

*Script for voice-over in 'Waiting Room'*

*A live performance by five actors and voice-over played on a radio*

*Duration: 7 minutes*

*By Renèe Hélène Browne*

*2013*

*Performed in the doctor's waiting room of the National College of Art and Design, Dublin,  
2013.*

React: Laughing to Disgusted by

There's a woman waiting at the lights

She's wearing a purple coat, purple hat and bright green shoes

She crosses the road as the lights turn green in her favour

At the other side a man stands outside the pub smoking a pipe

The smoke trickles down the street near to the dog tied outside the shop

The dog howls as the cars fly past the kerb

They come to a stop as the lights turn red again

Three tracksuit clad boys run across the road

They must not have noticed the lights turning green

Their runners matching the colourful logos on their tops

Their laughing smiles matching each other's.

A man crosses behind the boys, with a package in his hands,

It looks like post

I wonder did he receive it or is he sending it

I wonder where it's going and what's inside

There's a man checking his phone by the kerb

He looks stressed out

Like He's late for something

Call's someone; maybe it's a "sorry I'm late"

There's a man waiting outside the bookmakers

He seems to want to go up the street

But he doesn't seem to know where he's going

The man behind him pushes past

A woman moves past the bookmakers

I like her orange trouser and her hat

People are hurrying past her

She comes up to the butchers

The butchers with the illuminious red text on the window

It looks as though Tracey Emin's done art work there

That text art on the window flashes rapidly

Good sales technique

Contemporary art meat

I wonder does it work

I wonder do the people here think of Tracey Emin when they look at that

I wonder do they know who Tracey Emin is

Or would they care if they found out whom Tracey Emin was

And register that the butchers is doing the same thing as her

Probably getting less money for it

Definitely getting less money for it

A man leaves the butchers with a big sack in his arms

Maybe it's some contemporary art meat

Maybe it's his dinner

Four people wait at the lights now

They're all wearing yellow t-shirts under their coats

The lights go red and a woman pauses next the moving traffic

She looks around the street

at the other people waiting, the buildings

and then spots her chance and crosses amid the flow of traffic.