

## **Re. Play**

(2016)

*A play about playing, relating & un-relating*

### Characters

Helen – 40ish dramatherapist, lives in South West England

James – 40ish dramatherapist, lives in South East England

Don – Founder of Relational Therapy (Re.Play), late 50s/60s American.

Bill - Re-Play Practitioner and Researcher/Writer on Relational Play, American, late 40s

Gretel – Re.Play Practitioner and Bill's Wife, 40s

Krishna – Re. Play Practitioner & Vice President of Institute of Relational Play, New York, 40s

Natalie – Re.Play Practitioner at Institute of Relational Play, New York, late 30s

Rachel – Re.Play Practitioner & girlfriend of Natalie, 30s

Maeve (May) – Re.Play Practitioner, Institute of Relational Play, New York, 20s

Dawn – Re.Play Practitioner and Witness, 20s

Isobel – Re. Play Practitioner and Witness, late 30s

Teddy – Re.Play Practitioner and President of Relational Play, West Coast Division, 50s

Karl – Re.Play Practitioner (West Coast), late 20s/30s

Annike – Clinical Psychologist, originally from Belgium, lives in Holland, 30s

Johnny – Japanese dramatherapist, lives in Tokyo

Philpot Peacock – English, early 60s, lives in Isle of Man, works in theatre

Magda Peacock – Wife of Mr Peacock, early 60s lives in Isle of Man, works in theatre

Staff 1 – Assistant Manager at The Spatula bar/restaurant. New York, 20s

Staff 2 – Server at The Spatula Bar/Restaurant, New York, 20s

A member of the public: 30s – 50s

### Scene 1

*15<sup>th</sup> April 2010, Departure Lounge, London Heathrow Airport,*

*Morning*

*Stutter, by Elastica (or similar) plays through the earphones of Helen – the audience can hear it.*

*Helen is sat alone, drinking coffee and reading a newspaper.*

*James enters and signals a greeting; Helen switches off the music. Background music plays in the café*

Helen: James.....

James: (singing the Jay-Z song) .....New Yoooooork.....

Helen: (Helen looks around, then joins in) 'These streets will make you feel brand new.....'

James: (singing).....'The lights will inspire you'

James & Helen (together).... 'let's hear it for New Yooooooooooooork'

*They Laugh, hug and kiss on the cheek*

James: I'm so excited.....

Helen: Me too!

James: New York, baby!

Helen: All the way

*James puts down his bag and sits down*

Helen: D' you want a coffee?

James: Better not, thanks Helen, I've had 2 already this morning

*James gets out a bottle of water from his bag*

Helen: Did you drive here?

James: Yeah, I dropped the girls off last night

Helen: Ahhhh, they at their Mum's?

James: Yep. Will yours be ok, without you?

Helen: No problem for the kids, not sure about Richard.... he's text me twice this morning - the dramas at Re. Play are nothing compared to a morning routine in the Bowles household.

James: Must be bad then

Helen: I stayed at a friend's in Shepherd's Bush last night and I woke to the sound of silence – sheer bliss – do you know the carnage caused by one missing sock?

James: It's the lost object! Do they know where's Mummy's going?

Helen: Mummy's going to a 'big meeting called a conference'..... thought it best to omit the more carnal aspects of Re. Play

James: Mine want presents.....that's *presents*, plural.....

*James takes a swig of water*

Helen: Let's hope we get there - you heard about the airports in Scotland?

James: They've closed them all - that is one seriously spewing volcano.

Helen: And an unpronounceable one – what language do they actually speak in Iceland, anyway?

James: Er...Icelandic, I think. Anyway, I'll swim the bloody ocean if I have to, or get a boat or something – but I'm not missing out on this trip

Pause

Helen: Did you read the Re. Play essays I sent?

James: Yeah- that was me set, over the Easter Break

Helen: There's some good stuff in there

James: I had a Eureka moment, literally, I was in the bath reading the one called, what was it (roots in his bag) I have it here somewhere (fishes it out and reads): 'Relating through Embodied Spontaneity'

Helen: Blimey, you're keen

James: Written by the man himself - you've met him, haven't you?

Helen: Don – yep, last year, when he came to London

James: The *Enfant Terrible* of dramatherapy – what's he like?

Helen: Well, not so much the 'enfant' darling – he must be in his 60s now.

James: (puts the paper away) Yeah, but Don's out there isn't he - the Fool King, the Merry Prankster of our time! He met Grotowski, back in the day, didn't he?

*(During the above the following announcement occurs in the background)*

**Announcement: Attention all passengers. We regret to announce the cancellation of British Airways flight BA1389 to Copenhagen, this is due to adverse weather conditions. Passengers are advised to take their tickets to the nearest British Airways Customer Information Desk where more information will be given. British Airways apologies for any inconvenience caused.**

James: Glad we're all checked in.

Helen: That's the third cancellation this morning

Pause

James: Is our plane out there?

Helen: I think so

James: Typical – the one bloody day I'm flying somewhere. It's the ash cloud from the volcano, I heard it on the radio.

Helen: Let's not catastrophize, we're sort of heading Southwards, aren't we?

James: I think so

Takes a drink

Helen: How's work?

James: Keeping me busy too, you know how it is.

Helen: You still at The Referral Unit?

James: Yeah, the schools keep excluding 'em – keeping me in work at least!

Helen: So much for inclusivity. It's always struck me as pretty hard work there

James: It is graft, unrelenting some days; but the kids do come to their sessions – maybe just to get out of their lessons, but they come.

Helen: Believe me James, they wouldn't come if they didn't want to

James: You can forget your Greek Myth enactments & Forum Theatre though – all that stuff we learnt in training - just keeping them in the bloody therapy room is hard enough. And then there's the abuse they dish out (gestures knocking on the door) 'Oi what you doing in there paedo?'

Helen: God, poor you - at least they're inquisitive, hey?

James: I think the Head feels sorry for me – she's funded me to come here at least.

Helen: You need to play with it?

James: Huh?

Helen: The Paedo thing, treat it as an offer, basic improv, accept and build, surrender to the projection.....

James: There are limits

Helen: What does Don say (adopting an American accent) 'If it's sayable, it's playable'. I'll give you the benefit of my supervisory skills on the flight

Announcement: **Attention passengers for KLM Royal Dutch Airlines.....**

James: Don't worry, I'll be watching a film and drinking wine – that usually works.....

**flight KL223 to Amsterdam Schiphol Airport, due to depart today at 12.45. Unfortunately, we regret to advise passengers that due to adverse weather conditions this flight has now been cancelled. Passengers are advised to present their travel documents at the nearest KLM Customer Services Desk for further details. We are sorry for the inconvenience caused**

James: It's getting close, maybe we should go and check.....

Helen (*looking towards monitor*) it still says UA000 Wait in Departure Lounge, 12.30 departure (*looking at her watch*). We've got an hour yet

*Pause*

James: You still working at the hospital?

Helen: 4 days a week now, mostly on the acute psychiatric ward. But they've given me a contract, pension, sick-pay and wait for it – paid holidays!

James: You are living the life!

Helen: I need the security, Richard's acting work has dried up

James: You're kidding

Helen: I think he is in denial about it – he may have to teach, he doesn't want to.....

James: (looking up the monitor) Fuck, they've shut Newcastle and Leeds Bradford airports. Bloody typical, the only day I fly anywhere in 5 years and there's a national incident.

Helen: Looks like you're a lucky omen

James: It's the dust particles in the ash cloud. I heard it on the radio, it clogs up the engines or something. Bloody dust – how bad can it be?

Helen: I'm assuming you don't actually want to risk dying to get there?

James: Hell to the yes!

**Announcement: We regret to inform all passengers that all flights from London Heathrow airport will be grounded from 12.30 today. I repeat, all flights due to depart from Heathrow today are to be cancelled from 12.30 today. This is due to advice from the National Met Office following the recent volcanic eruption in Iceland and to ensure passenger safety. If you are booked to fly today, please check with your respective airline for further details and for alternative travel arrangements to be made. We apologise for the inconvenience that this will cause to many passengers.**

James: No, no, noooooooooo – you have got to be fucking kidding me..... nooooo

*Pause – they look at each other*

Helen: Our flight is at 12.30 – come one, let's check it out (gathering her things)

James: (Putting on his rucksack) I knew it. Shit. I just knew it wouldn't come off. I should have go on that bloody Improv weekend in Totnes with Cliff

Helen: What you'd rather be with weird Cliff than me – thanks!

James: Hmmm - maybe not

Helen: Too many Goblins and Reiki for me in Totnes. Let's see if we can find someone to ask.

James: Hang on, UA004, that's us - it's Boarding, Gate 35, its BOARDING!!

Helen: (*looking up*) What?

James: You fucking beauty!! Look, it says 12.00 noon now – come one, where the hell is Gate 35?

Helen: What – jeees, we must be on the last flight out of here

James: Now who's the lucky omen - New Yoooooooooork baby!!!! Whooooooooo hoooooo (run's off stage)

Helen: Hang on, my coat.....(runs back for her coat)

James: Let's go.....(calling off)

*Helen runs off stage with bag and coat*

*Elastic's Stutter to the end of the track – blackout.*

## Scene 2

*Don, Bill, Krishna, Gretel, Natalie, Rachel, May, Dawn, Isobel, Teddy & Karl (plus any others as available) stand in a circle. They are shoeless.*

*The Group are assembled, as is customary, on the eve of the Re.Play conference. They are still and focused. Don makes a signal, Heavy Metal II by Teenage Fanclub (or similar) plays.*

*Don indicates Krishna, to his right and she begins a movement, angular, precise, repetitive and in time with the music. The rest of the group join in with Krishna's movement. After around 30 seconds, Don indicates for the movement to move onto Rachel whom is stood next to Krishna. Rachel changes the movement to make it her own (the actors move according to how they feel, either themselves or their characters, or a combination, using the Re.Play principles of Tuning in to feeling and expressing it), the group joins in with Rachel's movement. Again, at Don's signal, the movement shifts to Natalie (next to Rachel). A simple, repeating movement (but different to the previous ones) in time with the music. Signal from Don, then onto Teddy. Don (whom is doing the movements too), turns to one of his neighbours and aims the movement at his neighbour, everyone else does likewise with their neighbours; Don swaps to his other neighbour, the group follows suit. Don signals to Karl, he changes the movement and group energy builds, Don indicates for Karl to 'add a vocal' he does (whatever the actor feels like doing, in tune with the movement/group energy), the group follow likewise, making the same movement with the vocal. At Don's signal, it passes to May, whom lowers the vocal to a deeper humming sound whilst lowering herself to the ground, the group does likewise, forming a crouching/kneeling circle, focused on the centre (the movements are now a little more idiosyncratic and aimed towards others in the circle, there is some physical contact (shoulders/heads) & animal-like nuzzling with neighbours. Don signals for the movement to pass to Dawn and indicates the centre of the circle, Dawn crawls forward to the centre and the rest of the group gather round her in a clump. Dawn initiates a bodily sway, whilst on all fours, in time with the music, she emits a low moaning sound, which the rest of the group join in with. Isobel faces Dawn, in a similar position, Dawn swipes her 'claw' just in front of Isobel's face, Isobel yelps and claws back at Dawn - the rest of the group do like-wise, swiping & yelping at each other. This brings a chaotic melee of animal play-fighting, noisy and physical, crawling over each other, emitting howls, yelps and cries. Don gives an imaginary something to Bill. Bill stands up and cups his hands/paws/claws. The group show curiosity towards Bill, whom has adopted the demeanour of a shaman/sage – standing upright, still, with cupped hands, he evades the efforts of the others to see what he is holding. Gretel stands and faces Bill, they gaze at each other. Bill offers his cupped hands to Gretel, whom lowers her mouth to Bill's hands and ingests whatever he was holding. The group, some standing, some still low to the ground, rub their tummies, masticating, making facial gestures & swallowing. Don rubs Gretel's back, she retching slightly, but holds it down. Don does likewise, holding his hand over his mouth. The rest of the group pick up on the queue and start to hold tummies and mouths and begin to gag and hold-down vomit. Gretel animates and indicates the beginnings of a violent seizure of vomit. Don indicates better out than in and invites Gretel to bring it all up - cheered on by the group. Gretel starts to retch and panic, the rest of the group are keen to see what comes up, Gretel's mouth is wide open, when she stops suddenly, let's out a burp, swallows, looks around and proceeds to release a mighty expulsion from her anus. Gretel is thrown back by the force and caught by two or three other members of the group. They hold and support Gretel, whom, with legs splayed, continues the deluge. The rest of the group are caught within Gretel's jet of emission, delighting the group as it sends them flying. The group smear Gretel's emissions on their own and each other's bodies, smelling, looking, tasting and sharing it with disgusting enthusiasm. Gretel is close to being spent, she is hoist off the*

