



**FAT**  
*OBJECTIFICATION*  
ISSUE NO. 5 2017

\$4.95

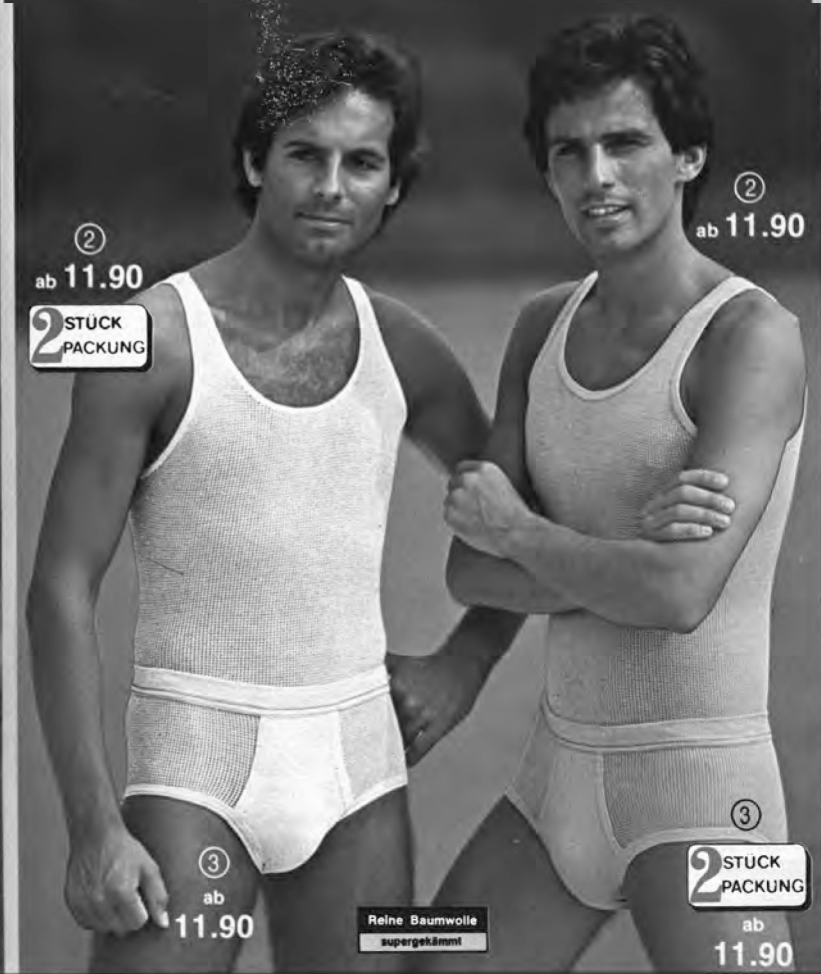
1 YEAR LATER





① Garnitur ab 12.90

REINE BAUMWOLLE



② ab 11.90

2 STÜCK PACKUNG

② ab 11.90

Reine Baumwolle supergekämmt

③ ab 11.90

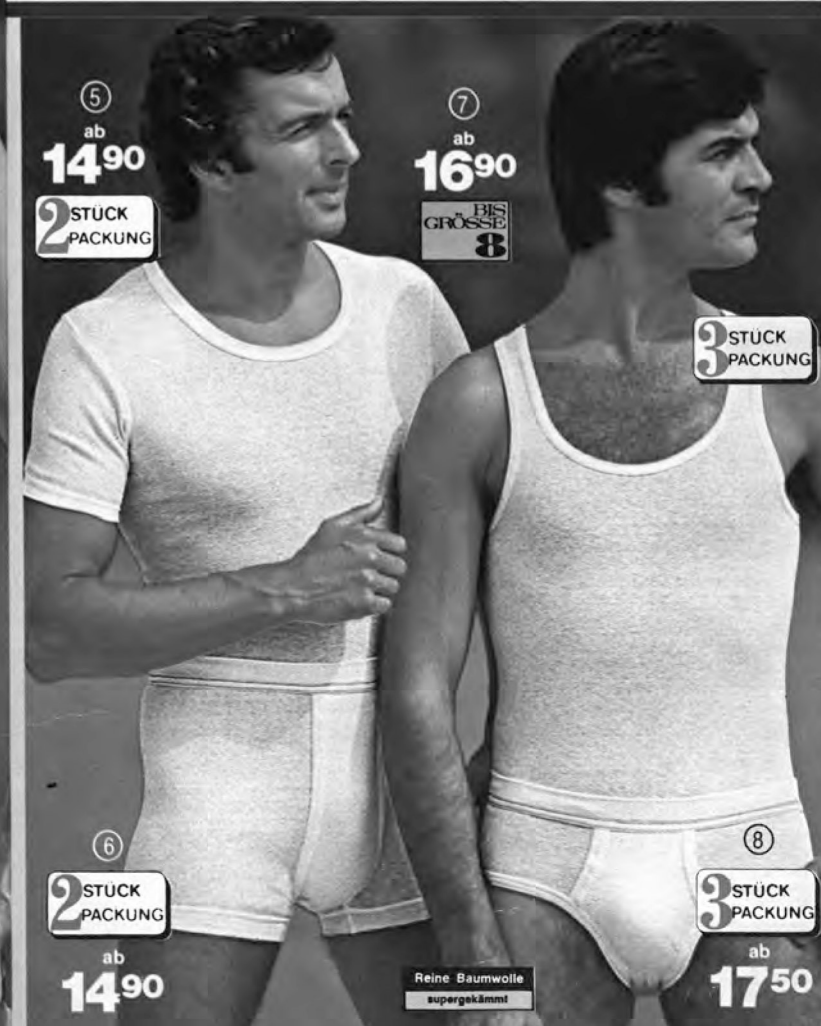
2 STÜCK PACKUNG



④ Garnitur ab 10.90

308 Quelle

Kein Tag ohne frische Wäsche!



⑤ ab 14.90

2 STÜCK PACKUNG

⑦ ab 16.90

BIS GRÖßE 8

⑥ ab 14.90

2 STÜCK PACKUNG

Reine Baumwolle supergekämmt

⑧ ab 17.50

3 STÜCK PACKUNG

① **Feinripp-Garnitur aus reiner Baumwolle, gekämmt.** Modisches Druck-Dessin. Slip mit Goldzackbund und Deckverschluss.

Größen	4	5	6	7
Best.-Nr.	468.712	512.312	548.692	632.841
Garn. DM	12.90		14.90	

**Netzripp, luftig und leicht**  
Hochwertige Sommerware aus reiner Baumwolle, supergekämmt. Elastisch, porös gestrickt, herrlich angenehm im Tragen.

② **Unterjacke, auch Sporttrikot, ohne Ärmel. 2-Stück-Packung.**

Größen	4	5	6	7
weiß	632.091	663.771	676.312	713.671
hellblau	745.701	797.721	828.452	118.782
2-St.-P. DM	11.90		13.50	

③ **Slip, breiter, kochfester Weichelastikbund. Deckverschluss. 2-Stück-Packung.**

Größen	4	5	6	7
weiß	367.752	383.702	396.162	427.002
hellblau	437.232	467.332	512.042	548.562
2-St.-P. DM	11.90		13.50	

**Poröse Sommer-Qualität**

④ **Jacquard-Garnitur (sog. Ajour-Ware).** Slip mit breitem Gummigurt. Sportjacke ohne Ärmel, aus reiner Baumwolle, gekämmt. Gute Paßform.

Größen	4	5	6	7
weiß	505.040	505.050	505.060	505.070
Garn. DM	9.95		11.50	
hellblau	331.430	332.760	333.930	334.660
gelb	315.540	315.550	315.760	318.970
Garn. DM	10.90		12.50	

**Besonders feinfädige Doppelripp-Unterwäsche**  
aus reiner Baumwolle, gekämmt. Sehr elastisch, gut anliegend, nicht aufragend.

