

FADE IN:

Setting: Midnight. Light snow falling. Interrogation room. A table, A box, three chairs and a lamp.

Commented [MOU1]: Qué hay en la caja?

The little prince has handcuffs and it is trying to get them out getting himself hurt. Spotlight

- Have a rose.
- Tell the story in different timelines.
- Love story?

I know you are there.

Hellooooo, is anyone there? I know you are watching.

You are dead. And me too. Different deaths. I'm trapped here. Have you ever wanted to go back to a place so hard that it hurts? I know you have. I chose a career, a house, a car, the colour of my carpet and even the shape of the handles. I'm working. I'm being essential. What else do you want from me?

Commented [MOU2]: En vida, estás muerta porque no haces lo que tu quieres, no eres feliz.

Commented [MOU3]: Atrapado en este Sistema, en este planeta, en esta forma de vivir.

Commented [MOU4]: Volver al pasado para hacer las cosas de forma diferente

I know you are there. Hey? - Behind that glass. (Mocking her). That's your problem. You always hide. You are too scared. What are you going to do with your life? You are scared of being happy. You hate your job, you hate where you live. And this is easier for you. To live in a succession of empty days that mean nothing. (beat) Can I have some water? (beat) Are you listening? You're smart, generous... attractive, Sexy. (Playing with the lamp)

Cricket. Shampoo. labyrinth. (Laughs)

Looking at himself in the reflection of the mirror in the interrogation room (Removes handcuffs) This is not what I was meant to be.

Commented [MOU5]: Reflexión sobre su vida, y lo que ha pasado. Abrir el corazón.

(Monologue opening my heart and being completely naked - emotionally.)

Get me out of here. Please. It's not my fault. If you are not going to let me go, then, I will... break... this... table... *(The little prince stands on the table but doesn't know what to do)*

Oh God! (Beat) God, can you hear me? Help me. Give me a sign. *(He takes off his shoe)*. I will drop this shoe. In five seconds. If you are there. If you exist, do it. Make it float. Levitate in the air. 5.. 4.. 3.. 2.. 1.. The little prince drops the shoe. *(The shoe levitates, No, I'm joking. It falls down)*

That's what I thought. But for a second. You thought it was possible. You believed it could happen. What life is this?

(Monologue revolutionary that will change the world HERE - Work in progress)

Do you want to be useful or you want to be happy?

(Takes a gun, or another way of committing suicide, from the Box puts it in his mouth and commits suicide. It is purposely not loaded. Grins) It's never too late, Rose.

- **EVENT1**. Interrogation ROOM. What for? He was arrested by his Wife who is a police officer.
- **EVENT2**: Looking at himself in the mirror.
- **EVENT3**. Talking to God
- **EVENT4**. Commit suicide.

MESSAGE:

Un canto existencialista, una llamada de atención hacia lo que a veces es una huida haciadelante entre obligaciones auto-impuestas y la desconexión de nuestros sentimientos, de nuestra esencia

¿quieres ser útil o quieres ser feliz?

“Es una locura odiar a todas las rosas porque una te pinchó. Renunciar a todos tus sueños porque uno de ellos no se realizó.”

HES LOST IT AND WANTS TO FIND IT. - PROCESS HE REALISES
NEEDS TO FIND INNER CHILD. SHIT IS IT TOO LATE? - EPIPHANY -
ME LOST T DISCOVERY. WHATS HE STRUGGLELING WITH. WHAT MAKES
HIM REALISE HE LOST THE INNER CHILD.

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REALISE FIND INNER CHILD PROCESS FIND INNER CHILD

BUILDING UP TO A CHOICE. ITS SIMPLER,

INNER CHULD WHY WIFE PREGNANT?

INTIMATE TALK TO AUDIENCE -

----- CHOICE UN THE MOMENT ----- NOT TO PLAN IT. DISCOVERY -----
WHAT DO WE REALLY LEARN ABOUT HIM?

UNDERSTAND THE CHOICES AND THE RISK AND HOW HES WORKING IT OUT

INNER CHILD VERY EXPENSIVE TO BE VULNERABLE - KILL INNER CHILD BE
INVULNERABLE-

Todas las personas grandes han sido niños antes pero pocas lo recuerdan.

