

<Rehearsal 3 - THE HOST>

by

Márcio Kerber Canabarro
Savio Debernardis
marc Lohr

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<www.mkerbercanabarro.com>

EXT. STUDIO 3, TOWER - DAY

The DRUMMER opens the door to the audience, the DRAMATURG holds a microphone and sits on the first floor of a two-story platform, the first floor is a rectangle of 5x4 meters 1.20 meters above the ground, the second floor is an off-center square of 2x2 meters on top of the rectangle another 1.20 cm above, where a drum set is placed.

DRAMATURG

**Scene 1 - STUDIO 3, Pact
Zollverein - afternoon.**

A two-story platform with a drum set on top is located off-center.

The Drummer is ready on level 2.
The Dancer is welcoming the audience on level 0.
The Dramaturg is describing the scene from Level 1.

**Protocol1 N.1 - what happens in
a dancer's mind.**

DANCER

There is so much to ask for...
for example when I say: welcome,
please have a sit, feel
comfortable, but not too
comfortable that you fall
asleep. But if you are tired
then sleep. Or for exaple, give
me attention, give me your time...
gimme... gimme water... Does anybody
have water?
Give me hope, or your Netflix
password account, your pets, or
your husband, I would love to
have a husband, can you give me
your keys, and your house, you
can live the younger kid with
me. Give me a different
perspective, or give me a good
advice, or...

THE DANCER goes up the platform, and start to be physically more charged.

DANCER

Gimme money!
Unexisting money!

DRAMATURG

The dancer approach an imaginary person and force them to give him money.

DANCER

Give me money! Unexistend money!
Not credit but **real imaginary
money!**

Because I the Dancer, like to
pretend I'm rich and important.
Maybe more important than rich
since I don't give so much value
for the rich, despite the fact
that they are the ones with
capital, and better
opportunities to take care of
their bodies!

THE DANCER climbs at the last level of the platform,
standing by the drums.

DANCER

Bodies and minds, rich bodies,
rich minds, the rich bodies and
minds, rich bodies, **the body of
the rich...**

THE DANCER goes down to the first level of the platform.
He addresses the audience and also the DRAMATURG and the
DRUMMER.

DANCER

The rich must be the most
nutritious food... can we? should
we? could we?
... eat the rich?

**Let's eat the rich! Let's all
eat the rich!!!**

But the rich are not very
available around here... I haven't
met any. Most of us, including
ourselves are feeding out of
cans and plastic packed
vegetables.

But never mind, because here the
also sell **SATIVA!**

DRAMATURG

Musa Sativa: Bananas

DANCER

Musa Sativa, the common muse, an
ordinary muse, a humble one:
Bananas! And the Rich eat the
most well cared common muse, the
one that were fed with tropical
sunlight and water from exotic
waterfalls.

DANCER

Waterfall, banana, waterfall,
banana, water fall, banana
Brazil!

The DRUMMER starts a samba rhythm and the DANCER repeats the lines: Waterfall Banana Brazil follows the rhythm, pretending to be on a samba parade. The DANCER does a handstand in front of the drums.

DANCER

"Plantar uma bananeira", to plant a banana tree, it is a Brazilian expression that means: to do a hand stand.

DANCER

I miss home! When can we go there? **I miss the third world**, and the second, and the first... I miss all the worlds, when can we go there? **We should all go together to Brazil**, and bade in the sunlight. I miss sunlight. The soothing sunlight not only used by the eyes for seeing but also for feeling with the skin.

People do crazy things with sunlight, they show more skin, act a little more naughty... Let's all bate in sunlight before it get taxed! **Because the sunlight will be taxed, it will become the property of someone! Let's tax the sunlight!**

Let's tax the sunlight, and everything it touches, lets take our unexistent imaginary money and give it all to taxes. And let's use this public imaginary money not for education neither for art, but use all for protection!

The DANCER walks around the drumset platform and goes underneath where the DRAMATURGE is. Using the DRAMATURGE as a human shield. As he speaks, the DANCER slides down to the floor and moves toward the audience.