⑤ **Unterjacke mit Halbärmeln, Schlupfform. 2-Stück-Packung.**

Größen	4	5	2-St.-P. DM
weiß	397.520	398.670	14.90
Größen	6	7	
weiß	398.830	398.840	399.530
2-St.-P. DM	16.50		18.-

⑥ **Schlüpfer mit breitem Weichgummibund und Deckverschluss. 2-Stück-Packung.**

Größen	4	5	2-St.-P. DM
weiß	143.000	143.010	14.90
Größen	6	7	
weiß	143.020	143.050	143.060
2-St.-P. DM	16.50		18.-

⑦ **Unterjacke ohne Ärmel. 3-Stück-Packung.**

Größen	4	5	3-St.-P. DM
weiß	231.932	246.082	16.90
Größen	6	7	
weiß	267.981	278.361	301.602
3-St.-P. DM	18.90		21.50

⑧ **Slip mit breitem Weichgummibund und Deckverschluss. 3-Stück-Packung.**

Größen	4	5	3-St.-P. DM
weiß	745.861	797.731	17.50
Größen	6	7	
weiß	113.801	126.551	186.832
3-St.-P. DM	20.-		22.50

**2 interessante Angebote ohne Abbildung:**  
**Unterhose dreiviertellang, mit Weichelastikbund. Material wie unten. 2-Stück-Pckg.**

Größen	5	6	7
weiß	132.930	133.100	134.080
2-St.-Pckg.	19.90	21.50	23.-

**Unterhose lang, mit Weichelastikbund und Deckverschluss. Aus feinfädiger Doppelripp-Qualität, reine Baumwolle gekämmt. In der preisgünstigen 2-Stück-Packung.**

Größen	4	5	6	5/7
weiß	146.390	146.400	146.410	146.420
2-St.-Pckg.	22.50		24.-	
Gr. 6/8	7	DM	8	DM
wB.	146.430	146.540	25.50	146.870
			27.50	

Das komplette HELIX-Sortiment finden Sie in unserem Herbst/Winter-Katalog 1975/76 auf den Seiten 303, 306, 307. Die Preise gelten unverändert bis Ende August 1976.

# LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

On November 6, 2017, at 8:04 PM, Josephine Meckseper wrote:

Dear people,

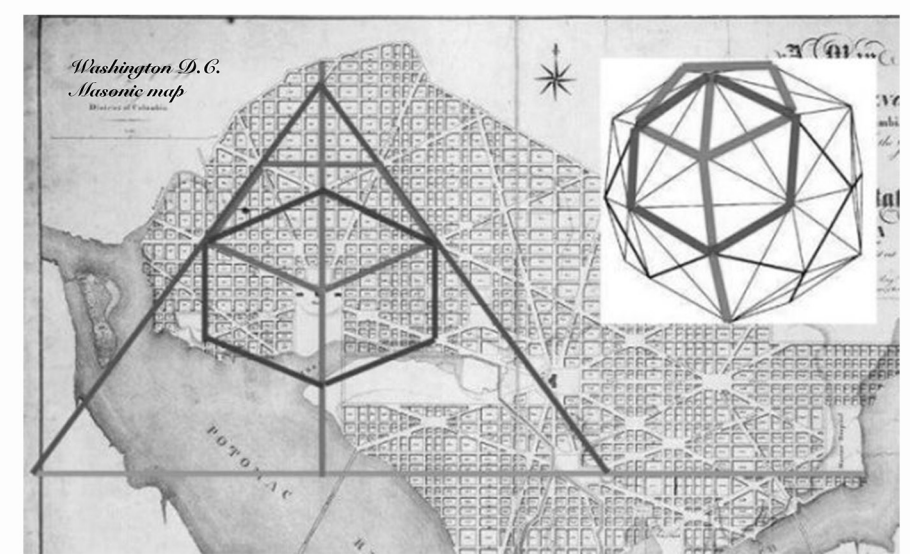
Hard to tell how much time had past. Days, weeks, months. The sun disappeared behind the moon. Meanwhile the potential for love had come and gone. Declared a grey zone, far more painful than the cold air of defeat in the capital city. A view opened onto the Washington Monument, dressed like an actress in desaturating twilight.

The earth had done a full rotation, leaving us fully exposed in the day light. We The People. Without shadows. The depth of the universe reveals itself only at night. As soon as the sun rises it vanishes from our consciousness. The more we know, the less we understand. In a world still filled with mystery, doors remained open for speculative secrecy. The water, so blue. We need to reopen them now and let dark matter in.

How did we transgress from subjects to objects? Distance and proximity created between three characters inside a mirrored space. Plagued by never ending dreams of foreign cities and songs, wondering aimlessly through dark circular spaces. We witness the End of Enlightenment, while anticipating the inversion of progress. Everything turns black and white.

Sun setting. On all this. The snow. The rain. The whole continent. Contaminated by you. Why. Do. You. Have. To. Sing. Here?

Sent from my iPhone







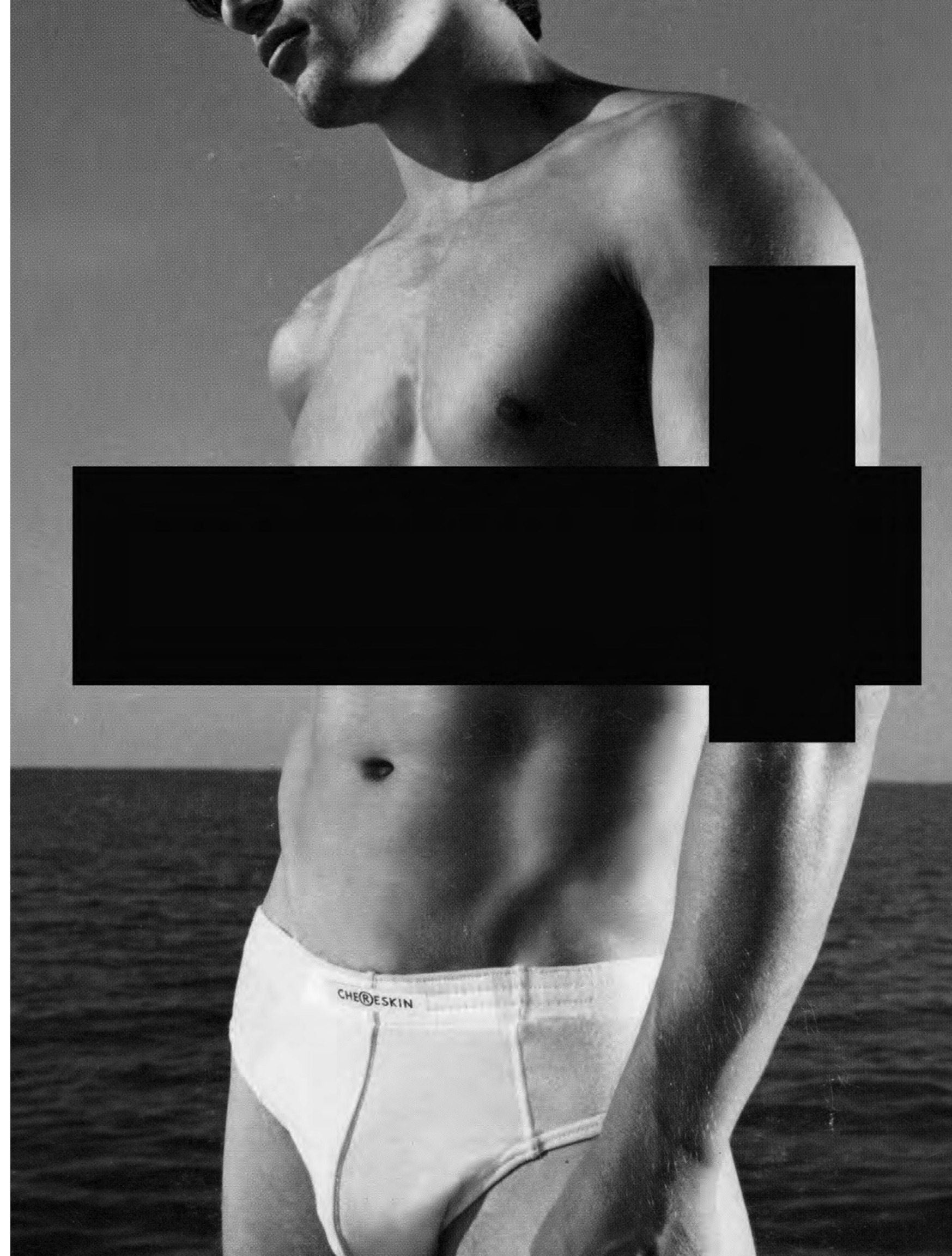
# MANIFESTO OF THE COMMUNIST PARTY

## CHAPTER I. BOURGEOIS AND PROLETARIANS

The need of a constantly expanding market for its products chases the bourgeoisie over the entire surface of the globe. It must nestle everywhere, settle everywhere, establish connections everywhere. The bourgeoisie has through its exploitation of the world market given a cosmopolitan character to production and consumption in every country. To the great chagrin of Reactionists, it has drawn from under the feet of industry the national ground on which it stood.

