

# EXTRACT

## the absence of colour

a ten-minute play  
by  
Alex Broun

adapted from the writings of  
Glenda Hamilton

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## **Characters**

Alia

the absence of colour

SFX: CLASSICAL MUSIC – SWAN LAKE.

A SPOTLIGHT RISES SLOWLY.

ALIA: I cried silently.  
In the dark.  
Embarrassed.  
It was the whiteness of the white dresses, as delicate as the undersides of mushrooms.  
They seemed to breathe and sigh effortlessly as the knotty legs of the dancers hidden underneath, invisibly pumped them up and down.  
It wasn't even a sad ballet.  
Just the weight of the dresses, somehow both light and heavy, and the very whiteness of them.  
I had never cried for anything white before.

LIGHTS CHANGE.

SFX: CHILDREN PLAYING, FIGHTING.

ALIA: The first colour I cried over was red.  
I was small when I cried for the red of a tulip, one of three that I grew in a pot from bulbs that came in a special mesh bag.  
So red was this flower that it stared me down from across the house with a murderous fierceness purer than evil itself.  
It lured me into the courtyard.  
I put my eye right up to it until all I could see was red all around and imagined this was what it must feel like to be shot in the head.

SFX: A GUN SHOT, OUT OF THAT GROWS THE SOUND OF HOOVES ON A RACE TRACK.

ALIA: Later as a teenager I cried for the black of a racehorse.  
Just a small droplet that blew away in the dust.  
It was for the deep and sinking hole-in-the-universe blackness of this horse, and the electric blue sheen that rippled along it as it ran.  
I had been with that horse on the day it was born, watching it smeared with a dark red and slime, tottering about on legs it didn't really know how to use.