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# Festival

A minimalist LARP installation

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## What is this?

This is a minimalist LARP installation. The installation is a group of tents with instructions on how to play the half hour long LARP.

Experience the strange situation of waking up in a tent on a festival with "somebody" sleeping besides you, and discover just how small a tent can be when the zipper is broken.

## Instructions to play

- You need to be two people to play. The LARP takes 20 minutes.
- Each player picks a role (Role A or Role B)
- Try to memorize as much information about the role as possible, but don't bother to remember *everything*.
- Set the alarm clock to 20 minutes and place it just outside the tent.
- Enter the tent and zip it. When playing the LARP, pretend that the zipper is broken and cannot be unlocked.
- Play the larp
- When the alarm clock rings the LARP is over.
- When leaving the installation be sure to leave everything in the place and let the tent be open.

*Enjoy yourself.*

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# **The Festival - Role A**

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## ***The Festival - Role A***

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I hate this so much. Waking up with a pounding head and a blank memory of the night that has proceeded this horrible morning! And so now I find myself in this familiar situation with the all too familiar question

*"Where the hell am I?"*

For some reason, I just know that I properly should be happy for my failing memory. I so much don't want to remember all the shit I was talking (and most likely doing) yesterday.

I still lie with my eyes closed, pretending to be asleep, but the morning seems like it has just been going on forever. How had it begun... oh year, I think it all started with the distinctive sound of rain and wired sound of a jammed zipper that someone desperately is trying to force open. And now. My head feels strange. It's almost too light and airy and I'm not sure that opening my eyes and meeting awake-reality, is such a good idea just yet. I decide to lie here a bit longer, but even closed eyes can't force out the growing sense of reality, and again the question haunts me.

*"Where the fuck am I?"*

There is a possibility that I'm just lying in my own tent, but I have this unpleasant suspicion that that just isn't the case... Yesterday is just one big mess. I'm sure it all had to do with beer and loud music but the memory flashes are so illusive that it is hard to tell if they are real or not. Yesterday only exist of scattered images of people that flows in and out of my vision but I have no idea who they were or what they were saying, and even less what I was saying to them. *"Fuck"* I would hit myself in the head for my stupidity, but I'm scared that I might provoke the biggest hangover in history, so I just promise myself: "never, ever again...". But only the gods know how many early mornings I have made myself, just that promise.

*"Shit - what was that"* I'm sure that there was a sound next to me. I'm fucking not alone in this tent. Desperately I try to get my broken memory to focus on the late part of last night, but it comes up empty handed. Soon I will have to open my eyes and face a reality that I'm not all too sure I will especially like. I should have known better, where is my head sometimes. But on the other hand, what the hell are people thinking. I must have been almost unconscious from drinking... That's fucking not right.

*"Never...NEVER again"* Fuck it... people are bloody stupid idiots!!!!

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# **The Festival - Role B**

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## ***The Festival – Role B***

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Good morning world. I lie with my eyes closed somewhere in the borderland between sleep and awake, enjoying the feeling of my sleepy body that gradually fills up with the days energy. I have always loved mornings but somehow, even though everything feels the same, I sense a change but cant quite put my finger on it.

Changes.... I think I have forgotten something important - "*come on brain, work*". And then all of the sudden, without any warning the memories from yesterday hits me. They are the kind of memories that are filled with warning lamps and hazy colours but no sense and no meaning. All my life I have tried to be a decent person. I have never deliberately hurt anyone and always tried to put others before myself. Yesterday however, was an exception. It was like all the kindness and stupid understanding of other people got too much for me. People have never tried to understand me, so why should I? The people I know was intoxication them self with... well just about anything. They were trying to let go of the world and its borders but what it did was turning them into monsters whom where breathing only narcissism and decay. I was impossible for me to get even one normal word out of anybody. No one was feeling anything real. I have never touch alcohol before, but now I was too tied of being me... I wanted to forget and I wanted to fit in. So I fitted in by becoming them.

I just lie here. Exhausted by the weight of my memory rush. I try to contemplate the difference between the state of the world yesterday and reality as it stands here and now. I do not remember much from the later parts of the evening, but I think that I was feeling happy and field with love. But now, in light of the morning, I know the feelings were fake. Reality turned inside out.

A Sound. All of the sudden I sense a sound next to me. I sure: There is someone breathing right next to me. "Oh my god. What do I do"? Who is this person? Where am I? I'm sure I'm not where I'm supposed to be. What have this person done to me, or even worse.... with me?! "*It can't be true. I'm so not like that at all*". I fill my lungs with air a couple of time, desperately trying to repress the panic attack that I can feel is coming. I have learned that you can never run away from problems but I know that I would be so much easier just to open the zipper to the tent and run of...

I have to face this nightmare but I promise my self one thing: "*never again*".