

## Transcript of “Thinking/Feeling/Being Sluggish,” Part Two.

*Transcribed by Charlotte Emerton-Rolfe.*

Location: University of Reading, School of Art (Whiteknights Campus).

Date of Performance: Tuesday 19th November 2024.

Duration: Est. 5 minutes

Performers: Josephine Maxwell as Greg; Charlotte Emerton-Rolfe as Frank.

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*The room has white walls and grey flooring. There is a gritty texture to the floor that is visible to the eye upon closer inspection. The overhead lights are on for the entirety of the space, illuminating the space in a cool-toned white light. Towards the main entrance and almost in the middle of the room, are two large sculptures that appear to be unfurling. These two sculptures are made of white and cream cotton strips woven together. Around the edges and outskirts of the space there are a further two to four wooden sculptures. These wooden sculptures are precariously balanced to suggest a form such as glyphs.*





*Frank and Greg, two slugs, enter from a door in the back corner of the room. They are crawling on their hands and knees. Both Frank and Greg are groaning and complaining about how long their journey was to get here.*

Greg: True. What even is the long way? (unintelligible)<sup>1</sup> (Pause, intrigued and impressed gasp) Wow! *This... is stunning!* Argh, Wow! Oooo!

*Frank has gone around the left side of the sculpture, their crawling becomes sliding as they navigate between the two large sculptures.*



Greg: (to themselves) Argh, well... (soft grumbling and groaning with movement)

Frank: Can you hurry up? You're being slow again.

Greg: What did you say?

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<sup>1</sup> Please refer to the notes for a definition of what unintelligible means in this transcript.

*Greg has turned back to look at Frank.*

Frank: I said could you get a move on?

Greg: (Flicks slug headpiece back over their right shoulder, as if it were hair) Bitch.  
(Pause, they start moving with more effort) I'm going as fast as I can --

Frank: (unintelligible) (In a sing-song tone) Blockage on the highway —

Greg: Shut up bitch.

Frank: I believe in you!

Greg: Argh! Ugh!

Frank: Slug highway! --

Greg: I'm so tired (pause) ugh, I don't think I can do this anymore...

Frank: (Quietly) I believe in you.

Greg: NO! Ugh, uh, argh! (Pause) Were we talking about something before?

Frank: Uh (pause) I feel like we were...

Greg: What was it about?

*There's a pause as they both think for a moment longer.*

Frank: Think we were talking about food?

Greg: Yes! The *food!*

Frank: You can see it! Can you see it?! —

*A human has entered holding a tub of small, multicoloured ellipsoid shaped foodstuffs.*

Greg: Ooo! For me?!

*Greg excitedly shuffles forward.*

Greg: I'm coming!

*The human scatters some foodstuffs in front of Greg.*



Greg: Oooo! Yummy!

Frank: (With a sense that they are missing out but suspicious) Mmmm

*Greg shifts slightly to pick up a singular ellipsoid. They put it in their mouth and begin to chew.*

Greg: Oooo



*Some of the foodstuff is now scattered in front of Frank. Frank looks at them suspiciously, then quickly back at Greg.*

Frank: I don't know about these pellets Greg...

Greg: (Still chewing) What did you say?

Frank: I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THESE PELLETS, GREG! --

Greg: No, no, no, no... these look *yummy!*

*Greg picks up another and begins chewing it.*

Frank: I WOULDN'T EAT IT GREG --

Greg: (unintelligible)

Frank: GREG, HANG ON, NO!

*Hurriedly, Frank tries to catch up to Greg.*

Greg: (unintelligible) I think they would go so well!

Frank: (Strained) Don't *eat it* Greg!

Greg: Oh, yeah!

Frank: GREG!

Greg: (Quietly) You know... (Sickly) I don't feel so good...

Frank: (With a sense of sadness) Greg!

Greg: (Sickly) I think that might've been a slug pellet...

Frank: I'm coming Greg!

*Greg curls into themselves, arms stretching out.*

Frank: (Breathlessly) Greg! Noooo!

Greg: It's getting dark...

Frank: (Straining) I'm coming!! (Strangulated and desperate) I'm coming!

*Frank is now parallel to Greg, they are face to face with one another. With effort, Greg lifts their head up.*



Greg: (Realising that they are dying) Tell my eighty kids that I (sadly, as if welling up) love them.

Frank: I didn't know that you had kids!

