

SCRIPT

# Thought Curfew

a lyrical play



written by  
**RUWANTHIE DE CHICKERA**

(devised with the cast)

stages  
theatre  
group

*Thought Curfew*

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**Thought Curfew**

First public performance 2018

An Empathy & Risk performance

In collaboration with Stages Theatre Group

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*Thought Curfew*

# **Thought Curfew**

**a lyrical play**

written by

Ruwanthie de Chickera

An Empathy & Risk Presentation  
In collaboration with Stages Theatre Group

First Performed at  
Ubumuntu Festival of Humanity  
Kigali Genocide Memorial Amphitheatre  
Rwanda  
July 2018

## **An Introduction to *Thought Curfew***

*Thought Curfew* is a lyrical performance which explores the manner in which entire communities of people can be rendered unthinking in a moment. It is based on a short story, written by Ruwanthie de Chickera, in which a father chases his daughter who is running away from a spreading thought curfew. The term Thought Curfew was originally coined by Sri Lankan playwright Tara Kumarasinghe.

*Thought Curfew* addresses the outbreak of sudden and widespread violence and examines the individuals' negotiation with fast spreading senselessness.

The play was co-directed by Ruwanthie de Chickera and British visual artist David Cotterrell. This mixed media performance was created under the 'Empathy & Risk' project initiated by the two directors.

*Thought Curfew* was devised over a period of twenty days with a cast of Sri Lankan actors and developed for production with a team of designers, composers and animators from the UK. The play was staged at the 4<sup>th</sup> Ubuntu Arts Festival held at the Kigali Genocide Memorial Amphitheatre in July 2018.

*Thought Curfew*, which follows the journey of a little girl who is fleeing the 'unthinkable', explores the psychology of group descent into a state of 'unthinkingness'.

For more detailed insights on this play, including the back story about how it was made, an analysis of all its design elements, its production video, soundtrack, publicity campaign, all press reviews and audience comments, and more, please visit its production page on the Stages Theatre Group website [www.stages.lk](http://www.stages.lk)

# **Thought Curfew**

**Characters** *in order of appearance*

NARRATOR

LITTLE GIRL                      a thinking child among unthinking people

GRANDFATHER                    the girl's blind grandfather  
he sees the unthinkable approaching

FATHER                            the girl's father,  
his sole thought is to provide for his family

BROTHER                         the girl's brother  
an unthinkingly compliant young man

SISTER                            the girl's sister  
thinks that she cares for the planet

BROTHER-IN-LAW                the girl's brother-in-law  
thinks quite highly of his wife

REFUGEES                        a group of people in a hopeless place  
thinking can drive them insane

NGO AGENT (INTERNATIONAL)    an international expert on human need  
voices all her thoughts

NGO AGENT (LOCAL)            a local expert on locals  
has learnt to hide his thoughts

SOLDIER                         looking in the wrong direction  
he is not trained to think

DEVOTEES                        devoted to their faith  
think they know the truth

*The main characters in the family – father, brother, sister, brother-in-law and grandfather - appear in each new world (Refugee, Development Aid, Military, and Religion).*

## **Scene Breakdown**

**Scene 1    The World of the Family**

Transition 1

**Scene 2    The World of the Refugee Camp**

Transition 2

**Scene 3    The World of Development Aid**

Transition 3

**Scene 4    The World of the Military**

Transition 4

**Scene 5    The World of Religion**

## Prologue

*Narration happens offstage.*

**Narrator**     **Everyone in the world is looking for a child**  
**Everyone in the world is looking for one, small, child**  
**Who is running away from the unthinkable**  
**Now when the unthinkable happens**  
**No one is left who can tell the story**  
**So before it happens**  
**Before this one small child is found by everyone in the world**  
**Before she is caught and before she has to face the unthinkable**  
**Here is how it happened**  
**Here is how the unthinkable came into our lives**  
**In fact, it's now impossible for any of us to imagine or even to remember**  
**But**  
**The unthinkable began not so long ago**

*Family enters. They position themselves in front of the frame that is the TV.*

**Narrator**     **The unthinkable began not so far away**  
**The unthinkable as no one here will remember**  
**First went unnoticed**  
**It first began in our Family.**



## Scene 1

### The World of the Family

**Narrator**      **Like most households that had more than one of everything they ever needed, the girl's family always gathered to watch the rest of the world through a box on the table.**

**GrandFather still preferred to watch the rest of the world through a window.**

**And the Little Girl? Well, she just loved to watch people's faces.**

*The whole family is staring at the frame that is the TV. Grandfather is looking out the window. The Little Girl watches the TV, but turns round to look at her family's faces from time to time.*

