

# MULTICOLOR DREAMS

CHRYSAEIS CODE

an imaginary film

*This book is combined with his album.*

*You can read the chapters and simultaneously listen to the corresponding tracks*

*Now, if you want to,*

*the film set is in your head,*

*the camera is your imagination.*

*You are the director of your own imaginary film.*

1.

## OVERTURE

*Instrumental*



An early autumn day.

A man seen from behind is walking in a forest. He wears a light blue shirt, dirty and wrinkled, a little outside and a little inside his trousers, which are also visibly worn. His black leather shoes, furrowed with several white scratches, tread on the dry leaves and twigs lining the path. In his hand he clutches a white plastic bag that reveals the outline of a paint can.

A river is nearby, in the distance the sound of flowing water can be heard.

The man advances until he reaches a clearing, a small area in the forest surrounded by huge trees that seem to form a dome. In the middle of the clearing is a painter's easel holding a blank canvas. The man stops in front of it and observes it intently. Then he raises his eyes to the sky and does a 360° panorama with his gaze.

The branches of the trees look like long arms from which rays of sunlight penetrate.

An interweaving of darkness and light.

Fading into white.



2.

## COMING HOME

*Lights in the evening  
through my fear through my dreams.*

*They seem to go away from my soul  
towards a new and infinite world.*

*I'm coming home.*

*I stay here watching around,*

*I'm frozen and I can't get out.*

*I want to become someone I'm not.*

*Stuck inside me. Stuck in this world.*

*I'm coming home.*



A time stamp in the foreground marks 8 p.m. on Monday 5 September. Badges approach the sensor in sequence, each emitting a 'beep'.

Twilight. The yellow/orange lights of street lamps illuminate grey, crowded streets.

Noah is returning home after a day's work. 40 years old, good looking but unkempt: unshaved beard, white shirt and jeans. He is sitting on a bus seat on the window side. The glass reflects his apathetic gaze, fixed on himself.

There are other passengers in the bus. They are different in age, gender and style, but all with the usual dull light in their eyes. No feeling leaks from their faces.

The bus stops at a station.

A visibly drunk girl gets on. She wears a little black dress, smudged mascara streaking her face. She is distraught. She climbs the steps of the bus trembling and holding onto the seats to keep from falling off. She goes to sit behind Noah on the aisle side. No one seems to notice her. No one is pitied, frightened or even disgusted.

Noah only looks away from the window when the bus comes to its stop.

The doors open with their unmistakable sound.

He rises from his seat, a listless nod to the driver, and gets off.

3.

### MEMORY IN A BOX

*Instrumental*



Noah has just arrived home.

It is a tastefully furnished flat, neat. Aseptic.

He crosses the threshold without switching on the light; the illumination from the street lamps outside, penetrating through the ajar shutters, is enough for him.

He heads for the bedroom where there is the same semi-darkness. He picks up a black box from the desk and sits on the bed. He looks at it for a moment, then opens it with care and dedication. With the usual careful movements he lays out all the contents: first a diary, then mostly photos of people of both sexes. Friends perhaps? Lovers? In many of these a red-haired woman recurs.... Memories

of a lived, happy or disappointing past. Finished.

After dutifully laying everything down, like a sacred ritual, in the same sequence he puts everything back into the black box that he delicately places on the desk.

He looks up at the wall in front of him where a mirror hangs. He looks at his reflection: touching his face, he notices that he should shave.

Then he lingers on his image. He looks straight into his eyes. His expressionless look is gradually changing. He looks as if he is about to cry, or laugh. Or who knows what? A series of stifled grimaces. He puts up a resistance so as not to bring out any kind of feeling. It is an unbearable effort, more than usual this evening.

He calms the contractions of his facial muscles and returns to the same apathetic eyes as before. But this time it was different. He feels he was afraid.

But is fear a feeling?

Something has remained on the surface. He needs to get out, to escape. Run away from what?

He leaves the house quickly again, slamming the front door violently behind him.

**HOW ESCAPE FROM REALITY***Instrumental*

He got into his car. His dark eyes are increasingly taking on an angry look, an anger dictated by sadness.

Anger. Sadness. The situation is getting out of hand.

The hungry lions have left the cage.

He starts wandering around without a destination.

The city is lit up and animated. Men with 24-hour briefcases shake hands. Designer youths sip aperitifs in front of the Sparks. Young girls take group selfies. A homeless man lies down on the bench under the bus shelter covering himself with pages of newspaper.

Noah drives aimlessly and nervously. Everything is so irritating! His clenched teeth cause him repeated involuntary jaw movements.

It is starting to rain.

Now he takes a side road that leads him into a long, dark road framed on both sides by a forest. The car's headlights illuminate the majestic trees that line it. The windscreen wipers with their timed movements sweep the water off the windscreen.

Unexpectedly, a girl dressed in white emerges from the woods and splashes into the middle of the



road. Noah powerfully presses the brake pedal, but his speed is too high and the girl is still in the middle of the road terrified. She kneels on the ground, covering her face with her hands.

There is no time to think of another solution: he swerves sharply to avoid hitting her and the car loses control. The jarring spin proceeds the violent crash into a tree.

The constant sound of a horn echoes in the air.

5.

