

The JONAH story
D. J. [unclear] 3/4/74

VIDEO

The men row hard to bring the boat to a beach, but they can't because the sea storms more and more against them.

Sound and music of storm. They seize oars, begin to row to a steady beat.

Backs and shoulders strain. Sound of the storm at higher pitch. Green, black and white waves dash onto blackness of screen, across gleaming shoulders. Oars crack. Rowers lurch helplessly.

"Reflection of God" lightform imposes itself on storm imagery. One rower steps forward. He articulates the words ceremoniously (processing gives him a mask and costume), but the voice is the storyteller's. He moves towards Jonah. The others follow.

The storm continues.

Jonah (storyteller) is surrounded with ritual solemnity. Mariners (tape delay and multiple pass and feedback) appear to raise Jonah (on another strand), glowing gold. Jonah hurtles out of frame, into

Jehovah, do not condemn us because of this man, Jonah, son of Amitai. Do not lay upon us the responsibility for taking innocent blood, because it is You, Jehovah, whose will is done.

2.

the sea. The storming sea stands still
from its turbulence.

Lose all strands except storyteller strand

What a crowd, what a bunch, human
beings. Maybe a few, not so bad.
But most humans --- it's a wonder
God lets us live. He could have
finished and been done with us in
Noah's time. Washed us away and
cleaned up His world, once and
for all.

And the earth was corrupt before
God, and the earth was filled with
violence. And God said unto Noah,
the end of all flesh is come be-
fore Me; for the earth is filled
with violence through them; and
behold, I will destroy them with
the earth.

Mix in Earth strand, as photographed from
the Moon. Corrupt its gem-like blue and
white with flood movement and colors.

Show suggestion of Noah's ark image and
storm. Fragment the image and mix in
a Willard slide show of archaic human and
animal shapes. These shapes, rather than
dissolving into each other, pierce each
other. A flood of blue-green dissolves
and pierces the sharply contending animal
and human yellows, whites, pinks and brown
The blue-green, reacting to the music,
moves violently, rising from bottom screen
and gusting from sides and top.

Lose all strands except storyteller.

3.

What I really want to tell you about is Jonah, not Noah. But how can I tell you about Jonah without telling you about Noah?...

At the end of all the flooding and the floating in Noah, in order to show that the world was redeemed, and ready for a fresh start, God sent a dove, with an olive branch. In Hebrew, to say dove, the word is JONAH.

Change music from heavy-violent to light-lyrical, almost humorous.

Dove flies through imagery, through narrator comment, into Jonah imagery.

The strand is lost here.

Add, slowly, calligraphy for Book of Jonah, black and white. Add, slowly, synthesized, flaming green which turns to leaves of growing plant and vine.

Storyteller-as-Jonah is brown, as he toils affectionately amidst his plants. His movement is keyed over and under the growing green, and he relates to the green with love, and a dignified but sensual response to the miracle of life. The movement is close to dance, but not quite free of the pieties of ritual. There is no abandon. There is no inanity. The movement is measured, precise, but joyful.

(Narrator as Jonah, singing)

Keekayon, growing friend.

Bless the Lord Who gave us life out
of earch, my Keekayon. From dark
to light we move to God. Bless
your stems, bless your leaves,
Bless your roots, your fruits,
Your seeds, growing green, my
Keekayon. Course with life,
growing friend. Bless the Lord
Who gave you life.

(Narrator, voice over)

And the Word of the Lord came unto
Jonah, the son of Amitai. Arise,
go to Nineveh, that great city,
and proclaim against it; for their
wickedness is come up before Me.

Jonah rose up.

In forty days Nineveh will be over-
thrown? I won't proclaim it!!

That's what Jonah said. I won't
proclaim it!

The "Keekayon song" is lyrical, but not
schmaltzy. The words are free to be re-
shaped, repeated or re-written, depending
upon the music. The general sense to be
conveyed is one of closeness between a
man of the soil and the fruits of his
labor.

