

THE  
LAST  
SUPERHER

# THE LAST SUPPER

**SCRIPT** David Gil

Arno Bouchard

**DIRECTOR** Arno Bouchard

**PRODUCER** Arno Bouchard

**ORIGINAL SCORE** John Zorn

**DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY** Dan Salzmann

**EDITOR** Ivan Winogradsky

**ART DIRECTOR** Vincent Gagliostro

**PHILOSOPHY** « Do the Original and Divine Order Transgressions lead you to the Path of Salvation? » The film's ultimate answer to this question is « No, the only answer to reach individual salvation is self-renunciation. Giving up your own freedom is to be dead. Our leading character denies a meaningless God, The Pigs' God. She refuses obedience. She refuses to give birth as she refuses to give up her freedom. She will not let her own self go. She is locked in her own body like a slave of herself. She will not access freedom and set herself free but will end up in a tunnel with no other guide but a bright light. A light spreads all around her. Like Eurydice she will roam for eternity ».

The Last Supper rebuilds a past which never existed. Foresees a future that shall never be. The story is about a rotten world where the continuity of life seems like a dead end. Abortion seems to be the answer to avoid the alienating repercussions of childbirth. Giving birth is normally the symbol of an ultimate and magical access to a Divine knowledge so the story brings you to the paradox of having the power to give birth and death. As a surreal condition giving birth is dying.

Our characters are similar to tragic heroes. Despite their sacrifice, they cannot get out this lair without dying. This limit is their privilege, their distinction is their captivity.

Images are born of the nerves. They speak not to reason but to the senses. The audience's interpretation will be primary and intuitive. Images make sense by responding to each other in a monologue. A tragic poem. An absence hymn to others and to oneself.

Images have the obviousness of hypnosis and the strength of rumor. They contrast the temptations of mind and the limits of the body. Images dig for a language that reinvents the dark lightning of destiny and celebrate the struggle for life. Terrifying. Lyrical. A run towards emptiness.

The Last Supper is a paradoxical hymn to life and lost joy. To the dream that vanishes and the paradise to be won back. If Woman is the Man's future, Love is to be revisited reinvented. We are not meant to live alone but to love and face life.

**POETRY** There are those who climb up to the balcony.  
Into the pulpit.  
To the tribune.  
Who climb up in order to speak.

There are those who go down to the mines.  
To the cellar.  
To the catacombs.  
Who go down in order to dig.

There are those who climb up Golgotha.  
To the scaffold.  
To heaven.  
Who climb in order to die.

There are those who climb down from Olympus.  
To the bottom of a well.  
Where stars are drowning.  
Who go down to be dazzled.

There are those who walk on emptiness steps.  
Breathless.  
Senseless.  
Those who cannot make it.  
Those who are beyond it.  
Those whose steps barely make a sound on the stones.  
As if they carried absence.  
Or a forgotten name.  
Those go forward.  
But there is no-one.

There are those who fall.  
At speed.  
Who get off.  
Who are shot down in flames.  
Who climb down in order to know.

The Father has a bounded face.  
Headless.  
As his Son-God with the pig's head.  
That was the gods portion.  
Not to have anymore.  
Feelingless.  
Emotionless.  
Beingless.  
Only a skin's density.  
A soul to attract light.

The landscape circumscribes another enclosure.  
The skyline looks like a slipknot.  
The great absent sky that everybody's seeking vibrates with darkness.  
From the desecrated land is left nothing.  
All is burnt.  
Burnt ground.

Kether  
The tree where the vestiges of all legends burn.  
All myths.  
All seductions.  
All knowledge.  
The tree like a ruined reference.  
Signposts of a single chasm.  
Of a single nothingness.  
Symbol of an empty posterity.  
Nostalgia of an impossible pureness.  
Burns.