**IN ETHER, SO DIFFERENT SO SIMILAR**

*Say goodbye to the night moves away from the city  
sliding into the pit of hungry lions.*

*One day she will be tired to run away and finally I'll be freed.*

*My car stopped in the right place a hidden corner between hell and heaven.*

*It's no life, it's no death: just ellipsis.*

*"Don't be so dark!" he said laughing of me.*

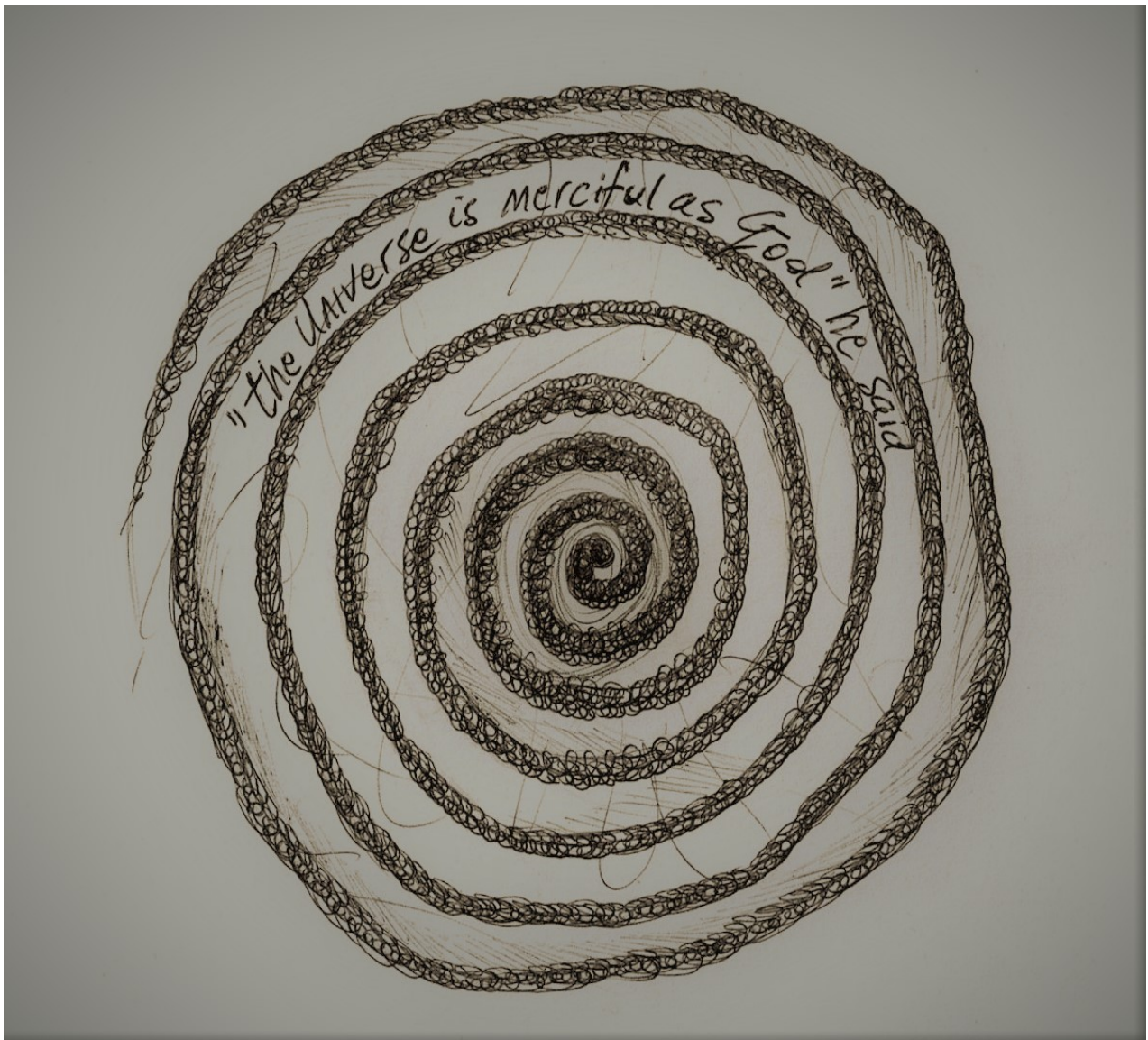
*"The Universe is merciful as God" he said*

*"Let it go, choose well and you'll have peace."*

*If you need me, I need you.*

*We are so different and similar.*

*Now tell me you need me.*



Noah is inside his car.

His head resting on the steering wheel he presses on the horn. He is unconscious.

From the dented windscreen, smoke can be seen coming from the bonnet.

He wakes up, and with pained grimaces raises his head in bewilderment.

"Great bang!" A mysterious man is sitting in the car with him in the passenger seat.

He is dressed in black. Eclectic appearance, indecipherable age. Black and well-marked eyes, dark as the night, make-up perhaps, sarcastic smile.

Noah looks around with slow movements, in a state of confusion.

"Am I still alive?" he asks.

"No." replies the man,

"Am I dead?"

"No." the strange man repeats again. "Dying is a privilege only those who live can afford."

Only now does Noah realise the eerie presence of the mysterious passenger.

"Who are you?" he asks turning towards him and observing him for the first time.

The man with his usual sarcastic smile replies: "I am the place you have been living in for too long. Life is not limited to just one breath. But you know that."

Noah continues to stare at the man suspiciously, rapping himself to stop the evasion of his pent-up emotions. He struggles to continue. His voice comes out in sobs. He is beginning his surrender.

"My life...." He hesitates. "... My life is inside a black box. I am nothingness."

"Look at that girl. Do you think you are 'nothing' to her?" the enigmatic individual asks.

"I'm tired..." whispers Noah to himself to make sense of his disorientation.

"She remembers nothing. Only you can rescue her." the man continues, ignoring her whining.

"There is only you here. And her. So different, so similar, lost in the same Limbo." He pauses for a moment, then resumes, "The choice is yours."

Noah tries to convince himself that this is all just a hallucination: "This isn't happening."

"Make sense of your fucking existence Noah!" exclaims the man approaching him this time making a menacing face.

And here at last all of Noah's emotions, held inside for too long, manage to emerge in a liberating, hysterical, desperate cry. Interminable.

Then he calms down. He takes a few deep breaths.

The strange man, previously sitting in the passenger seat of the car, is now gone.

(Or was he never there?)

[so different so similar].

The heavy downpour has subsided.

The girl is in the middle of the dark road bordered by the forest, huddled on herself with her face hidden in her hands. Completely soaked.

Noah gets out of the car, approaches her.

"Ehy! Everything OK?" he asks her.

She looks up sweetly and fearfully and replies with a shy, "Yeah. You?"

"I think so." he says "What happened to you?"

"I don't know."

"What's your name?"

"Opal."

"Opal..." he repeats. "...Well Opal. Would you like a cup of tea?"



