

NEVER FOREVER (WORLD PREMIERE)

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Bitte merken/Please note:

French dialogue has been highlighted in yellow.

English translation of the French dialogue follows in square brackets[].

Song titles in French should be left in French.

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NEVER FOREVER

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1.OPENING SEQUENCE

I. ARE YOU DEAD OR SOMETHING?

REGINE

...She's gentle, vulnerable, lost, proud, elegant, vulgar, pushy, in your face, aggressive, drinks much too much alcohol, is completely alone, has no friends, doesn't want to get involved in a relationship, but completely lets herself go when she's on her own, goes totally mad at night, is constantly having sex with men she doesn't know, has no regular income, can't accept help and is extremely fragile, entirely defenceless, like she's got no skin and lies in bed for days or BY the bed, just lies THERE doesn't go out of the house FOR WEEKS, is scared by any noise, hears EVERYTHING or suddenly trashes her place, smashes her computer to bits or sings all night or rips up all her clothes and films herself doing it and puts it online, she's not studied anything, just two terms of psychology and dance studies, now she comes to me three times a week and she's got this like she's so ... everything is so EXTREME too much INTENSITY in her body, like something's trying to get out of this woman all the time, like she's possessed or ... it's been three months now ... often we just sit there and look deep into each other's eyes and ... I BECOME her. I become what she thinks, feel what she feels, do what she does, really. Gradually, last week I slept with two men, complete strangers who were next to me on the underground, more boys, both 18 or 19, in one of those city toilets ... OH MAN ... everything's confusing me right now ... something's stopped working with my BOUNDARIES, EVERYTHING IS BREAKING DOWN. Damn it. Call me back. It's 2 a.m. Tuesday. I'm in Berlin till Saturday, just call me back or come round if you're in town. That was the sixth or seventh time I've tried this week ... Are you dead or something?

II. SYSTEM ERROR

ILSE

Kay you said you'd call me back, I don't understand this, it keeps saying SYSTEM ERROR, but I've done nothing wrong, and now all my e-mails are gone, all my contacts, I can't find them, they're all gone, everything's empty, I transferred it all last week from my old address books. I spent weeks going through all my documents, letters, diaries, whole boxes to find all the names, addresses and phone numbers and then I put them all in just like you told me and now it always says SYSTEM ERROR, SYSTEM ERROR again, SYSTEM ERROR and now I've thrown everything out, call me back, I'm going a little bit mad here to be honest, I've turned the whole house upside down and looked through all the boxes again to see if I've got a piece of paper somewhere where I've written down my appointments and my phone numbers and all I can find here are photos of old lovers and scripts from old shows and letters saying goodbye that I never sent, CALL ME QUICKLY PLEASE!

III. HASHTAGS

CHRIS

hashtag lonely.

hashtag hours and hours of shameful conversations on grindr, scruff, gayromeo, okcupid, tinder.

hashtag 1,2,3/1,2,3 drink 1,2,3/1,2,3 drink.

hashtag angry.

hashtag drunk wasted super fucking angry.

hashtag can't sleep.

hashtag BIG BOYS CRY WHEN THEIR HEARTS ARE BREAKING.

hashtag why don't you stay the night I'll make you breakfast for fuck's sake?

hashtag why is it so fucking difficult for you to call me back?

hashtag why are you never here, why do you never hold me in your arms, why do you never say I LOVE YOU without that stupid ironic tone in your voice?

hashtag all you beautiful bearded men with your beautiful teeth, and your beautiful smiles who spend all your beautiful time posting beautiful selfies of your beautiful life, with your beautiful friends in beautiful apartments, having beautiful dinner parties or hanging out in all the beautiful bars and clubs and lounges, or waking up next to your beautiful boyfriends or fucking your beautiful fuck buddies and who never look at me once and who never call me back and who never commit to anything that lasts longer than day 4, OPEN YOUR EYES. YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU ARE MISSING AND IF YOU KEEP IGNORING ME I WILL FUCKING HATE YOU AND I WILL SHOOT YOU AND SLAUGHTER YOU AND DRINK YOUR BLOOD AND THEN YOU WILL ALL BE INSIDE OF ME YOU STUPID FUCKING ARROGANT CUNTS!

IV. FREEDOM IS A WORD FOR RELATIONSHIP

KAY

Exactly, exactly, not a subordinated subject but a free project which is always reconceiving itself, reinventing itself, yes, that's right, the EGO as a project, which believes it has liberated itself from external coercion and the coercion of others, now subjects itself to INTERNAL coercion and SELF-COERCION in the form of PRESSURE for PERFORMANCE and OPTIMIZATION, exactly, right, and then, yeah, have a look at, exactly, middle of page 11: the neoliberal subject as the entrepreneur of its self is NOT capable of relationships with others which are FREE OF PURPOSE. No friendships develop between entrepreneurs which are free of purpose. Yet the original meaning of being free was BEING WITH FRIENDS. In Indo-Germanic languages freedom and friend have the same root. Freedom is basically a WORD FOR RELATIONSHIP. One only feels FREE in a successful RELATIONSHIP, in joyful COEXISTENCE WITH OTHERS. The total isolation to which neoliberal regimes lead, does not make us truly free, yes, you'll find all of that in the first chapter "CRISIS OF FREEDOM – NEOLIBERALISM AND THE NEW TECHNIQUES OF POWER." Have another good look at that and then each write EACH WRITE 3000 CHARACTERS yes on the question: WHY WE NOW HAVE TO REDEFINE AND REINVENT FREEDOM TO ESCAPE THE FATEFUL DIALECTIC OF THE FREEDOM WHICH ALLOWS ITSELF TO BE INVERTED INTO COERCION, yes? For Tuesday, yeah, thanks.

V. I ALWAYS REFUSED TO BE CAST AS THE MOTHER

ILSE AND REGINE

REGINE Mum

ILSE Who's that?

REGINE It's me.

ILSE Who?

REGINE I miss you.

ILSE This really isn't the time!

REGINE What are you doing Mum?

ILSE I'm learning my lines. I haven't got time now.

REGINE So nice to hear your voice.

ILSE Where do I know you from?

REGINE Stop it, Mum.

ILSE Did we ever act together?

REGINE Yes. A lot.

ILSE When was that? What part did you play?

REGINE Your daughter, I played your daughter.

ILSE That can't be right, I always refused to be cast as the mother. I never wanted to play that. I'm so sorry for you ... you sound so ... lost ... is something bothering you?

REGINE I ... cut him out of my life ... last night ...

