



# Writing A Play

*(dark blue orchard)*

A FILM BY HELEN MARTEN

*Animation*

ADAM SINCLAIR

*Voice*

GWENDOLINE CHRISTIE

*Soundtrack*

BEATRICE DILLON

1. She drowned me in muddy water, then, about to leave checked that snow was not  
a.) falling  
b.) about to fall.



2. The tree's green explains what light means. The toad's eyes remind us that it is night.



3. The living man stands up, walks across the room and breaks his nose against the door. He is the violent part of a day.

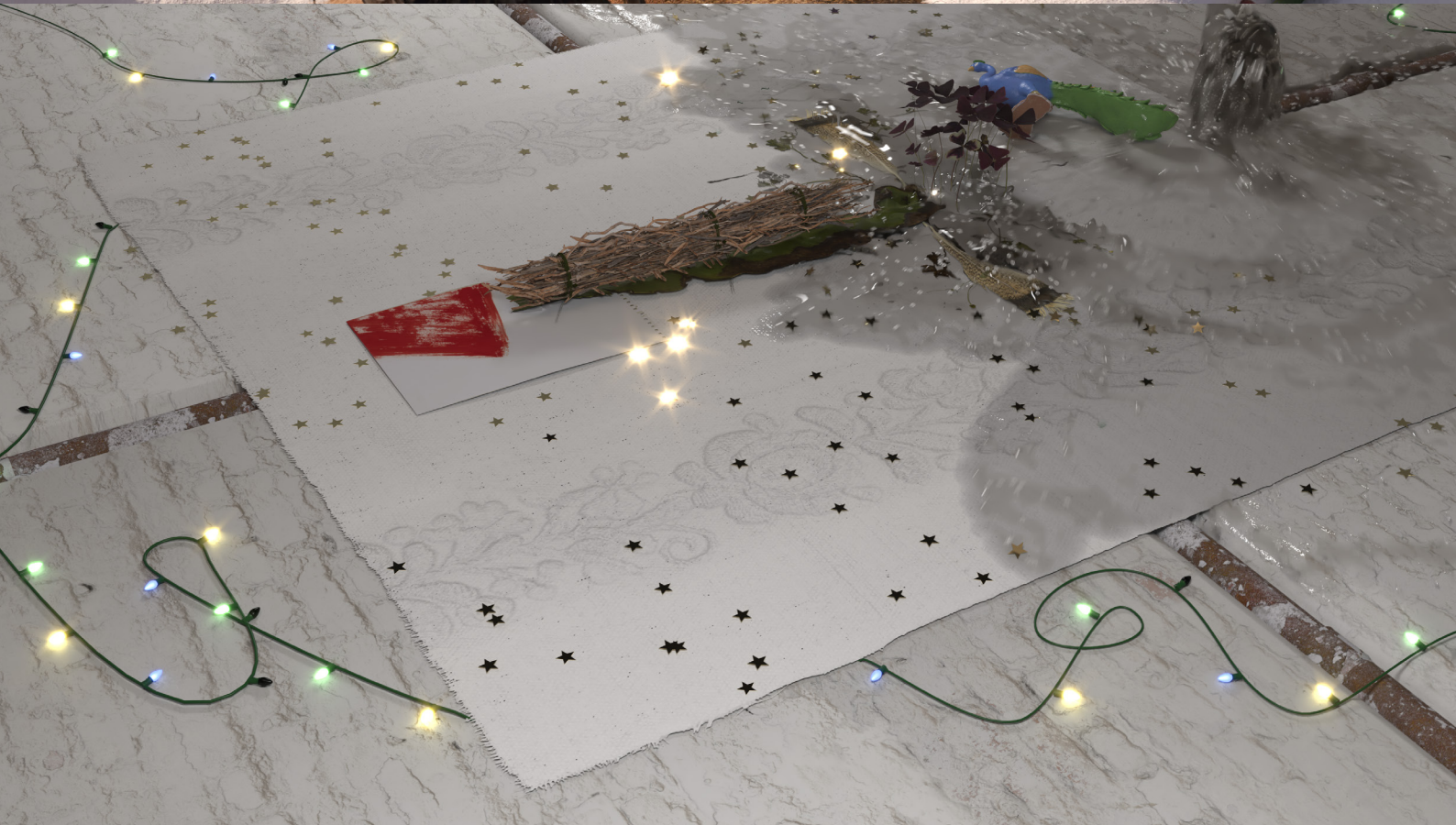


4. The road ends in a field of grain, drunken crows, a quick sky. This sky is a lid. Water filters and light alters it.





5. Someone identical sits beside a stone and I think it is you. You are the stone. Your hand is warm.



6. In a mouthful of summer blood, our own recent photographs of the planets show far greater detail than ever before.



8. I am writing a play about a bedbugs, to be performed in modern dress. They bite and the audience rolls over.

7. I am writing a play about a man with a pebble in his shoe, sun dried on the grey grass, his collar a knot for his forehead.

