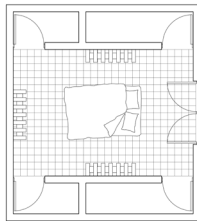


# STORYBOARD

GROUP  
D



## Act I.1 - The Dark Room



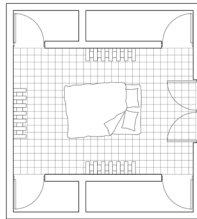
(In the gloom, Queen Elizabeth squints her eyes to just make out the space around her. Black. Smooth. Anonymous. A single neon light, left on all night, dimly illuminates the empty tables.)

QUEEN: „This is a place I hardly knew. A place where the noise of keyboards fills the silence, so I’ve been told. A place where colors must be hidden.“

(The Queen walks slowly along the monotonous rows of tables and runs her hand over the black lockers.)

QUEEN: „Why is it so cold here? How can a place so often used feel so unwelcoming?“

## Act I.2 - The Demonstration

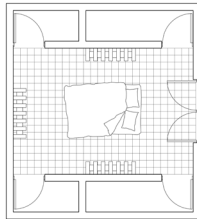


(The office is still closed when a commotion draws near. Songs and inaudible shouts reach the Queen's ears. She cautiously approaches the window and raises the blind a few centimeters.)

QUEEN: „What is this crowd of masked people in the distance? Their faces seem all the same, and they chant in unison slogans I can hardly grasp...”

(The crowd unfolds tents, pulls out pots of paint, and forces open the office door. Five young people sneak in.)

## Act I.3 - The Occupation



BOY: „Hand me a flashlight, I can’t see a thing in here! Everything is gray and dead.“

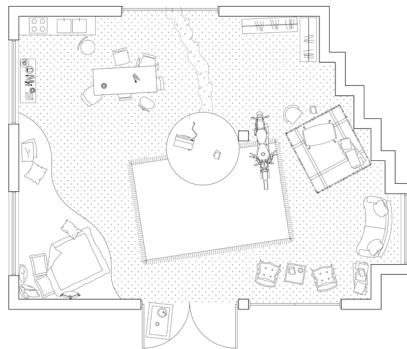
GIRL1: „Perfect place to set up our camp, isn’t it?“ (She tosses him a flashlight.)

(The five spread out, dropping bags, hanging fabrics, and inflating a mattress.  
They chant slogans, laugh, and spray-paint the walls.)

GIRL2: „I’ll bring some color in here!“ (She sprays a green slogan on the wall.)

QUEEN: „They storm this place like corsairs, yet their weapons are not of steel. A strange conquest!“

## Act II.1 - The Pillowcave

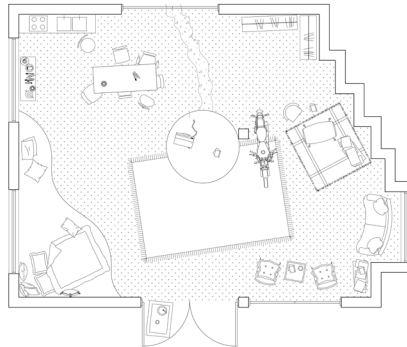


(A cavernous, warmly lit room. The floor is buried under mattresses, pillows, and domestic artifacts. The sound of short-form video content fills the air.)

QUEEN: „Look at them. Trying to manifest their lives in their possessions. One creates a cushioned cocoon of fashionable artifacts to keep out the unbearable world...”

(Superficial scrolls on her phone, Anti Commodity works on a Molotov cocktail, Campaigner writes in a notebook.)

## Act II.2 - The Workshop for Societal Turmoil



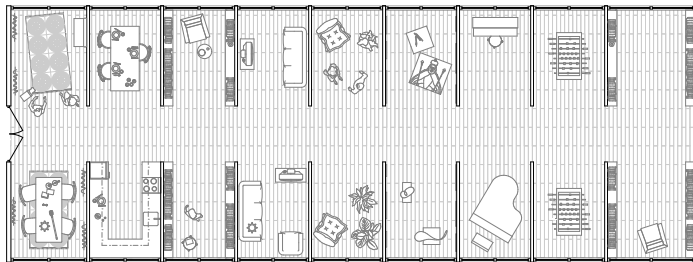
ANTI COMMODITY: (holding up the Molotov) „This is how you make a point. Not with words. With fire.“

SUPERFICIAL: (scrolling) „Or you could just, you know, not set things on fire. It’s a little dramatic.“

CAMPAIGNER: (closing her notebook) „You’re both missing the point. You think burning it all down makes you free, but you’re still using their tools.“

(A distant alarm blares. The lights flicker.)

## Act III.1 - The Crash



(A paint can crashes onto the floor. Blue paint spreads across the parquet. A plastic crown sits at the end of a table. Gold wallpaper peels off the walls.)

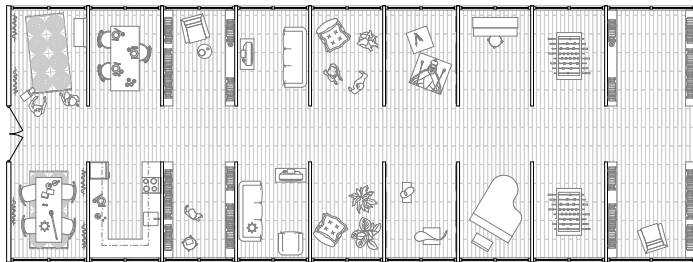
DESIRE: (pointing) „There. The crash. That’s the moment. We should repeat it—no, preserve it—no, erase it.“

HABIT: (mopping) „Every spill has a routine. Dab, blot, rinse.“

(The Queen enters, watching silently.)



## Act III.2 - The Kitchen



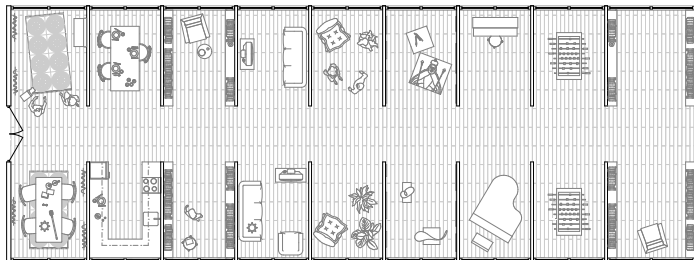
(The kettle clicks. Steam pours out. Habit produces mismatched cups. Desire snatches one.)

HABIT: „This is how it goes: you pour from the kettle, with your cups. One sip, then pass.“

DESIRE: (angrily) „But nothing comes out! I wanted tea!“

(They sip nothing. The Queen drifts closer.)

### Act III.3 - The Library



(A book slams onto the floor. Habit picks it up.)

DESIRE: „Don’t read that shit.“

HABIT: (ironic) „You’re not a fan of The Communist Manifesto?“

QUEEN: „How can I possibly speak impartially on this. I own all the antiquities they speak of...“

(The Queen turns to the audience.)