**Sister**            **: If only recycling were taken just a little more seriously by everyone ... (*Looks at husband*) what do you say? Incredible that more than half the world just does not recycle. Do your bit no? Why not no? Doesn't take much to fix the world.**

**Narrator**        **: Everything was as it had always been. Safe. Orderly. Clean.**

**And then...**

**Brother**            **: 'Pass me that'.**

**Narrator**        **: The Little Girl almost doesn't notice.**

**Brother**            **: Pass me that, please.**

**Little Girl**        **: What? (*Looks around confused*)**

**Brother**            **: (*Staring blankly ahead*). That.**

**Narrator**        **: She reaches for the butter.**

**Brother**            **: No, not that.**

**Narrator**        **: She reaches for the bread.**

**Brother**            **: Not that. THAT.**

**Narrator**        **: She reaches for the soup, the salt, pepper, the chair, the table, the cat ...**

**Brother**            **: No, not that! No, not that! NO, NOT THAT!!**

**Narrator**        **: and then because there was nothing in the room left to search, the Little**

**Girl searches her Brother's eyes.** (*The Little Girl holds Brother's expressionless face for a moment*).

**And in the corner of her Brother's eyes she sees just a hint of the unthinkable.**

**Then, it's gone.**

**The Little Girl could not think what it meant.**

**And then...**

Sister : (*Repeating in the exact same tone as earlier, with a blank expression*) If only recycling were taken just a little more seriously by everyone ... What do you say? Incredible that more than half the world just does not see this. Do your bit no? Why not no? Doesn't take much to fix the world.

*The Little Girl is uneasy again*

Little Girl : Grandpa...?

BIL : Change it to the other channel.

Little Girl : What channel?

BIL : The other one. No not that one. The other one.

*Little girl points at the TV with the TV remote and changes the channels.*

Father : No not that one. The other one.

Little Girl : Which one?

Brother : That other one. The one with that story.

Little Girl : (*confused*) Which story?

Sister : That story about those people.

Little Girl : What people?

Father : Those people from that country.

Little Girl : What people? What country?

Sister : Those people who the other people did those things to.

Little Girl : What did they do?

*Thought Curfew*

BIL : Those people who were taken there in that thing and then that happened to them.

Brother : That story about those people from that country

Father : (*growing impatient*) Not that country, the other country.

Sister : What's that you put? Put the other one.

BIL : That country with those people. Put that. Tell her to put that.

Sister : Put that.

Father : Put that.

Brother : Put that.

Little Girl : (*shaken up*) Grandpa!

*A babble of voices. Everyone is shouting instructions to the Little Girl.*

Brother : On that day ...

Little Girl : Grandpa!!

Sister : At that place ...

Little Girl : Grandpa please!

*The Little Girl is distraught by the strangeness in her family.*

Little Girl : What has happened to you? What has *happened* to you?

*Her family turns to look at her.*

Father : (*slowly*) That story about those people from that country who did that thing to the other people from that other country that day that that thing happened in that place next to that other place where the person went with another person and did that terribly terrible thing.

*Pause*

Put that.

Brother : (*Firmly*) Put that.

**Narrator : The people the Little Girl knew best in the world look at her with eyes emptier than she had ever seen.**

*The Girl runs to her Grand Father and stands close to him.*

*Thought Curfew*

Little Girl : Grandpa...

Grand Father : Child, it is time to leave.

Little Girl : What??

Grand Father : My little girl, it is time to run.

Little Girl : Grandpa... I can't leave Grandpa...

Grand Father : It's unthinkable. I know. And this is why you must go. Because the unthinkable is coming. I promise you.

Little Girl : The unthinkable Grandpa... Have you seen it?

Grand Father : Haven't you seen it? (*pause*) You must go.

Little Girl : But...

Grand Father : Now leave...

*She starts to cry in fear.*

Little Girl : Grandpa... I don't understand...

Grand Father : Run child.... (*He suddenly slaps her. She is in shock.*)

Little Girl : Grandpa?

*Grand Father pulls her to him.*

Grand Father : Remember me like this. But also remember, anyone can change when the unthinkable happens. Even me.

Now go.

*He pushes her away again.*

Little Girl : But what am I running from?

Grand Father : From what you know best. From what you cannot imagine giving up... you are running away from the unthinkable.

Little Girl : You will come with me? Surely?

Grand Father : Run!

