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Garrett, the Blue Giraffe

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SYNOPSIS

Garrett, the Blue Giraffe is the metaphysical tale of a sad and lonely giraffe who longs to become a rhinoceros. After a massive stampede in the African savannah, the young Garrett, bruised and abandoned, lay motionless in the dust. One day, the massive shadow of a creature approached and shaded his eyes from the blistering sun. She was the female head of a passing herd of rhinos, and her heart went out to him as she lifted him from precarious place and carried him off to become part her family. Garrett soon bonded with these rhinos, until that fatal day of separation when he was put in Bronx Zoo, and caged, not allowing him to be anywhere near his newfound family. Even though Garrett appeared to be similar to the creatures that surrounded him, he felt quite out of place. Therefore, Garrett made an appeal to the Great Creator of All Natural and Living that he might undergo molecular reconstruction in order to co-habitate with his family, or what he felt was his natural family, once again. After receiving an affirmative response from The Creator, Garrett was required make a divine appointment with his Heavenly Counselor. This is where the curtain rises and the play begins. With the appearance of Israfel, the Heavenly Counselor, Garrett discovers not only what he truly wants to become but also how to be true to himself and allow his heart to beat with wild abandon to every step he must take in the dance of his own life.

"This tale is for the 1990s what *The Velveteen Rabbit* was for the 1970s. Every adult can identify with Garrett's search for identity and his need for counseling, divine or otherwise." Opera News, London

PRODUCTION HISTORY

The show has been workshopped both in Pittsburgh and in New York and was funded through a grant from The Pittsburgh Foundation/Howard Heinz Endowment Multicultural Arts Initiative. *Garrett* has been in development since 1996; it was read at The Beehive at Sunday Night Live, then later was directed by Elsa von Eckartsberg, Ph.D., as a staged reading at Vahalla Fine Arts Temple to an audience of about sixty people. At that time, people in psychology remarked it was a very healing play but needed its own music. We found the music for it . . . but went even one step further, and found an artist who would create a visual as well. *Garrett* then played to a full house at Brewhouse Space, Pittsburgh. and was well received at Theatre 409, New York, under the direction of Denny Martin. May 15, 2002: Subject: GARRETT- The London Premiere . . . . Another review for GARRETTwhich became an opera last summer and opened in London: http://www.hugill.demon.co.uk/garrett.htm.

Reviews -From Opera magazine, October 2001 Garrett FifteenB Productions at Hoxton Hall, London June 9 Garrett by Robert Hugill is an opera about a shy giraffe with an identity problem—he has a burning desire to be changed into a rhinoceros. But an angel comes along and sorts out his hang-ups and sends him on his way a happier giraffe. It is an endearing story with philosophical and metaphysical implications but which can also be enjoyed at a simpler anthropomorphic level. Hugill based his composition on a play by the American writer Coni Ciongoli-Koepfinger. They had previously worked together when Hugill wrote the incidental music for Candle Dancing. Their plan for a further collaboration on *Garrett, the Blue Giraffe* evolved into an opera when Hugill re-cast the play text into a libretto for two characters and scored it for a chamber group of five musicians (two flutes, viola, guitar and piano). The opera had its first performance in the slightly shabby but welcoming interior of Hoxton Hall, one of London's historic music halls, built in 1863; it is now used for a catholic assortment of community and professional shows as well as the Hoxton New Music Days. Garrett was staged without scenery by the director and choreographer Darren Royston, but with lighting by Matt Haskins that encouraged the audience to use their imagination to conjure up jungle plains and herds of rhinoceros. It opened with the composer as storyteller, setting the scene: two characters, an angel and a giraffe, meet in a park, both having assumed human form. Israfel, the angel, was a beautiful androgynous figure with golden hair and wearing a dazzling white suit, Garrett a casually dressed, awkward young man. Israfel encourages him to explain why he feels out of place with his own kind and their conversation is interspersed with three flashbacks in which Garrett narrates the plight of a lonely giraffe who longs to change his form so that he can join a herd of rhinoceros. While the angel sings in flowing arioso accompanied by viola and flutes, Garrett's contribution tends to be in broken half-formulated phrases backed by piano and guitar. And in spite of the obscurity and overblown imagery of the libretto, what I took to be its message came across thanks to the committed and convincing performances of the two singers. Damian Thantrey's gangling diffidence was touchingly suggestive of the sad giraffe but in Garrett's three passages of narration the baritone filled the hall with his richly coloured, expressive singing. The soprano Rosemary Forbes-Butler projected clearly as the sympathetic angel. Their dance to Hugill's music of the spheres flute with guitar accompaniment—which sweeps the mists of confusion from Garrett's troubled thoughts and echoes the release of his pent-up emotions was an imaginative touch and nicely executed. Malcolm Cottle conducted the five musicians whose unusual groupings were harmoniously apt. The opera ran for a well-judged hour.

