

Amygdala Sound/Movement References:

Here are some of the sound/movement references I was talking about. I have also put the movement scenes with the accompanying poems from below for your reference and for ease. Just to be super clear these are interspersed with the naturalistic scenes and they are in retrograde, going back in time and charting Kelsey's relationship with her husband Luke.

I have included some visuals references as well. Like with GANOTI, I am hoping to overlay these movement sequences with projections. The David Terranova Kinq is a reference for the watery, painterly visuals that might accompany some of these scenes.

There is also a crucial movement piece at the end of scene six where the expressionist narrative (with poems etc.) and the naturalistic narrative come together so I have included the most recent script as well so you can have a look at that as well.

Sia Elastic Heart Video – tone, language of movement, sound

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KWZGAExj-es>

Sia Big Girls Cry Video – language of movement

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4NhKWZpkw1Q>

David Terranova - Kinq – Visuals reference

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=I79H4d-o9FY>

DV8 To Be Straight With You: Manchester Beating – Language of movement (opening few seconds head movements)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Eu2OERPwXB0>

Expressionist Narrative:

Prologue

Love letter written in a burning building – Anne Sexton

*If my toes weren't yielding to pitch
I'd tell the whole story –
not just the sheet story
but the belly-button story,
the pried-eyelid story,
the whiskey-sour-of-the-nipple story –
and shovel back our love where it belonged.*

A

A dark stage. Kelsey strikes a match.

Killing the Love – Anne Sexton

*I am the love killer,
I am murdering the music we thought so special,
that blazed between us, over and over.
I am murdering me, where I kneeled at your kiss.
I am pushing knives through the hands
that created two into one.
Our hands do not bleed at this,
they lie still in their dishonor.
I am taking the boats of our beds
and swamping them, letting them cough on the sea
and choke on it and go down into nothing.
I am stuffing your mouth with your*

promises and watching
you vomit them out upon my face.
The Camp we directed?
I have gassed the campers.

Now I am alone with the dead,
flying off bridges,
hurling myself like a beer can into the wastebasket.
I am flying like a single red rose,
leaving a jet stream
of solitude
and yet I feel nothing,
though I fly and hurl,
my insides are empty
and my face is as blank as a wall.

Shall I call the funeral director?
He could put our two bodies into one pink casket,
those bodies from before,
and someone might send flowers,
and someone might come to mourn
and it would be in the obits,
and people would know that something died,
is no more, speaks no more, won't even
drive a car again and all of that.

When a life is over,
the one you were living for,
where do you go?

I'll work nights.
I'll dance in the city.
I'll wear red for a burning.
I'll look at the Charles very carefully,
wearing its long legs of neon.
And the cars will go by.
The cars will go by.
And there'll be no scream

from the lady in the red dress
dancing on her own Ellis Island,
who turns in circles,
dancing alone
as the cars go by.

B

Kelsey is talking to Louise.

Sonnet 17 – Pablo Neruda

I love you without knowing how, or when, or from
where,
I love you directly without problems or pride:
I love you like this because I don't know any other
way to love,
except in this form in which I am not nor are you,
so close that your hand upon my chest is mine,
so close that your eyes close with my dreams.

C

Luke is beating up Kelsey. Kelsey goes to the police
but they can't help her.

Briar Rose – Anne Sexton

Briar Rose
was an insomniac...
She could not nap
or lie in sleep
without the court chemist
mixing her some knock-out drops
and never in the prince's presence.
If it is to come, she said,
sleep must take me unawares

while I am laughing or dancing
so that I do not know that brutal place
where I lie down with cattle prods,
the hole in my cheek open.
Further, I must not dream
for when I do I see the table set
and a faltering crone at my place,
her eyes burnt by cigarettes
as she eats betrayal like a slice of meat.
[...]
You can stick a needle
through my kneecap and I won't flinch.

Sonnet 17 – Pablo Neruda

I do not love you as if you were salt-rose, or topaz,
or the arrow of carnations the fire shoots off.
I love you as certain dark things are to be loved,
in secret, between the shadow and the soul.

I love you as the plant that never blooms
but carries in itself the light of hidden flowers;
thanks to your love a certain solid fragrance,
risen from the earth, lives darkly in my body.

D

The honeymoon period: Kelsey and Luke move in
together.

If You Forget Me – Pablo Neruda

I want you to know
one thing.

You know how this is:
if I look

at the crystal moon, at the red branch
of the slow autumn at my window,
if I touch
near the fire
the impalpable ash
or the wrinkled body of the log,
everything carries me to you,
as if everything that exists,
aromas, light, metals,
were little boats
that sail
toward those isles of yours that wait for me.

Well, now,
if little by little you stop loving me
I shall stop loving you little by little.

If suddenly
you forget me
do not look for me,
for I shall already have forgotten you.

If you think it long and mad,
the wind of banners
that passes through my life,
and you decide
to leave me at the shore
of the heart where I have roots,
remember
that on that day,
at that hour,
I shall lift my arms
and my roots will set off
to seek another land.

But
if each day,
each hour,

you feel that you are destined for me
with implacable sweetness,
if each day a flower
climbs up to your lips to seek me,
ah my love, ah my own,
in me all that fire is repeated,
in me nothing is extinguished or forgotten,
my love feeds on your love, beloved,
and as long as you live it will be in your arms
without leaving mine.

E

Kelsey meets Luke for the first time. A happenstance.
A chance encounter. They dance together.

Every Day You Play – Pablo Neruda

Every day you play with the light of the universe.
Subtle visitor, you arrive in the flower and the
water.
You are more than this white head that I hold tightly
as a cluster of fruit, every day, between my hands.

You are like nobody since I love you.
Let me spread you out among yellow garlands.
Who writes your name in letters of smoke among the
stars of the south?
Oh let me remember you as you were before you
existed.

Suddenly the wind howls and bangs at my shut window.
The sky is a net crammed with shadowy fish.
Here all the winds let go sooner or later, all of
them.
The rain takes off her clothes.

The birds go by, fleeing.

*The wind. The wind.
I can contend only against the power of men.
The storm whirls dark leaves
and turns loose all the boats that were moored last
night to the sky.*

*You are here. Oh, you do not run away.
You will answer me to the last cry.
Cling to me as though you were frightened.
Even so, at one time a strange shadow ran through
your eyes.*

*Now, now too, little one, you bring me honeysuckle,
and even your breasts smell of it.
While the sad wind goes slaughtering butterflies
I love you, and my happiness bites the plum of your
mouth.*

*How you must have suffered getting accustomed to me,
my savage, solitary soul, my name that sends them all
running.
So many times we have seen the morning star burn,
kissing our eyes,
and over our heads the gray light unwind in turning
fans.*

*My words rained over you, stroking you.
A long time I have loved the sunned mother-of-
pearl of your body.
I go so far as to think that you own the universe.
I will bring you happy flowers from the mountains,
bluebells,
dark hazels, and rustic baskets of kisses.
I want
to do with you what spring does with the cherry
trees.*