

ANA DOESN'T WANT TO BE SEEN DANICING

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Written by

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NOTES

A) The story takes place in a small medieval German settlement in 1518. Filming, however, will be in the Mexican countryside. The landscape will sometimes pass as medieval, but rarified with elements that are clearly extemporaneous to the culture of the German middle-ages. This shift will be made through numerous details in costume, props and architecture that are not fully described here, please bear this in mind while reading.

B) Practically everything will happen outdoors, on a plain with houses strewn across it, we will see people as loose pieces on a wide canvas. The architectural world will often exist "out of frame", implied, partially visible but never crowding the frame. We might see the edge of a shack, a fence, washing on a line, evidence of strip farming, a scythe, a plough, but no castles or a mills or gigantic fortresses, etc. The narrative convention, then, is slightly theatrical; all along the spectator is invited to "play the game" of accepting this world as Medieval Germany.

C) As the story unfolds, we will repeatedly use the depth of field of the lens as a narrative device. Our intention is to confuse perspective and muddle the distances of objects and people from the lens in various different ways, for example, by creating the feeling that someone in the distance and someone in the foreground are on the same visual plane. The viewer will find a certain difficulty in identifying what is "far" and what is "near", what is "big" and what is "small". This visual element is central to various narrative functions relating to the psychological implications of concealment, covering and camouflage as well as the point of view and framing - what is kept in the field of vision and what is left out. This destabilisation of perspective will re-occur throughout the film.

1 EXT. HILL WITH 20 STANDING STONES - EARLY MORNING.

ANA, a robust teenager with roughly separated eyes and a graceless and unwieldy body, runs amid twenty great standing stones, evenly distributed across a hill like eternal sentinels. We watch her hide behind a stone, we hear the girl bend, the skirt rise, the agitated breath become even, then anticipation, silence, before the sound of her stream of urine hitting the ground rings out.

Nineteen more streams are heard emanating from each of the nineteen remaining stones. The seemingly deserted scene is, in fact, filled with people, each one hiding from the other (AND FROM THE CAMERA) behind their individual stones and attending to their respective needs. A curious religiosity hangs in the air as we watch this ritualistic, collective hide-and-seek, this veiled voyeurism.

Ana's bent head is just visible, protruding from behind her rock. Gazing into the middle distance, she suddenly notices another GIRL peeing behind the nearest stone, she stares at her with distracted curiosity. The GIRL suddenly sees Ana seeing her and shoots her a sharp look. The encounter makes Ana deeply aware of the other nineteen people peeing around her. Caught in the act, suddenly embarrassed, she recoils clumsily, pressing closer to her rock, trying to conceal herself. As she does this she stumbles, almost losing her balance while still peeing and, as a result, soaking her left foot.

Once she's finished, she straightens, taking care to keep her wet foot clear of the dusty ground and checking if anyone witnessed the embarrassing scene, to her relief no one saw.

She lifts the dripping foot and examines it carefully. For a moment Ana stands with her left foot in the air and her hand on the stone, motionless like a mythic statue. SOUND BEAT supports the idea while the wind, the sounds of insects and streams, grows steadily louder and louder.

One foot is completely wet. The other one, completely dry.

2 EXT. VILLAGE "CENTRE" - MORNING.

The land is expansive and arid, a collection of small semi-built abodes and sections of fences that never completely enclose an area are dotted around in a random formation, set against rolling hills.

There's evidence of farming - rows of vegetables and grains are cultivated in a disordered patchwork of small fields. Stones, clumps of thirsty grass and muddy watering holes are strewn across the terrain. A circle of earth has been flattened down amid the disarray, a few paving slabs are stacked to one side and a spindly wooden scaffold with a sculpture of a stone foot beneath it is within the circle. This building site is destined to become the "Centre" of the community, they seem to have totally misjudged where the centre is. Here and there people lay about, chatting and contemplating their surroundings while enjoying the summer heat: In medieval Germany, the only thing there's too much of is time.

We hear voices conversing in the foreground. FRAU TROFFEA (tall, 45, nice skin, extremely long mousey hair), walks purposefully to a grassy patch

(CAMERA FOLLOWS HER THROUGH THE LANDSCAPE).

