



**JUST
CALL ME
GOD**

8.-10. MÄRZ 2017
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DER ANSPRUCH VON MORGEN.



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Mi, 8. März 2017 | 20 Uhr
Do, 9. März 2017 | 15 + 20 Uhr
Fr, 10. März 2017 | 20 Uhr
Elbphilharmonie Hamburg | Großer Saal

JUST CALL ME GOD

JOHN MALKOVICH DIKTATOR SATUR DIMAN CHA

SOPHIE VON KESSEL CAROLINE THOMAS

MARTIN HASELBÖCK REVEREND LEE DUNKLEWOOD

ERROL T. HAREWOOD LT. ALEXANDER VRONSKY

FELIX DENNHARDT VINCENT SCHLUSZMAN

JOSEF RABITSCH JOSEPH SOKOL

VALENTIN LEDEBUR NEIL FORRESTER

FRANZ DANKSAGMÜLLER LIVE-ELEKTRONIK & SOUND-DESIGN

LINDA WIESINGER PRODUKTION

CHRISTOPH HOFER TON

MARCUS LORAN LICHT

ANDREA KLIEN REGIEASSISTENZ

PAUL STURMINGER VIDEO & BÜHnenBILDASSISTENZ

ATTILA PLANGER BÜHnenBILDASSISTENZ

MARIE STURMINGER KOSTÜMASSISTENZ

MARTINA THEISSL DRAMATURGISCHE ASSISTENZ

RENATE MARTIN / ANDREAS DONHAUSER BÜHNE & KOSTÜM

MARTIN HASELBÖCK ORGEL, MUSIKALISCHES KONZEPT & PRODUKTION

MICHAEL STURMINGER BUCH, REGIE & PRODUKTION

Just Call Me God – A Dictator's Final Speech

Szenische Produktion in englischer Sprache
Weltpremiere. Ein Auftrag der Elbphilharmonie Hamburg
Eine Musikkonzept Produktion
ca. 90 Min. | keine Pause

Gefördert durch die



WILLKOMMEN



Wir gratulieren der
Stadt Hamburg,
ihren Bürgern und
allen Beteiligten

zur gelungenen großartigen
Komposition der

Elbphilharmonie,

dem Konzerthaus von
weltweiter Bedeutung.

Die ganze Welt jagt Diktator Satur Diman Cha, Staatsoberhaupt der Republik Circassia. Nach einem Putsch durchstreifen Soldaten die Straßen. Die attraktive NCC-Fernsehjournalistin Caroline Thomas – begleitet von ihrem Kameramann, einem Armeepfarrer und einem Sonderkommando – ist im Palast des berüchtigten Diktators unverhofft auf dessen privaten Konzertsaal gestoßen, unterirdisch angelegt nach dem Vorbild der Elbphilharmonie. Nur vom Diktator fehlt jede Spur – noch ...

Schauspieler John Malkovich, Regisseur und Autor Michael Sturminger und Organist Martin Haselböck beweisen auch in ihrer dritten gemeinsamen Produktion – einem Auftrag der Elbphilharmonie – wieder ihren Sinn für abgründige Charaktere und großartige Musik.

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ZUM STÜCK



DER HYPER-DIKTATOR

Zweimal waren John Malkovich, Michael Sturminger und Martin Haselböck bereits mit gemeinsamen Produktionen in Hamburg zu Gast. In *The Infernal Comedy* verkörperte Malkovich den österreichischen Serienmörder Johann »Jack« Unterweger, in *The Giacomo Variations* den berühmt-berüchtigten Verführer Giacomo Casanova. Beide Male zeichnete Sturminger für Textbuch und Regie und Haselböck für die Musik verantwortlich, beide Male erntete das Trio tosenden Applaus. Nun gastiert das Erfolgsteam – gemeinsam mit renommierten Mitstreitern wie etwa der Schauspielerin Sophie von Kessel – erneut in Hamburg. Hier in der Elphilharmonie steigt die Weltpremiere ihrer neuen Produktion *Just Call Me God – A Dictator's Final Speech*, die einen großenwahnsinnigen Diktator in den Mittelpunkt stellt. Im Anschluss wird das Stück in zehn europäischen Städten zu sehen sein.

»Power protects, power attracts,
power propels, power affirms.«
Satur Diman Cha

Die Idee für *Just Call Me God* entwickelte sich im Laufe zahlreicher Gespräche zwischen Sturminger, Haselböck und Malkovich über politische Führer und Politik im Allgemeinen. Michael Sturminger erzählt: »John hatte schon immer eine große Faszination für politische Geschichte, Martin hatte dazu die Idee mit der Orgel als historisches Machtinstrument.« Als die beiden im Rahmen ihrer vorherigen Produktionen durch die Welt reisten, sprachen sie auch über politische Machthaber wie Stalin, Pol Pot, Mao Zedong, Saddam Hussein oder Muammar al-Gaddafi. Nach intensiver Recherche hat Sturminger verschiedene Ansätze und Ideologien kombiniert und in das neue Stück einfließen lassen.

»I thought the moment might be right to tell the world what you think.«

Caroline Thomas

Im Zentrum steht das ungleiche Duell zwischen dem Diktator Satur Diman Cha (John Malkovich) und der Journalistin Caroline Thomas (Sophie von Kessel), die er als Geisel in seinem verlassenen Palast festhält. Der abtretende Diktator versteckt sich in seinem riesigen, privaten Konzertsaal, wo Caroline und ein kleiner Trupp Soldaten der Befreiungsarmee den berüchtigten Herrscher antreffen. Sie ergreift ihre Chance und arrangiert ein letztes Interview. Der Diktator ist einverstanden, eine Rede zu halten, während ihn der Armee-Pfarrer Reverend Lee Dunklewood (Martin Haselböck) auf der gewaltigen Orgel des Konzertsaals begleitet.

»Die Form des Stücks unterscheidet sich von meinen bisherigen«, so Michael Sturminger: »Ursprünglich wollte ich es von einer zentralen politischen Rede ausgehend entwickeln.« Doch der Autor stellte fest, dass er für einen Dialog mit dem Diktator einen Antagonisten auf Augenhöhe brauchte, um die Dramatik während der ganzen Handlung aufrecht zu erhalten: »Ich wollte dieses Thema nicht trocken und lehrmeisterhaft angehen. Anstatt den Schwerpunkt zu sehr auf das Wort zu legen, wollte ich bei meinen Protagonisten mehr Spannung und Druck aufbauen. Deshalb kämpfen sie um ihr Leben.«

»Have you lost your mind? Who do you think we are?

We are Satur Diman Cha!«

Satur Diman Cha

Michael Sturminger wollte weder eine Parade der großen Diktatoren der Geschichte aufmarschieren lassen noch sich auf einen einzelnen Diktator festlegen. So holte er sich seine Inspirationen von vielen historischen Originalen und schuf eine facettenreiche und extrem gefährliche fiktive Figur: Satur Diman Cha: »Ich wollte einen neuen Charakter schaffen, der sich etwas von allen möglichen Diktatoren abschaut und nachahmt. Er musste unbedingt großes Interesse an anderen mächtigen Führern haben. Als sehr gebildeter Mensch hat er sich mit ihnen allen auseinandergesetzt. So sind etliche Vorbilder in diese Figur eingeflossen.«

Die Hauptfigur ist natürlich speziell für John Malkovich geschrieben: »Für den Autor ist es von großem Vorteil zu wissen, wer die Rolle spielen wird. Meine Vorstellung davon, wie John die Rolle interpretiert, beeinflusste mein Schreiben stark. Wenn ich für Theater oder Film schreibe, habe ich normalerweise bestimmte Schauspieler im Kopf. Und sie zeigen mir, was die Figuren tun. Wenn man mit dem Schreiben beginnt, sollte man eine verlässliche Roadmap haben.



Dabei ist es extrem hilfreich, die Menschen zu kennen, mit denen man arbeitet. Je besser man seine Charaktere kennt, umso mehr kann man ihnen freien Lauf lassen. Dann entscheiden sie, was im nächsten Moment passiert und wohin einen die Reise führen könnte, während man schreibt.«

Beim Schreiben fand Michael Sturminger heraus, dass seine Hauptfigur durchaus einen gewissen Sinn für Humor hat: »Über Dinge zu lachen ist eine Möglichkeit, über sie hinwegzukommen.« Und er fährt fort: »John hat einen fantastischen Sinn für Humor und verkörpert Figuren großartig. Das sieht man zum Beispiel bei seinen Fotoserien mit Sandro Miller, in denen er etwa berühmte Fotos von Che Guevara, Albert Einstein oder Salvador Dalí nachstellt. Natürlich hat Satur Diman Cha eine sehr brutale Seite, aber mir wurde klar, dass es an diesem Mann auch eine komische Seite geben muss, die uns zum Lachen bringt.« Malkovich und Sturminger kam es darauf an zu zeigen, dass »es kein schwarz-weiß gibt und Political Correctness niemals Antworten auf grauenerregende und gleichzeitig faszinierende Charaktere geben kann. Das macht uns bewusst,

dass wir die ganze Zeit in Grauzonen leben. Unsere ganze politische Welt ist eine Grauzone.« John Malkovich als Satur Diman Cha hat viel Charme: »Viele schreckliche, mächtige Politiker haben widersprüchliche Charakterzüge in sich, die sie zu außergewöhnlichen Persönlichkeiten machen – ansonsten hätten sie wohl kaum jemals ihre Positionen erreicht«, so Sturminger.

»My instinct tells me that this game is rigged.

No matter how well I play.«

Caroline Thomas

Über die Gegenspielerin des Diktators, die Journalistin Caroline Thomas, sagt Michael Sturminger: »Es war von Anfang an klar, dass der Gegenpart des Diktators eine Frau sein musste – und Journalistin. Die Medien sind die tägliche Herausforderung von Politikern. Eine Journalistin als Gegenpol lag somit auf der Hand.« Er beschreibt Caroline als eine sehrfordernde Rolle, da sie permanent um ihr Leben kämpfen muss. Während das Publikum mit ihr mitfühlt, muss sie von einem Augenblick auf den nächsten durch alle Arten von Gefühlen gehen: »Caroline muss den Diktator für uns erfahren. Sie muss Todesangst, Schrecken, Grauen und Verachtung empfinden, aber auch Empathie, Sympathie und sogar



Momente der Zuneigung. Sophie von Kessel ist die ideale Besetzung für diese Rolle, da sie eine große Palette an Gefühlen sehr überzeugend darstellen kann.«

»And Burt, play some official music please!

