

DREAMWAYS

by Martina Weber, Carina Pesch, Lena Löhr

script

(yawning, looking for something)

MW: *(German)* Where are my headache pills?

CP: *(German)* Have to take off my shoes!

(coughing, throwing shoes away)

CP: *(German)* What an awfully long day!

LL: *(German)* Oh no! I really have...

CP: *(German)* Your cold isn't getting any better, is it?

LL: *(German)* Not really. I have a pretty bad cold.

(looking for something)

MW: *(German)* A cold, ...

CP: *(German)* ... a long day... a cold

MW: *(German)* Dude, I have a headache!

CP: *(German)* And now lying down in bed, nice and cosy...

(bed sheets)

MW: *(German)* Does one of you have some aspirin?

CP: *(German)* No, no aspirin – I don't take that stuff!

LL: *(German)* No, I actually had one paracetamol but I took it myself.

MW: *(German)* Oh no! Normally I also take that shit but today...

CP: *(German)* ...that shit...

MW: *(German)* ... my headache is so bad!

CP: *(German)* But who takes shitty alcohol also has to...

MW: *(German)* Shut up.

CP: *(German)* Well, that's how it is.

MW: *(German)* No... but... well... may I invite you for a glass of water?
(opening plastic water bottle, steps on stairway)

CP: *(German)* Oh yeah. Yes, please!
(knock)

MW: *(German)* Come in.

CP: *(German)* Yep! Who is coming that late?

MW: Hi Drew!

DM: Hey guys!

LL: Hi!

DM: Ah, you're all in bed. What about the pub?

MW: Oh, my God!

LL: *(singing)* What about sunrise... what about...

MW: *(laughing)*

CP: What about?

MW: Oh no! She can go to the pub.

DM: Oh come on, it's definitely time to club right now.

MW: *(sighing)* No... we had a big night last night, so...

CP: *(rumbling)*

MW: I mean, I'm out.

CP: It's been a long day, with all the exhibition...and dadada, music...

LL: Concerts...

CP: all day...

LL: Yeah.

MW: Yeah.

DM: *(sighing)* You guys.

CP: Not up for a party.

LL: On top of that I got...

(her English narration becomes distant and continues in the background)

MW: *(German)* No, I stay here... with the water and...

(opening plastic water bottle)

CP: Yes, let's do some water party.

MW: *(laughing)* Water party

(pouring water into glasses)

CP: Mh yammy. Water party.

MW: Water, water... water party.

(clinking glasses)

CP: Water party...

(clinking glasses)

...what a party...

(giggling, clinking glasses)

...dancing glasses...

...cheers...

(clinking glasses)

MW: Ding.

LL: *(now understandable again)* ... like repression from the government...
(her narration moves to background again)

(swallowing)

CP: *(German)* Hmmm... Maybe not the right situation now – with party. When I hear what Lena is talking about again. The world is a mess right now.

MW: *(German)* The world is a mess? *(sighs)* Well, I... I just lie in bed and *(rustling paper)* Oh, what's that? Oh God, disgusting toffees! *(rustling paper)*

CP: Toffee for you, Martina...

MW: No, no more toffee for me

LL: Bye!

MW: Oh Drew!

DM: Good night, everyone!

MW: Yeah, have a good night, Drew.

DM: Sweet dreams and...

MW: Maybe tomorrow... I'm up for... up for dancing and... yeah... *(sighing)* yeah...

LL: Good night, Drew.

MW: Drew, yeah...

(throwing toffee, laughing/sighing)

DM: See you tomorrow.

MW: See you tomorrow, Drew. We're up tomorrow definitely for a drink, so... yeah...

DM: Ideal.

MW: Have fun *(laughing)*

DM: Night.

(steps on stairway)

MW: *(German)* Hmm... Does one of you switch off the light?... *(moving sound)* Er... Ok... You're all in bed already... then... *(getting up... whispering)* Alright, then I turn off the light... In the dark one can dream better... *(switching off light, moving back to bed)*... ups... where is the bed?... There it is... Well, then sleep well... nice dreams...