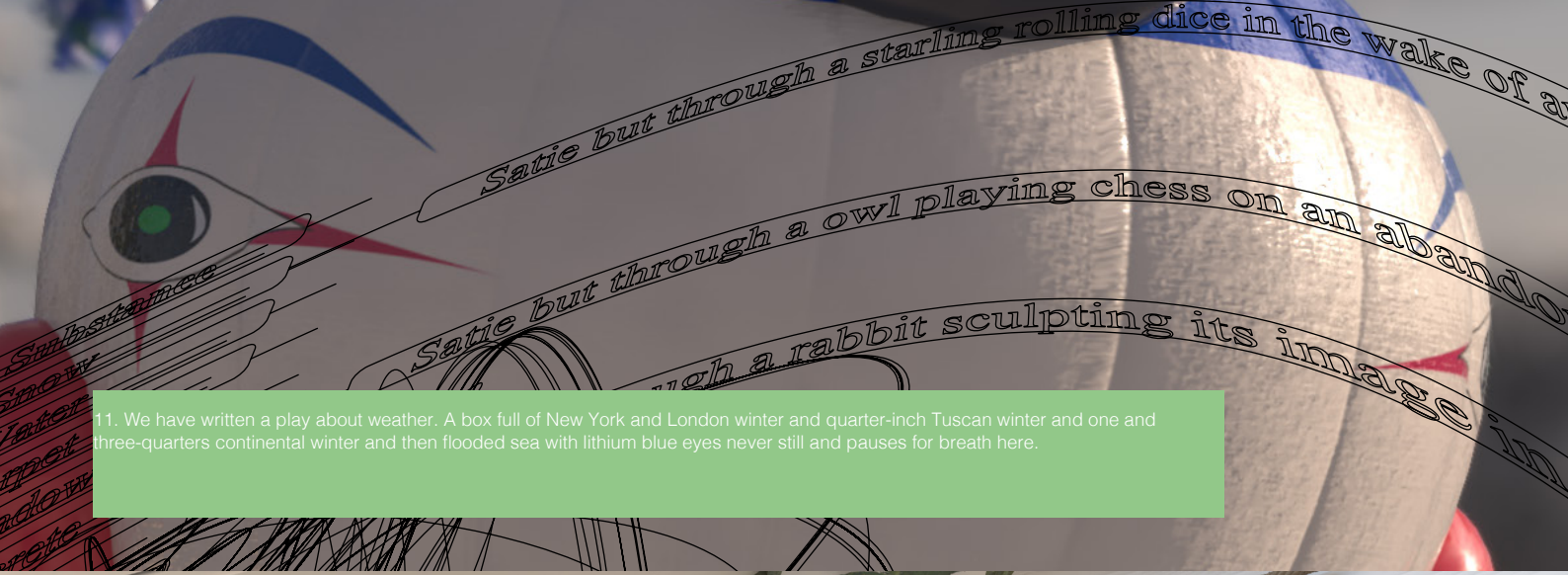


9. I am writing a play about