I know you are there. Hey? *(Mocking her)*. That's your problem. You always hide. You are too scared. What are you going to do with your life? You are scared of being happy. You hate your job, you hate where you live. And this is easier for you. To live in a succession of empty days that mean nothing. (beat) Can I have some water? (beat) Are you listening? You're smart, generous... attractive, Sexy. *(Playing with the lamp)*

Looking at himself in the reflection of the mirror in the interrogation room *(Removes handcuffs)* This is not what I was meant to be.

Commented [MOU6]: Reflexión sobre su vida, y lo que ha pasado. Abrir el corazón.

This is your world, not mine. I never chose to stay here. I just want to go back home. You know I am a good person. (beat) How did I get here? What did I do? I can't understand. I need to understand. Why are things so complicated? It used to be easy. You remember the time the car broke down and we slept in the middle of nowhere just telling silly stories and jokes? I miss those easy moment where nothing really mattered.

I feel that there is a combination of word, actions, that will get what I want

I feel that I've given up but I don't want to give up but I don't know what to do. How to do it. I know, there is a combination of word, actions, that will get what I want. Perhaps that is the problem. Trying to much. This is not sustainable

Oggg, just being in the moment and not having to worry about anything. Then you grow up and the people you think will be always there with you. There are just gone. They disappear in the moment you expect it the least. And what can I do? I just ignore that it is happening when it is happening because accepting it is too much. People die. You'll die. And what matters? What is it? I thought I've grown wiser and things would get easier but it doesn't. It just gets more complicated. Closed down, narrowed. Is this what I want to be? We have a choice. We always do.

I love you. You know I do.

I've realized that I...

I think it is fear. Fear paralyzes us. The only way to move on is to face it but you get blocked because of fear it is a vicious circle.

Get me out of here. Please. It's not my fault. If you are not going to let me go, then, I will... break... this... table... *(The little prince stands on the table but doesn't know what to do)*

Oh God! (Beat) God, can you hear me? Help me. Give me a sign. *(He takes off his shoe)*. I will drop this shoe. In five seconds. If you are there. If you exist, do it. Make it float. Levitate in the air. 5.. 4.. 3.. 2.. 1.. The little prince drops the shoe. *(The shoe levitates, No, I'm joking. It falls down)*

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Prefiero morir vicioso y feliz a vivir limpio y aburrido. Prefiero encontrar una estrella en el fango a cuatro diamantes sobre un cristal. Prefiero que la estrella queme, sea fuego, a un tacto rezumante de frialdad. Prefiero besar el duro suelo veinte veces para llegar una sola vez a lo más alto a escalar

poco a poco, sin caer nunca pero sin llegar jamás a la cima. Prefiero que me duela a que me traspase, que me haga daño a que me ignore. Prefiero sentir. Prefiero una noche oscura y bella, sucia y hermosa, a un montón de días claros que no me digan nada. Prefiero una cadena a un bozal. Prefiero quedarme en la cama todo el día pensando en mi vida a levantarme para pensar en la de otros. Prefiero un gato a un perro. Porque el gato te araña, es infiel, te ignora, se escapa, pero sabes que, a pesar de todo, no podría vivir sin ti. En cambio, el perro es tonto, no sabe nada, te obedece hasta el absurdo. Prefiero las mujeres gato a las mujeres perro, por las mismas razones. Prefiero el mar a la montaña. La vida es una noche tumbado en la playa, mirando las estrellas sin verlas, soñando despierto, dejando que la arena se cuele entre los dedos de mis pies, embriagado de todo. Y la noche, siempre la noche. Nunca a la luz del sol. La noche es mágica. Me hace vivir, no pensar. Me pone en movimiento. Rompe mis esquemas. Prefiero las noches frescas de verano, andar con poca ropa, sentarme en el suelo y meterme algo de vida en el cuerpo. La mañana me sabe a dolor de cabeza. Me da sueño. Me quita las ganas de hablar. Me recuerda que soy mortal. Me recuerda que soy normal. La noche me hace único. Prefiero el color de la sangre y el de la gris niebla que difumina las cosas. Si sabe que prefiero el frío cuero, ¿por qué se viste con el traje de terciopelo? Se me escurre entre los dedos... Prefiero experimentar las cosas, aunque me hagan mal. Aunque me hiervan la sangre. Prefiero probarlo todo a morirme sin saber lo que me gusta. Y, más que nada, prefiero la vida que dan sus besos de caramelo y la suave caricia de su piel caliente.