

Queering the Narrative

Monologues and Scenes for ages 16+

Kindly provided by Drew Taylor-Wilson



THICK SKIN ELASTIC HEART

THICK SKIN ELASTIC HEART is a kaleidoscope of millennial voices – poetically woven together.

The following is a selection of monologues and scenes delivered by young voices. It was first performed as part of the inaugural Creative Scotland touring fund 2019/2020.

<https://www.drewmakestheatre.com/current-work/thick-skin-elastic-heart>

FEMALE

And so I, uh...

Lie here, daytime napping on the sofa because... insomnia

With increasing levels of paranoia: does it makes me a bad person because I don't tell you?... You've got a long hair on your face: I tried to brush it off once, and it... tugged... pulling up a tiny mound of skin, confirming this over-two-inch-long hair is – found attached – it's actually part of your face... something I am STRUGGLING to embrace

And so I, uh...watch it, daily, I fixate, I don't concentrate when you're talking; you might as well not have any other features, you are just a blanked-out skin circle with That Hair on it.

I hate brunch places, avocado toast, Eddison bulb geometric patterned “good” design because I find that That Hair catches the light beautifully in there particularly. That Hair gleams, and glistens in sophisticated lighting, and I am fighting the urge to...

And so I, uh, get freaked out. How can you not realise it's there? How can you stare in the mirror and not see it? You cleanse and moisturise. With your skin you take great care; so how can you not see THAT HAIR? It's over two inches long, and IT'S STICKING RIGHT OUT OF THE SIDE OF YOUR FACE WHERE NO HAIR SHOULD BE. And I know it's not my place to criticise or pluck... but how the fuck do you not see it?

And so I, uh, bury my feelings, and That Hair turns up in my dreams... I brush it off, brush it away, brush it down to make it stay... it doesn't, so I give up and... pull, swing on it, I... floss with it, I'm pulling and it keeps coming and coming and now it's running and it's a person. Your Miniature Twin, a thin baby version of you has emerged from your cheek. And it's a bit gnarled, but relatively cute and its skin is see-through, and you and I we love it. It is our baby, and we cradle it and lather with affection and rather than tearing us apart, it is the closest we have ever been, ever felt, we take such good care of this svelte shrunken skulled deformity from your face. Its place is at our side, and we are a family, we walk hand in hand us three, you, me and your tiny miniature twin. And we win an award for facial incubation and tolerance – you for how long you kept it in there, and me for not asking you to gouge it out with a blunt instrument.

And so I, uh... get up and you're in the window having a rollie, scrolling on your phone, and the angle poise lamp with the flecked cord illuminates That Hair elegantly, and I just freeze – you're not my beautiful man, you're negligent and forgetful and I'm sure you can do better and you should, And that parasitic twin in there is having a much better time than me and that's not fair: see – I need to get some sleep.

So I creep out the room, step over that floorboard creek, that's just outside the door

And I hurry back with some kitchen scissors, nothing more

And I cut it off

...And you don't really seem to notice –

FEMALE

Like a ladybird stuck on a commuter carriage from Sloane Square to Bromley-By-Bow

Your cruising on-board others feels part of a manifesto

To ascend to dizzying heights without enough trying

A persuasive ploy for which I am not buying

Bright colours, a flap of eyelashes and spotted wings

From every company hymn sheet you sing

And you are soaring

Holstered on high

Riding current, currents designed to improve

You're shaking, and you're moving

Sat up on his shoulder pads,

But you are a pervy fad

That gleaming shiny sheen

Has seduced our human resources team

And with barely even a notion

Or questioning your actual qualification you obtained that promotion

But I'm watching how high you climb,

it's fine

hang from that ceiling, it's your time

your popularity will decrease

that frantic wing flapping will cease

but you will fall

out of orbit, loose it all

or get smacked by accident by a fat hand into a glass wall

BEAT

Look, you were never meant to be here in the first place, I was in line to be assistant manager Jordan, not you and yes maybe you did have actual experience in the role, but we don't know what happened to you in Plymouth, maybe it's something you don't want to go into too much detail about, but it's just your words against the truth and EVERYONE lies on their CV and I know that Marion definitely didn't bother to follow up on your references, I know she didn't...

