

THE PROPMASTER

CAPSULE

He's responsible for everything that fills out a scene – the items that the actors are actually working with. It's not a role with a lot of authority, but that's fine by him: he despises and rejects structures. Rules are for other people: as long as he gets the props to the right places, he's free to be himself. He's a rebel; and he'll never ever be any good.

MEETING GOTTFRIED

You weren't sure what you were looking for. The night was dark, but too hot and the part of town you were walking through smelt of stale alcohol and urine. You briefly thought about going back to the club but it felt wrong now. You needed a new place. Somewhere that you could get lost in the crowd and observe people destroying themselves for pleasure or profit.

You heard the footsteps behind you and turned, fists already clenched. It wouldn't be the first time someone had tried to fight you round here. You had learnt that the important thing was to go in being prepared to cause real pain. Never attack first, but if you have to fight then you're free to do anything.

When you turned the man was smiling.

"You going to hit me?"

You realised your fists were raised.

"Not if you're not following me." But you wanted to fight, so badly.

"I am, sort of. But trust me when I say that it won't give you what you want." He shrugged.

"You can try if you like of course."

The anger, the impulsivity, the recklessness drained out of you.

"What do you want then?"

He nodded. He seemed out of place here. Maybe because he was sober.

"I want your expertise. I want you to work with me. Partners."

BACKGROUND

There was always a right way to be. Pious, lowered eyes, servile. It always made your skin crawl. Your family came over from Germany during the Great war and found a place in one of the big houses. As soon as you were old enough you had to work too.

They hated you downstairs. You didn't belong and you were blamed for the war despite the fact you were trying to escape it. You took your father's advice. Lowered eyes, walk away. You took a few beatings without defending yourself. You understood how it worked. You weren't supposed to defend yourself.

Until you snapped. The part of you that was still you, that somehow had survived couldn't do it anymore. You were sick of pretending you were beneath everyone, particularly the unkind and the weak. You figured that you were owed something.

The money that you took wasn't much and you weren't in prison for long. Just long enough to know that you knew how to fight after all and that you were done obeying orders. You wanted to prove to yourself you were worth more than this. You studied everything you could find, but particularly the art of theatre.

You started working for Gottfried who surprisingly treated you like an equal. You did the job, he didn't demand anything else from you and sometimes asked your opinion, not just on props but on other things. The things you had studied.

He has proved himself to you over the years. There is no one else you would trust though. You just get the job done, and aren't afraid of fighting against anyone who acts as if you're beneath them.

- 🕒 What is your name?
- 🕒 Where are you from?
- 🕒 How old are you?
- 🕒 What was your family background like?
- 🕒 How has your relationship/sexual history been?
- 🕒 What's your current living situation like?
- 🕒 How do you feel about your gender?

- ☉ How do you feel about your sexuality?
- ☉ Is there anyone outside the set of *Stolen Moments* who's important to you?
- ☉ What's the most significant memory from your childhood?

PRIMARY RELATIONSHIPS

THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

One of those people who doesn't just want the job done, he wants everyone to think the right way. He doesn't care that you're a prop master, that you're good at props and that you're there for the money.

It's OK when you're like him, someone who sets the rules. Then you can do what you want. But until then you're not going to change who you are to make some idiot on a power trip happy. You know you're stronger than him though. That's what really matters in the end.

THE RIVAL

He boasts about the awards he's won and complains when you won't fall in line. You can tell that it irritates him that you're good at what you do. He wants you to be impressed by him and he thinks that imposing his will on you is somehow going to achieve that. He pretends to disapprove of your attitude, but you know he's fed up. He got where he did by bowing and scraping and he wants to be free of it.

Maybe if he read and studied more he'd be critically acclaimed too. He won't listen to theory from you, and even if he was interested you wouldn't care to share it with him. You do admire his success though. He's broken free in his own way. As long as he doesn't try to impose his rules on you, you'll get along fine.

THE RUNNER

You used to hang out in a seedy club in a dangerous part of the city. It was almost funny at the time. You sympathised a little with the girls who seemed to be debasing themselves for unworthy people, the way you had to once. You were mostly there looking for a fight, but you didn't want to start one.

You nearly had your chance too. You knew that she wanted to get out, and you encouraged her: curious about what it might lead to, and whether she could hold her own against the people who ran the place. You expected her to fail, until she pulled out a knife and cut the manager. There was lots of blood. It made you feel alive: like the fight had been yours. It didn't feel right to go back to the club after that.

THE STILLS PHOTOGRAPHER

Someone who is there for the work, and gets it. He's shown you some of his methods for capturing people, something you know that no one else has seen. You're sure he doesn't care for the structure anymore than you, even if he's less vocal about it.

It's nice to be able to talk to a fellow professional and let the self importance of the others wash over you. There is something about him which you understand, which you think maybe he doesn't understand about himself. He knows how to use his craft, but does he understand how to fight for himself? Does he know what it's like to feel truly alive?

OTHER RELATIONSHIPS

Positive

THE ART DIRECTOR – you can create something amazing together. He knows what he's doing and isn't too caught up in his own ego to do it properly.

THE BEST FRIEND – sweet. You've stuck up for her a few times, when she seemed like she was in danger of getting trampled over by the 'bosses'.

Negative

THE SUBJECT – everything revolves around her and her story, even though you're not sure she quite knows what that is.

ANGEL

You're your own person. You know your job and you're good at it, but you don't take orders that don't make sense. You despise bullies and you don't like to see anyone pushed around on principle. You know that you're intelligent and can win in a battle of wits (or a physical fight if it came to it.)

You feel free to stand by your principles. You won't compromise yourself because nothing's worth compromising yourself over. Who else on the set can say that?

DEVIL

You don't trust people or particularly care for them. You may sometimes find them interesting for a while, but you don't really know them and they don't know you. It's probably better that way. You don't want to hurt anyone, and if they started treating you badly because of who you are or where you came from you might feel you had to, to make them stop.

You can get people to respect you from afar, or not respect you as long as they leave you alone. But if they get close then things could get messy.

TASK

Your job here is to help work with the assistant director in assembling the props for the sets: in particular, there are three sets that you will be responsible for. While you're doing that you need to try to promote Gottfried's vision for the film. Some of the props may seem strange, and his notes a bit inconsistent but that shouldn't be something that you let the rest of the team know.

Out of character

Your task in Act 1 is to implement Gottfried's design notes for the three sets (included here) using your own creativity, working together with THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR and THE ART DIRECTOR, and THE RUNNER as assistant. In Act 2, Gottfried will probably be expecting you to maintain and improve the sets.

DILEMMA

It's much better to live the way you've always lived. You occasionally find people who will hold intelligent conversations with you, and normally you just keep to yourself. You don't let anyone order you around, impose their worldview on you or get too close.

You wonder what it would be like to let people in though. Not to let them change you, obviously, but just to be a bit more open with them. At least a bit less distant. Maybe to talk to those people who interest you and find out their thoughts. At least while you're all stuck together in the same place you might as well try. Maybe.