the woman I love. We slept under a thing. It was a feather.

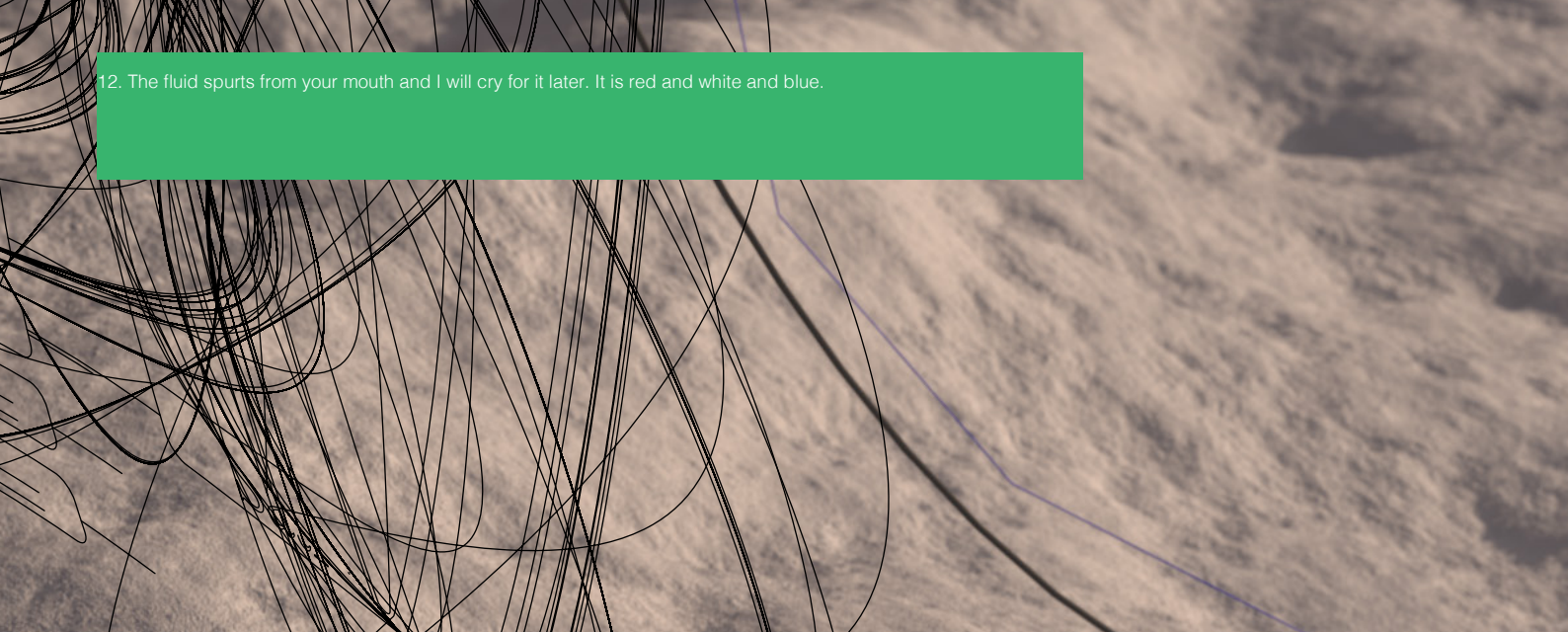
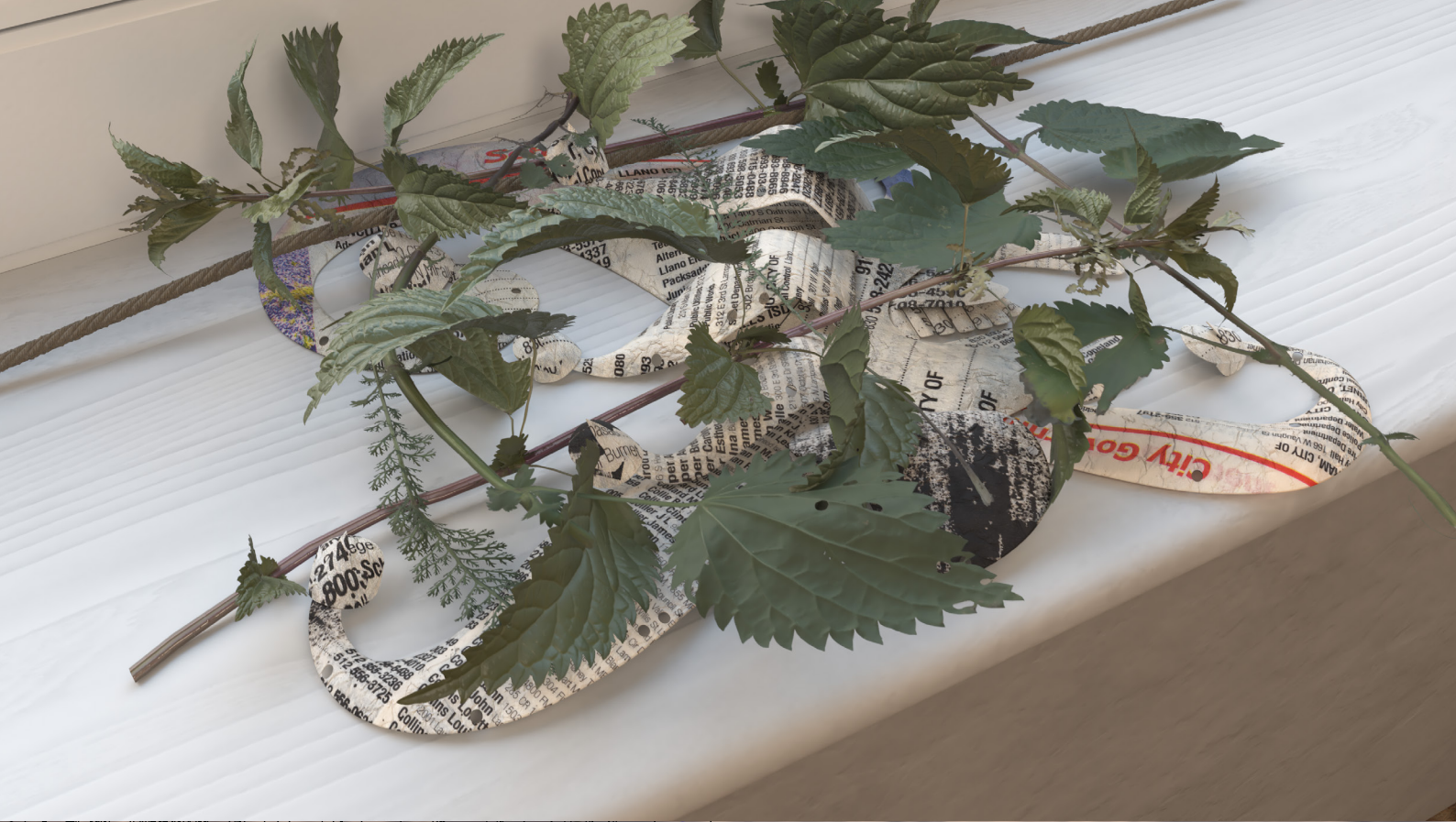


