



Little negro tales, draft title

Creation 1999

There are cannibal love stories where people tear out their hearts for the pleasure of stitching it back in. These violent comings and goings resemble the movements of waves - sometimes flat and calm - and sometimes furious.

Time passes with his shoes to crush lovers. These lovers are lost for no reason, full of worries and exhausting themselves. They straighten themselves up after the storm and run together, barefoot in the mountains, they leap on the rocks pursued by the shoes and hide when they can, behind the rocks - there they kiss. When they hear the sound of shoes, they start the race again and go down into the plain.

Fatal error ! As they are soon caught up and flattened by the soles. Then they get upset. He drinks, thinks, and tries to breathe. She panics, stamps around and flies off puffing up her lungs. Once in the sky, she floats along then lies down on a deckchair near the sun. Then he crawls and emerges from under the sole. He takes the first ray he finds and climbs like mad up the rope that passes next to the lounge and up to its level, he climbs onto it and kisses her again. But the lounge can't take the weight and falls towards the ground again.

Still floating, resting on the plain, the shoes wake up again, the lovers flee, the shoes advance, the lovers run towards the mountain, the shoes split up and get lost, the lovers find themselves again, but the shoes do too, and life goes on.

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