All old-established national industries have been destroyed or are daily being destroyed. They are dislodged by new industries, whose introduction becomes a life and death question for all civilised nations, by industries that no longer work up indigenous raw material, but raw material drawn from the remotest zones; industries whose products are consumed, not only at home, but in every quarter of the globe. In place of the old wants, satisfied by the production of the country, we find new wants, requiring for

their satisfaction the products of distant lands and climes. In place of the old local and national seclusion and self-sufficiency, we have intercourse in every direction, universal interdependence of nations. And as in material, so also in intellectual production. The intellectual creations of individual nations become common property. National one-sidedness and narrow-mindedness become more and more impossible, and from the numerous national and local literatures, there arises a world literature.





DON'T MAKE US COME BACK HERE

TRUST WOMEN

I WANT A DYKE  
4 PRE

GIRLS JUST WANT  
HAVE FUN  
DAMENTAL  
HUMAN RIGHTS

FEARFULLY  
AND  
Wonder Fully  
MADE

MARCH ON

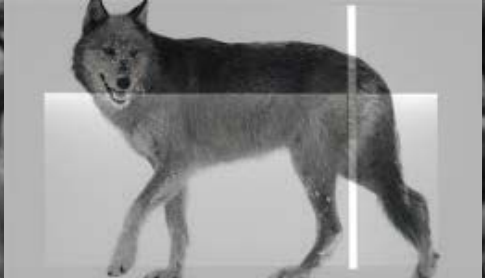
ALL HUMANS  
DESERVE  
HUMAN RIGHTS!

THIS IS A  
WARNING SHOT  
we will STAND &  
FIGHT

DEMOCRACY  
is not a  
SPECTATOR  
SPORT

LOVE  
TRUMPS  
HATE

OUR BODIES  
OUR MINDS  
OUR VOICES  
OUR CHOICES

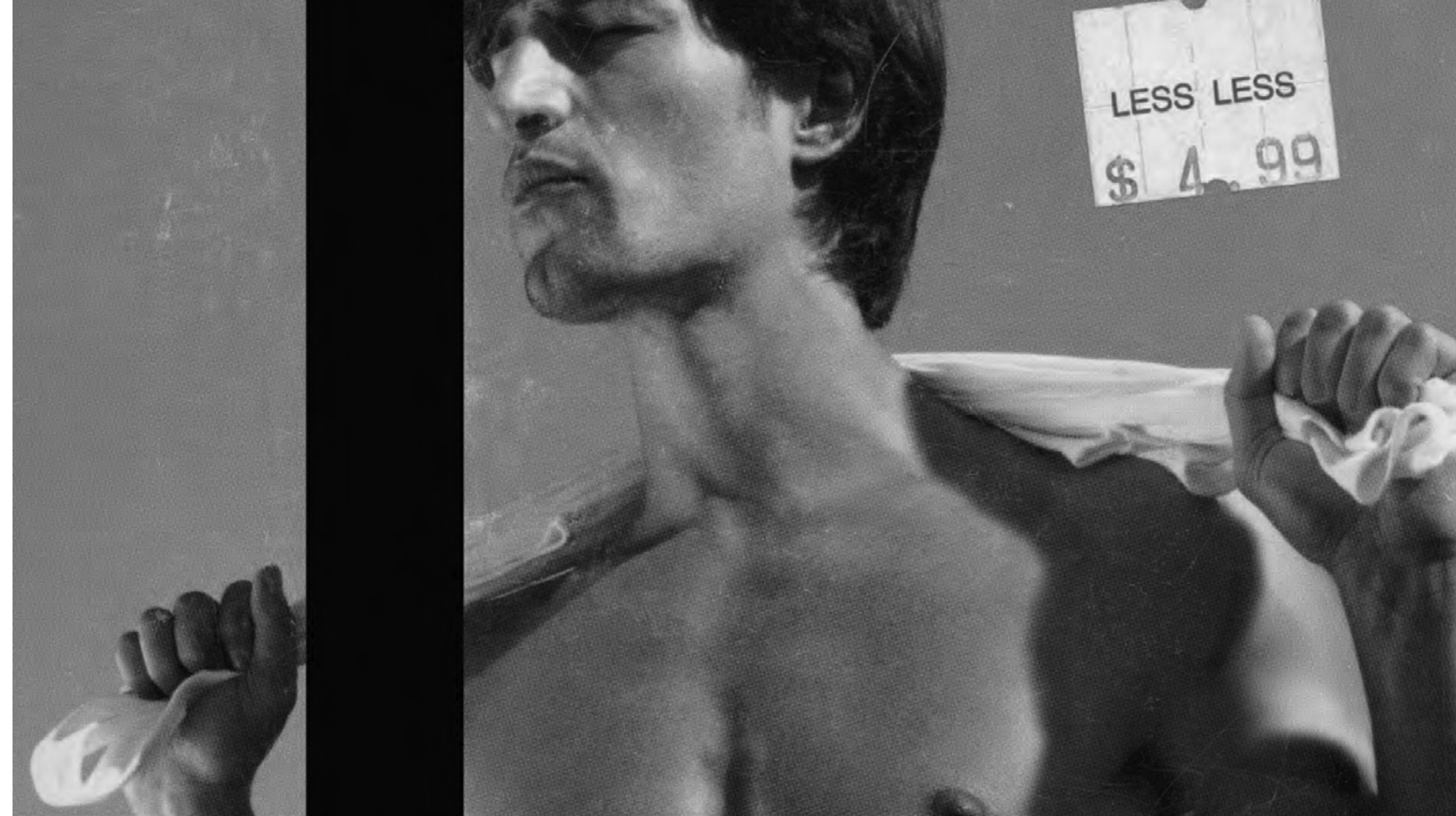


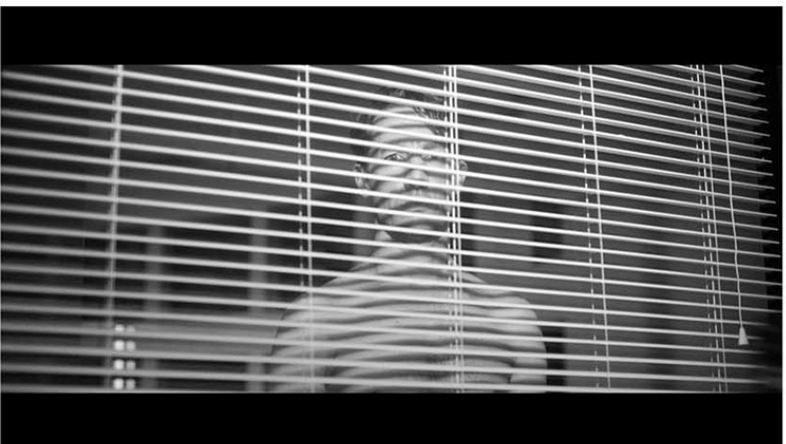
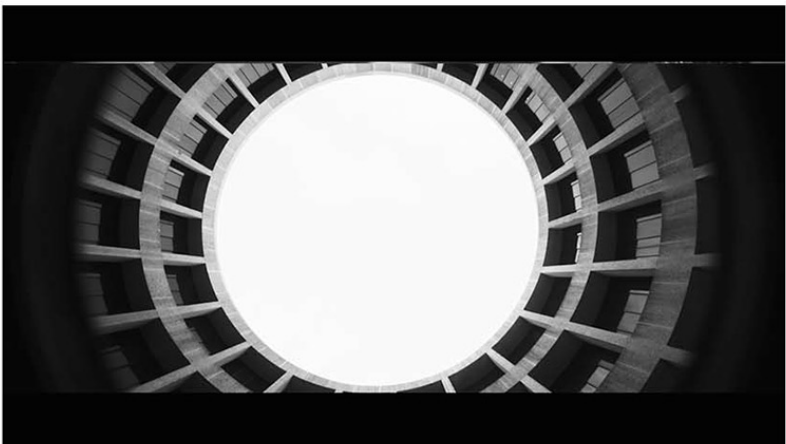
# DAS KAPITAL

## Day and Night Work

The prolongation of the working day beyond the limits of the natural day, into the night, only acts as a palliative. It quenches only in a slight degree the vampire thirst for the living blood of labour. To appropriate labour during all the 24 hours of the day is, therefore, the inherent tendency of capitalist production. The working-time here includes, besides the 24 hours of the 6 working days, a great part also of the 24 hours of Sunday. The workers consist of men and women, adults and children of both sexes.

