

THE NORTH BELCONNEN KNIFE FIGHTING PITS 04: ...a most curious dream

“An exploration of love, life, sex, ambition
and the meaning of meanings.”

**A touching romantic comedy scored through the bizarre
underbelly of a dream. Two star crossed psychopaths find
each other in the most unlikely of places, and try to keep
each other afloat amongst the *real* psychopaths. The *true*
lunatics. The ones who do not dream.**

- Hadley, 2006

In August 2006, Hadley aka The Human Cannonball Academy wrote a play entitled *...a most curious dream*, which was directed by Jordan Best and produced by Centrepiece Theatre at the Street Theatre in Canberra, Australia.

In September 2006, David Finig aka blind wrote a response to Hadley's play entitled *...a most curious dream (eight and a half pesos remix)*.

The final edition of the North Belconnen Knife Fighting Pits is a mix of extracts from *...a most curious dream* and the *pesos* remix. I don't really know how you'll differentiate who wrote what.



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Prologue. A boat.

The port bow of a ship, moored off the coast of Cyprus. Night. Their Admiral, stares at the back wall. His crew, Necktie, Socklolly, Beardsley & Bandenon are simple merchant seamen. They stare into the audience.

Necktie. Do you think they know we're watching them?

Bandenon. I don't know.

Admiral. Don't be preposterous!

Socklolly. Shhh.

Beardsley. Does who know who's watching who?

Necktie. Us. Them! Us.

Socklolly. They're going to hear us.

Admiral. You know, this reminds of that time in Carthage.

Socklolly. Shhhh.

Admiral. You remember, we were watching those people and we were wondering-

Socklolly. Shut up!

Admiral. If they knew we were watching them.

Beardsley. What?

Socklolly. Shhh!

Bandenon. I don't want to watch them anymore, I feel sick.

Necktie. You have to watch them. You can't just stop watching them when you're watching them. The whole system falls apart.

Beardsley. I still don't know who's watching us.

Bandenon. They know we're watching them? I don't want them to know we're watching them. I feel sick.

Socklolly. They're going to hear us.

Necktie. They're not going to hear us.

Admiral. And do you remember that other time?

Beardsley. No.

Admiral. We were in Constantinople, during the revolution.

Beardsley. I don't remember that.

Necktie. That's because it never happened.

Socklolly. He's not even watching them, he can't even see them.

Admiral. Of course I can see them.

Beardsley. Sorry, see who?

Bandenon. I don't want to watch them anymore.

Socklolly. They heard us, they're going.

Necktie. No they're not.

Beardsley. Who are going?

Admiral. We were riding elephants in the nude, do you remember?

And then I said... I said, "you know, this reminds me of that time in Carthage,"

Socklolly. Would you shut up about Carthage you're going to tip them off.

Necktie. They can't see us.

Bandenon. I'm going to stop watching them. I don't feel well.

Necktie. You can't stop watching them.

Beardsley. Who is going to stop watching who?

Necktie. The system, the whole system will fall apart!

Bandenon. I'm going to do it. I'm going to shut my eyes.

Admiral. "When we were wondering if they knew if we were watching them,"

Bandenon shuts his eyes. Lights out.



Prologue. A rainy street.

A cyclist peddles a tricycle through the rainy streets. Hadley sits in the sidecar holding a sheet of cardboard over his head to keep the rain off.

HADLEY: I said I'm off that shit now, as far as I'm concerned they were never there anyway. When we get there I'm gonna have a shower, listen to a Ween record and drink some scotch until I fall asleep for a lot of hours.

CYCLIST: We might need to bribe the cops up ahead.

HADLEY: Right. Listen, man, they can't try you for crimes that you've already committed, can they?

CYCLIST: I think they probably can.

HADLEY: No, not in the recent past. Like if you commit a crime and you get away with it, and they don't catch you then. If they catch you later on, they can't judge you for that same crime, right?

CYCLIST: Isn't that how most criminals get caught? After the crime?

HADLEY: Right, but not really a crime as such, more just a little peccadillo. Just a little misunderstanding. They wouldn't want to cause upset over a little tiny thing, would they? No, they won't mind.