ground, by several group members, who shake her up and down, like a sauce bottle, to extract any last vestiges from Gretel's anus. There is one last drop, which is deposited on the floor, indicated by Gretel. Don raises his hand, an appeal for calmness, he approaches Gretel's last deposit, carefully picks it up off the ground and places it royally on his outstretched palm. The other hand, clenches into a fist, as if holding a Sargent Major baton, which he tucks under his arm-pit. The group quickly falls into a line, at this signal, standing to attention. Sargent Major Don inspects the troops, from a discerning distance he slowly paces the line, whilst still holding the emitted deposit. He hands the baton to Teddy, the first in line, then raises his right hand over his outstretched left palm and crumbles the deposit with his right finger and thumb. He approaches Teddy, whom closes his eyes, opens his mouth and sticks out his tongue, as if receiving a Eucharist – Don sprinkles a little over Teddy's tongue. Teddy swallows and Don moves onto, Karl, the next in line. Karl looks at Don squarely, raises his index finger to the right eye and pulls up his eye-lid, Don duly sprinkles a little into Karl's eye. Next in line, May lays flat on her back, removes a sock and proffers her foot, Don sprinkles a little on a gap between her big toe and her next toe. Natalie, pretends to pull open her shirt and offer her heart, Don places his right palm above his left and then places his right palm over Natalie heart – she smiles. Rachel puckers up and closes her eyes, Don inhales from the deposit and blows a kiss slowly, inching towards her lips. Krishna opens her arms benevolently, then suddenly swipes up and under Don's outstretched palm that is holding the crumbled deposit, scattering it everywhere. Don feigns a stern look. Krishna duster-busters it up, then carefully opens the bag, returning the crumbled dust back to Don's palm. Bill pretends to be asleep, snoring loudly and drooling, Don tries not to wake him and place a little under his nose for Bill to inhale, he snuffles slightly and continues to snore, Don tip-toes past. Gretel turns round, bends over, proffers her butt, Don makes out he is going to unzip his trousers, thinks better of it and instead sprinkles a little for Gretel to take through her anus; duly done, Gretel turns round and salutes. Isobel offers an extended elbow which Don crumbles a little onto, she extends and catches it into her hand, like a coin, flicks it with her thumb into the air, catches it into her mouth and swallows, finally giving a smile and a peace-sign. Dawn pretends to open a pack of cigarettes, takes one out, taps it on the box and puts it in her mouth – gesturing Don to light it. Don produces a match from the emission, still on his palm, strikes it and lights Dawn's cigarette. She inhales deeply and blows it, slowly, into Don's face. Don takes Dawn's cigarette from her lips, takes a drag and symbolically drops it to the floor, before putting it out under his foot. Realising he only has socks on (or is barefooted) he lets out a yelp, before calming himself and winks at the line. Everyone relaxes, cheers, amidst hugs & kisses.

### Scene 3

*A relaxed drinks reception at The Institute of Relational Play, Soho, New York City; beanbags, chairs, buffet table, drinks. There is a hum in the air and background music. It is Thursday evening and the eve of the conference.*

Isobel: Hey Rach, I hear you and Natalie are now legal in D.C.

Rachel: Yeah, but we're not going to elope anytime soon.

Natalie: (smiling) She'd be lucky

Rachel: What – we're not playing now bitch!

Natalie: I know, I'm deadly serious (she winks)

Isobel: Glad I'm not facilitating you two this year, lemmie in that circle

Gretel: You won't be saying that by Sunday honey. I witnessed last year, remember - never again I very nearly told Don where to stick his crotched circle

Bill: Don't worry, he's had many witnessing circles stuffed up his ass-hole – who you in with Issy?

Isobel: Dawn's the other lucky girl

Don (addressing the assembled) Friends.....

Teddy: Here we go

Don.....esteemed players, fools, truth-tellers, head-fucks & the sheer pathological.

Karl: That's you Teddy

Don: It is my honour, as is customary on the eve of the annual Re.Play Conference (*cheers, whoops, whistles*), to announce the profound fall from grace, the ultimate leap of bad-faith.....taken by two more desperados, about to make the biggest fuck-up of their personal and professional lives (*cheering & cries of 'no don't do it*), to become (drum roll) 'Re.Play Graduates' (*cheering crescendo, claps & whistles*)

From the West Coast, Karl Lungsnard, has ably demonstrated his foolishness by completing a *serious* (serious sounding noises) dissertation on his work with schizophrenic clients, titled: *The Decentred Voice in Improvisational Encounters*. Also, from right here in New York we have, Dawn Petersford (cheers and whistles), whom has, for some bizarre and therefore qualifying reason spent the last 5 years researching *Foolish Wisdom in Relational Therapeutic Play*.....send them down!!

*Dawn and Karl are both lifted by the rest of the group and are transported, head-first towards Don, whom has placed a silly hat on his head is now lying on the floor, in an inverse position, with his legs raised on a chair. The group launches into Mendelssohn's Wedding March, feigning joy and weeping tears. Karl & Dawn faces are placed close to and just above Don's head face.*

*Silence*

Don: Karl Lungsnard & Dawn Pertersford, I offer my heartfelt condolences and humble apologies for all that will ensue from you both becoming fully twisted and deranged graduates of The Institute of Relational Play (a single cheer), wait for it.....may you be forever most profoundly.....playful (Don then unfurls a party-blower in each of their faces to much cheers. They are both given the bumps, to cries of 'For they are profoundly playful' (to the tune of *For He's a Jolly Good Fellow*). *Followed by much cheering, hugging and pats on the back.*

Krishna: Congratulations Karl & Dawn. It is now incumbent upon me, before we de-camp to the Spatula, to call forward two more lunatics, with foolish love and gratitude, I call, this year, for Isobel & Dawn to (altogether the group chant).....Bring Forth The Circles!

*Isobel & Dawn bring forward their crocheted Witnessing Circles and place them delicately on the floor. The group makes a semi-circle around the two circles and place their arms around each other's shoulders. Teddy produces an Electric Guitar and hits the first note of Star Spangled Banner.*

Krishna: Players, our anthem:

*The group sing together (to the tune of Star Spangled Banner)*

We will bring all our fears,  
By the means of Re. Play

Things we seek to hide  
In the cold light of the day

I pledge not to harm  
Whilst I vent my spleen  
With blood, sweat & tears  
And most probably vasoline

Let the neurosis rise  
Latent psychosis too  
Whilst we cook up a brew  
That we eat like a stew

Oh we'll improvise  
And we'll own all of our shit  
In our Institute of  
Relational Play.

*As the song ends, there is silence. Isobel & Dawn step forward and together sit down crossed legged in their respective Witnessing Circles*

*Blackout*

#### Scene 4

*The Institute of Therapeutic Relational Play. All have left bar Krishna whom is tidying up.*

*Helen & James arrive with their baggage.*

Helen:.....Hello, hi.....it's Krishna isn't it?

Krishna: Yes.....hi there – Helen, from England right - you made it, that's great (they hug)

Helen: Just about, we've come straight from the airport. Don emailed to say about the gathering tonight - we got held up, you wouldn't believe our journey.....sorry, this is James

James: Hi

Krishna: Hi, Krishna, good to meet you.....I heard about the volcano, right?

Helen: They grounded ALL flights from the UK, I think we were on the very last flight out of Heathrow

Krishna: It was meant to be. I think they'll be a few left in The Spatula – the place where the real work gets done, come and have a drink

James: Cool

Helen: You know, I'm exhausted after the flight, you go James, I'm gonna have a shower and sleep before tomorrow

James: Yeah (looking at Helen) it's a big day tomorrow, we just wanted to say hello.

Krishna: I really wanna hear what you guys are up to in England, I've hear there is a lot of activity – that's so exciting

Helen: We have a group that meets each month, ever since Don came over last year.

Krishna: Oh, I heard it was pretty wild. Hey, we've got a couple from England here this weekend, they came earlier in the week – er The Peacocks, I think. Philip and Magda, they work in theatre.

Helen: Oh, I don't think I know them (*to James*)

James: They're not in the group

Helen: Not yet!

Krishan: O they're great, you're gonna get on. Let me get you a cab

Helen: That's all right, we're at The Washington, we can walk it from here.

James: Good to stretch our legs a little after the long flight

Krishna: Ok, I'll walk down with you – it's so good you've come.

*They leave together*

#### Scene 5

*Music (Still Fighting, The Sabres of Paradise)*

*House lights on.*

*Friday morning. The Institute for Therapeutic Play. The two witnesses are sitting on opposite sides of the stage in their respective Witnessing Circles. Don is standing at a lectern, he delivers his Opening Address directly to the audience.*

Don: My fellow Players, welcome to the 9<sup>th Annual</sup> Relational Play Conference. I invite you to participate fully in the proceedings.

Pause

Don: Psychoanalysis is dead..... still! I know, I took it out in the 70s man. Turns out, it had always been dead. We were fed a line people. Psychoanalysis engraved hieroglyphics into our dreams - and we bought it! We wanted to be told what we were REALLY thinking - what the fuck was REALLY going on? Well, fuck the unconscious, get up, offa the couch, turn around and look that mother-fucking therapist in the eye. Relate. In Re. Play – we RELATE! Turn to one another, in body, in action, in the here and now, not in the dirty bowels of the unconscious. Find the power in the present - re-create the past!

Don: Play, Play is fluidity – flowing deeper than language & tradition. Play finds its way down, like gravity. Play subverts, it hinges on instinct, strips beyond faith & god; it's a breach, the charge is up, to the breach!

Don: Members of the Institute, graduates, students, first-timers, the holy, the sick, the tired, the rich - look around, pitch in, reach out to the person next to you, in front or behind – look them in the eye, relate and say 'We are play'

*Give the audience a chance to do this*

Don: Say, 'I'm bringing my shit'? Tell that person next to you, 'I'm bringing MY shit'

*Allow space for audience to say, do, respond.*

Don: Go beyond the shame, shit is rich fertile stuff and we are in the shit folks - more than ever before. Embrace scatology, seize its warm creative power. Shit out whatever brought you here, what you are sitting on - shit it out, SHIT IT OUT.....

