

Pierre Daubigny

GAIA GLOBAL CIRCUS

1. PROLOGUE

L – Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Gaia Global Circus. Behind us you can see a circus tent.

J – A circus tent? It's not a circus tent at all.

C- A cloud. An Earth. A / canopy.

M – A tarp. A / tent.

L – Ladies and gentlemen, what you see behind us is the world. Well, a copy, because the world is there, outside, and frankly we didn't want to bring it in here. This morning we tried to put the whole world in here, everything. But there wasn't enough room for all of you. So we threw it back out, like that, *plunk*. So, you're here, that's good, and instead of the world, we got that.

So I know it will be difficult, but you'll have to believe that this thing is the best we've found to understand what is happening to the Earth. And to us as well.

What you see here is a climate model. If the temperature goes up or down a little in this room, it could fall on us. Or it could end up very far away. If we increase the levels of certain gases throughout the evening, it could also be affected. We must also avoid drafts, so please remain seated and do not leave the room. It might seem still, but actually it is stirred by constant jolts. A bit like if one of the people you see here tried to balance on a balloon. So I would ask that you breathe calmly, and especially avoid exhaling all at the same time. Or laughing.

TEMPEST.

2. ENVELOPES

Narrow light.

C – I'm in my mother's womb. Hello, I'm in my mother's womb. I say that, but it's not true. I'm a tiny organism, an embryo in my mother's womb. I say "I" but in fact I don't even know I exist.

Neither does my mother. She's just made love with this man who doesn't know he's my father. My mother's womb is underneath my mother's clothes. Her clothes are under overalls. The overalls are inside a space shuttle, and this my mother knows.

The space shuttle is on the Baikonour launch pad, in the USSR.

I say "I am" but I should say "I was" because I'm old. Dong. In a moment, my mother will rise above the Earth of men, my mother will no longer be in the terrestrial atmosphere, she will cross the troposphere, the stratosphere, and then the upper atmospheric strata.

Mum, what is there beyond the Earth? Where are we when we aren't on the Earth?

We're in the solar system. In the galaxy. In the Local Supercluster. And after, Mom, where are we?

3. TV1: SHERLOCK HOOD

a. Vote

M – Ladies and gentlemen, it's crystal clear.

Volcanoes no longer shape the planet, man does. There is a cause-and-effect link between human activity and global warming. Well done Man, / you're a real champ.

J – Excuse me, excuse me, excuse me. I'm not fond of the term "man". When you say, "Well done, man", I hear "You, womenfolk, no bravo, off with you to the cave and cook me some Bison"

M – Who is for? Who is against? Let's vote.

L – Wait ! We're not going to vote. We were telling this great story of a cosmonaut. It was the perfect beginning to say : "careful, the Earth is fragile like your mother's womb."

M – Who is for, who is against ?

L – Against what?

M – Those who wish to change the word that signifies "us". That we stop saying Man is responsible for Global Warming because that would imply that women are completely innocent.

J – Excuse me, that's not what I said. On the contrary, I said that we were sick of defining our species in the masculine. Can we please stop with the "hunter-gatherer complex" ? When you're done playing cowboys and Indians in the forest, you come home and you want your woman to roleplay too, you want her to dress your wounds and even better, that she licks them, so that we start a nice little homemade porn in front of the fireplace but – Hellooo ! - there is no fireplace, it's a microwave that we bought together on credit and I contribute to our monthly payments just the same as you do.

M – Whereas it's their fault as well, I mean, feminism began at the same time that the mass consumption society. There is no coincidence here. Why else would we have mass-produced washing machines, coffee machines, "bing" machines, machines that make other machines, nail polish, nail varnish, tumble dryers, hair dryers, freezers, fridges, de-humidifiers, air-conditioners, if it's not for women's comfort.

[Pause.] We didn't say anything embarrassing, did we?

C – no, it's fine

J – Enough debating. Let’s vote. / Who is “For”?

L – Actually voting is not democratic.

J – Shut up. / Who is “For”?

L – Voting is the tyranny of the majority.

J – Shut the hell up. Do you abstain?

L – No, I vote “For”.

J – Good, everyone is “For”. Now we have to choose what we’ll say instead of, “Man is responsible for Global Warming.” On the count of 3 : 1,2, 3 !

Humans/Cancer of the Earth/Tapeworm of the World/Prometheus, Frankenstein

Pause.

1. , 2, 3 !

Aids of the Earth/Adam and Eve/Humans/Humans

J – The votes are in. From now on we’ll say: Humans are responsible for Global Warming.

M – Now we have to tell them.

J – It’s fine. I already told them.

M – No, not them, they already know. We’re going to say it on TV.

J – Dressing room #1, Studio C of television network Earthquake TV, broadcast in 182 countries, even those that don’t have television. We’re in London, England.

C – An English scientist – Sherlock Hood, / looks at himself in the mirror.

L - /that’s me

J - he doesn’t recognize himself

C - why?

J - Because the television has transformed him, you see

J – Now, this suit might look (tacky /a little bit too much), but it’s not at all. It’s the suit of a man whom scientists have tasked with announcing on television that human beings cause an unprecedented disruption to the Earth. Ladies and gentlemen, the man standing in front of you is the perfect man for the job.

C – The perfect human for the job.

L –Come back here, I need to practice. In three minutes I’ll be on a TV Set facing a professional politician. Why is our planet warming? Because of greenhouse gases, mainly CO2–

M – You should explain what CO2 means.

L – The best-known being carbon dioxide, aka CO2. It keeps heat in, preventing it from escaping as it would naturally at night. But the real agent of rising CO2 levels is human activity.

C – You’re not going to give a lecture, are you?

L – I don’t bullshit.

J – You won’t have time, you have to be efficient.