I don't care what kind of music, as long as you make it sound important and official. Got the message, Burt?«

Satur Diman Cha

Der Kampf der beiden Charaktere wird begleitet, illustriert und kommentiert von der Orgel der Elbphilharmonie, die als zentrales Element in die Handlung eingebaut ist: »Schon immer in der Geschichte war die Orgel das Instrument der Mächtigen«, erklärt Sturminger: »Sie kann ein ganzes Orchester imitieren; es braucht aber nur eine Person, um sie zu spielen. Die Orgel ist quasi ein Hyper-Instrument, das alle anderen Instrumente verkörpern kann. Dies spiegelt die Vorstellung eines Diktators perfekt wider.« Der Organist Martin Haselböck selbst hatte darauf hingewiesen, dass es viele historische Fotos von Diktatoren gibt, wie diese vor einer Orgel sitzen. Sturminger erzählt, dass ihn dieses Wissen inspirierte: »Mächtige Männer fühlten sich zu diesem Instrument besonders hingezogen, denn es funktionierte immer als ein gewaltiges Werkzeug, um Menschen zu beeindrucken und einzuschüchtern.«

Das spiegelt sich auch in der Auswahl der Musikstücke, sagt Sturminger: »Zu Beginn erklingen Werke von Johann Sebastian Bach, klassisch vorgetragen wie im Konzert. Doch im Laufe des Stücks vermischen sich elektronische Effekte, Pattern und Sounds mit dem ursprünglichen Klang der Orgel. So wandelt sich die Musik zu einer künstlichen und extrem theatralischen Form.« Franz Danksagmüller, Sounddesigner für Live-Elektronik und Organist, generiert an seinem Computer dazu ein großes Spektrum an Klängen und mischt sie mit dem natürlichen Klang der Orgel. Michael Sturminger ist voller Begeisterung, wenn er von der »irritierend starken Wirkung der großen Orgel« spricht: »Durch den Zauber der elektronischen Klänge wird die Orgel auf einmal wie ein Instrument klingen, das niemand je zuvor gehört hat. Sie wird zu einem hypertrophischen, überlebensgroßen Charakter werden – genau wie Satur Diman Cha.«

MARTINA THEISSL

ORGEL UND MACHT

Den Palast von Satur Diman Cha zierte eine monumentale Orgel; die letzte Ansprache des Diktators wird von Orgelmusik begleitet. Das ist kein Zufall: Bei näherer Betrachtung der Geschichte dieses Instruments wird klar, welch unglaubliche Anziehung die Orgel immer schon auf mächtige Menschen ausübt. Der Techniker Ktesibios erfand die Orgel 250 v. Chr. im antiken Alexandria. Seitdem wird sie im gesamten Verlauf der Geschichte mit Macht und Politik in Verbindung gebracht – allein schon aufgrund ihres Klangvolumens und ihrer enormen Größe.

Kaiser Nero etwa wünschte sich nichts sehnlicher, als Organist zu werden, und im Jahre 757 n. Chr. schickte der byzantinische Kaiser Konstantin V. dem fränkischen König Pippin dem Jüngeren ein Geschenk in Form einer Orgel. Zar Peter der Große beauftragte den berühmten Orgelbauer Arp Schnitger, ihm eine riesige Orgel mit 100 Registern für St. Petersburg zu bauen, und Hitler und Goebbels beteiligten sich an der Planung einer gigantischen Orgel für das Reichsparteitagsgelände in Nürnberg. Mobutu Sese Seko, Diktator im Kongo, ließ in einem seiner Paläste, dem sogenannten »Versailles des Urwalds«, eine deutsche Konzertorgel aufstellen.

In unserem Stück zwingt Satur Diman Cha den Musiker mit Waffengewalt zum Spiel auf der Orgel. Passenderweise kommt dem Organisten als erstes Bachs *Alle Menschen müssen sterben* in den Sinn. Er spielt um sein Leben, improvisiert und setzt seine Hoffnung auf die »Hits« des Orgelrepertoires von Bach, Wagner, Liszt und Franck. Der Diktator bekommt seinen Willen, und der Orgelklang entwickelt eine, übermächtige Stärke. Dabei generiert der Organist gewissermaßen Klangcollagen, flieht immer wieder Motive aus bestehenden Werken ein, improvisiert darüber und verwebt sie zu seinem Meer aus Klängen.

Etwa ab der Hälfte des Stücks übernimmt die Live-Elektronik den Orgelklang. Soundschleifen entstehen, während die Orgel verstummt. Der künstlich erzeugte Klang schwillt an und entführt uns in eine Parallelwelt. Bekannte Komponenten werden multipliziert, wiederholt und verfremdet. Schließlich schafft es diese parallele Klangwelt, Einfluss auf die letzte Ansprache

des Diktators zu nehmen, indem sie mit ihrem massiven Klang auf jeden seiner Gedanken einwirkt.

Die Live-Elektronik lässt nun den Orgelklang anwachsen, kreiert Interpretationen, erforscht die Parallelwelt auf einem derart hohen künstlerischen Niveau, das in einem ganz individuellen Kontrast zu den Klängen der realen Musik steht. Das Klangspektrum erweitert sich, entwickelt seinen ganz eigenen Charakter. Die Stimme des Diktators ebenso wie die Klangfarben verändern sich. Der Orgelklang wird in Anlehnung an den Sprachrhythmus abgewandelt. Eine Verwandlung findet statt. Auf diese Weise verschmelzen der Diktator und die Orgel und erschaffen dadurch das mächtige Band, das schon seit jeher zwischen den Mächtigen und diesem imposanten Instrument besteht.

MARTIN HASELBÖCK

Der Spieltisch der Elbphilharmonie-Orgel









DAS TEXTBUCH

PERSONEN

SATUR DIMAN CHA

Head of State and General of the Armies of the United People's Republic of Circassia, called the Dictator

CAROLINE THOMAS

Attractive and successful journalist in her early forties, chief interviewer for NCC-TV

VINCENT SCHLUSZMAN

Photographer and cameraman

REVEREND LEE DUNKLEWOOD

Field chaplain and organist

LIEUTENANT ALEXANDER VRONSKY, CALLED ALEX

Soldier

JOSEPH SOKOL

Soldier

NEIL FORRESTER

Soldier

INTRO

When the doors of the wonderful concert hall open to the public, there is a big dark projection screen above a pompous speaker's desk set up on the stage. A huge organ console is positioned randomly besides a big metal flight case. The stage is lit with working light only and does not give the impression of being prepared for any kind of performance, but rather left somewhat haphazardly.

As soon as everybody is seated and the ushers have closed the doors, suddenly, with the sound of a loud explosion, electricity breaks down leaving the hall with emergency light only. It is quite difficult for the public to judge whether the power blackout is part of the show or a technical failure. In darkness, distant voices and shots are heard from behind the scene.

Suddenly there is a projection to be seen on the big screen, showing jittery images of a hand-held camera running through dark corridors. A military seizure seem to happen outside, we see flashing torchlights and blurred silhouettes of soldiers in combat, entering, hiding, searching.

The stage doors open and a band of soldiers enters the hall, accompanied by two embedded journalists wearing helmets and bulletproof vests labelled »press« in big white letters. The soldiers wear combat outfit, talkback headsets and carry machine guns with flashlights attached; one of the journalists is operating a camera filming what we are seeing on the screen. With their guns carefully pointing into the unknown, the soldiers spot the dark hall with their flashlights, ready to shoot at any possible enemy. Two of them slowly search the auditorium, acting as if the chairs were all empty.

SOKOL

Clear and secure, Sir!

FORRESTER

The same here, all safe, Sir!

ALEX (TO HEADQUARTERS ON RADIO)

Chef du Cuisine! This is Al Gator, over!

HEADQUARTERS (ON RADIO)

Al Gator, this is Chef, copy you loud and clear.

ALEX

We are inside a theatre or concert hall now, searching it. Seems to be empty, the rest of the squad is following the street north.

HEADQUARTERS

Fine. We have just scanned his motorcade 200 miles down the valley and we are tracking them on monitor. We're expecting AHB support air cav within ninety minutes. Just get the A-team BDA ballgame through and search and clear the palace ...

ALEX

Copy that. Any estimate of the situation? Cat's away and rats will play?

HEADQUARTERS

Cat is and rats are probably following, but who knows numbers. Should be more or less empty, though we've had our share of surprises lately. Be careful.

ALEX

We will double-check, could still be some scattered turncoats anywhere ... Ok fellows, you heard the man, get movin'.

The soldiers start looking around and investigate the hall with their super strong torches.

The camera man raises his camera to show the width of the hall and the ceiling. The video is projected on the screen on the stage.

VINCENT

This is énorme!

CAROLINE

The great jubilee concert hall!

VINCENT

Were we supposed to know that he built an underground replica of the Sydney opera?

CAROLINE

Sydney opera, no way, Vincent...
This is something else.

ALEX

Must be damn crazy to build such a thing in the middle of the fucking desert!

HEADQUARTERS

According to our intel, Satur used to have a bunch of old pop singers performing in this secret ballroom ... He used to pay them a fortune!

ALEX

Who knew artists are whores ...
Pretty much like journalists!

CAROLINE

They were in good company. There used to be a lot of highly respected generals and prime ministers applauding.

HEADQUARTERS

Dear colleagues from television, please allow us a short look at this startling discovery?

VINCENT

Okay, you want me to go online, so you can have a look? Anyone find some light, please!

CAROLINE

Send them a few nice shots, Vincent.

VINCENT

Avec plaisir!

The camera is following the light of the torches.

HEADQUARTERS

Holy shit ...

ALEX

Look at that ... must have cost a fortune ...

Vincent zooms the frame into a close-up of the lighting facilities.

ALEX

My ex-wife would have killed to see something like that ...

VINCENT

Turn on some light, anyone?

Forrester has found a fuse panel and shifts a line of switches, turning on lamps lighting the organ pipes and the stage.

PIPES**VINCENT**

Look at those pipes up there ...

ALEX

Lee, Jesus, a full size concert organ.
Let's give it a try ...

Caroline takes off the cover of the organ console and Vincent tries some keys.

VINCENT

Mesdames et Messieurs: Attention!
This is something ...

He pulls registers and plays a few blasting notes of »Smoke on the Water«.

ALEX

My goodness, that is some full heavy metal pipe ...

Happily amused Vincent keeps playing along, including a pedal bass line, more searching for than knowing the right keys. He appears to be happy remembering any chord, contriving an ear-shattering disaster in G major.