Lose lyric music, add BG music. Lose
Narrator as Jonah and add narrator strand
(as Narrator). Add flashes of the twist-
ing calligraphy to the synthesized green
vine. Add fuming black, mauve and bile
green in shimmering vertical roll. Mix
wide strand of storyteller to CU strand.
Mix CU to harsh outline against above
colors. Add strand of ruined Middle East
city, add red glow to base.

Lose all strands except narrator strand(s).

Prophets! It sounds like such big men --- but that's it. they were only men, and not such lucky men, either. They didn't get to choose their jobs. They were assigned. Messengers. God put words in their heads, they carried the words to the people. Prophets! They were human. Between them and Western Union --- a beard. Nobody cares about the messenger. If it's good news, give him a tip. He doesn't have to hang around for dinner and cigars. If it's bad news, it's his fault, kill him.

Isaiah was a bad-news prophet.

It's a marvel he survived.

(Telling) I heard the voice of the Lord saying, Go an tell this people, hear ye, indeed, but understand not. And see ye, indeed, but perceive not

What unto me is the multitude of your sacrifices, saith Jehovah; i have had enough of the burnt offerings of fed beasts. Cease to

Hebrew calligraphy of the Book of of Isaiah, projected onto an irregularly stretched surface, filmed so that it seems to fly, burning, upward. The story-teller strand has been so processed so as to make him appear hoary-white. the teller speaks Isaiah AND God's words, the flowing, burning

do evil; learn to do well; seek justice, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow.

calligraphy keys under, over, and through the story-teller. The imageless "reflection of God" strand is mixed in, and the teller is only an edge outline on the field. The calligraphy burns, hisses, disintegrates, flares in black, blue, and orange. Mix in strand of Middle Eastern figures of humans and of domestic animals. Mix in strand of vertically rising smoke, or its videosynthesized equivalent.

Lose figures. Lose animals. Lose smoke. Calligraphy remains. Lose calligraphy. Storyteller in outline against lightform "imageless reflection" of GOD. Bring storyteller back to normal flesh tones.

So God asked Jonah to prophesize, too. But Jonah rose up. "In forty days will Nineveh be overthrown? I won't proclaim it. You say it, my Lord, but You won't do it. You are a merciful God. I, a Hebrew, proclaim to Ninevites? They hate me. They hate my people. They are our worst enemy. They must hate You. Go to them? Warn them? I don't want to. And if they did listen

Repeat as "audio base", the proclamation (in forty days, etc...) throughout entire argument of storyteller-as-Jonah. The Jonah figure is brown against white-blue. The green "Keekayon" plant is lost gradually, but obviously. The brown figure moves, is repeated via tape delay/feedback. It is vertically distorted, and rises upward at irregular intervals. Occasionally filling in vacant quadrants of the screen, the green Keekayon plant

to me? And if they did repent? I proclaim to my own people for years and they don't listen, they don't repent -- Wouldn't that be an embarrassment? Suppose I proclaim, and suppose I predict, and the proclamation is not listened to and the prediction not forthcoming? This is not altogether impossible. The proclamations and the predictions against Israel, my own people, have gone on for years. But Israel still rolls in depravities, unrepentant. If that were to be the case with the Ninevites, if I did preach to the Ninevites and they did not listen to me, and did not repent, and you did not punish them -- wouldn't that make me look like a fool? Wouldn't You appear an ineffectual God? Jehovah, do not ask this of me. I cannot leave my own land. I cannot go to a foreign land, an enemy's land. I don't know their language. I don't know their customs. I don't look like them. They'd take me for a spy. Torture and destroy me. Mock

re-materializes. Then, without ostentation, disappears. The focus is upon the brown figure of the storyteller-as-Jonah, and on his argument. Even the audio base of the proclamation is kept to a hardly intelligible, reminding murmur. The movements are slow, and indicate resistance to Jehovah. No whining. The video delay is accompanied by a slight audio delay. A plow or other instrument may be pantomimed as being used. The action is the farm work he is attending to. The words addressed to Jehovah might even appear as addressed to the occasional interjections of green growth. The words and the movements and the appearances of green are contrapuntally timed to the music.