Little Girl : (*Distressed. Pleading*) come with me.

*Thought Curfew*

Grand Father : Now Run! Leave now!

Little Girl : I can't Grandpa!!

All : If only recycling were taken just a little more seriously by everyone ... What do you say? Incredible that more than half the world just does not see this. Do your no? Why not no? Doesn't take much to fix the world.

Grand Father : Run child. Go and tell the world that the Thought Curfew is coming. The unthinkable is coming.

Now stop crying and run!

*The Little Girl backs out of the room, crying.*

## **Transition 1**

*The Little Girl's home disappears behind her as she runs. She runs through the city, cutting across buildings as tall as the sky.*

**Narrator**     **Does anyone remember this Little Girl running?**

**Clutching a promise**

**Carrying the message**

**The Thought Curfew is coming**

**The Thought Curfew is on its way**

**The Unthinkable will be amongst us soon**

**Do any of you remember how she**

**Ran from the known and how she ran from the noise?**

**Behind her the thought curfew**

**Before her, her grand father's face**

**Behind her the thought curfew**

**Before her...**

**.... a fence....?**

*The buildings disintegrate suddenly and before her is a barren landscape marked by a tall fence.*

**The fence so, so high and the fence so, so wide**

**It cut the whole world into equal bits of sky.**

## **Scene 2**

### **The World of the Refugee camp**

*The Little girl, surrounded by the fence is also suddenly in the midst of thousands of hopeless looking, immobile people.*

**Narrator      The child had never seen so many people**  
**So many people**  
**Standing so close but not talking**  
**Standing so close but not talking**  
**Looking so tired and not sleeping**  
**Looking so tired and not sleeping**  
**Facing one direction but not moving**  
**Facing one direction but not moving**  
  
**Thousands of people appearing in twos and threes**  
**Carrying memories not bags**  
**With shadows that stretched first backwards then forwards**  
**Then died at their feet**  
**Shadows that stretched first backwards then forwards**  
**Then died at their feet**  
  
**Nothing. Else. Moved.**

Little Girl      : *(Approaching the refugees)* Why aren't you moving?

*Pause.*

Refugee          : Someone must have told us to stop.

*Thought Curfew*

Little Girl : Who?

Refugee : We never know who.

Little Girl : Why don't you start?

Refugee : No one has told us we can.

Little Girl : What are you all waiting for?

All refugees : Bread. Lunch. My daughter. Medicine. My interview. Rain. Water. Dinner.  
Shoes. Morning. Justice. Kindness. Boats. Visas. Clothes. Soup. Soap.  
Quiet. A place to pray. My documents. Milk. Home. A letter. A shower. A hat.  
A scarf. A smile. A chance. A future. A way out. A pen.

*The voices fade out as they keep adding to the list of things they are waiting for, in different languages.*

**Narrator     The Little Girl did what she always does when**  
**She cannot understand the words of people**  
**She searched their faces for answers**  
**But... Where is the boy who stood like her brother?**  
**Where is the man who looked like her Father?**  
**Wherever she looked, wherever she looked**  
**Everyone looked the same**  
**In this terribly moving mass of unmoving people**  
**Everyone had the same face**  
**Is this the Thought Curfew?**  
**Is this the unthinkable?**  
**Is it truly upon us?**

*The girl backs away and starts running again.*

*The barren landscape with fences as high as the sky collapses behind her as she runs.*



## **Transition 2**

**Narrator      The Little Girl runs**  
**She runs from the unthinkable**  
**The Little Girl is chased**  
**She is chased by her thoughts**

*As the Little Girl runs, her Grand Father appears onstage.*

**Little Girl      :**      **What was that place Grandpa?**  
**That place with all those people with that face?**  
**Has the unthinkable happened to me Grandpa?**  
**Have I stopped seeing? Have I stopped thinking?**

**Grnd Fthr/Narrator:** **If you can see that you cannot see**  
**You can still see my child**  
**If you are scared by your thoughts**  
**You are still thinking my child**  
**Now, my little one**  
**Keep running**

*The Little Girl sits down exhausted.*

**Narrator      :**      **But the Little Girl cannot forget the unthinkable sadness in the people**  
**that she just saw**  
**She finds she cannot move**  
**Some of you would have seen her – waiting for the unthinkable to**  
**engulf her**  
**You don't remember now, how you passed on**  
**Two of you, whose job it was to stop, finally did stop**

### Scene 3

#### NGO

*Two people walk onto stage. A confident looking woman and a less confident looking man.*

*The woman sees the Little Girl seated exhausted on the ground and stops short.*

NGO INT : Is that a child? Does she belong here? Pramila what is an unaccompanied minor doing on our premises?

