

**THE RENAISSANCE**  
**English for Stage**

<b>Cast of Characters</b>	<b>Location(s)</b>
<i>Joanna and Eternal Daughter</i> Dual role	Earth and Celestial realms
<i>Eternal Son and Lover</i> Dual role	Celestial and Extraterrestrial realms and Earth
<i>Eternal Father</i>	Celestial realm
<i>Eternal Mother</i>	Celestial realm
<i>Joanna's Grandmother, Priestess and Eldress, Triple role</i>	Earth and Celestial realms
<i>Joanna's earthly father</i>	Earth
<i>Elder #1 and Doctor, dual role</i>	Celestial realm and Earth
<i>Elder #2 and Priest, dual role</i>	Celestial realm and Earth
<i>Young dancers</i>	Celestial realm
<i>Chorus</i>	Celestial realm and Earth

**Abbreviations in script:**

<i>Eternal Daughter</i>	ED
<i>Eternal Son, etc.</i>	ES
<i>Eternal Father</i>	EF
<i>Eternal Mother</i>	EM

## ACT ONE

***Dark stage, starry night backdrop; music, Grateful Dead, "Ripple..."***

EM           *(Voiceover)* Oh the confusion!

EF           *(Voiceover)* Not a new tempest in our Universe, Dear!

EM           *(Voiceover)* Afraid so, Love--twixt nitrogen and hydrogen ages. And after only six hundred years! We must convene the Quadrinity. You summon the Daughter; I'll call the Son....

***Stars fade into a clear blue sky. SET BACKDROP, combo of Mayan and Egyptian pyramids. Lower right part of backdrop shows a stone 'overlook'. At lower left is a stone step upon which sit EF and EM.***

### SCENE ONE Dual Set

***STAGE-LEFT LIGHTED...***

EM to ES: Remember what it was like? To be a child in the world, able to accept all that Consciousness can contain, knowing—

ES:           With every breath?—that there had to be more to human existence than *adult* consciousness normally betrayed!

EF           *[dispensarily]* Yes, yes...every child is born pure. If only all with which each came into contact equally was so.

EM           We tried to convey it before and failed. Yet now The Daughter is to try *again*?

ES           Not for us to question, that which contains all but recognizes none. *(ED has arrived and seated herself beside him)*. And for a particular nature Time's call again has come. *(He takes ED's hand)*. What say you? Does it worry you?

ED            To be human again, on Earth? Not this time! I took it too seriously before—no! *[to ES]*--don't laugh; I mean it! True, burning at a stake kept me from pressing further. But better to come back to my true abode, than serving more time *there*. Imagine...not able to run toward the sun when one felt drawn.

ES            Would it have made a difference, do you think, if you had been in male form?

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

EM            But now they're ready, surely! To see it's one's nature--*consciousness*, not form--that counts?

ED            Oh to have it done once and for all.

EF            Well, then...it's agreed? Seems time for Earth to understand: evolution ordains freedom from ignorant dictates of instinct. *[Rises, takes ED's hands and lifts her to stand before him]* I believe you are to be a different kind of heroine this time.

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

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

EM            *[wistfully]* Hopefully one day every child born on Earth will have its own room. *[rises, goes to ED and embraces her]* But you will not need to endure long, before you return directly back to us!

ED            I still have some time, before I prepare?

EF            Yes; go now if you wish; *[calling after--]* but be at the Temple when called!

***LEFT STAGE GOES DARK as ED exits to music, Rolling Stones, "She's Like a Rainbow."***

## SCENE TWO

***RIGHT STAGE LIGHTS. ED and Priestess stand before the stone wall.***

Priestess     *[chidingly]* And you thought your missionary duties fully performed....

ED             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. So! You are to be in that world again--in the flesh, in total sense of the word--

ED             An earthly child.... A human *woman*, again!

Priestess     Then you're ready for the particulars. *[ED gives a dubious nod.]* All right. Spring of Earth's year 2001, a girl will be born to a servant couple--

ED             And I am to be that girl.

Priestess     Yes. Her mother will die in childbirth. The girl will grow up with her father and maternal grandmother. At age 18, she will establish firm telepathic communication with a young man from the Hydrogen Age—

ED             *Not* another 'immaculate' conception!

Priestess     So it will *appear*...

Priestess     *(Prompts after a wait--)* Are you listening?

ED             Oh. Sorry.

Priestess     I know you needn't be told--these journeys are uncertain; Psyche's geography swamped; memories, scattered debris...*(sweeps hand across view)*... only a wispy dream of this reality. But some sense of one's true abode, and yearnings for it—the core belief in the imprisoned state--is precisely what moves them.

ED           The “faith that moves mountains!”

Priestess    You will need it. Now come; sit. If you are going to prove that peace, love and freedom will travail until ‘Mary’ and her son are restored to their humanity, we have much to review: the histories of psychology...*[light begins to fade off stage-right-rear]*...the histories of science...*[her voice trails off]*...in short, the history of Humankind and all of its philosophies....

***Enter a flock of white-skirted little girls in ballet shoes. Ribbons flowing they dance and sing:***

I virgin smoke  
I virgin dance  
I virgin sing  
I virgin romance  
I virgin every man entrance:  
I virgin *live*—  
Exodus!

