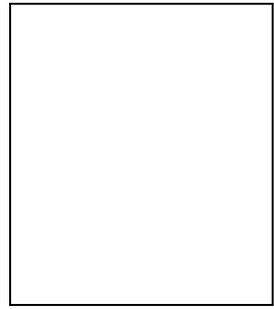




blue again like
morning



A play by Deirdre Burton and Tom Davis

characters

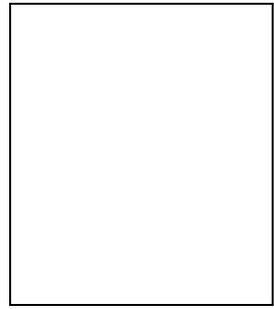
Persephone / Cora

Demeter / Demi (Demetria) (Cora's mother)

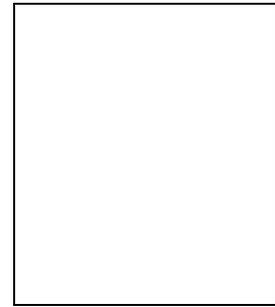
Agnés (Demi's mother)

Hades / Mattéus (Cora's lover)

blue again like morning 2



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0 Here I came to the very edge

Spring 1

Demi

A spotlight; narrow, focussed straight down at the front of the stage. A small circle of blue light, not even that bright. All else is dark. Into this circle edges a woman; very tentative, uncertain, careful, as if there is a steep drop in front of her. Once she is in the light she looks directly at the audience. Her face is neutral, inscrutable. As she becomes still a voiceover is heard – not her voice, though we may not know that yet. All we know is that she is not speaking.

Here I came to the very edge

Where nothing at all needs saying.

Everything is absorbed through weather and the sea

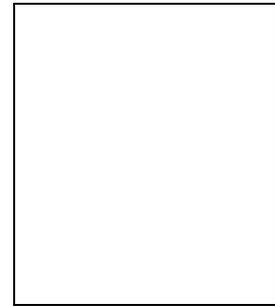
At this point, we become aware of a soundscape – not, as we would expect, weather effects, but the beginnings of a singing voice, with unformed words as yet.

and the moon swam back,

its rays all silvered

Here a screen at the very rear of the stage slowly illuminates. There is no image, just silver light. Gentle.

blue again like morning 4



and time and again the darkness would be broken
by the crash of a wave

*The song has now found words, though they may not be in English.
The woman in the light very slowly smiles.*

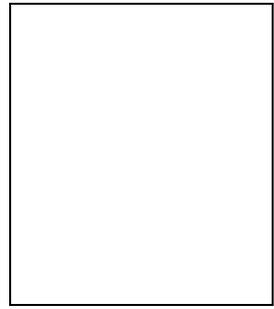
and every day on the balcony of the sea,
wings open, fire is born,

*Now every lantern on the stage and in the auditorium illuminates; a
dazzling flare. The singer has found her subject, and the song is
building. The voiceover now has to really commit to the words to be
heard. The actress, now fully lit, is smiling radiantly, joyfully. In the
light we can see an almost token attempt at a stereotypical
psychotherapist's room – couch, table, anglepoise, chair. As the
song crescendos, the actor turns and unhurriedly moves toward the
couch.*

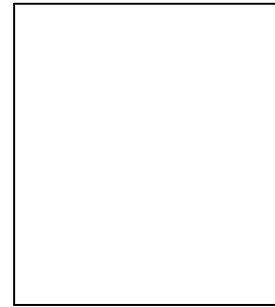
and everything is...

*She lies down. As her head touches the couch (on the word 'is'), the
sound and lights snap dead. Instantly in their place is low-key
naturalistic light. The anglepoise is on, there may be the indication
of a window somewhere. The usual. The screen is dead.*

*The woman now begins to speak. She is not facing us, so again we
essentially hear a disembodied voice. Gradually through the speech
an image grows on the screen. It is the face of the woman, talking.*



blue again like morning 6



1 A minute: that's it?

Spring 1

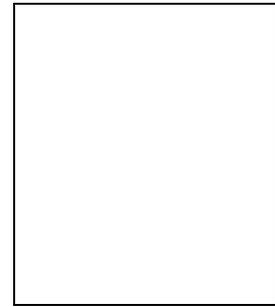
Demi

Demi on couch.

A minute: that's it? You are kidding me. You must be joking. You mean, after a minute, a bell goes, and I have to stop, whatever I'm saying, however important it is? This is Lacan, isn't it, that crap-head, that crapaud, that lunatic frog Freudian? Look, I'm a professional. I talk for a living. When I get started, no-one stops me, nobody. And it takes a hell of a lot more than a minute just to tell a *joke*, let alone put the whole of my life on the line. So, let's get this straight. This is my therapy. I'm paying for this. I'm paying a lot for this. I'm giving you a year, sunshine. 52 50 minute hours. Take it or leave it. But this one minute slot notion is just crazy, only a French Freudian could have thought of that: it's not what I do, and not what I want, and not what

155

blue again like morning 7



2 Hey, I've got an idea

Spring 1

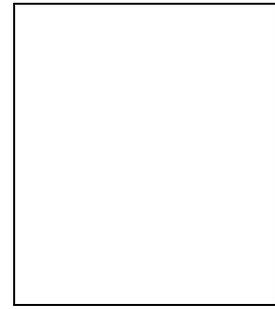
Demi

Demi on the couch.

Hey, I've got an idea: I could use this in my act - unusual eh? We could call it 'Stand up lying down'. It would be a kind of sit com - in that the joke's on the guy who's sitting in the analyst's chair . . . how do you stand it - or sit it? Hanging on in there all day long listening to mad people like me for 50 minutes after 50 minutes? The critics, who used to rave about me - who are raving, too if you ask me - so comforting to know I'm not alone in this madness - describe me as a quirky anarchist. At the moment, I'm shrink-wrapped. Doing the shrink rap. Now there's an art form waiting to be discovered huh?

130

blue again like morning 8



3 Right then, dreams

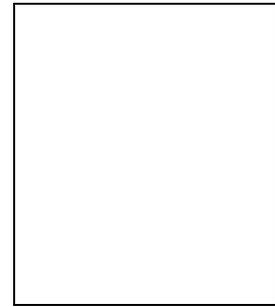
Spring 1

Demi

Right then, dreams, it's been a good week for dreams. You do still do dreams, don't you? (*Silence*). Tap once for yes and twice for no. Well, sod you, I'm going to tell you dreams anyway. Dream number one. I was on stage, centre stage, somewhere really big, doing my usual thing, getting the usual laughs, when this woman came on stage and stood beside me. Well, doctor, she was young, she was beautiful, she was sexy, and, god damn it, she had fabulous teeth. I've looked up teeth, don't even go there. And, yes, before you ask, I did feel intimidated by her. And the audience, well, I could tell they were more interested in her than they were in me, and who could blame them. So I swallowed her up, every bit of her. And the audience, they roared with laughter. And it wasn't funny, it wasn't funny at all.

