Volume 2
TEXT CUT OFF IN ORIGINAL
TEXT BOUND INTO THE SPINE
CONTAINS PULLOUTS
Appendix One

Tramway Plans
Appendix Two

True Script
AIRLOCK

For "Airlock" Initial Sequence - Pieces scattered and overlapping, building. Tone of voice increasingly intimate. Delivered as if we were hearing one half of conversations, late night, perhaps in a bar. Interspersed with official announcements in a blandly cheery, authoritative, vaguely worrying voice (probably John's) and anatomical announcements in, perhaps, slightly seductive voice (probably Anthony's).


Anthony: Stupid thing... you wanted to look after her. You always wanted to look after Lucy. They could have put her on the moon and she'd have made it, managed fine - but you wanted to look after her, all the same. Weird.

Announced: BRAIN - Unwieldy, bulbous organ. Cause of insanity, mental arithmetic, joy. Reflects and prolongs pain. Through time may harbour recollections of the subject, subject's hair, inner arm, mouth, back, thigh, skin, the kindness of the subject's eye, all those features proving irreplaceable. The seat of anticipation and disappointment. May be infected by dreams.

Paula: I used to think I'd start when she was over. That was going to be Year Zero. Day Zero - when Lucy got out of the way.

Announced: The ceremony will be unconventional but comparatively brief.

Anthony: ...so, he invited me to the funeral. Lucy's funeral. What kind of idea is that? Her funeral - his wife's. When we'd been ... for years. Two years, I
think - and he knew. I mean, she told him. That’s the way she was - told him everything. Well, not everything. I hope not everything. But he wanted me to be there. He said so.

- Announced: Where necessary, guides are provided. No further losses are expected at this time.

Paula: He made her go off ... he made all that happen. He’s not interesting. You never think your dad is, I know that, but really - he’s the most boring person I know - doesn’t say anything if he can help it. Fiddles about with bits of glass and sleeps all the time. Sleeps and sleeps and sleeps - he’s not normal. I’m going to inherit not being normal - he shouldn’t have had children, he should have thought of that.

Announced: GATE ABSOLUTE - May be partially dilated during sleep, fever, sexual congress or any state of ecstasy. Forms the operculum of the soul. Complete dilation causes death. Recapture of soul rarely undertaken for reasons of impossibility. Forced closure of gate extremely hazardous. All movements of gate extremely hazardous.

John: I would kill anybody who harmed her - my Lucy. Kill anybody who killed her. I don’t know how... it wouldn’t be... I’ve never even had a fight, but I would do it anyway. I would.

Announced: TWENTY NINTH NERVE - Causes subject to desire his or her own destruction. May improve sense of humour for a period.
Paula: I look like her. My father, too. But like her, mainly. Except that Lucy was beautiful.

John: I dreamed her. I still do.

Announced: Mass grieving is the healthy sign of a healthy community. In the end, we become grateful when losses are incurred.

Anthony: I’d watch her sometimes, you know - while we were... busy with each other - I’d look at her. She was something, Lucy - the way her skin - her whole... she was something.

John: A small affair. Family affair. Keeping it... in the family. The way it should be, the way I want it. Small. Neat. Tight.

Announced: Merchandising must be welcomed. Earning through pain, like learning through pain, is the best and only choice for life.

Paula: You’d find him everywhere - in the corner of the kitchen, outside, armchairs, head in the fireplace once - said he’d been listening to the chimney and had just dropped off - asleep. Always afuckingsleep.

John: Lucy didn’t want to die. She wanted to get away, sometimes - other things, sometimes, those things... I know. But not to die.

Announced: Maximise the bonding opportunities of mass grieving and make full use of them. Losses amongst the famous should be encouraged
Anthony: What would you do - some woman, some married woman tells you she wants you - no commitment, no change in her lifestyle, or yours - just that she'll let you do anything. Anything. Whatever you want.

John: It was a mistake. Her dying. A mistake. All wrong.

Announced: Flowers will be provided.

Anthony: Whatever you wanted - you could do it. And she wanted it extreme - things he'd never have thought of. Things I'd never have thought of.

John: Sometimes, the way she looked... she was... you wouldn't know how she did it, but... Jesus, Lucy was... I mean, Jesus...

Anthony: What would you say? No? I'd rather sit at home every night watching the chat line numbers come up on TV. I'd rather spend all evening in a bar holding on to my grin until I spot the one who'll let me, if she's pissed enough, or sober enough, or if we both lie enough. I hate lying. I really do. Lucy did, too. But I hate being bored even more. Lucy, too.

Announced: Your loss is our loss. We want your loss.

Paula: I've had sex. I know what she was doing. Why make everyone unhappy over nothing better than that?

Announced: Sharing you sadness with the media helps your reality stabilise.

John: I dreamed Lucy before I saw her. People don't believe me, but I did. Even when I was wee - I saw her - I'd go to sleep and she'd be there. For me.
Announced: THE LABYRINTH - Responsible for spinning and disordering sound. Renders all communication between adults impossible.

Anthony: The thing was, in the end, you'd need what she needed. You'd need her to feel so that you could feel.

Announced: We are sorry for your loss.

Paula: I don't think she was ill at all.

Anthony: I'd never done anything like that.

Announced: We are happy for your loss.

John: I'd never done anything like that.

Paula: After she'd gone, it was funny. I wasn't really happy, not the way I'd thought.

Anthony: I never did something she hadn't asked for, really asked for.

Announced: We are sorry for your loss.

John: When I wake up I can smell her on my hands.

Announced: Participants will now proceed to Passage. You are quite safe. There is no cause for alarm.
PASSAGE

"Passage" Sequence - audience goes through tunnel and on to flower pick-up point and on to writing area. In the tunnel there is no dialogue, perhaps music, perhaps body shapes through the walls.

Two guides meet/assemble audience in flower area. They are Anthony and Paula - they appear slightly unfamiliar with their roles and read instructions from papers. Paula pointedly introduces herself to some audience members with "Hello. I'm Lucy's daughter. Thank you for coming." Anthony is less sure and settles for, "Good evening. I'm a chartered accountant."

Official Flower Speech - both read, Anthony cynical, Paula more nervous.

Paula:  
Ladies and gentlemen, welcome.

Anthony:  
We hope this will be of benefit.

Paula:  
In the future, if not now.

Anthony:  
We intend this to be helpful, rather than to cause offence.

Paula:  
Any offence caused will not be our responsibility.

Anthony:  
(Can't maintain this any longer.) Well, that's typical. Whatever he does, it's not his fault.

Paula:  
(Pointedly) Not like you, then, Tony. (Back to script) There are flowers available here for your use. They are a traditional token of respect, they mean nothing and everything.
Anthony: *Like respect.* (When he gets a look from Paula.) It says that here - it says "Like respect". John's sense of humour, obviously. I always wondered what might make him laugh. (To audience) *Ladies and gentlemen, you are asked to select a token with which to show your respect.* What you choose to respect is your own business.

Paula: *What you choose to respect will depend on what you may have lost. We are here to remember what we have lost.* (To Ant) "Good evening, I'm an accountant" - what the hell was that about?

Anthony: (Ignoring) You may for example have lost *patience, hope, virginity*... (To Paula) ...or something quite like it. Just don't start, Paula. Not here. Not tonight.

Paula: *What you choose will depend on what you cared for.* (To Ant) If you were capable of caring for anything.

Anthony: I cared. *Ladies and gentlemen, please make your choices. Take your time. Don't feel rushed. But remember you will only be given this opportunity once. You will not come this way again.* (To Paula) Now where have I heard that before...

While audience gather flowers etc, guides engage in apparently unrehearsed dialogue. Also, during action and dialogue, there are announcements.

Announced: *We are sorry for your loss.*
HIP - The raised and visible crest of the hip is intended for worship, flexible load-bearing and percussion not exceeding 39 on the Standard Scale. Prolonged exposure may cause elation, rage, or boredom in both subject and observer.

Anger is a part of mourning.

SMALL OF THE BACK - Area above the lumbar and sacral ganglia, almost always good to kiss. Contra-indications include broken skin, cigarette burns, weals exceeding four inches, blood.

CALVIN'S TROCHANTER - May atrophy in middle age, causes acute unease, sensation of mortality, wasted life, smothering, desire for sexual and chemical excess. Undamaged, often causes insanity.

These phrases are overlaid, perhaps repeated, above dialogue.

Paula: (Sarcastic) So. You're really a chartered accountant... nice job.

Anthony: Yes it is, thank you.

Paula: That's not exactly why you're here, though is it?

Anthony: It's accurate. I am a chartered accountant.

Paula: And I'm her daughter. I'm meant to be here. I have a right to be here.

Anthony: We were close.

Paula: Oh, I know that.

Anthony: I was invited.

Paula: Why. Because you gave her some good accounting.
Anthony: Let's just get through this, okay? Whatever the fuck this is meant to be.

John couldn't just have a burial, could he? He couldn't just let things be over, once they were over.

Paula: Maybe he hasn't got something to hide.

Anthony: I have nothing to hide.

Paula: Not everyone would agree with that.

Anthony: You're hands entirely clean, are they?

Paula: You were fucking her.

Anthony: But I didn't hide it. (Trying to keep up front/maybe slightly seductive)

And we can talk about that later.

Paula: (Louder - for audience) Ladies and gentlemen, he was fucking her. This man - Antony the Chartered Accountant, with my mother- Mrs. Lucy Palmer. He was screwing her - all the time.

Anthony: (Sharp) It wasn't all the time.

Paula: Oh, I beg your pardon. What was it then - twice a week? Twice a month?

Did she think she was the only one? Did she pay you? That last time, did she pay you for that - money in advance for her own-?

Anthony: Will you shut up! Christ. You don't understand the way it was. And they don't want to know. They don't want things that are private discussed in front of them.
Paula: Why else would they be here?

Anthony: You know your trouble?

Paula: What?

Anthony: You're cynical. And you think that everyone else is just the same.

Paula: I wonder why.

Anthony: Forget it. Let's get on.

Paula: Your trouble is you're a coward - that's why you want everything "private" - then you'll get away with it.

Anthony: Just be glad we're not in private now.

Ladies and gentlemen the next stage is on and to our left, follow us.

You're quite safe.

Paula: And if you believe that, you'll believe anything.

Anthony: They'll be perfectly safe with me.

Announced: Participants will now proceed. Please follow your guides to Memorial.

You are quite safe. There is no cause for alarm.
**MEMORIAL**

Once audience is in writing area, the guides announce again.

Paula: *This time and space is set aside for you before the ceremony begins. If you would like to, here is where you can remember.*

Anthony: As if they want to. Why would you? - come out for nice evening and they end up being asked to spend it mooning about over things they don’t have any more. The trouble with John is, he thinks everyone’s as morbid as he is.