***Music, Sybelius symphony as girls are joined by schoolboys; altogether they chant 12 fundamenal laws:***

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 cheat;  
We do not steal.  
We do not deliberate another’s mate;  
We do not deliberate another’s fate.  
We love the one near us as dearly as our self;  
And hold love of Life above all else....

## ACT TWO, SCENE ONE

**Earth year 2018...**

**LEFT STAGE, part of a library opens to a patio beside a garden. Backdrop contains a tree at far-right edge of garden with a bench nearby.**

**Father and Grandmother sit at patio table over remains of a Sunday breakfast. Grandmother works a piece of needlepoint. Joanna, seated near the garden, holds a pen and open book....**

Joanna Listen....*[stands and reads aloud]*...“I may be of the labor class and promise not to be discouraged in my studies; but the truth is, I don’t like it! *[rises and walks as she reads]* “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; not glancing up from the newspaper he is reading]*  
Macchiavelli was right.

Joanna What?

Father I *said*, Macchiavelli was right.

Joanna About what?

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

Grandmother Well...*[looking up from handwork]*...it may have been all right for Macchiavelli to say; I’m not sure it is, for you. One cancels the other out, anyway-- doesn’t it?

Father *[tosses newspaper aside]* I thought, *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--nothing better to do than take 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....]*

Grandmother Why must he always cut you off? And you always let him have his say!

Joanna Less, of late.

Grandmother Still you brood about it.

Joanna Oh let's not talk about that now; our free time in the sun is so short.

*[Grandmother kisses Joanna; returns to her chair and needlework]*

Joanna *(troublingly changing the subject)* I had another strange dream last night....

Grandmother *[hands working steadily]* Tell me it.

Joanna I'm not sure you would want to hear.

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

Joanna I was wearing a strange costume...metallic, I think. Yes!—silver; and I was standing at the rear of a large, crowded hall. An organ—oh! I *think* it was an organ—began to play. Its' announcing sound seemed to call to me, demanding me to approach. And, as I began walking toward it, a path opened for me through the crowd until I reached a semi-circle of persons right in front of the raised stage. They were standing man, woman, man, woman--in that order--with one space open that seemingly was meant expressly for me....

The man to my right, tall and of handsome saintly profile. was clothed in deep burgundy suede, I thought him the epitome of an archangel! He did not look at me as I became locked into the circle. All eyes were meeting upon the shining face of a singing young boy. The music grew compellingly, until it reached unbearable intensity and then, it was as if the ceiling parted and a chorus of *souls* joined in chorus—

*[Joanna lost momentarily in reverie—]*

Grandmother Go on...

Joanna I can't explain it...*something*—an undulation?—came from my right and crawled across my pelvis...oh...those are the only words to describe the sensation! I turned to my right, to see if he who looked like my 'guardian angel' also felt it. His arms were crossed at his chest, and he kept his face directly forward--as indeed did all the others in the circle....

So strange, it was! And, 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 back onto the low 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 someone 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...." [*pauses nervously; shuts journal...*] Lately it's as if something, or someone, is talking through my mind--

[*Father returns, retrieves newspaper and reseats himself, as Joanna retrieves and resumes reading aloud from her journal....*]

Joanna "Ah, how life 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 rustles the newspaper; Joanna ignores him...*]

"One philosopher said, the reason we must think in terms of a 'beginning' to existence is due to the paltriness of our imagination. [*She leafs a page*] And here... In disposing of the argument of 'first cause', we have philosopher Mill's account of when he asked *his* father, 'Who made me?' And his father replied that the question could not 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        *[agitatedly arises, pushes chair hard under table--]* It's not healthy for a woman to be so concerned with such matters.

Joanna        *Not healthy?* Ahhh...woman has no 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 her and smooths her hair...]* You've been studying shadows again. *[She turns to him with a small forced smile]* There. That's better.

Joanna        *[resignedly]* I stayed up late; forgive me. *[embraces him, moves toward garden, hesitates and turns]* But I *am* free to believe what I believe!

*[Father watches as she exits though garden; reseats himself, shaking his head.]*

Grandmother *[pushes needle into fabric]* When my body was young I never looked at my hands. I didn't see them as they happily worked. Now they intrude on my vision....

*[Father, still agitated, frustrated by thought, walks toward garden; searches pockets; draws out a small cigar and lights it; Grandmother continues working 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. I would go home in the evening and 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 Remember...*[puts needlework aside]*...I also have been a slave all of my life. I've known pleasure serving others...lately, however....

Father What is it you wish to say?

Grandmother I made a commitment to raise Joanna, but I no longer equally 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 read aloud.

Father Oh. That.

Grandmother Truly I am loath to say another word. You either 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 after last Sunday’s service? He was 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 powerful men of the cloth really were to act as Jesus incarnate--sell every treasure churches now hold—and turn the proceeds over!’

Grandmother An honest question--especially for one who has read *Mark* 20, 21!

