

SPEAKING VIBRATIONS 2026 SCRIPT

Lyrics and ASL Poetry Written by Jo-Anne Bryan and King Kimbit

Percussive and Contemporary Dance Composed by Carmelle Cachero and Jordan Samonas

Actor(s) names: Jo-Anne Bryan, Carmelle Cachero, King Kimbit, Jordan Samonas

Hello and welcome to Speaking Vibrations!

For those of you who have one, in a moment, we will be doing a test with vibrotactile pillows built by VibrafusionLab to make sure that they are working.

But first some warnings: if you are pregnant, have a pacemaker, or have a medical condition that can be aggravated by vibrations or magnets, please do not use or be in proximity of the pillows.

If this is you, please raise your hand and someone will come help you find a new seat. If you no longer wish to use the pillows, please also raise your hand and someone will come help you find a new seat.

For those of you with the pillows, to use them, you may leave them in your lap or hold them to your chest. OK, we will now play the heartbeat. If you don't feel it, please raise your hand and we will try to fix it.

[Play the heartbeat for 30 seconds.]

Thank you so much for your time. Just a friendly reminder that, if at any time during the show, you no longer wish to use the vibrotactile pillow, please place it under your chair.

Beginning of Script:

Act 1

Scene 1 – Jo-Anne Solo – Reclaim My life/roots (video of Jo-Anne)

3 water droplets fall into a calm pool of water, they slowly ripple out in darkness.

A video of a woman appears. Her skin is Black. She is wearing green. Her name is Jo-Anne.

Jo-Anne faces the audience. She and everyone are still and silent.

She pauses. *[As JA lifts hands/start poem]*

She lifts her hands and begins signing a poem/story. English words appear on a large back wall behind her in the shape of tree roots. The entirety of her poem is expressed downwards as roots.

Sound Elements:

Carmelle, Elizabeth and King vocalize parts of this poetry from the audience, reading a story.

Text on screen:

The moment I was born
My life is spinning around
Time is spinning quickly before your eyes blink
It is out of my control
I am trying to take control of my life
It is not like I am not appreciative
I am not sure if I like my life
I am not sure what should I do with my life
I need to run away
I am running away from my life

My life is drawn to me
While I am trying to run away
It finally finds me
I am throwing it away
I am seeing flashes of my life
I am looking at my life, my own roots
There is no way that I can escape
It is my life, my roots

My life is drawn back to me
While I am trying to run away
It finally finds me
I am throwing it away
I am seeing flashes of my life
I am looking at my life, I created my own roots
There is no way that I am throwing my roots away
It is my life, my roots

Scene 2 – Carmelle and Jo-Anne on screen - Untitled

A second woman appears from audience left.

Her skin is Brown. She is wearing red. Her name is Carmelle.

Her feet make faint sounds as she walks lightly across the stage. She lands finally on a wooden board on stage right, where she stands and observes Jo-Anne on screen, who doesn't seem to have noticed her yet.

When Carmelle enters, the English words of Jo-Anne's poem continue to creep down the wall as roots. Tree bark appears in monochrome grey. Strips weave across the screen very slowly over the bark, creating a lattice shape.

Carmelle pauses. She looks at Jo-Anne and stands in the center her back to us. Jo-Anne

passes an invisible world to Carmelle. She catches it. She lifts and drops her heel. The sound of foot on wood. Diggi-di-dat,diggi-di-dat. Da-de-da, da-de-da, doogie-dun-doogie-dun.

She seems to be talking to Jo-Anne. She understands Jo-Anne's hands and she responds with her feet. Jo-Anne's video fades.

Carmelle starts to move, shifting weight from one leg to the other, all the while she dances and makes music with her feet that you can start to feel in your chest, in your shoes.