6.

OPERA'

*I'm ready this time. I'm ready.*

*Waiting the curtain rise to fly away. I'll be beautiful and divine, I promise,  
like a dragonfly on its glory day.*

*Drinking bitter tears moving between blind dummies.*

*The green fairy will beat her wand three time to clean these muddy hands of mine.*

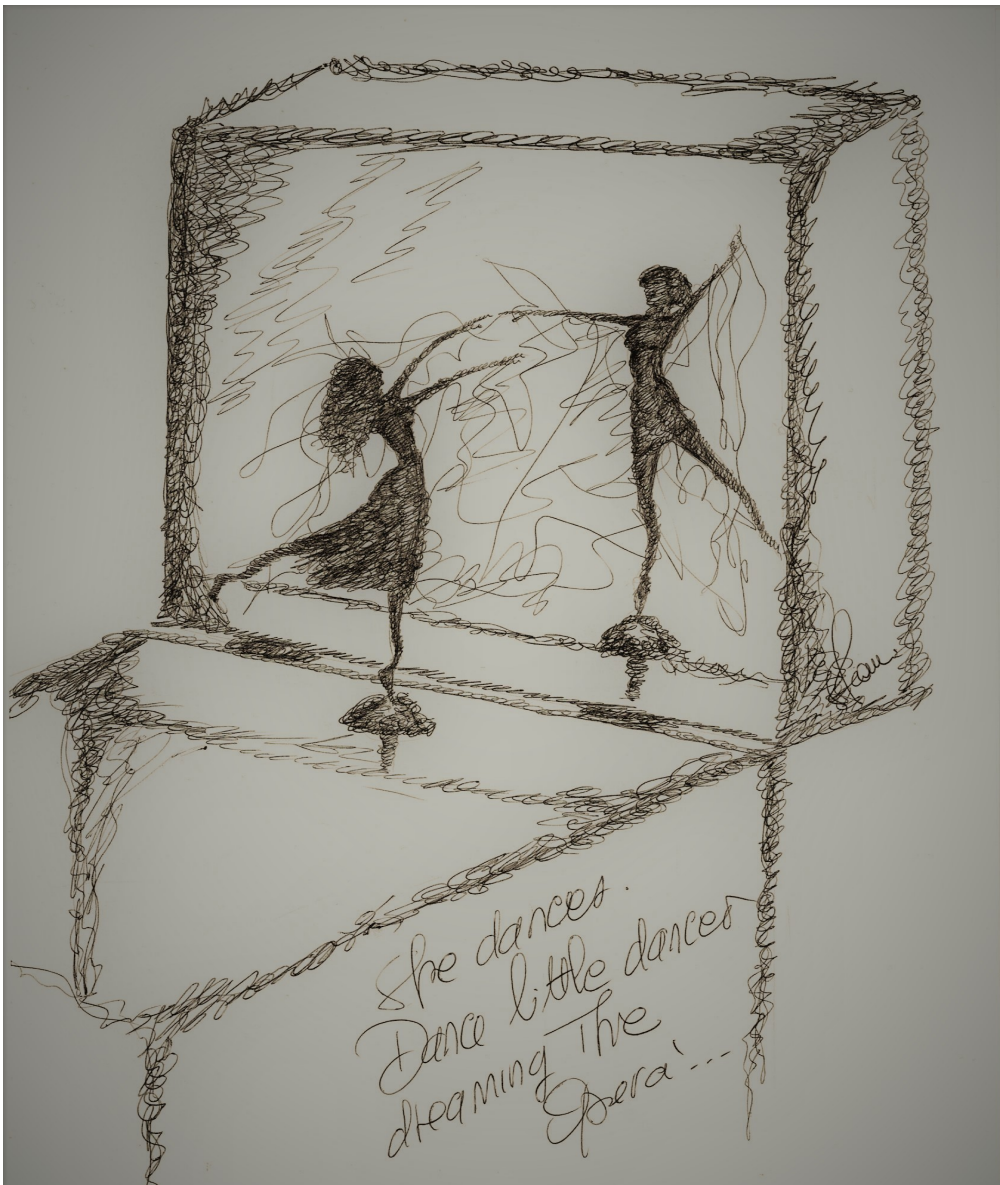
*(She dances. Dance little dancer dreaming the Operà)*

*I saw the sun shine like a diamond before it began to drip black jelly rays.*

*And now I don't know where I am anymore. Dear friend tell me where I am?*

*Please tell me where I am? Please tell me who I am?*

*I am a feather fallen from an angel wings, denied by God, lost in space, caressed by the night.*



The little ivory box is open, in the foreground: it is a music box. A small plastic dancer is spinning steadily with a slow gait in front of a desk calendar where the day Monday 5 September is circled with pink highlighter. Off-screen, the blurred outline of a red painting on the wall behind the scene can be glimpsed in the distance.

[On one side in town].

Determined steps of a woman walk along a stone road. She is wearing trainers and a tracksuit, carrying a gym bag.

[Elsewhere in the same town]

The Sparks is crowded and dark, white psychedelic lights intermittently illuminate a girl in the middle of the dance floor who is visibly dancing drunk.

[With the same intervals of light a dancer dressed in white dances gracefully alone on the stage of an empty theatre. The dances of the disco and the theatre alternate. The same passion of dancing seen by two different personalities].

The back door of the theatre opens onto a street without a backdrop. Deserted. The girl dressed in a tracksuit, coming out, is attacked by a figure we cannot see. She slams her head hard against the wall. She loses consciousness and falls face-first to the ground. Confused, blurred images. A rivulet of thick liquid slithers sinuously like a red snake along the joints of the stone pavement.

Twilight; late evening. The city is packed with people hurriedly returning home.

Ava walks drunkenly along the pavement, immersed in the perfect disregard of passers-by.

In the opposite direction Opal wanders similarly in a state of confusion. She too is completely ignored by the well-dressed citizens who populate the streets.

