# FIONA MCKEON PRODUCTION DESIGNER

fmckeondesign.com

@fmckeondesign

fiona@fmckeondesign.com

07770 523 164







"Through our father we love our Queen and our God."

The first act follows Clive, and his family as he upholds the British colonies in Africa during the Victorian era. Men and women play opposite genders; and a white man plays a black man.

The second act follows the same family 25 years later but 100 years in the future in London. Exploring the changes and opportunities for all people.



#### PRODUCTION INTENT

- Stay true to the satyrical intent of the original text
- Stay true to advances of equality amongst all persons in 2022



We decided that rather than swapping gender or ethincity of character that these roles would be double cast. This still demonstrates the duality of these characters and also respects individual gender and ethnic identites.

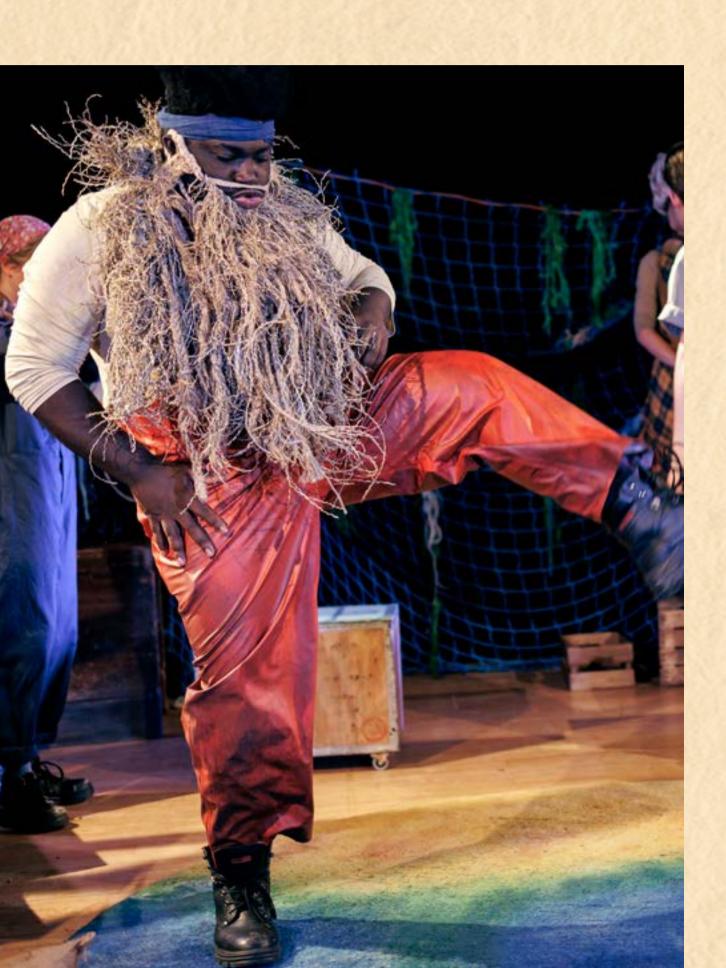
### **BETTY**



CLOUD 9









# THE THREEPENNY OPERA





"You are about to hear an opera for beggars.
Since This opera was intended to be as splendid as only beggars can imagine, and yet cheap enough for beggars to be able to watch, it is called the Threepenry Opera."



Brecht and Weill's work and social commentary is still relevant to today's society. We used the three acts to move the story from its setting to current society to demonstrate this.

Costume Drawings



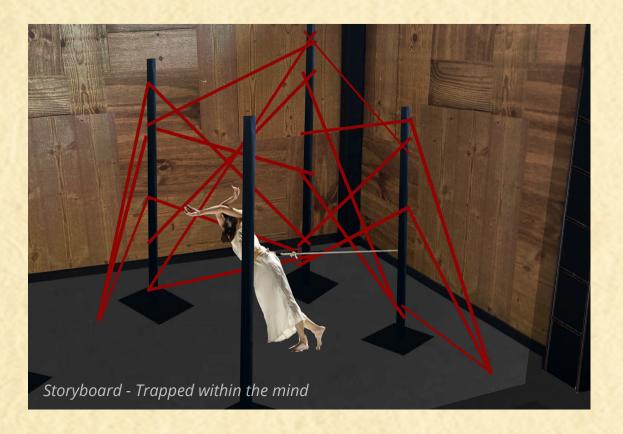






#### 5 actors, 9 characters, 1 hour.

This version of Hamlet presents Shakespeare's tragedy through the minds of Hamlet and Ophelia. Using the combined language of text, movement and music to explore how one person's choices affect more than just themselves...



"Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers, quite, quite down!"

# DIRECTOR: AARON FINNEGAN PRODUCTION DESIGNER: FIONA MCKEON SCENIC ART: FIONA MCKEON WARDROBE THEATRE, 2022

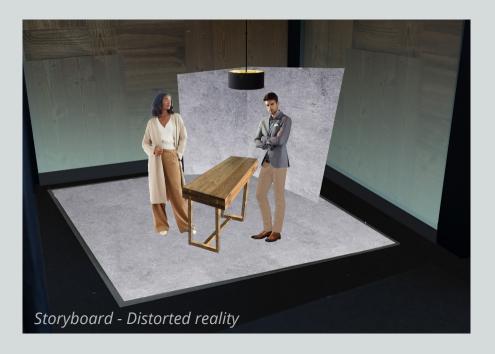
## THE CITY



"/ was convinced that in order to be a writer /'d simply have to travel to this city - The one inside of me - and write down what / discovered there.

But when / reached it found it had been destroyed. The houses had been destroyed. I looked for inhabitants to write about, but there were no inhabitants, just dust.

So / invented characters. But they wouldn't come alive. They lived a little - but only the way a sick bird tortured by a cat lives in a shoebox."

















"PIP: Each night I dream of the dark house, the gloomy house. The desolate house. The house where time stood still. The house which formed my memories."

