

10 line plays: inspiration & ideas

We asked some of our Cumbrian Creatives to come up with their own 10 line plays – here are some examples from Helen Openshaw, Daneka Etchells and Alex Bailey.

Have a think about: what you missed in lockdown, a memorable time in lockdown (a happy or sad or surprising or moving moment or story), what was positive about lockdown, what you've learnt or discovered about yourself or your family or your friends, what you think society has learnt or discovered, a specific day in lockdown, what you see in the future/what you want for the future, how you think the world might change – for the better or worse etc.

Hopefully something here will spark an idea! Have a go and send it in to us: communityexhibition@theatrebythelake.com with the subject line '10 Line Play.' We can't wait to read them!

A busy school corridor full of chatter.

Sitting on the bus on a rainy day.

Mucking around by the river in the bright sunshine,
knowing that we can plan and it won't be cancelled.

Hanging round town, lunch at McDonalds,
heading home, no worries, no daily figures.

A proper routine, deadlines to meet,
Homework tasks and challenges set by teachers we can see.

Talking, taking selfies, laughing together.

This is what I hope for.

One hundred and six days since someone last touched me.

I don't know what that means, but it means something.

I hugged a house plant yesterday.

I told my orchid I loved it.

Pretty sure the next person who picks off a piece of fluff off my jumper I will run off to Vegas with and marry.

I've always hated those giant teddy bears.

I don't know if it's delirium or desperation or compassion but suddenly I understand why people have them.

When I drop my grandma's shopping off I see her wanting to reach out to hug me and I want to hug her too.

I wonder if we'll hug people as a greeting anymore. Base more and more of our connection with people off a screen.

I hope not.

Manchester. Liverpool. Leicester. London. Berlin. South America. Indonesia.

Anywhere that isn't the four walls, one floor and one roof that holds me in.

Pacing around.

Three paces left, three paces right. Downstairs, upstairs. Repeat.

As I'm messaging my friends, using the conveniently installed 5g tower down the road, there is some key ingredient missing.

The peak of a Wainwright?

A train ticket to see a loved one?

A cross on a calendar to look forward to.

Thinking of my grandma, and her determination not to leave her even smaller space, makes me quickly realise that those plans can wait.

But it'll be all the more better when they come.