

**EL RENACIMIENTO**

***(REBIRTH)***

**FADE IN - MOVING SHOT - CAMERA PLUMMETS** through starry static darkness (Music, *Grateful Dead*, "Ripple").

ETERNAL MOTHER (V.O.)  
Oh, the confusion!

ETERNAL FATHER (V.O.)  
What is it, my Dear?—not a new  
tempest in our galaxy!

ETERNAL MOTHER (V.O.)  
Afraid so, Love—`twixt nitrogen  
and hydrogen ages. After six  
hundred years--definitely! Time  
again to convene The Quadrinity.  
You summon the Daughter; I'll call  
the Son...

**STARS MELT** into a crystal pallet that widens into clear blue sky; descending to:

**FIRST SCENE:**

**EXT.** (Location resembles a Mayan pyramid; e.g. Monte Alban, Oaxaca, Mexico.)

Eternal Mother and eternal Father sit on stone platform, Eternal Son at their feet, as Eternal Daughter approaches from below...

ETERNAL MOTHER  
(to Eternal Son)  
You remember what it was like to  
be a child in the world--able to  
accept all that Consciousness can  
contain? *Knowing--*

ETERNAL SON  
With every breath! There had to  
be more to human existence than  
Collective Consciousness  
'normally' betrayed.

ETERNAL FATHER

(dispensarily)

Yes, yes...every child is born pure.  
If only all with which each came  
into contact equally fairly was  
developed to remain so.

ETERNAL DAUGHTER has arrived; sits beside ETERNAL SON.

ETERNAL MOTHER

We've tried to convey it at least  
twice before and failed. Yet now  
it seems Daughter is to try again!

ETERNAL SON

Not for us to question that which  
contains all but recognizes none.

(takes Daughter's hand)

And, for a particular nature  
apparently Time's call again has  
come?

(to Eternal Daughter)

What say you--does it worry you?

ETERNAL DAUGHTER

To be human again on Earth? Not  
this time! I took it too naively  
certain of success, before. No!-

(to Eternal Son)

Don't laugh! I mean it. *True--*  
burning at a stake kept me from  
pressing further. Better was it,  
coming back to my true abode, than  
to serve any more time, then,  
*there*. Imagine!--not able to fly  
toward the sun when one felt  
drawn.

ETERNAL SON

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

ETERNAL DAUGHTER

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

ETERNAL MOTHER

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

ETERNAL DAUGHTER

(emphatically)

Oh...to have it done, once and for  
all.

ETERNAL FATHER

Well, then--it's agreed? Seems  
Time that Earth comprehend, that  
evolution insists on eventual  
freedom from ignorant dictates of  
instinct.

ETERNAL FATHER rises, takes ETERNAL DAUGHTER'S hands, and lifts  
her to stand before him.

ETERNAL FATHER

I believe you are to be a  
different kind of heroine, this  
time.

ETERNAL SON

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

ETERNAL DAUGHTER

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

ETERNAL MOTHER  
 Hopefully one day every child born  
 (MORE)

ETERNAL MOTHER (CONT'D)  
 on Earth will have its own room.

ETERNAL MOTHER rises, goes to ETERNAL DAUGHTER and embraces her.

ETERNAL MOTHER  
 But you shall not need to endure  
 long, before returning directly to  
 us!

ETERNAL DAUGHTER  
 I still have some time, before I  
 must prepare?

ETERNAL FATHER  
 Yes; go now if you wish, but—  
 (calls after her)  
 be at the Temple when called!

**MOVING SHOT - CAMERA RISES** as ETERNAL DAUGHTER descends (Music,  
*Rolling Stones*, "She's Like a Rainbow").

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**LATER SAME DAY,EXT:** ETERNAL DAUGHTER AND PRIESTNESS.

Atop another stone edifice (e.g. coastal pyramid, Tulum,  
 Quintana Roo, Mexico).

PRIESTESS  
 (chidingly)  
 And you thought your missionary  
 duties long ago fully performed...

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

PRIESTESS

Chance or choice, ey? The eternal  
(MORE)

PRIESTESS (CONT'D)

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.

ETERNAL DAUGHTER

(musingly)

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

PRIESTESS

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

ETERNAL DAUGHTER

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

PRIESTESS

Then you're ready for the  
particulars...

ETERNAL DAUGHTER gives a dubious nod.

PRIESTESS

All right. Signals show that in  
Earth's spring of its' year one  
thousand nine hundred and eighty

nine, a girl will be born to a  
servant couple-

ETERNAL DAUGHTER  
And I am to be that girl-

PRIESTESS  
Yes. 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 young man  
from the hydrogen age-

ETERNAL DAUGHTER  
Not another 'immaculate'  
conception!

PRIESTESS  
So it will *appear*...

ETERNAL DAUGHTER walks to a parapet edge, gazing seaward...

**NEXT SCENE:**

**EXT. EARTH--SOME EIGHTEEN EARTH-YEARS LATER.**

GRANDMOTHER and ETERNAL DAUGHTER/now, "JOANNA," returning from  
market, pause on a grassy knoll where they share bread and  
cheese...

JOANNA  
Grandmother, does anyone know why  
worlds exist?

GRANDMOTHER  
No. Nor is there a way by which  
it can be determined why, although  
many live by certain beliefs 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

(pointing)

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. But I think so.

