

# Beyond Violet

By Abe Buckoke

## Characters.

In order of appearance.

Clotho: God.

Patty: True artist.

Jason: Ambitious artist.

Cornelia: Pop Queen.

Father: Billionaire.

Daisy: Ambitious scientist.

Luci: Beyond caring.

## Prologue

*Needles twitching, thread brushing through fingers, a clock ticks in the background. The clock chimes four o'clock. The needles are placed down.*

Clotho: This is you here. I made you all in silk,  
Fused you into life out of a grim broth.  
The story I tell turns gunk into milk.  
Everything is determined by my cloth.

How clustered my tapestry has become.  
"Interspaced short palindromic repeats."  
In the ocean I sewed a seed of fun,  
And now your labs are growing it in heaps.

Deoxyribonucleic acid,  
Can be cut into what you make of it.  
CRISPR will not leave DNA placid,  
Such sharp scissors are poised ready to slit,

For there is no turning back it's begun.  
Your options are to fight, or turn and run!

Act 1 Scene 1

*An art gallery, buzzy chatting. It's a large room.*

Patty: Hi hi, are you Jason? My Mum's Daisy.

Jason: Right, which Daisy are we talking about?

Patty: She works in your Dad's laboratory.

Jason: Oh yes, Father says she's a genius.  
Apparently they're working on something,  
Something very secret and very big.  
Sorry I don't think that I caught your name?

Patty: My names Patty but you can call me Pat.  
How's it going, are you feeling nervous?

Jason: To be honest with you, I am, I am.  
I've not showed a soul these paintings till now.  
I've not even shown them to the old man.  
He's brought every single critic in town.  
An unparalleled opportunity.  
Which would be fine had I been judged before,  
But I must blossom into fire or ice.  
Come what may come what may, I am ready.  
It's so real now people are looking,  
Maybe we only live when we are seen?

Patty: Well that would make sense of quantum theory.

Jason: Would it? I don't know what a quantum is?

Patty: Oh god, sorry I'm being such a nerd.  
It is slightly hard to describe it but,  
Atoms are in a superposition,  
Both here and there until you look at them.  
So when they are observed they make a choice.  
They stay in one place and become that thing.  
Which is sort of what you were just saying.

Jason: Right right are you a scientist too then?

Patty: No no no, I am a painter like you.

Jason: Are you? How nice, I'd love to see your work.  
Oh hold on, I think that it is starting.

*Father stands up on a box, clears his throat. Flicks the champagne glass with his finger, silence settles.*

Father: Hello Hello, thank you all for coming.  
What an honour it is to have you here.  
For those of you who don't know my names Jack,  
But tonight is not about me is it.  
It's about my son and heir Jason Blake.  
Jason has been working tirelessly.  
And secretively, he's been most guarded,  
This will be my first time seeing them to.  
Let's cross our fingers he's not fucked this up.  
I joke, I'll be in trouble for that one.  
Before he comes up to speak for himself,  
Let me just say this about my dear son.  
I look at you and I am truly thrilled.  
When I was his age I thought of one thing,  
I would think about money all day long.  
How to make it, how to spend it, you know.  
My boy, he thinks of art all day and night.  
So, ha. What can you say to that my friends?  
If he's as successful as an artist,  
As I have been myself in the city,  
We're looking at the next Vincent Van Gogh!  
Please welcome to the stage! My Son JASON!

*He cheers, clapping and the flashing sound of camera's as he steps down beckoning Jason up. They hug, and Jason steps up,*

Jason: Thank you Father, what a warm reception.  
But I must disagree with you, tonight.  
Tonight is not about me but the youth,  
That's right, the youth, the currency of life.  
The petrol in the engine of the race.  
My work tonight, is a rousing war cry,  
From the lungs of my own generation  
For those of you who have lost hope in us.  
We're here to take the world away from you.

We're not going to make greedy mistakes.  
We'll stuff the ozone and freeze the icecaps,  
We will feed the hungry and cure the sick,  
We will raise our arms not in war but peace.  
Hands linked through the world wide web holding strong.  
Today is an exciting day for me.  
I have been waiting to make this platform,  
To share this positivity I feel.  
That's what the paintings here are all about.  
I hope tonight's a start of a movement.  
I hope that we see we're better as one,  
I hope to change the old and boost the young.

*Applause. The sound of veils being taken off paintings.*

Clotho: Drinking the years of oil and turpentine.  
They huddled round one and then the other.  
The highly paid critics scratching their pens.

Jason: So then Patty, what do you think of them?

Patty: I see power, and strength, and lots of hope.  
We are told so often, "We are broken,  
We are beyond repair the end is nigh".  
All we ever need to do is believe,  
Believe that we are who we need to be.  
Tonight that's what your paintings say to me.

Jason: Well that is just fan-oh excuse me Pat.  
Sorry I just have to,- Cornelia!

Patty: Oh right, yeah yeah, cool cool, I'll catch you soon.

*Patty takes a step back and looks at them talking and laughing.*

Patty: What a conversation we nearly had.  
I am easy to dismiss in this crowd.  
See how he looks at her, drinking her in.  
He knows her songs, and values her for them.  
Her worth is manifest in each album,  
and dazzles like a disk in the sunlight.  
To be seen is to be alive its true,  
Look how she lives, look how she burns blinding.

If I could just show him some of my work,  
He would realise how much we could connect.  
Then I too could be born, like him today,  
Born into life, born into a vision.  
But now is not the time, the world looks not.  
I must pupate before I grow my wings,  
And when they come how they shall burst from me.  
Lifting me high into the deep blue sky.  
Maybe I'm drunk, free wine does flow easy.  
How dare I hope to live like her, no no.  
That's wrong, I'm who I know myself to be.  
It is my duty to let that me exist.

Jason: Your songs give me hope when it goes missing.  
They lifted me out of some dark dark days.

Cornelia: I can see hope is important to you.  
It will all be alright, it always will.

Clotho: Jason stares at her and loses his feet,  
Grabs hold of her then tumbling they fly,  
Falling faster their hearts begin to beat.  
Both falling forwards through each others eye.

Down through excitements cold dark rushing air,  
And dive into a river, sky above,  
Their clothes now wet but neither of them care,  
Swimming getting lost in tunnels of love.

Together in the dark they have no fear.  
The light from up high ripples diffraction.  
Without Ariadne they are stuck here,  
The sharp wet slipping rocks of attraction,

But the girl who loved him it was not her,  
It is young Patty not Cornelia.

Cornelia: I'm so glad that we have met here tonight.

Jason: Would you honour me by sitting for me?  
You sat a blaze a top a pyramid.  
I will call the painting the morning star!  
Because the dream of you should start each day.

Cornelia: I have always wanted to be painted.  
I'll call my agent and we'll make it work.



## Act 1 Scene 2

Clotho: The father sits upon a gilded throne.  
Cushions plumped by the toiling of his years,  
A driven man who took more than his share,  
How far upon the mountain he has come,  
All you who love money bow your heads down.  
Here's a man who put on his head a crown.

*The Father sits. Working. Knocking.*

Father: Come.

Daisy: Good morning and congratulations sir.  
I went with my daughter Patty and mwah!  
You have a talent on your hands there sir.

Father: Thank you Doctor, he has been crowned a Prince.  
The papers have fallen in love with him.  
I thought it was all a bit naive though.  
I'm not one of those parents who lie.  
I told him, its good but you're not the best.  
Not yet and that is what he needs to be.  
It's the only way to survive now days.  
But like I said, the papers think he's great.  
What is it I can help you with today?

Daisy: Most wealthy man, the world is in your hands.  
Think over what I am about to say.  
For swift progress is about to be made.  
We have discovered how to make the cone,  
The 4th cone of the eye ready for use.  
The tests have been completely positive.  
Today ultra violet is in our grasp.  
Red Blue Green and now, now ultra violet.  
Millions of new shades, so much to see.

Father: My gracious god, who gave us all, thank you.  
Today I hear my immortal future,  
Singing to me songs of progress and change.  
I will build an office above this one.  
For my pocket has helped us reach new heights.  
You shall have this office, does that sound good?

Daisy: I could not possibly accept kind man.

Father: Well you need speak no more, you've done enough.  
You're sure it is as safe as it can be?

Daisy: So far there have been no bad side effects.  
We have happy rats monkeys and great apes.  
A human could react differently.  
But it's time for the first person to try.

Father: Thank you good Doctor I shall be in touch.  
You have done more for me than any one.

Daisy: It is my upmost privilege to serve.

*Drums low heavy. Beating out a heart beat of fate.*

### Act 1 Scene 3

*The the anxious sound of a fly buzzing nearer and further away. Cornelia is wearing a metallic golden outfit. The light brushstroke of hair on canvas. Sound of Cornelia slapping the fly.*

Cornelia: Got the little bastard

Jason: -please do not move.

Cornelia: I'm too bored now, I'm going to have to look.

Jason: No no please just wait a little longer.

Cornelia: Oh my lord, I just don't know if I can.

Jason: I'm actually not far from finishing.  
I just need a few moments more of peace.

*Jason paints for a few moments more before there is a knock on the door.*

Jason: Oh for gods sake this is impossible.  
Read the sign it says fuck off I'm painting.

Father: It's only me, the man who gave you life.

Jason: Father, can you just give us a moment.

Father: Just let me in will you theres a good boy.

Jason: Can you come back in ten minutes Father.

*Cornelia gets up and goes to open the door.*

Jason: Cornelia that's fucked the position.

Father: Ahh good, someone who knows what respect is.  
Cornelia, you look quite radiant.  
What on earth has he got you dressed up in?

Cornelia: I am "The Morning Star", is that not clear?

Father: I see clear as custard now you say it.

Let's see what you've been up to then my son.

Jason: It needs final touches its not quite done.

Father: You said this would be your "Mona Lisa".  
That may have been hyperbole my boy.

*They stare at the painting.*  
*Cornelia breaks the silence.*

Cornelia: Oh dear, Jason, I think he might be right.  
You know I think I'm going to leave it there.

Jason: Leave it what can you mean? I'm not finish'd.  
Look at that depth it goes for miles and miles.

Cornelia: I think it has some depth but not enough.

Jason: I could make the face brighter if you like?

Cornelia: No leave it as it is, its fine Jason.

Jason: But you just said it does not have much depth.