M – Yes, you’re on TV, you need visuals.

L –Look, I brought slides.

M – Blue for cold, then yellow and orange for heat, red and crimson for abnormal warming? How original ! We’ve seen it a hundred times. Go on, throw it out.

J – It’s not a conference, you’re going to be facing a politician, the guy’s a professional.

L – But it’s going to be exciting, I need to rehearse. I’m not ready !

b. TV 1. Coaching

M – Through the looking glass.

J – That’s not bad. Through the un-tinted looking glass, two people are watching Sherlock Hood displaying his particular brand of British egotism.

M – They’re in the dark so as not to be seen by Hood. That helps us identify them as bad guys.

J – The one on the left is a man who worked hard to tighten a once-flabby body. Two-piece suit, unassuming tie, thinly-framed glasses. A politician. Sherlock Hood’s adversary in the debate starting in two minutes on the set of Earthquake TV.

M – The one on the right: impressive physique. He swims an hour a day, even when he was top of his class at his Ivy League university. Even as a brilliant corporate lawyer. And even when he founded the [bip] Institute, he would swim an hour a day. He never takes holidays, but always looks rested. He’s not tense. He’s sharp.

J – A man who makes / no mistakes.

M – A dangerous man.

J – A flawless man.

C – Theodore.

J – What?

C – George ? His name is / George?

J – Yes, okay, George, that’s good / George

M – Ted.

J – Pardon?

M – Ted.

J – Ted, yes, Ted. His name is Ted.

C – What are you doing, by the way?

J – We play the bad guys. Tell Hood that his opponent has arrived for the debate, I am Shinkus, the politician.

M – And I’m his special advisor, Ted.

C – Gentlemen, we start in one minute.

M – Objective n°1: break him. You have three sentences before he cuts you off. In three sentences the entire audience must be convinced of one thing: this guy is a nutcase, a conspiracy theorist, a loser.

Objective n°2: play down. Be cool. Climate change is not such a big deal. It's not the apocalypse. Winter is coming ? So what ? There have always been storms, by definition weather means change. That's the very reason we love this good old Earth – it's always changing. You're the boss. Your wisdom inspires confidence.

Objective n°3 : controversy. Careful, this is the most delicate point. You've read reports by experts who are equally qualified.

J – Like who?

M – Avoid the question. Scientists aren't in agreement on this so-called human responsibility. Sherlock Hood's position is extreme. He's a fanatic. People are afraid of fanatics.

Objective n° 4 : The green.

C – Last call. Dear guests, please make your way to the tv set.

J –The what?

M – The colour. Green. We're going to steal the colour green from him. We're the ones who started sustainable development. So / we shouldn't over-dramatize.

JINGLE

-----**TV SHOW**-----

J – I think we shouldn't over-dramatize. Citizens and their representatives are aware of the risks.

L – Is that why you want to carry on as before? You're aware that we're heading toward disaster, Mr. Shinkus?

J – We didn't wait for Mr. Hood to create his Global Warmists' Cult / to tackle the problem.

L – Excuse me? You call the entire scientific community a "Global Warmists' Cult"?

J – Please, please, Mr. Shood, I listened to you, now it's my turn to speak. Thank you. Risk management is an essential part of our public policy. Do you know how many people are working around the clock on this very question? Do you really think that these men and women are being paid for doing nothing? That they deliberately lie about the state of our planet? No, Mr. Hood, I won't tolerate such an attempt to discredit our devoted civil servants.

L – Thank you for those beautiful words, Mr. Shinkus, I'm very happy to know that you're an expert on these risks. What interests me are the figures. Do you know how much we have to reduce our production / of greenhouse gases in the next few years? Excuse me?

TED – 15%.

J – By 15%. By 15%. Will you let me respond? You ask a question but you don't want to hear the answer?

L – This is unacceptable!

J – 15%.

L – Lies. 15% today is impossible! No one will be in agreement before 2020!

J – 2020? We're not waiting for 2020 / to act, Mr. Hood. We're serious people tackling serious issues and...

L – Thug ! Prick ! And what about future generations! Child murderer!...

4. BIP

C - We're listening (*dans le noir*)

Hood

1. It's a complex problem... Man is no longer an actor in front of an immobile stage-set, we can no longer manipulate the Earth like a plaything. This is why we speak of the Anthropocene...
2. When you throw your rubbish out to the East, it will always come back to hit you in the face from the West. It's spherical. These are loops, retroaction loops.
3. *Parle en play back dans l'invisible* – « Gaia Theory »
4. *Puis De dos, silence moment de desespoir*
5. Space: the Final Frontier. Captain Kirk to Enterprise, Captain Kirk to Enterprise: Mr. Spock, do you read me? I've been beamed on to an unknown planet. For the moment no signs of life are detected. Further exploration required in the search for new forms of life. All that to say this world has ended. There are no other Earths; there are no more frontiers.
6. (*Sung*) I see trees of green, red roses too. I see 'em bloom for me and you. And I think to myself... we screwed up all the world
7. Floods, mudslides, epidemics, death by the thousands...

J – Lights on !

C – Obviously, Hood got screwed up. Everyone found it too complicated.

L – Listen, when we expect science to be as simple as a TV-reality show, we can't be surprised when we're manipulated.

M – That answer wasn't too bad.

J – Yes, but it came too late.

C – And who do you think you are to tell people what they have to do ?

L – But we have to change all that! We can't continue to mess up the Earth. We have to stop. Phosphate detergents, circuit boards, heated terraces, air-conditioning, disposable pens, disposable lighters, disposable razors.

C – Shit, give me a break, it's not shameful to want a little comfort. I don't want to live the way cavemen did.

M – Are you really going to take public transportation? Go on holiday a few kilometres from your house? “Sweetie pie, we're going on holiday. I'm taking you to Reading_!”

