

## BECOS – ACT 4

### INTERLUDE – PART 1

Matheus: Close your eyes. Go on, close your eyes. You, too Thais. Everyone. And you out there, who are listening to us. Can you see as well?

Thaís: Wow! It's still here. I can feel it.

Rodrigo: The alley that opened up the day Emanuel left us.

Thaís: Dona Drika is a part of all of us. She is present in every woman who lives here in the Maré.

Thainá: And Emanuel, too, is a part of every one of us favela poets.

Rodrigo: He is present in your dancing, Thainá. And when you sing, Jonathan.

Panta: Hey, Matheus. Thanks for bringing us back to your roof top, man.

Thainá: Guys, look at those children playing down there!

Panta: I bet they'll get told off by their grannies if they go over to that side.

Matheus: Let's go hang out with them down there. Yo, Rodrigo. Bring your drums. Let's go.

Neighbour 1/ Thainá: Hey, kid. Careful there. You're gonna get hurt!

Martin: Sorry, miss.

Neighbour1/Thainá: That's alright. But I already told you not to go play over there. It's dangerous.

Martin: Why, miss?

Neighbour/Thainá: Because I say so!

Child/Martina: You can't tell me what to do.

Neighbour1/Thainá: Oh Jesus! What was that?

Neighbour2/Matheus: Hey, you there. What's with those firecrackers? Stop it!

Child: Oops, sorry, Martin.

Martin: I'm sorry, miss.

Neighbour 3/Martina: Dona Drika, remove your laundry from the line!

Neighbour4/Panta: Hey, guys, gotta put those chairs somewhere dry!

Neighbour1/Thainá: Oh my God! It's a deluge! Jesus, it's flooding the whole place!

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Neighbour3/Rodrigo: Gotta get everything up off the ground, the fridge, the cooker... Get that couch off the ground. And remove the storm drain grids so the water flows underground!

Neighbour2/Martina: Anybody seen my son? Martin! Martin! Where on earth is he?

Matheus: Rain pours down, street is flooded  
No use trying to turn your umbrella into a raft  
Everyone gets wet, very little is salvaged  
Some freshen up, most get soaked to the skin  
There's those who brew a storm in a glass of water  
And those who have a glass of water from a storm  
But the rain doesn't care that you look clean  
What changes from person to person  
Is what words actually mean:  
What should you do? Nothing! Nothing! Nothing...

Francisco: C'mon, Martin, let's go home. Too much rain!

Martin: No, I'm gonna get my ball back. It's somewhere on that corner.

Francisco: Are you mad? That's trouble, man. It's dangerous over there.

Martin: I wanna get my ball back. You not comin'?

Francisco: You must be mad! I'd shit my pants. Let's go home or I'll tell your mum.

Martin: Go ahead, I'm not afraid!

Francisco: Martin, come back. I'm telling you, come back!

Local resident: Don't go there, kid. It's a use hotspot!

Francisco: Come back! Martin, come back...

Normal 1 Martina: Kid... Hey, kid! Come here, get out of the rain.

Martin: No, I'm looking for my ball.

Normal 1 Martina: Come here, you're gonna catch a cold out there! No doctors at the health unit, you know?

Martin: I have to go home. My mum doesn't like me talking to you guys.

Normal 2 Matheus: Will someone get this kid a drink of water?

Normal 3 Panta: Get Marley off the mattress...

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Normal 2 Rodrigo: There's this stool here. Grab that rag and wipe it. Have a seat.

Martin: No...

Normal 1 Martina: You can come. Kinda messy, but that's the way it is. Where there's room for one, there's room for two.

Martin: Oh, OK then.

Normal 4 Thainá: It's cool, kid. No one's gonna bite you. We're all people just like you. What's your name?

Martin: Martin.

Normal 4 Thainá: What d'you wanna know about us, Martin?

Martin: How big is the sea to you?

Everyone: Seriously?

What kind of a question is that?