DANCER

Protect me! Protect me from them, protect us from each other, protect me from what I want, from what I don't know... Protect me from radiation, give

(MORE)

DANCER (CONT'D)
 me sunscreen! Another thing to
 ask for sunscreen!
 Give me vaccines, protect me
 from viruses, protect me from
 scams and spam emails, protect
 me from toxic relationships,
 give me love, unconditional,
 priceless love, protect me from
 poison, from dangerous people,
 from dangerous spices, protect
 me from aliens!

The DANCER stands near the audience.

DANCER
 No, no, no! Don't protect me
 from aliens, for the aliens I'm
 open and emotionally available,
 at this point in my life I need
 something more than
 supernatural...
I need something
extraterrestrial, a non-human
 intelligence!
 (more quiet voice)
 Aliens bring me home...

DRAMATURG
 The Dancer is trying to find a
 point of convergence with
 extraterrestrial life.

DANCER
 That's it! We should take our
 nonexistent imaginary money and
 invest in xenolinguistics. In the
 study of alien languages! If we
 learn a xenolanguage we might be
 able to speak with different
 beings, like for example **with**
plants!

The DANCER makes his way back to the platform.

DANCER
 Plants are incredible beings,
 because despite the fact they
 don't have eyes, they feel
 light, and they are so chill...
 Just standing their ground,
 hunting photons and eating
 light.

The DANCER sits at the drums, on the highest level, he
 opens his mouth and sticks out his tongue towards the
 light, the DRAMATURGE sticks out his head, from under the
 drumset platform, and also pretends to eat light.

DANCER

Eating light and shitting oxygen! **I love the smell of feces!** I love the smell of plants feces... **is so good to breath.** And plants are great hunters! They are the best hunters because they are patient.

DRAMATURG

The Dancer is waiting.

At this moment it is possible to hear the sound of a low radio, constantly on, installed in the "Dramaturge Lounge", an area covered by a carpet, with pillows, books, computer, light desk, microphone and a radio under the DRUMMER.

DANCER

And because they are patient they will eat us all, me, you, your husband, daughters and sons, Britney Spears, Santa Claus, Cats, all you love or hate, Aliens, The rich, **and anything that lingers to long on the face of this Planet Earth!**

They will eat us all, So lets start eating them before they eat us!

We should all become vegetarian! Let's be vegan, even better! Let's consume more plants! **So eat your vegetables! Eat your vegetables before they eat you!**

Maybe if we eat enough vegetables, we would be able to download a xenolanguage, that plants found to communicate with the stars, to hunt photons!

Biocommunication! We would download their xeno-biocommunication-language...

(start to come down and speak in a more *regular tone*)

...and maybe if we learn this language, *since plants can't see but feel, we would be able to...*

to talk better with each other, despite our looks, maybe we

(MORE)

DANCER (CONT'D)

*would care more about what other
feel, and we would understand
ourselves better...*

Or because justice is blind we
would be able to talk to
justice...

(back to a more passionate tone)

...to talk with justice.

**Ladies and Gentlemen welcome
Justice!**

Justice is a stand up comedian,
a very funny concept.

DANCER

Could I posses justice? Do you
posses justice? Does anybody
here posses justice, can you
give me justice?

I wonder what could I posses...
What can I posses... I posses this
body, an almost 70 Kg of
existence, Can I posses your
Body?

DRUMMER

No.

DANCER

Ah! Give me a chance DRUMMER.
Give me a chance baby, swipe me
in all directions at any dating
app, let me posses you!

Can I posses your body?

DRAMATURG

No.

DANCER (TOWARDS AUDIENCE)

Could I posses all of you, all
your bodies at the same time? Or
better let's everybody posses
each other! Everybody possessing
everybody!

But, I can't posses anything! I
am not a demon. Demons can
posses **all what they want**, rich
demons...

Demons can posses for example
Ducks, dolls, Dramaturges and
Drummers!

DRAMATURG

And what about Dancers? Not
Dancer?

DANCER

No Dancers No, Demons can't
posses dancers because we are
protected we work for love.
And I don't want to interact
with humans like I interact with
demons.

The DANCER leaves the platform and goes towards the
audience.

DANCER

I want to interact with Humans
like I interact with animals on
a zoo.

Within a safe distance, with no
small talking, sometimes just
wondering what is going on on
their minds, or mesmerized by
the way they move. Or mind
browned by how they can cope
with **boredom!**

The DANCER sits on the floor near the platform with his
back to the audience. He casually undresses and assumes a
monkey-like embodiment. He slowly makes his way, naked,
toward the audience.

