**Take The Stage: BLINDNESS**

**Planet of the Unknown by The Grey Coat Hospital**

**Planet of the Unknown**

*A slow rumbling of atmospheric sound comes in and continues to get louder. There is pulses of distortion and then it stops.*

**P:** I hope the new planet is quiet

**G**: I hope the new planet has beaches

**A:** I hope the new planet has forests

**K:** I hope the new planet is looked after

**R:** I hope the new planet is safe

**D:** I hope the new planet’s free from discrimination

**A:** I hope the new planet has ice cream

**G**: I hope the new planet can grow and evolve

**P:** I hope the new planet’s bigger

**K**: I hope the new planet is cat-friendly

**A:** I hope the new planet is pink

**R:** I hope the new planet is full of weird things

**G:** I hope the new planet has domesticated octopuses

**P:** I hope the new planet has good weather

**R:** I hope the new planet is clean

**K:** I hope the new planet isn’t violent

**G**: I hope the new planet looks after me

**A:** I hope the new planet has family

**R:** I hope the new planet is free

**D:** I hope the new planet is sustainable

**P:** I hope the new planet knows what it’s in for with us

*We hear a striking high-pitched noise. This turns into pulses of distorted sound over an*

*underscore of atmospheric sound.*

**K:** It’s a street. It’s a park. It’s a lamppost. It’s a field. It’s a building,

a glass building. A tall building lying flat. There’s smoke. Or dust. There’s people. Lots of people. Overcrowded. It’s cold. Running. Flicker. Space. Shapes. Dust.

It’s a garden. My garden. My place. It’s grey, dull, dim green brown. It’s shards of terracotta littered across the ground. Broken bricks, bits of furniture. It’s a branch. A small branch off a tree. It’s beautiful. It’s small but it’s beautiful.

It’s the last thing I remember.

*The speech is underscored with a calming, atmospheric sound.*

**R:** Remembering: the usual place. The ground is perfect, it’s smooth and it

slopes, almost as if it was made specifically for you. It’s a usual place. A place where people would have walked their dogs. A usual place with a large calm lake. There’s a statue sticking up out of the water. Tall and broken like the trees behind it. A usual place but drained of its colour. There’s no chatter of people. Instead: the sounds of the ducks and the whirls of the machines and the rustles of the trees. You’re looking and sitting. The ground here is perfect, it’s smooth and it slopes, almost as if it was made specifically for you.

*The underscore continues but quieter and every now and then there is a pulse of high pitched*

*sound (like a finger being run over the rim of a wine glass).*

**P:** It was always so green. Like, green and brown, but in a nice way.

Moss and grass and stone. It was always sunny but windy and cold. You’d hear the wind before you felt it. Especially at the greenhouse. It was broken - it had been for as long as I remembered - but the sun still filtered through the glass that remained. Illuminating the empty plant pots and the mossy garden chairs. There are patches of grass and dirt, thinly covering the shards of pottery littered across the floor. You could always look up and see the sky; bright blue with clouds, slowly making their way across town, travelling, on a journey of their own. There’s junk around the whole garden. Artefacts. If you glanced around quickly, if you didn’t look properly, you’d miss what’s concealed beneath the overgrown grass.

*We hear a rumbling noise underneath and the voices sound like they are in a contained space.*

**G**: I’m in a capsule. It’s small. A little box of fluorescent blue purple and pink.

**A:** All I see out the window now, is darkness.

**G:** A few specs of light.

**A:** The lights look like butterflies to me, but they’re not flying anywhere. They stay exactly where they are.

**G**: It’s hard to believe we’re moving anywhere at all.

**A:** But we are travelling.

**G:** Yes.

**A:** Evacuees.

**G:** Yeah.

**A:** But all I see out the window now, is night.

**G**: I hope the new planet has night.

*We get pulses of ‘sparkling’ sound.*

**A:** I can see colours.

**G:** Yes. Through the window, now.

**A:** I can see patterns.

**G**: I can see curves and edges.

**A:** I can see windows reflecting a blue sky.

**G:** I can see a new street around the corner.

**A:** I can see empty shops with no people in them.

**G:** I can see pavements where people once walked.

**A:** I can see purposeful, symmetrical buildings

**G**: I can see neatly shaped plants.

*The sound moves back to atmospheric underscore with pulses of synth sound.*

**D**: I always found home hard to pinpoint. It could be a building, with four walls, a front door and a house number - locating you for people to find. It could be the road that the building is on, and walk by everyday but because you are so used to doing so, you don't even realise is home. It could be the bus that stops at the bus stop on that road, a bus that you've taken your whole childhood and know from the first stop to last. You may even know the bus driver, and even call him by his first name. Home is hard to pinpoint. Home could be an object that you have that wherever you go always gives you a sense of belonging. It could be a song that when you listen to it, memories of a certain time come flooding back. It could even be a book that gave you knowledge that you couldn't find anywhere else. Home is subjective. What's home to you can change, well at least I have to believe it can.

*The voices are whispering*

**K**: I hope the new planet is quiet

**P:** I hope the new planet has beaches

**A:** I hope the new planet has ice cream

**D:** I hope the new planet is free

*The atmospheric underscore gets louder and then fades to silence.*