GRANDMOTHER

Now it seems to be coming toward  
us! See how it rises a bit and  
flares. Joanna, tell me I'm not  
imagining things.

JOANNA

Grandmother?

GRANDMOTHER

Yes?

JOANNA



What gives us thought?

GRANDMOTHER

(ignoring question)

See how it moved away, then toward us again...

JOANNA

(Holding up a hand, whispers...)

Yes! And why is it? I feel as if it is an old friend...

(beseeches Grandmother)

Oh it frightens me when I have such thoughts!

GRANDMOTHER

(eyes skyward; taking Joanna's hand)

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

JOANNA

Grandmother? Do you know the thought I had, which seemed to fly out into the air?

(sighs decisively)

It was as if my heart called out: "I saw you! I know you!" Why do I

feel I don't know something I  
should?

GRANDMOTHER

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

JOANNA

(embracing Grandmother)

Thank you, my dear Nanna. Then I  
will tell you the last thought I  
had: *That was as near as he dare  
come...*

**CUT BACK TO:**

**TEMPLE, SAME DAY AS BEFORE**

PRIESTESS

Are you listening?

ETERNAL DAUGHTER

Oh. Sorry.

PRIESTESS

As I was saying, these journeys  
are uncertain. Psyche's geography  
will be swamped; memories,  
scattered debris. You will recall  
only wisps of this reality  
(sweeping hand across scene).  
You will sense your true abode,  
however, and feel yearnings for  
it. And it shall be precisely  
*that*--the core beliefs in your  
imprisoned being--that will move  
them.

ETERNAL DAUGHTER

(somewhat ironically)

I shall have 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,' her  
'Messenger,' and her son are  
restored to their humanity, we  
have much to review: the  
histories of psychology..

**MOVING SHOT--CAMERA LIFTING...**

PRIESTESS (CONTINUING, V.O.)  
...the histories of science..  
(and as voice trails off)  
In short, the history of Humankind  
and all of its philosophies...

**NEXT SCENES:**

**EXT. MOVING SHOT--CAMERA FLOATS** along ocean and back down into  
an open palustrade, There, a flock of little girls, with ballet  
ribbons in long hair flowing, billow, dance and sing:

SINGING GIRLS

*I virgin sing; I virgin dance;  
I every man entrance;  
I virgin LIVE...*  
Exodus!

**EXT. MOVING SHOT--CAMERA LIFTS,** through notes of a Sibelius  
symphony, across and down to a conservatory garden, where  
schoolboys perform a recitatory exercise of fundamental laws...

RECITING BOYS

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

(MORE)

RECITING BOYS (CONT'D)

We do not lie  
 We do not kill  
 We do not cheat  
 We do not steal  
 We do not deliberate another's  
 mate  
 We do not covet another's  
 Fate...

BALLET GIRLS JOIN RECITING BOYS IN CHORUS:

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

**DISSOLVE TO:**

**EXT. EARTH, A LIBRARY, EARTH-YEAR 2017:** A library at left of a raised patio encircled by a low stone wall, in which an opening at right leads down to a garden beyond.

FATHER and GRANDMOTHER sit at the patio table, which shows remains of a Sunday breakfast; to their right, the double doors into library are open. GRANDMOTHER works a piece of needlepoint. FATHER reads a newspaper. JOANNA faces the table, from where she sits on the low wall above garden; she holds a pen and her journal...

JOANNA

Listen...

(she calls Grandmother's and  
 Father's attention and  
 reads aloud from journal:)  
 "Although I may be of the labor  
 class I promise not to be  
 discouraged in my studies. But  
 the truth is, I don't like it!"

(She rises; walks as she reads:)  
 "This is my life: I arise early,  
 (MORE)

JOANNA (CONT'D)  
 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)  
 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  
 (looking up from handwork)  
 Well...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  
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 library.  
GRANDMOTHER lays down her work, rises to comfort JOANNA..

GRANDMOTHER

Why must he persist in cutting you  
off? And you *always*--  
uncomplainingly--let him have his  
way!

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 changes  
the subject...

JOANNA

(tentatively)

I had another strange dream last  
night.

GRANDMOTHER

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...

**DISSOLVE INTO:**

**INT. DREAM SCENE--**A CROWDED BLACK-LIGHTED CONCERT HALL...

JOANNA (V.O.)

I was wearing a strange costume... metallic, I think. Yes!--silver; and I was standing at the rear of what appeared to be a large crowded concert hall. A commanding sound of an organ--*oh I think* it was an organ--called to me, and I began walking toward it. A path opened for me through the crowd until I reached a semi-circle of persons before a raised stage. Standing in the semi-circle were male, female, male, female--in that order--with just one space open seemingly for me; and I stepped into it.

Although I was given to take no notice of the man to my left, I had a distinct impression of the one to my right. He was clothed in deep burgundy, tall and of saintly profile. Strangely, I thought him the epitome of an archangel!

He didn't look at me as I became locked into the circle, but I sensed that he was well aware of my entry. All eyes were meeting upon the shining face of a singing young boy on the stage. The music grew compellingly to an unbearable intensity, until it was as if the ceiling parted and was joined by a chorus of souls--

CUT BACK TO:

PRESENT DAY ON PATIO, JOANNA obviously momentarily lost in her dream reverie—

GRANDMOTHER

Go on...

