

The Mating Dance

Setting stage. Music grows loud and lights snap on.

“For God’s sake, Pete! Now you’ve ruined the dramatic entrance!”

Lights go off, music ends. Setting scene continues.

(to audience member)

“Is this good?(about bucket and chair) Is this better? Do you want me to leave?”

I hand out 6 prints of Muybridge photos. No words.

Then (to a man) ***“Huh? Lady, I don’t speak english”***

I sit down. Spot on downstage chair fades up. Sound of breathing. I perform ‘sleeping man’ – after beat

I look straight at the audience, then ‘sleep’ again. Sound of violin glissandos begins. I start to toy with

The bucket in front of me, in an erotic manner, with my toes.

“If I did it in public, to raise consciousness, will that still make me a good person?”

I toy with the bucket. ***“Have you ever heard a head drop into a bucket?”*** (I smile)

I go into left pocket for silver 5 pence coin., slowly drop it in the bucket.

“...and I could swear that my hands are shaking at the rate of 24 frames per second. Even if I close my eyes, it won’t help – are you sure I’m not a cinematic image?”

At this, I tip the bucket towards the chaise long, spilling the water in it.

I stand up, ‘thoughtfully’, revealing a paper ‘Hi!’ note on the chair, and start pacing between the chair and the chaise long. Lights up on chaise long as I start dressing, first a dark shirt on top of my white one, and then a velvet jacket.

(1/2 improvise, walking and dressing, making footprints with the spilt water) ***“Ok, so which way should I go about this... muttering, incomprehensible monologue, no sense. I can’t make out what he’s saying. Ladies and gentlemen, this is what we call ‘padding’. Padding, yes. Padding is always good, my Grand Ma used to say. That’s what you need now – well, of course, she was talking about a different kind of padding.”***

(bring out Cuba paper slip from right pocket)

(pause, reading) ***“I have not sewn my underpants to my socks. Whew! I’m sure some one must be able to make sense of that”***

find Becky in audience and give letter to Josh to her. Tie dark shirt 'under bust'

"I'll have some text for here, next week"

Walk to puddle. ***"I'll just dip my feet in here again..."***

(at audience, hands in pocket, quick smile) ***"and I'll try not to smile...because I'm a professional performer. (pause) he's going for the jacket next"***

I move to the chaise long. ***"And to conclude... (standing at chaise long) follow the stage directions; do sexy mating dance, cross legs, lick lips"***

sit down and take out psychiatrist's notes on performing. Sit down, loud music starts. Take out mirror, lick lips – music is interrupted twice, I look at the LX desk/ audience. After music, read text in notes;

(cheesy German/ Austrian accent)

"One. Using inanimate objects reveals something about animate objects."

"Two. A stage is divided and the segments are repeated (cyclically) to expose theatre conventions."

"Three. The scenes will contain clues [khlus], clues that point back, to the origin and forward, to the future."

"Four. These clues will expose the mechanics of 'relationality' (mispronounce twice, then correctly) of all quality – including that of what is seen – to the audience."

(I suddenly turn to the upstage wall (empty) and shout)

"Did I ask you something?! – down, Sigi! Good! Boy!" (Turn back to audience and lick finger)

(show 'five' with fingers to LX desk/ audience) **"Five. Sound will trigger new sides of familiar scenes... images...like the (slide into cheesy French accent) shrink."**

"six. Monologue format of recognisable situation will be made absurd by having the character have an out of body experience, becoming a 'dialogue' to someone 'unseen' "

(I look at the audience and go to check the upstage curtains. I sit back down. I signal to Dana to 'get going already' to her hiding spot behind the curtains. She scurries across the stage like she's late for class. I look around sitting, like looking at traffic.

"you can depend on all of this being lies"

I stand up, point at the chaise long ***"she's lying"***

(I get out cigarette, walk towards table, *singing*); “ ***and I hadn’t got a care in the world, ‘cause that’s what I looked like...with blood on my fingers***” (point finger at Lx desk. Jazz music starts. I stand, looking at my cigarette and the lantern above and sit down by table with _ back to audience.)

“***Bloody stamp collecting habit, it really cramps my style (a laugh male and then female) “what? (pause) It’s hard being a Russian- Japanese Jesus impersonator woman”*** (turn face to audience)
“***You could tell right away, couldn’t you? It’s transparent.***”

I lift up a glass – cheers to the audience

“***Actually, I better not***” I put the glass down and start blowing bubbles. I start looking at picture cards of flowers: “***Ah,***” (flicking them over, I turn to the audience) “***beautiful, eh? – can you see?***
(ends with female asian eyes card) “***These are the moments in life***”

(enthusiastically) “***I remember making love to a mermaid once – when I met her –we couldn’t talk because, well, we we’re under water and well, because she didn’t speak English. It was all fin(n)s and scales, but in slow motion... anyway, I’d always had a thing about Disney animation.***”

(pause) “***Being a really important person, I forget things*** (pause) ; ***I once forgot a whole world*** (blow bubbles) – ***and then people came up with theories about how God neglected the people*** (I look at the audience) ***I was having a BAD DAY !! Anyway,***”

(I stand up and brush my self) “***life is good*** (wiggle toes), ***surprises are fun***”

Sound of violin glissandos.

Curtains open to reveal Dana - I flick cigarette away, and go to her. She embraces me and I enclose her in the curtains. I turn and walk to the upstage door to collect the easel . I signal to Lx desk and extras by “thumbs up” . Zappa end music begins. I come out ‘dancing’ with easel - or drag it down to downstage right. The extras go behind the curtains so that their toes/ shoes show. I walk, in stereotypical female Japanese and macho/ butch styles to the CS chair and sit down on it, like a child, hugging my feet . Lights out as Zappa ‘Amnerika’ music self-fades out.

END























