Three chimerical figures: dragonfly, beetle, cockroach, each with a human head.
Setting: Far behind them, an uncut field and a wooden house.
A little man leans from the window.
Stage effects: Wind sifts through etched clouds.
Choppy rumbles in the bass.
Quiet and repeated broken chords for melody.
*Grave serenade.*

Narrator (Pointing to the slightly smudged image in drypoint):
*Notice how the insect, with its exterior skeleton, approaches real form.*

The dragonfly poses in cameo and the beetle gazes straight ahead with mustachioed expression of tension.

The cockroach (crying, he is a protesting baby): *Wahhhh!*

The beetle (speaking to the dragonfly in his lowest voice):
*I don’t believe I can trust anyone with my solitary thoughts.*

Narrator: *Notice the cage of the beetle’s abdomen.*

The dragonfly (she is slightly agitated):
*But I woke you from an exhausting dream.*

The Beetle (his voice, again, is very low):
*I’m sorry, here is my broken face. I don’t want to talk.*

The cockroach (his mouth open wide): *Wahhhh!*

The dragonfly (just remembering):
*I want to find beauty in nothingness.*
*In The Doctrine of Emptiness there is no eye.*

Narrator: *One must put art where it belongs.*