*Fade & music*

## Scene 6

*Workshop 1, Friday Morning, Workshop Room, The Institute of Relational Play, New York.*

*A Re. Play group is in session, facilitated by Natalie. Dawn is seated in the Witnessing Circle, cross-legged, with a detached beatific air.*

*In the group are: Natalie, Gretel, May, Karl, James, Mr Peacock, Annike & Johnny. They are shoeless and standing in an approximate circle*

*The group are close to the end of the warm-up phase, they are animated, physically and emotionally, ready for action, bar Mr Peacock, whom, though participates, remains slightly detached and wary.*

Natalie: Stay with your own movement.....and aim a sound, any-sound you like, whatever comes, aim it across the circle, to someone on the other side.

*The volume increases, the energy deepens. Natalie encourages it and goes to ground, followed by the rest of the group. The mood becomes more animal & primitive, there is thrusting and extended tongues, writhing and groans exude from the group – all participate, including a increasing worried looking Mr P.*

Natalie: Let's go to it – approach.....

*The group bays and growls, moaning towards their neighbours and across the circle. Karl advances towards the centre of the circle and May approaches too. The group fall in, half behind Karl and other half behind May, snarling and libidinal. There are sounds of 'go on.....go on.....go ooooooooooon' which morphs into: 'on ooooooooooon' – Karl and May grapple, each trying to get on top of the other. Others are joining in the fray.....Mr Peacock takes a half-hearted swipe, but remains self-conscious. Natalie has moved into the centre, joining Karl and May.*

Natalie: We are melded....

May: In the primal soup

Natalie: .....The primal sooooooooooop (stirs it up with a large ladle)

*Sounds of slurps and moans as the pack moves into a closer heap of bodies, Karl and May remain physically attached.*

Natalie: How's the soup?

*Mr P goes to say something, but sighs instead*

Gretel: Hot & fiery

May: sexy soup.....

Natalie: (encourages responses) Ohhhhhhh la laaaaaaaa – a sexy soup

Karl: Sex - in my soup

May: it's not yours – it's mine (swipes at Karl)

*Lots of shouts of, 'it's mine, no it's mine, hands off, get out of my soup.....etc'*

Natalie: (*adopts a hippy-air, swipes her hair behind her ears*) Hey, everybody, maybe the soup is like – *ours!* You know to share.....

*There are 2 or 3 sudden hippy adoptees whom agree with each other.*

Karl: Fuck that – I want *my* soup, I want sex in *my* soup

*Those around Karl bay with approval*

Natalie: (Still in hippy role): Well, Karl, I'm sure there's room for your primal sexual impulses – in the *shared* soup

Karl: Fuck 'em – Fuck THEM ALL

*Energy builds*

Gretel: A Cluster-fuck!

*The group descends into a chaotic writhing of simulated, but comic, group sex*

May: But I want special sex

Karl (leading the melee around him): Fuck em' all of em.....a fuck-cluster.....all in the soup.....the fuck-soup

Natalie: (still in hippy-role and bridging the two groups) Ok – is there anything that anybody would like to add to the soup?

Anniko: Some love, for the lovely soup

Natalie: How about you Philpott – anything to add?

*Mr P thinks*

Natalie: To the soup?

*Mr P inhales and lets out a slow sigh*

*Several of the group adopt Mr. P's mannerisms and huff, puff & sigh in a similar way.*

Mr P (doesn't take up the offer and shoos them away)

James: War – what is it good for?

Karl: Blood, you fuckers, war is good for blood

May: Blood soup

Gretel: There is blood everywhere?

Natalie: There usually is.....can anybody find a source?

May: (mock horror) My god - it's from Karl's cock

Natalie: Karl your cock its spurting blood.....Karl.....Karl.....

Gretel: He's HAVING A PERIOD!

*Much cheers and celebrations, led by Gretel and May, the others join in. Karl softens as the group gather to congratulate him.*

May: Awwwwww, his first period

James: it's a big one

Gretel: A heavy flow

*Natalie dips in her finger, looking at it, smells it.*

Natalie: Into the blood.....the blood

*The group moves physically close to the floor, some are smearing the blood on their bodies and on each other. Mr Peacock remains aloof, but he dips a furtive finger into the blood and examines it.*

Natalie: What is the taste, the texture of this, man-blood?

May: Man-period-blood

Gretel: Taste familiar Karl?

Karl: Sort of – salty and.....

Annikie: Bloody?

James: I have blood on my hands

May: (pointing to James) Macbeth

James: The Scottish Play

*Mr Peacock peps up – but thinks better of it returns to a general air of absence*

James: It's the blood of man

Karl: I can't turn it off – I'm feeling light-headed

*Karl lies in the centre of the circle*

May: Too much blood has been split

Johnny: The blood of innocents

James: Perhaps we ought to apply pressure - to the wound

May: Be my guest (indicating Karl's cock-area)

*James hesitates and Natalie goes in, places her hand above Karl's genitalia.*

Karl: I've given too much (he is supported by others), I'm going..... UNCONSCIOUS

*General panic and concern*

Natalie: Not in Re. Play you don't.

May: (admonishing) We don't roll with the unconscious sweetie

Gretel: Hey, but at least your aggressive sexual impulses got sublimated hey Karl?

Natalie: (calling them in) Ok, let's gather, our friend, our fellow player Karl has sacrificed his cock today

May: And his dick-nitty

*Natalie, Karl & Gretel make a klaxon sound*

Natalie: Punning warning (signals a sports style warning to May) step away from the pun. Now anybody wanna sacrifice or rather (going hippy again) 'share' anything else – bloody or otherwise?

Gretel: Yeah, my cunt.....

Natalie: Ah - the bloodied cunt is upon us.....

Annike: Er, babies?

Gretel: Babies – you want to sacrifice babies, you sick individual

*General laughs*

May: (handing one to Natalie) I just made a fresh one

Natalie: Thank you, places it in the centre of the circle (indicates the centre of the circle).....anymore offerings?

Gretel: Hey - kill my god-damn baby!

Natalie: Of course, (extends her hand out to Johnny) the sacrificial dagger?

HK: Sure (he goes to pull it out of his belt)

Karl: (nodding at Johnny) At least mine was bigger

*Laughs from the group*

Natalie: Ahhh – the phallic dagger (takes it with a finger and thumb)

*Johnny looks horrified and indicates that's not what he meant*

James: Perhaps I can step in here (unleashing his man-hood)

Gretel: Hey, we're not having a cock-off here, I want my baby bladed!

Group: Cock-off.....cock-off.....cock-off (*Karl & James begin to joust and parry with their cocks*)

May: Here's, whilst they are show-boating, I have a strap-on sword, will that do the job?

Natalie (straps on the sword) Indeed – (one hand holding the sword and one on her hip) any last words, dear lamb?

Gretel: (moves to the centre of circle, underneath Natalie's sword) Baaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa

*The group start baaaaaaaaa-ing in reply. Mr P sighs*

*Fade*

## Scene 7

*A break – workshop room, Re.Play Institute*

*Annikie is putting on her shoes, James is studying the program for the weekend. The rest have left, including the witness.*

James: (putting his program away) How did you find the session?

Annikie: (Blows through her lips) It's all pretty new for me - how about you?

James: Audacious!

Annikie: I'm out of my depth here – it's not how we usually do it in psychology.

James: You're a psychologist?

Annikie: Clinical

James: Right

Annikie: I'm probably over-thinking it all – it's what I do

Pause

Annikie: It *was* funny – the thing with the sword! (laughs)

James: It was

Annikie: Is it ok, to find it funny? I guess it just is – is it?

James: Who knows – I think that's the point

Annikie: The point is not to know?

Silence

James: Perhaps – a different kind of knowing – a not-knowing, an unknowing – what do I know – Christ, I'm confusing myself

Annikie: I'm sorry

James: No, don't worry. My mantra is 'trust what happens', flow over content - you know the fluidity that Don goes on about.

Annikie: Even if you don't like where it's flowing too

James: Include it, I think, include your reaction of not liking it, express the reaction to it

Annikie: Sounds real – I thought we were playing

James: Search me, I'm a beginner too – I shouldn't really give advice.

Annikie: No, I appreciate it. I need to turn off my brain.

*Isobel walks in with her witnessing circle*

James: Hi there.....

*Isobel ignores him and lays her circle down in the corner of the room and sits in it, cross-legged. She closes her eyes as if in meditation.*

Annik: I don't think they are allowed to talk

James: Where you from?

Annik: I was born in Belgium, but I live in The Hague now

James: In Holland?

Annik: That's usually where it is, yes

James: Sorry - are you staying in town?

Annik: Yep, in the Village.

*Helen walks in with a coffee*

Helen: Hey James (she clocks the witness and lowers her voice) how was your session?

James: Bloody! This is Annik

Helen: Helen (they shake hands)

James: Annik's a Clinical Psychologist

Annik: Which makes me unqualified to be here

Helen: Not at all

Annik: Ok, I'm off to learn about Chakra's and Re.Play.

James: Sounds intriguing!

Annik: See you later. Enjoy your session

James: You too.

*Annik leaves*

Helen: She seems nice

James: Hmhmhmhm

Helen: Quick mover!

James: What? Oh come on - she's out of my league. Anyway we're not allowed, are we? How was your session?

Helen: Erotic! I became part of a floating vulva, representing the unconsummated space.....or something. How was the sightseeing this morning?

James: Glorious - I sat outside the brownstone where Kerouac wrote *On The Road* and had a peek through the window of *The White Horse Tavern*

Helen: Huh?

James: Where Dylan Thomas had his infamous and as it turns out, fatal piss-up – 30 odd whiskeys or something

Helen: What a hero.

James: How about you?

Helen: I went over to Ground Zero

James: Ah, yes I'm gonna go on Sunday.

Pause

James: Did I snore last night?

Helen: A little, this morning.

James: Sorry – those beds are close!

Helen: (smiling) It was like birdsong.....Re.Play birdsong!

In walks Teddy, Mrs P, Karl, Krishna, Bill, *Rachel*. *They take off their shoes if not done so already and stand in an approximate circle.*

Teddy: Ok, quick warm-up everyone, hope you are having a good first morning, let's shake it out, shake it out (shakes hands/arms & legs/feet). And shake yourself over to another pair of hands, just quickly, don't think about it – bingo – this person is going to be your partner – make your acquaintances, introduce yourself – give them a panic-ridden look of horror at the deprived intimacy that you are to embark upon together.....that's good.....

*Helen partners with Mrs P*

We're gonna do the Re.Play 4 Step - which I'm sure you all know: Mirror, Attune, Accept & Return.....say it together: Mirror, Attune, Accept and Return.....ok select an A & B in your pairs.

*The group does so*

A you are the facilitator, B relax, relax into your flow...A's you mirror – mirror and follow the flow.....B's let your body inform you, don't plan it.....let your movement surprise you.....let it announce itself.....release the movement, let it through, it's there. A's breathe with B - tune in slowly, take your time, get in sync with B. B is so generous, they are letting you know, giving you all you need to know. What a privilege, their movement overflows with abundance, open your heart A, praise them, you know A, you know, it's an ancient knowing.....

Karl: Hey Teddy, why don't you shut up and let us get on with it? (smiles)

Laughs

Teddy: (unabated).....and if you are feeling anger or irritation – then express it in your movement, don't waste it on me. Trust it.

Increase in energy

Teddy: B's liberate yourself from the spot of ground that you occupy, give away your territory.....why are you holding on to it?

Karl: I'm not

Krishna: Nice Deleuzean touch Teddy

Teddy: That's me, working the levels, working the levels.....

Teddy: Let the space move into you Bs, release the space, become the space, the space, the space.....

*The group remains in their pairs, Teddy is moving too, in-between the pairs, occasionally pointing out things to couples. The mood is light-hearted and playful*

Teddy: A's prepare to shift from Mirroring to Tuning in, B's carry on doing your thing.....