150

blue again like morning 9



4 You're through to Demi Moran

Spring 1

Demi; Cora's voice

Dark stage, just voices.

You're through to Demi Moran. I can't come to the phone right now.
Please leave a message after the beep.

(Beep) silence. rings off.

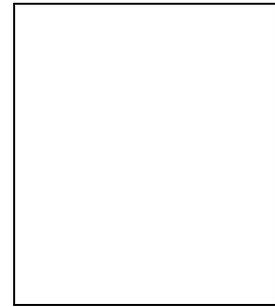
You're through to Demi Moran. I can't come to the phone right now.
Please leave a message after the beep.

(Beep) silence. rings off.

You're through to Demi Moran. I can't come to the phone right now.
Please leave a message after the beep.

(Beep) Hallo? Hallo? I'm OK. Don't worry about me. OK? Rings off.

Spot on Demi, she reacts: she is in distress.



5 It's about my father. God he was wonderful

Spring 1

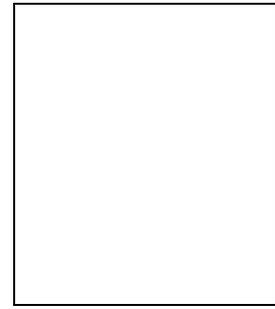
Demi

Cora sitting facing away from the audience. Demi is standing facing the audience, talking directly.

It's about my father. God he was wonderful. Irish, you know, quite mad. In the best possible way. He had a ridiculous broad brimmed hat, and a long long scarf. Always the sweet smell on his breath, how I loved that sweet smell. Vodka and white wine, that was; that's what kept him going, day in, day out. God he was wild. And big, so big, in his big coat and his big hat and his long scarf and his big voice and his wonderful, wonderful big hands. Ah, darling, he would say, and hold me. The sweet smell. And then he would tell me a poem.

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blue again like morning 11



6 She's a hard act to follow, my mother

Summer

Cora

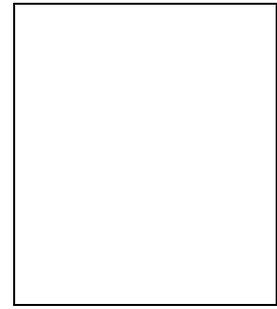
She's a hard act to follow, my mother. Is that what she is, is that all she is, a hard act? I don't know. Actors are strange.

So I was the one who didn't run away to join the circus. I was already in the circus. Hotels, flats, digs, boarding houses. A tent, once, I seem to remember.

Boarding school, of course, lots of boarding schools. I was a little difficult. I still am. I get thrown out of places.

But waiting in the wings. Watching her act. Listening to her voices; knowing, eventually, what she would say next.

Waiting in the wings. Waiting for my wings to open. Wanting to fly.



7 I don't care to speak about my songs

Summer

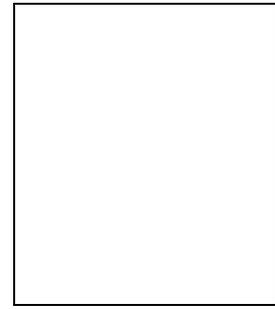
Interviewer's voice; Cora

Tell me, Miss Moran, what are your songs about?

I don't care to speak about my songs. They just are. I play for no one. I write for no one. I sing as and when I care to. No. If you want to know about my songs, then you have to ask the right questions. You have to show me who you are. I don't have to speak to you. I don't court your approval. I have no need for it. I have no need for you.

Yes, my songs are successful. that's not important. The audience is fickle and I am footloose, I am fancy-free. I may, or may not, stay in the public gaze. I may, or may not, write more. Or less. Don't try and pin me down.

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8 I was so proud of my father

Summer

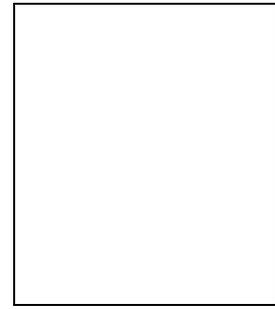
Demi

Demi facing audience; Cora facing away.

I was so proud of my father. Moran, he was called; just Moran. Everyone knew him. Your man Moran. He sailed up Grafton street like a beautiful ship, and everyone, everyone would say hello, and I would trot along by his side like a little tugboat, and he would sweep me into Mulligan's and give me a nice sweet drink and sit there with his innocent looking white wine and vodka, which he drank by the half pint, not that I knew what that meant, and he would talk, and everyone would talk, and laugh, and the world was full of the sweet smell, and laughter, and talk, and poetry; and that's how I spent the whole of the first eight years of my life, poetry and sweetness, listening.

133

blue again like morning 14



9 One day, when I was 8 years old

Summer

Demi

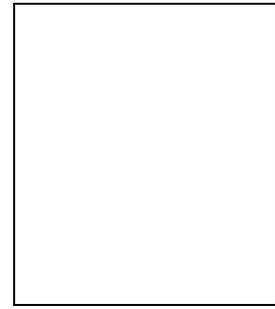
Demi facing, Cora facing away.

One day, when I was 8 years old, Moran vanished, just like that. What do you mean, no one vanishes; in Ireland people vanish, they do. It's that kind of place. Went out one day, big hat, long scarf, and didn't come back.

Not knowing. Waiting. Can you imagine that? Years, I waited. Maybe I'm still waiting.

Maybe he had a woman, and just left. Maybe it was politics, maybe there was a husband, maybe someone took him for a ride in the country, and shot him, that beautiful man, and put him under the bog. All those unwritten poems, rotting with him, under the bog. Or maybe he's sitting now in Tara's halls, and he will come back, he will sail the seas and come back, when the time is right, and save us all with poetry.

Or maybe he's gone. Gone. Gone. Gone.



10 Couch potato

Summer

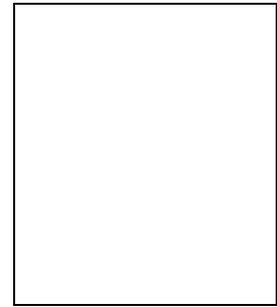
Demi

Demi on couch.