J – Last summer we took the...
The kids loved it.

C – She bursts into tears. She's always loved cooking chocolate cakes. Now, if she wants to make some, she'll have to live next to a cacao plantation, surrounded by horrible mosquitoes which will give her paludism...

L. My dear, you're crying, but do you remember...

5. TV 2: OXYGENE

L – Advertisement 1979: Hazelnut spread. Jingle. A man comes home from work in his station wagon, opens the electric gate.

M- From the kitchen, his wife sees him: he parks, gets out, shuts the car door with a self confident gesture.

J – It makes a satisfying “clunk”.

M – Arriving in the kitchen he spots his kid...

L – Ted.

M - ... Big-cheeked, in a British kind-of-way – Ted, yes, seated in front of a piece of toast on which his mother has spread a thick layer of hazelnut spread. And a glass of milk to remind us that this is all very healthy.

C – She glides over to her husband and pecks him on the cheek. She takes his overcoat. The kid gets good grades; he’ll be an engineer.

L – Or a CEO.

J – Or the founder of a big multinational packaging company.

C – All this thanks to hazelnut spread. That’s what advertising used to be. Tacky.

J – This world doesn’t exist anymore. It’s dead.

L. It’s not dead. The only change is that nowadays it has been freshly painted in green. There is green everywhere.

M – Suddenly, people were asked to pay for their plastic bags at the supermarket. A cent for your bag.

J – Thanks to all these cents, we’ve been able to buy green, a lot of green.

C – any other colour is out-of- style. Red is awfully stressful, pink is chemical, yellow is fat, and blue is not alluring.

M - Now we’re in for the green

L - We're gonna be healthy

M – Advertising 2016: A new hazelnut spread has come out. Jingle.

L – Exactly. Times have changed. This new hazelnut spread is called “Oxygen”.

J – Don't you find that hazelnut spread sounds a little flabby?

C – fat

M – greasy.

L – Times have changed so much that hazelnut spread has become a bar. The “Oxygen” cereal bar.

J - A man comes home after jogging. Athletic figure. The outline of a man who jogs every morning, even when he's in a commercial. Square jaw like Kirk Douglas, grey tank-top, sporty but refined.

C - He's sweaty, healthy, happy. Oxygen fills his lungs. Obviously, he lives in a land without carbon dioxide.

L – In the garden, a few steps from the compost heap, his son Ted adds some natural fertilizer to the organic vegetable patch. “Daddy, come and see the ladybirds”

M – “Ladybirds are useful. They eat bugs.” At the same time his wife comes out of the dry toilet. She came home from her pottery class and parked her bike against the fence. She's blessed with a natural kind of beauty.

C – The kid climbs down from the tree carrying three apples.

L – The woman looks like the goddess of the harvest. She gives out “Oxygen” cereal bars, in packaging that imitates kraft paper. The “Oxygen” logo looks as if it had been hand-written on an old-fashioned box.

C – It's the end of the ad. The camera zooms out. We see identical cottages all around, and, in the distance, great green plains, forests, rivers. Nature.

Silence.

J – Yes, and as the camera continues to zoom out, we see the Rocky Mountains, and then the Atlantic and the Pacific.

L – We continue to go up. We can just make out the Great Wall of China.

C – It's the Earth. Planet Earth. On a tapestry of stars.

J – It's beautiful. We're on it yet we see it from beyond.

J – It is alive. We are alive.

L – "Oxygen."

6. TV3: WOLFF

M – Ladies and gentlemen, I have a dream. You have a dream. We have a dream. We're dreaming that one day we will see the Earth from outer space. You might even be lucky enough tonight. As our special event unfolds, we remind you that it is an evening dedicated to "The Earth". What is The Earth, what does it have to tell us, how do we hear it? Please keep your donations coming by calling the number appearing at the bottom of the screen. We have a big surprise in store for you. A very special guest, ladies and gentlemen. He knows the Earth intimately; we might say he's its spokesperson. He is a man of science, a man of culture.

L – Sherlock Hood?

M – Recognized for his unparalleled wisdom. He rarely gives interviews. I'm told that he's ready. Please welcome, live from outer space, Franck Wolff!

Wolff – Hello!

Musique. Theme de Gaia

M – He's old. He knows he's going to die. He's travelling on a space shuttle at NASA's invitation. Franck Wolff, as someone who knows the Earth from close up, what's it like to see it from space for the first time?

J – It's not his first time.

L – What do you mean?

J – It's not his first trip. He was conceived in a / space shuttle.

L – Let's say his mother was cosmonaut.

WOLFF – Mum was a cosmonaut.

L – She was pregnant with him when she left on a mission to space. It was her secret.

J – No, she didn't even know she was pregnant.

L – But she hoped she was. Alright?

WOLFF – I'm looking at the Earth and I have something important to say.

M – Ladies and gentlemen, live from outer space, please give a big round of applause:
Franck Wolff.

- shut....

WOLFF – From where I am I can see it: the Earth is a living organism. We believed the Earth was ours. That it was meant to be exploited for the benefit of humanity. And now it's too late. The Earth suffers from a fever.

J – Too late ?

WOLFF - It has taken centuries of scientific progress to bring me up to where I am now. And as I look at this path we've taken what do I see? [Smoking ruins.]
Humans have poisoned their own wells.
They have poisoned their own homes.
They have decimated their crops.
They shit where they eat. Even pigs don't eat their own shit.
Humanity is not a group of co-owners who has to decide how much they're willing to pay to whitewash a crumbling façade.
Man is going to die.

J – And woman too !

DOCTOR

L – I have your x-rays. Would you like to take a seat?

J – I'm ready Doctor, go ahead.

