

## RENACIMIENTO

### For Screen

CAST [different costuming for suggested dual roles]

*Eternal Daughter* and *Earthly Joanna*—young female

*Eternal Son* and *Extraterrestrial Lover*--LOVER

*Priestess* and *Joanna's Earthly Grandmother*--aged female

*Extraterrestrial Elder #1* and *Earthly Doctor*—elderly male

*Extraterrestrial Elder #2* and *Earthly Priest*—elderly male.

*Extraterrestrial Eldress*--middle-aged female

*Joanna's Earthly Father*--middle-aged male

*Dancers and Singers*--boys and girls

*Choruses*—women and children

*Spectators*—females and males

### LOCATIONS

#### Celestial Realm:

Pyramid [resembling Mayan Monte Alban, Oaxaca, Mex.]

'Temple' [resembling Mayan Tulum, Quintana Roo, Mex.].

#### Earth:

Country estate (study/library, patio, garden)

Music hall (dream scene)

Church sanctuary

Hospital hearing room.

#### Extraterrestrial:

Planetary Council Room;

Laboratory

Lovers' 'Pavilion.'

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STATIC STARRY SKY – NIGHT

[Suggested music, Ripple, *Grateful Dead*.]

ETERNAL MOTHER VOICE-OVER

Oh what confusion!

ETERNAL FATHER VOICE-OVER

Don't tell me--another tempest in our universe!

ETERNAL MOTHER VOICE-OVER

Afraid so, my love--between nitrogen and hydrogen ages. And after only six hundred years! Time again to convene the Quadrinity. You summon the Daughter; I will call the Son....

VIEW moves from darkness to light....

EXTERIOR-- CELESTIAL REALM--VIEW: clear blue sky descends to a pyramid.

*(ETERNAL MOTHER and ETERNAL FATHER are seated at [optionally seated, at top or at base], ETERNAL SON at their feet; ETERNAL DAUGHTER approaching....)*

ETERNAL MOTHER *(to Eternal Son)*

*You* remember what it was like, to be a child in the world--able to *accept* all that Consciousness could contain? Knowing with each breath—

ETERNAL SON

That there had to be more to human existence, than adult consciousnesses

normally betrays?

ETERNAL FATHER (*dispensarily*)

Yes, yes.... We know every child is born pure.

ETERNAL MOTHER (*resignedly*)

If only all that each one came in contact with equally was so!

(*ETERNAL DAUGHTER arrives to sit beside Eternal Son...*)

ETERNAL FATHER

We've tried to convey it before and failed. Yet Daughter's to try *again*?

ETERNAL SON

Not for us, to question that which contains all but recognizes none. (*Rests his hands on Eternal Daughter's shoulders.*) It does seem that for a particular nature,

Time's call again has come. (*Leans over her shoulder to address her.*) What say you...does it worry you?

ETERNAL DAUGHTER

To be human on Earth again?--not this time; I think I took it too much to heart before. (*He chuckles*) Don't laugh; I mean it! True, burning at a stake kept me from pressing further; but better, then, to come back to my true abode than serve any more time *there*. Imagine!--not able to fly toward the sun when felt drawn.

ETERNAL SON

Think it would have made a difference if you had been in male form?

ETERNAL DAUGHTER (*Expels a sardonic breath.*)

Indeed! They've respected *form*, Brother, always more than mind.

ETERNAL MOTHER

But now they are ready surely!=-to see it's one's nature, not form that counts....

ETERNAL DAUGHTER (*softly defiantly*) Oh to have it done once and for all.

ETERNAL FATHER

Well, then...it's agreed? Seems time for Earth finally to understand, that evolution ordains freedom from ignorant dictates of instinct. *(Rises; takes Daughter's hands and lifts her to stand before him.)* I think you are to be a different kind of heroine this time.

ETERNAL SON

And they don't burn people at the stake anymore.

ETERNAL DAUGHTER *(Turns toward him.)*

Or nail them to a pole? *Ah*, progress! How *is* it done these days? Never mind--I'll find out soon enough.

ETERNAL MOTHER *(wistful)*

Hopefully, one day, every child born on Earth will have its own room. *(Rises; goes to Daughter and embraces her)* But you will not need to endure long, before you return directly back to us!

ETERNAL DAUGHTER *(Looking from Eternal Mother to Eternal Father)*

But I still have some time? Before I prepare?

ETERNAL FATHER

Yes; go now if you wish—

*(Eternal Daughter exits; suggested music, Rolling Stones, "She's Like a Rainbow" ...)*

But be at the Temple when called!

VIEW rises through music.

EXTERIOR--CELESTIAL REALM,

*(SAME DAY; ETERNAL DAUGHTER arrives at Temple parapet and is greeted by PRIESTESS.)*

PRIESTESS (teasingly)

And you thought your missionary duties fully performed.

ETERNAL DAUGHTER

Seems experience can be a handicap as well as a boon.

PRIESTESS

Chance or choice, ey?—the eternal riddle of consciousness we only can serve, never solve. (*decisively*) So...you are to be in that world again--in the flesh, in the total sense of the word.

ETERNAL DAUGHTER (*pensively*)

An earthly child again.... A *human female* again....

PRIESTESS (*Lifts a finger authoritatively--*)

*This* time, however, on one thing you can depend. A moment will come when each thought will be marked compulse *or impulse*, and a second voice will become clarified in your mind. Each, a *consciousness with no gender--* together capable of creating something greater than that which is parceled between them.

ETERNAL DAUGHTER

And what, precisely, is my ‘alter-ego’ expected to do?

PRIESTESS

*That* is for you to discover. Ready for the particulars?

*(Eternal Daughter nods acquiescently, if reluctantly.)*

In the winter of Earth year 2000 *anno domini*, a female child will be born to a servant family in a country village--

ETERNAL DAUGHTER

And I am to be her.

PRIESTESS

Yes. The mother will have died in childbirth. The child will grow up with her father and maternal grandmother. At age 18 she will establish telepathic

communication with a boy from the hydrogen age--

ETERNAL DAUGHTER

*Not another immaculate conception!*

PRIESTESS

So it may *appear*....

*(Eternal Daughter leans on the parapet wall and gazes into distance--)*

FADEOUT...

EXTERIOR—EARTH—NIGHT ON A GRASSY KNOLL...

*(Joanna and grandmother have paused to share bread and cheese on return from market....)*

JOANNA

Do you think *anyone* knows, Grandmother, why the world exists?

GRANDMOTHER

No. Nor do I believe there is any way by which we can *determine* why. No....

no matter how much a soul might try, it must continue not to know—

JOANNA

OH, LOOK—there! That star—

GRANDMOTHER

Yes...I see it...so bright!

JOANNA

It twinkles red, too. And it seems to be moving...is it?

GRANDMOTHER

It's too low in the sky to tell, with the wind blowing the trees on the horizon; but I believe *so--and look now!* My God! It seems to be coming *toward* us. See how it rises a bit and flares? Joanna, tell me this old lady's not imagining things.

JOANNA (*absorbedly*)

No...so beautiful! No...I see what you are seeing.... (*then wistfully*)

Grandmother?

GRANDMOTHER

Yes?

JOANNA

What gives us thought?

GRANDMOTHER (*ignoring question*)

See how it moved away, then toward us again?

