

The Hunger Striker

Men guard their food when she enters the room. *choral*
 Her body grew up around her *bring hand to chest*
 Like a bad neighbourhood,
 A natural disaster *fall to ground by brally*
 In a non-English-speaking country, no planning permission, no notice in the post office,

Flesh *- look - sharp sounds*

* Flood. *- fricative go towards George*
 Men guard their food when she enters the room. *- Lauren*

Here she comes, *- move into line with Livvy and George laugh at brally*

Rolling like a southern vowel, *- re-act*

Stamping like a syllable.

The Fat. Female. *clap*

Rode herself

Bare-backed into battle.

She ducks the digs *- Lauren goes to punch*

And the last dregs of schoolboy sarcasm *- become school children*

Slung over the desk tops, *- saw become the desk*

Sentenced trimmed

And semi skimmed. *rhyming couplet*

No matter. *all press*
- we don't care but brally is sad.

The fat female

Licks her lips, *- pucker sound*

Smiles/and sits.

She is

Thick skinned. *- stracatto* *Flick/Slash*

But

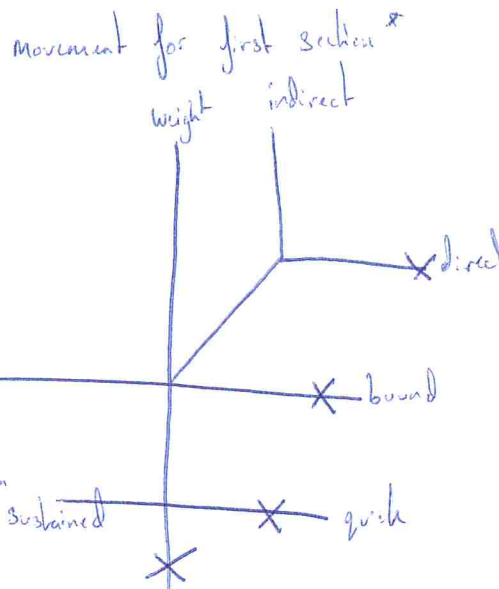
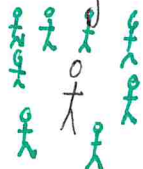
All of the words thrown *form line to help to push matic up*

Grenade heart *- rock*

Stuck to her bones in curves of cat *- obsecive - push her away*

And hold me hard. *- push* *- all be in line - stood behind* *brally obsecive: create sympathy*

She is wearing all of the women she would have been, *personal (small)*
emphasize w *walk into centre others form a square*



I made these choices to emphasize the 'army' regiment.

The Hunger Striker

Draped soft and satisfied around her skin ^{sibilance} = strap

Each character a costume. ^{strong} ^{Direct}

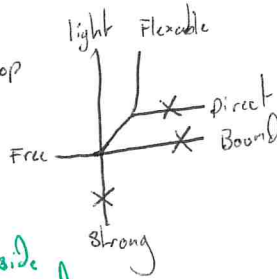
Fat, female. ^{1 pause} Thrusting

Each fold of fat has a name.

This one is called:

Anna. ^{pressing} head up

- move over to side
fold arms and
roll shoulders



medium

Five foot six

Of suck my fictional- ^{medium}

Spells her name backwards sometimes

Just to avoid being pinned down, ^{- move forward into line}

Just to avoid being

Labelled, pickled, Anna-tated. ^{- all place 'paper' on sac}

Anna is uncomplicated. ^{licking}

^{See} She wear her hair like a hangover, uses the spare tire around her waist

^{wrap round} ^{→ saw weak show}

To seal her Harley wheels.

See, ^{all push - strong - sudden}

Here everything has a function, ^{- sustained}

Even eating between meals. ^{light} → glide

Eating between mouthfuls.

Speaking between sentences.

Anna is uneven and ill-fitting ^{wringing}

And I suppose that is the attraction

At least ^{- dabbing} ^{small}

She never had any problems

In that particular direction. ^{- turn around and walk away}
^{objective: get away}

But. ^{Direct}

Right now. ^{Direct - Thrusting / pressing}

She is taking a slow semi-colon ^{dab}

Resting between relationships.

She has ^{watch saw}

Other things ^{flexible}

The Hunger Striker

On her mind.

Like that bike she forgot to build, ^{-repeat}

That bad kiss of a poem she fell out with, ^{-repeat}

That conversation she dropped ^{- everyone drops but me}

Back there in the street somewhere

And never quite found again.

Anna ^{chest resonances}
^{- pause} go round and tap each person
Erects her home

Hewn from big bones

Foundation stone thighs,

Fixtures ^{Fricatives} and fittings supplied.