L – It's not pneumonia. It's more serious.

J – Alright. How long do I have?

L – It's difficult / to say.

J - The truth, Doctor. No nonsense. The truth.

L - It's a...

J - Tell me everything.

L - Well the diagnosis is / certain.

J - I can / take it.

L - We're going to keep you in. We'll begin a course of treatment. It will be long. It won't be easy.

J - No.

L - Excuse me?

J - No. I don't want to become a vegetable. I want to die like this, standing up. I'll travel. I'll see the Great Wall of China. Machu Pichu. Tierra del Fuego. The brothels of Macau. Cruisin' with the top down. Chain smoking the whole way. And then suddenly – bam! – I'll bite the dust. Like a real cowboy.

L - Now he's bursting into tears.

C - And Wolff... he's / laughing.

Voice on the radio: I have good news and bad news. Good news is, the Earth will be fine. It has a fever because it is struggling but it will heal. Bad news is, to do so it must rid itself of us. Like that, "plunk".

Silence.

And now? Not over yet? Go for it – when you're all done with oil, try something else. And the day you discover an engine that runs only on bone marrow, what will you do? Ciao humans, nice knowing you!

Silence.

7. THE END OF THE WORLD

a. Boeuf Mironton

M – Have you heard?

J – Humanity will cease to exist in a few generations.

L – Just imagine archaeologists in 10,000 years discovering my diary: today, September, 29, 2016, I had a second helping of “roast beef and Yorkshire pudding”.

M – But too bad, there won't be any archaeologists in 10,000 years. There won't be anyone left.

C - “roast beef and Yorkshire pudding”?

L – No one left to read my diary.

C – No one makes “roast beef and Yorkshire pudding” nowadays. It's completely obsolete.

J – No one left to describe the Egyptian pyramids, the temples of Angkor Wat, or to admire the brushstrokes of the impressionists.

- No one left to read dead people's blogs.
- All those words and photos posted online that no one will ever see again.
- Ripped out modems and musty keyboards.
- Nor the sunset. And only enormous cockroaches left to gorge on pages of Marcel Proust.

J – And in a world like that, there's definitely no “roast beef and Yorkshire pudding”.

Pause.

b. Riot

M – People have left their homes.

C – They take to the streets. Riot scene, anyone? Who votes “For”?

L – No, we're not voting.

RIOT SCENE

J – It's 7pm in New York. Midnight in London. One AM in Paris, 2am in Johannesburg and Khartoum. It's 5am in Drottningholm, 9am in Almati, 4pm in Nauru Islands. All around the world cities are on fire and the streets bleed.

c. The Pier

Silence.

C – A city in turmoil, somewhere in Southern Europe.

M – Portugal or France.

C – Spain. Italy. Greece.

M – It used to be a large industrial port. Now it's almost nothing.

C – And this pier. This pier gives them the impression of stability, their love is fragile, it's just been born into a world gone wrong, you see, they need this image.

M – This pier truly has become the meeting place of lovers. It attracts them all. It allures / them.

C – Excuse me, but tonight there are only two of them.

M – Exactly, there are only two of them. While the rest of the world gives itself over to looting, they have decided to meet at the end of the / pier.

C – The entrance.

M – The entrance to the pier, of course, they always walk to the end together. She's afraid to go there alone. They walk towards the edge of the pier.

C – She imagines her neighbour, the fat man with the moustache who came back this afternoon with two televisions.

M – He imagines his brother Ted. Ted who used their father's old van to attack ATMs.

C – A ram car.

M – A ram car, yes, it's raining bank notes. Or: the car crashes, his brother dies, that kind of things.

C – Enough of the stream of consciousness. They speak.

M – No, they remain silent, they wish this beautiful moment would last forever.

C – The wind rises from offshore. A wave breaks on the pier. He looks up.

M – It's beautiful, he says.

C – I'm scared, she says.

M – Of what, he says? He's glad it's a moonless night, it's dark, he starts to have dirty thoughts.

C – Their conversation ends there.

Prophet –It's a day of reckoning -

J – He looks just like Philipulus the Prophet, you know, the one who announces the end days in Tintin, "The Shooting Star".

Prophet – It's the day of reckoning! It's the end of time. You, man, ice, rubbed, you said grow and multiply, yet here you are, a maggot in an apple core, the pesticide on the apple's skin, the melanoma of the pesticide of an apple's skin. I hate you. This cancer must awaken. The word has germinated throughout my story and I am here. The lord said in my words, 'grow and multiply, dominate the earth and the earth will be arranged by the word of man in alphabetical order.' If the world must be cleaned up, there's no-one left but you and I here, tapeworms, come over. We're going to clean up the world. Start with your rubbish. You are dirty, you're dirty from everything you've thrown out. The world is one colossal harmony, but it stinks of tin cans, it stinks of the planet's death, your soul is rotten he says. Now you are going to circle the earth three times spitting on your feet and once you have circled the earth three times, spitting, it will be time for the day of reckoning,

Let loose my sex, my mother the earth has done a crappy fart from which you, my twin brother are born, expelled into space but then you invented the force of gravity and you came back to stick yourself to mother earth, even tics are useful. You, you have putrefied the world. And now you find words for yourself to talk about your disasters but your words have no meaning, spit, god's hand is touching you and you must become earth if you don't embody the plankton you've understood nothing you are dirty from all that you've thrown away you believe that it's your shit that's dirty but your shit's useful because it kills you your words are what's dirty, they stink. Stop talking about polar bears, stop inventing long words like knives peeling the apple, cutting the world's cake, stop talking about the world stop talking the world is sick of you. Now under the ice he said 'take all the humans and dig a big hole you will plant them far under the ice as

pasture for sea animals. It will be their punishment'. Then you will build a windowless ship and you will lock yourself in and you will try to reshape the world to think about what makes it up. You will put in the living and the dead the eyes and ears animals and plants the movement of the earth around the sun you will think about everything that makes the world and after forty years you will leave this world in the windowless ship and you will come out and see the world of God.

