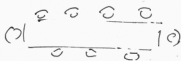


la table.

a tall long table - 

formally placed chairs.

magma of quivering pulsating bodies. One by one, then perhaps in pairs, bodies slowly drip off the edges. A journey starts which will take them, tentative and unsure, paralyzed and unable through an exploration of the space of the performance, perhaps venturing into the audience.

Suddenly: a pause, all draw to a stop (not freeze)

a child carrying a wind-up gramophone clings onto the stage, slowly opens the lid, winds the machine up and starts it, the music is full of yearning -

the bodies (in scattered order) are seized with a terror or anarchic joy, which brings them back to near the table. They rejoin the magma (which had never stopped to quiver all the time). After a length of time, (the child having left by then) the lights shut, the curtain falls.

When it opens again, the magma of bodies is gone.

Two people sit at opposite ends of the laid table (or around one corner of it). They help each other with hot soup from a silver tureen with a silver ladle and start eating soup