Within this theater, the characters are torches of ashes before dispersal.  
The staircases are tombs.  
Nowhere territories digged by the Gods.  
Scarecrow of a seedless world.  
Childless.  
Declaring the Hope's death.  
The torture certitude.  
As the palimpsest of our fears.  
In this lair filled with essential presences.  
The dreams of the living and the last gasps of the dead are played out.  
Bodies turn space into crosses.  
They are only shadows.  
Soiled.  
Of blood.  
Of loneliness.  
Threads only strangle emptiness.  
And against horizons of soot or fire, a trapped fugitive.  
This is Man.

Man with neither eyes nor face.  
Huge man.  
Tiny man.  
Sentenced.  
Like a dying conqueror.  
Black stone, conveyed flesh.  
As Kaaba, He absorbs the world's sin as he stand in its center.  
What he's looking for : awakesness and freedom.  
What he discovers : inside loneliness and body jail.  
That we are, all, slave for.

The man falls into oblivion.  
Going to meet the fatal instant.  
Acced to mystery.  
Done of honors.  
Of power.  
Of the burden of being there.  
Overwrought movement as his ultimate effort.  
He says nothing.  
Hesitating.  
Between metaphor and myth.  
Going.  
Towards the unthought-of.  
Into shadow's swaddling clothes.  
To get back into the cold night.  
To the Nemo's existence.

**INSTALLATION**

**TRINITY** A unique God for a triple person.  
The Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit are one in essence.

The Supreme Power.  
The Supreme Love.  
The Supreme Science.

The Father is dead.  
The Mother has been sacrificed.  
The Child is God.

**THE MAN** The man meets the Woman. They couple. As she gets fertilized, she castrates him. She takes his virility. She takes away from him what makes him Man. He becomes she. He becomes Woman. She devours him metaphorically. She sculpts him into her image. A loving reflex. As a result of this mutation, he accesses power and the possibility to become fertile. To give birth. To create.

Now he can maintain the kind. Redemption and blossoming exist by being a woman. She is the only one who can save the real. To maintain the kind, the masculine has to free his femininity. However, this state of mind freedom through misincarnation is a lie. A utopia. He-She will pray at the Pigs God's feet. He-She will give him his-her flesh and blood in a havoc, sacrificing his-her sight, consciousness and judgment. Belief and Devotion have to be taken as a renouncement not as an oblation. A body dependence. A thoughts' advice. A spiritual death. To be dazzled is to let oneself devoured and destroyed by the light. Religion rapture's power is above all a terror's force.

The man who desires to experience the mutation says something about the desire to give birth and the shame of being a man, but also the dead end of this will once he became a woman. He tries to liberate the life that Man has imprisoned. The life that Man killed. He is the one who liberates life, and the one who kills it. Creation has definitely something to do with redemption. Atonement.

The last man entrance into the lair symbolizes the Eternal Return. Time stands still. Irreparably. Unfertile. He is doomed forever. The proud captive. The cursed journey chemist. Judged not for who he actually is, but for what he wants to become : God.

**THE WOMAN** The Woman is a symbol of innocence. Her blood symbolizes the loss of the virginity and breeding. It is a symbol of emancipation. Birth. As she is impregnated, she becomes two. She becomes a Woman. She becomes a mother. She becomes mortal. As she becomes the slave of flesh, she gets pregnant and she reduces her freedom. Salvation and procreation mutate into slavery and retreat. Yet, she refuses to keep this child. She chooses nothingness rather than hell. She tears her ovaries out and throws them at the Pig God's head screaming: « The child we give birth to and who hasn't asked for it, the child we let die. This child who will always bleed from his human wound. Create. Restart a heart. Make a tragedy rebirth. Breed. Scarifying a being. Oh ! The infertility to be a mother ! ».

This Act isn't a humanist act trying to deny a child's life in a doomed world. On the contrary. This is the most selfish expression. An ultimate act of protection. Having a child is loosing our freedom and our right to die.

Her Salvation lies in a bright locked unknown. Abortion and the guilt that follows only brings to an insane, monstrous self, a ghost around the living, condemned to torture and roam in the lonely night with the blind eyes.

