

ANA DOESN'T WANT TO BE SEEN DANCING

Five-page extract from the script

EXT. BUSHES - AFTERNOON.

Thomas' grandfather dances in the distance. Thomas tries not to pay attention but can't help sneaking an anxious glance, he frowns as though worried their resemblance might be noticed.

EXT. TENT - AFTERNOON.

Sara's father dances in the distance too. Sara pretends not to care what her father is doing, or what his reasons might be for doing whatever he is doing. She looks about desperately for an escape route, some other event upon which can serve to divert her attention. Just then she spots Thomas crouched by some bushes spying on his grandfather. Sara studies him with curiosity, trying to identify the emotions that lie beneath the boy's face.

EXT. PORCH, ANA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON.

Ana spies on Sara spying on Thomas spying on his grandfather from the distance. The girl searches hopefully for any hint of discomfort betrayed in Sara's features as a consequence of her father's ridiculous behavior.

EXT. BUSHES - AFTERNOON.

As Thomas spies on his grandfather, he feels Sara's spying gaze upon him.

EXT. TENT - AFTERNOON.

As Sara spies on Thomas spying on his grandfather, she feels Anna's spying gaze upon her.

EXT. PORCH, ANA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON.

As Ana spies on Sara spying on Thomas spying on his grandfather, she feels the spying gaze of Greta who, from the other side, studies the girl and makes some inaudible comment to Gerald, who listens with his usual disenchanted wet lettuce-like indifference.

EXT. BUSHES - AFTERNOON.

Uncomfortable in the knowledge that he is being spied upon by Sara while he spies on his grandfather, Thomas slides backwards, as naturally as possible, into the bush next to him, until he is completely camouflaged, his left leg barely shows in a corner. His neck involuntarily carves into the foliage. The boy and the plant seem to merge into a single thing.

EXT. TENT - AFTERNOON.

Sara, uncomfortable in the knowledge that she is being spied upon by Ana as she spies Thomas, who spies upon his grandfather, withdraws from Ana's sight-line. She sits quietly behind one of the drapes hanging from the tent, trying to conceal her own curiosity from her friend's curious eyes. Behind the drape, her hips, legs and arms poke out. Together, curtain and girl look like a new object of a strange kind, a curtain with legs, or legs with a curtain.

EXT. PORCH, ANA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON.

Uncomfortable in the knowledge that she is being spied by Greta, while she spies on Sara, while she spies on Thomas, while he spies upon his dancing grandfather, Ana tries, in turn, to hide her own curiosity from Greta's gaze: Carefully, she positions herself so that she slowly conceals her body almost completely as well (it happens that the line of her skirt corresponds with a table-top and the colors of her clothes match the background) she takes a pot and holds it in front of her in line with the surface of the table. She shifts sideways a little to hide her head behind a hanging rag.

From her hiding place, peering through a hole in the rag, Ana locates her dancing mother, who is busy giving free rein to her exuberant and voluptuous exhibitionism, exploding in the distance like a pus abscess bursting on a preteen's nose. Ana's eye behind the rag inevitably suffers from the mother's lost dignity.

(Thomas, Sara and Ana, each in their own way, have become Tableau-Vivants or involuntary Dutch *still lifes*, while the world beyond keeps on moving).

Ana's father (Heinz) trudges across the background after having finished a day's work. He scans his surroundings with an idle gaze. He innocently distinguishes his youngest daughter amongst the objects in the porch and rebukes her:

HEINZ

¡Ana, the knights are coming!

ANA

Thank you! I can see them fine from here.

In the distance, a shining phenomenon is approaching in a flock: it's the horde of knights.

The knights advance in coordination, as if they were a unique and brilliant creature, like some mythic god. The armor flares against the lens with intensity.

They move in an elaborate synchronized choreography, moving in and out of various figurations, like a gale of exotic birds or a fleet of flamingos.

An almost intergalactic orchestra of metallic thunder accompanies the spectacular galloping clattering armor.

EXT. BUSHES - AFTERNOON.