Text on Screen:

IT IS NOT LIKE I DO NOT LIKE MY DREAMS
I AM NOT SURE WHAT I AM SUPPOSED TO DO WITH MY DREAMS
I NEED TO RUN AWAY
I AM RUNNING AWAY FROM MY DREAMS

MY LIFE IS DRAWN BACK TO ME
WHILE I AM TRYING TO RUN AWAY
IT FINALLY FINDS ME
I AM THROWING IT AWAY
I AM SEEING FLASHES OF MY LIFE
I AM LOOKING AT MY LIFE, I CREATED MY OWN ROOTS
THERE IS NO WAY THAT I AM THROWING MY ROOTS AWAY
IT IS MY LIFE, MY ROOTS

Scene 3 – Carmelle Solo

Carmelle is dancing and making music. We feel time and heartbeat. She creates vibrations, clapping hands, slapping her chest, her thighs. Her entire body is a drum. Beating. Striking. Thumping. Drumming. Singing. The audience can feel it in their chests, their feet. 4/4/ 9/8. 3/ 4. Latin. Swing.

On the back wall are two side by side videos in monochrome grey. A forest on the left, broom plant on the right. The video of the broom plant on the right begins to shrink as the video of the trees begins to grow. Overtaking the entire frame, it fades into colour in bars and returns to monochrome. Horizontal banded transition cuts across the frame to reveal the broom video behind. A multitude of geometrical patterned broom plants comes slowly across the frame, turning yellow, returning to the forest in colour.

Text on Screen:

None

Scene 4 – King Kimbit and Carmelle Duet – Away 1

A third woman walks on stage from the right side of the audience/

Her skin is golden. She is wearing blue. Her name is King.

She starts to circle around Carmelle. Turning. Whirling. She starts to hum. A heartbeat is found.

Carmelle pauses and responds with her feet. Together they sing: throat and feet.

King sings/ "AWAY" in English:

*Stolen away from home,
Never too late to make amendments/
We've grown so far away,
disconnected, become distant/
Try to convince us if we don't know, we won't miss it/
The soul is only whole once we go back and visit/*

*We have to go back and get it, wherever come from/
The truth of our roots, from there we can never run/
Whether or not you know, what it is will always be/
So don't you think it's better if you check on it and see*

*Check on it and see
Checking my story*

On the back wall, a video of cherry blossoms in a city fills the frame in monochrome. Karaoke words of King's song appear on screen. As the poem progresses, the monochrome image becomes saturated, finally glitching into a black screen.

The audience feels them both sing in their stomachs, around their necks, in their feet.

Carmelle exits stage right as a fourth woman starts to walk on from stage left./

Scene 5 – King Kimbit and Elizabeth Duet – Away 3

Visual Description:

A fourth woman walks from audience right. Her name is Elizabeth. She is barefoot. She uses contemporary dance/movement to communicate. She dances openly around the floor.

King sits to the side while singing, wrapped in her blue fabric. She begins to gesture with her palms and fingers: shooting her index finger across the stage as she walks. She seems to be looking for something, someone.

When she gets to centre stage, she pauses.

King starts to sing / AWAY for the third time, from off stage, her voice in the clouds. She sings it differently this third time, improvising the song, repeating words, repeating lines as she chooses. Bodies begin to buzz.

On the back wall, the handwriting plays out individual words from King's song:

*stolen...
away...
home...
grown..
disconnected...*

Elizabeth begins to dance from her chest, pelvis, knees. hands. Her body moved by King's song, she travels around the floor, gesturing, sliding, gliding, rolling, reaching, contracting, releasing. When King sings, Elizabeth's body sings. When King is silent, Elizabeth is still.

She finishes her dance on her knees, on the floor, centre stage, breathing heavily.

Text on Screen:

Stolen

away

Home

Never too late

grown far away

disconnected

become distant

soul is only whole

go back and visit

go back and get it

wherever we come from

truth of our roots

check on it and see

check on it and see

check on it and see

Scene 6 - Group Scene: Elizabeth, King Kimbit, Carmelle – Untitled

Elizabeth and King walk in opposite directions in a circle. Like two magnets.

Carmelle walks on and joins in walking in a circle. A seance. A prayer. Three whirling figures. Magnetic. Like a compass.

The circle releases and like a constellation, and they form a diagonal line. The three echo each other's voice and movement.

I see, point to back wall

I become, point to audience right wall

I am, fingers point up and down. They move to a triangle formation.

