

FASCINATION

For an actor, alto saxophone, cello and piano

**Libretto by Jean-Christophe Rosaz
according to the news of Celia Toxé**

Lukas,

Voice 1, 2, 3 (which can be interpreted by the musicians)

Prologue

LUKAS

The first time I saw him, he was sitting on a park bench. Or rather, it was not really sitting. The leaning forward, he was among those who know they will not stay. The hood pulled down over his face, only a lit cigarette exceeded her parted lips. Plumes of smoke rose into the frosty air of winter dusk.

He held in his hand a lighter black and gold. I had never seen the like. He enjoyed bringing out, in a spark, flame blue and yellow cast on his thumb a flickering light.

When I saw him, my throat contracted, a strange feeling I was suddenly invaded. I hastily retreated into the shadows of the porch.

CHORUS

VOICE

Hey, watch out!

LUKAS

Hush!

VOICE

What is happening?

LUKAS

Nothing, nothing at all.

VOICE

You coming?

LUKAS

No!

VOICE

Go! we get home.

LUKAS

All night, he has continued to haunt my nightmares. I could see the flames dancing in the palm of his hands. The dancing flame. The flame.

At dawn, after a sleepless night, I had acquired at least one certainty: I'd never seen, and yet I knew him.

LUKAS

Lying on the bed, I fixed the bare bulb in the ceiling. I do not remember anything. The slightest movement of facial muscles tear myself moaning. The blood running down my eyes burns my eyelids, my nostrils assailed by the smell of metal. My breathing quickens, my vision blurs, I perceive the tumult of my heart racing, I vibrates under its echoes reverberate in every inch of my body. I try to move a leg, then the other, I want to get up but I can not, straps encircle me.

I'm for anything in this business! Release me! It's him, I saw it! (Shouted)

Do I know only recognize it? Without a doubt!

Of not rush into the hallway, the creaking of the door that opens ...

LUKAS

The second time, I immediately recognized: the same back slightly bent, the same hood plunging his eyes in the shadow ... He was leaning against the door, as if he were out of their tags, his oath of vengeance and his cries of revolt. Of his lighter, mechanically it was born and then dies a little flame. Suddenly, he walked briskly toward a wastebasket, it dropped his cigarette. I saw a smile stretching his lips.

VOICE 1

I remember thinking:

VOICE 2

Smile ... it is not him.

VOICE 3

It has much further.

LUKAS

Initially pale and fragile, the flames were looking for something to eat. Hungry, they searched the debris as they slip among them. Then, swallowing everything in their path, ever more eagerly, they rose, becoming large glowing flames and bombastic. They devoured the trash itself, spewing its innards glowing on the asphalt. Black smoke, thick, acrid rose from the charred carcass.

Horrified and fascinated at the same time, I turned my gaze, shifting my attention to him. He had disappeared.

LUKAS

Sitting on the floor in a corner of the room, I'm swinging. The water drips on the white ceramic. My feverish eyes crawls, searches the blank walls, clings to the bland light of day coming through the skylight. Floor, wall, window, bed and to the sky: everything is white! The key turning in the lock. The door groans softly. The faucet leaks more. Like me, he holds his breath. Silence. I close my eyes. A hand grabbed my shoulder, she lifts me and carries me away, anonymously, without an owner ... The corridor is endless. And empty. Endlessly empty. Only my footsteps echo. The hand that has no feet leads me in the dark.

CHORUS

Sit down! Incomprehensible words being heard:

Ttt ... um ... yes ... this is particularly inappropriate in these circumstances ... do you have an explanation? ... he suffers a psychological disorder ... unusual ... out of hand ... a split personality ... I'm afraid that his case is hopeless!

LUKAS

Today, I saw him for the last time! In the compact herd that goes to the gates of the school, my eyes cling painfully to his silhouette that turns the corner. Without losing a minute, I'm about-face, through the crowd, wiping the insults, I started to pursue him.

CHORUS

Hey!

Young man!

You cannot pay attention!

Where is he? He's crazy!

LUKAS

In the middle of the exhaust gases, horns, braking, my feet have become exhausted on the floor. Farther and farther, I am his shadow creeps silently through the city. At the corner of an alley, it's there, I see camped outside a building that appears to assess and challenge. My building. No!

My heart panicked banging in my chest. He disappears again.

The wind rises and plunges into frigid gusts through my veins.

Here he is at last. It shines its golden glow, unmistakable: the lighter!

I stand there, paralyzed in this agonizing wait I know neither the origin nor the end. Time has lost its importance and probably never will find it.

Open arms to heaven, he offered his face to light the fire. The huge flames spread their thousand arms, licking the clouds that tear under the assault of burning their tongues. Roofs, walls, windows and doors creak, and bubble collapse with a crash. The fire spouts out a howl. Mouths, surprised by the fire, twist, burn, calling: "Help! "

I rushed toward him. Motionless in the rubble, he contemplates his work with an ecstatic smile. My eyes blurred with tears, I'm suffocating in the smoke. I throw myself on him, my arms embrace only emptiness. I fall hard on the floor. My head hit the asphalt. Police sirens. The red. The dark.

CHORUS

Who is it?

The young of the fourth.

Is that him?

He's unconscious!

I do not know if he hears us.

Epilogue

Lukas

In my hand, I squeeze with all my strength a lighter black and gold. I have never seen such things.