JOANNA (*holds up a hand; whispers to self...*)

What is this feeling?....as if it is an old friend---(*turns to Grandmother*)--

I'm afraid when I have such thoughts....

GRANDMOTHER (*Takes Joanna's hand and encourages her to look upward.*)

Don't be afraid, Joanna. Of what is there to be frightened on a night such as this?

Look at the golden triangle! Just think: you could take a piece of cardboard and, without much trouble, make it a size that if you held it at arm's length it would fill the golden triangle—

*(But Joanna is fixed on the strange star.)*

JOANNA

Grandmother, look now! Our star is shooting upward—

*(Grandmother looks but the object has disappeared. Joanna closes her eyes with an incredulous sigh; then looks pleadingly at Grandmother...)*

I don't understand! Do you know the thought I had, which came out of the air?

My heart said, *I saw you!* Why do I feel I should know something that I *don't*?

GRANDMOTHER

Perhaps.... Perhaps because you can't remember why....

JOANNA (*embracing Grandmother*) My dear Nanna.... Shall I tell

you the words I thought I *heard*'? (*Grandmother nods encouragement--*) "That was as near as I dare come...."

DISSOLVE BACK TO TEMPLE PARAPET and Eternal Daughter  
and Priestess ...

PRIESTESS

Are you listening?

JOANNA

Oh. Sorry.

PRIESTESS

As I was saying, we know that these journeys are complicated—Psyche's geography swamped; memories scattered debris...(*sweeps a hand across scene*)...you will sense wispy dreams of this reality and vague yearnings for it. But it will be precisely *that*—the core of your imprisoned being—which will move you and, consequently, *them*.

ETERNAL DAUGHTER (*resignedly*)

I shall have the "faith that moves mountains."

PRIESTESS

You will need it. (*commandingly*) Now! Come, sit. If you are going to prove that peace, love and freedom will travail until 'Mary', her messenger and her son are restored to *their* humanity, we have much to review...

VIEW lifting—



PRIESTESS VOICE-OVER

... the histories of Psychology...the histories of Science... *(her voice trailing off)*  
...in short, the history of Humankind and all of its philosophies....

*VIEW floats along ocean and back down to a courtyard beneath the Temple parapet, where a flock of white-skirted little girls in ballet shoes, ribbons flowing and long hair blowing, billow and dance and sing:*

*I virgin smoke*

*I virgin dance*

*I virgin sing*

*I virgin romance*

*I virgin every man entrance*

*I virgin live—*

*Exodus!*

*(Schoolboys enter to notes of a Sibelius symphony; girls and boys unite in a recitatory exercise of fundamental laws [OR VIEW MOVES to an open conservatory, where only the schoolboys recite--)*

*We do not worship idols false...*

*We do not use the word, "god," vainly...*

*We do hallow each seventh day...*

*We honor each other in every way...*

*We do not lie...*

*We do not kill...*

*We do not cheat...*

*We do not steal...*

*We do not deliberate another's mate...*

*We do not de-liberate another's fate....  
We love the one near us as dearly as our self,  
And hold love of Life above all else....*

DISSOLVE TO EXTERIOR - EARTH – DAY--

*A raised patio; at left beyond patio, a garden; at patio right, open doors into study/library. (FATHER and GRANDMOTHER sit at patio table, which shows remains of a Sunday breakfast, the open room behind. Grandmother works a piece of needlepoint. JOANNA faces the table as she sits on a low wall above the garden; she holds a pen and open journal....)*

JOANNA

Listen.... *(Rises, open journal in hand, and reads aloud)* “I may be of the labor class but I promise not to be discouraged in my studies although...truth is...I don't like it! This is my life: I arise early, often as early as five o'clock. The house is quiet, then. An hour at dawn, an hour at noon—

FATHER *(Rudely interrupts without glancing from newspaper he is reading)*  
Machiavelli was right.

JOANNA

What?

FATHER

I *said*, Machiavelli was right.

JOANNA

About what?

FATHER

That life is fifty percent fate and fifty percent free will.

GRANDMOTHER *(looks from handiwork to him)* Well, that may have been fine for *Machiavelli* to say but I'm not sure it is for you. One cancels the other out,

anyway--doesn't it?

FATHER (*tosses newspaper aside*) I thought, just *one* morning, to read in peace. But, no. Instead, I'm served *her* bookish prattle and *your* usual cynicism.

GRANDMOTHER

Huh! *Listen to him*. The owners out of town and he forgets he is a servant here; nothing better to do than take his ease in the morning sun.

*(Father abruptly pushes from table and exits through the library.*

*Grandmother lays down her work, rises and goes to Joanna...)*

I hate the way he always cuts you off. And you let him have his way!

JOANNA

Less, of late.

\GRANDMOTHER

But still you brood about it.

JOANNA

I don't want to talk about that now. Our free time in the sun is so short.

*(Grandmother kisses Joanna and returns to her chair;*

*Joanna continues hesitantly....)*

I had another strange dream last night.

GRANDMOTHER (*hands working steadily*)

Tell me about it.

JOANNA

I'm not sure you will like hearing it.

GRANDMOTHER

Please. It gives me something to listen to, other than my own thoughts....

JOANNA (*begins tentatively*)

I was wearing a strange costume...metallic, I think. Yes...silver. And I was standing at the rear of a large, crowded strange hall. An organ—oh! I *think* it was

an organ—was playing....(*Joanna hesitates...*

DISSOLVE to dream scene...

INTERIOR CROWDED MUSIC HALL.

*A commanding note appears to summon Joanna from where she stands at back of hall. As she walks toward the sound a path between the crowd opens specifically for her, until she reaches a semi-circle of persons before a stage. They are standing man, woman, man, woman in continuing order, with one space open expressly for her.*

*The man to Joanna's right--of saintly stance and profile, clothed in deep burgundy suede; the epitome of an archangel--does not look at her as she becomes locked into the circle.*

*All eyes are meeting upon the shining face of a singing young boy. The band's music grows compellingly until it reaches unbearable intensity. Then it is as if the ceiling parts and a chorus of souls join in chorus...*

DISSOLVE BACK TO PATIO....

GRANDMOTHER

Go on.

JOANNA

Then...I can't explain it! Something—an undulating wave?—came from the right and crawled across my pelvis! Those are the only words to describe the sensation. I turned and looked at the man on my right but, arms crossed at his chest, he gave no indication of having felt anything. He kept his face directly forward, as indeed did everyone else in the circle.. And... (*shows doubt as to revealing more*)... another

strange thing.... So strange it *was!* Although I never looked down, I knew! In the front of my costume there was a diamond-shaped cut- out that framed—

GRANDMOTHER

All right--that *is* enough. Sometimes you go too far even for me!

