

Scene Two

PIERRE, nineteen, in 1891. A
village in France.

PIERRE

Paris! Have you heard? It's amazing, isn't it? This new Tower. These new dances. These artists. I've just got to go. I've got to go there. You can actually climb this thing, did you know? Looks like it comes from Mars. Goes higher than anything ever built before. Think of the view! Then there's this lucky fellow, spends all night in a club, drinking, drawing pictures of these delectable dancers showing their - fancy anyone not wanting to go to Paris! Especially when all you've known your whole life is what's round here. Mud. Fields. Manure. Filthy cart tracks. Mud. More mud.

I mean, I'm perfectly happy here, really. I am, honest. Everyone here knows me. Cheerful Pierre, the greengrocer's son. They see me every day. Cycling round the village, delivering fruit and vegetables. Waving, whistling, smiling. Serving in the shop. Good morning, Madame, good morning, Monsieur. Care for some fruit? Maybe some veg?

I draw a bit, paint a bit. Exceptionally talented artist, as a matter of fact, even though I say so myself. Still life, mostly. Fruit, you know. And vegetables. An all-round good lad. Friendly. House-trained. Always ready with a jaunty quip. And fruit and veg.

Eventually, I expect I'll settle down right here, in the village. Run the shop. And sell fruit. Like my father before me. And his father before him. Just...vegetate.

Who needs Paris?

No.2: So Far From Here

WHO'D WANT TO CLIMB SO HIGH
THAT YOU CAN KISS THE SKY?

THE TALLEST TOWER IN THE WORLD - SO WHAT?

IS DRAWING DANCING GIRLS
DOING THEIR CRAZY TWIRLS
REALLY SO MUCH FUN?

CAUSE WHEN YOU'RE DOWN TO EARTH
YOU KNOW WHAT LIFE IS WORTH
IT DOESN'T MATTER IF IT'S DULL OR NOT
AND WHEN YOU'RE COLD AND STIFF
WHO'S EVEN BOTHERED IF
YOU BECAME SOMEONE?

LIZZIE

HE HAD A DREAM THAT HE
HAD TO FOLLOW.

BUT WHERE WOULD IT LEAD
TOMORROW?

PIERRE

HOW WILL I GET MY CHANCES?
WHEN WILL I COME HALF NEAR?
CAN I DEFY CIRCUMSTANCES WHEN IT'S SO FAR FROM HERE?

Of course I can! And I will! Just try and stop me. My days as a
delivery boy will be nothing but a distant memory.

ONE DAY I'LL HAVE IT ALL
I'LL BE THE ONE THEY CALL
THE GREATEST ARTIST UNDER SUN AND MOON
AND I'LL WEAR SILK CRAVATS
ONE OF THOSE FLOPPY HATS
THINK HOW SUAVE I'LL BE

I MAY NEED BODYGUARDS
TO WALK THE BOULEVARDS
AND AS I'M PASSING PRETTY GIRLS WILL SWOON
OR GET ALL UNCONTROLLED
AND TRY TO GRAB A HOLD

OF A PIECE OF ME

SO WHEN I
GET MY CHANCES
SEE ME FLY
DISAPPEAR
TO WHERE THE EYE
OF ALL FRANCE IS
SOMEWHERE SO FAR AWAY

One day, my paintings will be on show in every gallery in Paris.
Sensitive, sophisticated connoisseurs of art will punch each other
in the face to get at them. I can see it now.

GIRLS WILL SIGH FOR
MY GLANCES
I'LL CLIMB HIGH
WITH NO FEAR
THAT'S WHEN I
SEIZE MY CHANCES
SOMEWHERE SO FAR FROM HERE.

I'M GOING FAR SOMEDAY.
SEE ME FLY
DISAPPEAR
MY TIME IS NOW,
SOMEWAY, SOMEHOW.
SOMEWHERE SO FAR AWAY
SO FAR FROM HERE