

EXCERPT FROM 'POWERFULLY FRAGILE' SCRIPT BY BRIOHNE SYKES.

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'POWERFULLY FRAGILE' FORMS THE SCRIPT IN THE EDUCATIONAL AND FUNDRAISING MINI-MUSICAL 'THE SILK RAGS PROJECT'.

If you are interested in a production for your theatre or community group, please visit www.thesilkragproject.com for more details. Then contact us at: deehandyside@me.com or Tel: 0061 (0)410 628851

The following excerpt is taken from Scene 3. 'One' is in hospital having already been visited by 'Two' and 'Three'.

'ONE' CLOSES HER EYES AND DOZES. THE LIGHTS FADE TO A SOFT, PINK WASH.

A CHILD'S
CRY FROM
OFFSTAGE

Mummy, don't leave me. I still need you....

'ONE' WAKES WITH A START. SHE REACHES OVER TO A PICTURE (DRAWN BY A CHILD) AND LOOKS AT IT.

WE HEAR THE LOW HEARTBEAT OVER THE MEDICAL EQUIPMENT. THE LIGHTS COME UP ABRUPTLY AND 'ONE' PLACES THE PICTURE BACK.

'FOUR' WALKS IN FROM STAGE RIGHT, FLUSTERED. HER EYES FALL ON THE FLOWERS.

FOUR

(JEALOUSLY) Flowers, hey? You lucky girl! I never get flowers. Laurie hasn't a romantic bone in his body.

(EMBARRASSED THAT SHE IS THE LAST TO COME) I've wanted to come to see you, but I've just been so down. I haven't been able to get out the door. Oh, and I've had a really aching toe. It's even been keeping me up at night. I've gotten absolutely no sleep! And do you think Laurie cares? Of course not.

I hate that not sleeping. I get so so tired And then there's my toe. Throbbing all night.

'FOUR' WANDERS OVER TO THE SIDE TABLE AND EXAMINES

THE PICTURE AND FLOWERS.

FOUR Then, you know, once I'm awake, I think about work. My boss is such an arsehole. He always gets angry with me for no reason. Ugh, work! Can you believe they didn't approve my leave? I was so angry. Then I had to get into my shitty car and drive home with the windows down cause the air con's broken. Broken! In the middle of the summer! Can you believe it? So, I've spent the last few days at home, feeling low. I have been so down, and nobody understands.

'FOUR' WANDERS OVER TO WHERE A TELEVISION WOULD BE AND PRETENDS TO TURN IT ON.

FOUR I called in sick yesterday. That'll teach them. Just been sitting around watching Dr Phil. (SIGHS) I wish I had a bigger TV. My neighbour just got a new one. One of those 3D fancy things. Can you believe it!? Bitch. She gets everything. Oh, and they simply "must get a new Prado!" "Theirs is 3 years old now!" Gag!! How sad for them!

'FOUR' WALKS BACK TO THE BED-SIDE AND TRIES TO MAKE THE CANCEROUS MASS UNDERSTAND HER POSITION.

Know what I mean? I'm not trying to complain. I'm just sick of my life being so unfair! I feel as if there is a person standing behind me with an axe just waiting to hook into me with another setback. Or, perhaps it's more as if I am an ant, and a giant boot is trying to squash me into the ground! Anyway, I need a rest. Being at hospitals really drains me. I suppose you will probably need me to come back and cheer you up again tomorrow, so I will do my best to fit it in.

'ONE' RELEASES 'FOUR'S' HAND.

'FOUR' TURNS AND EXITS STAGE RIGHT. HALFWAY THERE, SHE BEGINS TO LIMP WITH HER SORE TOE.

BLACK-OUT