WAYS TO PUT THINGS TOGETHER OR TAKE THEM APART

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| **ELEMENT** | **CHARACTER/NAME** | **TEXT/SOURCES** | **STYLE** | **THEME** |
| BROKEN INDIVIDUAL | Hamlet | To Be or Not To Be (Modern) | Monologue | Personal downfall |
| BROKEN MONARCHY | Llywelyn ap Gruffudd |  | Letter | Country downfall |
| BROKEN FAME | Marilyn Monroe | Candle In The Wind/Photographs | Song | Media Corruption |
| BROKEN PEACE | Stop The War Campaign | We Didn’t Start The Fire 2017 | Rap | Continuous War |
| BROKEN LOVE | Elizabeth Taylor/Richard Burton |  | Poem | Continuous Love |
| BROKEN ART | Mozart | Requiem | Composition | Unfinished Work |
| BROKEN TASKS | Sisyphus | The Myth/Working To Death | Comparison | Stuck in a loop |
| BROKEN EQUALITY | Ford Machinists Strike 1968 | Rita O’Grady Speech | Speech | Breaking that loop |
| BROKEN POLITICS | Candidate 8 | Merge of Campaign Promises | Campaign | Promises of lies |

**SCENE ONE:**

To die or to live?

Is it more reasonable to tolerate

Life’s problems, as unfair as they are,

Or to fight back and end our troubles

By committing suicide? When we die,

We no longer have to endure

The pain that is natural

For humans. Death is an end.

Truly to be wished for. Eternal sleep!

But we dream in our sleep. Yes there’s the catch.

For what kind of “dreams” do we have?

After we die?

This question keeps us from killing ourselves. That’s why

We put up with misery in our lives.

After all, who would endure the problems of life?

If he could find eternal rest.

Merely by using a knife?

Our fear of what happens after death,

That mysterious place from which.

No one has ever returned, confuses our choice

And makes us accept our misfortunes

Rather than risk even greater misfortunes.

This fear turns us into cowards…

**SCENE TWO:**

The gods had condemned Sisyphus to ceaselessly rolling a rock to the top of a mountain, whence the stone would fall back of its own weight. They had thought with some reason that there is no more dreadful punishment than futile and hopeless labour.

**SCENE THREE:**

**SCENE FOUR:**

My best friend lost her husband recently. He was a gunner in the 50 Squadron in the RAF. Got shot down one time, on a raid to Essen. And even though he was badly injured, he managed to bail out. I asked him why he joined the RAF, and he said "Well, they've got the best women, haven't they?

And then he said "Well, you've got to do something, haven't you? You had to do something, that was a given. Cos it was a matter of principle. You had to stand up. You had to do what was right. Cos otherwise you wouldn't be able to look at yourself in the mirror." When did that change, eh? When did we, in this country, decide to stop fighting? I don't think we ever did. But you've got to back us up. You've got to stand up with us. \*We\* are the working classes - the men \*and\* the women. We're not separated by sex, but only by those who are willing to accept injustice and those like our friend George who are prepared to go into battle for what is right. And equal pay for women is right.