JOANNA (*tosses herself across the patio wall*)

What an incredible thing Life is! If all imaginable is possible, might all that is dreamt be, too? (*turns to Grandmother*) If I were an alien intelligence—if I knew it would frighten you to make myself known all at once—what *better* way to gain entry into Consciousness than through dreams? Wakefulness is a prisoner of body, but dreams are not.... And lately it's as if something, or someone, is talking through my mind—

*(Father returns, retrieves newspaper, reseats himself.*

*Joanna resume reading aloud from her journal....)*

“Life only *pretends* to revolve around choice. One either can believe in free will, or that all acts are predestined by causes over which we have no control. In *either* case, however, does one have a *choice as to disposition?*”

*(Father pointedly rustles newspaper; Joanna ignores it--)*

“One philosopher said the reason we must think in terms of a ‘beginning’ to existence is due to the paltriness of our imagination... (*leafs a page...*) And here.: “In disposing of the argument of ‘first cause,’ we have philosopher Mill’s account of when he asked of his father, ‘Who made me?’ His father replied that the question couldn’t be answered because it immediately suggested the question, ‘Who made God’.” (*chuckles*) I wonder why Mills didn’t ask his father, “What happened to God’s mother?”

FATHER (*Rises agitatedly, pushes chair hard under the table*)

It’s not healthy for a woman to be so concerned with such matters.

JOANNA

*Not healthy?* Ahhh...woman has no vested interest, then, in freedom? And yet—

FATHER

And yet what??

JOANNA

Nothing.... I only wish I could make you understand.... Man and woman are like raindrops on the windowpane—separate but of the same substance.

FATHER *(to Grandmother)*

Just where is all of this leading? She says such crazy things!

JOANNA

Oh. And you. Everything *you* say has value. I, instead, must take to my books late at night as if committing a crime. *(turns her back)--*

*(Father rises, goes to Joanna, smooths her hair)*

FATHER

You've been studying shadows again.

*(Joanna turns to him with a small forced smile)*

There. That's better.

JOANNA *(resignedly; then embraces Father)*

I did stay up late; forgive me.

*(She descends to garden, hesitates, then turns--)*

But I *am* free to believe what I believe!

*(Father watches as she exits though garden; then reseats himself, shaking his head. Grandmother retrieves needlework...)*

GRANDMOTHER *(musingly)*

When my body was young I never looked at my hands. I didn't notice them as they happily worked. Now, they intrude on my vision....

*(Father, still agitated, walks to wall; searches pockets; draws out a small cigar and lights it. Grandmother continues to work her fabric....)*

FATHER

Don't think I don't know the fire burning in her. When I was a boy, I, too, aspired to higher things. After work in the evening I would sit in the garden to capture desire in the little light left to the dying day. But there comes a time when one must give it up.

GRANDMOTHER *(looks past him)*

Remember that I also have been a slave all my life. Still, I used to know pleasure serving others. However, lately...

FATHER

What is it you want to say?

GRANDMOTHER

I made a commitment to raise Joanna, but I no longer willfully can serve you both. I am torn when her nature conflicts with yours--this morning, for instance, when you interrupted her—

FATHER

*When* did I interrupt her?

GRANDMOTHER

When she was reading from her journal.

FATHER

Oh. That.

GRANDMOTHER

Truly I am loath to say another word. Either you *will not* or *cannot* understand that she is a special creature.

FATHER

Special creature—*special creature*? Do you know what she said to the

reverend father last Sunday? We were talking about the great poverty, here and in other countries—you know, about our moral duty to help the poor. It was *she* who interrupted then! ‘Just think,’ she said to him, ‘Just think how many fewer poor there would *be*, if the men of the cloth really were to act as God incarnate--sell every treasure churches now hold and turn the proceeds over!’

GRANDMOTHER

Honest question--especially for one who has read *Mark* 20, 21!

FATHER

Don’t you quote me chapter and verse--‘honest question’, indeed!. And with my friends standing about! More and more they are wondering really what kind of creature I’ve been attempting to rear.

*(Tosses his cigar butt and exits. Grandmother lays down her work; her expression takes on sadness until Joanna returns carrying a bouquet...)*

JOANNA

Father gone again, is he? *(Proceeds to arrange flowers in a vase from study)* You know?--I dreamed recently about him, too. He and I were standing at a bar, as in a court of law—

GRANDMOTHER *(looks past Joanna; interrupting--)* There’s been something strange with the weather this year....

JOANNA *(ignoring Grandmother’s avoidance)*

“What we each are here for, is to serve one another,” I said to him; “and I have decided to let myself be guided by the Unidentifiable First Cause.” He replied, “*You are a libertine!*” I could not respond. I felt such hostility—*no—contempt*, from him.... He hated all for which I stood! Yet we might have been born to be lovers, and changed the world.

GRANDMOTHER *(to no one...)*

Someday I think I’ll grow gardenias. I’ve never been afraid of running out of



things to do, only time....

INTERIOR – STUDY/LIBRARY – NIGHT

*(A fire burns in the fireplace. A black cat in an armchair nearby observes Joanna as she pokes the fire...)*

JOANNA *(gathers cat into her arms)*

Well, sir, how are *you* this evening?

*(She hums and waltzes around the room with complacent cat over her shoulder; then hears approaching happy sounds of children....)*

What's that?...oh...of course! It's All Hallow Eve and tomorrow, All Saints Day; and the next, All Souls....

*(Door opens elsewhere in the house; Grandmother handing out treats.... Joanna sits in armchair with cat on lap, stares into the fire and somberly recites...)*

*Acherner, Doradus and Miaplacidus, who in your secret influence, comment....*

*Divya Dristi, eye at the back!--come save this witch and her loyal cat...*

*(Suddenly she sits upright, dropping cat; tilts head to side, breath coming fast...)*

What? *(a whisper)*

LOVER VOICEOVER

Playing with words again, are we?

JOANNA VOICEOVER *(facial expressions mirroring responses)*

I do that when I'm bored.

LOVER VOICEOVER

Here's something to ponder: was the Universe with all its stars and planets born from just one big explosion?

JOANNA VOICEOVER *(as visually she moves about room)*

Why don't you tell me?

LOVER VOICEOVER

o.k.--the answer's no.

JOANNA VOICEOVER

So how *did* it all begin?

LOVER VOICEOVER

Nobody knows.

JOANNA VOICEOVER

Not even you?

LOVER VOICEOVER *(laughingly)*

Least of all! *I* know only two things: the Universe is a closed system—nothing can occur without cause within, as quantum physics doth show. But the music of the spheres is beautiful, and that which we can make between them is heavenly.

Why have you been so reluctant to call on me?

JOANNA VOICEOVER

Ever occur to you, I might be just a little frightened?

LOVER VOICEOVER

I know. I feel blame for that dream trip.

JOANNA VOICEOVER *(As visually she goes to doors to patio; opens them wide...)* As well you should! Do you have any idea what it's been *like*?—never to have believed in the occult, and *that* against the thought of winding up in a white room with bars on the windows.

LOVER VOICEOVER

Truly, I'm sorry. But remember!—two swallows can make a summer.

JOANNA VOICEOVER *(visually crossing patio)*

That's *two swallows do not a summer make.*" And I don't believe in miracles either.

## LOVER VOICEOVER

What's happening between us is no miracle. We're connected by virtue of that force that keeps minds searching for Reason. We could say that the Universe, itself, ordained it!

*(A full moon throws dark shadows in the garden as Joanna descends from the patio. A light approaches through branches of a tall pine....)*

Courage, friend! Haven't you wished for a true new millennium?....

*(A light descends; as Joanna approaches an at-first-indistinct figure materializes into the Lover's form...)*

And you needn't look at me that way! We've been in each other's thoughts since the beginning of mind-measured Time--*(their hands join as they reach each other...)*--in every form and figure: permanent facets of the soul-grid of our galaxy... *((Puts his arms around Joanna; she presses her face against his chest. He tilts up her face, gazes steadfastly into it until she pulls away--.*

What's truly bothering you? Tell me.

