

‘Too Fat to Dance’

(started 1st Jan 2008)

Characters:

1. Main: Woman, thirty-something, overweight
2. Tanguero/Narrator,
3. Young woman version of main character, late teens: blonde & pretty
4. Young man version of Tanguero: Latino, brown skin, long brown curly hair, a lithe body

1 INT KITCHEN DAY

Main character, thirty-something woman, is sitting at her kitchen table drinking coffee by herself. She stands up quickly and begins to dance around her open plan 1 bedroom apartment, dancing into the bedroom area. Sitting on her bed she turns straight to the camera.

WOMAN: I know it sounds funny, now, all things considered, but when I grow up, I want to be a dancer! Not a ballet dancer, but a modern ‘jazz it up’ dancer! I know a basic tango and a basic jive and basic street latin.

2 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

Young woman version of main character is dancing with the Tanguero in a nightclub. This is a flashback while the main woman character narrates over the scene. They are dancing street latin.

WOMAN NARRATES: Ahhh, the ‘One Twenty Bar’, Rumberos, till 5am. I was fourteen, drinking orange juice and wearing my jazz flats. We would dance street latin, I would be spun and spun around the floor. Men would ask to buy me a drink. The latino’s were hot! Short, tall, fat and thin, it didn’t matter. I preferred the tubby, they had a better sense of centre and failing softly against them was nice. I wish now a man would prefer a “tubby” me.

Ahhh, the Bullring, dancing with a professional who’d just come from filming a dance film, he spun me round and round, we went for it! The thrill of a being a beautiful couple dancing together is something Ravers will never get.

WOMAN NARRATES: But now?
I’m too fat to dance.

3 INT LOUNGEROOM DAY

Woman breaks out into dancing in her lounge-room.

WOMAN: Except, except, except to the Black Eyed Peas in my lounge-room!!!
Too fat to dance, I take photos instead.

The Tanguero’s character is first seen. He wears a hat and dance gear, he grabs her in her room, as she narrates. They dance passionately, he comes in and grabs her. This is a fantasy scene.

WOMAN NARRATES: I love the Tanguero. Give me a dry martini, bone dry, shaken not stirred, let the brown skin of a lover drip with dancer’s pride. Long brown curly hair, a lithe athletic body, grabs my soft hips.

PAUSE

2 INT KITCHEN DAY

The Tanguero/Narrator in a cool hat sits near the woman, to the aside, and tells the camera directly, he is the narrator and a such is close, like an overseeing spirit, but she can't see him

NARRATOR: She seems aloof, yet underneath is sensual and loving – I am guessing as you are, that a tough facade protects a tender interior. She is strongly Yin. Hear this poem she wrote 'Passion'.

3 INT APARTMENT NIGHT

*A love scene with the young man and the young woman. At times tender and romantic and at others passionate and intense. Young Tanguero enters the kitchen and they fall back on the table. There is a lot of intense eye contact at first. They could do a little basic Rumba. **Rumba music** to accompany whole scene.*

NARRATOR: her body sprawls listlessly
in this big bed,
the passion
remains fluid.

WOMAN: I want
you to
take me

But your lounging
On the other side,
A “ friend”, that's all
you say.

Your Icarus, descended.
A quite myth, lounging.

But
I want
more.

I want
to feel you
from inside.

You're a stranger still,
to my body.

NARRATOR: It is her
Imaging a body
Convulsing with pleasure.

Skin to teeth to hair,
To places she never dared.

WOMAN:I want
To ripple with pleasure,
The nauseating, agonizing,
Tingling warmth
Never leaves me.

Rap those writhing arms
Around this waist,
Pulling me up
Till I ascend you,
And you are driven
Deeper in me.

NARRATOR: Feel the stiff thumb press
Smoothly the spine.
Savour the double-tonguing
Of thigh on thigh,
Wet on eye, ear and mouth

4 EXT MELBOURNE CITY CAFE NIGHT

Woman is seen in cafe from outside, she is sitting typing into a laptop. She seems happy.

WOMAN NARRATOR: I'm sitting at another local cafe, typing, with a decaf flat white.
Every Tuesday I have a lunch of nori rolls and plain inari.

I feel like crying. 'Too Fat to Dance', is autobiographical I tell a friend from Weight Watchers. I write about the intricacies of my particular human condition, that of mental illness. Here is a journal entry of one of the lowest nights of my life. A real dark night of the soul.

4 EXT MELBOURNE CITY NIGHT

this next bit is seen with a the woman walking around Melbourne City, near the state library. She says nothing the main woman as a voice over reads her own feelings. There should be shots of the city and her sad face. Close ups of rain on the road, reflections, trams, commuters, students, business people, shops, RMIT and around. "Action" is what we see while she narrates. The Tanguero man is seen multiple times during this montage of thoughts and actions. He could be a waiter, then a student, then a teacher, then on a tram. he is haunting her, but she is too depressed to see or notice this.

ACTION: She walks around the city.

WOMAN NARRATOR: *I can't bear it!*

ACTION: *She goes to the RMIT. Sees another, older woman she knows in the crowd.*

WOMAN I feel so puny and small. She is so reserved and accomplished.

ACTION: *She steps outside into the night rain streets.*

WOMAN: I have nothing. I am a poor mad beggar on the streets. My loony-bin, my mad-dog days. I have done vey little today. I spiral into despair when I feel small.

Tanguero narrates: She would like to go back to study.

WOMAN: But it all seems so overwhelming. Oh, but how I don't want to live.

Tanguero narrates: No-one knows anything about how she feels.

WOMAN: I am nothing, I am small, insignificant.

ACTION: *Into the cafe, sitting down, an espresso. Pulls out her journal.*

WOMAN: All I have is this journal.

Tanguero narrates: At least she has this!

