

ENCOUNTER SCRIPT BEGA
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COMMISSIONED AND PRODUCED BY FORM DANCE PROJECTS
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: ANNETTE McLERNON

Opening

Mode of Delivery: Pre-recorded Single Voice that plays at the start and may fade out at any point

Point of Occurrence: This piece happens before the main action of the dance and music begins. It is a call for the audiences to get ready for the production to begin as well as a way of outlining the place and environment in which the story occurs.

You are here. Here in this place where the sky is so blue and everything is like this: beach beach. sky sky. Mountain. Blue and blue and sometimes wine. Sometimes cheese. It's summertime. Almost. These are the things that should break your heart: Those Eucalyptus trees up on the ridge, the way their bark strips itself back and arches out towards you; the light falling so thick you could cut it up and spread it like butter; the knowledge of everything under that water sucking in through thick gills. Somewhere in the sleepy backstreets between these coastal towns the cars spin out on the roads, losing their grip somewhere between all the crooked driveways and those backyards that stretch out forever between all that fibro and brick. You know, it can make you lose your grip on things all that beach beach sky sky. Those walking trails in the headlands where the spear grass swallows your legs and the wispy husks of flowers catch in your throat and there's the shock of all that space.

Beach. Beach. Sky. Sky. Mountains. Wine. That's what brought the tree changers, that's what brings the tourists in the summer, that's why we try to stay. Those tourist brochures, they never talk about the other parts like the scenery at the local plaza where it's all concrete concrete. The giant glowing sign for the IGA. Utes in the parking lot. The bum cracks that stick out from the tops of the boys pants as they walk out of the chippy with a Chico roll. They never talk about the disappearing. The photos on the wall at the local, from another time when there was more to do and the younger bodies didn't replace themselves with older ones on the bar stools.

But now back to those trees on the ridge and the almost heat of summertime and the roos, with their glossy headlight eyes staring at you all from beyond the trees. Back to this ground, this smell of cut grass and fungus and all the vibrations of things growing underneath your fingers. Now, back here where the future keeps coming and coming and now it's time to dance.

Feras' Story

Mode of Delivery: The supplementary dancers individually read parts of the story to the audience from small hand held books.

Point of Occurrence: This occurs during the 'Transition from opening dance to The Peacock Spider.'

I've got a 5950 cap sitting backwards on my head and neon orange high tops and a Chicago Bulls shirt and Adidas trackies and a Nike sweatband on my wrist and I'm not so sure how I'm meant to be standing there at Liverpool Station, whether I'm meant to put my hands in my pockets or sit or lean. Looking gangsta. Looking cool. Except that I'm not and then everyone else is there and all the guys are in tight jeans and bonds tops and I'm thinking in my country, you know, everyone would think you are gay but here we all are, in this country, ready to dance. Someone puts a boombox down on the concrete and I can't look up at anyone's faces. I'm stuck there looking at my orange orange shoes because I don't get it, don't know how to be here. The men in yellow vests and grey shorts climb up the stairs drinking from giant bottles of beer wrapped in brown paper bags and the women talk on their phones and push their hair behind their ears and I look ridiculous and I'm waiting for anyone of them to call me out at any second but they don't and I'm left staring at all that concrete until I see all those guys in their tight jeans popping their legs and their arms out, twisting at the same time and then one of them turns around and nods his head and gestures for me to come over and all those guys, they open up this space among all that concrete and I enter that space and I dance.

Versions of Ourselves

Mode of Delivery: Lawrence's voice is prerecorded and projected

Point of Occurrence: This occurs in the 'Transition between Stairs and Corporate Cube' dance in which all the dancers are 'preening and fixing themselves.'

You're never quite good enough at anything. Not anything. But you try. You put your left foot down and then your right. Stand up. Stand a little higher. Be proud. These are the things you do to survive. Collapse. Turn inward. Have a little quiet time. Your outside self is so different from your inside self. It's exhausting, keeping up with all the different versions of you. Stand up. Sit down. Collapse. Try to be you but a different version of you who's more successful this time. Stand up. Sit down. Arms out. Breathe. Just be you. Or maybe a version of you. Just be. Breathe.

Anaphora Loop

Mode of Delivery: Parts of this loop will be said in multiple languages. I don't think we have quite sorted out yet if this will be done live or prerecorded.

