

TEMRA and DAVID in Three Parts

by Oa4s

Primer Tercio

[It is midday. TEMRA has one hand tied behind her back. And a towel in the other. DAVID enters the room with his hair wet and a bag of in-shell peanuts. All the spit they produce during the performance must be spit into the spittoon; no swallowing.]

DAVID: Can I untie you?

TEMRA: I don't know if you should.

DAVID: It's fine.

TEMRA: Ok I'll dry your hair.

[DAVID begins to untie TEMRA's hand. TEMRA dries his hair with her other hand. Once TEMRA is free she ties the rope around the hook on the ceiling. She proceeds to make several knots in the rope. DAVID takes pictures. TEMRA takes pictures. They take turns taking pictures for the duration of the play]

TEMRA: Hm... maybe there's something you can say.

DAVID: It's not that I want to say that {a: "My place of birth", b: "You"} should or can be disconnected from having something to say; it's just that everything I want to say eludes me.

TEMRA: Maybe something interesting with knots... Maybe if there was some type of trap?

DAVID: To replace and place, the real and phony, time wrecks all possibilities. *[TEMRA imagines 'time' and needs to know why it can be so difficult to tell the difference between a true thought and an idea. DAVID and TEMRA change rooms, DAVID continuing to eat his peanuts, leaving a trail of shells.]*

TEMRA: I'm wearing a sweater that is attached to the door, and I'm trying to ring the bell and there's some type of blood... that could be the script, ya know? that I'm trying to get from here to there.

DAVID: A pile of coats? What if Dave is just a pile of coats.

[DAVID lays down and makes like a coat.]

TEMRA: *[imagining the other room, but not the way she remembers it]* I was just trying to get there. But maybe you don't need to get there necessarily.

Segundo Tercio

TEMRA: Take off your hat.

[DAVID removes his hat and places it at TEMRA's feet. She takes handful after handful of soil from the bag and fills up his hat on the floor.]

DAVID: What's that there? *[and thinks "What's there is there."]*

[DAVID, using a kohl pencil, creates a single list on the wall of adjectives that describe his mother and places on his body where he has been injured.]

[There is an object in the bag of soil that TEMRA uncovered. TEMRA spits in the bucket. TEMRA cuts the form of an extra large shirt in the shape of Egypt from two pieces of extra large paper.]

TEMRA: In it he holds a grapefruit and DAVID is very hungry for the grapefruit.

[There is a grapefruit in the soil. DAVID imagines himself getting up from the floor and digs the grapefruit from the soil.]

DAVID: Then they talk about... Then they talk about... *[DAVID spits in the bucket, and grabs his bag of peanuts.]*

[TEMRA begins to sew the seam of the shirt. Is TEMRA still here? DAVID peels half the grapefruit with his teeth.]

[TEMRA feels like a lightbulb just went on above her head. DAVID feels like a lightbulb just broke below his feet. Again, his bag of peanuts.]

TEMRA: What do I really want to talk about? *[she repeats this in her head forever, each time the voice getting more and more faint, until the monologue has gone all but silent and what's left is the thought that still the repeating hasn't ceased]*

[DAVID places the grapefruit as far from the bag of soil as it can be without leaving the room. TEMRA continues to sew the seam of the shirt.]

Tercer Tercio

[DAVID and TEMRA change rooms, entering as horses. They don't gallop or make any impression that they are horses, but they are horses. They carry bells in their pockets and drop them at their feet when they reach the knotted rope.]

TEMRA & DAVID together: Look it's so interesting what I'm doing.

DAVID: *[looking at his peanuts]* Me and my friends are all so beautiful.

TEMRA: Isn't it exotic to speak of my hands in terms of my mind? And wouldn't you know it? The red here is meant to mean: blood.

DAVID: *[looking now at TEMRA, while still holding his peanuts]* Would you bleed for this?

TEMRA: Oh no, I would definitely bleed for this. *[TEMRA spits in the bucket]*

DAVID: *[looking at his hands]* How would you like to cut yourself?

[She cuts herself...and wipes her blood on her face as a unibrow, and if it is wet enough presses her forehead against the wall closest to the nearest power-outlet, in order to make an imprint.]

[DAVID projects sexual thoughts on a work in the exhibition and moves as though he has just placed a glass on the edge of a table and the glass has fallen and broken into pieces and a lover has stepped onto a piece of glass and it is his fault. Did i just lose all my dignity doing that in front of you?]

[TEMRA looks up from the power-outlet and accidentally calls DAVID, Frank]

TEMRA: Frank?

End.

[DAVID]

Prompts:

- Breathe in breathe out
- How many tongues does it? take a lick of the painting.
- Considering the size of the netherlands, remove yourself.
- Move as though you don't have any money.
- Consider the work of Yves Scherer.
- Project negative thoughts on a work in the exhibition.
- Use the ones that you DO want?
- Using a pencil, make more engaging material prompts?
- Are Temra and David going to flirt with each other?
- Doubt yourself.
- Refrain from something and repeat this.
- Anyways, what did the oracle say?
- Tell someone a fact about Jaakko Pallasvuo that definitely might not be true and then say "ya know?"
- Pick the lucky one to do it to.
- Think of Megan Rooney and wish her family well
- Desire to possess Reija Merilainen
- Imagine yourself both having and being what Beatrice Marchi wants

Prompts for at the opening:

- Move as though you have no money.
- Assure everyone that everything is ok. Ya know?

Prompts for David at the opening:

- Introduce yourself as Davide
- Tell someone a fact about Jaakko Pallasvuo that definitely might not be true and then say "ya know?"
- Introduce yourself as Jaakko
- Think of Megan Rooney, picture loving her like family
- Desire to dispossess Yves Scherer
- Consider the work of Reija Merilainen
- Consider the work of Zoe Barcza
- Think of Jala Wahid yesterday and the day before. How do you know?
- Remove the worst part of the Oa4s work