I'm turning into a couch potato. Couch potato - now there's a puzzling idea. I mean have you ever asked a potato if it's at all inclined to stay on a couch? And what sort of potato are we talking about here? Mashed? Half baked? A potato with a chip on its shoulder? My god! Potatoes have it hard don't they? Either they're neglected, left alone and go green and get those whiskery tuberous things growing out of their little faces or they're given the so called soft option - cut, boiled, mashed to a pulp. What sort of life is that? No wonder they take to the couch. No wonder we all take to that damned couch. Solidarity with potatoes I say.

Ah - you've spotted it - the Irish heritage connection.

133



11 When she was little

Summer

Demi

When she was little, she was like a little flame, you know, my little candlelight. She lit me up.

pause

When she spoke, it was poetry. So plain and simple and pure.

pause

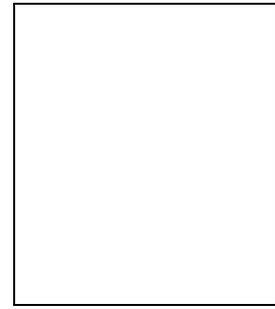
He had this big dark car, I can hear it now, in my mind. Roaring quietly to itself, as he came to pick her up, to pick her up. He will make her his. He will turn her round, he will take her poems.

pause

She will become my dark sister, Queen of the Night.

87

blue again like morning 17



12 Now the question I find myself asking

Summer

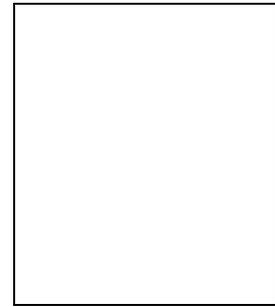
Demi

Now the question I find myself asking - myself unfortunately, since sit com guy doesn't seem to like being questioned -is WHAT DOES HE DO IN THOSE MISSING TEN MINUTES - those ten minutes between one nutter and the next. What do they all do? Is there some parallel therapist's universe that they all slip (pardon the slip) into, under, through?–

Tired of sitting, they all go back to some theoretical stand point where they take a stand, a grand stand, and point at us - the analysands. Anal y sands . . . that well-known seaside resort on the North Welsh coast. Paradise for the beach bums of Britain. Ah back to bums again. Back to rock bottom. Which is why I'm here in the first place of course. It all comes back to me in the end - just as well since that's the reason I'm here.

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blue again like morning 18



13 I don't take it lying down for long

Summer

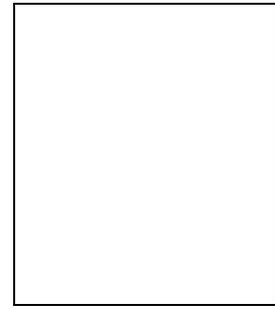
Demi

Demi to audience.

I don't take it lying down for long. The psychoanalysis, I mean. I dance. I sing. I wander round his room and tinker with his tastefuls. I stomp. I mean what's the point of paying someone 75 quid a 50 minutes to tell you why you're mad, and then spend the time (and money) pretending to be sane, and lying there like a couch potato? I mean what use is that to him? If you were sane enough to stay on the couch he'd have cured you and then he'd be out of work! And how many unemployed psychoanalysts can this country afford to support? No - it's out of the question - lying down. Unpatriotic even. I mean the treasury would run out of cash with all those unemployed shrinks. Then what would we have - unemployed shrinks on every street corner - selling copies of Big Interpersonal Issue.

150

blue again like morning 19



14 my winter world

Summer

Demi

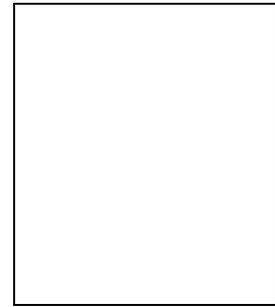
So here I am, in my winter world. What's it like? A lemon sweet. You know? After you've sucked it, sucked it, a sliver of acid yellow, thin as the thin moon. My winter world.

You see, I decided to go nuts. Time to pamper myself a little (*ironic*). And, you know what? Once you start, it's easy. Hard to start, you have to really let go. You have to take that bungee dive. You have to fall off the world. After that, it's as easy as falling, oh yes I'm falling, and she keeps calling me back again.

The winter world. That scarcely breathes such bliss, or any bloody bliss at all. Like a cold dawn, the grey seascape, a sliver of light, the very edge.

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blue again like morning 20



15 Why? Why why?

Summer

Demi, Agnès

Why? Why why?

*(French accent) Because it was hers. Because she made a choice.
Because she was free, choosing liberty, choosing to be.*

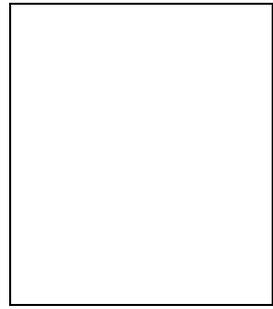
Save us from the dregs of existentialism. This is England, mother, remember? We don't have philosophers here, we have comedians instead. Now, just tell me in nice plain four letter words why you let her get into a car with a complete stranger and vanish?

Because, in that moment, for her, nothing else existed but her choice. The purity, the simplicity of her choice.

Well praise the lord and pass the fucking gauloises. Why. Didn't. You. Call. Me?

Demetria. Listen. Listen to me. When I was 19, I ran. When you were 17, you ran. She is 23; high time. Who are we running from? Our mothers, who else? She had to run from you. She had to. We must honour the running.

No. No. No.



16 s near the beginning

Summer

Demi, Cora

Maman, tell me a story.

It was near the beginning

when everything was nearly new

when the hot calm breath of creation still lay on the land like a blessing

and it was all about to begin.

the world at that time was full of flowers, a flower garden, a festival

and it was always spring.

Nothing needed saying

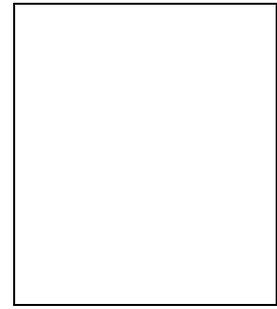
No time was

It was wonderful.

I walked through the garden of the world, and called the flowers to me

She was so beautiful, they did what she said

blue again like morning 22



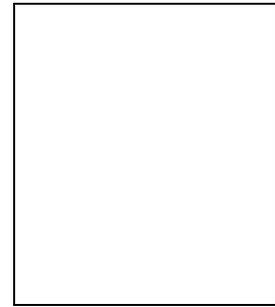
Bloomed, bent, waved in the wind; opened and gave their bodies to
the air, to the invading air

It was a woman's world

A girl's world

It was wonderful.

