

**Wax Museum  
Script  
Mike Hoolboom**

Prelude

Image: man face close-up in bed blurry  
When I'm with him

Image: train commuter shadows blurry  
I can't recognize myself anymore.  
It was time to leave the wax museum  
or to step into it.

title: Wax Museum (Russian/English)

Image: woman with truth sign  
vo: Adorno told us that we become human  
only by imitating others.  
That's why I've decided to come here  
to Saint Petersburg.

Image: green car climbs stairs

Image: canal water  
vo: Like everyone I put on my best mask  
to watch the races  
cheering for both sides.

Image: subway entrance silhouettes  
vo: I follow strangers in the city.  
They are my map and introduction.  
Their bodies, this public choreography  
makes me feel my unwanted body  
and I am grateful.

Image: people in stuffed animal costumes  
vo: The city maps the inside of the museum  
to the outside.  
All the best paid workers  
have to appear in public  
with a smile on their faces.  
I'm starting next week.

Image: smoker at night  
vo: In the 90s he was a gang member  
he beat up strangers, kids really  
who couldn't pay him to stay  
inside the wax museum.  
Now he sells real estate.

Image: kids blue gym outdoors through fence

vo: These bodies pose a question.  
How to be ready?  
Like them, I never stop training  
but after the revolution  
it's harder to prepare for the unexpected.

Image: wax museum announcer  
sync: You will see the most famous people on the planet.  
We invite you to the museum. Don't pass by.  
We invite you to the museum.

vo: It turns out the best part  
of the Wax Museum wasn't inside at all.  
It was the voice of the announcer,  
the pictures he made out of words.  
The prison house of language.

Image: Police demonstration in Saint Petersburg

vo: When I'm afraid  
my fear makes everything appear  
as if it's moving backwards.  
Maybe the only way to have a self  
is to have a state,  
or even a neighbourhood, a single street.  
We're here to make a public space  
that is also a private space  
a country without borders.

Image: man in chair wide-eyed

vo: A few hours later.  
After the demonstration.

Image: woman in bookshop

vo: After the last demonstration  
I couldn't hide behind my face any longer.  
Since gangster capitalism it's been hard  
not to fall in love with the police  
who live inside me.  
But I'm trying.  
My new friends will be out of jail soon.

Image: woman in window on phone

Image: woman in church

vo: Every stranger's face is my face.  
Like her, I used to look up all the time  
to men, to the new Russians  
but I'm learning to keep my eyes in front of me.  
Somehow they are leading me back  
to the face I had leaving the museum.

Image: subway commuters wall reflection

Title: Hoolboom/Koroleva