Unbuckles her spine ^{- direct}

Like a venation blind. ^{free}

Changes her locks ^{sibilance}
^{separate} - throat resonance
Breaks into herself.

^{- omit} Squats.

Oh yes, ^{- soft}

Anna makes a ^{head resonance} home of her big bones. ^{- leave time to reflect.} ^{small}

Men guard their food when she enters the room.

This one is called

→ Skinny bitch. ^{circle around lawn in gang format}

Skim of a thing. ^{quick} ^{flick}

One of those girls ^{pressing} you can see all the way around.

Thin as an afterthought.

Pale as perhaps. ^{look her up and down}

Brittle as friendships. ^{- slash} ^{middle}

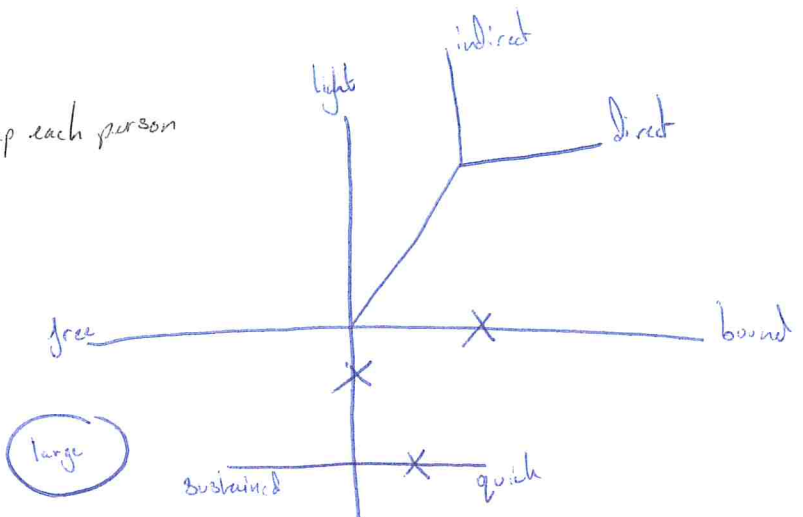
All angles and apologies ^{dot}

And tight skinny hair ^{small}

Down to her shark-fin hips.

^{catch her arms} She was weightless ^{gesture to lower hips}

Whippet. ^{quick light}
^{smooth}



Strong
I made the decision to do some of this because I wanted this section to be 'rigid' to mimic the unyielding.

The Hunger Striker

She had always worn the same pair of heels

- separate feet:

On the same pair of shoes.

She did not so much walk

As split the day in two. - feet back together:

The skinny bitch

Had an elbow in the gut of life,

- make pain noise (strong)

A boyfriend for every break time

- make kiss motion to partner

Public

flicking

A flicker book of faces

- head up and down (nodding motion)
light-free

Pressed between the pages of her blackberry Filofax

- arms together and surround

And a silo of sandwiches

- Bradly and Emily make a bossing noise.

Emaciated in thin polythene sacks,

Pressed flat

fall into press up position the drop fully

Like punched pillows

repeat scream.

In the belly of her bag.

She hid food beneath her mattress

- breath intake (free)

It helped her to sleep.

breath out (shale - trampoline breath)
- skill.

flicking

The skinny bitch was popular.

- flexible

Always eating at someone else's house.

Damn,

- watch the speaker

Her mother could hardly remember the last time

She saw her daughter suck up a meal,

inhale dubbing strongly

And

wringing - Andante

When she was going to be allowed

To meet this

- sudden link

Someone else girl

small

Anyway?

emphasize the question

The skinny bitch

- shacable

Was always eating at

Someone else's house.

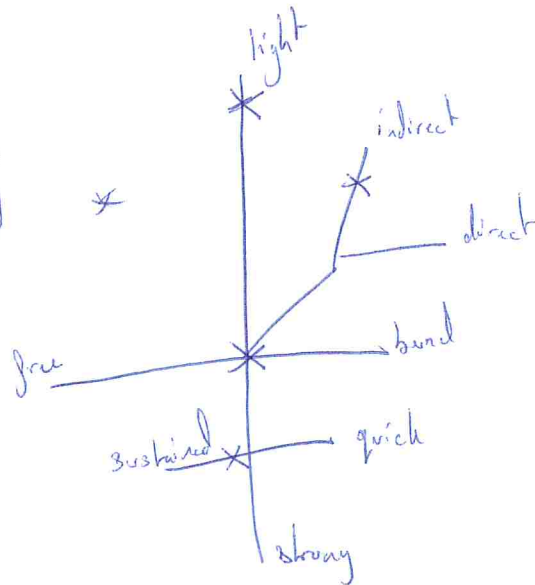
Allegro sustained

The skinny bitch was always

Just about to eat

quich raise arm & wait for pass

slams hand down.



