

Avoidance–Avoidance
A Project of Transparency
(script 9)

By
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Character Notes:

Mary

Educated. Beautiful. Elegant and striking now with noticeable stature, poise. Moves calmly, carefully with precision, like a dancer. She is a film maker. One of the early pioneers of experimental film making. A soft, confident woman. Thoughtful. Listens intently. Passionate when needs be. Determined to get what's necessary to understand the world and those around her. No children. Wanted them. Problematic relationship with her career. Feels she and her work were manipulated by external forces: art world, critics, society, companies. She has an 'aesthetic relation to politics'. Very serious about the politics of looking and trusting imagery, Interested in a visual experience and seduction and its emotional and psychological effects. Experimented with drugs and sex in the 1960's. Never loved in the way she would have liked to. Never allowed herself to 'fall' deeply in love. She was always too careful—scared of that vulnerability. Instead, she loved her work and thus feels cheated by it [she never got what she thought she could from it]. A kind woman, but fundamentally hurt by not loving enough—by not taking the most profound of risks. And now its too late. She feels she wants to put these things right but understanding them, speaking about them so she does not feel like she is hiding anything from herself as she approaches the latter stages of her life.

Ted

A little younger than Mary. Cinematographer. More simple in temperament and ambition. Moves a little more slower but not clumsy. Prioritizes more practical things in a straightforward way. People. Mechanics. Friendship. He is a family man but never had children. Wanted them with Mary and so after their relationship he could never have them with anyone else. He never stopped loving her. A string of relationships after Mary—all hit problems when the topic of 'starting a family' came up. Enjoys making 'beautiful things'. Enjoys the immersive process of producing film effects. Has a tendency to disappear into his own world. Not really interested in politics, but values honesty, trust, respect and fidelity. Deeply hurt by the split with Mary, although he tries to convince himself otherwise. Anger sometimes bottles up. Can be explosive (never physical). Does not entertain conceit or hidden meanings, concealment, lies. Feels he wasn't good enough for Mary. This feeling of inferiority has plagued all his relationships to date.

Act I Scene 1

Unit 1

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A TROPICAL GARDEN. MARY IS SITTING DOWN, READING A BOOK. THE BOOK HAS A RED COVER ON THE FRONT AND BACK, HIDING THE BOOK INSIDE. TED SEES HER, IS SURPRISED, AND WATCHES HER FROM A DISTANCE AS SHE CONTINUES TO READ. AFTER A WHILE TED WALKS OVER UNTIL MARY NOTICES AND LOOKS UP.

TED: Hi

MARY: Hi

[PAUSE, AWKWARD SILENCE]

TED: I love it here, Its so beautiful [LOOKING AROUND]

Deleted: wow, we do bump into each other in strange places. [LOOKS AROUND, PAUSE].

MARY: [HER EXPRESSION DISAGREES, SHE LOOKS AROUND AT THE GARDEN, THE ART WORKS, THE OFFICE, AND THEN RAISES HER HEAD AS IF HEARING SOMETHING FROM OVER THE WALL]. Mmm, yes, I suppose but can you hear that? Over the wall. Cars, People, the city.

Deleted: [GESTURING TO THE FLOWERS]

TED: Yes, but...

MARY: Don't you think this is all a bit of a lie? I mean everything seems so perfect here. We're in our own little sanctuary...

TED: A lie?. Its just a garden.

Deleted: I'm not so sure

Deleted: in a city, in a country in the world. Like any garden

MARY: [SHE LOOKS AWAY FROM TED, AT THE FLOWERS. HER HEAD RESTING ON HER HAND WHICH IS SUPPORTED BY HER KNEE. SHE GESTURES TO THE ARTWORKS] But all that as well? I mean this place is all about disappearing isn't it? Entering other worlds.

TED: Escape. Yeh, what's wrong with that?

MARY: Everything.

TED: What do you mean?

MARY: [PAUSE] You know what, I'm not sure we were ever really on the same page.

TED: Are you joking? We were in love Mary.

[MARY LOOKS AWAY, PAUSE]

(PAUSE) What's that?

MARY: Nabokov

TED: Why have you covered it up? (TED GESTURES A BOOK DUST JACKET)

MARY: I don't like people knowing what I'm reading. People make assumptions.

TED: about what?

MARY: About whoever is reading. About me.

Deleted: [1]

Deleted: To be honest
Deleted: y

Deleted: [2]
Deleted: [3]
Deleted: TED: .
Deleted: (
Deleted:)
Deleted: t is it

Deleted: (PAUSE, HE RAISES HER EYEBROWS WITH A SMILE) Oh, right. You still reading Nabokov? Its been years now, and we've traveled around the world and you're still reading Nabokov!

Deleted: (PAUSE)
Deleted: Too much . . . information out in public, you know?
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TED: (SMILES) You haven't changed.

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MARY: Were you expecting me to? (PAUSE) Are you telling me you've never looked at the cover of a strangers book and made assumptions about that person?

(TED SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS,
MARY SMILES)

[PAUSE] I was on a train once. I watched a man leaning over the shoulder of a woman who was reading some romantic novel. She sat there reading unaware while he read her book at the same time. They were reading together but they didn't know each other. It was quite romantic really. A silent moment between two strangers. They were reading together, but it wasn't completely complicit you know. She didn't know he was reading with her. Such a private intimate moment between two strangers.

Deleted: and one story - of two characters in love.

Deleted: (SHAKES HER HEAD, LOOKS DREAMY / THOUGHTFUL).