DRAMATURG

The Dancer approach an audience
member.

The DANCER whispers in the ear of one of the spectators
and sits on the floor speaking in a low voice. Gradually
his voice takes on a regular volume and he walks towards
the studio curtains, he opens one of the cortines exposing
a large double glass window. While speaking the text, he
gets between the two glasses of the window.

DANCER

Tiny...
Tiny slimy men!
Tell me stories of tiny slimy
men...

Everyday when I arrive to this
studio I look through the window
and see tiny men. Dramaturg,
tell me a story of tiny slimy
men, that didn't found the love
of their lives, with no happy
ends neither dramatic loss.

(MORE)

DANCER (CONT'D)

Ordinary stories of tiny slimy men, tiny humans not showing humanity.

The DRAMATURGE traps the DANCER in the glass. Inside the window the DANCER finds new clothes and tries to get dressed in the narrow glass space.

DRAMATURG

Located on the second floor of this institution, the textile and fashion gallery features a stunning display of over 30 interdimensional, extradimensional, cryptoterrestrial, ultraterrestrial, celestial, and even extratemporal beings and modern dress ensembles, on loan from the renowned collection of the U.F.O Enterprise Society.

On your left, this striking piece on display presents the elaborate garments made to be worn by ordinary tiny slimy men. The training clothes are mounted on a human volunteer inside a glass showcase.

Now, the point is that what this Theater really asks us to do is to consider the full spectrum of near death experience, out-of-body experience, side-phenomena but also to let us think of the most recent revelations coming out of quantum mechanical experiments and various metaphysical debates revolving around the so-called hard problem of consciousness; and how to get dressed.

He must be tired.

The DRAMATURG opens the window, the dancer gets out in a new set of clothes, wearing sneakers and a t-shirt with the word "tired" written on the back.

DANCER

And hungry!

The DANCER close the curtains.

DANCER

Because I'm tired and hungry I
feel I need to steal something..

Remind me to steal this sound
speakear when we leave to go
home.

The DANCER walks toward the loudspeaker, which is located at the far edge of the studio, almost behind the platforms, and the audience can see the front of his body through the studio mirror. The dancer places one foot on the speaker and assumes a position that resembles Rodin's statue "The Thinking Man".

DANCER

You are mine! Conquest!

DRAMATURG

What are you doing?

The DANCER sits on the speaker facing the audience. The DRAMATURGE sits on the platform, directly below the drummer, but facing the mirror and the DANCER.

DANCER

I'm thinking... I'm stealing
things here, because I'm
thinking..

(simultaneous with Dramaturg at
microphone)

And because people steal when
they are tired and hungry..

DRAMATURG

Because people steal when they
are tired and hungry.

DANCER

Why are you stealing my lines?

DRAMATURG

Because I'm a Kleptologos.

DANCER

...a what? I understand no one can
have ideas by their on. Ideas
are build on top of ideas and so
on... but Can you have your own
ideas?

DANCER

Can I have my own ideas? Can
you? Can you?

DANCER runs and jumps onto the platform and jumps to the drum platform.

DANCER

Can you? Can you? Can you? Can you?

DANCER

Can you remember when you were a cat?

The DANCER and the DRUMMER start to moan like cats, the moan of the DANCER becomes the sentence of the next lines.

DANCER

All alone in the moonlight.
I can dream with the old days.
Life was beautiful then.
I remember the time I knew what happiness was...

Im sure I payed Cat taxes...

But life should be more than
imaginary unexistent money and
cat taxes.

Life should be about, joy, play,
or just being... Breathing... it
goes so fast... like the mind.

The DANCER throws himself off the drumset platform and falls into the platform below.

DANCER

(looking to the drummer)
Are we done yet? Is this the
last time we will be doing
something like this together?

When? When Could I ever afford
something like this again?
Is this my last dance?
I didn't even moved that much!!!

**Don't tell me this is my last
dance! No. no. no. Oh My God...**

What God, Whos god? Which god?
Where?

