*Cast on stage as audience enter.*

*Into George Seurat painting image.*

*Sam begins playing ukulele.*

**BILLY**: HI. HI! HELLOOO!

**DOLLY:** What do you want?

**BILLY:** *inaudible*

**DOLLY**: …ok.

**BILLY:** I’m… I’m Billy.

**DOLLY:** I’m, Dolly.

**BILLY**: YES!

*Into pinball section.*

**Tom:**When you first approach a pinball machine, you are met with an intricate weaving of electronic and mechanical parts, all designed to create a game in which you are

Tom & **Sam: challenged**

**Sam:**to score points without losing the ball or tilting the game. The main components of the game are the

**Sam & Amy: Flippers**

**Amy:**and the pinball. The flippers are usually located at the bottom of the playfield, directly above the

**Amy & Morgan: drain.**

**Morgan:**One purpose of the flippers is to keep the pinball out of the drain. The other purpose is to propel the ball up the

**Morgan & Yasmin: Table**

**Yasmin:**toward the bumpers and ramps in order to score points -- occasionally, extra flippers are placed farther up on the table for this purpose.

**Steph:** The flippers are controlled with two buttons, one on either side of the machine. The pinball flies around the table, hitting bumpers and targets to score points -- at least that's what you want to happen. Otherwise, the ball falls down the drain and you move on to your next ball. You only get three. When your third ball goes down the drain, your game is over…unless you've played well enough to score a replay, or been lucky enough to get a match. But let’s face it. Who’s ever lucky enough to win that? So then you’re in the drain. And unless you’ve got a bit more money to feed into the machine to have another go at the game, then you’ll stay in the drain. Goodbye.

**Mark:**Thanks for playing.

*Into Sydney siege scene.*

**Mark**: Do you ever get that feeling, that there’s a bubble in your throat that you just can’t? *(Pause)*

Or maybe that stray bubble that makes it’s way around the kitchen when you’ve squeezed the washing up liquid too quickly? *(Pause)*

It floats around your head, almost tormenting you, doesn’t it? You can see it, but my god, you just can’t pop it.

Now imagine that there’s loads of them. So many bubbles in your throat that you can’t even say anything. You are screaming internally but there’s nothing but a gathering of spit forming right down your throat and into your mouth.

All you want to do is speak.

Speech. One of the earliest things you learn but nope! Not happening. Not today. You’re not sure if it will tomorrow. You can’t even see yourself doing it in a years time because there are so many bubbles that need popping.

Well try it. It’s only washing up liquid! Everyone has it! It’s just a domestic necessity so Shout.

Shout!

SHOUT.

**DOLLY**:Yes, YES!

*(Movement)*

I do.

**BILLY**:I DO!

*Into Wedding/Billy’s Departure Scene.*

**Steph:** Capturing Tragedy. It’s hard, isn’t it? When you see something on such a big scale, to imagine the circumstances being any different?

**Tom**: A bomb was dropped, people died and it’s as simple as that.

**Mark:** We don’t know those people.

**Yasmin**: It’s sad, but that’s it.

**Sam**: Underneath that cloud, we know what’s going on.

M**organ**: One single shot,

**Amy**: and the assumption of momentum informs us of everything.

**Voice Over:** Begin.

(Begin movement)

**Voice Over**: Capture.

(Freeze)

**Voice Over:** Now Reverse.

(Reverse Movement)

**Tom:** Did you see that?

**Voice Over**: Begin.

(Begin movement)

**Voice Over**: Capture.

(Freeze)

**Tom:** Now watch.

**Voice Over:** Reverse.

(Reverse Movement)

**Morgan:** Outwards is destruction.

**Amy:** Inwards is investment.

**Sam**: A country becoming enriched as the cloud is drawn from the air and stored within the land.

**Tom**: It’s theirs.

**Sam**: Like a closely guarded secret, they own it now.

**Amy**: This thing that originally caused pain can be reversed into rejuvenation.

**Morgan**: A new sense of life.

(pause)

Underneath this giant image.

Through the clouds,

Through the countryside,

Between the newly flattened streets

At some point, would have been a child.

Stood all alone.

(into position)

**Voice Over:** Begin.

(Begin movement)

**Voice Over:** Capture.

(Freeze)

**Voice Over:** Reverse.

(Reverse Movement)

**Morgan:** Is it hope? Is it loss?

(Pause)

Direction is everything

But image is still.

**Sam:** What the hell are you doing? Put that down.

(pause)

Come on.

Wait.

Sit.

Stay.

Come.

Fetch.

Fetch.

Be quiet.

Roll over.

Heel.

Be quiet.

Play dead.

(pause)

**Steph**: I don’t want to play anymore

**Tom**: Me neither

**Steph:** A little girl who accidently lets go of her balloon in the park cries, because she's got no one else to blame but herself. She couldn’t do it.

**Amy:** Nobody can independently hold onto a balloon for eternity. Get someone to do it with you.

**Steph:** Many people. Because when you walk together, you're an army of humans. But let go of that balloon, and all of a sudden you're uncovered.

**Yasmin:** NEXT GAME

**Steph**: On your marks, get set, GO!

**Mark**: I carried my little suitcase. I got it for my birthday. It’s new.

**Morgan**: As a child, the sky fascinated me. I used to sit in the garden and just look up. Day or night there is always something to see.

**Mark:** I was in charge of my own suitcase.

**Sam**: Step 1: Fold in half

**Morgan**: When there wasn’t a cloud in sight; I would watch the aeroplanes as they cross the sky in all different directions.