VI. I WANT TO SEE MY SON

FLORIAN

Answer, go on answer it, we can talk about everything, **PUTAIN MERDE, je vais passer, je veux te voir** [SHITTY WHORE, I want to come round, I want to see you] you can't simply CHANGE THE LOCK and leave all my boxes outside the door, DAMN IT! HE'S MY SON TOO! I WANT TO SEE HIM, I WANT TO SEE HIM NOW, what's suddenly got into you, WHAT IS THE POINT OF ALL THIS, NOW ANSWER, CALL ME BACK, you've blocked me on Facebook, you've deleted your e-mail account, AND YOU'VE STILL GOT MY HARD DRIVE WITH ALL MY DATA I NEED IT NOW! RIGHT NOW! I CAN'T WORK WITHOUT IT **PUTAIN MERDE, JE VEUX REVOIR MON FILS, LÀ, TOUT DE SUITE!** [FUCK THIS, I WANT TO SEE MY SON AGAIN, RIGHT NOW!] We can talk about everything, I'm sorry about last night ... whoever it was, that wasn't me, **c'était quelque chose EN moi, SOMETHING IN ME, que même moi je..... NE CONNAIS PAS, mais....ÇA NE SE REPRODUIRA PAS...** [it was something INSIDE me, SOMETHING IN ME, that even I ... DON'T KNOW, but ... IT'LL NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN...] I've got it under control, believe me, I'm going to this woman now, this coach, this relationship adviser, SHE'S HELPING ME, YOU'VE NO NEED TO BE AFRAID, IT WON'T HAPPEN AGAIN, just call me back, **RAPPELLE OU JE VAIS PASSER ET LÀ JE NE RÉPONDS PLUS DE RIEN, PUTAIN MERDE JE VEUX VOIR MON FILS! Là! De suite! Il ne t'appartient pas à toi toute seule!** [CALL ME BACK OR I'M COMING ROUND AND I'M NOT GOING TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT HAPPENS, FUCK THIS, I WANT TO SEE MY SON! There ! Immediately! He doesn't just belong to you alone!] HE BELONGS TO ME TOO! **TU PEUX PAS L'ELEVER AVEC N'IMPORTE QUEL AUTRE HOMME... Putain de merde! Il est où? Je veux le voir!** [YOU CAN'T BRING HIM UP WITH ANY OTHER MAN... Fuck this! Where is he? I want to see him!]

VII. YOUTUBESTAR (I WILL ALWAYS LOVE YOU)

KAY AND KATHARINA

KAY Hello?!

KATHARINA Hey! Hello!

KAY Yes I got your number from ...

KATHARINA I know...

KAY Yes.

KATHARINA Yes.

KAY Yes she gave it to me because she thought that you, well, you and me, well, that ...

KATHARINA Do you do this ... I mean ... a lot?

KAY What?

KATHARINA Your ex gives you the number of one of her clients so you can then ...

KAY She just thought that you um, well, that you were also um... and I've stopped seeing women online because it got so stressful and so time-consuming and you never got the really great women anyway and um (*laughs*)

KATHARINA (*laughs too*)

KAY (*laughs again*) Am I disturbing you?

KATHARINA No

KAY *(laughs)*

KATHARINA *(laughs)*

KAY And how many clicks do you get?

KATHARINA It varies ...

KAY Well roughly?

KATHARINA Four or five million

KAY WHAT?

KATHARINA Yes

KAY Wow, so you must be some kind of YouTube Star?

KATHARINA Um ...well possibly I don't really know! No!

KAY Sing something.

KATHARINA Now?

KAY Yes.

KATHARINA I don't know?!

KAY Come on!

KATHARINA Ok but *(laughs)*...

KAY Just do it!

KATHARINA

Alright, um I don't know, well, ok then are you are you so are you?

KAY

Ready?

KATHARINA

Yes, alright ... *(performs the YouTube clip)* ... "and I will always love you" *(repeats it several times, screams several times, the group reacts to each scream)*

VIII. ON THE OTHER SIDE OF REALITY

JOHANNA

Is he still awake?

I've not got such a good feeling about this.

You're going to go and have a look every so often, aren't you?

What?

What's the matter?

What? ARE YOU INSANE?

Let me talk to him please. YES NOW IMMEDIATELY! RIGHT NOW YES!

Hello, hello, calm down, calm down, don't be afraid, no, no, just three more days and then it's all over, right? I'm coming back, Mummy will come and get you, yes, just not now, no. Don't cry now, shhhhh, shhhhh, no, no, have you got your cuddly seal? No, don't cry. We'll meet each other in our dreams again tonight, yes, there in the forest, where we always meet, yes, no, I can't now, no, not now, no, it's not possible, I can't, no Mummy can't now, no, IT'S NOT POSSIBLE, DAMN IT ... NOW BE QUIET OR I CAN'T HEAR HIM No, not you darling. I'll be back soon. I'm very fond of you. I'll stay on here for a little while. Sleep well. Very fond of you. We'll meet in our dreams. Yes in the forest, on the other side of reality, like we always do. I love you.

2. WHO IS THIS WOMAN?

TILMAN

Who is this woman, how does she live, which films does she watch, when was the last time she cried, did she really drown her pet when she was eleven? What sort of political stance does she take on trade agreements with the United States in the comments section of Spiegel online, which travel destinations has she googled increasingly in recent weeks, how exactly does she photograph herself when she posts selfies on Facebook, which background does she choose, why is she mostly alone in the photos, what is her relationship status, did she really hit a policeman over the head with a beer bottle at the May 1st demo or was that some kind of myth she created around herself, has she really had sex with three different men in the last five days and have the neighbours really got together to do something about the unbearable noises which can be heard in the courtyard every night at 2 a.m. through the wide-open windows in her flat, heavy, loud, yes what is it? breathing, crying, screaming? pleasure, pain, exhaustion? Is she hitting something, someone, an animal, an object, a computer? Herself? Is she working out or having very rough, animal sex? Has she really not had any regular income for 2 months, which music tracks has she downloaded illegally from the web, why has she been clicking increasingly in the last 4 months on Xtube tracks where young men are publicly humiliated, YouTube clips where people are first tortured then publicly executed, couples fight each other, children cry hysterically and bang their computer hard drives on tables, films where people are suffering, very, very intensely, is it her who is going on these weird porn sites or is it her son, who keeps locking himself in the bathroom of her flat for hours at a time, why is it so suspiciously quiet in her flat from time to time, why has she deleted her Facebook profile three times in the last week and set it up again the same night with new photos and another new name? Why did she block her best friend on Skype last night at 4.28 a.m., why has she woken up three nights in a row at 5.12, stood naked in the kitchen for twenty minutes made coffee gone quickly onto the balcony had a look across the city and gone back to bed, without even touching the coffee, why hasn't she written any e-mails for the last ten days, why is her inbox full, why does she always leave the light on at night, why is there a broken toy on the kitchen floor, why are there no photos of friends stuck on her fridge, why hasn't she opened the post for three days, why do e-mails from her father go straight in the spam folder, why did she buy 2 bottles of vodka yesterday at the late night shop, does she drink? Is she afraid? Is she in trouble? Where has her son been the last three nights? Why is he not with her? Why was he missing from school yesterday? Is he at