JOANNA

*I'm hating Life.... thousands of years of history here, and no improvement in the human condition?*

*(Lover abruptly vanishes!)*

LOVER'S VOICE *(rings out)*

Bull Shit!

JOANNA

Wait! Come back!

LOVER *(reappearing at her side)*

Sorry. Hopeless expressions do that to me. *(courteously acknowledgingly)*

It's true--a lot of misery would be cured if all people were of the same mind.

That's going to take a few hundred years more; can't let it drive you crazy.

JOANNA

You're incredible, you know? And since when does a God say 'bull shit'?

LOVER

A universally acceptable word that's been around as long as bulls. And I'm no 'god'.

JOANNA

So where, then, are you from?

LOVER

My home, of course.

JOANNA

Don't tease. Where *is* that?

LOVER (*points...*)

In front of what's known here as the North Star.

JOANNA

Does it have a name?

LOVER

Tierra *Mas* firma.

JOANNA

*NO-o-o-o!*

LOVER

O.K. I'm joking. Just let me say, consciousness has but one language, no matter where in the Universe it lives; and, upon it, all variegated tongues are based.

*(He gently pulls Joanna back to his breast and places an assuring hand on her head.)*

Still scared?

JOANNA

A little.

LOVER

Well this isn't an everyday event for me either. Here—(*motions*)--let's sit a while; I won't be here long. Besides being rare, materializations are fleeting. (*He sits back against tree trunk and causes Joanna to lie with her head in his lap...*)

JOANNA

And others from your home materialized here before?

LOVER

Only a couple of times, over the millennia. No records, however, were left of those events; receivers were too overwhelmed by the experience to hold on to belief.

JOANNA

Like I was feeling—

LOVER

Uh-huh, easily written off as hallucination, because not enough contact passes between the participants. Or, in the extreme, reported *as* a miracle. (*Taking a good look around for the first time...*) Say! This *is* a beautiful spot.

JOANNA

My favorite...I think where you first made contact? I was lying here looking up at the sky, and a particular star caught my gaze and held it tight.

LOVER

That was the first night I went to the scanning lab alone. (*Runs a forefinger long Joanna's cheekbone*) And it was *you*, here, that prompted me to.

JOANNA

It does seem miraculous to me, the distance across it's all happening.

LOVER

Does seem so, I know. But what happens at a distance isn't any different from

what happens up close. An insect right here in this garden is physically living its own reality within our's, but its movement doesn't cause even a ripple in our awareness—unless, of course, it's a mosquito landing on your nose. (*tips hers*) Yet all's happening within the fabric of the whole. On the insect's level, it issues and hears sounds, attracts and repels others, and, creates...*creates!*... Hmmm, now *that* opens up the matter of pleasure and I'm always interested in doubling mine—

JOANNA (*abruptly lifts to sitting position*)

I beg your pardon!

LOVER (*pulls Joanna back down*)

Don't be silly. All I want to do is talk with you--anything and everything! My world is inheritor of your history besides its own. How about, say, Thomas Wolfe?

JOANNA

“One can't go home again?” I never liked that line.

LOVER

All depends on what's meant by 'home.'

JOANNA

Tell me. How does your home differ from here?

LOVER

It's not perfect, but a lot of bad attitudes *have* gone out of existence, along with a couple of harmless labels like 'sin', but especially the theory of survival of the fittest, which has been replaced by the concept that *cooperation* is a natural law. Our society works hard on that. Learning about a civilization younger than ours offered proof of evolutionary progressions, leading my ancestors to concentrate on achieving greater peace and happiness. (*He rises and lifts Joanna to stand with him*)

JOANNA

Tell me more.

LOVER

Death comes still, as it must to all animal life; but illnesses are few. The thrust of living is optimism, and the laws toward it are clear. We have government, but not politics' as you know such here. Governance is a matter of fair management of societal labor--every type of work necessary to society's whole is respected equally, and less of each citizen's time is needed to keep it all functioning. Leisure time's spent freely, in the arts or with inquiries into the remaining unknowns...and...of course, *love...* (*He gives aptly-listening Joanna a first kiss...*)

JOANNA

In that 'heaven,' then, are marriages truly made?

LOVER

Marriage?... Well, we do have states that approximate it, but—(*He recognizes imminent departure as his image dims slightly--*) No time to talk about that, now!

JOANNA

*No!*

LOVER (*crosses Joanna's lips with a finger*)

*Shhhh...*I told you materialization is fragile and you've managed to keep me here longer already than I hoped. And...then...well...*then* there's the fact I didn't tell anyone—

JOANNA

Does that matter?

LOVER

Oh-ho—*definitely*. The elders undoubtedly already know that I've come. I'll be called on the carpet all right.

JOANNA

But they'll let you come again?

LOVER (*worriedly*)

There *are* serious considerations. (*rises as his image dims even more...*) I don't know.... Probably not. (*reacting to Joanna's chagrin*) No—don't despair!

JOANNA

But surely only *good* can result from such visits?

LOVER

Not without undue suffering, they believe, for a person left to live consequences beyond normal acceptance. All I can say is, I'll *try*...

*(The last of LOVER's light and form vanish--)*

JOANNA (*raises her torso to lift arms high*)

*Oh five-dimensional Universe!* Let us be always together!

#### EXTRATERRESTRIAL - INTERIOR - DAY

*A bubble building arched by lacy trees; a foreign sun shines through the glass. ELRESS in a floor-length robe smokes a long thin pipe as she paces the floor, pausing now and again to look out searchingly to a path that curves to the building through gardens beyond. LOVER approaches, stops midway, rubs fingers over brow muttering; he finally draws up shoulders and enters the building through parting glass.*

ELRESS

I remember when you agreed that there had been enough attempts, to impose order on other levels.



LOVER

And don't *you* believe? –to err is human; forgive, divine? Maybe my earlier superiority made me forget that I was human too.

ELDRESS

At which level were you?

LOVER

The Twenty-First.

ELDRESS

The Nitrogen Age.

LOVER

Yes.

ELDRESS

You left her in chaos?

LOVER

No! She's strong, and she can *believe*—be convinced of that.

ELDRESS

*Ummm...perhaps. It doesn't change the fact you acted without consent!*

*(Two male ELDERS in obvious debate are approaching rapidly along the path beyond the windows. LOVER sits on one of several objects resembling chairs...)*

LOVER

I know; a transgression for which I will accept criticism. But I can't—I *won't*—apologize.

ELDRESS

I understand that you are weary and need rest. But here are the others.

*(LOVER stands as the two elders enter)*

ELDER #1

You went to her--purposefully!

ELDRESS

Wait...wait! It's not going to help if we get all excited.

ELDER #1

Not get excited? *Not get excited?* As if there haven't been good reasons for all our precautions!

ELDER #2

Yes, yes, very good reasons--a long history of them; but she's right: the deed's done. It's the further acts we must concern ourselves with now. Let him tell us about it.

*(Exasperated Elder #1 blows hard and whirls onto a seat. LOVER reseats himself; Eldress and Elder #2 take seats also.)*

LOVER *(dreamily)*

She has eyes so quick they can catch the colors of a humming bird in flight....

