

Extract from:

'If I Cover My Nose You Can't See Me'.

2007

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produced by

Birmingham REP and Apples & Snakes

script development and dramaturgy by Yael Shavit

design by Gabriella Gerdelics

live visuals by Goonism

Part 1.

Friday.

My eyes look tired in this light that's not real

strange how it can feel like times passing but not moving

day to day

like sitting on a train in the station, waiting to pull away, waving through the window to

the kid on the train adjacent

and in the split second that stasis is broken, you look at each others faces unsure as to

whose train's still and whose is in motion.

I could say it's funny how things turn out

I was only supposed to be here two weeks

now it's been four years and

one third of my monthly income is taken by the education I didn't use

to get me this job I don't want to pay off the degree I earned to answer phones

I'm a broken record

Two charity shop shirts, one battered hand-me-down tie and tired brown cords rotate on a

five out of seven day basis fooling no one

so I come in here

Four or five times a day knowing that even if any of my co-workers have noticed in

between scribbling notes on post-its

they wouldn't say

Not to my face anyway

Maybe they have clocked me, maybe on Monday mornings in the smoking room sitting

sipping shitly brewed coffee they mock me as that moody one who can't stop going to the

potty. He must have a bowel condition.

Or maybe they know

that I'm a 27-year-old man stuck on a loop that every day involves me playacting taking a

shit

I used to hold it in when I was young. On the football pitch I'd offer to go in goal and stand

stern-faced, legs crossed until the urge passed. We'd lose a goal or two but everyone knew

I was no keeper. On the days when we rode our bikes I'd pretend I thought I had a puncture and role-play checking for air leaking, the whole time tensing my abdominal muscles, straining against nature so I wouldn't have to go home and miss something

Now here I am

Staff Toilets. Hiding from my day.