

Kelsey Morrell

Courtney Hermann

Film 132

9 January 2019

Story Development Exercise

First person, past tense

This was it, go time! My makeup was applied perfectly, my bold blue eyeshadow standing out. It was such a ridiculous color, but necessary to be seen from the stage. My hot pink tweed skirt and matching jacket were starting to get warm over my white button-up. My hair was teased to high heaven and secured in a French twist with numerous bobby pins and what seemed like half a can of hairspray. My black character shoes were broken in from all of the dance practice and firmly secured on my feet. I was sitting in a chair, hot pink against the dark green couch and stark white walls. I nervously wiped my sweaty hands on my skirt, when the director announced that the show was starting, my stomach dropped. I stumbled a little as I stood up and made my way to the stage. Finding my marking tape on the stage floor, I forgot my nerves, my uncomfortable stomach, and the sweat coating my hands and neck. As the curtain rose, I smiled. I knew this was it, and I was ready.

Third person, present tense

In a white cinderblock room, she sits. Her hot pink tweed skirt and jacket standing out against her white blouse and the dark green of the plush couch she sits on. She looks uncomfortable, sitting on the edge of the couch, but curled into herself, compulsively rubbing her hands against her skirt. The scuffed bottoms of her black character shoes tap nervously against the ground. Her hair is teased and stiff with hairspray, secured in a French twist the little ends of the black bobby pins peeking out here and there. Her face is made up nicely, except for the outdated bright blue

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eye shadow that stands out. She shifts uncomfortably, rubbing the back of her neck and pulling her hand away with a sheen of sweat. Suddenly the director announces that the play is about to start, and she jumps up from the chair, stumbling in the process. Once she finds her bearings, she wipes her hands on her skirt one last time and makes her way toward the stage. It's dark behind the curtain, but she manages to find the tape on the ground telling her where to stand. She breathes out once and suddenly she's like a new person. Her shoulders square, the flush in her face calms, and her hands are no longer clammy. As the curtain rises, she smiles as if she was never nervous in the first place. She knows this is it, and she is ready.

Reflection

The theme of this event is courage to embrace the things you may be scared of doing and succeeding at them. This was about the first time that I performed on stage and how I was terrified, but when I got onto stage, all of my fears melted away and I stood confidently for possibly the first time in my life.