**THE CHILD** The Child God with the pork's head cuts the belly navel and throws his Father in nothingness. He denies the Father, refuses authority and prevents him from becoming God. To reach Creation. The child is the Man's father, and prevents him from living. Being fatherless is not being.

**APPROACH**

**WHO** Collaboration work between David Gil and Arno Bouchard.

**THEMES** The Eye of God - The Devil's Portion.  
Childbirth.  
Abortion.  
Sin.  
Redemption.  
Salvation.

**SUPPORT** THE LAST SUPPER was shot in 2008/2009 on Super 8mm Kodak color negative film.  
Developed and graded at Todd-AO, London.  
With HKDB, Vincent Gagliostro and Nesti Mendoza's help.  
Post-produced in 2009 by Première Heure, Paris.

**FILM EXECUTION** 2'. Trailer. [www.thelastsupper.fr](http://www.thelastsupper.fr).  
20'. Galleries and festivals.  
30'. Cinema and galleries.

**PHOTO INSTALLATION** **Trinity**

Œdipe - Inkjet on pure cotton paper - 40 x 30 inches - Edition of 7.  
Laïos - Inkjet on pure cotton paper - 40 x 30 inches - Edition of 7.  
Jocaste - Inkjet on pure cotton paper mounted on a wooden cross - 110 x 70 inches  
Edition of 7.

**THE LAST SUPPER** 7 original copies of the 20 minutes film. Each includes :  
1 box in black steel or granite 16 x 20 inches.  
1 high resolution beta num Master of the movie.  
2 DVD for screenings. (PAL & NTSC).  
4 photographs of 12 x 16 inches printed Inkjet on pure cotton paper. To be chosen through a  
load of 50.  
1 CD of the Last Supper's score composed and signed by John Zorn.  
20 inches of the original Super 8 mm negative film.

**FORMAT** Image : 4/3 PAL.  
Sound : Stereo.

**SCREENINGS** Art Paris at A. Gallery.  
Details on [www.a-galerie.fr](http://www.a-galerie.fr).

**MATERIAL** CD The Last Supper : Filmworks XXII : available on [www.tzadik.com](http://www.tzadik.com), [www.orkhestra.fr](http://www.orkhestra.fr),  
Fnac, Virgin.  
Photos and prints. On command : [postmaster@thelastsupper.fr](mailto:postmaster@thelastsupper.fr).

**ORIGINAL SCORE** John Zorn

**PRODUCER** John Zorn

**SOUND ENGINEER** Marc Urselli

**MUSICIANS** Lisa Bielawa - Voice  
Caleb Burhans - Voice  
Martha Cluver - Voice  
Abby Fischer - Voice  
Kirsten Sollek - Voice  
Cyro Baptista - Percussion

**ABOUT JOHN ZORN** Drawing on his experience in a variety of genres including jazz, rock, hardcore punk, classical, klezmer, film, cartoon, popular and improvised music, John Zorn has created an influential body of work that defies academic categories. A native of New York City, he has been a central figure in the downtown scene since 1975, incorporating a wide range of musicians in various compositional formats. He learned alchemical synthesis from Harry Smith, structural ontology with Richard Foreman, how to make art out of garbage with Jack Smith, cathartic expression at Sluggs and hermetic intuition from Joseph Cornell. Early inspirations include American innovators Ives, Varese, Cage, Carter and Partch, the European tradition of Berg, Stravinsky, Boulez and Kagel, soundtrack composers Herrmann, Morricone and Stalling as well as avant-garde theater, film, art and literature.

**JOHN ZORN** « Simultaneously seductive and repellant, this could be the strangest film I have ever scored. A DVD, storyboard and scenario was passed to me during my residency in Paris (Cité de la Musique, Salle Pleyel) in July 2008 and after checking out the scenario and stills music began coming to me immediately - well before the director had even invited me to compose it. Of course, like most directors these days, at first Arno simply wanted to license some music - specifically, my string quartet *Kol Nidre*. Learning this, I flatly dismissed the idea (*Kol Nidre* in a SEX scene?) and as is my custom, offered to do an entirely original score instead. The very same day the composing began in earnest, inspired mostly by the strength of the photos alone...