TED: (PAUSES, LOOKS CONCERNED) Are you alright Mary?

MARY: (SHARPLY) Don't I seem alright? I'm pretty much like I was the last time we met.

(TED TURNS TO GO, THEN LOOKS
BACK AT MARY AS SHE SPEAKS...)

Deleted: TED: - (TED LOOKS AWAY THEN BACK TO MARY) Maybe I should leave now, its usually best for both of us that way. -

MARY: (TO HERSELF BUT LOUD ENOUGH FOR TED TO HEAR) I was thinking recently about how we got to this city. Hong Kong, Moscow, Havana, Quito, then here.

I had to get out of Hong Kong. (PAUSE) Moscow seemed right. Cooler. I don't know. It was summer then.

TED: June.

MARY: Summer.

Ted: The end of Spring. Come on it wasn't about the weather Mary! It was about politics. You had it laid out in front of us. Moscow, Havana, Quito. It was a pilgrimage. You said you wanted to follow a line of red blood. 'The thinning arteries of socialism' You said. That there was still socialism in the world and you wanted to follow it, and see where it would take us. A city 1500 metres above sea level. (PAUSE MARY PUTS HER HEAD IN HER HANDS).

MARY: (RAISES HER HEAD SLOWLY FROM HER HANDS)
I have this reoccurring dream. Its like something from Shakespeare. Its just an image really. A group of about 20 to 30 women. Completely naked. Stripped and forced to stand together around a tank as a human shield. The tank moves slowly across the rubble. The women shuffle along and cloak the tank. The tank has its gun raised upwards. Like an erect cock.

Deleted: The journey from Hong Kong. (PAUSE LOOKING CONFUSED) What were we doing? (MARY LOOKS AT TED).

Deleted: .

... [4]

Deleted: It took us to

Deleted: a

Deleted: Where the air effects your breathing. (PAUSE) So your political pilgrimage ended in our loss of breath, our light headedness! We found ourselves together with a sort of uncomfortable dizziness induced by politics not love...

Deleted: .

Deleted: MARY: .Induced by altitude Ted. Didn't you once describe my face in the same way? When we last met? Yes I remember, you said 'I see your face differently. I read it as a story that wants to be open but is -trapped by its contours.' You moved closer and touched my cheek. (MARY MOVES CLOSER TO TED'S CHEEK). 'The way your cheek bone descends to the curve in your nostril. That smoothness feels at the same time, sort of open like some hillside in spring and there's this peak, quite angular, it looks a bit precarious, somewhere where you might benefit from the view but at the same time worry about the drop. .

... [5]

(UNCOMFORTABLE PAUSE)

MARY: Nightmares. They don't stop. Every night.

Deleted: .

... [6]

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TED: Do you remember the dreams we had when we were working on the films?

Deleted: last time. When we talked about being in bed together. Trying to sleep. Our active minds. Being kept up by all those images...?

MARY: Yes, You would lie in bed after we'd been shooting the film, in the dark, staring at the ceiling, you would recount the shots, describe them, hoping they'd be as good in the morning when we'd look at the rushes.

Deleted: out after

TED: 'Your Inner Blackboard'

MARY: What?

TED: That's what you called the back of your eyelids when your eyes were closed. 'Your inner blackboard'.

Deleted: a form or shape moving from the right hand side of the room to the left, your head would follow the shape as it twisted, changed colour, and merged with another refracted object. You'd describe it with your eyes open in the darkness while I closed mine. You'd talk about the richness of greens, emerald, and the velvet bloods of red. Like a hallucination I suppose, but based on the truth, the lens you'd been looking through all day. I always preferred your descriptions to the film we ended up with. .

MARY: Maybe the films we were making contributed to my 'state of mind'? Maybe our hallucinogenic imagery screwed me up somehow? I don't know.

Deleted: Deep dark scarlet, almost opaque. Just the colour of your blood feeding your optics, the screen between you and the world.

Deleted: .

... [7]

TED: There was a period when you were really anxious about being watched wasn't there? Someone following you?

MARY: I doesn't matter now Ted. what mattered then and what matters now is trust. You never believed me. You thought it was all in my mind and you still do. I needed support. I needed some sort of

transparenc?. You offered nothing. You didn't believe me Ted.

TED: What was I supposed to do? You were seeing things. You were hearing voices in the apartment, you thought the telegraph poles we passed were passing messages about you. You tried to get me to paint them. To camouflage them so they'd disappear! You read messages in flower beds- in public gardens- s flower arrangements like writing that you said was transferring information! I mean, come on, what was I supposed to think?

MARY: I needed you. I needed to trust someone.

TED: But it was too much for me Mary, you needed help and I didn't seem to be able to. Do you remember in Moscow when I left you for a few days. I emailed you and you didn't respond. (MARY LOWERS HER HEAD) When I returned you said it was because you thought we were being watched, that our emails were being tracked! Why on earth would anyone be interested in a love affair between a cinematographer and a film director! It didn't make sense Mary!

MARY: (ANXIOUS) You wrote 'weak and difficult to convince' and 'crystal clear' in an email. That could have been interpreted as a low concentration explosive liquid or chemical or something. I could not respond to that email. It was too risky. Things can be inferred you know. Words of love as you put it, can be translated

into anything. You know how the they used to spy
on lovers.., it goes on today, all the time.

[TED MOVES AWAY AND STARTS TO WATCH THE
FILM 'A Universal Construction'. MARY STAYS IN
THE GARDEN NEAR THE SCUPTURE '4:3 and 6:9']

unit 2

MARY: What were we doing?

