

42

8

16

twice

## SCRIPT

### DIALOG FOR ACTORS 1 2 3 AND 4:

*(actors dressed in white, assemble roped together by climbing rope, which is then attached to a large Papermache mountain.*

*Order: 1-4*

*1-plays the role of leader*

*2-more intelligent dialogue*

*3-the fool*

*4-radio operator who receives*

*numbers through a set of large headphones.*

*Actors begin to wander/explore the gallery space (the rope allows for movement of about 100m) moving through the viewing public at the exhibition movement is normal but progress is slow numbers begin the dialogue)*

*Play begin with actors in a circle faces and most of there bodies covered by silver by silver blankets still like sculptures, a signal will be sounded to begin at which point the actors will stand up the blankets will be rolled up and stored inside the backpacks of the walker in front of them the line then assembles and belle will begin the numbers and the forward moment starts.*

BELLE:

(gaps between numbers between 3 and 5 seconds)

	21
42	18
8	40
16	
twice	that is
56	21
4	18
75	40
11	and 1
north	over
15	
3	96
14	63
11	44
87	0
	once
I repeat	
	6
15	7
3	3
14	35
11	
87	71
north east	

*DIALOG 1 2 and 3:*

PAUL:

Do you see it

MARTIN:

See what

PAUL:

His silhouette (*gestures*)

MARTIN:

What

PAUL:

His silhouette, Michelangelo silhouette

MARTIN:

Where

PAUL:

Augh I can see its wasted on you (*spits*)

BECCA:

look how high he is climbing

*(Martin stops holds everyone up)*

PAUL:

how high he climbs!, he blocks out the sun

MARTIN:

its shining out his behind

PAUL:

he is truly....(*with awe*)

MARTIN:

like a lighthouse

BECCA:

come on we need to climb (*small pause*)

quickly

MARTIN:

quickly?

BECCA:

quickly move ahead

PAUL:

do you even know where your going

BECCA:

move, quickly,

MARTIN

quick (*whispered*)

-----  
SILENCE  
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PAUL:

are we going up or down? (*fearful question*)

MARTIN:

hard to say, quick (whispered)

PAUL:

i see faces and backs of heads but i cant see there feet

MARTIN:

my shoes say down

PAUL:

why quickly

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(Pause)

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PAUL:

don't loose your feet

BECCA:

gong down

PAUL:

you, you do, you know the way.... no?

(*addressing an audience member but in a vacant non engaging way*)

MARTIN:

see she climbs on

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SILENCE

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PAUL:

are you an anarchist

MARTIN:

yes or at least you are

BECCA

stop

MARTIN:

quick stop

PAUL:

am I

MARTIN:

yes or we am

PAUL:

I need to shit

MARTIN:

I need to eat

BECCA:

going up

-----  
(Pause)

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MARTIN:

are we being followed

PAUL:

i shouldn't hope so

MARTIN:

but i do

PAUL:

what A thing to be followed?

MARTIN:

*(crossing himself)*

oh dread to think dread to hear

PAUL:

oh man take care

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PAUSE

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MARTIN:

what are we in

PAUL:

a comedy i think

MARTIN:

no a tragedy, look to your beard

BECCA:

a farce

PAUL:

no surly not

MARTIN:

yes, lets go.... quickly

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SILENCE

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PAUL:

Look up

MARTIN:

snapping at heels

PAUL:

its a Spaniard

MARTIN:

an Andalusian

PAUL:

with a French man tied to his back

MARTIN:

or is it the other way round

PAUL:

going down down down

BECCA:

Absolutely not

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PAUSE  
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PAUL:

a man draped over a ivory statue (pointing)

MARTIN:

he's kissing her toes

PAUL:

and over there a man stroking a dead animal

MARTIN:

and clutching her pedestal



PAUL:

there's a man, he is perched behind her look, pretending to be a fountain

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SILENCE

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BECCA:

where are the numbers coming from

MARTIN:

its not like your character to ask a question?

PAUL:

besides we don't know

MARTIN:

the air?

PAUL:

yes the air gets thicker further down

MARTIN:

or up...here you can taste it

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SILENCE

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BECCA:

look to the right and you will see more artists

PAUL:

this is the artist Giotto di Bondone, the shepherds boy.  
he painted *the marriage at canna*, in Padua, in 1305 and used to  
paint realistic flies on his masters frescos

this is the artist Kazimir Malevich clinging to his famous black square.

Once, before he fell into ill health, he sneaked into Stalin dacha, on the black sea and placed a dead  
fly, on Stalin's sleeping face.

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PAUSE

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PAUL:

Do you know who the rest of them are

MARTIN:

no... i cant see there faces just the back of there heads, pushing on (extend)

PAUL:

then an end

MARTIN:

the bottom

PAUL:

at the top

BECCA:

from the top

(radio controller (4) pulls out music track)  
everyone start to sing the  
*internationale first two stanzas (see next page)*

First stanza <i>internationale</i> French	<i>internationale</i> Translation
<i>Debout, les damnés de la terre</i> <i>Debout, les forçats de la faim</i> <i>La raison tonne en son cratère</i> <i>C'est l'éruption de la fin</i> <i>Du passé faisons table rase</i> <i>Foule esclave, debout, debout</i> <i>Le monde va changer de base</i> <i>Nous ne sommes rien, soyons tout</i>  : <i>C'est la lutte finale</i> <i>Groupons-nous, et demain</i> <i>L'Internationale</i> <i>Sera le genre humain</i> :	Stand up, damned of the Earth Stand up, prisoners of hunger Reason thunders in its volcano This is the eruption of the end Of the past let us make a clean slate Enslaved masses, stand up, stand up The world is about to change its foundation We are nothing, let us be all  : This is the final struggle Let us group together, and tomorrow The Internationale Will be the human race :

Second stanza	
I n'est pas de sauveurs suprêmes Ni Dieu, ni César, ni tribun Producteurs, sauvons-nous nous-mêmes Décrétons le salut commun Pour que le voleur rende gorge Pour tirer l'esprit du cachot Soufflons nous-mêmes notre forge Battons le fer quand il est chaud  : C'est la lutte finale Groupons-nous, et demain L'Internationale Sera le genre humain :	here are no supreme saviours Neither <a href="#">God</a> , nor <a href="#">Caesar</a> , nor <a href="#">tribune</a> . Producers, let us save ourselves Decree the common salvation So that the thief expires, So that the spirit be pulled from its prison, Let us fan the forge ourselves Strike the iron while it is hot  : This is the final struggle Let us group together, and tomorrow The Internationale Will be the human race :