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17 I'll tell you a true story

Summer

Demi

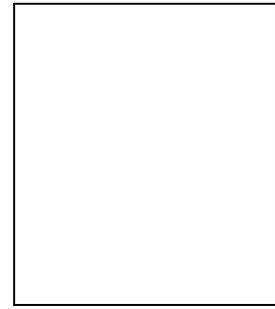
Demi facing the audience.

I'll tell you a true story. When she was born, they cut me in half so that she could come out. I stayed conscious; I wanted to be there at the birth, you see. Out she came, and there I lay, cut in half, and they cleaned off all the blood, my blood, there was a lot of blood, I saw it on the surgeon's boots. They showed her to me. She cried, like a baby bird, food, she wanted food, like a baby bird. And they took her away. Because I was in two halves, they took her away. The top half of me was full of milk, and the bottom half of me was a no go area, a dead end. And she cried and I cried and we are both still crying, and that dear doctor is the fucking truth.

It's not enough. It's not enough, is it.

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blue again like morning 24



18 He came out of the earth

Summer

Cora, Demi

Listen, Maman, I'll tell you a story.

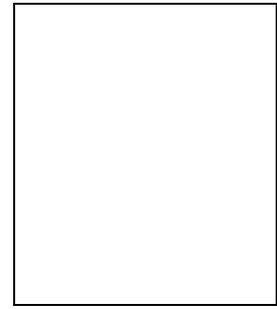
He came out of the earth, the earth opening, he came out of it like darkness visible; horses, a chariot, and him there with the reins, calm amid that turmoil. He knew exactly where he was going: he was going for me.

And there I was, hands full of flowers, and I was just astonished. I could feel the force of him wanting me, all that power, focused on me; I could feel it. What was there in me, that called all that into existence? Somewhere in me a power that called up that power, where was it? My hair, my face, my body, was it? Or something unimaginable, deep inside, shining through the skin, some possible joy, that called and controlled this man from the underside of the world?

He stole you

He amazed me. He made me. He knew me.

blue again like morning 25



19 I dreamed I was what I ate

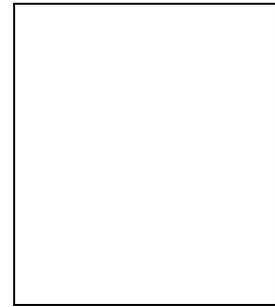
Summer

Cora

I dreamed I was what I ate. I dreamed I ate nothing, nothing, becoming as light as air. And then I dreamed I ate six seeds, little seeds covered with the jelly of darkness, and then I became the Queen of the Night.

43

blue again like morning 26



20 After Moran did his celebrated vanishing act

Autumn

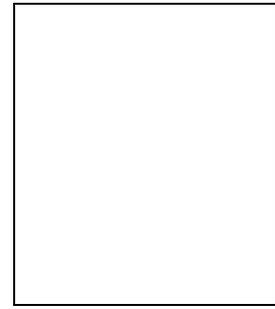
Demi

After Moran did his celebrated vanishing act, I went on. There was my mother and me, and there was no more sweetness, no more poems, just a big hole in my heart, in my gut, where he used to live. Yes, I know, a hole, thank you doctor, I'm not totally illiterate. Christ if he came back now, looking as he did then, with his big hat and his scarf and his fantastic hands, I'd drag him to bed in a moment, don't think I wouldn't; I would suck that sweetness from his mouth and make him fill me up.

You want to see Moran? Go to Dublin. There he is, in the Municipal Art Gallery. (*Irish:*) Say where man's glory most begins and ends. (*Her voice:*) Agnés painted him, and there he is. She would never ever talk about him; she would say, go to Dublin, the Art Gallery; that is Moran.

149

blue again like morning 27



21 Here's what I wonder

Autumn

Demi

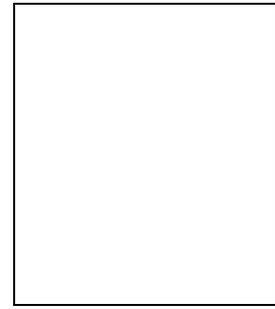
Here's what I wonder when I lie awake at night going over and over the stories I've told you. I wonder what made you go in for a job like this - I mean is this the sort of thing a nice person like you should be doing? Is this a good use of your time? Listen, I'm a mother, right, I worry about your career! YOUR CAREER? - isn't it enough for me to worry about MY career - which, by the way, is not going well - except - well no - there are no exceptions. It is not going well. They don't laugh, any more, at all. But, hey, that's enough about me - let's talk about you.

silence

What do you think about me? *(it's the punch line of a joke - but is delivered with poignancy - with longing)*

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blue again like morning 28



22 So the question I find myself asking

Autumn

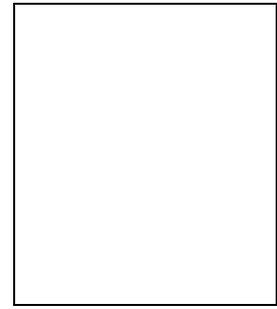
Demi

Demi on the couch.

So the question I find myself asking - particularly to sit com guy - is simply this: is any of this real? Why do I expect an answer? Why after all of this time together - me and him - week in week out - except for August of course - where do they all go in August? - why do I still hold out this hope that we'll someday have a decent conversation and he will tell me the answers. And why, dear watchers from the dark, do you?

93

blue again like morning 29



23 Oh, the cooking. Yes, I like it

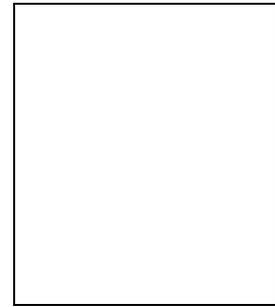
Autumn

Demi

Oh, the cooking. Yes, I like it. I like the sizzle and the smell of it. I like the touch of the food, so intimate... Did you ever peel a beetroot, doctor, did you ever slide that skin slowly back from that dark, red, bulging - it's probably illegal, beetroot, in some states of America. And then there are oysters and artichokes, diving inside; there are figs, oh, figs, don't get me started. And the slicing, I think I was always a slicer. You just slide that old Sabatier, you just stroke it with the very edge, are you feeling just a little nervous, Herr Doktor, are you beginning to wilt a little, and out come shavings and petals and flakes and such finesse, dear doctor, such finery, carrot roses and radish tulips and god knows what else.

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blue again like morning 30



24 Since I can't make anyone laugh any more

Autumn

Demi

Since I can't make anyone laugh any more, maybe I'll open a pub instead. I know, how about the WB Yeats's wine lodge? Think of it: fish, flesh, or fowl on the menu; the Salley Beer gardens, up the winding stair to Tara's hall, the man was designing a theme pub all his writing life. Why haven't the critics noticed this? I'll have incomprehensible Gaelic signs everywhere, especially on the toilets: maighdeana and laochra, that should give the English something to think about, especially if they're suffering from the double vision of Michael Robartes.

