

A PART OF ME Synopsis

by New Vision Theatre, directed by Grace Cordell

Sunday 22 July, 3pm/4pm/5pm

Shelli is in St Ann's Square sat on the side of a stone bench. She is a 5ft4 White woman wearing jeans, pumps and a casual top. She has long brown hair that falls down past her shoulders. She sees the audience approaching and asks if they're going to the match. It's Derby day. She then introduces a number of stories about her son Sam who is autistic.

At points during her conversation, she asks questions and probes audience members about her experiences. How do they feel about them? Shelli occasionally gets up and stands to explain more intense or emotionally moments. She talks about her experience with Sam and how although people think he needs her, really she needs him more. She is desperately upset that he's being forced to go to a special school rather than the mainstream highschool with the rest of his friends. After she presents a huge sandwich bag of only red skittles, she ultimately decides its best he goes to the special school. Suddenly a football fan runs past, reminding her the game is about to begin if it hasn't already. She gets up and hurries the audience toward the game.

Whilst on the way inside, she efficiently and probably offensively, separates the audience members into those who will likely need to use the lift .The old, the woman and the physically unfit, and those who don't. the reds and the blues. Our City fans and our United fans. Signalled by being given a blue or red scarf.

Once everyone is in the building, we meet Angel, a red haired, fashionable white woman who is in a blue wheelchair. She wears hooped earrings and snazzy rings, her style is boho chic.

Angel and Shelli have a brief conversation about Sam and Angel gives Shelli muffins for Sam because she knows they're his favourite. The audience are then split in half based on their scarf colour, half with angel and half taken to Andy.

Angel is apologetic that everyone is having to wait for her dad to arrive before they can be ushered into the match together. This happens often. She talks about her relationship with her dad... And his friends. They use her for her disability benefits, good seats at the match, queue jumps at Alton Towers. She offers out her muffins, occasionally wheeling around to interact with different audience members. It moves from the awkward wait for the game, to her at troubles and situation. She is having problems with her partner - he's fun and loving and kind. He really truly cares. Perhaps too much, it's clear he thinks carer and boyfriend mix from his point of view, but this limits Angel's independence and she's struggling with what to do next. Her dad will be here soon, and then we can all go in, but really... It doesn't seem like Angel's dad is nearby at all.. Or on his way.. Maybe he's forgotten and already gone in. The match has started and we're here. we're stuck.

At the same time as Angel is with one half of the audience, Stewart is with the other half. Stewart is a late twenties, blonde, white man with fair features. He is in a wheelchair and wears a light summery t-shirt and plain shorts, his style is orifical. He is in a lift as the audience joins him. The lift doors will remain open throughout the performance.

He's been here for a while it seems. He talks to the awkward other lift goers, it might be better if they take the stairs... He doesn't have that choice. And by the way has anyone got a bottle because he's been here ages and kind of needs a piss. He is excited for the game... Not that he'll make it at this rate. He used to go with his grandad, with his dad. He's got great memories of Derby Day. And

the rattle... He asks the audience members if they want to use the rattle, or will they? It reminds him of how things used to be. People can be shit. Sometimes he gets patted on the head. Sometimes he gets spoken to like a child. Or asked if he likes computers. His support workers can be shit too, especially when he was at university.

He has since started an online sports blogging site, he's interested in football and he can write about it really well so he does online.. But under a secret persona, no one took a guy in a wheelchair talking about football, seriously.

We hear the scoring of a goal... Well at least we're winning. He thinks.. It's hard to tell from inside a lift. The blues. The blues. Does anyone want a jaffa cake? He offered jaffa cakes out, someone just needs to grab them from his bag... And pass them round. Let's all have one. Go on.