CAROLINE (LAUGHING AND SHOUTING)

Okay, Vincent, stop this, please!

VINCENT

Well it's only rock and roll!

CAROLINE

This ain't rock and roll, this is genocide ...
Have mercy on us, Vince!

Vincent stops playing and eventually moves away from the organ console.

VINCENT

Don't you go overboard, Caroline.
Nobody ever died from bad music.

ALEX

(to Vincent) Get out of the way, boy,
this is »the real McCoy« here.

(to Lee) Lee, please, this is your turn now!

Ladies and Gentlemen, please welcome Reverend Lee Dunklewood from Kenosha, Wisconsin!

Lee takes off his military boots and socks and sits down in front of the keyboard.

ALEX

And you, Vincent, make sure you close the Headquarter line first. He is only playing for paying guests.

HEADQUARTERS

No, Lee that's unfair, don't you dare cutting –
(the line is cut)

ALEX

Over and out! Sorry guys, strictly private matter! Transmission-line is closed!
Praised be the Lord, my God! Hallelujah!!

Lee cracks his fingers, checks the setup and the different registers and, after a short pause, starts his performance.

MUSIK

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH:
TOCCATA UND FUGE D-MOLL BWV 565

TOCCATA AND FUGUE

Everyone falls into silence as the organ spreads its enormous sound. Vincent grabs his equipment and starts filming the movements of the organist, following the elegant moves of his hands across the four manuals as well as the bare feet protruding from his camouflage trousers, pushing the pedals. With the Toccata's great chords, Vincent zooms up to the highest pipes to catch the beauty of the impressive multitude of pipes.

Caroline grabs her microphone and stands next to the console. When Lee finishes the baroque Fugue, Caroline with her NCC microphone in her hand opens an improvised TV show. She is patting Vincent on the shoulder, indicating that he should be putting her into his frame.

CAROLINE

Ladies and Gentlemen, my name is Caroline Thomas. With the first arriving squad of troopers I have just entered the Ar-Kasaba Palace. Lieutenant Alexander Vronsky, please give our viewers a briefing on the situation.

ALEX

After 34 years in power former President Satur Diman Cha, ex-chief of state and his entourage have decided to go underground earlier this morning. The palace has been abandoned without defence. What you see here, believe it or not, is the private Concert Hall of this remote subterranean residency.

CAROLINE

Thank you, Alex.

ALEX

Pleasure.

CAROLINE

While the country was starving and the people barely had access to basics like schools and hospitals, their dictator built this pompous concert hall. It seems to be a perfect reconstruction of the inside of the famous Elphilharmonie. As far as we understand, this replica was completed and accomplished more than five years ahead of the original hall in Hamburg. So much for German engineering. You will now be the first to witness the famous acoustics of this building, constructed 90% underneath the sand of the Circassian desert.

The magnificent pipe-organ will be played and presented to you by Reverend Lee Dunklewood, field-chaplain of our Coalition Armed Forces.

ALEX

Play something popular, please, Lee ...
Forrester and Sokol, check and secure the outside on sentry duty!

CAROLINE

Your Reverence! We would want to give our viewers at NCC breakfast TV an impression of the musical potential hidden within those fabulous pipes of the newly discovered Ar-Kasaba Palace Concert Hall!

MUSIK

RICHARD WAGNER:
DER RITT DER WALKÜREN (ARR. E. LEMARE)

THE RIDE OF THE VALKYRIES

With strong impact Lee starts playing the first trills of the »Ride of the Valkyries«, much to the entertainment of his fellows who now all gather around the organ keyboard console. While Lee is bringing the famous bass-line with his bare feet, Vincent is filming his feet in close-up. The sound of the mighty instrument is filling the hall with more and more crescendo. Everyone is listening slack-jawed as Lee is working the full range of overwhelming sound. After a while Alex starts imitating the noise of helicopter rotor blades and Vincent is screaming quotes from »Apocalypse Now« like: »I love the smell of napalm in the morning«, »I have seen horrors«, quickly receiving answers like »Why do you guys sit on your helmets? – So we don't get our balls blown off« or »Charlie don't surf!« The whole team is absolutely united in their unexpected, collective fun.

They are all playing and imitating the soundtrack of the notorious helicopter battle scene when sudden real gunshots mix with the climax of the music. Within a few seconds Alex and Caroline fall more or less silently to the floor. Vincent is lying dead in a pool of blood. It takes some time until Lee, who is fully concentrated on playing the climax of Wagner's famous piece, notices what is going on. Then he stops playing and raises both his arms.

In sudden silence everyone is lying on the floor motionless. The Dictator carefully picks up all weapons from the floor and from Alex's belt holster and puts them aside. He turns to Lee who has not moved but sits still in front of the organ, both arms raised high.

DICTATOR

Play on! If music be the food of love, play on!
Give me excess of it; that surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
So die ... Die!

The Dictator raises his gun, pointing it at Lee and cocks it. Lee does not dare to look at him.

DICTATOR

Play on ... or do you want to die right now?

Lee hands him a score.

DICTATOR

Are you asking us? You have got a lot of nerve to ask us! Are you out of your mind? Whatever! Play anything, but play!

*Johann Sebastian Bach ... play me ...
a Cantata ... »All men must die« ...
Brilliant idea, all men must die! So play, and as long as you play, I promise, you will not die.*

You will die only after, or – with respect – before! So you better get started now ...

Lee does not move. He seems to be stuck in inhibition.

Play, piece of shit!

ALL MEN MUST DIE

Lee cracks his fingers nervously and starts to play.

MUSIK

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH:
ALLE MENSCHEN MÜSSEN STERBEN BWV 643

DICTATOR

*Finally! (he pauses and listens)
Beautiful music you do play.*

The Dictator listens and watches Lee, smiling deeply contented.

And this is really called »All men must die«?
Ah, really nice Mr. Bach. I wonder whom they originally buried to that music? Are you aware of the fact that you are playing for your own funeral? Amazing idea. Beautiful, Mr. Bach!
A composition commemorating de-composition!

It's gorgeous! It's glamorous! You hear how lightly death moves in this music? Everything seems bearable, endurable in this comforting sound. Nothing can happen to us, when this music is playing.

So you make sure, you don't stop, otherwise ...
Everything will stop ... Next stop, eternity!

DICTATOR

Let's hope the piece is not too short and Mister Bach did not get tired of thinking about death and decay. But we will soon find out ...

The Dictator walks across the stage, inspecting the corpses on the floor.

Look how peaceful death sits on your comrades! There is no trace of fear or horror on their faces; they all seem to be happy. We made them happy, actually. We love to make people happy!

What is this? A television camera ... shut up! Still working? I wonder if I can handle such a lethal tool.

He picks up the camera and shoulders it, while Lee has come to the end of the piece. Avoiding to finish, he plays around the last chord.

Don't you stop playing, Mister Bach ... Or else we will have to make you happy right away! With respect!

MUSIK

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH/FRANZ LISZT:
WEINEN, KLAGEN, SORGEN, ZAGEN BWV 12

The Dictator plays around with the camera, testing zoom, focus wheels and lens opening. He pans into the hall and zooms at the bodies and faces of the dead soldiers on the floor. On the screen we watch the camera moving over bodies, faces, a pool of blood beside Vincent's head, blood also on Caroline's trousers. Her upper body seems trying to hide ...

So what do we have here? A woman?

On the screen we follow the camera finding Caroline's face and zooming in on a close-up, finally succeeds in pulling her face in focus.

My goodness, a beautiful dead lady... Why did she have to die like this?

He looks at her, as if he had found a rare animal, without any feeling but cold curiosity.

Where was she from? Why did she come here? What's a sweetheart like you doing in a dump like this? But what is this? (softly) Look at you! What do I spy with my own eye? Are you breathing ...?

(suddenly screaming at Lee)
Don't you dare to stop playing, Bacharach!

He bends over Caroline to get a close look. Then he puts the camera down on the floor.

As far as I know, dead people rarely breathe ... And you do breathe, sweetheart.

He pulls out his gun and points it at her.

So now please, sweetheart, you better stop acting dead or else we will stop your acting with a bullet from this pistol. Open your eyes and look at me. Now!

Caroline slowly raises her upper body and looks at him, freezing in fear.

CAROLINE

Please. You don't have to do that ...

DICTATOR

Really?

CAROLINE

Don't kill me! I don't want to die ...

DICTATOR (IN SUDDEN ANGER)

You came here to kill us! You fuckers all wanted to kill us like a pig, to shoot us like a lame duck. We will kill you, slowly and patiently like you never dreamt possible. We will fuck you like a duck, we will slaughter you, we will season you, we will roast you, we will garnish you, we will eat you, we will shit you, we will sodomize your offspring in the community swimming pool. Have you lost your mind? Who do you think we are? We are Satur Diman Cha!

The Dictator suddenly realizes that Lee has stopped playing the organ. He turns around and points his gun at Lee, who has tried to leave the hall with a few slow steps.

And what is this? Did we hurt your feelings? You are leaving, Bacharach?

Without turning around, Lee stops with his hands up in the air.

Without even saying the goodbye? This is not nice! With respect, this is actually very impolite! Mixed grill! Mixed grill! But let us not be angry about it ... Let us stay calm!

Okay, Burt, you will now slowly return to your keyboard and sit down on your bench, or I will start removing your naked toes, one after the other.

Slowly Lee turns around and returns to the organ. The Dictator watches him, turns and points the gun at Caroline, who is still sitting on the floor.

Miss sweetheart, all you do is, you stand up and come with me.

Caroline slowly stands up and follows the Dictator. He grabs a gaffer tape and chuck it at Caroline, who reacts quickly and catches the tape.

Bravo! Good girl. Now you go and carefully duct-tape our Mr Bach to his organ. Make damn sure he can move his arms and legs, but will never leave the bench without prior written consent from the proper authorities, all documents in triplicate, no electronic signings permitted. With respect!

Caroline looks at Lee, they both try to make their humiliation as bearable as possible. Lee sits down. Caroline kneels in front of him, working the tape over Lee's pelvis and around the chair, around his belt and again under the seat. The Dictator is pointing the camera at them and having a ball.

This looks really funny, like a strange prelude to some SM version of a blowjob.

Our Mr Bacharach will probably not be the first Christian clergyman in history having a whore between his legs, playing his little pipe, while he plays his big ones ...