GARRETT, THE BLUE GIRAFFE ©2016 by Coni Koepfinger

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Israfel - The heavenly counselor, a guardian angel. Sometimes known as " the burning one " who fetches the souls from the embers of the ashes of death. Sometimes acts as a guardian to the gentle creatures .

Garrett - A sad and lonely giraffe who is in love with a rhinoceros and what to ask the creator for molecular reconstruction to become one.

TIME: 2112 - A LOVELY AUTUMN MORNING

PLACE: A UNIVERSAL PARK, THE BRONX ZOO

Sounds of the nearby traffic remind us of the rhythms of the concrete jungle of modern everyday urban life. As they fade, the lights come up on ***Israfel,*** *the heavenly messenger. Dressed in a flowing white robes, he sits placidly on the bench, strumming his grand, silver lute. His long golden locks sway in gentle rhythm with his body as he plays an enchanting tune. Israfel greets the audience with an alluring smile, then softly begins to sing a medieval lovesong with bewitching passion.*

In the middle of the second verse, Israfel stops short, and there is a brief moment of complete silence as ***Garrett****, a very*

tall yet meek human figure emerges and approaches very slowly with extreme caution. He is trembling, almost unable to take another step forward. His despondency and shyness is emphasized by the long dark stringy hair that hangs over his right eye. Garrett shrinks back as Israfel turns abruptly; his whole body opens as he welcomes his approaching guest.

ISRAFEL

Well, hello friend!

GARRETT

Oh, uh, hello.

ISRAFEL

Welcome, welcome, welcome!

GARRETT

Are you... My, uh, my, uh, my heavenly counselor?

ISRAFEL

I am. And you must be Garrett. Garrett, the blue and sad giraffe. Please sit down.

GARRETT

(*Sits.)* Thank you.

ISRAFEL

Now... Shall we begin immediately? Tell me about yourself, friend!

GARRETT

Uh, uh, uh... Well, I-I-I... (*Trembling.)* Uh.... Uh.... Uh...

ISRAFEL

Well, then, allow me. I am Israfel, angel of resurrection, angel of song... I am known as the "Burning One". Usually, my purpose is to fetch the souls that are ready for the Divine Kingdom. But in your case, I was called in for my expertise in the field of dialectics and oral intercourse; my depth of compassion, my speciality in the arena of earthly endeavors has always been, well... Let's just say, my heart strings can create the music of this lute from the passion of inspiration I can hear pulsating in your soul. Now, shall we begin your divine appointment? *(Pulls out a scroll from his bag.)* Okay, okay... Your name is Garrett, and you are temporarily in human form for the meeting today, otherwise, species: giraffe, and your age... Your age?

GARRETT

Uh, dunno.

ISRAFEL

Well, I'd say you're approximately, well, I guess the statistics can wait. *(Pats his hand.)* My young friend, I just want you to know, Garrett, that I am very pleased to meet with you.

GARRETT

Thank you. Thank you, I… I, uh, well...

ISRAFEL

You are really quite lovely. Quite a lovely creature! Now then, shall we?

GARRETT

I-I-I'm sorry to b-b-bother you with this, I mean... It's very charitable for you to speak to me, I imagine, I mean, well, it's, I mean, I am grateful, thankful for you to take the time for me... I mean, what I am feeling may merely be the results of an over-stimulated imagination and I dare not, well, I mean, I feel as though I have no right to discuss the possibility of change, I mean... I should just be happy that I have my health.

ISRAFEL

Well now, why do you think we chose to give you temporary human form? Well, as you probably already know, humans feel as if they have a right to speak about anything and everything! The power of speech is more of a curse than a blessing to most of them!

GARRETT

Thank you, yes. I see that, and I, well, I'm not really comfortable at all in human form yet... I guess it takes some getting used to… y-y-yet, I am not comfortable as a giraffe either. It's just me. I'm just never c-content. I'm really sorry, I shouldn't have called you, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I have no right to…

ISRAFEL

Shhhh. Look here little friend. Don't put all this on yourself. I said this is a *divine appointment*.... Meaning that it *was* forever meant to be. So you are only partly instrumental in this orchestration of destiny. Many, many creations feel as if they have no right. Yet as author of your very own existence, you must authorize your thoughts and feelings. Some humans do it by writing, some by speech and others by their actions. Now then, since you are in human form, let us explore your situation by way of one of those possibilities. So, gather yourself and begin again, Garrett.

