



*From us to you: 19 stories from leading playwrights for  
people across the UK to record*

**SKY**

**By Alex Critoph**

Cast size: Any

This play is suitable for: One Person, Two Person, Group, Family Friendly, Under 16's

## STEP 1: REHEARSE

- Make sure you have enough people for each part or maybe you could play multiple parts.
- Try to learn all your character's lines, if possible.
- If you're looking for some guidance, check out our [How To... videos](#). We've brought together a bunch of the best actors and directors to give you their tips and advice on how to make the best film you can.

## STEP 2: RECORD

- Use a phone to film your performance or record directly on your Zoom or video chat platform.
- Record your performance in well-lit spaces so we can see you clearly but avoid standing right in front of a window on sunny day, and remember to keep private items out of view.
- Try to cut out all background noise by closing windows and doors.

## STEP 3: UPLOAD

- We would love to see your performance. To upload your recording to us, click [here](#).
- Please **do not share** your recording on YouTube or other similar platforms. This is so we can keep all the recordings in the same place and to respect and honour our writers' copyright and publication permissions.
- We will be creating a film of each script from the videos submitted.
- We want this to be something everyone can take part in so please do get in touch if you have any access requirements or if there is anything else we might be able to help with.
- If you are having difficulty uploading your recording, please get in touch with us via email: [admin@theatre-centre.co.uk](mailto:admin@theatre-centre.co.uk) or phone: 020 7729 3066.

## HELP US SPREAD THE WORD

- Recommend to a friend by inviting those you know to rehearse, record and upload their own performance.
- Encourage others by using [#ImagiNation19](#) on your social platforms. State what play you have performed but remember to not share your recording publicly.
- Thank you for being part of ImagiNation.

*Sky takes the form of many different voices of all ages, genders and ethnicities. She is everyone and no one. She is powerful yet playful.*

**Sky** Look, I'm gunna be straight with you. I think you deserve it.

You're gunna think this is a little weird.

But, all that stuff around you that you see. The stuff you live in. That summer air you feel across your face, those waters you jump into to get seaweed wrapped around your leg and those little bits of green you see on your way to work. Well, they're all one.

Even those branches that have shot up through the pavement next to the tube just to show you a little something. They're all one, too. It's called nature.

And nature is me.

Mic drrrrrrropppppp.

There's this smog hanging round me. My brain's a little fuggy, actually. It's been happening a lot lately. All down to you.

I run a fingernail underneath another fingernail. Then do the same again.

I'm just going with it. It'll pass.

Even the rivers inside me which now run brown and thick and the fact I'm getting hotter and hotter everyday. The heat rising in me. And *even* the plastic bags wrapped around my heart. They. Won't. Bring. Me. Down. (And neither will the smog.)

I walked for miles to this tiny cabin, my home for the foreseeable. Four bare walls, a lot of dust. And all around me green hills stretching out for miles and miles.

I didn't want to be here. But something had to be done. Had to come away from it all. To find some sense.

And there it is again, as soon as I've stopped to think. Those flood waters are rising through me. It wasn't always like this, there was a time when I had clear waters. I used to breathe so deep I'd fill up my lungs from top to bottom.

Let's be honest for a second.

You did this. You know you did. Opening me up and clawing out all that coal. Spluttering engines and endless plastic bags (now wrapped around my heart.) Cheers, mate. Why have I got oil wells in my stomach?

I flick a bit of dust across the room and shrug it off. I don't care. I'm not exactly one to quit am I? All these billions of years I've been more than fine. Nothing lasts with me. I flick on the radio. Play some Lizzo. (And what?)

And now, I feel something new. Sense everyone who's tucked away. Holed up at home with mountains of biscuits, yes, but now as time goes on it changes. I can feel it change.

It starts with those tree trunks coming out of the pavement getting thicker and thicker. And now... and now that smog around my head, it's clearing into proper air. I knew it would do. I breathe deep. Fill. My. Lungs. Up. And that rising heat I felt is cooling. Becoming chill.

I look out at the grass outside. It's getting dark. But there are dandelions poking out like fingers. Oh yeah, I put them there a while ago, well done me. Their seeds ready to blow away in the wind, then fold again and come back stronger. Let's all come back stronger.

I open the door of the cabin. Look out into the sky. Bite into those tiny, tiny stars. Look out into that inky blackness and know that if I just trust it then I can run back into the world and reclaim it all yesicanwill.

I feel myself growing, expanding. My womb grounds through the floor and now there are clear waters in me, lakes and pools. Oceansrundeepinmywomb. Let's do this. You didn't think I'd stop there did you? No way, not me. Not *me*. I feel my fingernails growing longer and longer and feel the soil within them. And that soil expands into mountains. And those rivers? They're now my veins. My heart pumping red as those bits of plastic burst away. Lizzo screams out, she's feelin' good as hell. Me too babe, yeah, me too.

And as she does I become that sky and I am those billions and billions of stars. I take one giant breath, and step out into a new world, *my* new world which stretches out for miles and miles. Before me to a new beginning. I'm back, and you know I'm stronger.

ImagiNation is a co-production between Theatre Centre and Theatre503

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