IN THE FOREGROUND, WE HEAR MORE DISTINCTLY:

SARA (OS)
Is your foot OK?

ZOOM-OUT BEGINS.

ANA (OS)
What're you talking about?

SARA (OS)
Oh, you just keep fiddling with it.

ANA(OS)
It's nothing... I twisted it in the field back there.

Frau Troffea suddenly stops walking. ZOOM-OUT REVEALS Ana, SARA AND THOMAS. Ana is positioned in the foreground so that Frau Troffea (far behind her) is now covered by the girl's big, shapeless body.

THOMAS (cautious smile, long hair, blinks often) sits on a stone and SARA (thick dark hair and stern eyebrows) is on a gasoline canister... it's barely visible, you wouldn't notice.

THOMAS
Oh no! Let's have a look, show me where it hurts.

(reaching to touch)

ANA

(recoiling)

No, really it's nothing. Carry on -
which monks?

Ana's bare foot beneath her skirt doesn't touch the ground, she tries to conceal her abnormal concern over it but she can't help touching it occasionally as the conversation continues.

THOMAS

...The ones just over the hill, in
that monastery near Strasbourg;
they're calling it "silent
reading"!

SARA

They read - their eyes move across
the pages, they're searching for
the meaning but their tongues stay
totally still! They don't pronounce
a single word.

THOMAS

...So they might be all together,
sitting with their bibles but they
don't read aloud, they don't share
it...

Some distance away, a MAN pauses and, trying not to stare, acting like he is very busy going about his business, he steals a glance at Frau Troffea. Ana covers her from THE CAMERA'S VIEW, so from our point of view, we have the impression that this tiny man is looking, instead, at a giant-sized Ana. We can't see what Frau Troffea is doing to attract the man's attention.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

... they keep it to themselves, in
their insides. Can you imagine?

They seem perplexed.

Sara spots Frau Troffea in the distance.

SARA

Ana, isn't that... I think I see
your mother over there...? Look,
isn't she...

(Sara give a little
laugh)
...dancing?

Ana is taken by surprise, the bare foot almost touches the
dirty ground as she turns around violently.

CUT TO:

3 TITLE ON PINK SCREEN: "ANA DOESN'T WANT TO BE SEEN DANCING".
AN INTER-TITLE READS: 14 JULY

CUT TO:

4 EXT. VILLAGE "CENTER" - SAME MOMENT.

REVERSE ANGLE:

Ana, Thomas and Sara, look at a figure in the distance.
Inside Ana's skirt, the foot hovers above the ground.

ANA
That's not my mother.

SARA
It sure looks a lot like her.

ANA
No. Not at all. It's too far to
tell anyway.

THOMAS
I mean... yeah, but...

ANNA
But what? From this distance it
could be anybody's mother. It could
be Gretchen's, or Greta's or
Grunhilde's...

SARA
Yeah, but it's obviously...

ANNA
...Or even yours, Sara.

GRETA approaches from the background. Someone trails behind
her.

GRETA

Oh... is that your mother dancing
over there Ana?

SARA

(ironic)

Oh, no, that's not Ana's mother.
From this distance it could be
anybody's mother. It could be mine,
or Thomas'... or even yours Greta.

GRETA

(dismissive)

Mine's already dead.

GRETA takes another look.

GRETA (CONT'D)

But, are you sure? It looks a lot
like her.

ANA

Yeah, well... It's not. She doesn't
do that kind of thing.

GRETA

Well, you think you know someone
and then all of a sudden they do
something and...

ANA

But she *hates* dancing, and no one
else is dancing, and there isn't
even any music, why would she
dance?

HOLD. They all take another look in unison.

GRETA

Well, it certainly wouldn't be her
style. I mean, if she's anything
like you, or, if you're anything
like her. Maybe... do you think
she's a bit tight?

BEAT

SARA

Well, tight or not, it certainly
wouldn't kill her to make a fool of
herself for a while.

ANA

I don't take after her at all. She ain't like me at all. I ain't like her at all. Not at all.

SARA

Ah ha! So that *IS* your mother, then?

HOLD.

Sara and Greta take another look. Ana turns away. There's nothing more to talk about, in her opinion.