TED: Us?

MARY: The film.

TED: Universal?

MARY: (ANGERED BY TED'S NAIVIETY) Of course bloody
Universal!

TED: I don't know, I thought it was an interesting
project. I thought it would be something
different, something that we could continue to
work on together, but in a different context, a
different genre.

MARY: (SERIOUS, BEGINNING TO GET PASSIONATE) But you
never understood how I felt about it. How our
work reveled in form and composition and the
abstract nature of light. (LOOKING STERNLY AND
COLDLY AT TED WHILE GESTURING TO THE
PROJECTOR) You see that? You didn't seem to

Deleted: MARY: .Maybe the films we were making contributed to my 'state of mind' as you put it? Maybe the hallucinations in our imagery and the objects that we filmed somehow merged with my consciousness? I don't know (... [8])

Deleted: TED: .Probably you. You're always right. .
TED: .cold blackness? .

END .

(... [9])

Deleted: TED: .cold blackness? .

END .

(... [10])

Deleted: END .

(... [11])

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understand how our work would be affected in the context of a Universal Newsreel! Real stories, you know, stories of politics and power and conflict from around the world. How did you think our images would work in relation to all that? You never really said, you just encouraged the project without any real consideration, and I never stopped you (MARY LOOKS GUILTY, ASHMAMED). I never stopped us.

TED: I thought we talked about it? About how our work was different to all that. Our images massaged the eyes, worked with optics, distorted light and objects. They created relations between things without having to describe a particular 'message'.

MARY: But we were seducing too, together we wanted to take our audience somewhere unthinking, psychedelic, hallucinogenic, we talked about making a visual form or material substance to escape within, to dream with, like opium or absinth or whatever, we were making an alternative. Another landscape of mental activity. Don't you think by creating this aesthetic hedonistic place, we were placing the audience in a passive position- ready to be manipulated by universal newsreels and their particular interpretations of the world? Why else did they invite us? We were completely complicit. (MARY LOOKS AT TED ACCUSINGLY). The very beginning of mass propaganda.

TED I never saw it like that [LOOKS DOWN TO THE FLOOR, PAUSE, LOOKING FOR WORDS). Anyway (PAUSE) we are talking about different kinds of politics. (PAUSE) It was just an opportunity to reach a large public audience. A stage where our work, our cinematography...

MARY: (INTERRUPTS) Your cinematography [she raises her eyebrows knowingly]

TED: (PAUSE, SMILES KNOWINGLY) so this is the problem! Authorship!

MARY: Don't be ridiculous.

TED: You think I think they were my images?

MARY: Of course not, it's jus..

TED: I lined up the shot. My composition? Is that the problem? (VOICE GETS LOUDER, ANGRIER) I took your directorial territory? Is that it? You think I stole your voice? This is absolutely ridiculous!

MARY: I think you are getting carried away. This is simply about initials, credits. You wrote TN on the rushes, your instinct was to claim them. Yours. You wanted them for yourself...

TED: (INTERRUPTS AND ALMOST SHOUTING) I always signed off TN, I still do. I sign off texts the same. TN, LOL...

MARY: (INTERRUPTS WITH A DRY SMILE) Until I told you that it meant 'Laugh Out Loud' not 'Lots Of Love'...

TED: Well, ok, all I'm saying is, you're reading authorship into things that don't need reading, and that's why we always come back here.

MARY: Where?

TED: (SIGHS DESPAIRINGLY. LOOKS DOWN TO THE FLOOR AND THEN BACK UP TO SEE MARY) You know what I mean... Initials, territory, ownership, authority...

MARY: Control (PAUSE) You know, (RELUCTANTLY HONEST) it's easy to see how all this happened. We got to know each other because of your role in the industry, my role in directing, we struck up a relationship. Our relationship got stronger...

TED: Right so now you're saying you regret it. You would rather it never happened?

MARY: I don't know, sometimes I think it might just have been a 'marriage of convenience', something that happened through circumstance rather than emotion.

TED: (INTERRUPTS) ...or love?

MARY: (QUICKLY, COLD, ALMOST SPEAKING OVER TED) Yes, I suppose, maybe it was a circumstantial love. A circumstantial set of relations...

Me, you, our work, our words, the tools we used, the devices we made, the light we reflected, the audience, you know, the whole lot. Chance, circumstance.

TED: (INTERRUPTS HURT AND ANGRY) Friends of convenience? You make it sound like some proxy state!

MARY: (LOOKS WITH QUICKLY RAISED EYEBROWS AS IF TO SAY 'EXACTLY' AND THEN SPEAKING SLOWLY AS IF TO CALM THINGS DOWN) Sometimes it felt like we both lost control. It was like all the external pressures were starting to conduct our relationship.

TED: (IN CONFUSED DISBELIEF) What?

MARY: Do I really need to spell it out?

TED: (ANNOYED, EXASPERATED) Word for word. I have no idea what you're talking about.

MARY: [RELUCTANLY, SYMPATHETICALLY) We were vulnerable, there were underlying tensions, I don't think we ever really addressed.

Ted: Like what?

MARY: (CONTINUES, IGNORING THE QUESTION) Lets be honest, (LOOKS AT TED FOR CONFIRMATION) let's be open for once. We were literally at war a lot of the time...

TED: (LOOKING CONFUSED, SHOCKED) 'Honest'?

MARY: What?

TED: (LAUGHS) I can't believe this!

MARY: (CONTINUES) We were vulnerable, we had no stability. And then other people got in the way. They demanded our complicity for their support.

