

PICTURE A DAY LIKE THIS

*The clock chimes end. ZABELLE and the vision of the garden  
have faded away.*

*Pause.*

Window.

Daylight.

I found myself where I had begun –  
my child lay still on his small child bed.

The women watched me.

The women said:

The page is torn from the vast book  
of the dead –  
punched through by grief –  
sewn with a human thread –  
no one can alter it.

Now do you understand?

I smiled at them.

I showed them – look – look – yes –  
the bright button in my hand.

*She opens her hand: the button is there.*

#### SCENE IV THE COMPOSER

*As the ARTISAN is led out – and with no break – the COMPOSER and her ASSISTANT breeze in.*

COMPOSER      This bar, mark *con fuoco* –

ASSISTANT      . . . *con fuoco* . . .

COMPOSER      – and here, strings *pianissimo* –

ASSISTANT      . . . *pianissimo* . . .

COMPOSER      – to transport us to a shimmering zone  
of pure feeling –

ASSISTANT      – and you have Tokyo on the phone –

COMPOSER      – Tokyo? Tokyo? – he told me Rome –  
you told me Rome!

WOMAN          (*reads from page*)  
‘Known the world over.  
Young and adored.  
Brilliant composer.’

COMPOSER      And you . . . ?

WOMAN          I’d like to ask –

COMPOSER      Ah – ah – an interview.  
Do we have time?