Also

To uh... clarify...

I uh...

I don't wish you any actual ill Jordan, the ladybird on the tube I was watching did actually die, I hit it and it smudged on the window and flopped on the floor and I watched a lady's elderly Chihuahua eat it.

And I sat there and did nothing.

So, there's that...

MALE

I spent 37 minutes staring at the wall in my bedroom
I just came out the shower, just had my towel on, and I was fixating on this stain I've never noticed before. Wondering if the door handle caused it (like when it makes it dent coz you've opened the door too quickly and it dents the plaster), or maybe it was just a tiny splash of gravy?
There was no one there to make me finish dressing, or leave on time, and my urge to make me, get up and go had gone. Has gone? And just sitting in... a moment where the sun shone through the window onto my face, felt great – that's why I'm late.

I spent 37 minutes staring at a wall.
Wearing nothing but a towel, fixated on a stain I've never noticed before!
Wondering if the door handle had caused it, or a tiny splash of gravy?
Because there was no one there to make me... finish dressing, or leave on time...
...My urge to make me get up and go had gone! Has gone!
A moment where the sun shone through the window felt... great?
That's why I'm late.

I spent 37 minutes staring at a wall, wearing nothing...
Fixated on a stain I've never noticed before, wondering...
...The door handle *had* caused it, tiny splash.
Because there was no one there to make me -
My urge to make me -
Get up and go had gone through;
The window felt great. That's why I'm late.

I spent 37 minutes staring at a wall
Nothing fixated
A stain I've never noticed
Handle caused it: tiny splash.
Because there was no one.
There make me.
Make me.
Get up and go - gone through...
The window felt...

I spent 37 minutes staring at a wall
Nothing fixated
A stain
Never caused it
Tiny -
Because there was no one
Make me. Make me.
Get up. Go.
Gone through the window

I spent 37 minutes staring at a wall
Nothing stain.
Never caused it.
Tiny no one.
Make me. Make me.
Get up. Go.
Gone through the window

I spent 37 minutes staring at a wall
Nothing caused it
Nothing caused it
Tiny no one
Tiny no one
Make Me. Make Me.

1. I promise not to kick off if they've not.
2. Brown rice, always... I know what, bowel, situation you've got! And yes,
1. picking
2. at the hot
1. Chicken
2. from the deli counter on the way home
BOTH Will always
2. Be my favourite thing about the whole endeavour.
BOTH I never want to not go shopping with you. I always want to know
2. our love is
1. true-ly boring, and beautiful,
BOTH And mostly uneventful.
2. And that is
BOTH definitely
1. the way I like it.

CAPTIVITY

CAPTIVITY has been in development since 2007! It has received rehearsed readings at the Citizens Theatre Glasgow and Traverse Theatre Edinburgh as part of Pride Plays in 2018 – with a five-star review. It's a pitch-black comedy about a human trial to artificially create homosexuality and is currently in development as a TV drama.

TINA (mid 30s) is the lead scientist of the investigation, a closeted lesbian with a very dry sense of humour. SIOBHAN (early 20s) is a young research scientist – hungry to make a name for herself and currently caring for her ailing parent.

OBSERVATION ROOM:

TINA right then
SIOBHAN yes
TINA you should've, maybe...
SIOBHAN I, uh?
TINA by this point you should have expressed – unprompted – why you would a) like to be my assistant? And b) why you would like to be involved in this trial – personally and ideologically?
SIOBHAN that was never mentioned in the application pack?
TINA yes... but common sense...