WOMAN: It is all I can hang onto: my writing, my thoughts, myself.

ACTION: *She walks again. Into the State Library. She is dejected.*

WOMAN: I have nothing to keep me going. I'm losing my mind. This whole God thing, this talking to God, is just like a splitting off.

Tanguero narrates: A splitting off from herself.

WOMAN: I desperately search for something to hold onto, to the dream of getting a job.

Tanguero narrates: She just wants something to do. To be useful. To be seen.

WOMAN: I am tormented, my stomach in knots....will I end up like Heide?

Tanguero narrates:: She suicided at 28. Will she end up like her?

WOMAN: I can't go on. Mum has to work, Dad has to work.

Tanguero narrates: Her friends are all busy.

ACTION: *She is crying in the toilet.*

WOMAN: I just want to die and be with God. I don't see the point of my life. I don't feel as if I can make a difference.

Tanguero narrates: She has come into the city with no money. Again. There is nowhere to go when your not flush.

WOMAN: I had a dream.

Tanguero narrates: You see, she ran away, after being angry with her Mum.

WOMAN: I feel like doing that tonight - running away – skip choir and just dissappear.

Tanguero narrates: She feels she can't go on.

WOMAN: I can't survive, why am I even alive? What do I have to give? And who wants to receive it anyway? I feel isolated in my community.

ACTION: *She sits in the stiff green chairs. Alone.*

WOMAN: I want communion with God, I want peace and fulfillment, I want a lover. And in all this I am just wanting, wanting. I am in the very act of wanting, desiring and I am in torture.

Tanguero narrates: She understands the Buddhist thing of suffering.

WOMAN: I can feel it, know it acutely. Everyday I feel more and more isolated. More and more my life seems pointless. Helpless. As if no-one is around to

suddenly, as a break from Narrating we hear the woman say the next line to a perfect stranger.

WOMAN: HELP ME HELP ME

4 INT MELBOURNE CAFE NIGHT

She struggles to find somewhere warm and out of the cold and rain/

ACTION: *She sips another coffee, inside the station this time.*

Tanguero narrates: the problem is she has no direction.

ACTION: *We now see the woman writing in her journal, in the station.*

Tanguero narrates: There is no improvement in her health, she keeps relapsing, hearing voices.

WOMAN: I hate it.

Main woman is now sitting in the cafe, leaning over the table talking directly to the camera. There are lots of people (maybe) and she is speaking in hushed, private tones.

WOMAN: The days of feeling all of God, peace and unity are gone, and all that is here is the separation. So many people in the trains, in the trams and here am I, nothing. I am nothing. I want to just write, write and write. I don't feel I have anything else at my power. I have nothing else but this pen and this book. Deep in my soul there is this torture, there is this thick shaft of pain. Pained at the world, the state of the world. The state of my impoverishment. And I am here. I am here. I sit here. It is Tuesday.

I am afraid this is a journal of some-one losing their mind. Losing their grip on reality. Somehow I feel this deep deep longing and this deep deep pain in my belly, in my gut. This deep dissatisfaction, perhaps wanting some true satisfaction? This is the worst time in my life. I don't how I'm supposed to go on? I want to just run away. To just disappear. It would be so much easier.

I felt all the history of the books, the energy of the books all around me.

I am losing my grip because I'm feeling I'm really feeling my aloneness, my alienation, my isolation. My soul just wants to rip open and wail. I wish this cold, collected exterior of serenity and strength could just melt into the animal, wild, passionate beast that I am. To be a mad woman, a raving, sexual wild woman...

WOMAN: there is a deep part of me that remembers that 14 year old who just drank and smoked and was suicidal.

Tanguero narrator: And where does the "catatonic" and the "schizophrenic" come into it?

WOMAN: I am on the outskirts of reality and humanity. This is really a journal of the perimeters of the emotional person. I am so unhappy. All I have is this. And you know, someday I don't even have this.

I can't even make it out of bed to write. I don't feel I am to blame for my feelings of despondency. I feel unheard and silent in my community. I feel like every-one knows how hard it is for some young artists, and young people out of uni and jobless, but no-one really cares! Who does care? Your parents?... if your lucky!!!

Tanguero as Waiter : *leans over and says to her amazement:* When it comes to the crunch who cares?

4 INT MAIN APARTMENT DAY

The 4 main characters all stand in front of the camera in her apartment.

They hold in their hands props that symbolize the four different themes of this piece.

Tanguero, a velvet red heart, Main woman a large panoramic picture of the sea, the young man a journal and pen, and young woman gorgeous lingerie.

Tanguero: Madness: I never used to believe in madness. It was almost as if didn't believe in madness Then it didn't exist. What a joke!

Young Woman: Loneliness: I thought I knew loneliness. I thought I knew what ill health was like. I didn't know and couldn't of guessed what the depths of sadness was like.

Main Woman: Mental Illness: I thought I knew about schizophrenia. I didn't. I didn't know from the inside. From the inside, all things change.

Young Man: Isolation: I didn't know what doing things by my terms, believing in being an artist, would mean for my professional life. Not compromising means I live on \$15 a day.

Main Woman: Single life: I didn't know how those few risks I could have taken with my male friends, could of changed how my life is now. Here's a poem I wrote just recently.

Main Woman "Joyride"

Young Man: through Catani Gardens
the hissing possums
the benches were Koori's gathered
and sang themselves to sleep

we sheltered in those trees
you and I

Young Woman: the boy I always thought I'd marry
we reached through our separateness
to kiss and more

Tanguero: When from London
he came back
I got tetchy
crabby

we walked away

Main Woman: I have done that many times with men.

Got angry when I should have reached out.

That could have changed
who I am now.

Pushing, pushing too hard
with ones I wanted
running, running angry
from the ones
that could have changed my life.

THE END