Reverend Bach you prick, play something sexy! Maybe you play: »A whiter shade of pale« ... Yes, that would be nice: »That her face, at first just ghostly, turned a wither shade of pale!« I had my first blowjob listening to »A whiter shade of pale« ...

A WHITER AIR BY BACH

MUSIK

MARTIN HASELBÖCK:

A WHITER AIR BY BACH

Lee immediately starts improvising on Bach's »Air«, while Caroline is fixing the tape around his body. The scenery is quite absurdly contrasted by the soft music.

DICTATOR

Wonderful... In a mini cooper, while Procol Harum played live on the radio. I was studying at Oxford, but I had to get out in the interest of keeping my bumhole intact and not to become ass-chattel and mixed grill for some pernicious English public school boys...

Careful, sweetheart, you make damn sure he will not be able to run away again! Let me have a look...

The Dictator checks the taping but seems to be happy with her work. Looking at Caroline, he wonders what he could do with her, checking her body as much as her bulletproof jacket allows.

You really are an attractive woman, but would you please take off this garment of dunces, sweetheart?

He looks at her and starts singing.

»We are the press, we are objective, we are reporting in the name of truth and always neutral! Please don't shoot us or fuck us in the ass... We're here to make a better world for you and me!«

Have you made a better world? Your fucking cameras are weapons! I hate journalists! If I were fighting in battle, I'd aim well wherever one of these jackets would show up. Please, do me the favour and take off this ridiculous jacket, if you do not want me to verify if it is really bulletproof.

Caroline slowly and carefully takes off the jacket. She seems unpleasantly exposed and vulnerable. The Dictator looks at her and slowly puts away his gun.

Lee is still playing as the Dictator draws closer to Caroline, carefully takes her hands and starts dancing with her. His tender behaviour still seems like an act of utmost brutality, as Caroline's mortal fear seems to inhibit her movements. The Dictator puts his arms around her and slowly they move with the music.

DICTATOR (SOFTLY)

What is your name?

CAROLINE (HAVING TO CLEAR HER THROAT FIRST)

Caroline Thomas.

DICTATOR

And why did you come here, Caroline Thomas?

CAROLINE (TRYING HARD TO REGAIN HER APLOMB
I am working as a journalist for NCC-television, reporting on international affairs.

DICTATOR (FLIRTING)

And what sort of affairs were you planning on reporting from my private palace? Private affairs?

He pulls Caroline a little closer, while he is smiling at her, trying to test her nerves.

You must have been aware, coming here, that this can be a dangerous place to go, and that all affairs concerning our person could easily turn out to be quite fundamental!

CAROLINE

You know, I was only following my instincts... I guess I was looking for a real challenging experience.

The Dictator bursts out with laughter.

DICTATOR

A brave girl looking for a real challenging experience! Well the good news is you have found a real challenging experience. You will need to be brave and clever, as you might have to deal with foreign affairs, dark affairs, frightening affairs, when you enter here... A veritable mixed grill! So you did not come here to dance with me?

Their dancing has become more and more intimate. Caroline is regaining her cool.

CAROLINE

I came to witness this war, to watch and hear both sides, to talk to you and get to know you. I was hoping against all odds to receive permission to make an interview for the American TV-channel NCC.

DICTATOR (SOFTLY)

And what gave you the idea that I would consent to such an interview, although I have not spoken to any western press in years?

CAROLINE

I thought the moment might be right, to tell the world what you think.

DICTATOR

You thought the moment might be right? Maybe it is, if you say so, my little brave sweetheart. You are a warrior too, aren't you?

CAROLINE

I am a journalist. I report human history.

DICTATOR

I make history, that's the difference between us. But opposites attract, don't they?

DICTATOR

I could come to enjoy our little dance, though it could easily turn out to be our last ...

CAROLINE

The more we should appreciate the experience.

DICTATOR

Okay then, why not...
(in sudden anger) Let's dance!

The Dictator pulls Caroline tighter, starting to touch her breasts and kissing her.

So that's what you are doing in a dump like this, sweetheart: literally anything to save your miserable, little life! Like any whore would.

He touches her aggressively and rude, as if she were his personal sex-slave. He harshly pushes her to the ground and screams at her.

Stop this jerking around now! Enough of your banana oil cheapness! I don't fuck hookers. I don't pay for sex, you will have to pay. I am not like you are!

(to Lee) Stop your kitsch, Asshole, will you? Silence! And with respect, don't you dare playing unless I ask you to.

Lee has stopped playing and is sitting in shock without a movement. Caroline is cowering on the floor, looking at her dead colleagues in agony.

(to Caroline) You better take that camera, bitch, and start your interview and I hope you will be able to prove you have other skills besides being queen of dancing whores! If that is the case, you will have the honour – before I fuck you and kill you – to record my confessions, or rather my last will, my testament... while you, Burt Bach, will accompany me on your giant Hammond organ. With respect! But be careful and don't play one single note before I ask you to.

With tears in her eyes, Caroline pulls herself together, takes the camera and rises.

CAROLINE

Okay Sir, let me just set the camera and arrange the stage for a moment. I will make everything look a bit more official and elegant.

DICTATOR

Go ahead, sweetheart. I will use the podium. And Burt plays »official music«, please! I don't care what kind of music, as long as you make it sound official and authoritative. Got the message, Burt?

OBSOLETE ANTHEM

MUSIK

MARTIN HASELBÖCK: THE GRAND ANTHEM
(CHARLES IVES: VARIATIONS ON AMERICA)

While Lee is improvising an anthem, Caroline covers the dead bodies of Vincent and Alex with some fabric, trying to leave them in a respectful way.

DICTATOR

So, sweetheart – let's go to work!

CAROLINE

Excuse me, Sir, but before we start, how am I supposed to address you during the interview? Do you prefer: Mr President, Supreme Commander in Chief, Chairman or Leader of the Revolution ... ?

DICTATOR

Just call me God! (*bursting out with laughter*) This, as a matter of fact, is an original quote of the great and adorable village idiot Idi Amin! He bestowed numerous titles on himself: »His Excellency, President for Life, Field Marshal Al Hadji Doctor Idi Amin Dada, Carrier of the Victoria Cross, the Distinguished Service Order and the Military Cross, Lord of All the Beasts of the Earth and Fishes of the Seas and Conqueror of the British Empire in Africa in general and Uganda in particular.«

The Dictator cleans his face with a make up remover tissue. Further downstage he takes a slipcover off an official presidential rostrum with an official sign and state banners. Caroline puts the camera on a tripod, checks the microphone, while the Dictator takes an elegant olive dress uniform blouse with a lot of Combat Action Badges from the box and puts it on. While he is fastening up the silver bottoms of his blouse, the Dictator stands in front of the camera, turning the monitor screen into his direction, to check his looks and optimize the angel of his beret.

Quite impressive, though not as nice and clean as »God«, the name we use when we are running out of words to describe ourselves.

Or Joseph Mobutu, who officially called himself Mobutu Sese Seko Kuku Ngbendu wa Zabanga,

a title that translates in many ways, from: »the rooster that leaves no hen untouched« to: »the all-powerful warrior, who because of his endurance and inflexible will to win, goes from conquest to conquest leaving fire in his wake.« Indeed ... what is in a name? How about »Al-qaid ad-daruri« or »Irredeemable Leader«, as Saddam Hussein called himself.

You know, I have done quite some historical research during the last years and I learned a lot from great figures, past and present. I thought a great deal about self-definition and about overcoming the injustice of birth. How could anyone know your destiny better than yourself? I always had great admiration for people who baptised themselves and created their own names and destinies.

So my official name was a simple invention, billed when I was offered my first government job in the Ministry of Security. I invented the first name »Satur«, which sounded like the Latin God Saturn and referred to the end of the week on Saturday, while my second name invention »Diman« combined with my father's name »Cha«, leads to the French Sunday – Dimanche – as the first day of the week. Hereby I am demanding the whole week, backwards from Saturday to Sunday. The end is the beginning!

After the revolution I decided for myself to use the rank of a »General of the Armies«. It is the highest rank in the US military, designed only for one person in history, General John Pershing. He started his exemplary career with the beautiful American tradition of killing native Indians and finally finished it, a long time after his demise, by defeating the Soviet Union, merely through the strength of his name, which was given to

»Pershing« atom-head missiles that eventually finished the cold war in the eighties.

Therefore, with respect, I agree if you just introduce me precisely as: »Satur Diman Cha, Head of State and General of the Armies of the United People's Republic of Circassia«.

Caroline finishes a frame leaving some room for herself and the Dictator behind his speaker's desk for an establishing shot.

CAROLINE

Sir, if you are ready, I will start with an introduction and then pose the first question. If you please stand behind the rostrum and look at me, never directly into the camera and before you answer a question, please leave me a few moments of silence, so I can cut out my voice from the tapes.

DICTATOR

Seriously, please. We have done this a few thousand times before ...

CAROLINE

Alright then, camera and sound rolling. Here we go:
Good morning ladies and gentlemen, this is Caroline Thomas broadcasting from the heart of darkness, thirty feet below the desert sand of Circassia, welcoming you to a rare and sensational occasion. Due to lucky circumstances after well-aimed long-term diplomatic preparations I have received the honour to present you an interview with his Excellency, Satur Diman Cha, Head of State and General of the Armies of the United People's Republic of Circassia. General Diman Cha has been ruling the country now for 34 years.

The Dictator rushes into the frame and speaks directly into the camera.

DICTATOR (ANGRY)

This is a lie! We can stop this before we even got started! I have been elected head of state in 1992! Before this election I had been a member of the council of state, only Colonel, but not head of government or chairman. Therefore this is my 25th jubilee, as you can see on this silver badge of my uniform. This wonderful concert hall was supposed to host our Silver Jubilee Festivities, but we cannot be holding the festival as planned, because three months ago a coalition of cynical capitalists, politically correct imbeciles, virtue signallers, religious fanatics, lunatics and other assorted crooks, cheaters and criminals has decided to provide our country with an absolutely illegal invasion followed by a highly mischievous occupation ...

CAROLINE (INTERRUPTING)

Sir, I beg your pardon, if you want me to conduct an interview which my network is going to broadcast, we will have to produce this interview according to what the network is willing to broadcast. There are some rules we will have to observe, or otherwise -

DICTATOR (PULLING OUT HIS GUN AND COCKING IT)

Who the fuck do you think you are dealing with, bitch?! Are you talking about broadcasting rules? If I shoot you right now in front of this camera, I swear to any available god, this footage will be viral - with millions of likes - before your dead body will be cold! Do I, with respect, have to shoot Reverend Bach first to remind you of the situation you are in?