Karl: Warp factor 4 Scottie!

Bill: But captain, she cannae take it, captain

Karl: Engage the thrusters Scottie

Bill: But captain, the ship, she'll no take it!

Teddy: Warp factor 4 Scottie

Bill: Aye, aye captain

Teddy: And we are good for tuning, A tune in to B, include yourself, perform the relation and when you are ready.....make the offer!

*There is a rise in animation, movement and noise in the group, as improvisational offers are made*

Mostly these are gesture or a sound. Mrs P launches into a vocal:

Mrs P: (whom is an A).....little fine babykins, aren't you! Yes, yes, yes, yes.....a chichichichichichichichi - whoooooosh and a vrrrrrooooooooooom, ah the lightness of the.....and away we go.....'

Teddy: Don't use too many words, attunement is an embodied mutuality, a performance of behaviours – easy on the words now.....be the feeling.....

Rachel: Crack that whip Teddy boy

Krishna: You know we like it

Teddy: All in good time - but for now, stay in fucking Attunement, will ya – quietly!

*Laughs – more sounds and movement.*

*Mrs P quietens a little but remains physically over-animated*

Teddy: B's accept A's intervention - receive and trust what's being offered.....

*Some pairs begin to make contact. Karl and James start to roll on the floor, in an embrace. There is little antagonism between the pairs, more a flowing mutuality.*

Teddy: Accept and build, enter into the play, A's note what B's are doing with your offer, get ready to accept back, show them how to do it A's – let B inform you A – you know nothing, B will tell you all you need to know

*Increase again in energy, more sounds and some words.....some of the pairs interact with other pairs*

Teddy: A's tune in again – what are B's leaking, what are they showing of their hidden hand?

Rachel: it's a claw – the claw!!



Teddy: A's use B's names if you need to, also notice things in the room, bring them back A, bring them back to ground (Goes over to Mrs P)..... that's good, yeah Moooooooooooooomy has done a great job, with the whooooooooooooooooooshy.....see how calm her baby is now (strokes an alarmed looking Helen)

Mrs P: Yeeeeeeeeeeeeees, moooooooooooooooooomy, so proud.....her  
baaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaby – with a whooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooooshy

*Teddy wrests Helen from Mrs. P's hold and places himself between them, comforting both with hugs.*

Teddy: .....lets draw that to a close.....baby is full now and.....A's find a way to thank B for what they've shared.....acknowledge each other in the here and now, back as yourself now.....

*The pairs acknowledge each other, some hug, some lean in and chat. Helen does a friendly wave to Mrs P, whom sits beatific, convinced that she has worked a miracle cure on Helen.*

Teddy: Ok, let's take a moment here.....

Fade

### Scene 8

*Friday lunchtime, The Spatula, a bar/restaurant in Soho, New York.*

*Natalie, Rachel, May are sat together on a table, having lunch.*

May: That Belgium chick is hot

Rachel: She's Dutch

May: She hails from Antwerp, originally. Lives in Holland now

Natalie: You got the full low-down

May: I question a lot when I'm nervous

Rachel: And keen

May: I don't know what I'd do with her in a 1:1

Natalie: Play with it, of course

May: I hate doing sessions with hot chicks – it's so humiliating! 'Can I just own the fact that I am very attracted to you and don't really feel worthy enough to be sat on'

Laughs

Natalie: You're allowed to find somebody hot – it's natural honey – it may even be reciprocated!

(Looks at Rachel and smiles)

May: I've got some serious work to do on the couch before I'm free enough for that!

Natalie: Fuck the couch, just play with it – it'll pass – she's probably had it all her life, you know, people finding her hot – you should play with her, it'll could be good for both of you

May: Ahhhh – it could be beautiful!

*James & Helen, Annike & JOHNNY are sat together on another table*

Helen: I thought she was going to boob me there and then, I could barely breathe down there. Who the fuck are they, The Peacocks, she can't have done any Re.Play before, surely.....no attunement, no acceptance, Teddy had to virtually wrestle her away from me.....

James: She is something else – what about that husband too.....

Johnny: He's a man of few words – works in the theatre apparently

Annike: What is he – a mime artist?

*They are joined by Don*

Don: Hey gang, how was the morning?

James: Great – pretty wild

Don: Uh-huh – that's the way we do it!

Don: We have our 1:1 after lunch Helen?

Helen: Yeah, looking forward to it

Don: So, how's the group in England?

Helen: Good – we're getting there, practicing on each other, reading the papers – no one has been sectioned yet

Don: Give it time - you got a leader yet?

James: We're fairly democratic, we take it in turns to host weekends and have a rota for facilitation

Don: Hmmmmm, if it takes off, I'm gonna need a leader.

*James & Helen look at each other*

Helen: A leader – of the group?

Don: It's practical - I just can't communicate with a whole group on mass, it'll be like a fucking politburo. I need a key person, someone to liaise with, more a coordinator to set up events - that kind of thing

James: I see

Don: It's just for administrative purposes, for now – someone to gather the troops when I come over, that kind of thing.

Helen: Right

Don: I mean eventually, if we set up an institute in the UK, then I'll need someone to head it up too – you know, a figurehead! Someone that I anoint as leader.

Pause

Don: As you can imagine, it all gets played with, in the play - jealousies, ambition, and the attention. We've been through that here – it'll be no different with you guys. Some of the group will leave, that always happens....

Teddy walks past

Don: Ain't that right Teddy?

Teddy: What's that?

Don: The leader, in the play.....

Teddy: Always gets taken out - killed off. Must be some kind of archetypal trope or something!

Don: You guys all joining us for dinner tonight?

Helen: Yes

James: Definitely

Don: Great – I'll book a table

Fade & music

### Scene 9

*Helen's 1:1 session with Don, The Re.Play Institute. Friday Afternoon.*

*Don & Helen are walking around the space*

Helen: It's hard to know where to start

Don: You just have

Helen: (congratulating herself) Yeh

Pause

Don: Or would you prefer to start in a different place?

Helen: Here is fine

Don: How is it?

Helen: Huh?

Don: Here – how is it, here?

Helen: It's surreal

Don: Surreal?

Helen: Being here, (gestures with her hand) with you, Don, Mr. Replay

Don: (raises hand in response) It doesn't feel real?

Helen: (takes a step closer) No

Don: It isn't real (raises his other palm)

Helen: I'm sorry?

Don: Pardon? (Cupping his hand behind his ear)

Helen: You said it's not real

Don: I did?

Helen: You did

Don: I get a little hard of hearing, these days

Helen: (Shouting) why would you say that?

Pause

Helen: Unless

Don: Unless

Helen: You are right

Don: I am right

Helen: You are Don

Don: Mr Re.Play (holds out with hands) & you are?

Helen:.....Mrs Re.Play?

Don: Of course, darling – I didn't recognise you, with your new accent and all

Helen: Do you like it?

Don: I love it

Helen: I'm hoping it's going to help us – you know, in our relationship

Don: It does need a little spicing-up

Helen: After all, you're into role-play

Don: God-dam right

Helen: So, I can play, you know, the English.....

Don: Governess?

Helen: Yes, your favourite.....and you can play.....

Don: Your?

Helen: Mmmm - my (searching).....muse

Don: Of course.....

Helen: Which is handy, as I see you've taken off your clothes already

Don: I have?

Helen: You have

Don: (strikes a pose) You know I like to make an impression – on you

Helen: And, you always say that I'm hard to impress

Don: You are very hard to impress (trying a different pose)

*Helen takes a step back, hand to her chin, examines Don, like a sculptor searches the stone, she advances, and traces her hands over his shoulders, down his back and legs. She moves to the front of Don, looks at his head, his neck and shoulders, following his contours again – takes a few steps back, cocks her head.....*

Helen: And - you are just very hard

Don: As you said - it's my favourite, honey

Helen laughs

Helen: I'm not sure what to do with it, really.

Don: Ahh, just do what you always do – it works for me

*Helen makes a snake charmer movement and sound*

*Don moves his waist in time*

Don: That's what I love about the English Governess fantasy - all the.....snake charming

Helen: Yes, makes it all more fluid hey, more workable

Don: I'm charmed – hypnotised (Don goes to ground and snakes his way across the floor)

*Helen keeps playing, charming Don, his hand transforms into a snake's head. Helen keeps both hands on her flute and lifts a foot to meet the head of the snake – they dance, hand to foot. Don lays on his back. The music quietens. Don places his hand on his chest. Helen's foot follows – she places it on Don's chest.*

*The look at each other – remaining in this position.*

Helen: How does that feel?

Don: Charming

Helen: You like it – being charmed.....by a woman?

Don: I prefer it to self-charming

Helen: The tables have turned

Don: You're making an impression

Helen: Are you interpreting..... darling?

Don: How would *you* interpret this scene?

Helen: I wouldn't

Pause

Helen: My foot..... your chest

Don: My heart

*Helen lowers her hand to the ground and steadies herself, and goes on one knee*

Helen: We meet in the middle

*Don raises his head. Helen lowers her head to his*

*Don places his hand on Helen's cheek. She reciprocates.*

Don: You've come a long way

Helen: I wanted to meet you

Don: I'm here

Helen: Me too

*Helen lies closely next to Don.*

Don: It's alright (strokes her hair)

Helen: I know

*Pause*

Helen: Are you cold?

Don: Less so

Helen: Do you need your.....

Don: Mankini?

Laughs

Don: Thanks

*Pause*

Don: How does it look?

Helen: What?

Don: The mankini

Helen: It looks real

Don: Will my bum look big in it?

Helen: Really big

*They snuggle up closer.*

Helen: I don't want to leave

Don: Then stay

*Fade.*

Scene 10: Workshop: Training Session

*Teddy is working with Johnny and James in a pair*

Teddy: I'm gonna push you guys a little here. Johnny you're the facilitator, James, you be the client. James start your movement, Johnny, mirror him, good! Tell me how you're feeling James?

James: Awkward

Teddy: You're god-damn right – it's exposing! Let me see that in your moves, you look like you're enjoying it James – show me, PERFORM how you are

*James shoulders raise into an awkward jerky movement, he looks around – JOHNNY continues to mirror*

James: I feel judged.

Teddy: Judged? Too abstract - what is getting judged?

James.....erm.....my belly.....

Teddy: Yeah

James: I feel ugly!

Teddy: Better.....you picking that up Johnny? Tune in to the ugliness.....it's a generous offer - what's the texture, the movement, the feeling of it.....

*JOHNNY places his hand near James' belly*

Teddy: Too direct man, relate to him through your whole body – it's fucking everywhere.....take off your thinking goggles man.....take them off....

JOHNNY: huh?

Teddy: Here, let me take them for ya (he pretends to take off JOHNNY's goggles). See?

JOHNNY: Oh, now I see his big ugly belly.....

*James starts a little*

JOHNNY: It's taking up the whole room!

Teddy: judge it, for Christ-sake

Johnny: It's disgusting - you need to work out man.....

James: Bad-ass

Teddy: There you go, that's your role, introducing Judge Bad-Ass

JOHNNY: Licence to condemn, Bad-ass..... McGeevy (turns round and extends his butt in James' direction)

James: McGeevy?

Teddy: Make me believe you?

JOHNNY: Bad-Ass has an exposé on you! (points at James)

Teddy: Don't tell him, do it.....expose him!

*JOHNNY clenches his butt-cheeks and starts to rip off items of James' clothing.*

Teddy (getting into a frenzy): Yep, ol bad-ass strips down the accused.....off they come..... expose him to harsh judging light.....