The two women continue on the same pavement in a very similar way, though for different reasons: Ava is bleary-eyed, wearing a little black dress, smudged mascara streaking her face; Opal is sweet, her expression lost, wearing a snow-white dress and bare feet. Both in need of help. Both completely ignored by the apathy of passers-by.

But then they cross each other in front of the underground subway stairs. They observe each other, they brush against each other. Ava caresses her face and seems to have sobered up. They hold each other in fluid movements, improvise a dance together. They know the steps, they dance in synchrony, they seem to be a reflection of each other.

A passer-by brutally separates them (he does not even realise he has bumped into them) and they are lost.

Opal is swallowed up by the crowd and is never seen again.

Ava returns in her inebriated state to grope around with a sense of dismay in her soul.

A bus pulls up at a bus stop nearby and instinctively Ava climbs onto it.

On the ground at the foot of the subway stairs, the little plastic dancer spins around on the muffled notes of the music box. Quick steps dart around it, miraculously avoiding it. Then, inevitably, it is kicked down the stairs of the subway.

The melody of the music box ceases to play.

THE GUARDIAN

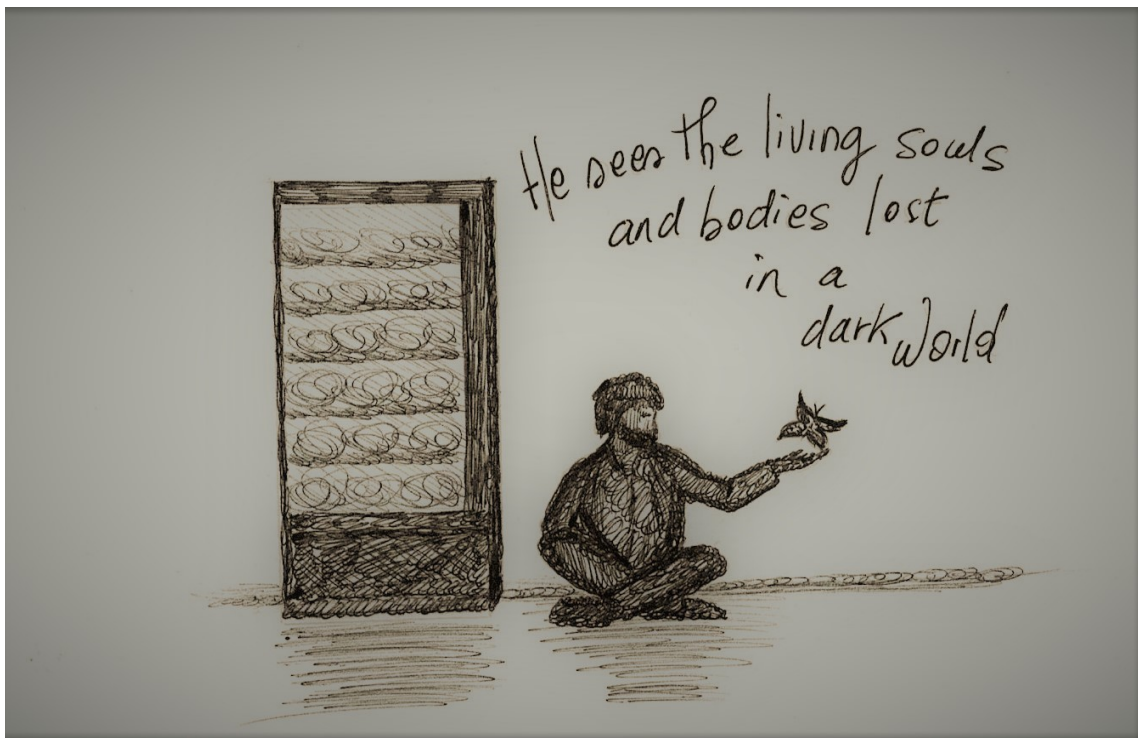
*The man who likes the sun he's not for everyone.*

*He sees the living souls and bodies lost in a dark world.*

*Lights in the street Lights in the street.*

*Look into the distance and see the shining light. Running to her to catch her.*

*People see things you'll never see before. Your body will be your soul .*



A small box tumbles down the stairs of the underground subway. It is closed, square, covered in ivory-coloured silk. It stops at the feet of a homeless man sitting on the ground next to a drinks machine.

The intrigued man picks up the small box and opens it. His tired eyes widen at the sight of a chrysalis. He is incredulous and amazed as if he has just discovered something too precious for him.

Still astonished, he hurries to close the box as he gets up from the ground and, without bothering to retrieve the offerings he has received, climbs the stairs of the subway until he reaches the outside.

The homeless man looks around in dismay, scanning the crowd, searching for the owner of the precious as if he knows exactly who it is. He holds the small box with his left hand while with his right he wraps it to protect it. He walks along the pavement and takes a good look at every passer-by he crosses in his path to recognise their physiognomy. The well-groomed and well-dressed passers-by reciprocate with indifference.



It is about to rain.

The homeless man sits on a bench under the bus stop shelter.

He opens the little box again.

*"I'm so sorry honey..."*

He closes it again and clutches it to his chest.

He lies down on the bench, and covers himself with some newspaper sheets he has retrieved from a nearby rubbish bin.

A car passes in front of him with great speed, causing the sheets to fly away.

He remains motionless, already asleep with the little box protected in his hands.

It begins to rain.

8.