Father Don’t quote me chapter and verse. “Honest question,” indeed. And with my friends standing about! More and more, they are wondering really what kind of a ‘creature’ I’ve been attempting to rear. *[tosses cigar butt and exits]*

*[Grandmother lays down her work, chuckling; then her expression takes on*

*sadness, until Joanna returns carrying a bouquet.]*

Joanna      Father gone again, is he? *[at table, arranging flowers in a vase brought from the library...]* You know, I dreamed recently of him, too. He and I were standing at a bar, as in a court of law—

Grandmother *[looking past Joanna, interrupts]* There's been something strange with the weather this year....

Joanna      *[ignoring grandmother's avoidance]* 'What we each are here for,' I said to him, 'is to serve one another; and I have decided to let myself be guided by *Nature's* First Cause.' And he said to me, '*You are a libertine!*' I could not respond. I felt such great 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      Someday, I think I'll grow gardenias. I've never been afraid of running out of things to do, only time...

***Stage left goes dark....***

## **ACT TWO, SCENE TWO**

***RIGHT STAGE lights...***

***Evening; Grandmother and Joanna, returning from market, pause in the garden....***

Grandmother      *[Sets down shopping bag with a sigh]* Oh, Joanna, let's rest before we take these goods into the house.

*[Joanna follows suit; they seat themselves on the bench...]*

Joanna      Grandmother? *[pauses pensively...]* Does anyone know why the world exists?

Grandmother      No. Nor is there a way by which we can determine why, although many live as if that is a possibility.

Joanna        And no matter how much the soul tries, it must continue to not know?

Grandmother    So I believe, Joanna.

Joanna        (*swiftly stands; points as a bright 'star' suddenly appears*) OH! Look!—there! That star—

Grandmother    Yes, I see it—*so bright!*

Joanna        It twinkles red, too.... Grandmother?.... is it *moving?*

Grandmother    I can't tell. It's so low in the sky, and the wind's blowing the trees on the horizon...but I think so.... Oh! But now! My god, it seems to be coming *toward* us! See how it rises a bit and flares. Joanna, tell me I'm not imagining things!

Joanna        No, grandmother--I see what you are seeing....*[wistfully]...-so beautiful....* Grandmother?

Grandmother    Yes?

Joanna        What gives us thought?

Grandmother *[ignores question]* See how it moved away, then toward us again?

Joanna        *[holds up a hand; whispers]* Yes! And why is it?--I feel as if it is an old friend? *[turns toward grandmother...]* I'm afraid when I have such thoughts!

Grandmother *[takes Joanna's hand]* Don't be afraid, Joanna. Of what is there to be frightened on a night such as this? *[moves eyes elsewhere in sky]* Look at the golden triangle! Just think, Joanna. You could take a piece of cardboard, and without much trouble make it a size that, when you held it at arm's length, it would fill the golden triangle--

Joanna        But Grandmother! Look! Our star is shooting upward—  
*[Grandmother looks, but the bright light has disappeared. Joanna sighs]*

*decisively...]* Grandmother?... Do you know the thought I had, which came out of the air? My heart said, "I saw you!" I feel I don't know something that I should!

Grandmother Perhaps...perhaps it is because you can't remember why.

Joanna *[embraces grandmother]* Thank you, my dear Nanna. Shall I tell you the *last* thought I had?-- *that was as near as he dare come....*

***They take their goods and proceed to library; Grandmother exits; ED lingers; a black cat wanders in...***

Joanna *[gathers cat into her arms...]* Well, sir! And how are you this evening? *[hums and waltzes 'round a bit, complacent cat over her shoulder; then halts--]*

What's that? *[laughing children are heard...]* Oh—of course!--All Hallow Eve; and tomorrow, All Saints Day. And the next, All Souls. *[Seats herself with cat in lap, in armchair near the open patio, and recites somberly...]*

*Acherner, Doradus and Miapacidus, who "in your secret influence, comment." Divya Dristi, eye at the back! Come save this witch and her loyal cat...*

*[Children's voices, along with grandmother's, are heard; then door closes and the child voices recede....]*

Joanna *[of a sudden sits bolt upright, tilts head to a side; breath comes faster; whispers]* What?—

Lover [voice-over] Playing with words again?

Joanna: *[speaks to the air]* I do that when I'm bored.

Lover voice Here's something to ponder. Do you think the Universe, and all its stars and planets, were born from one big explosion?

Joanna Why don't *you* tell *me*?

Lover voice All right. The answer is *no*.

Joanna So how *did* it all begin?

Lover voice No one knows.

Joanna Not even *you*?

ES voice *[laughs]* Least of all. *I* know only two things: the Universe is a closed system--nothing can occur independently within it, 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 Ever occur to you, I might be just a little bit frightened?

Lover voice I know. I feel I'm to blame for that dream trip.

Joanna As well you should! *[rises to stand before patio]* 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 window.

Lover voice I truly am sorry. But remember, 'two swallows can make a summer.'

Joanna That's 'two swallows do *not* a summer make!' *[crosses the patio, looks skyward]* And I don't believe in miracles, either.