NGO local : Um...

*NGO INT bends over the Little Girl. She is careful not to get too close or to touch her.*

NGO INT : Hello little one! Hello.... Where are you from? What's your name? What's your name? *(A little tersely)*. Pramila... . *(then back to the girl.)* We are here to protect you... that is our job. Don't worry, you are in a safe space. Where are you from? *(Looking at the girl, but with a slight patronizing edge to her voice)* Pramila I could do with some help here...

NGO local : *(In Sinhala to the child)* – Look child, you can hear right? This Miss can help you. But you need to open your mouth and talk properly. This Miss can give you a lot of things. But if you don't talk there's nothing we can do.

NGO INT : Are you translating what I said?

NGO local : Yes... *(In Sinhala to the Little Girl)*. Now tell me now, where are you from? Which group do you belong to?

NGO INT : What's she saying Pramila?

NGO local : um...

NGO INT : *(Taking NGO Local aside)* – Now we really need to sort this out. It's a complete violation of office protocol. Is she with some adult? *(Back to the Little Girl)*. Where are you parents little one?

NGO local : *(in Sinhala)* Are you alone?

Little Girl : *(In Sinhala)* Yes.

NGO INT : *(Frantic)* She said something! What did she say? Is she here with someone?

NGO local : *(to NGO INT)* ... No... um.... ... Often...

NGO INT : Often?? ... Oh... Orphan?

NGO local : yes...

NGO INT : You mean like an IDP Orphan?

NGO local : Yes. Yes. IDP Orphan.

NGO INT : OK – good then that’s category D. Fabulous. Now here’s what I want you to do Pramila. First, all the initial paperwork – both languages please and CC me on everything. Then call all camp managers within a 5 mile radius. Call our camps first. Next, read through the SOPs carefully. This is a good capacity-building opportunity for you. Get our communications team on this. It’s a solid human-interest story for our child friendly spaces project. Chop chop ok?

NGO local : *(very confused)* Yes.

NGO INT : *(back to the Little Girl)* Now don’t worry little one. You are safe with us. Pramila did you call the camp managers?

NGO local : *(on phone in Sinhala)* – Hullo. I just whatsapped you a photo of a child. It’s a nice photo. I took it. We can use it in future. We need to find a camp for her. One of ours is better. Look into it ok? Call me back?

NGO INT : You called? Is there room in the camp?

NGO local : Er... yes.

NGO INT : How many children are there there?

NGO local : er....

NGO INT : In the camp? How many? 100? Or 50? Didn’t you ask?

NGO local : Yes. Fifty.

NGO INT : But we still don’t know where she’s from....

*Thought Curfew*

NGO local : (*In Sinhala to the Little Girl*) - Now please talk. Or you are wasting this Madam's time.

*They are both asking her questions. The Little Girl looks from one to another... then she says something inaudible*

NGO INT : Shhhhhhhhhhh!! She said something.

NGO local : (*in Sinhala to the girl*) – What did you say?

Little Girl : (*In English to the NGO INT*) - My Grand Father told me to run- to run away from the Thought Curfew.

NGO INT : (*asking NGO LOCAL*) What did she say?

NGO local : (*In Sinhala*) – What did you say?

Little Girl : (*In Sinhala*) - My Grand Father told me to run away from the Thought Curfew.

NGO INT : What did she say? What Curfew?

NGO local : (*In Sinhala to the Girl*) – Come on now, say it clearly....

Little Girl : (*In Sinhala*) - ... thought curfew.

NGO local : (*Unsure, in English*) Miss, she's running away...from...from...

NGO INT : What?

NGO local : She saying that ... Thought Curfew is coming.

NGO INT : Who is that? Is that some kind of local group?

NGO local : (*Fumbling*)... it's like... vehicle? ...

NGO INT : Vehicle? Like an abduction vehicle?

NGO local : Yes.... duction vehicle!

NGO INT : Oh really? Massive protection implications. Ok, good, good.

*Suddenly, there is the sound of a massive blast.*

*The International NGO Agent and the Local NGO agent pile themselves into a rescue vehicle that appears almost instantly, and drive off, leaving the Little Girl all by herself again.*

*The Little Girl, terrified by the blast and the ensuing chaos, calls out after the NGO reps.*

Little Girl : Aunty!!