*James covering his modesty*

Teddy: JUDGE HIM – he can't see it, JUDGE HIM

JOHNNY: Fingers, splayed.....fingers.....

Teddy: JUDGE THEM, CONDEMN THEM

Johnny: Guilty, fat, pathetic fingers

Teddy: Take it up James....

James: (examining his fingers, in the dock) My guilty fingers, un-slender & innocent.....(taking Johnny's hands) not the elegant hands of you – the judge – I envy your status with my guilty fat, wasted fingers.....

Teddy: Guilty of what?

James: Pleasure, sickening, lonely pleasures.....audible, behind the phoney door and the grooved child-lock.....

Teddy: Yes, Yes!

James: The flimsy barrier, cardboard and hollow – exposed by a seeping slit of light – under the door.....

Johnny: The light of truth - this court holds no privacy.....

James: Humiliating nakedness (holds up his hands)

Teddy: Fill me up with your fucking guilt – I want it – I want your PLEASURE

James: (on his knees).....A lonely, masturbating, sick death....

Teddy: Speak it – confess it!

James: Death by the wanking hand of my ugly grasp (he extends his hand)

JOHNNY: (goes over and takes James' hand) Let the court see Exhibit 1

Teddy: Bad-ASS – ASS

*Johnny instinctively proffers his butt to James.*

*James pretends to insert his hand into Johnny's behind*

Teddy: The Long arm of the law!

*Laughs and cheers*

Johnny: Judged by the highest *orifice* in the land

Teddy: How is it – what's the feeling?

James: Warm, cavernous.....

JOHNNY: Cav-anus?

Teddy: No punning – come on hoover him up, take him in!

*Johnny suctions up James, he is taken in arm-first, then his head and the rest of his body. Johnny is arched and James crawls through his legs and follows the counter of Johnny's body. James' head arrives on Jonny's chest. Johnny reaches down and offers a hand to James. There is a moment of hesitancy – fingers stops short, they move inches away from each other, a finger dance ensues. James extends his hand and Johnny pulls him through, until their heads are level.*

*They look at each other*

Teddy: Ok, final words

Johnny: Take him down

James: You stink of shit (smiles)

Teddy: Ok – good - let's leave it there

### Scene 10 (last scene before the End of Act 1)

*The Spatula. Friday Evening. Background music. The Group are sat together around a large table, they are chatting in small groups*

Mrs P holds court with *Natalie, Rachel, May & Mr P*

Mrs P: (animated & with conviction).....inside.....a chitititititititititi, like that.....you see.....aaaaaaaalllllll the way, a tiny, sparkly.....chititititititititititi, all the time.....holding and turning and.....of course, I have always said this.....(sharply and pointing) never, never, never, NO, you see, this, this whole thing, which has brought many, little tiny.....it was THAT see, I WAS there.....sat down.....look it all goes.....whoooooooooooooosh (quietly and holding the confused attention of the others).....whoooooooooosh, whoooooooooosh, whooooooooooooooshy.....you see.....but outside.....it's at three or four differences of the thing! (gestures that she has ended)

*Nods from the others*

*An another table James is sitting and staring into space*

Helen: Are you ok?

James: I'm officially - a lonely, inveterate masturbator with ugly hands! This is so shaming – I need a drink!

Helen: This is why we're here – why we've come.

Pause

Helen: Sounds like you went somewhere.

Pause

Helen: I'm a little envious. Look, include this feeling too, bring it back tomorrow – don't let it dominate you into silence. It's good

*Annike walks in with JOHNNY man, they are in deep conversation. James clocks them*

James: I feel depressed.

*Meanwhile, back on the other table.....*

Mrs P: tuh tuh tuh tuh tuh tuh tuh tuh.....now you my dear, so beautiful when you.....ahhhhhahhhahhhahhhahhaahh.....yes, yes, Yes and you too with the (gestures) ohhhhhhhhhh, no, I said, no, no – always, and always, oh marvellous, oh yes.....so beautiful with you. Now, I said to him (indicating Mr P) when was it, eh, when was it that I said to you about the chitititititititititititit?

*Mr P looks like he is going to speak, but splutters out a small sigh instead, followed quickly by another, more resigned sigh*

Mrs P: Now look.....always the whoooooooooosh, the whoooooooooooshy.....

*Mr P gets up to go to the toilet.*

*Karl is perched on Teddy's arched coxis, they greet Mr P*

Teddy: I'm the base.....the base.....BASE

*Mr P looks at them, goes to say something but gives up and instead lets out a huff and extended sigh.*

*Another table Bill, Krishna, Gretel*

Bill: I witnessed, around 5 years ago. When I came out, I very nearly carried on walking right out of the institute

Krishna: Well that would have been our loss Bill

Gretel: and Street Play too. D'ya hear, Bill taking it to the streets now Kris

Krishna: Yeah, I love it.

Bill: You gotta keep in small, just offer little twists on reality. I mean it's risky, there's no contract, you just pitch it out there, see what happens, if anybody responds.

Gretel: He did it on the train Kris, didn't ya honey – just walked the train with a little play-phone (holds an imaginary phone to her ear).....

Bill: Keep it subtle

Gretel: He's gonna play himself right into the psych ward, ain't you darling. Will ya keep playin' when they give ya a shot?

Bill: Maybe, see how it goes.

Teddy and Karl are now a mutual base and have persuaded Mrs P to clamber onto their backs. They are slowly making their way around the Spatula

Teddy: We're the BASE.....

Karl: The BASE

Teddy & Karl: THE BASE – we are The Base!

*Mrs P continues to talk and gesture whilst being transported by Teddy & Karl*

Mrs P: With a Puuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuush and a tet a puuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuush and a





Helen: You lost him – I gotta go, we'll chat later – good luck –drink some coffee!

## Scene 2

*James' 1:1 with Don, James is describing an event from his childhood.*

James:.....we sat facing each other, knees touching; our hands behind us, holding the railings of a small stone bridge; it was just off the housing estate where we both lived. It was just so ordinary, a simple happy ordinary day. Fields, the brook, trees – no people around. I remember that – it was just us. Me and Natalie. We were friends, but I fancied her badly. Her dark hair, her smile, she was pretty. We used to ride our bikes and walk the streets, we'd lie on the grass and in fields – I loved that, being in corn-field with her, sheltered & intimate. I was fascinated with her, the way she rode her bike, her voice, the tilt of her head, her smile. She was a year older than me, which made it all the more unexpected, when it eventually happened. It was rare to be alone with her, I don't recall how we got there – it all falls away, how we got to the bridge, but we did, that's what I can't forget, us sat together on the bridge. I may have pretended to fall forward, or something, but we were ready, when it happened, when I caught her or she me – just for a few seconds - we kissed.

Pause

James:.....half-open, half-closed mouths, we stayed in that kiss, barely moving. I can sense it now, the oval firmness of her lips, her mouth and mine, joined in simple perfection.

Silence

Don: The perfect, ineffable past

Pause

James: Is that the category?

Don: Which category?

James: A perfect but ineffable category

Pause

Don: It wasn't perfect - was it?

James: No

Pause

James: Do you have them?

Don: Have what?

James: Perfect, ineffable moments.....or have then been all Re.Played out?

Pause

Don: You're pissed with me

James: You're getting on my back

Don: I'll take that as an invitation.

*Don wrestles with James and attempts to clamber on his back. James eases up, smiles, he ends up being pinned down by Don*

Don: I'm spoiling your perfection, you have every right to be angry....

*Don bears down more heavily on James*

Don: Come on fight back.....

*Don jabs his elbow in James chest*

Don: You can push me off if you want....

James: This is quite a direct approach

Don: The present makes a direct assault, firm – too firm - like the little oval mouth of your sweetheart

*Don is now lying on top of James, staring down at him*

James: And you are taking the role of the present now, Don?

Don: uh huh

James: Clumsy!

Don: That's me

James: Why don't you fuck off you Yankee twat, you fuck, you dumb-ass *lug-head*.....

Don: Lug-head?

James: (smiling) That's what you say in the states, don't you, Lug-head?

Don: What have you been lugging around for years James?

James: Lug-off

Don: How many more, perfect, untouched cherished moments have you sacredly preserved?

James: Go lug yourself

Don: That keeps you wedded to that bridge - locked in an uncomfortable embrace?

James: What – are you saying that I'm stuck.....I don't.....

Don: You just said it

James: I didn't realise that you were a fucking chicken as well?

Don: (slowly loosens his hold on James and goes into a chicken role).....bwwwwwwwwwwwark, bwwwwwwwwwwwwwark, bwaarrrrrrrrrrrrkk

*James pushes Don off and Don struts around the room, making chicken noises*

James: Come here, little chicken.....I ain't gonna hurt you.....come here

*Don – more chicken sounds*

James: I'm only gonna slice off your little fucking chicken-head, take that chicken-brain out – have a good look at it

*James makes a leap for Don, Don is hysterical on the floor, squawking and flapping – James brings down his axe and slices off his head.*

James: And let's hear no more of that....

Don: If only it were that easy

Pause

Don: Why don't we try that scene again – on the bridge? Play with it, tear it apart, criticize it, move beyond it.....

Pause

Don: Or are ya yella?

James: I ain't yella

Don: (toting like a gun-fighter) Oh yea! (chewing and spitting out tobacco). Make your move.....

*James standing up to face Don in a similar pose hands out to the side of his holster.*

*Silence – they hold this position for some time*

James: You were a stuck-up, selfish, little bitch – you placed yourself higher than the piece of shit you thought I was, scruffy, spitting, eager to please and virtually friendless. Where the fuck did you go, afterwards, where the fuck was I supposed to go – out there, terminally alone? Innocence - you leaded weight of insecurity.....brutal purity, polluted by the scum of the stream below us – below me.

*James pulls out his gun and shoots Don straight in the head*

Don lays dead on the floor

Pause

James moves away, sinks to the floor, sits, head down.

Pause

James: Happy now?

Pause

Don: I'm dead – I think! Or was it a flesh wound?

James: You're the troll from under the bridge, you're a category Don, the category of leader - a tyrannical despot – around which people cannot help but flock

Don: (monstrously) QUAKE WITH FEAR!!

James: You don't reach me, you don't have access to me – you're a piece of shit

Don: Ahhh – the shit, thrown away, too painful?

James: You're a monster

Don: You're right again, innocent one, and what THIS monster sees is a little boy, holding on, desperately, to a firm commitment, to what he can't have - it's not there, lug-head, not there, it's beautifully abandoned you. Isn't that what you are doing here – all the way, over-here - in the city, the big beautiful lights of the city?

James: You're not only a monster - you're an obscure hypocrite

Don: Don't do as I have done – I never do!

James: This is hopeless

Don: Hopelessly holding on. Fall away, descend, there's hope in descent, in tumbling down.....

James: Into?

Don: Into here

James: And there?

Don: Again

James: Repeating, ancient, still.....

Pause

James: I can't go on

Don: Where to?

James: Past you

Don: There is only me

James: Move

Don: Make me

James: You are relentless

*James sizes up close to Don*

James: Move!

Don: I'm not moving – I'm a dead weight

James: MOOOOOOVE (James puts his hands on Don's chest) MOVE, I said MOVE you bastard, you fucking cunt, MOVE

*Don takes half a step back*

*Blackout*

### Scene 3

*The Spatula – Lunchtime on Saturday*

*The two members of staff are preparing the bar/restaurant for lunch*

Staff 1: Get ready for the onslaught

Staff 2: Omelettes at high-noon

Staff 1: Lousy tippers too

Staff 2: Europeans

Staff 1: Apart from the ones from Jersey!

