

Dance of the Four Seasons

DRESS REHEARSAL

Come on, ladies, come on — it's dress rehearsal time!

We haven't got time to waste.

Right, Spring, you're up first.

Music — action!

Spring, remember this is the season of rebirth, act like you've just been born. Little, stuttering steps to start.

Yes, that's it... Now, gain confidence. Celebrate the miracle of life.

Shed your white outer garments — The audience needs to see those emerging colours: green, white, violets, blues. Entrance the audience with your actions.

Use the whole stage, Spring!

Project exuberance — the public must feel your joy.

Okay, invite Summer to join you. Pull her in from stage left. Dance together, circling each other.

Spring, gently push Summer off, stage right. Gently!

Summer, wait a while before re-entering. Dance with Spring again. Play, laugh, emphasise the fun.

Take the movement to stage left. Your turn, Summer — ease Spring off the stage.

Orchestra, those notes should be languid to match Summer's mood! Come on, we've had this discussion before.

Summer, extend those arms. Fluttering hands — a loving pair of birds. Wonderful, perfect.

Costume's looking good — love those greens and golds.

Time to bring Autumn on stage for the first time. Summer, bring her on from stage left, then push her off again. Take centre stage — don't rush.

Go fetch Autumn again. Keep it together.

Right, Summer, remove Autumn. Back to centre — hold that arabesque a little longer. Shiver!

Autumn, your turn — remove Summer, stage right.

It's not a fight! You're meant to be friends.

Good. Start to shed those veils.

Costume Department - Autumn's veils are meant to be diaphanous — more yellows, more reds. Artistic Autumn, you're not a stripper!

Winter, get ready — you're up in a moment. Lower the lights a little more.

Keep your movements sharp, Winter. Let the wind take you where it will. Chaînés need to be faster.

Gently now... time for your grand chute contrôlée. Ease into your resting position on the floor.

And finish. Music fade, lights out...

Everyone, that was excellent. Get some rest — tomorrow's your big day.

Remember, thousands will be watching here, and a world of spectators online.

THE NEXT DAY – Minutes Before Curtain Up

Hi, Gaia, everything ready out there? Wait — why are you crying? What's happening?

The show can't go on. It's the theatre's climate control — it can't cope. What with the high temperatures outside and all the audience, the temperature's gone through the roof. It's almost 100 degrees in the auditorium.

Seriously?

We've already had to call medics to five audience members. And the scenery's falling apart.

Gaia, I don't understand.

The wax they used to glue leaves to trees is melting; all the leaves are falling off, the trees are dripping. They look hideous. And the icy pond for Winter's scene is just a huge bowl of sludge.

So, there's nothing we can do?

No, nothing.

You're absolutely sure?

Look... if we send the dancers onto the stage in this heat, they'll collapse from heat stress. They might even suffer serious harm. As I said, it's already 100 degrees, and it's only going to get hotter. I have to go and tell everyone the show's cancelled.

No, let me think...

Thank you, Gaia. I'll go — it's my show. Though, I'm not sure how I'm going to tell them 'The Seasons' are cancelled.