Lover voice What's happening between us is no miracle. We're connected by virtue of the force that keeps people searching for reason. You might say the Universe, itself, has ordained it! *[A full moon throws dark shadows in the garden as Joanna enters its space. A light approaches through the tree....]*

Courage, my friend! Haven't you wished for a true new millennium? *[Joanna approaches the tree as the light descends. Then an at-first indistinct figure materializes in darkness...]*

Lover: *[...emerging from darkness...]* Didn't you envision a commonly shared existence?. And you needn't look at me that way. We've been in each other's thoughts since the beginning of measured Time—in every form and figure-- *[they reach each other; their hands touch]* --permanent facets of the soul-grid of the Universe. *[He puts his arms around her; she presses her face against his shoulder; he tilts up her face--]*

So...what bothers you?

Joanna     *[pulls away]* I *hate* Life--thousands of years of history here, and no improvement in the human condition?

*[Abrupt instant of lighting out; Lover has disappeared....]*

Lover voice BULLSHIT! *[rings out...]*

Joanna     Wait! Come back!

*[Re-abrupt instant of lighting out; Lover has reappeared...]*

Lover *[Reappears at her side]* Sorry. *Hopeless feelings do that to me. True, a lot of misery would be cured if all people were of the same mind, which is going to take a few more hundreds of years. Can't let it drive you crazy.*

Joanna     You're incredible, you know that? And since when does a God say 'bullshit?'

Lover       A universally accepted word that's been around as long as bulls. And I'm no God.

Joanna     Where are you from, then?

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     *[disbelievingly]* No-o-o.

Lover           O.K. I'm joking. Just let me say that consciousness has but one language regardless of where in the Universe it lives, and upon which all variegated tongues are based. *[Hand on her head]* Still scared?

Joanna          A little.

Lover           Believe it or not, this isn't an ordinary event for me, either. Here...let's sit a while. Besides being rare, materializations are fleeting; I won't be here long. *[sits, back against tree's trunk; causes her to lie with her head in his lap]*

Joanna          Others from your home have materialized on *this* earth before?

Lover           A couple, over millennia--no record, however, left of the event. A receiver can be too overwhelmed by the experience, to hold on to belief—

Joanna          Like I was feeling--

Lover           Uh-huh--written off as hallucination if not enough passes between the participants. Or, in the extreme, interpreted *as* a miracle. *[Looks around for the first time]* Say...this is a beautiful spot.

Joanna          My favorite...where you first made contact! I was lying here, looking up at the sky, and a particular one caught my gaze and held it tight--

Lover           That first night I went to the scanning lab alone. *[runs a forefinger along her cheekbone]* You prompted me to do it!

Joanna          It does seem miraculous, the distance across which this has happened.

Lover           *[Stopping his hand]* Feels like it, 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 ours; 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 whole. On the insect's level, it issues and hears sounds, attracts and repels others, creates--



*creates!*--now there's a word 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 her back down]* Don't be silly. All I want to do is talk with you-- anything and everything! My world's the inheritor of the history of yours' besides its' own. How about, say, Thomas Wolfe?

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

Lover      Who could? It would mean that one's *mind* never could return to a prior state of being, since it is in *it* that ultimate living takes place....

Joanna      Tell me...how does your home differ from here?

Lover      It's not perfect; but some attitudes have gone out of existence—you know, those little things called 'sins.' The theory of 'survival of the fittest' died too, a long time ago, replaced by the concept of cooperation as a natural law. Our society works on that. Learning about a civilization younger, on a globe less hindered than ours, established proof of evolutionary advantage leading my ancestors to deduce greater peace and happiness were attainable. *[rises and lifts Joanna to stand with him]*

Joanna      Quickly! Tell me more.

Lover      Illnesses are few; but death comes still, eventually, as it must to all animal life. The thrust of living is optimism and the laws are clear. We have government, but no 'politics' as you've known here. Governance is a matter of managing labor, every type of work respected equally necessary to the whole. Less of each citizen's time is needed to keep society functioning. Leisure time's spent freely--in the arts and inquiries into the remaining unknowns...and, of course, *love*... *[gives aptly listening Joanna a first kiss]*

Joanna      Are marriages, then, truly made in that 'heaven'?

Lover      Marriage?... We do have states that approximate it...but...there isn't

time to talk about that now—*[his image dims slightly]*

Joanna        *No!*

Lover         *Shhhhh.* I told you materialization is fragile. You've kept 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! Oh, yes. The elders undoubtedly already know. I'll be called onto the carpet all right.

Joanna        But they'll let you come again?

Lover         *[worriedly]* There *are* serious considerations...*[he rises, image dimming more]*...I don't know.... Probably not--no, don't despair--

Joanna        Certainly only *good* can result from such visits?

Lover         Not without suffering, they believe, for those left to live consequences beyond normal acceptance. All I can say is, I'll *try*...*[abrupt instant of lightin out; Lover vanishes; light returns...]*

Joanna        *[raises her torso, arms lifted high]* Oh five-dimensional Universe! Let us be always in each other's thoughts....

**RIGHT STAGE GOES DARK...**

**ACT THREE, SCENE ONE**

**Dual Set**

***LEFT HALF lighted: a bubble of a building arched by lacy trees; a foreign sun beyond the glass. Inside, the Eldress smokes a long thin pipe, paces the floor looking out searchingly.***

.

***ES arrives....***

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

Lover Have *you* forgotten?—"To err is human; forgive, divine." Maybe my earlier superiority made me forget I was human, too.

Eldress At which century were you?

Lover 21<sup>st</sup>.

