LOST/FOUND by Andrew Ondrejcak

> Draft 2 March 29, 2014

for Shara Worden

PROLOGUE

THE FOREST

LOST

THE DEEPEST PART OF THE WOOD

FOUND

POSTLUDE

## 1 PROLOGUE

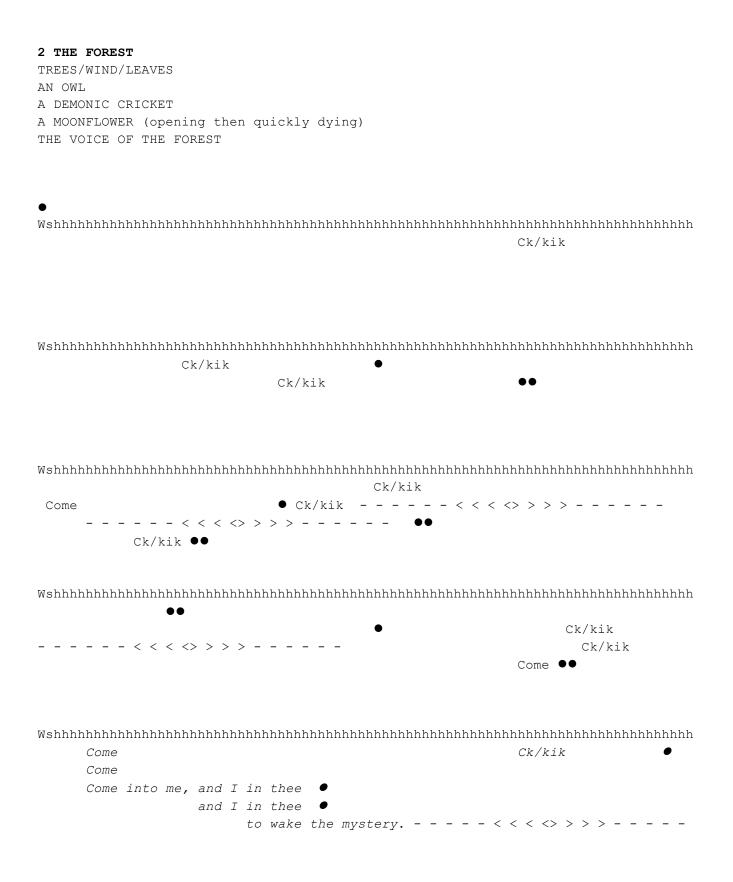
Darkness.

An animal screamsings.

Silence.

Then all the animals of the forest screamsing. It is loud and long; it is violent, horrifying. As it dies down, only a few animals can be heard panting, over which THE UNIVERSE sings:

Man, sweet Man, on your earth-mound throne. Hold my hand. I hold all of man. You think what you build will last a day? All that is solid will melt away. Man, sweet Man, to the wood, come lay.



THE GROUP	THE LOST (a soloist)			
(call 1)				
	(response 1)			
WHERE ARE YOU?	(100,0000 1)			
	WHERE AM I?			
WHERE ARE YOU?				
	(call 2)			
(response 2)				
	WHERE ARE YOU?			
WHERE AM I?				
	WHERE AM I?			
(call 3)				
MUEDE ADE VOUO	(response 3)			
WHERE ARE YOU?	WHERE AM I?			
WHERE ARE YOU?				
	FIND ME.			
(call 4)				
	( )			
(call 4)				
	( )			
	One small rabbithole			
	Slippingly finds me			
	And I dive whole			
	Inside I goooooooooooooo.			
(call 4)				
(call i)				
	( )			
(call 4)				
	( )			

## 4 THE DEEPEST PART OF THE WOOD (SHARA'S SONG)

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THE UNIVERSE sings to The Lost Human while FIVE STARS shift in the sky, searching for their cosmic configuration. (In the end, they find it.)

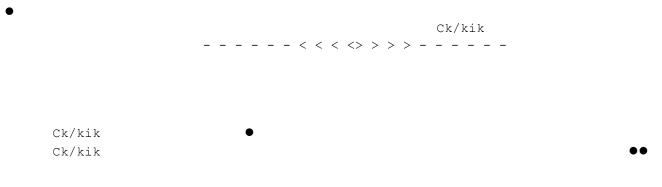
\* \* \* \* Do you come into darkness in want of danger? Do you stray the path intentionally? Do worms invite you back to the earth? Do spirits wish you back to the sea? Do things not look as they should be? \* \* \* \* \* As daylight turns black, and the flesh, absent at last, be glad at the brink of fear. To be found, is to be here. \* \* \*

> THE GROUP: (call 2) ( ) (call 2)

## 5 FOUND

THE LOST (soloist): In darkness I see. The canyon is not deep. Water is not wet. I jump but do not fall. Drown but do not die. For I I am it and you and all. For I I am the eyeballs of trees and leaves. THE GROUP (call 2) THE LOST (response 2) THE GROUP (call 2) THE LOST (response 2) ALL We are the body the wood the soot the mud. We are the dust the clay the worms the grey. We are the earth the forest the mystery. The mystery is we. The mystery is we. The mystery is we / NOTHING CAN HURT ME NOW The mystery is we / NOTHING CAN HURT ME NOW / (call 2) The mystery is we / and YOUYOU you YOUYOU / (response 2) The mystery is we / and YOUYOU you YOUYOU YOUYOU you YOUYOU / NOTHING CAN HURT US NOW

## 6 POSTLUDE



	Ck/kik
• Ck/kik	
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