



**ROYAL
DE LUXE**
NANTES

Fall street

Creation 2012

Beyond the West, extends the West, which leads us further into the West : the West spins around the world. It's simply what is known as a direction on this temporal earth : one which conjures images both of paradise and of hell, as days turn into nights.

Legends nourish the souls of man, especially those legends which we will never live out but which hold beliefs which make our hearts beat to the rhythm of a oneness which we only find once our body is buried under two feet of earth. And up until now, nobody has come back to bear witness. Or have they?! Let's see... Indians spoke of seeing their ancestors running over the mountains to search out the large herds of Bison, moving across the plains like rivers of fur and raw meat, making furrows of the earth's dust under the moon's gaze.

Nothing would have happened without the invention of the telegram which brought the young clerk, Ferman Jr, to smash Judge Parker's kangaroo leather-padded door. As it fell down onto his Persian carpet from Baghdad, the door tore out some threads of cashmere, which the Judge watched float down like snowflakes ; Ferman understood, even at his young age of fourteen, that it would have been better to knock. A trembling shiver like a fan on overdrive, coursed through him and his message for the judge. The judge fixed his eyes with a steely glare:

« So kiddo ! What's the news ? »

« Judge, Sir, » Ferman said, his tongue fluttering, as if caught by an attack of Parkinson's, « it's... it's...it's... at Fall Street, the seventh murder with no sign of a murderer or a gunshot. Once again the victim saw the bullet leave his body body before he died. »

« Goddamnit, it's happened again... Ok, bring me the Marshall and tell your father he owes me 300 dollars for the door. We'll see about the carpet later. You owe me three favours. »

« Three ? »

« One for each torn out cashmere thread. » The young Ferman fled, his feet barely touching the ground. Judge Parker leant back in his armchair, his gaze lost in the patterns of the stucco ceiling, and the sculpted breasts of wild mermaids and angels. He smiled and said to himself :

« I will summon the Ham-Man. »

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