



### SKINS AND HOODS

#### Cie du Veilleur

Theatre

18 to 31 August (not 24)

2:00 pm

Show length: 45 minutes

Q&A: 30 minutes

Audience: S1-S6

#### **A powerful play for young audiences on race and identity.**

This powerful play written by Togolese author Gustave Akakpo is an ingenious dialogue between stage and video, featuring teenagers willing to talk about identity, skin colour and integration. Mamadou and George are in the same class. He is black. She is white. At least that's what the others can see. Mamadou only wants to blend in but George would love to talk about her origins. Because although it's not obvious, she comes from Africa. And she feels black.

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#### **AFTER THE SHOW**

#### **Q&A with the actors and the director, Matthieu Roy – 30 minutes**

The occasion to discuss the topics of the play:

- the representation of the stranger;
- the questions of identity and race;
- and also about the play: Rehearsals, scenography and costumes.

All performances start at 2:00 pm and finish at 3.30 pm with the Q&A.

Tickets: £12 – concs £10

Group discount: **15% off the concession price tickets** for groups of 10 or more and.  
E.g. £8.50/child. Staff go free

To check availabilities and book your class in, please contact the Institut français' Box Office:  
[info@ifecosse.org.uk](mailto:info@ifecosse.org.uk) / 0131 225 53 66

Institut français d'Ecosse (Venue 134) - 13 Randolph Crescent, EH3 7TT - [www.vivelefringe.org](http://www.vivelefringe.org)

## Annex - Excerpt from the play

GEORGE: Mamadou, you've not been in class two whole days and suddenly you show up with weird skin and stare me right in the face: not funny. You put some rubbish on your face or what?

MAMADOU: It's not weird skin.

GEORGE: You look ugly, Mamadou. It's ugly what you've done.

MAMADOU: You're just jealous. Now I'm back you can't be the star, the others'll all be interested in me, in my skin now.

GEORGE: You were beautiful, Mamadou, with the skin you had before.

MAMADOU: I wasn't beautiful, I was lonely.

GEORGE: But I was like you, me too, I was with you! We had the same skin.

MAMADOU: With you it was imagine

Not your real skin

You kidded yourself

With mucky tales

We danced to your song

But the tune was wrong

You washed us all over

With dreams of fields of clover

You led us on like ponies

But you're the one that's phony

And now I'm gonna shatter

All your fake little patter

GEORGE: How did you know?

MAMADOU: I just knew.

GEORGE: Give me back my skin.

MAMADOU: What're you talking about?

GEORGE: My skin, my real skin the one you've got on now.

MAMADOU: I've only got my skin on.

GEORGE: How can you lie like that?! Your skin's not that colour.

MANADOU: I used cream to lighten it, that's all. Everyone knows you can get creams that lighten your skin in salons. But you're the real thief. Stealing stories of a country that's not even yours.