me, my people, my people's God. My own people do not listen to me. Why should these people? I cannot do it. I will not do it. Why me? Why me if I do not want to do it? I hate those people. Even You have called them ravening lions, beasts, destroyers. With all the work that I have to do here, why do you send me there? I cannot go. I will not go. You won't punish those Ninevites. I know You. You are a merciful God, a compassionate God. I'll go there, and tell them that they are doomed, and You won't do a thing! I don't understand You. Why me? Who else amongst us have You sent outside to prophesize? Nobody! Not another prophet was ever asked to preach justice and punishment to any people but our own. Why me? Why do I have the honor of this voyage? And to the city of our enemy? Am I to preserve these corrupt beasts? Am I to lead them out of sin, to repentance, so that they may live, and one day descent upon me and my

9.

people? Is this my lot, to be the saviour for my own destroyer? I cannot go. I will not go. I will perish first. Why do You ask this of me?

Jonah wasn't the only prophet who was not interested in carrying on a messenger service.

Jeremiah said, Now the Word of Jehovah came unto me, saying, I have appointed thee a prophet unto the nations. Then said I, Ah, Lord Jehovah, behold, I know not how to speak for I am a child. But Jehovah said unto me, Say not I am a child. For whomsoever I shall send thee thou shalt go, and whatsoever I shall command thee, thou shalt speak. They, their kings, their princes, and their priests, and their prophets who say to a stick: thou art my father; and to a stone, thou hast brought me forth; they have turned their back unto Me, and not their face.

Lose the brown figure. Lose the green interjections. Add lightform strand of the imageless reflection of God.

Change storyteller to outline, light blue and pink.

Add Jeremiah calligraphy. Add lightform of "imageless reflection of God."

Lose calligraphy.

Add strand of Willard slide mix of Middle Eastern idols. Retain storyteller-as-Jeremiah on wide strand as he sardonically pantomimes obeisances and genuflections. He is in green and red.

But in time of trouble they will say,
 arise and save us. But where are
 thy gods that thou hast made thee?
 Let them arise, if they can save
 thee in the time of thy trouble;
 why will you contend with Me? Ye
 have all transgressed against Me,
 saith Jehovah. In vain have I
 smitten your children; they re-
 ceived no correction; your own
 sword hath devoured your prophets.
 Behold, I will feed them with worm-
 wood, and give them water of gall
 to drink. I will scatter them,
 also, among the nations, whom
 neither they nor their fathers
 have known; and I will send the
 sword after them, till I have con-
 sumed them.

There's not a heck of a lot of fun
 in this prophet business. You
 can't expect to parade up and down
 amongst your people, your friends,
 telling them nasty things about
 themselves, and black things about

The mixed-slides strand of idols should
 have a "toppling" feeling.

They should desintegrate, melt and dis-
 appear. The "imageless reflection"
 lightform must be strong, but pastel (!)
 The storyteller is now in outline, and
 his CU strand is being mixed in.

Lose "imageless" strand.

Storyteller in flesh tones.

their future. But it was always the prophets talking to their own people. With Jonah it was different.

Arise, God said to Jonah. Go to Nineveh, that great city, and proclaim against it for their wickedness is come up before Me.

You are of the covenant. You are chosen to be my priest. To all. To those of the covenant, and to those who are not circumcised.

The wall between those of the covenant and those of the uncircumcised is to be obliterated.

The wall must be obliterated.

Preach to Nineveh. Save Nineveh.

No. I cannot go. I will not go.

No. I see no good in proclaiming against Nineveh. Let the corrupt stew in their evil. Punish them.

Warnings to them? Repentance from them? No!

Add "imageless" reflection.