ELDER #1

Oh, see how much in love he is!

ELDRESS

*Shhhh....* We've been monitoring her thought long enough to know that she's a noble creature. Let him speak. *(to Lover)* However, please, only the particulars.

LOVER

It seemed a command, when I went to the laboratory alone again in the middle

of last night....

DISSOLVE.... INTERIOR. PRISTINE LABORATORY - NIGHT

*(A molded lounge is at center, directly above which is suspended a copper headpiece that revolves around a fine optic fiber running from cap up and out a skylight that reveals a star swept sky. LOVER enters, removes and tosses aside his cape, and reclines on the lounge. He affixes the cap to his head, lays back and closes his eyes. A few minutes pass....)*

JOANNA VOICEOVER (faintly)

I believe that God is an almighty force that governs the Universe... *(voice grows stronger)* That I myself am one of Its children, conceived of virgin matter, borne by that force called ‘holy’—*(voice grows stronger with each line--)* to live crucibly, die, and be buried.... I believe in the eternal purity of spirit, in the communion of Consciousness, and in Life—everlastingly....

FADE-OUT to BUBBLE BUILDING

LOVER VOICEOVER

The point was fixed! Systematically I began sending thoughts, she cooperated more and more, and I distinctly felt—I *knew!* She fully had come to believe I could exist.

ELDER #1

Painstaking preparations. Years of study, uncertain to what purpose it would be put. Then, the first transference in centuries and it takes the form of a love-

smitten lark??

ELDRESS (*holds up a hand*)

We do know that these matters must embrace great devotion—

LOVER (*defiantly*)

Exactly!--we've known that achievement of polarity, to maintain the flowing, depends totally on the affinity at subatomic levels. And her devotion to *Reason*, her desire to sanctify Life, equals—nay! is superior to ours—

ELDER #1

*Superior* he says!

LOVER

The thought that I should stop, call you here, did occur. But I was drawn along the connection—her compulsions were that all-consuming. A moment had come that I simply couldn't deny.

ELDRESS

How long were you there?

LOVER

Not long, perhaps 20 minutes Earth-time. It might have been longer if I hadn't grown anxious... (*voice trails off*) She fervently wished it could be—

ELDER #2

There was much conversation?

LOVER

Yes.

ELDER #1

You told her about us?

LOVER

Very little.

ELDER #2

You told her all about past materializations?

LOVER

No.

ELDER #1 *(to Elder #2 and Eldress)*

Still, you see where we are: a strong-headed, strong-hearted woman already bent on changing her world. What desperation she will know—exactly what we have been committed to avoid!—when she fails to receive further communication.

LOVER *(springs to his feet)*

What do you mean?—    fails to receive future communication?‘

ELDRESS *(Rises, walks behind LOVER and places her hands on his shoulders.)*

If only *she* had not fallen in love with you—

LOVER

*No!*—

ELDRESS

--we might have pursued formal communication—

ELDER #2

The situation is too complicated. It will be better for her—

LOVER

*NO!*

ELDER #1

You will *not* try to contact her again. Give us your word.

LOVER

*My “word”?* From The Beginning was *The Word*, and *The Word* toward godliness was *Reason*; and *Reason* became a god. *That* is my word, and *that* is her word; and neither of us can give to you that faith which is ours! *(He turns, runs from room and disappears along the path.)*

INT. EARTH – MORNING –

*(A small church sanctuary, bare save for an arched shrine to the Virgin, a fount in one corner, and a chair. JOANNA sits in sun slanting through a small high window. A sound starts her from her reverie. PRIEST, entering through a door to exterior, is surprised to find her there....)*

PRIEST

Eh...excuse me! It's unusual to find someone here so early.

JOANNA

Good morning, Father. I've been waiting for you.

PRIEST

Yes?

JOANNA

To make a final confession.

PRIEST

Final confession? What kind of talk is that? Are you not well, girl?

JOANNA

I never have felt better in my life.

PRIEST *(hesitatingly)*

Shall we go to the church, then?

JOANNA

No...that won't be necessary. You know it is I, here; and it seems fitting that I speak in the light.

PRIEST

You have experienced a temporary loss of faith?

JOANNA

*Au contraire*, father. Mine has been gloriously reaffirmed.

PRIEST

It appears you've not had rest for some time. Why don't you return later?

JOANNA

When I am in my 'right' mind, you mean? No, my thoughts now are crystal clear.

PRIEST (*resignedly settles in the chair*)

As you wish.

JOANNA (*speaks softly gazing upward the small window*)

Love has set me free, Father, as always I believed it could.

PRIEST

Oh. You are to be married then?

JOANNA (*laughs lightly*)

No.... As he known as Jesus said once, "The children of this system of things marry and are given in marriage; but those counted worthy of gaining resurrection neither marry nor are given in marriage. They are "as angels in the heavens."

Rememer?—*Mark 12.25 and Luke 20.34.... But yes!*—if marriage is a vow of eternal friendship and loyalty—

PRIEST

Precisely what the sacrament is intended to bless.

JOANNA

*Intended!*—your word, Father. But tell me: how can a union *be* blessed, when only one partner is imbued with full rights by those purportedly empowered to confer the blessing? Where, in the *Trinity* that Man worships, is the *female*? (*She rises and faces the shrine*) Beautiful, is she not?—pure woman; yet how has she been recognized? Eternal mother; but never, *daughter*—the scroll of her child- and girlhood even invalidated by Man. Would she have believed her child any less of God had it been female?

PRIEST

Churches don't pretend to have perfect knowledge.

JOANNA

Ah, but they disaffect lives when they behave as *if* they do. People are not sheep of no intelligence, and not all women are so fortunate as to receive their first private visit from a polite god. It is the *conception*, not the act, that matters. It is *conception*, not the *act*, that brings children into the world! Jesus would be first to say no birth should be less significant than his own. Yet we have churches permitting—nay, some commanding—births of unwanted children, children who will not know one day without hunger, when they need not have known at all. And all it would take to save the many of them is to acknowledge Science's gifts from God!

PRIEST

You suggest defiance of doctrine!

JOANNA

One makes a decision only when one possesses all good reason for its execution. But if one has everything but the courage—the material means but not the *living spirit*—the test cannot be met. From whence have words of god always come?—from the minds and mouths and hands of Man. Never will there be a time?—when, old laws no longer serving, new laws are named? What is a *true* law, but consensus in spirit as to its needfulness? Is it not so?—that when useful to their purposes, the men of the moment have not hesitated to change a law of God?

PRIEST

Obviously you have not come here for absolution.

JOANNA (Walks to door, opens it to full sunlight, turns toward him.)



JOANNA

I came here for two reasons: first to purify my mind. Second, in hope my words might move you, if only within this congregation. Believe it or not, I have come *in the name of Jesus*—that flesh and blood *man* I would want as a brother. His glories rest not in being a god! His glory rests in the *man* that he was.

Remember? He broke the then-theocracy's laws to take Reason beyond *their* antiquated reign. Like David before him—David, who ate and fed his men the shewbread, rather than starve their faithful quest. (extending her hand)

I wish only for a new beginning—

*(The priest turns away a now stony face. Joanna drops her hand, turns and exits, shutting the door quietly behind her....)*

EXTERIOR - EARTH – EVENING

*(Garden in the vicinity of the pine; Joanna sits beneath, tossing pebbles...)*

JOANNA

Up is down...down is up... 'tis only gravity that fills the cup....