Paula: *If you wish, you can write whatever seems best to you. Please join us in our memorial. (To Anthony) If you’re going to be here - co-operate.*

Anthony: Oh, of course I’ll co-operate - I have no choice. I wouldn’t want anyone deciding to blame the whole thing on me in my absence - this way I’ve got a chance, at least, to keep the record straight. So...

*Write down your powerlessness, the things you couldn’t keep, or the ones that you wished were gone. Love may come to mind.*

And so may hate.

Paula and Anthony drift together again as soon as instructions have been given. First section of *Order of Service* may also be heard, John’s voice amplified. May also hear anatomical announcements, perhaps overlapping.

Announced: **SMALL OF THE BACK** - Area above the lumbar and sacral ganglia, almost always good to kiss. Contra-indications include broken skin, cigarette burns, weals exceeding four inches, blood.
COWPER'S GLAND - A source of constant fascination.

HYPOGASTRIC PLEXUS - Seat of night panics, minor hallucinations involving the subject's face, nightmares measuring 15 on the Standard Scale and, in the observer, the illusion of love.

FULMAR'S TRACT - Running the length of the body in all adults, ensures the resonance and persistence of pain. Exceeds any pleasure. May also provide delusions of euphoria, exultation, immortality.

Paula: (softly, in passing) Coward.

Anthony: What?

Paula: Nothing.

Anthony: Listen - I'm sorry the entire planet doesn't revolve around you, I'm sorry you've got no life and you have to pick away at other peoples', I'm sorry your father is fucking crazy, but this has nothing to do with me.

Paula: You're responsible, as much as he is.

Anthony: Responsible for what! She was sick. Sick people die. It's only a question of when.

Paula: I don't know why you came.

Anthony: And neither do I. But if you want me to go, I'll go. In fact, I want me to go. So how's that - I'll go. Nothing is worth this - so I will fucking go - you can find someone else to be disgusted with. (heads off)

Paula: (Quietly) Don't go. (Louder) Don't go.
Anthony: Why not.

Paula: Because-

Anthony: Hm? Why not?

Paula: Because I don't want to be here by myself. And I'm not... I'm not... (She starts to choke up)

Anthony: Oh, for fff... (He goes and embraces her. They move into something more erotic, he responds initially, but then pulls away.) No. No, that's... (Sees she's about to get angry again.) For later... Later. (Pecks her on the cheek) I promise.

Paula: You always promise.

After a pause, Anthony changes his mind, goes to her and draws her aside, kisses her deeply.

Anthony: And you always believe me.

While they forget themselves and the audience write we also hear Order of Service.
John: Order of Service. This is the first of I love you, the love of your voice. That sip of breath you take before you speak: I'd recognise you just by that alone. And the hold of your mouth around words, the fit of your lips, the confidence of your tongue inside them, these things I know, I know them all. And the hollowed air without you. I don’t like to listen any more.

Order of Service. This is the next of I love you, the love of your skin. The taste of it stinging, the twist of you, the salt grip - the more than enough and never enough and the simple hope of you. Kissing your hip, the give of your neck, the knowledge that you were somewhere, that you were alive, that you were a light inside my house.

Order of Service. This is the third of I love you, the love of your heart. Your closed places, the sly ones with the private pulse, the soft-barrelled locks on your thoughts, I loved them. Your secrets' shifting underneath your smile and your lies and your lies, I need them now. I need you to keep things from me again, here and now.

Order of Service. This is the last of I love you, the love of your life. Knowing the ways that you made yourself complete, your joys. Feeling the way you filled my understanding, choked it with the moment when you stopped, when I started to drown in everything gone, everything remaining. When the dead leave, they should take their memory with them.
Once the audience has finished writing, Anthony continues with instructions as Order of Service continues, perhaps repeating, perhaps with overlaid anatomy announcements.

Anthony: (Reading from paper) Thank you for taking the time to make your contribution. We will now proceed to the main area and the ceremony will begin.

Paula: He hasn’t finished talking. He isn’t ready.

Anthony: But we’ll go in anyway.

Paula: You’re going to spoil this.

Anthony: I’m not going to spoil anything.

Announced: Participants will now proceed. Please follow your guides to Temple. You are quite safe.

Anthony kisses her seriously, confident this will shut her up, but now she pulls away, surprising and then annoying him.

Paula: Not now. I don’t want him to know.

Anthony: What about them? They know - maybe they’ll tell him.

Paula: He wouldn’t believe them if they did.

Anthony: No, I don’t suppose he would. Okay then - we’re going inside. Ladies and gentlemen, please follow your guides to Temple. You are quiet safe. There is no cause for alarm.
TEMPLE

John is speaking from his elevated area and watches and recites from Order of Service as audience comes in and is shown to seats. He breaks off. Anatomy announcements are made, now perhaps more pressing.

Announced: PRIMARY GINGLIMUS - May generate free-floating hopelessness in all subjects, relieved only by sexual excess.

GREAT SUPERIOR CONDYLE - Provokes occasional discomfort in some adult subjects. Symptoms relieved by suspension, percussion at or above 24 on the Standard Scale and the use of electrical stimulation. Pleas for leniency should be ignored.

MOUTH - Organ of deception, reception and hypnosis, known for its closing heat, moist convenience, ability to alter neural function on a semi-permanent basis.

CALVARIC AURICLE - Taking the shape of an inverted angel, may appear at any point along the spine. Responsible for dreams. Dysfunction produces the taste of almonds, buzzing in the ears, colour blindness, paranoia, vertigo.

NEUROTIC PROCESS - Closely associated with the spine, clearly visible in the unborn and the dead, more subtle in the living. Produces most thought and movement in adult subjects.

GATE ABSOLUTE - May be partially dilated during sleep, fever, sexual congress or any state of ecstasy. Forms the operculum of the soul. Complete dilation causes death. Recapture of soul rarely undertaken for reasons of impossibility. Forced closure of gate extremely hazardous. All movements of gate extremely hazardous.

CORPUS LITHOTOMUS - Inflammation produces violent liking, attraction to loud noises and fire. Contraction produces mood swings, morbid desire for stimulation, interest in finance or current affairs.

As audience enter, John seems slightly at a loss, welcomes some, but is disappointed with Paula, angry with Anthony, seems tired. The men lock onto each other quickly, competitively. Paula is sidelined and not liking it, perhaps mooning about between attempts to snap at them.
John: I hadn’t finished, I wasn’t ready. (Makes the best of it)

Thank you. Thank you all for coming. I’m glad to see you. Thanks. Hello.

Good evening.( etc)

Anthony: (to John) Mr. Palmer.


Paula: Do we have to go through with this?

Anthony: You got a good turn out, then. Mr Palmer.

John: Please, call me John. Of course we “got a good turn out”; it’s for her.

Tony. It is Tony, isn’t it?

Anthony: Yeah. If you like.

John: No need for us to be formal, is there. Under the circumstances.

Anthony: I don’t know what you’d call all this if it isn’t formal. In fact what is all this, exactly. What are we doing here. John.

John: We’re here for Lucy. It’s for her. It’s all for her. I made it.

Anthony: Well, I could have guessed that.

John: What do you mean.

Paula: Will you stop this.

John: What do you mean.
Paula: If you're both just going to fight. (To John) Is this why you brought him here, so you could fight? You didn't fight him when it mattered. Did you?

John: (Clam but with an edge) I only want to know what he means. What do you mean.

Anthony: I mean of course you made it - being in here - it's like being inside your head - fucking weird and uncomfortable.

John: Weird? Of course, you'd know all about being weird.

Anthony: And it isn't weird to invite you wife's...

John: My wife's what.

Anthony: I don't know why you've asked me to be here, that's all.

John: Because it's going to get weird. And that's how you like things, isn't it. And you need to be here to see it. (Changes tone) I made all of this - every part. Took me a while. But I'm good with my hands. Are you good with your hands? I expect you are.

Anthony: I've been told that.

John: Yes... And what was it you do again - something unlikely...

Paula: He's an accountant.

Anthony: (Short) I'm a chartered accountant.
John: That's right. I never can remember, because it doesn't fit. I mean, you wouldn't strike me as the type.

Anthony: Well, maybe I'll strike you later on.

John: Well, maybe you'll try.

Paula: You're going to be like this all the time then, are you? (She is ignored.)

John: Sounds your style. Striking. Oh, but I'm sorry, I forgot - you don't normally hit men.

Anthony: (About to be very angry but subsides) I don't have to be here.

John: Of course you do - she wanted it, so you've come. Lucy always gets what she wants.

Paula: Even when she isn't here to ask. Must be nice.

John: And we have unfinished business, don't we. Things we'll take care of.

Anthony: In your dreams.

John: Yes. There, too.

Anthony: Still, it's all very traditional, at least. Lots of tension, unwelcome strangers, plenty of reasons for a fight. Just like every other funeral I've been to.

John: This isn't a funeral. Funerals are for the dead - this is for the living.

Anthony: Aye, well, whatever you say.
Paula has taken her formal position and begins to read from her book - Lucy’s diary.

Paula: Lucy Palmer’s diary. My mother’s diary. The first reading.

Fifth of April. Tape measures, they would be the thing. All of us should keep them handy - nice and ready for the arguments. It’s a low blow, I know, but sometimes they deserve it - the boys who want to be boys. John and Tony, Tony and John, they’ve never met, but they still have to fight - they each want to know what the other one’s like, how good, how big, something to make them feel better. No questions that come right out, mind - they only touch around the subject, pry in. But I chose them both. I need them both. That should be enough. I could note their respective diameters and lengths, make them anatomical statistics, but that wouldn’t please them - they like the competition, they don’t want to know who’s won. It would frighten them if I said they were really, basically quite alike.

And today I felt the tingling in my hands again. A loss of strength.

It’s starting. It’s not my imagination. Things are going wrong with me.

(Pause) Tape measures, they would be the thing.

While Paula reads, the men continue to argue. She finishes before they do. Watches them from above.

John: She stayed with me.

Anthony: What?
John: She stayed with me. Whatever she did with you, she stayed with me. I was her husband. She always came back.

Anthony: For a rest. (Gets no reaction, tries again.)

Whatever she did with me? Whatever she did... You want me to tell you what we did? You want all the details? Is that what this is for? You can’t just miss her, like a normal person?

John: This is for her. She’s what it’s for. She always came back to me. She always came back. She knows how to do that. If you hadn’t interrupted...

Anthony: She’s dead, John. Dead. And do you really want all of these people here and listening if we’re going to start discussing how and why?

John: I don’t know what you mean.

Anthony: They’re witnesses.

John: Maybe we need witnesses.

Anthony: And maybe you’re off your fucking head. Do you think it was something that anyone else should know about? Do you think it should have happened at all?