his father's? Which of the five men who have set foot in her house in the last few days is the father of her child? Why did she separate from him? Has she separated? Is she in relationships with all these five men at the same time and is she maintaining one of these typically confusing, highly complex on/off relationships with five men simultaneously that never really begin and never really end and where you never really know WHY YOU ARE DOING THIS AND WHAT YOU OUGHT TO FEEL FOR SOMEONE WHO ISN'T READY FOR ANY KIND OF COMMITMENT? Why is the message on her mailbox still from the afternoon of 7th May 2009 when she got back from a long trip to South America? Where was she in the summer of 2008 we have no record of what she was doing then. Why are there no photos, no e-mails, no chatroom contacts, no social media postings from this time? WHAT WAS GOING ON? why are there moments when she leaves no traces on the internet, where is she, what is she doing, where are her thoughts going at that moment, what's she thinking, what's she feeling when she spends a few moments with herself alone, WHY CAN'T I READ THE EXPRESSION ON HER FACE? We've got video footage here where she just sits in the middle of her living room next to a plant meditating, what's going through her head at that moment? is it really quiet in her head then, no memories, no dark thoughts, no dream worlds she's drawn into, sinks into and never finds her way out again, is she planning something, has she got a secret plan, what is she planning, when is this plan going to be carried out, who is this plan directed against, and who has been initiated into her secret plans? Does she have accomplices, is she acting alone, when will she strike, and who is the target of her attack, I DON'T UNDERSTAND: WHAT DO YOU WANT, WHAT ARE YOU THINKING, WHAT ARE YOU FEELING. There's no clear picture yet: WHO ARE YOU? WHO ARE YOU? WHO ARE YOU? WHO ARE YOU? Now she's suddenly dancing naked through the flat with some kind of sledgehammer and singing loudly WRECKING BALL: "I NEVER MEANT TO START A WAR I JUST WANTED YOU TO LET ME IN" hitting a computer external hard drive and ripping photos off the walls OVER AND OVER OVER AND OVER till suddenly very gently very quietly she ... cries? laughs? I don't know, I CAN'T MAKE IT OUT WHO DIDN'T SHE WANT TO GO TO WAR AGAINST? IS SHE IN A STATE OF WAR NOW AT THIS MOMENT? IS THIS A WAR SHE'S WAGING? AGAINST WHOM AGAINST WHAT AGAINST HERSELF? And this sudden silence in her apartment, this strange tense silence when she sits there now alone in bed with her laptop on her lap quietly humming NE ME QUITTE PAS scrolling down the page with the new status updates uploading new photos. Why is she smiling, why is she smiling on all these photos? WHY DOES SHE SEEM SO CHEERFUL AND RELAXED ON ALL THESE PHOTOS THAT SHE PUTS ONLINE THERE'S SOMETHING

NOT RIGHT THERE? THERE'S SOMETHING NOT RIGHT THERE? SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT THERE? SOMETHING'S NOT RIGHT THERE? WHY CAN'T YOU SEE ANYTHING IN HER? WHY CAN'T YOU TELL ANYTHING ABOUT HER ON THE BASIS OF THE PHOTOS OF HERSELF SHE PUTS ON THE INTERNET, ON THE BASIS OF THE HEADLINES SHE POSTS? WHY DOES EVERYTHING SEEM TO BE ALRIGHT? IT'S NOT ALRIGHT?! THERE IS SOMETHING?! THERE IS SOMETHING?! I CAN SEE IT! I CAN SEE IT! THIS SMILE THIS JOY SHE'S JUST ACTING IT ALL?!

What music is she listening to now, is she singing along, does she know the words? Which pieces of music does she know all the words to, why that piece exactly, why those words? why is she sitting up in bed alone now quietly singing NE ME QUITTE PAS, there's nobody next to her who could leave her? Why is she up till 5 a.m. clicking on different versions of this song on YouTube, listening to all the versions available in every conceivable language on Spotify and adding them to her list DON'T LEAVE ME THREE EXCLAMATION MARKS? WHO'S SUPPOSED NOT TO LEAVE HER? Who's supposed not to go away, there's nobody there now at that moment?

Is she missing something, is she missing something in her life, WHAT IS SHE MISSING? WHAT IS SHE MISSING? WHAT IS SHE MISSING IN HER LIFE? Is she afraid, now at this moment, is this one of those moments AT NIGHT WHEN YOUR SKIN SUDDENLY DISSOLVES AND EVERYTHING IN YOUR OWN BODY CLENCHES AND YOUR BREATH IS GONE AND YOU NEED SOMETHING, SOMEONE TO HOLD YOU TIGHT FOR A MOMENT?

Hold me tight! Hold me tight! Hold me tight! Hold me tight!

Don't leave me! Don't leave me! Don't leave me! Don't leave me! Don't leave me! Don't leave me!

THIS SUDDEN DESIRE EATS AWAY WOUNDS IN MY SKIN, DEVOURS ME, FLUSHES ME AWAY, TEARS ME AWAY! WHERE ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU? ALL TOO MUCH, NOW, HERE IN THIS MOMENT! I'M NEVER ENOUGH! I'M NEVER ENOUGH I NEVER FULLY THE DEMANDS THAT ARE MADE OF ME! I NEVER REALLY ACHIEVE WHAT IS EXPECTED OF ME, THERE'S ALWAYS THIS DISSATISFACTION, THIS FEELING THAT I'VE NOT MANAGED IT AGAIN! GIVING EVERYTHING AND STILL NOT ACHIEVING WHAT HAD BEEN HOPED FOR, THERE'S

ALWAYS A BIT MORE, A BIT MORE POSSIBLE, ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT! YOU CAN DO IT, YOU'RE GOING TO DO IT, THAT TOO, THAT TOO! ALL TOO MUCH, ALL TOO MUCH! HOLD ME TIGHT! HOLD ME TIGHT! HOLD ME TIGHT! DON'T LEAVE ME! DON'T LEAVE ME! DON'T LEAVE ME! I HATE YOU! DON'T LEAVE ME! I HATE YOU! DON'T LEAVE ME! I HATE YOU! DON'T LEAVE ME! DON'T LEAVE ME! PLEASE, PLEASE, STAY WITH ME! DON'T LEAVE ME...

3. SETTLED RELATIONSHIPS

ILSE & FLORIAN

ILSE Did she throw you out again?

FLORIAN *(simply makes a noise, no clear answer)*

ILSE Did you lose it again?

FLORIAN What? I don't know?!

ILSE Where's the boy?

FLORIAN I don't know. Gone! No longer in the city. She's completely nuts.

ILSE Maybe better if you keep out of each other's way for a while?

FLORIAN I want to see my son. YOU UNDERSTAND, HE'S MY SON TOO!

ILSE Maybe once the situation has settled down a bit?

FLORIAN She can't just bring him up with someone else DAMN IT. HE'S MY SON. Have you got kids?

ILSE No, sadly not, I lost a child.

FLORIAN Oh.

ILSE In the womb.

FLORIAN Oh.

ILSE Yes.

FLORIAN How old were you?

ILSE Oh, around 35.

FLORIAN Exactly my age.

ILSE You ... you're that old now? You look 25.

FLORIAN Thanks. TELL MY WIFE THAT! SHE'S NOW WITH A GUY WHO'S 10 YEARS YOUNGER THAN ME, a Frenchman. Putain de merde!

ILSE *(laughs)*

FLORIAN She can't just change the lock and leave my things outside the door. SHE DESTROYED MY HARD DRIVE! ALL THE DATA IS GONE! Three weeks ago everything was fine and now suddenly ... Have you ever been married, Ilse?

ILSE Well I ... I tried to three times and pulled out each time. Just before. We'd already got rings. Twice we'd rented flats and so on and ...

FLORIAN And each time, just before, you ... *(makes a movement to indicate "run away")*

ILSE Ran, yes. And I can't say why. Perhaps it was, well, I'll try to explain. Perhaps it was because I was always in love with three other men at the same time.

FLORIAN Ah yes, we're getting to the point here.

ILSE It was simply a deep-seated impulse to flee.