JOANNA

When the music reached its ultimate crescendo—oh, I can't explain it—*something*—a strong undulation?—came from my right and crawled across my pelvis... Those are the only words I have to describe the sensation! I turned to see whether 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 others in the circle...

So strange it all was! Because, although I never looked down, I knew that in front of my costume there was a diamond-shaped cut-out that framed my—

GRANDMOTHER

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

JOANNA

(tosses herself to lean across the 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-- and I knew it would frighten someone to make myself known all



at once--what *better* way to gain  
entry into Consciousness than  
(MORE)

JOANNA (CONT'D)  
through dreams? Wakefulness is a  
prisoner of Body but dreams are  
not.

(showing nervous uncertainty:)  
Lately it's as if something, or  
someone, is talking into my mind..

FATHER returns, retrieves newspaper and reseats himself.

JOANNA  
(resumes reading aloud from her  
journal)  
"Ah, how life pretends to revolve  
around choice. I either can  
believe in free will, or that all  
acts are predetermined by causes  
over which we have no control. In  
either case, however, does one  
have a choice as to *disposition*?"

FATHER rustles newspaper..

JOANNA (CONTINUING)  
(ignoring Father)  
"One philosopher Mill said that  
the reason we must think in terms  
of a 'beginning' to existence is  
due to the paltriness of our  
imagination..  
(leafs pages as she reads)  
"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 that the  
question could not be answered;

because it immediately suggested  
the question, 'Who made God?'"

(chuckles)

(MORE)

JOANNA (CONT'D)

I wonder why Mills didn't ask his  
father, 'What happened to God's  
*mother?*'"

FATHER rises agitatedly; pushes his chair hard under and against  
table.

FATHER

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. If only 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 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

(goes to Joanna; smooths her

(MORE)

FATHER (CONT'D)

hair)

Oh, daughter; you've been studying shadows again.

(she turns to him with a small smile)

There. That's better.

JOANNA

I did stay up late; forgive me.

(embraces Father; descends to garden; hesitates, turns:)

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

FATHER watches as JOANNA exits through garden; then reseats himself, shaking his head. GRANDMOTHER retrieves needlework, pushes needle into fabric...

GRANDMOTHER

(muses)

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

FATHER, still frustrated, searches pockets, draws out a small cigar and lights it. GRANDMOTHER continues to work her fabric...

FATHER

(reminiscingly:)

Don't think I don't know the fire burning in her. When I was a boy, I, too, aspired to higher things. After work I would hide in the garden in the evening to capture

desire in the little light left to the dying day. But there comes a time when one must give up the dreams—

GRANDMOTHER

Remember, I *also* have been a slave all of my life; but I have known pleasure serving others. Lately, however...

(pauses reluctantly)

FATHER

What? What is it you wish to say?

GRANDMOTHER

(gathering determination:)

I made a solemn commitment to raise Joanna, but I no longer can serve you both equally. I am torn when her nature conflicts with yours. Earlier, 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 comprehend 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

(MORE)

FATHER (CONT'D)

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 men of 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.

FATHER tosses cigar butt and exits. GRANDMOTHER lays down her work with a chuckle which quickly changes to expression of deep sadness, until JOANNA returns carrying a bouquet. JOANNA proceeds to arrange the flowers in a vase from the library.

JOANNA

Gone again, is he? You know, I recently dreamed about him, too. He and I were standing at a bar, as in court of law--

GRANDMOTHER

(looking past Joanna)

There's 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 in different forms, to be lovers, and change the world."

GRANDMOTHER

(removedly)

Someday I think I will grow gardenias. I've never been afraid of running out of things to do, only time...

**NEXT SCENE:**

**EXT. SAME DAY, AFTERNOON.** JOANNA is sweeping the patio when unexpectedly she is visited by her best friend, AGNES.

JOANNA

Agnes, my dearest friend! What are you doing here? You know I'm not supposed to receive anyone, and the owners are expected to return at any time. You and I were to meet later, at the pine.

AGNES

I'm sorry! I just couldn't wait  
to talk with you; I'm in such  
trouble...

JOANNA, seeing that AGNES has been crying and is in obvious  
misery, looks about furtively; goes to AGNES, embraces her and  
then moves her to a chair.

JOANNA

Here; sit.

[draws another chair nearby Agnes  
and seats herself)

What is it? What's wrong?

AGNES

Oh, I hate myself! You are the  
only one I can tell.

JOANNA

Tell what?

AGNES

[striving to compose herself;  
finally able to speak)  
You know who I've been seeing—

JOANNA

"Seeing?" You mean, "dating?"

AGNES

Yes.

JOANNA

Joseph?—the grocer's son?

AGNES

Uh-huh.

JOANNA

What about Joseph?

AGNES

I *do* love him!

JOANNA

Well, that's nothing to be ashamed of.

AGNES

But I have discovered *he* doesn't love *me*!

JOANNA

(soothingly; stroking Agnes' shoulder)

Ohhh, dear. What a great disappointment! But it will pass—

AGNES

(beginning again to weep)  
*It can't. It can't!*

JOANNA

These things happen. In time you will be able to let the hurt go—

AGNES

*Time?* I *haven't* time! He refuses to marry me!