CYCLIST: I have no idea what you're talking about. The police check point's coming up. They're going to want money. I'd get some money together.

HADLEY: Yes. Right.

CYCLIST: What the fuck are they?

HADLEY: What?

CYCLIST: Those fucking things in your bag!

HADLEY: Well what do they look like?

CYCLIST: That's a pair of ears.

HADLEY: Not human ears.

CYCLIST: They fucking look like human ears. Look, I don't want to know. Just don't try and bribe the guard with them.

They stop at a roadblock. A policeman in a clear plastic raincoat with a torch waves them to one side of the road.

POLICEMAN: Passes?

CYCLIST: Passes for what?

POLICEMAN: Border crossing passes.

The cyclist gives the policeman some money. The policeman turns his torch on Hadley.

POLICEMAN: What about you?

HADLEY: I don't have a pass.

POLICEMAN: Well let's see what you do have.

The policeman takes Hadley's bag, unzips it and pulls out

POLICEMAN: What the fuck is this?

HADLEY: It's a script.

POLICEMAN: I said what the fuck is this?

HADLEY: It's a playscript.

POLICEMAN: Well what am I supposed to do with this?

The policeman throws the script on to the wet road in the rain. Hadley crawls out on to the road to pick it up.

POLICEMAN: This is all you've got? Eight and a half pesos?

HADLEY: Yes.

POLICEMAN: Jesus!

The policeman throws Hadley's bag in his face and waves them on.

Scenes 1 through 4. Bus stop, hospital, alley, cafe.

Martha. Martha Waits awakes this morning from a most curious dream. She dreams that she is dreaming, she wakes and she is dreaming.

Martha. She's a business woman. She has business to attend to this day, like every day.

Martha. Dreams don't have teeth, not hands, not feet. Not faces.

Martha. She will sit and conduct the business a business woman conducts.

Martha. The sky is getting wider.

Martha. She is a business woman.

Baron Sackpig.

HELLLLLLLLOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO

Nanna. I remember what it is to be young and in love!

Woman. Some jalapeno peppers, an onion, and a dash of lime, and we put it all in one of these handy screw on magic bullet blender modules.

Martha. She thinks on her lover, a tall man with a great milkshake of hair.

Thrushby. HONEY I AM AT HOME.

Cockney Copper. We can't have none of that hey nonny nonny twiddlesticks, rather not, thank you, rather, hows your father, 'allo 'allo.

Bones: It's like

Scene 1. A bus stop.

Ouzo. I started thinking about Lindsey Lohan

Martha. Her teeth will be made of wood.

Martha. The dream laughed louder

Nurse. I AM SORRY TO TELL YOU THAT YOUR SON IS YOUR DAD

Baron Sackpig. A WOMAN... no... they're everywhere... leaking out of walls. like worms. Hair falling over her eyes like leaves. November wears boots black and broken.

Cockney Copper. Now I suppose you're all wondering what this costs?

Baron Sackpig. THEY KILLED PRINCESS DI AND I'M NEXT.

Bones. WHO ARE YOU, IF NOT CHRIST? WHO ARE YOU? YOU?

Baron Sackpig. no, just the rain.

Lights exist.



Martha waits at a bus stop. The sun is blowing overhead in the sea breeze. The sun is blustered back and forth by the wind off the back of the waves. It's a human morning

drunk with answering machine beeps
old Autechre drumbeats as if off Incunabulae or Amber
threading their way between styrofoam cups of coffee
bad trouble on school buses from kids with rage already ready
and Martha waits

MARTHA: And if I just say the right things
in the right order
it would seem like I've figured them out.
All the bosses nod to one another, they say
'The girl figured it out.'
I've learned the combinations. I can break into their vaults.
Meanwhile the bus driver knows me by sight
he knows how much change to have ready
which stop to let me off at without my pressing the button.
He knows my combinations
when I figure this out
it shatters me.

Scene 2. An Hospital.

NURSE: I'm afraid there's a problem, Mr and Mrs.

MARTHA: Is the kettle not boiled?

NURSE: No, petal, the kettle's fine. It's the baby.

THRUSHBY: Why whatever's the matter, you crazed old dodo?

NURSE: When was the first time you two had sex?

