

Audio Description script 111

1 hundred and 11 – original version filmed in Tramway 2018.

A black background

1 hundred and 11 in thin white handwriting

Original version filmed at Tramway 2018 in bold white font.

JOEL SOLO (in wheelchair)

AD: Joel enters the performance space in his wheelchair

Joel lies on a dark stage with his wheelchair to the right of him, he shifts his head sideways, pushes his hands into the floor and raises his chest to sitting (brief)

He folds his torso down again into the floor, sitting, tracing his body and limbs along the floor. Rolling across his back, folding lifting his legs close to his face. Tipping and spilling, weight and momentum taking him from vertical to horizontal.

He balances forward on his hands, shifts his hips, lifts, and repositions his legs.

He sits, looking warmly at us the audience.

He reaches across, shifts up onto his wheelchair.

Fastens his feet into straps on the footrests of his wheelchair.

In the darkness Eve is perched on the upturned wheel of Joel's chair.
(MUSIC)She carefully stands up, a tiny figure in the back left of the screen. As the wheel rotates, so does she, she cork-screws, spirals, like a sentinel she looks out on the horizon, she reaches her hand downwards into the darkness, as if towards someone, she continues to rotate, her body highlighted in the dark.

Through the darkness Joel emerges

Release and swap arms.

With hands touching, they pull their arms taught.

Release she steps off his chair.

Joel rocks back on his back wheels, Eve Stands behind him, holding hands, arms taught.

Continuing to connect Eve leans forwards, Joel drops down onto his front wheels.

Eve stands behind him, she drapes her arms over his shoulders, looking out.

She pulls Joel back into the darkness.

The lights brighten.

Eve stands at the left diagonal, sinks to her knees, Joel joins her.

both sink forwards, palms flat on the ground, sliding them forwards reaching, drawing back.

They both fall backwards.

Falls onto sides, rolls, wheels, folds arms and body.

Stretches out a hand, places palm down, playfully as if playing footsie with their hands.

They look at each other as if breathing each other in, reach and slide flat palms on the floor. Lift their bodies up with a punctuation.

Standing, circling, orbiting, together

Reaching out, as if along an invisible trajectory, pathways.

Unfolding

Eve's hand traces his head, she walks away from him.

Rocked back in his wheelchair, Joel steps with flat palms. He spirals, surges towards her meet in the middle catch a stretched-up arm, rebound.

Eve leans forward over Joel, he pulls at her elbow, she stretches out a long diagonal arms reaching.

She swings a straight leg nonchalantly over his body, she shadows him moving backwards.

He chases her forwards.

She searches a leg behind her, folds to the floor.

Kicks out a flexed foot, an invitation to Joel.

He catches hold of it, pulls a counterbalance.

Eve darts an arm like an arrow towards him.

He orbits around her, her outstretched arm traces him as he orbits.

She catches the back of his head, softly manipulating it round and up.

Arms cross and lock as she rises to standing.

He catches her outstretched foot, counter balance as she leans back, back away ..twisting her torso upside down.

Soft rapid turns, she sinks down to the floor, Joel speeds around her, a change of pace and energy.

He catches her outstretched arm as she rocks back low to the ground, her body arch's.

They rebound and spin in unison, eyes lock, a snaking hand, a mirroring torso,

Ducking under Eve's swinging leg.

A hand cupped around Joel's neck, guiding, and catching each other.

Eve propels Joel away, she sits, he pushes past the scaffold and with his head leaning wheels towards Eve.

In front of her, he lowers his head, takes hold of her hand and leads her to standing.

She spirals her body around his, cradling him. he shifts to the side. She releases moves in front of him, close, intimate, eyes lock, limbs catch, pulling and twisting, a cat and mouse game.

Foreheads touch Press together to rise, power and weight sifting between them.

Eve pushes down on the front of Joel's chair; he slowly and carefully manoeuvres backwards. Eve's feet remain on the floor, opening as he manoeuvres under the scaffolding.

An upturned wheelchair, Joel lies in the space in the middle of the frame.

Eve stands on the back of it, she stands on Joel's hands looking out, they circle Eve's legs opening wide.. close them again, she stands on Joels hands looking out.

Pushing her feet up, he lifts her onto the frame above, she hangs arms hooked over the bar like wings hooked behind her.

Joel circles underneath her (Eve hangs) Joel presses his head up underneath her feet

He pushes back away from her.

A long distance shot of the back wall of the Tramway, it glows a warm terracotta red, with the shadow of the scaffolding, Eve and Joel looming large.

Eve circles and manoeuvres her feet down, landing on the top of Joel as he shifts in his wheelchair.

A pulsing walk forward treading into Joel's legs as he moves backwards..... He brings her back under the frame.

In the middle of the frame, she reaches up, taking hold of it. He circles underneath her as she swings and senses the air with her legs. Her feet find Joel, they twist and turn about each other as if tussling, she steps down on him on different places, his shoulders, wheelchair. Picking her knees up and placing them gently down on him as he tries to avoid them as if in a game.

He rotates with her standing on his knees, faces lifted, hands search for a hold. He moves away leaving her suspended. She twists her body onto the frame lying as if in flight. Joel circles searching for his place. In his wheelchair, he pulls himself up onto the frame, his body and chair rock swing gently. They both change positions. He drops down, moves to the side. Eve sits on the highest bar.

She lies flat faces down arms outstretched like wings.

Her soft floating form looms large shadowed on the red wall.

She drops down hanging upside down, curving her body as Joel moves under her.

He pushes up as Eve looks forwards. She lets go, from her upside-down position she traces her hands about his head and face.