Cornelia: It's not something that a bright face can fix.  
I just don't think that it is good enough.  
My time is worth an awful lot to me.  
Thanks anyway its been a bit of fun.

Father: I was going to ask if you're both free,  
If you wanted to have some lunch with me?

Jason: Absolutely not you must be joking.

Cornelia: That sounds nice give me one second to change.  
Jason, your very young, you will be fine.  
Find another, there are many more girls.

Jason: Only one you, only Cornelia.

*Pause*

Don't worry, you should go I have failed.

I'm sorry I took so much of your time.

Cornelia: I'll be with you in a minute ok?

Father: Ok my good pop queen, I'll be waiting.  
Are you not coming with us then Jason?

Jason: Sometimes I think you must be psychotic.

Father: Very well then, waste of a good booking,  
Some would kill to get in where we're going,  
But you cannot appreciate such things.  
I had something to tell you at Lunch son.  
Enough of these grey looks I have great news.  
My laboratory has made a find,  
Written theory they are ready to test.  
I am about to change the human race.  
If that does not cheer you up then what can?

Jason: Wow this sounds like an exaggeration.

Father: No, no exaggeration it is true.  
Using CRISPR we'll change colour vision.  
You must have heard of CRISPR have you not?

Jason: I think I have, genetic editing?

Father: But on things that are alive and breathing.  
We are going to add a new colour.  
Floods of ultraviolet light are coming.  
We just need to test it on a human.  
I think I will test it on my own sight.  
I will then lead the way for everyone.  
The first man on the ultraviolet moon.

Jason: No way, this is innovation,  
That will change the present to nostalgia.  
Congratulations I am proud of you.  
You'll be the flag bearer of this new sight.  
Actually now I come to think of it,  
You don't need the honour that this will bring.

Father: The diamonds on my watch don't tell the time.

But I still choose to have them there my boy.

Jason: Let that first test be me Father please do.  
Let me lead the people to this water.  
Who better then the "Prince of Modern Art".

Father: A prince sounds fine but a king sounds better.  
I did after all pay for the research.  
What if I go first and you come second?

Jason: We both know number one is the top spot,  
Let me be Ultra Violets new mascot.  
It should be an artist who takes it first.  
I will make whole new glowing pigments Dad.  
You want to put this on the market, I know you.  
It should be me who makes this first big step.  
I'll draw the people in with things to see.  
Just think of that first mystery exhibit.  
What an intrigue, everyone will buy it.  
You own the honour of funding research,  
and add to it with support of your son.

*A pause.*

Father: If I give you the first publicity,  
It would be an easy pill to sell,  
The first man to paint in ultra violet,  
And you can see his work if you buy this.

Jason: Exactly you see what I am saying  
Father are we for once on the same page?

Father: To stand on untrod soil is rare indeed,  
You are more blessed than you can fully know.  
A car will pick you up at eight a.m.  
and from that car who knows where you will go.

*Enter Cornelia.*

Enough of that, enough of it at once.  
The morning star has risen for her lunch.

Cornelia: Bye then Jason, good luck with everything.

Jason: You should have let me do final touches.  
Will you not come back after you've had food?

Cornelia: You could take a picture? I won't be back.

Jason: I think you have missed the whole point of this.

## Act 1 Scene 4

*A car revving, and heart beating fast, builds into- Fade up laboratory ambience, that sort of clinical ambient hum. He has a syringe "tapping syringe on a jar sound" "door shuts".*

Daisy: Good morning Jason, welcome to the lab.

Jason: Thank you for having me and for your work.

Daisy: I hope you feel comfortable in here.  
I shall be seeing quite a lot of you.  
If you are as excited as I am,  
Then our time together here shall fly by.

Jason: I am more pumped than I have ever been.

Daisy: Good man, good man, lets get down to it then.  
The process of all this will be simple.  
I have wrapped up the DNA in here,  
On board a harmless little cold virus,  
Which will with luck, spread up to your eyeballs.  
Once the DNA is in your system,  
It will take some time for it all to grow.  
But I'm hopeful that within a few weeks,  
You shall have developed a new forth cone,  
Which will be seeing ultraviolet light.  
With time the perception will get better,  
As the cones spread throughout the retina.  
We shall be conducting tests here each week,  
To see how your progress is coming on.  
What do you think of that? Have you questions?

Jason: I hate to ask you but what is the risk?  
My sight could not be more precious to me.

Daisy: Well here's the thing, we've tried it on monkeys.  
Not one of them seemed to have a problem,  
In fact they all seem to be delighted.  
You are of course our first human test case.  
You may react differently to monkeys  
But I think it really is a small chance.  
If you start too see the light in the dark,



Which is our first test to see if it works,  
Then I will change the lens of both your eyes,  
Because they naturally filter UV.  
It's is a straight forward operation.  
You won't need a general anaesthetic,  
Just some ultrasound to slip out the old,  
And then pop in the new lens after that.

Jason: Changing a lens still sounds quite a big thing,  
But I'm sure you have it under control.

Daisy: Colour is of course made within the mind  
So what you end up seeing's up to you,  
Which makes you the perfect test candidate,  
You're vision will lead the rest of our eyes.  
I predict you may well have small headaches,  
But you'll be in complete control in here,  
We'll take it at whatever pace you like.  
I honestly think the biggest risk is,  
You may not like the colour that you see.

Jason: I'm sure it can only be beautiful.  
That's comforting to hear thank you doctor.  
All my caution is thrown to the four winds.  
Let us make history together then.

Daisy: That's the spirit, you are your father's son.  
I think that we are going to get along,  
Shall we get those veins going, clench your fist,  
That's it, just look over there for me please.  
Done, here's a little cotton hold it down.

Jason: Is it? Wow I did not feel anything!

Daisy: Thank you, I try my best to do it well.  
If you could hold the cotton down for me.  
It won't take more than a minute to clot.  
That is all I can do today young man,  
It has been my great pleasure to meet you.  
My daughter will be jealous of me now,  
She was a huge fan of the exhibit.

Jason: I met her there, say hey to her from me.

Daisy: She is quite a little painter herself.  
Her Father would have liked her to do law,  
But as I'm sure you know, she can but paint.

Jason: She sounds like a girl after my own heart.

Daisy: If you had time could you maybe meet her?  
She would love to discuss your work some more.

Jason: Well bring her along to the next time then.

Daisy: That's sweet of you, perhaps I will bring her.  
But the thing is we must keep this secret.  
Between you me, Patty and your Father.  
Even my team don't know about this plan.  
I'm sure your Father told you all of this?  
If we asked for permission we'd be blocked.  
It is quite illegal what we're doing.  
We'll have to say you did it to yourself,  
After I told you all about my work.

Jason: This is the first time I am hearing this.  
Will I get in trouble with the law then.

Daisy: I'm confident you won't, surprisingly,  
You will say you did it in ignorance.  
And once its done you will have your own rights.  
They will have to turn a blind eye, and then,  
Then perceptions will be changed forever.  
So you must promise me you will keep mum.

Jason: I will be silent as the grave Doctor.

*Drums once more. Military, joyful, frenetic. Bubbling?*

Clotho: The two shake hands, giddy new school children,  
On the first day of their new lives, bubbling.  
Up and down the blue veins of this young man  
Beats the heavy drum of future's dancing.

*The drumming finishes in a flourish.*

## Act 1 Scene 5

*A light hubbub and ad lib of Cornelia taking Jason out of a room into an out door space. Traffic, not too honky, more cars swooshing by.*

Jason: Cornelia please wait just hear me out,  
So much has changed could you do that for me?

Cornelia: I think I made my position quite clear.

Jason: I have no ambitions but to talk with you.

Cornelia: Abundantly clear you really could say.

Jason: I know you did but things have changed since then.  
I am changing into a new artist.

Cornelia: Have you decided that you'll go to school?

Jason: How harsh you sound, who can sing so sweetly.

Cornelia: Who do you think you are, you come to me,  
As if you'd been bless'd by god with my time.  
I have ten minutes left of my lunch break.

Jason: I'm sorry I have delayed you I will leave,  
All I wanted to say was this great news,  
I have been given access to a drug,  
More lasting than a drug a remedy,  
Within my cells sits a new DNA,  
Never before resident in humans,  
I am a genetic throw forward now.  
But I will tell you next time I see you.

Cornelia: Which will not be ever again, so speak.

Jason: Is that the permission for me to stay?

Cornelia: Just let me know what you are on about,  
And then you will kindly leave me in peace.

Jason: I will, I promise you, I will do that.  
Thank you for letting me stay, I need it,

Because I cannot tell anyone else.  
I should not be telling you but I must.  
The process is in fact illegal now,  
But we hope that when the research is done,  
I will be an example for the rest.  
Walking as Moses did to split the sea,  
I will be the one to show the new way.

Cornelia: What have you done to yourself little man?

Jason: Little, I like little, that will not work.  
I will tell you what it is if you say-  
(Pause)  
That you will reconsider my portrait?

Cornelia: I cannot promise you anything yet.  
I am listening I will give you that.

Jason: You will give more when I tell you this,  
Before long I will see ultra violet.  
One more colour when I see a rainbow.  
Think of that when you refuse my portrait.

Cornelia: Please don't say you came all this way to lie.  
What does this portrait mean to you Jason?  
What is it about me that makes you nag?

Jason: Nag? Nag? Do you think that I lie to you?

Cornelia: Are you just too lazy to look for more?

Jason: Lazy? You speak to me of laziness.  
I have kept my eyes up looking around.  
Met women who did crave my attention.  
And not a jot of you was within them.  
Cornelia, you are the morning star.  
No one can take that place from you for me.  
I come to you with arms out stretched it's true.  
If you can love a beggar listen now,  
I do not lie, ultra violet is mine,  
I will see the world as the kestrel does,  
As the cassowary and monarch do.  
I don't know how but my world will shimmer.

And somehow my brain will begin to learn,  
A new world order, let you be there too.  
Let's share this wonder hand in hand my dear.  
Together the fireworks seem brighter.  
That's why I'm breaking this secret to you.

Cornelia: This light you speak of is no metaphor?

Jason: None whatsoever but scientific fact.

Cornelia: You could bring me doctors to say it's so?

Jason: I could, I can, I will bring you to her.  
The first strike of Monday morning I go.  
The laboratory's up in the sky,  
In the glass of my father's sky scraper.  
Come with me please, come this Monday morning.  
I promise you, you shall take back your scorn.