CAROLINE (SCREAMING)

Now stop this bullshit and put away this fucking gun, if you please ...*(trying to recompose herself)*

Of course you can shoot me and you can shoot this poor man as well, but outside this room there are two or three platoons of your enemies arriving within the next thirty minutes and when they will enter here, you will be grateful that I am still around. In front of my camera they will not treat you the way they would treat you otherwise. So why don't you take a breath, step behind this rostrum and answer a few questions, in case there is anything you want the world to know... This is your stage and time, so please Sir make good use of it.

The Dictator has been listening closely. Now he is standing still and thinking.

DICTATOR

So you do have other skills after all.

The Dictator uncocks the pistol and puts it behind his waist-belt.

Okay, I will be good. Faro il bravo. And you sweetheart, let us give it a try, but under these precise conditions: I will change into my full dress »General of the Armies« uniform, Bacharach will accompany me, I will make my official speech and you get me on camera. After this you can ask me any question and I will try to answer it, so help me God.

CAROLINE

Thank you.

DICTATOR

(to Lee) Play something strange and dark to get us into the right mood.

From absolute silence, Lee starts an improvised open chord, slowly getting louder and creating a strange and fascinating sound-collage in the style of early 2nd half of the last century. Caroline and

the Dictator both listen to the strange sounds that seem to make the tension in the room tangible. As the scene goes on, Lee's organ pipes seem to mix and blend with electronic sounds.

MUSIK

HASELBÖCK/DANKSAGMÜLLER:
GRAND ORGAN MACABRE HARMONICA

GRAND ORGAN MACABRE HARMONICA

The Dictator returns to his box and starts changing into his formal military uniform. He takes off his jacket in a concentrated professional routine, quietly and fast. He waves Caroline to assist him and to hold his mirror, still carefully, having his gun always in reach. Then he dresses in a black gala uniform with black buttons and a great deal of badges, adornments and ornaments, nearly invisible as they are all as black as the cloth, and puts on a black pillbox hat. When he is finished, he checks his stylish and frightening looks and finally enters the speaker's rostrum, where he listens to the music getting louder and louder, until it stops and leaves him space to enter.

DICTATOR

This speech was originally composed to be held in front of statesmen and leaders of the world at the opening of the Silver Jubilee Festivities scheduled for the 8th of March 2017.

DICTATOR

There is a spectre haunting Europe, America and the rest of the old world, and it is spreading a message to everybody who is benefitting from the current global political system: Watch out! Your privileged way of life is disintegrating and will not exist much longer!

You might still be trying to ignore it, but when you're alone at night you can't help noticing a strange feeling inside your bones, when you step out of your in-floor-heated bathroom, because the pizza-delivery-boy is ringing your doorbell! Before you open your front door, you sense a light chill on your wet naked skin under your silk robe. It is a cold draught that reaches your spine, producing some heebie-jeebies down your legs and it is getting stronger, slowly, but relentlessly. It is building up power with every single contact you cannot avoid making with people from outside of the world you know: and suddenly you feel very clearly that the pizza-delivery-boy is only the first in a long line of people, who give you the creeps.

The Dictator seems to like the impact of the story he is telling. and Lee's organ is transporting an idea of frightening greatness.

The world is getting smaller, as the human race is growing fast and there are billions of people who all want to live a life in peace and prosperity, like you have been doing your whole existence, but you are not used to the idea of sharing peace and prosperity. You have been spoiled by living on the sunny side of the street and brought up to always expect a lot more than your fair share: to be honest you are used to take as much as you want. But the times, they are a-changin' ... Fukoyama's end of history was a joke! This is only the beginning!

The Dictator is listening to Lee's accompaniment, creating a next thought.

A spectre is haunting your world and nobody will stop it or control it, like General Satur Diman Cha and the people of Circassia have been doing for the last 25 years. Then spring

came and your leaders and presidents decided that you don't want us any more... After many years of mutual respect, General Satur Diman Cha suddenly turned out to be a villain, a crook, a gangster, a dictator!

So you will have to get along without us. You will have to adjust your daily routine and live the way rich people in places like Nairobi or Mexico City have been living for ages: behind barbed wire. You will have bodyguards picking up your children from school and get used to feeling safe only within the frames of CCTV cameras and behind security doors, behind reliable fences; even better behind grids, bars, walls, borders, electrical super security fences and barriers with spring guns. You will quickly get used to it. Of course, it's impractical, if you like your pizza hot and fresh, but the delivery boy is on the other side of the fence.

You will wave the pizza boy to come in, you will tell your bodyguards to let him pass, but he has brought a cousin and a cousin of a cousin and there will be too many of them, because Doctor Diman Cha has released his people from quarantine and they are your patients now. You will have to take care of them. Your systems are more humane, more equitable, more inclusive – all inclusive. An all inclusive resort. But when your resort is at full capacity, please don't look for us, don't contact us, don't try to contact us. We will be retired, no longer to blame.

Caroline waits respectfully until Lee, who has built up a wall of sound supporting the Dictator's speech, has finished his last chord. Her camera is still recording.

CAROLINE

Very impressive, Sir! You have made your point, but what is it really going to tell our audience? Are you trying to intimidate them? And what would you gain if we were afraid of you? Wouldn't fear, on the contrary, be the last feeling you want – say: the American public to hold against you? If we look back at the list of people Americans were afraid of within the last one or two decades, it would be topped by Saddam Hussein, Osama Bin Laden and Muammar al-Gaddafi. And they are all dead...

The Dictator watches her with sudden anger.

DICTATOR

Are you now trying to scare us? We thought you wanted an interview, but it seems as if you were trying to provoke us and we could actually become very angry! So if you still want to ask us some questions, you should quickly change your attitude and return to a professional demeanour ...

Caroline nods and quickly tries to return to the professional routine.

CAROLINE

Very well, Sir, I beg your pardon. I have indeed a question I would be very grateful to pose. You have been in power for twenty-five years and beyond doubt you are one of the rare figures in world history who really could answer questions like: What is power? Who gave it to you – and what have you done with it?

The Dictator has been listening closely. Now he pauses in contemplation before he starts to speak.

DICTATOR

Power is the ability to make people think you are watching everything they do or say and

that you disapprove. Power is the currency by which you make the world pay for what it has done to you.
Power protects, power attracts, power propels, power affirms.

CAROLINE

All I've learned about power is that the good never seek it.

DICTATOR

»The good«?
I sought it, I achieved it for my people.

He smiles at Caroline. now back in his smug self-confidence, while she is recording his speech.

*(to Lee) Join me on this one Bacharach.
Produce some big sounds.*

Lee is playing and he is giving it all.

MUSIK

HASELBÖCK/DANKSAGMÜLLER:
BIGGER THAN LIFE

BIGGER THAN LIFE

DICTATOR

I am a great man Caroline, really great. I had to take a high personal risk to arrive where I wanted to be. I have raised myself above you all, high above your morals. I have stepped higher than most of you and I have seen further than any of you. I have lifted myself up into absolute regions and therefore am the absolute sovereign. I am not standing on the shoulders of giants, I am the giant! I am the absolute success, the absolute Dictator! I have won the game, I have won it for my people!

CAROLINE

For your people?

DICTATOR

For my people!

CAROLINE

Who are your people? Where are they? Seems there are no people left. And apart from a few partisans and your entourage there never has been anyone.

DICTATOR

The people love us, always have and always will.

CAROLINE

I understand you want to stick to politics and go on lying. I can do that if you prefer it. Your grateful people called you »Father of the Nation« and the »Leader we trust more than our own eyes«. But of course they never believed what they were saying. They were lying all the time, just like you were. They knew it and you knew it. Shouldn't we stop lying now? Wouldn't you, by all means, want to tell us anything that was true?

Silence. A single high note is playing continuously, as if it were stuck like white noise in your ear.

Has there ever been anything, ah, ...

The Dictator is thinking.

I was wondering, if you wanted to tell the world something personal and honest. If there was anything you did, that you still regret now, something you might confess ...

The tinnitus is getting louder and more dangerous.

DICTATOR

You mean, if I wanted to use this interview to ease my conscience, to take some burden off my chest? Is that what you mean? Well yes, I give you one story.

The Dictator pauses and then starts in a most convincing tone.

When I was a schoolboy, there was a child, a few years older than me, who used to take my lunch and eat it. When I protested, he beat me terribly, so I never protested again and he went on eating my lunch day after day. Until, when I got the chance, I pushed him in front of the school bus. His leg was totally shattered in the accident and never healed completely. The crippled boy never touched my lunch again, but somehow I always felt badly about him. So when I became president, I invited him to the palace and asked him if he remembered eating my lunch at school. Trembling with fear he denied ever touching it, so I instantly shot him in the face. However, once he was lying there in a pool of blood, I was suddenly uncertain if my people had brought me the right cripple.

CAROLINE

???

DICTATOR

Shit happens.

The tinnitus stops. Caroline is shocked.

This was not the kind of confession you had been expecting for your breakfast TV? If you are unhappy with this, I can give you another version:

The cripple was invited to the palace and just as I was about to ask him if he remembered having taken my lunch, my contact popped out. It fell on the ground. I could see nothing without it, so I got down on all fours and began the search for it. The cripple also got down from his chair to help me find it. We are padding around on the floor. At a certain point I look up and the butt of the cripple is directly in my face, and I ask him, if he remembers taking my lunch at school. He freezes and suddenly he is letting off a gigantic fart of a shocking violence. It blows back my hair. It curiously smelled of eggplant and pineapple. I took out my pistol and put it to his asshole and I fired the entire clip.

Put down that stupid camera, sweetheart, turn it off. The official version is finished.

Caroline turns the camera away and leaves it on the tripod, but in the projection we can see that the time-code is running and the camera is still recording.

I am sorry. This is an old habit I cannot break. I made this up, neither version of this story is true. I made it up. There was no school, no boy, no lunch, no bus, I don't wear contacts and I had no hair at that time. Yet, the story is known throughout my entire country – in many versions. It is, let us say, a founding myth. To impose authority I must create fear among both friends and enemies. Any story about me could be true. It's important my people believe that. And they do. With respect.

Politics is all about stories – mostly fictitious ones. Simple stories with strong emotions, later to be called histories.

You care for Single Malt Whisky, sweetheart?

CAROLINE

I love Scotch...

DICTATOR

Bach, how about some night-club sixties pop? And let us all relax for once!

He produces a bottle of whisky and hands it to her. She takes a big slug, not failing to impress the Dictator.