**NEW BORN**

*Open your eyes and try to undersand who you are.*

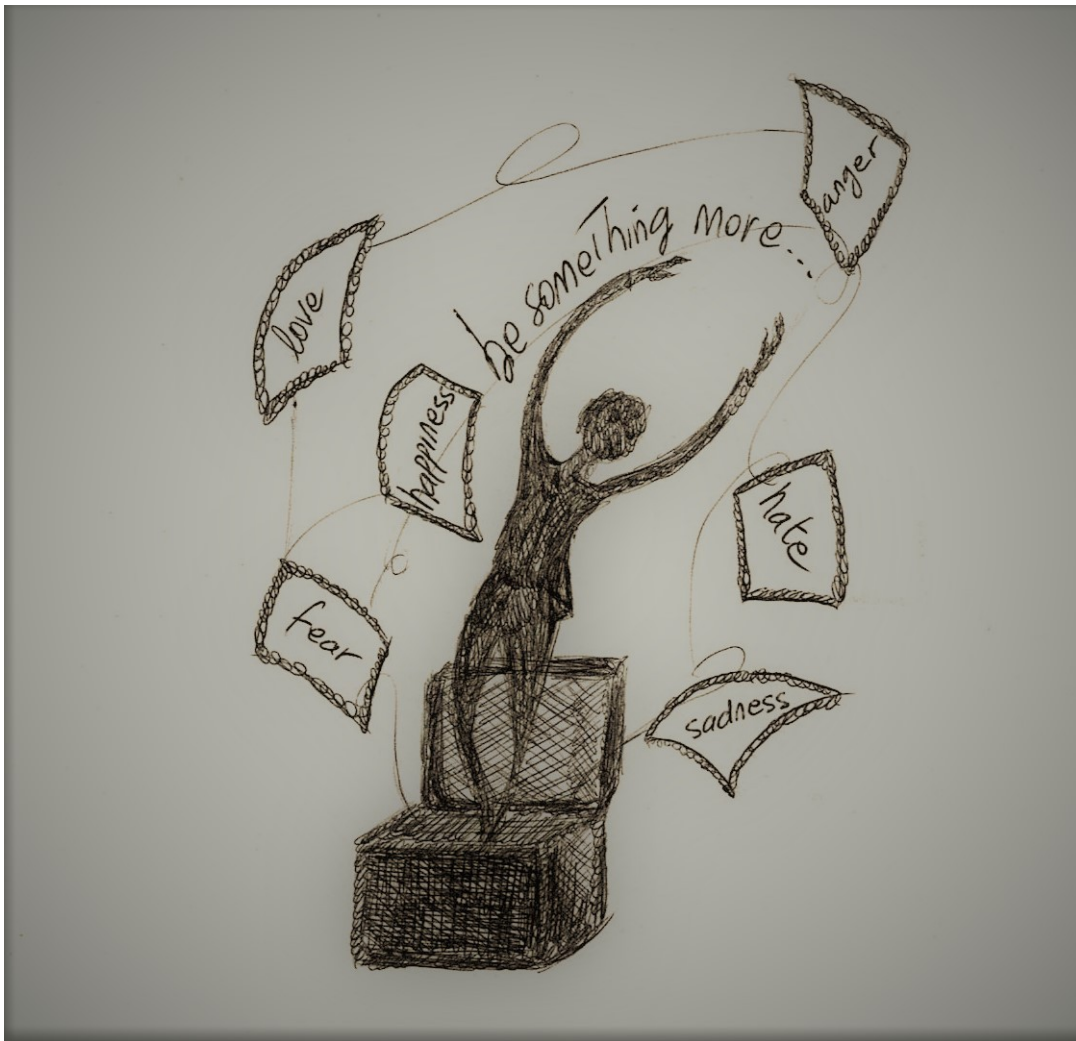
*Be something more. Be something more.*

*Don't look yourself into a piece of dark glass Save yourself from your immagination.*

*Find out the way to change and be something more. Be something more.*

*Open your eyes and try to understand who you are. Be something more.*

*Be something more.*



The next day.

Late evening.

Noah is with other people at the bus stop. The bus arrives and stops in front of them for a few seconds. Then the doors close and it resumes its journey.

He has not got on. He is still standing at the bus stop. He is left alone.

Tonight he has decided to return home by changing his route.

For a few moments he stands still, watching the apathetic behaviour of the passers-by. He is reflective.

He starts to walk. He walks for quite a while, slowly, observing the world around him. He observes the traffic, the twilight of the sky, he observes the buildings and the colourful signs of the clubs. He feels shy movements emerge in his gut, of wonder and amazement, as if seeing the world for the first time. As if he is about to be born again.

He descends the stairs of the underground subway and stops at a drinks machine to buy a bottle of water. He is about to put the coins in the slot when he notices a homeless man sitting on the ground next to the machine. He withdraws his coins and gives them to the man. The man bows his head in gratitude.

"So you want to escape from reality." whispers the homeless man with a low head. Then he looks up at Noah and asks, "But this, is this your reality?"

Noah remains silent before the man. With a questioning expression he scrutinises him without saying a word, trying to figure out if he is talking to him.

The homeless man, still sitting on the ground, rests his head slowly against the wall, closes his eyes and whispers: "How beautiful the silence, how beautiful the darkness."

The underground doors open. Noah gets off the vehicle with other citizens. He climbs the stairs calmly in stark contrast to the brisk gait of everyone else. He exits the subway and continues to walk along the city, where on the sides of the street the glittering shop windows are fading and the shutters are coming down.

He has finally arrived home and opens the door. Gentle 1930s swing music directs him into the living room. Opal is in this room, pretty asleep on the sofa. The music comes from the switched-on TV and accompanies the images of a documentary on the evolution of the caterpillar into a butterfly.

The TV voice-over explains:

"During its growth, the caterpillar has to perform a series of molts, after which it transforms into a chrysalis, enclosing itself in a hard, leathery cocoon in which it will undergo a series of transformations until it becomes a butterfly."

Noah watches Opal sleep and advances a hand to her. He withdraws it doubtfully. Then again he moves closer and brushes her hair with his fingers. He lingers for a few seconds, observing her. And for the first time in a long time he smiles.

[voice-over on TV].

"When the environmental conditions and especially the temperature are optimal, the covering of the chrysalis begins to break allowing the adult butterfly to emerge."

He turns off the television. Silence remains.

MULTICOLOR DREAM

*The sound of the night explodes in a silence of lights and colors.*

*Golden trees, cascades of crystals that will never fall to the ground.*

*Now I feel my heart beating and I'm afraid, please call a doctor!*

*I think I'm dying... or maybe it's just your smile, it makes me alive.*

*The music, the words and the mortal dreams bathe me with sterile dew  
until you entered in my secret room on tiptoe so as not to make noise.*

*Now I feel my heart beating and I'm afraid, please call a doctor!*

*I think I'm dying... or maybe it's just your smile makes me alive.*

*No more past, no more lies.*

*No more fear, no more cries.*

*No more doubts, only you.*





Evening. Calm.

