

...

women gather, take up position.

LET'S DANCE

Marianne Faithful's GUILT plays very loudly. Figures sidestep slowly across the space, moving downstage in a wide zigzagging motion. Each carries a large stone in one hand. As they walk they raise their arms as if in readiness to throw. They arrive downstage with arms raised high above their heads.

I'd like a room please.

a room with an authentic atmosphere and gin in the fridge and mountains flanking the gardens behind the hotel in front of the sea that's clear and clean and

I want the real deal the real thing the thing that makes it real and keeps it real too

(really).

I

I want a room in which to play Lady Macbeth.

a room with an authentic atmosphere and gin in the fridge and mountains flanking the gardens behind the hotel in front of the sea that's there if I if I when I need it because and I'm not saying that I would that I would but just to know it's there if

(if).

BUT

yes,

but.

if anyone asks,

I don't want you to be authentic.

I want you to tell a little white lie which can apparently include a very big lie like you can say you cured brain cancer with health food and crystals even if you never ever had the thing but you

you

well,

this is just one of those teeny tiny omissions of presence.

LEAVE THE HEART CARVE IT OUT

what I mean is,

I am NOT REALLY HERE.

you see,

I'm drawing a circle around this place and that's a sacred thing it's a special thing it's a rolling stone gathering no moss and I for one will not be gathering moss I will be gathering about my person precious stones for blunting the sharp corners of my longing and my sorrow and my guilt

CARVE IT OUT THROW IT AWAY

lemon quartz on the solar plexus for optimism and mental clarity and amethyst on the third eye to absorb negativity and then

yep,

pop a couple of nice white pills straight down the gullet and if that doesn't work then we can up the dose no problem

BUT

yes,

but.

there's a limit to your scaling the edge and when that happens you're stuck between a rock and a hard place and the cutting or biting parts might score a win,

in which case you'd better find some other means of making the fast steps slow and the hard thoughts soft,

like you could walk yourself into a really, really hot room and bend over backwards in the making of yourself just as nature intended and if you can't breathe and you start to blackout and you want to vomit then you know it's really working like that's the real deal you're really suffering

or you might become like a baby to empty your mind and your bank account and offer yourself up to the wisdom of people full of minding their business interests because after all it's a service they're offering a service and you shouldn't feel bad about handing over the cash you've borrowed for the near sighting of your higher self and the realignment of your soul or the taking of your life to the next level by standing on your head and passing water from one nostril to another for balance for harmony for a feeling of great lightness and clarity just make sure you cover your hands because they are not definitely not unsusceptible to the

GASP

and if the

GASP

is clutching at your heart you can always perform a series of simple exercises designed to invoke a period of voluntary shaking to release the terror of mortality.

or

THROW IT AWAY BLOOD ROLLING AWAY

you might turn to ‘accidents’ involving a really sharp knife.

BUT

yes,

but.

BUT.

you might lose yourself in inaccessible caves and precipitous ravines and in the holding of your breath and the biting of your fist you will find yourself wrapped in a long interval of silence and only a hemidemisemiquaver of rest.

Figures slam their stones to the floor.