LOVER VOICEOVER *(faintly)*

Prepare to receive my thoughts! *(Joanna closes her eyes and presses fingertips to temples...)* Concentrate! Escape velocity is seven miles per second...a centimeter is about two-fifths of an inch.... Have you seen an ant carry a fly? Remember your brother!—bare bones upon which once hung flesh--yet his thought, like a fragrance on a breeze, comes still to you whom he loves.... Mass is united by energy; the body is nothing; the mind is all. In it you will see a bright white zigzagged stripe. Departing a world is not so difficult. You know I exist; and, now, come to me!

*(Joanna lifts her head, a flash of light, and she is gone...)*

EXTERIOR -. EXTRATERRESTRIAL - NIGHT

*(A glade and a spring to which young deer come at dusk. White night flowers and black-green foliage surround a low, domed structure in the background. JOANNA kneels at the spring and splashes water on her face. LOVER approaches silently from behind and places his hands around her waist.)*

LOVER

Welcome to the Pavilion.

*(She turns; they embrace and remain easily in each other's arms...)*

JOANNA

"Pavilion?"

LOVER

Reserved for lovers. Where they come only when fully conscious they might bring another soul into existence—knowing that, in doing so, each becomes creator with, by, and through--as near as one can be to being!--\_God'. *(He moves her to arms' length)* It was inevitable that you and I would find each other.

JOANNA

*Inevitable*—I love that word.

LOVER

Does away with guilt rather nicely, don't you think? Lovers are like children at play. It doesn't matter what bodies they inhabit; they always appear beautiful to each other. *(teasingly--)* In other realities, for example, you may be very ugly. An antelope probably wouldn't find you appealing at all.

JOANNA *(pushes him away in feigned rejection)* Oh! Is that so?

LOVER *(pulls her back)*

Tell me: when have you been happiest?

JOANNA

Now! And always—hear this in quotation marks!—when I have felt ‘The Lord’ leading me! *(Flings herself onto the grass...)* Oh to be able to stay *here* forever.... I know...a silly thing to say. But must I always be a click away from you?

LOVER *(Sits beside and kisses her, avoiding question...)*

Consciousness anywhere proceeds at the same rate, but civilization here didn’t suffer Earth’s geological setbacks. People here discerned hundreds of years before how the mind-body complex determines a person’s thoughts and acts. If a particular pathway in brain isn’t developed properly, it won’t function properly. *(running his hands demonstratively along her)* All your pathways, by the way, function quite well.

JOANNA *(amusedly)*

Well I’m glad to hear it. *(then seriously)* But certainly genetics plays a big role?

LOVER

Of course. Naturally there can be and do happen inescapable failures of substance. What two persons do privately may seem their own affair; but they need to be prepared to fulfill all potential consequences, because, if what they do together creates another, that’s a universal affair. We’re taught that from the beginning. *(She smiles bemusedly...)* What?

JOANNA

I was remembering the first thoughts you sent me.

LOVER

Like what?

JOANNA *(turns over to lie on her stomach...)*

Like “whirling is different from turning...”

LOVER

“Your body is a vegetable and mineral machine that should be kept well- oiled?”

JOANNA

And that!

LOVER

“What fools ye mortals be?”

JOANNA

Not that!--now you’re making fun again. But *am* I only ‘mortal’ then, after all?

LOVER *(lies beside Joanna, stroking her back)*

Only in that you will not occupy this present body, luscious as it is, forever.

JOANNA *(now teasing back)*

You *mean*, luscious as it appears to *you*.

LOVER *(laughs)*

Very good. *(Stands and lifts her to her feet...)*

So, when it comes to bodies, it’s what we do while in them that matters.

JOANNA *(unsurely hesitant...)*

I went to the parish priest.

LOVER

You didn’t tell him about me!

JOANNA

No—no!

LOVER

Promise. You won’t tell anyone.

JOANNA

You know I can't promise that. *You know* I have no control over events in my world—

LOVER (*unavoidably conceding*)

I know.... No more than in any other including my own.

JOANNA

And that whatever is destined for us we must accept?

*(He takes a deep breath, nods, then takes her hand and leads her to the domed building. In the dome a white vase holds a burgeoning bouquet of flowers from the glade; a thick white rug covers the floor; and at center is a bed of large satin pillows, surrounded by a drape, now raised, of shimmering fabric. He draws Joanna inside and gently whirls her about....)*

LOVER

Our haven, my love.

JOANNA

I'm nervous...

LOVER

So am I...

JOANNA

To think that I fell in love with you before I saw your image...

LOVER (*He lowers his face to her breasts and kisses her while untying the first white ribbon of her frock; murmurs...*) The tertial nature of Love: spirit encompassing the mental encompassing the physical...

JOANNA (*teasingly as she slips robe from LOVER's shoulders...*)

The physical being the smallest part?

LOVER *(draws back amusedly)*

I beg your pardon?

JOANNA *(laughs girlishly as her dress falls and she reclines on pillow bed--)*

Well, it *is* peculiar looking—I will say that....

LOVER *(boyish laughter from him joins hers...)*

A figment of your imagination, a small fruit of creation?

*(As he kneels beside of her, the airy drapes drop, the light dims. Outside, the water runs in the spring, breezes move the trees; other couples walk in the distance making familiar gestures of love....)*

DISSOLVE....

*(The sky lightens; a flute pipes briefly. Inside the dome, the now-raised drapes billow around the lovers. The lovers are robed; he sits cross-legged, she kneels behind him massaging his neck and back...)*

JOANNA

What will happen, when they know that you brought me here.

LOVER *(falls back onto pillows)*

*Phewww.* They‘ll be upset, to put it mildly. They understand that love brought us together, but—

JOANNA

Don‘t say it!—I will: we‘ll never meet here again. *(Flings herself down, buries her face in a pillow...)*

LOVER *(Gets up and pours wine, brings her a glass, and sits beside her)*

More important, what will you do.

JOANNA

I'm leaving my father—

*(He expresses dismay; she places a hand on his arm)*

Don't worry; it will be alright. My grandmother has agreed to come with me. We'll make a home together. I'm strong. I can work. *(He continues to shake his head)*

Please. I shall be fine. And so shall our child!

LOVER

And it will look like you!

JOANNA

And you!

*(They stand and their moments together take on a gentle fierceness...)*

LOVER

It shall have your spirit!

JOANNA

And yours!

*(He starts, seeing the light outside now brighter. She comprehends...)*

JOANNA *(softly)*

I know... Time for me to leave.... *(her image is fading)* But I still can send you my thoughts!

LOVER

And *I* you, mine! Remember...a straining of races is taking place. You are a star, and I am but one of your rays—

JOANNA

And you are goodness and rightness, and we have existed for godly reasons—

LOVER

And we are each other's, through all the Universe's seasons!

*(She disappears. He runs out of the dome and looks to the sky...)*

JOANNA VOICEOVER

W are friends, then, throughout our worlds and all others?

LOVER VOICEOVER

Yes!