*Thought Curfew*

*The dark windows roll up and the heavy white vehicle races off, leaving massive tire culverts in the ground and whipping up huge storms of sand around the child.*

*The Little Girl is left alone. She looks around. Then she gets up and begins to walk.*

**Narrator      The Little Girl realized that she had been foolish to  
Cling to the lady  
And foolish to cling to the lady's kindness  
She knew now that there were many, many places  
To which this kind of kindness would never travel**

**And she realized that she was in one such place  
Once more facing the unthinkable  
Once more all by herself**

**....Or not all by herself.  
Or all by herself and with someone who was all by himself**

## Scene 4

### The World of the Military

*The Little Girl realizes that she stands close to a lone soldier. He is intently guarding against enemies.*

*She watches him for a while, the way he never takes his eyes off that one place on the horizon.*

*She goes up to the soldier. She points to the direction that she arrived, which is opposite to the direction that he is watching.*

Little Girl : That direction.

The Thought Curfew is coming from that direction

*Pause. The soldier does not even acknowledge her presence. She tries to get his attention and focus it on the real threat.*

Please look there.

It's coming from there, not there.

Please, the Thought Curfew is coming from there.

Please...

*The soldier ignores her. She sits down exhausted.*

*Suddenly, her Grand Father appears from a distance.*

Little Girl : Grandfather! How did you find me?

Grand Father : I know how you think. I followed your thoughts.

*The Little Girl embraces him, thankfully.*

Little Girl : You won't leave me now, will you?

Grand Father : *(smiles)* That would be unthinkable.

Now let's keep moving.

Little Girl : Do we have far to go?

*Thought Curfew*

Grand Father : How far will you go to escape a thought curfew?

Little Girl : I will run my whole life.

Grand Father : Good.

*They pass by a range of soldiers.*

Little Girl : What are they guarding against GrandFather?

Grand Father : Against enemies.

Little Girl : But the real enemy is the thought curfew, right?

Grand Father : It's funny, but people always see other people as enemies. And armies and soldiers are in place to fight people – not to fight thoughts.

*Pause*

*There is a distant noise of bells, chimes and chanting.*

Little Girl : What's that? That sounds nice...

*Her Grand Father is suddenly hesitant. He pauses in his tracks.*

Grand Father : Maybe we should go back.

Little Girl : But Grandpa – Behind us is full of unthinking people. We have to move forward. (*Looking in the direction of the sound*) What is that place?

Grand Father : (*not moving forward*) I am not sure we should go.

Little Girl : I can't walk any further. Please grandpa. Please take me there.

*The sounds of the chanting and music become louder.*

Little Girl : Please grandpa.

*The Grand Father hesitates, still.*

## Scene 5

### The World of Religion

*The Little Girl and her Grand Father are suddenly surrounded by a crowd of devotees, chanting and praying.*

**Narrator      The Little Girl heard them before she saw them**  
**And when she saw them, she could not believe them**  
**Pillars of prayers – proclaiming hope**  
**Walls of faith – blocking out all doubt**  
**A marketplace of miracles**  
**Trading only in the absolute truth**  
**This place of belief was beyond belief.**

*The Devotees are caught up in their rituals and their chanting. The Little Girl is caught up in the crowd. She suddenly realizes she cannot find her Grand Father. She looks for him, amongst the chanting crowds.*

Little Girl      : What is this place?

Devotee         : Everything comes from God.

Little Girl      : I have lost my grandFather.

Devotee         : God is good.

Little Girl      : There is a Thought Curfew coming.

Devotee         : God is coming. He will soon be amongst us.

Little Girl      : No, God is not coming, the Thought Curfew is coming.

Devotee         : Let nothing but good befall this child.

**Narrator        : The people danced around her questions and prayed for her deliverance.**

Little Girl      : *(Suddenly spotting her grandfather among the devotees)* Grandpa!



*She rushes to him, relieved.*

Little Girl : Grandpa! We have to leave. We have to warn the rest of the people that the Thought Curfew is ...

*The Little Girl pauses, suddenly caught by a strangeness in her Grand Father.*

Little Girl : *(in a tiny little voice)* Come with me Grandpa...

**Narrator : But his eyes are set on the heavens.**

Little Girl : Come with me Grandpa... please... please Grandpa....

*But the GrandFather is now one of the devotees. His eyes turned upward to the skies and away from his Grand daughter, he chants and prays just like everyone else around him.*

Little Girl : Please Grandpa...

*Suddenly she looks defeated.*

Little Girl Grandpa, the Thought Curfew is not just behind me is it Grandpa?