Eldress Where the nitrogen age had been governor.

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 elders in obvious debate arrive....]*

Lover I know...*[seats on an object resembling a chair]* ... I know...a transgression for which I'm prepared to accept consequences. But I can't—I *won't*—apologize.

Eldress You're weary and need rest. But here are the others—

*[Lover stands as Elder #1 and Elder #2 enter....]*

Elder #1 You went to her!

Elder #2 *Purposely!*

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

Elder #1 Not get excited? *Not get excited?* As if there hasn't been good reason for all our precautions!

Elder #2 Yes! Yes! Very good reasons, a history of them; but she's right. The deed's done. It's further acts we must concern ourselves with now. Let him tell us about it.

*[Elder #1 blows hard and whirls onto another seat. The others seat themselves also, forming a half-circle around ES, who has a faraway look in his eyes....]*

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

Elder #1 Oh, Lord. See how much in love he is!

Eldress *Shhhhh*. We've been monitoring her thought long enough to know she's a noble creature. *[to Lover]* Please, only the particulars.

Lover It seemed a command, when I went to the laboratory alone, again, the middle of last night and received her thoughts...

**Light fades from scene as is heard...**

Joanna (voiceover) "I believe that God is an almighty force that governs the Universe..." *[voice grows stronger with each line...]* That I myself, one of Its children, was conceived of virgin matter--constituted of, within, and borne by that holy force--to live crucibly, die, and disintegrate. But on a future day the energy which contained me shall come to live again. *[voice fades to end...]* I believe in eternal purity of spirit, in the communion of Consciousness, and in Life—everlastingly....

**Light returns full force to group...**

Lover The point was fixed; systematically I began sending my thoughts. I distinctly felt that she had come to believe I *did* exist. She cooperated more and more—

Elder #1 Painstaking preparation; years of study, uncertain to what purpose it again might reasonably be put. The first transference to Earth in centuries, and it takes the form of a love- smit lark!

Eldress *[holding up a hand]* We do know these matters must embrace great devotion--

Lover *[Defiantly]* Exactly! We've known that achievement of polarity and maintaining the flow between depends totally on the affinity of the subatomic structures. 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 rays. Her impulses were all-demanding; my compulsions, all-consuming--the moment had come that Nature simply couldn't deny.

Eldress How long were you there?

Lover A little while, only! It might have been longer if I hadn't grown anxious...*[voice trailing off]*...she fervently wished it could be—

Elder #2 There was much conversation?

Lover Enough.

Elder #1 You told her all about us?

Lover Not everything.

Elder #2 You told her 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 future communication.

Lover        *[Springs to his feet--] What do you mean?—"fails to receive future communication?"*

Eldress      *[Rises, walks behind Lover, places 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 now 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--'Logos', Reason! And that Word was toward godliness, and that Word became god. That is my word, and that is her word; and neither of us can give to you the faith which is ours. [turns, runs from room and disappears along the path....]*

***Left-stage goes dark...***

## **ACT THREE, SCENE TWO**

***RIGHT STAGE lights...a church sanctuary room, bare save for an arched shrine to the Virgin and a fount in one corner. Joanna stands beneath a small high window. A sound starts her from reverie; a clergyman enters....***

Priest        Eh...excuse me! 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 feeling 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 is fitting that I speak in the light.

Priest You've 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 a 'right' mind, you mean? No; my thoughts now are crystal clear.

Priest [*resignedly settles in a chair*] As you wish.

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

Priest You are to be married, then!

Joanna No [*laughing*]. 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.” Remember?--*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. Tell me, how can a union *be* blessed, when only one partner is imbued with full rights by those empowered to confer the blessing? Where, in the ‘Trinity’ that Man worships, is the *female*? [*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 childhood even manipulated by Man. Yet 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 *all* children into the world. The *man*, 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 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 necessary for its execution. If one has everything but the courage—the material means but not the *living* spirit—the test cannot be met. From whence has the efficacy of a word of ‘god’ always come?—from the mind and mouth and hands of Humankind. And men of the moment have not hesitated to *change* a law of god; recall, most recently? When eating meat on a Friday was removed as a *mortal* ‘sin’?

Priest        You obviously have not come here for absolution.

Joanna        [*Walks to door, opens it to full sunlight, turns toward him...*] I came 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 I would want as a brother! His glories rest not in being a god but in the *man* that he was. Remember?—*he* broke the then-



theocracy's laws to take Reason beyond its' antiquated reign. Like David before him, who ate and fed his men the shewbread rather than starve their faithful quest. *[She extends her hand...]* I wish only for a new beginning—

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

## **ACT FOUR** **Dual Stage**

### **SCENE ONE**

***RIGHT STAGE***, the garden as in Act One. Joanna sits, reaches for and tosses a pebble....

Joanna: Up is down...down in up...'til only gravity fills the cup....

Lover (voiceover) *[initially faint]* Prepare to receive some thoughts!

*[Joanna closes her eyes and presses fingertips to temples...]*

Lover voice Concentrate! Escape velocity is seven miles per second...a centimeter is about two-fifths of an inch...have you seen an ant carrying a fly? Remember your brother--bare bones upon which once hung flesh; yet his thought like fragrance on a breeze comes still to you whom he loves.... Departing a world is not so difficult...mass is united by energy; the body is nothing; the mind is all. In it you will see a bright white zigzagged stripe. You know I exist; and now, come to me!

