

A white dove is depicted in flight, its wings spread wide, against a vibrant blue background. The dove is rendered in a soft, painterly style, with its body and wings showing subtle textures. The background is a deep blue with visible, swirling brushstrokes that create a sense of movement and depth. The overall composition is centered, with the dove's wings forming a large, open shape that dominates the frame.

EL RENACIMIENTO

A SCREENPLAY

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EL RENACIMIENTO

Cast of Characters

<i>Joanna and Eternal Daughter,</i> dual role	On Earth and in Celestial Realm
<i>Eternal Son and Brother,</i> dual role	In Celestial and Extraterrestrial Realms
<i>Eternal Father</i>	In Celestial Realm
<i>Eternal Mother</i>	In Celestial Realm
<i>Joanna's earthly father</i>	On Earth
<i>Joanna's Grandmother and</i> <i>Eldresses,</i> triple role	On Earth and in Celestial and Extraterrestrial Realms
<i>Elder #1 and Doctor,</i> dual role	On Earth and in Extraterrestrial Realm
<i>Elder #2 and Priest,</i> dual role	On Earth and in Extraterrestrial Realm
<i>Chorus</i>	On Earth and Celestial Realm
<i>Young dancers</i>	Celestial realm

Abbreviations in script:

<i>Eternal Daughter</i>	ED
<i>Eternal Son, etc.</i>	ES
<i>Eternal Father</i>	EF
<i>Eternal Mother</i>	EM
<i>Joanna's earthly father</i>	Father

The camera plummets through static darkness. [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 need to convene the Quadrinity. Summon the Daughter; I'll call the Son....

Stars melt into a crystal pallet that widens into clear blue sky. [Location resembles Mayan pyramid, Monte Alban, Oaxaca Mexico]

EM and EF sit on a stone platform, ES at their feet, as ED approaches below.

EM to ES You remember what it was like to be a child in the world, able to accept that Consciousness can contain, knowing—

ES: With every breath!--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 was equally so.

EM *[as ED arrives and sits beside ES]* 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. And for a particular nature Time's call again has come. *[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 serve any 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, not form that counts?

ED Oh to have it done once and for all.

EF Well, then...it's agreed? Seems it's 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 think you will 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, *[calls after--]* but be at the Temple when called!

[Music as ED descends and camera rises, Rolling Stones, "She's Like a Rainbow....]

ED and Eldress atop a stone edifice. [Location resembles Tulum coastal pyramid, Quintana Roo, Mexico]...

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

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

Eldress 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 the total sense of the word--

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

Eldress So be it; but on one thing you can depend. A moment will come when each thought will be marked compulse *or impulse*, and a second voice will be clarified in your thought—

ED I know the rest; *I remember the rest*--each with no gender but together possessing all nature--capable of creating something greater than that contained and parceled between them. Yes, I remember....

Eldress Then you're ready for the particulars. [*ED gives a dubious nod*] All right. Signals show, spring of Earth's year one thousand nine hundred and ninety-one, a girl will be born to a servant couple--

ED And I am to be that girl.

Eldress Yes.

Eldress The 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 boy from the hydrogen age—

ED *Not* another 'immaculate' conception?

Eldress So it will *appear*....

ED walks to and leans on the parapet, gazing seaward. Fadeout....

Earth Year 2005; night; Grandmother and Joanna [who appears younger in this scene], returning from market, pause on a grassy knoll and share bread and cheese....

Joanna Grandmother, 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 will continue to not know?

Grandmother So I believe, Joanna.

Joanna Oh, look—there! That star--

Grandmother Yes, I see it. *So bright!*

Joanna It twinkles red, too!

Grandmother Is it moving?

Joanna I can't tell. It's low in the sky and the wind's blowing the trees on the horizon.... I think so...

Grandmother 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! 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, moves eyes skyward]* 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, 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 Grandmother! Look! Our star is shooting upward— *[Grandmother looks, but the bright light has disappeared]* Grandmother?...*[sighs decisively]*...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....*

Fadeout....

Back on the temple parapet....

Eldress Are you listening?

ED Oh. Sorry.