THRUSHBY: Why I say! Bit personal, eh?

MARTHA: It was the wet seas
It was early in the evening
It was after the storm broke
It was hot and damp and it happened inside me
I was tired when we started
but I woke up when he put his cock into the inside of me
he went in bit by bit
it wasn't bad but it wasn't good
it was wet
it was raining on the statue of the Virgin Mary
my shirt was wet and stuck to me
there was rain dripping off his chin on to my chest
there was yellow lamplight on the cobblestones
I remember a street vendor passed us by
he sold us some popcorn
I started to come

NURSE: When?

MARTHA: About nine weeks ago.

NURSE: You see, Martha, the baby needs longer than this to live inside your body. At the moment your little boy or girl is only as big as my little fingernail. It's not quite ready to come out into the world.

THRUSHBY: Well wait just one rotten second! I think a son of mine should be ready to face the world in nine minutes, let alone nine weeks!

Scene 5: A Desert



Sand: The desert.

They laid a gold strip over each of her eyes
A gold strip over her mouth.
They pushed her under the sand
And the shadow of the dunes lay over her.

The desert.
Armies followed her under the sand
Emperors buried elephants and squadrons of spearmen.
As long as there were dunes
The shadows lay over them.

Waiter: I said *dessert!*

Scene 3. An Alley.

Overhead, up in the lights and the bars and the wires, thousands of shoes. They clip clop on their way to work. The audience looks up and they see high heels clopping and men's boots tapping and a river of business trampling overhead.

Down here, nothing moves except one drop of water which drips
drops
drip
drop drop
drop
It spells out D.A.N.K. in morse code and it plops from puddle to
puddle never at rest
plop
plip
plip plip
plop

Down here Merrick drags Martha with Bones stumbling behind them.

MERRICK: It happened long ago that I was a little babything and before too long thee was another little babything next to me. Our mama was the waves and the rocks and the phosphorescence and the sound of crabs clacking and fish jumping and before long me and my little brother could both say 'Mama' which in our case was the sound of a wave smashing into a rock in the dark and pulling the seaweed this way and that.

Now papa on the other hand was not a rock nor a weed nor a fish nor a splash nor the moon nor the cold wind nor the sand nor the stroke of a stingray's wings or anything so simple. Papa was a skinny shred of hair and a pair of eyeballs and fingers that moved up and down and cut blue lines on white paper. Papa was a real piece of work and me and the other little babything learned to run after him on the rocks because his mind was always going Flash! Boom! Zap! That was our papa's mind, and his voice always not far behind.

Now little babything one which was me and little babything two which was my little brother whom you have already met learned

a lot from our mama – in fact we learned everything that there was to learn from our mama, and she gave it all freely and without restraint. And certainly we two little babythings were all the better for that learning. But our papa, our papa who knew a whole lot about living in society, giving and taking, being as one with the people, the education which mighta transformed us into responsible babythings of society, that education was left lacking. See you remember how it was, Bones?

BONES: He turned the lights on us.

MERRICK: He opened up the jaws at the end of the ocean
and between the teeth of the sea
and the teeth of the sky
there was a sun. And we fell down the sun's throat.

BONES: The sun swallowed us

MERRICK: And when he'd lifted up the lid on the sunlight our papa ran away

BONES: Scratchy and small

MERRICK: He ran away, and we were eaten by the fires that live at the bottom of the morning.

BONES: It was a bad time

MERRICK: And that is why you might say we are less than what we ought to be

BONES: And not responsible members of society

MERRICK: No not responsible members of society at all.



Flashback. Down here BONES is fluttering from wall to wall with his ivory wings a-flapping. It is BUTTERFLY-BONES.

BUTTERFLY-BONES: I never thought I would sustain this much damage. I always thought I would break and I couldn't take it. I didn't know I could just make another Bones-

DADDY: Bones! Let me down, down, call you down! Come on in to your papa's palms!

BUTTERFLY-BONES flies into his DADDY's hands and his wings are torn off, one by one. DADDY dances around to some funky music from Sly and the Family Stone's second album.

DADDY: Mama I'm depending on you to tell me the truth!
Mama just hung her head and said, "Son..."