The Hunger Striker

Funny. *ironic*

It seemed the more she ate

The less her weight, *-Andante*

Seemed the broader and thicker

Her thoughts framed

The thinner *examine skin*

She became

Almost

As if *bring arm to face*

She were

Eating *↑ make biting noise*

Herself. *Beat*

On clear days you could see straight through her

To who she should have been.

On dense nights

You could see the glyphs on her skin. *trace skin on arm*

The skinny bitch,

This hunger striker, *-cut in*
choral → *Direct, bound, strong*

Rattles the bars to her rib cage, *make a shivering noise.*

Cuts a record on her stomach of all the meals she has missed-

Farmed fresh plough lines,

Fences to hold back the thick tide,

Sealed lips- *-arms against wall*
scorge push them away.

One and two and three and four. That makes ten

And begin again.

Each scratch of skin has a name. *-form support group circle.*

*Flexible
strong
Free* ←

This one is called Monday.

'hi monday' - *crescendo*
She holds her stomach in when she is rutting. *get more heard
as it continues*

Bound ← This one is called Tuesday.
'hi tuesday' - *Diminuendo*
She folds herself up,

Trims the waist, *arms run down body.*

Accelerando

The Hunger Striker

Chases the lines around her face. *- same movement with face*

This one is cold *- whisper 'hi cold' - flat*
Somebody else stole her skin *- arm in and grab air slowly pull back.*

When she was not paying attention,
Was not looking, *raise arm and then drop.*
And hung it up to air on the front lawn

Next to all the women she wished she had worn.

This one is cold: *- exhale*
She may never be warm. *- inhale*

Meanwhile,

Back at the cattle ranch.
ey, ii, ee, ii, o. in a creepy way.
Fat. Female. Has prepared herself a special meal.

Slips off her skin

As a table napkin, *- raise arms up*
Bones as candelabra,

Scapula plates, and serves herself a meal of white meat and miniskirts.

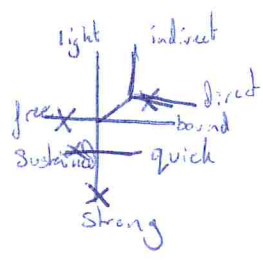
direct Rind rump. *turn around* *rub hips*

The slithers of slump.

Her good side.

repeat Face.
alt *pause* Neck.
pause Tongue.
pause Veal.
legally *pause* Oh yes.
Breathly
Free
flexible
light
perplex
Fortissimo

large



She has prepared herself a special meal.

The hunger striker *in out*

Rattles the bars to her rib cage: *- freezing motion.*

The fat. Female. *large fresco*

Eats her belly in the cellulite moon

As each eats the thing she loves. *same positions as before*

And men?

repeat: Armen - whisper *Small*

permissimo

The Hunger Striker

Men guard their food when she enters the room.

medium

men

all
quiet volume.
poinissono

Small

...lk on with George - pull Soc back, begin flicking water

Joe Year 7s on a school trip to Featherstone Castle

George And some wee scallywag's brung
A Coca-Cola bottle containing a spirit

play with bucket throughout

Sav Poor Peter Hepplethwaite cracks open his head
On a shiny brass doorknob

Emily And has to be rushed by helicopter ambulance
To Haltwhistle Hospital

Alix Si Shovell fills a Reebok pump
With the pulp from his belly.

push - staccato
- Exasperate (large)
obscure:

Bradly Then sets off a fire extinguisher
In the girl's dormitory

Ivvy And finally clammers into bed with Miss Bartholomew

Mattie Much to the chagrin of the deputy headmaster

Lauren Whose scarlet skull is firmly wedged between her thighs

all I only drank a few little droplets
I only took a tiny draught of the vile stuff

- stand and whisper
slow tempo (small)
- go back to flicking

George Downing Asda's own-brand stubbies in the lad's bogs

Ivvy I listen to the dull reflection of a carillon in the toilet bowl

Soc My A-levels drifting away from me

all repeat. *

Alix Matthew Mooney's hockle in my hair.

glottal stop
flattern

George Smells like menthol tabs

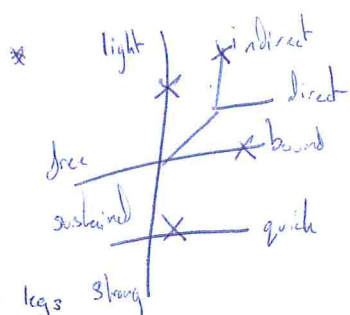
push direct
quiet -> legible

Mattie Outside the chip shop Thaddeus Wagstaff fractures my cheekbone;

