

Red Dress.

Kate AKS

idea 25.12.2018

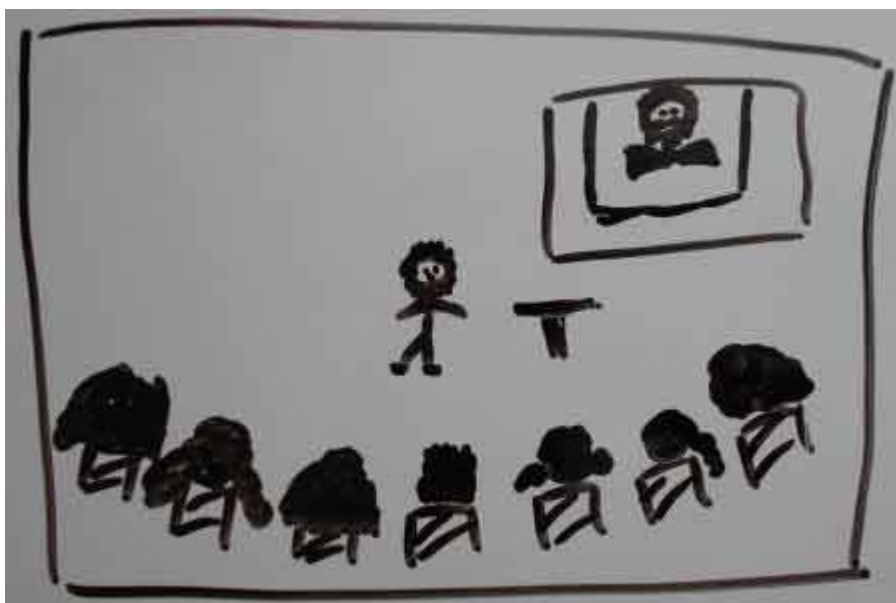




*Man's face, he opens eyes, starts to talk. Wears everything black, including shirt and bow-tie.*

NARRATOR:

Today's experience will change your life. It's beginning of new story in your life. It's beginning of story of your life. Each story needs narrator and I am Narrator.



*Man bows and he stands in front of group near twenty people, who sits on chairs in the half circle in the white room without decorations and windows.*

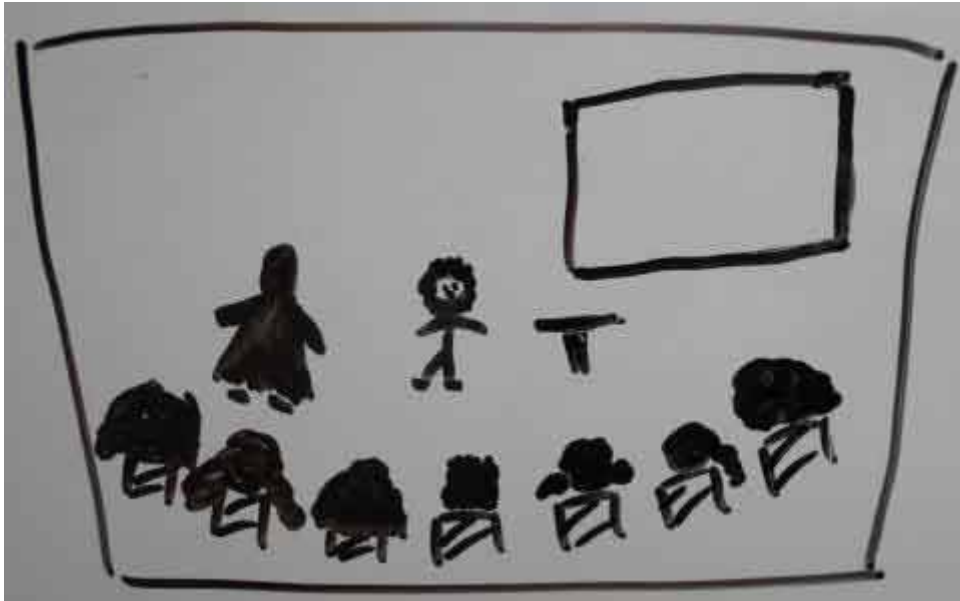
NARRATOR:

Please be ready and open to everything and anything what you hear and see here. At first – lights off. Don't be scary, your journey will begin with light.