TED: (INTERRUPTS, SLOWLY, LOOKS INTENTLY AT MARY) You're going to fast. You're not making any sense. [PAUSE, THEN CALMLY] Look, We could never have done the things we did without them. We were liberated by their support.

MARY: But at what price?

TED: We needed them. Plane and simple.

MARY: All we really needed was the work. Our ideas.

TED: And each other.

[TED WALKS]

unit 3

TED: [RECOUNTING] We went to the convention on a Tuesday. We went on the train because the car was at the garage (RAISES EYEBROWS AT MARY). We sat next to each other on the train, at a table, facing backwards. You would ask me to turn the pages of the book you were reading, you often did that (SMILES SHAKING HIS HEAD). You wouldn't

Deleted: MARY: . .

... [12]

Deleted: PAUSE. TEDS HEAD DROPS. MARY WALKS OVER TO SEATED TED, SHE TOUCHES HIS SHOULDER, LOOKS DOWN TO HIS LOWERED HEAD HE LOOKS AT THE FLOOR—ELBOWS ON KNEES. MARY WALKS TO THE PROJECTOR. SHE SWITCHES IT ON AND STANDS WATCHING. TED'S HEAD STILL DOWN. SHE WALKS OVER TO OBJECTS ON TABLE, LOOKS AT ONE OR TWO, TURNS THEM GENTLY IN HER HANDS, SELECTS ONE WHILE THE PROJECTOR CONTINUES. SHE HOLDS THE OBJECT IN THE LIGHT OF THE PROJECTOR, AND SLOWLY, DREAMILY TURNS IT IN THE LIGHT. TED LOOKS UP AND WATCHES. AFTER ABOUT 30 SECONDS TURNING THE OBJECT IN THE LIGHT, MARY SWITCHES OFF THE PROJECTOR AND RETURNS TO HER SEAT WITH THE OBJECT.

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tell me when you'd come to the end of the page,
I'd have to guess...

MARY: I enjoyed loosing control of reading. Sometimes
I'd miss bits or sometimes you'd give me the time
to re-read parts. It was a way of reading
together. I was trying to get a sense of a shared
editing process, you know for our work, for the
films. I'm not sure it worked though. (PAUSE) I
think I was reading Vladimir Nabokov's *The
Original of Laura* at the time. (PAUSE). There
was a bit... the idea of how the bone structure of
a persons face could act as structure for a
novel. I started looking a bit closer at peoples
faces after that. Trying to find stories.

TED IS LOOKING CAREFULLY AT MARY'S
FACE AS SHE CONTINUES.

I would look at myself= force a smile in the
mirror and watch how that lie broke the lines
round my eyes and shifted the lobes of my ears
ever so slightly.

TED IS FEELING A DEEP LOVE FOR MARY AS
SHE TALKS. MARY FEELS THIS AND IS
UNCOMFORTABLE. SHE REACHES INTO HER BAG
AND SLOWLY TAKES OUT A BOOK. IT IS THE
TRANSPARENCY OF THINGS BY VLADIMIR
NABOKOV. SHE BEGINS TO READ.

MARY: 'When we concentrate on a material object, whatever its situation, the very act of attention may lead to our involuntarily sinking into the history of that object. Novices must learn to skim over matter if they want matter to stay at the exact level of the moment. Transparent things, through which the past shines!

Man made objects, or natural ones, inert themselves but much used by careless life (you are thinking, and quite rightly so, of a hillside stone over which a multitude of small animals have scurried in the course of incalculable seasons) are particularly difficult to keep in surface focus: novices fall through the surface humming happily to themselves, and are soon reveling with childish abandon in the story of this stone, of that heath. I shall explain. A thin veneer of immediate reality is spread over natural and artificial matter, and whoever wishes to remain in the now, with the now, on the now, should please not break this tension film.

MARY CLOSSES THE BOOK, HOLDS IT IN HER HANDS CAREFULLY.

TED: (PAUSE. LOOKING PERPLEXED) What?

MARY: What do you mean 'what'?

TED: Can't you use your own words for once? I've got no idea what you're trying to say. You're using someone else's words to say something and I've got no idea what.

MARY: (GLARES BACK AT TED) Wasn't that what we were doing with Universal?

TED: (CONFUSED) what?

MARY: We were being used. We were speaking someone else's words? We were completely seduced by them.

TED: (GETTING IRATE, EXASPERATED, SMILING) You told me exactly what you thought of seduction. You talked to me about seduction, and about scrutiny and how you lost your 'critical facility through the persuasiveness of seduction'. You said it was me who made you lose your 'questioning nature'..

MARY: (INTERRUPTS) I said that seduction was dangerous because you can lose your established anchors, and that its richness and excitement and unknown nature can also be a veil that separates us from the ground, from reality. We can lose our navigational tools when we are being seduced, and this I suppose, is why it is so tempting and desirable. We are convinced to take a foreign path, one that we have to trust without grounding. We have to administer faith when there is no reason to.

TED: You make impulses, emotion and instinct into a science, or some sort of academic study...! Your idea of seduction was more like some sort of contract that had to be implemented line-by-line.

MARY: I just became weary of the vulnerability of being seduced. (PAUSE) You might be right, maybe I analyzed it too much? I started to distrust people that sent invitations and proposals.

TED: You talk as if you are some kind of institution!

MARY: It is my institution that we're talking about.

TED: (SIGHS AND SAYS SLOWLY, CALMLY, ALMOST DESPARINGINLY) You know what I mean.