A very thin image-echo of the storyteller-as-Jonah's dance of resistance is mixed into, under and over the "God reflection."

An audio treatment of teller-as-God should be explored.

Lose "imageless reflection" strand.

Fortify to full value teller-as-Jonah figure, wide. The green Keekayon reappears, and in full. When Jonah makes his firm, negative stance, the vines and leaves tremble. They part and shrink back, where formerly they had clung to him. As his negation mounts, they seem to wither and thin out. Their greens,

12.

whites and browns give way to greyish
reds and drooping purples.

Lose vine strand.

Now that's very interesting. Do you Change storyteller to flesh tones.
know why? I'll tell you why. Here
is a message that is directed at --
not the Hebrews -- but another
people!

The Hebrews were supposed to be
God's chosen people, chosen to
serve as examples. Some examples!
They were a bust. Do you think,
maybe, that God could find better
material to serve as good examples?

No such luck. All us humans were
a rotten bunch. Well, maybe a
warning should be dropped to the
other peoples, at least. Who
knows -- a hundred to one shot --
maybe -- who knows?--

Sound: Arise, Go to Nineveh, and
proclaim against it...

But Jonah rose up to flee to Tar-
shish, away from the face of God.
He went down to Joppa, and found
a boat going to Tarshish.

Lose storyteller and add brown land and
its green cover as it flows by and becomes
the rectangular tumbles of the city. The
storyteller figure, though fleeing the
brown and green, is very apprehensive

13.

about entering into the city. It hesitates around the outskirts, the edges of the city, afraid of the close, crowded buildings and multitudes of people. The figure threads its way through the city (Joppa). Hebrew calligraphy briefly keyed over city and blue harbor. Boats rock on the waves at the wharf. City, harbor, boats are a slide mix. Lose calligraphy.

The conversation between Jonah and the boat captain is a conversation between the two strands of the storyteller, alternately mixed in and out. The boats continue to rock, sun beats down, sky field is blue, sea field is green. Fish (slides) appear to leap out of the water. Waves (slides) appear to leap at the boat, the talkers. Between blue and green fields is a red edge. There is a threatening quality, an ominous tone, to the scene. Teller-as-captain seems threatening.

Even though the sky is blue and the sun shines, fingers of flames seem to reach out from the horizon to the fleeing, furtive teller-as-Jonah. Gold is poured

How much to Tarshish?

How much is it worth to you?

How soon are you leaving?

How soon do you want to leave?

Is there space on board for me?

How much space do you need?

Take all my gold, and let me go deep into the hold.

If you're anxious, it's much more expensive.

I'll pay.

Who are you running from?

I'll pay any fare. I'll pay. I'll pay.

Are we then, to carry a fugitive?

Who -- what are you running from?

I'll look for another ship.
 I only asked. I haven't condemned
 you. I haven't rejected you.
 We'll take you. Give me your
 money and go down.

out of a purse, CU. Gold is caught in
 the greedy fingers, CU, of the eye-popping
 captain, CU. Jonah descends into the
 boat. We see Joppa and the land with its
 growing things, for a brief moment. On
 the sea's horizon, red glimmers and black
 flames leap at the blue sky. Begin "storm
 strand." Key other images on this. Jonah
 climbs down a vertical ladder against the
 timbered sides of the boat's hold. His
 head disappears below frame. The ladder
 melts into leaden, red-tinged waters.
 The backs of rowers are seen pulling
 against huge oars. A sail is hoisted,
 and fills. Arms pull on ropes. A prow
 cuts through green-black water. Flecks
 of red. Ropes tremble. A sail flaps,
 tears, shreds. The groaning sound of
 wood on wood. The sound of a powerful
 wind. "Storm" strand very strong now.
 The seams of the timbers, with water
 leaking through. Little rivulets of
 water lapping at bare feet. Great green-
 black waves (synthesized, photographed
 or lightformed) dashing at frail boat

15.

