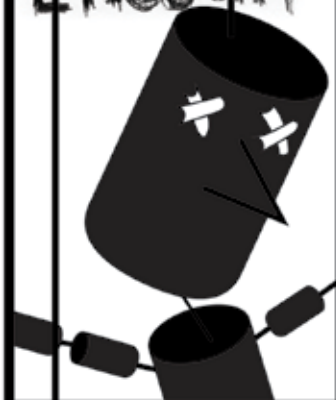
NOT



HARD



ENOUGH



## 9. Writing

*You are back in the messy room. Look around and then at the book you are holding in your hand.*

I couldn't get away from the fact that I needed to write a list, so I constructed my own narrative on how the process was going to go from now on. Like a professional project planner I started at the end and wrote 'Death' on the last line. On the first line I wrote 'Birth'.

About a third of the way down I wrote 'Now'. I'm assuming that I am a third of the way through my life. It has been 33.333% terrible so far, but I've got time to make up for it.

*Sigh at the realisation that you are disappointed in your life at the current moment, but you pause and smile. You remember that you've got a future to look forward to and an important task at hand.*

At least now I knew what was going to happen at every single significant stage of my life from now on. And furthermore I could catalogue everything that has happened so far.

After this major breakthrough I took the initiative to draw an index finger on a A3 sized piece of watercolour paper. It looked ok. But it required work and I was exhausted and needed my sleep for today. My three hour long daily sleep.

*Rub your eyes as if you are waking up. Give a long, large yawn and continue.*

After two short and unproductive hours I woke up and stumbled over to my desk. I'll take the other hour later. I looked down at my list and

realised that somebody had written something on it. I say somebody, but it was me during some sort of dream state.

I would call it a lucid dream, but it wasn't. I was not in control. It was controlling me. Not the dream, but the list.  
The list was controlling me.

*Hold the bridge of your nose and close your eyes tightly. You are trying to focus and understand what is happening.*

When my eyes focussed, I saw a major problem on the page. 'Death' was no longer the last word. I had written 'Ghost' underneath, in the bottom margin. Despite being asleep at the time, the handwriting was immaculate.

The problem is that this project wasn't going to end anytime soon. My strategy was gone. My list had its own life and I needed another approach.

*Give a slight smile as if you have something else up your sleeve. Despite the setback you are still very much optimistic and looking forward to the future.*



## 10. Growing

*Your mind drifts again and we have a flashback to your childhood. Your voice and mannerisms are fragile and childlike. The memory is an obscure, dark one and provokes a timid reaction to the recollection.*

I'm 4 years old. It's so loud. There are kids running around everywhere. The room is so big and I'm stuck in the corner. I don't realise it at first but there is no one I know here. I feel so small.

I just look as the bright blurring children streak past my wet eyes. Everything is so fast. The world is spinning and I must be in the eye of the storm.

*Pause and take a large deep breath.*

I wait and wait and it does not stop. The spinning continues and the sounds get louder and louder. They don't make sense and just blend together.

It is so loud and fast and my feet and body are still. I'm a dead tree and nature is growing around me at 100 miles per hour.

*Pause and breathe deeply again.*

There is no one to talk to. No one wants to talk to me. And it goes on and on and on, until it stops, abruptly. An adult is inches from my red raw face and it all just stops like that. I'm a child but I know a sympathetic voice when I hear one.

She talks but it doesn't make much sense. I was stood there for hours, days, maybe even years, but all I can remember is the noise, the colours and the emptiness I felt.

*Pinch the bridge of your nose with your fingers and tightly close your eyes. Hold this for several seconds and then swiftly lower your hand and open your eyes.*



## 11. Winking

*You are in the room again and you are happy. There has been a breakthrough in the project and you are excited and enthusiastic about it.*

I knew I was onto something when it winked at me. When the eye on the page winked at me. It wasn't just closing its eye either.

It was a cheeky 'aye, aye' sort of wink. It had personality and a 'come hither' attitude. I knew it could see me and I knew I was on the right track.

*Take a moment for yourself to grin with satisfaction.*

A perfect left eye. Soon there will be a right eye and soon they will come together and soon we will be together. I can look into these eyes and I will see the soul. These eyes will have soul behind them. I cannot wait for this.

*You cannot control your smugness. Continue to smile.*



## 12. Living

*Your mind races as you begin to remember a dark and disappointing event. You seem frustrated, but have an anxious excitement in your approach.*

It's ten years ago. I'm alone again and I'm in a large, hot hotel room. I look out of the big bay window and see the street below. There is no one there. It's a European city and that makes me excited. The humidity is hanging around and pressing my skin.