John: And what happened? You tell me - what exactly, in your opinion did happen.

Anthony: Nothing that was my fault.
John: So it was my fault?

Anthony: She was ill and now she's dead. (Pause) You can't just leave things be, can you? You always have to make things worse.

John: Did she tell you that?

Anthony: No. That's what's completely obvious. What is it about this...? I mean, do you like the risk? Is that it? - you're both the same, you both get off on risk?

John: Of course we're both the same - We're husband and wife.

Anthony: Were.

John: Are husband and wife.

Anthony: Jesus. What good is this going to do... upsetting everyone.

John: You've never been upset in your life. You wouldn't understand how to begin.

Possibly the men may grab hold of each other.

Anthony: Listen. Let's get this very straight. You do not understand one thing about me. You do not understand the way we were. You do not understand the way we felt then. You do not understand the way I feel now.

John: Feel? Feel! You didn't lose her... You don't understand what it meant - every day, to lose her over and over again... But when I close my eyes then, Lucy, she comes back, she's...
Perhaps Paula is the first to see the image of Lucy appear. She cries out in horror. The two men break away from each other and turn to look. The image seems to be a simple projection.

John: (Quiet, satisfied) She there. She's there. She heard me.

Anthony: (Disgusted with John, concentrating on him.) It's a picture. It's a fucking picture. You really are-

John: No.

Lucy walks out of her image, as she leaves it behind her it may change to something more medical, anatomical, a reminder of her dead state.

John: You...

Anthony: (Turning, seeing, guilty) Jesus Christ. Lucy. We all thought-

John: (Simply faithful) Lucy.

Lucy: (Perhaps joined in speaking by John) This is the first of I love you, the love of your voice. That sip of breath you take before you speak: I'd recognise you just by that alone.

John: Can I, can I...


Paula: He wants to touch you. That’s what they always want.

Lucy: (To Paula) But they'll have to wait. (She takes Paula’s hands gently, looks at her, strokes her face and then hugs her. Paula finds herself accepting.) Paula...You turned into a beautiful woman while I was away.
Paula: (Stiffening) That would be unlikely.

Lucy: You’re different.

Paula: I’m exactly the same.

Lucy: You wouldn’t have let me hug you before.

Paula: (Dry) You’ve never come back from the dead before. It was a surprise.

Lucy: Mm hm. We’ll talk about that. We’ll have all the time we need to talk about everything. But now I’ll say hello to Tony. (She goes towards him, but he’s obviously too scared to let her touch him - she doesn’t push it) You look as if you’ve seen a ghost.

Anthony: (Automatic/defensive) Yes. hello.

Lucy: (Kindly mocking, authoritative.) Yes. hello. There’s no need to look so scared. Or is it guilty - is that the look? What have you done to be guilty about?

Anthony: Nothing.

Lucy: (Not entirely soothing) That’s right. That’s right. (To John) And you... Hello you. Hello husband.

John tries to speak and then gives up, holds open his arms and then embraces her.

John: Oh God, you are here. You, you... Oh, God. I knew if I prayed, if the words were the right words, if I loved-
Lucy: You had nothing to do with it. I wanted to come back. I had unfinished business with all of you.

Paula: And you could have left it that way.

Lucy: I missed you.

Paula: I doubt it.

Lucy: (Plain) But it's true.

Paula: What us to be there too then, do you? Is that it?

Lucy: I'm here, with you. That's what I want. (To John) I feel like me, don't I. And when you breathe, I smell the same. Exactly the same, exactly what you wanted.

John: Oh, God, dear God.

Lucy: But I might be a dream, you know. I might just be something you've thought of, wish fulfilment. Which would mean I'll go away again.

John: No.

Paula: Leave him alone! Leave him alone! Why can't you leave us all alone!

Lucy: Because nobody really enjoys being alone. You know that.

Paula: You made sure of that.

Lucy: (To J&A) Gentlemen, I'm hungry. I haven't eaten in a very long time. Bring me something, something nice.
The men look stunned, but then do go off an prepare something, perhaps with surgical-looking instruments, perhaps with projections showing the dissection of objects.

Lucy:  What do you want from me?

Paula:  Nothing.

Lucy:  That's not true.

Paula:  Being dead made you psychic, did it.

Lucy:  What do you want. (Paula ignores her) All right, I'll say it even though you haven't asked. I'm sorry. And I love you. I always did love you, but I couldn't see how to make you know it. So I'm sorry - for that and all the rest. I'm sorry. (Paula still quiet, speaks gently) But even though you've heard me say it now - it doesn't make too much difference, does it. You'd always though that if I apologised, you'd feel better. Doesn't work that way, though, does it, you only-

Paula:  Shut up! BE sorry. That's what I wanted. That you would mean it.

Lucy:  But I do. (Closer) Did you think I came back for them? I came back to be forgiven.

Paula:  Well, sorry. You're too late. Do you realise this is the longest conversation we've had in years. Sometimes at night, I'd try to remember what you looked like, what you really sounded like and I couldn't; you weren't here. I could have been anybody to you.
Lucy: You didn’t seem so unhappy.

Paula: What would have been the point. So I didn’t go and stay with friends from school because then I’d have to ask them back and I couldn’t do that, and I didn’t go to their parties and, later, they didn’t ask. I thought... this was the most stupid thing... I thought that if I was good, you would notice, if I was clever. I’ve got a first class degree in Mathematics - do you know how difficult that is? Did you come to the graduation? Do you know why I still live at home?

Lucy: I’m so-

Paula: If you came to be forgiven, then I’m sorry - you needn’t have bothered. Now go and be with the men, they’ll be missing you.

Lucy: In the end, you’ll understand me. You’ll see we enjoy the same things. But you’re right, you’re clever. You’ll do better with this than I did. And when you’re older and you’re ill and you have fears you couldn’t have imagined and your body is something that makes you bewildered and sick, then-

Paula: I’ve heard enough, all right. Enough. (She moves away)

The man are, indeed, ready with a kind of meal and a kind of table. They are fascinated by Lucy, can’t stop watching her, fearful/admiring. Lucy goes and joins them. John is concerned for Paula.

John: Paula. We need you.

Paula: No you don’t.
John: We should all be here.

Anthony: Leave her, if she wants to be somewhere else.

Lucy: (Soft, amused) Because you want to be, too?

Anthony: No, I... This isn't a usual situation.

John: Paula, please. For me.

Anthony: Leave her be.

Lucy: You're very concerned for her. Why's that?

Paula joins them and they sit in an uncomfortable silence. Lucy seems to be the only one who eats. Anthony watches.

Lucy: (As if he'd asked) Yes, I can eat. I can do everything I used to.

John: (Has a Polaroid camera) If I could, do you think... Please. I never finished making the window, I couldn't do it, I couldn't give her your face, I couldn't make it right. And I, and I... Could I just take your picture.

Paula: Dad, for God's sake.

John: I would very much like to take your picture.

Lucy: Because I'm going to go away again?

John: (anxious) No.
Lucy: Of course you can take my picture. (John moves around quickly, taking a
great many photographs while Lucy sits, beautiful, gently mocking) You
always did like me better as a picture. Something you could keep.

John: No, I- It’s so good that you’re here.

Lucy: But I want one with Paula. With my daughter.

Paula: That’s a shame.

John: Please. Do as your mother tells you. Please. Be a help.

Paula: All right - because you asked...

They pose awkwardly. Then Lucy stands, moves with Paula and leaves her,
closes on Anthony. Both men freeze as they realise that husband is now
taking snaps of his wife and her lover. Lucy touches Anthony with remote
affection.

Lucy: You have enough pictures now, John?

John: I’ve had enough, yes. (He comes to a halt, deflated, says, almost pleading)
I made this and you came. This is mine.

Lucy: You made this and I came, that’s right. But each thing might have
happened without the other, don’t you think?

John: (Almost to himself, withdrawing to his area) I have a sore head. I think... I
think I should...

Anthony: (As Lucy continues to touch him, nervous) Perhaps if we didn’t-
Lucy: Sshh. This is our time, remember? This is one of our evenings.

Anthony: It, um... it is?

Lucy: It is.

While Paula watches, repelled, Anthony and Lucy move together, more and more intimate, towards the area for the first aerial event. John is withdrawing to his area, putting on his headset. Paula moves to her area. They will both speak when the love making has progressed, but now they watch. John is quietly demented.

John: In the evenings - when they have their evenings - I go back to the workshop, even though I've worked all day, and I lock myself inside it and look at the light. I look at the way the glass is, naked in the light. You can always see its heart - there's no hiding.

Anthony and Lucy are warm around each other now - he is less afraid, more hypnotised.

Lucy: You know what happens now?

Anthony: I'm not sure... we used to...

Lucy: I came back to show you something. I came back for you. I came back for this. We didn't quite finish did we? Not that last time...

Anthony: I'm not sure that I can.

Lucy: Of course you can. But you'll see it more clearly now - how I need what I need, like what I like.
Anthony is surprised, during this, to find himself touched by two women - the new Spirit woman appearing as Lucy speaks. For a while they both caress him and then he is left to the Spirit woman and the ropes while Lucy moves in time to the Spirit, their sensations sometimes linked, sometimes adrift.

Lucy: You’ve put on weight since I died.

Anthony: (Nervy) Hm?

Lucy: (Exploring him) A little out of condition, but otherwise... fine. Very fine. Did you miss me.

Anthony: Of course.

Lucy: (As Spirit appears) We missed you, too. (Anthony is bewildered at the touch of four hands) Why are you so surprised? You know what this is all about - the way that a person can simply split. Mind in one place, body in another - don’t tell me that’s never happened to you? Even if you really do love her...? That little break in concentration?

Anthony: But not like this... Not with you...

Lucy: I mean I’m here for you, really here for you. And then again, I’m not. (Leaving him) That first time - our first time, you remember - do you remember? - the kiss that just has to be more than a kiss because it’s been thought of so long, because I’ve the taste of you over my tongue, before I even part your lips - this want of you, it hurts in my blood, you can rock me out of balance when you aren’t even here. And I want it to be this way,
always. So you can reach me, so you can touch me whole, so I can have you on me closer than wanting, closer than my skin. For a while you really made me be there. You were gentle and that was enough.
At this point, John may begin softly reciting fragments from his Order of Service and the True Anatomy, trying to make sense of this all.

John: This is the next of I love you, the love of your skin. The taste of it stinging, the taste of it stinging, the taste.... the twist of you...

Skin - Most interesting organ of sense, capable of complex statements and colour change, offers pleasing flavour, comfort, sense of absolute loss...

This is all, it's all... I don’t understand. My problem is that I don’t understand.