Cornelia: And what if I do, what will happen then?

Jason: Who can say but god what it is I'll see?  
But we can go knowing we'll go as one.  
Side by side as we enter new ages.  
The artist and the songbird hand in hand.

*Beat.*

Cornelia: Well, this is all very unexpected.  
I must admit that it is exciting.

Jason: Is that a yes, please tell me that it is?

Cornelia: I think when you talk like that, maybe yes.

Jason: Oh thank you, thank you dear Cornelia.  
My life makes sense when I know you're with me.

*They kiss.*

Cornelia: Let's pretend that didn't happen shall we.  
Pick me up on Monday morning will you?  
You know my number, I will answer now.

Now go, the studio need me back in.

Jason: Farewell my love and get back to singing,  
Before long now your phone will be ringing.

Clotho: The human need to brag is just too great,  
You write your proud secrets on large banners,  
Cramming them all into conversation's.  
With a feigned shame hiding your massive grin.  
How happy Jason is going to be,  
With these new eyes he will surely become,  
The great artist of his generation.  
And with his now compliant muse to boot,  
What stands in his way but an endless road,  
Stretching as far as he can run along.  
He's earned the title Prince of Modern art.  
Oh for the comforts of the royal life,  
How elegant to trust in the future,  
Without all the ugly cares of the plebs,  
What dignity they have who have it all.  
With their help you can learn to be graceful.

Did someone fart or was that really me?  
I fear my mouth has babbled calumny  
The acrid smog of slander fills the air.  
Must you yourselves with the elite compare?  
Is that their way of compressing revolt?

I think you should discover who you are.  
Falling in love with every element,  
Rather than torturing your soul with knives,  
Chiseling cheekbones and gapping out thighs.  
I tell you vanity et ominum,  
So you worship the mirror on your knees.  
Such vainglory is not very pretty.  
Scrubbing your shame of mother nature off.  
Boasting how you wash your hair twice a day.  
Pretending that you understand it all.  
Be naked, dirty and most of all free.

Act 1 Scene 6

*We crossfade from the light sound of traffic, to the clinical hum of the Doctors lab.*

Daisy: Sit still, you're making me anxious darling.

Patty: I'm sorry Mother but how can I be?  
What a moment to be witnessing here.  
With him as he begins to see beyond.  
Beyond what any of us ever have,  
Leading us to sparkling realms Mother.  
This is the man of my generation.  
I'll do my best but I cannot promise,  
To sit still when my heart is galloping.

Daisy: My dear daughter, remember what we said,  
You will only say hello and goodbye.  
More than this would over step the mark dear.  
If he wants to talk more, you can outside.

Patty: My lips are shut, unless he speaks to me,  
If that happens then I will talk a bit,  
No more than necessary I promise.  
And yet I may speak as much as he'll hear.  
Squeeze each and every word I can from him.

Daisy: Patty! Sit down, breathe deeply and shut up.  
This is the biggest day of my career,  
I know you want to meet him but just think,  
If I get distracted I could hurt him.  
You would not want that hanging over you.  
So use all of your might to be silent,  
Or I will have to ask you to get out.

Patty: I understand mother I will be still.  
Quiet as the proverbial dormouse-

Daisy: Patty! For the love of all that's holy,  
If I so much as have to think to ask-

*Knock Knock.*

Daisy: Ok, that's him please do not let me down.

*Patty nods Daisy goes to the door. Opens it. Enter Jason and Cornelia.*

Jason: Hello. Here we go! I have bought a friend.

Cornelia, I'm sure you've heard of her.

Also known as the reigning queen of pop.

But I told her not to sing our secret.

Daisy: You really should not have bought her Jason.

*Pause*

Cornelia: I promise you I won't tell anyone.

Cross my heart and hope to die if I lie.

Jason: I see you bought Patty along Doctor.

Cornelia: Oh well, that means we're even then aren't we.

Daisy: She's my daughter, so its not quite the same.

But anyway, what's done is done is done.

Jason: Hello good to see you again Patty.

Patty: I'm doing a portrait inspired by yours,

You know the one I mean, I think you do.

Anyway I just want to say thank you.

For all you've done for our generation.

The impact your exhibition has had.

You've made it possible for us to dream,

Allowed us to be elegant again,

We who have the bent necks of broken swans,

Looking at our phones all bloody day long,

Have found dignity again through your work,

And I will always be inspired by you,

I think I might even get a tattoo.

Daisy: Patty, sit down please, I think that's enough.

Patty: Sorry, sorry, I'm so sorry, sorry.

Jason: It's fine, thank you what a great compliment.



Where were you thinking of getting it done?

Cornelia: Jason! I think the Doctor wants to start.

Jason: Of course, we'll have to discuss it later.

Patty: Yes, that would be so great, thank you, sorry.

Cornelia: Ok then doctor where do we begin.

Daisy: I need to take a sample of your blood.  
To check that we are on track on that front.  
After that, we'll start to turn on the lights.

*Daisy takes a blood sample.*

Jason: I never feel a thing when she does this.  
Do you think that I will see it today?

*Daisy puts the blood in a small DNA Sequence, turns it on.*

Daisy: You are the first human test so who knows.  
Our animal tests could see at this stage,  
Normally I would not feel this hopeful,  
But your after all, the Prince of the arts.

Patty: He's "Prince of Modern Art" not "The Arts" Mum.

Daisy: Patty, I think its time that you left now.

Jason: Let her stay she's not doing any harm.

Cornelia: I would rather that she left actually,  
It's nothing personal, she is working.

Jason: Cornelia, she's completely harmless.

Cornelia: I think that the Doctor is trying to work.  
If she's getting distracted that's not good.  
As I said it is nothing personal.

Patty: Oh god, I'm so sorry, I'll go of course.

Patty Exits.

Jason: Oh no, sorry Patty, this seems a bit-

Daisy: She's fine, let's forget all of that shall we.  
The line is drawn here, and the tests begin.  
If you are happy to continue sir.

Jason: More than happy, I'm chomping at the bit.

Daisy: Lets have a little look at this blood then,  
And yep thats it thats what we're looking for.  
What I'm seeing there is your DNA,  
The sequence of your new cone, is right there.  
That's what will be seeing all the new light.  
Now that's in place its really down to you.  
Perception is really quite conceptual,  
So you need to believe what you will see,  
That's my suspicion on it anyway.  
I've come up with a test I think will work.  
I will turn off all the lighting in here.  
And shine from this bulb ultraviolet light.  
I will then uncover UV objects,  
Myself and Cornelia will not see,  
But with any luck you should see them shine.  
If I could ask you to sit down here sir.  
Look out this way, I will present items.  
Some will be bigger and more colourful.  
Some less impressive but still important.  
Cornelia, if I could ask you to switch off the lights.  
And when we are ready flick the red switch.

Cornelia: Oh my god yes! I've got a job! Thank you.

Daisy: I'm in place, and the objects are ready.  
If you are feeling ready, let's begin.

Jason: I am ready for whatever I see.

*Cornelia switches out the lights, the clinical ambience. We hear the flick of another switch and the hum of a new different light. (probably quite important that the wall behind the doctor is black).*

Daisy: When you can see something just say ok?

Jason: Erm yeah? Maybe I think I see something.

Daisy: Really? I'm not holding anything up?  
Our eyes do flash a bit when it goes dark.

Jason: Ahh that might have been what was happening.  
Are you holding the objects up Daisy?

Daisy: I am now yes, I am picking up one,  
Passing it from one hand to the other.  
Are you seeing any glowing at all?

Jason: No. I can't see anything but blackness.

Daisy: What about now, can you see this big one?

Jason: Absolutely nothing.

Daisy: What about this?

Jason: No, no. I'm still not getting anything.

Daisy: Ok then, I think we should leave it there.  
Cornelia if you could get the lights.

Jason: Oh right, has it just not worked for me then?

*Cornelia flicks the switches and we return to the clinical hum.*

Daisy: It's a very big thing that your doing.  
Seeing something you've never seen before.  
You literally cannot imagine it.  
Because you've never seen something like this.  
Your brain might not know what to make of it,  
Filtering out what doesn't make much sense.  
Thank you for your time and don't be upset.

Cornelia: Well that was an anti climax Jason.  
You are slower than a monkey, well done.

Jason: Could it not work, do you think I might fail?

Daisy: You might, if I'm completely honest.  
But we're a long way from that yet Jason.

Jason: Sorry, Cornelia, I thought I'd see.

Cornelia: It's fine I better go now though ok?  
Well done for trying, it was brave of you.

Jason: Not very brave I sat down in darkness.

Cornelia: Ok, I'm going to go, I'll see you soon.  
Nice to meet you Daisy, when's the next test?

Daisy: Same time same place next week, will you be there?

Cornelia: If I can make it, I will be of course.  
Alright then, I've got to go, bye bye.

*Cornelia opens the door, and discovers Patty falling through the door whose been spying.*

Oh dear have you been spying little one?  
Don't worry you haven't missed anything.

*"The door slams. A beat. Jason screams, and the sound slows down and spirals into a dystopian ambience"*

Clotho: What is a young man with no dream to chase.  
A car with no engine is of no use.  
Quick to rust, overtaken by the weeds  
The earth who was waiting for this moment,  
Swallows him down into obsidian.

## Act 1 Scene 7

*The distorted scream ambience whips away.*

Clotho: The ceremony was terminated.  
The champagne left under the bottles cork.  
All because the fireworks did not light.  
They tried again and then over again.  
Cornelia gave up very quickly.  
No good pop queen has time to wait for hope.  
After three months Jason threw in the towel.  
Isolating himself high in the sky.  
Shut up safe in his family penthouse.  
He pulled the curtains too, and locked the door.  
Living in darkness on the highest floor.  
Sitting as still as a spider alone,  
Whose eight thin legs had crawled up to somewhere,  
Where no fly would ever venture to dare.  
His energy stored quietly wasted.  
But even though the public left him be,  
The Doctors daughter could not forget him,  
She snooped around till she found an address.  
Tentatively keyed it into a map.  
Creaking up the stairs of the tall building.  
She toed the hallway to the door with care.  
Anxious that she may not be heard at all.  
What would she say to him, should she turn back?  
By this time she was in the corridor,  
No bulb dim the air closed in around her.