(strand of boat slides). White foam.
Pitching, rolling boat keyed in and under
"waves." Barrels roll. Dark clouds cover
the mast and boom with shreds of sails.
Human eyes, with much white showing.
Feet up and down ladders. Arms carrying
bales, storage jars, sacks, boxes. Bales,
jars, sacks, boxes tossed over pitching
side. The polyphony of entreaties to gods
and spirits. Rushing greens, blacks,
whites. ^A gleaming, blood-red horizon,
tilting. Arms and shoulders throwing,
hair and garments storm-streaming.
Storyteller-as-Jonah, in fetal position,
asleep on a primitive wood shelf against
the timbers, tilting, the light from a
port slicing across him, one way, then
another.

What's with you? Sleeping? Call
upon your God. Maybe He will con-
cern Himself with us, and we won't
perish.

Storyteller-as-captain, climbing down
ladder in the hold, feet sloshing in bilge
water, stumbles on rolling barrel, ties
bail to hoist-rope, sends it up, tilts
face up, sees Jonah asleep. Furious,
hands and arms huge as they come toward
Jonah. Jonah wakens. Cramped in berth,
under low deck. Light from port, tilting,
slashing. Huge waves break. Monstrous

The people on the boat said to each other: Let's cast lots so that we'll find out who is responsible for this evil that is on us.

Tell us please, says one mariner to Jonah, whose fault this evil is? What is the business that brings you on this ship? Where do you come from? What is your country? Which is your people?

Jonah says: I am a Hebrew, and I am in awe of Jehovah, Who made the sea and the dry land.

They said to him: What did you do?

seas on horizon. Broken spars. Captain and Jonah stare at each other.

Very ritualistic lot-casting, frenzied, but in slow motion of crew (rowers). The lots are bones. The cup might be a skull. The bones fall into an arrow pattern. Jonah appears through a hatch. The bones point at him. Heads raise, from peering at deck, to gaze at Jonah. (We see from above, over Jonah.)

The voice of each mariner's question is the voice of the storyteller. Zoom in to each rower's face, which has been processed into a mask-like outline. The lips move with the question.

Jonah (storyteller) from below, POV rowers. Black, green and white swirl about his head.

The teller-as-rowers' faces, processed to masks, again move their lips as the storyteller articulates the questions. The music wails and moans, accompanying the wind. Green, black and white dashes at the faces.

And he said, I fled from before the face of my God, Jehovah. Hold on them at Jonah's response, but add reds, then remove.

And they said: What should we do to you to calm the sea?

And he said to them: Pick me up, and throw me into the sea and the sea will be calmed. I know that it is because of me that this huge storm is upon you.

(Repeat opening of attempt by mariners to escape storm and "disclaimer," then the picking up of Jonah and casting of him into sea.)

Dark green rolling waters calm, settle, become blue, then add pastel pinks and greens. A formal ritual of the teller-as-rowers, (a) pierce a sack of grain and cast it into the waters, and (b) pour a flask of wine into the waters. Smoke, symmetry and dignity and sound (human voices, chant processed).

Add "imageless reflection" strand.

Outline storyteller, black.

18.

Now, Joel learned a lesson that Jonah never learned. He painted a very black cloud, but he very carefully embroidered a silver lining into it.

Says Joel: Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my Holy Mountain; let all the inhabitants of the land tremble; for the day of Jehovah cometh, for it is nigh at hand; a day of darkness and gloominess, a day of clouds and thick darkness.

Then, Joel's silver lining.

(Telling) Yet, even now, saith Jehovah, turn ye unto Me with all your heart and with fasting and with weeping, and with mourning; and rend your garments, and turn unto Jehovah your God; for He is gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and abundant in loving

Then, storyteller back to flesh tones, CU.

Wide strand of storyteller, color him golden, with white hair. Mix in strand of photography, lightform or synthesis which suggests mountains in silhouette, the light growing more and more intense behind them, streaks and stormy blotches keying over them. An orange glow spreads upward from the base, changing to sharply edged red flame shapes, licking toward the mountains. Flamelets appear in the light behind the mountains.