Eldress As I was saying, these journeys are uncertain. Psyche's geography will be swamped; memories, scattered debris; and you will recall only a wispy dream *[sweeps a hand across the scene]* of this reality. However, you will sense your true abode and know yearnings for it; and it will be precisely *that*—the core belief in your imprisoned being--that will move them.

ED I shall have the “faith that moves mountains!”

Eldress You will need it. 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: the histories of psychology...*[camera lifting]*...the histories of science...*[her voice trails off]*...in short, the history of humankind and all of its philosophies....

Camera floats along ocean and back, down into an open palustrade, 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!

Camera moves through the notes of a Sibelius symphony across to an open conservatory, where schoolboys in a recitatory exercise repeat fundamental laws, one by one:

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 no lie
We do not kill
We do not cheat
We do not steal
We do not deliberate another’s fate
We do not de-liberate another’s mate....

Then girls and boys join in a chorus:

We love the one near us as dearly as our self
And hold love of Life above all else....

Earth year 2009; a library open to a raised patio at right and a garden beyond. Father and grandmother sit at a table showing remains of a Sunday breakfast, the library doors behind them open. Grandmother is working a piece of needlepoint.

Joanna, facing the table, sits on a low wall above the garden; steps at her left lead down to it; she holds a pen and open book....

Joanna Listen....*[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. And 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 her handwork]*...it may have been all right for Macchiavelli 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, *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 are 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 But still you brood about it—

Joanna Let's not talk about that now. Our free time in the sun is so short. *[Grandmother kisses her and returns to her chair; Joanna troublingly changes the subject]* I had another strange dream last night.

Grandmother *[hands working steadily]* Tell me about 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—was playing....

Fade to dream scene as her voiceover describes it....

The announcing sound of an organ—oh! I think it was an organ—called to me, demanding me to approach. As I began walking toward it, a path opened for me through the crowd, until I reached a semi-circle of persons before the raised stage. They were standing man, woman, man, woman--in that order--with one space open, seemingly meant expressly for me....

The man to my right was clothed in deep burgundy suede, tall and of saintly profile. 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—

Fadeback....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 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. Although I never looked down, I knew that 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 someone to make myself known all at once—what *better* way, to gain entry into Consciousness, than through dreams? Wakefulness if a prisoner of body but dreams are not. *[looks down nervously]* Lately it's as if something, or someone, is talking through my mind--

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

Ah, how life pretends to revolve around choice. I can believe either 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. *[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?' His father replied the question could not be answered, because it immediately suggestion 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 with a small forced smile]* There. That's better.

Joanna *[resignedly]* I stayed up late. Forgive me. *[embraces him, descends to 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 *[retrieves needlework, pushes needle into the 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 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. 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, 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 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 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 An honest question--especially for one who has read *Mark* 20, 21!

Father Don't quote me chapter and verse. An 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 Gone again, is he? *[arranges flowers in a vase from the library]* You know, I dreamed recently of Father, too. He and I were standing at a bar, as in a court of law—

Grandmother *[looking past Joanna]* 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 the 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....

Night; a fire burns in the library fireplace; a black cat observes Joanna from the armchair as she pokes the fire....

Joanna *[turns]* Well, sir *[gathers cat in her arms]*, how are you this evening? *[hums and waltzes 'round the room, complacent cat over her shoulder]* What's that? *[laughing children approach outdoors]* Oh—of course!--it's All Hallow Eve. And, tomorrow, All Saints Day, and the next, All Souls.... *[sits in chair with cat on lap, stares into fire, recites somberly]* Acherner, Doradus and Miaplacidus, who "in your secret influence, comment." *Divya Dristi*, eye at the back! Come save this witch and her loyal cat....

Elsewhere a door opens (during which children's voices, along with grandmother's, rare clearer); shortly door closes; the child voices recede....

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

ES voice Playing with words again?

Joanna does not speak; only replying thoughts accompany her expressions....

Joanna: I do that when I'm bored.

ES 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?

ES voice All right. The answer is no.

Joanna So how *did* it all begin?

ES 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?

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

Joanna As well you should! *[goes to patio doors; opens them wide]* Do you have any idea what it has 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.

ES voice I really am sorry. But remember, 'two swallows can make a summer.'

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

ES 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 descends. A light approaches through branches of a tall pine....