*Silence.*

*Knocking.*

Patty: Oh no knocking has made this very real.  
I bought this brush for him to sign for me.  
That was a mistake I'll leave it down there.  
Just breathe Patty, no need to panic here.

*The door opens. A small creak.*

Jason: Patty? How nice to have a visitor.  
Your Mother has ruined me pretty girl.

Patty: Ruined? My Mother would do no such thing.  
She loves you and your Father too dearly.

Jason: She has failed and abandoned me now.

Patty: Abandoned you? She said that you left her?

Jason: Because her experiment was no good,  
And she had nothing new to try on me.  
I have not one drop of inspiration,  
It's like her needle sucked it all away.  
Now I am no different from anyone.  
I have normal eyes and I cannot paint.  
Cornelia has left and won't return.  
I'm so young and yet so free of vigour,  
Its shameful how dare I be so feeble?  
You're the first person I've seen in what weeks?  
I don't even know what the date is now.

Patty: You're struggling, I see that, so am I!  
I had no inspiration so I came.

Jason: You should not look for inspiration here,  
Such sulphurous dribbling's drip from my tongue.  
Will you still trot about when you hear them?

Patty: I shall not trot. Let me share your burden.

Jason: Come in, it was kind of you to come round.

Patty: I only want to help that's all I want.

Jason: I'd be a fool to not welcome you in.  
I need help more than any man I know.  
How can a man so young and rich as me.  
So heavy with treasure and benefits,  
Fall under the weight of such golden gifts.

Patty: What's going on? Do you think that you know?

Jason: I thought the experiment would save me.  
It was my last hope with Cornelia.  
The pain of her leaving the first time hurt,

But to snap a healing rib cage is bad.  
She has no equal there is none like her,  
That's why she has done so well with singing.  
That's why I know I can love no one else,  
Because no one could steal my heart for her.  
She is too magnificent to lose it.  
Honestly I think I can't recover.  
When the tests would not work I sunk straight down.  
Deeper than I have ever gone before.  
Because I knew she had written me off.  
I was heavy metal waste in the sea.  
Know that there is always further to fall.  
You reach the bottom of the pacific,  
And sweep into the Mariana trench.

Patty: How long have you been sat in here, Jason?

Jason: I do not know, what is the date today?

Patty: It is a bright twenty third of august.

Jason: You make it sound like some great happy day.

Patty: I'm glad you still find happiness in smiles.  
Perhaps I'll open up the curtains too?

Jason: No keep them shut don't open them right now.

Patty: What's wrong, have you become a vampire?

Jason: I know this sounds completely pathetic,  
But I think I can't relate to the sun.  
If it really is august twenty third,  
I've shut myself in dark for well, a month.

Patty: You sound like a pitiful little owl,  
But if you want to fly you have to jump.

*Patty opens up the blinds. Light spills into the room making  
Jason stagger and mumble in shock. A glistening shimmering sound of  
sparkling new light being seen for the first time.*

Jason: What's this? I'm flooded with shocking beauty.

Patty I think it is working at last!  
You have blasted my eyes into UV.  
My god I was sat here, sat in the dark.  
Depressed that the experiment failed.  
Not knowing, that if I left this darkness,  
I could see more light then anyone has.  
I must paint now, will you sit for me please?

Patty: Of course, where shall I go, by the window?

Jason: Yes yes, sit there; your face you should see it.  
The light seems to glow from under your skin.  
It's coming out through you, that does make sense.  
UV is on the way to an X-Ray,

Patty: But what does it look like! What do you see?

Jason: Ultra violet dances a whole new dance,  
I do not know how to describe it yet.  
All I can say is it has energy.

Clotho: So it begins, the two work together.  
Crushing insect wings and pigeon feathers,  
Jason collecting up the shining bits,  
Glooping the mix up onto his brushes.  
And there she sat, and there he painted her.  
Each breath they breathe feeling like their first gasp.  
As a thank you gift he gave it to her,  
Knowing without her help he'd be rotting.

Patty: No, you should not give this painting to me.  
It is an honour that I don't deserve,  
This is the first one painted in this light.

Jason: Without you it would not exist Patty,  
And not just because you have sat for it.  
Before you came I had no plans to leave.  
I thought I would be carried out of here.

Patty: Well then, if you are sure I will accept.  
In saving you I also save myself.  
I came to you feeling unfit for life.  
The streets all seemed so grey I sometimes wept.



I work in customer service in Slough.  
And Slough can be a boar constrictor.  
Squeezing all the toothpaste out of your soul.  
Seeing you was my one excitement left.  
If anything, I feel that I owe you.

Jason: If that is true then do me this favour.  
Could you call up your Mother straight away.  
For I believe we have some work to do.

*Excited drumming, fast ecstatic.*

## Act 2 Scene1

Clotho: Whip crack snapped the fingers of the fated.  
Ushering in new life, with new found hope.  
They crammed into a car and hurtled on.  
Young Patty feels that she has won a race.  
She followed her gut and she has the prize.  
The bounty is for the brave ones they say.  
The car screeched to a halt outside the block,  
The block that hails capitalisms might.  
Erectly penetrating the blue sky,  
Looking up from earth you can't see the peak,  
Jason knew his father was up there now.  
Like Icarus he flew up to the top.  
Dragging his father with him to the lab.  
The Father and the Son were now present.  
The doctor took a breath and entered in.  
Finally they knew they were nearly there,  
Collectively set foot on the last stair.

*The drumming stops with a flourish, we are in the laboratory ambience.*

Father: So then, my boy, my son, my love, it's now.  
I am with you every step of the way.  
You are braver than those who trod the moon,  
You're my hero, my Armstrong champion.

Jason: I do not need to be brave I've seen it.

Father: I would feel nervous under the knife.

Jason: The knife? What knife are you talking about?

Father: Jason! It was so clear in the email.

Jason: How will a knife help me, I can see it?

Doctor: Jason, I told you about this before,  
You've now past the first test we kept trying,  
But you've only seen a fraction so far.  
I need to remove the lens in your eye.  
We spoke about this the first time we met?  
It naturally filters out UV light,

You're at three nine five nanometres now.  
We can only see four hundred n.m.  
This new lens I am going to give you!  
It's state of the art custom made for you.  
You'll have more focus and less protection.  
You'll see to two hundred and seventy  
That should keep you safe and out of danger.

Jason: Danger, what danger could there be in light.

Doctor: We wear sun cream to stop us from burning,  
I would not want to burn your optic nerve.

Father: Maybe you will need to be brave then son.

Jason: Wow wow, yes it does look that way. Ok.

Clotho: Jason was sedated on the chair,  
They looked at him as he was lying there.  
Daisy took her knife to his eye and slit,  
Slipping out the fleshy organic lens,  
Replacing it with a cold hard science.  
They woke him in the dark with a coffee.  
Such was the skill of This Doctor daisy,  
Jason could not even feel a scratch.  
That's the joy of private health care I guess.

Daisy: Now that you are awake Jason, lets go.  
When he is ready turn on the UV.  
What I hold up should be very bright now.

Patty: Good luck Jason, this is the big moment.

*We hear the switch of the UV light turn on, and flood lit sat on the table, is the pure white devil, we hear breathing smiling. Daisy slowly holds up objects that glow in the dark. Daisy presents them like an auctioneer, distorted slowed down and mouthing ad lib "how about this one?" "And this one?" "What about this?"*

Jason: Who's that? What's this? I don't like it please stop.

Luci: They can't hear you now.  
It's you me and the gate post.

Oh what fun we'll have.

Jason: Father, Doctor, Patty? Can you see this?

Luci: "This" is not polite.  
I do hope we can be friends.  
There's so much to see.

Jason: Turn off the light, turn it off now Patty!

Luci: You don't understand.  
We are beyond their hearing.  
It's just you and me.

Jason: Please go away. Please go away, please now.

Luci: I see you need space.  
I will come back again soon.  
Be ready next time.

*The lights turn off. And suddenly we can hear the Doctor Patty and Father normally again.*

Daisy: You went a bit quiet are you ok?  
I know this is a big moment Jason.  
It is also fine if you cannot see.  
I know well how frustrating that can be.

Jason: Oh no, what have I done, what have I done?

Father: Dear boy, speak to us, do you not feel well?

Jason: You don't know what you've done to me Father.  
Doctor you must return me to before.

Father: Perhaps if you drink water and you rest?

Jason: I cannot stand this sight a second more.

Father: What is it son? My god what have I done.  
Why did I not try it first on myself!

Daisy: We cannot help you if you do not explain.

Jason: I have been enlightened but much too far,  
The sun has caught my wings and I shall drown.  
I want to tell you what I saw but I,  
I cannot help but feel I should not say,  
For this new sight of mine darkens the day.  
Father I think you must kill me at once.

Father: Jason! how dare you hold your life so cheap?  
To ask of me who bore you into life,  
Whose life's work is but to give you a chance.  
After a moment of pain you ask me-  
Do not mince words as strong as those with me.  
Tell us what you saw my son? Tell us now!

Jason: The Devil Father. In ultra violet.  
Staring at me as though he knew I'd look.  
I can't believe you did not see him there,  
He had substance, matter, a whole body.  
He spoke. He said he will see me again.  
Believe me I did not hallucinate.  
I don't know how but I know it was him.  
And I'll see him again you should strike now,  
I am the modern apple of eden.  
If he controls me think what I might do?  
Finish me off before I am corrupt.  
I fear the power he will have on me.

Father: Doctor you did not say he could go mad!

Daisy: Of course not, or we would not have started.  
Nothing suggested risk I promise you.

Jason: Forget the blame, there is no time for that.  
I am not mad this devil is a fact.

Father: Do you have someone we could take him to?  
Please Doctor there must be something to do.

Daisy: I will ring my friend he is the top dog.  
The best Harley street psychotherapist.

Father: Ok do that. No one was there Jason!

Jason: I swear I saw him, he was stood right there.  
The realm of ultra violet is his lair.  
We have gone to far from nature's pathway,  
We will be punished for our temptation.  
Who has seen the devil like this before,  
I truly think I should be killed father.  
He will use me as his puppet I'm sure.  
Pull me with dark strings to demonic deeds.  
Please don't let me destroy the world Father.  
I've lived a good life with many pleasures.  
I am not that important I am not.

Patty: Jason, look at me, we will not kill you.  
We can't do that, because we all love you.

Father: A good girl, and a wise one, listen up.