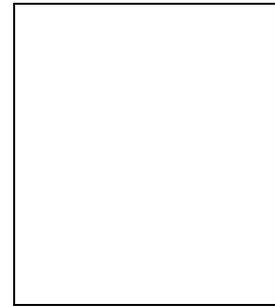
pause

And will they still talk by the fire, their hearts brimming with dreams?

Wing above wing, flame above flame?

Damn you Moran. Get out: get your broken dreams of my head.
This is no country for old men.

Mahdanna and leechra (ch as in loch): maidens and warriors.



25 So, there was me and Maman

Autumn

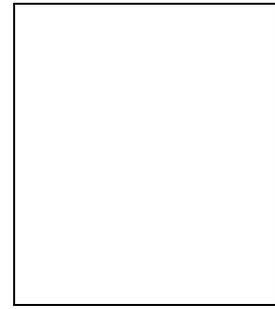
Demi

Demi to analyst, not on couch.

So, there was me and Maman, all by ourselves. Fortunately, being French, she was good with money, and when she'd run away to Paris to fuck philosophers, and then to Ireland, to fuck poets, she had also taken care of the money. She's a hard woman, my mother. You know about French mothers? As you grow into womanness they see their own beauty decline. She's a Parisian: beauty is important. So, they get harder, and love you more, and make that elegant language of theirs crack like a whip across your back.

Well, I ran, as soon as I could; obviously. To England that comfortable country, the antidote to France. And found some musicians, to fuck. And one of them gave me my daughter.

And then political theatre, and then stand-up, and then my daughter vanished, and I went a little mad, and here I am. Here, dear doctor, I am.



26 So I'm having this dream, right?

Autumn

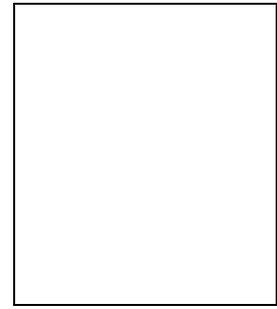
Demi

Demi to analyst, facing audience. Or, starts on couch, and moves to face audience.

So I'm having this dream, right? I'm sitting in the cafe at the train station and you call me on my mobile. I know it's you, but I decide not to answer - see how HE likes it huh? I switch you off. I bury my mobile deep in my cavernous shopping bag - under the tomatoes and olives and stuffed vine leaves - under the perishables - hoping that the smell and sliminess will somehow be your answer. And then I look at the coffee cup - single espresso - and - damn it - his face appears - out of nowhere - his face. And there he is, right next to me: big, so big, the big coat and the big hat and the long scarf and the wonderful, wonderful big hands. Ah, darling, ah darling. He whispers my name. *(In Moran's voice)* Ah darling, he says, I have come home.

150

blue again like morning 33



27 I can do silences too you know

Autumn

Demi

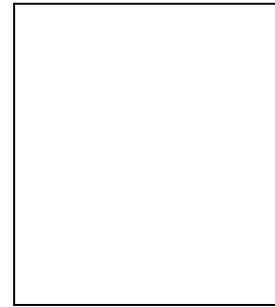
Demi in analysis, on the couch.

I can do silences too you know. In fact, I'm well known for my silences. Critics have raved about them. It's all a question of timing in my line of work you see - you have to tease the audience along - gauge their tolerance - know their limits - push them beyond - ever so slightly beyond - teasing the rhythms - holding back - waiting, waiting, listening for the possibility of laughter. A bit like making love I suppose - apart from the laughter of course - at least if my experience is anything to go by, I don't know about you. Ah - do I detect a slight intake of breath - a slight show of interest? No? Ah well. Listen. Listen. I do have something to tell you today.

silence

Actually that was more of what I would call a pause. Actually.

145



28 So where did she go?

Autumn

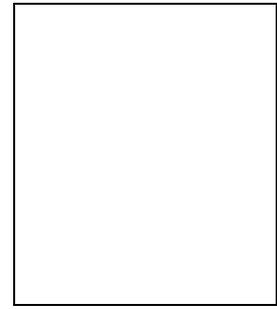
Demi

Demi on the couch.

So where did she go? Where indeed. She's done it before - several times in fact - so at first I was just annoyed. I had a dinner party arranged. She didn't arrive and I made a joke out of it - in fact, as I remember - the merlot having been shared around for an hour or so - I made a whole comic routine out of it. So everyone was happy. Except me, of course. Would you like to hear the routine? No? Well that's the difference between you and me. You keep pushing for the tears and tragedy. Me, I keep pushing for the laughs. Apart from that, our techniques are rather similar don't you think? In fact, have you ever thought of a career AS a comedian? We could be a team. Hey, what sort of transference would that be?

144

blue again like morning 35



29 She is like the sun at night time

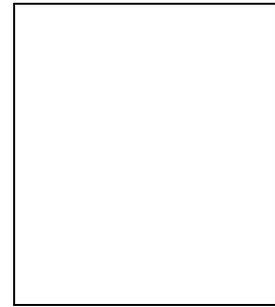
Autumn

Demi

She is like the sun at night time. Nothing, nothing prepared me for this love, this awe, this incredible presence. How can you speak of this? Her beauty goes all the way through. When she is quiet, the house is quiet. When she speaks, the air rings. When she was a child, her footsteps running up the path called my heart to quicken its pace. One look from her made the day bright. There was a world to see to, I did my duty, but always, always, the overwhelming focus of my being was her, her, waiting for me at home; my beautiful daughter.

105

blue again like morning 36



30 Where did he take you to?

Autumn

Cora, Demi

Where did he take you to?

To the mountains. A house full of echoes. A room with a fire in it. A big bed, a table, a couple of armchairs. Did I want food? No. Drink? Water. He brought me a carafe of water and a glass. He stood, and looked at me.

The way they do.

No, no, *not* the way they do. He just looked.

He wanted you.

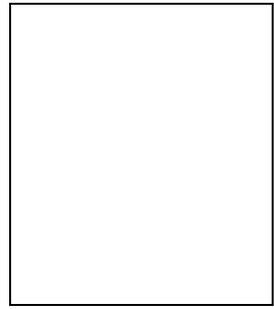
Yes, of course, I guess; they all want me. But there was none of that in his look. He wasn't asking, or expecting, or hoping, or any of those looks: he just. Looked.

Creepy.