GARRETT

You must be thinking, how ungrateful... I should just be happy. I do have my health...

THE FAINT ROAR OF A RHINO SOUNDS.

(Shuddering.) Oh, God. Oh, there it goes again, in the pit of my stomach... I can't breathe again... Everytime I hear it, I-I-I…know it's my own fault. My own moral weakness.

ISRAFEL

There, there. Be gentle, Garrett. You must learn to be gentler with yourself. Why do you judge yourself so harshly? I do not judge you. Try to be gentle with how you see yourself.

GARRETT

G- G- Gentle?

ISRAFEL

Yes, gentle!

GARRETT

Hmmph. I never thought you'd say that. *(Sighs.)* And to think, I was so afraid to even call you... Yet, I knew that there is no one else to call.

ISRAFEL

Our world is a strange place. Not too many have the gift of understanding. Thank you, Garrett. Actually, I was getting into my daily routine and suddenly the song of your heart broke into the silence of my servitude. A cry of sudden *com* passion... Then, before I knew it, my life was *with* passion again. I feel as if I want to sing again... The heartstrings of my lute begged to be played with, tunes came out of the blue and danced in the golden light of the sun! Ah, I savor this delightful feeling. Yes, it is so good to share in the sheer rapture of veritable pathos! As one hears another's cry, the joy to assist and to heal their pain transforms both, alas, tears of laughter, tears of joy, we are all part of the progression.

GARRETT

Well, know that I am thankful. Very thankful. You see, I sometimes f-feel like the experience was all in my mind... Yet I know, it is in my heart.

ISRAFEL

Ah, yes! There is quite a difference! Some creatures try thinking with their heart while others try feeling with their minds- Many have got things very mixed up due to all of artificial stimulations. You *are* really a bright young fellow.

GARRETT

I am?

ISRAFEL

Yes, you are quite sensitive to understanding the art of thinking and feeling. It is an art you know, why art is merely All realised thought which then includes feeling. Though it's not as simple as it sounds, therefore you are quite illumined, in other words, very bright- that is, sensitive to enlightenment.

GARRETT

I guess I really am, since you put it that way. *)* I was once a drama professor in a past life. And once I was a sage, a seer in ancient Greece... Except I told people in high places what they wanted to hear for money... Perhaps I'm atoning for that now. Oh, oh, oh, oh, why I just can't simmer this desire?

ISRAFEL

Many try to hide it... But the smoke only clouds their minds... And eventually it pollutes the universal soul. We think that these deep-rooted desires will go away... But after they are planted, well, like everything planted; they have no choice but to grow. Perhaps Garrett, my fair friend, perhaps this is what really brings us together in the garden of life... The affairs of the heart. You are just a fraction off of the path, and I am here as your immortal thought-adjuster to help light your way back. I've helped many a poet find the road again. What paralyzes us all, is fear. We fear the unknown, we fear what is different and new. Then we are afraid to make a decision. *(Kisses him on the forehead.)* Fear is merely a four-letter word.

GARRETT

Yes. *(Looks into his eyes.)* Yes.

ISRAFEL

\Hmmmm. Well, let's get it started, shall we? It says here in my notes that you are considering an appeal for an audience with The Creator. Is that correct?

GARRETT

Yes.

ISRAFEL

Your request would be for... molecular rearrangement?

GARRETT

Do you think it's worth a chance?

ISRAFEL

Did you ever hear the story of Meelozzo di Forli?

GARRETT

No.

ISRAFEL

My dear friend di Forli was the very inspiration for the melodies of early nineteenth century orchestral music.... He taught the composers of the day to focus and find their spiritual center of the score, the point of gravity, then let it respectfully decide the distribution of all tonal balance. Now there is the bed of creativity! Alas! Art can be espoused in a movement! Ardor! Passion! Zeal sleep silently beneath the sheets, just waiting to be aroused! Ah! Berlioz's *Symphonic Fantastique!* A perfect blend of the visceral and the corporeal! Symphonic drama without words! It spoke through the perpetual symbols of tension and relaxation, tonally manifested in a cyclic camber. A piece would start in a dark, minor mode, then lead up to the finale of a liberating major. *Magnificent!* Yes, now... Where was I? Oh yes. Yes, yes, Meelozzo di Forli was absolutely brilliant. all artists of that extreme magnitude are eventually raised to neuterization. Doesn't matter anymore on that level! He/she brought the hum of purity back into being. The gift of harmony had to be reestablished. The inspiring sound of silence had to be emitted unfiltered. Every heart stood still and opened to receive the glorious gift of pure love.