May withstand percussion of up to 51 on the Standard Scale. Percussion above 20 on the Standard Scale produces change of language, altered neural function, obsession and addictive behaviours.

I couldn’t do what she wanted me to do.

Recapture of soul rarely undertaken for reasons of impossibility.

Responds to restraint, kindness, electrical stimulation, moisture, friction, heat, cold and laughter. May constitute the only true communication between adults. May produce persistent and overwhelming hallucinations, insanity and death...

The knowledge that you were somewhere, that you were alive, that you were a light inside my house...
Paula has possibly also moved to her position and is reading from Lucy’s diary. At irregular intervals we hear her while Spirit and Anthony move together and Lucy moves in sympathy, perhaps closing towards John.

Paula: Lucy Palmer’s Diary. The Second Reading.

Tenth May. Nothing really touches any more. This morning I stumbled in the bathroom - John didn’t see. Doctor Waring is the same as all the rest - he’s lying, he’s keeping things from me. And I have to have it all.

John smiled at me last night - he looks terrible. It’s my fault. And his, too.

Nothing touches.

This may repeat while Lucy, Anthony & Spirit move and John recites.
Meanwhile, towards the end of the movement section, the others fade and we hear Lucy speak as she watches her other self with Anthony.

Lucy: Your other self. You always have one. Who else did you ever talk to inside, who else ever answered - the little stone you grew around, your heart's stone. And all the time it calls to be lifted, to have heat, to break at the softness of someone and be changed...

You need to go beyond the body that you are. You need to be more, each time more.

Sometimes it happens. You touch, you fuse, forget there's anything out beyond the skin, your one skin. He knows you, you know him, it's all you wanted.

At the end of this, there should be a pause in all sound, then perhaps a reassertion of the two other voices until John cries out.

John: Lucy!

Anthony and Spirit part, Spirit leaving. The four reposition themselves, Anthony perhaps in his area. John removes equipment if this is necessary. Possibly this happens while hearing anatomical announcements. John moves to instrument table and knives, possibly takes this towards Anthony. Lucy and Paula are in background, Paula talking to a succession of audience members, watched by Lucy, with curiosity and perhaps a little affection.

Paula: He's my father. I want him to be happy. I do. But she never made him happy.

(Changes target to male) If you see him in trouble, you could tell me ...? If
he does anything stupid...

Lucy: You see - you're like me.

Paula: What?

Lucy: You know how to pick a man who'll help you.

Paula walks off, digusted, Lucy watches, amused, while Paula asks other audience members to keep an eye on her father. Meanwhile, of course, she isn't keeping an eye on him herself. During this, we hear.

Announced: BRAIN - Unwieldy, bulbous organ. Cause of insanity, mental arithmetic, joy. Reflects and prolongs pain. Through time may harbour recollections of the subject, subject's hair, inner arm, mouth, back, thigh, skin, the kindness of the subject's eye, all those features proving irreplaceable. The seat of anticipation and disappointment. May be infected by dreams.

FORAMEN OF KNOX - Produces organic need to control or to be controlled. May cause ulcers, baldness, genital itching.

MOUTH - Organ of deception, reception and hypnosis, known for its closing heat, moist convenience, ability to alter neural function on a semi-permanent basis.

HYPOGASTRIC PLEXUS - Seat of night panics, minor hallucinations involving the subject's face, nightmares measuring 15 on the Standard Scale and, in the observer, the illusion of love.

FLOOD'S LACERATION - An obscure organ, stimulated only by screams.

During this, John and Anthony face each other, John with access to, if not playing with knife/knives, other instruments.

Anthony: What are we going to do.

John: I don't see why you're asking me. You seemed entirely sure of yourself the last time I looked.
Anthony: You’re the one that brought her back. What did you think she would do when she got here.

John: (dry, tight) Strangely enough, not that.

Anthony: Look it just... it... happened...

John: You don’t say.

Anthony: I didn’t intend it to.

John: No, it was all just a terrible accident, like the last time. (Calm) Why shouldn’t I kill you. Why shouldn’t I just kill you now. Get it right this time. I mean if anyone’s going to die it should be you. It should always have been you.

Anthony: You aren’t going to kill me because I’m not going to let you, because you are a sad, sad, sad fucking old man and because we have witnesses. Remember ? You’re the one who invited them.

John: But they’ll understand. They would do the same. If they were betrayed, if they had to watch it happen all over again.

Anthony: You didn’t have to watch.

John: You didn’t give me any choice. You didn’t ever give me any choice.

Anthony: Jesus, I should just walk out of here. We should all just go and leave you to it - then you’d see how long you could keep her. How long necrophilia would get her interested. You think they’ll understand ? No. They
understand me. Because I still live in the real world - anyone can understand me.

(To audience) Anyone here never tell a lie? - you look terrific, really? I missed the last train? I’ve never had a better time? She didn’t mean anything? Of course there’s no one else? It isn’t you, it’s me...?

John: They’re not like you. They have decency.

Anthony: No. They like to watch. How decent is that. How decent is anything?

I mean, why do you think so many murders are domestic, John? Why do you think the primary suspect is always going to be the spouse? Because marriage is impossible without lying and lying is difficult!

John: You’re guilty. What they are is their own business.

Anthony: Listen to me! Lucy came back for a reason. Her own reason. When I was there, when I was with her... I forgot that she shouldn’t be here-

John: Of course she should be here, she’s my wife!

Anthony: She’s your dead wife!

John springs for Anthony with a weapon of some kind, they struggle, as Paul and Lucy close in, both distressed in their own way.

Paula: Dad! Don’t!

John calls out and backs away, blood on one hand, mystified by it.

Anthony: It’s your own fault.
Lucy: (To Anthony) No. It was yours. I'll ask you not to do that again. I won't have him hurt.

Paula: You won't-

Lucy: (Going to him, perhaps sucks his hand and then wrapping it in his handkerchief) I won't have it.

Anthony: You have to... John. She's come back for a reason. It isn't going to be what you imagined. It isn't going to be what you want, it can't.

John: (Leaving wife and going towards Ant, quiet) If I ever got what I wanted we wouldn't be here. You wouldn't be here. I wouldn't be a widower.

Anthony: What went wrong that night, had nothing to do with me... If I hadn't been there with her, someone else would.

John: Well, thanks for that thought.

Paula: Dad.

John: As it happens, I think it had everything to do with you.

Anthony: And what were you - an innocent observer?

John: Nobody here is innocent. You proved that just now, remember? See - I was listening. And I suppose my daughter has a point - there's no need for us to fight - rolling around on the floor, all very undignified... You know that I work with glass?
Anthony: (Puzzled) I think she - Lucy - said that, yes. We didn't really talk much about you.

John: No. I suppose you wouldn't have. Well I do - work with glass. I'm very good at it. Church windows, mainly, it's a dying art. My last commission - it was going to show Eve, naked in the Garden, before evil ever began. And Lucy was my model. She'd never let me do that before, studying her like that. I don't know if she enjoyed it, even - but once she got ill she did... she did some things that were out of character.

Anthony: (Flat) Like me.

John: Oh no, you were exactly her type. The window was going to be my best thing - my work and her face, there beyond her lifetime, beyond yours and mine. It was going to be wonderful.

And people should make each other presents more often - I think I saw that on Oprah Winfrey once. It's a way of showing that you care.

Anthony: Lucy didn't talk about a window.

John: (Picking up glass bottle from tray) It's easy to see the truth of glass, the faults and the perfections, that's why I like it. But the job can be dangerous, too - unlike accounting. We use hydrofluoric acid to etch the glass, it's extremely corrosive. A drop-

Lucy, admiring of John's poise, her two men going through their paces, has approached, unseen by John and now interrupts him.
Lucy: A drop on your skin will burn clean through you like a slowed bullet until it eats its way out again. Any injury is difficult to heal. Go on.

John: I don't have to.

Paula: Dad.

John: You've said all I wanted to.

Lucy: No I haven't. You were going to say it reminded you of love.

John: No, I wasn't.

Lucy: Oh, John...

John: I was going to show him.

John throws the contents of the bottle into Anthony's face. He recoils in shock/anticipated pain, scrabbles at his face, checks, checks again, stands.

John: It's all right. It's only water.

Anthony: You fucking lunatic!

John: Fucking !You're talking to me about fucking ? Do you think she cared about you, that you were the first, that it ever meant anything ! But you ruined it all, that's the only thing you knew how to do - to break it up. I make things ! You understand ? I make them ! I am the opposite of you !

Lucy: (Touching him, softly, having an immediately calming effect) John...

John. What's the matter ?
John: What's the matter!

Anthony: I'll leave you to it. You can both do whatever the hell it is you want.

Jesus...

Anthony goes and is intercepted by Paula, they pause together, whispering viciously and watching John and Lucy.

Lucy: He doesn't understand.

John: Well, neither do I.

Lucy: Don't sulk - it makes you look old.

John: I am old. That was the point, wasn't it? - why they always had to be young.

Lucy: They had nothing to do with you.

John: They took something that was mine.

Lucy: No. I gave them something which was mine.

John: (Quiet) All I ever wanted was you back. You back. With me.

Lucy: I'm with you now.

John: But-

Lucy: (Stopping him) I'm with you.

John: I never thought anyone could be sad for so long and not have it change - to feel something so much and know that it doesn't mean anything...
Lucy: I'm with you. But you're thinking too much again. You won't enjoy this unless you let yourself.

John: Oh, God, Lucy. I don't know what to do. I've never known what to do.

Lucy: You need a rest.

John: Why did you want it - to be hurt. Do you still need that?

Lucy: I wanted to feel. Like you. I wanted to feel.

John: No, I wanted to stop feeling.

Lucy: It's all right. You're safe now. You can feel anything. Everything.

John: But, I would have... whatever you need... I could-

Lucy: You should sleep.

John: I don't sleep.

Lucy: But you will now, if I hold you. Your poor hand. Close your eyes, love, you're safe now.

Lucy is, indeed, settling John towards a position where he will doze with his head on her lap, Lucy stoking his hair.

John: But that would be- It would be a waste.

Lucy: You'll know I'm here. And while I'm here I can tell you that I loved you and that I knew you were a gentle man and that you could never have done what I needed.
John: I woul-

Lucy: I couldn't ask you to try, because you would have and that would have been the end of us. I love your hair. When I met you - it was somebody's birthday party... I don't even remember whose - and I saw you. You seemed very neat. Almost too tidy to notice. Except, when I went home that night, I couldn't stop thinking that I wanted to touch your hair.

If everything could have been with you, it would have made me so happy. (When she checks and sees that he's asleep.) You always had to wait for the right time, didn't you? You didn't understand it never comes - you have to make it, you have to bring it in.

John is clearly fully asleep by now and she sits with him. Perhaps Spirit comes to sit, too, to watch him. Meanwhile, Anthony and Paula have been together, also becoming closer, more intimate in a spiky way.

