



# Our Bio - Tech Planet

## Future of Plants and Humans



## PRIMULES - TRANSCRIPT

by Angela Pepi

### PROLOGUE

In ancient Greece, Apollo, God of the Sun, fell madly in love with the nymph Daphne. God declared himself to Daphne but was rejected by her. He then began to chase the girl who had run frightened and was about to reach her when Daphne, now almost exhausted, invoked the help of mother earth Gaea: Daphne's body was thus transformed into a laurel tree before the God was able to have it.

Jacynth, a young prince of Sparta, was also loved by Apollo. The love for the boy was so great that to be close to him, the God neglected his main activities. One day Apollo and Jacinth started a discus-throw competition. Apollo flew the disk in the air first and Jacinth ran to retrieve it, however, having touched the ground, it bounced off his face, mortally wounding him. Apollo tried to save him but could do nothing against fate. He decided, at that point, to transform the handsome boy into a flower with an intense color, the same color of the blood that Jacinth had shed from the wound, so that the young man and the deep sorrow of the God for his death would be remembered forever ...

DAPHNE: Why are you crying?

JACINTH: Who are you?

DAPHNE: You are Jacinth. I saw you running in the woods, I was there when the God Apollo turned you into a flower

GIACINTO: But I did him no offense

DAPHNE: There's no need for an offense to occur. The gods simply do as they please.



TRANSCRIPTS



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JACINTH: But why? I didn't repudiate God, I didn't even know who he was! I don't even remember what happened! I just remember that I threw the disc up in the direction of the sun and raised my hands in anticipation and it fell on my forehead, and I woke up here and my hair were petals that my blood had dyed red. Why this? You who saw what happened, can you tell me?

DAPHNE: What can I tell you? When a god approaches a mortal, something cruel always follows. I too had arms and legs once.

JACINTH: Are you telling the truth?

DAPHNE: Yes, I used to run in the woods where you used to talk to the god

JACINTH: And what happened?

DAPHNE: oh an old story, a god craves you, you refuse him and here you are, with green leaves instead of silky hair

JACINTH: Oh, I'm so sorry that you too have been touched by this fate

DAPHNE: Don't be in pain for me, I don't regret not being among the livings anymore

JACINTH: How can you say so?

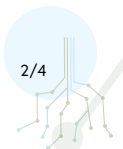
DAPHNE: I sought and desired the condition that you cry for with all of myself, I asked my mother to turn my body into bark, and since then men have used to adorn their foreheads with the leaves of my tree

JACINTH: What's your name?

DAPHNE: They used to call me Daphne

JACINTH: Oh Daphne, I remember your story, it used to be narrated in the woods when lingering on the banks of a river, so it is you?

DAPHNE: I was, now they call me Laurel





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JACINTH: Please my dear nymph, talk to your mother, intercede for me! Let me be a boy again!

DAPHNE: Not even mother Earth can oppose the will of the gods, to be born you have to die, men know this too, only the gods don't know this anymore, they have forgotten it

JACINTH: But I won't be born again, I won't be young anymore, I won't have children anymore, my young life is broken

DAPHNE: Oh but you are not telling the truth, you do reborn every spring and every spring you will live your youth again, the bees will scatter your seed and your children will cover the fields of Europe

JACINTH: but who loves you, who had loved you, you won't be able to stay by their side anymore.

DAPHNE: I still contradict you, those who love me are used to refresh themselves under my branches, they use my branches to perfume the bread and to perfume their houses

JACINTH: You talk as if you cared for nothing in the life you had

DAPHNE: this time you're speaking the truth, I don't care about human beings at all

JACINTH: But they were your siblings

DAPHNE: Could you call brother someone that hits you with an ax? No dear Jacinth, they may have been Daphne's siblings, but they believe themselves to be Laurel' masters.

JACINTH: I don't understand you ...

DAPHNE: Men think that with the right skill and tenacity they can tame everything, maybe you can give orders to an animal, which, closed in captivity, needs them, but you can't tell a plant when to flower, it responds only to the sun and the rain

JACINTH: So are we free from the yoke of men?

DAPHNE: You said it, my beautiful flower! what you live as a damnation I call it freedom.

JACINTH: But was it not the right of men to dominate the things of the world?





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DAPHNE: When you were a boy, did you not use to run barefoot on the flowery meadows?

JACINTH: Yes indeed

DAPHNE: Well, look around you, didn't you use to step on those whom you'll now call siblings?

JACINTH: Oh Daphne, you make me cry

DAPHNE: it was a dry summer, your tears will nourish the earth, nothing is wasted here, even the leaf that falls from the tree fertilizes the earth from which a tuft of grass will grow. There is no supremacy here, we all respond to a single law. Plants succeed where man fails.

JACINTH: What then will become of the human race?

DAPHNE: Look at that oak, every human breath depends on its branches. Cut off all the branches and there will be no oak or human beings left.

JACINTH: I feel cold ...

DAPHNE: Winter is approaching, soon you'll have to sleep ...

JACINTH: Daphne?

DAPHNE: Yes?

JACINTH: Will I wake up again?

DAPHNE: Of course, you'll see, it will be spring again

GIACINTO: But how am I going to recognize it?

DAPHNE: The primroses ...

JACINTH: primroses?

DAPHNE: Primroses will appear again... then it will be spring.

TRANSCRIPTS