PSYCHOCRATIC BARGROUND IMPRO

Lee starts improvising, something like a strange psychedelic background bar music improvisation, as the sound of the organ seems to be shifting somehow into some pop/electronic/Hammond-sound and, during the following scene, strangely phasing and fading and flanging and mixing with background sounds and atmospheres of hotel lobbies and nightclubs, laughter, applauding people, distant voices, without a understandable reason. Caroline is taking another pull from the bottle, as she is preparing for another challenge.

MUSIK

HASELBÖCK/DANKSAGMÜLLER:
BARGROUND IMPRO

CAROLINE

So what you are telling me is that you were kind of forced to be or at least pretend to be a horrific monster to keep your authority? Is this your narrative, your history, is there another man behind your frightening mask?

Caroline is watching the Dictator closely, trying to sort out how to find his soft spot, looking very intensely into his eyes, whenever the Dictator

looks at her. Her beauty seems to be shining with her soft movements, as she, for the first time in their encounter, wants to be beautiful in his eyes.

DICTATOR

Perhaps. That's not a bad way of putting it. If you are not prepared to appear like a horrific monster, you will not gain any respect or authority in the political world and nobody will follow you, once it gets tough.

CAROLINE

So you give your people what they need to respect and to fear you? You play a role, like a great actor, like an artist, throwing yourself into a situation and then following your instincts?

DICTATOR

You would be surprised how well that would work for you, for the two of us, if we played together. Just jump in and follow your instincts ...

CAROLINE

Yes, but my instinct tells me that this game is rigged. No matter how well I play, I will lose it, because the so-called winner manipulates the rules.

DICTATOR

No worries, no fear! Dare to trust me. We are here all by ourselves, apart from our personal organ-player, and we could share a brief private encounter before I will disappear and you will return to your life ... and keep it our mutual secret.

CAROLINE

And I guess you can keep a secret ...

DICTATOR

Well I kept a few!

CAROLINE

So have I.

DICTATOR

Would you share one with me?

CAROLINE

What are you thinking of?

DICTATOR

Any secret. Early ... enigmatic ... erotic ...

CAROLINE

You start!

DICTATOR

I asked first! First come, first served!

CAROLINE

Rather first served, first come ...

DICTATOR

Yes! You tell me how you came for the first time.

Caroline is ready to take the challenge and to respond strongly.

CAROLINE

That's your secret question? My first orgasm?

Okay, why not.

She follows her instincts and plays his game now, inventing a story.

DICTATOR

How old were you?

CAROLINE

Don't know, maybe 14 or 15 ... a schoolgirl!

The Dictator smiles broadly.

Okay, I see. Does this turn you on, to imagine me as a schoolgirl?

DICTATOR

No, it is our mutual fantasy that turns me on. As I imagine how you are getting wet, while you imagine me getting hard, which I do ... And, where were you?

CAROLINE

In the bathroom ...

DICTATOR

Who was with you then?

CAROLINE

My father's electric toothbrush! He had brought it back from a business trip in the United States. We had rarely seen those before. But Babsi Bretterbauer always knew everything. And she showed me how to use it properly. God bless America! This innocent tool relieved women around the world ... and still does.

DICTATOR

Do you still use an electric toothbrush?

CAROLINE

Ever since ...

DICTATOR

Show me. Show me how you do it.

CAROLINE *(LAUGHS)*

Right here and now?

DICTATOR

Yes, right here and now!

CAROLINE

You mean this would be the situation?

DICTATOR

When was the last time you were fucked?

CAROLINE

You mean besides today?

DICTATOR

Good! You are lightening up.

CAROLINE

I am not joking. I am not speaking metaphorically. I fucked this morning. Just before we came here. Sex is great for relieving tensions.

DICTATOR

I guess, with respect, it was not with our Reverend Bach? Although I am sure he would have loved to, wouldn't you, Bacharach? So, who was the lucky gentleman?

CAROLINE

You really want to know everything ... There is a certain curiosity about you! But I am curious too and there are certain things I want to find out about you ...

Caroline, in a charming and flirting way, has come really close to the Dictator.

DICTATOR

We should have met earlier sweetheart, you should have known me in my prime ...

CAROLINE

You are in the prime of your life! And I am old enough to understand, actually ... I am quite certain that for every encounter there is a proper time and reason and this might be exactly our moment.

Caroline has come close enough to the Dictator and with a fast movement she grabs his gun. After all her well-played coolness falls off and with a mixture of anger and fear she is holding him at gunpoint. Lee stops playing the organ. Silence.

THE SOUNDTRACK OF SILENCE**CAROLINE**

So, now we are talking!

DICTATOR

Put that gun down!

CAROLINE

Not as long as you breathe!
Put down your knife. Down on the floor!
And shove it into my direction!

The Dictator does as she says. Caroline carefully picks up the knife and opens Lee's tapes with it.

Okay, do not move, or I will kill you!

DICTATOR

Fine ... but don't do anything you will regret the next moment!

CAROLINE

No worries, not even a scintilla of remorse will be spilled in your memory. Your death will make this country celebrate and the rest of the world will toast! And since we are alone now and you wanted to know it all: The man I made love to this morning is lying there. He was a boy called Vincent Schluszman, a 27 year old angel you killed. An incredibly gifted, prize-winning photo journalist, fearless and brilliant and weird and stubborn and

funny and lovely! And you just shot him in the back, you sick, perverted piece of shit!

Caroline is trying to screw up her own courage, as she cocks the gun and tries to get prepared to shoot the Dictator.

And that's why we are alone now. We finally have all the privacy you wanted. And now I will kill you. Slowly and patiently... Someone should have taken care of you a long time ago, but as it seems, life is surprising me again...

Caroline is trying to stay cool, but she is not used to mortal combat.

You should also know, you sick scum of the earth, that the young man you killed, the last casualty your predator life will ever take, has been the late great love of my life! Much too young for me, absolutely inappropriate for a professional woman of my age...

Tears fill her eyes, while disgust and hate fill her heart.

Rather half a child still, though a full grown man, when he risked his life to save mine... and when he wrote the most beautiful text messages in the world, until you shot him, because you don't care about human beings.

Caroline is writhing with overextension and anger.

Get down! What should I do first? Shoot you in the package, in the testicles, you empty macho fake... Were you really thinking you could make me fuck you between the dead bodies of my friends?

Caroline is in a state of high agitation, but the Dictator seems to remain calm.

DICTATOR

Sweetheart. Wherever there is life, there is death. Look around you. Everywhere: The law of the survival of the fittest – or is it rather the survival of the luckiest? For whatever reason, you are still alive. They are not! Don't look at them. Look at me.

CAROLINE

You make me sick! You make my body revolt. I will throw up if I have to look at you any longer!

DICTATOR

You are not going to shoot me. You are no killer.

CAROLINE

I wouldn't be so sure about that!

DICTATOR

Killing is a craft you have to study and practice. It is not for beginners. So, why would you bother?

CAROLINE

You better shut up ...

DICTATOR

Do you really want my dying face staring at you in your nightmares for the rest of your life? Let us rather remember this day for better reasons...

I told you, you are no killer.

Caroline is deeply shocked and paralysed.

You are no killer! But I am! I am a killer!

When he moves into her direction, Caroline runs off and hides between the seats.

GRAND ORGAN CACOPHONIA

MUSIK

HASELBÖCK/DANKSAGMÜLLER:
GRAND ORGAN CACOPHONIA

The Dictator looks for her but cannot see her in the dark hall.

DICTATOR

I am Satur Diman Cha, you heard me, Satur Diman Cha! I will not give in or surrender or step down or run away! I will stand here and wait and you will have to shoot me right in this heart if you want to get rid of me!

Satur Diman Cha will stand here and you will have to slaughter, to butcher the General of the Armies ... or else the General of the Armies will exterminate all you lunatics and mental midgets, you self-invented zombie-saving rescue troopers with your multi-international virtue signalling psycho semantic blockage breakers...

Come out and show yourself! I am waiting ... But you are afraid, you are full of shit, because you understand that I am toxic and contagious and if you kill me, you will become like me.

HEADQUARTERS (ON RADIO)

Al Gator? This is Chef du cuisine! Over!
Al Gator! Do you copy? Target is down. Break.
Diman Cha was killed by a rioting mob on the streets in the outskirts of Djeena-pan. Do you copy? Al Gator? This is Chef du cuisine!
I repeat. Diman Cha dead! Break.
We are on our way out there.
We are on our way. Over and out.

DICTATOR

Didn't you hear that? Diman Cha is dead! The King is dead, but I'm not! I have my life!

CAROLINE

Who ... ? But? What? And ... and you would be?

Caroline comes out of hiding.

DICTATOR

I am no one, nothing, I was only the double. The stand-in.

CAROLINE

What is that? Are you telling me that ...

DICTATOR

... professional impostor. I have been forced to do this for more than twenty years. I looked so much like him ...

My real name is Felix Ibraimow. Felix means the lucky one. I was trained to attend public events, to act on behalf of the General in dangerous, risky situations. I was left behind in this palace to be lynched. But now as it seems they got the right man. What were my odds? I must have the luck of the devil ...

CAROLINE

I don't understand.
What are you trying to tell me?

DICTATOR

I am only a clown in this tragedy! I was trained and educated to substitute for the Dictator whenever the Dictator did not want to show up. I am incredibly sorry for what happened to your friends, but this is war! I was fighting for my life. I was expecting the revolutionary guards and they would have cut my head off before I can open my mouth.

War is horrible. War is deforming people, mutating them into numbers. But it seems we were lucky this time. We have an exit option.

CAROLINE

»We«? »Lucky«? What are you talking about?! This is a nightmare, a fucking Horror Circus.

DICTATOR

Caroline? I have been waiting to be rescued for more than 20 years. Caroline! This is Felix speaking! You can survive this, and if you help me, I might as well... You can save my life! You can rescue me!

CAROLINE

Please. Stop it! I want to go home.

DICTATOR

Take me with you. The Reverend could marry us right away! I could have a passport, leave the country and survive. Just like that. You could arrange that. If I go out there, they will kill me! But you can save me! »Behold, you are consecrated to me with this ring according to the laws of God. I, Felix, take thee, Caroline, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer in sickness and in health. I pledge, in honesty and sincerity, to be for you a faithful and helpful husband.«

CAROLINE

The laws of God. In the name of God. Call me God. Enough. Enough of God. Enough of you. Whoever you are. Get up from your knees. Look me in the eyes.