Magnetized and hypnotized, as they move their fingers and arms like two hands of a clock, they too, move. Two fingers, three fingers, reaching out and in, contract and release. Four fingers dance over their eyes. Five fingers make a heartbeat, five fingers make a star, the universe. Swelling and pounding, expanding and depressing.

Elizabeth dissipates to the right side of the audience

Scene 7 –King, Carmelle with Jo-Anne video

The scene begins with Carmelle at centre / stage.

She begins to dance with her feet, establishing a groove, a pulse, a heartbeat - the audience feels this too.

King enters / the stage
and begins / to rap:

*I've been drifting in the dust, so home is where I lay my head
There's never really been an "us", it's always just me and myself
The two don't get along, they argue all the time
So I put them in a song, only moment they harmonize/*

*Anyone offer a ride, open the door and hop in
Easy come, easy go, easily forgotten
Spoiled rotten by these strangers, of course I know I'm living dangerous
But never stop to analyze
because I'm caught trying to survive.../*

She sings her chorus twice:

*It's not something I can get away from
Or something I'll ever be safe from
But everytime the rain comes
That's when the pain comes
Singing the same song...*

Jo-Anne in video "walks" into the room. She vibes with King and Carmelle. Tells a story about driving with the sun setting. The other two dance and groove with Jo-Anne.

After chorus 2nd time:

On the back wall, the screen fades into a monochrome line impression effect on a video of slow motion fire. The words of the poem fade up like smoke, they appear to build space around where the shape of a house should be.

King and Carmelle leave on the left and right

Scene 8a – Jo-Anne Solo – video

Slave Ship

No text – silence

Jo-Anne signs a journey of a slave ship on stormy waters.

Scene 8b – Jo-Anne Solo *BIO/CHOSEN FAMILY/WORLD* – video

Jo-Anne shifts tone and creates a world with her hands – she tells the story of her Bio and Chosen Family.

Djembe and humming accompany her poem.

On the back wall, Jo-Anne's poetry appears in white cursive font on a black background, in two columns. One world, divided into two worlds:

One world divided into two worlds.

One world- my own family

I was raised into my own family with love, unity, and love

we communicate in our own words

Somehow my family communicates, it becomes unclear

I am not able to catch up

I tried to get their attention, but it is still unclear

I feel disconnected

I walk away from my own family

One world divides into two worlds.

One world- my Deaf community.

I feel comfortable in my Deaf community ... belonging,. acceptance, and validation

we communicate in our own sign language.

Somehow I feel different from the rest of Deaf people

They look at me differently

They look at my black skin.

I feel disconnected.

I began to look at my own family again.

On the back wall, the two columns of poetry appear to be moving slowly together, like two glaciers, ships, tectonic plates.

I see my parents struggling to belong.

My parents are immigrants to Canada.

New country, a new beginning

Somehow, Canadians look at my parents differently.

They look at their black skin.

Struggling to assimilate in Canada.

Just like me, struggling
We are now truly a united family.
We communicate in our own way to unite again.
We are a family with love, unity and beloved

Two worlds are now one world
My own world, it is a story to be told

On the back wall, the two columns of poetry join together to form one column centred in the frame.

Two worlds are now one world.

Jo-Anne's video fades.

Scene 9 –King Kimbit and Carmelle

King enters the stage and begins to sing

If I speak into the ground, would you hear me now?
Could you feel the vibes from the other side?
If I speak into the ground, would you hear me now?
Could you feel the vibes from the other side?

Together, King and Carmelle start to dance a step dance. Their stomps make the floor rumble, the speakers shake, the audiences feel. *Stomp stomp stomp. Stomp stomp stomp.* Two movers keeping time through vibration, through each other.

On the back wall we have fading in and out images of the forest ground. Then they begin to ripple and reveal each other in the rings of the ripples. The captions of King's song come up in the circles, because there is repetition of this verse, they ripple in and out over and over in a loop. Then they completely fade

out to reveal the stillness of the forest floor again.

Jo-Anne appears in video form smiling behind them. Her video fades.