FLORIAN

I'd like to hear that ...

4. IT'S NOT EASY

KAY

It's not easy but,

I,

I,

You're such a wonderful marvellous *(breaks off)*

You're

Maybe you're *(breaks off again)*

(as if he thinks, he doesn't want to perform this) I can't do this!

I,

I,

and I don't want to either I,

(tries again) You are so,

Everything about you and

Then when you

are with

me then

oh God forgive me,

I'm just

Out of this world when you ...

When you,

this,

TOO CLOSE and

oh God,

it's all so difficult!

I'm not myself any more. I dissolve. I.

(an attempt to make a constructive suggestion) Maybe, it's easier for both of us if we've both got this freedom which we're looking for and

(breaks off) Oh God,

You're so beautiful, everything about you is good and right, and when you kiss me and lying next to you at night after we've, I mean you and me and that silence,

that quietness,

that uncertainty but also whether you're now going to always,

whether you will still ALWAYS here now oh God,

I can't do this!

Why is there no language for this feeling when you're lying next to me, I can hear your breath you were so close to me, so close, inside me, oh God that sounds terrible! Has nobody in the last hundred years tried to find a language for what I want to say here, that I don't want anything except to be here with you, but that I can't stand that? This INTIMACY, this intolerable, wonderful, all-destroying, dissolving all clarity, all calm, all structure, breaking apart all power, all strength, all thoughts, ripping open all wounds and injuries and uncertainties and confusions, dragging all that's hidden all that I don't want to know about myself into the light, yes what? Desperate INTIMACY which is suddenly there, these bodies that are so close YOUR BREATH SO CLOSE, nothing more between us apart from the fear, the fear that at any moment, at any moment I ... NO THAT ALL SOUNDS SO STUPID NOW! SO UNBELIEVABLY STUPID! YOUR BREATHING, THAT NOISE, YOUR VOICE, it's all too much, much too much! EVERYTHING! EVERYTHING'S TOO MUCH! YOU'RE TOO MUCH! I CAN'T BE ME WHEN YOU'RE WITH ME AND THEN THIS ANGER, THIS HATRED, THAT I CAN'T STAND YOU, YOUR BEING CLOSE TO ME, YOUR VOICE THE WAY YOU TALK, YOU MOVE, HOW YOU LOOK AT ME! ALL SO INTOLERABLY REPELLENT, REPULSIVE THIS DISGUST, THIS HATRED THAT I JUST WANT TO HIT OUT GET AWAY FROM YOU, GET AWAY, GET OUT!

I WANT TO GET OUT OF HERE, SO THAT I'M OUT OF HERE AND NOT NEAR YOU NOT WITH YOU, SO I CAN BE ALONE COMPLETELY ALONE MYSELF, I'm so sorry but I JUST CAN'T STAND YOU ANY LONGER BECAUSE SUDDENLY YOU'RE IN MY LIFE LIKE A VIRUS, THIS ALIEN CREATURE, you're so stressful and boring and you're always different and I just want CALM AND QUIET AND FOR IT TO STOP! Where does that come from, what is it, what is that, I don't understand it?! I don't understand myself when I'm together with you I please forgive me but it's all so stressful...

I'll try again,

I want nothing else than to be with you, in me, above me, on me, next to me, to feel ONLY YOU, ONLY YOU, TO BE YOU, TO BECOME YOU, to know that you're here now and for ever and ever and ever... NO THAT'S NOT GOING TO HAPPEN AND no, I'm dissolving I'm no longer myself, I it's not going to happen I can't I'm disappearing inside you next to you all I ever think of is you and it's all horrible...

I'm so sorry but

I think that both of us, that it's better for both of us and for you too, safer, if you, if we, if the two of us,

sorry,
stop seeing each other because
you've got to get away from here,
this here,
this area here between you and me,
is not a place in which I
I don't belong here
I don't understand all this, I
don't want to be here either, I
I'm leaving now
forgive me
I
I'm really sorry but
this is all too much I
I'm leaving
we'll see each other
tomorrow?
I'll try again tomorrow?
Next week?

Or maybe it's just better if we

I DON'T KNOW?!

I'll call you,

I'll write,

I'll be in touch,

perhaps it'll be better then, perhaps ... forgive me, please forgive me. (*Leaves*)

5. INTENSE DUETS

REGINE

...THIS SUDDEN DESIRE EATS AWAY WOUNDS IN MY SKIN, DEVOURS ME, FLUSHES ME AWAY, TEARS ME AWAY. WHERE ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU? WHERE ARE YOU? ALL TOO MUCH, NOW, AT THIS MOMENT. I AM NEVER ENOUGH. I AM NEVER SATISFACTORY. I NEVER FULFIL THE DEMANDS WHICH ARE MADE OF ME. I NEVER REALLY ACHIEVE WHAT IS EXPECTED OF ME. THERE IS ALWAYS THIS DISSATISFACTION, THIS FEELING OF NOT HAVING MANAGED IT AGAIN, OF GIVING EVERYTHING AND STILL NEVER ACHIEVING WHAT I HAD HOPED FOR MYSELF. THERE IS ALWAYS MORE. ALWAYS MORE POSSIBLE, THERE'S MORE THERE, YOU CAN DO IT, YOU ARE GOING TO DO IT, AND THAT, AND THAT. ALL TOO MUCH. ALL TOO MUCH. HOLD ME TIGHT. HOLD ME TIGHT. HOLD ME TIGHT. DON'T LEAVE ME. DON'T LEAVE ME. DON'T LEAVE ME. I HATE YOU! DON'T LEAVE ME I HATE YOU DON'T LEAVE ME I HATE YOU DON'T LEAVE ME! DON'T LEAVE ME! PLEASE, STAY WITH ME, DON'T LEAVE ME...

6. WHERE'S CHRISTOPH?

REGINE & KAY

REGINE Where is um Christoph?

KAY Who?

REGINE Christoph or whatever his name is ... I've got this romantic love scene with him now! Where's he been the whole time I mean we've got to rehearse this!

KAY Now?

REGINE Yes, now. Now he should actually be kissing me, he should be falling in love with me because he thinks I'm so beautiful, so attractive, as a person and as a woman, he's this man who is so interested in the inner me and um the outer me and who slowly, really slowly that's this whole beautiful romantic scene that I specifically asked that it should definitely be in there and where I also specifically asked for a younger colleague

KAY That's out!

REGINE What?

KAY It's been cut!

REGINE No, I specifically said that should NOT on any account be cut!

KAY But we had all agreed together that it's out!

