

The waiting room – Draft one

ACT ONE The Breath...

A Young Woman is sat at a table looking worried. She is staring ahead of her as if trying to peer into her future. Maybe she is trying to work out what to do, how to move *forward*. Placed on the table, her hand holds each other down. Gripping themselves tightly

On the screen these words narrate the scene:

She holds herself back. Protects herself. Grips on to her world.

Untouching.

Then the screen goes black and the narration carries on:

How to find harmony amongst difference.

How to make discourse more kind

To admit to the falsehood of the last word.

A notion created because of the phenomena that the only way to breath is the abrupt thud of a full stop.

A counter notion:

Breath in,

Unrecognised communication should

Breath out

Carry on with an empty going.

ACT TWO – THE DOOR – conception/inception/deception

(Slow pan from bottom corner of a closed door with a lone thumb leant against the frame)

Voice over – Please leave your thumbs at the door

By the end of the voice over we see the whole door centre shot. There is a person standing at the door with their back to us. They stand, from crouching to place down the thumb, then press the bell. They wait a couple of seconds before the door opens -

(sharp inhale from an unknown source)

- *and they are invited in. The meeting comes across neither kind nor unwelcome. Very casual, quick, possibly disinterested. A bit like an expected appointment arriving just on time. Whilst the door is open, we see something of what will later be 'the waiting room', but only enough to start questioning it. The door closes with a thud –*

(sharp exhale)

- *and we watch the still for a few seconds, trying to make sense of any small noises from the other side.*

ACT Three – THE WAITING ROOM

(Opens in a sparse waiting room /corridor/vernacular space, the same we saw behind the door in act Two. We see two people sat across from each other. After a pause to let us take in the scene, a conversation occurs. All the speech happens very slowly, a little detached from the normal timings of conversation. As if each person is speaking their mind as they think it, but neither is bothered enough to really put any effort into the thinking. As if each is simply humouring the other.)

1: is a woman with a baby in her hand, breast feeding and nursing the child.

2: is another woman similar in lots of ways to the first but looking more professional and without a child.

Mother (1) - (seems mildly shocked, looks slowly about) Did you feel that?

Woman (2) - Pardon?

1- ... Did you feel that?

(A few seconds pass in silence)

2- ... (looks around the empty waiting room, then glances at the side of the others face, down at the child, then back straight ahead)

1- (also looking around the room, notices the Woman doing the same, stares for a second)
How was it?

(Woman carries on ignoring, looks contemplative or confused, then after prolonged silence...)

2- I'm sorry, are you talking to me?

1- Yes, it seems that way ... If you'd like? *(moving calmly, nods in a gesture of politeness to 'if you'd like')*

1-

2- (inhales deeply and half shrugs) okay

1- You don't seem sure *(looks a little sad, depleted)*

2- It's polite

1- (sits silently)

2- (looks in wait for a response, confusion flickers across her face, then indifference, she settles back into her seat)

About 10 seconds passes

1- Are you trying to be rude? (said in a flat tone but with a sense of self-pity.)

2- No

1- You didn't talk?

2- I know. (looks sad)

10 more seconds' pass

(In this time the 'mother' looks up and back at 'the woman', reads the confusion on her face, mirrors it.)

1- Did you feel it this time?

2- I'm sorry are you talking to me?

1- Yes, it seems that way, If you'd like. *(moving calmly, maybe smug, nods in a gesture of politeness to 'if you'd like')*

2- I don't know that I do

1- *(looks mildly concerned for the woman, then shrugs,)* you asked

2- ...You were speaking

1- It seems that way

2- So, was it to me?

1- If you'd like.

(Woman looks straight at the Mother properly for the first time, looks unnerved, intruded upon)

2- If you are going to carry on this way, then I wouldn't.

1- Huh? How odd.

2- ... what?

1- It doesn't seem like it.

2- *(silence again whilst our woman considers the next move, then decides not to respond. Instead she takes her coat, wraps it around her, then reaches down for an oversized phone and starts to stare into it)*

1- But then so many things seem to be so much sometimes

(woman half laughs, more of a huff)

Don't you think?

...

It's a wonder really, the wondrousness of it.

... (By now the woman has decided that this other person must be maddened by exhaustion, sick, or have taken something mind altering. She smells the air for evidence, trying not to give herself away, but finds nothing. Glances at the space around, then the body of, the mother for evidence. Again, finds nothing.)

How was it?

ACT 4 - BREATHING VIDEO?????

Shhhhh

Shuuu

Shhh

Shuuu

Shhh

Shuuuu

...

ACT 5 – THE WAITING ROOM AGAIN

(surprised and aggravated, the woman stares at the other.)

1- **I should be asking you that I recon.** *(woman scoffs)*

1- **It's a wonder, I told you. So soft. So much to touch on. Don't you agree?**

Womans face:

The Foreground: Disgust at what 'touch' could mean. Middle ground: worry and confusion about the other person, and what action she should take. In the Background: you can see the ripples. Something is being disturbed.

1- **... I don't want to talk**

2- *(a small expression of calm pleasure sweeps the face of the mother)*

You don't need to,

(pause for a few seconds)

if you don't like to. (3) No need to verbalise. (3) In fact, you could say its counterproductive, a hindrance, a falsehood of understanding. (3) Words often have a habit of holding on in such a way, and you don't seem to get along with metaphore. But then again, so much can seem to be so many things. . . . So how was it?