(moving in bed, breathing, swallowing, chewing apple, moving in bed, breathing and heartbeat, moving in bed, crossfade waves on the shore, gurgling sounds, footsteps, soft gurgling, birds, footsteps, birds, footsteps, bottle being kicked, opening cork of bottle)

MW: *(startled)* Hh.

(train station sounds)

DM: Mmmm....mhm... Ha....Yeah.

MW: *(breathing, whispering)* Who is this woman?

DM: I see this woman. She is a... she is a... a large woman. Got red hair. She is quite grotesque and...

MW: *(whispering)* She is quite grotesque.

(footsteps outside)

DM: ...she is not happy. She wants to fight me. It feels like this has all happened before.

MW: *(whispering)* It seems like it all happened before.

(footsteps outside, chewing apple, train station, footsteps)

DM: She is waving fabric.

MW: *(whispering)* She is waving fabric.

DM: White cotton.

MW: *(whispering)* White cotton.

DM: They were massive bed sheets.

MW: *(whispering)* Massive bed sheets.

(louder train station)

DM: And these big sheets of white fabric – floating in the air.

(whistling sound)

MW: *(whispering)* The bed sheets are floating in the air.

DM: I am not sure in which direction I meant to do it. *(laughing)* But my arms get into the rhythm of the sound *(MW: to the sounds)* of the pulse *(MW: the pulse)* that's in the air and in my body. *(MW: the body, woman saying something with strong reverb)* I try and copy the woman in the distance, her movements.

MW: *(whispering)* I try to copy the woman in the distance

(woman saying something with strong reverb, whistling sound, bells, sounds recorded through wall, rustling bed sheets...)

DM: Hm... *(laughing)*... Ha... Yeah...

(whispering, through wall: woman, baby cry, music, baby, people moving, opera, rustling bed sheets, breathing, rumbling sounds, shower, slow steps on squeaking wood, shower and breathing...)

DM: I don't remember how to fight her.

MW: *(whispering)* I don't remember how to fight her.

DM: All I can do is build the energy in my body and it is rising.

MW: *(whispering)* Energy is rising.

DM: Goes from my stomach... into my chest. And I feel this energy rising. In my body.

MW: *(whispering)* In my body.

(shower, squeaking door)

DM: And we are facing each other.

MW: *(whispering)* I see her.

(soft water sounds)

DM: And then suddenly we both explode...

(fireworks, sirens, music, voice via megaphone)

DM: As punishment for failing this fight, I'm then thrown back down passed the bridge and down into the water. And it is nearly a 60 foot drop. *(reverb)* And my punishment for giving up and not fighting is... that I keep sinking into this river and I'm sinking...

(soft water sounds)

MW: *(whispering)* Sinking and sinking and sinking and sinking...

(soft water sounds)

DM: And I am trapped... in this bubble.

(soft water sounds)

DM: I am stuck in this... gold fish bowl. My vision is not the best because I can't see *(MW: I can't see)* through the water easily. And I am in this underwater restaurant... and it is filled with men. And I'm just there as some sort of... entertainment... and it feels like I stay there for an eternity. I get the sense of time passing. And it feels like years pass.

(breathing in, bubbles under water, breathing under water, bubbles...)

MW: *(recorded in a pot)* Hello? *(breathing hectically...)* Where am I?

DM: *(recorded in a pot)* There she is approaching... She is approaching me.... She is looking at me.... I try to see her face. Never been this blurred... her eyes, her lips, her mouth.

MW: *(recorded in a pot)* Help....He...he...hey! Where am I? Where am I?

DM: *(recorded in a pot)* I am curious. You wanna touch her. Must be very afraid. So I hide.

MW: *(recorded in a pot)* I wanna get out... Hello you, you... yes, you... ok...you...Please get me out of this dream. You have to stop dreaming. *(breaking glass...)* You have to stop dreaming. Wake up. Wake up! Wake up!