REGINE

NO DAMN IT IT'S IN, IT'S IN IT JUST NEEDS REHEARSING FINALLY! REALLY! It's this wonderful scene where Christoph or whatever his name is kisses me really gently for a really long time and then keeps going further, keeps going further inside me, with his tongue he digs deeper and deeper inside me AND ALMOST DEVOURS ME WITH HIS PASSION AND DESIRE. But all done with such feeling! So he's really gentle with me but

also so WANTING, so PASSIONATE, so UNCOMPROMISING... he really WANTS me in this scene! He's completely CRAZY for me, he can hardly stand it, HE CAN'T GO ON HE'S ALMOST EXPLODING and he says all these things about my eyes, and my soul, and my hair and my hands, and my legs and my hips, and my breasts, and he's so completely crazy about me and kisses me for a really long time and says all these things. But I can't keep on rehearsing this without him. We rehearse it over and over again every day. ALWAYS ALONE! WHERE IS HE? I ALWAYS HAVE TO KEEP DOING THIS ALONE DAMN IT! EVERY DAY IT SAYS 10 A.M. MS ZIMMERMANN, ROMANTIC KISSING SCENE WITH IMAGINARY PARTNER, it's been six weeks now, EVERY DAY MS. ZIMMERMANN ROMANTIC KISSING SCENE WITH IMAGINARY PARTNER REALLY! WHERE IS HE? WHY DOES HE NEVER COME, WHY IS HE NEVER HERE WHERE IS EVERYBODY THE WHOLE TIME, WHY IS EVERYONE AWAY THE WHOLE TIME, WHERE ARE THEY? REALLY! Does he actually know how fucking hard it is to do everything alone? He's supposed to hold me tight, look deep into my eyes and whisper things into my ear, but we've got to be able to DO THIS TOGETHER, I can't always do it ALL ALONE. WHAT'S THE POINT OF THAT? I can't always kiss ALONE, hug ALONE, ONLY EVER TELL MYSELF WHAT A BEAUTIFUL, ATTRACTIVE WOMAN I AM get that into your head! OH, NOW THEY'VE ALL GONE AWAY AGAIN! GREAT! NOW I'M STANDING ON STAGE COMPLETELY ALONE AGAIN! HAVE I GOT TO DO EVERYTHING HERE ALONE AGAIN BECAUSE NOBODY'S COMING HERE IS EVERYBODY ALWAYS AWAY HERE ILL, TIRED, EXHASTED OR COMPLETELY OCCUPIED WITH WHATEVER OTHER THINGS.

But it isn't just crap doing something together for once,

it can be quite nice,

it isn't just complete crap spending a couple of hours TOGETHER and gazing at each other, talking and kissing each other, sleeping with each other, holding each other tight, listening to each other AND PUTTING UP WITH THE BORING MOMENTS TOO being interested in each other ...

7. TIRED.BUSY.DEAD

REGINE TILMAN, JOHANNA FLORIAN CHRIS & KATHARINA

- TILMAN Hi, it's Tilman. I just wanted to say I'm incredibly tired, you know really mega mega tired (*extravagant, long yawn*) sorry I'm just going to crash out.
- REGINE Aha...
- TILMAN So busy yeah and (*yawns again more extravagantly and for even longer*) insane yeah I am so knackered, yeah SO LIKE IMMENSELY BUSY AND TIRED AND DEAD well I hope everything's alright with you and...
- REGINE Tilman!
- TILMAN Yeah?
- Regine You can't just ring me every couple of weeks to tell me how tired you are.
- Tilman But I really am total mega, mega tired and so busy, you know? Just insanely busy this whole week. I AM SO BLOODY KNACKERED, and I've hardly slept and my eyes, yeah, I can't actually get them... OH GOD, this thing with my eyes, my eyes, they're so bad, so mega mega bad, I'm going to drop, I'm going to crash out any minute ...
- Regine Listen, that's not good enough.
- Tilman Look, I am so dead so busy so mega dead so mega busy and tired and ...
- REGINE You've really got to do more than ring me up once every fortnight to tell me how dead you are.

TILMAN Yeah but the whole idea was we were going to be totally chilled about this?!

REGINE Yes but if this is just one of those worthless rubbish relationships which everyone in this city has five or six of on the go at any one time, you're going to have to deliver a bit more than ringing up every two weeks and telling me HOW DEAD YOU ARE for fuck's sake.

TILMAN "Deliver"? *(he yawns again)* Oh God I'm going to fall over!

REGINE It was really nice, the two of us.

TILMAN What? Yeah it was really great, but "deliver", "see"? No, like no, oh I just like totally fell over oh God I am lying here totally on the floor I'm that tired...

REGINE When we kissed in the park and...

TILMAN It was really great but it doesn't mean we immediately have to start "seeing" each other, I just thought I'd ring up and tell you how busy I am. Hey? Ok, listen, are you ready, I am totally monster busy right now, so monster busy you can't imagine, I'm so busy right now, so busy ...

JOHANNA *(parallel)*...hi Regine, it's Johanna I just wanted to tell you I would TOTALLY love to see you but I can't this week I just can't make it I'm just monster mega busy and next week it would be totally great to meet up but I'm not going manage that I am just totally like crazy insane monster busy and I can't do the week after that either and I can't do the week after that and I can't do the week after that and I can't do the week after that I have got like so monster mega many appointments I just can't do it all, hang on, there was something else I wanted to tell you, yeah,

hang on, there was something really important oh yeah I remember now: I am so busy like so busy and so bloody tired I am just like dead and knackered and mega monster busy and dead I'm just going to drop I am that dead, and so tired and busy and so like rundown and knackered and dead and busy and mega preoccupied too not just busy but also preoccupied and thoroughly dead yeah, so dead, I am so dead, everything's dead on the inside, and on the outside I am so like dead I don't know what to call this state I'm in, anyway I am really massively monster busy and, massively like mega dead yeah, I just wanted to tell you so call me and maybe we can talk some time this month whenever that would be cool, you can leave a message, I won't hear it I just won't get to it too busy too dead but then I'll see on my display that you've called and then I can call you back and tell you how like incredibly busy I am, so take care and have a good one till Tuesday er right bye!

Florian – Chris – Katharina – Kay join in!

Tilman

... (*Continuation from above, at the same time as JOHANNA*) so busy and wrecked and tired and dead and it's brutal yeah man, like (*extreme yawn*) so dead, so mega fucking dead, I am so dead, so dead just you know dead monster dead brutal so brutally busy and so tired and wrecked yeah completely wrecked and tired and dead but hey it was nice to talk to you, I'll call you in a couple of weeks (*yawns*) this is crazy I really would fall over if I wasn't lying on the floor already wow wow wow so hugs yeah

REGINE

(*loud*) QUIET!!!!

(*All are silent instantly, remain in position, then Regine carries on calmly...*)

REGINE

We have got to SEE each other sometime DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? WE'VE GOT TO LOOK INTO EACH

OTHER'S EYES AND BE AWARE OF EACH OTHER SENSE
EACH OTHER I HAVE TO BE ABLE TO TOUCH YOU SPEND
TIME WITH YOU and also put up with some of the boring
moments just be together somewhere and do NOTHING. Just
you and me together with each other for each other OH WHAT
DO I KNOW!? Why has everything gone, where did it all go?
How?

Can't you kiss any more?

My friend, away from me for such a short time and forgotten
how to kiss? Oh dear!

Your lips are so cold, so dumb. Where did your life go?

Who deprived me of it?

8. FOREST SEQUENCE

I. GRETCHEN

ILSE

My peace has gone,
My heart is heavy,
I'll never find it
Never ever.

Where I am without it
Feels like the grave.
The whole world
Is gall to me.

My poor head
Is in disarray
My poor mind
Is in pieces.

My peace has gone,
My heart is heavy,
I'll never find it
Never ever.

For him alone
I look out of the window,
For him alone
I leave the house.

His tall stride,
His noble figure,
The smile on his mouth
The strength in his eye.

And his speech

Flowing like magic
The shake of his hand
And oh! His kiss!