No, not that either. I felt: comfortable. Then he nodded, once, and said: goodnight. And left.

That was it?

That was it.

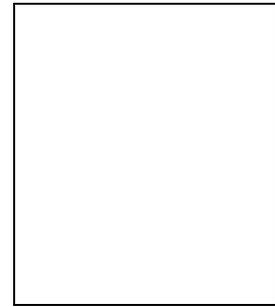


So it was only superficially like the Rocky Horror Show?

Mother, it was like nothing you or I have ever imagined, and better.

149

blue again like morning 38



31 He loves you? That's what he said?

Winter

Demi, Cora

He LOVES You? THAT'S what he said?

Yes.

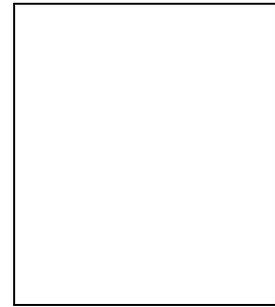
Holy Mary mother of us all, *that* one? You must be joking.

Mother, you do the joking.

Yes I do, and I'm bloody good at it too. So: he was going to build you a personality, with his own little Meccano kit? His personal male erector set? So what did you say, to his I love you?

I didn't say anything. There's never anything to say, when they say that.

78



32 He took me for a walk once

Winter

Demi

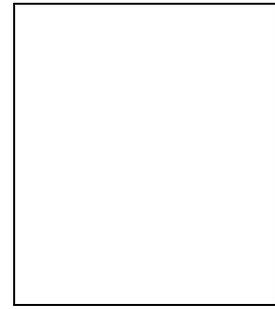
Demi to the audience.

He took me for a walk once, by the seaside. Dalkey, it was. Grey sweep of sand and the big grey sea, and the big man shouting poetry at it, (*Moran:*) Cuchulain fought the ungovernable sea, (*Demi:*) and the sea shouting its repetitions back at him. And a little girl standing behind, her heart breaking with love.

So we walked up to the edge, to the very edge of the sea, and were silent together. Nothing needed saying. The waves crashed like fire, and the birds screamed, and he picked me up, and threw me, up in the air, and for that moment, that little span of moments, I could fly.

111

blue again like morning 40



33 I dream of freedom

Winter

Demi

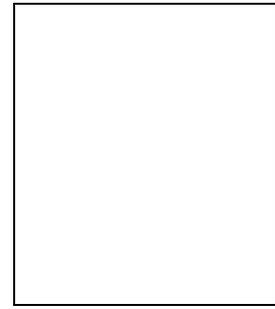
Demi to the audience.

I dream of freedom - of flight - of soaring up over the harbour and away - far away. And I skim the surface of the ocean, catching the hint of the salt spray frothy on my tongue and laughing to the wind that hurls my name back and forth through the bright, the uplit air. The blue grey sea, mile after relentless mile. I shouldn't have looked down. I try to raise my head and look up again - I struggle for the light I know is there - must be there. Was there. Wave after wave of weariness. My flight falters and I plummet down. Something - someone - has winged me - unhinged me - singed me - singled me out for this - this ignominious fall.

No fun being an albatross I can tell you.

139

blue again like morning 41



34 My name is Cora

Winter

Cora

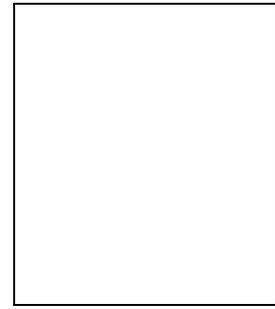
My name is Cora. She chose that name for me before I was born. My father wasn't there. I never had a father. My mother was my father too, and I was happy.

And then you stopped by, appearing out of the night time street, pulling up outside the florist - that cave of colour and light - my neighbourhood haven. I was holding the pale pink orchids I was taking her - a modest bunch - a thank you for having me to dinner mother cluster. And, wordlessly, eloquently, you swirled them from my grasp and plucked flower after flower after flower from those silver vases and put together an elegant, luscious collection, and offered it to my dazed embrace.

So we got into your extravagant car and you drove away. It never even occurred to me to let her know. She had ceased to exist.

147

blue again like morning 42



35 Why did you go with him, then?

Winter

Cora, Demi

Why did you go with him, then?

Because he wanted me. Because he chose me. Because he knew.

Did you talk? Did he talk to you?

No. No words.

You're mad.

Yes, I think so. In your terms, yes. I don't like words very much, mother, I'm not that comfortable with them.

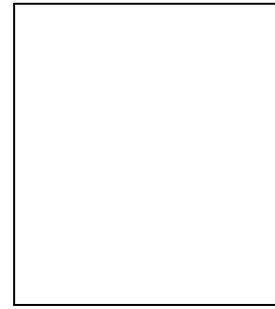
But the songs, the songs, you're a poet.

Show-business. What I want is the bits in between, that the words don't say. Fuck poetry, mother, my love, my dear friend. Words tell lies.

And that's what *he* was: he was everything in between the words. Which is almost everything there is, isn't it?

105

blue again like morning 43



36 Loving you is not what I expected love would be

Winter

Cora

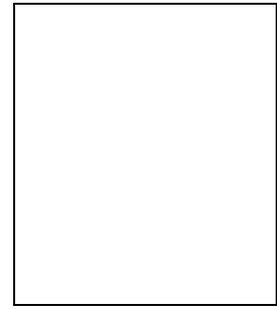
Cora in Mattéus's house, writing a song. This comes out in one rhythmic rush.

Loving you is not what I expected love would be. Loving you is a blue feather on a white winged guillemot. silly mot. bon mot. bon bon. good yes good. Loving you is a dreaming scheming beaming evening drifting sideways through the long grass, lemon grass, melon grass looking grass hour glass sour glass green green grass of home. Damn. Loving you is loving me is loving them is loving loving. Loving you is never ending never bending never mending still depending deep ending deep sleep sleep now baby. Loving you is integrated overrated understated infiltrated inspirited devastated all I've hated, all I've waited - for. Babe. Fortune cookie. Fortune's ostrich. Ostentation's orient - al sentiment - al longing road. pathway. hearth way. way way way to go.

Not enough.

130

blue again like morning 44



37 Tell me the truth

Winter

Demi, Cora

Tell me the truth.

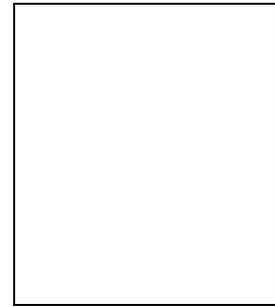
Mother, dear mother, my wonderful mother, damn you, what do you want of me now? Dearest, please don't ask, you are always asking.

