

ACT [1]

SCENE [1]

(IT'S DYING)

(Raoul comes in reading to himself. He is proud and strong in his presence. His thoughts weigh heavy in his voice. He is quoting a song trying to understand it and switches between talking to the audience and to himself.)

(Music: Jesu, Joy of man's desiring. Bach.)

CHARACTERS

RAOUL

RAOUL

Art, joy of man's desiring
Holy wisdom, love most bright
Drawn by Thee, our souls aspiring
Soar to uncreated light

(Pause. Looks around.)

RAOUL (Continued)

It's dying.

Word of Art, our flesh that fashioned
With the fire of life impassioned

RAOUL

(Is thinking about his words...)

Let me correct myself. It's been left to die.
... Striving still to truth unknown
Soaring, dying round Thy throne; Art, joy of man's
desiring.

RAOUL

(Quiet. Sad to himself.)

It is dying.

(Pause)

Humiliated - Like an angel who's been left with a pair of broken wings. Dying.

(SHOUTING)

Word of Art, our flesh that fashioned, With the fire of life impassioned..

RAOUL

See... ; ART has become The bio-dynamical ecological chicken, which we all want but which we left without any non-poisoned chemical-i-zed food to feed from.

(RAOUL pauses. Looks around. Thinking to himself.)

RAOUL(Continued)

Striving still to truth unknown, Soaring, dying 'round Thy throne -
It has been left to die, like a human tumored brain, with nothing to tell, nothing to scream about, nothing to oppose to, nothing to verbally or non verbally express.

(Raoul Pause.)

RAOUL (Continued)

It's dying. What is there to tell?

RAOUL (Continued)

Holy wisdom, love most bright, Drawn by Thee, our souls aspiring, Soar to uncreated light.

(RAOUL pause... getting a bit harsh in his tone, asking a question..)

So what's left, of this holy wisdom?

(Answers his own question.)

RAOUL (Continued)

Well, the greatest book of them all, is of course, the book which has killed the believers of both diversity,

freedom, sexual expression, and not least; the curiosity of the human mind.

(Pause)

RAOUL (Continued)

What's now left, is the strangulated bodies, with increased judgment, increased artistic behaviors; They are: "The trapped souls."
The ones which the world has forgotten about.
Even you have forgotten about them!

RAOUL

(Thinks to himself...)

The great old book seems to be today's biggest issue, the world's biggest misunderstanding.

(Raoul has built up a bitterness, and spits out...)

RAOUL (Continued)

Would the old guy ever stop the world from developing?

(He expects an answer back.. Get's nothing though.)

RAOUL (Continued)

My old friend once told me, that God is really only another artist. He invented the giraffe, the elephant and the cat. He has no real style, he just goes on trying other things.

I think he was right... but then again, would an artist ever tell you that a piece of paper means more than hard work? That an academic is worth more than a thinker? That an artist, a master of expression, is worthless to the modern world?

RAOUL

(Is thinking hard to get the right answer...)

Would he, as an artist himself, the loving father of us all, ever tell his sons or daughters to resist, hide or be ashamed of their sex, or love of one another?

RAOUL

(Wondering. Comes to conclusion.)

See, I don't believe that a good and loving artist nor
father would...

"Art, The joy of man's desiring..."

RAOUL (Continued)

It's dying. So What is left to tell?

*(Light fades down on Raoul.
Music starts.)*