

ESCAPE TO EDEN

An Allegorical Poem in One Short Act

Tosca Lenci

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

Setting: *War bunker below ground level; two open lookouts at upper right and left in rear betray flashes and muted sounds of battle.*

Narrator offstage (“Death”)

Characters in order of appearance:

Nine of Life’s Lasting Thoughts

Intuition

Duty

The 11 above colorfully masked and caped over tight black clothing, and carry “kite” shields.

Props

Brain

Pedestal center stage upon which rests Brain.

‘Kite’ shields for Thoughts.

Spear carried by Intuition.

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Thoughts, Intuition, and Duty wait in wings...

Curtain opens to blackness...

VOICE-OVER, *as spotlight begins opening on Brain that sits on pedestal center-stage...*

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

Tomorrow, you have screamed, victory shall be yours. Except too many have died, already, in the more

than two thousand years'Li war....

*Whispering sounds from Thoughts heard as spotlight
surrounding Brain reaches full strength...*

Tonight, Life's Lasting Thoughts circle....

THOUGHTS--*one by one waft into the light and address
Brain as they circle:*

The enemies die so much harder than your will; it's
rumored *Vanity* draws breath still....

And how often ignoring Intelligence's signs, have you
allowed Greeds to cross the lines and 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, refugees from
your First Nuclear Age--those that survived silenced by
Rage....

And weren't you there, when Love ceased to exist? For
saying one could exit 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--

Yet *still* you believe? That defeat can be dealt, the
Wandering Thoughts that approach from the east, led by
Remorse, a tireless beast that 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 wings, brandishing 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 communication from behind...

Silence is our only chance!

DUTY (*joins Intuition*)...

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

NARRATOR (*softly*)

Now is the time to ambush Brain, while the dreary dream-lulled Senses sleep. *Drive into it deep, The Last Lance...*

Duty emerges. Joins hold with Intuition on weapon to slowly raise it above Brain, while--.

THOUGHTS:

(Re-enter, now carrying their 'kite' shields, variously bending into and out of light, they recite in unison:)

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

"In the light of our vision have we 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 has been reaching to highest point, as--
light on pedestal dim and Thoughts’ recitation rises, they
form a crouched ring around the central focus--)*

“For Truth is most high, but higher still is *truthful living
conduct*

*(Thoughts’ crescendo ends simultaneously with
plunging of weapon into Brain and set into darkness--)*

(Music starts softly, remains quiet (“Hail to the Chief”))...

*Spotlight reopens around Brain. During
subsequent Voice-Over, Thoughts take turns placing
shields over split brain..*

NARRATOR: “Now kindly your parent beneath your
shields.... Bid farewell to this cemetery on one o
Ptolemy’s wheels... Rise, Consciousness! -- to plow
hollower fields....

Light recedes gradually until entire stage dark.

* * *

Alternate Last Effects

*As Thought’s crescendo is rising and they form the
crouched circle with backs to darkness, a light wire pulley
descends to each spot; a clip to release is attached to a
shoulder.*

*At Narrator’s command, “Rise, Consciousness,” a
pulley assembly above hoists wires to lift capes out of
sight.*