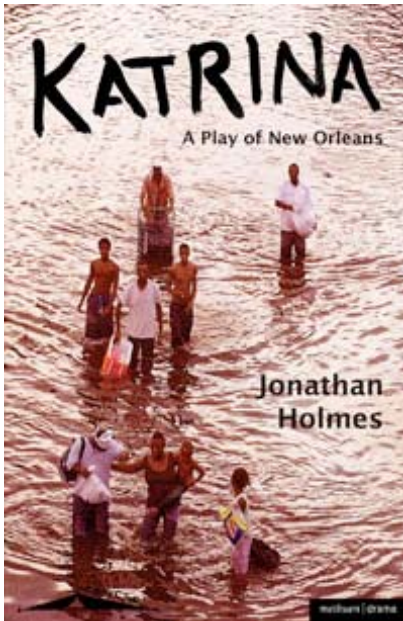


Katrina by Jonathan Holmes



Jonathan Holmes' striking play *Katrina* uses survivor testimonies and the rich cultural tradition of New Orleans to tell the story of the immediate aftermath of the hurricane that devastated the area in August 2005. Shedding light on some of the more extraordinary and under-reported aspects of the tragedy, the play portrays an odyssey through a drowned space and a series of encounters with individuals displaced and abandoned within their own city. Virgil, a decadent old New Orleanian, dies during Hurricane Katrina. Trapped by the rising floodwater his partner Beatrice determines to take his body to safety at City Hall. During her journey she encounters a number of other survivors and hears their tales.

A Jericho House production, *Katrina* premiered at the Bargehouse, Oxo Tower Wharf, on 1 September 2009.

'The stories build up a staggering picture of official lies and personal heroism' *Guardian*

'Painful, pungent and bleakly comic' *Independent*

Genre:	Testimonial drama	Fee:	£40 plus VAT, per performance
Cast:	m 5 f 3	Length:	Four scenes / storeys
Set:	Devastated New Orleans	Scripts:	ISBN 9781408125496 £8.99
Contact:	amateur-rights@bloomsbury.com		

EXTRACT

A tearful woman appears, and addresses the audience:

Beatrice My name is Beatrice. My man Virgil, he had cancer, and I was nursing him in my apartment in the lower ninth ward. We had these oxygen canisters that kept him going, but when the hurricane came we ran out of air. He was suffocating, and I went out to see if there was anything I could find. I was halfway down the stairs before I knew I had to turn back. In the two minutes I was away he had died. I called someone to ask what I should do with his body. They said take him across town to City Hall. Five miles of water between me and there, but that's what I did.

Beatrice moves from the doorway and Virgil's body appears in the form of a junk-puppet. He may well change shape and form throughout the piece, assisted by a growing collective of actors.

Beatrice Virgil wasn't no saint. He'd be out all night, drinking the bars dry. He liked his music, played the horn on Tipitina since he was a boy. Knew all those guys. He had kids all over the state, and he sure as hell wasn't faithful to me. But he was my man, and there was no way I was leavin' him to the rats and the water. So I wrapped him in the counterpane and floated him all that way, and not a toe touched the water in all that time.

If you enjoyed this, you might like:

- *Day at the Racists* by Anders Lustgarten
 - *Ditch* by Beth Steel
 - *The Man* by James Graham
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