Flashback. Bones is running around on all six legs trying to find his way. It is ANT-BONES.

ANT-BONES: I didn't realise that I could leave someone else to deal with it. I can go away, I don't have to be the one who

DADDY: Bones! Bones my ripe insect of the truth! Bones, my oily little ant! Daddy's got some crumbs for you! Scuttle on to my friendly hand here!

ANT-BONES runs around on the floor until DADDY stomps on him.

DADDY: Mama just hung her head and said "Son ,
P-papa..."

Flashback. Bones is a huge moth as big as a city. Nothing can stand in his way. Buildings are torn down. Naked japanese children flee from his demonic laser-wrath. At last, stomping over the horizon, comes TYRANNO-DADDY. He stops and bellows out a gout of flame so hot it is a new colour of purple called Plurple.

MOTHRA-BONES: NOT THIS TIME, DADDY! I'VE FINALLY FOUND A FORM THAT CAN DEFEAT YOU!

TYRANNO-DADDY: COME DOWN BY THE PLURPLE FIRESIDE AND LET YOUR DADDY TELL YOU STORIES!

MOTHRA-BONES: I'D RATHER FRY YOU ALIVE, DADDY!

TYRANNO-DADDY: Mama just hung her head and said "Son..."

MOTHRA-BONES and TYRANNO-DADDY clash in a titanic battle while Sly and his Family Stone sing.

SLY AND THE FAMILY STONE: Papa was a rolling stone!
Wherever he lay his hat was his home
And when he died
all he left us was alone!



Scene 4. An Cafe.

Two office workers, CATERWAUL and TANGALANG, sit drinking coffee from empty cups. CAT clears her throat. TANG clears hers louder. CAT strokes her knee as it was a pussy-cat. TANG shoves CAT as if she's a schoolyard bully. CAT's knee has fleas and CAT picks them out. TANG begins to clap politely.

Four loveable english lads walk on stage.

CAT's knee has rabies and it tries to bite CAT and TANG in the throat.

CAT: Play some Carole King, you fucking wankers!

TANG: Play the Indigo Girls!

CAT: Play the new Red Hot Chilli Peppers single!

TANG: You fucking wankers!

EYS gets behind a microphone. He is clearly nervous. He starts to sing.

EYS: Last night these two bouncers and one of them's all right
the other's a scary'un and his way or no way
totalitarian
he's got no time for you
looking or breathing how he don't want you to
so step out the queue!
he makes examples of you!

The other English lads begin to rock out. MARTHA is a drumkit. One of the lads, MONK, keeps hitting her with a stick.

CAT: Play some Venom!

TANG: In League With Satan!

CAT: Where's Martha today? She must have slept in. She must have got with a middle-aged man at the Penguin Café last night.

TANG: I hope he used protection.

CAT: He must have used protection. He must have wrapped his dick up nice and tight in gladwrap-

TANG: -in a condom, Cat-

CAT: -and run it in and out of her wet pussy

TANG: Bet that felt nice

CAT: Bet it felt real nice

TANG: I bet

CAT: I bet it did.

TANG: Slowly in

CAT: He could feel her cunt clenching

TANG: Right back out again

CAT: Until the head of his dick was right at the entrance to her pleasure grotto

TANG: Play some Captain Beefheart!

CAT: Play Her Eyes Are A Blue Million Miles, you bunch of squares!

TANG: You bunch of queens!

EYS: This town's a different town today
Said this town's a different town
to what it was last night
you wouldn't tell em that on a Sunday!

MARTHA: Sorry, you're hitting me with that.

EYS: And that girl's a different girl today
said that girl's a different girl
to her you kissed last night
you wouldn't be kissing that on a Sunday!
Of course not!

MARTHA: Please stop hitting me with that

CAT: Look at Martha Waits

TANG: Letting that drummer hit her

CAT: What a punching bag

TANG: Maybe she likes her men like that

CAT: She's not one to be choosy

TANG: I think she likes them with the smell of garbage on them

CAT: What a slut

TANG: I think she likes them with flies buzzing round them

CAT: Me too

TANG: Yeah, me too

MARTHA: Listen, fucko, I want you to stop hitting me right now!

MONK: Fucko?

