

La Finta Giardiniera Lighting Concept By Michael Winston

The daisy sunrise hangs eagerly on top of the horizon. The show is soon to begin, and the marquee festoons begin to twinkle slowly. As the strings tune along the festive twilight air, the other light seems to pause its low descent. A slew of masked ensembled characters slither from shades areas of the garden. They watch the floating sheet, waiting for the show to begin. A women's casual appears on the floating sheet, her silhouette captured by a stark light from behind. But suddenly, another shadow appears. Much larger and daunting, the new shadow wields a knife, and before the violence unfolds, the lights snap to black.

Canary gold light spills in from the high sides like an eager toddler ready to tackle the day. The morning is young as Sandrina and Nardo work throughout the garden. The glorious canary light silhouettes the glowing Ramiro and Serpetta in a way that only power can. It is their garden and while soft angelic light breaking through foliage is peaceful, the festoons in back hold taut, like a noose strangling the chaos seeking to be let free.

Lilac shadows lie nervously across Belfiore's face. Lovestruck, he watches from the window as the marigold setting sun creates a golden atmosphere within the garden. The shadows that form on the ground are a little bit sharper than their normal soft state. Alone with Sandrina, the Podesta attempts to swoon the confused gardener. But Ramiro burst into the garden carrying a glowing brass lantern. Sandrina flees into the darkness, hoping to escape the ordered life closing in on her aching throat wound.

Stumbling and with her clothes torn, Sandrina stumbles to the ground. The darkness is her canvas, and she mutilates the indigo shadows with her arms as brushes. A pause, an awakening, then, suddenly, a chaotic mix of deep indigo and lush apricot light torrents out of the upper doorway. It flows with the thick haze as the chaos of the world has finally broken from its shackles. The chaotic light begins to fill the room, Sandrina's shadow is long and ragged from the waves of romance spilling in from all sides. But a second, long reaching begins to enter the space. It moves closer and closer to her and she reaches to protect her throat. But out stumbles Ramiro, ragged and torn, the low apricot light silhouettes his head and shoulders, almost as if it is pushing the two former lovers together.

Sandrina and Ramiro finally touch, rekindling their love, triggering the chaos to recedes back into its cave and the festoons pulls in the order of the world. Left in the void, time moves to rules unknown. Halcyon arrows of light puncture the darkness looming onstage. The beams of light open larger and larger, like the sun shining through a rainy day. Flutes and violins pollinate this new world, and our characters return to garden. No longer do the festoons expel their light to hold onto the world, but rather, the gold filaments reflect the ability to look inside yourself and change for the better.