ANA

It's not.

SARA

Why are you getting so worked up?

ANA

Why do you have to keep insisting?

THOMAS

I guess we could just go over and see?

ANA

Listen, if I say it isn't, then it isn't. Why can't you all just drop it?

A YOUNG WORKING MAN carrying a very long stick passes by heading towards the New "Centre".

YOUNG WORKING MAN

Hey Ana, what's your mother up to over there?

Silence.

Sara laughs.

THOMAS

Oh dear...

No one knows what to say next. Thomas starts humming to himself.

GRETA

Well... Have you met my cousin Gerald, by the way?

A softly shaped, insignificant man, sheepishly waves from where he has been standing almost invisible, merged with the background. It's GERALD.

CUT TO:

5 EXT. VILLAGE, EDGE OF COMMUNITY - DAY.

Ana sits away from the others (is she having a tantrum?). Thomas joins, with the intention of consoling her. In the background, we see the group of workers constructing the New "Centre" as Thomas tries to appease Ana:

THOMAS

Ana! Don't be upset!

ANA

I'm quite alright thank you.

THOMAS

But...

ANA

But nothing! I'm not bothered, I just don't feel like being with anyone right now.

THOMAS

It's just that the knights are coming. Won't you watch them pass with us?

ANA

Thomas, think of the monks, times are changing! We don't have to spend every waking second of every day doing everything together...

THOMAS

Sara's just an idiot sometimes...

ANA

Like I said, not bothered! I just want to watch the knights from elsewhere.

In the distance, an increasing number of peasants cross the field, they stand and watch from a safe distance, in the direction of whatever or whoever is hidden behind Ana's shape (presumably Ana's mother, presumably dancing, presumably alone... though we can't really see, since Ana's body is covering the scene again). The crowd are voyeuristic, they spy on the mysterious scene while pretending to be doing something else.

No one dares to stare straight at it, but they steal quick little glances and a collective, morbid, and dissimulated curiosity hovers in the air.

THOMAS

Well, so long as you aren't offended; we didn't want to offend you.

ANA

No, I just couldn't see why you had to insist - if I say it isn't, and it's obvious your insistence is bugging me, then why keep insisting?

THOMAS

Yes, that's totally logical, I agree. We just didn't think you'd get so upset that your mother might be...

ANA

Cos she isn't.

THOMAS

Yeah, that's fine Ana. So... maybe it's *my* mother then... I wouldn't have a problem with that.

ANA

It's not your mother either Thomas.

BEAT

THOMAS

Ok. But won't you come to watch the knights?

CUT TO

6 EXT. CHIVALRY 1 - DAY

ZOOM IN

KNIGHT 1 stands like a salt statue while being armed by his SQUIRE.

From the waist up, the knight is fully clothed in chain mail vest, helmet, armour and insignia. From the waist down, the knight has not yet been dressed.

His long and thin, deflated MEMBER, hangs beneath his hyperbolic, metallic chest.

The SQUIRE struggles to identify which part of the armour he has to fit next.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. CHIVALRY 2 - AFTERNOON.

ZOOM IN

KNIGHT 2 stands like a salt statue while being armed by his SQUIRE.

From the waist up, the knight is fully dressed in chain mail vest, helmet, armour and insignia (practically identical to the previous guy). The armour shines almost electrically.

From the waist down the knight remains naked.

His small, round MEMBER, hides itself like a tortoise retreating into its shell. This is the only element that allows us to distinguish KNIGHT 2 from KNIGHT 1

The SQUIRE struggles to identify which part of the armour he must fit next.

CUT TO:

8 OUTSIDE. CHIVALRY 3 - DAY.

ZOOM IN

KNIGHT 3 stands like a salt statue while being armed by his SQUIRE.

From the waist up, the knight is fully dressed in chain mail vest, helmet, armour and insignia. The image is almost the same as the previous ones. The armour shines electrically.

Again, from the waist down, the knight has not yet been fully dressed. His thick red MEMBER, jumps out breaking any of the uniformity the armour might give. Yet again this is the only thing distinguishing him from the others.

The SQUIRE struggles to identify which part of the armour he should fit next.

CUT TO: