

# "Die Dauercamperin" Script

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Köln, Deutschland

EXT. A 1980S CARAVAN - DAY

A caravan, standing on bricks, in the far end of a disused and overgrown carpark on the edge of a quiet road in the western side of Dortmund. The caravan has been patched in places and the windows have been amended with barred shutters which are propped open. A gleaming solar panel on the roof of the porch is attached by a thick cable to a console of car batteries stacked to the side of the caravan.

A roofed wooden porch runs along the back area of the caravan which faces the road. It appears to be a viewing area from which to observe the caravan through its 3 large windows. The far left section of the porch is adorned with a large text panel. Each window reveals a carefully staged scene, something between a museum vitrine and a shop window display. A small panel to the left of each window features a line drawing which describe the contents and objects visible through that window. The whole caravan has the feeling of a nostalgic museum. Stacks of bricks, water tanks, vegetable beds, and fences to the left and right of the caravan feel like staged and theatrical suggestions that this area was inhabited, but has recently been abandoned.

INT. A 1980S CARAVAN - DAY

The original caravan interior has been amended and adapted with homemade furniture. The overall impression is of a space that is just a bit too well-designed. Perhaps it feels a bit more like a curated stage than somebody's home. The whole area has a wooden floor, covered in some sections by rugs. It is divided into 3 main sections, each with a window looking out onto the back porch.

The middle section consists of a kitchen area on the front side of the caravan and a writing desk on the porch side. The kitchen has a sink and a long sideboard which extends into the living area of the van. It is well stocked with spices, utensils, pots and pans. On the sideboard sits a traditional filter coffeepot, with a pack of branded coffee next to it, and a single plate. The desk looks out of a window onto the porch. It is free-standing and made of

solid wood. On it lies a jar filled with pens, a pile of mail, a well-worn notebook with 'Else' written on it, some earplugs and a newspaper. A wooden chair is tucked underneath it. On the wall next to the desk is a pinboard with photos of the caravan and the campsite. On the other side of the pinboard is a tiny toilet.



Die Dauercamperin\_02\_Research Image\_2017\_(c)Hopkins-20

Opposite the tiny toilet door is the entrance to the caravan. There are 3 hooks on the back of this door upon which hang coats, hats and scarves for 2 people. The brands appear to be conspicuously obvious. The right-hand section of the caravan, as seen facing the back porch, is the main living area. A single shelf runs around the entire area below the ceiling which is stacked with books.

The kitchen side extends into the front side of this area which functions as an eating space. On it stands 2 coffee cups (one of which has lipstick on) and a couple of books. There are two stools tucked under the side. A narrow couch lines the porch side of the living area. On it lies a rumpled blanket, a couple of cushions and a water bottle.

The left-hand section of the caravan is the sleeping area. It is connected to the kitchen area by a flimsy, closable door, on the back of which hang 2 dressing gowns. The entire area is filled with

a double bed that runs from the front side to the porch side of the caravan. The bed is made, but the 2 duvets are rumpled. Each side has several pillows. Between the bed and the door there is a gap of approximately 50cm. Cupboards and shelves run around the 3 sides of the room, some of which are filled with mens clothes, some with women's clothes. A single shelf runs above the headboard of the bed. On it lie a half-used blister pack of contraceptive pills, a pack of cards, some ear plugs and a half-full glass of water.

INT. KITCHEN/DESK AREA. FRAGMENT 01. ARRIVING (2019)

HOLGER, a stocky man in his early 50s wearing a dressing gown, stands at the kitchen side stirring a cup of black coffee.

LENA, a healthy-looking lady in her mid 40s, dressed in a woollen cardigan and tracksuit bottoms, sits on the desk with her feet on the chair. She blows over a cup of coffee to cool it down and gazes dreamily out of the window.

LENA

I don't believe this is actually happening! That we actually managed to do it!

HOLGER

(grinning)

It feels good, doesn't it?

LENA

You know we talked about it for so long, and I'd been fantasizing about it for even longer. But I never dreamed it would be so... so physical! No constant pressure in my temples. No clenching jaw. No moments of sweaty panic when you've forgotten to review and rate something.

HOLGER

No checking your pocket every 2 minutes to see how your score has changed..



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LENA

(groaning)

I don't want to know how many hours I spent watching those figures go up and down. Seeing your fate hang in the balance. It was just so hypnotising.

(pondering)

But you know the weird thing is that it is so visceral - I actually feel lighter.

HOLGER

That could also be because its not just the phone we left behind...

LENA

I wonder what's happened to it all? All those things! Years and years worth of stuff!

HOLGER

Oh, it'll long gone by now. Those kids will have seen the open door, gone in and taken it all.

LENA

I do feel a bit sorry for the fridge, though...

A pause and then they both burst into laughter.