Patty: It cannot be over yet, just begun.  
What if you did see the devil what then?  
You have a duty to fight him Jason.

Jason: Fight the devil? I am no god am I?  
My brittle chin is made of bone I'll break.

Patty: You are the Prince of modern art Jason!

Jason: A title that was bought by a mortal.  
The prince of darkness earns his rank from god.  
I've got to go, none of you could see him?

*The sound of glass and ice and earth cracking and breaking.*

Father: To talk of suicide to me! To Me?  
See's the devil? What a load of rubbish.  
You know I bet he did not see a thing.  
He is just hungry for my attention,  
And what delusional hyperbole.  
He thinks he could destroy the whole planet!  
Have you called up your friend from Harley Street?

Daisy: Yes he said he is ready when you are.

Father: Good lets catch him before he gets too far

*They run out in pursuit of Jason. Leaving Patty.*

Patty: From sheer joy back towards calamity.  
Has he gone mad? I don't think that he has.  
For something in his eyes spoke of the truth.  
Something very still and quite definite.  
How cold the room feels with that thought hanging,  
Leering at me as it slowly spins round.  
It never seemed like it could all be true,  
From the Bible, Quaran, Torah, them all.  
All the accounts of a god and devil,  
I never thought that I would see some proof,  
If that is what he saw and not madness.  
How doubt makes fools of us each way we turn,  
On one hand I am a gullible fool,  
On the other, I am a blind cynic.  
The fact of the matter is I don't know,  
And I see only one way to find out.  
I must take this CRISPR my mum cooked up.  
And as for the lens I will find a way.  
What I would do for some assistance now.  
But I must do this without any help  
This might be the most stupid thing ever.

*Finds the needle with the CRISPR, holds it up, pause.*

The worst regret is that of things not done,  
So I will be a woman of action.  
How terrible for him to be alone,  
Alone in blinding light with a devil.  
Not anymore, I'll be his heroine.  
Let my make up be changed forever then.  
If you exist god let me see your face.

*She plunges the needle into her arm.  
Fade out.*

## Act 2 Scene 2

Clotho: Jason transformed into Eve's favourite fruit,  
The fresh flesh of the droop tastes of a snake.  
No vomiting could take away this bug,  
The virus has control and will now spread,  
Marauding through the mind of our hero.  
All he can do is bolt for home at speed.  
Blindfolded in the back of a black cab.  
Fighting for breath and losing the battle.  
The driver paid the door open he's home.  
Curtains pulled right back up he sits alone.  
Hoping his new friend won't knock on the door.  
He huddles in his habitual corner.  
Agoraphobic in the luxury flat.  
Keeping a still quiet under his knees.  
Waiting and hoping nothing will happen.  
The clock is ticking out bullet seconds.  
To move would be to catch the crossfire.  
So what is there to do but freeze to death?  
It would be safest and most sensible.  
He considers this for many moments.  
Then fishing through his head he caught a thought.  
The story of a box came into view.  
A box that was opened up by mistake,  
That let forth into the world anarchy,  
Disease, poverty and much more buzzed out.  
Pandora's last chance was what he needed.  
With her guidance he manages to stand.  
Staring into the face of the cold room,  
He's now strong enough to make himself tea.  
How proud he is to thirst for warming drink.  
He flicks the switch and sits at the table.  
The water fizzes and begins to boil.

*Jason sits for a moment, breathing and then he's walking across to the curtains "bare foot on linoleum". Beat. He pulls them back to reveal the devil sat right behind the window. "Glittering shimmering sounds. The kettle starts screaming."*

Luci: Have you been thinking?  
I have given you your time?  
I want us to start.



Your life to me's short.  
We have a true connection  
Let's make use of it.

*Jason switches off the kettle.*

Jason: Oh god in heaven hallowed be thy name.

Luci: She will not listen.  
You have given yourself wings.  
Icarus did fall.

Jason: Thy kingdom come thy will be done on earth-

Luci: As it is up there.  
It just isn't done the same.  
Or I'd still be there.

Jason: So you are the devil, your Lucifer.

Luci: I've been given names  
None of them can describe me,  
Call me what you want.

You like Kendrick right?  
I've heard you listen to him  
So call me Luci.

Jason: Lead us not into temptation but Del-

Luci: Stop that now it's done.  
You have transgressed far too far.  
Bend your knee for me.

Your only hope's this,  
Live a brief heaven with me,  
Spreading my gospel.

Jason: Deliver us from evil for thine is-

*The Devil jumps down "whooshing of wind", and holds Jason's throat, Jason gurgles, Luci forces him to the floor.*

Luci: When it's done it's done.  
I don't like to remember.  
You look pathetic.

Your clutching hands beg,  
Beg for keys to paradise,  
No Gabriel waits.

Jason: What have I done? What transgression? The eyes?

*Luci lets him go.*

Luci: Yes it was your eyes.  
Your damned in ultra violet,  
Here, just out of sight.

This god you pray to,  
She does not like suggestions,  
Only her cloth counts.

Jason: God is a woman? That is pleasing to hear.  
But if I am damned please don't hurt me yet.  
Let me ease the minds of those who love me.

Luci: How could I hurt you,  
Always I watch, never meet.  
We are connecting.

Jason: Surely there must be some hope for me yet.  
I will praise god with every breath I have.

Luci: Wasting all that air.  
Once dead you will come to me,  
Once dead the fun stops.

*Comes closer.*

Your life left is short,  
But we can have a good time,  
Lets burn the roof down.

Her laws are not just

Which is why you must join me.  
We'll write our own book.

You'll be my moses,  
All you need to do is write.  
Then what luxury!

Anything you want,  
I can give you everything.  
Just write what I say.

Jason: Is there truly no remedy for me.

Luci: If hell could be cured,  
I'd have found the antidote,  
We're stuck together.

Jason: Of course I do not want to believe you.  
But is there truth in what you say to me?

Luci: That is my problem,  
I am always too honest,  
God does not love you.

Jason: I was never sure if god existed,  
And now I know she's real she forsakes me.  
Faith and damnation in a single blow.

Luci: When you are ready,  
When you have stopped moaning,  
Bend your knee for me.

Jason: To live and love and know you go to hell,  
That is no way for anyone to live.  
To know each good deed that you do is done,  
In the shadow of this sparkling demon.  
Then with my tears I shall nourish some joy.  
Perhaps I will call you my friend Luci,  
What nihilism we could come up with.

Luci: Power and Riches.  
You can untie your tongue now.  
Let me set you free.

I ask you one thing.  
Sign me with blood this paper.  
Then we can begin.

All it says is this,  
When you live I will be yours,  
When you die your mine.

Jason: Hold on, I see through your cunning deceit.  
At the last moment when now you have to,  
You ask for me to sign a blood contract.  
Why must I sign a contract if I'm damned?  
Think not that my soul's so easily won.  
Your contract proves to me god loves me still.  
Hope welcome home; how powerless you are,  
You need my signature to hand Luci.

Luci: Powerless am I?  
Then let me show you something.  
You will change your mind.

*A click of fingers and then and then a shocking whoosh.  
Into restaurant ambience. Clinking of plates and cutlery Father and Cornelia sat at a  
table. Humming voices, and muzak.*

Luci: Am I powerless?  
I have the strength to end this.  
Have you that power?

Jason: This is a fiction you are taunting me.

*The Devil exits and as soon as he does suddenly we can hear Cornelia and  
Father, and they can see Jason.*

Father: He just ran off, we have all tried to call.  
I know he won't pick up though, he loves it.  
He loves the attention and loves my shame.  
But that's enough of him my darling one.  
What's wrong Cornelia, you look quite stern.

Cornelia: I want to know why you keep seeing me?  
What are these lunches trying to achieve?

Father: Achieve? What honesty, I cherish it.  
I have been a tongue-tied old fool sweet thing.  
My bank account is one of the biggest.  
But there has always been something missing.  
And I'm afraid that I think it's been you.  
You have revitalised my thirst for life,  
When I see you I'm stuck in the present,  
Hanging from every word your lips make,  
I could do anything for you you know,  
The strength you give me is invincible.  
I'd swim through the sky and fly through the sea.  
A thousand ships wait upon your next word.  
Will you, Cornelia, marry this man.

*Father gets out a ring, and gets on one knee.*

Cornelia: Yes god, oh yes, oh my god yes I will.  
I thought that it was I who was the fool.  
I think about you each and every day.

*Jason pulls the cloth from their table smashing everything to the ground.*

Jason: You ape! How can you do this to your son.  
Does it make you feel young to beat me down.  
To stamp my honour into the pavement.  
What kind of man are you to treat me so?  
You know my love for her nearly killed me.

Father: My son dear boy, I tried to stop myself.  
But like father like son she holds my thoughts.

Jason: We are nothing alike, you are pure scum.

Cornelia: Jason, I never loved you, you know that.  
We did get on, but that is all it was.

*The hissing of a snake and the fluttering of paper,  
the devil has returned and lays a contract out.*

Jason: What did I need to do Cornelia?  
Was there any action for me to take?  
Or is respect bought by the richest man?

Who cares how they got gold if there's plenty?  
No dab of paint could impress you could it?  
Were I to brush with Leonardo's skill,  
To match the Sistine Chapel with your face,  
Even with colour that has not been seen,  
You would turn up your perfect nose at it.  
What a sorry fool I was to love you.  
What happiness I had to offer though.  
I would have dedicated all my work,  
Every last brush stroke would have been for you.  
You would have been the one lifting up my hand,  
We could have touched the canvas together.  
But that life lies in blood upon the floor.  
How sad, I can measure my endless love,  
For that passion I sent up to blue sky,  
Has fallen down to the earth in heavy rain,  
And my well is overflowing hatred.  
I think it will spill down the hill so fast,  
It will run into a howling river,  
Gorging on the tilled earth of the hillside.  
The hillside I wished to plant with flowers.  
Flowers I would have given every day.  
It will become a truly empty place.  
As the river scars to the very rock.  
The skeleton of England showing bare.  
I shall drill that rock till red magma flows.  
And then I shall know true heat once again.  
Then all my energy will be alive.  
Run away from here, my cold stone's boiling,  
And your pretty skin could not bear a drop.  
Holding hands still, run from the hill, Jack Jill.  
Remembering that you cannot look back.  
Or you'll fall down to subterreania.  
For once every drop of glowing rock's gone  
I shall crawl down my drill hole to the deep.  
Whose walls have no lock or key to speak of,  
But an endless confine of hard nothing.  
Luci, may I ask of you a favour.  
Smash these too rotten eggs upon the floor.