(glass breaking, something hitting the floor)

.....
(clicking, rewind, voice, music, voice, sounds, clicking)
.....

CP: *(German)* Have to take off my shoes!

(coughing, throwing shoes away)

CP: *(German)* What an awfully long day!

LL: *(German)* Oh no! I really have...

CP: *(German)* Your cold isn't getting any better, is it?

LL: *(German)* Not really. I have a pretty bad cold.

(looking for something)

MW: *(German)* A cold, ...

CP: *(German)* ... a long day... a cold

MW: *(German)* Dude, I have a headache!

CP: *(German)* And now lying down in bed, nice and cosy...

(bed sheets)

MW: *(German)* Does one of you have some aspirin?

CP: *(German)* No, no aspirin – I don't take that stuff!

LL: *(German)* No, I actually had one paracetamol but I took it myself.

MW: *(German)* Oh no! Normally I also take that shit but today...

CP: *(German)* ...that shit...

MW: *(German)* ... my headache is so bad!

CP: *(German)* But who takes shitty alcohol also has to...

MW: *(German)* Shut up.

CP: *(German)* Well, that's how it is.

MW: *(German)* No... but... well... may I invite you for a glass of water?

(opening plastic water bottle, steps on stairway)

CP: *(German)* Oh yeah. Yes, please!

(knock)

MW: *(German)* Come in.

CP: *(German)* Yep! Who is coming that late?

MW: Hi Drew!

DM: Hey guys!

LL: Hi!

DM: Ah, you're all in bed. What about the pub?

MW: Oh, my God!

LL: *(singing)* What about sunrise... what about...

MW: *(laughing)*

CP: What about?

MW: Oh no! She can go to the pub.

DM: Oh come on, it's definitely time to club right now.

MW: *(sighing)* No... we had a big night last night, so...

CP: *(rumbling)*

MW: I mean, I'm out.

CP: It's been a long day, with all the exhibition...and dadada, music the whole day...
LL: Yeah.

MW: Yeah.

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(pouring water into glasses)

CP: Mh yammy. Water party.

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LL: *(now understandable again)* ... like repression from the government...
(her narration moves to background again)

(swallowing)

CP: *(German)* Hmmm... Maybe not the right situation now – with party. When I hear what Lena is talking about again. Boah... *(moving in bed)* The world is a mess right now.

MW: *(German)* The world is a mess? *(sighs)* Well, I... I just lie in bed and *(rustling paper)* Oh, what's that? Oh God, disgusting toffees! *(rustling paper)*

LL: Yeah, maybe we come tomorrow.

DM: Yeah, I get you guys out tomorrow.

CP: Hm... Toffee for you, Martina...

MW: No, no more toffee for me

LL: Bye!

MW: Oh Drew!

DM: Good night, everyone!

MW: Yeah, have a good night, Drew.

DM: Sweet dreams and...

MW: Maybe tomorrow... I'm up for... up for dancing and... yeah...

DM: Yeah, I get you dancing...

MW: But thanx for asking

DM: Night.

(steps on stairway)

MW: Bye bye.

LL: Bye.

CP: *(sighing)* ... Okay *(moving in bed)*

MW: *(German)* Does one of you switch off the light?...

CP: *(sighing)* Good night.

MW: *(German)* Er... Ok...

CP: Sleep well.

MW: *(getting up...whispering, German)* In the dark one can dream better... *(switching off light, moving back to bed)*...ups... where is the bed?... There it is... Well, then sleep well... nice dreams...

(breathing)

CP: What a long day.

(breathing, alarm clock)

CP: *(yawning)* No! *(hitting alarm clock)* Not the time now. It's not the time for... *(breathing, moving, mumbling)* I don't want to get up. *(moving, mumbling)* I like the smell of the sheets. *(snuffling)* Smells very Irish. Fresh green grass.