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

Joanna approaches the pine as the light descends; an at-first indistinct figure materializes in the darkness beneath....

Didn't you envision it as a commonly shared, comprehensive view of existence?...*[he emerges from the darkness]*...and you needn't look at me that way. We've been in each other's thoughts since the beginning of measured Time—

They reach each other; their hands touch.

--in every form and figure, permanent facets of the soul-grid of the Universe....*[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?

Abruptly he vanishes—

ES BULLSHIT! *[voice rings out from the vicinity of the tree top]*

Joanna Wait! Come back!

ES *[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. Can't let it drive you crazy, that it's going to take a few hundred more years.

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

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

Joanna Where are you from, then?

ES My home, of course.

Joanna Don't tease. Where is that?

ES *[points]* In front of what's known here as the North Star.

Joanna Does it have a name?

ES Tierra Mas Firma.

Joanna *[disbelievingly]* No-o-o.

ES 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.

ES 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?

ES 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--

ES 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--

ES The 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.

ES [*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 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!

ES [*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 your history besides its own. How about, say, Thomas Wolfe?

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

ES All depends on what is meant by "home."

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

ES 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 than ours established proof of evolutionary advantage, which led my ancestors to deduce greater peace and happiness were attainable. [*rises and lifts Joanna to stand with him*]

Joanna Quickly! Tell me more.

ES 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'?

ES Marriage?... We do have states that approximate it...but...there isn't time to talk about that now—*[his image dims slightly]*

Joanna *No!*

ES *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?

ES 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?

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

Joanna But certainly only *good* can result from such visits?

ES Not without suffering, they believe, for those left to live consequences beyond normal acceptance. All I can say is, I'll *try*—*[the last of his light vanishes]*

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

A bubble of a building arched by lacy trees; a foreign sun shines through the glass. Inside, an elderly woman in a floor-length robe smokes a long thin pipe, paces the floor, pauses now and again to look out searchingly to a path that curves from a grove.

ES approaches, stops midway, rubs fingers over brow, muttering; finally draws up shoulders and enters through parting glass....

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

ES 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?

ES The 21st.

Eldress There it is the nitrogen age?

ES Yes.

Eldress You left her in chaos?

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

Eldress Ummmm; perhaps. It doesn't change the fact you acted without consent!

Two elders in obvious debate approach rapidly along the path....

ES *[Sits on an object resembling a chair]* I know--a transgression for which I will accept the consequences. But I can't—I *won't*—apologize.

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

ES stands as they 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....

ES 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 ES]* Please, only the particulars.

ES It seemed a command, when I went to the laboratory alone, again, the middle of last night....

Fadeout to:

A pristine laboratory. A moulded lounge at center; suspended directly above, a copper headpiece that revolves around a narrow fiber optic tube that runs from the cap, up and out through a skylight revealing a starswept sky.

ES enters, removes and tosses his cape aside, reclines on the lounge, affixes the cap to his head, and closes his eyes. A few minutes pass....

Joanna voice *[heard faintly]* "I believe that God is an almighty force that governs the Universe...." *[voice grows stronger with each line]* And that I myself am one of Its children, conceived of virgin matter and borne by spirit, to live crucibly, die, and be buried. *I believe in the eternal purity of spirit, in the communion of Consciousness, and in Life—everlastingly....*

Back to the bubble building....

ES The point was fixed; systematically I began sending thought. I distinctly felt that she had come to believe I might exist. She cooperated more and more—

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

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

ES *[Defiantly]* Exactly! We've known that achievement of polarity, to create the flowing 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!

ES The thought that I should stop, call you here, did occur. But I was drawn along the rays. Her compulsions were all-consuming; a moment had come that I simply couldn't deny.

Eldress How long were you there?

ES Just a little while. 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?

ES Yes.

Elder #1 You told her all about us?

ES Not everything.

Elder #2 You told her about past materializations?

ES 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.

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

Eldress *[Rises, walks behind ES, places hands on his shoulders]* If only *she* had not fallen in love with *you*—

ES No--

Eldress --we might have pursued formal communication—

Elder #2 The situation now is too complicated. It will be better for her—

ES NO!

Elder #1 You will *not* try to contact her again. Give us your word.