**Sam**: Step 2: Fold the cockpit

**Mark**: As soon as I got on the plane I unpacked all of my stuff got my sweeties out and my teddy.

**Sam**: It started with a spark created by an electrical fault in my mum’s hair dryer

**Morgan:** My dad would get grumpier each time I asked “where do you think that one’s going dad?” After a while he would get fed up so I just guessed, Africa… Australia …America!!!

**Sam**: Step 3: Fold the cockpit down

**Morgan:** Mum said your ears pop whilst the plane is taking off

**Mark:** Did you know, that if you suck on sweeties on an aeroplane then your ears don’t pop?

**Sam:** Well did you know that if you spray a spider with hairspray and set it on fire it pops?

(Pause)

**Sam**: I go out searching for them just to get that pop.

**Morgan**: I don’t fancy that.

**Mark**: I pressed the button to get the pretty air hostesses attention.

**Morgan:** What seat are you in?

**Mark:** “Excuse me, please can I go and sit with the pilot please?”

**Morgan:** Mum said if you look out the window, England looked like a patch work quilt.

**Sam:** Step 4: Fold the 2nd cockpit.

**Morgan**: just sit down and don't draw attention to yourself

**Mark:** I was the only person to be in there with the special men. I was basically a pilot too.

**Sam:** Step 5: Fold another edge down

(Pause)

**Mark:** ORI means to fold and GAMI means paper.

(Pause)

**Mark**: Perhaps the most well-known origami model is the crane. It has become the international symbol of peace.

**Morgan:** 6:27

**Sam**: I saw a woman on the news explode 60 people in a shop.

**Morgan: "**They're doing it! They're doing it! They're doing it!"

**Sam:** The bang that rips through your body, creating a beautiful explosion.

**Morgan:** 6:34,

**Sam:** Step 6: Fold in half. Everyone will remember her. I remember her.

**Mark**: In Japan every child learns to make the crane.

**Morgan**: Yeah, I'm taking it down. All the information. We're also, you know, of course, recording this.

**Sam**: It woke up this craving inside of me.

**Morgan**: 6:45. We're going to do something

(Pause)

**Morgan:** A group of us is going to do something

**Mark:** Cranes are opportunistic fliers.

**Morgan**: 6:54 He'd be dead in six minutes

**Mark**: When people are buried, replicas of items are folded and included in their tombs.

**Morgan**: No. They're going to kill us."

**Mark:** "I've got to go. Bye."

**Sa**m: Step 7: Fold the wings

*9/11 movement.*

**Tom:**

It’s like losing all self-control

It’s like your heart skips a beat

It is like the biggest embarrassment

It’s like a puncture.

It’s like giving in the forces of nature.

**Yasmin**: A pair of teenage girls who were arrested on suspicion of robbery could have possibly talked their way out of it — had they not snapped a selfie of themselves dressed as robbers and holding a knife just before allegedly committing the crime. The unidentified teens were accused of having robbed a burger joint in Halmstad, Sweden with a large kitchen knife and making off with just under $400. Upon confiscating the girls' cellphones, officers found photos of the suspects wearing balaclavas and holding a knife matching the description of the one used in the robbery. In other news, a photograph shared by Oscars host Ellen Degeneres became the most tweeted photograph ever on Sunday night, racing past a record held by President Obama.

The selfie shows Hollywood stars including Jenifer Lawrence, Channing Tatum, Meryl Streep, Julia Roberts, Ellen Degeneres, Kevin Spacey, Bradley Cooper and Brad and Angelia all posing for the pic.

Within hours, the tweet had claimed over a million retweets, with the final figure standing at two million and seventy thousand, one hundred and seventy two, making selfie history.

*Into Selfie Song:*

Let me take you back to 1839,

A year deemed ordinary but, a revolutionary time.

A handsome man, with a curl in his hair

A kick in his step and a natural flair

He set up his gear outside of his store,

A proud gent he stood, but wait… there’s more.

Little did he know it was the start of a craze,

One that can be taken in numerous ways…

The first thing to consider, more important than the rest,

Not the person in the picture (NO),

But how to make them look their best.

So pick your bra up of the floor,

Take your boxers off the bed,

‘Cause your selfie won’t be killer with underwear next to your head.

If it’s a sunny day outside and you’re about to strike a pose,

Babe, your eyes might sparkle but where is your nose?

Don’t ever take from down below and commit the selfie sin (SAY WHAT)

Tilt that camera up above and erase that double chin

Duck face, bite the lip,

Fake laugh, looking fit,

Bitch face, why so mean?

Sexy eyes, keep them keen.

Teeth out, teeth in,

Hanging face, double chin,

Dick pic, eyebrow game,

Post sex selfie, got no shame.

Grumpy pretty, grumpy cute,

Go on love, play that flute.

(DUM, DUM)

When you go on holiday,

That should be a treat,

So put away your camera,

No one wants to see your feet.

Capturing your happy time is really a delight,

So wrap your arms around your girl,

You know the time is right.

Now show off your new baby bump for everyone to see,

She’s carrying your little one,

Let’s pretend she’s not that chubby/ FAT…

There’s a selfie opportunity for everything you do,

From the moment that you eat a meal, to when you have a poo.

Snapchat is for seconds,

Instagram’s for likes,

Twitter gets you trending,

Myspace? Take a hike.

Bye-byeeeee

*Into BILLY and DOLLY losing baby.*

*BILLY and DOLLY older, reflective dance.*

*Mr Bojangles movement.*

*BILLY’S last photograph.*

***THE END.***