(outdoor sounds: cicadas, insects)

CP: *(mumbling)* Mhh..... *(yawning)* Where have the others gone? *(breathing out)* Ts-e *(breathing in)* Ts-e *(breathing in)* Ts-e... Ts-e... Ts-e... *(footsteps in grass)* Grass underneath my feet *(footsteps in grass)*... Ts-e...

(humming insect...)

CP: *(yawning, footsteps indoors)* I don't feel like I slept really.

(humming insects...)

CP: And that fresh air. *(breathing in...Ts-e...)* I wish I could be this way every day... *(t-se...)* every day... Wow, look at that! ... And the crazy little insects dancing in the air... Look at that...

(cutting air sound)

CP: Jo? What are you doing here?

(cutting air sound)

CP: Hi!

(cutting air sound)

CP: Jo?

(cutting air sound)

CP: Ah..But... hey...da...

(humming insect)

CP: *(laughing)*

Man: *(laughing)* ...Tsup... *(laughing)*

CP: Yeahi, look at you.

(cutting air sound, man laughing, Tsup)

CP: Trying to catch a fly.

Man: Yeah.

CP: *(laughing)* No! Hold on! ... *(man laughing)* That's not a fly, it's a bee.

Man: *(laughing)* ...Tsup... *(laughing)*

CP: Jo, what are you doing?

Man: Tsup... *(laughing)*

CP: Jo!

Man: Tsup... *(laughing)*

CP: No! ... No way you're going to talk to me, he? *(laughing, man laughing)* Well..... I I had to... *(man laughing)*... Martina!

(cutting air sound)

CP: Yeah. I have to find Martina... I have to find her.

Man: Tsup... *(laughing)*

(loud insects)

CP: Jo! Hey! Have you seen her?

Man: Tsup... *(laughing)*

(footsteps outside, breathing, thunder and lightning, water, showering...)

CP: *(singing)* What about... nana... dadadada...what about a... ah... what about... what about... *(opening shampoo)* what about... *(making announcement)* Hello! Welcome to this nice morning show!... *(singing)* Dadadada... dadadadadaa... dadadadaada... dadadaada... don't remember the lyrics...badum *(talking)* I'm stuck in this song... Ah! I have to find Martina... A bit slippery now!

(falling in shower)

CP: Ah... Ahh...uu... Ahh!... Aua!

(rhythm)

CP: Ah! ... Martina?

(sounds of water disappearing in the drain, rhythm, scratching, bubble and water sounds, walking...)

CP: Everything is grey... and it's so grey, it's a thick grey. And I'm walking, and I'm walking, and I'm walking... and I'm not getting anywhere... I'm...

CP: *(closer, right)* I... have to find her...

(weird breathing, rhythm, strange sounds...)

CP: *(walking)* I have to find Martina... I have to ask her something... I have to... I have to find the answer... This is... what I have to do... I have to find... the place... This is not where I wanted to go and there is water allover and there is... *(sighing)*

CP: *(closer right)* I

CP: I have to find Martina... I have to...

(scratching, strange breathing, rhythm, laughing)

Man: You're ready?

(drumming, breathing, scratching, breathing in, singing gate, Ts-e, breathing in, Ts-e, breathing in, Ts-e, Ts-e, Ts-e)

CP: Grass underneath my feet.

(singing gate, Ts-e, singing gate, footsteps outside, rain)

CP: *(walking)* You will get somewhere... I know, you will get somewhere... Everything is fine... Nothing to worry about... There is somebody coming... Somebody is coming, somebody is following me... Blue jacket, talking on the phone... Somebody is following me, somebody is... Somebody is following me... Should I, should I, should I be faster?... Maybe I should be faster cause now I'm followed... No, I'm not followed, it's just a man walking behind me but everything is fine. I'm not followed, I'm just walking, everything is fine... everything is fine...

(breathing, walking crossfades into marching, marching and playground sounds...)

Girl: Is that good for dinner?