Lauren 3 empty cans of Castlemaine XXXX

Go rolling down my trouser leg
Blood, snot and curry coalesce in the corners of my nails

- Brisk / lively



Alix My friends drifting away from me

Small
- loudly obey/oblige

all I only drank a few little droplets

I only took a tiny draught of the vile stuff

- lie down and sing bucket between legs strong

Attempting to penetrate a coconut husk with a Philips-head screwdriver

Ivvy I pierce a hole straight through my hand into the laminate worktop

Alix push - inforibak

George It's a major operation to repair a damaged tendon;

large

P3 m3

Brady I come around with the tube still down my throat

Mullie The milk of amnesia fills my cup and back into the hole I go

Livvy Snoring like a pan of broth, I arouse the ire

George Of my fellow patients

Wagging their ladies in the dark

Saw My neighbour Andrew lost two fingers to a Staffie-cross

Em Whilst jogging over Cow Hill with a Pepperami in his bum-bag

Mullie He's a junior partner at James & James ~~no-win-no-fee solicitor~~

Soc Thinking of relocating to a Buddhist monastery in Halifax

Soc He reckons I should try meditation then repeat he reckons

Em He reckons it could benefit my peace of mind

George My bedroom walls are papered with the stripes of Newcastle United

Brad Between which I perceive the presence of a horse-headed figure

Alix Holding aloft a flaming quiver of bramble silhouettes

Livvy He is the King of Children

Soc Singing like a boiler: 'Tomorrow is on its way'

Em I haven't had a wink of sleep and now the sun is in my porridge

Mullie I'm starting a BTEC in Engineering at Tynemouth College

Lauren My thermos flask leaks parsnip soup on the metro

Saw Clogging up the keys of my MacBook

Brady Carrot pennies steam amidst a pyre of pencils

Livvy Ruck-sack dripping up the steps of WH Smith's

Alix To buy a fresh pad of paper

all I only drank a few little droplets

Alix + Brad I only took a tiny draught of the vile stuff
then the rest join in

public

- stand

- sing func

→ all in same order

Livvy
Mullie
Alix - question
Saw

Flexible
Free
light

- bound

- stand and punch air
- push out sound - free
- strong

- bound - quick
- head resonance

P3
m3

Drone sound: Lauren, George, Brady
 Verse 1] Acappella - singing w/ least musical instrument

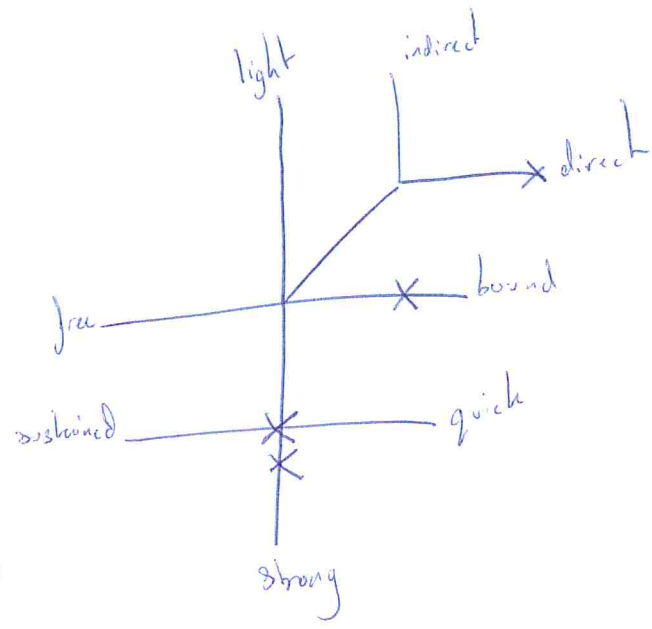
love and happiness

^{strong} What rich fountains of affection
 Thou has opened in each breast
 Flowing both in one direction
 To the one that we love best

rhyming couplet
 harsh dynamics

Lauren sing
 Alto part

[Chorus]
 Welcome
 Welcome
 Little stranger
 Unexpected treasure
 Welcome, welcome
 Dear little strange
 Welcome to our house and home



[Verse 2]
^{push} Fondly now we look upon thee
 And marvel at thy gaze so clear ^{held}
 Like stars reflecting on the water ^{punch} - emulate Richard Dawson
 That floweth through time to carry you here

crescendo

[Chorus]

[Verse 3]
^{push} But what perils thou must pass through ^{bound}
 As each approaching day shall flower
 First born son may grace protect you
 Scatheless in temptation's eye → no sills
 objective, deliver message

P3
 m3