



FROCK SCENE 4 - LITTLE COLLISIONS

An audio insight into the inner world of Jannick Moth, a Skirt in Frock.

Jannick's inner monologue from the final scene is accompanied by 'Little Collisions', written, composed and performed by Hannah Miller of the Moulettes.

Jannick captures the choreography using sounds and words familiar to the dancers, often they label movements with certain catchphrases! For example, 'Food fight' relates to a moment where the dancers all freeze in stillness, captured in an explosive position as if mid-throw.

♪ Birdsong, children's voices far in the distance

Little collisions

Hello, my name is Jannick and I play a Skirt in the production of Frock.

Physical description: I am white with vivid blue eyes. I am a standing dancer with clipped brown hair, and I have a horse-shoe scar just visible at the back of my skull.

And I am wearing a blue dress with short, lighter blue leggings underneath. The dress that I wear floats when it lifts, especially in jumps and when I lift my legs. I pick up the bottom of the dress sometimes to facilitate my movement, but it's not in a restrictive way, I like to do it as part of my character. The dress feels very free and open, and I especially enjoy how cool I feel in the summer.

I created a character to facilitate my journey through the piece, her name is Sonia. Sonia is considered, delicate and deeply caring of the people around her. She uses very direct eye contact and has a sassy-ness towards her partners. She has an introverted passion that she shares with explosive moments and disciplined volleys of high energy movement phrases. And she has a genuine joy of movement and enjoyment of being watched, and she loves to surprise the audience with un-expected movement.

Little Collisions

I see the SKIRT Chris and SUIT Alice finish their duet.

An unspoken agreement happens and we all calmly enter the space and create a horizontal line behind Chris and Alice.

♪ A drone surges, a sudden siren bursts into a guitar riff and a driving drumbeat

My character Sonia can't stand parties but has to be at the centre of one if there is one.

I feel the audience's eyes on me and I pick out a few members of the audience to share a look with.

Suddenly the beat of the music enters my body and my body begins to rattle with the rhythm of the drums.

The rhythm begins affecting the rest of the group. It feels like a party is building. Nadenh is gliding through the space on their wheels, their smile is infectious and I can't help but smile when I see them.

♪ Sirens continue wailing, an alarm of action and frantic energy

They reach the front and explode into movement:

**And pull 2, pull 2, pull 2, pull 2, catch, catch, catch, catch,
smooth smooth smooth smooth, jump! Jump! Jump! High, higher!
Down shake shake shake**

I run to catch a suit with Chris. We use our breath to cue each other and throw the suit high into the air. The suit spins and is caught horizontally by Chris.

Hannah is running at me with a big grin on their face, I'm back at the party.

I love the feeling of whipping the space together as a group, I can really feel the wind on my face and I can't help smiling again.

Float, float, float, turrrrrrnnnn

Hannah leads the pack with their chest.

The group joins in, **boom boom boom boom!** Suddenly we pause abruptly.

We all lean as a group and we are pulled into a line in the centre of the space.

Skirts softly shift out of the line with an elegant curtsy. Suits clap their hands together and rub them like they are looking for the next problem to solve.

The sequence builds and each member of the group performs their gesture and freezes at the end. All apart from Chris who falls away from the group and dances on their own.

I watch Chris' movement; it reminds me of watching someone trying to balance plates in a room of sleeping lions.

I find my partner, a Suit.

(Quickly spoken) **Reach, grab, drop, head turn
Arm grab, lift float. Down 6 7 8. Hold arms up 2! Down 6 7 8 and lift 2 3 4
5 6 7 8, Change to Superman!**

♪ Pause in the music, quickly broken by a smashing of crockery

And then almost out of nowhere we are back into duets...

♪ Clattering, rattling and smashing of crockery and cutlery

I find my partner Nadenh and lower into a deep fold to be at their eye level. I catch Nadenh in his wheelchair in a passionate tilt as if going for a kiss.

**Arm, spin, grab, slap shift, arm duck, turn hit
drop drop drop drop drop drop drop hold!**

I strut into the space, all eyes on me.

I spin, I snap, all joy erased. Its serious time again

Each member trickles into the space and they use their teacup and saucer to describe a household action. One person wears it like a hat. I use mine to apply eye make-up. The handle of the teacup brushes my eyelashes delicately as I apply imaginary eye makeup.

Meanwhile the suits have exploded back into the space. The energy of the moment is infectious. The group are throwing, punching and slicing their limbs through space. The skirts move into the space to join them.

Right now my eyes are on Chris.. We reach our space and boom!

We explode into movement, smashing, grabbing, throwing and leaping into the air,

Hup! We shake our bodies 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 ... We slap our chests 2 3 4 and shake again 6 7 8. And clap 2 and clap 2 and clap 2, I jump into the air 6 7 8 And I land into a low crouch and begin to clean an imaginary spoon...

I am exhausted but excited, my favourite section is coming. I drive my feet into the floor and ground myself with the group. Out of nowhere there is a huge crash in the music and the group performs a small drop together and charges back to their teacups.

Moving out to clap 2 3 4. And bring a dumbbell, up, up, higher! And jump in. Hand out out, in in, out out, in in, both both both. Beer jug... beer jug... Zip up! Drop, bah, Catch a mouse 2 3 4. Limb, Limb, Limb and FOOD FIGHT!

We freeze! Caught in the peak moment of the food fight.... Freeze...

And an earthquake begins to build in our bodies. It builds and snaps us into the movement. We move back like sticky crabs at the beach. The group turns together and we fall into space. Suddenly the group erupts into movement, it's like we have entered the most energetic moment of a ceilidh.

Everyone is jigging in their own space while trying to delicately balance their cups.

The group freeze and I continue, and I begin to float my arm and legs like a jellyfish swimming in space. The group accumulates and joins me,

And float 2 and float 2 and float 2 and float 2 Drop down swing swing The group shakes 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8. Turn and slam chest. Throw throw...

The group erupts into one final explosion of grabbing and throwing their cups.

Reach reach, pull together, throw, and drop to the floor

♪ CRASH!

I leap high into the air and smash my teacup in the floor

Only Sonia is left standing in a sea of broken crockery.

I perform a humble bow to the audience and stay at the bottom of the curtsey.