Boy: Don't I know...

Girl: But no... it's yummy.

(marching stops)

Girl: I'm actually a nice queen!

(loading gun, breathing)

Boy: Hey... hey Queen.

CP: *(whispering sharply)* Kids... hey!

Girl: I'm cooking some dinner for me.

CP: *(whispering sharply)* Come here, come here!

Boy: I'm cooking some dinner for me!

CP: *(whispering sharply)* Psst... hey!

Girl: Can you be a pile on my ehm...

CP: *(whispering sharply)* Come here!

Girl: ...kingdom?

CP: *(louder now)* Come here!

Boy: Here... I show you... Let me show you... we gonna get there...

CP: *(whispering sharply)* Hey... little queen!

Boy: Ok. You can get the dinner right there, it's ok.

CP: *(whispering)* You have to come here!

(car)

Girl: I got the **lovage** for my dinner! ... They are good and healthy.

CP: *(whispering sharply)* Come here!

Girl: And we're just live in...

CP: *(whispering)* Hurry!

Girl: ...a house that has toys...

CP: *(whispering sharply)* Fast... some here!

Girl: ... I mean a castle

CP: *(whispering)* Ah, what can I do?

Boy: Now... this is one of my least favorite parts.

(ball hitting racket)

CP: *(whispering sharply)* You're not safe in your kingdom.

Boy: I have to practice.

CP: *(whispering sharply)* Come!

Boy: See... how fun that is?

(little metal object hitting the ground)

CP: *(whispering sharply)* Come here... psst... hey!

(little metal object hitting the ground)

CP: *(whispering desperately)* You have to come here! You have to come here, now!

(little metal object hitting the ground)

CP: *(breathing in)* Why is no one hearing what I'm saying?

(little metal object hitting the ground)

Man: *(distant)* Benny, come here.

(children playing, water splash, underwater and drowning sounds, surfacing, grasping air, spitting, coughing, people, engine in the distance)

CP: I can stand up... the water isn't even that deep.

MW: You just come out of the water! Poor thing! I know, what you need just right now!
These wonderful toffees...

CP: Martina! Finally!

MW: ... they are so delicious...

(water)

... sweet and creamy – just what you need right now.

CP: Martina...

MW: Here, have a taste.

CP: I've been looking for you for hours! Where have you been?

MW: Yeah, don't worry, honey. Here just have a bite of my wonderful toffees.

(rustling paper)

CP: *(surprised)* Oh, toffee.

(chewing...)

MW: They are so soft and chewy *(coming closer)* and sticky and they're just the right thing what you need right now. *(whispering)* You just came out of the water, you poor little thing.

CP: Listen...

MW: They will make everything better, honey.

(rustling paper)

CP: Hm...

MW: Don't worry, just don't worry. It's all gonna be fine... It's all gonna be alright.

(CP making chewing sounds, rustling paper)

MW: Just the thing you need right now.

CP: *(with full mouth)* Oh, please stop... Oh, it's enough... oh... I... no...

(honking ship)

CP: *(choking, chewing)*

(gun shot, something hitting the floor, little metal object hitting the ground, silence)

.....
(clicking, rewind, voice, music, voice, sounds, clicking)
.....

(yawning)

MW: *(German)* Where are my headache pills?

CP: *(German)* Have to take off my shoes!

(coughing, throwing shoes away)

CP: *(German)* What an awfully long day!

LL: *(German)* Oh no! I really have...

CP: *(German)* Your cold isn't getting any better, is it?

LL: *(German)* Not really. I have a pretty bad cold. I'm really tired.

(looking for something)

MW: *(German)* A cold, ...

CP: *(German)* ... a long day... a cold

MW: *(German)* Dude, I have a headache!

CP: *(German)* And now lying down in bed, nice and cosy...

(bed sheets)

MW: *(German)* Does one of you have some aspirin?

CP: *(German)* No, no aspirin – I don't take that stuff!