HOLGER

(imitates a computer synthesised voice)

"Lena, the the bacteria level in the milk is currently very dangerous. Waste not, want not Lena. Food spoilage incurs heavy penalties."

LENA

Actually I wonder if it will be disappointed in us?

They both sip their coffee and ponder this question in silence. The sound of hammering on metal, men's voices, and intermittent laughter filter into the room. Else leans forward and peers out of the window.

LENA

What are they doing out there?

HOLGER

(with admiration)

They're converting an old bicycle into a generator. Gerriet's done something to the transmission and apparently its super efficient. With that and the solar panels we'll never have to pay a power bill again.

LENA

(laughing)

Well, you could do with a bit of exercise. Maybe you'll work off some of that belly...

HOLGER

Hey that's enough of that..

Laughter. A long pause.

LENA

We're going to be okay, aren't we?

HOLGER

Yeah of course!

LENA

Don't worry, I'm not having second thoughts. It's just... well, what do you think they'll do?

HOLGER

(putting his arms around her)

They can't do anything Else. We signed all those forms. It's up to us now. It won't be easy without that support but... people got by for thousands of years without talking fridges, didn't they?

LENA giggles.

FADE OUT

INT. LIVING AREA. FRAGMENT 02. SETTLING IN. (2020)HOLGER sits on the couch reading a book titled "Technological Slavery: The Collected Writings of Theodore J. Kaczynski, a.k.a. The Unabomber"

LENA sits on a stool at the side with her back to HOLGER. She is tinkering with a small Raspberry Pi computer and a solar panel. A smartphone also lies on the side.



Die Dauercamperin\_02\_Research Image\_2017\_(c)Hopkins-19

HOLGER

Listen to this; Autonomy... Most people need a greater or lesser degree of autonomy in working toward their goals. Their efforts must be undertaken on their own initiative and must be under their own direction and control. Yet most people do not have to exert this initiative, direction and control as single individuals. It is usually enough to act as a member of a SMALL group. Thus if half a dozen people discuss a goal among themselves and make a successful joint effort to attain that goal, their need for the power process will be served. But if they work under rigid orders handed down from above that leave them no room for autonomous decision and initiative, then their need for the power process will not be served.

LENA, engrossed in a fiddly part of the Raspberry Pi process, murmurs in agreement. HOLGER puts the book down on his chest and gazes up at the ceiling.

HOLGER

You know I think this guy wasn't that crazy at all. This is making a lot of sense to me..

LENA

Mm-hmm.

HOLGER

(good-naturedly)

You haven't heard a word I've been saying, have you?

An electronic beep sounds.

LENA

It works! I did it!

HOLGER

(a note of concern in his voice)

Where did you get that?

LENA

This is our PirateBox!

HOLGER

No, not the PirateBox...

LENA

The phone? Oh, Gerriet lent it to me. He kept a bunch of old ones. It's so we can access the PirateBox.

HOLGER

(suspiciously)

I don't know about this, Lena...

LENA

(patiently)

Don't freak out, Holger. Imagine it's like a hard drive that we can connect to via the Wifi. We can access all our films, music and stuff through the phone. But the really cool bit is that we can mesh with Gerriet and Dana's PirateBox, or David and Pina's one. Basically we can connect the whole community, its our own underground network.

HOLGER

But aren't we supposed to be leaving all these screens behind? What's wrong with reading books. I mean we haven't even read half of these..

LENA puts the phone back on the side and turns to wrap her arms around HOLGER.

LENA

Yeah, we left the Internet behind - but the Mesh is something very different. No one's going to be watching us, predicting us or scoring us here. We've left that data dictatorship. No more seeing our life traded in ratings. This is our network that we can do whatever we want with. All of us, together. Not because of some invisible hand which is guiding us. But because we are free-thinking, autonomous individuals.

HOLGER

(half-joking)

So you were listening to what I was saying.

LENA

(laughing)

Of course! I always listen to what you say.





Die Dauercamperin\_02\_Research Image\_2017\_(c)Hopkins-18

LENA laughs and hugs him.

FADE OUT

INT. KITCHEN AREA. FRAGMENT 03. PROBLEMS\_01 (2020)

HOLGER stands at the kitchen side upon which is a brown paper bag with some homemade bread rolls in. He reaches up to take a plate from the cupboard, opens the draw for a knife and then bends down to get some butter and cheese out of the fridge. He opens the bag, takes out a roll, slices it open, butters it, places a slice of cheese on it, closes the roll and bites it. His movements are fast and he bangs around noisily.

LENA sits at the desk with her back to KARL. She is writing slowly in her notebook, pausing every now and again to look out of the window, and then continuing to write.

HOLGER

Do you have the feeling that you are hungry all the time?

LENA

(laughing)

Hmmm... I have the feeling that you are hungry all the time.

HOLGER

(chewing contemplatively)

It just tastes better when you know where it comes from.