The truth.

Look, I love him, that's the truth. He woke me up, he makes me live, he sets me free, he drives me wild, he knows just what to do. He is my lover, mother, this is the truth, my man, the one I want. He amazes me. He makes me sing. The rhymes come, mother, because of him: the songs happen. He is my story, my legend, my truth, mother, darling, he is my truth.

It is not enough.

108



38 So here's a strange thing

Winter

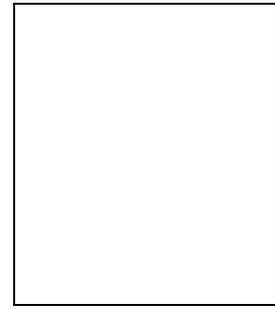
Demi

Demi on the couch.

So here's a strange thing . . . I find myself talking with you when you're not there. And, I have to say, you're a brilliant conversationalist - but you probably know that - witty - urbane - occasional bursts of poetry - the little references to those French intellectuals that I haven't actually read. You know I haven't read them - and you chuckle in a conspiratorial sort of way - knowing I know you know (*Moran's voice*) ah, the lovely man that you are, (*her voice*) you're happy to go along with my little act. I'm starting to find other people a bit dull, actually. I'm bored in their company. Unrecognised. Do you know what I mean? Well, exactly: I know you do - we have that sort of understanding - that rapport, now, don't we? I feel really at home here now. Safe. (*Moran's voice*) ah, the lovely man.

148

blue again like morning 46



39 You are broken. I can make you whole

Winter

Mattéus , Cora

You are broken. I can make you whole.

I'm listening.

You are empty. I can fill you up.

With what? With you?

No. With yourself. You have no self. You are empty.

How will you do this?

I will love you. I will give you everything I have. I will marry you.

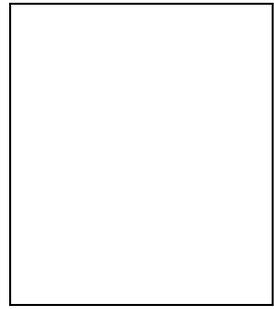
Why?

Because I can see in you the self that you are hiding. I can read her, in your songs. I can see her, shining through your skin. I will call her into being, by loving you. You will be complete.

Complete?

Yes. When I saw you, amongst the flowers, with the old lady, I knew all this, immediately.

What gives you the right?

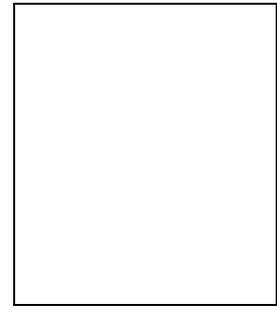


I love you.

Is that all?

122

blue again like morning 48



40 Sometimes I catch a glimpse of how it might be

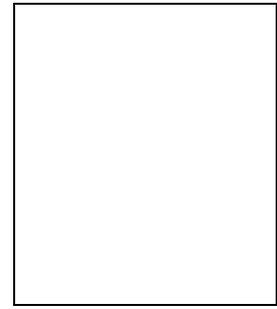
Winter

Cora

Sometimes I catch a glimpse of how it might be - up there again - out there again. I want sunshine. I want warmth. Tenderness; the casual kindness - the kindness in the eyes of the passer by, even as they pass me by. I want to be passed by - to be of little interest - to pass unnoticed - to be unwanted. To be part of the furniture - part of the scenery - invisible - taken for granted. Oh how I want to be invisible. I would speak very little. My talk would be of no significance. I could say exactly what came into my head at any moment - and sometimes I would be silent for days at a time - if it suited me. If it suited me. If it would fit.

137

blue again like morning 49



41 He is so gentle

Winter

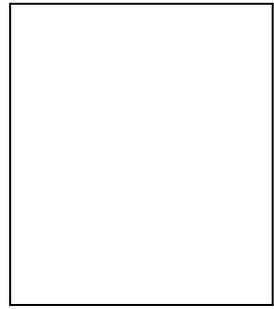
Cora

He is so gentle, my otherworld lover, gentle, with all that power: he is incandescent. It is like being fucked by Jesus.

Apart from the laughter, of course.

28

blue again like morning 50



42 You must eat

Spring 2

Mattéus, Cora

You must eat.

I will not eat.

You will die.

I will not eat.

Do you want to go home?

No.

Do you want to stay here?

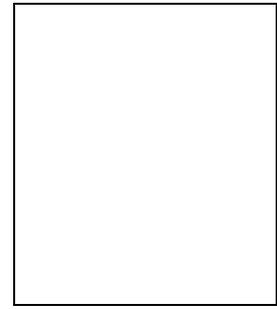
No.

What do you want?

Not this. not that. That's what I want.

I love you.

It's not enough.



43 he has resigned his part

Spring 2

Demi

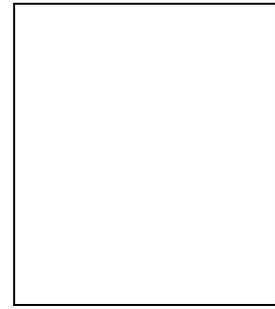
He has resigned his part in the casual comedy. (*Moran's voice:*) Ah, darling.

(Demi's voice:) He came to me like the wind, out of the murderous innocence of the sea. (*Moran's voice:*) I'm like many a poor man that has roved, loved and thought himself beloved. (Demi (*bitter voice*): Sentimental sod. Demi: The life to come seems waste of breath, in balance with his life, his death. He has sailed the seas, and come / (pause, indicates line break in the poem she's quoting from) to the holy city... Ah father standing in that burning fire, as in the gold mosaic of the wall. Perne in a fucking gyre, (*bitter voice*) you old bastard, you bag of words, you wind bag, you *drunkard*. Be the singing master of my soul. (*pull all the stops out*): Be the singing master of my soul.

She breaks down and cries, not acting: she is convulsed with grief.

123

blue again like morning 52



44 I am not at home here.

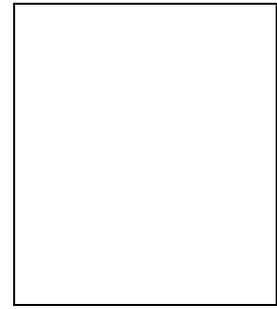
Spring 2

Cora

I am not at home here. With you it's exciting of course. I come alive, in a strange way. The darkness is freedom. The strange, tense, anxiety. You call up my creativity. Genius, that's you. I know that. But it's not comfortable. Not what anyone could call home. I imagine what it must be like for you - having me here - disturbing your solitude - interrupting your work. Do I annoy you? Do I irritate you? Your look is so cold now. Once it was fire and desire. You scorched me. Now? The icy cold frightens me. So I take myself away, even when I'm with you. Leave you -- alone. Is this it? Is this how we are going to live out our time? Is this all there is?