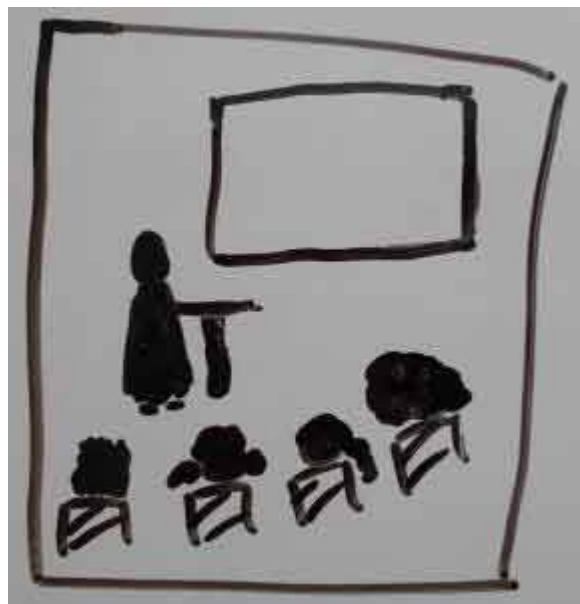
*Everything is in dark, people didn't move.*



*Door opens and that gives chance to Couturier to come in and after it door is slowly closes, not adding enough light.*



*Quickly, wears everything black and in a hood, woman's silhouette moves in front of them, as to make possible for everyone feel touch of big black cloak.*



*Woman enters little stage and stands her back to public.*

COUTURIER:

The light.

*Woman's voice is unrecognisable with additional echo effect.*

*Murky light above little white table.*



*Projection of hands without rings on the wall.*

COUTURIER:

In the beginning you have Narrator. Now you have me. From now, in your story I became Couturier. My name is not important in your story.

The light!

*Light table switches on and there is still projection on the wall of hands above it.*

COUTURIER:

White paper, it's from where you begin. It's not necessary to make notes or sketches.

*Couturier rises one hand to stop searching for papers.*

*Narrator's face.*

NARRATOR:

In this room are any paper and pens or pencils. You read the rules, signed agreement.

We have Watchers, who will show you were is door, if you are cheating.

*Couturier's both hands are on the light box.*

COUTURIER:

You need to listen and understand me, before you start work with your imagination. And now I ask you questions and you all could answer it to yourself, in your mind. Why you were born? What you will do in fashion? Which words you want to hear from me?

*Meditation's music with rain and singing birds fills whole room and suddenly stops.*

COUTURIER:

Enough. Don't try to remember your answers, they all are wrong. There is only one answer and I will give it to you.

*Hands disappears from the table.*



*Red fabric slowly covers whole light box.*

*Couturier's voice becomes louder, deeper, echo longer.*

COUTURIER:

You were born to made one thing in your whole life. And you came here for my help to accomplish it.

You were born to create Red Dress.

Red dress which describe you and complete you, explain you and rise endless questions.

You were born to make red dress and this is only one goal in your total life. Everything else is preparation for this.



*Couturier starts to move red fabric in different directions and makes different shapes from it.*

COUTURIER:

Did you see it? Fabric waits for you, just touch it, feel it, make shape of it.



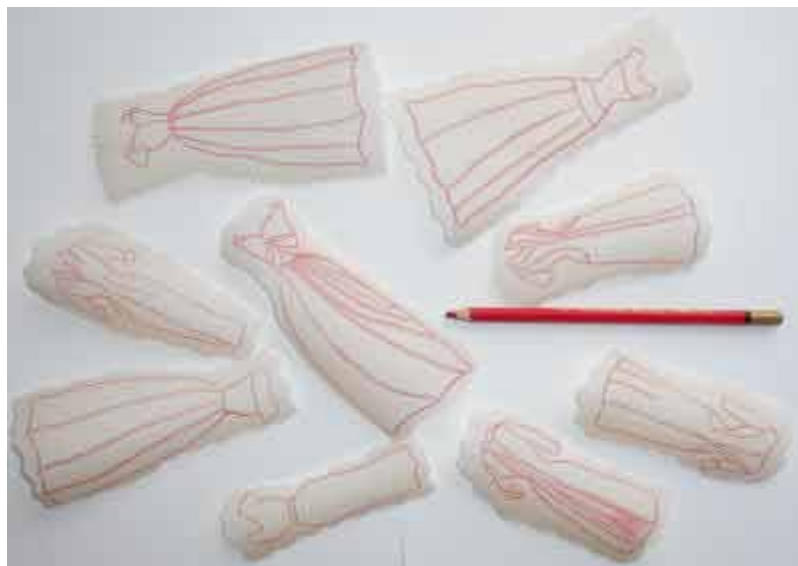
*Narrator quickly removes red fabric from light box.*