LL: *(German)* No, I actually had one paracetamol but I took it myself.

MW: *(German)* Oh no! Normally I also take that shit but today...

CP: *(German)* ...that shit...

MW: *(German)* ... my headache is so bad!

CP: *(German)* But who takes shitty alcohol also has to...

MW: *(German)* Shut up.

CP: *(German)* Well, that's how it is.

MW: *(German)* No... but... well... may I invite you for a glass of water?

(opening plastic water bottle, steps on stairway)

CP: *(German)* Oh yeah. Yes, please!

(knock)

MW: *(German)* Come in.

CP: *(German)* Yep! Who is coming that late?

MW: Hi Drew!

DM: Hey guys!

LL: Hi!

DM: Ah, you're all in bed. What about the pub? Anyone?

MW: Oh, my God!

LL: *(singing)* What about sunrise...

CP: What about?

LL: *(singing)* what about... nanana...

MW: Oh no! She can go to the pub.

DM: Oh come on, it's definitely time to club right now.

MW: *(sighing)* No... we had a big night last night, so...

DM: Oh, no.

MW: I mean, I'm out.

CP: It's been a long day, with all the exhibition...and dadada...

LL: Things happening, concerts...

CP: ...music the whole day...

MW: Yeah.

LL: Yeah.

DM: *(sighing)* You guys.

LL: Yeah, on top of that I got like a bad message like...

DM: Oh no!

LL: ...like half an hour ago. From a friend in Nicaragua in Central America and yeah...
it really kind of made me worried and sad

(clinking glasses)

CP: Water party...

(clinking glasses)

...what a party...

(clinking glasses)

LL: He is like in a bad situation...

CP: ...dancing glasses. Cheers...

(clinking glasses)

LL: There is like repression from the government and... yeah the message was like an arm sound and I was really really worried that...

DM: Oh, like gun shots or something?

LL: ...something would have happened.

(CP in German in the background)

DM: Wow, that's heavy... wow.

LL: So... I think... I need to...

(MW in German in the background)

LL: ... kind of take my time to myself. I'm sorry, I think I won't go out tonight.

DM: Yeah, that's totally understandable... Alright, I think I'll... had to the pub myself then.

LL: Ok.

DM: Alright.

LL: Yeah, maybe we come tomorrow, maybe we come along

DM: Yeah, I get you guys out tomorrow.

CP: Hm... Toffee for you, Martina...

MW: No, no more...

DM: Alright.

LL: Bye!

MW: Oh Drew!

DM: Good night, everyone! ... Good night.

MW: Yeah, have a good night, Drew.

DM: Sweet dreams and I'll get you out next...

MW: Maybe tomorrow... I'm up for... up for dancing and... yeah...

DM: *(laughing)*

LL: Yeah, good night, Drew.

DM: Alright...

LL: See you tomorrow.

DM: ... for a drink then... See you tomorrow, sweet dreams.

MW: See you tomorrow, Drew. We're up tomorrow definitely for a drink, so... yeah

(steps on stairway)

DM: Ideal.

MW: Have fun!

DM: Night.

(steps on stairway)

MW: *(German)* Does one of you switch off the light?... Er... Ok... She's already asleep... then... *(getting up...whispering)* Alright, then I turn off the light... *(moving)* In the dark one can dream better... *(switching off light, moving back to bed)*...ups...

(ticking alarm clock, moving in bed, sound of whatsapp messages)

Man: *(Spanish)* Sale, loca. Pasas buenas noches. Bueno, ya vos estás de madrugada. Dale, dale, ahí estámes en contacto

(ticking alarm clock, breathing, sounds of an old lift)

LL: I look out of the window. The bathroom of my parents' house is bigger than I remember. The rest of my friends are either still talking over a beer or have gone to sleep. Finally. It is 7 am in the morning.

(birds, insects)

LL: In front of the house of my parents in my home town my grandma is passing the arranged gardens at slow pace.