LENA

It's only natural, you're working outside all day.

HOLGER

Well those beds are looking good. I reckon we'll be eating our own tomatoes soon.

HOLGER munches on his bread roll pensively. The sound of shouting and giggling young children filters in from the outside. It is quite loud and invasive. LENA leans forward and peers through the window.

LENA

(affectionately)

Little Froni! She's always up to some kind of mischief... I can't believe how fast she's growing up!

HOLGER

(annoyed)

I just wish she'd be quiet now and again. I've been slaving away outside all morning and I wouldn't mind a little nap. But that's not going to happen now, is it?

LENA

(softly)

They're children Holger, they don't know any better.

HOLGER

(irritated whisper)

And children have parents who do know better! Come on, it's lunch break! It's just a basic question of respect.

LENA

(softly)

Well, then you should say something to them.

HOLGER finishes his bread roll, and puts the plate on the side. He turns on the tap and start washing up, clanging the plates in an annoyed manner. LENA gets up from her chair, turns to him and starts massaging his shoulders. HOLGER stops washing the dishes and turns off the tap. He starts moaning appreciatively.

HOLGER

Oh, that's good, just a bit down on this side... further... left a bit... there! Oh, that's just right! Lena, you're really getting good at this! You're hands are so strong these days..

Silence punctuated by the occasional yell from children outside and HOLGER'S moans and sighs being massaged. LENA reaches up, puts her hands over HOLGER'S eyes, turns his head toward the bedroom and starts gently pushing him in that direction.



Die Dauercamperin\_01\_Installation Image\_2019\_(c)Rogge-10

HOLGER

And where do you think you are going?

LENA

You know exactly where I am going!

LENA leads HOLGER into the bedroom and pushes him onto the bed and closes the flimsy door behind him.

FADE OUT

INT. BEDROOM AREA. FRAGMENT 04. INTERLUDE (2020)

HOLGER and LENA lie naked under the duvets. HOLGER is staring at LENA; LENA is looking toward the window thoughtfully.

HOLGER  
What are you thinking about?

LENA  
Nothing. Why, what are you thinking about?

HOLGER  
Nothing. I was just wondering...

LENA  
What?

HOLGER  
Are you getting bored here?

LENA  
No! No, of course not, no. Why?

HOLGER  
No reason. Sometimes you just look...

LENA  
Me? No!

HOLGER  
Okay. I just wondered.

Long pause.

LENA  
Well, don't you get bored ever?

HOLGER  
Yeah, of course I do. I'm bored out of my mind. It's wonderful!

HOLGER rolls over and soon starts to snore lightly. LENA gazes out of the window.

FADE OUT

INT. KITCHEN AREA. FRAGMENT 05. FIGHT\_01 (2022)

HOLGER stands with his back to the kitchen side stirring a cup of black coffee (same signature sound as FRAGMENT 01).

LENA, leans on the desk, facing him, blowing over a hot cup of coffee (same signature sound as FRAGMENT 01). On the table behind her lies a newspaper.

HOLGER

I don't believe this is actually happening! It's bullshit.

LENA

(annoyed and worried)

It's already happening! It says here in black and white.

LENA reads aloud from the newspaper:

"...municipal authorities have announced a co-operation agreement with the residents of one of the city's largest off-grid communities. The city of Dortmund will direct a major regeneration programme in Autonomous Zone 2 with partnership funding from private enterprise. The plan is intended to improve standards of living for the residents of AZ2 and to reduce inequality through new employment opportunities. The growing gap between city neighbourhoods and so-called 'outsider communities' has been linked to social unrest, political instability and public health concerns in recent years."

HOLGER

Pah! Since when do you believe a word that rag says?

LENA

Gerriet's sister lives in AZ2. She says they're in real trouble. It's half the size it was when they started.

HOLGER

So private enterprise is coming to the rescue! "Creating employment opportunities" - pure bullshit!

ELSE folds the newspaper shut and throws it angrily onto the desk.

LENA

There's no point being in denial about it. Look at this place - there's four families have moved out this year.

HOLGER

Good riddance.

LENA

Oh here we go...

HOLGER

They're sell-outs! If they can't live without their bloody Social Data Credits then we're better off without them! Some people really need to toughen up a little!

(no image)

LENA

They had their reasons, Holger, they've got kids to think about. But it's all so clear for you isn't it? They're either on your side or they're the enemy.

HOLGER

(slowly and patronisingly)

Just remember who owns The Daily Express. I don't want you reading this - in fact I don't want to see this poison in the camper again.

HOLGER tears the newspaper in pieces.

LENA

Jesus, we might as well live in a goldfish bowl - nothing gets in or out. There's a whole world out there you know Holger, full of individuals, struggling away. They're just trying to figure things out, like me and you. But you block it all out and refuse to see it. Sometimes I feel like I can't breathe in this place. It makes me want to scream!

