

ESCAPE TO EDEN

An Allegorical Poem in One Short Act

*We are ghosts....
living in a world that's ended.*
Maxwell Anderson

Characters in order of appearance

Death
Commander Brain
Nine of Life's Lasting Thoughts
Intuition
Duty

Setting: *War bunker below ground level; two open lookouts at upper right and left in rear wall. Curtain opens to full blackness, sounds of gunshots and whistling rockets; flashes of battle can be seen outside the lookouts.*

Death, Thoughts, Intuition, and Duty, masked and appropriately garbed, wait in wings. All except Death wear capes and hold kite-shields of different designs....

DEATH *Voice, out of the blackness—*

The battle rages still!

Low spotlight opens on naked Brain on pedestal center stage.

Commander Brain no longer can be heard
above rifle shots of the Emotions.
In the trenches Desires lie burning....

*Spot on Brain brightens; snarled
whisperings of Thoughts begin from
surrounding darkness as Death jumps into
the light:*

“Tomorrow....*tomorrow*....tomorrow,”
you have insisted, Victory shall be yours!”
But listen!....

THOUGHTS *In rising chant from the dark--*

Two
...Thousand
...Years
...of WAR--
we *refuse* to lose brothers and sisters anymore!

DEATH *With spotlight on Brain at full-strength,
Death withdraws as it finishes speaking:*

Tonight, your surviving Thoughts circle....

THOUGHTS *one at a time waft into light, circle and
address Brain, and return to the dark:*

The enemies die so much harder than your will.

It's rumored Vanity draws breath still....

Too often!-- ignoring Intelligence's sign,
have you allowed Greeds to cross the lines,
to wound Friendships....

Aye...buried deep went Hope--for whom even *you*
yet pine! And Charity.... And Patience!
They who brought good Deeds back, in time.

To say nothing of the Children Dream,
fugitives from your First Nuclear Age,
those that survived, silenced by Rage--

And weren't you there, when Love was killed?--
for saying that one could exist without a body,
without being kissed?

Five piercings were too much for Him.
Yet over even this deafening din
is the lingering Spirit still to be felt--

And *still* you believe?-- that defeat can be dealt
the Wandering Thoughts that approach from the
east, led by Remorse, a tireless beast who feeds
on talents--

While the darts from the Doubts lying low in the
south prevent Courage's venturing out to
independence?

As the Minutes keep sailing in from the west?
Ah, fiercest of all, relentless Time's quest,
of indifference.

INTUITION *Bolts from the dark brandishing a weapon:*

I—Intuition!--am forced to erupt:
What draught remains
within the Cup-of-Significance?
There's but one way, to still the Mind--
break off communication from behind....

Voice lowered to forced whisper:

Silence is our only chance!

DUTY *Appears at Intuition's side:*

Yes! Together we might *do* it, if we tried--
annihilate, if we must our own stubborn *hide*
for deliverance.

DEATH *Lurking at the edges of light:*

[whisper] *Now* is the time to ambush Brain--
while the dreary dream-lulled Senses sleep.

*DO IT! UNITE! DRIVE INTO IT DEEP
THE LAST LANCE....*

*Duty joins hold on Intuition's weapon.
Slowly they raise it above Brain....*

*[Meanwhile, out of sight each Thought
has attached to its costume's cape a wire—
part of a pulley assembly to lift capes
at finale.]*

THOUGHTS, in unison,
*as variously they bend into and out of the
light:*

Blessed is That which governs the Universe,
gives life and sustenance, and has brought us to this
happy season....

For in the light of our vision
have we have found our freedom....

Warfare beyond the bunker is subsiding--

Our thinking shall be Peace,
our words shall be Peace,
our work shall be Peace....

*Weapon reaches its highest point as light on
pedestal is dimming....*

For Truth is most high—

Thoughts' chorus crescendoes and ends

*simultaneously with plunging of weapon
into Brain and set into darkness:*

But higher still, is truthful living conduct!

*Music starts softly (“Hail to the Chief”).
An intense small spotlight opens on Brain,
now covered by Intuition and Duty kite
shields.*

*An ethereal haze begins to light above
as Thoughts emerge one at a time, place
shields also over Brain, and then crouch in
the darkness. Music grows in strength as
Death speaks its final words and capes
lift out of sight....*

DEATH

Bury kindly your parent beneath your shield!
Bid farewell to this cemetery on Ptolemy’s wheel!
Rise, Consciousness...
to plough a halloween field!