**Narrator : The Little Girl had so much to remember that she had forgotten that the world was round. She had been running away from the unthinkable but it had been spreading around the globe in all directions and now she knew that it was not only behind, her, it was also ahead of her and it was surrounding her.**

Little Girl : The Thought Curfew is all around me isnt' it Grandpa?

*Pause.*

*The Grand Father is lost to the Little Girl.*

*The Little Girl is lost.*

Little Girl : Tell me what to do Grandpa. I don't know what to do.

*Suddenly, the Grand Father she recognizes emerges from the face of the man before her and he looks deep into her eyes.*

Grand Father : Remember me as you last saw me my child.

Now stop crying and run.

*He then returns to his chanting and to his world and to his thoughts.*

*Thought Curfew*

*The Little Girl backs away from the World of Religion and her Grandfather she no longer recognizes.*

**Narrator : The Little Girl thought about all the people she had seen**  
**All the people who didn't see her**  
**She thought about all the people who she could not forget**  
**All the people who will not remember her**  
**She was very scared**  
**The Little Girl tired to think what to do**  
**But she could not think**  
**The Little Girl tried to think where to go**  
**But she could not think**  
**And while she could not think**  
**And she could not think**  
**And she could not think**  
**The Little Girl had a thought.**  
**And that was all she needed**

*The Little Girl walks towards the light, towards the audience and exits stage.*

**END**

## **Production Credits**

*Thought Curfew* was first performed at the **Kigali Genocide Memorial Amphitheatre, Rwanda**, on 15<sup>th</sup> July 2018, for the **4<sup>th</sup> Ubumuntu Arts Festival**, with the following cast and crew:

### **CAST**

<b>Little Girl</b>	Indika Lakmal
<b>Grand Father/ Devotee</b>	Duminda Sandaruwan
<b>Father/ Refugee/ Devotee</b>	Sanjeewa Upendra
<b>Brother/ Refugee/ Soldier/ Devotee</b>	Akalanka Prabhashwara
<b>Sister/ Refugee/ NGO Intl Agent/ Devotee</b>	Piumi Wijesundara
<b>Brother-in-law/ Refugee/ NGO Local Agent/ Devotee</b>	Pramila Samarakoon

### **DESIGN TEAM**

<b>Directors</b>	David Cotterrell Ruwanthie de Chickera
<b>Designer</b>	David Cotterrell
<b>Composers</b>	John Avery Ron Wright
<b>Costume Design</b>	Dinushika Senevirathne
<b>Make up</b>	Indika Lakmal
<b>3D Animator</b>	Ian Sanders

**PRODUCTION TEAM**

<b>Stage Manager</b>	Akalanka Prabhashwara
<b>Lights Operator</b>	Megan Lang
<b>Sound Operator</b>	Amanzi Ndoli Yannik Nicholas
<b>Subtitle Operator</b>	Amanzi Ndoli Yannik Nicholas
<b>Set Construction</b>	Kubwimana Djuma Jayampathi Guruge
<b>Cast Care</b>	Rhith Peiris Sri Lankan Community in Rwanda
<b>Casting</b>	David Cotterrell Ruwanthie de Chickera
<b>Publicity Design</b>	David Cotterrell
<b>Rehearsal Photography</b>	Malith Hegoda
<b>Campaign Photography</b>	Malith Hegoda Prauda Buwaneka
<b>Production Photography</b>	Prauda Buwaneka Ubumuntu Festival Official Photographer
<b>Video</b>	Prauda Buwaneka
<b>Video Documentation</b>	Malith Hegoda
<b>Digital Documentation</b>	Lasantha Rajitha
<b>Rehearsal Documentation</b>	Biyanka Amarasinghe
<b>Production Assistant</b>	Sanjaya Ekneligoda
<b>Production Coordinator</b>	Innocent Munyeshuri
<b>Producer</b>	Piumi Wijesundara

*Thought Curfew*

The script of *Thought Curfew* was developed with the assistance and input of the following artists

Akalanka Prabhashwara

Biyanka Amarasinghe

Dilrukshi Fonseka

Dulanja Dilshan

Duminda Sandaruwan

Indika Lakmal

Kanchana Malshani

Nadie Kammallaweera

Pathum Dharmarathna

Piumi Wijesundara

Pramila Samarakoon

Sanjeeva Upendra

For more detailed insights on this play, including the back story about how it was made, an analysis of all its design elements, its production video, soundtrack, publicity campaign, all press reviews and audience comments, and more, please visit its production page on the Stages Theatre Group website [www.stages.lk](http://www.stages.lk)

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