

## Writing Abstracts

A mix of script examples written by Alana Wadkin – some pieces contain strong language and may offend some people.

The following are monologues with comical elements and an exercise to describe myself using objects. These are not properly formatted, but pieces I liked.

## Monologues

These are a couple of monologues I came up with when doing writing exercises:

- 1) A Christmas rant by a disenfranchised station employee.

INT. STAFFROOM, LIVERPOOL LIME ST. STATION

*The door bursts open, a middle-aged man ED comes racing in his electric wheelchair with a face like thunder, flinging his coat on the control panel (knocking the station's tannoy on), as he rants.*

Ed: Use muggins 'ere to work on a Christmas eve, he won't mind - he has no kids, no money and no joy in his life - me arse! They never even asked... For all they know, I could have a hot girl waiting for me at home. That's a stretch of the imagination I know! (sighs) God, I loathe flamin' Christmas – it's nothing but a money gobbling holiday now... Goodbye baby Jesus, hello fancy gifts, overpriced food and people trying to outdo each other. That's very Christian, getting people to fight over the last items in shops, arguing at get-togethers, and going into debt for one bloody day! Just a big fuss, if you ask me... (beat) The stress, hassle and niceties I hate. Why do people put on an act, pretending to be happy when they clearly aren't? Or like everyone when they don't?! Good will to all – me arse... Everything's fake these days, even the Christmas trees. (sings badly) "O Christmas tree, o Christmas tree. Such pleasure do you bring me. For every year this Christmas tree, Brings to us such joy and glee. O Christmas tree, o Christmas tree." Ahh, even the 'so-called' Christmas classics are awful, and don't get me started with the d\*ckh\*\*d songs made now – they're sh\*t! Just full of singers who can't bloody sing! (sighs) What's the world coming to? There's no Christmas spirit anymore, the kids want more and more, and people don't give you the time of day anymore. They either look straight through you, verbally abuse you or give you a sodding ear-bashing about the sh\*tty train service... I bloody hate CHRISTMAS!!!

2) A disabled person's perspective of being on stage:

**Performer:** Remember that feeling of receiving your exam results? Well, triple it! The routine and preparation is 10 times worse for artists like myself! Have you ever wondered what it is like being trapped within your own body? (pause) It's bloody hard and so frustrating battling through each day! By the time I get up, washed and dressed half the morning is gone! If your Mum's anything like mine, she always gets me ready 2 hours before I go somewhere. Think I'm joking? "Be prepared" is Mum's motto! (laughs and takes a breath) By the time I'm finally ready to be pushed on stage, I feel like I've gone 10 rounds with Mike Tyson! But once I hear you lot from backstage, a rush of adrenaline goes throughout my body and I feel alive again... There's nothing like that feeling when the spotlight goes on your face, although you want to vomit – it takes guts to perform in front of people and courage to lay yourself bare, knowing your condition might balls everything up and all the hard work was for nothing. As I sit here, I see a sea of faces staring back – on the surface I appear calm but inside I'm paddling hard to stay afloat. There's a little voice inside my head saying "Keep control of your involuntary movements! Don't dribble! Don't show any pain! Don't do anything embarrassing, like touch-up your co-stars!" I guess it's a flight or fight moment, except I can't physically go anywhere...

3) Describing myself with objects and other things.

I'm a loved CD, a bit old fashioned compared to the modern music storage devices.

I'm a fruity, exotic cocktail with lime on the rim – no ice in a backstreet club.

I'm a battered old recliner, left in the shed, forgotten and alone.

I'm a drum, banging to my own beat.

I'm a screwdriver, I enjoy turning your screws.

I'm a monkey, I love messing around and causing chaos.

I am a Great Dane, long and lanky.

I'm a mix of pop and rock, lively, upbeat with a twist of musical theatre, a bit glitz and glam.

I'm a warm summers evening, when it's cooling down.

I'm Athetoid Cerebral Palsy, very complex and trapped.

I'm an old tattered box, with jaggy edges.

I'm a perm, big and bold, full of curls.

I'm a sweet rose, delicate but hard wearing.

I'm a fragrance, sweet with a hint of woody flavour.

I'm a necklace, solid gold.

I'm an old tea set, part of me is missing.