(bird)

LL: Looking critically at how it is arranged. She softly raises her nose, so that wrinkles towards both of her nostrils appear.

(birds, mariachis in the street)

LL: My grandma looks critically at the street in *La Villa Gomez Silva*, she looks at cactus and aloe, instead of pansies. Further down in the street a Mariachi band plays for our neighbor's birthday.

Woman: *(Spanish)* Mardali!

LL: Nicaragua.

Woman: *(Spanish)* Mardila, llegó bien tu marido?

Woman: *(Spanish)* Sí.

Woman: *(Spanish)* Llegó entereo? *(laughing)*

Woman: *(Spanish)* Cómo?

Woman: *(Spanish)* Llegó entereo? *(laughing)* Ya no lo miré, yo. Ya no lo ví pasar. Voy a ver a Tono, ahí te manda saludos, dice.

(rain)

LL: I am in my host family's house

(rain outside, rain inside, sound of whatsapp messages, ticking alarm clock, clapping and hammering sounds...)

LL: In the market hall some women make tortillas

(clapping and hammering sounds crossfade into beating massage sounds)

LL: A friend and I take part in a massage workshop.

(beating massage sounds, breathing)

LL: My body is shaken.

(scrubbing)

LL: I shiver, it is freezing cold.

(scrubbing, putting on thick jacket with zipper and hood, footsteps in snow...)

LL: I trudge.

// she trudges through the snow.

I trudge through the snow.

// she walks through the snow.

// she trudges through the snow.

(car, footsteps in snow...)

LL: sink in up to my knees

// she sinks in up to her knees

the snow crunches

//sinks in up to her knees

//sinks in up to her knees

the snow crunches

//sinks in up to her knees...

(footsteps in snow, breathing, wind)

LL: She walks through the snow. *(sounds stop)* She sinks in up to her knees.

(music and people in the streets...)

LL: I feel how the sun shines onto my skin... warm and gentle... I see people sitting on warmed up walls... someone greets me... but I remain silent... the person disappears.

(music and people in the streets, Spanish voices, mobile phone ring tone, traffic)

LL: I am on the bus with a group of friends... We eat sweets: Irish toffee. We eat healthy: apples... We leave the bus, wander around in a town, walk along the streets, narrow lanes. Up, down.

(music and sounds stop)

LL: I get back to the square where the bus was parked.

// she comes back to the square

// she comes back to the square

I see the bus taking a turn at the closest corner of the street.

// she walks fast

I walk fast

// she walks fast

I run

// she runs

// she runs

// she shouts

// she shouts

I shout. Silence.

//she walks fast

I'm alone

// she walks fast

// she runs

// she shouts

// she shouts

A rabbit hops across the square

// she walks fast

// she runs

// she shouts

(rustling leaves, footsteps...)

LL: I am in the forest... The ground of the forest crackles and cracks underneath my feet.

// the ground of the forest crackles underneath her feet.

// the ground of the forest crackles underneath her feet.

// she listens to the wind

// she listens to the wind

//shaking the leaves in the trees

//shaking the leaves in the trees

//she stops

// stops

// she knees down

// she knees down

I knee down... and observe the ants building a caravan... they carry heavy weight... like light pollen... After the work is done... they jump into a puddle... and take a bath

// the ants take a bath

// the ants take a bath

// she inflates the air mattress

//and then lies down on top of it

// blows

//and then lies down on top of it

// she inflates her mattress

// she inflates the air mattress

// blows

//and then lies down on top of it

I float next to the ants in the paddle

(sound of whatsapp message)

Man: *(Spanish)* Bueno, ya vos estás de madrugada.

(gun shots)

—

LL: // she swims in a river

// she swims in a river

I swim in a river... there are gunshots... I have to cross it! I have to get there!

// she swims

// swims in a river

(river sounds...)

LL: On the other side river bank... Switzerland... I paddle, then I let go the air mattress

// she swims

// she swims

(river sounds, gun shot, a larger object hitting the ground)