

*MY QUESTIONS ARE SETTLED NOW.
MY STRUGGLES ARE STILLED. THE
BOW TOUCHES THE STRINGS.


*THERE WAS A TIME I WOULD THINK
OF MY LIFE AS A WORK OF ART, A
STORY...OR RATHER, A *SYMPHONY*
THAT TAKES YEARS TO PLAY OUT,
ONE THAT COMES TOGETHER,
MEASURE BY MEASURE, UNTIL ITS
ENTIRE SHAPE IS REVEALED--

*--AND IT IS *BEAUTIFUL*,
AND IT MAKES *SENSE*.

*BUT. ALL OF YOUR LIFE.
YOUR BIRTH, YOUR STUMBLING,
YOUR QUESTIONS AND YOUR
SEEKING, YOUR DREAMS AND
NIGHTMARES--

*--YOUR SADNESS AND YOUR
HELPLESSNESS, YOUR JOY AND YOUR
TRIUMPH, YOUR RAGE, YOUR LAUGHTER,
YOUR MOMENTS OF STILLNESS AND
YOUR BURSTS OF ACTION--


*--THEY ARE *NOT* THE SONG.



*THERE IS ONLY
ONE SYMPHONY.



*YOU PLAY IT WITH
YOUR LAST BREATH.



*ALL THAT
PRECEDES IT
IS ONLY THE
OVERTURE...

*THE AUDIENCE
TURNS TO FACE US.

*THE FIRST BOW TOUCHES THE
STRINGS. A PLAINTIVE SOUND,
ALONE, CALLING OUT.

*THEN THE NEXT JOINS IN,
AND THE NEXT, AND THE NEXT.

*EVERYBODY IN HERE
KNOWS WHAT THIS IS.
EVERYBODY HAS HAD
THEIR OVERTURE.
EVERYBODY HAS
PRESENTED THEIR
THEME.



*NOBODY.

*NOBODY LEAVES
THIS THEATRE
ALIVE.*

SYMPHONY



PART SIX:
MARANA THA