ES My 'word?' *From The Beginning was The Word, and The Word was toward godliness, and The Word became god. That is my word, and that is her word; and neither of us can give to you that faith which is ours. [turns, runs from room and disappears along the path....]*

A small church sanctuary, bare save for an arched shrine to the Virgin and a fount in one corner. Joanna sits in sun slanting through 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. It seems 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 invalidated 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 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 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 word of god always come?—from the mind and mouth and hands of humankind. Never will there be a time, when, old laws no longer serving, new laws are not named. What is law, but consensus at a particular moment of the needful belief of the congregational majority? When enough purely oppose it, the men of the moment have not hesitated to change a law of god.

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 their 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.

The garden at dusk in the vicinity of the pine. Joanna sits beneath it tossing pebbles....

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

ES Voice *[faintly]* Prepare to receive some 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 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 and she is gone....

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. ES approaches silently from behind and places his hands around her waist....

ES Welcome to The Pavilion.

They embrace and remain easily in each other's arms.

Joanna Pavilion?

ES Reserved for lovers, where they come only when ready in full consciousness, to bring another soul into existence, knowing, in doing so, each becomes creator with, by and through--and 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.

ES 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!

ES *[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 the grass]* Oh to be able to stay *here* forever.... I know, silly thing to say; but must I always be a click away from you?

ES *[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 thousands of years 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?

ES 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.

ES Like what?

Joanna
turning!" *[turning over to lie on her stomach]* "Whirling is different from

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

Joanna And that!

ES "What fools ye mortals be?"

Joanna Now you're making fun again. Am *I* only 'mortal', then, after all?

ES *[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—

ES Very good. *[stands and lifts her to her feet]* And when it comes to bodies, it's what we do while in them that matters..

Joanna I went to the parish priest.

ES You didn't tell him about me!

Joanna No...no!

ES Promise. You won't tell anyone.

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

ES 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 takes her hand and leads her to the domed building. A white vase holds a burgeoning bouquet of the flowers from the glade; a thick white rug covers the floor; at center, a bed of large satin pillows with a drape, now raised, of shimmering fabric.
He draws her inside...*

ES Our haven, madmoiselle.

Joanna I'm nervous.

ES So am I.

He lowers his face to her breasts and kisses her while untying the first white ribbon of her frock; their lovemaking ensues....

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

ES 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?

ES Excuse me?

Joanna *[girlish laughter as her dress falls and she reclines on the pillow bed]*
Well, it is peculiar looking—I will say that.

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

He kneels beside 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...

The sky lightens; a flute pipes briefly. Inside the dome, the raised drapes billow around the lovers. He sits cross-legged; she, kneeling behind him, rubs his back and neck....

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

ES 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]*

ES *[sighs; 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 puts a hand on his arm]* Don't worry; it will be alright. My grandmother has agreed to 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 so shall our daughter!

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

ES She will look like you!

Joanna And *you!*

ES She shall have your spirit!

Joanna And *yours!*

He startles, seeing the light outside now is bright; she comprehends....

Joanna I understand...I know. *[her image begins to fade]* It's time for me to leave. But should all else fail I still can send you my thoughts!

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

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

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

She disappears. He runs out and gazes upward....

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

ES Yes!

Joanna Voice Brother and sister?

ES Yes!

Joanna Husband and wife?

ES Father and daughter!

Joanna Voice *[most faintly]* Mother and son!

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

Joanna Voice I love you....

Echoes exchange through the blue....

Midday; Grandmother, returning from market, joins Joanna on the grassy knoll where a few years earlier they had seen the strange light in the sky. Joanna's pregnancy is near term....

Joanna What news?

Grandmother *[worriedly reluctant]* 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—like when this planet was forced to accept it wasn't the center of the Universe.

Grandmother None 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, many with children, join them--one by one, in twos and threes....

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 reserved to God removed to 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 want us to use the logic He, himself, bestowed--to recognize changing circumstances in His Universe demand new acceptances, new *laws*, on the part of His children?