Mix in the CU strand of storyteller, flesh tone, briefly, then out.

Add storyteller strand, wide; multiply him via feedback, in blues and whites and golds.

Add strand of birds.

Add strand of growing, green things (video-synthesize, if necessary).

kindness and repenteth Him of the
evil. Who knoweth whether he will
not turn and repent and leave a
blessing behind him.

Lose above images.

And what did Jonah know about sil-
ver linings? Not much! Nothing!
He had to learn -- the hard way...

Add CU strand, storyteller.

Lose CU strand.

So God prepared a great fish to
swallow up Jonah.

Add "storm" strand. Add fish (random)
strand (film and graphic fish, leaping,
swimming). Select one fish. Have it
grow to immense scale in relation to other
fish. As the fish grows from small to
great, the "outside" relationship of fish
to sea, to continents, to world, is seen
in changes. Then, inside of fish volume,

(Lines from Jonah's first conten-
tion with Jehovah are heard VO,
echo and computer textures.)

I won't proclaim!

I hate the Ninevites!

They are our worst enemy!

Punish them!

They won't repent!

Make me look like a fool!

Foreigners! Enemies!

You'll forgive them!

I'll die first!

I won't!

*
→

JMO
5.7
c.o.?

texture is cavernous redness, white bone
flashes, blue vein, yawning gristle.

Muffled, echoing, unintelligible sounds.

Overwhelming. Vaulting. The very small
image of teller-as-Jonah is keyed into
this red vault. Jonah a glowing, pulsing
jewel inside the great scaled fish.

I hate! No! No!

Punish them!

Punish them!

And Jonah was in the bowels of the fish three days and three nights.

(Continue the computerized mix of the above phrases plus music during these pictures.)

I am cast out from before Thine eyes, yet will I look again toward Thy holy temple.

They that regard lying vanities forsake their own mercy but I will sacrifice unto Thee with the voice of thanksgiving. That which I have vowed I will pay. Salvation is of the Lord.

The fish, the storm, the interior of the fish, Jonah, are mixed with the seas, the flood.

Music and sound continues; picture of Jonah is mixed in:

Jonah in the heart of the seas;

the flood round about Jonah;

the waves and billows pass over Jonah.

The waters compass him about.

The deep is round about him, the weeds wrap about his head.

Jonah goes down to the bottom of the mountains. The earth with her bars close upon him, as the vertical teeth close in Venetian blind slashes of light and dark leaves him/inside the thoracic vault of the great fish. The "vault" is like a huge temple.

Teller-as-Jonah is shadowed by inner structure of the fish. The screen darkens.

Suddenly, a Venetian blind pattern of light and dark covers Jonah-storyteller. It is the fish, yawning, light streaking past

And the Lord spoke unto the fish and it vomited out Jonah on the dry land.

And God told Jonah for the second time: Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and cry out to them the proclamation that I tell you.

And Jonah arose, and went to Nineveh as God told him to.

Now, Nineveh was an exceedingly great city. It took three days to travel through it. Now Jonah had just about gotten through one day's worth of crying out through the city "Forty more days till Nineveh will be obliterated," when the people of Nineveh declared their

his teeth, casting the bars of light. They shimmer and spasm. Jonah on another strand, is spewed out of the fish.

Jonah, exhausted, on a beach.

Storyteller-Jonah, wide strand, gets up, walks toward Nineveh, a jumble of black-windowed rectangles (Willard-type slides). As Jonah is threaded through the rectangles slides -- images of lust, pride, gluttony, avarice, envy, sloth and wrath (!) round the corners of the masonry(!) These are also slides from the Near East studies materials.

A webwork traces itself about the rectangles of the city, OR, preferably, Jonah is recorded in tape delay/feedback, his image multiplied and keyed over the slides strand representing Nineveh and its corruption. The proclamation begins, then is carried as base-audio through "he didn't do it."

belief in God. They declared a fast, and put on sackcloth from the greatest to the least.

