

## TRANSCRIPT

Now & Next

K Patrick & Adrien Howard, 'Trans Is A Dreamscape'

Two voices, K and Adrien, speak softly, often moving in and out of speaking the same words. An ambient, soft and space-like sound track underpins their words, often chiming with the intonation of words with violin and piano. K's voice is a Southern English accent. Adrien's voice is a soft northern English accent. When K and Adrien speak together, it is indicated in the transcript by the words being bold and italicised.

[00.00]

[SLOW AMBIENT VIOLIN AND SYNTH THROUGHOUT]

**K:** Trans is a dreamscape.

**Adrien:** Trans is a dreamscape.

**K:** There is no before

**Adrien:** there is no after

**K and A:** *only strange-time.*

**K:** Each dream has an in-built logic

**Adrien:** understood only by the dreamer

**K:** Past, present and future are irreconcilable

**Adrien:** If I say it happened

**K and A:** *it happened*

[SHARP VIOLIN]

**K:** I am still a child boy

**K and A:** *dreaming*

**Adrien:** I am still a child boy

**K and A:** *dreaming*

**K:** Puberty is not imagined but goes on and on in the imagination

**Adrien:** In boyhood the brain is a place of borders

**K:** Grey matter builds up, then dissipates.

**K and A:** *Synaptic pruning. Limbic system overreacts,*

**Adrien:** underreacts.

**K:** Moody,

**K and A:** risky,

**Adrien:** sexy.

*[ECHOING VIOLIN BUILDS IN INTENSITY]*

**K:** The body is a place of borders

**A:** Larynx swells and swells.

**K and A:** Desire vocalising.

*[INTENSITY SUBSIDES, VIOLIN DRIFTS INTO SOFTER OSCILLATING TONES AS K SPEAKS]*

*[01.10]*

**K:** I only talk to God about wild seas. Daddy taught me to pray, Daddy does not like to be called **Daddy**. At night the boat pitches and growls. It is as if sleeping inside a stomach.

Prayer runs out quick. One nursery rhyme **over and over again instead**. Lyrics dusty in the dark. I am growing up, I am waiting for my hands to get big.

Same wind for days turning our pupils inside out. Everything tastes of salt, **bad salt**, salt in the blood. I ask Daddy do people like fish this much. Don't call me Daddy. The other men don't hear. He rubs his big big hands together and looks up. All his life spent without embarrassment, **now me**. Three times already I've vomited through my fingers.

Seagulls laugh about death. Other birds think it but don't say it.

I keep the nursery rhyme under my breath. This is my talisman. A man onboard keeps close the throat bones of a fish, says he likes its crucifix shape. Looking at the sea **splits me in two. My head bobs away**, body left on deck. Suspended on ice the fish don't quite die. When no one is looking I lift the styrofoam lids. In their eyes is another bobbing away, is another floating nobody. In order to be elegant I imagine God has no features. No mouth, no nose, no ears. **No eyes. No eyes. No eyes**. What he knows about wild seas is already inside. Lungs and intestines robust and rusting with water. I press my head to his chest as if it is a seashell.

*[03.21]*

*[MUSIC REVERBERATES AND RISES WITH VIOLIN AND RUMBLING DRUM BEATS THEN DRIFTS INTO A SOFT VIOLIN TONES AS ADRIEN BEGINS SPEAK, THEN MOVES TO SILENCE ]*

**Adrien:** Red is not the natural colour of ice. I look at all the fish laid out at the market. Straight from the boat in a styrofoam casket. Mouth gawking and eyes perfectly spherical. Other limp bodies remain on the deck. The ones that didn't make it. Red is not the natural colour of ice but it does look pretty.

*[MUSIC BEGINS AGAIN, SOFT UNDULATING PIANO NOTES WITH CREAKING WIND AND GHOSTLY VIOLIN WEAVE IN AND OUT OF ONE ANOTHER AS ADRIEN CONTINUES TO SPEAK]*

I hate the morning and Saturday is the worst. The shop is the family business and so the trip down to the fish market every week is my right of passage. We drive the stinking van full of stinking fish back to the town centre at the same time the sun is arriving. The streets are quiet apart from the usual gang of stray cats that skulk around the bins at the back of the shop. A constant trill until my dad **slings** the skeletal remains out through the chain curtain. I watch the cats **brawl** and then the victorious begins it's feast.