DICTATOR

I am. I am looking at you. You don't need a gun, you are no killer.

*He takes the gun from her hand.
She lets it happen.*

Please, Bach, play us a final waltz.
Be it our wedding or funeral ...

THE FINAL WALTZ**MUSIK**

HASELBÖCK/DANKSAGMÜLLER:
THE FINAL WALTZ
(CÉSAR FRANCK: PRÉLUDE OP. 18/1 &
SCHUBERT: PIANO SONATA D 959/2)

DICTATOR

It would be a treat to die in your arms, beautiful Caroline. Would you just hold me for a moment, so I can imagine how it would feel to be with you?

Caroline is looking at him and he seems to be so soft and human.

CAROLINE

Let us try to have a moment of peace.

The Dictator puts the gun into his belt and sort of dances with Caroline. She seems to be utterly confused and in a way feeling sympathy for him, when she puts her arms around him.

DICTATOR

Caroline, can you forgive me?
That I wanted to survive?
That I still want to live?

CAROLINE

You don't need my forgiveness.

DICTATOR

But I do. I do. My life is in your hands.
It is all up to you now.

CAROLINE

I am not your judge ...

DICTATOR

Sweetheart, you are my angel, my guardian angel!

Caroline is dancing apathetically, not knowing if she should be laughing or crying at the same time. The Dictator holds her. Caroline is strangely touched by the state he is in.

CAROLINE

I could believe in Angels. I do not believe in God, but in Angels...? And you? Are you a fallen Angel? You angel-killer ...

HEADQUARTERS (ON RADIO)

Al Gator? This is Chef du cuisine! Over!

SOKOL

Chef, this is Full Monty! Over!

HEADQUARTERS

Full Monty! Do you copy?

SOKOL

Copy you loud and clear!

HEADQUARTERS

Intel ascertained the mob in Djeena-pan killed the wrong guy! A fucking imposter! Diman Cha probably still hidden somewhere in the Palace. I repeat: Diman Cha probably still alive and armed! Over!

FORRESTER

Drop the gun! Do you hear me? Step away from the woman and drop the gun. Now!

SOKOL

Are you Satur Diman Cha?

Shots are fired and the Dictator drops dead.

(to Headquarters)

Full Monty for Chef du Cuisine.
We got him down!

HEADQUARTERS

The real guy?

SOKOL

I think so. Diman Cha is dead. Killed in action!

HEADQUARTERS

Can we get some visual confirmation?

FORRESTER

Caroline? Can you get the camera in position?
Are you all right, Caroline? Caroline?

CAROLINE

Certainly! All right!

So, here you are... And here is a glamorous trophy for the evening news. Whatever we might think about him, he was a natty dresser. Who said that? Vanity got the best of him, but he sure left here in style!

HEADQUARTERS

Great shot, Sweetheart! She's a killer!

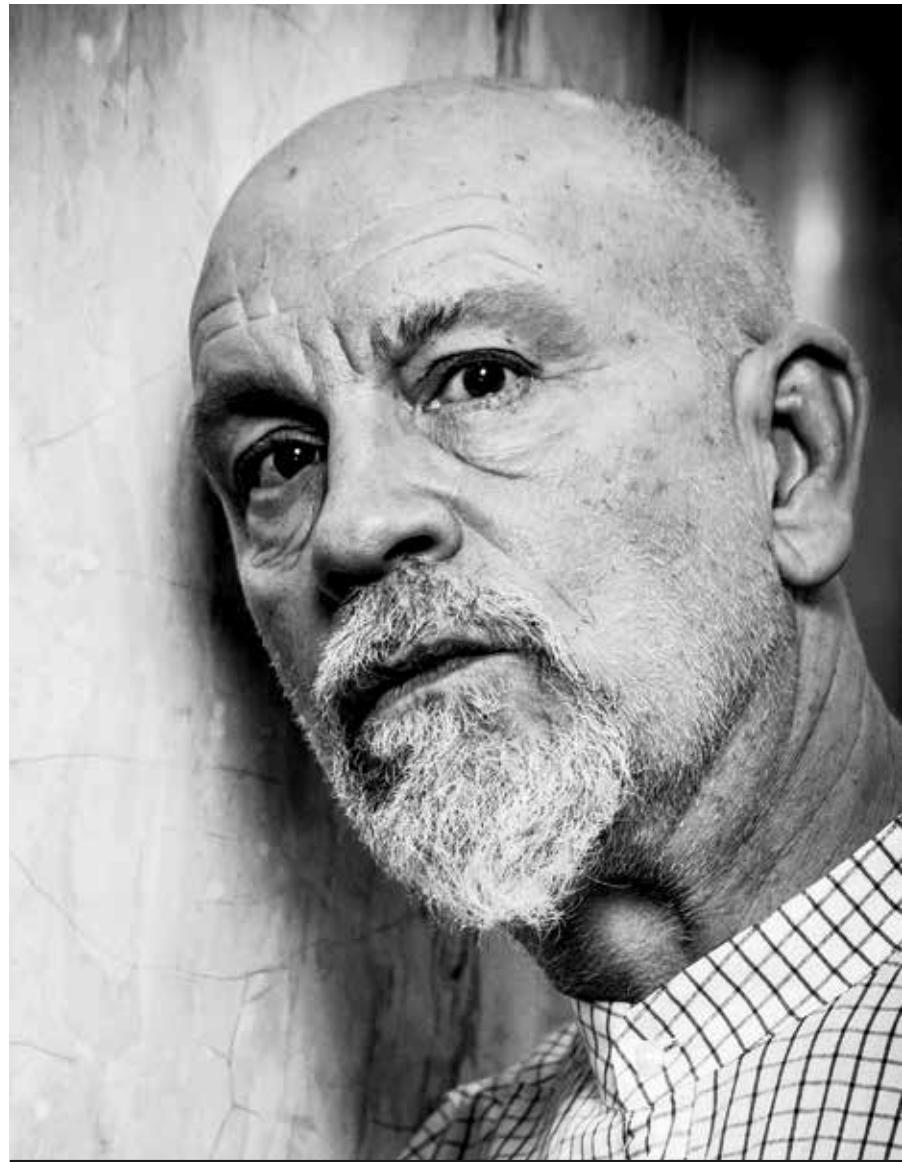
CAROLINE

You bet she is!

MUSIK

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH:
ALLE MENSCHEN MÜSSEN STERBEN BWV 643

DIE KÜNSTLER



JOHN MALKOVICH DIKTATOR SATUR DIMAN CHA

John Malkovich wurde in Christopher, Illinois, geboren und zählt zu den berühmtesten und renommiertesten Schauspielern, Produzenten und Regisseuren unserer Zeit. Für seine Rolle in Volker Schlöndorffs Verfilmung von *Tod eines Handlungsreisenden* erhielt er 1986 einen Emmy Award. Er arbeitete mit vielen Filmproduzenten in Hollywood und auch unabhängigen Filmemachern zusammen und war in zahlreichen Filmen zu sehen, darunter *Gefährliche Liebschaften*, *Con Air*, *Der Mann mit der eisernen Maske*, *Eragon*, *Shadow of the Vampire* und *Burn after Reading*. In der surrealen Komödie *Being John Malkovich* spielte er sich selbst. Gleich für sein Kinodebüt in *Ein Platz im Herzen* erhielt er 1985 eine Oscar-Nominierung in der Kategorie »Bester Nebendarsteller«.

John Malkovich agierte weiterhin als Produzent und Regisseur bei eigenen Produktionen wie beispielsweise *Der Obrist und die Tänzerin*, in dem Javier Bardem die Hauptrolle spielt. Gemeinsam mit dem Fotografen und Regisseur Sandro Miller stellte er eine Serie von Ikonen der Fotografiegeschichte nach, in der er in die Rolle der Originale schlüpfte. Für *100 Years: The Movie You Will Never See* schrieb er das Drehbuch und spielte darin auch die Hauptrolle; Robert Rodriguez führte die Regie. Anlaufen wird der Film allerdings erst am 18. November 2011. (Die Zeitspanne von einhundert Jahren entspricht nämlich genau der Zeit, die die Herstellung einer Flasche Louis XIII Cognac erfordert.) Zudem brachte Malkovich seine eigene Modelinie und mehrere Kollektionen heraus.

Kürzlich erhielt er den Milton Shulman Award als bester Regisseur für *Good Canary*, einer Produktion am Rose Theatre Kingston, und bald wird der Film *Wilde Wedding* anlaufen, in dem John Malkovich und Glenn Close nach ihrer erfolgreichen Zusammenarbeit bei *Gefährliche Liebschaften* wieder vereint vor der Kamera stehen; Minnie Driver und Patrick Stewart übernehmen weitere Hauptrollen.

Die Zusammenarbeit mit Michael Sturminger und Martin Haselböck sowie Renate Martin und Andreas Donhauser führte bereits zu den Projekten *The Infernal Comedy* und *The Giacomo Variations* mit weltweit mehr als 150 Auftritten. Nach dem Erfolg bei *The Giacomo Variations* folgte die Hauptrolle im Film *Casanova Variations*, der auf der Theaterproduktion basiert.



SOPHIE VON KESSEL

CAROLINE THOMAS

Die deutsche Schauspielerin Sophie von Kessel wurde in Mexico City geboren. Sie schloss ihr Schauspielstudium am Max-Reinhardt-Seminar ab und studierte zudem an der Juilliard School in New York. Bekanntheit erreichte sie von 1992 bis 1995 durch ihre Hauptrolle in der Fernsehserie *Schloss Hohenstein*. Anschließend war sie in zahlreichen Fernsehserien und Filmen zu sehen. Sie spielte neben Charlton Heston in der Kurz-Serie *Camino de Santiago* und war in einer Hauptrolle in der französischen Serie *Frank Riva* zusammen mit Alain Delon zu sehen. 2005 erhielt sie den Hessischen Fernsehpreis für den Spielfilm *Die Konferenz*.

Neben ihrer Film- und Fernsehkarriere hat sich Sophie von Kessel stets auch auf ihre Theaterarbeit konzentriert. Von 1997 bis 2001 war sie Ensemblemitglied der Münchner Kammerspiele und trat in renommierten Theatern wie dem Schauspiel Köln, dem Deutschen Theater Berlin und dem Bayerischen Staatschauspiel auf. 2008 und 2009 spielte sie die Buhlschaft in der berühmten alljährlich stattfindenden Produktion *Jedermann* bei den Salzburger Festspielen.