They pause to face the audience. /

/ Patience

Understanding /

I'm born into a body they would call normal

*It helps me get through a world
built with able-looking bodies
at the forefront of the game plan /*

*I am grateful for being able to tread that challenge unscathed
But what about the people who aren't so lucky in this lottery
Do I win the race that's made up of claims that scarcity is the reason we can justify
taking from each other knowingly or not? /*

THE RACE ISN'T REAL.

*The paces we feel
too rushed
But have learned not to trust
That jump in our gut /*

*Ignore when we see the injustice of negligence
It costs nothing to have patience and uncrowd the spaces where we've placed expectations on
others without first asking*

*[They sign to each other: "What's your story?" THEN:]
What's your story? /*

*I am overcoming disabilities I don't LOOK LIKE I have
by first acknowledging they exist
And then instead of seeing something to be fixed
I embrace the beauty that i get to work with/*

*Despite being IGNORED AND DISMISSED
by the people ahead of the game too focused on what they have to gain to notice they need us
on the bottom in order for them to even have a top to stay on /*

*Their successes dependent on my inconsistencies, they wish for me to **STAY DOWN, they
exist too and that is inevitable*

*What I CAN DO is focus my time and energy on those who
Give me SUPPORT, are PATIENT, and TRYING TO UNDERSTAND even though they may
never, /*

*It is LOVE that drives them to try and I
can SUPPORT, be PATIENT, and TRY TO UNDERSTAND myself
As well as anyone else, who might be dealing with other people's ideas of disadvantage /*

Just like me

We need

Understanding. Patience. /

On the back wall the video fades into a waterfall in the distance through a tangled wood. Then “Matrix” like letters appear raining down and the individual lines of the poem appear first in green but remain on screen in white.

Carmelle stays tapping, King leaves to sit in the audience on the right.

Scene 10 – Elizabeth and Carmelle

Carmelle taps, enticing Elizabeth. Elizabeth gets up from the audience and she walks with her tap shoes. Watching Carmelle. Elizabeth puts on her tap shoes and joins Carmelle.

They begin to dance, in a less familiar 7/ 8 time. 7 is more natural, a pattern of nature, a reflection of asymmetry in the world and in our bodies. Facing each other and eventually circling around each other, they take the audience with them on a journey of sound and feeling as vibration. Elizabeth eventually takes off her shoes.

There is nothing on the wall behind them.

Carmelle keeps a beat going and then pauses. Elizabeth goes and pulls King onto the stage

Scene 11 –Elizabeth, King Kimbit, Carmelle

Carmelle creates a beat Elizabeth dances and King begins to groove and hum.

Travelling around in a circle, together they become music.

They make triangle formation and face forward.

Elizabeth is dancing. Carmelle is tapping. King begins a poem:

Since I've been

So far removed

From the language that represents you

How will you be able to recognize

when I try to communicate?

Calling out your name

Ain't as simple as it used to be

Or at least that's how I envision our past in my head

Straight forward gestures

Simplicity at its best

*Now you rest
In a language I can no longer understand*

I wonder which circumstances brought us to this situation

*Well, instead of placing blame
I will move ahead more efficiently if I focus energy on unframing my complacency
To this English
That I've learned to love and to live in*

*Untangle my tongue with cue cards on the table
Study my own hands
So I am able to pluck
Uprooting language barriers*

*From the ground up
From the ground up
From the ground up
/ As I must
/ As I must
/ And I must*

BEAT. THEN:

On the back wall, the scene begins with a fade into the video of a deforested area, a large stump and planted trees. During the dance and silence, the image begins to breath a sort of psychedelic spin that appears and disappears. Fade to empty screen. Fade in of image with empty space where credits like a film appear on one side, this is the poem. Then the screen switches suddenly to a another diptic image, it continues to switch as the videos layer on top of each other. Then at the end of the poem for the last stanza, there is a fade in of slow motion water going over a rock. Then videos are layered upon each other, the captions appearing in a black bar, in all caps. The videos change in vibrance and hue as they play.

They finish their expressions, Carmelle, King and Elizabeth exit one at a time, they go to sit in the audience.

Scene 12 – Video of Jo-Anne

Visual Description:

Jo-Anne is standing in the middle of the stage close up of her hands. She holds the world in her hands. Video fades to three water droplets in reverse.

End of Show.