

FROCK SCENE I - KITCHEN SINK

An audio insight into the inner world of Hannah Sampson, a Suit in Frock.

Hannah's inner monologue from the opening scene is accompanied by 'A View from the Kitchen Sink', written, composed and performed by Hannah Miller of the Moulettes.

♪ Birdsong

My name is Hannah, and I'm a dancer in Frock.

I'm a small, standing, disabled dancer, who has short cropped blonde hair, blue eyes, and white skin. I play the role of a Suit.

♪ Gentle harp strings, a soft humming voice

It's the start of the show, there is a calm atmosphere and I am breathing in the outside air as I stroll the outline of this rectangular performance area.

♪ Sounds of hands busy washing cups in a sink

People watch... ...my character likes to be watched...

My character is proud and confident, a leader of the pack. Although I am small, I feel powerful, with broad shoulders, strong chin, and firm footwork.

My costume supports my sense of character. My white shirt is crisp, my dark jacket is classic and familiar, and my braces are tight - as it remind me of restriction.

♪ A soft swinging jazz drumbeat begins

There are three Suits and we're all dressed the same. It gives us a simple strength as we proudly promenade in a long line around the performance space.

As I place my feet precisely into the ground, I am guided by Alice's timing and rhythm, as the three of us walk in unison in a patterned sequence that's familiar and timeless.

♪ Swells in the music, more voices join with soft running melodies

I sometimes feel like I am in a loop and perform these steps over and over again.

I can see Alice's back as I follow, they have long brown hair dangling loose, that catches the wind but doesn't distract them from their task leading the way. They scuff their feet as we stroll and swing our arms at the same time of the beat.

I see Alice acting and moving like a man as I am. I often think they move with mystery, as if they have a secret, or need to talk much.

We Suits in the opening are calm, in control and conservative.

I dance with a Skirt called Jannick. The connection I have with them is distant and functional. As a couple, we mainly ignore each other, as they're always behind me. They're always daydreaming. They're usually daydreaming, but I don't have time to, as I have a solo to perform.

I finish the scene with a solo. My character faces the others; Suits and Skirts that are now busy taking photos and chatting together...

*I start off in a wide stance and I take myself into a lunge. I **open, slice** the arm as I transfer the weight to one side, like a butterfly wing. I **throw** it to one side; I step, skip back. **Grab** my jacket like a superman and **drop**. I **flick flick, drop drop, look**. Open the inside of my jacket as I **throw** my finger to the corner, **wide stance**, eyes directly forwards.*

♪ Harp strings echo a pensive melody as the music fades

My solo is clear, bold and in control. I swish and swing, but always find my balance. I command a slap and catch it with my hands. I pull and brush my jacket, like I'm getting things done. I finish with my arms wide open, palms to the audience, as I rotate, asking them to see and believe in me. I feel the need of getting things done and I get these things done by myself.

I take up the space as the scene closes...

♪ Clinking of cups and rattling cutlery fades