From the window the yellow/orange lights of the street lamps highlight the rain.

Noah is in the half-light of his room. He is sitting on the bed and has his black box in his hand. As per ritual he opens it with care and dedication and, with his usual careful movements, lays out all the contents.

Opal has woken up, is now standing in the doorway of Noah's bedroom and is watching him in silence. She is wearing a very large t-shirt for her (probably Noah's) that reaches down to her bottom leaving her long, toned and sensual legs uncovered.

Noah does not immediately notice her. The ritual steals all his concentration. Then he sees her.

They look into each other's eyes for a while. He feels a mixture of embarrassment and shame, typical of someone who has been caught red-handed. She is particularly beautiful. She hints a smile, seems to tell him "it's OK."

She advances towards him, slowly, sits down next to him and lays down on top of the photographs. Those photographs, which until a moment before Noah laid down with care and dedication like sacred relics, are now crushed beneath her. It is strange, but he is not bothered by it; he only looks at Opal captivated by her marked femininity. Lying down she reciprocates with magnetic eyes. They do not say a word to each other but their gazes converse.

And then he finally surrenders, lets his armour crumble, releasing emotions of every nuance.

And they kiss, a kiss saturated with infinite colours.

Little by little all the photographs lying on the bed are thrown to the ground by passion (the present sweeps away what has been).

Patterns are shattered.

There is no more past, no more lies. There is no more fear, no more crying. There are no more doubts.

There are only the two of them in the world.

10.

**ACHERONTE**

*Instrumental*



Noah emerges on the surface of a black river.

He opens his eyes and sees himself floating on the surface of the water.

All the people portrayed in the photos of the black box flow beside him . All these bodies, still living, are slowly carried away by the river current. He lets them flow. He lets them drift away.

He remains alone, still floating on the surface of the river.

There is stillness.

Then his body is slowly swallowed up by the waters of the black river until it disappears completely.

**BUTTERFLY WINGS**

*Goodmorning Sir, don't you think you've slept enough?*

*It's time to spread your butterfly wings. That's all.*

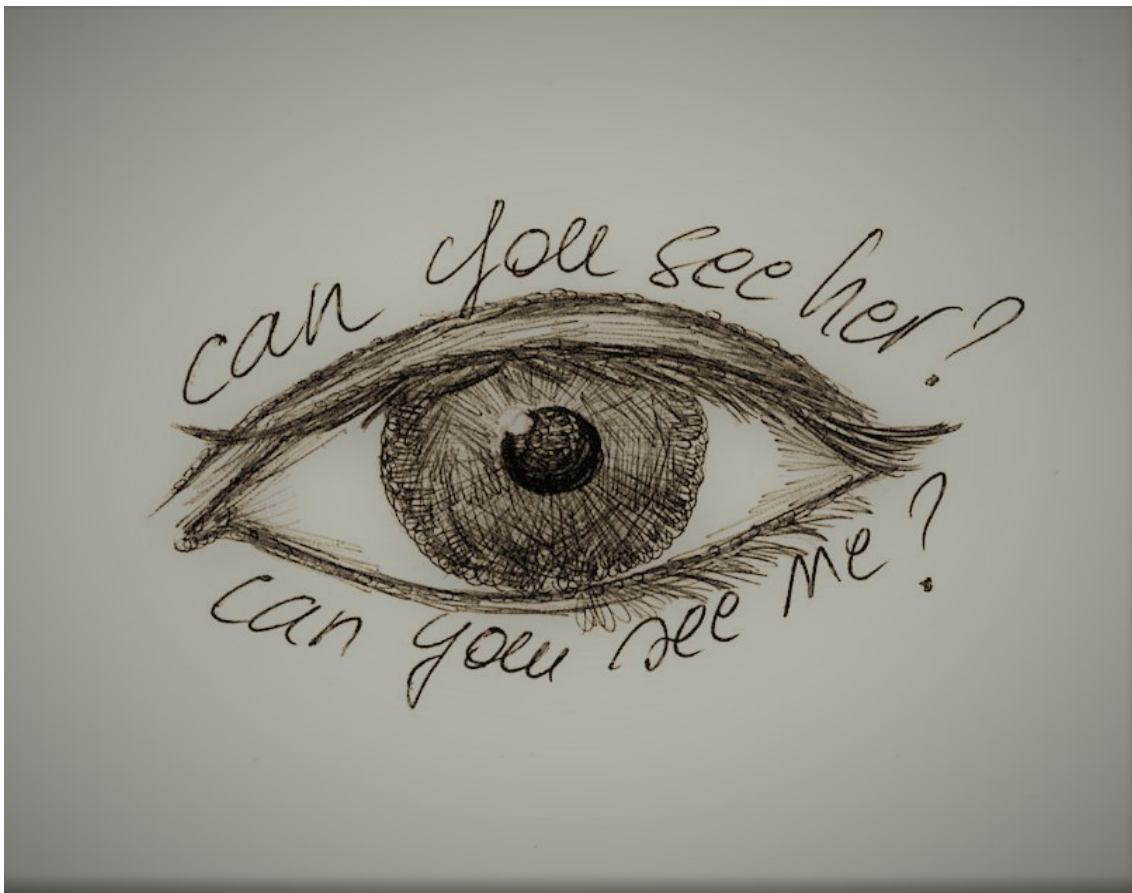
*Listen to the King: no one is born able to understand. No one is born able to understand.*

*You can understand. You can understand. You can understand.*

*You can fly, taste, see, touch, fell, be.*

*Can you see her? Can you see me?*

*You can understand. You can understand. You can understand.*



A time stamp in the foreground marks 8 p.m. on Wednesday 7 September. Badges approach the sensor in sequence, each emitting a 'beep'.