Luci: Good, you know your truth.  
Now you are ready for me.  
Sign upon the line.

Jason: As much as I want to punish them.  
I have not yet forgot my suspicion.  
If you need me to sign I must have hope?

Luci: Hope's the enemy.  
The higher you climb with it.  
The harder you fall.

Jason: Sign upon the line making you my lord?  
I will tear their whole world to bits with you,  
But I'll stand by your side not on my knees.

Luci: I'll not be your lord.  
But we cannot be equals  
If you still have hope.

Though the chance is small,  
I cannot let you have it,  
Or I will hate you.

For I miss heaven,  
As the desert misses rain  
You'd taunt me with it.

I don't have a scrap,  
A single atom of hope,  
A fallen angel.

I cannot waste time.  
I have a message to spread.  
I must have your word.

That way I trust you,  
That way I know you'll be mine.  
Just sign on the line.

Jason: The prince of darkness needs assurances.  
No wonder nobody can get a job.  
Bureaucracy has trickled down to hell.

*The Devil allows Father to speak.*

Father: You are disappointed, but you must learn.  
Women such as these need more than you have.

Jason: Do you think that you can school me now Dad?  
Do you speak with your own tongue in your head?  
Be careful you insult a wounded hound.

Father: Now listen here, I have given you all.  
Let me love her as a gesture of thanks.  
She has no interest left in you my son.  
Let this one go, there are many others.

Jason: She flatters you for your pocket that's all.  
And when she's emptied it she'll walk away.

Cornelia: Jason save some self respect and shut up.  
You don't really know a thing about me.  
You need to learn from your mistakes young man.

Jason: Young man? What's this you think you're my mother?

Cornelia: I will be soon when we tie up this knot.  
If you don't want to learn then I'll make you.

Jason: No no, let me make you understand this,  
I see you for what you are you truth-rot.  
Look at them stood there all full of morals.  
If you can injure me more then you have,  
Stand up and raise your fists to your own son.

*The Father stands up and dabs his mouth with a napkin. "Chair scraping + cloth to lips."*

Father: Oh stand you firm, whilst you still can small one.  
I will school you from Queensbury to slap.

*The Father and Son fight and Luci watches enjoying it.*

Jason: Give me the document I'll sign this deed,  
He is stronger then me I'll give him that.  
But with your help I can crush him to pulp.



*Jason signs quickly and Luci helps him, holding Father's arms down as Jason strikes him hard and for longer than is fair. Once Jason stops, the Devil lowers Father to the floor. Hits, growls, breathing falling, feet scudding, The devil smiling and hissing.*

Luci: How you have hurt him.  
Badly, perhaps beyond help.  
I am proud of you.

Jason: My own Father lies in a mush of blood.  
The farmer who sewed me into my life.  
The punches were a constant thrill to land.  
Let's leave him here and take her where we go.

*The Devil throws Cornelia over his shoulder, the scudding of a chair, and the struggling of Cornelia. Their shoes clipping off, the restaurant door opens swooshes of wind and low bass.*

Act 2 Scene 3

Clotho: Our hero has begun to ride the goat.  
Clogging through the concrete streets of London,  
Ready to smash heads on the ground with rage.  
His once empty breast full of bitterness.  
He has now found a partner at long last.  
Does he realise that he can still be saved?  
Does he know that Angels follow him too?  
We are defined by the comp'ny we keep.  
It won't take long for Luci to rub off.  
Till they are sharing jokes and breaking bread.  
Exchanging stories and confiding truths,  
Two tree roots grown into a common head.  
They carry Cornelia to his room.  
Where she is forced to sit once more for him.  
A snake within a bamboo stick is straight,  
So did Jason subject his muse his love,  
Justifying with humiliation,  
What's a game of tennis with no return?

*"Paint brush dabbing on canvas, or maybe the sketching of a pencil if that sounds better."*

Cornelia: Look at me with all of your might Jason.  
Your Father would do more than that you know.

Jason: Father? I have none to speak of sweetheart.  
Would you be still for me there's a good girl.  
At last I will finish "The Morning Star"

Luci: Creativity,  
It's the seedling of heaven.  
I prefer to prune.

Jason: I'm sorry if I'm boring you Luci,  
But I really want to finish this piece.

Luci: Do what you must then,  
But I am not waiting here.  
Your brush stinks of god.

Jason: Farewell then dear Luci, I'll see you soon.

*Luci exits.*

*"A slithering mass, and a smokey hiss."*

Cornelia: Jason you have gone mad can you not see?

Jason: No the trouble is I see all too well.

Cornelia: If you hurt me - Please don't I can't bear it.

Jason: I'm not going to hurt you but paint you?  
Just stay still for me that is all I ask.

*Pause.*

My lord now he is gone I feel different.  
The words "stay still" sound dirty in my mouth.  
If you must go then you must go my dear.  
I have no right to keep you from your life.  
If this is not what you want it to be.  
Then the painting will not work anyway.  
I want to capture the idol of love.  
But that capture cannot be a kidnap.  
Go, go, I'm sorry to have brought you here.

Cornelia: This feels like the Jason I knew before.  
Jack and I never wanted to hurt you.

Jason: Please don't talk about my Father with me.  
It's fine, I was not enough and that's that.  
But look, thank you for giving me a try.  
It was the best time of my life, thank you.

Cornelia: Well you are welcome, and now I should go.

*Pause.*

It almost feels wrong to leave you like this.

Jason: Don't let me think that you could still love me.

*Pause*

Cornelia: Goodbye Jason, I hope you feel better.

*A beat "door handle, then blast of rampant unearthly wind", the devil is behind the door, "glistening sound" throbbing of bright light. "Door slams, silence, the struggle of bodies and Cornelia panicking as the Devil holds her down to the floor".*

Luci: Your letting her go?  
You are wasting my time then,  
I thought you were strong.

Paint her as she is.  
Let the record be this one.  
Don't delay now paint!

Jason: Stop! STOP!, I have been weak it's true I have.  
I think there is a great strength in weakness.

Luci: Strength in starvation?  
You want her but your too weak.  
You can't control her.

Jason: How can I control her feelings, Luci?  
When I cannot even control my own.  
If you control her feelings what is that?  
I want to touch her soul with mine just us.  
I don't want a relationship with you.

Luci: Is snow in fire?  
A sharp razor also blunt?  
Is perfection false?

Jason: I think it is, yes perfection is false.  
To be so pure is to simply be bland.

Luci: I am essential,  
Because if you boil me down,  
Every part's the same.

Jason: Then you sound like your more bland then you look.  
Why do you champion monotony?  
The dull symmetrical pageant winner.  
Would you sing a song with only one note?

Luci: Remember you signed.  
If I have no need of you,  
I'll send you to hell.

Jason: You know it shocks me that I managed it,  
But even in the heat of rage I knew,  
That to trust you would be a fools mistake.  
That's why if you look at the document,  
You'll see it reads Rumpelstiltskin not me.  
That lovely girl Patty she said to me,  
"If you alone can see this lucifer,  
Then you alone must fight this hell demon."  
She was right, and now I feel strong enough.  
I will make you choke on my fist black dog.

*The rushing of wind again, and the fleshy crashing of them scrabbling against each other. Heavy blunt and brutal.*

Cornelia: Jason what are you doing to yourself,  
I don't want to see anymore of this,  
Stop it, stop you will kill yourself Jason.

*Jason's angry shouts start to sound more like screams. The devil is winning. We hear Jason choking, and then his body fall to the floor.*

Luci: We are not alike.  
I thought you'd spread the truth but,  
You're blinded by love.

*The Devil finally becomes bored with him, and leaves him quivering on the floor. Shallow breathing.*

## Act 2 Scene 4

Clotho: A secret is a balloon if it's kept.  
Expanding with hot pressure till release.  
Patty sat by a window all alone.  
Looking at the blue grey portrait of her.

Patty: I've been staring at this portrait of me,  
It's not like staring into a mirror,  
Because it does not move it is constant.  
When I look in the mirror I can change,  
Scrape away sleepy dust from eyelashes,  
Remove spots pluck hairs its all alive.  
But I cannot vandalise this portrait,  
It is a red light waiting to go green.  
Its stillness makes my brain do the movement.  
What did this curve mean and are those my eyes,  
I'm creating a narrative whirl pool,  
That spins all kinds of meanings under it.  
Perhaps he thought I was being haughty,  
Or's that lift of the chin coquettish tilt?  
Am I just seeing what I want to see?  
I'm lost in someone else's perception.  
This situations surely not unique.  
People waste their whole lives in others eyes.  
Will that be my life if the CRISPR works?  
Following him to try see what he sees.  
Mum does say colour is a social thing.  
No, the fact that I've had that thought is good.  
When this painting floods with ultra violet,  
I shall cleave my own path through the forest.

*Daisy returns home.*

Patty: Are you alright you look a bit tired?

Daisy: There's still no sign of him, he's gone for good.  
It's down to him if he wants to be found.  
I'm not running around looking for him.  
Jack said he has done stuff like this before.  
An only child with a busy Father.  
No Mother that I have ever heard of.  
There are rumours at work of course you know,  
They say she was mad and maybe she was.  
Not as mad as me to waste all my work,  
On an idiotic little manboy.

I was never told of mental illness.  
But if he is unwell, I should have been.  
To completely rewire the brain like that,  
Would be stupid if his mind is unstable.

Patty: He's not unwell, I just don't think he is.

Daisy: What do you think if you don't think its that?  
You think he really can see the devil?

Patty: I don't think we should rule anything out.

Daisy: Then I've failed you in your education.

Patty: Please don't say that it is patronising.  
I think he saw something thats all I think.

Daisy: Maybe he did, but to call it devil.  
It makes progress in this field so hard.  
It needs to be simple easy and safe.  
If it came out he's hallucinating.  
There would be more then legal tape put up.  
Especially because of who he is,  
It would become a whole global story,  
Branding CRISPR as a bad evil thing.  
This is about five years of work for me.  
Five years of work gone up in flames Patty.  
(Daisys phone rings)  
Sorry my dear I'm just tired one sec.  
Hello? Of course sir, there is no bad time.

