

A Lesson in Frivolity

Dir. Saoirse Amira Anis (2022, 11m, UK)

Audio Description script by Juliana Capes

A Lesson in Frivolity is a ten minute colour film with a spoken word soundtrack. Footsteps continue throughout and do not sync with described action. It opens to a regal purple screen.

A huge bush of shining honeysuckle fringes a lawn where a person playfully parades. She is young, lean and brown skinned, dressed in home-made golden and purple princess robes.

She is flirting with a sparkling mirrorball cane. It catches the soft spring sunlight.

She poses and performs for us, in costumes fashioned from a selection of sparkling fabrics. All ruffles, capes and halos, sequined chiffon against pale blue skies. Mirrorball tiles and purple crepe ribbon crown her. She is dancing in the shallow lapping edges of a still loch.

She is a mixture of innocence and self awareness as we watch her frolic through a series of natural locations, her playgrounds for a lesson in frivolity.

She looks directly at us and smiles knowingly as we notice glints of sunlight shining out from her spinning mirrorball cane. They dance first onto grass and then a slender tree trunk that sprouts with new growth. Wearing her charming crafty crown, her arms flail as she dances towards the loch.

She sashays under bowers of rippling branches, shimmies down petal strewn pathways, tiptoes barefoot through meadows, flutters across soft landscapes. Her body wiggles like the breeze through lush leaves and blooms, as if possessed.

She snakes her body like branches, crouches to examine wild flowers, regally glides into the loch.

She preens and sparkles and prepares to wiggle

Playful poses match the playful sounds.

Napping in the crook of undulating branches, playing twirling games in a meadow of young green grass tips. Purple lensed sunglasses reflect the sun and colour her world.

We look through a lychgate of a churchyard, it's carved wooden struts are framing her jiggling body. She cavorts in a country lane, youthful by an old stone wall and mature trees.

She looks up through a lattice of branches, her slim golden torso shining. We follow her through a tunnel of branches, strutting and stumbling along a woodland cat walk. Now she sprints, purple platforms pounding across the lawn.

A children's adventure playground with a huge spiralling metal tube slide. She moves to climb it.

We are waiting at the bottom for her to descend the slide with a delighted smile.

She has found the zip line.

Crouching, hugging knees, smelling and reclining into the bouncy walls of towering blooms.

Diaphanous fabric hangs from a bush and a hilly horizon descends to the tree lined loch. Her arms gesture to the water as her body bends backward rhythmically. She's climbing the branches.

Her purple high heeled platforms and floor length gown are no obstacle as she descends the climbing frame of branches and exits the lawn.

Fin.