



# FROCK      SCENE 3 - ELASTIC BAND

An audio insight into the world of a Skirt within the third scene of Frock.

Christian Brinklow's inner monologue is accompanied by 'Elastic Band', written, and composed by Hannah Miller of the Moulettes.

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♪ Birdsong, softly plucked strings, a lilting voice begins murmuring

Hello, my name is Christian and I play one of the Skirts in Frock.  
I am a tall, broad-shouldered man with short black hair and a calm face.

I wear a pink jumper and a floral skirt with many colours. I have a beaded dark yellow necklace around my neck. I have yellow-gold, knee-length leggings underneath my skirt, bright white socks, and trainers with scuffs on the side.

The jumper feels soft on my skin and it clings to my upper arms.

I feel a gentle breeze on my lower legs and the skirt feels light.

I feel the light weight of the necklace resting on my collar bones. The trainers hug my feet and they are comfortable. I feel the socks gripping around my ankles.

♪ Strings and tones swell, the gentle layers building

The music opens and I stand up, hovering, observing from afar with a soft gaze.

I can see another Skirt Jannick, they have bright eyes and a cleanly shaven face.

They have a strong yet subtle stance. They wear a blue dress with mid arm-length sleeves, tan-coloured shoes, and socks.

## ♪ Sounds building, fleeting glimpses of lyrics

I hear a clang of spoons as they hit the floor and spread

Jannick is swaying from side to side, clutching their palms together like shaking a rattle. Arms swing back and forth and they sink to the floor within the sea of spoons and scuffs over a shoulder to swiftly rise back to standing.

A frantic strike with a foot, jab jab jab jab

...as they retreat to the corner.

I follow as Jannick gently spirals once...

and then again...

until we meet...

## ♪ Gliding upwards, the music then descends into pulsing tones and strings as an echoing ethereal voice sings

I offer my hand; they slink underneath, and we hold each other tight together.

I brush my cheek up... and down Jannick's arm.

And then like a gust of wind - pick Jannick up and they float in the air as the Suits and a lone Skirt gather all the spoons swiftly before dispersing.

Jannick lands. We walk forwards together, boom boom boom.  
In time with the music.

Hands grabbed, up and over, I fall back into Jannick as they shift my focus to the corner and I am sent with momentum.

They retreat to the opposite corner, and I race to catch up.  
I offer my back, my lower leg and heel as Jannick slides down to rest.

Arms cross, legs pulses, Jannick breathes, hands touch, and we rise together before plummeting to the corner.

Jannick falls; I catch.

We rise, shift, suspend and catch once again.

Jannick reaches to my waist, grabs on and we spiral together, round... and round... and round. My skirt floating in waves around us.

When we finally land, our gaze locks as we are circled by the Suits and Skirt.

♪ A distorted low voice sings  
"I'm an elastic band wound round your hand"

There is tenderness and a caring support. There is much trust between us, shown by the plummeting through space, knowing that we will be caught.

It feels like we have known each other forever. I feel there is strength in the fragility and dynamics of the duet.

My focus melts... I lift my hand as if to remember the support of Jannick. My hip does a big circle then a smaller circle, oozing with the lilt of the voice.

Sudden **slam, slam, slam, slam** with the heel.

**Shifting** forwards, opening the chest, letting everyone in.

**Jolt** in the body, turning, again, again, again, locking eyes around, **jolt jolt jolt**.

**Sharp look** and I **sniff** the air around taking it all in as my eyes glaze shut...

Alive again, quickly shifting from side to side, focus forwards, hips circling, long lines and freeze.

Energy bubbles... shooting up, foot piercing the sky. Resolving with control as my skirt floats down to my side.

My arm wraps behind my body, my foot carves a circle in the gravel, parting the stones, unravelling to reach up towards the clouds.

I **drop** and **swing** open a door with my arm, **balance, bounce, slice**.

**Spiralling** corkscrew, churning the body, again, again and again. **Slicing** the air with the leg and down the plug hole...

Alice, a Suit, enters and circles me, we lock eyes, I **jolt, jolt, jolt** in the body, I feel them circle behind my back. They come back into my line of sight.

The dance soothes though it is very energetic. I experience a calm fire, full of texture in the body.

Energy bubbles and at times, overflows.

I feel connected to everyone, their energy fuelling the focus. We move together even if not all at once.

♪ Rhythms drop out, a voice looping as it sings "to pull you in"

I dance with the Suit played by Alice, gently testing each other with leaps, lifts and spins that intertwine in unusual inversions.

It feels like we are in a constant whirlpool that at times spits us out then draws us straight back in.

As we spiral around each other - finding ways to navigate the space, leaving a trail of our energy as we go.

The combination of music and dancing together is like a series of emotional waves for me, I enjoy riding it and being supported to soar and fall by the other dancers.

At times it feels quite private - a secret meeting between Suits and Skirts, initiating change quietly and simply.

As a dancer I sense the passion and kinship between us all when we perform, and knowing an audience is witnessing it means we are all very present and connected.

♪ The spiralling voice stuck on a loop as it fades out...