JOANNA

(beginning to comprehend)  
Oh, no.  
(again, a whisper:)  
*Oh, no!*

AGNES

(wide-eyes upon Joanna)  
*Yes!*

JOANNA

How soon?



AGNES

(brushing tears away and after  
(MORE)  
swallowing hard:)  
Seven months, I think.

JOANNA

Does anyone else know?

AGNES

*No, no!* Who but you *could* I tell?  
My parents...imagine!--they would be  
demolished.

JOANNA

You didn't use any protection!

AGNES

You *know* that's prohibited us! You  
*know* our church opposes artificial  
contraception. That was the *only*  
time, and I *told* him it wasn't a  
good idea. You remember when you  
and I talked once about women's  
fertile periods? I knew that I  
very likely was in one. But he  
couldn't be convinced! Doesn't  
matter it was just that *one time--*  
*I've committed a mortal sin!*

JOANNA

So, what has Joseph said about the  
consequences?

AGNES

(emotions continuing)  
He said, how is he to know that *he*  
is the father? And nothing stands  
in the way of his denying  
responsibility. He refuses to see  
me again. *What am I to do?*

JOANNA

(after some deep thought)

(MORE)

JOANNA (CONT'D)

First we must think of you, your health. We'll go and talk with Sandrina—

AGNES

The mid-wife? I don't want *anyone to know!*

JOANNA

We can trust Sandrina; you know she will keep the secret.

AGNES

You're suggesting I ask her to help me put an end it?

JOANNA

No! I'm *not* suggesting *that*. But she *can* keep a secret, and you know that in the past she helped at least one other girl. It's your well being you first need to be assured about. My father and grandmother have gone to town for supplies, and Sandrina's home is not far. I can get away now, for a little while...

**NEXT SCENE**

**INT.—SMALL COTTAGE** - SANDRINA, an aged but wiry energetic woman, welcomes JOANNA and AGNES into her front room. She motions them to sit on the sofa and takes a chair opposite them.

SANDRINA

(pretending not to notice  
awkwardness in her visitors'  
demeanors)  
How nice it is, to see you! Some  
tea?

JOANNA

Thank you, but no; we haven't  
time.

(taking the lead in Agnes'  
reticence)

"We're here about a serious  
matter....

(tenderly takes Agnes' hand)  
You might be able to help.

SANDRINA

Oh, I see...

(by her pensive reaction it's  
obvious she already has read  
the situation. Addresses Agnes:)  
How far along do you think you  
are, my dear?

AGNES

(after composing herself)  
Two months, I think.  
(dissolves again in tears;  
mumbling chokingly...)  
*What would God expect me to do?*  
*What would Jesus think??*

SANDRINA

(moving to sit beside Agnes;  
and, after embracing her  
speaks consolingly:)  
Oh, my dear, love all that Jesus  
himself would feel. Let us recall  
the few words he uttered that Time  
has allowed to reach us without  
the veils superimposed by ignorant  
subjectivities...

Dwell, instead, on the true meanings he strove to convey: specifically, his use of the terms 'Father' for 'God;' kingdom of  
(MORE)

SANDRINA (CONT'D)

'God,' the 'Father;' 'the Father' who dispatched him; and the work given by 'the Father.' The true points he strove to make haven't been seized correctly--such as a time would come when worshipping the "Father" will not be a matter of on this hillside or in Jerusalem;' that the holy Spirit was contained in him as son--a *child* of man. And, any son or daughter of 'man'--any person--containing it would be recognized by another also containing it and their words mutually understood--

JOANNA

(interrupts:)

And, what about his indication that those with closed minds wouldn't be able to comprehend what he might tell them about 'what happens in "Heaven"--meaning simply *the empyrean*--the highest reaches of the cosmos, believed by the ancients to be a realm of pure light; taken as the abode of God.

Are we to think that a man who knew what he did about his own history and its writings did not know of the philosophical writings of the Greeks--when in his immediate neighborhood was one of the

Grecian Decapoli cities? Recall that he said that *no one--son or daughter; person of 'man'-- ever had been up to 'heaven' that didn't come down from 'heaven.'*

(MORE)

JOANNA (CONT'D)

*Further, albeit linguistically in accord with its epoch, is that not a *scientific* derivation? For how else do bodies originate, but from the energetic fusing of elements born via the empyrean?*

SANDRINA

(politely eschewing the outburst:)  
Be that as it may, our immediate concern is the sacredness of Life; and Agnes has a difficult time ahead.

(turns to address Agnes)

I know, your primary concern is the effect this will have on your parents. But it is your health, now, and that of the child, that deserve all attention.

AGNES

*I can't go home!*

SANDRINA

I well understand that. Believe me, your parents later will come around. I suggest you move in with me for the duration. That way I will be able to see that you take proper care of yourself and be there immediately for the birth.

JOANNA

Oh, yes, Agnes! And I, too, will be here often to see you, to help with anything I can.

SANDRINA

(rises decisively)

And now we *shall* have some tea, while making our plans...

**INT. SAME-DAY, NIGHT.** A fire burns in the library fireplace. Doors to patio are shut. A black cat observes JOANNA from a nearby armchair, as she pokes the fire. JOANNA turns, gathers cat in her arms.

JOANNA

Well, sir; how are you this evening?