MARY: (FASTER. MORE ON EDGE) I felt that I was losing control, and that I was being told when and what to feel. And so I lost my independence. (PAUSE) Its funny you talk about *institutions*, because, I started to think of my body, like a body, you know, like an organization, something cold like that, that was being directed by a number of voices rather than my own. (PAUSE, SLOWLY IN REALISATION) I think I lost my voice.

Unit 4

[TED WALKS INTO THE GALLERY AND LOOKS AT THE WORKS. C-TYPE PRINTS, ETCHINGS, SPHERE PAINTINGS TITLES? HE COMES BACK OUT TO THE GARDEN AS IF TO LEAVE]

MARY: I'm sorry.

TED: Well its been nice, I'm not sure exactly how, but you know, nice to see you. (PAUSE) I miss you.

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Deleted: MARY: (LOOKING AT OBJECT IN HER HANDS) Do you remember when we went to the convention? .

. TED GEETS UP, MOVES TO THE
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AN OBJECT EACH.

Deleted: .

MARY: We've been through all that. It was years ago now.

TED: It doesn't seem like it.

MARY: [TRYING TO DELAY TED'S DEPARTURE]
You can make up new memories you know, or at least, erase the ones you don't want. They do it in trauma therapy. You have to repeat the same image to yourself in your head until it starts to blur with the original memory. You kind of train your old memory to look more like the one you want. It works. (PAUSE WHILE REMEMBERING) I remember the sound of the Velcro on your jacket. It sounded like tyres on wet gravel. I used to pretend we had a drive (SMILE).

TED: (PUTTING ON HIS COAT) Do you remember the way you used to read newspapers?

MARY: Still do. Every word.

TED: Early, before we started work. You'd read every everything. Stock prices, wind speeds and temperatures in South America, Wall St mergers, football fixture lists. You never talked much about any of it. I used to wonder where you put it all?

MARY: I'm not sure either.

TED STARTS TO LEAVE. MARY CATCHES HIM
BY HIS ARM.

The last time we met you talked about Stockholm.
About immigration. About keeping people apart
while at the same time presenting the image of
equality and tolerance.

TED: I was talking about the snow pushers. In the
centre of town, you see the low paid on the
roofs, high above the city, out of the way,
pushing snow down onto the street in the thaw. It
makes an amazing sound. Look, I need to go.

MARY: I'm sorry it never worked out.

TED: Me too.

TED AND MARY EMBRACE, KISS ON THE CHEEK,
LOOK INTO EACHOTHERS EYES. TED LEAVES.
MARY WALKS TO THE PROJECTOR. SWITCHES IT
ON. WATCHES FOR ABOUT 30 SECONDS OR SO,
THEN LEAVES.

CURTAIN.

Deleted: TED: .I was reading about this new material. Graphene. They call it a 'super' material. Its just one atom thick! Just a sheet of carbon molecules. So almost completely transparent and at the same time, conducts electricity really well. They're going to use it for the next generation of touch screen surfaces. Mobiles, Ipads... -

... [13]

TED: I don't follow you.

Mary: You never did.

Look this is just going down the same path as it always does. [REACHING OUT TO MARY] Look, I'm trying to move on. This is hard enough..

MARY: Yes, I suppose so. Sorry. (PAUSE) I thought a lot about what we said before. I'm not sure it ended that well?

TED: (QUICKLY) No it didn't. I didn't ...

MARY: [INTERRUPTS] It was both of us.

TED: (PAUSE LOOKS AROUND) What are you doing here anyway?

MARY: Reading. (MARY LOOKS AT HER CONCEALED BOOK)

TED: I don't know. I really don't know. It was complicated back then.

MARY: Complicated! It was fucking crazy. I still don't understand it.

TED: I wouldn't try to. It was a difficult time. We were both under a lot of pressure and we made decisions that maybe we shouldn't have. It doesn't matter now anyway. Its gone. (PAUSE)
You know your problem is that you can never *really* just be in the present. (PAUSE) In the garden (LOOKS AROUND), in this world. You're always thinking through another (TED GESTURES TO THE BOOK IN MARY'S HAND) voice or time.

MARY: (PAUSE AND THEN CHANGES SUBJECT) I've started making models.

TED: What?

MARY: Of the places we stayed in during that journey. Hong Kong, Moscow, Quito...

TED: We never got to Quito.

MARY: Yes but I still think of it somehow. I made a model of the Quito airport terminal, and I haven't even been there! [LAUGHS]

TED: Why?

MARY: I don't know. I just had the impulse. Maybe I needed to see those places that were part of our journey but we never got to?

TED: (NONCHALANTLY) Mainly airport terminals as I remember.

MARY: Yes, airport terminals. Transit zones.

TED: They're all the same aren't they? (PAUSE) Where are the models?

MARY: No they're not all the same, they're quite different. [PAUSE, A THOUGHT COMES TO MARY'S MIND] 'The narcissism of little difference' as my father would say. They all have their own identity. Little Differences. They all have different Characters. But those little differences are quite disorientating, like an American speaking English,

TED: Or a Portugese speaking Spanish?

MARY: Yeh I suppose. (CONTNUES) I keep the models at home, around the house. In the kitchen, by the sofa.

TED: Why?

MARY: Why the sofa?

TED: Yes, the sofa, the kitchen, why there?...

MARY: So I don't forget

TED: Forget what?

MARY: How I got here.

TED: How we got here.

MARY: Yes, ok.. How we go here.