In some branches of industry, the girls and women work through the night together with the males. "The practice of boys working at all by day and night turns either in the usual course of things, or at pressing times, seems inevitably to open the door to their not unfrequently working unduly long hours. These hours are, indeed, in some cases, not only cruelly but even incredibly long (for children.) Among a number of boys it will, of course, not unfrequently happen that one or more are from some cause absent. When this happens, their place is made up by one or more boys, who work in the other turn. Some of the hands always work in the night, without any alternation of day and night work....





PELLEA[S]  
by Josephine Meckseper



# PELLEA[S]

JOSEPHINE MECKSEPER  
AND SAMUEL STONEFIELD



## TITLES

Shimmering water in DC with titles running over it.

### 1. EXT. NATIONAL MALL PARADES - DAY

Low clouds hangs over the White House. On the morning of the 45th Presidential inauguration, Washington D.C. looks like the setting of a tragedy  
SOUND NOTE: intro of Arnold Schoenberg's Pélleas et Mélisande (...).

### EXT. PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE - DAY

MONTAGE: Soldiers goose-step in heavy trench coats. The procession of police and military personnel along Pennsylvania Avenue conjures the German fascist parades of the 1930s.

### EXT. WASHINGTON D.C.

MONTAGE - DAY: The city seen from above: The Washington Monument, the White House, even the President in a procession of cars appears impossibly small against the heaving sky. The bleachers near the White House are empty.

### EXT. HIRSHHORN MUSEUM -

COURTYARD MONTAGE: Among the crowd, the camera discovers the face of a statue, still in the madness of the crowd. The permanence of stone contrasts the teeming bodies of the Inauguration crowd. A flock of birds crosses in front the Washington monument. Their image reflected into the water of the Lincoln Memorial

Reflecting Pool as well as the mercury-like surface of the nearby Potomac River before they disappear over the horizon.

The internal courtyard of the Hirshhorn Museum creates a brutalist semicircle.

FADE TO BLACK.

SOUND: Pélleas et Mélisande crescendos.

Footage of Hirshhorn continues

### PELLÉAS (V.O. / O.S.)

Low clouds hung over the White House on the morning of the 45th Presidential inauguration in Washington DC. The city looked like the setting for a tragedy. I marched with the other soldiers on Pennsylvania Avenue, goose-stepping in heavy trench coats. The ubiquity of police officers and military personnel reminded me of the kind of parades common throughout Europe during the height of the fascism.

I saw the city from high above: the Washington Monument, the White House, even the President in a procession of cars impossibly small against the heaving sky. The bleachers near the White House were empty.

Back at the Mall, in the crowd, I saw the face of a statue. The statues were all still in the madness of the crowd; the permanence of stone contrasting the teeming bodies. Birds crossed in front of the Washington

Monument, the swift forms mirrored in the Reflecting Pool as well as the mercury-like surface of the Potomac River before they disappeared into the leaden sky. The internal courtyard of the Hirshhorn Museum created a brutalist semi-circle.

### 2 EXT. THE FOUNTAIN, HIRSHHORN - DUSK

Fog on the ground. A wolf-like dog emerges from the darkness and paces through the courtyard of the museum. The wolf pauses, menacingly, and slips away into the darkness. In one scene you see the wolf right in front of the camera with Pelleas wearing a military trench coat in the background.

Cut to footage of the empty museum by night.

### PELLÉAS (O.S. / V.O.)

I am doomed to live in this space of mirrored glass and infinite memories. Nothing seems real - neither the light nor my own shadow. Far away footsteps sound like music, so faint and melodic. Even my dreams feel unreal and not my own in this haunted space. As if dreamed by another person, so detailed and clear and full of longing for someone I've never met. The rooms must have always been here, yet I have never seen them before.

The walls feel like custodians of the past, present and future. I have no memory of how I arrived at

the fountain. It was a foggy day. A wolf emerged from the darkness and paced through the courtyard. The wolf paused, menacingly, and slipped away into the darkness. Then a beautiful, severe woman emerged through the fog. She too seemed lost, confused by all the reflections of the forest.

GOLAUNDE - a beautiful, severe woman (wearing cape over an evening dress) in her early 40s emerges.

She is lost. Each attempt to gain her bearings is confused by the disorienting architecture. Golaunde is a confident, successful D.C. operative, with a bit of a swagger. She's a Washington insider who moves effortlessly among the glitterati, politicians and lobbyists.

### GOLAUNDE (V.O.)

I shall never get out of this haunted place. I am getting older, and nevertheless I have not yet seen clearly for one moment into myself; how can I judge what others have done? One always mistakes when one does not close one's eyes. That may seem strange to us, because we never see but the reverse-side of destinies... the reverse even of our own.

She discovers PELLÉAS sitting at the edge of the fountain- a young man barely 20 years old, as he contemplates his reflection in a shattered mirror. A recent recruit,



Pelléas wears the same outfit as the military personnel in the opening credits, a trench coat and heavy boots. He is handsome, yet androgynous; an ideal lover to women and men alike. A veteran of the wars in the Middle East, he is pale and suffers from PTSD. He appears to be on the verge of tears, and touches his face as if it were unreal. He is spooked, finding himself trapped in the rotunda of the building. His disorientation leaves him vulnerable, beautiful. Golaunde watches like a lioness. In a distorted reflection, Golaunde appears to Pelléas like a spectre of war. She startles him. In one short scene we see him holding wilted flowers in his hand. The fog is lifting slightly. Camera shows a complete view of the museum, and museum courtyard with wolf from eye-level, followed by closer views of Pelleas from above and Golaunde from below.

PELLÉAS (V.O. / O.S.)  
G a beautiful, severe woman in her early 40s emerged. She was lost. Each attempt to gain her bearings was confused by the disorienting building. G turned out, was a confident, successful D.C. operative, with a bit of a swagger. She was a Washington insider who moves effortlessly among the glitterati, politicians and lobbyists. She discovered me sitting at the edge of the fountain as I was looking at my reflection in a shattered mirror. I was still wearing the same military uniform

from the parade earlier, a trench coat and heavy boots. A few months ago, I had returned from a 2-year infantry engagement in the Middle East. I was on the verge of tears and spooked finding myself trapped in the rotunda of the building. In my disorientation, G. was watching me like a lioness. In a distorted reflection, she appeared like a spectre of war. She startled me.

PELLÉAS (V.O.)  
Don't touch me. Don't touch me.

GOLAUNDE (V.O.)  
Don't be afraid. I won't do you any harm.

PELLÉAS (V.O.)  
Don't touch me. Don't touch me.

GOLAUNDE (V.O.)  
I won't touch you. Look, I'll stay here, in the shadows. Where are you from?

The Pelléas music underscores. The fog clears up slowly. The camera moves around the characters.

PELLÉAS (V.O.)  
I'm not from here. I wasn't born here. But, you see, my hands are full of flowers.

GOLAUNDE (V.O.)  
Don't be afraid. Has someone hurt you?

PELLÉAS (V.O.)  
Oh yes, yes, yes.



GOLAUNDE (V.O.)  
Who has hurt you?

PELLÉAS (V.O.)  
Everyone! Everyone.

GOLAUNDE (V.O.)  
You can't stay here all night.  
Come with me.

Golaunde turns to leave. Trust blossoms in Pelléas eyes as he follows her into the building.

