

FREE by David Lane



CONTENTS

Extracts for Performance

Zara Monologue	p. 3
Zara Monologue	p. 4
Kris Monologue	p. 5
Kris and Zara Duologue	p. 7

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

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?
