

# A Traverse Sequence

48 pieces written for a commissioned play

(11 were published as *Hesitations*: monologues for dancing)

Tom Leonard

so whut day yi day wi yirsell then ih

whut day yi day these days

\*\*

really  
been a while intit

thats good  
that's                      ok then ih

ahm thi same

a it wuz jist  
a dunno wiz jist thi way she sort uv

a dunno

been a long while anyway  
fourteen year

a tell yi  
people don't know

they don't know the fuckin half of it  
they *think* they day but

they dont  
they fuckin dont

ach

ah think itll be awright

ah no  
its daft

but it izny  
it izny fuckin daft

thats thi point

its gonny be all right  
its gonny be all fuckin right

tellnyi

why bothir though?  
who knows *whut* goes on n their heads?  
do you think they care about us?

ahm no so sure

a think yiv got tay live in a place  
thats whut a think  
yiv goat ti live there

huv thi

experience

how no  
a mean how no  
but *why* not

why dont yi

why dont yi

is it coz a him

ach  
fuck crypticism  
fuck thi elliptic

aye

FUCK THI ELLIPTIC

aw they wee gnostic bastards  
still waters run deep

AND SOME WATERS ARE ONLY STAGNANT [*placard*]

day we talk about that then  
ur do we *no* talk about that

is that wan a they things no ti be said  
wid that be breakin thi fuckin code

BREAKIN THE FUCKIN CODE AYE

naw  
oh naw

we dont wahnt thaht

ur  
ur jist a wee bit

jist a wee bit

a doanno  
people say its eccentric  
yi hear thim

yid think  
yid think it wuz really way out ur sumhm

yi no  
sumhm really outrageous

bit

a dunno  
a mean

is it me thits daft ur sumhm  
a dont think so  
a dont think so at all

a mean

a think

a think  
a think this is jist thi wey it iz

really

n thats aw there iz

yi no

thahts aw there iz

really

its yer actual  
its yer fuckin actual

but ahl tellyi

yi cin get too hung up n that  
yi cin get too hung up n

that perception  
a thi metaphysical

yi cin

whut a wahnt ti know iz  
izzit wurth a dogs shite tay vote Labour?

tell mi that

aw ahm yir ideal aye  
aw great stuff

ahm yir fucking gentleness factor um ah  
ahm thi fuckin incorruptible

thats great  
thats jist great

ahll huvva rare time way that



oor Kit godrestur

oor Kit

it dizny eh  
dizny eh

ehm

its

its

coorss

yi canny  
ah mean

yi canny jist

yi canny jist eh

ah mean

nay wey  
a doant fuckin think so anywey

did yi see that

aa it wuz

christ

whut

whut in thi name a

a me

good god

good god

jesus

its

its

its

gor blimey n  
awl thaht surtuv

fuckin nonsense n  
*well a nivir*

an  
if hey

hey! if

yid fancy  
a wee lick uv

yir darlin laddies thighs  
afore breakfast

then

GOODONYI—

*meine poppetski*

dont you believe it  
no if yiv  
no if yiv  
any sense

a widny  
nut a bit uv it  
naw

no way  
nah its

loada shite frankly  
thats thi

thats thi beginnin middle n end ay it

\* \*

nah  
its not fur me

the question does not arise  
the fuckin orthodoxy of thi bastard is irrefutable

its ehm  
well

a matter for thi triumvirate, one opines

don't let them  
pull that one:

don't let them  
come the shite  
about "patter"

and all their  
snobbish fucking  
nonsense;

all the grant-aided  
fee-paying braided blazer  
ten-highers-n

43 O-level  
riffraff from  
the bungalow infested

homeowning Tory  
Glasgow suburbs,  
all the stuckup

proud authors of  
"the best class essay on  
Arthur Miller that Mr Wallace

has seen in three years."  
and their counterparts  
in adulthood;

careful pronouncers  
of plosives and consonants:  
ridiculous compensatory

front-of-the-mouth  
hyperactivity  
of tongue and teeth—

fleeing the glottal!

its c

cause

s cause ehm

thit eh

its cause  
its cause a that

it eh

thi ehm

thit

well

yi

yiv gotty realise

at

wl

ats

av got tay get tay this fuckin point here



yi either hug yirsell ur  
yi carry on

thats your  
fuckin choice matey

dae yi  
stey wi thi rhythm n

aw that ur

dae yi  
surtuv  
ston back n

say christ

thats  
thats fuckin  
smashin a

a didny no a  
could day that

well

you day that  
ma auld friend n

its goodbye

goodbye fay

yir cheery wee muse

nice noan yi thats

thats the spirit a christmas future sunny boy so

you jiss stick way thi rhythm n

oapn yir presents!