*Greg doesn't respond, Frank reaches out and touches Greg.*

Frank: (As if crying) Greg... (sniffing, quieter now) Greg? (Crying sounds, then bitterly)  
What will I do?! Ugh! These fucking pellets. Uugghhh.

*Frank has begun to leave Greg's (assumed) dead body behind in an attempt to reach safety. Suddenly, without Frank noticing, Greg lifts up their head. The human has returned with a bottle of table salt.*

Greg: You know I think I'm ok! --

*The human has begun to chuck salt on Frank.*

Frank: (Screaming and thrashing their body around)

*Greg laughs at Frank for a brief moment before the human's attention returns to Greg. The human salts Greg.*





Greg: (Now screaming too) I'm melting!! AHHHH!!!

*Greg is abruptly still. Frank's body convulses three more times before also becoming still. There is stillness and silence for a moment. Frank's body begins to twitch ever so slightly*

Frank: (Groggily, frazzled even) Ugh! Greg... Greg?! Are you still alive?—

Greg: Frank!

*Both slugs are groaning and breathless.*

Greg: As much as alive --

Frank: Then we should go!

Greg: Ok!

Frank: This place isn't safe!

Greg: (Whining) I just came here for food! --

Frank: These humans!

Greg: Ugh! What do they want?

Frank: Ugh! They want us *dead* Greg. (With a hint of sadness) We're not welcome.

Greg: (Outraged) But I was here before they were! (Pause) Frickin' came out of the sea...  
(Quietly) Stupid monkeys.

Frank: (unintelligible)

*The slugs continue to grunt and groan in their effort to leave. Frank has begun the home stretch, whilst Greg is yet to navigate around the sculpture in the centre of the space. Their moaning continues.*

Greg: Oooo --

*Greg has spotted another pellet and has picked it up to eat.*

Frank: I don't think I can make it much further Greg...

*Frank looks back at Greg and realises that Greg has eaten another pellet. Greg is making ah and oo's as they chew on it, releasing its flavour into their mouth.*



Frank: (High-pitched, unbelievably) For fuck sake! Are you eating *another* pellet?!

Greg: (unintelligible)

Frank: Greg, I'm on my last limb here. I need you!

Greg: (Ignoring what Frank just said) I think that was... I think that might've been a placebo one.

Frank: Placebo?! You better fucking *hope* so!

Greg: Though I have lost all feeling in my foot...

Frank: Come on, not far now! --

Greg: Oh, Ok!

Frank: Follow my snail trail!

Greg: (Exasperated) I'm coming! I can smell you!

Frank: What mood am I in?

Greg: What did you say?!

Frank: What mood am I in?

Greg: (Confused) What mood are you in?

Frank: Yeah... You can taste it in my trail --

Greg: Oh yeah! (Pause) Are you *aroused*?!

Frank: (Pause) What can I say?

Greg: (Laughs) I'm coming!

Frank: Come on.

Greg: There must be a faster way... I wonder if I...



Frank: (unintelligible)

Greg: This is nicer!

Frank: Greg I swear to God. I'm going to make sure I watch everything you eat for the next week.

Greg: (Like a petulant child) Nooo...

Frank: (Firmly) Yes.

*Frank has exited through the door that they both came through at the beginning.*

Greg: Nooo!

Frank: You eat pellets!

Greg: But I LIKE THEM!

Frank: But pellets make your tummy hurt --

Greg: They're yummy!

*Greg has now also exited through the same door as Frank.*

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### Notes and Thank You's

*This transcript details most of the content of the performance accurately minus any errors that occurred during the live event, such as technical difficulties, as well as omitting audience reactions. Therefore, this transcript, whilst capturing how the performance went, also details how certain elements should have gone. If you attended the performance and noted these differences, this transcript should be taken as the authoritative version.*

*The term “unintelligible” has been used within this transcript to refer to speech that I was unable to decipher due to technical issues and audience reactions.*

*Throughout the transcript the pronouns of they/them have been used to refer to the slugs on an individual basis. This is because some slugs are hermaphroditic.*

*Photos were taken by Samantha Chang. Thank you Sam!*

*The white and cream fabric sculptures seen within the photos and referenced in the transcript are Connie Hope’s work. You can find more of her work here: <https://conniehope.art/>*

*The wooden sculptures seen within the photos and referenced in the opening description are part of Sofia Pantsjoha’s work. You can find more of their work here: <https://sofiapantsjoha.cargo.site/>*

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