(hums; waltzes 'round the room, complacent cat on her shoulder.

Laughing children heard approaching outdoors)

What's that? Oh, of course!-- it's All Hallows Eve. And, tomorrow, All Saints' Day; and the next, All Souls'.

(Sits in chair, cat on lap; stares into fire; recites somberly:)

"Acherneer, Doradus and Miaplacidus, who 'in your secret influence comment'; Divya Dristi, eye at the back--come save this witch and her loyal cat"...

The children's voices have receded when JOANNA suddenly sits up bolt-right, causing the cat to jump to the floor--

JOANNA

(heavy breath)

*What??*

LOVER-TO-BE (V.O.)  
Playing with words again?

JOANNA  
(restraining herself; eventually  
responds to the air)  
I do that when I'm bored.

LOVER-TO-BE (V.O.)  
Here's something to ponder. Do  
you think the Universe and all its  
stars and planets were born from  
one big explosion?

JOANNA  
(rises and paces the room)  
Why don't you tell me?

LOVER-TO-BE (V.O.)  
All right. The answer is no.

JOANNA  
So how *did* it all begin?

LOVER-TO-BE (V.O.)  
No one knows.

JOANNA  
Not even you?

LOVER-TO-BE (V.O.)  
(laughingly)  
Least of all. *I* know only two  
things: that the Universe is a  
closed system; that nothing can  
occur independently within it, as  
quantum physics doth show. But  
the music of the spheres is  
beautiful, and that which we might  
make between them could be  
heavenly. Why have you been so  
reluctant to call upon me?

JOANNA

Ever occur to you?—that I might be just a *little bit* frightened?

LOVER-TO-BE (V.O.)

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

JOANNA

As well you should!

(goes to patio doors and opens them wide)

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-TO-BE (V.O.)

I truly am sorry. But remember: "two swallows can make a summer."

JOANNA

That's "*two swallows do not a summer make!*"

(she moves out to the patio)

And I don't believe in miracles, either.

LOVER-TO-BE (V.O.)

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 that the Universe, itself, has ordained it!



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

LOVER-TO-BE (CONTINUED V.O.)  
 Courage, my friend! Didn't you  
 pine for a true new millennium?

JOANNA approaches the pine as the light descends. At at-first indistinct figure materializes in the shadow beneath...

LOVER-TO-BE  
 Didn't you envision it as a  
 commonly-shared, comprehensively  
 peaceful view of existence?  
 And you needn't look at me that  
 way! We've been in each other's  
 thoughts since the beginning of  
 measured Time—  
 (His form becomes distinct; she  
 reaches him; 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 now what's bothering you?

JOANNA  
 (pulls away)  
 I *hate* Life!—thousands of years of  
 history here, and no improvement  
 in the human condition?

LOVER-TO-BE (V.O.)  
 (abruptly vanishing; his voice  
 rings out from the vicinity of the  
 tree's top)  
 BULLSHIT!

JOANNA

Wait! Come back!

LOVER-TO-BE

(reappearing at her side)

Sorry. Hopeless feelings do that  
to me. True, a lot of misery

(MORE)

LOVER-TO-BE (CONT'D)

would be cured if all people were  
of the same mind. Can't let it  
drive you crazy that such is going  
to take a few hundred more years.

JOANNA

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

LOVER-TO-BE

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

JOANNA

Where are you from, then?

LOVER-TO-BE

My home, of course.

JOANNA

Don't tease. Where is that?

LOVER-TO-BE

(points)

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

JOANNA

Does it have a name?

LOVER-TO-BE

Tierra Mas Firma.

JOANNA  
(disbelievingly)

No-o-o.

LOVER-TO-BE

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 tongues are based.

(hand on Joanna's head)

Still scared?

JOANNA

A little.

LOVER-TO-BE

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.

LOVER-TO-BE sits with his back against tree trunk and causes JOANNA to lie with her head on his lap..

JOANNA

Others from your home have materialized here on Earth before?

LOVER-TO-BE

A couple, over millennia; no true record of the event left here, however. And simple Thought-Receivers can be too confused by the experience, to establish sound-enough belief-

JOANNA

Like I was feeling.

LOVER-TO-BE

Uh-huh; written off as an hallucination; or, in the extreme, interpreted as a miracle.

(MORE)

LOVER-TO-BE (CONT'D)

(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. But it was such a light impulse I didn't explore it.

LOVER-TO-BE

That was the first night I was drawn to the scanning lab alone.  
(runs a forefinger along face)  
You prompted it!

JOANNA

Still, it does seem miraculous--perhaps not the exchange of thoughts; but the distance across which this, our meeting, has happened.

LOVER-TO-BE

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 living its own material reality within our; 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  
 universal closed system. The  
 insect issues and hears sounds,  
 attracts and repels on its own  
 (MORE)

LOVER-TO-BE (CONT'D)  
 level, and creates... *Creates!*--  
*hmmm...*now that opens up the matter  
 of pleasure, and I always am  
 interested in doubling mine--

JOANNA  
 (lifts to a sitting position)  
 I beg your pardon!

LOVER-TO-BE  
 (draws her back down)  
 Don't be silly. All I want to do  
 is talk with you--about 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.

LOVER-TO-BE  
 All depends on what is meant by  
 "home."