The KNIGHTS cross dramatically in front of Thomas (hidden in the bush). The bush shakes feverishly, the leaves light up like the intermittent shimmering of a sequined suit, the boy's face too is illuminated in the reflected glimmer of the passing gale.

EXT. TENT - AFTERNOON.

The KNIGHTS cross in front of Sara (hidden inside the tent) The screen is briefly covered with bright white flashes.

EXT. PORCH, ANA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON.

The KNIGHTS cross in front of Ana (hidden among the objects of the porch). The girl observes them as if witnessing an extraordinary natural phenomenon.

The knights disappear just as they had arrived, at the opposite edge of the plain. An ecstatic silence extends over the landscape.

MONTAJE: EXT. TENT / BUSHES / PORCH . AFTERNOON.

Still hiding in their respective places but having managed to get a good eyeful of the scene, Sara, Thomas and Ana feel compelled to comment on the event:

SARA

They are nice, aren't they?

Hidden at some distance, behind the bush, Thomas can't hear properly.

THOMAS

What did you say?

SARA

(rising her voice)

Nothing. Just that they're nice!

THOMAS

(rising his voice as well)

Ah! Yes! It's such a pleasure to look at them as they're passing by!

The boy turns to the other side, trying to distinguish the figure of Ana in the landscape.

THOMAS
Don't you think so, Ana?

From behind the rag, at some distance, Ana can't hear clearly, she peeks out a little:

ANA
(rising her voice)
What did you say?

THOMAS
(screaming)
Nothing... Just that it's such a pleasure to see them pass!

ANA
(screaming)
Completely!

The girl thinks about it for a moment. She adds.

ANA
(screaming)
They move as if they were a single being!

THOMAS
(screaming)
What did you say?!

Pause. The kids don't know how to continue the conversation. The situation is absurd (some would even say embarrassing). They remain motionless and uncomfortable, imperfectly camouflaged. The chirping of the cicadas becomes louder and louder as the sun goes down, and the footfalls of the scattered dancers patter tirelessly upon ground. Their relatives continue to dance, grossly exposed, grossly visible, in the middle of the plain.

EXT. ANA'S HOUSE - NIGHTFALL.

Ana, her sister, brother and father, struggle to get Frau Troffea back into the house. The four of them herd the dancing mother across the plain as if trying to chase a chicken back into its coop. They run like soccer players who have become confused during a game.

EXT. ANA'S HOUSE - NIGHTFALL.

Inside the small house there is not enough space for a grown woman to dance freely.

After some frustrated attempts to make her sit down and trying to prevent the woman from being hurt by the edge of some accidental object, Ana and her siblings move the furniture from side to side, up and down, from right to left, forming their own secondary and involuntary dance.

INT. ANA'S HOUSE - NIGHT.

The furniture is piled up against the walls and everyone except Ana and the tireless mother have fallen asleep. Ana no longer conceals how much her mother's behavior makes her suffer and cringe, emboldened, she looks at her openly like Perseus renouncing himself in the mirror in front of the Medusa.

ANA

You have to stop.
You'll hurt yourself.

But the mother keeps on dancing anyway.

ANA (CONT'D)

You're embarrassing Hilde.
You are embarrassing her terribly.

But the mother keeps on dancing anyway.

ANA (CONT'D)

You're embarrassing us all.

But the mother keeps on dancing anyway.

Ana seems to meditate and come to a conclusion: The girl looks at the mother in a challenging attitude. Her initial preoccupation takes on a theatrical cover of disdain.

Little by little, Ana begins to take off her clothes, acting as if each garment were a threat. In the end she has almost completely undressed. Her left foot, naked next to the other, is already dirty, encrusted with mud, grass and straw. The window is wide open. It is terribly cold and Ana shivers uncontrollably, but remains determined in her threatening attitude, completely naked in front of her mother and her unstoppable dance:

ANA (CONT'D)

(ultimatum)

I'll die of pneumonia,
if you don't stop.

Frau Troffea, meanwhile,
seems to be having the best time of her life.