TED: It wasn't just the journey that got us here. It was everything else. But I mean, does it matter? Cant you just leave it? it's the past do we really have to understand everything?

MARY: That was always your problem. You had no desire to understand. You just trusted your impulse without thinking.

TED: Well, its plain to see, you need to understand too much. You're making models of your own history for Christ's sake. Its too much.

MARY: (Pause) It allows me to remember that's all. I made one, a model, of the transit zone in the Moscow airport. Of that space that somehow evaded jurisdiction. I remember when we were there. For those hours that merged into days... that I began to feel really 'present' in that zone. I mean it was completely controlled, Air conditioning, tannoy announcements, vending machines and all that... but it did not have any sovereignty. I liked that about it. I mean, this ground is claimed (MARY TAPS HER FOOT ON THE FLOOR). All cut up (MARKS A LINE WITH HER FOOT). You'd expect sovereignty to dissappear in the sky (SHE LOOKS UP) but it doesn't. air space is claimed too (GESTRURES THE SKY BEING SLICED/CUT UP). So it was nice to just be in a space, in a room [POINTS TO THE GARDEN GALLERY], on the ground, without being in 'a country'.

TED: I felt trapped there. The rhythm of the place was terrifying. The smell of coffee and pastries so early every morning. 5am or something. That false, sweet air. Yuk. Claustrophobic. I hated it. I'm not sure why I stayed with you there? I was following you I suppose.

(MARY LISTENS INTENTLY)

We traveled from Hong Kong to Moscow. We took a plane in the afternoon. It was June. Humid. You said you were leaving because you thought someone was watching you. But that was paranoia right?

MARY: (LOOKING INTENTLY AT TEDS EYES) I saw them watching the house Ted. I told you that. You never listened. You just followed. You didn't believe me. Did you?

TED: We'd just met. I didn't know you then. And it seemed from the outside that you were really anxious. I Could see that. But you were having treatment at the time, right?

MARY: (ANGERED / FRUSTRATED) You still think it was some psychologically induced state. You think it never happened? You think I was running from city to city because of some vision or voice controlling my every move?

(TED GESTURES AS IF TO SAY 'WELL EXACTLY')

MARY: Induced by altitude Ted. Didn't you once describe my face in the same way? When we last met? Yes I remember, you said 'I see your face differently. I read it as a story that *wants* to be open but is trapped by its contours.' You moved closer and touched my cheek. (MARY MOVES CLOSER TO TED'S CHEEK). 'The way your cheek bone descends to the curve in your nostril. That smoothness feels at the same time, sort of open like some hillside in spring and there's this peak, quite angular, it looks a bit precarious, somewhere where you might benefit from the view but at the same time worry about the drop.

TED: Yes it was something like that. It sounds overly poetic now. (PAUSE AND SERIOUSLY). Mary, I was talking about the journey. We got stuck in Moscow somehow. You said you felt safer there because you thought someone was following you. I didn't understand at all, I was just getting to know you, and it seemed quite idiosyncratic, you know quite strange, interesting and I think I liked it then, it was quite exciting even. I didn't know what that sense of paranoia would develop into.

MARY: It wasn't paranoia. (Head in hands).

TED: Its still the same Mary. Your house is full of replica models of your past for Christ sake. Take a look at yourself. Nothing has changed. (PAUSE)

TED: You're having those intense dreams again?

MARY: [SMILING, EMBARRESSED] I'd write 'to do' lists on that blackboard when I couldn't sleep.

TED: Too many lists. Too many lists.

MARY: With my lists and your nocturnal hallucinations! it's a wonder we ever got any sleep?

TED: [LAUGHS] Those visions I had, 'hallucinations' as you put it, they never turned out the way we expected, something always changed the next day, we never had full control like we do now with digital technology. There was a betrayal with dailies, they never matched your dreams- what you saw through the camera lens.

MARY: Maybe the films we were making contributed to my 'state of mind' as you put it? Maybe the hallucinations in our imagery and the objects that we filmed somehow merged with my consciousness? I don't know.

TED: But what was the problem? I mean you never said who was following you.

MARY: I doesn't matter now Ted. what mattered then and matters now is trust. Between people. Between us. You did not believe me. You thought it was all in my mind and you still do. I needed support. I needed transparency between us. And you didn't offer it. You offered nothing. You didn't believe me Ted.

TED: What was I supposed to do. You were seeing things in everything Mary. You were hearing voices in the apartment, you thought the telegraph poles we passed were passing messages about you. You tried to get me to paint them. To camouflage them so they'd disappear. You started to read messages in the flower beds in public gardens. Some secret floral code that was passing information around us. I mean, come on, what was I supposed to think?

MARY: I needed you. I needed to trust someone.

TED: But it was too much Mary, you needed help and I didn't seem to be able to help you. Do you remember in Moscow when I left you for a few days in the airport. I emailed you and you didn't respond. (MARY LOWERS HER HEAD) When I returned you said it was because you feared we were being watched, that our emails were being followed! Why on earth would anyone be interested in a love affair between a cinematographer and a film director! It didn't make sense Mary!

MARY: You wrote 'weak and difficult to convince' and 'crystal clear' in an email. That could have been interpreted as a low concentration explosive liquid or chemical. I could not respond to that. It was too risky. Things can be inferred you know. Words of love as you put it, can be translated into anything. You know how the Stazi spied on lovers.. you know all that, it still goes on. Those words about my cheek bones. Beautiful words Ted, really they were (MARY LOOKS AT TED) I remembered them. But they are open to interpretation you know. Someone

else could read some other content in them. Something that was aligned with their particular intentions. You know when you're looking for something. Something specific. Things you're looking at can start to mould into what you're looking *for*. Like you said, there maybe words in flower beds, or in this garden? (MARY LOOKS AROUND IT)

TED: The buildings?