MARTHA: Yes, fucko, stop it.

EYS: Last night, what we talked about
made so much sense

but now the haze has ascended
it don't make no sense any more

MONK: MAKE ME!

EYS: Last night, what we talked about
made so much sense

but now the haze has ascended
it don't make no sense any more!

MARTHA: Fuck you!

MONK: You can't!

MARTHA smashes apart MONK and then rips up the other members of the band. She holds her face with both hands and runs around blindly until she hits the table that CAT and TANG are sitting at. The rock band lies bleeding and broken in the wreckage.

EYS: We're Arctic Monkeys... don't believe the hype...

They all die.

MARTHA: Excuse me, can I sit with you? Can I sit with you?

CAT: You can have this seat.

MARTHA: Thank you. I'm sorry, I don't want to disturb your lunchbreak.

CAT: That's all right, Martha.

TANG: Don't worry, everyone in the office likes you

CAT: Everyone thinks you're really cool.

TANG: Well, I need to go and suck a dick

CAT: Yes, must dash and hump that glass ceiling

TANG: Ceiling-ho!

CAT & TANG march off together singing

CAT: Well her eyes

TANG: Yes her eyes

CAT & TANG: Well her eyes are a bruised million miles.



Nightmare Scene

Hadley: I awoke this morning to discover that I was still dreaming. I stood up on a floor carpeted with leaves and shells, saw a parrot in the corner of my room, in morning dark, and woke up again. I awoke this morning to discover I was still dreaming. I stood on a floor carpeted with leaves and shells, saw a bird mask in the corner of my room, in morning dark, and woke up again. I awoke this morning to discover I was still.

in morning dark:

pyramids are birthed from the ground and float up into the sky in an endless procession. they are cycloptic. lonely.
old people are scattered through old gardens walking slowly yelling hoarsely. camels build the pyramids and as they birth from the ground and rise into the sky
great wells open and I fall in
and I fall in
and I
buried alive under tons of sitting at my desk typing the
keys are keys cutting my keys are keys
cutting my fingers,
opening my arms as doors. open to reveal a lonely man with eyes like doors who I know and I met. I don't know him. He wears a beard, he doesn't wear a beard. doors open like leaves on a lake
he is a lake.

the lake is as brown as houses and as human as houses. My face is in the lake, a boat is on the lake, my face is under the boat, children play in my face and
sink into
pyramids into
the sky into.
my eyes are.
the boat floats and two men stand on it watching me watching them
and one man stands looking away. on the boat are
trinkets
, camels
, doors
, keys
, doors. on the boat are two men.

captain ahab and colonol sanders fucking on a boat.
everything is made of wood,
everything follows me like wood,
everything is wood,
eyes of wood, the boat of my face and the lake is his wood and he stands
there again and he writes it down
there again
he holds a bible in his teeth and he shoots fire out of his finger
and his arse.
he's doing it wrong again
again his eyes are doors his beards are leaves. lonely
as leaves.
leaving
he leaves.

colonol sanders and captain ahab, hunting whales, hunting chickens,
fucking
a whale nailed to a cross floating on a lake, on
a lagoon, it's eyes
vomit up Japanese children dressed as polutry, as a pumpkin, as a
panda, as a
porc-
u-
pine-
delight. it vomits up another whale that vomits up another whale that
vomits up another whale that
cries fire in a lake of glass.
I am falling up.
I am a pyramid.

I am alone.
I am leaves.

Colonel Sanders is soaking wet
a dead tree grows out of Ahab's head
Colnol Sanders clothes drip on a wooden floor
a leaf falls off Ahab's head onto a wooden floor
and they say:

Sanders: it is.

Ahab: we are.

Sanders: in this.

Ahab: this modern.

Sanders: walking, falling.

Ahab: on Wednesday I

Sanders: Monday

Ahab: they flock together in a great lump
they pause their mouths and eye each other
and Colonel Sanders takes his clothes off
and they say:

Sanders: ON MONDAY

Ahab: FUCK YOU

Sanders: WEDNESDAY I FEEL

Ahab: GET OFF ME

Sanders: IT WAS A MONDAY

Ahab: SHUT UP

Sanders: THERE WERE BALLOONS

Ahab: STAND STILL

and Ahab takes his clothes off
as he shakes the last of the leaves
from that dead tree
and they say:

Ahab: we were

Sanders: holding hands in

Ahab: on Monday

Sanders: this is a

Ahab: stop.

they stop.