Staff 1: Hey, don't forget we're getting a free show

Staff 2: I'm working – not performing

*Staff 1 lays things on the tables*

*Pause*

Staff 1: You heard about Gifford?

Staff 2: Two months?

Staff 1: Shit

*Sounds coming from outside the restaurant – whoops and laughs. Bill & Rachel come into the restaurant*

Rachel: Good horsey, right on through here, you're such a good boy, you're nearly there – come on through

*Karl enters, on all fours, carrying a member of the public on his back.*

Bill: (to one of the staff) Could we have a bowl of water for our beast of burden, please

Staff 1: (laughs) Sure thing

*Karl is followed by Gretel, Krishna, Natalie & JOHNNY (whom are laughing and incredulous)*

Natalie: My god, he did it – right across street

Karl: Hey, do you mind, I'm still in character here

Natalie: Sorry horsey (stroking his head), how could we forget about you and your gorgeous mane

Krishna: (helping the person to dismount) We hope you enjoyed your down-town ride today.

Member of the public: Wonderful, thanks – a very smooth ride

Gretel: Anytime.

Bill: Have a great day (bows)

Member of the public: (laughs) You too (exits)

*Karl stands up, stretches*

Karl: The things I do for Re.Play

*Lots of cheering and laughter and a group hug forms around Karl*

Gretel: Are your knees ok, the sidewalk is hard?

Karl: Mere wounds of war



Annik: Tough session?

Gretel: Don't worry, it can't be any worse than the one before you, sounded like he was roasting her alive

*Karl comes over*

Karl: (reading his phone) Check this out, Teddy's heading to La Guardia.....with a Mr. Brian Hunter. Nice photo (shows his phone) I presume he's the driver!

*They scramble around to see*

Annik: (To James) How you doing?

James: Good – I'm still on a high from last night

Annik: It was like a dream wasn't it - did you cope ok in 1:1?

James: I think so

Pause

James: It's about letting go, isn't it?

Pause

James: It's just – do you everything is up for grabs – you know, playable?

Annik: I'm not sure, I'm trying to work that out.

James: Some things, I don't want or need to change – they are precious.....ahh - it's only play

Annik smiles

James: Since I was young, I've had a fear of enclosure - a claustrophobia- it runs in my family. It's a panic, a fear of being trapped and not being able to get out, to get away. But, at the same time, to find somewhere to be, to really be and to stay, to say this is enough for me, it seems that's what it's all about.....

Gretel: (coming back to her chair) What's it's all about?

Annik: Being full.....

Gretel: The omelettes are pretty good hey?

Don: Hahaha – Teddy, the crazy bastard - god knows where he'll end up. (To Bill) Can you take Teddy's place in the discussion this afternoon?

Bill: Uh huh

Don: Not too philosophical Bill. Deleuze may be all the rage but nobody has a fucking clue what he's on about. For a change, let's try not disappear up our arseholes after lunch

Gretel: It's unpalatable!

May: We did enough of that this morning too – my ass can't take much more

Bill: I'm eating here.....

Don: (indicating Mrs P) What is that woman doing?

Mrs Peacock is sat on Mr P's back, whom is on all fours.

Mrs Peacock: (explaining to the others) thiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiis, it was thiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiis.....I'm telling you.....hahahahahahahahahahahahhahahahahah.....gidddy giddy giddy up up up up up on up on up on up on up on up on up (jeeing on a sighing Mr P)

#### Scene 4

*House lights on*

*The philosophy discussion session, Saturday afternoon, The Re.Play Institute*

*Witness is in place*

Bill: Players, welcome to the Saturday afternoon philosophy slot (cheers). In the absence of Teddy, I will be facilitating today's discussion, which will begin with the question: Why bother relating? (signals towards Don) Don

Don: Thankyou. Well the quick answer is, we bother relating, as there is no alternative!

Natalie: Ok, we're done – anyone for a Bloody Mary?

Bill: Brevity is a virtue Don, but let's expand a little, how about a definition, er, what is to relate?

Don: To relate is to *be with*.

Pause

Yeah? So, I'm relating now, with you, with everybody in this room, with the walls, the carpet, the colours, with everything - with the whole institute itself; with the year 2010, and all the sad and bad years gone by -every fucking thing - we relate to what we are, who we are, where we are, where we have been and will be and even what we are not too. Get it – even to what we are not! We are with that too. We cannot not relate!

Bill: I get it, relating is being-with. I relate to myself within and the world without

Don: As much as one can say there is a self – yes!

Bill: You don't think there is a self?

Don: Look, the self is a construct, made up from how we relate. We relate first, to the outside world, as it were – then it is this 'outside' that shows up on the inside - in the language and thoughts we use. In this way, our language and thoughts reveal our relational being – our being-with.

Bill: Ah, the relational pincer movement. But, we may be getting ahead of ourselves here. Let's back up – this idea of there not being a self - what's that about?

Kris:....thought, Bill

Silence

Gretel: Yeah, he said 'thought'

Don: Look, what I'm saying is what we think of as our 'inner' subjectivity, our inner self, well it's only a residue of our relational being. Our being-with others reaches us all the way down, as it were. What we think of as the inside is predicated on what's outside.

Pause

Come to think of it, maybe I shouldn't say 'down' – across is better – we relate all the way across!

Bill: So, Don, you are saying there's no inner self?

Don: I thought we were talking about 'relating'? Yes – in a nutshell, there is no self, inner or otherwise! When we think, talk or reflect, it's the world, out there, other people that we hear, it is our 'relationality' speaking, thinking, communicating – the world we are indelibly with. This idea of an 'inner self' separate to & split off from the world, it's a medieval hang-over from the likes of Monsieur Descartes.....

Bill: Rene Descartes the 16<sup>th</sup> Century European philosopher?

Don: Yep, but you can leave-out the European qualifier Bill – they were all European back then.

Bill: But....

Don: Relationality reverses Descartes position. We are not an atomic self, an 'indubitable' soulful thing, peering out towards an outside world. Rather, it is relationality seeking itself, in an act of peering. Relationality comes first.

Bill: (reflecting back to himself).....relationality comes first.....

Pause

Gretel: You thinking hard there honey?

Laughs

Bill: Are you really saying there's no self at all? It feels like I have a self, at least it's not you in here, Don, or anybody else.....I think.....

Don: It sort of is and you in me, baby. We're best to do away with the self altogether that whole outdated, trumped up idea....it doesn't mean that we don't have agency, or choice – in fact, accepting our inherent relationality could bring a much deeper authenticity to our being.

Bill: Are we moving into Heideggerian territory Don?

Natalie: Nazi!

Don: Ah, well you brought him up, I wondered when you might – I'm amazed we got this far

Bill: What you don't relation to him Don? It seems a lot of what you're saying relates to Martin Heidegger

Noises from the audience

Don: It relates to relationality Bill

Bill: Well, let's keep an open mind here

Don: Sure – tell us Bill.....

Bill: Well, let's go back to authenticity, which you mentioned Don

Don: (mock horror) I did? (head in his hands) I did

Bill: My question, though it may be Heidegger's too, is how can a person claim to be authentic whilst at the same time it is the world & other people talking through him? Surely, to be authentic, one must, to some degree stand on their own, be free – not just follow the herd, right?

Don: I don't see the masses herding to the institute Bill. To be authentic is to be real, right? I'm real in and through my relationality, to be otherwise is to deny authentic being. I don't need to cut myself off from others, in some synthetic form of freedom, to be real, that would be perverse.

Bill: But a person can get clear, even a little, of what they are entangled up with

Pause

Kris: Well, you two sure know how to *clear* a room

Gretel: He's still a fucking Nazi

Don: How do you suppose we do that then Bill?

Bill: Do what?

Don: Start to clear a little of what we are entangled up with? By doing what Heidegger did – spending lots of time alone, thinking about death a lot, creating neologisms - the usual existentialist kind of stuff, playing the existentialist is hardly authentic!

Bill: It may involve doing anything, in particular. It might be holding back, not acting, thinking or doing – more a state of being.....just being....you know, rather than being-with.....right?

Don: Being without being anywhere? Without being anyone or anything?

Bill: Yeah.....that's sort of it.....

Don: Abstractly.....nowhere.....not with.....anything else?

Bill: (quietly) yeah

Don: It's an ideal - you're a romantic idealist Bill

Bill: How so?

Don: To not doing something still involves being-with, I can only 'not' do something when there is something not to do.

Bill: (rattled) This is sophistry Don – double negatives and all

*More responses from the audience*

Bill: I can imagine being different to what I am with. Shall we call it a being-without?

Don: A being without what.....being? Now who's trotting out the double negatives?

Bill: Look, what's death, if not a being-without? And as Heidegger, rightly says, death is simply another way to be. We are already the death that we become

Don: Ok, that's an interesting one Bill – do we relate in death?

Bill: No, of course not. You are not saying that we continue to relate when we die.....are you?

Don: Let me think this though. Your man, Heidegger says, we become the death that we already are, right?

Bill: Uh huh

Don: So, we have death within our being – already, we are with-death, like we are with everything else - we relate to death.

Bill: But we no longer relate, when we die – surely?

Don: Give me a goddam minute here, for christsakes.....

Natalie: You got him Billy-boy, ya got ‘im.....

*Sounds from the assembled*

Pause

Don: .....probably not - how the hell do I know?

Cheers

Bill: We can't relate, when we die, we do not exist, we are nowhere to relate to or from. And, as Don has explained already, death is just another way of being, it is a way of being that we already are. This is what I meant by clearing a little of what we are entangled with, we can occupy our non-relationality, we can go beyond relationality, to authentically claim whom we are – to create and re-create ourselves, not just with what we are with, but what we are without - not-yet, what we will become.

Don: Hmhmhmhm. Okay, I'm back..... going beyond relationality? You'll put me out of business my friend; that is, if it wasn't a contradiction in terms. Even if it was possible to go beyond relationality (whatever the fuck that means) then we must continue to relate to what has been exceeded –the relationality that we have gone beyond, right?

Pause

Gretel: Well I hope you two are having fun

May: I'm lost

Don: You will be May, if he has his non-localised way, you'll be literally, nowhere – precisely where your argument is heading Bill.

Bill: An *ad hominin* move Don? Non-locality is no biggie. We venture into non-locality all the time.....

Natalie: He's going for it

Gretel: He's losing it!

Bill: ....is a fantasy located to a particular place, Don? I'm not talking about the brain activity of the person having the fantasy, but the fantasy itself!

Natalie: I'm having a few fantasies now and they ain't pretty ones.

Don: A fantasy in itself – you mean separate to the fantasist?

Bill: Yes

Don: There is no fantasy separate to the fantasist, besides, fantasies are fantasies because they relate to reality.

Bill: But you're missing something Don, the non-relational bit. We can't claim to know all from what is merely revealed to us. What is Psychoanalysis about if not revealing deeper or alternative aspects of fantasy. Things *withdraw* from us Don, they do not relate in entirety, the wish that they do is a fantasy too.

Don: Ok, so now you're bringing in the noumenal Bill. The Kantian thing-in-itself? Hell, we left all that behind years ago. I prefer to stay with what is *there*, the relatable phenomena – it's enough for me.

Bill: You're opening yourself to charges of chauvinism there Don. We do not have access to a thing's totality, that's what keep the show on the road, keeps us exploring - there are always hidden aspects. We are nothing but a tiny, reducing valve, we can't comprehend the totality of a thing - not yet at least.

Don: Enjoy your speculations Bill – may it bring you the freedom you crave and need. What isn't speculative is, from the very beginning, we begin our lives, in utero, all tangled up *with* our mothers. In fact, not just with our mothers, we began in unity, sharing the bedrock from which we eventually emerge. It is this shared state – the relational state - that echoes and repeats, whatever we do and wherever we go. Face it, Bill - relationality simply got there first!