Twilight. The yellow/orange lights of street lamps illuminate grey, crowded streets. Noah is returning home after a day's work. 40 years old, good looking, clean-shaven. White shirt and jeans. He is sitting on the window seat of a bus. His serene gaze observes the various shades of colours in the sky, and the glass reflects the image of a man who has made peace with himself.

There are other passengers in the bus. They are different in age, gender and style, but all with a dull

light in their eyes. No feeling leaks from their faces.

The bus stops at a station.

A visibly drunk girl gets on. She climbs the steps of the bus trembling. No one seems to notice her, except Noah, who looks at her suspiciously as she staggers forward. Now she has passed him and sits behind him on the aisle side.

The bus doors open with their unmistakable sound. Noah rises from his seat to get off at his stop. The girl behind him grabs him by the shirt and with wide eyes shouts:

"Can you see me?"

Noah gasps in fright, yanks hard to free himself from her grasp, while she continues to shout:

"CAN YOU SEE ME?"

No one looks away.

He frees himself from the girl's grip and gets off quickly, standing anguished outside the stop for a moment.

The vehicle closes its doors and resumes its journey.

Noah turns, watches the bus drive away and disappear around the corner of the street. His eyes change expression and make it clear that he has sensed something. Then, with a worried look, he runs quickly home.



IN THE SAME PLACE*Instrumental*

Noah entered the house. He calls Opal panting from the run. He calls her in a desperate tone. He goes to all the rooms and turns on all the lights. He keeps calling her more and more panicked. He goes into the bedroom and presses the switch. A moth flies around the chandelier.

With increasing anxiety he keeps calling Opal running to the front door of the house. He goes outside and gets into his car. He drives fast, knowing exactly where to go.

He takes a side street that leads him down a long, dark road framed on both sides by a forest. The car's headlights illuminate the majestic trees that line it. He keeps his eyes on the fast-flowing road. Suddenly on the horizon, Opal, dressed in white, is in the middle of the road waiting for him.

Noah powerfully presses the brake pedal and the car comes to a screeching halt a few centimetres from her.

She seems unafraid. She remains motionless.

She looks him straight in the eyes, seriously, with a slight veil of sadness in her face.

He is still inside the car, sweating and upset, then sees her turn and head for the woods.

13.

**EPILOGUE**

*Slight breath, flying over my time.*

*I follow this infinite light.*

*The pleasure of life goes out.*

*The sweetest look that returns to the past.*

*Moment of anger and joy.*

*It's all wonderful!*

*Everything disappears in an instant.*

*I feel a strong jolt it beats inside me.*

*Now the darkness embraces me.*

*I don't hear any noise.*

*I don't smell.*

*I don't feel heat.*

*Slowly the circle closes.*

*What was there before and the one that then returned.*

*A dark moment never remembered.*



Noah gets out of the car, follows Opal into the woods.

They walk through the trees, both unhurried, as if in slow motion: she is ahead of him, with a graceful, elegant gait (like a butterfly, like a ballerina) sometimes turning to look at him.

She arrives at the foot of a black river. Hundreds of bodies float on the surface; they are not corpses.

Opal, without a moment's doubt, enters the river with her bare feet and walks confidently further and further out.

Noah stops at the threshold and watches helplessly as she plunges deeper and deeper.

She is now submerged up to her torso and she turns towards him for the last time. She is totally at peace, and with the sweetest smile raises her hand in greeting.

He does not even try to stop her. He lets her go. He also reciprocates with a wistful but grateful smile watching her dive and then float to the surface of the water carried by the current of the black river.

It begins to rain. Raindrops patter on the dark road lined with huge trees.

In the distance, the continuous sound of a car horn is faintly heard.



**SECONDHAND SOULS**

*In the end what remains? Only a memory of a multicolor dream.*

*A flash in the dark restoring my sight.*

*A sinuous note vibrating for eternity through the trees, played by the wind.*

*Tonight I drink some good wine, toast you with the secondhand souls.*

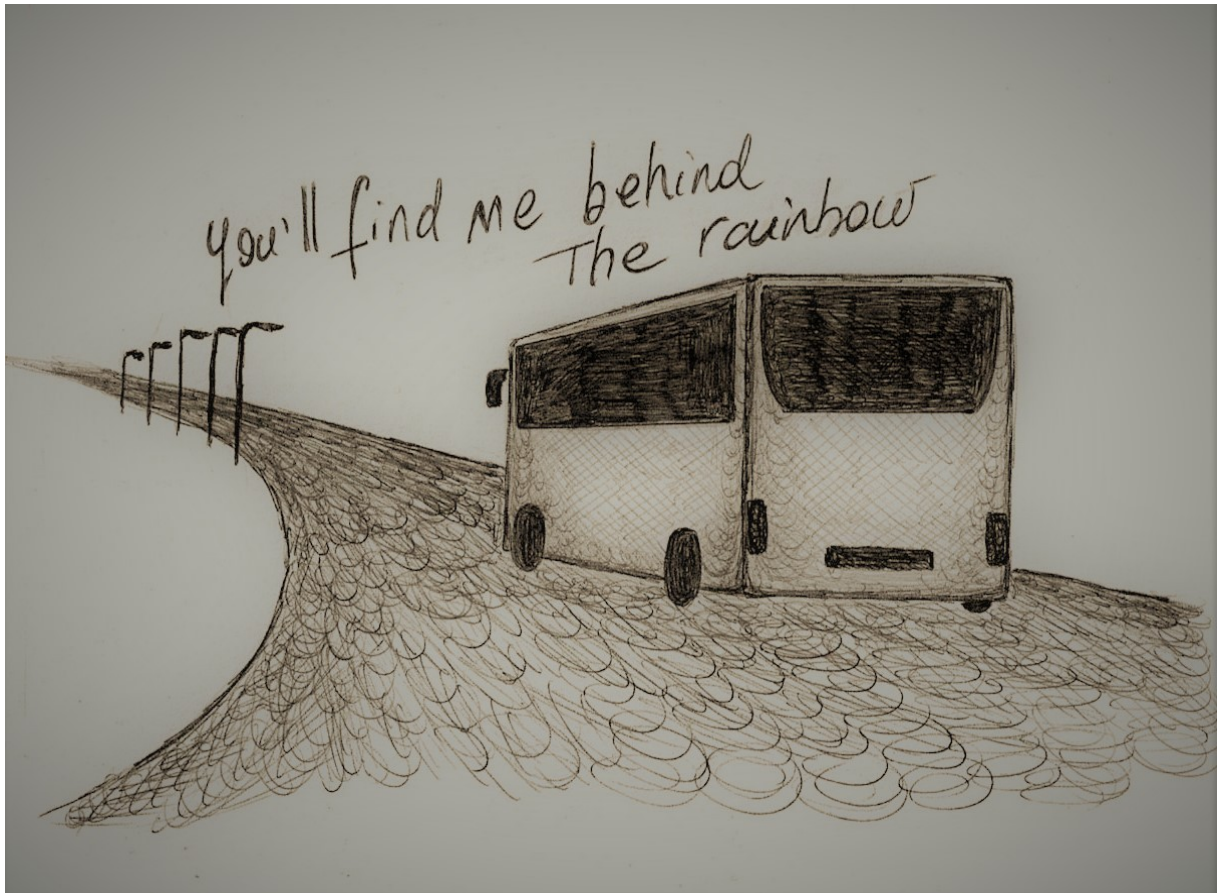
*I hear your voice whisper the right words. I will compose a sweet melody.*