COUTURIER:

It's not art class about how to draw red dress... But I will sketch some red dresses, which existed before your story.



*Woman's hand takes red pen, put tracing paper and starts to draw.*



*She draws quickly, one dress after another, from different epoques and styles. She left all papers on table and they start to make background from red dresses.*

COUTURIER:

Red dress, it's only one thing which is matter. You are here, because feel, that's how to find answer to everything. You create red dress and you create yourself simultaneously.

Remember, when you return home, you can't draw red dress today. You should feel it and only than you will draw every dress which you saw today.

When you will finish, you will find your red dress.

And now you could come here and look at all sketches.

Lights!

*Sudden light is too bright and participants of workshop closed their eyes.*

*Couturier quickly moves away to the door which opened Narrator.*



1<sup>st</sup> WOMAN:

Where is she?

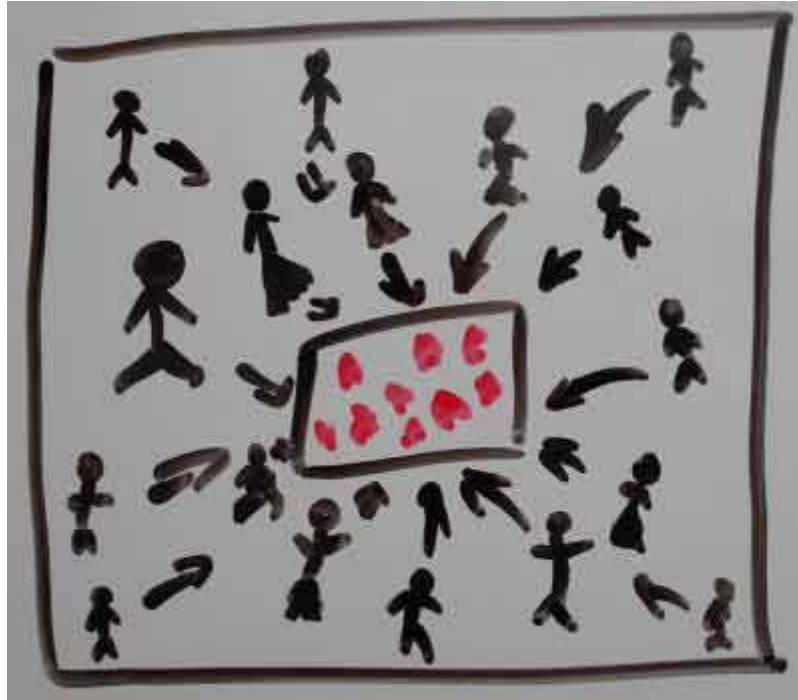


1<sup>st</sup> MAN:

Could we look at the sketches?

NARRATOR:

Each of you could take one of them at home. One of them.



*All crowd runs to the table and grabs sketches.*

NARRATOR:

Watchers!

*Seven men enter in the room and fences off everyone from table, makes circle around it.*

*Narrator gives everyone equal quantity of sketches.*



2<sup>nd</sup> MAN:

And who she was?

*Narrator slowly raises an eyebrow.*

NARRATOR:

She didn't tell you?



2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> WOMAN:

No.

NARRATOR:

You are not ready to know this.

\*

*Black car with shiny tire.*



*Driver helps to put in the car laced court train of red dress and closes car's door.*

THE END

*December 2018 – January 2019*