C – Holy shit.

M – The prophet cries out a few last lines, but no one hears them because the lovers have retreated.

C – And then he throws himself into the water.

Rain.

8. NEGOCIATIONS

M - Ladies and gentlemen, I speak to you as Prime Minister of this summit's host country. First of all, I have a confession to make : when I opened this summit I was frightened. We are 182 countries with diverging interests. Nevertheless we needed the unanimous agreement. I stress "unanimous" – there was no vote to be had – we needed to all be in agreement. Without exception, every one of us had to look at our future on a bigger scale: that of the Earth as whole. The negotiations were long. Ladies and gentlemen, we knew the whole world was watching us. We did not want to end in failure. I'm honoured to announce to you that this agreement has been reached.

The commitments we have made are brave. They are definitive. And they are not half-measures, nor are they formulated in technocratic jargon. I will speak a language everyone can understand.

We have decided... Can you hear me? We have decided to leave to our children the choice whether or not to repeat our mistakes. Our decision is irrevocable, we will not move backwards. Our children must find the solution. So that they cannot shirk away from their historic task, we have decided to further aggravate the Earth's situation.

To help our children accomplish their mission, I solemnly invite you to trash the Earth as much as possible from now to your death.

In three years, we will meet for another summit to analyse the first results of this historic agreement. In the name of future generations, I say thank you. This is the most beautiful day of my life. Thank you.

Grand silence –

9. SHE'S LEAVING HOME

L – So what we're talking about here is someone. Someone we don't know how to see. We humans find it hard to see which doesn't speak. I'll give you a hint: what if this someone was like us? This someone is...? Is...?

C - It's a child. He can't speak yet.

M - He speaks.

C – He doesn't speak, he doesn't speak his parents' language. We ignored him? We prepared him? Now we speak to him using baby-talk but maybe one day we'll speak to him as a human being. So the child stares into your eyes like this, he doesn't say anything, but he looks at you. His name is / Gaïa.

M – It's a woman. An outraged woman. Her man is very macho. He's slumped in front of the TV and he's watching "Oriental Jasmine," his porn for the evening. It looks like a kind of animal documentary. She comes from the kitchen wearing rubber gloves [beep.]. She stays in the doorway. And if she talked to him? What would she say? She can't take it anymore? Since when? For a long time, but she had never realized it? That the only solution is to run away?

L – No, she won't say anything. She'll leave, he'll stay lying on the couch like a piece of shit until he dies because he's run out of crisps. He wanks himself off, he drinks, he sleeps in, he enjoys himself, he dies.

J – She's a teenager. Her name is... her name is Gaïa. No one has ever bothered to listen to her. She'll run away. She doesn't want to talk anymore, she loses herself in her music.

[The Beatles, She's leaving home.]

Wednesday morning at five o'clock as the day begins
Silently closing her bedroom door
Leaving the note that she hoped would say more
She goes down the stairs to the kitchen clutching her handkerchief
Quietly turning the backdoor key
Stepping outside she is free.

She (We gave her most of our lives)
is leaving (Sacrificed most of our lives)
home (We gave her everything money could buy)
She's leaving home after living alone

For so many years.

Father snores as his wife gets into her dressing gown
Picks up the letter that's lying there
Standing alone at the top of the stairs
She breaks down and cries to her husband Daddy our baby's gone
Why would she treat us so thoughtlessly
How could she do this to me.

She (We never thought of ourselves)
is leaving (Never a thought for ourselves)
home (We struggled hard all our lives to get by)
She's leaving home after living alone
For so many years.

Friday morning at nine o'clock she is far away
Waiting to keep the appointment she made
Meeting a man from the motor trade.

She (What did we do that was wrong)
is having (We didn't know it was wrong)
fun (Fun is the one thing that money can't buy)
Something inside that was always denied
For so many years.
She's leaving home. Bye, bye

10. CONFERENCE

C – She’s very tense.

L – Who? Gaïa?

M – Virginia.

L – Virginia. For 16 years she’s been attending universities, seminars, symposia.

M – Australian. When she was 28 years-old, she received a research grant in the United States. Three years later she is offered a well-paying job. She refused, returned to Australia to live with her husband in the countryside. Two children. She doesn’t care about money. She likes rock music.

C – She’s not afraid of speaking to non-scientists. She has done it many times. Wasn’t too bad. Her last interview was “Liked” by internet users from all over the world. Her [beep] rating went through the roof. There was even a guy in Sri Lanka who proposed to her.

M – Who’s in the audience ?

L – Experts.

M – Not experts. Bloggers. A conference-hall full of bloggers.

L – Ladies and gentlemen, you enjoyed Franck Wolff, you’ve seen an advertisement, you had a great time with “Oriental Jasmine”, and now please welcome... Virginia!

Virginia entre.

J - I’m not here to talk to you about what’s going to happen if we don’t come to an agreement on the reduction of CO2 emissions. There’s no “if” anymore.

I’m going to talk about future events that have already occurred.

I’m going to talk about the future, but not as a warning nor as a prediction.

This is a future that cannot be avoided.

This future will be.

C - Pause, she drinks a glass of water, placed to the right of the microphone on the Plexiglass stand.

L – The desk.

C – What?

L – The desk.

C – The desk, right. She puts her glass of water on the desk.

J – I have noticed a problem with the word “future.” When we say “future,” we believe it means “that which could be but equally could not,” or we believe it means “better than today and far better than yesterday,” or we even believe that “future” means “science fiction.” But we have forgotten what the “future” is.