CUT to footage of DC on Inauguration Day, throngs of Trump supporters and National Guard in the Mall.

### 3 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

((Description of overall set design: we enter the world of the fictitious interior set, a room inside the Hirshhorn museum designed as a set. The set defines the abstract interior space for the love triangle that unfolds. The partly mirrored illusory and the abstract backdrops echo with the Debussy said about Pelléas et Mélisande is, "... a story and background belonging to no time and place." The set design shifts to represent different locations and psychological states. The rectangular space with a mirror-tiled bedroom, a window wall and transparent Plexi sheets cutting through the middle of the space, based on Meckseper's art works. The windows holds glass/ Plexi sheets, blinds and curtains in some scenes. The opposing wall of the mirrored

set, is a backdrop of wallpaper of Hirshhorn architecture. Through the use of lighting, shots through doors, window framing, as well as blinds and mirror reflections, the spaces create a crossroads where bright avenues meet or where darkness can amplify the objects, characters, etc. Throughout this montage, lines and crosses begin to appear over the image, referencing a theatrical curtain drop and Meckseper's paintings - geometric forms begin to cover the image, abstracting it, evocative of both interrogation and censorship. ))

Golaunde's bedroom is a mirrored room with a large unmade bed at the center of it; an ornate chandelier hangs above. Black and White Hirshhorn interior courtyard as backdrop on the wall across from the bed. There is a framed masonic map of Washington DC on the wall.

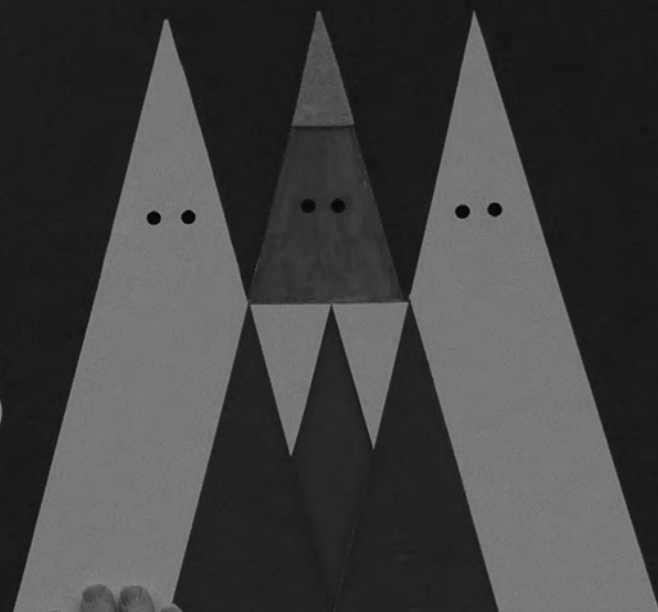
CAMERA  
Complete view from eye level.

Golaunde - wearing a black negligee, flips through a large magazine, which has news stories and advertisements featuring men in underwear, and a glamorous feature on Waris Ahluwalia. She laughs, her body close to...

MÉLISANDE - a young woman in her early twenties, an intern at a liberal DC civil rights group, inherently alluring, the capriciousness and intensity of her



HATE  
WONT  
MAKE US  
GREAT



WONT

inner life manifests in her shifting appearance - like weather above the sea, resuming her composure, as stillness returns to water. She lies next to her friend Golaunde wearing a silvery evening dress, - her skin like alabaster. The two women looking through the magazine together.

FADE TO BLACK.

CAMERA: CLOSER FRAME OF THE BED, AT EYE LEVEL.  
Mélisande lights a cigarette for Golaunde that they share. Now, there are pictures of a political rally and a limousine on fire. They flip through them languorously.

Melisande reads out loud a paragraph from the magazine pages that are a reprint of the Communist Manifesto. The cigarette in Melisande's hand touches the bed sheet, and Golaunde crushes it in the ashtray.

PELLÉAS (V.O. / O.S.)  
G's bedroom was a seductive room with a large unmade bed in the center; an ornate chandelier cast ambient light. I could see Washington DC through the window across from the bed, and a masonic map of Washington DC on the wall. G was wearing a negligee, and was leafing through a large magazine, with advertisements of men in underwear. She laughed, her body close to M who was wearing an

evening dress and whose emotions seemed to shift on her face like weather above the sea. She was lying next to her - her skin like alabaster. The two women were looking through the magazine together. M then lit a cigarette for G. I could hear G's voice over their interactions. Now, they were looking at pages with pictures of a political rally and a limousine on fire. They flipped through the pages languorously. M read out loud a paragraph from the magazine. M's cigarette touched the bed sheet, and G carefully crushed it in the ash tray.

MÉLISANDE (V.O.)  
The need of a constantly expanding market for its products chases the bourgeoisie over the entire surface of the globe. It must nestle everywhere, settle everywhere, establish connections everywhere. The bourgeoisie has through its exploitation of the world market given a cosmopolitan character to production and consumption in every country. To the great chagrin of Reactionists, it has drawn from under the feet of industry the national ground on which it stood.

All old-established national industries have been destroyed or are daily being destroyed. They are dislodged by new industries, whose introduction becomes a life and death question for all civilised nations, by industries

that no longer work up indigenous raw material, but raw material drawn from the remotest zones; industries whose products are consumed, not only at home, but in every quarter of the globe. In place of the old wants, satisfied by the production of the country, we find new wants, requiring for their satisfaction the products of distant lands and climes. In place of the old local and national seclusion and self-sufficiency, we have intercourse in every direction, universal interdependence of nations. And as in material, so also in intellectual production. The intellectual creations of individual nations become common property. National one-sidedness and narrow-mindedness become more and more impossible, and from the numerous national and local literatures, there arises a world literature.

Golaunde now reads from another page of the magazine (The Capital, Day and Night Work)

GOLAUNDE (V.O.)  
The prolongation of the working day beyond the limits of the natural day, into the night, only acts as a palliative. It quenches only in a slight degree the vampire thirst for the living blood of labour. To appropriate labour during all the 24 hours of the day is, therefore, the inherent tendency of capitalist production. The working-time here includes, besides the 24 hours of

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In some branches of industry, the girls and women work through the night together with the males. "The practice of boys working at all by day and night turns either in the usual course of things, or at pressing times, seems inevitably to open the door to their not unfrequently working unduly long hours. These hours are, indeed, in some cases, not only cruelly but even incredibly long (for children.) Among a number of boys it will, of course, not unfrequently happen that one or more are from some cause absent. When this happens, their place is made up by one or more boys, who work in the other turn. Some of the hands always work in the night, without any alternation of day and night work....

CAMERA ANGLE FROM BELOW  
Golaunde seems lost in thought and demonstrates a longing expression. She looks directly at Melisande who is sitting upright a few feet from her on the edge of the bed. Golaunde is stretched out in the bed.

GOLAUNDE (V.O.)  
One evening, I found him, in tears, on the edge of a fountain, where I had lost my way. I know neither his age, nor who he is,



nor where he comes from. I dare not ask, because he cries suddenly, or breaks into a sweat. I fear his beauty will lead me to folly.

CUT TO DEMONSTRATION FOOTAGE DC; DAY OF OR DAY AFTER INAUGURATION.

4 INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

CAMERA ANGLE FROM ABOVE: P stops in front of G.'s door. He looks through half-opened blinds in the window next to the door. The camera first looks over his shoulder and shows him looking through the blinds from inside. The blinds cast striped shadows over the Melisande's back and Golaunde's face. Melisande is placing a record on a record player. Golaunde remains stretched out on the bed. A new sequence of the Schoenberg sound track starts. Melisande then turns around towards Pelleas. She takes a spray can in her hand and starts writing the words, "We the People" in big letters on the clear of the window. Camera is in front of the window as she is spraying the letters. He enters, carrying a bottle of whiskey in his hands. He stands at the edge of the room, alert and watchful. M smiles mischievously as she notices him. She leaves the bedroom slowly, brushing past him. Pelléas sits down at the edge the bed, Golaunde gives him money for the whiskey and takes a swig from the bottle without offering him any. Then slowly, deliberately, she is getting

closer and closer together, her lips almost touching his. Pelléas is intimidated and he can feel her breath on his eyelashes. He takes his shirt off.