My peace has gone,
My heart is heavy,
I'll never find it,
Never ever.

My bosom yearns
For him,
Oh if I could touch
And hold him,

And kiss him
The way I want
To die
Of his kisses

What? You can't kiss any more?
My friend, you've been gone from me so briefly and forgotten how to kiss?
Why am I so anxious in your embrace?
When your words, your glances used to make all of heaven run through me and you
kissed me like you wanted to suffocate me.

Kiss me!
Or else I'll kiss you!

Oh woe! Your lips are cold and silent.
Where has your life gone?
Who robbed me of it?

My peace has gone,
My heart is heavy,
I'll never find it

Never ever.

Where I am without it
Feels like the grave.
The whole world
Is gall to me.

My poor head
Is in disarray
My poor mind
Is in pieces.

My peace has gone,
My heart is heavy,
I'll never find it
Never ever...

II. FOREST SOLOS

KATHARINA, JOHANNA, FLORIAN

III. CHRIS INTERROGATION

TILMAN, CHRIS, REGINE & JOHANNA

- TILMAN Are you afraid of the dark?
 Are you afraid of violence?
 Are you afraid to sleep in the same bed as your lover?
 Is it true that you always have to throw up after somebody gets
 too close to you?
- CHRIS Well, yeah, it happens, I don't know what it is but ... when
 somebody really means something to me, I lose all sense of
 self and my body revolts and...
- TILMAN So in our last session you said and I am quoting now:
 "On a lot of days I feel dirty and diseased and unlovable"
- CHRIS Oh yeah, right, well, it is just something I said, I mean, like ...
 don't even listen to me
- TILMAN You said you were willing to go to any extreme to feel
 something, to feel anything
- CHRIS Aren't we all?
- TILMAN Saturday night at three in the morning you sent me an email
 saying: "I AM GETTING INVADED BY A DARK ENERGY
 THAT I CANNOT CONTROL," then at six thirty on Sunday
 morning or still Saturday night as you will...
- CHRIS ...Yeah, I don't normally sleep at night...
- TILMAN ...You sent me this email: "SOMETHING IS TRYING TO
 ENTER MY SYSTEM"

CHRIS Well yeah, I was home alone and I felt so bored and no one was online...

TILMAN Last Tuesday at 4:00 a.m. you posted: "A SHARP HUNGER FOR CONNECTION" on your Facebook wall and then a picture of a man covered in blood and underneath the photo you wrote - this was at 4:28 on Tuesday night: "I think it is killing me". And then you quoted Hannah Arendt's *ON THE ORIGINS OF TOTALITARIANISM* who said: "The world wants people to feel desperate, lonely, and ready for toxic forms of sociality"

REGINE Tell me about Stephen!

CHRIS Who is Stephen?

REGINE Your boyfriend!

CHRIS I don't have a boyfriend!

REGINE Last time you did!

CHRIS Last time was seven days ago!

JOHANNA Do you know anything about your boyfriend, except how he makes you feel?

CHRIS I don't have a boyfriend!

REGINE Yes you do!

CHRIS No I don't!

JOHANNA Last night at 3 a.m. you wrote on Twitter HE NEEDS TO GO AWAY BEFORE THINGS GET OUT OF HAND.

IV. COACHING // BREATHING

KATHARINA & REGINE //JOHANNA BREATHING SEQUENCE

- KATHARINA ...As long as they imagine they are UNSAFE as long as they are AFRAID, I could LEAVE AGAIN AT ANY TIME, END IT IMMEDIATELY AND TAKE THEM OFF THE LIST OF MY POTENTIAL PARTNERS, they make an effort, THEY DELIVER, I want them to DELIVER, they ought to deliver and not have a rest at my place I'M NOT A PILLOW, I WANT TO EXPERIENCE THE BEST OF THEM, I want them to make an EFFORT, that they don't FALL BACK ON THE LIFE THEY CLAIM TO LIVE IN THEIR PROFILES I want TO REALLY HAVE everything they promise there HERE AND NOW
- REGINE What's it like when you're in a relationship with a man? How do you feel about it?
- KATHARINA I find it stressful. There is too much information for me to process at once, that unsettles me, after 90 minutes at the most I start having weird blackouts during the conversation, I can't concentrate any more, I can't assess the situation any more, I always say the wrong things or suddenly stop saying anything and start shaking or I take photos of him the whole time while he's talking or I keep on posting random sentences on my Facebook page.
- REGINE What kind of sentences?
- KATHARINA PROTECT ME FROM THESE PEOPLE.
- REGINE Why don't you just say what it is you don't like or change the direction of the conversation?
- KATHARINA I need time to think properly about what I want to say, I can't do

that if the person I want to communicate something to is sitting in front of me, I can't simply erase things I'm doing and saying then, rephrase them and say them again as if they're new ... I can't cut anything out and that blocks me, I sit there motionless, don't say anything any more and hope it'll be over soon, THIS REAL SIMULTANEOUS PRESENCE WITH ANOTHER PERSON IN THE SAME ROOM blocks me completely, I can't be ME, I lose CONTROL OF HOW I WANT TO PRESENT MYSELF and I can't stand that. It's best if we sleep together without talking much, the more I know about someone the less interesting he becomes, the more complicated it becomes, short windows of time, not much talk, plenty of action, seeing each other once every three weeks, that I can take.

9. THEN I WILL ERASE YOU ALL//WARRIOR

REGINE /JOHANNA & FLORIAN WARRIOR DANCE

REGINE

Friday night, 13th July 2014, 2.13 a.m. She orders the book 'TORN BETWEEN EXTREMES' and shortly afterwards the book 'CHAOS AND EMPTINESS' on Amazon.de, 2 minutes later she googles travel destinations: Cuba, Panama, the Faroe Islands. She watches videos on YouTube of clashes between demonstrators and the police, she adds them to the list RIOT CLIPS, adds a soundtrack of hard electronic music overlaid with multiple frequencies of noise, 11 clips altogether in which German police brutally assault young people, she writes across it HOOLIGANS IN UNIFORM and FRIENDS OF THE NSU, WE'RE GOING TO GET YOU! One video shows a policeman pulling a woman of around 24 by the hair and spraying pepper spray in her face from a distance of about 20 centimetres, the young woman screams in pain, friends try to rush to her aid, other police block the way with batons, beat the group apart and drag the young woman along the ground to a lamppost, one of the policemen sits on her chest, she can't breathe any more, collapses, only now do I recognize her, it's her, MY PATIENT, lying underneath that policeman, she's wearing jeans and a white shirt, I can't tell what she was demonstrating for or against, or whether she was just walking along the wrong street at the wrong time, in the background there are other young people holding up placards, they're about weapons, German weapons deliveries to Israel? Gaza? Fracking? The transatlantic trade agreement, Deutsche Bank, the NSA, the NSU, the Intelligence Service? Student fees? I can't make it out, the placards are torn out of the demonstrators' hands by the police and trodden to pieces, a young man throws a bicycle at one of the fighting policemen with all his strength while MY PATIENT is lying in the foreground, hardly able to breathe, in her face you can see a hatred which is joined to every fibre of her body and every movement of her brain and which is rushing like an electric current through all her blood vessels, something within her will never be stilled from now on, not by long patient sessions of conversational therapy, not by relaxed afternoons shopping with girlfriends, not by excessive weekends when she will devour every series of Breaking Bad or Desperate Housewives or Homeland within 72 hours alone in front of her computer, in order simply to switch off the world around her and