1- *(raising her voice, a little)* **was what?**

2- **Didn't you feel it? It seemed that you did, enough to outweigh it seeming that you didn't**

3- *(with no movement at all apart from an overly exaggerated roll of her the eyes)*

Okay, I felt something,

4- *(cuts in)* **see I knew it**

5- **I'm being hypothetical**

6- **That's enough**

7- **Well good. Hypothetically, yes, I felt something. Now what?**

ACT 6 – the whom

A birth is also an opening.
a birth is the wound
the regurgitation.
It is one bodies kindness in giving itself up for the possibility in another.
an emptying
infinitely, for potentiality of full.
it is freedom by selfless wound.
a sacrificed full-singularity
for wholeness at the separation.

ACT 7 – the waiting room again

8- Well, that's to be found out I suppose.

9- You aren't making sense.

10- It's the most sense you'll get. Or at least the most appropriate. But maybe not. There are a lot of maybes. isnt it rich. Soft, like I said. Nice. Like stroking.

(The woman starts to look worried for her company.)

3- Did you fall before you arrived here? hit your head?

4- I Don't hold on to anything enough to fall from it.

5- Right ...

(woman rethinks her strategy. This other person possibly needs help)

1- If you carry on with those hypotheticals, I may be able to help you let go /

**2- *(woman butts in a little as she thinks of what else may be the matter)*
/Are you hot at all?**

1- /gently enough that your fall isnt so hard/

2- Maybe caught something? Could I find you some water?

3- *(Long pause whilst the mother listens to what was just said to her)*

If I had caught it, I wouldn't have kept it. That sounds more like you. (6) mmm. We are back to the way things seem, and theres so many, so much.

(there is a pause whilst the 'mother' considers the questions asked)

1- Thank you for thinking of me. I'm okay though, pleased enough for now.

(a third person now enters centre stage from a door at the end of the corridor (the mother finishes speaking as the action occurs), She hangs up two signs on the doors either side of her. They face each other, leading out left and right from the corridor. The signs read:

'A Rock'

'A Hard Place')

Mother- I'm sure there will be what we need when things change.

2- Well, if you say so. I'm not sure *what* you're saying. But as it is, *(she shrugs)*

3- Ah you see! A little movement. Surely you must feel it now?!

ACT 8 – THE MOUTH

The third Woman comes back in through the end door she stands looking down at a pad paper in her hands, then slowly and with slightly over exaggerated movement, draws on the pad. She turns to the door and sticks her drawing of a circle on the door, opens it and leaves back through

ACT 9 – THE WAITING ROOM again.

4- I feel far from certain.

5- That's a start. A good one. The way things 'seem' shows up more clearly when you're confused. But just think about it, why so needy over certainty? What is it that moved, or slipped... made you lose your grip?

6- I'm confused by you. I'm not holding anything.

7- Well, I'd prefer that over being held! god wouldn't I, wouldn't you?! Imagine that. Imagine ever staying still that long. Being consumed so. Things would seem so less, so phew. And nothing is soft when you press too hard. That's why I'm trying to help you loosen your grip.

- 8- *Woman looks at the 'mother' completely defeated. Confounded. Tired from trying so much to align the other person's speech to sense.*

The camera shot finally changes. It's a tight shot of the fingers of the mother moving across the floor in gentle, searching circular movements.

- 1- ***You see all you need to do, so that this isn't so exhausting for you, is give up on trying to collect me, consume me, parcel me up and place me back within yourself. I have left such ridged locations behind (3) and I'm telling you, its oh so very soft.***

2-

ACT 10 – THE motions of OPENING

A birth is also an opening.
a birth is the wound
the regurgitation.
It is one bodies kindness in giving itself up for the possibility in another.
an emptying
infinitely, for potentiality of full.
it is freedom by selfless wound.
a sacrificed full-singularity,
for wholeness at the separation.

Here, we stop at the go line.
You are released as it ends.
Run free now child.

But remember please
My mouth and its breath
The door and the waiting room.
The rocking
It's a transformation

See my hands as they are
Marked but free
With no grip
Un-thumbed
At the gap, slip.

The wound, the whom.
Remember
The kind opening.

When you tire
You can meet me at the peripheries.
Where to dwell without sinking.
An unsung hero.
You can meet me where things touch.

Act 11 - An emptying

The mother has now gone.
The woman is left in the corridor alone.

We don't know when the other left. Whilst we were watching the birth poem, some time must have passed which included the departure of the mother.

The woman looks about at the room around her. Her eyes search all around, resisting to look straight at the wall ahead of her. The empty space that was her safety. The empty chair where the mother had sat. Instead, she looks all about her. She reads the signs on the doors and she looks at the ground where the mother's fingers had been.

Her knees bend as she lowers herself from her chair to the floor.
Her fingers beginning to trace the paths that the mothers touch followed earlier. As this happens her body appears to lose its tension. Becomes both relaxed finally, and excited. Her hairs stand on end and she appears to be letting go.

Her head rolls. Around and around slowly, her eyes following some fantom circle in the air. Her gaze searches the space between things, in circles, and she makes her way about the room like this.

In silence and on her hands and knees, staring somewhere ahead of her. Looking to the spaces.

The circle on the doors is changing slowly.
It pulses quietly.
And then the pulse gets brighter and larger, until it fills the scene.

For a few seconds we watch this pulsing form black to white.
Black with a white light growing
White with a black light growing
White, Black, White, Black ...

Final Act: 12 – Beyond Bearing

The camera looks straight up at the sky
From the bottom of the shot, 8 fingers appear. They rise and sway, getting longer and longer. When they reach the top of shot, they stop and dance in the breeze.
Touching the wind.

THE END