Word reached the king of Nineveh and he got up off his throne and he took off his robe and he covered himself in sackcloth and sat in ashes.

And it was published and proclaimed in Nineveh by the decree of the king and his nobles: "Man and beast, herd and flock, may not taste anything, may not feed upon anything, may not drink water. Let man and beast be covered with sackcloth. Let them cry strongly to God. Let men turn away from their evil paths and from the violence they have stored up within them. Who knows but that God may forgive and turn from His fierce anger. And we shall not perish.

Into glowing ashes, a hand with sackcloth. The ashes are heaped on the cloth, rubbed in. The cloth is placed on an unkempt head (processed).

The rectangles of the city. Key over this a massive Assyrian throne. It glows with jewels. It is guarded by lions. The king stands, huge, neolithic. He is a combination of slide and teller-as-king. He removes voluminous robes. His hands (zoom in) reach into flames, to ashes. He covers his torso with clouds of ash, and a ragged sackcloth. He kneels in the fire.

Mix in the texture of sackcloth, CU. Add clouds of ash dust. Mournful, Assyrian eyes from slides. Beasts, mouths, from slides. Mix in the city of rectangles, ragged and tearing. Black lightning and the accompanying music or thunder. The seven sins (slide strand) thinly keyed in, lashed by red fires. A clean blue slowly pervades the field. All is washed off. A pastel dawn. The music changes to pastoral, then dance. Add a few clouds, white. Add simple flowers (feedback?). Add birds. Add lace-like filigree green. Add joyful people faces from slide strand, sparkle of water.

And God saw their deeds, and that they turned from their evil paths. And God repented of the evil that He said He would do to them and He didn't do it.

But it displeased Jonah and Jonah was furious.

He prayed to Jehovah.

I ask you, Jehovah, wasn't this what I said when I was still on my own land? Of course! I went to Tarshish because I knew You are a gracious and merciful God full of tolerance with much pity and understanding of evil. And now, Jehovah, take my soul from me. Because it's better that I die than live.

And Jehovah said, are you fiercely angry?

Mix over this, strongly, storyteller-Jonah, eyes red, bilious green swirls about his mouth as he talks.

His skin tone is natural, but the reds and greens are keyed over.

The "imageless reflection" of Jehovah pierces through the wrathful colors, and gleams (compassionately?), and the teller leans in to CU, very confidentially, much presence.

lose above.

And Jonah went out of the city and sat east of the city and made there, for himself, a succah and sat under it in its shadow till he would see what would be with the city.

And God prepared a keekayon plant and made it come up over Jonah to be a shadow on his head to save him from his evil.

And Jonah was immensely joyful about the keekayon plant.

(Singing) Grow, keekayon, grow up from the barren ground. Show, keekayon, show your leaves to the fierce sun. Let the furnace know your soft greenness. Stand against the furious east wind. Moisten the dust in the wind.

Shelter me, sweet keekayon, up from the barren ground. Cool my angry head. Calm my raging heart. Flutter on the gall near my heart.

Add a vast, barren landscape. The rectangular city is small, and to the west. On a hill in the foreground (wideshot) Jonah-storyteller steadies a corner pole of the succah, sits under it. The verticals throw strong shadows from the fierce white yellow overhead.

Add videosynthesized keekayon vine growing up and over succah.

Close in on the growing profusion of keekayon leaves. Jonah's movement, amidst the foliage, is caressing, helping it to grow, weeding, tying, supportive, making a more effective umbrella of shade. He is greeting an old and beloved friend. The hot sun continues to blaze down, and moves toward night. The videosynthesized greenery, however, is behind, before and over Jonah. The music is thematically similar to the opening keekayon lyric. There is a bittersweetness to this, where before there was purely innocence. Jonah's moves are similarly dignified, affectionate but now he glances with ill-concealed fury

Sweeten my bitterness, O friend.