GARRETT

Maybe I should be raised to neuterization?

ISRAFEL

Are you an artist?

GARRETT

No, I'm just a giraffe.

ISRAFEL

Neuterization is only for the artists. They're a breed apart from us all.

GARRETT

I used to make clay sculptures, but I lost interest. \ I was very young…One of the elders, one of my prairie teachers, made fun of me, called them "silly mud pies", so I was ashamed, and so I just stopped.

ISRAFEL

The real shame is teachers that do not realize their station in life. The responsibility of any teacher is the ability to respond to his students. So you desire to become a rhinoceros? No need to explain further. That's quite okay. Especially when you are dealing with the uncertainty principles of implied quantum mechanics. I mean, that is, the number of configurations of a cloud mass of particles is virtually endless and given the specific degree of angular momentum the potentiality... Well, I can't fully explain that either. But enough science, we need to focus on the emotional and spiritual ramifications of your current condition. Can you tell me what feelings have prompted this desire, this, this sudden *"change of heart"*?

GARRETT

It was not at all sudden. But yes. I think I can tell you what it is that I'm feeling. What I've been feeling for so many, many years... Oh, how do I dare speak of it? Oh, I am afraid, yes. No. I can speak. Oh, this temporary gift of speech is hard for me to master. I'm afraid I'll use the wrong word. Why am I so uncertain? Perhaps this is why giraffes were eternally destined to live in silence... Oh, what if some evil comes out of this selfishness? But my heart cries out like a baby to be next to, to touch, to feel...

ISRAFEL

Rule number one with the power of speech. Use the *I Am* phrase with extreme caution. That's the creative power of the cosmos, *your words empower your world*. Now for rule number two... The

Law of Common Exchange predicates that we must never ever allow thoughts to be released before going through the harmonization process of the feeling world. Listen be attentive and know this Law of Understanding lies within the essence of every living being. Thoughts are ideas; light energy. The power of light's constructive activity takes hold of its own dominion through the very power of its verbiage. Thus, dictations, unharmonized and erroneously qualified, manifest regardless. Natural disasters, wars, murders, and all of the senseless violence that has been occurring since the dawn of time.*)* Now then you must *simply harmonize yourself before you put any deliberate thought into process*... FEEL this expansion as I describe it. The light is merely a reflection of thought. But sound requalifies the substance of your material being. First you make the call, then tune in to your frequency.

GARRETT

I didn't even know that I was making a call.

ISRAFEL

Your call is earnest and on the path of truth, you are automatically tuned into your proper frequency. have been true to your path since its inception.... But now, you are vacillating, just a little... Perhaps you are experiencing the energy of a nearby waveform, a corresponding rhythm that is creating change within the boundaries of your infrastructure.

GARRETT

The rhinos- I go to pieces every time I think of them. I'm an emotional mess. (*SHAKING)* I can hardly think anymore...

ISRAFEL

Uh, uh, uh! Remember what I said. Feel first. Then think. You must align the proper sequence. You must keep to the natural order. Do you know the music of the spheres?

GARRETT

No.

ISRAFEL

Shame, it'd harmonize you. It harmonies everything. It's up to you to control your own modulation.

GARRETT

Yes, but how?

GRADUALLY MUSIC OF THE SPHERES FADES IN.

ISRAFEL

I'm having a harmonized thought right now! It's coming through me. Why it is literally moving my entire being!

GARRETT

What? What?

ISRAFEL

The music, it is in me! This has to be a divine idea! Oh, it's indescribable. Beyond words. Garrett, my dear, would you like to dance?

GARRETT

Excuse me?

ISRAFEL

The Music of the Spheres is playing within me, right now. It's lovely.

GARRETT

How can I hear it?

WHIRLING DERVISH MUSIC BEGINS.

ISRAFEL

Well, if we can share the passion of this silent dance, it's tranquil waves will wash through us like the mighty sea of madness. Well, Garrett, we shall both be cleansed of life's debris.

GARRETT

B-b-but I don't know how to dance…I, I... I, I... I am afraid.