BEAT

SIOBHAN ok, um, I was at UEA /
TINA yes, I can see that, thank you. It's on your CV
SIOBHAN and I was working on an MS trial
TINA and you left because it was too hard for you?
SIOBHAN I left because of extraneous circumstances /
TINA so you quit? Why / was that?
SIOBHAN I didn't quit, I had to leave because a very difficult situation came up, and I was forced to seek employment elsewhere
TINA so you were let go?
SIOBHAN no, I left of my own accord
TINA I don't follow
SIOBHAN I left because I felt I had to
TINA oh, you make a habit of quitting
SIOBHAN I left because at the time my mother was also being treated for Multiple Sclerosis, she was in the early stages of her diagnosis and was really struggling to manage her medication... and her mental health

NO RESPONSE – AN AWKWARD PAUSE

SIOBHAN I was working with patients with advanced symptoms of the same age as my mum, and seeing them deteriorate, some of them die, then coming home and looking after Mum, and... Multiple Sclerosis was my whole life. Working with it, trying to understand it, coming home and looking after... it; I... just needed to have a break

BEAT

TINA and how is your mother?
SIOBHAN she's stable, for now; she'll be in a trial herself, soon
TINA oh good... Ok, so Siobh, Siob...han, Sio
SIOBHAN Siobhan, shi – von, similar to the fabric?
TINA similar to the fabric? Shi-von, oh chiffon, I see... [SHE LAUGHS] Siob-han: what brings you all the way up here?
SIOBHAN we're from here, originally. Mum and I moved down south when I was really young, and we wanted to reconnect; get some fresh air
TINA so you're living with your mother?

SIOBHAN I care for her yes
TINA in her house?
SIOBHAN Doctor Ridgewell, I don't /
TINA it'll be really convenient for you, won't it? Stay with Mummy! Save a bit of money! Walk to work, that's /
SIOBHAN I won't deny the convenience of this but /
TINA Siob...Siobhan, why do you want to be my assistant?
SIOBHAN working with someone with your prestige is /
TINA other than that!
SIOBHAN ok, so, this project might change the way we view... I want to be part of something of great import, something that's going to approach our perception of nature and nurture – psychology and genetics, change the way we... answer that question, finally!! I want to be part of something that causes a major stir, with lasting impact that /
TINA so other than the fame and fortune – none of the “ideology” bothers you?
SIOBHAN what are you implying?
TINA this study is to prove that homosexuality in humans is a direct biproduct of the modern condition
SIOBHAN Dr Ridgewell, I have read the report, and of course, I've got questions, but that can only be a good thing with my involvement in /
TINA I hope that that won't be a problem for you
SIOBHAN what will?

TINA IS STARING AT SIOBHAN

TINA oh, sorry?
SIOBHAN my having questions is surely a good thing at this stage?
TINA uh... yes. Yes, it is.
SIOBHAN I would relish the opportunity to be part of this

FRIDAY OCTOBER 13TH

FRIDAY OCTOBER 13TH was commissioned by Strange Town and was first performed in 2017 at Leith Theatre. The piece is an ensemble youth theatre production about a class of 14/15 year olds. The play is a combination of monologues (as interviews with the police) and performance poetry/Greek chorus infused group storytelling scenes. *FRIDAY OCTOBER 13TH* is when the most popular girl in school went missing. The interviews take place on the Monday after...

Three monologues - 1F, 1M (trans), 1M

George (15, F) is in the interview room. George is the girl everyone wants to be at school – popular, good grades, nice enough... the police are asking her about the disappearance of her best friend, Demi. She is accompanied in the interview room by a teacher, Miss Ramsey.

GEORGE: Since we were 5. I'm told it was actually earlier than that, like in the womb or something. Our Mums went to the same birthing class, learning how to... push out *me and Demi* at the same time... a real convenient bonding experience.

<>

I, uh...

<>

Well, it's annoying, *me and Demi* went to nursery together, there's pictures of *me and Demi* at Disneyland when we're like three years old, we were in the same class for ALL of primary. And now ME AND DEMI are at South High... And we both do the same stuff, I can't get away from her!

<>

I'm meant to tell you that? Why don't you just speak to my Dad.

<>

That's not really any of your business.