Seit 2011 ist Sophie von Kessel Ensemblemitglied des Residenztheaters München. Hier war sie in den letzten Jahren in *Macbeth*, *Iwanow*, *Madame Bovary* und *König Ödipus* zu sehen. 2015 erhielt sie den Kurt-Meisel-Preis für herausragende künstlerische Leistungen. Im Laufe ihrer Karriere arbeitete sie mit Regisseuren wie Martin Kušej, Andreas Kriegenburg und Dieter Dorn zusammen.

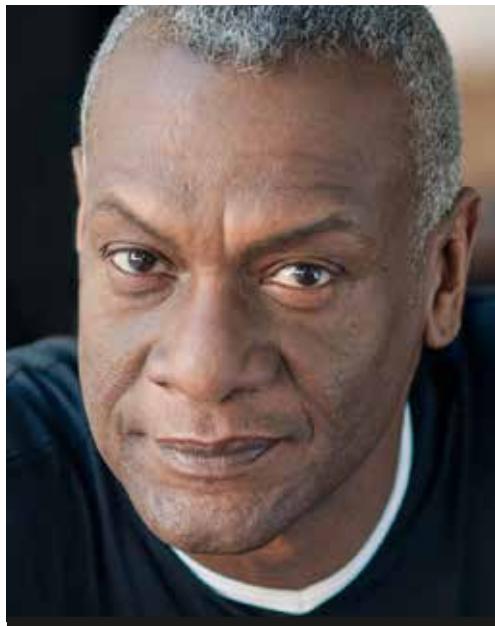


MARTIN HASELBÖCK

REVEREND LEE DUNKLEWOOD / ORGEL

Der österreichische Dirigent Martin Haselböck stammt aus einer bekannten Musikerfamilie. Nach seinen Studien in Wien und Paris wurde er als Orgelsolist international bekannt und arbeitete mit Dirigenten wie Claudio Abbado, Lorin Maazel und Riccardo Muti zusammen. Führende Komponisten wie Friedrich Cerha, Ernst Krenek und Alfred Schnittke schrieben Kompositionen für ihn. Er hat mehr als 50 CDs veröffentlicht und wurde unter anderem mit dem Deutschen Schallplattenpreis, den Diapason d'Or und dem Ungarischen Liszt-Preis ausgezeichnet.

Martin Haselböcks intensive Beschäftigung mit dem Repertoire der klassischen Kirchenmusik veranlasste ihn, mit dem Orchester Wiener Akademie ein Originalklangorchester zu gründen. 2014 rief er eine neue Konzertreihe in Wien ins Leben: *RESOUND Beethoven*. Beethovens Sinfonien und andere seiner orchesterlichen Werke werden vom Orchester Wiener Akademie an ihren Uraufführungsorten in Wien aufgeführt. Die enorm erfolgreiche Reihe beinhaltet eine Aufnahme von Beethovens Schauspielmusik zu Goethes *Egmont*, in der John Malkovich als Erzähler in einer neuen englischen Version von Christopher Hampton agiert. Martin Haselböck ist nun ein gefragter Gastdirigent weltweit führender Orchester in Europa, Asien sowie Nord- und Südamerika. Er erhielt 2011 das Österreichische Ehrenkreuz für Wissenschaft und Kunst und zusammen mit dem Orchester Wiener Akademie und 2012 den Ungarischen Liszt-Preis.



ERROL T. HAREWOOD

LT. ALEXANDER VRONSKY

1998 gelang Errol T. Harewood mit dem Film *Straight Shooter* an der Seite von Dennis Hopper der Sprung auf die große Leinwand. Seitdem spielt er mit Begeisterung ganz unterschiedliche Charaktere, angefangen vom Diplomaten, Liebhaber, Cowboy, Armeeoffizier bis hin zum beduinischen Kameltreiber. Derzeit ist er auf dem Sundance Channel zu sehen. Hier spielt er den amerikanischen Armeegeneral Jackson in der RTL-Produktion *Deutschland 83*.

Errol T. Harewood ist britischer Staatsbürger. Neben seiner Muttersprache Englisch (Amerikanisch/Britisches) spricht er aber auch fließend Deutsch. Er ist zudem nicht nur ein gefragter Schauspieler, sondern auch ein professioneller Sänger und Perkussionist. Wenn er gerade nicht dreht, kann man ihn bei Auftritten in Clubs rund um Berlin erleben, wo er derzeit lebt.



FRANZ DANKSAGMÜLLER

LIVE-ELEKTRONIK & SOUND-DESIGN

Franz Danksagmüller studierte Orgel, Komposition und elektronische Musik in Wien, Linz, Saarbrücken und Paris. Er konzertierte mit den Wiener Symphonikern, der Camerata Salzburg, den Hamburger Symphonikern, dem Orchestra of Birmingham und dem ORF Radio-Symphonieorchester Wien und arbeitete mit namhaften Dirigenten wie Sir Simon Rattle, Michael Schønwandt und Ton Koopmann zusammen.

Von 1995 bis 2003 wirkte Franz Danksagmüller als Dozent an der Universität für Musik und darstellende Kunst in Wien, von 1999 bis 2005 war er Organist am Dom in St. Pölten. Seit 2005 ist er Professor für Orgel und Improvisation an der Musikhochschule Lübeck. Er nutzt historische Kompositionstechniken ebenso wie den Austausch mit Wissenschaftlern, etwa von der Uniklinik Lübeck und vom CERN in Genf. Eine besondere Rolle spielen musikalische Live-Performances zu Stummfilmen.



RENATE MARTIN & ANDREAS DONHAUSER

BÜHNE & KOSTÜME

Renate Martin und Andreas Donhauser (»donmartin supersets«) studierten an der TU Wien und der Universität für angewandte Kunst Wien. Sie arbeiten auf nationaler und internationaler Ebene als Kostümbildner und Ausstatter in den Bereichen Film, Video, Theater und Oper und gestalteten Kinospielefilme wie *Der Knochenmann*, *Das ewige Leben*, *Contact High* und Ulrich Seidl's Filme *Import/Export*, *Hundstage* sowie die Kinofilmtrilogie *Paradies* (2010-2012), die – ebenso wie *Hurensohn* (Regisseur: Michael Sturminger) – beim Filmfestival in Venedig mit dem Goldenen Löwen ausgezeichnet wurde.

Ferner schufen Renate Martin und Andreas Donhauser Bühnenbilder und Kostüme für Operninszenierungen von Michael Sturminger, unter anderem in Zürich und Graz, an der Wiener Staatsoper, am Mariinski-Theater in St. Petersburg sowie bei den Salzburger Festspielen. Auch das Produktionsdesign zahlreicher Musikvideos und Werbespots ergänzen ihr Tätigkeitspektrum. 2016 gewannen sie den Österreichischen Filmpreis in der Kategorie »Bestes Kostümbild«.



MICHAEL STURMINGER BUCH, REGIE & PRODUKTION

Michael Sturminger wurde in Wien geboren und machte seinen Abschluss an der Universität für Musik und Darstellende Kunst Wien. Er ist ein vielseitiger Autor und zudem als Regisseur für Oper, Schauspiel und Film tätig. Zu den Stationen seiner langen Karriere gehören unter anderem hochangesehene Häuser wie die Wiener Staatsoper, das National Theatre Taipeh, das Opernhaus Zürich und die Oper Köln

Für Bernhard Langs Musiktheater *I hate Mozart* verfasste er das Libretto und agierte als Regisseur; die Weltpremiere erfolgte am Theater an der Wien. Unter der musikalischen Leitung von Robin Ticciati inszenierte er die Oper *Il sogno di Scipione*, deren Uraufführung bei den Salzburger Festspielen gefeiert wurde. In Zusammenarbeit mit Maestro Valery Gergiev war er für Produktionen von *Idomeneo* und *Ariadne auf Naxos* am Mariinski-Theater in St. Petersburg verantwortlich. Seit 2014 ist Michael Sturminger nun zum Intendanten der Sommerspiele Perchtoldsdorf berufen. An diesem Veranstaltungsort südlich von Wien werden in jedem Sommer mit großem Engagement Literaturklassiker auf die Bühne gestellt.

Sein Film *Casanova Variations* brachte Michael Sturminger die goldene Romy für das Beste Drehbuch 2015 ein. In den Hauptrollen sind John Malkovich, Veronica Ferres, Jonas Kaufmann, Barbara Hannigan, Anna Prohaska und Fanny Ardant zu sehen. Für seinen Kinospieldfilm *Hurensohn* erhielt er den Max-Ophüls-Preis; in seiner Dokumentation *Malibran Rediscovered* begibt sich Cecilia Bartoli auf die Spuren der legendären Sängerin Maria Malibran. Seine Inszenierung von HK Grubers Oper *Geschichten aus dem Wiener Wald* feierte 2015 ihre Weltpremiere bei den Bregenzer Festspielen. Vor kurzem führte er zudem Regie bei der mit dem AZ-Stern des Jahres ausgezeichneten Oper *La Sonnambula* am Münchner Gärtnerplatztheater und wird bei den Salzburger Osterfestspielen 2017 die Inszenierung für Salvatore Sciarrinos *Lohengrin* übernehmen.

Just Call Me God ist für Michael Sturminger nun die dritte Zusammenarbeit mit John Malkovich und Martin Haselböck nach *The Infernal Comedy* und *The Giacomo Variations*. Beide Produktionen gastierten im Rahmen der Elbphilharmonie Konzerte auch hier in Hamburg und feierten weltweit große Erfolge.

VORSCHAU



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ELBPHILHARMONIE SOMMER

Auch wenn sich der Frühling draußen erst zaghaft warmläuft: Sonne ist in Sicht! Beim »Elbphilharmonie Sommer« gibt es vier helle Augustwochen lang ein vielseitiges Programm im Großen Saal zu erleben, das sich auf gewohnt höchstem Niveau abspielt und gleichzeitig den Unterhaltungsfaktor nicht zu kurz kommen lässt. Jede Woche steht unter einem anderen inhaltlichen Motto: Klassik, World, Filmmusik, Jazz. So ist bei diesem vorgezogenem Spielzeitaufschlag für jeden etwas dabei. Der Run auf die ersten Tickets war riesig, aber an der Abendkasse sind ggf. wenige Resttickets verfügbar. Alle Informationen finden Sie dann unter www.elbphilharmonie.de

Elbphilharmonie Sommer | 9.–31. August 2017

Die Aufzeichnung des Konzerts in Ton, Bild oder Film ist nicht gestattet.

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BILDNACHWEIS

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