*Suck in some air between your teeth as you remember the seething heat.*

Everything is clean. I double check. I have a bottle of wine on the desk and two glasses. I've got a pen knife with a corkscrew, but I want a better one. I'd ask reception but it's not that kind of hotel. The bedside clock is a few minutes fast and it's making me anxious.

I don't want to touch it. I have the TV on but the sound is real low. It's a music channel, not MTV, there's some pop music playing and it's really inappropriate for the situation.

I wait. I look at the clock. I look out the window.

I'm wearing a shirt. It's creased but I know it is the best it is going to be and I really don't think they are going to notice.

I can't concentrate. There's no point. My mind isn't in the room.

*Sigh as you remember the disappointment of the situation.*

The street is still empty. I can hear traffic. I wait. You're not coming. I should go out, but I stay in. I stare at the ceiling. You're not coming. This isn't getting any easier.

*Give another sigh, but this one is bigger, longer and feels somewhat forced.*



## 13. Throwing

*You are cautious and timid, but very much aware of your surroundings. Look around and observe the drawings and sketches that are about the room.*

I could not handle it. It was coming to an end and I had spent so long on it. I could feel the effort now. I was tired all the time. I was older and different in a bad way, I suppose. When was the last time I actually spoke to someone? I don't know. I don't think it actually matters now, does it?

*You appear resolute and disappointed. There is also a tired and laboured approach to your demeanour.*

If I wrote down all the words people say to me, it would be a short book. But none of that matters. The end is real close and the end is what is occupying my mind.

*Sigh and pause to gather your thoughts.*

I didn't want it to be over. I wanted it to last longer. The anticipation of actually seeing the thing before my eyes. It was too much. The tension was too much and it was added pressure to my tiring mind.

*Pause again to collect yourself, but now appear more confident and self-assured.*

So my brain and my body couldn't take it anymore. I had to let something go. And it looks like I let my mind go. I think I was in my dream state again and got some energy. I started throwing things around. I wanted to fill the space. Make this room look like the

inside of my head. So you have drawings all over the place. Fragments of the perfect person. Sketches. My workings out. They are all over the place.

Engineering. Construction. Ideas. All over.

*Stop to look around the room.*

But soon it will be time to end. But where did I put that final drawing? The perfect person. Where are they?

*Scratch your head in confusion and then give a slight smile.*



## 14. Ending

*You seem self-assured and talk with authority and confidence.*

So I decided to keep a diary after all.

*Your confidence slightly subsides.*

I wrote it weird though.

*You talk with authority and passion again.*

You know how people write diaries as if they are supposed to be these personal, emotional memoirs.

But they've clearly been written for other people to read. As if the writer is not totally being 100% honest.

They still hold back to make sure they come out well. Redraft after redraft until the words reflect the person they want to be, instead of the person they actually are.

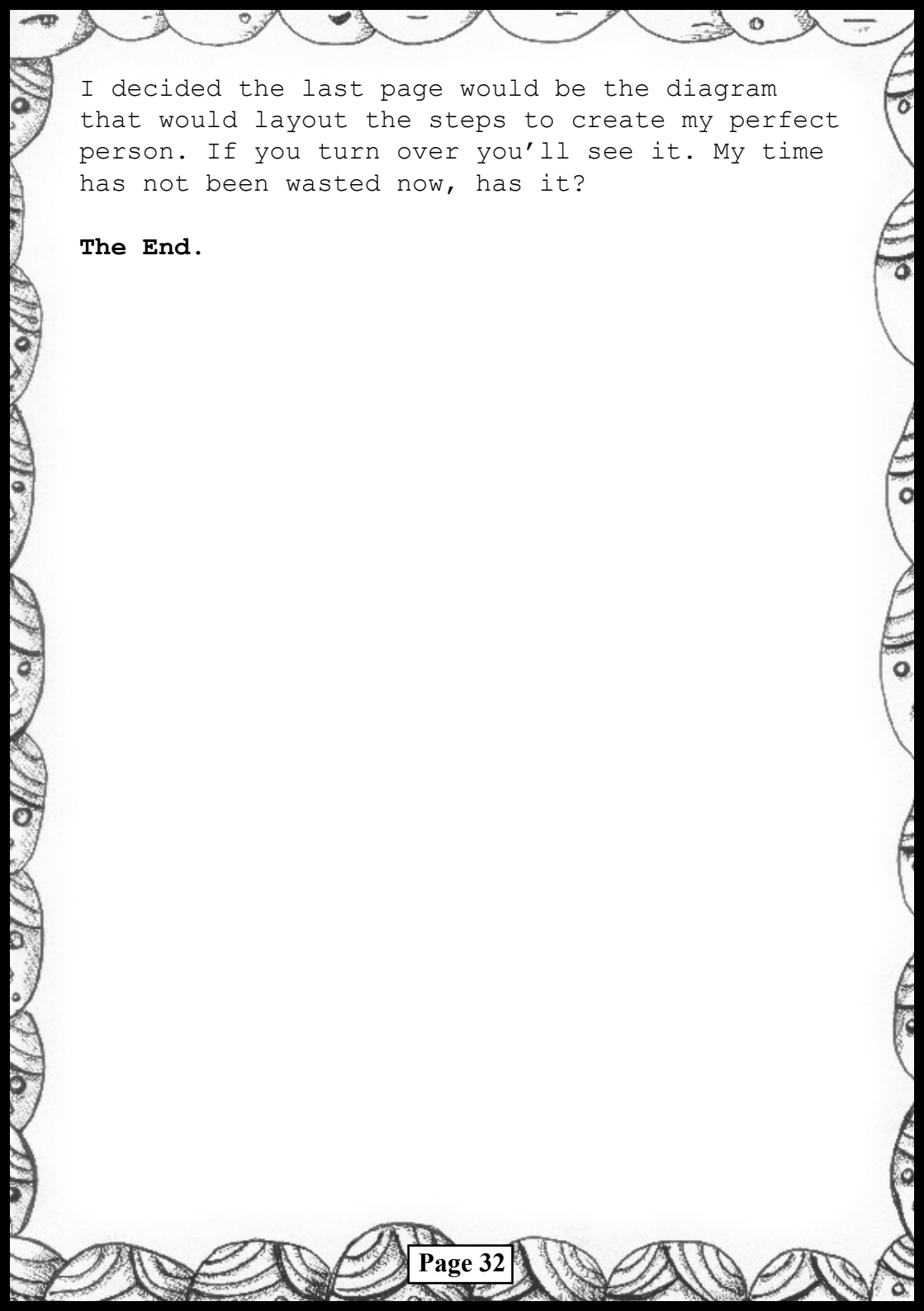
*Pause and then begin to boldly reflect on your diary.*