*Daisy walks out of the room.*

Patty: What to do, should I tell her what I've done?  
Five years she says, and I break the big rule.  
The cost of that injection had I paid!  
The retail value of it must be huge.  
I will probably never earn that much.  
I hope she does not try to make me pay?  
No I'm panicking she couldn't do that.  
I just need to make her see I can help.  
"Mother I took the CRISPR when you left."  
It seems easy to say when she's not here,  
But when she's back I fear my tongue will freeze.

Clotho: When I finish this row she will see me.

*(Clickikty clack of needles)*

Hello my favourite fabric from my thread.

*Patty looks at the picture, then back at Clotho.*

Patty: Hi, ok wow this is pretty astounding,  
Didn't think the devil'd be a woman.

Clotho: No no I'm not Luci, he is elsewhere.  
I am Clotho, Goddess of fate on earth.  
I have an important message for you.  
You are my favourite creation Patty,  
These needles often make tyrants and thieves,  
The selfish good who smile big empty grins.  
Few people are good for the sake of it.  
But you are wonderful patty you are.  
The perfect imperfection in my cloth,  
You're a golden thread lost in dark blue wool.  
I want to tell you something at this point,  
Before humans tread the path towards gods.  
And mark my words that's what will come to pass,  
Know that your great just the way that you are,  
I know what the world has in store for you,  
I will write it with these needles in hand.  
And it will not be an easy journey,  
But I have your best interests in my heart,  
Now that you and Jason open this door,  
The door to the room where humans have wings,  
As you welcome others into UV,  
Do not let doubt try and damage your heart,  
You have been spotted and chosen by me,  
And I will not let your thread run a muck.  
It flies through my fingers fast as light'ning,  
With all the excitement of thunderstorms.  
Keep on keeping on, through all the struggle.  
For at the end of the day you are loved.

*Clotho disappears.*

Patty: What an honour to have met you Clotho,  
Thank you so much for having chosen me.  
I am a floating bubble of great joy,  
A bubble with no fear that I will pop.  
Perhaps you were my imagination,  
Either way it was so nice to meet you.  
Now I can see his portrait shining bright.



Wow, it almost feels hot with energy.  
Maybe I'll paint my own one of Jason,  
What possibility this light does give.

*Daisy returns.*

Patty: What's the matter you look serious mum?

Daisy: You won't believe what Jasons done to him.  
At a restaurant, with the press watching him.  
Jason struck his Father down to the floor,  
Hitting and kicking him repeatedly.

Patty: His own Father, why would he have done that?

Daisy: He was upset that Jack was at dinner,  
With Cornelia who he says he loves.  
What a pathetic desperate dog he is.  
Does he think he will earn respect this way.  
The family reputation mangled,  
And that is not the worst of it is it,  
He will expose the laws we have broken,  
I might go to prison for all of this.  
How foolish trust seems when you have lost it.  
This could be the start of really bad things.  
I am sorry to bring you such bad news.

Patty: Do not be sad, this will all be alright.  
I almost feel I knew this would happen.  
Desp'rate times call for desperate measures.  
Mother, I have a confession to make,  
You will be angry with me and thats fair,  
But try and see this from the perspective,  
That this action could be our only hope,  
To save your reputation and your work.  
Jason has gone wild with this new light.  
Perhaps he's mad we don't know yet do we.  
I know you feel strongly, but we don't know,  
I have tried to give us some clarity.  
When you left, I took the CRISPR in hand,  
And I planted it into my own veins.  
It's worked quickly for me, I don't know why,  
But I've begun to see ultra violet.  
If I can talk to him I could fix this.  
If I'm with him and I see no devil,  
I'll tell him that and he might calm right down,

And if I do see the devil with him,  
Perhaps together we can kill it dead.  
But if he's not alone he'll be calmer.  
What do you think you've gone very quiet.

Daisy: You should not have done this to yourself Pat.  
You're my only daughter its too risky.  
I can loose reputation but not you.  
But if its done its done and that is that.  
The reason it has worked so quick is this.  
Women have a fourth cone ready waiting,  
Some are already tetrochromatic,  
But they see more yellow not UV rays.  
Your dormant cone's will have swapped just like that.  
Risk aside this is very exciting.  
I suppose your next idea is the lens,  
If you are to see the world as he does.

Patty: It was and I think it's the only way.

Daisy: You might be right, if so lets not delay.

### Act 3 Scene 1

Clotho: Have you ever woken up from a fight,  
With bruises on your legs and arms and back?  
The marks will stay with you for a few days,  
And then the snow sinks into the river.  
But Jason has fought with the enemy.  
The enemy who sits under our skin.  
Mere bruises would not be enough for him.  
His fight is thirsty to puncture your soul,  
And should he prick you oh how you will bleed.  
Leaking out grace Lucifer left Jason.  
In a heap next to piles of dirty clothes.  
Don't ask to fight with those who don't have care.  
For they will strike you as they strike anvils.

*Knocking.*

A familiar knock rattles the door.  
The knock bounces between our hero's ears.  
Galvanising the heavy sack of man.  
Crawling to the door thinking it is safe.  
Little does he know it is his Father.  
Primed with all the fury of middle age.  
Bitter contempt for the fight he has lost,  
Ready to paint his back shining silver,  
To show his son who is really the boss.  
Jason has reached the handle and it turns.

*Jason, breathing heavily now limps over to the door. The door opens, a silence of about five seconds, and shuts it.*

Father: I'm glad you had the balls to open up.  
If I were you I would have run away.  
You are no son of mine but a cuckoo,  
Come to kill the generous reed warbler.  
What have I ever done but give you all?  
Wherein was I so slack to warrant this?  
The answers are most alien and strange,  
You are an imposter no son of mine,  
An odd lunatic I have but pampered.  
To what end though? No civilisation?  
No gratitude but a vicious malice.

Never in my life have I been so hurt.  
And I have had many an enemy.  
Truly I believe you designed to kill,  
You hit me on the ground in broad daylight,  
Your blood and mine should be the same structure.  
I recognise your features as my own.  
but no son could do what you've done to me.

Jason: You have forgotten that my blood is new,  
An updated draft from your own red drop,  
Maybe that means I am no son of yours.  
You have your own CRISPR to thank for that.

Father: Do you really think this is my fault then?  
Because I let you take this strange poison?  
So said every guilty man before you,  
"It was my circumstances and not me."  
You have shown to the world your natural self,  
And that self is a most unnatural cur.

Jason: Natural is it, to Cuckold your own son?

Father: Cuckold? What marriage band have you to hand?  
Hold on you have no ring on your finger?  
I do, and here it is, can you see that?  
You make the horns that sit upon your head.  
You're a foolish adolescent young buck.  
I'll wash the scars you gave me with your tears.

Jason: Filicidal man I am half burnt black  
On the embers of my last enemy.  
You win no honour from killing me now.  
I'm the fish in the barrel you the gun.  
But let me tell you this before you shoot.  
The arrogance of your wealth has done this.  
You've gambled on stock, and this is your share.  
The tortured husk of a worn-out young son.  
I know I have done wrong and I will pay.  
But you will pay the most in hell's deep pits.  
For I hear they have strong tax for the rich.  
The last shall be first leaving the first where?  
How many hail Mary's can you afford?  
Without money could you give anything?

Surrounded by treasure in poverty.  
Kill me now, I am already in flames.  
But know that you will join me here hard soon.

Father: I understand, you are jealous of me.  
You wish your name was Jack and not Jason.  
You wish you had my money and my strength,  
You wish that Cornelia could love you.  
I was not born with any of these things.  
Except my name but that's is not the point.  
Hard won they were and the sweeter for it.  
If you just worked you'd have some self respect.  
But you sit waiting for lightning to strike,  
Relying on that to charge your engine.  
I see you are wretched there we agree,  
To kill you would be a disgrace on me.  
But know this well, I reclaim all I gave.  
If I could take the education too,  
I would gouge it from your brain with a spoon.  
You have wasted every lesson I gave.  
Every morsel you've had from me I want.  
I do reclaim it all directly now.  
For this is the kindest thing I can do.  
You have no right to call me family.  
Do not think that with time my mind will change.  
You inherit from me only your breath.  
But I suggest you don't use that too much.  
If I see you with a button of mine,  
I shall consider it as theft from me.  
Don't think you can challenge my legal men.  
Those bulldogs will drag you straight to prison.  
Save yourself the trouble and leave it all.

Jason: Alright give me an hour and I will go.

Father: An hour for what? You're standing in my flat.

Jason: You want me to walk out the door right now?  
You want to take everything that I have.

Father: Now you realise how much I gave to you.  
Those clothes are all expensive give them back.

*Jason strips down to his boxers.*

Jason: Do you want the shirt from my very back?  
These, these were great, thank your for these as well.  
I'll leave them there, I hope you mind the mess.  
You won't even come here though will you Dad.  
An empty flat with a great view hidden.  
Never lived in just a pile of money.  
That's what you like to call an investment.  
There must be many in London like it.  
I hope that you will let me leave these on?

Father: For the sake of public dignity yes.

## Act 3 Scene 2

Clotho: The first thing Jason saw as the door shut,  
Was a filbert paint brush outside the door.  
The one Patty set down on her visit,  
Though he knew not who it belonged to,  
He took it for his own to own something.  
Then from the top floor he went down and down,  
On the stairs because the lift was broken.  
Entirely ill prepared for winter.  
Frostbite snapping ready for him to leave.  
He stood inside the door to the cold world,  
Breathing a few last gasps of his old home.  
He held his breath and pushed the door out wide.  
Freezing realities came racing in.  
Breaking his heart with the knowledge of loss.  
All passion and fury at his Father,  
All indignant rage at the devils work,  
Was quietly and resoundly snubbed out.  
Subdued with fear of how cold man can be.  
How long could he last in these conditions?  
There was nothing to do but venture out.  
Into the ranks of the unknowables.  
The forgotten children of your failure.  
The blisters of a collective neglect.  
It's in these times you know your friends from foes.  
People will not afford you masquerade.  
For masking is not cheap did you not know?  
Pleasantries cost time and times money.  
The press took interest but soon it was old.  
"Starlet artist falls, was it drugs? Did he sin?"  
Read all the headlines, laid down in the bin.

