

Summary of the play:

Papa Records Everything is a tale about a girl's journey to the meaning of love. Giselle and her best friend are in a treehouse on her 18th birthday to confront a box. After a quick search online, Giselle learns about her father's dark secrets. Through flashbacks, we learn about Giselle's childhood: with many phone calls, birthday parties, and nightmares. This tale uses videography, movement, poetry, language, and song to explore the memory of Giselle's German, Costa Rican, and Canadian identities. Most importantly, this story is about healing.

Excerpts (4):

1.

Memory of a Birth

Blurry fantasy

Movement Sequence / Pantomime - Contemporary

Song: Bajo la Luna by Holly Collis Handford

Birds chirping. Silhouette lighting.

Nannies sing in Spanish offstage.

Mother enters SL. Shadowed Figure enters SR. Both carry briefcases.

They shake hands.

Nanny enters with a baby. Followed by Grandma, Papa, and Sister.

Family portrait centre stage.

Nannies in flowing white robes dance around the family portrait.

Circular Patterns. Ceremony.

Black out.

Lights up.

Family Portrait is missing Shadowed Figure.

Shadowed Figure lurks at a distance with a briefcase.

The world distorts into a nightmare. Nannies sing a creepy lullaby.

Nannies pull around Giselle. Echoes of fragments of news report about Shadowed Figure.

Nannies move like disjointed puppets. Lights flash.

Nannies are dragged away.

Stage goes black.

2.

2020

A box

Beat

BFF

Are you gonna open it?

GISELLE

No.

BFF

Okay.

What do you think is inside?

GISELLE

Probably something for my birthday.

BFF

Totally.

Definitely something for your birthday.

Are you excited?

GISELLE

No.

BFF

Oh.

Okay.

Are you nervous?

GISELLE

I guess.

BFF

Me too.

But it's like an excited nervousness.

This is a big present.

GISELLE

But not too big that we couldn't get it up here.

BFF

It took twenty minutes for us to get it up here.

GISELLE

Maybe we're just not that good at getting small-sized boxes in treehouses.

BFF

Small sized?

GISELLE

Yeah.

It's not that big of a -

BFF

Giselle.

This mysterious unknown gift from the universe arrives at your front door.

On your eighteenth birthday.

I'd say that's a pretty big/

GISELLE

Can we stop?

BFF

Okay.

Stop what?

GISELLE

Talking about the box.

BFF

Okay.

Sure!

If you want to talk about it again -

I'm here.

Or if you want to open it up.

Just let me know what you need.

I'm here for you.

3.

BFF

Imagine what this kingdom would look like.

What do you see?

GISELLE

I see-

Darkness.

The flicker of my eyelids.

That's it.

But I guess it feels cold.

Now I see two things.

Something green?

Yes.
I see two separate gods.
One is a green scarf.
Surrounded by small birds.
The other is orange and cuddled inside of an old knit sweater.
Around them-
a jungle with wild plants.
The sun is shining.
I can hear the sound of a guitar-
The dancing tune of a Spanish folk song.
A breeze from a beach is swaying everything side to side.
Side to side.
Like a baby.
And circling around-
Are smaller orange scarves.
Dancing in a conga line.
It's this perfect circle of ...

BFF
Of what?

GISELLE
Of-
my gods?

BFF
Do you think those are your ancestors?

4.

GISELLE
A whole family.
A whole family?
who loves -
What?
No.
That's not it.
Who?
Family.
Family?
Who's family?
My family?
When's the last time I talked to -
Wow.

Not it.

Grateful.

I am grateful.

Let go let go let go let go

Gone.

Expectations.

Gone.

Done.

Stop Giselle.

Stop reaching.

Reaching.

Reaching for something better.

Better?

Stop.

I am grateful.

I am here.

I am here.