The DRUMMER begins to play the drums more energetically and loudly, the DANCER continues to speak, but it is not possible to hear what he is saying. The DANCER begins to move more intensively in space, as if overwhelmed by his own thought process, falling and catching himself,

bouncing on the platforms but falling back to the floor. The dance slowly shifts to more organized patterns and slower rhythms, until it falls more into still forms and positions.

DANCER

(softer voice, almost out of breath)

Is a piece of time, this shape
is a piece of time. I found it
with so much time.

This was an abandoned shape.
This is an abandoned shape.
So much time to find this loss
shape.

How can I explain this, how can
I describe an abandoned shape?

How can I described this feeling
of loosing air to say words, and
being lost and finding shapes.

Look what I fond: an abandoned
shape.

I found myself. I got lost and I
found myself underneath it all.

The DANCER begins to slide across the floor on his back, picks up the microphone hanging from the platform, and slides under the two-story platform.

He finds a flashlight and a drum skin, which he holds in front of his face. He sits cross-legged with the flashlight and the drum skin becomes a circle of light covering the DANCER's face. At the same time the DRAMATURG hangs two more drum skins on his "Dramaturg-Lounge" on the floor above and holds a third skin in front of his face, he also carries a torch, the DRAMATURG faces the mirror. The room gets darker. The sound becomes quieter, more ethereal, cosmic and mysterious.

DANCER

(on microphone)
Underneath all my thinking all
the shapes of time. Look what I
found, a torch. I really need
this. I use it a lot.

Look what I found, I round
plastic circle with a metallic
frame, I can hang over here in
front of my face. Like a full
moon.

(MORE)

DANCER (CONT'D)

I found myself sit, like you
find ourselves sit right now...

Find your self and go for a walk
in your mind. Now find yourself
lost in the middle of thinking.

Imagine you start going away
from the city. You found the
countryside. An open field on a
clear summer night. Is dark and
you found a spot to lay down.

You lose track of time but you
find out that you should wait to
look up to the sky. About 30 to
40 lost minutes.

During this time your eyes will
become 10.000 to 1.000.000 times
more sensitive to light. Perfect
for star gazing.

The DANCER lies on the floor, his torch facing up, hitting
the platform above his head, reflecting the light back at
him and into the floor.

DANCER

Isn't it funny that Prometheus
made humans with necks and heads
able to turn up to the sky to
wonder the stars? And if we were
really made to stargaze, why all
this time for adaptation?

The DRAMATURG joins the DANCER who is lying under the
whole structure, his torch also creates reflexes on the
ground.

DANCER

There is so much to ask for...
For example, I want to lie here
and see an arm of the Milky Way,
with all of you, with all the
Planet looking up to Space.

And our bodies would start
floating towards the night sky,
entering the cosmos.
We then, lose ourselves, and we
find out that 95% of everything
that exists in the cosmos is

(MORE)

DANCER (CONT'D)

dark matter and dark energy,
only 5% is observable phenomena,
like planets, stars, your body...

I wonder way are we not training
blind astronauts to go to space?

Competent and dealing with what
can not be seen... maybe is more
about feeling and failing to
describe... What can you feel from
up there?

We also know that long exposure
to microgravity can cause visual
impairment and blindness...

Intra-cranial pressure changes
in microgravity, compressing
nerves and flattening the
retina...

So why not send competent blind
astronauts to help the crew
members to adapt? The sighted
crew to adapt...
Like the 30 to 40 minutes where
we wait our eyes to start seeing
clearer the stars... Adapt... Adapt
to feel them instead...

The DRUMMER joins the DANCER and the DRAMATURGE, who go
under the structure, he also carries a torch in his head,
his torch creates even more reflexes.

Imagine in the future villages
on space or in Mars, of Blind
people. A place where blindness
will stop existing because sight
has no meaning.

They probably will create a new
language... with more details to
describe the quality of sounds
and echos, different ways of
locating and orienting
themselves, of perceiving
objects that don't fall on the
floor in microgravity, not
making any noise...

A whole new language.

They would create a new way of
telling stories, like Homer did
in antiquity when he wrote the
Odyssey or the Iliad.

We needed that blind trope to
initiate fiction writing..

Maybe a new language will change
how we care for our stories.
Or how we understand care by
itself..

There is so much to ask for.. For
example, can you give me a new
language? A language of the
night sky..
A language of the night..

They turn off their lamps, the soft sounds continue to
play - END.