On Monday, which felt like a Wednesday, we were holding hands.
We walked past balloons, and you fell. We laughed while I helped
you up. On the boat by the lake we noticed picnickers on the shore.
We noticed other things on the shore. A dead tree. A house with a
door like an open mouth. Children who played with balloons like the
ones we walkede past when I fell. We laughed while you helped me
up. We were on the lake, playing like children, around that dead tree.
Watching the sun sink into the sky. Now we are leaves, from an old
dead tree. We were then. We are now. I am now.
alone.
and you are.
alone.



Prologue. A boat.

Six sailors on stage - some holding umbrellas, some riding tricycles, some handing out leaflets, one is sitting at a sound desk controlling noise. He fades down Gogol Bordello's NOT A CRIME and flicks a switch that says ON AIR. The captain, a delicate young German backpacker named Laura, turns to face the audience with a mike in her hands.

LAURA: oooooh...

tombstones tombstones tombstones tombstones...

go ahead and take me back you can't

you can't you can't you can't

take me back!

noooooo...

That was Gogol Bordello with "Not a Crime," and you're far away at sea, on an ocean so distant it doesn't even have a name.

JAPANESE: No, it's the South China Sea

BRAZILIAN: But it can't be the South China Sea, darling, because the South China Sea has water in it.

JAPANESE (*stamps his feet*): It is harder than I remember it.

LAURA: I'm Laura the captain of this boat this boat this this

TRAFALGAR SQUARE: This black space.

LAURA: This black and empty space, and together with my crew of miscreants I'm going to bring you some of the sharpest, most commercial gypsy music that you'll ever hear on these distant uncharted reaches. Huge Black, have you got the next cd ready?

HUGE BLACK: Yes.

LAURA: Is it Django Reinhart's How High The Moon?

HUGE BLACK: Not really.

LAURA: It's supposed to be.

JAPANESE: something else that's supposed to be is the ocean and wet.

BRAZILIAN: This ocean is bollocks.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE: Be gentle, man. It's dark.

BRAZILIAN: That doesn't really explain why the water's completely dry.

LAURA: Shut up! Shut up! I'll fuck you up! I've got powers!

Sizzling electricity warps from Laura's fingers and reduces Brazilian into a pile of slush.

LAURA: Coming right at you: Django Reinhart's How High The Moon.

The ON AIR light goes off. Huge Black plays a cd. It is deep, throbbing drumming. Behind the noise, the sailors can still be heard.

LAURA: This isn't Django!

HUGE BLACK: It's galley-music.

JAPANESE: What's galley-music?

HUGE: It gives the slaves a beat to row to.

JAPANESE: What slaves?

Silence.

JAPANESE: Oh.

One by one, the sailors begin rowing in the gloom. They row the ocean off stage.

I lost my virginity...

... when I was seventeen/I was fifteen/was Twenty three./Twenty four./Twenty five./Sixteen./Fifteen./Forty eight./Thirteen./Never./Heaps!/On a boat./On camp./In a bed./On fire./To my boyfriend./To my boss./Seventeen./Twenty six./To some chick I met in a./In a public toilet./When I was nineteen I lost my virginity to a girl that I was really in love with. She had a pegleg and played the accordion. We had sex in a tent and I didn't last all that long. When we finished she stroked my hand and got up and left. A few minutes later she came back with a blanket wrapped around her and took my hand and took me outside. It was night time. There were more stars in the sky than I'd ever seen in my entire life. We sat there quietly and ate liquorice and watched the stars. I couldn't stop smiling. The stars were like teeth and my teeth were like stars. My head felt fuzzy and I couldn't even talk but that was okay. There were so many stars. It felt like the stars were under my skin, but not in a bad way. They were gentle and fuzzy and lit me up. So many God damn stars./I came./What? Just then?/Yes... was it good for you?/You're on the other side of the room./Did I... did I do it right?/Well, traditionally there's some sort of... contact. Before you... umm./It wasn't good for you? You didn't enjoy it?/Well, it was... different./Threw up heaps afterwards./Smiled and smiled and smiled./Smelt weird./Cried./Cried./Laughed./To my sister./In prison./In a theatre./Upside down./Accidentally put it in my bum./Twenty eight./Held hands for hours after./Forgot to eat or sleep./Fell off and hit my head on the./Eleven./Are you still going?/What? Yes./Oh./What?/I finished a while ago./What?/I came. Ages ago. You keep on doing your thing. If you want/What the fuck kind of a thing is that to say to someone? I might as well be wacking off./You can just do that if you feel like it./Where's the fucking romance in that?/I was terrified of women for a long long time. Not because of anything women specifically had done, because when I was