<>

How is that relevant to the investigation Miss? Miss Ramsey I don't think them knowing the ins-and-outs of my complicated family is going to help this...

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FINE! I said fine... Her Mum went off my Dad last year!

BEAT

Her Mum finally decided to keep a man for longer than a few months, and she chose my Dad... Then my Mum left because my Dad cheated on her, and she doesn't have enough money to keep me, so I have to stay with Dad, in Demi's house.

<>

Her Dad's dead

<>

Yes I was at Josh's Dad's caravan, he wanted everyone over, not sure why his parents agreed, we had the cast party there for Grease and wrecked it...

his Dad must have been baked when he asked.

<>

Sometimes at the Red Lion, or sometimes Mark's mansion of a house when his parents are away, or like... the back of the shops? Josh's was... a nice change of scenery.

<>

Yeah, she was acting weird, I mean she was drunk, but like, this was different from normal. I think it was all the Angelita and Mike drama. At one point, it was just her and me, for like, an hour... I think I was getting through to her, she was calming down, and then stupid Heath came in made everything worse, and she just ran off.

<>

You'll have to talk to him – I don't know.

<>

Tommy went after her and that's usually the best option but...

<>

Yeah, Dad was taking all the girls home, so I couldn't just leave! And when she first stormed out we thought it was just usual drama stuff, and then /

<>

Oh right, good one Miss Ramsey making me say that to the Police Officer making it seem even more messed up than it is already... Yes *Me and Demi* was together, everyone knew it, from like when we were like 11 maybe until last year... 14.

<>

She used to be at ours every day. Her Mum was still fucking around then, so I guess she felt safe with us. We did the same thing all the time, liked the same stuff, dressed the same, and then we found some repeat of *Buffy* on the Tele, and I don't know, something just clicked – obsessed with it. I was so annoyed with Granny naming me stupid Georgina because Dad wanted me to be called Willow after the character in the show!! WILLOW! And then when Willow went out with Terra in the show, it was like – yes, that's totally me as well – a fucking lesbian witch!

BEAT

I thought it was the same for her because most of the time we missed the end of the episode because we were... kissing... She was basically my girlfriend, I mean we never called it that... And then one weekend we're sitting there watching *Buffy*, and we kiss and then I tell her I love her, and she pushes me off her and tells me I'm a disgusting dyke, that I'm trying to manipulate her with my "lesbian powers" or whatever...

<>

Yes, technically – my step-sister – but this was before we were ever living in the same house, or her Mum decided to start fucking my Dad – surely that's not the thing you should be concentrating on here – pervert!

GEORGE STORMS OUT THE ROOM

Tommy (15, Trans M) is in the interview room. Tommy is trans-masculine – he's a skater, brilliant at maths, fiercely loyal but would generally prefer a quieter life. The police are asking him about the disappearance of his twin sister, Demi. He is accompanied in the interview room by a teacher, Mr Barlow.

TOMMY: she's my sister of course I miss her, what the hell do you want me to say? We're close: she's my twin – we're identical. We don't have any of that weird psychic stuff though, but we're... close. Look, she's my sister who pisses me off the same as my younger sister does. So I /

<>

no, of course we don't look identical now do we Barlow. Of course, that's right... Officer, I identify as male, and she doesn't – that's what he's getting at

<>

yes, I'm trans you can say that, it is the correct term...

<>

apology accepted... Look, it's pretty cool having someone around who is doing the same stuff as me at school, so I /

<>

what has Martin got to do with any of this? Barlow why are you so...Yes, Martin, Mum's boyfriend is George's Dad. We all live together as one big happy family, have you got that down?

<>

NO! I don't know where she is! I haven't heard from her! She's gone somewhere, and she's got a very good reason for it, my sister's not stupid and I hope she stays away – I'd leave if I could.

<>

yes I was at Josh's as well, not that anyone noticed... I was finally allowed to be there!! Ooh! I got my invitation! AND IT WAS SHITE! Everyone was wrecked by the time I got there, I couldn't be arsed even trying to catch up – maybe it would have been more fun if I was drinking?