C – The earlier silence has given way to the tapping of keyboards. The bloggers are at work, she thinks: they record, they edit. Smartphones, tablets, netbooks.

L – They’re like extensions of your hand.

C – Of your leg, your ear, your brain.

L – Appendages.

C – Prostheses.

J – Can we focus, guys ?

C – You’re right, something’s happening.

L – Exactly. She thinks she has seen the flash of a blade in the middle of the room. Her eyes search for the source of the reflection. A watch. A huge one. A man wears it on his wrist and reflects a beam of light into her eye.

C – Athletic silhouette. Impressive physique. A man who swims an hour a day every day, even when he’s at a conference halfway around the world. Jaw line like Kirk Douglas. He’s not tense. He’s sharp.

L - A flawless / man.

C - A dangerous / man.

J – Twat. This is what will be. Will be. And you will see it before the end of your life. We talk about Global Warming trends. That means that on a global scale the Earth will continue to warm. No matter what we do. At the same time, this doesn’t mean we won’t be able to see spectacular drops in temperature at local levels. This changes nothing on the whole. In fact, it is precisely these violent meteorological phenomena that are more likely to multiply.

Well if you want the back story, it's dark. More hurricanes of increasing destructive force, tornados over the oceans, a world off-balance, a world enraged. We have increased the oceans' temperature by several degrees. Not to flog a dead horse. But a few things will change. Some species will go extinct... oh well, not the end the world. Do you want to know how many? Half of all living things.

Ted – Virginia?

J – I'm listening.

Ted – Do you have evidence for what you're saying?

J – Evidence? The question of evidence is not relevant when talking about the future, Mr...

Ted – Ted.

J – Well, Ted, there is only evidence of a past. For example when a murder has been committed, we can find evidence. On the other hand, as long as the murder has not been / committed...

Ted – We only have suspicions?

J – If you like.

Ted – And in your eyes do these suspicions constitute a truth?

J– Of course they do. It's not really a matter of suspicion, but of necessity. Instead of evidence, we have models that simulate various scenarios. What I've just explained to you is common to every scenario modelled and tested by scientists.

Ted - Nonetheless, it seems to me that certain scientists, the ones you call "climate sceptics", / don't share your opinion?

J – They're not scien/tists, but...

Ted – Excuse me, may I? Thank you. They're also scientists, we could have / invited them.

J – They represent 13% of the scientific community.

Ted – That much? And to you 13% doesn't merit an invitation?

J – That's 13% of scientists in general. Among climatologists, it's barely 2%!

Ted – The truth is not always on the side of the majority, is it?

C – She’s not going to answer ?

L- She smells the trap. If she says that there is a scientific consensus he will say that back in the days of the inquisition there was a consensus to say the sun orbited the earth.

Ted- Do you have a response? No ? It seems to me that internet-users like to judge for themselves. Don’t you think it would have been better to organize a contradictory debate? Naturally, we all agree with you here. However the internet-users might think that your approach to the truth is, a little, how can I put it, authoritarian. As for myself, I don’t know anything about it, I’m not a scientist like you, but it seems to me that if you are right, there had better be a discussion. And if you’re in the lead we may consider that you are trustworthy. No? I’m a citizen of the free world and I like to form my own opinion by listening to the arguments on both sides. This is how /democracy is forged, is it not ?

J- I’m particularly fond of the blogging culture. Where we do not suffer the tyranny of the majority’s thinking. But before holding the debate one must isolate the part which is undebatable. What I’m saying here is not even up for discussion.

Ted- However, there are a few voices out-there to refute your visions of Apocalypse...

DISPUTE

C- Freeze- The opponents size each other up. This little shit isn’t a cool blogger. He’s a pro. Apocalypse my ass. This asshole is a loaded gun in her conference room. Now hundreds of bloggers will start talking about fucking ‘apocalyptic visions’.

L- A few years ago, she would have tried to justify herself. She has the means to do so. But this discussion would become complex, too complex. She’s Anglo-Saxon, she knows the law of the modern world: movement.

J- Ok. In case any of you weren’t convinced by my argument I highly recommend you do your research on these people who insult me with accusations of fear mongering. Off the top of my head, go and check-out the Rixon institute. You’ll find some interesting information there. Now, go have a look at the ‘about us’ tab. Copy and paste into your search engine, and where do you find them, all these people?

C- A murmur of conversation spreads in the room. Rapidly, the bloggers are exchanging the results of their research.

J –They are the so-called scientific direction committees, they are the so-called scientific experts. So on the one hand, the oil industry is bullshitting you by telling you they want to save the poor little polar bears. They sponsor contests for the nicest picture of the

Artic ice. And on the other hand, do you know what they do ? They drill under the ice cap because twenty years from now when there is no more ice in summertime, they finally get to extract all the oil there is. And they are here too. They also infiltrate this room. Now I'm sure that you all have questions for M. Ted, haven't you ?

M- Ted gets up and goes towards the door. A few strong-looking men break rank and advance on him, they don't look like they want to ask him questions. The game is over. He goes out.

J- When you see your masters, warn them : scientists are on the war path !

C- The bloggers aren't cheering? That's a pity, she got her footing back very well.

L-They're at work. They're checking.

J- Shall we do for me what I've just done for him? Do you want to? On my research lab's website you will find various pieces on the origin of the funds which allow us to conduct our work. I will also provide you with various tax documents, personal in nature, concerning my husband David and me. That'll give you an idea of what my world's like. And theirs. It's for you to judge.

C- The next morning, Virginia relaxes on the plane. She thinks about what she said, 'The scientists are on the war path.' Her reaction was a bit extreme. In fact, she knows nothing of war. She wonders where this feeling comes from...