FORGET EVERYTHING, NO LONGER BE IN THIS WORLD, NOT HAVE TO ENGAGE WITH ANYTHING, NOT COMMUNICATE ANYTHING, NOT REACT TO ANYTHING,

JUST LIE THERE: EXHAUSTED AND AROUSED AT THE SAME TIME, IN A STATE SOMEWHERE IN BETWEEN DEAD AND ALIVE FROZEN SOLID IN A DROWNED ANGER AT A WORLD WHERE SHE NO LONGER HAS CONTROL OVER ANYTHING. WHICH DRAGS HER FROM ONE EXTREME TO THE NEXT, AT PEOPLE, WHO AREN'T PEOPLE ANY MORE WHO HAVE BECOME SOMETHING ELSE, SOMETHING THAT HERE IN THIS MOMENT SITTING OPPOSITE ME IN MY PRACTICE SHE WANTS TO DESTROY THAT SHE WANTS TO SEE SUFFER, THAT SHE WANTS TO INFLICT PAIN UPON, TO WAKE IT UP, SO IT ENGAGES WITH HER AGAIN, INVOLVES ITSELF, FEELS, SHARES HER FEELING "I HATE YOU", she now types in one of the comment columns of the social media fora which she is connected to by apps for her IPHONE, and into which even here during our sessions she continually dips at regular intervals of five to seven minutes, when she can't take our conversations any more, and my questions get too stressful, too personal, too intimate, too pushy, TOO CLOSE for her or she just can't stand the sound of my voice any longer, because it is amplified a thousand times in the coils of her brain and swells into a single giant distorted multi-layered noise of ripping, tearing, pulling apart OF THE INTOLERABLY DIRTY ROAR OF EXCESSIVE DEMANDS and destroys all thoughts, all concentration and she needs calm, calm, protection, an absence of this world, these questions, my facial expression, me probing further, not being able to click away from block or delete me SHE IS NOT USED TO THAT, SHE HATES ME FOR IT, FOR BEING HERE AND NOT SWITCHING OFF WITH THE SIMPLE CLICK OF A BUTTON now she looks at me, with a blank expression, looks as if she's not quite sure what this could be in front of her, ME what that is ME and while she's writing messages on her smartphone she keeps me in view over the top of her display looking right into my eyes and whispers loudly: MY HATRED IS SO GREAT. ONE DAY YOU ARE ALL GOING TO PAY FOR IT. THEN I WILL ERASE YOU. ALL.

10. WHAT REMAINS?

FLORIAN

Moments of fear... When everything dissolves around you and you suddenly don't know exactly who you are supposed to be ... So my wife has gone, my son has gone, my father is dying and ... I wanted to ask you: have you ever lost anyone who was very close to you and what was that like? Can you describe that moment for me, precisely? What is death? Are you afraid of dying, of getting older ... what is that: getting older? Tell me, I don't understand. What happens? What changes? Are you now a different person from the one you were 30 years ago, when you were my age? Can you tell me about a night with a man that has stayed in your memory? Can you describe exactly what it was like: what you did then and what it felt like, I'm asking because I'm searching for a language for these things myself, I don't actually know how you describe something like that, but so many scripts and feelings have passed through your body in all those years ... what exactly was that like? Getting closer, looking at each other, touching each other, what did you want him to do to you, what did you wish for and what did you want to do to him ... or wasn't it pleasant, was it unpleasant. What was unpleasant? Is that difficult: allowing a person to get close to you? Physically close? Allowing someone to get very close to you? And what remains of a love, what do you remember of a person you once loved and now plays no part in your life. What remains of them?

And of all the scripts, all the parts you learned: what remains? What lines are left inside you? What have they left behind? Are there moments when you suddenly remember a line and you think, now at last I understand that line? Now at last I understand what was meant by that. And what remains of all those people you met over 50 years, who you kissed and held in your arms because that's what the script said, and for whom you developed a lot of feelings because that's what the script said, and what remains of the people who you kissed because it's also written down somewhere that in our real lives we all have to get close to someone now again and not trust each other and hurt each other and be unable to bear each other but keep on trying again and again because it is sometimes very, very beautiful, this closeness, so I think my question is simply: WHAT REMAINS?

11. Fly away!

ILSE

I don't know how to begin. Moments of fear in life. Just before he died I rang him up and all I could hear on the phone was heavy breathing (*breathes heavily*)... And I spent the whole time talking at him and trying to say some loving things, to comfort him, but he couldn't answer any more. And there was always this breathing (*breathes heavily*), as if he couldn't get any more air... Out of fear I kept on talking, something beautiful ... that we would see each other again or ... that he would actually just transform and that something was really exciting, something to anticipate ... But I felt very helpless and frightened, because I knew that it would be our final conversation ... Well it was, it wasn't even a conversation any more, it was just his breathing (*she breathes heavily*) and my helpless attempts to somehow ... give him ... love for the journey which I didn't know where it would lead ... and ... when I think about it, then there's always something, something almost unreal As if I ... did try everything... to whisper ... some tenderness into that phone but ... ultimately what was left was great, endless helplessness ... um ... I think it was actually the case that ... he died a couple of hours later.

Oh... You know, I've still got your shirt, that you left behind the last night we spent together and from now on I'll always wear it in the night and then you'll be really close to me for ever ... you will now ... sail free through the cosmos... What you always wanted to do, you wanted to sail round the world ... (*through tears*) Fly away! (*sobs*). Perhaps that is a form of redemption, if you are no longer bound to this body, all the memories, all the pain which is stored inside it, you're simply one with everything... And perhaps at home ... in everything. And ... if you're one with everything, you know everything, you see everything, then in seconds you can... as fast as thinking you can... fly from here to there and above all you can sail, sail, sail in your never-ending sea with so much, so much light, so much to see.

12. IN THIS SHIRT / DANCE

13. ABORIGINAL SPIRAL

ILSE

and everything I ever felt,
and everything I ever thought,
and all the people I ever met,
and all the lines I ever learned,
and all the characters I ever played
and all the people I have ever loved,
and all the people I have ever missed, known or mistaken,
all the dead, all the living,
all the places and times,
all the hopes all the disappointments,
all the despair, all the effort, all the love, all this endless great love never wanting to end,
all the struggle, the anger, the hate, yes, the hate, the dark nights, the cold mornings, the
coming home on a December evening to an empty flat AND NOBODY IS WAITING FOR
ME, that silence, and how everyone slowly leaves me, because everyone who was close
to me gradually dies away, and it gets very lonely around me and the view in the mirror
and my brief hesitation when I see myself WHO'S THAT WHO IS THAT? And my body,
my skin, which will dissolve if it's not touched for a long time, these bruises, these wounds,
the injuries, all the pain, my uncertainty when you take me in your arms, kiss me when I
feel you very close
very close to me, your breath, and you look at me and I can't find words for what I feel, and
the fear in your eyes, and the sudden exhaustion, if I would need that much strength, and
all the lonely nights, all the hours that I spent thinking my way into lives which were not
mine, all the women I have been, all the wonderful moments, all the uncertainty, the doubt
and hesitation, the fear that never wanted to end, ever and ever recurring fear it is all
present here in this moment, in me, and all times and all thoughts and all feelings and all
encounters,
and all that I have ever seen,
and all that I have ever thought read dreamed
all the people I have lost over the years,
and all the people I have never seen, never met, never felt, never touched,
all of them are here now in this room, here with me and ...