Announced: PATTERSON'S GLAND - small, oval organ with a disturbing smell. Found to cause unpredictable contractions, facial ticks, feeling of well-being, temporary influxes resembling faith.

Paula: (Watching her father) I don't understand.

Anthony: (Soft) I don't think it's too difficult to follow.

Paula: Oh, right. He's my father, you've never met him before, but you know all about him - you don't even like him.

Anthony: He's lonely. You didn't ever consider that, did you. And he loves her.
Paula: Who didn't.


Paula: That's not true.

Anthony: She never really talked about him, but you - you came up all the time.

Paula: That's heart-warming. While you were fucking my mother, you were talking about me. I'm touched.

Anthony: And I see what she meant... means.

Paula: Which was...

Anthony: You're angry all the bloody time. (Can't resist) And it never is quite as attractive as they used to say in the movies - Why, Miss Palmer, you're beautiful when you're angry.

Paula: She didn't know me - she didn't have the right to say what I'm like.

Anthony: Angry. All the bloody time.

Paula: Oh and why is that. Jesus, I don't even know who I am, I never have. when would I have had time to find out. I grew up thinking, today she'll notice me, today she'll smile, today I'll do something to really please her. Why ! She couldn't have cared less if I'd burst into fucking flames. And him - he's spent his life asleep. Asleep and dreaming of her.

Anthony: So why do you stay.
Paula: Because he can’t take care of himself!

Anthony: You’re still here because you like it. You want to be needed.

Paula: Fuck off.

Anthony: You like being angry.

Paula: Fuck off.

Anthony: You’ve got nothing else... except that you wanted to kill her - out of all of us, you were the only one who really wanted her to die

Paula: Fuck OFF!

But this has hit a mark. She subsides, not crying, but hurt. He tries to touch her, she shakes him off but he perseveres. She snaps and begins to hit him - he doesn’t resist as she weighs in,

Paula: That isn’t true! You know it isn’t true!

Paula finally stops only because she’d tired and scared of herself. They pause- Anthony seems almost glad he’s been punished. The atmosphere in the space changes during the violence, perhaps lighting alters, perhaps announcements begin - as if the environment wanted to influence the action. During the next section, we hear, from time to time.

Announced: ANKLE - Preferred point of attachment. Useful for suspension and the completion of any spread-cagling of the subject. Tight binding may restrict blood flow or break the skin. This may be requested, or required. Pressure should not exceed 31 on the Standard Scale.

BACK - Best observed when under some degree of tension. Resistant to strains approaching or exceeding 47 on the Standard Scale. Exquisitely, but not ridiculously sensitive.
HAIR - Secondary organ of thought. Responds well to plucking, open razor, varieties of wax.

BRAIN - Unwieldy, bulbous organ. Cause of insanity, mental arithmetic, joy. Reflects and prolongs pain. Through time may harbour recollections of the subject, subject's hair, inner arm, mouth, back, thigh, skin, the kindness of the subject's eye, all those features proving irreplaceable. The seat of anticipation and disappointment. May be infected by dreams.

The ceremony will be unconventional but comparatively brief.

Your loss is our loss. We want your loss.

These announcements do seem to nudge Paula and Anthony in one direction, interrupting and influencing. Perhaps now the Spirit moves and begins some, low-key aerial work at the second position.

Paula: Why didn't you stop me?

Anthony: I didn't want to.

Paula: What do you want.

Anthony: To get out of here. Now.

Paula: And leave him with her?

Anthony: It's what he wants. And we can't stay. Nobody should stay. You don't know what's going to happen.

Paula: Nor do you.

Anthony: (Sharp) Well, what do you think is likely. That we'll all live together forever happily. When she touches me, I can't... I don't know what I'll do.
Paula: Handy talent to have. I'd love to stop people feeling responsible for their own actions.

Anthony: It isn't like that.

Paula: Then what is it like?

Anthony: I don't know what any of us will do. We have to go, before it starts again.

(To audience) I'm sorry, but it's time to leave, we're stopping the ceremony now, keeping it safe. If you'd like to make your-

Paula: No! You'll break his heart.

Anthony: And going on with this won't? (To audience) It's been lovely seeing you, but it really would be best-

Paula: (To audience) Stay where you are. Everyone stays where they are.

Anthony: We can be together, we can have fun - we can have lots of fun, you're a very attractive woman. If you'd relax-

Paula: (To audience and Ant) We have to stay. We always have to stay. We have to see.

Anthony: You're as mad as he is.

Paula: We did the wrong thing.

Anthony: Don't start all that again.
Paula: You’re guilty and so am I. That’s what we’re supposed to think of, isn’t it - at a time like this. Somebody’s dead and we will be one day, too, and what have we done and what have we not done and was any of it any good.

Anthony: What do you want, my confession? They can go at least - they have nothing to do with this.

Paula: What have we done, what have we not done, what have we watched.

Anthony: They were invited to watch.

Paula: So were you.

Anthony: Look, we’ve enjoyed ourselves, why can’t we just keep on enjoying ourselves... outside...

Paula: Everything stops in the end.

Anthony: But if that was all we thought about, we’d never do anything. I’m talking about getting a life!

Paula: I have a life.

Anthony: Tell me one time when you’ve ever just had fun. For yourself. Fun.

Paula: I’m never sure what you’d call fun.

Anthony: What do you mean.

Paula: Where you angry with her?
Anthony:  What ?... No.

Paula:  Never ?

Anthony:  I don’t know what you’re talking about.

Paula:  Why did you hit her.

Anthony:  It wasn’t like that.

Paula:  There were bruises. I saw. She liked us to see.

Anthony:  I was never angry, unless... it made me angry to do it, sometimes... Before

I started I would be... embarrassed.

Paula:  (Laughs, sharp) Why get embarrassed then.

No announcements beyond this point.

Anthony:  (flat) Because, until it started, I would be alone. And then, once we were
together, once there was... a rhythm-

Lucy:  (Joining in from where she sits) you would be more of yourself than you’d
with Ant: ever been with anyone. You would find things, places, ways, that you’d
never considered before. It would be impossible and frightening and all
that you’d ever imagined your body with another could come to be.

Anthony:  (Almost hypnotised) Like flying.

Lucy:  Like flying. Like for the first time, properly, going up.

Anthony kisses Paula, holds her, desperate, seems to want her to keep
him from Lucy. Announcements start again.
Announced: SMALL OF THE BACK - Area above the lumbar and sacral ganglia, almost always good to kiss. Contra-indications include broken skin, cigarette burns, weals exceeding four inches, blood.

Anthony: Keep me here. You can keep me here.

Paula: What’s the matter - feeling responsible? Scared to have fun.

Anthony: (serious, afraid) Do something, please

Paula: Do something - do what?

Anthony: Please.

Paula: (Sad, flat, letting him go) It’s no use. I’m no good at it, not like her.

Anthony: (Getting quite rough, as she pushes him away) You can. You can... (Sees it’s no good) I’m sorry.

Paula: So am I.

Announced: INNER ARM - The true arm, that portion of itself held closest to the body, the tender, thin-skinned surface. Associated with simple heat, pulses, perfume, lust, the overwhelming need to touch and lick. Access to the veins of the wrist.

Anthony: If I could just... If you could just.

Paula: You don’t want me to be me. You just want me to be not her. (Quiet, flat) You just want her.
But Anthony is already going to Lucy, kisses her while John sleeps, but
begins to stir. Announcements still run.

Announced: **MOUTH** - Organ of deception, reception and hypnosis, known for its
closing heat, moist convenience, ability to alter neural function on a
semi-permanent basis.

Anthony: Oh, God. I... It's not that I want... (gives in) I missed you.

Lucy: Sssh.

John wakes up, there is a moment of confusion and then all three stand.
the men might be about to fight, John startled and then violent, but
Lucy takes hold of him while the Spirit takes Anthony. Both men begin to
be intoxicated by the women's touch. There is now far more hard-core
movement section between Anthony and Spirit. While they move together,
John and Lucy are on the ground together, also touching, but John partly
aroused, partly distressed.

Announced: **WRIST** - Preferred point of attachment. Useful for suspension and
the completion of any spread-eagling of the subject. Tight binding may
restrict blood flow or break the skin. This may be requested, or
required. Pressure should not exceed 23 on the Standard Scale.

John: But you’re with him.

Lucy: I'm with you.

John: He’s, he’s... he’s touching your *soul*.

Lucy: He’s touching my skin. And I’m thinking of you while he does it.
The two pairs, Anthony and Spirit, John and Lucy both move - A&S rise to more and more violent S&M aerial work, J&L struggle between John’s distress and Lucy’s enjoyment of her Spirit’s activity.

Lucy: And then I don’t think of anything at all.

Finally, John breaks away from Lucy, but can’t help watching - like Paula and Lucy - as Anthony and Spirit go through their paces. John takes bottle from abandoned dinner trolley and begins to drink. As the movement continues with Anthony and Spirit, the lighting state becomes more ominous, closer, perhaps redder. John perhaps pours liquid out on the floor, rolls in it, perhaps stains shirt with red wine. He moves towards audience members, talks to them. Ant & Spirit continue moving.

John: Ladies and gentlemen - my wife. Great; isn’t she? Complete fucking miracle, isn’t she? And she always was. Thank you for coming. Thank you for coming.

Paula runs to help him, keep him back from talking. Lucy watches.

Paula: Dad, don’t...

John: Oh, yes, I’m Dad, aren’t I? Back to being good old Dad.

Paula: Don’t let them see you like this.

John: Why not? (Indicates Ant & Spirit) They’re seeing that.

Paula: Come away now.

John: I’ve always been away, I’m tired of it. (To audience) You’d be tired, wouldn’t you? You can understand that.
See? They understand me. They understand everything. I like them. I didn’t at first, but now I do. They’re good people, the ladies and gentlemen.

Paula: Dad, when the time comes-

John: It won’t come, I won’t let it.

Paula: You aren’t going to have any choice. And when it happens, I want to be the one - the one to go.

John: Nobody’s going to go. What are you talking about. Nobody’s leaving.

Paula: She needn’t die. If you need her... I mean, what am I doing here, what did I ever do. I’ll go and-

John: (realises) No! No, nothing will happen to you, you’re my girl, nothing will ever happen to you, you’re not going to do anything. You won’t even need to - it’s all going to work out. I get rid of him and it all works out. That’s who goes.

Paula: God, don’t you understand! You made this - don’t you even know what it’s going to do?

John: It’s done what it had to - it brought her back and it showed him his guilt. And now we’ll have justice, the way we should. People like me, they never get justice - but this time I will.