ISRAFEL

Uh, uh, uh! Lesson number one. Requalify your words. Especially the *I am*! You are so bright, Garrett, I know that you are a fast learner. Now. Shall we dance? May I present to you, my dear Garrett.. The Music of the Spheres!

THE BEGIN TO DANCE.

GARRETT

I-I-I- I hear it. I think I hear it now! And, and, and, I am, I am...

ISRAFEL

Dancing.

GARRETT

Yes! (*Laughs.*) I *am* dancing.

ISRAFEL LEADS GARRETT IN A PASSIONATE, FIERY DANCE, SPINNING AND SWIRLING. BREATHLESS, THEY CONTINUE THE DIALOGUE WHILE DANCING.

GARRETT

Oh my! I can hear it now, loud, and clear! Oh, my! Oh, my! Oh, my!

ISRAFEL

I feel you loud and clear, Garrett, dear. You are... Perfectly pitched! Ultimate harmony! Tonal brilliance!

GARRETT

I feel it too.

ISRAFEL

"Sola, perduta, abbandonata!"

GARRETT

What?

ISRAFEL

Puccini's Manon Lescaut in an equally pathetic situation.

GARRETT

B-But I amfeeling ecstasy!

ISRAFEL

I too.

GARRETT

But now you sing of pathos!

MUSIC FADES INTO A SLOW WALTZ.

ISRAFEL

Music of the Spheres sings of the strange and wonderful affair of science and art! Our story begins. We are in the Temple of Music... omnipotent soldiers seeking The Divine Monochord. Somewhere beyond these walls we know that there exists *The Great Musarithmetic Ark*, a composing machine which beholds the ultimate destiny! Inside this Ark is the *"Lost Enneachord of Nature".* The secret of

all life. We search, in darkness and in light, by the music of the day and the silence of the night... Then, all at once we see it! *The Lost Ennechord of Nature!* A nine-stringed instrument tuned according to the Greek system of harmonic proportions. I begin to pluck it its strings, in its mysterium, it starts to play itself! The most beautiful music ever... The veritable breath of creation itself. “Sola, perduta, abbandonata!”

MUSIC THUNDERS AS ISRAFEL TWIRLS GARRETT PASSIONATELY.

ISRAFEL

Garrett! We are, we are, we are- each aligned with the bliss of a shining star. Our cosmic paths, now fixed, we shall not folly... As blood and passion are mixed. Yes! Now we can dance! Now we *must* dance! Dance! Dance! Dance!

THE MUSIC REACHES ITS CLIMAX, AND AT HEIGHT OF COMPOSITION, THE DANCERS SPIN OUT OF CONTROL AND COLLAPSE TOGETHER ON THE BENCH IN EACH OTHER’S ARMS.

AFTER A MOMENT, ISRAFEL SIGHS THEN KISSES GARRETT BETWEEN THE EYES. GARRETT SITS UP EAGERLY AS IF RENEWED.

ISRAFEL

Bless you, Garrett. Bless you.

GARRETT

I’m no longer afraid. Actually, I’m quite invigorated.

ISRAFEL

Yes! I as well. Harmonization has arrived! Now we can explore the sensations through extensive oral intercourse.

GARRETT

Well okay, where should I begin? My blood is coursing, my mind racing... I'll just start somewhere in time. You see, when I was quite young, there was a massive stampede on the plains... I was very, very young, I don't recall much of the detail except for this intense feeling of rage, or fear making its way, furiously spreading like wildfire throughout the land. My body lay motionless in the dust for days, bloody, broken and beaten. Time just passed and passed... Suddenly, my spirit took note of a different species as it passed by with thunderous vibration yet with great calm. There was something so intriguing, a natural passion stirred within me. I managed to lift my legs and stand. I followed behind them. Not closely, but close enough to keep watch, but still I kept my distance. One day, when the hunters came, and that herd that I had been traveling behind were brought into captivity. Five of the rhinos are still here with us at this zoo. Yes, I managed to attract the attention one of the hunters so that they would take *me* along, too. Best thing that ever happened to me! Such good fortune! And I am still very thankful for it... This has kept me happy, until now. Truly, this has kept me quite content. I felt as if I fit in with them. They were my family. I felt perfectly content here with them. Until… Until the other day, I saw, I felt... I saw these two together...

ISRAFEL

What did you see?

