

Side 1

MIDDLEST. One night she was fast asleep in bed  
When all of a sudden there was a knock at the front door  
Three knocks  
Big  
Loud  
Scary  
BANG!  
BANG!  
BANG!  
She opened it up and Oh My God  
She almost died!  
Cos standing there was a crowd  
Stretching off as far as she could see  
Of groaning  
Rotting  
Moaning  
Dead  
ZOMBIES!

*Some ZOMBIES appears. The YOUNGEST screams.*

ELDEST. Ssh, it's alright, it's not real.

MOTHER. This had better be going somewhere.

MIDDLEST. Yeah, course it is.  
She tries to slam the door but they smash it down.  
She tries to run upstairs but they chase her.  
And she's screaming  
And crying  
And desperately trying to get the bedroom window open so she can get out and get away -  
But it's stuck!  
Then she feels a cold damp hand on her back  
And she's being pulled back onto the floor  
And pinned down by the drooling  
Stinking  
Slimy  
Dead  
Corpses!  
(TO ZOMBIES.) What do you want?!

ZOMBIES. WE WANT OUR TEEEEETH!

MIDDLEST. What???  
And it's only then that she realises  
None of them have got any teeth!

(To ZOMBIES.) I didn't take your teeth! You've got the wrong girl!  
But they won't let her go.

ZOMBIES. THE MIRROOOOOR!

MIDDLEST. What?

ZOMBIES. THE GIRL IN THE MIRROOOOOR!

MIDDLEST. No, you've made a mistake!  
Cos that's pearls she's been giving me  
Not teeth!

ZOMBIES. EVERY NIIIIIGHT  
YOU COME TO OUR GRAAAAAAVES  
AND STEAL OUR TEEEEEEEEEEEEEEETH!

MIDDLEST. No, I don't!  
I've never been to any graves!  
That girl has nothing to do with me!

ZOMBIES. SHE IS YOOOOOUUUUU

MIDDLEST. No!

ZOMBIES. A REFLECTION OF YOU  
A REFLECTION OF YOUR GREEEEEEEEED

MIDDLEST. And on hearing that  
The girl's heart sank  
Cos suddenly  
It all made sense.

ZOMBIES. YOU WILL FIND ALL YOUR JEWELLERY  
EVERY PIIIEECE  
YOU WILL TAKE BACK OUR TEEEEETH  
AND YOU WILL REPLACE THEM WITH PEEAAARLS  
REAL PEEEEAAAARLS OR

MIDDLEST (terrified). Or what?

*The ZOMBIES take out a pair of pliers each and snap them menacingly.*

ZOMBIES. WE WILL COME BACK FOR YOUR TEETH!

MIDDLEST. Alright, I'll find em!

YOUNGEST. I'm trying!

With all her strength she tries to fly  
Nnnnnng!  
But nothing happens.

Then

Remembering some wise words which her mother had once said  
About forgetting who you are  
And falling through the hole  
She closes her eyes  
Tries to forget that she can't fly  
And tries to fall through the hole in the sky.  
Bit by bit, she clears everything from her mind  
Every thought  
Every feeling  
Every hope  
Every longing  
And begins to forget;  
Forget that she is a cumbersome human being  
Forget that she is a body made of flesh and blood  
And slowly  
But surely  
She begins to take off.

In the sky, surrounded by sunlight and birdsong and cries of:

BIRDS. Up there, up there!

YOUNGEST. She turns herself towards the sun and flies into its light  
Swallowed up by its warmth so she can no longer tell  
Where her body ends and the universe begins.

And no one ever heard from her or ever saw her ever again.

Side 3 (NOTE: This monologue is to be read by 3 actors, all playing NARRATORS. In callbacks, you will be working with 2 others to perform the lines in whatever way makes sense to you)

NARRATORS. This is a story about stories

About stories inside stories inside stories

Each one unravelling from the next

So many stories in fact

One on top of the other

That it's like... Like... Like what?

An apartment building!

Nah man, that's a different kind of storey.

It's like one of them dolls

With one inside another inside another

Then just when you think you've got to the last one

You open it up

And there's one more!

Then one more

Then one more again

Brrr, I don't like that, it gives me the shivers.

Exactly I mean, where does it all end?

Where does any of it end?

Like a patchwork that goes on for ever

Each one of us just a tiny piece.

Hang on, someone's gotta be sewing it all together.

Oh yeah, someone is

Don't worry about that

In fact, that's where our first

Story Starts...

And there she is

A lonely old Seamstress

In a stuffy old fabric shop

Down a dusty old alley

In a forgotten part of town.

What's she doing? Sewing, I think

Hunched over her machine

All day and all night

Sewing suits

Saris

Skirts

Shirts

Whatever takes her fancy

The raw ingredients of life hang from her walls

Fabric

So much fabric you wouldn't believe it

Every pattern

Weave

Yarn

Stitch

Tightly packed

Waiting to be unrolled

Snipped

Ripped

Sliced

And breathed into life.