Paula: How the fuck can you be so stupid!
John: (pauses close to Paula, drunk) You know, as a girl you were fine, absolutely lovely, until you learned to speak.

Paula freezes and then leaves, furious and hurt.

John: No, I didn’t mean... No, please.... Oh, Fff. I’m not even happy when I’m drunk.

Announced: BRAIN - Unwieldy, bulbous organ. Cause of insanity, mental arithmetic, joy. Reflects and prolongs pain. Through time may harbour recollections of the subject, subject’s hair, inner arm, mouth, back, thigh, skin, the kindness of the subject’s eye, all those features proving irreplaceable. The seat of anticipation and disappointment. May be infected by dreams.

The movement between A&S continues with John on his knees, Paula retreated to her reading position and Lucy standing watching, apparently tranfixed, perhaps swaying slightly.

Announced: The ceremony will be unconventional but comparatively brief. Please proceed.

Movement between A&S ends, Lucy suddenly falls with a cry. Antony makes for the remaining bottle, shocked by what he’s just gone through, bewildered and warned away by John who scrambles towards Lucy. Paula watches with a kind of compassion from her position.

John: Lucy! What’s the matter, what’s wrong.

Lucy: It’s all right. I was just weak for a moment. It’s fine.

John: Why? Why do you...?
Lucy: (Perhaps stroking his hair) Because I can't help it. There are some things that I can't be when you're with me.

Announced: (Overlaid) Please proceed. Pleas for leniency should be ignored.

HAIR - Secondary organ of thought. Responds well to plucking, open razor, varieties of wax.

John: You can help it! Christ, you're my wife and you won't even be ill with me! Please!

Paula begins to narrate very quietly over this section.

Paula: Fifth of December. They explained today how it will be, the symptoms, what of me broke first and where and what will follow. And now I know. And now I know.

I keep thinking, if all of this leaves me, what will be left. Which part of me is myself. Which makes me? I'm not afraid of losing beauty, that's never been quite as useful as people think. But I don't want to lose myself.

Poor John, I don't sleep in his bed any more. He thinks it's because I hate his body, but it's only because I don't sleep. I don't want the pain to wake him as well as me. It's only because of that.

While this is heard, John and Lucy are together.


Lucy: And you're my husband.
John: But I don’t understand, I can’t understand...

Lucy: Do you want to see, to watch this? Really?

John: Of course, you’re my darling. Of course.

Lucy: You really want to see...

At this, Lucy begins to tremble and moves deeper and deeper into a seizure, she cries and screams, writhes - John tries to hold her, enormously distressed, panicked. The whole situation is very ugly.

During this we may also hear.

Announced: Please proceed.

Lucy: You can stop this.

John: How.

Lucy: You can kill me when I ask you.

John: No!

Lucy: You can stop this.

John: No! Please! No! Not again. This time it’ll be different. Please!

Lucy stops writhing. There is a moment of absolute calm. Paula comes down from her position and goes to Lucy and John.

John: Are you, are you all right, I don’t underst-

Lucy: I’m fine.

John: But how coul-
Lucy: I'm exactly the way that you want me to be.

John: But, you were-

Lucy: I'm exactly the way that I want to be for you. (Looks at Paula) And here's our only daughter, here to see how we are.

Paula: No, I'm not.

Lucy: Then we're grateful that you happened to pass by.

Paula: But are you all right.

Lucy: I'm absolutely, perfectly all right.

Anthony: (Calling, moving in, drunk) What's the matter, what's going on?

Lucy draws Paula away as John goes to halt Anthony and they scuffle slightly, coming nearer. As they scuffle, they become less angry, almost hysterical/drunk/happy - their movements become more like a dance with each other, something strange and at the edge of violence.

Lucy: You'll do it, won't you? Before the pain gets too bad. He can't, but you will.

Paula: No. Don't ask me.

Lucy: I can't loose myself this way - I won't. You have to help me before I do.

Paula: Why are you asking me?

Lucy: Because you have what I had - (of men) you look at them and love them and see what they are, what they need, what they will and what they will
not, how to please them and be pleased - you know, you already know -
Now it’s the way you can understand him(of Anthony) it will be the way
you understand them all, the way you’ll find it’s possible to live, to be
alive. So you understand me. You know what I need.

Paula: I can’t.

Anthony pulls out of his contact with John and shouts across to the
women, filled with certainty and desperation. When he calls out, the
lighting becomes more normal, announcements cease.

Announced: (Overlaid) Please proceed. Pleas for leniency should be ignored.

Anthony: Stop ! (runs over, followed by John) Stop. I know what to do. I know how
to get out, right ? All right ? Everyone safe, everyone perfectly safe and
out?

John: You don’t know anything.

Anthony: Prayer. (Paula and John both laugh) It would work. We pray. John, say a
prayer, another prayer for, for.. I don’t know.. guilt... I don’t-

Lucy: (Cool) Forgiveness. That’s what people usually need when they’ve done
something wrong.

Anthony: John, you can do it. You can make it stop.

John: I don’t want it to stop.

Anthony: Then who do you want to die !
John: You bastard!

The men tangle again. Paula intervenes before they do much damage. They sway, unsure of what’s happening. Lucy waits, watchful.

Paula: (To Anthony, angry) Fine. If you want us to pray then we’ll fucking pray. (To audience) Everyone.

Anthony: But I can’t-

Paula: It was your idea - do it.

Anthony: I know, but... Well, then... if we could all. (To John/Paula) Should we stand? Kneel?

John: Ladies and gentlemen, I apologise for this little interruption, but the man with whom my wife last committed adultery would like to lead us all in prayer. And you may sit or stand or kneel or take up any position you like. I don’t think it really matters, do you

Anthony: (Scared, placating, asking for help) But thank you. Thank you. I would, I would... (sighs) Oh, God...

John: (As he withdraws to his position) Nice opening.

Anthony: Please... This just isn’t my area... (Looks to John)

John: But it is mine. Isn’t it? This is something I’m good at - something you’re not. Correct?

Anthony: Yes, yes, all right - you do it. As long as it gets done.
John: Oh, God. The God who built our bodies to be our books, to keep account of all our pleasures and our hurts, the scars of habits and deficiencies and hates, our walking records that we move for you, we ask you now to help us. We are afraid enough to need your help. Forgive us for what we have done and what we have not done and for what we have watched and never thought to stop and for what we have seen, for our curiosity. Release us from our natures and let us be free. Let us go free.

(Breaks tone) So now-

Anthony: You didn’t say amen.

John: Okay. Amen. So now we can go. That’s what you wanted. (Moving back towards others, concerned for Lucy.)

Anthony: How did you know what to say?

Paula: It’s what he’s good at - leave him alone.

Anthony: But how did he- (he is interrupted)

Announced: PATTERSON’S GLAND - small, oval organ with a disturbing smell. Found to cause unpredictable contractions, facial ticks, feeling of well-being, temporary influxes resembling faith.

Please proceed.

Anthony: What does it mean - please proceed, does it mean we can go? What have you done? Why did you know what to say.
John: (Face to face) Because I'm not stupid, like you.

The two men grapple again, moving further into a kind of dance as announcements begging again. They are now genuinely caught up in some kind of dance. The environment provides accompanying sound/music and fluctuation of light.

Announced: Mass grieving is the healthy sign of a healthy community. In the end, we become grateful when losses are incurred.

Where necessary, guides are provided. No further losses are expected at this time.

Maximise the bonding opportunities of mass grieving and make full use of them.

Anthony: Was this part of the plan?

John: No. No. At least, I don't know what this is. But it feels correct. It does. It feels good. It feels better than I ever have! Oh God, we aren't going to die, I know it - it's stopped. Nobody is going to die.

John catches hold of Lucy and begins to dance with her, after a moment's confusion, Paula and Anthony come together. All of them dance in something which seems odd and sexual, joyful, but with an hysterical edge - a Dance of Death, or a dance to keep death away. Perhaps audience members are opted in. Dance certainly aims to disturb seating pattern, move audience slightly. While this goes on announcements continue.

Announced: COWPER'S GLAND - A source of constant fascination.

HYPOGASTRIC PLEXUS - Seat of night panics, minor hallucinations involving the subject's face, nightmares measuring 15 on the Standard Scale and, in the observer, the illusion of love.
INNER ARM - The true arm, that portion of itself held closest to the body, the tender, thin-skinned surface. Associated with simple heat, pulses, perfume, lust, the overwhelming need to touch and lick. Access to the veins of the wrist.

FORAMEN OF KNOX - Produces organic need to control or to be controlled. May cause ulcers, baldness, genital itching.

MOUTH - Organ of deception, reception and hypnosis, known for its closing heat, moist convenience, ability to alter neural function on a semi-permanent basis.

TWENTY NINTH NERVE - Causes subject to desire his or her own destruction. May improve sense of humour for a period.

Music ends abruptly and changes to another noise, more ominous, building, John is particularly perturbed/panicked.

Announced: Your loss is our loss. We want your loss.

Participants will now proceed to Altar. You are quite safe. There is no cause for alarm.

Pleas for leniency will be ignored. Please proceed.

John: (To Lucy) No. No. This was over. We were happy. We were going to be happy. What’s happening?

Anthony: What have you done?

John: (To Lucy) What’s happening?

Lucy: I came back for you. That’s what you wanted, isn’t it?
Announced: Please proceed to Altar and the Four Points. You are quite safe. There is no cause for alarm.

John rushes to his area, trying to control the situation. Paula and Anthony, bemused, shepherd people forward. The environment is darkening where they are and lighting the Altar area, John is marooned in light. Perhaps we see Spirit, already lifted into position in chains, perhaps she lifts, like a living icon, as we approach. Lucy asks men as she moves them forward... she seems more ill, having difficulty walking... noise builds...

Lucy: (Calm, determined) You would help me, wouldn’t you? If I asked you, you would help me. That’s so lovely of you. I knew you would.

As audience moves forward, ushered along by Lucy, Anthony, Paula, Lucy now seeming unmistakably infirm...

Lucy: (To Anthony) I told you I came back for you, didn’t I. For this. Didn’t I. One last time, that’s all. Just so that I can feel it one last time. Nothing more.

Anthony: John. John! It’s happening again. She’s making it happen again. John!

Lucy: John! When I ask you, you’ll do it, won’t you. You’ll do it? You’ll let me feel.

Announced: Take the Four Points. Tight binding may restrict blood flow or break the skin. This may be requested, or required.

A source of constant fascination Best observed when under some degree of tension. Resistant to strains approaching or exceeding 47 on the Standard Scale.

The Four Points. Ensure the persistence of pain. Exceed any pleasure.
Please proceed. Recapture of soul rarely undertaken for reasons of impossibility.

Symptoms relieved by suspension, percussion at or above 24 on the Standard Scale and the use of electrical stimulation.