Bill: What the hell does it matter who or what was first?

Natalie: Boys, boys – come on now..... who started it?

Laughs

Don: Precisely Nat, who started it, not what started it, we don't escape the start, we don't escape the relations with whomever started it – though we may fantasise about doing so.

Gretel: He's back

Karl: From the depths

Pause

Don: Come on Bill – it's just fucking obvious

*Cheers from the others*

Karl: The most profound utterance, yet!

Pause

Bill: But will it will be forever thus?

Gretel: Am I in fucking Stratford-Upon-Avon now?

Bill: Ok – bear with me, one last push here...Right, might it not just be feasible, let's speculate a little at least - that something may emerge, or let's just say, may happen, *that does not relate to what preceded it?*

Don: What – that just happens?

Bill: Yes, I mean, how the hell did the big-bang come about in the first place, if it didn't just happen? We live with the myth of 'things just happening' all the time – it's not so strange.

Don sighs

Bill: Time-wise, in the blink of an eye, we have gone from using stone hand-axes to typing Face Book profiles. How do those two things relate?

Don: (increasing exasperation) They relate through us, they are both tools, and by the way, both are evidence of relationality. Hell, what is Facebook if not a relational device? Come on, concede the argument Bill and let's get some coffee.....let's relate over coffee! Facebook proves relationality, it is relationality exporting itself into cyber-space and it'll probably outlive us, that oughta to tell us something (moves to stand)

Bill: 'Exporting itself'? But that's just my point. I mean, even your precious relationality has an 'itself' – something that is not defined or known merely by its relations

Don: (sits down) Oh for fucks sake

Bill: That's it, relationality itself withdraws from its relations

Don: I'm done

Bill: Stay with it Don, just a minute - things in themselves (even relationality itself) are evasive, slippery, multiplicitous fuckers. We simply do not, cannot relate to a thing's full disclosure!

*Don puts his head in his hands*

Bill: Look, I don't look into another pair of eyes, say your eyes.....

Gretel: Lay off the bromance boys – you'll put me off my omelette

Karl: Whaddya see in there Bill – fiery pits of hell?

Bill: What I don't see is just the eye itself – I see a person, a mood, a disposition and in this case - a desperate philosophical position.....

Cheers

Gretel: You got owned there Don

Pause

Don: You see with-ness

Bill: No, what I see is that there is a lot more to the eye, this eye, than I can see. What I see is merely a glimpse of the eye *itself*

Don: It's not enough for you?

Bill: I don't need it to be enough, I don't need my glimpse to be *all* there is..... I have some humility!

*More oooooo's from the assembled whom are sensing Bill's ascendancy*

Don: Humility? Is that a joke? I'm the one arguing that we remain faithfully *related* to this plain ol' world of ours; whereas, you want to unshackle us from such meagre limitations. You're a Don Quixote, Bill, charging at windmills for giants.

Krishna: Let's wrap it up guys

Bill: And you, Don, are projecting a whole on the basis of a glimpse. We gain a glimpse, a flicker of what lies behind, of what doesn't relate. We are pointed to beyond relationality.

Pause

Bill: (standing up) Get the fuck on board man.

Krishna: Ok....ok. I'm calling time. Whatever is or isn't there, we need to take a break now, no doubt we can continue in the break. Thank you to our intrepid speakers, we're back in an hour folks.

*Bill and Don stare-down each other*

Karl: (Distracting attention and holding up his phone) Hey listen up – Teddy's boarded a fucking flight.....

Sounds of disbelief and cheers

Karl: He's heading to Florida

*Cheers and commotion as the group gather around Karl's phone. Mr P sighs*

### Scene 6

*A Processing Session – facilitated by Don, Co-facilitated by Natalie*

*In attendance: Bill, Gretel, Rachel, May, Karl, Helen, Annike, JOHNNY, James, Mr P*

*Mid-session*

*The group have extended arms in the air, they are huddled together, there is an energised flow – a breeze travels through the forest.*

Rachel: The trees of tomorrow, the silent saviours of the earth, hear them communicate....

Don: ....they relate!

*Groans from the group*

Bill: Let the forest speak

Rachel: In the forest, who hears the tree fall?

*Helen falls with a sound*

May: I do (indicating Helen)

Gretel: Well that's confirmed it – the forest hears the tree falling.....

Don: Here, what is to be done with the fallen one?

Various: Re-plant it..... raise it up..... burn it.....ignore it.....find another

Don: Find another?

Various (energy rises)....Others will come.....find others.....etc

*The group makes offers to the audience, inviting them into the forest, to take on roles – as trees, animals, people, and entities – whatever the person opts to do. The group responds to the offers from the audience members in the same way that they do with each other, using the principles of*

*Re.Play: M.A.A.R Mirror, Attune, Accept & Return. The audience member's offers are melded into the flow*

Don: And the forest was good

*Sounds of good-ness from the forest*

Gretel: And man was bad

*Sounds of bad-ness from the group*

Bill: Man's powers were limited

Gretel: But woman's were wild and free and caused utter carnage.....

Rachel: To the patriarchal fucker!

*The group begin to round on Don.*

Bill (taking a protectorate role): But they were mindful of limits, especially in relation to newbies –

Krishna: The new-trees?

Gretel: What – we're only taking out the leader, as standard!

Bill: Let's hear the new voices – let's create a.....poly-vo-cality.....I think it's called.....right?

*Murmurs*

*Space for new voices & contributions*

Annike: Why have you come?

Don: What do you desire?

*Space for contributions from the audience participants and also from the wider audience. The group reacts*

May: I desired to get laid & - I want my money back!

Bill: The desire for the impossible

May: Are you saying I'm un-lay-able?

Don: God loves all

Gretel: 'cept you May

May: Who's gonna lay me, right here - I wanna get LAID!

Karl: I'll lay ya

May: You're going to have to try harder than that, I ain't no easy lay

Bill: (to the audience – talking into a microphone) The group-play has once again taken a familiar erotic turn, somewhat proving the Freudian hypothesis that we are libidinal driven beings, seeking pleasure and if not actual intercourse, then at least symbolical union.

Don: It's a form of relationality

*Bill is joined by James – talking into his microphone*

May: I don't want a symbolic gang-bang

Gretel: Interpretation warning - an interpretation, in the play! Warning!

Don: I see a clearing ahead, opening in the forest, follow me to the clearing

*Sounds of approval from the group, Don leads the group into a clearing*

May: What about my lay?

Gretel: Looks like you missed your opening

*The group forms a circle.*

Don moves to the centre of the circle/clearing and retrieves a solitary object, he raises it with both hands, like a Eucharist, places it to his lips and blows it like a conch – then to his ear.

Don: It's the voice of the forest - we are in end times!

*Don lays the imaginary 'conch' ritually in the centre of the circle/clearing. Karl approaches, he instinctively lowers it to his crotch and 'blows' through it. Feigns embarrassment and puts it down, berating himself as he returns back to the circle*

Rachel: (approaches the centre & hoses it down, lifts it above her and takes a shower) Ah - golden shower

Bill: (taking the conch. He listens, listens again, shakes it and listens again): Nothing (listen's again and expresses surprise): It *is* nothing

Helen: (puts the conch to her ear and says the words she hears): Add me on Facebook?

May: (holds it over her genitalia, like a mirror, examines) I get laid – I *get* LAID!

Gretel: (listens to the conch like a phone): It's Piggy – he says 'Roger did it'

Don: Before we depart from this clearing, are there anymore voices to be heard? (Don invites members of the audience, on stage or not to listen or see into the conch)

Don: Let us now say goodbye to our conch and depart from this clearing. Join me in sending our conch back from where it came, raise your hands with me, 1, 2, 3..... (all raise hands)

Blackout

## Scene 7

*Saturday evening in the Spatula*

*James & Annike are sat alone, it is late.*

James: Teddy will have landed by now

Annikе: In Miami – crazy bastard

Pause

Annikе: Are you tired? (reaching out to his hand)

James: Not with your eyes to look into

Annike: I feel the same

James: I couldn't stop thinking about you today

Annike: Really

pause

Annike - What we're you thinking.....about me?

James: (lifting her hand) Your fingernails; your smile.....your voice

Annike strokes his cheek

James: Let's walk again, tonight. I want to photograph you.....

Annike: I'd like that

James: Somewhere rundown & real.....the Bowery?

Pause

Annike: I like it - when you look at me

James: I like looking at you.

Pause

James: I'm not afraid

Pause

Annike: It's sad, tomorrow's our last day

James: Let's not think about it, we have some time.....

*James kisses Annike*

James: I like the feel of your lips....it's strange.....

Annike: What is?

James: All this play, it's led to something, somebody real - to you. It's as if you embody the whole weekend

James sighs

Annike: Do you need to sleep?

James: I need to kiss you.

*They kiss – an extended kiss. 4 & 20 by Crosby, Stills & Nash plays*

*Towards the end of the song a staff member appears in the background.*

*James & Annike break off their kiss*

Staff: Hey guys, we're closing soon, I'm sorry to have to throw you out.

James: No, no we're sorry to keep you.

*James & Annike gather their things*

Staff: There are lots of other places open, you'll find them

Annik: Thank you, we will

James: Take care

Staff 1: See you guys

*They are to go, when Annike whispers to James. He returns to the table and leaves a tip. They exit*

*Staff goes to the table, collect the tip, is a little disappointed and wipes down the table.*

Fade

### Scene 8

*Sunday morning, final day of the Conference*

*Sunday morning workshop, the end of the warm-up. Witness in place*

*Krishna, Don, Bill, Gretel, Mr P, Helen, JOHNNY, May, Rachel*

Krishna.....and take that movement over to another part of the circle, mirror and tune in, relax, mirror and tune in....

*All actors now have free reign to tune in to their actual feelings, as much as they would like to do, be congruent, be brave – energy ought to be animated, playful and noisy*

*James arrives late. The play is interrupted. James looks stressed and tired*

James: I'm sorry, is it ok to join in, I'm sorry I'm late – would it be ok.....?

Krishna: Sure, yes, I think so – erm.....ok with everyone?

Don: We don't usually allow late entrants James, nothing personal, it just interrupts the play.

Bill: Your call Kris – you're facilitating

Krishna: Yes, well, the point has been made. Come on in James, we work with the unexpected – let's continue – mirror your partner's moves and be congruent.....

*James looks perturbed and slots in next to Helen*

Helen: (whispers) Where have you been?

*The rest of the group take to whispers to each other*

Group: .....where have you been.....what's going on.....you're late.....'we don't usually allow late entrants'.....are you an entrant? Late for what?.....etc

James: Jesus, just what I need

Group: Jesus.....Jesus.....save us.....the saviour.....Jesus is my lord.....the second coming is late.....Jesus, Jesus.....

*James is still*

Krishna: You're doing great James, just go with it, we're playing here

Gretel: Well some of us are – but some may be holding back! (looks around accusatorily)

Group: holding back.....what.....holding back.....

Don: Hold me back (gestures to others) hold me back – otherwise I may let go, into the void, I may say something - I OUGHT NOT TO

*Shrieks and mock horror from the group – building energy and frenzy.....*

James: I'm sorry, look I've said I'm sorry..... I'm not sure how to relate to all this

Bill: (going into expert role) So here we have a good example of 'the disconnect'. James, the late-comer is here, well *there* really, but not relating.....

Don: He's says he not relating, so he's relating – where's the disconnect?