131

blue again like morning 53



45 Afterwards I am full

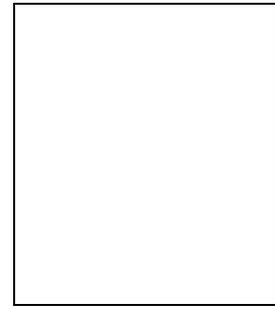
Spring 2

Cora

Afterwards, I am full, and he is empty. I have his power. He can do nothing. I have eaten him up. I have become what I am, the bed is my empire, I command the darkness. After a while, I guess, he will rise again, be himself; but he always knows, somewhere inside, that I encompass, I outlast, that deep down I own his power.

65

blue again like morning 54



46 Who am I? You don't want to know

Spring 2

Cora

Cora to analyst; on the couch.

Who am I? You don't want to know. I don't want to know, either. The examined life is not one of my preoccupations, thank you very much. Knock knock. Who's there? Nobody. Please stop knocking.

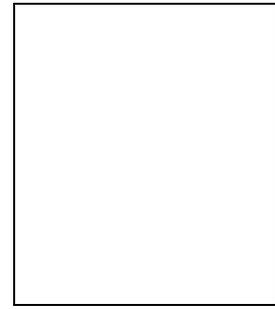
There's been enough personality in my family, enough and too much. I don't want to be anybody. I refuse your projections, mind your own business, leave me to be. I am not a performance person.

Can you imagine, having lunch with my mother? Who will she be today, I ask myself? What will she try on? Where will she come from? Nobody knows, she doesn't know, she's a three-ring circus, she is a class act.

I am not. Not like that at all. Colour me colourless. I want to be like water: yes, water, that's it. Find my own level. Placid, when it suits me, but when I make waves, watch out. I can be -- unstoppable.

151

blue again like morning 55



47 Of course, I am a bit of a problem for the unfair sex

Spring 2

Cora

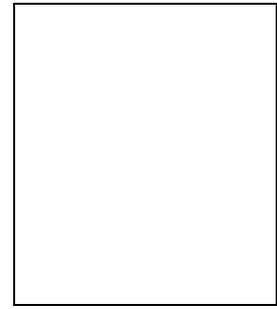
Cora to analyst. On couch.

Of course, I am a bit of a problem for the unfair sex. They want you to be someone for them. And I don't do that. It drives them crazy; they can't stay away, looking the way I do, and so they do their numbers, and I couldn't be more bored. I have lived with maybe the most entertaining person in the western hemisphere, seduction is her middle name, she can be anything for anyone and nothing you would ever expect; a very hard act to follow. So, when he chose me, when he singled me out, I went with him without question because he *didn't want me to be anyone*. He knew, you see. He knew who I wasn't. When I was with him, it was as beautiful as silence. Like a still pool at midnight.

That's how it began.

141

blue again like morning 56



48 I dream too

Spring 2

Cora

Dear Maman

I dream too.

Wings open and I am born. I fly from your vague memories, your casual comedies your artful tragedies your terrors your myths your old outworn stories and all your complexities of fury. Here at this very edge I know. There will be no rough beast slouching.

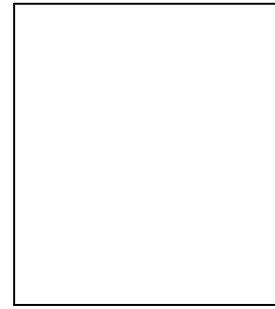
In this first light of a glorious morning I begin again; I dance my song.

I have seen with amazement the wild blue flowers grow. I have heard the singing of small things undisturbed. I stand in simple gratitude for heaven in ordinary.

Where all things hang like a drop of dew upon a blade of grass. And everything is blue again like morning.

Damn.

Tears up the letter.



49 What happened was loss

Spring 2

Cora, Demi

Maman, maman, tell me a story. Tell me one of the old stories.

What happened was loss. He sat down there in the dark, and he saw all that springtime beauty, and he didn't like it.

Gain, mother, dear mother. He wanted the world to begin.

Down there in the darkness, the smoky fire, the molten rivers, the chemical rock.

He wanted to get time started, to get the machinery in motion, nothing else would do.

He called his great black horses.

Harnessed their power, their machine energy.

The whole earth shook. Something began.

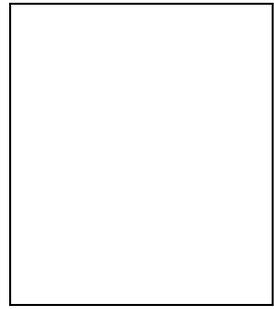
And out he came like midnight, erupting into the sunshine, a black explosion, an oilburst, a gusher of darkness and gold light.

Lord of the underworld.

Emperor of misrule.

The fire king.

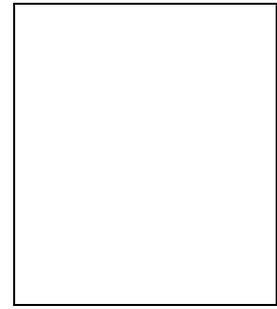
blue again like morning 58



The stranger.

128

blue again like morning 59



50 He's dead, yes, I know that

Spring 2

Demi

He's dead, yes, I know that. He was a failure, really, I know that, too. What is he? A painting. Memories. Something that speaks in me. Something else, though, he is something more, something that speaks in my Cora.

So daring and sweet his thought.

What if.

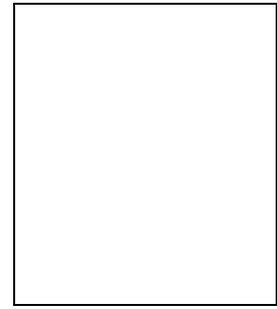
What if excess of poetry bewildered him till he died.

What is enough? This is enough. It is enough to know that he dreamed and is dead.

And this too: that she has brought back from the darkness some piece of simplicity. Some terrible simple truth, of which she is not afraid.

99

blue again like morning 60



51 I dream too, but my eyes are open.

Spring 2

Cora

I dream too, but my eyes are open.

In my dream I have wings, and I am born. There is no casual comedy, no myth, no poetic drama. No fury, no complexity. There is no rough beast, slouching anywhere at all.

Here at this edge, on this beautiful morning, I begin again.

Look, the blue flowers on the watering can. Look, how ordinary: the morning glory.

Nothing else matters; and everything is blue again, like morning.

76

blue again like morning 61