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

LOVER-TO-BE  
 It's not perfect; but many self-  
 defeating attitudes, corrected by

reasoning, have gone out of existence—you know, those little things once there also called "sins." The theory of "survival of the fittest" died, too, a long time ago, replaced by

(MORE)

LOVER-TO-BE (CONT'D)

the concept of cooperation as a natural law; insurance that everyone "fit." Our society works on that. Learning about a civilization younger than ours established proof of evolutionary advantage, which led my ancestors to deduce that greater peace and happiness for all citizens were attainable.

(rises, lifting Joanna to stand with him.)

JOANNA

Quickly! Tell me more.

LOVER-TO-BE

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 them here. Governance is a matter of managing labor to maintain decent life for each person, every type of work respected equally necessary to the full populace's desired whole.

Less of a 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 the aptly-listening Joanna  
 a first kiss)

JOANNA

(after shyly recovering)  
 Are marriages, then, truly made in  
 that "heaven?"

LOVER-TO-BE

Marriage?... Well, we do have  
 states that approximate  
 it...but...there isn't time to talk  
 about that now—  
 (his image dims slightly)

JOANNA

*No! Wait!*

LOVER-TO-BE

*Hush!* This materialization is  
 fragile. You've kept me here  
 longer, already, than I had hoped.  
 And...then...well, *then* there's the  
 fact I didn't tell anyone.

JOANNA

Does that matter?

LOVER-TO-BE

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-TO-BE

(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?

LOVER-TO-BE

Not without certain suffering,  
it's believed, for those left to  
live consequences beyond their  
normal acceptance. All I can say  
is, I'll *try*—

(the last of his light vanishes)

JOANNA

(raises her torso, arms lifted)

Oh five-dimensional Universe! Let  
us be always in each other's  
thoughts...

**NEXT SCENE:**

**INT. - A BUBBLE OF A BUILDING** arched outdoors by lacy trees, a  
foreign sun shining through vaulted glass windows. An elderly  
woman/ELDRESS in a floor-length robe smokes a long thin pipe and  
paces the floor, pausing now and again to look out searchingly  
to a path curving toward the building.

LOVER-TO-BE approaches, stops midway obviously flustered;  
muttering; finally draws up shoulders and enters through parting  
glass...

ELDRESS

I recall when you fully agreed in  
our judgment that we avoid



insecured attempts to impose order  
on other levels.

LOVER-TO-BE

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

ELDRESS

At which century were you?

LOVER-TO-BE

The 21<sup>st</sup>.

ELDRESS

There it is the nitrogen age?

LOVER-TO-BE

Yes.

ELDRESS

You left her in chaos?

LOVER-TO-BE

No! She's strong and she can  
*accept!* Be convinced of that.

ELDRESS

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

LOVER-TO-BE

(whirls to sit on a modernistic  
chair)

I know--a transgression for which  
I will accept the consequences.  
But I can't--I *won't*--apologize.

TWO ELDERS obviously discomfited rapidly are approaching the  
building.

ELDRESS

You're weary and need rest. But—  
oh heavens help us: here come the  
others.

LOVER-TO-BE stands as the men 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 is further  
acts we must concern ourselves  
with, now. Let him tell us about  
it.

ELDER #1, disgruntlingly blows hard and drops onto another chair.  
ELDER #2 and ELDRESS also seat themselves to form a half-circle  
around LOVER-TO-BE, who has a faraway look in his eyes..

LOVER-TO-BE

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

ELDER #1

Oh, colleagues. See how much in  
love he is!

ELDRESS

*Shhhh.* We've been monitoring her  
thoughts long enough to know she's  
a noble creature.

(to Lover-To-Be)

Please; only the particulars.

LOVER-TO-BE

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

**DISSOLVE TO FLASHBACK:**

**INT. - A PRISTINE LABORATORY:** A moulded lounge at center,  
directly above which is suspended a copper headpiece that  
revolves around a narrow fiber optic tube running from the cap  
up and through a skylight that reveals a star-swept sky. LOVER-  
TO-BE enters, removes and tosses aside his cape; reclines on  
lounge; affixes cap to his head; closes his eyes.

A few minutes pass...

JOANNA (V.O)

(heard faintly)

*I believe that 'God' is an  
almighty force that governs the  
Universe.*

(voice grows stronger with  
succeeding lines)

*And that I myself am one of its  
children, conceived of virgin  
matter bearing spirit, to live  
crucibly, die, and be buried. I  
believe in the eternally original  
purity of spirit, in the communion  
of Consciousness, and in Life-  
everlastingly...*

**DISSOLVE BACK TO:**

BUBBLE BUILDING, SAME DAY/TIME

LOVER-TO-BE

The point was fixed;  
 systematically I began sending  
 (MORE)

LOVER-TO-BE (CONT'D)

thought. I distinctly felt that  
 she was upon ready to believe I  
 existed. She cooperated more and  
 more---

ELDER #2

Painstaking preparations; years of  
 study, uncertain to what purpose  
 it next might be put. The  
 first transference to Earth in  
 centuries, and it takes the form  
 of a love-smitten lark!

ELDRESS

(holding up a hand)

We do know that these  
 interventions must embrace great  
 devotion--

LOVER-TO-BE

(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!