My initial response to the bizarre violence of the images was with very intense sounds, envisioning Bill Laswell, Marc Ribot, Ikue Mori and Willie Winant on industrial/noise percussion. But the more I viewed the film (which compares to the modern surrealistic visual worlds of directors like Jodorowsky, Anger and Lynch) the more I sensed a deeper feeling of ritualistic calm and subtlety running through it all. Arno was wonderful through our early discussions, and was open and kind enough to trust me completely. I finally decided to go with the mystical sound of the world's first musical instruments: voices and percussion...

The music was composed with largely the same hocketing madrigal language used in *Frammenti del Sappho (Mysterium, Tzadik 8018)* and *Shir Hashirim*, and is brilliantly performed by virtually the same ensemble. Martha, Lisa, Abby and Kirsten are important members of my classical family and four of the most amazing singer/musicians in New York. We have been working together since 2004 and together they achieve a truly magical blend. Joining them here is Martha's husband Caleb Burhans, who typifies today's new musicianship. A composer/performer who plays violin and viola, Caleb sings countertenor and specializes in contemporary music, early music, pop, rock and free improvisation. Twenty-five years ago there were only a handful of musicians with such versatility but now it is becoming more and more the norm - a great sign for future directions in new music.

Cyro and I worked all afternoon on the percussion pieces, and the singers came late in the evening. The session had a magical aura to it and we (appropriately) worked until midnight. Once mixed, sequenced and mastered, the special quality of this music really began to reveal itself. More than music for a film, it also seemed music *inspired* by a film. »

**PRESS** « One of the strangest films Zorn has ever scored (and that's saying a LOT), *The Last Supper* is a science fiction/art film of wild imagination and style. The brainchild of French director Arno Bouchard and his co-writer David Gil, the film combines primal ritual with futuristic fantasy in images reminiscent of David Lynch or Alexandro Jodorowsky at their most bizarre. Drawing upon the world's first musical instruments (voice and drums), Zorn has created a beautiful and powerful score that simultaneously embraces the sensual and the repellant, the dark and the light, the ancient and the modern ».

**ACTORS** Aurore Tomé  
Fatima N'Doye  
  
Rebecca Dayan  
Tina Gardinier  
Joy Wielart  
Laura Langlois  
Cécile Okendo  
Chantelle Dosser  
Alice Revet  
Alizée Teulade  
Aurélie Jouan  
Aurélie Obled  
Daniela Von Schulthess  
Denni Parkinson  
Yoanna Blikman  
Naëlle Guennoun  
Katy Serrat  
Josiane Bladi  
Lucie Nouailhas  
Lucile Haute  
Loatjal Ma  
Romain Jouret  
Arno Bouchard  
Sofiane Bouchard  
Sabine Bounand

**THANKS** HKDB, Benjamin Bosquet, Yeoram Kalfon & Antoine Drubigny  
Première Heure, Patrice Haddad, Louis Arcelin, Philippe Perez & Antoine Valette  
Vincent Balusseau & Perrine Schwartz  
Matthieu Sibony & Sylvain Réty  
Rasmus Michau  
Christophe Clément  
Florent Villiers  
Le Comptoir du Son et des Images, Véronique Boulaire & Franck Marchal  
L'Usine, Patrick Joly, Patrick Rizzo, Fabrice Roche  
Antonio Del Casale  
Eric Lipchitz  
Urs Bigler  
Jean Paul Fleury  
Chantelle Dosser  
Sacha Goldberger  
Dominik Von Schultess  
François Florentiny  
Mary Jordan  
Antonio De Luca  
Yann Gorostis  
Nesti Mendoza & Vincent Gagliostro  
Eric. J.Thazard & Hector Perez-Moreno pour le Door Studio  
Grégory Colbert & Christian Brück le Théâtre des Muses  
Jean Michel Cambilhou & Yves Radicia  
Olivier Chatain and SAMSUNG