JOANNA VOICEOVER *(voice growing fainter with each thought...)*

Like father and daughter?

LOVER VOICEOVER

Yes!

JOANNA VOICEOVER

Mother and son?

LOVER VOICEOVER

Yes! One day all children will be conceived and created as ours. I love you...

JOANNA VOICEOVER

*I love you...*

*(Echoes exchange through the blue...)*

EXTERIOR – EARTH - GRASSY KNOLL - MIDDAY

*(Joanna and Grandmother meet/ Joanna's pregnancy is near term....)*

JOANNA

What news?

GRANDMOTHER *(worriedly hesitant)*

You can't expect the men to abandon overnight what they have lived with all their lives. Talk is rampant. I'm afraid even your father will betray us.

JOANNA

A certain amount of pain is necessary to revelation...*(ironically--)* as when they



were forced to accept Earth wasn't the center of the Universe.

GRANDMOTHER

Of course none of them can believe it-- hat an 'alien' being sired your child.

JOANNA

The important factor is that I *chose* to conceive. *I conceived that I would conceive*, if you will have it....

*(OTHER WOMEN, in twos and threes, some with children, join Joanna and Grandmother...)*

JOANNA

Such is not the way this world must be: hungry children, despairing parents, deprivation amidst plenty.

*(A group of men fast approaches and circles the grassy knoll...)*

Such is not the way this world's civilization *would* be, were myths laid to rest, and the altruism reserved to God established in the human arena. If there were no sufferings to existence, would the idea of an intractable god be necessary to explain them? If an all-encompassing, personified god *does* exist, would he not now want us to use the logic he, himself, bestowed upon us: to recognize that changing circumstances in his universe *demand* new acceptances—new *laws of spirit?*

A MAN IN THE CROWD

You would make *science* religion!

JOANNA

I would make *knowledge* legion! Who and what are we?—bits of life-giving breath moved by the same energy that forces the butterfly from its cocoon, and the wind to bear it where it need not think, to go. Religion has been the reservoir of Life's mysteries, where laws have been but the consensus at each particular moment of a specific majority—the commonweal divided by

individual prides and prejudices. None, however—not churches nor government nor science—has seized fully in consciousness the identityless Spirit that religions portend to attain.

*(The men press upon the women and children...)*

Has Earth mercifully turned enough times for collectively evolved consciousness to *see* that ideas once held no longer be? Humankind can choose to give its god a new description! *All* children are of God. IT determines if we are born. IT determines when we find each other and circle together for a season. Is it not true?—that when we join to bring another soul into existence *we* become gods? *(Assenting voices are heard from women in the crowd.)* As an ancient brother of mine once said, “Those who have ears to hear, *listen!*” Where has it been written, that *he* affirmed his conception as non-physical? Or, indicate that it could matter one whit to his purpose as *he* saw it?—the light of the Spirit overshadowing old traditions, questioning laws of *his* fathers, for a new age—

*(Joanna’s FATHER, the DOCTOR, and the PRIEST extricate themselves from the male group and stride to Joanna’s side. Doctor and Priest each take one of her arms. JOANNA looks from one to the other as she tries to extricate herself...)*

What is this?

GRANDMOTHER

Let go of her!

FATHER *(anguishedly)*

It’s for her own good!

DOCTOR *(to Joanna)*

*You’re not well. You’ll be safer at the hospital.*

JOANNA

In the mental ward—is that it? (*Looks from one man to the other...*) Because your minds cannot accept there may be more than one reality?

*(The men begin to lead Joanna away, forcing a path through the assembled women....)*

GRANDMOTHER

Stop, I say!

JOANNA (*comfortingly*)

It's all right, Grandmother. Hear me: this had to happen; hold on a bit longer!

*(As Doctor and Priest lead Joanna away, the women and children protectively surround and walk alongside...)*

WOMEN CHORAL CHANT

*You...crazy...people.... You...crazy...people...*

*You cannot see it is the season, Not you*

*That controls you....*

*The seasons, the heavens, of God....*

*You...crazy...people You...crazy...people*

*You cannot see it is your instincts, Not you*

*That control you...*

*God gives us all our graces... God gives us our grasses...*

*God gives us all the worlds and all of their masses.*

*God gives us lights and star-filled nights, when peaceful minds of Humankind join company....*

*God's child is coming back to us, back to us, back to us;*

*God's child is coming back to us*

*all in its proper season....*

*God's child is coming back to us, back to us, back to us;  
God's child is coming back to us, all for God's own reason....*

INTERIOR - EARTH – NIGHT, DECEMBER 24TH

*(An austere hospital chamber, gray walls bare save for a large dark wood cross; barred grids glint outside a high window. PRIEST and DOCTOR sit at a table at head of the room, an empty chair opposite. Benches line the walls; double entry doors at back of chamber stand open...)*

PRIEST

Of all nights...

DOCTOR

I know; I know—ludicrous. But out of deference to her condition there wasn't any choice.

*(People enter timorously, seating themselves quietly along benches...)*

PRIEST *(keeping voice to whisper)*

What?? Are we to have spectators?

DOCTOR *(annoyedly)*

She insisted that the 'hearing', as she called it, be open. When I indicated at first that it might not be permitted, her agitation was so intense as to threaten her's and the child's welfare. She threatened to refuse all food until I agreed. Her courage seems equaled by her determination—

PRIEST

Or dementia. But why must *I* be present? I have no medical authority.

DOCTOR

Again, she insisted. She claims the matter involves your jurisdiction more than mine.

PRIEST

I pray that we can settle things reasonably and that she can be released tonight to her family.

*(Both WOMEN and MEN number among the spectators. Women include aged ones in shawls as well as YOUNG FEMALES, two of whom initially whisper together....)*

FIRST YOUNG FEMALE

It takes an equal force to turn darkness into light....

SECOND YOUNG FEMALE

As Einstein already has shown?

*(JOANNA appears in the doorway on the arm of her grandmother. Her swollen abdomen causes the bleak hospital smock she wears to curve above her knees. Grandmother leads her along one side of the room toward the front of the chamber. Two more Young Females whisper to each other....)*

THIRD YOUNG FEMALE

Oh, which of our sisters said, –One picture is worth one thousand words?||

FOURTH YOUNG FEMALE

*Silly!* ‘Twasn‘t a sister, ‘twas a brother as you well know.

*(Some of the women touch Joanna’s dress hallowly and whisper as she passes...)*

AN AGED WOMAN

Se le vaya bien!

*(Grandmother seats Joanna on chair before the table and remains nearby.  
Male whispers are heard...)*

FIRST MALE SPECTATOR

The girl must be crazy.

SECOND MALE SPECTATOR

Does she think she can be the mother of a god?

FIRST MALE SPECTATOR

I hear she's said she is the *daughter, sister and wife* of God!

YOUNG FEMALES *(join in a retorting whisper)*

*Damn, you crazy people. You have it all wrong. She says she is the wife of  
Humankind, the daughter of Humankind, a mother of Humankind! Jesus  
Christ, you crazy people! You have got it all wrong—*

*(The doctor taps the table; silence ensues...)*

DOCTOR

Ahem.... Joanna, do you know why you are here?

JOANNA *(placidly)*

God sent me.

DOCTOR

I mean, do you know what has placed you in these circumstances?