14. ERASE EVERYTHING YOU KNOW

KAY, TILMAN, JOHANNA & REGINE

KAY

(to himself) Today's narcissistic performance subject is success-orientated above all else. Successes bring with them an affirmation of the one from the other. In the process the other is degraded, robbed of his otherness, becoming a mirror of the one, who confirms this in his ego. This logic of recognition entangles the narcissistic performance subject even deeper in his own ego, consequently developing his depression of success. The depressive performance subject sinks and drowns in himself ...

TILMAN

(talks across Kay's lines) He goes through his notes for the next day, standing naked by the window of his empty two room apartment and learns the script of the lecture he will give the next day to around 200 students by heart, who – he already knows – will be writing and reading Facebook messages while he is talking or sending WhatsApp messages back and forth with their friends or fleetingly scrolling through alternative news feeds while they are bored and possibly even now and then for a brief moment also listening, when some keyword from his lecture manages to attract their attention.

KAY

You've got to be able to take the boring parts too. Otherwise you won't understand anything, there aren't just highlights, there are also allusions, associated thoughts, digressions, silences, there are moments too, when nothing exceptional happens...

JOHANNA

He'd always kept telling them and they thought something like, yes Grandad, now get to the point, we haven't got all day.

TIMAN

Suddenly the telephone rings!

KAY

Where did you get my landline number?

REGINE

I don't know, I remembered it from that time

KAY *(laughs)* "That time" yes

JOHANNA (she says nothing)

KAY What is it, why are you calling?

REGINE I don't know?!

TILMAN (short pause, he doesn't know what to answer)

REGINE I really don't know, I...

KAY Is everything alright?

REGINE I don't know. Why were we together?

KAY It's two in the morning.

REGINE And why did we keep splitting up?

KAY Are you drunk again?

REGINE Tell me. I don't understand either of them.

KAY I don't know what you mean.

REGINE You don't understand anything. You've never understood anything.

KAY What do you want?

REGINE Good question! What DON'T I want?

KAY I transferred the money. It couldn't be done sooner, I'm sorry.

KAY

Erase it. Just erase everything you know.

15. KAY SOLO (DANCE) – A TIMELINE TELLS YOU NOTHING TILMAN & JOHANNA

TILMAN

I can't tell if he represents any danger,

whether he's liable to cause himself or others damage,

He seems...

injured, antagonized,

unpredictable,

perhaps it's a temporary state of exhaustion,

of disappointment.

He seems tense, tired,

not acting according to a plan,

perhaps he does have something in mind,

in his face I recognize the desire to steer his life in a radical direction,

But where?

What do you want, what do you think, what do you feel?

Perhaps he does not know what to do with the rest of his life, perhaps his career has not turned out the way he imagined, perhaps all his friendships gradually evaporate because no one any longer has time for him and hardly anyone ever calls him back

and that makes him afraid sometimes, at night, when he's lying there with his computer beside him researching something online for his lectures at the university about the increasingly fluid relationships which reject all ties in the elusive modern age or stumbling through the profiles of old school friends or googling his ex-girlfriend's new partners or suddenly downloading masses of electronic self-help books onto his iPad or working his way through YouTube links in the vague search for something to hold onto, some kind of structure in this inscrutable sea of information, perhaps he has contempt for his students, because they know so little, because they think so little for themselves, because they don't listen to him, because none of their contributions appear to him to be original, intelligent or even only partly worthy of discussion, because they stare permanently at their iPhones, and send text messages while he stands in front of them and says sentences such as: "saved data can be counted but not TOLD. Saving and accessing differs fundamentally from memory, which is a NARRATIVE process. An autobiography is a WRITTEN NARRATIVE OF MEMORY. A timeline tells you NOTHING. It's just counting and adding up events and information."

JOHANNA

Maybe he enjoys the silence at night, the sound of his own breathing, the wind outside at 2 a.m., when the city briefly finds rest, perhaps he is constantly fighting against something but he does not know what it is, he does not know who his opponent is, perhaps he feels as if he is in an unmanned plane, a drone, which collects data but does not know what for or to what end and he can no longer evaluate all the data, there are too much of it, it does not point to any clear conclusion.

TILMAN

We get astonishingly close to these people

these people lie open before us,

like on a dissecting table,

with open heart and open brain they lie there,

and still we don't understand them,

not fully,

not yet,

Who are you? Who are you? Who are you? Who are you? Who are you?

16. 2 A.M. // Chris + Regine Duo Dance

KAY

2 a.m.

The city doesn't make a noise.

I haven't set foot outside the door for weeks,

If I go outside then everything, every sound, every image, everything descends on me, in me, all much too loud and if I talk to someone, then I become them, I. Am.

Something else. I am what stands in front of me and become what they say. And do what they want.

Since I was a child I have had this disorder.

Disease.

Talent.

Dislocation.

I don't know what I should call it.

I notice everything, everything.

No filter, no protection.

Every sound,

every siren,

every noise,

every breath.

The machines on standby at night,

the wind outside,

the silence,

and every feeling that I have ever felt.

Suddenly it is there inside me and flushes me away.

There is a body missing here. This absence of another body has eaten away such strange wounds in my skin, here... strange... ...no

protection any more... ...all gone...

17. GROUP BREATHING - DANCE

18. THE LAST TWENTY YEARS

ILSE AND REGINE

REGINE Do you feel happy here, Mum?

ILSE Would you feel happy here?

REGINE Mum!

ILSE I'm not your mum, I don't have any children, I lost all my children.

REGINE Oh Mum!

ILSE I've lost the whole of the last day. It was there in my handbag and now it's gone! Who brought me here?

REGINE That was me.

ILSE But why am I not allowed to be at home? And why have they taken all my books away from me?

REGINE Mum!

ILSE I can't find the last twenty years any more! Where are they? What did I do then? Tell me what I did then?

REGINE You were together with ME.

ILSE Was I? I don't believe it. Why should I be together with someone who I don't even know? I've lost my handbag, I've lost the last twenty years and now I always keep having to play these games. Guess the butterfly. I know

what a butterfly is, I know that. Why do I now have to keep guessing the butterfly with people I've never seen before in my life?

REGINE

Mum look at me LISTEN TO ME: I AM YOUR DAUGHTER THAT'S WHAT I AM HERE AND HERE AND HERE (*points to and hits her body*) here this here THAT'S YOUR DAUGHTER THAT'S ME THAT THAT'S ME

ILSE

(*does not react*) I would so like to go back home again. Why can't I go back home? I don't understand. I played quite different things, before, not guess the butterfly. But what? What was that? Can you help me?

REGINE

I've got to go now, I've got to get out of here, take care, Mum, take care, fare well.

ILSE

My peace is gone, my heart is heavy, I'll never find it, never ever. Being without it is like being in the grave, the entire world tastes bitter. My poor head is all awry, my poor mind is in pieces. My peace is gone, my heart is heavy, I'll never find it, never ever...

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