Normal 1 Martina: Wait, wait, wait... I'll answer. Infinite. The sea is infinite. When I look at it, it's like it's endless.

Normal 3 Panta: Oh pay no mind to her. Look at me, bear with me. The sea has no size. That's all bullshit. Like, the sea is as big as your eye can see, it's as big as your horizon!

Normal 3 Rodrigo: The sea is as big as the sky!

Normal 4 Thainá: That's impossible to explain. The sea washes away all impurities. Being in the sea is like being in paradise. You know? Paradise. The joy of children... Can't explain it.

Martin: I've never seen the sea. What's it like?

Normal 4 Thainá: I remember my auntie used to take us out to Grumari Beach, me and my cousins. One of those days, I grabbed a bucket and went get some sea water. Then I ran to show it to my auntie. I said to her, "Auntie, I've fished a plastic bag." She let out a scream and said, "That's a jellyfish! It's alive! It'll sting you."

Normal 1 Martina: Seriously, man, this woman's a nutcase!

Normal 3 Panta: Hey Martin, listen up. I remember the first time I saw the sea. I was five years old. Must've been like 30 years ago. Anyway, a long time ago. I was so scared. I was with my dad and mum. It was early morning. I remember the beach and the sea, and people disappearing in it, like that was just normal. Water everywhere. And I was shivering! My father noticed and decided to take me into water by force. How I

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was screaming! I was terrified in his arms. Then I didn't go back to the sea for ages. To this day, I still can't understand that stupid fear that took over me.

Neighbour 2/ Martina: Martin! When he gets home, I'll show 'im!

Martin: Shit! My mum is calling me!

Neighbour2/Martina: Martin! Where the hell are you, kid?

Normal 4 Thainá: Here's your ball, darling. Go on now.

Martin: Thanks, miss. Bye.

## PART 2

- Dona Drika.
- I'm here.
- I'm here.
- Here.

Drika/Thais: *Oro oriki, weather. Oro oriki, weather. Mojuba Orixá Iroko. Oro oriki, weather.*

If I want to speak to God, I have to be all alone. Xangô, my father... Yansã my mother, make the rain stop.

Make the water cease, my mother. Make the water cease.

I think those tears weren't only flowing to ask for the rain to stop. I was missing you, son.

I was missing my Emanuel.

Tomorrow you'd be completing another year in life, my son. My Emanuel was so full of life and dreams!

I wish I...

I wish I had the guts to finally open that notebook and read the things you wrote in it, my son.

You had this desire that was so strong, that was so part of you!

Emanuel, my son. I know you're here with me. I know you're here. I want to say to you that your mum loves you very much,

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and I'm still watching over you from here. Your mum loves you very much. *Axé!*

### PART 3

Reporter: The news this morning. Last night twice as much rain as expected fell over the city of Rio. Flooding has been reported in the Jardim Botânico area, in Copacabana and in large swathes of the Centre.

Martina: Hey, Carlos? All good over there?

Carlos (Panta): You know what day it is? Emanuel's birthday. Shall we go see Dona Drika? She's in Crackland handing out meals.

Matheus: Dude, I already told you're not supposed to say Crackland. It's a Use Hotspot. And those people are rough sleepers, they deserve some respect.

Carlos (Panta): Oops, sorry, brother. You're right. You did tell me that, I forgot. So how about popping round to the Use Hotspot to help Dona Drika hand out her meals?

Martina: Right on, man. Best way to start the day! I'll call a huge bunch of people to help us out. How about that?

Rodrigo: Wow! Great idea! I'll take my drums and do a batucada jam with the guys who live there.

Matheus: Can I bring some more people into the group? Then we'll be backing up Drika's activism. It's gonna be massive!

Rodrigo: Deal! Deal!

Martina: Hey, anybody heard from Thainá?

Thainá: Hey, guys. Sorry it took me long to answer. But I'm in. I'm in, OK? Are you guys already on Farnese Street?