I lay the whole fish carefully to rest on the counter. I whisper **sorry** every single time. They stare back with their one eye. **Spherical** and despairing. I stick my finger in its mouth to find it has a barbed tongue. **The eyes** I hear are a delicacy in some places, or so dad says. My mum thinks I'm delicate, she announced it as she cut the bottom off an apron and sewed up a new hem so it didn't drag on the floor. Too delicate to work in the shop anyway. But I don't mind the blood or the fish guts or how the **scales** stick to the skin on the back of my hand. **Like small silver coins**. And that's the only way to get rid of the smell from your hands is to rub a copper coin between your palms and then **wash**. By the end of the day the ice is red again, and the cats are still hungry.

*[05.30]*

*[INTERLUDE OF ARHYTHMIC CHIMES, BEFORE AMBIENT VIOLIN AND SYNTH TONES CONTINUE AS K SPEAKS]*

**K:** A neurotic baby, trumpeting in. Fanfare and finery. This is how you should paint me. My worth is held in my pert nose, in these easy pink fingers. **Baby shoulders back baby**. This body, made of expensive clouds. Nice sun face, horrid moon expression.

When I was born the horses all walked on two hooves. Whinnies went full circle: **things aren't given a chance to leave me**. All I love in this world is my little hat, my little ribbons, my little pantaloons, my little pout. Pissing upwards what a joy. Go on, ask me about my favourite colour. It is sky, not blue, not a cheap imitation of sky. Sky as in prised open, can't tell if it's hot or cold even at touch. Sky as in **endless gut**. Sky as in the horses on two hooves reaching up.

*[CHIMES RETURN SOFTLY AND MUSIC RISES AND SWELLS AS K CONTINUES TO SPEAK]*

Language settles on my tongue like snow. **That is sky again**. My birthright is tearing whatever to pieces. I keep my eyes closed when bored, which is all the time. **Yes I am bored right now**. You will have to guess what my eyes look like, I will not open them. My tactics will last until adulthood. That is another birthright. When the two horse hooves finally hit the ground I hated it. Let me explain noise is very difficult for me. Ears do not close like eyes.

*[DRUM RUMBLES]*

When fabric moves it is a **sudden snake**, when a crowd moves it is a **sudden snake**. I'm not afraid to go outdoors, I just prefer not to. Paint in the dogs to avoid noise. Paint in the gun to avoid noise. Look at my precious sword mouth, all shine.

*[SUSTAINED AMBIENT VIOLIN NOTE]*

[07.47]

**Adrien:** There is only one window on the spaceship, and it points backwards. By backwards I mean away from the sun. The window is the perfect size for my small face. But the only things to see are the depths of **space** and eye searing **sun** - and that's why all the windows point backwards.

They say it's a myth that a body **pops** when thrown into a vacuum. I don't know how they figured that out. We're travelling very fast. **That's called supersonic**. Someone once told me that there are approximately one hundred billion stars in our galaxy. I don't know if that's true, that's too many for me to count, but what I can tell you is what every single button in the flight deck does. There is no **day-time** or **night-time** in space. Just **sleep** period, **eat** period, **play** period, **break** period and **school** period. I pass my time building the space station out of lego. Which is harder than it sounds when the pieces keep floating away. Each day immediately after completing it, the space station is dismantled again as the **bricks are likely to burst into flames**.

*[AMBIENT VIOLIN AND SYNTH CONTINUES WITH CHIMBLES REVERBERATING]*

Mostly I eat alone. Freeing my food from a little sealed pocket and letting it **float** around the room. I **float** around the room with it, opening my mouth wide and eating little pieces of preserved chicken, carrot, spinach one after the other. The only thing distinguishable between them is their colour. Flavourless lazy cubes of food. I sleep upside down, zipped into a sleeping bag which is tethered to the wall. And **at night I dream of windows. I dream of floating**. Of the men in their white suits and enlarged heads.

[09.41]

**K:** When I dream I unlearn a before and an after.

**Adrien:** The body is no longer a place of borders.

**K:** Dreaming is a different kind of unknowing.

**Adrien:** The brain is no longer a place of borders.

**K:** I dream with such immensity.

**K and A:** *Dreaming in strange-time.*

[10.18]

*[MUSIC FADES OUT]*