*[Joanna lifts her head; a flash of light, then darkness....]*

### **SCENE TWO**

***LEFT STAGE*** lights: a leafy-surrounded room. A white vase holds a burgeoning floral bouquet; a thick white rug covers the floor. Joanna stands before a satin-pillowed bed above which is a raised canopy of shimmering fabric....

*Lover approaches silently from behind and places his hands around her*

***waist....***

Lover        Our haven, madmoiselle.

Joanna       I'm nervous.

Lover        So am I.

*[They embrace and remain easily in each other's arms; then Lover extends a hand...]*

Lover        Welcome to The Pavilion.

Joanna       Pavilion?

Lover        Reserved for lovers...where they come, only when fully conscious of, and ready to accept responsibility fully for, possibly bringing another soul into existence; comprehending, in doing so, each becomes creator with, by and through--as near to being--'God' as one can be. *[moves her to arms' length...]* It was inevitable that you and I would find each other....

Joanna       *Inevitable*—I love that word.

Lover        Does rather nicely do away with guilt, doesn't it? Lovers are like children at play. It doesn't matter what bodies they inhabit; they always appear beautiful to each other. *[teasingly]* In some realities you may be very ugly!—an antelope probably wouldn't find you appealing at all.

Joanna       *[pushing him away in feigned rejection]* Oh, is that so!

Lover        *[pulls her back]* Tell me, when have you been happiest?

Joanna       Now! And always when I felt—hear this in quotation marks!—'the Lord,' leading me. *[flings herself to sit on the bed]* Oh to be able to stay *here* forever. I know, silly thing to say; but must I always be a click away from you?

Lover        *[sits beside her; kisses her, avoiding question...]* Consciousness

anywhere proceeds at the same rate, but this planet's early civilization didn't suffer Earth's setbacks. Here, people discerned an eon ago that the mind-body complex determines a person's thoughts and acts. If a particular pathway in the brain isn't developed properly it can't function properly. All your pathways, by the way, function quite well.

Joanna        Well, I'm glad to hear it. But certainly genetics plays its part?

Lover         Of course—there can be and are inescapable failures of substance. What two persons do privately may be their own affair, but they need to be prepared to fulfill all consequences. If what they do together creates another, that's a universal affair— we're taught that from the beginning. *[Joanna smiles meaningfully]* What?

Joanna        I was remembering the first thoughts you sent me.

Lover         Like what?

Joanna        *[turning to lie on her stomach]* “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        Now you're making fun again. Am I only 'mortal', then, after all?

Lover         *[lying beside her; stroking her back]* Only in that you will not occupy this present body, luscious as it is, forever—

Joanna        You mean, luscious as it *appears* to you—

Lover         Very good. And when it comes to bodies, it's what we do while in them that matters..

Joanna 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 I know you have no control over events in my world—

Lover Or any other, including my own—

Joanna For that very reason I can't promise you anything; nor you, me. Whatever is destined for us we must accept.

*[He lowers his face to her breasts and kisses her while untying the first white ribbon of her frock...]*

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

Lover The tiercial nature of Love—the spirit encompassing the mental encompassing the physical....

Joanna *[slipping robe from his shoulders]* The physical being the smallest part?

Lover *[light is dimming...]* Excuse me?

Joanna *[girlish laughter]* Well, it *is* peculiar looking—I will say that.

Lover *[boyish laughter on a summer eve]* A figment of your imagination; a small fruit of creation....

*[The airy drapes drop as light fades altogether...]*

*[Brief music interlude until sky lightens; a flute pipes briefly; the raised drapes billow around the lovers. Daylight is breaking. He sits; she, kneeling behind]*

*him, rubs his back and neck....*

Joanna        What will happen, when they know that I've come here?

Lover         Phewww. *[falls back onto pillows]* They'll be upset, to put it mildly. They understand the love that 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         *[Sighs; gets up and pours wine from a bedside table; brings her a glass and sits beside her]* More important, what will you do.

Joanna        I've decided to leave my father— *[he expresses dismay; she puts a hand on his arm--]* Don't worry; it will be alright. My grandmother will come with me; we'll make a small home together. I'm strong. I can work. *[He continues to shake his head...]* Please! I shall be fine. And I shall give you a daughter!

*[They stand together; their last moments take on a gentle fierceness....]*

Lover         If so, she shall look like you!

Joanna        And *you!*

Lover         She shall have your spirit!

Joanna        And *yours!*

*[He startles, as daylight brightens; she comprehends....]*

Joanna        I understand...I know. *[Lighting begins to dim...]* It's time that I must leave. But should all else fail 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 suns—

*[An instant flash of light, followed by brief darkness which, as light is*

*returned, finds Joanna gone...]*

Joanna voice And you are goodness and rightness, and we have existed for godly reason—

Lover And each other's—if only for a season!

Joanna voice We shall be friends, then, through our worlds and all others?

Lover Yes!

Joanna voice Brother and sister?

Lover Yes!

Joanna voice Husband and wife?

