

# FREE by David Lane



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Videos from the Writer, Actors, Composer and Set and Costumes Designer can be found on the Half Moon website:

<https://www.halfmoon.org.uk/about-us/history/production-archive/half-moon-productions/free/>



## EXTRACTS FOR PERFORMANCE

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### Extract 1: Monologue

Zara

I am the statues on churches  
I am the pavements you walk  
I am the girl who ran and kept on running  
Who ran herself into the ground

But don't look for me  
You won't see me for looking

I am the muscle in this Square Mile  
Light like beige brick buildings and marble pillars  
Dark like Gotham and Mega City and Zero One  
wraps around my ligaments  
I fold and melt through stone and milled-edged metal  
The curve in the classical  
The chrome and metal-studding of the modern

But don't look for me  
You won't see me for looking  
Though I am searched for night and day  
Trapped in cement and glass  
Like nothing you could possibly imagine  
Waiting only to be found

Feel me  
Hear me  
Or this place will crack your cartilage and grind you down  
Muscles wrapped tight round your lungs  
Leaves you gasping  
Eyes glazed  
Dead inside

Find me

**Extract 2:  
Monologue**

**Zara**

In the sliver where dawn meets daylight  
She holds herself against the city's stone  
And thinks  
Each time harder than the last  
Of a city  
Built close to the mountains  
The desert and the goats  
Where a small girl lived in white robes  
With a smiling man with soft brown eyes  
Beard like a bird's nest  
A shop with a kitchen at the back  
Musky smell of chickpeas frothing up  
And a mother's voice

She sees an older brother  
Trousers and pressed white shirt  
Stood at a push-button till  
By ramshackle shelves  
The gurgles and cries from two creaking baskets  
Side-by-side on the counter

Before the picture fades and changes  
Which it does  
Each time quicker than the last  
Into something unrecognisable  
A city of terror  
A city no longer a home

But now  
In this London dawn  
As her eyes turn to stone and her skin layers with asphalt  
She thinks of a boy who believes  
A boy who's getting close to her darkest secret  
And she smiles  
Wondering  
If he's got what it takes  
If she has to be alone  
If she has to be trapped anymore

**Extract 3:  
Monologue**

**Kris**

Sneak back in at sunrise on soft treads  
Swipe the card  
Slide the door  
Hug walls then collapse on the mattress  
Limbs aching  
Heart pounding  
Lie still  
But I can't  
Can't sleep  
Can't...power down  
Cos I see the same thing  
From seven storeys up in the moonlight  
Dark outline of a body broken  
The kneecaps where they don't belong  
It comes again  
And again  
I dunno how many times

Flick open the Mac as the city awakes  
YouTube  
Cos I know  
Zara's talking shit  
I know she's not even seen  
So I watched us  
I replay  
Work through the channel and –

'You've smashed my bruv up wasteman'

'Gonna hammer your shins to shit'

'Parkour betrayer'

1.17am

'Find a door go slam your wrists in  
Throw yourself off your posh digs rooftop  
Get out of Stepney for good'  
Threading on  
And on

I shut down  
Stare at the wall  
Hear the power shower fire up  
A toaster flick  
Slow burble of noise from an HD world  
Routines and rituals I'm no longer a part of

No-one knocks

No-one knows how to deal with me now  
Hear them speaking in hushed tones  
*You know he saw it*  
*You know he was there*  
*You know they were such good friends*

Then Mum's gone out to the salon  
Dad's tip-tapping in the office next door  
Gabe's head down at college  
Naturally  
And the house is at rest

I creep back out of my room  
And like someone told me  
I try and look  
Really look.. like it's organic

I see chrome-plate stools  
Pristine sofa with matching cushions  
Fake fur rug  
IKEA art that I know's copied next door  
And above and beneath  
Over and over like the balcony windows  
Grinning on the riverside  
Suits rising up like clones  
Success just a hall of mirrors  
But everyone still wants to fit  
Everyone wants to fit  
I still hear them

*Sab are you staying for tea*  
*Sab that's a nice shirt*  
*Sab you're so funny*  
*Sab you're so polite*  
*Sab you can come whenever you like*  
*Sab*  
*SabSabSabSabSabSabSabSab*

A perfect fit  
Just like Mum wanted

I watch the sky turn from blue to black  
Like a bruise spreading in the clouds

I don't wanna fit  
I wanna think of a girl  
Who makes the city move  
Better than he ever could

**Extract 4:  
Duologue**

**Kris** In the beginning

**Zara** Before the fall

**Kris** There were no cities

**Zara** There were no streets

**Kris** No skyscrapers

**Zara** No breeze block ledges

**Kris** No corner shops

**Zara** Or clay walls

**Kris** No corners to put a corner shop on

**Zara** At the start of the circle

**Kris** Way before we collide

**Zara** There's just the ground and the sky

**Kris** There was none of them low, single brick walls to walk on

**Zara** One foot in front of another

**Kris** Like we used to

**Zara** No steps to leap down two or three at a time

**Kris** No concrete bollards

**Zara** With noisy children leaping over  
Pretending to be frogs

**Kris** No soundtrack in this city now

**Zara** This empty place

**Kris** Where we perch up high

**Zara**                    Where damp clouds seep through destruction

**Kris**                    It's dark

**Zara**                    All day

**Kris**                    Like the power's been pulled

  

**Zara**                    In the beginning –

**Kris**                    The *beginning* beginning

**Zara**                    There was just a river –

**Kris**                    Two rivers

**Zara**                    And mountains

**Kris**                    *You* had mountains

**Zara**                    And a valley

**Kris**                    Nah *we* had the valley  
We're still the ones with the valley

**Zara**                    Fine –

**Kris**                    *Thames* Valley  
Clue's in the name?

**Zara**                    You think that matters now?

**Kris**                    You had rocks and sand and weird little I dunno

**Zara**                    In the beginning –

**Kris**                    Weird little goats

**Zara**                    There were mountains topped with trees like bony fingers  
Desert and dunes

**Kris**                    We had forest  
We had the whole green trees, rolling fields, and smelling of  
pine cones shit right here

**Zara**                    Four thousand six hundred and sixty three miles apart

**Kris**                    Two cities waiting to rise

**Zara** To fall

**Kris** This begins before your prophets

**Zara** Before you ate food from a polystyrene box

**Kris** And everything turned to ashes and screams

**Zara** Back when your bare feet and hands clawed down in dust  
and sand

**Kris** When you picked through a lion carcass  
Grabbed a bone smashed the whole thing to pieces  
And realised you were the *man*

**Zara** Before you knew God

**Kris** Before we ran toward one another

**Zara** Collided

**Kris** So  
Where'd it all go wrong?

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