yeh thi

thi constriction uv

thi

thi lack uv movement it

it surt uv

determines

ehm

determines thi

thi movement a thi

the mind

therefore

it surtuv

surtuv forces

forces thi

thi thought

thought inty

fairly tight wee patterns

fairly tight wee patterns

its ehm  
also  
    thi way thit  
    thi  
thi boundaries imposed it

thi end a thi page  
    thats

thats anuthir fuckin trap

yir  
yir mind it

it surtuv pulls in  
ur  
maybe its  
    jist it ehm

stoaps in eh

anticipation as they say

jist ti  
jist tay

keep gawn  
anuthir wee while  
aye

jist tay

whut about ehm  
whut about thi

thi dismissal uv eh  
thi

thi concept uv thi ehm  
thi

thi way thi

its always  
nivr fuckin far away

these bastards

always

em

av got tay get tay this fuckin point here

oapnit up

really open it up

this

this way thit

yi can go anywhere  
jiss go fuckin anywhere

feel thi rhythm a

a fuckin placement

fuckin precise

rhythm

ri thm

on yi go pal

its thi fuckin

spaces in between

thit make oor rhythms

(supreme)

wullyi

ach

yi wull

ih

maybi

jiss

maybi

z that aw

ih

ih

ih

z that aw

wullyi

wullyi but

wullyi

zthataw!

naw.

surely no

surely naw

shairly naw

shairly no

ih

spellit.

gawn.

spellit.

surely no

surely naw

shairly naw

shairly no

the more yi  
talk about thi thing

away fay

thi thing itsell

yir fuckt  
thats it  
fuckt

so jist you

stey inside

yir ain heed

stey inside  
it

nivir mine

anticipation

the echo o

yon thing  
yon person  
yon

naw

stey inside  
stey inside yir ain heed

on this

a its got ti  
got ti fuckin

stop. no question.



aye green grow the fuckin rashes oh

green

grow

thi

fuckin

rashes

oh

yi nivir cin tell ih

bentinck street

your no here very shortly sun

seen im? seen im?

other times though

fuckin murder eh

couldny turn a

christ ah.

a mean

yup

if bit

nah its

ast

whut  
whut

thi wey she wuz last time

*that* wey

yi surta  
keep trynti avoid it thats  
the difficult bitty it

jist  
no keep findn yirsell  
sitn

wotchn thi telly ur  
lookn oot thi windy

that wey yi say  
christ a could

go a roll n egg  
ur  
whuts thi time fuck me

wiv nay  
cookn oil nwi need  
potatoes

if its

m

ach

n

p

o

obl

f

ih

t

s

if

paw

s

ih

if

its

yi

maybe

cz

how?

dont be ridiculous!

it

m

a tellt yi that

aw?

ih

nah

p

wull it  
wull it

oh yi think its  
easy day yi  
well

breathins easy a  
suppose its

all jist a  
jist a process uv  
neuro anatomy right

yir eh  
brain n ehm  
diaphram

ehm  
lungs

spinal cord

lookit im  
looknit iz watch

canny wait  
days urny long enough fur im



monologues

ahl givyi fuckin monologues  
ahl givyi monologues till theyre cumn ootyir ears  
ahl givyi monologues till yi dont no whut ti day wi thim

ivry days a fuckin monologue wi me  
ma lifes been a monologue

aye  
ahl gie yi monologues awright

dont wurry

same time yi wunnir  
least ah day

nix wey its jiss  
turn left n  
yi go along fur

cuppla hunnir yards n  
croass it thi nixt  
panda crossin

its jist  
past a shoap thits  
got a windy fuhlla  
wee nicknacks

n  
gless hoarsiz  
n  
wee paintns a wainz

stonnin nthir pijies  
wan tear hingin  
nthir right cheek

wance yir there its  
two upnthi nix  
close

thats you

a dont give a shite  
fur any a thim

a dont give a  
a dogs turd

supposin  
supposin thi entire

fuckin lot  
and all thir fuckin wurks  
an poms

copped it  
copped thi fuckin

whole thing  
smack

it would serve  
it would serve thim

entirely accordin  
tay thaht  
which they totally fuckin deserve

thats ma opinion  
and having delivered it  
I will now have my fucking breakfast

its a

a terrible ih ehm a a

t

yi

c

a mean how

yiv  
yiv

na ts

ih

its a a

i

ch

its a  
its a

surta

yi see y

b

st

itll just huv tay be  
thaht wey coz it

canny be any other wey  
thi noo. no

fur thi moment.  
coorss yi might find

that thingz change—  
theyll change

yon wey thit  
yi didny notice

it thi time. bit  
yill look back

an mine thi wey  
it wuz.

n thats whin yill  
sayti yirsell

well

a nivir thote ahd see thi day

fyi dont injoy it thirz  
no point iz thur  
but

yi always think thit  
  well  
maybe this time itll

maybe this time itll  
seem ok

absa

absa lootly

absalootly

absalootly!

thats it

thats

thats it

it iz  
it fuckin iz

absalootly

absa fuckin lootly

right



its no sumhm thit  
ahm really used tay

ah mean yiv got ti  
ti understand thit

ahm no  
quite jist

maybe whut you think ah um

\* \*

coorss

thirza bit a me  
duzny really care

yi no  
a

a find yi stoap  
wunnirn whut folk think about yi

its  
maybe its middle age ur

a dunno its  
ahm quite happy anyway

coorss

yi canny  
ah mean

yi canny jist

yi canny jist eh

ah mean

nay wey  
a doant fuckin think so anyway

now.

(thats it)

noo.

the noo

naw.

naw.

naw. naw. naw.

now then

(ya daft cunt)

tay thi business.

tay thi business of thi (*leaps*)

(*leaps*)

(*leaps*)

(*leaps*)

its thi

ih

tay thi business of thi

aye