1. **Each story had to take place in some kind of THEATRE/THEATER.**
2. **Each story had to include somebody shouting.**
3. **Each story had to include the words UNCOMFORTABLE, RECORD and SHRINK.***(Small variations accepted.)*

The end of an era

Total darkness, and then the music started, and the lights began to glow and on the stage, the dancers appeared to wake up. I always loved the start of the ballet, especially in this theatre, the art déco curtains sweeping down from the sides of the stage were magnificent in their red swales.

I sat mesmerised, watching the dancers perform. The music swelled, and the dancers reacted in perfect time, their rehearsals peaking in this performance.

All too soon it was intermission. I turned to my friend Clare, and we agreed to go into the throng for a drink and stretch our legs.

Jostling amongst the crowd, I managed to get 2 glasses of champagne and made my way to where I had left Clare waiting. The crowd suddenly parted at the sounds of shouting, not common in this couth crowd. I turned and saw an official in uniform heading my way. Surprised, I turned and saw where he was moving. A man was clearly making a record of the crowd on his camera, turning this way and that, filming every guest in the hall. Most of the guests, now aware they were being filmed, looked very uncomfortable and began to shrink away to the sides of the room.

The official had reached the photographer now and grabbed his elbow to stop him from filming. ‘That’s enough, you can’t film here.’ And he tried to take the camera from the man’s hand.

‘Oi, that’s my property! I’m here to make a film about the art déco theatre.’

‘Well, you need permission for starters. And I don’t see how filming the audience is actually about the theatre. Come with me now to the office and we can see about the permission forms you need to complete.’

Noticing I was watching, the photographer looked at me. ‘Did you know they are going to put this theatre up for sale? And turn it into high end retirement apartments. I wanted to know how many of these highbrow guests would be buying into these retirement apartments.’

I looked around. No one would meet my eye. Was this the plan? Was this the end of this beautiful theatre?

The next day I looked in the local paper. There was an article, the beautiful art déco theatre was up for sale, not listed as heritage worthy. The risk for demolition was high. Central to the article were pictures taken last night with the wording, ‘New investors enjoy their last night at the ballet.’