Access to the veins of the wrist. Take the Four Points.

Respond to restraint, electrical stimulation, moisture, friction, heat.

Opening Gate Absolute. Please proceed.

Causes subject to desire his or her own destruction.

This may be requested, or required.

Also as audience moves forward John turns his head from Lucy's appeals and speaks from his position, very disturbed. Lucy makes for Anthony, via other men, although Paula tries to keep her away. Anthony falls again under the spell, they move together. Lighting state extreme, noise continues.

Anthony: John!

John: (Resigned) I know, I know. She's making it happen again. We're all making it happen again.

And this is beyond I love you. The Four Points - dawn closing like a lid on every day, your voice caught in my throat, the echo of your flesh over my bones and the chains of all we've done, of all we've not done, of all we've watched, of all we've seen. The Four Points

As John speaks, Lucy has Anthony take one of the chains, moves against him as he tugs it.
Lucy: Make me feel it, make me feel. Make me fit. Make me. (Calls also to Paula, wants her to take a chain.) Please. It’s the last thing I’ll ask. It’s the only thing I’ll ask. Please. Just to make me feel better and then I’ll stop. You can do that, it wouldn’t be wrong to do that. Please. One last time.

Paula unwillingly takes a chain, but then does tug at it, angry. Spirit moves and Lucy moves accordingly, leaning heavily on Anthony. Lucy breaks away and get others in audience to take chains, Paula and Anthony shed their responsibilities, too - handing over the chains while Lucy moves from one to the other in great pain and great pleasure. Lucy and Anthony perhaps end with one chain between them. We hear.

Announced: The Four Points. Please proceed.

John: Oh, God. I can’t... where in the body is... where could I find... may harbour recollections of the subject... those features proving irreplaceable.

Announced: The Four Points. Please proceed.

John: Oh, God! Lucy! I can’t!

John runs from his position, makes way through crowd, as he comes...

John: I can’t let you, not this time. Lucy! Lucy!

As John approaches, he shouts...

John: Leave her be, leave her be!

John may or may not get others to leave chains be, Anthony and Lucy are perhaps still wound around one, Lucy in an apparent trance of pleasure, moving violently with Anthony as Spirit jerks overhead.

Lucy: (Breaks trance briefly and looks at John) Thank you.
John: No!

John grabs for the last chain, Anthony releases it, there is a sudden movement, the sense that something has gone wrong, Spirit may disappear, perhaps Lucy falls into John’s arms, certainly dead. There is complete silence, entire space becomes lit. Paula goes to join others.

John: Lucy! (To Anthony) You did this. (Antony simply stares.)

Paula: (Calm) No. You did this. You made her come home.

John: No. Lucy.

Announced: We are sorry for your loss. Please proceed.

John: (To air) No, it’s too quick. I haven’t had enough time.

Paula: Dad.

John: Oh, my God. It wasn’t going to... Oh, Paula. This isn’t the way... I need more time!

Anthony: You’ve had all the time there is. We have to go.

John: Fuck off.

Anthony: We have to finish this.

John: Why? Because you want to watch your back, because you want to get away with it again?

Anthony: Tell him - we have to go.

Paula: Shut up. It was you. I didn’t remember, but it was you.
Anthony: *Me? Didn’t you see him, didn’t you see what- (gives up) We have to get out of here. (Softer) She can’t stay like this.*

John: *She isn’t going to.*

Anthony: *Then-*

John: *Leave it me. I’m her husband. I know what to do.*

Paula: *And you can say what you want. You can say what you want. The right words. It’ll be okay.*

Announced: *We need your loss. Please proceed.*

Anthony and Paula pull John together. They all face the audience, Anthony appears to improvise.

Anthony: *Ladies and gentlemen, ladies and gentlemen this isn’t what we planned. We... hoped for something different. We... if you could... Paula? Please.*

(He beckons to her and she perhaps kisses him in a way that might help him go on, they perhaps smile, John barely notices) If you could help us and follow us... We have to put her to rest.

Paula: *Please.*

Anthony and Paula get help of audience to lift Lucy’s body. John either helps or walks ahead, perhaps backwards so that he can face body&audience. Body and audience now all move back towards exit, Lucy’s body is set down on/in sarcophagus. As they move, John, encouraged by other two, speaks.
John: Oh, God. I love you... Lucy Palmer, I love you... Stronger than blood, stronger than bone... I love you.

But it makes no difference. It doesn’t mean anything.

Paula: It means something.

John: She can’t hear me.

Anthony: It means something.

John: I don’t want to go on.

Anthony: You don’t have a choice!

Lucy is laid in/on the sarcophagus while or before John says, with difficulty.

John: This is the first of I love you, the love of your voice. That sip of breath you take before you speak: I’d recognise you just by that alone. And the hold of your mouth around words, the fit of your lips, the confidence of your tongue inside them, these things I know, I know them all.

All: From what we have done, and what we have not done, from what we have watched, from what we have seen. Release us now and let us go free.

Paula, John and Anthony stand for a moment at sarcophagus, perhaps lighting changes again, flattens. They shake hands with each other, hug. They shake hands with audience members, thank them for coming, show them the way out. As audience leave, they hear.

Announced: No further losses are expected at this time.
BRAIN - Unwieldy, bulbous organ. Cause of insanity, mental arithmetic, joy. Reflects and prolongs pain. Through time may harbour recollections of the subject, subject’s hair, inner arm, mouth, back, thigh, skin, the kindness of the subject’s eye, all those features proving irreplaceable. The seat of anticipation and disappointment. May be infected by dreams.

CALVARIC AURICLE - Taking the shape of an inverted angel, may appear at any point along the spine. Responsible for dreams. Dysfunction produces the taste of almonds, buzzing in the ears, colour blindness, paranoia, vertigo.

CALVIN’S TROCHANTER - May atrophy in middle age, causes acute unease, sensation of mortality, wasted life, smothering, desire for sexual and chemical excess. Undamaged, often causes insanity.

CORPUS LITHOTOMUS - Inflammation produces violent liking, attraction to loud noises and fire. Contraction produces mood swings, morbid desire for stimulation, interest in finance or current affairs.

COWPER’S GLAND - A source of constant fascination.

DEFLECTED FALX - Small, unattached bone that may be found in arm or hand. In motion, may cause paroxysms, delight, appetite for touch on the Sliding Standard Scale. At rest, forms the seat of remorse.

FULMAR’S TRACT - Running the length of the body in all adults, ensures the resonance and persistence of pain. Exceeds any pleasure. May also provide delusions, euphoria, exultation, immortality.

FLOOD’S LACERATION - An obscure organ, stimulated only by screams.

FORAMEN OF KNOX - Produces organic need to control or to be controlled. May cause ulcers, baldness, genital itching.

GATE ABSOLUTE - May be partially dilated during sleep, fever, sexual congress or any state of ecstasy. Forms the operculum of the soul. Complete dilation causes death. Recapture of soul rarely undertaken for reasons of impossibility. Forced closure of gate extremely hazardous. All movements of gate extremely hazardous. No further losses are expected at this time.
END.
Appendix Three

True Plans for Constructed Spaces
Projection size on screens 1, 2, 3: about 1.75 x 2 m
Video players should be hidden with computer 3 and sound amplifier
MAIN SPACE
1 Hi-fi amplifier (60 - 100 W/ channel) with 4 speakers stands (or hang) next to the deck chairs

SENSORIUM
1 Hi-fi amplifier (50 - 100 W/ channel) with 4 speakers stands (or hang) next to the deck chairs

Stereo amplifier for 8 speakers

Speakers type JBL control 1

computer 1

computer 2

computer 3

amplifier Stereo
True installation.Walls.image 01

© Rosa Sánchez
Hello Kevin,
How are things going?
As I promised you here I send you a VHS copy of the images that I edited for the Sensorium area.
The film is 23 minutes long but it actually is a 6,30 minutes long sequence in a loop.

My idea is to project them onto four video screens. The screens will work by pairs. Two of them projecting the images in the order you see in this tape and the other two showing images from the same film but in a different order.
I also keep the idea of showing different emotional states through the interactive sound installation with the four deck chairs.
Alain is working on the sound installation for this area and he has wonderful sounds (in process and waiting for the sensors to arrive)

I also send you some printed images from the VR environment, which is not finished yet. As you can imagine the perception you have of this images when you navigate through the 3D environment is quite different from that you may have from this fixed pictures but you can understand the aesthetic I am working with.
When you navigate the environment is constantly changing and you are inside, walking around in all the axes of the 3D images that is very impressive...

I hope that you will enjoy them and keep in touch
Hugs.

Rosa

[Signature]
banners for Lucy's photos
Appendix Four

True Reviews
BackBeat

Ghosts that fail to haunt

For Andrew Eaton,
style undermined
any True substance

True, it says in the blurb, is a “multi-disciplinary event which transcends the time of the performance and each of its individual elements”. But let’s cut through the bullshit. It’s theatre, but its set is also an art installation. That’s it.

This is what True is like. You and about 20 others are led outside the theatre and back in through a side entrance. The door closes and you’re left standing in a narrow, pitch black corridor. You squint, trying to make things out, while recorded voices talk at you – angrily, mournfully, bitterly – about a woman called Lucy. High above, someone is clambering about, but you can only just make her out. It’s ominous but elusive. Something bad has happened, or is about to happen. Then you get pelted with petals, courtesy of a hole in the wall and an annoyingly visible wind machine. Thanks.

But that’s just the prologue. You’re then led into a vast hall, where you’re greeted by a tense young couple in funeral black. “Thank you for coming,” they say earnestly and you feel embarrassed for not wearing a black tie. You’re at Lucy’s funeral and the couple, you work out, are her daughter and Lucy’s lover. But they are also lovers themselves – Lucy’s death has brought awkward secrets out of the closet. The two of them start to bicker. The audience shuffles about, unsure what to do – the same uneasy way you’d feel at the funeral of someone you didn’t really know. It’s the show’s best idea, clever and unsettling.

But then they spoil it. Once they give everyone camping stools to sit on, we’re suddenly just an audience again, and the show goes downhill. Lucy’s husband arrives. Lucy arrives as a ghost. Two ghosts, actually; the other is an alter-ego on a trapeze. Everybody argues. Lucy’s daughter is angry because Lucy neglected her. Lucy’s husband is angry because she cheated on him. True has clever, fresh ideas, but it’s a bit of a mess, ending up like a Hollywood film that thinks the most dramatic way to end things is to have lots of noise, running around and shouting. Its set is certainly impressive – a multi-media installation of hospital-like machinery and lots of screens – but it is hardly used. Images flicker ambiguously on a couple of screens, but the others are left pointlessly blank. There is a brief virtual reality show, but it goes nowhere and does little to complement the action. There are hints of revelations to come – how Lucy died, whose fault it was – but the action is so frantic that you’re left none the wiser about any of it. Relationships are mostly left undeveloped – a disappointment, given the script was written by AL Kennedy. Maybe she was relying on the cast to fill the gaps. She’d have been better doing it herself. Maybe I just missed the point. Was Lucy an elusive spirit toying with everybody? If so, they should have found somebody better to play her than Anne Marie Tinioney, whose melodramatic, stagey acting destroys any intimacy created by the closeness of cast and audience.