PELLÉAS (V.O. / O.S.)  
I stopped in front of G's door. I looked through the half-opened blinds in the window next to the door. The blinds cast striped shadows over the women's back. Melisande turned around spray painted letters on the window. I entered, carrying a bottle of whiskey. I was standing at the edge of the room, alert and watchful. M smiled mischievously, as she noticed me. She gradually left the bedroom, brushing past me. I sat down at the edge the bed. Golaunde gave me money for the whiskey and took a swig from the bottle without offering any to me. Slowly, we got closer and closer together, our lips almost touching. I was entranced and could feel her breath on my eyelashes. I took my shirt off.

PELLÉAS (V.O.)  
Oh, you already have grey hair.

GOLAUNDE (V.O.)  
Yes, some, here at the temples.

PELLÉAS (V.O.)  
Why do you look at me like that?

GOLAUNDE (V.O.)  
I'm looking at your eyes. Do you never shut them?

PELLÉAS (V.O.)  
I close them at night.

GOLAUNDE (V.O.)  
Why do you look so astonished? I am a woman, like any other.

Camera pulls out, revealing the symmetrical cross.

CUT TO ARCHITECTURAL DC FOOTAGE OR MOON.

5 INT. WINDOW – JEALOUSY -DUSK  
CAMERA WIDE SHOT, FROM SLIGHTLY ABOVE

Remove front row of floor mirrors to make room for camera. And block mirror wall with white flats.

The large transparent window front dominates the tableau, providing a wash of light for the scene. The walls are shades of dark grey and black with light shining through from afar. We see the black and white backdrop of the Hirshhorn through the window.

Pelléas is wearing military fatigues and a tank top and sews a large, ornate badge onto a uniform on a dress mannequin. Mélisande is wearing a short dress and is playing with matches and is at times observing his work. Melisande stands behind him with her eyes on him, the mannequin is looking at Pelleas from a 45 degree angle. Pelleas turns his head over his shoulder towards

Melisande. In the crystalline, silent room, their eyes meet.

PELLÉAS (V.O.)  
How alone we are here - you can't hear a thing.

MÉLISANDE (V.O.) She discovered you like this, didn't she.

PELLÉAS (V.O.)  
Yes.

MÉLISANDE (V.O.)  
What did she say to you?

PELLÉAS (V.O.)  
Nothing. I no longer remember.

MÉLISANDE (V.O.)  
Was she close to you?

PELLÉAS (V.O.)  
Yes, she wanted to kiss me.

MÉLISANDE (V.O.)  
And you didn't want her to?

PELLÉAS (V.O.)  
No.

MÉLISANDE (V.O.)  
Why not?

CAMERA ANGLE FROM BELOW:  
A light passes through the room, as if the setting sun had suddenly found the window. As it grows brighter, Golaunde is revealed watching through the half-open door. She is wearing a gown and a necklace. Camera shoots the three of them and gradually pulls out.





Pelléas notices her. Mélisande stands prim. There is a palpable tension, as though the tremor of an earthquake is felt by them. Camera reaction shot on mannequin face.  
Cut.

Golaunde wears an expression of jealousy. Shot partially through the grey Plexi glass. She fears that Pelleas is interested in the much younger Melisande.

PELLÉAS (V.O. / O.S.)

A light passed through the room as if the setting sun had suddenly found the window. As it grew brighter, I realized G had been watching through the blinds. She was wearing a see-through nightgown. As I noticed her, M stood straight up. There was an electric tension, as though the tremor of an earthquake was felt by both of us. G seemed jealous, fearing that I was interested in the much younger M.

CUT TO FOOTAGE OF THE SOLAR ECLIPSE

6 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Golaunde's Bedroom  
CAMERA ANGLE MEDIUM WIDE,  
FROM BELOW.  
FADE TO BLACK.

Smoke. Golaunde's enormous bed - but things have changed. Liquor bottles and cigarette butts are strewn across the mirrored floor. The sheets are tangled. The chandelier emits a faint,

sickly light. The lighting is very dim on the set only highlighting the character's faces. Through the window (behind a translucent curtain) a barely perceptible view of DC reveals itself. Golaunde, in a long night gown slightly drunk, smokes a cigarette from a long black holder and ashes languidly into Pelléas hand, from time to time. She is kissing Pelleas who is only wearing boxer shorts.

PELLÉAS (V.O.)

There was G's enormous bed - but things had changed. Liquor bottles and cigarette butts were strewn across the mirrored floor. The sheets were tangled. The chandelier emitted a faint, sickly light. Through the curtained window a barely perceptible view of DC revealed itself. G, was slightly drunk, and was smoking a cigarette from a long black holder, and from time to time ashing languidly into my hand. She was kissing me and trying to unbutton my shirt. The heat of the amber slightly burning into my palm. She slipped on the bottles that littered the floor.

GOLAUNDE (V.O.)

I can't explain how it happened.

I was walking down the corridor when the lights went out. I had just heard midday striking. On the twelfth stroke, I started to feel weak and light headed. I don't know what happened after that.

Apparently, it was nothing.

He tires of holding her and collapses on the bed. The bed is seen in the reflection of the mirrored wall.

CAMERA IS CLOSER ON THE SCENE

PELLÉAS (V.O.)

There's a spot of blood on this pillow.

GOLAUNDE (V.O.)

Glass and steel are part of my life.

PELLÉAS (V.O.)

I am not happy in this space.

GOLAUNDE (V.O.)

It's true this city is cold and deep. Besides, joy, joy isn't something you have every day. But tell me something; no matter what, I'll do anything you want.

PELLÉAS (V.O.)

I never see the bright sky here. I saw it for the first time this morning.

They are both getting up now. She slips on the bottles that litter the floor. Golaunde envelops Pelléas on the bed. Rapture.  
Reaction shot on mannequin face.