11. VIRGINIA

Virginia- I'm scared.

Who's that guy in front of the school?

Ok, my work isn't about catastrophes it's about risk.

Risk means that I'm here I'm watching.

I say this is going to happen, that this can happen, that this will happen if this and that.

I show.

I record lots of things again and again almost unaware of it. That's what we call professional conditioning. That's what my father says.

So this fucking guy in front of the school, is it my imagination?

I saw him. I saw him at the conference, I saw him on the plane, I saw him... No I didn't see him, but the Chevrolet that was following, I would bet my life on it

My life on it.

Fuck.

I'm scared.

'We know you have two children.'

What if I've been wrong all along? What if the Greeks hadn't been in the horse's belly?

What if it wasn't the end of the world?

When I was little I liked the bit when old king Priam gets killed in his palace.

The Greeks are really strong. They win. Why did I always believe that the Greeks were the good guys?

Now I am Cassandra, the king of Troy's daughter.

I'm gonna get out of here.

I don't have anywhere to go.

I'm gonna hide. Here.

I've been in disguise.

My name is not Virginia, my name is Gaia.

Ciao human kind!

Shut your mouth!

Stop speaking!

Give them no more.

Don't scatter.

Keep your waters.

Freeze.

12. ARCH 1: NOE

L- "The Lord saw the Earth. The Lord saw how great the wickedness of the men had become on the earth. "

C - Humans.

L - ...Of humans had become on the earth. God said to Noah, "I'm going to put an end to all people, for the earth is filled with violence because of them. So make yourself an ark of Cyprus wood; make rooms in it, and coat it with pitch inside and out. This is how you are to build it; The ark is to be 300 cubits long, 50 cubits wide, and 30 cubits high. Make a roof for it. Put a door in the side of the ark and make lower, middle and upper decks. I'm going to bring flood-waters on the earth to destroy all life under the heavens, every creature that has the breath of life in it. Everything on earth will perish. But I will establish my covenant with you, and you will enter the ark- you and your sons and your wife and your sons' wives with you."

J- Noah, diner's ready!

C- Later. At night indoors.

J- Noah and his Mrs are stretched out on the couch. They've been watching the debate with Sherlock Hood on Earthquake TV. Noah's very depressed.

L- You see what I mean? Sherlock hood's awful. If I had been there, the people would have known straight away that it was the end of the world, I would have said: dong the Lord saw the earth : The Lord saw how great the wickedness of the human race had become on the earth. Dong, The Lord said to Noah: "I'm going to put an end to all people'. Dong.

C -Bring.

C -The red telephone. God.

L - Oh my god.

J - What does he want now?

L - I'll ask him.

J- As far as I know, you're not on call.

L- Hello? Yes, fine... Ok, I'm not fine actually... Yes, I saw the news. Not funny, huh? What about all these eco-prophets...That we do the Ark thing again? Oh really? Ok ok ok. Alright. I'll go tomorrow...

C- The next morning.

J- Noah in front of the bank. Early, as usual. The poor guy gets the cold eight months a year because he always waits outside. Above his head, the bank flashes its name in capital letters.

L- T-E-D. TED. Well, yes.

C- Later. Scene with the banker.

M- Mr Noah, I don't have much time.

L- I know. You never do.

M- You wouldn't know about that, eh? You have eternity.

L- Did you watch the TV yesterday evening?

J- The banker blushes.

M- No, why?

J- He watched Oriental Jasmine.

L- Well I watched it. There was a great debate between Sherlock Hood and (beep). Do you know what Sherlock Hood said?

M- Nooo.

L- He said that the sea level will rise one meter by 2100.

M- Aaah. It's the great flood then?

L- It's the great flood/ Dong

M- Listen Mr. Noah, it was already the big flood last week when you came round. If all my clients came and asked for money every-time rain was announced, I'd change my job and become a weather man./ You should buy an umbrella.

L- No, no, hold on. During the second part of the evening Wolff was there, you know?

M- That one out of Tintin? In the rocket?

L- Nah nah, Wolff. Franck Wolff. The scholar. But he was in a rocket too.

M- Yeah, right.

L- He said, 'The earth is getting rid of us. Ciao humanity!' Humanity is going to disappear. Do you realize that?

M- I realize that the time is getting on, my dear sir.

L- So, here we go. I have a plan.

M- An ark.

L- What? You already knew about it?

M- A presumption.

L- And in this ark I shall put...

M- A collection of all living things, animals, plants, humans.

L- You knew?

M- yeaah!

L- To do so I will need a vessel made /of...

M- Of wood. Same as last week.

L- Naah! Of plastic! I'm going to collect all the plastic which is rotting/ on earth.

M- But plastic doesn't rot.

L- What?

M- Plastic isn't biodegradable.

L-Who cares?

M- Many people care. How do you expect your Noah to be credible when he doesn't even know that?

(-) Listen Mr. Noah, your market survey hasn't been conducted properly, there isn't enough data and the business plan is not convincing.

L- No! No! Noooo! Noo!

M- No luck Mr. Noah. Your're finished.

J - So ? It's over between us.

L- I don't give a damn! I'll finance the building of my ark with a big loan. I'll do that crowd thingy. Dong. Ladies and gentlemen! At the end of time your money will be useless! Dong. Give it to Noah! Dong. I'll be off to dock my ark in Nauru Islands. I will make Nauru a paradise.

13. ARCH 2: MIDAS

C- Once upon a time there was a king. His name was Midas.

King Midas turned everything he touched to gold.

(-) His shoes.

(-) His dishes. His trees, his/ dog.

(-) His food.

(-) His wife.

(-) His gold.

(-) Even his gold got turned to gold.

(-) He was bored. He was so bored.

(-) When he'd transformed his palace and all his people into gold he went to Nauru Island.