Alone in the dry tempest how do you rise to the searing sun? How do you smile at the pain and torture?

Why do you embrace the flame and meet the blast with fresh dew? I want your secret, keekayon; the secret of your love for the hateful. Tell me, keekayon, tell me, my friend, the secret that I may cool my soul.

And God prepared a worm at the dawn of the next day.

Keekayon, my friend, has the sun smitten you? Are you killed by the wind?

The worm, the worm. The worm Taalot, prepared by Jehovah, our Lord.

at Nineveh, from time to time. Each time he glances thus, it seems that the keekayon would thrust a green leaf between his face and the city.

Night falls. (Go to black.)

Fade in: Jonah sits, and sleeps. The keekayon color changes to pale green, then light moonlight blue. A monstrous worm with fangs and eyes wriggles (synthesized?) through the densely grown keekayon. The keekayon diminishes, thins out, droops wanly grey. The worm grows bursting fat, the sun begins to rise.

JW+CO →

Jonah awakens. He finds the keekayon destroyed. The music is a lament. He strides from leaf to vine in disbelief. He sees the monster worm just before it slithers off.

(To God) Why do you wither a living vine? Destroy your desert's only joy? To deaden green life with a worm and end the only innocent goodness on this corrupt palin is abomination.

My harmless friend, my keekayon. Where there is no justice, where there is no right, where there is no love of innocence, I would leave to join you. It is better for me to die than to live.

So, when the sun rose, God prepared a furious east wind and the sun beat upon Jonah's head, and he fainted. And he asked that his soul die, and he said, it's better to die than to live.

And God said to Jonah, Are you furiously angry about the keekayon plant? And he said, I am furiously angry enough to die. And Jehovah said, You have such great compassion for the keekayon

Jonah addresses God wrathfully. Although this might be sung, it is probably better as recitatif.

Music should assist creation of the "furious east wind." Video should help the sun beat on Jonah's head.

Jw^o
↓

Mix in, strongly, the "imageless reflection" of Jehovah. Jonah, green with wrath, shimmers. The image of Jonah shrinks, fading into the distance as in a fever dream, but, simultaneously, his CU face, thinly repeated, in feedback, grows

plant which you didn't create, and you didn't nurture, which came to life one night and before the next night it was dead.

And I, shouldn't I have mercy for Nineveh, that great city, in which there are more than 120,000 human beings that do not know the difference between their right hand and their left hand, and also, much cattle?

Obadiah said it: The Day of Jehovah is near upon all nations; as thou hast done, it shall be done unto thee; thy dealing shall return upon thine own head.

And Micah said it: What doth Jehovah require of thee but to do justly, and to love kindness, and to walk humbly with thy God.

stronger and stronger. The process-lesson which Jehovah has given him becomes apparent to him. His face is transfigured with understanding, with mercy, humanity, a sense of fraternity with the Ninevites as with his keekayon plant. Tears course down his face.

Lose Jonah strand.

Lose "imageless reflection of God" strand.

Add wide strand of storyteller-as-Obadiah. Add Obadiah calligraphy. Add strand of Middle Eastern city ruins, crumbled brick and black square windows on hot plain. Add synthesized fiery chariot wheels (feedback?) and slashing blue swords, rimmed with red. Music should support the flames and destruction.

Lose all above imagery, but add storyteller strand, CU only, flesh tones.

And Jonah learned about it through
hard experience: They that regard
lying vanities forsake their own
mercy. But I will sacrifice unto
Thee with the voice of thanksgiving.
That which I have vowed I will pay.
Salvation is of the Lord.

The keekayon plant begins to grow.

Ah, well...

That the world hasn't come to a
permanent end is the greatest
surprise to me. Of course, if it
did come to a permanent end, how
would I know?

And keekayon is profusely around the
narrator. He seems to caress it.

Music up and out. Face picture.