10. I am writing a play about a man with his face painted blue. He is water. He is wind. Cloth sticks to him like the park at dusk.





11. We have written a play about weather. A box full of New York and London winter and quarter-inch Tuscan winter and one and three-quarters continental winter and then flooded sea with lithium blue eyes never still and pauses for breath here.

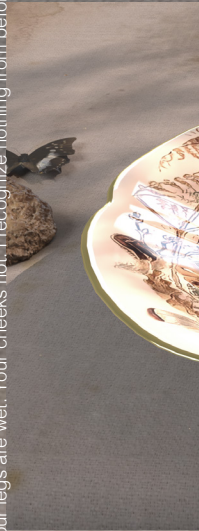


12. The fluid spurts from your mouth and I will cry for it later. It is red and white and blue.

13. The heart stands up and announces I have felt. There is a shot in the forest and nobody sees.



14. Your legs are wet. Your cheeks hot. I recognize nothing from before. She draws the remains of a face. A butterfly lands on the ear.







15. And then a horse approaching the fence. A goat is tethered in the shade. Forty children of the poor die.

16. A child raises his hand in class to ask about words: what is cannibalism? What is brisket? What is hostage?

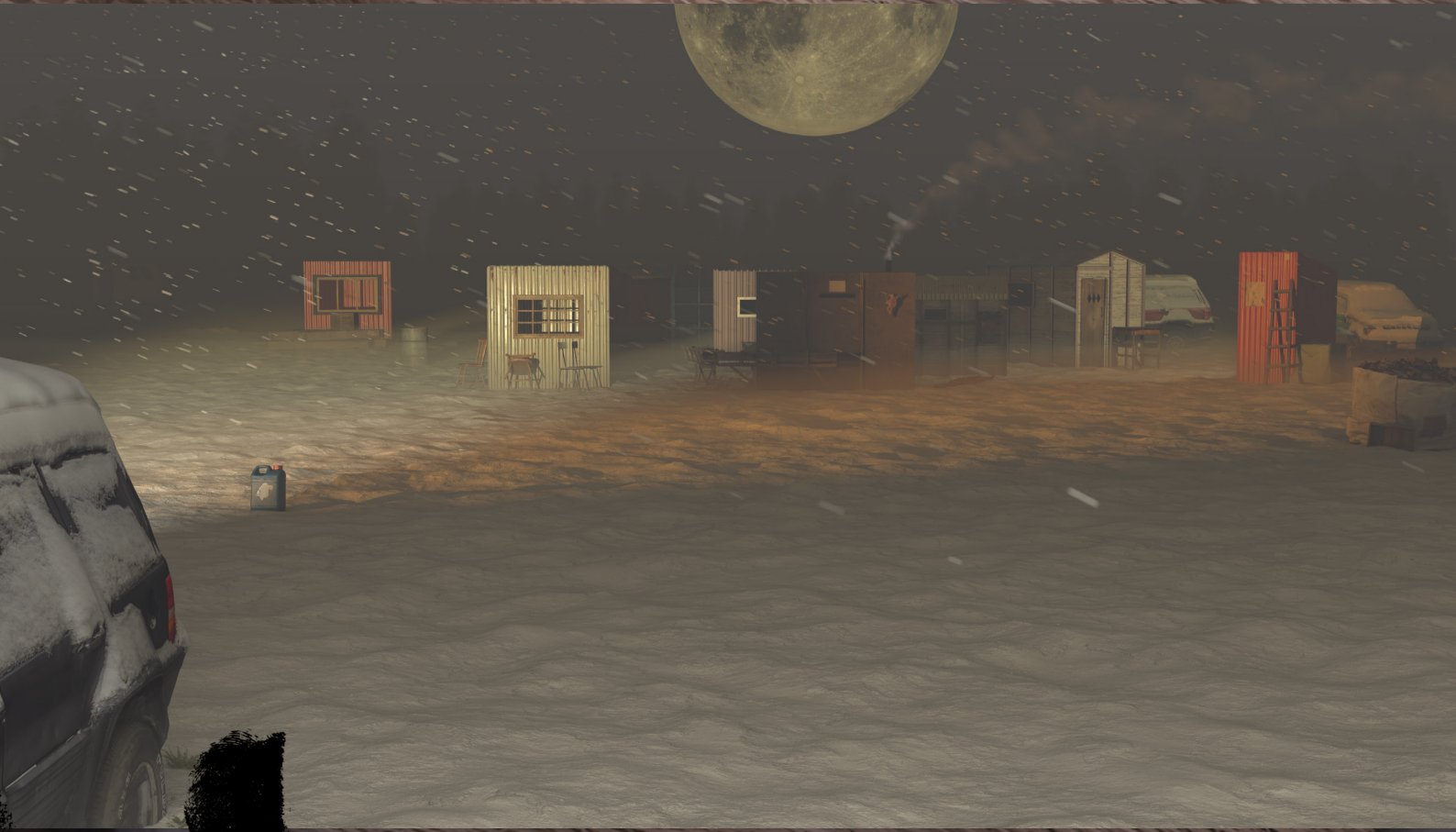
17. I am a spider in the corner. I would like wriggle my legs and kiss you but I shouldn't.