Martina: We're on our way, dude. Meet us there!

Thainá: Wicked! I'm on my way.

### PARTE 4:

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Drika/Thais: OK, everyone. Form a queue here, won't take long. Get yourselves organised. Easy. Form a queue, please. It's OK. There's food for everyone!

Come on, form a queue here. That's it. Very good. That's very good.

Normal 3 Rodrigo: You didn't come yesterday, Dona Drika. We missed you.

Drika/Thais: With all that rain, love. I couldn't even leave the house.

Normal 5 Matheus: Hey, Dona Drika, wasn't it your son's birthday today? What was his name again?

Normal 4 Thainá: Emanuel. His name is Emanuel.

Drika/Thais: Why don't we stop talking about me, eh? Yes, it would've been my son's birthday today. Unfortunately, he's no longer with us. What's left is the strength to turn all that pain into fighting. And every day I'm here with you, for you, and for him, in memory of him, of my son. Has anyone not had their meal? Has anyone not had it? No? So everything is fine, right?

Carlos/Panta: Hi, Dona Drika!

Hello!

Your blessing?

Drika/Thais: Hi, Carlos. Oh my God, everyone's here! Thainá, Matheus, Martina, Rodrigo... Thank you so much, Carlos, for this!

Carlos/Panta: Of course, Dona Drika. We're here to lend you a hand. I know it's a special day for you.

Drika/Thais: You know he liked you very much, Carlos, don't you?

Carlos/Panta: I do, and I liked him very much too. He was always telling me not to give up my dreams, and to keep writing...

Drika/Thais: Thank you. Thank you, guys!

Matheus: Hey Dona Drika, we're all set and ready to start. Shall we?

Drika/Thais: Yes, please! Start away. Do whatever you like and bring down the house!

Martin! What are you doing here?

Martin: Well, I'm here to help.

Drika/Thais: Does your mother know you're here, Martin?

Martin: She let me come, she knows they're now my friends.

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Drika/Thais: And when exactly did you become friends?

Martin: The day I lost my ball and they helped me find it.

Drika/Thais: Oh Martin... You remind me of my son.

Jamming: C'mon, step this way.

Come closer, kid! It's with you, Martin!

*Feel free to step this way 'coz our samba's gonna play!*

Hit it, Martina.

Martina: *Feel free to step this way 'n listen up to what I'll say*

*Ain't no one gettin' shot or beat here on Farnese street.*

*Feel free to step this way 'coz our samba's gonna play!*

Matheus: Here it's us for us and my words are true

We all help, no one forgets a neighbour

*Feel free to step this way 'coz our samba's gonna play!*

Hit it!

Thainá: *Be it an alley, a lane or street*

*We're all together in fight and grief*

*Feel free to step this way 'coz our samba's gonna play!*

*I say...*

*Feel free to step this way, 'coz our samba's gonna play!*

Drika/Thainá: Hey, everyone. Gather round. Seriously, gather round. C'mon, guys, gather round here. I wanna say something to you. I just want to say that I'm very happy that this is happening. I mean it from the bottom of my heart. Thank you so much for today. Yesterday, we had that massive downpour, but we're still standing, we're alive. And what's more, with all this energy. This is just deeply moving! As some of you know, today would've been Emanuel's birthday, and I've found one of his poetry notebooks... because he always studied maths, and I'm very proud of that, I always have been. But the truth is, he never stopped being a poet. So I felt like reading this to you. I don't know why, but this is the first time I've picked up this

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notebook. It's the first time I've had the guts to read this. I was wondering if I could read this to you?

Of course.

Drika/Thainá:

"Lady Anxiety,

For some time now I've been wanting to rap your knuckles for  
of all the shit you've done

But you slip away inside me... and hide where I can't reach  
you...

Carlos/Panta:

Calm down, Dona Drika.

Drika/Thainá:

OK.

Carlos/Panta:

We can read it. Will you guys help me?