LENA swipes her coffee cup off the table; it lands on the floor, splintering into hundreds of pieces.

LENA rushes to the bedroom and slams the door.

FADE OUT

INT. BEDROOM AREA. FRAGMENT 06. INTERLUDE (2022)

HOLGER and LENA sit on the bed playing cards. The game is fast and exciting and we hear counting, slapping on piles of cards, exclamations of success and accusations of unfairness. It is in good spirit and the atmosphere is happy. The sound of cicadas filters in through the window.

HOLGER

(counting cards)

OK, 1 there, 1 there and 1 there. I'm out! There is a winner!

LENA  
(genuinely amazed)  
Wow! you always win...

HOLGER  
Concentration and focus. That's all it takes.

LENA  
I can manage that. It's the competition that I find a bit abstract. Wouldn't it be nice if we could both win?

HOLGER  
Because then it wouldn't be a game, honey. Anyway, all this winning has worn me out. I'm going to have a nap..

LENA  
(kissing HOLGER on the forehead)  
You do that. I'm going to get back to that 'cast I was listening to.

HOLGER lies down on and settles in for a nap. LENA slides off the bed, steps out of the bedroom and closes the door softly behind her. She walks through the kitchen area to the living area. On the side she picks up the smartphone, clicks through the file structure and selects a podcast. She picks up a pair of headphones hanging on a hook on the bookshelf, turns around, sits and rolls onto the couch in a practiced movement. She pulls the blanket over her, lies down and concentrates on listening.

FADE OUT  
INT. LIVING AREA. FRAGMENT 07. FIGHT\_02 (2025)



Die Dauercamperin\_01\_Installation Image\_2019\_(c)Rogge-11

HOLGER and LENA stand in the middle of the space, between the couch and the side where they eat. They are facing each other, arguing bitterly. The sound of construction work (beeping of reversing lorries, shouts of construction workers, clanging of dropping metal rods) can be heard from outside. These sounds come from the direction of the large metal wall at the back of the campsite.

HOLGER

(shouting angrily)

No, no, no. I can't believe what I'm hearing!

LENA

This is why I didn't tell you. I knew you'd react like this.

HOLGER

Absolutely no. I won't allow it.

LENA

Well it's too late for that, I already started work.

HOLGER

No, it goes against everything we stand for.



LENA  
It's only a job.

HOLGER  
I must be dreaming! I mean, of all the places you could work!

LENA  
It's literally next door. And there's not a lot else around.

HOLGER  
For fuck's sake, it's the principle of it! What are we doing here otherwise? I mean, why bother!

LENA  
(angrily)  
Well, we can't eat your bloody principles, Holger! You're practically running this place single-handed now, and it's just not producing enough to live on! Face it - this isn't working!

Lena bites her lip, immediately regretting what she'd said. A long silence passes. She walks to the windowsill with the potted herbs, picks up a pair of scissors lying there and starts snipping the the dead leaves off the basil plant.

Anyway, it's really not as bad as you think. I can choose my hours, there's health coverage -

HOLGER  
Listen to you! You're giving up.

LENA  
No, love. This isn't a compromise. It's a change of strategy. We've spent all these years rejecting systems that didn't acknowledge us as individuals, as humans. Maybe its time to start negotiating.

FADE OUT  
INT. KITCHEN AREA. FRAGMENT 08. FIGHT\_03 (2027)

LENA and HOLGER stand in the kitchen. HOLGER pours two cups of coffee.

LENA  
We're voting a new committee in today. I'm standing as women's rep.

HOLGER

Huh. That's wonderful, Else.

LENA

And we're starting to make connections with the other distribution centres to see who else want to come on board.

HOLGER

That's great.

LENA

Things are really changing. Like management agreed to lower the hourly packing minimum to 100 parcels.

HOLGER

I'm proud of you.

LENA

Well... You know, they're looking for drivers, Karl. You should really think about it.

HOLGER

You know how I feel about that, Else.

A long pause. HOLGER and LENA sip their coffees.

LENA

The campsite's looking good.

HOLGER

Yeah, well we had to downsize, but it means we're not spread so thin. And there's two new families moving in this Spring. People come, people go.



Die Dauercamperin\_01\_Installation Image\_2019\_(c)Rogge-12.jpg

LENA

I think it's wonderful what you've done, Karl.

HOLGER

Thanks.

LENA

Well, I better get going. It's nearly clocking-in time.

HOLGER

Yeah, don't be late.

LENA

It was good to see you.

HOLGER

You too.

Take care.

LENA  
Bye.

LENA puts her cup down on the side. It steams in the fresh morning air. Lipstick traces can be seen on the rim. She steps outside and closes the door behind her. The caravan is left in silence punctuated by the sounds of sipping coffee.  
FADE OUT

-----THE END-----