GARRETT

I'm not even sure it was real. It seemed like a dream… They stood there, beside the waterfall, two beautiful creatures slowly merging, becoming one… Perhaps it <u>was</u> all in my mind. I shouldn't have been watching!

ISRAFEL

Talk not of the veils of appearance... Just tell me what you felt. Tell me what you still feel. Now!

GARRETT

I felt as if I lie motionless inside of a glacier, and then a wave of warmth came through... I shivered from the depths of my soul. A single tear fell from my eye, and froze on my cheek. Something touched the core of my being... My cold heart was opened and time stood still, just like when we were dancing. This indescribable passion. Feeling beyond all words. And now, I can't stop thinking

about that feeling inside me. I long for just one such instance! I want to be with *them*, I want to share in the beauty of their innermost being. **I – want - to - be - a - rhinoceros!** (*Cries aloud,)* I want to harmonize in their glorious lovesongs, side by side with them, touching, feeling the essence of their reality! *(Drops to knees.)* I hear their soulmate aria, it was written truly for the splendor of their species! They are so special. They <u>are</u> the chosen ones! How I long to be one of them! Yet, I am locked in this cave of silence. I beg you! Why has the Creator put me in such immortal bondage? (*Sobbing.)* Forgive me. I beseech you... Surely this inescapable prison of insatiable passion has some purpose? Must I just suffer so in silence?

ISRAFEL

You are not in silence now. You are speaking and I am listening.

GARRETT

Soon I must return to being a giraffe... The fire of my passion then shall turn to embers... (*Collapsing.)* How will it ever sustain this massive spirit of desire?

ISRAFEL

Garrett, every fire needs an outlet. A flue to freshen its source, an aperature for its smoke... For quite plainly, without the manifestation of smoke every unfed flame would eventually expire. Smoke is what remains of the fire of desire, it is the essence of the breath, that creates art and music and all things of wild and wondrous majesty!

GARRETT

And passion!

ISRAFEL

Yes, my brilliant child. Passion. For that is the essence of creation.

GARRETT

So must I be content with who I am? Am I not who I think I am? Well, it seems… I do feel significantly differently now. I sense a calmness, a clarity.

ISRAFEL

You are fully harmonized now, Garrett. So be gentle, give it time. Time will tell. When your mind is clear, you are able to listen to your heart. What is it saying, Garrett?

GARRETT

I want to share this feeling with the world, so they may know the true beauty of what I have seen. Slow, burning desires of earthly desperation, suddenly blazing passion, and then a small cloud of smoke choking within my soul, waiting to be released. Israfel? Could I have been miscast?

ISRAFEL

The Great Divine Director does not cast in error.

GARRETT

So, you advise I simply continue acting in this performance of falsehood.

ISRAFEL

Consider it a period of adjustment, a time to stop acting. A time to simply *be still* .... and let the scene unfold around you.

GARRETT

It is hard to see when the stage is so dark. Yet, you are right... If I am still... *(Laughs.)* If I am still... there is no fear of stumbling. It is not my choice to struggle with this, I will simply wait for the scene to change.

ISRAFEL

And be gentle, be the gentle giant that you are, and walk with your head held high, stopping to see life for what it really is in stillness and in silence. *(Embraces him tenderly.)* Gentle, Garrett, gentle.

GARRETT

Thank you, thank you from the bottom of my heart.

ISRAFEL

Oh, it was my pleasure, Garrett. I must admit, this is the first mission of mercy that I truly felt connected to... There really is a special bond between us, Garrett.

GARRETT

And thank you, for opening my heart to the music of the spheres.

ISRAFEL

You did *that* on your own, Garrett. Recall the laws, and you will find the truth there within you, again, again, again.

GARRETT

(*Starts to leave.*) Thank you.

ISRAFEL

Garrett, my friend, your desire will never die, it is the eternal fire of truth. The unfed flame is nourished now, for the time being, and again set afire. Your soul is blazing with divine love. Now, you are a true, passionate artist! And I believe your possibilities are quite endless. You may request neuterization; you may be ready to ascend. Your soaring imagination has sprouted the wings of your soul. Now. you are ready to fly.

THE MUSIC FADES BACK IN

(Steps closer to him.) One thing, before you decide or before I am called away, I would like to... I seem to have this unfinished melody… Perhaps *you* could help *me* this time. Help me reconvene the harmonization of *my* heart. Do you feel like dancing again? *(Takes his hands.)* You see, Garrett, when you ask love to be your dance partner...the music never stops!

BLACKOUT. MUSIC SWELLS.

THE END