Lover Father and daughter!

Joanna voice *[most faintly...]* Mother and son!

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

Joanna voice I love you!

## ACT FIVE, SCENE ONE

***Set is same as in Act One.***

***Joanna and Grandmother are at edge patio near garden; Joanna is pregnant and near term....***

Joanna What news?

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

Joanna        A certain amount of pain is necessary to revelation.... Like when this planet was forced to accept it wasn't the center of the Universe.

Grandmother    But who can believe!—that 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, some with children, approach to gather near Joanna and Grandmother....*

Joanna        Such is not the way *this* world must be: hungry children, despairing parents, deprivation amidst plenty. Such is not the way this world's civilization would *be*, if myths were laid to rest and the altruism supposedly reserved to God were removed to the human arena. If there were no sufferings to existence, would the idea of an intractable god be necessary to explain them? *[A fast-approached group of men arrives as Joanna continues speaking...]* If an all-encompassing, personified God *does* exist, would *he* not want us to use the logic *he*, himself, supposedly can bestow; to recognize that changes in *his* Universe demand new acceptances, new *laws*, on the part of *his* children?

A man in 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 does not need think, to go. Religions have been the solace for life's mysteries, yes. None, however--not churches nor government nor science—has seized fully in consciousness that identityless Spirit that religions portend to attain. *[The men press upon the group of women and children....]* Has Earth mercifully turned enough times for collectively evolved consciousness to *see*, that ideas once held no longer need 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. It is not true? That we ourselves become no closer to *being* gods than when we join to bring another soul into existence?

*[Assenting women voices....]*

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 nonphysical? Or, indicate that it could matter one whit to his purpose as *he* saw it?--the light of Humankind’s Spirit overshadowing old traditions, questioning laws of *his* fathers for a new age—

*[Joanna’s father, the doctor, and the priest emerge from the male group and stride to her side; doctor and priest each take one of her arms...]*

Joanna      What is this?

Grandmother    Let go of her!

Father      *[anguishedly]* It’s for her own good.

Doctor      You’re not well. You’ll be safe at the hospital.

Joanna      In the mental ward, is that it? Because *your* minds can’t accept there may be more than one reality? *[They begin to lead her away through the women and children]* Where are you taking me?

Grandmother    Stop, I say!

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

*[The women and children surround the men and Joanna. The women begin to chant in chorus...]*

Chorus      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--  
For love, for children, for God,



For love of Its children for God,  
For love of God for Its children,  
For love of God for Itself, does the Self love to live....

God gives us all our graces,  
God gives us all 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....

JC IS COMING BACK TO US, BACK TO US, BACK TO US,  
ALL IN *HER* OWN SEASON....  
JC IS COMING BACK TO US, BACK TO US, BACK TO US,  
ALL FOR GOD'S OWN REASON....

## ACT V

***Night; December 24, 2009; an austere room; gray walls bare save a dark wood cross; glints off barred grids outside a high window.***

***Priest and Doctor sit at a table; an empty chair is nearby and benches flank room's outer walls.***

Priest        Of all nights--

Doctor        I know. I know. Ludicrous. But out of deference to her condition there wasn't much choice.

*[People enter awkwardly and seat themselves along benches flanking the room's wall...].*

Priest        What?? Are we to have spectators?

Doctor        She insisted that the 'hearing,' as she called it, be open. When we indicated at first not to permit it, her agitation was so intense as to threaten hers and the child's welfare. She refused all food but bread and water until we agreed.

Priest        Her courage seems exceeded by determination—

Doctor        Or lunacy.

Priest        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 the matter can be settled reasonably; that she will be released tonight to her family.

*[Women, young and old, are among the spectators; two young females whisper together....]*

First female    It takes an equal force to turn light back upon itself

Second female  As Einstein already has shown?

*[Joanna, on the arm of Grandmother, enters; her swollen abdomen causes the bleak hospital dress to curve above the knees. Some aged women in shawls touch Joanna's dress as she passes....]*

One whispers:    Se le vaya bien!

*[Two other females whisper to each other....]*

First female    Oh!-which of our sisters said, "one picture is worth one thousand words?"

Second female  *Silly!*—'twasn't a sister; 'twas a brother, as you well know!

*[Joanna is seated on the empty chair; Grandmother stations herself nearby.]*

Male whisper:    The woman must be crazy.

Male        "                    She thinks she will be *mother of a god!*

Male “ She thinks she is the daughter, sister *and wife* of god!

Joined young females [*whisper louder*] She says she is the wife of *Humankind*, the daughter of *Humankind*, a mother of *Humankind*. Damn!—you crazy people have got it all wrong. Jesus Christ!--you crazy people! You still have it all wrong!--

[*The doctor taps the table; silence ensues...*].

Doctor Joanna, do you know why you are here?

Joanna God sent me.

Doctor I mean, do you know what has placed you in this situation?

Joanna Speaking 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 same and our matter fused for the purpose of producing a greater brilliance. Finally, that Humankind can anticipate a future when we will have wrought our hearts’ desire—to know Love fully purely in Mind *and* Body.... [*Some of the women fight expressing a cheer....*] However, to answer your question in short, I believe I am here because my beliefs advocate applying god-reasoned logic toward human freedom and happiness.