**ARTISTIC  
CONTRIBUTORS** Gilles Degivry (Hair)  
Marion Mazo (Make Up)  
Frédérique Van Espen (Make Up)  
Mélanie Cléménçon (Costume Designer)  
Cafer Coban (Costume Designer)  
Valérie Vais (Set Decorator)  
Ariles Hamitouche (Set Decorator)  
Sonia Cascino (Casting)  
Priscilla Bueno (Make Up)  
Ismaël Blanco (Make Up)  
Aurélie Judelin de Hemptine (Casting)  
Géraldine Nicourt (Casting)  
Freddy Schaefer (Casting)  
Nicolas Lublin (Casting)  
Guillaume Lebarbier (Art Direction)  
Sacha Stojkovic (Art Direction)  
Gabriel Harend (Art Direction)

Gilbert Peyre (Sculpture Electro Mecano Maniaque)  
Olivier Goulet (Belly Navel / Skin Bag)  
Grégory Loffredo (Stunt)

**POST PRODUCTION  
CONTRIBUTORS** Pierre Boitard (Coordination)  
Yann Masson (Flame)  
Damien Peiro (Flame)  
Rachel Hue (Coordination)  
Isabelle Cohen (Coordination)  
Alexandre Plicque-Gurlitt (Art Direction)  
Matthieu Sibony (Sound)  
Sylvain Rety (Sound)

**TECHNICAL  
CONTRIBUTORS** Perrine Schwartz (First Assistant Director)  
Candice Barrada (First Assistant Director)  
Mehdi Salame (Assistant Camera Operator)  
Marie Prual (Script)  
Ludovic Droubly (Chief Electrician)  
Thomas Charles (Catering)  
Céline Touraine (Catering)  
Morgan Alliot-Foucaud (Catering)

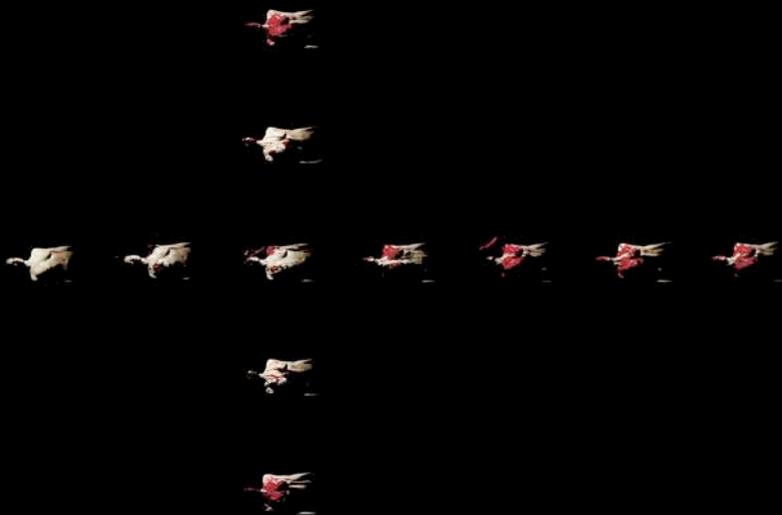
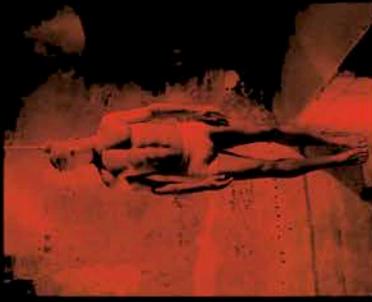
Hadi Aouar  
Franck Banon  
Nicolas Djokovic  
Amar Moualek  
Lionel Dubois  
Semi Jallelli  
Tibault Sury  
Frédéric Jourden  
Delphine Franchin  
Frédéric Blaudeau  
Stéphane Laubertie  
Mathieu Poisson  
Antonio Ponte  
Ludovic Radziwill  
Quentin Pradelle  
Guillaume Moreau  
Jean Paul Bezzina  
Alexandre Leuleu  
Kristell Briec