When they work, experimental multi-media shows can be electrifying. When the elements don’t gel it looks self-indulgent and a bit silly. Ultimately, that’s what True is like. It’s a shame.

True is at the Tramway, Glasgow, until September 16. For tickets phone 0141 287 3900

Tangled mess: True fails to capitalise on its impressive visual sets
THEATREREVIEW

True

HOW on earth do I tell you what True is all about?

The Tramway’s first solo international commission, and the culmination of a two-year collaboration between luminaries such as Scots writer A LKennedy and artist Rosa Sanchez, this is like nothing you have ever seen before.

The central character, Lucy Palmer, is dead, and we are at her funeral. Sort of.

Then she comes back from the dead, and tells us what went on before she died. Kind of.

Her husband John is there, and her lover, and her daughter, though they don’t seem to know what is going on either. The whole thing takes place in a cavernous hall laid out like a cross between a lecture theatre and a hospital and a funeral parlour and a mortuary.

It’s exciting in a weird kind of way, as the actors, including Anne Marie Timoney as the body of Lucy, Lindsey Butcher as her spirit and Mabel Aitken as her daughter (she played Gordon Kennedy’s acerbic wife in the TV drama Glasgow Kiss), lead us through the extremes of love and hate and pain and pleasure.

It’s a “multi-disciplinary event”, apparently, which means you can expect audience participation, clever aerial stunts, music and sound and video effects.

True is undoubtedly challenging, but we were a slightly baffled audience led out at the end of it all on the opening night, not sure if we’d just been spectators, or something more involved in the (after)life and death of Lucy Palmer.

True is at the Tramway until September 16.

ANN FOTHERINGHAM
The truth hurts

Lacy Palmer is lost and her family needs help. They are experiencing the self-doubt and despair that comes with the loss of a loved one. The family is struggling to come to terms with the fact that Lacy's husband, Paul, is no longer with them.

When Lacy does come back from the hospital, she is in a state of shock. She is barely able to function and is in need of support. Her family is also in need of help, as they are struggling to cope with the loss.

In the end, Lacy finds the strength to come back and face her family. She is able to bring them hope and help them through their difficult time.
Killing me softly ...

A play about a dead person’s body promises to reveal the truth about life and love.

Anna Burnside finds out more.

The body never lies. It is a truism of anatomy which has become a staple of detective fiction and women’s magazines alike – you are what you eat, how soon can we have the post mortem results? All part of the same spectrum.

This had not hugely impacted on the thinking of writer Al Kennedy until she was watching an Open University programme late one night. It was about the work of 16th-century Belgian anatomist Andreas Vesalius. “The less flesh they have on the bones the more pathetic they have, the more human they appear,” says Kennedy. “He had this thing: the one true book is the human body, it is a record of everything you do and how you do it, it is forensically correct. Vesalius was the first person who actually looked at the body and dissected it and drew what he saw rather than what he thought was there.”

He also had the idea that the body contained the ultimate truth and that if you kept peeling away the layers, it would be revealed. Of course that is not true, and eventually all that is left is mush, but Kennedy was still chewing over Vesalius’s drawings and theories when she bumped into choreographer Kevin Finnan. The pair had worked together before and she suggested this was ideal material for a dance piece. He replied "I don't know if...
DRAFT Media Plan - True

Background

The Scottish Arts Council awarded Tramway New Directions Lottery funding to develop a truly unique project for the building with a major aim of encouraging cross over between the distinct performing and visual arts audiences. The project was originally scheduled to take place during the redevelopment work, but is now one of the highlights of the opening 6 months following the completion of the work. It therefore should be seen within the context of the PR strategy for the re-opening of the building. The major themes of the expanded vision for Tramway in the 21st century can be described as:

- The High Profile international work for which the venue is famed (in both the visual and performing arts) continues

- The commitment to developing and nurturing young artists whose work is then showcased within the context of the international programme is strengthened

- New strands of work are being enabled by the opening of the stable block which include visual arts and dance studios and spaces to accommodate artists residencies and a range of new/vibrant activities to encourage wider access to the building.

Clearly True is a key example of point 1. Further a number of major messages will be communicated through the PR strategy and True illustrates:

- Tramway's international programme continues to lead the way in contemporary arts

- Tramway is one of the few venues in the Scotland with a dedicated programme of commissioning

- Tramway is neither a gallery nor a theatre, the work presented defies categorisation and breaks the moulds of traditional art forms.

In addition to being an ground-breaking artistic project with a high profile and international creative team, True will enable Tramway to re-establish the importance of the building in the creative process by showcasing work created especially for Tramway 2. The media relations activities will therefore have the dual function of
promoting the general positioning and image of Tramway and re-enforcing the sales orientated tactics specified in the Marketing Plan.

OBJECTIVES

Strategic

Tactical

KEY MESSAGES

- Tramway is one of the UK's leading contemporary arts spaces whose programme enhances Scotland's cultural reputation across Europe.

- Tramway's history of presenting unique, critically acclaimed performance and visual arts work is re-enforced by this new commission

- *True* is a truly multi-disciplinary event combining and transcending all the individual elements

- In the past Tramway has co-commissioned large-scale international work *True* will be the first Tramway sole commission of a large-scale work.

- *True* will be one of the highlights of the Autumn 2000 in the UK

- *True* will have a life-span over a year through the documentation and Internet site

- *True* will make full use of the remarkable Tramway 2 space.

MEDIA ENVIRONMENT

- Scotland
  Herald - continues to give high quality and quantity coverage to the arts both in the main paper and the Saturday magazine.
  Scotsman - Major commitment to arts coverage in the daily.S2 daily tabloid section just introduced. Danger signals coming out of Holyrood Rd re: new Editor and no Arts Editor at the moment..
  Evening Times - new editor moving The Times towards a Daily Mail type style (except politically). More changes expected especially with the move to Cowcaddens imminent.
True is a Tramway commission which brings together five internationally established artists:

Kevin Finnan (Director), Rosa Sanchez (Installation), Alain Baumann (Sound), A L Kennedy (Script), Deborah Pope (Aerial Design).

True is a cross media collaboration, fusing performance and installation to provide a unique, interactive experience.

Lucy Palmer
Lucy Palmer (Spirit)
Paula Palmer
John Palmer
Anthony

Anne Marie Timoney
Lindsey Butcher
Mabel Aitken
Michael Derrington
Nick Whitfield

"...it seemed reasonable and necessary to create a drama that focused on the joys and limitations of the body, the conflict between its possibilities and its failings, the personality and the physical form that holds it, the pain of loss and death and the extremities of love. This produced four characters and a number of interrelations, along with a kind of logic for an almost living environment and an alternative anatomy – the kind of thing that might be generated in a dream or a nightmare..." A. L Kennedy.

Anne Marie Timoney
Anne Marie Timoney has worked extensively in Theatre, TV & Film and has recently returned from working in Canada. She is now happy to place her life in the hands of Fierce and hopes that it will be a very 'True' experience.

Lindsey Butcher
Since graduating from London Contemporary Dance School in 1984, Lindsey has worked with Extemporary Dance Theatre, The Royal Opera, English National Opera, Disco Sister, Charlie Morrissey and Random Dance Company (Brighton Festival commission), Darshan Singh Bhuller and Walker Dance. In 1989 she joined Ra-Ra Zoo circus theatre where she acquired aerial, acrobatic and juggling skills. Circus skills credits include Ra-Ra Zoo, No Ordinary Angels, Green Candle and Amici Dance Theatre, Gandini Juggling Project, Dream Engine, Desperade Men and Women, Momentary Fusion Aerial Dance Theatre and Tango and Crash.

Tramway is owned, managed and programmed, by Glasgow City Council's Cultural and Leisure Services.
Mabel Aitken
Mabel's work includes various productions at the Traverse Theatre, The Donmar Warehouse and the Young Vic. Her film credits include Nervous Energy, The Life of Stuff and her recent TV work includes Coming Soon by Annie Griffin and Glasgow Kiss written by Stephen Greenhorn. She is fiercely proud to be involved in this production.

Michael Derrington
A theme of resurrection guiding me, I recall a tour of Hamlet in Yugoslavia when I played Rosencrantz. Mostly I was amazed at the inexorable draw of the haunting. An early moment when Old Mahon rose from the dead, with me terrified Michael James in "Playboy of the Western World". Communicado's Mr Mulgrew cast me as a teenage girls in that same production, which terrified all but the Turkish audiences we had on a British Council Tour. Again with Communicado at Tramway, playing Captain Forgon, death in the trenches was a forgone conclusion in "The Cone Gatherers".

Nick Whitfield
Nick studied with Phillipe Gaulier and Monika Pagneux in Paris. He has worked extensively in theatres all over the UK and France. His solo show "Albert Camus, what's the score?" co-written with Wes Williams played at the Edinburgh Festival and the Lyric, Hammersmith. He has appeared in various TV series and in the film "Nasty Neighbours" which is released in October.

Lighting Design
Paul Sorley

Costume
Lindsey Butcher's costume designed by Rosa Sanchez.

Karen Townsend
Victoria Brown

Penny Crisp
Crawford McKenzie

Stage Manager: Pat Gillies
Deputy Stage Manager: Ken Hunter
Stage Technician: Marcus Hunter
Stage Technician: Damian Hunter

Lighting Board Operator: Susan Fitzpatrick
Gallery Technician: Iain Kettles

Programming Manager: Susan Deighan
Senior Producer: Steve Slater
Production Manager: John Holding

Production co-ordinator: Freya Mitchell
Marketing Officer: Catherine Murtagh
Marketing Assistant: Gurjeet Kaur

Fierce would like to thank: Scott Associates Sculpture and Design, Locofoco, Leigh Ferguson @ DLC Hairdressers, John Cobban, Sarah MacDonald, Susan Deighan, Steve Slater, Catherine Murtagh, Freya Mitchell.

www.tramway.org/true
Appendix Five

True Photographs, Performance Announcements and Installation Soundtrack

Please see attached CDs
Appendix Six

Fearless Plans
Simon Dormon 1998

MOTIONHOUSE FEARLESS PERSPECTIVE
Appendix Seven

Fearless Photographs
NO CD/DVD ATTACHED

PLEASE APPLY TO UNIVERSITY