

THEATRE UNCUT

**This play was commissioned by Theatre Uncut
as part of the 2018 Power Plays.**

This play can be performed by anyone, anywhere in the world, rights-free

**between 1st May and 30th June 2018. No profit can be made. No changes can
be made to the text.**

**If you wish to perform the play outside of this rights-free period, you must
contact getinvolved@theatreuncut.com to obtain permission from the writer
and/or their agent.**

**Theatre Uncut is run by artistic directors Emma Callander and Hannah Price.
To find out how you can get involved please visit www.theatreuncut.com**

THEATRE UNCUT: POWER PLAYS 2018

CONFESSIONS

by Cordelia Lynn

WOMAN AND MAN.

MAN: She said that power and the exchange of power
is erotic and that was the excuse for the
terrible things I did to her

WOMAN: find his fantasies turn to violence more find
I am able to accommodate

MAN: she likes the hand round the neck the neck so
brittle the hand an impossible manifestation
of tiny and tinier bones

WOMAN: five more seconds and I'm out

MAN: isn't the hand the human hand the most amazing
thing like all the tiny bones are having a
tiny articulate conversation under the skin

WOMAN: I'm out

MAN: and doesn't the Adam's Apple long to be
touched long to be pressed and held and
pressed further

WOMAN: I surface

MAN: find the Adam's Apple more than anywhere else
is probably asking for it

WOMAN: tangles my hair

MAN: find I begin to weave violence into our daily
lives one gesture at a time

WOMAN: takes my wrists

MAN: find there is violence and the potential for
violence everywhere and in everything and I

have to wade through it just to wake up in the morning

WOMAN: I am terrified of his silence

MAN: find my fantasies turn to violence more but her hands are unable to accommodate

WOMAN: sometimes he won't let me past just for a second with the purpose only of saying You can't get past

MAN: find I make a quiet threat of me the grip on the back of the neck the body in the doorway the arm a bar against a wall and leaning over when there is no reason for me to lean over or block a doorway or grip the back of her neck

WOMAN: he treats me like a child and child-like I respond and turn my face up to him

MAN: and in this eyelashed head-turned wide-eyed wonder I begin to see a child in her and begin to treat her like a child

WOMAN: I think to myself if my legs dissolved would he carry me or would he leave me to wriggle in the road arms wheeling metal-cable snapped with a twang from a suspension bridge and I think to myself I don't know which is worse

MAN: like in the subterranean transport rush and the press of a sudden crowd she turns to me eyes eyelashed and huge with wonder that I might not be there

WOMAN: I can't feel my legs sometimes because

sometimes when I see him some chemical
reaction catalyses with the end result that my
legs dissolve

MAN: and if I shoved her back would it then be me
who took her forearm the back-shoving
necessitating this gentle gesture this gesture
of aid in an unstable place

WOMAN: how am I supposed to cross this road

MAN: see her lose her grip on the ground unexpected
and want both to take her forearm and at once
to shove her back

WOMAN: and find increasingly my brain's instinct to
propel my body forward is too huge an ask for
my feet to accommodate and I stumble again

TOGETHER: And just between us one night for a moment we
find we make time to imagine a world of
beautiful untruths if we could have shimmered
mirage-like into being on this day with
these bodies in this love and by your side
what we could have made of us and me of you
but the ugly truth is these lessons were
learnt long ago and the thought of unlearning
is one so exhausting we find we crawl back
into the skin of these received forms and curl
up a very small animal inside that may well
bite and watch with what we learnt of love the
enormous delicacy of another human being
breathing in sleep and repeat and repeat and
repeat and repeat

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