*A blast of wind as the door opens, and Jason shivering. Like its cutting him.  
It's a windy day. Ambience of wind, people walking past. Glittering of the  
ultra violet light he's seeing.*

Jason: I can see the glittering realm dancing,  
Throughout the dirty grey block of London.  
The people look at me for what I am.  
I am no help to them in their rat race.  
How many times have I walked like they do,  
Eyes straight ahead focussed on the carrot.

I have become the nuisance on the street.  
Can I borrow that big warm coat you have.  
I've come upon hard times please help me out,  
I just need some clothing I am so cold.  
Let me describe to you ultra violet!  
I can see it its all around us now.  
Gone, gone, as I fear each one will leave me.  
Am I stuck now? Has the ladder been raised?  
Is my trajectory but Newton's law?  
To fall straight down until I hit the floor.  
How quick I want the comforts of my past.  
I am so cold, so weak without shelter.

What calm there is in knowing I have lost.  
When I had a royal flush in my hand!  
The comfort is knowing the game's a fraud.  
A competition that will never end.  
Surely this is a chance of happiness,  
With nothing to my name I'll know my worth.  
And if my worth is small I'll work on it.  
But oh, I'll see the back of my head first,  
Before I comprehend this cruel wind's charm.  
For I was fed on the spoils of that war,  
The war of strutting peacocks in bow ties.  
I grew in a soil of hate greed and cash,  
And repotting me could kill me off quick.

Oh lord above is this the end of me?  
Have I painted my last canvas so soon?  
Maybe its time for me to sign Luci.  
Should I sell my soul for some warming flames?

To hope for those flames is just self deceit,  
I have power to change I know I have.  
All I need is a shift of perspective.  
They say unrequited love's the strongest.  
Mother nature know my affection now.  
As you laugh at me with cold winds sharp glass,  
Bringing me t'wards death by a thousand cuts,  
I love you now more than I ever have,  
And that warm love protects me from your chill.

*Jason starts to laugh.*



Look at you you gorgeous grey zephyr clouds.  
I see twinkling smiles beneath your grey face.  
Come and swing a rain dance on me beauties.  
I can drink every last drop you offer.  
Ah bliss, the very air is hugging me.  
With more care than my expensive coats did.  
It cuddles me with cold education.  
Stripping the guilt and shame of old money,  
Cleanse my spirit and freeze my body dead!

Daisy: Jason my god, can that really be you?

Jason: Doctor, how apt it is that we meet now.  
You have interrupted my heart singing.  
I just understood how to be happy,  
And the ferryman who brought me here's come!

Daisy: Where are your clothes it is a cold cold day?

Jason: The only cloth I have in the world's here.  
The rest was reclaimed by my old Father.  
I don't call him old as a description,  
He's not that old but I'm no more his son.

Daisy: I'm sure with time you will both work it out.

Jason: I could forgive him yet, in fact, I do.  
But he, he said with time he will not change.  
He would not be misunderstood on that.  
Hey who needs a pot to piss in, not me.

Daisy: Jason, your young, this cold will break your heart,  
If it does not you will surely break mine.

Jason: Why break your heart when I have found my joy?

Daisy: I have been looking for you quite a while.  
Come with me and stay at mine, let me help.

Jason: Help me? I told you I have all I need.  
Are you feeling guilty for this train-wreck.  
I am on course at last, full steam ahead!

I've lived a meaningless life up till now,  
And I am paying for the privilege.  
Which feels so good, better than life itself.  
Please do not insult me with your pity.  
In fact I would like you to leave me now.

Daisy: Patty and I have been looking for you.  
We know that you are not yourself Jason.  
You are unwell and we want to help you.  
Come to my house and let yourself warm up.  
Come decide what you want to do from there  
You can stay as long as you want or need.  
I'm not just saying that you are welcome.

Jason: Listen Daisy, you're upsetting me now.  
I have never been happier than this.  
Try reversing around what you offer.  
"Your look so pathetic let me help you"  
Were someone to say that to you Doctor?  
The Hippocratic oath would be broken,  
It would, along with noses on the floor,  
Get off to my Father, leave me at home.  
Under my very own Palatial sky.

*"Her rubber shoe's walk away on the brick floor."*  
*Exit Daisy.*

Jason: Perhaps I have gone mad to save myself.  
Maybe there is no sense in this at all.  
Did I just turn my nose up at sheer grace.  
Of all the streets in London she passed mine.  
Oh dear, that was my last chance now its gone.  
After such treatment she won't ask again.  
It's just another spadeful of my grave,  
Which I seem to be digging manically.  
What did I say about the happy clouds?  
Oh fuck it, it seems less important now.

*Jason shivers.*

Cold cold cold cold cold, how cold cold can be!

*The hissing and slithering of Luci.*

I wondered when you were coming to gloat.  
Luci, tell me what you have got for me.

*A long pause.*

Don't just stand there I beg you speak to me.  
It's rude to stare, did God not teach you that.  
I'm waiting! Don't leave me in this suspense.  
I thought when I did not sign I tricked you,  
But I only delayed the obvious,  
Vanity such as mine must be burnt down.  
I will meet you in the next world that's clear.  
I see your eyes licking their lids ready.

*Jason stares at The Devil. He loses the contest, falling to the floor shaking.*

Oh God on high I'm worthless as you know.  
I am nothing but greed ego and spite.  
But spare me from the torture of his stare.  
Have amnesty for an idiot please.  
I only ever wanted to succeed.  
I was born atop a scraping tower.  
And it is hard to climb into the sky,  
You must subjugate people to stand on.  
I realise that is what I have done now.  
I should have lowered myself down I know,  
Taking my weight off of their straining backs,  
Looking at my fellow man in their eyes.  
His staring makes me understand that truth.  
If you find pity to behold, save me.  
The impact of his gaze will blast my earth,  
Away from its course around the great sun,  
Spinning into the gaping milky way.  
Whirling into an unending expanse.  
Save me, oh save me from his staring please.

Luci: A chameleon,  
Is that not worse than a snake?  
Your skin is lying.

Jason: When the snake speaks it is hard to decide.

Luci: Hiding from your truth,  
Living but to escape me.  
I have caught you now.

Jason: Please please please please! Please help me, please save me.

Luci: Shift shift shift and click.  
How will you look in the void.  
Where there is no hope.

Nowhere to run to.  
Utterly and completely.  
You are on your own.

What form will you take?  
Red, green? Or ultraviolet?  
What's your true colour.

The truth is you'll stop.  
You'll have nothing to hide from.  
Your skin will be blank.

All you will see is-  
Me me me me me me me.  
Oh what purity.

Jason: And yet you are wrong, I still have power.  
I found this brush as I left my old flat.  
If you will fill my canvas forever,  
That canvas must be gouged out of its frame.

*Jason stabs his left eye out with the brush, "wet gouging stab with gasps of pain. The Devil laughs."*

Luci: Well thats the first eye,  
Come on onto the next then.  
Is your heart in this?

Jason: I have a heart that can do anything!

Luci: Impressive Jason,  
But you do realise don't you.  
You'll still hear my voice.

Unless your ear's next,  
Would you really burst your drums,  
Loose all sense for me?

Jason: This pain is astonishingly brutal.  
I did not think I would still hear your voice,  
I did not think I would still hear that sound.  
*(Jason laughs)*  
What a terrible misjudgement this was.

Luci: It was, what a waste,  
You just stabbed out your own eye,  
No one told you too.

*Patty comes running.*

Patty: Jason, oh god Jason what have you done!

Jason: Patty, how glad I am that you are here!

Patty: Is that the brush I left outside your door!

Jason: It's yours? Sorry its a bit messy now.

Patty: Put that down good, give it to me, thank you.  
It will all be alright Jason, trust me.

*Luci begins to whisper in Jasons ear.*

Luci: Ooh can you hear that,  
The self aggrandising tone.  
You're her charity.

She's as false as god,  
Saying she has the answer,  
But that's just their pride.

We are too special.  
Don't let her patronise you,  
Kill yourself quickly

Clotho: Don't let him know that you hear and see him.

Be strong Patty, you were born to do this.

Patty: Put my coat on, thats right, zip it right up,  
You have to put it on or you will die,  
And that's not going to happen today.

Luci: Your better then this,  
Her honey is a sweet trap,  
She wants to own you.

That's what saving means.  
There but for the grace of her,  
Your agency gone.

Clotho: Take these needles and plant them in his heart.  
Once you've done this give them straight back to me.

Patty: Jason I need you to listen to me,  
I need to go and get something quickly,  
But I'm going to come right back ok,  
I'll take this but don't hurt yourself Jason,  
Just stay right there, I won't be very long.

Luci: This is your last chance,  
Finish what you have started.  
Jump into the thames.

Jason: It is easy to think hatred is wise,  
That you the prince of darkness know the truth.  
Our happiness is but a little act,  
Distracting us from the answers you have.  
But thats false, now I have no fear of death,  
You don't look wise, in fact quite the reverse.  
You may even be more stupid then me,  
And I just stabbed out my own bloody eye.

*Patty has taken the sewing needles from Clotho, and stabs them into Jason's heart, he falls to the floor. Patty quickly gives back the sewing to Clotho, who gets back to sewing straight away.*

Luci: She's cut you with fate,  
Those needles sew everything,  
From start to finish.

Jason: Hush hush, my friend, it's time for me to sleep.  
You have not been wise, but you were so strong,  
Go rest in the knowledge of that power.

Luci: You won't believe me,  
But I did it all for love.  
Everything was love.

*Luci dies.*

Jason: Patty! When did you learn to kill devils?  
Are you an Angel? Or are you a god?

Patty: When you ran and our parents followed you,  
I took the CRISPR so you weren't alone.

Pause.

Jason: Cornelia was a glass of glass of poison,  
Which made me thirstier the more I drank.  
I think what I wanted was to be her.  
How could I love her when you were around.  
What a fool, what a silly fool am I.

Patty: You are a fool, and so am I Jason.  
I've loved you in the same way you loved her.

*They kiss.*

## EPILOGUE

Clotho: That is enough of that lets tie this up  
We're not all this lucky and that's just it,  
But if its half empty fill up your cup.  
Otherwise you will always think oh shit.

Maybe you thought this play was about god.  
But there are no gods here only actors,  
Whose story is science can be quite odd.  
It's what you want but balance all factors.

However you see it change is coming,  
And we know so little its ludicrous,  
I do think CRISPR could make us stunning,  
The possibilities are numerous.

The message if theres any is this seed,  
Lets all become the change that we all need.