JOANNA

Speaking the truth

DOCTOR

Such as

JOANNA

That a just god forces devolution of ignorance. That Mind cannot be separated from Body but the Soul's thinking-Spirit can. That, obeying ordination by the Supreme Force, mine encountered a son of the same and our substances fused, for the purpose of producing greater brilliance. Finally, that Humankind can anticipate a future when it has wrought its heart's desire—to know Love fully purely in Mind *and* Body.

*(Some of the female spectators fight expressing a cheer....)*

However, to answer your question in short, I believe I am here because my beliefs advocate applying God-given logic toward human freedom and happiness....

OLDER WOMEN

*(in black shawls begin to sing softly; suggested, syllaptically, to tune of "Toreador Song" from opera Carmen:)*

Creo in Dios, Todoperderoso, Creador, Creador...

[etc.]...

Je-su-u-Christa, Unica-ah hi-ja

Cray-ay-a-dor Cray-ay-a-dor...

*(Doctor raps for silence; waits for the hall to quiet...).*

DOCTOR

Now Joanna.... Haven't you maintained that the conception of the child you are carrying was through the offices of an extraterrestrial?

JOANNA

So it was.

*The Priest this time raps for silence as boy and girl waifs who had been hovering at the door push in....*

Whether or not I am believed, what law has been broken?

PRIEST

None! But you *do* realize, you could be kept *here* if you persist in your story.

JOANNA

How incongruous! That the mercy offered me--*recant and be free!*—is the same that doomed my spiritual brother at the hands of those sufficiently personally threatened by *his* words. (*She stands and turns in profile as if addressing a jury--*) The issue, here, is not the conception of my child but fully conscious conception of *all* children. Bring in the children! (*She rises, goes to the group of waifs and takes a girl and boy forward by the hand*) Let the *children* bear witness to the word. Ask *them*: which is better—to be born and sleep cold in doorways with dogs, and live always only at the questionable charity of humankind, or not be born at all? Let the children ask! Why do not men learn from History. Can Man do more than prophesy?

MALE SPECTATORS (*joined forc(eful whisper)*)

*HERESY... HERESY!*

FEMALE SPECTATORS (*joined returned forceful whisper*)

*WHO WHISPERS "HERESY?"* Not the women; not the women.

*WHO WHISPERED "HERESY?"* Not the children; not the children!

*(Joanna leads the boy and girl back to the doorway and returns to room center.)*

JOANNA

If my words glance lightly off the ears of those born to plenty, let them walk bare-footed one winter carrying water over rubble roads. Perhaps their ears will become more sensitive, learning how heavy water can be. (*She receives a shawl*)



*from her Grandmother, the only white one in sight, and spreads it on the floor and kneels on it....) If in my brother men failed to recognize their son, let them see once and for all their daughter...)*

*(An invisible chorus softly begins; suggested: "Sweet Love" by Poco:)*

Sun shinin' in the night--the newborn child...

Oh my, sharing her love with me I can see in her smile....

*(Overhead light globe extinguishes to leave the hall in dimness...)*

Wordless are the thoughts she's tryin' to say,

Oh my, maybe she's seeing the light of a brighter day....

Give her some love...sweet. weet Love...

*(The congregation's sight altogether is stifled by a flash of light. When all are able to focus again, LOVER is kneeling with Joanna, holding her hands. They behave as if they are in a realm apart as the \_heavenly' chorus continues....)*

Tears running down her face in ecstasy;

Oh my, that we gave birth to this child baby, you and me—

*(Lover bends and drinks Joanna's tears with a kiss, lifts and turns her to lie back against him. Their eyes close; his chin rests on tousled tresses...)*

With the love we shared inside she'll find her way;

Oh my, you know it makes us feel so much bolder, today—

*(Another, a more brilliant, ethereal flash of light; when it subsides, Joanna and the Lover are gone. Gradually the light subsides. In their place, upon the white shawl, is a newborn female infant, as the chorus fades away:)*

Give her some love, sweet, sweet Love.... to light her way...

Possible additional scenes:

EXTERIOR - CELESTIAL REALM – NIGHT

*(Bougainvillea waltzes around a stone-walled court where  
ETERNAL MOTHER and ETERNAL FATHER are lounging...)*

ETERNAL MOTHER

Look. The moons are like balls of whipped butter.

ETERNAL FATHER *(stirs himself)*

So... How are the children doing?

ETERNAL MOTHER

Just fine—yours and mine, at any rate.

ETERNAL FATHER

That wasn't very charitable.

ETERNAL MOTHER *(Rising and joining him on his lounge, nestling beside him)*

Ummmm. That's the beauty of being with you. I don't need to be polite, eloquent  
*or charitable. (Runs her hands up Eternal Father's body to his armpits...)*

ETERNAL FATHER

Oh, prince's daughter... *(Turns himself fully towards Eternal Mother so their  
faces almost meet, as he recites)* "The curves of your thighs are like jewels, the  
work of an artisan's hands... *(Rolls her to her back and slips downward to kiss  
upon the parts as named in the "Song of Solomon" ...)* "Your navel, a goblet  
round; it lacks not mixed wines. Your belly, a heap of wheat, hedged round with  
lilies... *(moving upward)* "Your two breasts, like two fauns—twins of a gazelle.  
Your neck, a tower of ivory. Your eyes, the fish pools in Heshbon by the gate of  
Bathrabbim...."

CHORUS, SOFTLY OVER-VOICED

(Suggested, “Like the First Time,” *Peter, Paul and Mary*...)

*We’re a song that must be sung together....*

ETERNAL MOTHER (*Eyes closed, smiling, lifts herself and pushes Eternal Father back on cushions, as she takes up the poem*) “Oh love in delights, *your* stature is like a palm tree... (*slides to his feet and kisses them*) I will go up the palm tree; I will take hold of its stalk.....”

VIEW lifts; light is dawning....

ETERNAL MOTHER VOICEOVER

“I am my Beloved’s and his desire is toward me”—

ETERNAL FATHER VOIC-OVER

“Come, my Beloved! Let us go out to the countryside. Let us lodge in the villages. Let us rise early to see if the vine flowers. There I will give to you all of my love—

ETERNAL MOTHER VOICEOVER

“Darling, I have saved for you the old delights and the new....”

DISSOLVE as VIEW sweeps into daylight blue, then moves down to where ETERNAL SON/LOVER is walking through a verdant field. He pauses now and then as if waiting; finally he spies ETERNAL DAUGHTER/JOANNA at a distance, who, when she sees him, runs to meet him. They greet in a hearty embrace.

SHE *(heaves a grateful sigh)*

Finally! Ah! Alone together.... *Alone together--*what a wonderful contradiction!

HE *(holding her at arm 's length)*

Oh let me drink you in.... *(whirls her 'round)* At times I felt this day never would end!

SHE *(laughing gaily)*

I thought that that *millennium* never would end! *(Picks a wild flower, tucks it behind his ear and pretends to run away; he chases...)*

HE *(calling after)* Will she fare well do you think?

VIEW moves up.

HER, VOICEOVER

She's *ours*, isn't she?

*VIEW continues traveling into pure blue, accompanied by strains of "Green Sleeves," to which a union of child voices sing [syllables matching the tune]:*

We're moving toward the Blue end of the spectrum...

Thank God it will never be Like old times again....