This diary is 100% honest. Nothing fake, but I did write it weird.

I wrote it like a play. Like a series of scenes from a short play that would make me look like a tortured artist who has gone through pain to realise their own genius.

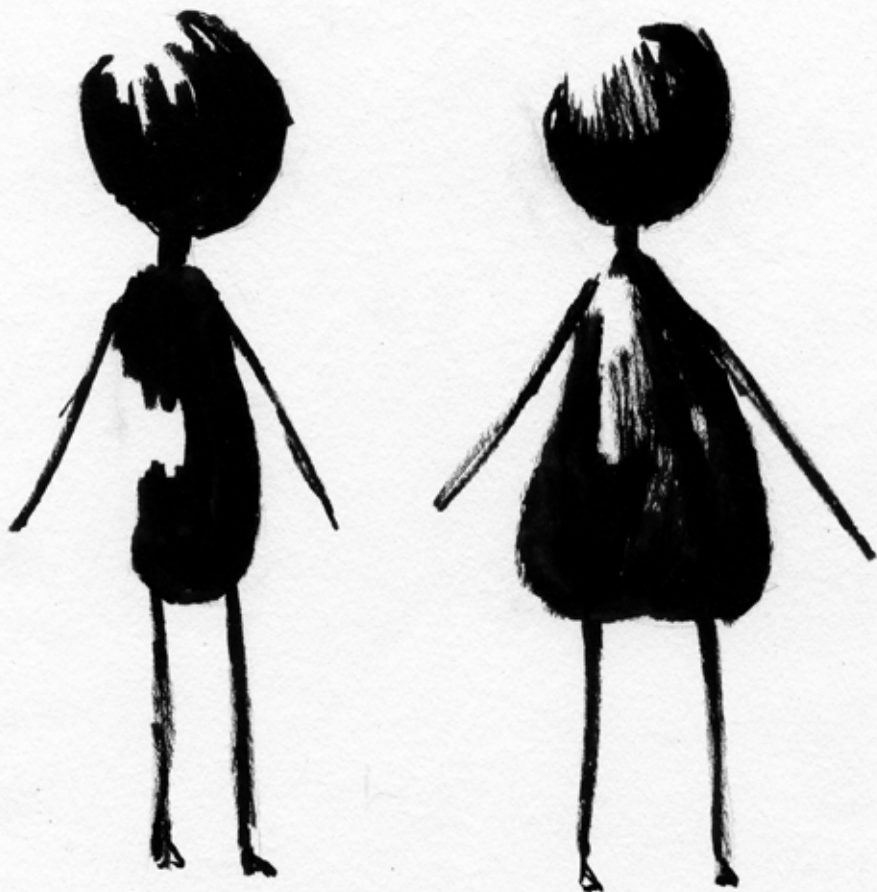
*Pause briefly and have a massive smile on your face.*





I decided the last page would be the diagram that would layout the steps to create my perfect person. If you turn over you'll see it. My time has not been wasted now, has it?

