

LAIKA, 2020, The Durham Drama Festival

'LAIKA' is a play that explores both the ethics and tragedy of human progress through the lens of Laika, the first dog to be sent to space in 1957. Premiering at Durham Drama Festival 2020, 'LAIKA' was awarded Best Show of the whole festival, as well as Best Leading Actress, Best Lighting, Best Direction, and Judges' Special Award. The following pages are an excerpt of 'LAIKA' as well as a selection of reviews.

Durham 2020

<https://www.palatinate.org.uk/review-laika/> : 5 / 5 stars

<https://www.thebubble.org.uk/culture/drama/review-laika/> : 5 / 5 stars

Shot by Letterbox Production Company photographers



LAIKA: I like to think about what it'll be like when I get there. What I'll see. If it'll really smell like it's about to rain or if that's some propaganda they cooked up just for me. I wouldn't put it past them. I'll bet the moon smells of sea salt, the soft kind that feels like sand. I'll bet the sun smells of dog-roses and temple smoke. I'll bet the stars all smell different.

Starlight, as far as the eye can see.

Stars all burn different lights, don't they? Depending on what sort of element they're made from. Potassium is purley-red and lithium is pink and copper halide goes seaside-blue. The sky becomes an oilsick, ribboning rainbow, so many colours and all of them black.

I'm excited for that.

It'll be scary, I think. Having the whole world rush up to meet you, hurtling from the sky like a comet. An unhooked world. Maybe I'll land in the ocean, there's an awful lot of ocean, and bob in my little boat filled with plastic cutlery and replacement lamps. Or an island, where the stars live. Or maybe I'll land in my own backyard.

Maybe the wind will cool me down. It gets really stuffy in here.

You wouldn't think would, you know, with the walls being so thin. It goes into millimeters in some places, less than an inch in others. It's still so hot, though. I wish I could open a window, let in the breeze. I can't believe there isn't a breeze, in space. That you can't breathe. It just sounds so wrong.

There's just nothing.

There's nothing, and there's wolves.

[End excerpt.]