

# SENSE OF WONDER

(transcription voice overs)

## INTRO (CARO)

Welcome,

you are sitting on the tribune, and we, four of us, are also here, sitting inwardly on the left front at the end of a blue, long diagonal path that expands into two smaller ramifications on either side.

Little by little we will turn into a frozen image. Entranced. Our faces are expressive, mouths dilated. Holding our arms theatrically in front of us.

I am Andromeda. I am a white non-binary person. My weightless brown hair reaching my shoulders dances about the space as I move through the zone. Sometimes I like to run and end up getting lost.

I am Lisa. I am white. I am bald, no hair. I have a body that sits sensitively before you. Just like the landscapes I'm about to enter, my body keeps surprising me with transformations.

I, Caro, am white, wearing facial hair and a thick, long, brown braid that I inherited from my grandmother. I move through the zone carefully, listening.

I am Sarah, a black woman. I put my afro curls into a palm tree. I move grounded in the zone, meeting it with respect and following my ancestors in it.

In the center of the stage is a large object. It reaches from the floor to the ceiling and almost touches the rigging. The light in the room will become a palpable climate, light and fog are combined, swaths on the floor turn into fine particles, the particles become snowflakes. At the beginning, the stage is bathed in dull orange light, a grayish landscape stripped of all color.

We will move through this landscape, the zone. The Zone is an atmosphere that the group enters and moves through. We are on an expedition in search of wonder. Our stories emerge from words, sounds and bodies and our individual perspectives. Time in these stories is erratic, runs backwards, or can accelerate.

The voices coming out of the speaker were recorded in the past.

It's 2023. It's May.

In a moment, it will get loud for a moment.

This is the beginning.

## **NAVIGATOR (LISA)**

### **(4 SIT UNDER THE OBJECT)**

We are back at the beginning. We sit under a large stone arch from which a cone of light shines down on us. This is the place where we always begin to enter the zone, where we always find ourselves during our journey.

We remember paths and landscapes and slowly slip into the shape of explorers, navigators. Our fingers point to the ground and the air in front of us. Our jackets are worn, faded. Our pants reflect the light. In the zone, everything is different. A high sensitivity, sometimes a different gravity, heavy air, but also holes that can suck us in.

We try to find a world and build it from our imaginations. Sometimes we get lost in it. The zone moves our bodies. The air we breathe makes us see, feel and hear things. Our bodies measuring devices for temperature, taste, proportions.

### **after SARAH'S SOLO (SARAH)**

The four of us sit again under the big stone, in the clearing, in our place.

It gets darker and darker around us and above us. Curiously, our hands feel the consistency of the stone. It is firm, has a rough surface and smells of paint.

### **circle of SUNBEAM (SARAH)**

Everything around us is now dark. Slowly we press against the stone. It begins to rotate silently around itself. A light appears from above, from a crack in the stone. Like a single sunbeam and clock hand it circles, exposing blue paths below. Sometimes hoods, backpacks appear in the empty landscapes.

The sunbeam slows down and slows down as the time in us and around us slows down.

The sunbeam stops there at the end of a blue path, where we began singing. Where everything began.

### **(TRANSITION TO SLOW-MO DIAGONAL)**

We are standing at the beginning of a long blue path. The surroundings cast light on the paths in front of us.

We did not notice how slowly we were now moving

### **climbing MOUNT EVEREST (CARO)**

We were connected by ropes, carabiners and buckles.  
We walked one after the other, carefully, slowly. Step by step.  
We were surprised by a bone-chilling cold, icy light.  
The ground became a wall.  
The wall became higher and higher.  
Our upper bodies leaned forward.  
We spoke to each other through pointing fingers and ambiguous gestures.  
Sometimes there was a puff of air that changed gravity and almost made us drift away.  
Just before reaching the summit, four bright, warm suns appeared behind the ridge.  
Sometimes we got stuck, or slipped, and had to help each other.  
Nevertheless, in the end one was lost in the darkness.

## **human MONUMENTS**

### **(LISA)**

My fingers assure me that my feet are still with me.  
My head is so heavy,  
it dipped into many soils,  
which now slowly merge into my cycle.  
I just wanted to rest,  
have a break from past pains,  
and was left here.

### **(SARAH)**

We are sitting here, front right, three of us, close to each other,  
turned into ourselves and almost motionless.  
On a warm island of light, around us it is dark.  
Snowflakes fall down on us from above, glittering in the light

### **(CARO)**

It's over and done with.  
Maybe.

I am sitting here under a cloudless sky.  
I closed my eyes.  
How much time has passed, I do not know.

**(LISA)**

Particles rest on my body,  
press it down,  
make it easy  
to rest here  
and not having to go on.

**(SARAH)**

Arms, legs, head, heart, my cells try to reconnect  
A body that was quiet for long, wishing to be loud. Each step makes a new green hill  
with oversized colorful sunflowers appear.  
step 1 year, step 10 years... step 30, 40, 50 years of sunflowers smiling at me,  
telling me it's going to be ok.  
I feel the limits of my body.

**(CARO)**

My breathing is slow.  
I turn my head slowly to the side and feel the air around me.  
I don't know where my arms are anymore.  
My legs are moss, my head is heavy.  
My body has become the environment.

**(SARAH)**

A soft, strong voice, it is mine.  
It reminds me of paths traveled.  
The sun thaws me out.

**(LISA)**

Next to me are 3 warm bodies.  
We breathe together.