MARY: Yes, Architecture has its own codes. (MARY TOUCHES THE BUILDING) They are saying more than we think. You just need to know the code.

TED: (GESTURING TO THE AUDIENCE) And the people? The public?

MARY: (MARY LOOKS AT THE AUDIENCE) Look at how they are positioned. They relate to us and the words we are saying but they form their own positions, they move round us, they communicate a lot through their bodies, how they are standing together, how far apart from each other they are willing to stand. Faces that follow dialogue and those that drift off to other thoughts, quite rightly, to another place, and then back here with our words. You can see that in expressions and in their bodies. Do they Follow us?

TED: Do they care?

(MOVEMENT)

MARY: (REFERRING TO THE WORKS IN THE GALLERY) Why so dark?

TED: I don't know.

MARY: What are we supposed to think? All these lines and blackness.

MARY: I never know how we're expected to read? If we are supposed to get close to something? Some particular meaning or intentions you know? An answer maybe?

TED: I'm not sure, its difficult to say.

MARY: when does someone's direction end and another's interpretation begin? And when do you decide to trust each one? I mean who's right? Me or the thing I'm looking at?

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jesse

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TED: Probably you. You're always right.

MARY: Don't be silly. I'm trying to be serious. This is important.

TED: No you're right. It is. Sorry. I was thinking... you know when we talked about the transit zone. And you talked about the internal nature of it. Feeling like we were locked away from the world? And we talked about the globe as a shape which represents everything. It represents all that was external to that internal hell.

MARY: It was not hell.

TED: Well whatever. It was for me. And we talked about the image of that incarceration on the symbol of the outside, of the globe.

MARY: Yes I remember that. I started dreaming again, just after... I started dreaming of spheres with images of rooms painted on them. Floating in space at night in the darkness.

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TED: cold blackness?

MARY: No that black was not cold it was velvety you know, dense, with colour in it somehow.

TED: Like your closed eye lids? Your 'inner Blackboard?'

MARY: Yeh I suppose, any way they were floating, hovering all together, like some constellation, or an astronomical diagram.

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END

JESSE

GOTO WORKS. VIDEO WORKS. Iron nodule.clay.impressionsions.

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MARY:

TED: I thought we talked about it? About how our work would act as a formal counter to all that. Something that massaged the eyes, that worked with optics, bending

light and objects, creating relations between things without having to describe a particular message, and that forming a relation to optics was political in itself, it was about looking, about activating the visual sense.

MARY: But we were seducing too, together we wanted to take our audience somewhere unthinking, psychedelic, *hallucinogenic*, we openly talked about making a visual form or material substance to escape within, to dream with, like opium or absinth or whatever, we were making an alternative, another landscape of mental activity. Don't you think by creating this aesthetic hedonistic place, we were placing the audience in a passive position, ready to be manipulated by universal newsreels and their partisan representations? Why else did they invite us? We were completely complicit. (MARY LOOKS AT TED ACCUSINGLY). The very beginning of mass propaganda.

TED I never saw it like that [LOOKS DOWN TO THE FLOOR, PAUSE, LOOKING FOR WORDS]. Anyway (PAUSE) we are talking about different kinds of politics. (PAUSE) It was just an opportunity to reach a large public audience. A stage where our work, our cinematography..

MARY: (INTERRUPTS) Your cinematography [she raises her eyebrows knowingly]

TED: (PAUSE, SMILES KNOWINGLY) so this was the problem! Authorship!

MARY: Don't be ridiculous.

TED: You think I think they were my images?

MARY: Of course not, it's jus..

TED: I lined up the shot. My composition? Is that the problem? (VOICE GETS LOUDER, ANGRIER) I took your directorial territory? Is that it? You think I stole your voice through my framing? This is absolutely ridiculous!

MARY: I think you are getting carried away, this is simply about initials, credits. You wrote TN on the rushes, your impulse was to claim them. Yours. You wanted them for yourself..

TED: (INTERRUPTS AND ALMOST SHOUTING) I always signed off TN, I still do. I sign off texts the same. TN, LOL...

MARY: (INTERRUPTS WITH A DRY SMILE) Until I informed you that it meant 'Laugh Out Loud' not 'Lots Of Love'...

TED: Well, ok, all I'm saying is, you're reading authorship into things that don't need reading, and that's why we always come back here.

MARY: Where?

TED: (SIGHS DESPAIRINGLY. LOOKS DOWN TO THE FLOOR AND THEN BACK UP TO SEE MARY) You know what I mean...
Initials, territory, ownership, authority..

MARY: Control (PAUSE) You know, (RELUCTANTLY HONEST) it's easy to see how all this happened.
We got to know each other because of your role in the industry, my role in directing, we struck up a relationship. Our relationship got stronger..

TED: Right so now you're saying you regret it. You would rather it never happened?

MARY: I don't know, sometimes I think it might just have been a 'marriage of convenience', something that happened through circumstance rather than emotion.

TED: (INTERRUPTS) ...or love?

MARY: (QUICKLY, ALMOST SPEAKING OVER TED) Yes, I suppose, maybe it was a *circumstantial* love. A *circumstantial* set of relations...
Me, you, our work, our words, the tools we used, the devices we made, the light we reflected, the audience, you know, the whole lot. Chance, circumstance.