(-) On Nauru there were deposits of phosphate. Open air. All he had to do was stoop down. He opened mines funded by TED bank.

(-) Midas turned the phosphate mines to gold.

(-) The inhabitants. The houses. The know-how.

(-) He turned the ears of wheat to gold. And the grains. And the water. And the earth.

(-) The whole island became golden.

(-) When Midas had turned the earth to gold, there was nothing left to turn to gold and he died.

14. TED

M - There is one thing I want to say. I don't want to be the scapegoat of this story. No, lights up. I founded the Rixon institute, and so what? A fella pays me, I do the job. Ethics? I've got some too. For example I don't much like seeing humans yapping about 'global warming' when they know absolutely nothing about it. Your conviction, does it really come from science? Or does it come from within you, from that part that wants to see disaster? I look at you and I say: first of all he wanted disaster, then he found scientific arguments. And you want to tell the others what they must do?

So you think I'm your enemy because I work with 'capitalists'? And you, you are alright because you give a bit to charity when you win on the lotto. Because you buy bars of fair trade chocolate twice a year. Because you sort-out your rubbish like a true eco-citizen. Because you say that capitalism is awful.

But if you found a cheap plane-ticket you'd spend two weeks at the other side of the world. You buy oranges and orange juice all year round, do you think they grow in Regent's Park ? You dress yourself in clothes made by children in (beep) or in (beep). Don't you think there might be a vague relationship between synthetic fabrics and oil? You don't believe that the intensive farming of cotton could upset ecosystems a bit? And for your daily fix of web-surfing, don't you think someone has had to search the ocean floor for the rare metals which make up your circuit boards? It's extraordinary, the herds of global-warmists: on their bodies the same clothes, beneath their fingertips the same computers, in their mouths the same low cost morality.

[Pause] You and I aren't so different. We are two sides of the same coin. Some people do an hour of yoga a day to fight stress. But yoga isn't the remedy to their work as traders, it's their fuel. The very fact that they do yoga means that they can continue working in the trading rooms. If I were a yoga master it would make me sick. You and I are the same. It is because I exist, that you can put up with yourself. You'd like to be a nice little eco-citizen but you want to enjoy yourself too, and I know that. I invent ways for you to enjoy yourself everyday and the more you enjoy the more you want to enjoy. You try to resist, you try and you try and then you crack. And at this very moment you begin to talk about me, saying that it is awful that I exist.

The idiot and the bad guy it's you with your way of judging things.

L - Are you done?

M - Yeah, I'm done.

15. DIVISION

C – What about us?

L- I beg your pardon?

C- I said, 'What about us?'

J- I don't get it.

C- What's our role in all this?

L- Our role?

C- Take your time.

J - Our role...

M - Shall we vote? No one has anything to suggest ? Well, no vote then.

J - What if we made our own ark? An ark where everybody would fit?

L - What? I have to go back and see the banker again ?

C - Not this bullshit again? You're going to sail your ark on the polluted seas when it's 160°F? That'll be nice. A convoy of corpses.

L - On the Milky Way? Are you going to take all the planet's inhabitants up there to wait for the earth to decontaminate?

C - We'll never be on another planet. Mum, I have to tell you something: After our galaxy, there are other galaxies, but they are too far away for us, we'll never get there.

J - My ark is not an ark for leaving. It's an ark for staying.

L – So, there isn't going to be an ark. An ark to keep the entire earth in is called the earth.

Virginie- We created a computer software program. Its name is Gaïa Global Circus. Thanks to GGC, we understand that there is not one earth but many of them. We can mix models, test scenarios. For example what would happen if we stopped using fossil fuels. Or if we continued our economic growth.

The tragedy I've lived is that for 15 years I've travelled the world to warn people. I have told them what was going on and they all answered: 'Yeah, yeah' and yet they all went back to their lives.

Virginie -

I saw the Greeks getting into the horse
I ran to the henchmen of my father king Priam
I saw the Greeks getting into the horse, I cried out
They looked at me, laughed and told me I was beautiful
But I have something to say you motherfucker
I bring Death I said because Apollo spat in my mouth
They laughed again and the next day they were all lying under the horse
They came out shouting
The Greek heroes
They climbed over the dead bodies of my father's henchmen
I ran to the statue of Athena
Achilles raped me on the statue
Then he sold me to his king
He made me a prostitute
He made gold out of my ass
He sold me to his King
Agamemnon the cuckold
Agamemnon died under Clytemnestra
Then she wanted me killed
And I told her Do not hit me
Call me Cassandra no more
I am Gaia
Apollo spat in *my* mouth
I died under Clytemnestra and Aegisthus her swindler
All that because I said, 'my desire is not your desire'
To a fucking god
I've been the blow up doll of the Trojan war
Now I am Gaia
And you too motherfucker, you are Gaia
And yet you are not me
And I am your enemy
You got me pregnant, I grew your children
They're looking for you now, to castrate you

16. WAR (FINAL)

TEMPEST THEN CALM.

C - She is here. She's coming.

J - What does she look like?

L - Beautiful, emerging from the waters

M - Warrior. She is a little girl armed with an AK47. She's running in a forest of death.

J - Old, toothless.

C - We can't see her. She's like a mirror.

J - There are many of her.

L - She's looking at us whilst looking beyond us. As if the mirror were us.

C - We can't see her, and she's running towards us.

L - She's coming.

M - She'll look after us.

C - We have become big enough. Bigger than volcanoes.

J - She'll crush us.

M - But without intention.

L - She'll marry us

M - But without meaning to.

C - She's beautiful

L - She's horrible. The monstrous bride.

J - We are here on the wedding cake, the little candy newly-weds, and we don't know if we're marrying the bride, the cake or the knife.