[*Older women in black shawls begin to sing softly (suggested tune, “Toreador” from , Carmen...*)]

Je-su-u-chris-ta  
Un-i-ca-ah hi-ja  
Cre-a-a-dor  
Cre-a-a-dor, Cre-a-a-dor...  
Cre-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e,  
Cre-e-e-e-e-e,  
Cre-e-e-e-e-O,

Cre-e-e-O,  
Cre-e-e-e-O

Doctor        AHEM! [*rapping for silence*] Joanna!. Haven't you maintained that the conception of the child you carry was through the offices of an extraterrestrial?

Joanna        So it was--

*[Priest raps for silence this time; boy and girl waifs who had been hovering at back push in...].*

Joanna        And, 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: the mercy offered me—recant and be free!--is that same that doomed my spiritual brother, at the hands of those sufficiently personally threatened by *his* words. The issue, dear judges, is not the conception of my child but the *fully conscious* conception of *all* children....

Bring in the children! [*Rises, goes to the waifs and brings them forward by their hands--*] Bring in the children. Let *them* bear witness to the word! Ask *them* which is better—to be born and sleep cold in doorways with dogs, to 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?

Males whisper: HERESY... HERESY... HERESY—

Female whisper: Who whispers 'heresy'?... Not the women; not the women. Who whispered '*heresy*'??

Joanna        [*leading boy and girl back...*] If such words glance lightly off the ears of those born to plenty, let them walk one winter upon the bare feet of children born without hope, carrying water over rubble roads. Perhaps their ears will become more sensitive, learning how heavy water can be. [*Pausing at room's*

*center front, she receives from Grandmother a white shawl, which she spreads on the floor and kneels upon]...*

If in my brother Man failed to recognize *their* son, let them see in me their daughter. No! Let them see once and for all their *child*—

*[As Joanna stops speaking an invisible chorus softly begins [suggested music, Poco: "Sweet Love:"]*

*Sun shining' in the night—  
the newborn child...  
oh my, sharing her love with me I can see in her smile....*

*[Light reduces to surround only her....]*

*Wordless are the thoughts she's tryin' to say;  
Oh, my, maybe she's seeing the light of a brighter day....*

*[A flash of light altogether stifles the lighted sight; when focus returns again to Joanna, Lover is kneeling with her, holding her hands—]*

*Give her some love...  
Sweet...  
Sweet...  
Love....*

*[Joanna and Lover behave as if they are in a realm apart—]*

*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; gathers her in his arms as if she is a cloud—]*

*With a love we shared inside she'll find her way...  
Oh, my, you know it makes me feel so much older today....*

*[Their eyes are closed; her head is down; his chin rests on tousled tresses.  
Another blaze of ethereal light, and they are gone—]*

*Give her some love...  
Sweet, sweet, love,  
to light her way....*

*(And, in their place upon the white shawl, a newborn female infant....*

\* \* \*

**POSSIBLE ADDITIONAL ACT,  
Dual stage**

***LEFT STAGE***

*Night in 'Heaven'; bougainvillea waltzes through a stone-walled court,  
where EM and EF are lounging...*

EM Oh, look. The planets are like balls of whipped butter.

EF *[stirring himself]* So. An how are the children doing?

EM Just fine—yours and mine, at any rate.

EF That wasn't very charitable.

EM *[nestling beside him]* Ummmm. That's the beauty of being with you. I don't need to be polite, eloquent or charitable *[runs hands up his sides into his armpits...]*

EF Oh prince's daughter, "the curves of your thighs are like jewels, the work of an artisan's hands..." *[as he rolls her to her back and slips downward, planting kisses as he continues reciting the "Song of Solomon"...]* "Your navel, a goblet round; it lacks not mixed wines. Your belly, a heap of wheat hedged about with lilies" *[moving upwards]* "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 [suggested music, *Peter, Paul and Mary*, “Like the First Time”]...

*Like the first time, only better—  
We’re a song that must be sung together....*

*[Eyes closed, smiling, she lifts herself and pushes him back on cushions, taking up the poem, stage lights dimming...].*

EM “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....” *[Almost totally dark...]* “I am my Beloved’s and his desire is toward me... 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.... Darling, I have saved for you the old delights and the new....”

**Left stage goes dark...**

**RIGHT STAGE lights. *ES/Lover and ED/Joanna meet at a plot of greenery and embrace...***

ED Finally!--alone together. *Alone together!* What a wonderful contradiction!

ES Let me drink you in! *[whirls her ‘round]* I thought this day never would end!

ED *[laughing]* I thought that *millennium* never would end. *[She picks a wild flower, tucks it behind his ear and makes to run away...]*

ES *[calls after--]* Will she fare well, do you think?

*[Light dimming; music begins: strains of “Green Sleeves”]*

ED Voice She’s *ours*, isn’t she?

ES Voice I love you—

*(almost dark...)*

ED Voice    And I adore you—*whoever you are [laughs gaily], whatever you are, whenever you are—*

*[A union child voices sings...]*

We're moving tor-or-or-or-or war-ord  
the blue-oo end of the spe-eck-trum,  
Thank God it never will bee-ee-ee  
Oh-oh-old Times' again....