Point of Occurrence: This occurs during 'Language Line Up One'

The next time, you see her coming at a distance, so you cross the road, act like it's normal, pretend like there is something fascinating in the window of the shop that always sells the same thing. The next time you're avoiding the same shop because they fired your boyfriend the time before he got fired from that other place. The next

time you run into her three times in the same day. The next time, the last time, every time in the future, the same conversation. The next time you're reminded how this town is like a ten second video stuck on loop. The next time you're in a hurry so you walk the long way up through the parking lot and down the block so you don't have to do the *how are youse?* with everyone on Main Street. The next time you imagine you are in some other place and time. The next time you are in New York free as a dog off a leash, you're Audrey Hepburn in Breakfast at Tiffany's and every character in Sex and the City strutting around in Prada high heels. The next time he says everyone thinks you walk around like you're better than everyone else. The next time you are better than everyone else, you just are. The next time, summertime. The next time hot, hot, hot, the heat sticky underneath your feet. The next time you worry about the last time. The next time you look up into the sky, watch for ash spiralling down again. The next time, the pool. The next time, you don't mind the same people, as long as she is wearing that same polka-dot bikini she wore every day to the pool last year, then you don't mind very much at all thank you. The next time strutting your stuff. The next time, no one's looking and, for once, you wish they were. The next time, you're on Main Street and it's the last bit of summer before everyone goes back. The next time, in the next few weeks everyone between eighteen and forty will disappear, like the ground opened up and swallowed them somehow. The next time your dad will walk you down the street on the last day before everything changes. The next time he'll make you shake hands with everyone who's left and he'll tell them about how many tries you scored last time and how much longer it'll be until you finish school and leave this place. The next time. The next time. The next time we'll drive our cars out near the office of the two-room airport and watch those small planes take off and fly over the blue, blue sea. The next time we'll start the story over again. The next time.

Lawrencea's Story

Mode of Delivery: The supplementary dancers individually read parts of the story to the audience from small hand held books.

Point of Occurrence: This occurs while the dancers are performing 'Language Line up Two.'

My father's country is the ocean. He sits on the balcony and looks out towards it and back fifty years in time to when he planted coconuts and spinach and mango trees and fished with his brothers and the women shook stories out of their bodies when they danced and I wasn't born and he hadn't died. But I sit there on that veranda and I know he's there too, watching the sun melt into the water and break across the flame trees. He's there watching the world extend down the mountain and over those fifteen islands and out towards the sea.

Anaphora

Point of Occurrence: When the dancers are running off towards the end

Mode of Delivery: Pre-recorded by one or multiple voices. This needs to fade out to silence.

The next time, you see her coming at a distance so you cross the road, act like it's normal, pretend like there is something fascinating in the window of the shop that always sells the same thing. The next time you're avoiding the same shop because they fired your boyfriend the time before he got fired from that other place. The next time you run into her three times in the same day. The next time, the last time, every time in the future, the same conversation. The next time you're reminded how this town is like a ten second video stuck on loop. The next time you're in a hurry so you walk the long way up through the parking lot and down the block so you don't have to do the how are youse? with everyone on Main Street. The next time you imagine you are in some other place and time. The next time you are in New York free as a dog off a leash, you're Audrey Hepburn in Breakfast at Tiffany's and every character in Sex and the City strutting around in Prada high heels. The next time he says everyone thinks you walk around like you're better than everyone else. The next time you are better than everyone else, you just are. The next time, summertime. The next time hot, hot, hot, the heat sticky underneath your feet. The next time you worry about the last time. The next time you look up into the sky, watch for ash spiralling down again. The next time, the pool. The next time, you don't mind the same people, as long as she is wearing that same polka-dot bikini she wore every day to the pool last year, then you don't mind very much at all thank you. The next time strutting your stuff. The next time, no one's looking and, for once, you wish they were. The next time, you're on Main Street and it's the last bit of summer before everyone goes back. The next time, in the next few weeks everyone between eighteen and forty will disappear, like the ground opened up and swallowed them somehow. The next time your dad will walk you down the street on the last day before everything changes. The next time he'll make you shake hands with everyone who's left and he'll tell them about how many tries you scored last time and how much longer it'll be until you finish school and leave this place. The next time. The next time. The next time we'll drive our cars out near the office of the two-room airport and watch those small planes take off and fly over the blue, blue sea. The next time we'll start the story over again. The next time.