about fourteen I started having this dream about Colonel Sanders and Captain Ahab fucking on a boat. It kept coming back, every night, well into my twenties. It wasn't even that unpleasant of a dream, while I was dreaming it. They were quiet gentle with each other, this old, obsessed man of the sea and old, obsessed man of poultry. They would cuddle afterwards and I'd just be standing there on the boat, gentle rocking, smiling at them. They looked so peaceful. I'd wake up every morning with this immense feeling of inner peace that lasted for about twenty seconds before I was overcome with an intense, all encompassing feeling of guilt and shame. I was convinced I was gay and had a string of disastrous encounters that I always aborted before any sort of sex ever occurred. If I was gay I was doing a really shithouse job of it. Everytime I would get a guy home or go back to his house I'd start vomiting I was so nervous and things always went downhill from there. Well, except for with one guy who seemed to like the vomit but I ran away. When I was twenty five I met a girl and she told me that she used to have a dream that she was John Wayne Gacy murdering children while dressed as a clown. But she also had dreams that she was a tin of frankfurts, and another one that she was climbing a very tall man. She gave me a hand job in a park and my fear of women evaporated right there./Biggest mistake of my life./Terrified my Mum would./Thirty eight./Eighty five./Felt numb./Felt sore./Felt like my insides were on fire./Couldn't pee straight for weeks./In the back of the bus./With four guys./Tried to kill myself./With a guy who called himself 'The Wolf Master'./Felt evil./Felt awesome./When I lost my virginity I/

Scene 8. A Mountain.

MARTHA: I'm in control I'm in control and they do what I want and they say sorry to me they say sorry Martha and I want to be in control, I'm in control of you aren't I? Nod your head. Come on nod your head!

Martha grabs Bones' head and nods it for him, smashing his brains out in the fire.

MARTHA: MARTHA WAITS IS IN CONTROL! MARTHA WAITS IS IN CONTROL! MARTHA WAITS IS IN CONTROL!

BONES: Shantih shantih shantih... which is the peace which passeth without understanding...

BAM! Martha wakes up in bed next to her husband Thrushby.

THRUSHBY: Martha. Are you all right, dear?

MARTHA: Oh. Yes. Sorry, I was dreaming.

THRUSHBY: I know. You were talking in your sleep.

MARTHA: Sorry.

THRUSHBY: That's all right. It seemed like a sexy dream.

MARTHA: ...

THRUSHBY: You were sort of panting and your lovebox is all wet.

MARTHA: Oh.

THRUSHBY: Were you dreaming about getting some action?

MARTHA: I guess.

THRUSHBY: Well dream no longer, darling baby, because I'm here to turn dream into reality! Do you want me to bonk you, sweetheart?

MARTHA: Okay.

THRUSHBY: Well, only if you want to, Martha dear, I'm offering to do you a favour. Do you want me to fuck you or not?

MARTHA: Okay.

THRUSHBY: Righto, then. Open your legs up, darling.

Sad music into a melancholy black-out. Your call Hadley but I recommend Gravenhurst "The Diver" just because it has the lines:

It's getting darker
But I'm still swimming
It hits me again
It's getting deeper
Pale blue salt water deepens
It hits me again...



Epilogue. A rainy street.

The tricycle parked under a canopy outside a McDonald's, still sizzling in the long rain. Now sky starting to look grey like dawn.

The cyclist is inside ordering a couple of burgers. Hadley sits by the sidecar trying to dry the wet script with his shirt.