CUT TO DC FOOTAGE REFLECTIVE POOL ETC

7 INT. BATHROOM - DAY

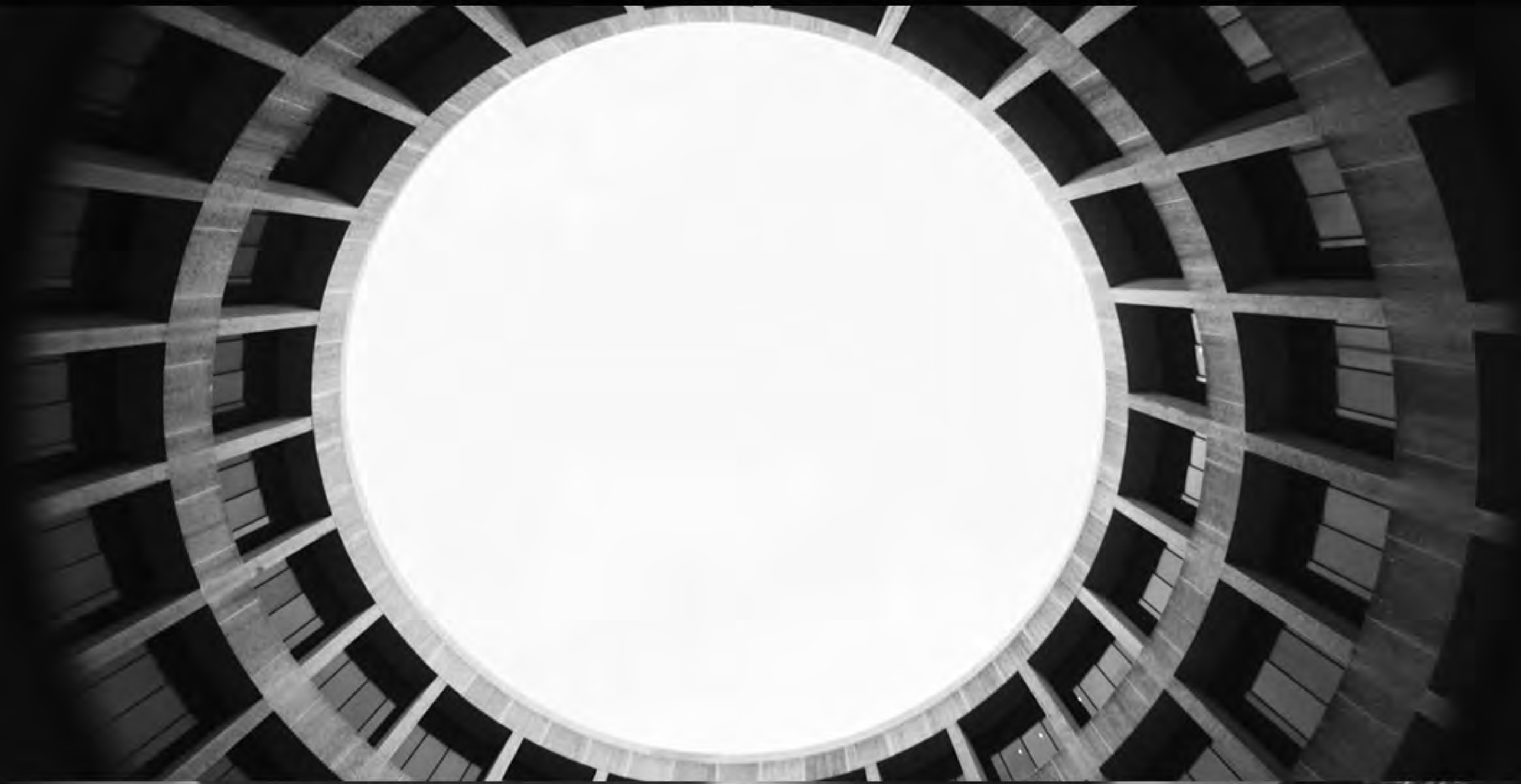
CAMERA MEDIUM WIDE, FROM SLIGHTLY ABOVE

The bathroom is a space with a toilet and a vanity mirror. Melisande is standing in front of the mirror. Artwork mirror hangs from ceiling. Mélisande brushes her hair in the mirror. Bright morning light refracts around her like a sunrise, like the inside of a diamond. Next to the toilet is a furry bath mat, toilet brush and plunger. Mélisande is wearing a towel wrapped around her. Some of the mirrors are fogged, as though from a hot bath.

She sits down on the closed toilet seat holding a square piece of mirror on her lap that reflects herself into the large mirror across from her.

PELLÉAS (V.O. / O.S.)

I remember M brushing her hair in the mirror. Bright morning light refracted around her like a sunrise, like the inside of a diamond. Next to the toilet was a furry bath mat, toilet brush and plunger. M was only wearing a towel. The mirrors were fogged, as though from a hot bath. She sat down on the closed toilet seat holding a square piece of mirror on her lap that reflected her face in the mirror across. I stood very close to her. M lowered her arms, her hair falling over her shoulders. The attraction between us kept growing. Then M opened a cabinet full of perfume



bottles. In the reflection, I noticed G, who had been watching. M looked into G's eyes as I was looking at her.

MÉLISANDE (V.O.) (sings)  
I was born on a Sunday, A Sunday at noon.

Pelléas enters reflected in mirror. He is bare chested with a towel over his shoulder.

PELLÉAS (V.O.)  
What are you doing there at the window, singing like a bird that is not native here?

MÉLISANDE (V.O.)  
I'm combing my hair for the night.

PELLÉAS (V.O.)  
I thought I saw a ray of light.

MÉLISANDE (V.O.)  
This is a beautiful day. I look terrible like this.

PELLÉAS (V.O.)  
You are beautiful like this.

He stands close to her. Mélisande lowers her arms, her hair falling over her shoulders. The attraction between them is growing.

MÉLISANDE (V.O.)  
Someone might come.

Mélisande opens a mirror cabinet full of perfume bottles. In the reflection, we notice

Golaunde, who has been watching. Golaunde's eyes meet Pelléas's in the mirror.

PELLÉAS (V.O.)  
Your hair lives like birds between these walls, and it loves me, loves me more than you do.

CUT TO DC NIGHT FOOTAGE

8 INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT  
CUT TO BLACK.

Camera at 45 degree angle from the side.  
The bathroom is now lit more sparsely and dramatically. Quasars on floor for lighting. Towels are laying on the floor. The two women are wearing long evening gowns that could almost be night gowns. Golaunde confronts Mélisande.

GOLAUNDE (V.O.)  
I heard what happened and what was said last night. It must not occur again. He is delicate and must be taken care of. The slightest commotion could be the cause of an accident.

Golaunde leaves. Mélisande, now upset and confused, pulls off a high heel and hurls it at one of the bathroom mirrors, which shatters the glass. As Mélisande looks at her deformed reflection, mirror fragments litter the floor around her. The booming is louder now and she runs out of the room leaving ruin behind her.

Everything shatters.

PELLÉAS (V.O.)  
G left. M was very upset, and pulled off her high heel and hurled it at one of the bathroom mirrors, which erupted in shattered glass. As M looked at her deformed reflection, mirror fragments shatter and collapsed around her. She ran out of the room leaving a ruin behind her. Everything was shattered.

CUT TO DC FOOTAGE, PROTESTS

9 INT. WINDOW- LINGERIE  
WASHING LINE – DAY

CAMERA WIDE ANGLE AT EYE  
LEVEL

Wallpaper gets wash of light.

A door in the window front is left wide open, through which intense bright light streams in. Mirrors reflect and break the light. P touches the door's glass as he watches her through it. M is wearing a short dress and spraying "We the people" onto a broken mirror or a wall. M then hangs black lingerie to dry in the light, but seems distracted and upset. Pelléas enters delicately from the doorway. There is a seductive choreography, as P tries to get her attention. M ignores him, and he tears down the laundry line.

PELLÉAS (V.O.)  
The door in the space was left wide open, and intense bright

light streamed in. Mirrors were reflecting and breaking the light. I was touching the glass door as I looked through it watching her. M was hanging black lingerie to dry in the light, but seemed distracted and upset. I entered through the doorway and tried to get her attention. M ignored me. Frustrated I ended up tearing down the laundry.

PELLÉAS (V.O.)  
What are you obsessing about?  
MÉLISANDE (V.O.)  
About... the door.

PELLÉAS (V.O.)  
About the door? What are you talking about? Why do you quarrel about the door?

MÉLISANDE (V.O.)  
Because she doesn't want it to be opened.  
PELLÉAS (V.O.)  
Who doesn't want it opened? Look, why do you quarrel?

MÉLISANDE (V.O.)  
I don't know - about the light.

PELLÉAS (V.O.)  
I'm not talking to you about the door. Don't put your fingers in your mouth. Look here.

Mélisande, looks into the broken mirror with the graffiti and frowns and is about to spray more onto the glass.



Angrily she says...

MÉLISANDE (V.O.) It won't happen again.

Pelléas watches Mélisande leave, crestfallen.

CUT TO BLACK

CUT TO DC ARCHITECTURE

10 INT. WORKOUT BEDROOM – DAWN

CAMERA MEDIUM WIDE FROM ABOVE

Pelléas is working out, topless in only leotard pants. There is a prised floor of mirrors now that reflects his body. An advertising billboard of male underwear hangs on the wall behind. He lifts a weight while he smokes a cigarette. He does pushups. He does pull ups. Mélisande watches. We see Pelleas' reflection in a mirror. He leaves, putting a towel over his shoulders, still looking as androgynous as before. Mélisande walks over to the ashtray on the floor and moves his still burning cigarette so that it touches the nearby magazines. The magazines catch in fire. Reaction on her face, reflecting an (artificial) flame.

PELLÉAS (V.O.)

I was lifting weights while lighting a cigarette in G's bedroom. I did pushups. I think I was doing pull ups too. M stood

by, watching. When I left, putting a towel over my shoulders, I saw M walking over and moving my cigarette so that it touched some of the magazines. They caught fire.

Close up: Pelleas's in underwear, he is drying himself off with a towel. We see him from behind over his shoulder. He is looking at himself in the 4 x 8 foot mirror.

PELLÉAS (V.O.)

Everything must end. I've played with something I didn't understand. Between these walls, I have been playing, in a dream, with the ambushes of fate. It's late; she's not coming. I must look carefully at her this time... There are things I no longer remember in this maze... It seems at times as if I had I not seen her for a hundred years... and I've still not seen all the rooms. There'll be nothing left of me if I go on like this... And all those memories... It's as if I were trying to hold water in a muslin bag... I must tell her all the things I've never said.