Inquisitively, they rotate around each other. Continues spiralling as Eve, She steps her feet onto his knees He continues rotating, she swings her legs with downward impulse, The shadow of the two of them on the back wall.

She swings one handed Finds Joel; she balances on his knees Looking down on him As he moves her over to the right

Still on the frame, Eve lies on her side on the right. She folds across the bars.

Slides to side on Joel's shoulders.

He moves with her like this over to a new position.

Makes their way right.

Eve hangs from the cross bar, feet search for him.

Finds him, balances standing in his knees, he moves them to the back of the frame.

Her hands float up as is surrendering.

Her hands cross and hold around his neck, he leans back, her lags wrap around his neck as if in a lock.

She grabs the cross bar her feet circle and hang, she balances on his knees a soft sinewy walk treading into his knees.

Her hand traces circles around his head.

He moves backwards with her balanced like this, he moves continually with her slow rotating hands, manipulations.

Joel moves about the space with Eve standing on him.

Eve sits on Joel's knees her body, as he continues moving, arms outstretched.

He pauses at the front of the space...both move backwards arms stretching open and wide hide,

They echo each other as if one body, arms wave, and curve as if two pairs of arms, like the Hindu goddess Lakshmi.

IN an extreme position, Eve crosses her arms up and over behind her head, stretching them behind and out of sight. Joels arms free.

Sweeping, wrapping, hiding, and revealing two sets of arms moving freely

Eve leans forwards, still, sitting.

Joel pulls her back, her arms stretch behind her, she dips forwards again.

Both sweep arms forwards and back upright,

Glimpse of the shadow.

Bodies and arms wrap around one another.

Sharp angles, flat palms, Joels hands chop into Eve's back as if on the massage table, her head flicks as if responding.

Diving down, arching back sitting on Joels lap.

He manipulates her arms like semi-fore flags, clicking fingers in the air around her.

Her focus follows his hands as they flutter in the air.

She leans forwards a low deep bend, he leans his elbows on her back, rubs his face as if in frustration.

She hooks her hands back and around his neck, he breaks them apart, fingers move as if having a conversation with each other.

He pulls her up, their hands explore each other's limbs, Eve touches Joel and manipulates him as if doing some body work on him, his face changes from pleasure to pain.

She curves forwards stretching her hands behind her, he kisses her fingers. They break open and apart.

Joel walks his fingers up Eve's spine. He takes hold of her head tilting it back.

He releases it and they lift upright holding arms out at right angles as if to surrender.

She looks over her shoulders, surprised,

She lifts Joel's arms, wraps them around her.

She lifts Joel up on her back, he pulls himself further up and over her, as his wheelchair rolls away, his feet hang off the ground.

His wheelchair circles towards them.

He pushes himself up further on her back. They both look out calmly.

Eve walks back with Joel on her back, with his head hidden it looks like one body, Eve the body and Joel the arms.
His arms sway and float with the music.

Joel hangs on the right corner.

Eve walks to the left and leans.

They start to hang and manipulate their bodies up and onto the frame.

Joel makes his way forward, hangs and swings, strong arms.

Eve echoes his movements.

He lies on the left of the frame; Eve reaches up at his side.

He catches her by the back of the neck.

He sits supporting Eve as she leans with a straight body away from him.

He lies back, holds out an arm.

A slow dance, leans away in a counterbalance, she twists back to his side

Inspects the space.

Eyes lock for a moment.

Eve Climbs even higher, walking up a slanting side the bar to the top right and stands like a sentinel ...looking outas if conquering a fear.

Joel observes from the top left of the frame casually sitting, observing her achievement.

They both lunge bodies down clambering and hang swinging from the cross bars like pendulums.

Changing hand holds and shifting.

Eve releases to the floor but stays close to Joel.

SHE circles in towards Joel's hanging body, he hangs with one arm, he cradles her with the other. She turns towards him and curves her body around his back for a hug, they repeat this.

Still hanging He takes off his shirt, he hangs bare chested muscular back exposed. Eve hangs also He pulls a leg up, takes hold of his jeans in his mouth. He lifts a leg up, folds his torso and flips over.

He flips again.

They shift themselves towards each other, sitting side by side under the frame, backs to us.

With her back to us Eve undoes her leotard and exposes her back.

Both exposed and their differences visible, strength apparent in both, broad shoulders of Joel and the narrower back of Eve, solidity of Joel's lower back counters with his flexion of his upper spine.

They both put on shirts (Eve rose pink and Joel a dark grey) covering up their backs, masking their bodies.

They shuffle back and lie, bodies flat, spread out.

In unison they sit, fold limbs, underneath them, shifting and tolling across the floor, pushing onto knees, folding, and lifting off the ground, folding into a kneeling position.

sliding hands into the floor

fingertips pop up on the floor, poised.

Pushing up, Joel in a handstand, Eve in a head stand.

Unfurling into a forward roll, knees hugged, rolling to the side flat palms circle the floor, hinge underneath.

A release of an upward arm.

Legs draped and lifted.

Arms placed carefully down.

Soft contact

Drawing together

Manipulating hands

Inspecting hands, arms, making contact with the floor – resting.

Unfolding palms,

creasing, rolling over backs.

Eve pushes into the floor and shifts herself up, walks into the darkness.

Joel continues moving his body on the floor.

Stiffening, creasing, balancing Balancing Upside down.

His wheelchair waits on the right.

He rests for a moment on the ground, his arms skim his body and rests also.
Eve waits at the back right corner.

Joel reaches for his wheelchair, gets into it and Eve joins him for their bow.

They hug and leave the stage.