<>

oh, like Heath and Simon Adesina and the rugby lads, the Holly Forest girls, George and some slags from Weston – all in Josh's Dad's smelly caravan! Most of the time people just wouldn't shut up about the Angelita and Mike drama.

<>

I don't know what happened, Demi freaked the fuck out like half an hour after I got there, she bolted and we started walking home together

<>

she ran off

<>

I dunno

<>

I don't know

<>

Uh... Daniel and Darrell maybe?

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well, Daniel's disgusting, and Darrell's proper weird – they've maybe got her tied up in their basement or something

<>

No, not Heath – he would never... he's a proper gentleman – always treated her right, best boyfriend she's ever had.

<>

What has my love life got to do with any of this? No, I haven't had a boyfriend or a girlfriend... or... actually I have no clue what a gender-neutral term for – why don't you /

<>

No, partner just sounds like we started a business together. ANYWAY it could never be Heath, he's too... he's too much of a good man, he'd never do anything like that, you should leave him alone.

<>

No, not gay, so... no. Is that it? Barlow – are you going to let him talk to me like this?

Josh (15, M) is in the interview room. Josh is everyone's GBF – theatre kid, intelligent, fashionable, insecure. The police are asking him about the disappearance of his classmate, Demi. He is accompanied in the interview room by a teacher, Mr Barlow. Josh is crying.

JOSH: it was all so confusing – everyone loves her, yeah she used to be awful and beat everyone up, but she's made up for that, she's done everything she can to be everything... to everyone. She's like... everyone's cheerleader, which is really cheesy because like, cheerleading is lame... but she literally cheers on everyone now... IT ALL JUST FEEL SO EMPTY with her not being around, she took up so much... beautiful space

<>

JOSH LAUGHS A LITTLE

officer, no disrespect, but Demi is not my type... I mean we've kissed on stage a few times, she was definitely the better Sandy in Grease... I was Danny, you might have read about my performance in the local newspaper? Or online?

<>...

Yes I can confirm Demi and I definitely have had no romantic involvement because, well... She's a girl!

<>

oh uh, Jazelle isn't gay as far as I know, she's just really insecure and... passionate

<>

well she /

<>

I would like to formally distance myself from Jazelle

<>

I don't contribute to it Barlow! I just helped her edit the first video! But that was it, all the crazy *WhatWouldDemiDo* hashtag stuff... After that was trending I was like, NOOOO I am having NOTHING to do with this

<>

I did tell her to take it down. Many times. And as far as I know she has. Look, Jazelle is harmless – manic depressive, probably bi-polar... she's just a bit sad, like, most of the time, she's not a threat

<>

Yeah of course I did

<>

yes we were all in my caravan

<>

no, actually I don't know every single person that was there the whole time

<>

Because alcohol Mr Barlow, it does things to your memory!

<>

the selected highlights are all that I remember...

<>

uhhh, Angelita and Mike tongue fencing, and breaking my Dad's table, Simon Adesina puking up black stuff, me puking up black stuff because of the weird Vodka Simon Adesina brought, me shouting at Bailey doing Heath's makeup - ruining his face - I could have killed her for that - his face is so... it's so... he doesn't need makeup and she just wouldn't /

<>

I don't know where she went - Heath tried talking to her, I think, then Bailey did, then George... now speaking of people in love with Demi... George, has always been; whatever she says... I think your best bet is George... maybe she's got her stashed somewhere against her will, maybe... maybe Demi wants to be there, and George is still around, playing out the game, leaving it long enough so that everyone forgets about Demi and then George'll disappear too, and they'll go live as lesbians in London together or something.

JOSH STARTS TO CRY AGAIN

I just really miss her, she's like... she's great, I mean I know I won't ever be one of the Holly Forest girls, but they get me, and accept me, and don't ever bully me, I can be exactly who I am with them, and they go mental at any of the rugby boys that say anything even slightly phobic to me. I want her back, you need to find her.