18. My head is in a basket. I have been on a long voyage – a sea voyage – I have been travelling, sailing in a white ship.



19. I am a woman or man under the emerald sky. A little boy. A little girl. A gourd, a vessel.



20. Then winter announced I'm arriving, then frosting, meaning broken bridges, oh well meaning burnt bridges, oh well meaning flooded rivers, meaning broken hearts, meaning soon children.



21. There is no image, no city, no image, no-one speaking.

22. And the sky red yellow or grey if rain fell. And the air perfectly calm, and the sky red yellow or blue streets filled with no one we ever loved.





24. Landscape is always a great eye-fu, quiet as a mouse. We thought it would be nice to mix some chemicals to enlarge the space.

23. Time stopped some. There were words learned in winter such as 'ice to walk on', such as 'common', such as 'dog', such as 'downtown', such as 'ice to walk on'.

25. I am writing a play about community. It has an inky centre, years of names learned by stomach and gullet.

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26. I have a mouthful of blood. A mouthful of breakfast banana. A mouthful of broken law.



28. I am writing a play about a child, its secret a lake, imperfectly kept.



27. I am writing a play about myself. I have calculated with scissor and with watch.



29. I'm writing a play and someone moves my arms for me.

30. I am writing a play to stop the bleeding



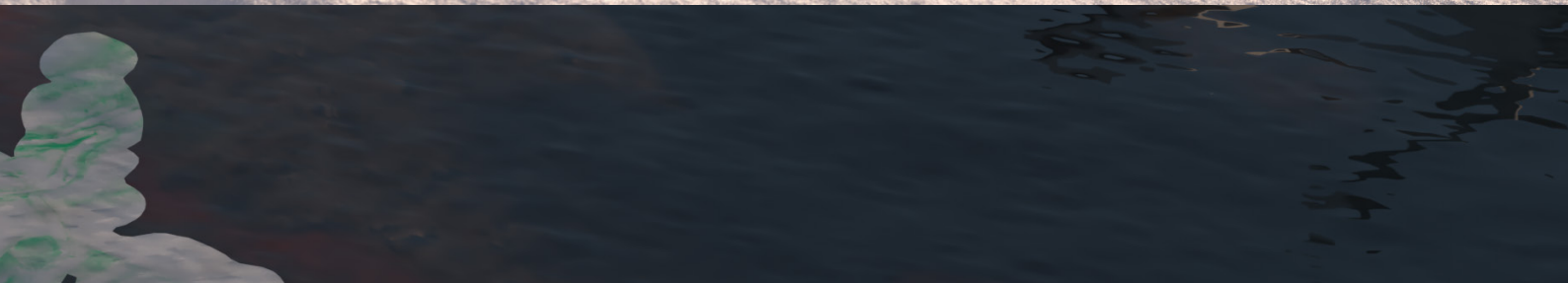


31. We have written a play, we didn't disagree.





32. I am writing one play for the house and one play for the body.



33. I am writing for the bird's blue egg, for the large hand that will fry it.



34. I am writing a play for the beautiful mushroom with no name.

35. I am writing a play for the mysterious and the private, for the fixed arc designed to erase.



36. I am writing a play about magic. She is expensive, the woman who deals in cards. I am the lover, in the sense of dust, she says.

WITAMIN D  
W holes  
Milk  
Half Gallon