TED: (INTERRUPTS HURT AND ANGRY) Friends of convenience? You make it sound like some proxy state!

MARY: (LOOKS WITH QUICKLY RAISED EYEBROWS AS IF TO SAY 'EXACTLY' AND THEN SPEAKING SLOWLY AS IF TO CALM THINGS

DOWN) Sometimes it felt like we both lost control, that we became characters in someone else's story, it felt like external pressures were conducting our relationship and external actors were taking advantage of what was happening internally.

TED: (IN CONFUSED DISBELIEF) What?

MARY: Do I really need to spell it out?

TED: (ANNOYED, EXASPERATED) Word for word. I have no idea what you're talking about.

MARY: [RELUCTANLY, SYMPATHETICALLY) We were vulnerable, there were underlying tensions, I don't think we ever really addressed.

Ted: Like what?

MARY: (CONTINUES, IGNORING THE QUESTION) Lets be honest, (LOOKS AT TED FOR CONFIRMATION) let's be open for once. We were literally at war a lot of the time...

TED: (LOOKING CONFUSED, SHOCKED) Honest?

MARY: What?

TED: (LAUGHS) I can't believe this!

MARY: (CONTINUES) We were vulnerable, we had no stability. And it was at that time when larger powers got

involved, they started to direct us. They demanded our complicity for their support.

TED: (INTERRUPTS, SLOWLY, LOOKS INTENTLY AT MARY) We could never have done the things we did without them. We were liberated by their support.

MARY: But at what price?

TED: We needed them. Plane and simple.

MARY: All we really needed was the work. Our ideas.

TED: And each other.

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TED: I was reading about this new material. Graphene. They call it a 'super' material. Its just one atom thick! Just a sheet of carbon molecules. So almost completely transparent and at the same time, conducts electricity really well. They're going to use it for the next generation of touch screen surfaces. Mobiles, I pads...

MARY LOOKS AT TED AS IF TO SAY 'AND?',
WHY ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT THIS?

Well, they won a Nobel prize for discovering the material and now governments are supporting the industry, investing in new factories...

MARY FROWNS. CONFUSED

TED: (LOOKING TOWARDS THE PROJECTION SCREEN AND THEN DOWN TO THE OBJECT IN HIS HANDS). It sounds like amazing stuff. Barely visible. But strong. Carrying information. (PAUSE) Do you remember that stuff we found at the beach that time? What was it?

TED LOOKS AT MARY, SHE SHRUGS, HE CONTINUES.

Mica! That's right. So soft and lightweight, splitting readily into very thin layers. Miners talked of the largest Mica crystals like books. Books of Mica, appearing as if constructed by tightly packed 'leaves'.

MARY: (INTERRUPTS) You told me about white mica or muscovite, and you explained its popularity in Russia. You said 'it was a book of white lies'—'the lies of communism' you said. That Stalin had changed the very form of your ideals. I remember so clearly, even now. You kept a piece of Mica in a wooden box as a symbol of your distrust and that if you were to ever have a child you would want to try and change this association, that your child would be different, your child would make it better, make a purer material—one that did not depend on its self reflexive concealment. you didn't want your child to feel like he or she should hide, like I did, you wanted your child to be 'open', to be 'transparent'.

TED: (UNCOMFORTABLE PAUSE) I'm not sure I want to talk about that. Look I need to go.

MARY: About what?

TED: Mica?

MARY: The material or the..

TED: (FINISHING MARY'S SENTENCE) Child.

PAUSE. TED GETS UP AS IF TO GO.

MARY: IM SORRY.

TED: Well its been nice, I'm not sure exactly how, but you know, nice to see you. (PAUSE) I miss you.

MARY: We've been through all that. It was years ago now. Sometimes I enjoy looking back.

TED: It doesn't seem like it.

MARY: You can make up new memories, or at least erase the inconveniences. They do it in trauma therapy. (PAUSE) I remember the sound of the Velcro on your jacket. It sounded like tyres on wet gravel. I used to pretend we had a drive (SMILE). Or touching the mug on the window sill to see if it was still warm and you had been near recently. Or if it had been warmed by the sun and you'd been gone for hours.

TED: (PUTTING ON HIS COAT) Do you remember how you used to read newspapers?

MARY: Still do.

TED: Every morning, before we started work. You'd read every word. The stock prices, Wind speeds and temperatures in South America, Wall St mergers, football fixture lists. You never talked much about all that information. I used to wonder where you put it all?

MARY: I'm not sure.

TED STARTS TO LEAVE. MARY CATCHES HIM
BY HIS ARM.

The last time we met You talked about Stockholm. About Immigration. About keeping people apart while propagating a symbol of equality and tolerance. About people being pushed to places in cities for housing, for work. To keep them away from places they are not welcome.

TED: I was talking about the snow pushers. That in the centre, you see the low paid on the rooves, high above the city, out of the way, pushing snow off the rooves in the thaw.

MARY: And cleaners clean at night.. Do you remember the film The Night Cleaners?

TED: I need to go.

MARY: The Berwick St collective. (Dreamily) They got a lot of criticism from the left for aestheticising the issue.

TED: I need to go.

MARY: I'm sorry it never worked out.

TED: Me too.

TED AND MARY EMBRACE, KISS ON THE CHEEK, LOOK INTO EACHOTHERS EYES. TED LEAVES. MARY WALKS TO THE PROJECTOR. SWITCHES IT ON. WATCHES FOR A 10 SECONDS THEN LEAVES.

CURTAIN.