LOVER-TO-BE

The thought that I should stop,  
call you here, did occur. But I  
was drawn along the rays. Her  
compulses were all-consuming. A  
moment had come that I simply  
could not withstand.

ELDRESS

How long were you there?

LOVER-TO-BE

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?

LOVER-TO-BE

Some.

ELDER #1

You told her all about us?

LOVER-TO-BE

A bit; certainly far from  
everything. I only answered a  
couple of questions.

ELDER #2

You told her about past  
materializations?

LOVER-TO-BE

Not any details.

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-TO-BE

(springing to his feet)

What do you *mean?*--"fails to receive future communication?"

ELDRESS

(rising, walking to Eternal Son and placing her hands on his shoulders)

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

LOVER-TO-BE

No--

ELDRESS

--we might have pursued formalizing communication.

ELDER #2

The situation now is too complicated. Better for her if--

LOVER-TO-BE

NO!

ELDER #1

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

LOVER-TO-BE

"My word?" "From *The Beginning* was 'the Word'--Logos, Reason!"

*Logos was toward godliness; and  
Logos—Reason--became a god." That  
is my 'word' and that is her  
'word;' and neither of us can give  
to you that faith which is ours.*

LOVER-TO-BE turns and runs from the room to disappear along the path.

**NEXT SCENE:**

**INT. LIBRARY** - JOANNA is polishing the library's furniture. GRANDMOTHER enters; seeing JOANNA she makes to hasten away but JOANNA stops her. GRANDMOTHER obviously has been weeping and shows much distress...

JOANNA

Grandmother! What's wrong? What has happened?

GRANDMOTHER

Nothing, Joanna; nothing.

JOANNA

(takes Grandmother gently by the arm)  
Please. Tell me! Where have you been?

GRANDMOTHER

(pulls away; shakes her head)  
Oh, I don't know. I just don't know. It's so sad...

JOANNA

You were gone a long time, and the owners are to be back today. Where have you been?

GRANDMOTHER

(takes a deep breath; resolutely:)

Your best friend's mother had sent  
a note wishing to see me—

JOANNA  
(instantly aware)  
Agnes' mother? *Oh, no...*

GRANDMOTHER  
(turns to give Joanna  
a stern look--)  
You knew?  
(sees it on Joanna's face--)  
You knew!

JOANNA  
(prayerfully)  
Yes, Grandmother; I know. I know  
that Agnes is with child—

GRANDMOTHER  
(quietly sadly)  
*Was with child—*

JOANNA  
Oh, no; Agnes lost the baby?

GRANDMOTHER  
(coldly)  
No.

JOANNA  
I don't understand. Is it because  
Agnes has gone to live with  
Sandrina, the mid-wife?

GRANDMOTHER  
No.  
(starts again to cry; turns away;  
softly says--)



*She's gone.*

JOANNA

What? Sandrina's gone?

GRANDMOTHER

(shakenly seating herself;  
all but inaudibly:)

*Agnes...*

JOANNA

(bends near Grandmother to hear)  
*Who is gone?*

GRANDMOTHER

(looking Joanna in the face)  
*Agnes!*

JOANNA

Agnes? Gone where?

GRANDMOTHER's face is the epitome of total sadness. As JOANNA keeps looking into GRANDMOTHER's eyes she slowly is forced to accept the truth. She turns away, slams a hand against, then falls against the patio door...

JOANNA

*No... No... NO!*

GRANDMOTHER rises, runs to JOANNA and pulls her into a tight embrace.

GRANDMOTHER

Oh, Joanna... How terrible the suffering of this unnecessary loss. *Poor sweet Agnes.* I'm so very sorry!

GRANDMOTHER draws JOANNA to the armchair and lowers her into it. GRANDMOTHER sits on the chair's arm and holds JOANNA's face against her breast until the shock eases...

JOANNA

(raising her head; stoic-faced;  
desolate whisper:)  
...How? ...Where?

GRANDMOTHER

She was missed at Sandrina's next  
(MORE)

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)

day. She finally was found back  
beyond the work shed.

JOANNA

How did she...?

GRANDMOTHER

The doctor believes she ate  
nightshade berries--

JOANNA

Ahh--Belladonna...  
(grievingly; with a gentle shake  
of the head, ironically:)  
"Beautiful Woman?"... For the  
already most beautiful one...

GRANDMOTHER

I didn't know what to say to her  
mother. I wanted to say that  
perhaps it had been accidental,  
but you and I know--and so would  
Agnes have known--better. There  
isn't a family 'round unfamiliar  
with the warning, posted at the  
garden nursery, about that tall  
shrub with its lovely bell-shaped  
flowers--

JOANNA

"The best-known plant of assassins  
in history? Also known as the

'Devil's herb?' That a single leaf can kill some persons, while 10 to 20 of those pretty little black berries, can kill anyone?

GRANDMOTHER

Listen, Joanna. Sandrina's with  
(MORE)

GRANDMOTHER (CONT'D)

Agnes' parents now, but I said I promised to be back to relieve her. I don't know if your father has heard yet. Do you think you can manage here without me now?

JOANNA

(rises; gives Grandmother a long hug)

Yes. I'll be fine. Don't worry. Go now.

GRANDMOTHER hesitates, walks to interior library door far left, takes a long reassuring look back and exits; as she leaves the cat enters.

