

Hanging By A Thread (Performance): Script

Karen Trask
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This is an old story. It's been told in many different ways and in many different voices.
Some of them were silenced. Some of them chose silence. Perhaps because there were no
words, because there were no ready ears,
This is my father. He died many years ago.

Hello Dad. How are you? You were my father, but...

You're a lot smaller now.

I guess even you couldn't escape gravity or time!

When I was little, you were my mountain.

I reached up to you and you held my hands and I climbed up your legs and you swung me in
the air.

I loved your bigness then.

Do you know there's an older woman sitting in the corner knitting or spinning or mending?

There! She's always there!

As long as she is there it feels like the world will keep on turning.

She is keeping us together.

What did you do? What did you do? What?...Why?

I've read there is more dark matter than visible matter in the universe.

Everything is full of holes. We're just little bits of matter strung around the holes.

What holds us up?

Time? Gravity- No! that's pushing us down. Habit? HA! HABIT!

The old woman? The holes?

We're all a pile of strings just waiting to fall down.

Did you know that some of our cells are constantly being replaced while others remain with us from the womb to the grave?

Will I ever be free in my body or is it my prison?

How often are our memories replaced?

What do you remember?

I've always wanted to hear your side of the story. I know mine.

I've lived with it my whole life!

I'm older now than you were.

Do you still like me?

Do you still want to touch my body?

You thought I had forgotten? You hoped perhaps!

I'm older than you got to be.

Do you still want to climb into my bed?

"What did you think you were doing?

The next day, you acted as if nothing had happened. Is that what you thought that was?

Nothing? Was your body more important than mine?

I'm lucky - I was a fast runner. Maybe we are both lucky!

I could never touch you – there it was - Your desire –it always hung like a heavy curtain between us. I couldn't touch you.

You loved to dance. You were a good dancer....

You could have taught me to dance instead.....?

Photo from *Hanging By A Thread* performance at Produit Rien, Montréal, 2022. Photo: Lisa Graves