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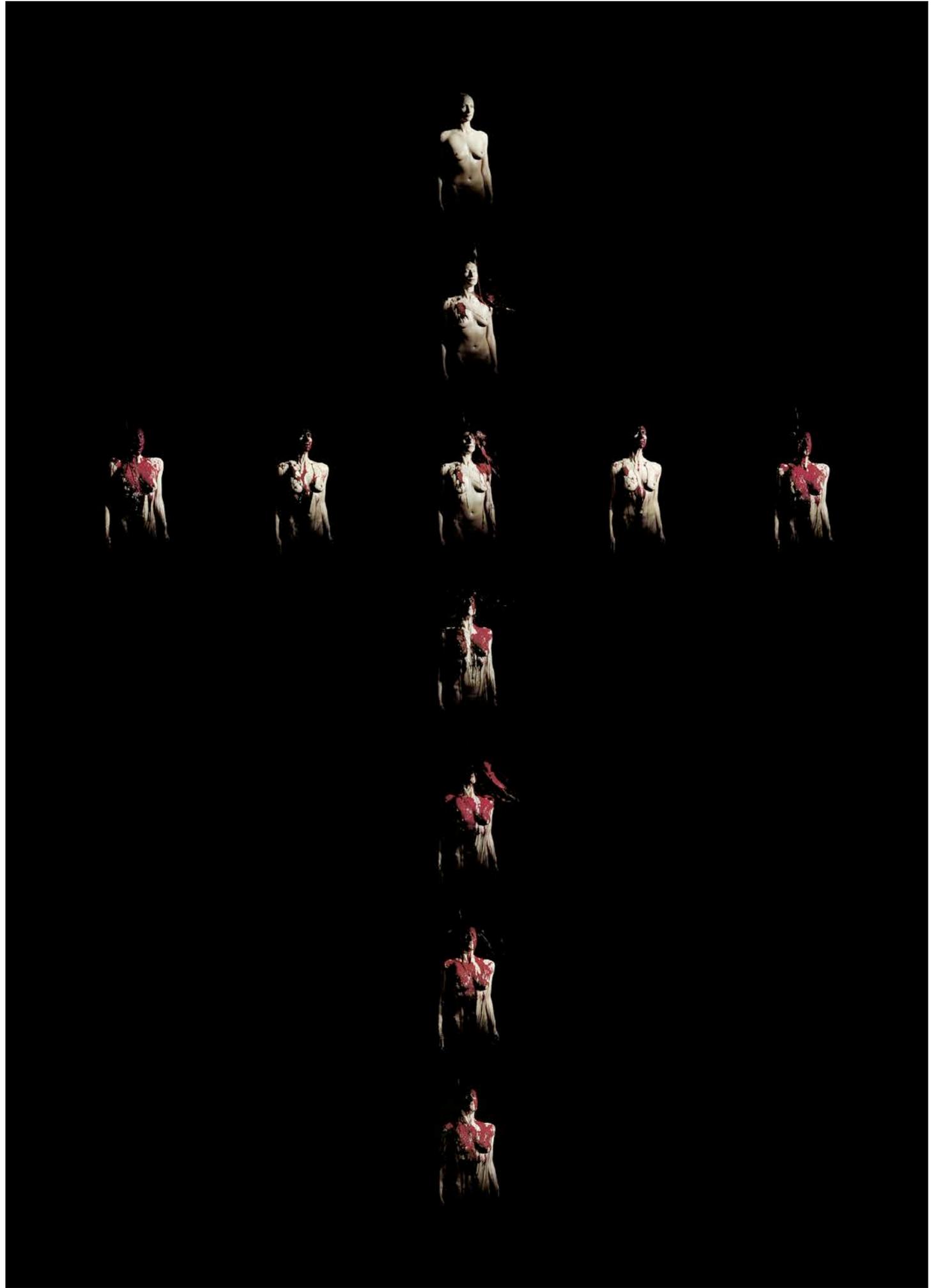














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