HADLEY: It was funny the night it all hit. We were fucked on speed down on the beach and climbing all over the rocks in the dark. It was very exciting and we thought we were getting somewhere we hadn't been before – just over these rocks – just around these waves –

The cyclist walks outside and hands Hadley a burger in warm paper wrapping. Unwraps his own and starts munching.

HADLEY: I was gathering seaweed and tying it to my head so the water was running in my eyes. Some of us crawled down to where the waves hit the rocks and tried to hold on to the wet ledges so the white water would hit them. We couldn't see each other, just shapes moving on the rocks, big black shadows and all kinds of crazy noises. It was fucking terrifying.

CYCLIST: Yes.

HADLEY: Thing is I know there were more of us on the rocks than were in the car. I kept thinking there must be fishermen here and they'll report us to the cops or the coastguard or something. I knew it, I kept seeing shapes and I didn't recognise them and at one point I saw two little boys running on the very edge of the horizon, which was waves, black waves moving up and down against a black sky, and two black shadows moving over the waves cutting out the stars. I kept wanting to shout 'Don't run on the water!' but it was too noisy and everything was exploding all around me and crabs at my feet and spray and the wind and my jaw grinding and shouts and slipping and stumbling... I didn't know what to say.

CYCLIST: What happened?

HADLEY: Sun came up. We were all cut to shit. Bruises and scratches and big cuts from falling over on the rocks.

CYCLIST: What happened to the two who were running on the water?

HADLEY: I don't know. We split up the rest of the speed and we drove home.

CYCLIST: What about the two shapes you saw running over the waves?

HADLEY: I don't know. Maybe they drowned. Fuck that fucking policeman...

CYCLIST: He has ruined your script?

HADLEY: It'll be all right. It's just Finig's copy. You know they must have drowned. They couldn't have kept running over the ocean. They must've gone under.

CYCLIST: Probably.

HADLEY: Probably.



Prologue. A boat.

The port bow of a ship, moored off the coast of Cyprus. Night. Their Admiral stares at the audience. His crew, Necktie, Socklolly, Beardsley & Bandenon are simple merchant seamen. They stare at the back wall.

Beat.

Necktie. ...where the fuck did they go?

Socklolly. They heard us. I told you they'd hear us.

The Admiral is very pleased to see us.

Admiral. They're here.

Beardsley. Them? We were watching them?

Necktie. Watching who? There's no one there! Where did they go?

Bandenon. I'm sorry. I didn't want to watch them.

Beardsley. I didn't even know we were watching them.

Socklolly. They heard everything!

Necktie. They were right here, they can't just disappear! Not when we're watching them.

Admiral. They've been watching us all along. The little blighters!

Necktie. We have to find them.

Socklolly. What's the point, they've gone.

Bandenon. I'm glad we don't have to watch them anymore.

Admiral. They're here, on the black sea shore line. Tiny black eyes peering out at us. Tired and sick, blank and happy, crying and smiling. Tops and tails, huddling together for warmth. Huddling together so they're not so alone. Huddled on elephants. Look at them there.

Socklolly. Would you just shut the fuck up? I'm not in the mood.

Bandenon. I feel better for not watching them.

Necktie. That's hardly the point. We were watching them wondering if they knew we were watching them and now they're gone and we're not watching them.

Beardsley. What do we do now?

Bandenon. We could watch each other.

Admiral. The whole world, watching us. You know, this reminds me of that time in Siam. We'd just looted the King's treasure chambers, you remember, and I said, "I said, you know this reminds me of that time in Carthage,"

Socklolly. Not bloody Carthage again...

Bandenon. Yes, let's watch each other.

Socklolly. I'm not in the mood, I feel sick.

Necktie. All that time spent watching them, and now it's over. Now we're not watching them at all.

Admiral. "When we were watching those people, and we were wondering if they knew we were watching them,"

Beardsley. All along it was just them. What an anti-climax.

Socklolly. If only we'd been quieter.

Necktie. The system. The whole system has fallen apart.

Admiral. "But they were watching us, all along."

Bandenon. I'm going to watch one of you now.

Admiral. "And then they were gone."

Bandenon watches someone else. Lights out.