JOHNNY: I OUGHT NOT to ask, but - Where were you last night James?.....oops (He clasps his hand over his mouth)

Don: (pointing to Johnny) He blurted – we have a blurter

*Other group members start blurting things out, re James, re themselves, to each other, individuals place their hands over each other's mouths and their own. Helen gingerly places her hand over James's mouth. James remains stuck and unable to enter the play.*

James: Thanks Johnny, that's a big help

JOHNNY: Better out than in.....out on the streets (clasping again).....oops!

James: Why don't you shut the fuck up (pushes him)

JOHNNY: Make me (pushes him back)

*The group follow like-wise.....pushing and shoving each other.....shouts of 'Shut the fuck up.....'make me.....shut me.....fuck me.....etc*

Krishna: We're playing, let's not forget that.....

Bill: Disruption of the system is built into the system, disassembling the machine so it doesn't function, is a function of the machine.....

Rachel: Shut the fuck up Bill!

Krishna: Then let's examine the pieces of the broken machine (her voice is not getting heard)

*The group melee is voluminous, hands are still clasping over mouths, some have taken to mock fighting and punching, Helen is trying to include James in the play. Mr P is looking perturbed and has taken himself off to one-side.*

Bill: That's it – that's it – we only RELATE to the pieces, to parts of the machine. Whereas the whole, the 'system' is beyond us – it's not there to relate to at all

May: It's Over.....there.....

*May runs to the other side of the room to where she is, shouting – she is followed by other members of the group.*

Don (to Bill) Hey Dumb-ass (shoving him) the parts of the machine relate to the whole – the whole of eternity is revealed in a grain of sand – you dumb-ass-fuck

Bill: (jockeying with Bill) The parts show what we are separated from too – what we cannot relate to, the parts reveal non-relationality Don, Non-relationality!

*The group gather around Bill chanting 'Non-relationality, Non-Re.Play.....Tear it all apart.....into pieces.....False idols.....Annihilate the gods.....relationality has died*

Krishna: The pack bays for blood, they encircle the sacrifice.....

Don surrenders, takes up a sacrificial position in the centre of the circle.

Krishna: ....A sacrifice to the god of non-relationality

Don: It's an oedipal rising.....

Krishna: (appeals to be heard) Last words - let's hear the last words.....

Don: You can kill me, your father, but we shall remain related!

Krishna: His last words cite a core tenet of Re.Play

Don: We cannot escape our relations

Rachel: A tenent? What the hell, we're not descending from Mount Sinai here

Don: No, but he is – *over there* (indicates Mr P)

*All turn to Mr P, somewhat removed from the group – he looks back and innocently holds up his hands*

May: The tenets, the tenets, he carries the tenets with him – chiselled in stone!

*The group go to ground in rapture and hold out their extended arms in praise of Mr P as a Moses-figure*

*Mr. P thinks and slowly curls his fingers as if carrying stone commandments and takes a couple of uneasy steps towards the group.*

Bill: Welcome, holy stranger.

Krishna: Benevolent prophet

Rachel: You come with news – good news?

Helen: Holy Scripture, the tenets – what do they say?

Bill: Will you translate them for us – O holy man.....

Pause

Don: Moses?

Pause

*Mr P takes a long look at his tenets, looks up to the assembled, breaths in, thinks, then sighs*

Rachel: Shit, hammers and chisels haven't been invited yet!

Krishna: (moving over to the tenents in Mr P's hands) Let me see, it says: 'Re.Play is dead, long live.....' (offers)

Bill: .....The play of non-relations

*Cheers and sounds of agreement*

Don: If that calls for a new institute, somebody else can do it!

*More cheers*

Krishna: See anything on there James? (passing a tenent to him)

James takes a look, runs his hand over it

James: It's a sundial

Helen: Mine is full of symbols, indecipherable.....

The group gather round, sounds of 'oh yes.....so they are.....how peculiar'

Johnny: Mine just says: 'Get a room'

*Slightly awkward feeling, Gretel laughs out loud*

May (easing tension) I think I have somebody else's here

Krishna: Let me see – it says, 'if found return to Teddy' – I'll forward it on. Bill, anything on yours?

Bill: I don't relate to mine, but they are there....

*Sounds of deep thinking and playful profundity from the group!*

Don: Mine's in the shape of a Spatula – let's go

Fade

## Scene 9

### *The Spatula*

*Annikie & JOHNNY are at a table, slightly away from the others*

*James entering with Helen, James looks over towards Annike and goes to sit at a different table*

Helen: Out walking again?

James: I'm struggling now

Helen: I gathered that. Trouble in paradise?

James: My ex called

Helen: Your ex?

James: We had, you know a 'rapprochement' just before I left.....

Helen: A rapprochement?

James: Can you stop repeating please?





*Group all go into a Mrs P chichichichichichichichichichichichichichichichic chant – Mrs P is ecstatic*

Karl: What else we got up there?

Helen (*lies on the floor next to Johnny*): Aeroplanes – large jumbo aeroplanes

James: I see dust, just swirling mists of dust

Krishna: I ain't got no dusty fanny

Annike: Newbies – I see newbies – learning.....

May: We got newbies, fresh meat....

Rachel: Have we roughed them up enough?

Bill: 'We'?

Helen: Don't patronise us - some of us newbies, like it rough

Natalie: I see some fucking silence - can we shut up already?

Gretel: I'll talk if I wanna talk, bitch, don't lord it over me

Natalie: oh yeah – or what fuck-face?

Laughs

Gretel: Or I will hurt you darling

Natalie: Oh please, do it now, I've waited all weekend for some hot pain

*Nods and signs of agreement all round*

Krishna: Has everybody finished looking inside my pussy?

Gretel: (facing Natalie) Don't try me or I will publically flay you

Don: There's going to be public flaying - form an orderly queue here folks....

Natalie: On my naked butt – will you flay me naked - do you promise?

Karl: Disrobing area, this way

Gretel: (to Natalie) I ain't just gonna give it to you honey, no you are going to beg for it, plead me, tell me, tell everybody why you need it, why you deserve it.....

Natalie: (moving closer to Gretel) I need it because you are so damn hot

Gretel (pulls at Natalie's hair): Take off your clothes

*A slightly uncomfortable feeling pervades, the energy drops*

Karl: Disrobing area, right this way

Don: An orderly queue folks

Gretel: I said take off your clothes.

Rachel: Hey, come on Gretel

Gretel: What the fuck do you want?

May: Play the fucker out!

Rachel: You, play it out

Bill: Edge alert – we're at an edge folks

Don: The naked edge – real clothes, real nakedness

Krishna: What's wrong with pretend nakedness?

Natalie: *(Removes her top, flings it towards Gretel)* I ain't pretending, I never pretend.....now FLAY me.

Pause

Gretel (takes off her top too): Tell me why bitch

Natalie: Cos I'm fucking hot for it – to see how far we go darling, in trust and hate. Fuck what *you all* think, I need to release and do it now. I beg you to give me my money's worth, to shit on the unholy dollar, I beg you, I want to feel the real ass-sting of your beautiful lash – sweetie. Carve out my humiliation, here, on my ass – just for me, I'll let you know, darling – you can see it, I'll let you know.....Do It!

*Gretel stand over Natalie, legs apart. The group form an uneasy semi-circle around Gretel and Natalie.*

Gretel: And the rest scum-bag, I need to see the rest

Rachel: Just fucking flay her

Gretel: She ain't getting nothing of me, she ain't worth it – pathetic pretence of a player – show me naked (screaming) SHOW ME.....

*From the rear of the semi-circle Mr P can be heard making an extended one note howl, there is some confusion, the group halts and makes space for Mr P. He walks slowly into the circle, arms outstretched, fully naked. He walks to the centre of the circle, walks past Gretel & Natalie. He bangs his chest and looks around*

*Silence*

Mrs P: I wasn't expecting that!

Gretel: Whooooooooooooooooooooo - Yes, Mr Peacock!

Natalie (embraces Mr P): My saviour

*General cheers and embraces in a messy group hug around Mr P, whom is raised on the shoulders of the group – he extends his arms aloft and smiles.*

*Blackout*

## Scene 11

*The De-Witnessing ritual. The two witnesses are central. The rest of the ensemble are sat around them*

Don: Players, our denouement. The final act, is given over to our Witnesses.....(indicates Dawn)

*Dawn, whom has been sat, upright, cross-legged, uncrosses her legs, stretches them out in front of her and arches her back. She stands, turns round and bows low and respectfully, palms pressed together. Turns back around, smiles broadly and takes a spectacular leap out of the Witnessing Circle with a cry of joy.*

Dawn: Never again! Never, never, never, never!

Lies flat on her back

Dawn (standing up and looking around) Hello.....hello.....hello you and to you and you, HELLO. How are you, it's so nice to acknowledge you, just to say hello (she approaches various people) How wonderful it is to speak! Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh to connect, to touch, to be touched (makes physical contact). I've seen you, I just want you to know – I see you. So many moments, etched forever, and that's ok, forever is ok. Thankyou. This practice, Re.Play - it's like flying –that's how it feels – I've learnt how to fly, with ancient reptilian wings. Thank you.

*Dawn sits amongst the others, receives hugs, pats, smiles from the rest.*

*Isobel looks up and around at the assembled group. Stands and goes to take a step outside, but changes her mind, she sits back down, inside the Witnessing Circle*

Isobel: I knitted this circle myself. I'm quite attached to it.

Pause

Isobel: Players, friends, lovers, everybody; thank you for this opportunity, for having me witness you this weekend.

Pause

Isobel: Sitting here, in this way, withdrawn, I've entered a performance, a performance of *one*. I've discovered that - *it is still a performance!* I notice what I am not and what I no longer need to be. In this way something *has* shifted. I have become mundane!

I love you, but I don't need the institute to package it all up and sell it back to me;

Pause

it's alright

Pause

It's all there, just over-there, out of reach. Trust!

So, I'm moving (stirs) moving beyond. The world will be there, long after we are gone. It may, after all, not be that important – I get that! (stands up)

I'm pushing through, being pushed through, something is coming up behind, pushing through – I have to trust it.

Pause

I trust it.

*Isobel stands, steps out of her Witnessing Circle, folds it carefully, and tucks it under her arm and exits.*

Blackout

### Final Scene

*James & Helen, with their luggage, rucksacks, on the street, outside the hotel. Monday morning.*

Helen: Right, sonny-Jim, sure you know where you're going?

James: Yep – it's not far. You?

Helen: I'm meeting Kris later on, I'll wonder around, get a paper. Keep an eye on what's going on

James: Could be worse places to be grounded

Helen: Ten days. At least I've got somewhere to stay – are you sure you'll be ok?

James: I want to see a little of the country - maybe I'll find Teddy.

Helen: Doubt it – I heard he was heading for South America

James: Do you think he planned it?

Helen: Oh come on, just cos' you're all played out – don't be cynical now

James: It's impressive – he's impressive

Helen: Maybe. Did you speak to Annike?

James: We spoke last night. She's ok and Johnny's offering support (resigned smile). They are going to stay upstate, with a friend of his.

Pause

Helen: Are you really going to leave the group?

James: I think so.

Pause

What does Don say: 'stay vital'

Helen: And it's not vital, for you.....anymore?

James: Not for me

*Helen offers a hug – music starts Godless by The Dandy Warhol's*

Helen: Take care James

James: You too – it's been good.....thanks.

*They part – opposite directions*

*Helen turns around*

Helen: (shouts) What about James?

James: What?

Helen: I don't care about Don - what does James say?

James: (shouting back) I'll get back to you on that - I've got to catch a bus

Helen: (smiles & waves) See you

*They both exit*

*Fade and music*