*Then I will realize I'm finally home.*

*Even it's too late now it's never too late.*

*Even if you're not here now you will be with me forever.*

*You'll find me behind the rainbow.*



Twilight. The yellow/orange lights of street lamps illuminate the crowded, grey streets.

Interior of the bus. All the passengers are well dressed. They are different in age, gender and style, but all with the usual dull light in their eyes. No feeling leaks from their faces.

One passenger is sitting in the seat where Noah usually sits. Through his point of view we look out the window at the city at the end of the day.



The bus continues its journey to the next stop. Noah's stop.

Still through the passenger's point of view we get up and head for the exit. No one looks away.

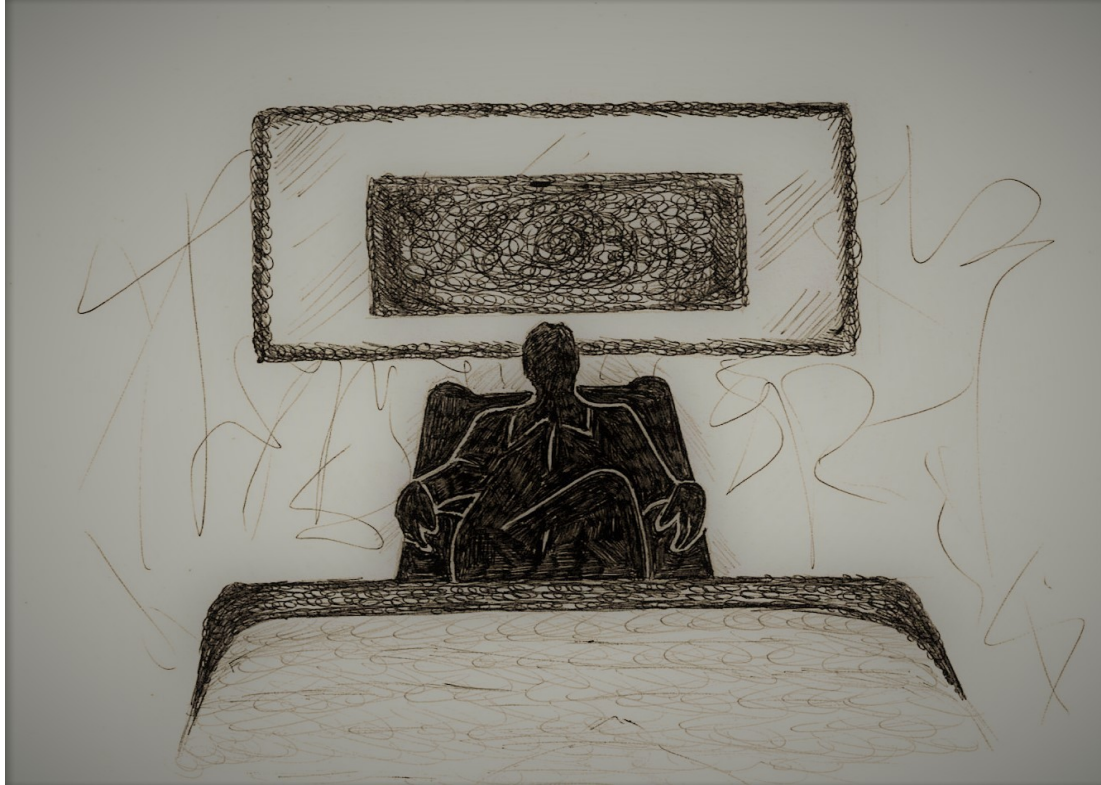
The bus doors open with their unmistakable noise and let in a strong, blinding white light from outside.

Fade into white.

*Credits:*

Chrysalis Code

MULTICOLOR DREAMS

**IN ETHER, TO BE CONTINUED (gost track)***Instrumental*

Ava is lying in the half-light of her room. Above the headboard is an all-red - deep red - painting, where numbers and letters in gothic font can be glimpsed, scattered, slightly raised, in a sequence that seems to have no logical sense. On the bedside table is the medicine box, an empty blister pack of pills, a bottle of absinthe and a digital alarm clock that reads 8.30 a.m. on Thursday 8 September.

She wakes up confused, and with grimaces of pain rubs her head.

"Great sleep!" Noah is sitting in the armchair at the foot of the bed, in the shadows. Dressed in black he blends into the darkness. Behind him is a large mirror hanging on the wall, reflecting the image of the red painting.

The girl lifts her head from the pillow in slow movements, very confused:

"Am I still alive?" she asks.

"No." replies Noah.

"Am I dead?"

"No." he repeats again. "Dying is a privilege only those who live can afford."

"Who are you?"

Noah sneers...

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