Wide angle: Magazine burning in the bedroom with male billboard in back.

FADE TO BLACK.

CUT TO DC FOOTAGE, INAUGURATION DAY

11 EXT. HIRSHHORN COURTYARD  
CAMERA MEDIUM WIDE, ANGLE

FROM BELOW SHOOT FOR COLOR AND B/W

Heavy haze, bands of light – The two women stand outside under the lit courtyard ceiling of the museum and over their shoulders you can see Pelleas at the other side of the fountain, holding a mirror between his hands, covering half of his silhouette.

Mélisande has cut her hair, is wearing a tightly fitted body suit and looks more masculine. Golaunde is wearing a long shiny gown with a fur stole as she and Mélisande stand together. They look over to the dark and almost seem to take sips of each other through their glances.

PELLÉAS (V.O.)

I remember then the heavy haze and bands of light – I noticed M had cut her hair, and looked more masculine. Golaunde was wearing a long shiny gown as she and Mélisande stood together. They surveyed the space and seemed to not take their eyes off each other. I approached them from a distance, reflected in multiple mirrors and observed the women as they walked. I felt more intrepid now, older, more of a man. I moved closer to them. All of our shadows were long and dark.

Close up of the two women looking at each other.

GOLAUNDE (V.O.)

Do you know why I've asked you to come this evening?

MÉLISANDE (V.O.)

No.

GOLAUNDE (V.O.)

I can't explain it... But I was sorry to see you like this, for you are too young and beautiful to live here, night and day under the exhalation of death. I have gained a sort of faith in the fidelity of events. And you now are going to open the door upon the new age I can foresee. Come over here; why do you stand over there without answering or raising your eyes? I have only ever kissed you once, the day you arrived; yet I need, now and then, to place my lips against a woman's forehead, to believe again in the freshness of life, and, for a moment, drive away the threat of death.

MÉLISANDE (V.O.)

I wasn't unhappy.

Wide angle. Pelléas appears in the distance, coming out of the dark, reflected in a mirror and staring at the women as they talk. He looks more intrepid now, older, like more of a man. At times, we are close to the women as Pelléas spies on them, then we are close on his face as their voices are heard, and vice versa.

GOLAUNDE (V.O.)

Let me look at you, close up, for a moment. One greatly needs beauty when death is so close. Must I

tell you what you know already?  
Don't you know what I'm going to say?

MÉLISANDE (V.O.)  
No, no I know nothing.

GOLAUNDE (V.O.)  
You don't realize... I love you.

MÉLISANDE (V.O.)  
I love you too.

GOLAUNDE (V.O.)  
It's as if rain has fallen on my heart. You're not deceiving me?

MÉLISANDE (V.O.)  
No. I never lie.

GOLAUNDE (V.O.)  
Where are your eyes? You won't run away from me? You aren't thinking of me this very moment?

MÉLISANDE (V.O.)  
Of course I do. I only think of you.

GOLAUNDE (V.O.)  
You were looking elsewhere.

MÉLISANDE (V.O.)  
I was seeing you somewhere else. Pelléas comes closer to them. The light emanates from the side. All of their shadows are long. He carries a bouquet of flowers.

GOLAUNDE (V.O.)  
What is it? You don't seem happy.

MÉLISANDE (V.O.)  
Yes, yes, I'm happy, but I'm sad as well.  
Mélisande sees Pelléas. We see his excitement, for he has come to claim Mélisande as his lover. He is carrying a bouquet of flowers.

PELLÉAS (V.O.)  
I eventually noticed me. I felt excitement, for I had come to confess my love for her. I was carrying a bouquet of flowers. But the two women's embrace stopped me in my tracks. My shadow remained with me where I stood. I could not believe what I saw. I began to walk away, into the dark, awash in heartbreak. I began to disappear in reflections of myself with the two women's faces overlapping the mirror.

MÉLISANDE (V.O.)  
Let it be as he would have it; he knows better than I his future. There happen perhaps no useless events...

GOLAUNDE (V.O.)  
He sees us.

MÉLISANDE (V.O.)  
Go! He will kill us.

GOLAUNDE (V.O.)  
So much the better.

The women's almost embrace stops Pelléas in his tracks. His shadow remains where he stood. He cannot believe his eyes. He

begins to walk away into the dark, awash in heartbreak. His shadow remains on the floor even though he has vanished. It is painted on the floor)\* We see Pelleas in the upstairs window moving away from the light. (Or he walks away, disappearing in a reflection of himself with the two women's faces slowly overlapping in the mirror.)

The women are together, vibrant, on the verge of embrace. Their lips almost touching. Their faces become one image (in post edit). We see his shadow on the ground holding a pistol.

CUT TO BLACK:

11 EXT. HIRSHHORN MUSEUM – MOON  
No actors.

20.  
PELLÉAS (V.O. / O.S.)  
"I can feel myself under the gaze of someone whose eyes I do not even see, not even discern. [All that is necessary is for something to signify to me that there maybe others there.] The window if it gets a bit dark and I have reasons for thinking that there is someone behind it, is straightway a gaze. From the moment this gaze exists, I am already something other, in that I feel myself becoming an object for the gaze of others. But in this position, which is a reciprocal one, others also know that I am an object who knows himself to be seen."

Complete view of the entire courtyard of the Hirshhorn Museum. As though emerging from the depths of a well, the camera erupts above ground to reveal the inner courtyard of the Hirschhorn Museum. This brutalist round structure alluded to in the opening credits now reveals its architecture. It encircling the sky. Light beams into the courtyard - and the circle, which represents the feminine, the cyclical, transitions now into an image of the full moon.

THE END

TITLE CREDITS

THE MOON MOVES GRADUALLY TO THE RIGHT. FADE TO BLACK.  
SOUND NOTE: The sound of an orchestra tuning is mixed with James Brown's "It's a man's man's world."

PELLEA[S]  
 a film by  
 JOSEPHINE MECKSEPER  
 based on a play by  
 MAURICE MAETERLINCK  
 music by  
 ARNOLD SCHOENBERG  
 washington, d.c. january 20, 2017  
 pelleas BENN NORTHOVER  
 melisande ALICE EVE  
 golaunde JOANNA PICKERING  
 as himself WARIS AHLUWALIA  
 the wolf MIA  
 in a PELLEA[S] CORP production  
 in association with 100 YEAR FILMS  
 in association with FILMLAB  
 directed by JOSEPHINE MECKSEPER  
 written by JOSEPHINE MECKSEPER and SAMUEL STONEFIELD  
 based on a play by MAURICE MAETERLINCK  
 producer AARON DEAN EISENBERG  
 executive producer CLAIRE DUB  
 director of photography BILL KIRSTEIN  
 editor JESSIE JEFFREY DUNN ROVINELLI  
 Associate Editor and VFX LOGAN SEAMAN  
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 second assistant director WILLY MCGEE  
 art director ANNA KATHLEEN  
  
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 assistant set decorator DENISE PASCAL  
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 assistant makeup department head TOMOMI SANO  
 hair department head LEONARDO MANETTI  
 still photographer DAVID BELISLE

boom operators DANNIE PETROVNA GIGLEVITCH  
 GI GONZALES  
 gaffer LORENZO PACE  
 key grips ALEXA CARROLL  
 W. IAN ROSS  
  
 grips VENCENT K. MARFO  
  
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 colorist JESSIE JEFFREY DUNN ROVINELLI  
 quotes from JACQUES LACAN, "FREUD'S PAPERS ON  
 TECHNIQUE"  
 songs PELLEAS UND MELISANDE, SYMPHONIC POEM  
 FOR ORCHESTRA  
 directed by HERBERT VON KARAJAN and the Berlin  
 Philharmonic Orchestra.  
 washington d.c. first unit  
 second assistant photographer / media manager LUKE PIOTROWSKI  
 sound mixer STEVE SOURYAL  
 key grip ANDY KUESTER  
 grip THAO  
 HOANG  
 makeup artist CANDACE NICHOLE  
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 RYDER CIOFFI HENRY  
 CLAIRE KELLY MUSICA  
 CHRISTINA M. PEREZ  
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 line producer  
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