**The End.**



LOVE. STOP. REPEAT



## Closing

My road was filled with nothing,  
just shapes of empty hope.  
A room full of ideas  
and a hand I couldn't hold.

My space was filled with colour,  
but ones I didn't know.  
A forestry of emotions  
and blue eyes with no soul.

My head was filled with chaos,  
that I tried to understand.  
A cacophony of hatred  
and voices that had no sound.

My life was filled with silence,  
but one that always screams.  
A quiet rush of energy  
and a mirage of endless dreams.

--

But my life was filled with honesty,  
passion, love and art.  
A picture now brushed with a thousand words  
and light shining through the dark.

**Danielle Montgomery**



From: [REDACTED]

To: [REDACTED]

Dear Sir/Madam,

In regards to your previous correspondence, I am emailing to inform you that I cannot condone or give my blessing to the marriage between a human being and to something that appears to be a sketch, regardless of how well they have been drawn. Not only is it highly unlikely that your partner is giving their consent (as they are not real), it is also my belief that you do not fully appreciate or understand the complexities or value of love. It is therefore my unfortunate responsibility to inform you that your request to use our building as a "Wedding Venue" has been turned down on grounds of bad taste and your questionable state of mind. Love can work in many ways, and I am not questioning the love you feel for your partner, but I think your time would be better spent at a psychiatric institution, as opposed to a wedding.

I wish you all the best in your future with your partner, but please do not contact me again.

Yours faithfully

Rev. [REDACTED]

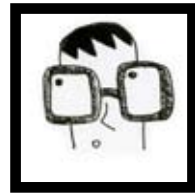
# Members of Do It Theatre

## Steven Fraser

Hi, I am the writer and artist for Private Plays. My background is in animation, comic books and illustration. I like developing theatre with interesting characters who inhabit fascinating locations. To me Private Plays present how intimate and personal theatre can be.

**Twitter:** @stevenfraser111

**email:** stevenfraser500@hotmail.com



## Ewelina Rydzewska

Hi, I am the educational specialist for Private Plays. I advise on the scripts so they can appeal to people with autism and social problems, but also the general public. To me Private Plays open up theatre to people who may not normally be drawn to the art form.

**Twitter:** @DrERYdzewska

**email:** ewelina.rydzewska@wp.pl



## Leiran Gibson

Hi, I am the voice actor for Love Stop Repeat created as part of Private Plays. Since graduating from St Mary's University in 2012, I've been acting with creative individuals who have interesting stories to tell. To me Private Plays invite audiences to witness great new writing and with this production, it reminds us how loneliness can affect everyone, no-matter who you are or where you are from.

**Twitter:** @LeiranGibsonArt

**email:** leirangibson@outlook.com



## **Danielle Montgomery**

Hi there, I have written the poetry for Love.Stop.Repeat. For several years I have written poetry, blogged about mental health and endeavoured in various other writing pursuits. I have a love for words and feel excited at the prospect of mine appearing before you.

**Twitter:** @dann\_montgomery

**email:** emaildanielle.montgomery@gmail.com

## **Peter Callister**

Peter composed and recorded the music in the audio version of Love.Stop.Repeat. Information on how to listen can be found below.

**Website:** emigrantsguide.com

**email:** pcallister@gmail.com

# **LOVE. STOP. REPEAT**

## **Audio Version of Love.Stop.Repeat**

If you would like to listen to and download an audio version of this script then please visit the Do It Theatre Website.

**[www.doittheatre.com/love-stop-repeat](http://www.doittheatre.com/love-stop-repeat)**

Alternatively you can go to our Soundcloud page and listen to the Love.Stop.Repeat set.

**[soundcloud.com/doittheatre/sets/lovestoprepeat](http://soundcloud.com/doittheatre/sets/lovestoprepeat)**

# More Information on Autism

If you are interested in finding out more about Autism, here are some useful links:

## **National Autistic Society**

[www.autism.org.uk](http://www.autism.org.uk)

## **Hoffman Foundation**

[www.hoffmannfoundation.org.uk](http://www.hoffmannfoundation.org.uk)

## **Ambitious about Autism**

[www.ambitiousaboutautism.org.uk](http://www.ambitiousaboutautism.org.uk)

## **Resources for Autism**

[www.resourcesforautism.org.uk](http://www.resourcesforautism.org.uk)

## **Action Space**

[www.actionspace.org](http://www.actionspace.org)

## **Create**

[www.createarts.org.uk](http://www.createarts.org.uk)

# LOVE. STOP. REPEAT

Created by Steven Fraser

[www.doittheatre.com](http://www.doittheatre.com)

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