Everyone:

- For sure!

- Let's do it.

- C'mon, let's do it.

Carlos/Panta:

I'll read it from the beginning then.

"Lady Anxiety,

For some time now I've been wanting to rap your knuckles for  
all the shit you've done

But you slip away inside me and hide where I can't reach you.

I should smash your face in, only in this fight I always get the  
beating.

My nails know how it feel to be ill-treated by you."

Martina:

"Some nights you immobilise me and insomnia strikes me up  
so hard I wake up with black eyes.

Have you seen the bags under my eyes?

Besides bodily injury, your crimes involve stolen nights of sleep,  
overcrowded thoughts and you wait till I get sad to snatch away my  
self-esteem."

Matheus:

How long now have I mutilated my mental health, thinking I'm  
a bad person and forgetting I am a person.

How long have I thought I'm not a person.



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It's not because the world demands perfection that I'll stop making mistakes, because I'll never stop trying.

Thainá: For every mistake I made, I get twice as many things right, which are never taken into account by those who crucify me. And you, Anxiety, are so discredited that people think I'm being fussy."

Rodrigo: "A fake smile hides breathlessness and crying fits of a memory full of the traumas out of which you were born, and the hurry to do everything I dream comes from the fear of dying young, not leaving behind anything worth remembering."

Carlos/Panta: "People like me don't usually last long. Many of us have already gone."

Martina: "I understand you, Anxiety... But you're an XS shirt that doesn't fit me and feels tight when you try to dress me, because I'm much bigger than you."

Rodrigo: "So do what those people did that I loved and said they loved me too:"

Everyone: "Go away!"

Matheus: "Because today I'm going to turn on the oven gas, I'm going to get my head down and bake the cake for my next birthday because today I am alive! And you'll no longer try to change that.

Everyone: We're alive!

We're alive!

Francisco: We are alive!

## CREDITS

Rodrigo: *Becos* is a project that brings together 6 young poets living in Maré and neighbouring favelas, who wanted to leave a legacy of their generation's cultural scene.

Thainá: We've created this sound drama to show what goes on behind these poet's verses and amour and how the creation and composition process unfolds.

Thaís: Every artist's process is nourished by the stories they find in alleys, stories of denunciation, but also of resilience, which usher in the healing that takes place in a mother's lap, or a grandmother's lap, or in the lap of our elder women, whose every piece of advice shows a way.

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Panta: The way shown here will be paved by stories of a Maré full of encounters, between alleys that resonate echoes in the strategic crossroads of the complex streets of Maré.

Thais: Original idea and concept  
Jonathan Panta  
Matheus Araújo  
Mc Martina  
Rodrigo Maré  
Thainá Iná  
Thais Ayomide

Thais: Special Participation  
Francisco Campello  
Martim Rocha

Thainá: Creative Direction  
Paul Heritage  
Catherine Paskell

Rodrigo: Music Direction and Sound Track  
Rafael Rocha  
Rodrigo Maré

Rodrigo: Editing  
Rodrigo Campello  
Rafael Rocha  
Brenno Erick  
Paul Heritage  
Catherine Paskell

Panta: Sound mixing and mastering  
Rodrigo Campello at MiniStereo Estúdio

Panta: Ambience and sound effects research  
Eloi Leones  
Rodrigo Maré  
Adam Scheffel  
Renata Pepl

Matheus: Project management  
Brenno Erick  
Renata Pepl

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Matheus                      Public Relations  
                                      Yula Rocha  
                                      Thainá

Rodrigo:                      This project is the result of a collaborative creation process, as part of the international research Building the Barricades / Construindo Pontes, which studies the wellbeing and mental health levels of Complexo da Maré residents.

The research is led by Redes da Maré, People's Palace Projects, Universidade Federal do Rio de Janeiro, Queen Mary University of London and NECCULT, with the support of the Arts and Humanity Research Council and Economic and Social Research Council, UK.