Woman in crowd You would make science religion!—

A group of men fast approaches the grassy knoll--

Joanna I would make *knowledge legion*. Who and what are we?—bits of life-giving breath moved by the same energy which forces the butterfly from its cocoon, and the wind to bear it where it does not need think, to go. Religion has been the reservoir of life's mysteries, where laws have been but consensus at a particular moment of the needful beliefs of the majority, people divided by individual prides and prejudices. None, however--not churches nor government nor science—has seized fully in consciousness that identityless Spirit that religions portend to attain.

The men are pressing 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 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? When we join to bring another soul into existence *we* become gods?

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 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 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 *[looking from one man to the other]*--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 and walk alongside the men and Joanna. The women begin to chant....

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....

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.

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 through double doors and seat themselves along benches flanking the room's walls.

Priest *[keeps voice to whisper]* What?? Are we to have spectators?

Doctor She insisted that the ‘hearing,’ as she called it, be open. When we indicated at first that it might not be permitted, 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 *[newly thoughtful]* Her courage seems exceeded by determination—

Doctor Or lunacy.

Priest *[uncomfortably]* 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.

Aged women in shawls also are among the spectators; two young females whisper together....

First It will take an equal force to turn light back upon itself!

Second As Einstein already has shown?

Joanna appears in doorway on the arm of her grandmother. Her swollen abdomen causes the bleak hospital dress to curve above the knees.

Two other females whisper to each other....

First Oh! Which of our sisters said, “one picture is worth one thousand words?”

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

Some women touch Joanna’s dress as she passes....

One whispers Se le vaya bien!

Joanna is seated on a chair at center before the table; 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 a 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, 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-given logic toward human freedom and happiness.

The older women in black shawls begin to sing softly [suggested tune, "Toreador" from the opera, Carmen]....

Creo in dios,	<i>[Hispanic pronunciation:</i>
Todoperderoso,	<i>[cray-o in dee-os</i>
Cre-a-a-dor	<i>[toe-doe-pear-dare-row-so</i>
Cre-a-a-dor...	<i>[cray-ay[long a]-ah-dor</i>
Cre-e-e-e-e-e-e-e-e	<i>[cray-ay-ah-dor</i>
Cre-e-e-e-e-e	<i>[Cray-(long) a's</i>
Cre-e-e-e-e-O	<i>[" </i>
Cre-e-e-O	<i>[" </i>
Cre-e-e-e-O	<i>[" </i>
Je-su-u-chris-ta	<i>[he-soo-oo-crees-tah</i>
Un-i-ca-ah hi-ja	<i>[oon-ee-cah-ah ee-ya</i>
Cre-a-a-dor	
<i>[etc., repeat refrain]</i>	

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

Joanna So it was.

The priest raps for silence this time; 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. The mercy offered me—recant and be free!--is that same that doomed my spiritual brother, in 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 group of waifs, takes a girl and a boy forward by the hand]* 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, 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?

Grouped male

Whisper HERESY...
HERESY...
HERESY—

Grouped female

Whisper Who whispers 'heresy'?—
Not the women; not the women.
Who whispered 'heresy'?—
Not the children; not the children.
Who whispers, *heresy*??

Joanna *[leads boy and girl back toward the door]* 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. *[returns to room's center; receives a shawl, the only white one in sight. from her grandmother. spreads the shawl on the floor and kneels on it]*

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—

She stops speaking to listen as 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....

The overhead light globe extinguishes....

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

*The congregation's sight altogether is stifled by a flash of light; when all are
able to focus again, ES is kneeling with Joanna, holding her hands—*

Give her some love...sweet...sweet...love....

Joanna and ES 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....

*ES bends and drinks ED'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 scenes:

*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. 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..." *[rolls her to her back and slips downward, kissing her upon the parts named by 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....

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...."

Camera up...light is dawning...

"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...."

Camera sweeps into daylight blue and down into a valley....

ED *[runs to meet ES's embrace]* 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 *millenium* never would end. *[picks a wild flower, tucks it behind his ear and makes to run away. He chases after...]*

Camera up, up....

ES Voice Will she fare well, do you think?

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

ES Voice I love you--

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

Camera continues to travel out into pure blue, over the strains of “Green Sleeves,” through which a union of child voices sings....

We’re moving twor-or-or-or-or-ord
The blue-oo end of the spe-ec-trum
Thank God it will never bee-ee
Like oh-oh-old times again....