JOANNA, desolate, takes the cat into her arms and drops back into the armchair, where she falls over it, weeping.

**NEXT SCENE:**

**INT., SMALL CHURCH SANCTUARY ROOM,** bare save for a small arched shrine to the Virgin Mary, two simple chairs, and a fount in one corner. JOANNA sits in sun slanting through a little 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?

JOANNA

I never have felt better in my life.

PRIEST

(hesitatingly)

Shall we go into the church, then?

JOANNA

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

PRIEST

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

PRIEST

(resignedly settles in second chair)

As you wish.

JOANNA

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

PRIEST

You are to be married, then!

JOANNA

(laughingly)

No... As he known as 'Jesus' once said, "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 embued with full rights by those empowered to confer the blessing?

*Where, in the 'Trinity' that Man worships, is the female?*

(she rises and faces the shrine)  
 Beautiful, is she not?—pure Woman. Yet, how has she been recognized? Eternal mother but never *daughter*; the scroll of her 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* which brings children—new human beings—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!*—conceptions of unsecured children who will not know one day without hunger, not only for food but too many—*too many*—without the love and resources *of their fathers!*—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 your supposed 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

(MORE)

JOANNA (CONT'D)

means but not the requisite *living spirit*--the test cannot be met. From whence always have words of gods come?--from the mind and mouth and hands of men. Never has been a time?--when an old church law no longer served Reason, that a new law was named? What is law, but acquiescence at a particular moment to the proven need of the majority. And one need not search all that far back in history, Father, for man's changing a church law of 'god'. You do recall? When eating meat on a Friday--after centuries of being a warned path to Hell--*man* ordained no longer a *mortal sin*?

PRIEST

You obviously have not come here for absolution.

JOANNA walks to door; opens it to full sunshine; turns toward Priest.

JOANNA

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  
(MORE)

JOANNA (CONT'D)  
beyond their antiquated reign—like, before him, David, who “sinfully” ate and fed his men the sanctified showbread, rather than starve their faithful quest.  
(she extends her hand)  
I wish only for a new beginning--

PRIEST turns away a stony face. JOANNA drops her hand and exits, shutting the door quietly behind her.

**NEXT SCENE:**

**EXT. THE GARDEN AT DUSK** in the vicinity of the pine. JOANNA sits beneath the tree, tossing pebbles..

JOANNA  
(sing-song)  
Up is down...down is up...'tis only gravity that fills the cup..

LOVER-TO BE (V.O.)  
(faintly at first)  
Prepare to receive some thoughts!  
(voices raises)  
*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 bother: bare bones upon which once



hung flesh; yet his thoughts like  
 fragrance on a breeze come still  
 to you whom he loves... Departing  
 a world is not so difficult. Mass  
 is united by energy; the body is  
 nothing; energy in 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..

**NEXT SCENE:**

**EXT. - A LOW-DOMED STRUCTURE IN A GLADE** where white night  
 flowers and black-green foliage overhang a spring. JOANNA  
 kneels at the spring and splashes water on her face. LOVER-TO-  
 BE approaches silently from behind, places his hands around her  
 waist, lifts and turns her to him..

LOVER-TO-BE  
 Welcome to The Pavilion.

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

JOANNA  
 "Pavilion?"

LOVER-TO-BE  
 Reserved for lovers; where they  
 come only when ready in full  
 consciousness to court the  
 possibility of bringing another  
 soul into existence: *knowing*, in  
 doing so, each becomes creator by,  
 and through--that is, as near to  
 being--a god, as one can be.  
 (moves Joanna to arms' length)  
 It was inevitable that you and I  
 would find each other.

JOANNA

*Inevitable*—I love that word.

LOVER-TO-BE

Does rather nicely do away with  
doubt, doesn't it? Lovers are  
like children at play. It doesn't  
matter what bodies they inhabit;  
they always appear beautiful to  
(MORE)

LOVER-TO-BE (CONT'D)

each other.

(teasingly:)

In some realities you may be very  
ugly! An antelope probably  
wouldn't find you at all  
appealing.

JOANNA

(pushes him away in feigned  
rejection)

Oh is that so.

LOVER-TO-BE

(pulls her back)

Tell me, when have you been  
happiest?

JOANNA

Now! And--hear this in quotation  
marks--always when I felt '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?

LOVER-TO-BE

(sits beside her; avoiding  
question, kisses her)

Consciousness anywhere proceeds at the same rate, but this my planet's early civilization didn't suffer Earth's cataclysmic setbacks. Here, people discerned a millennia ago that the Mind/Body Complex determines a person's thoughts and acts. If particular pathways in brain aren't developed

(MORE)

LOVER-TO-BE (CONT'D)

properly it won't function properly.

(runs his hands along her)

All your pathways, by the way, appear to function quite well.

JOANNA

(amusedly)

Well I'm glad to hear it.

(then seriously:)

But certainly genetics can play a role.

LOVER-TO-BE

Of course. Naturally there can be and occasionally do happen here residual errors of substance.

What two persons may do privately may be their own affair, but they do need to be prepared to fulfill all potential consequences. If what they do together creates another, it's a *universal* affair. We're taught *that* from the beginning.

(notices a thoughtful smile on Joanna's face--)

What?

JOANNA

I was remembering the first  
thoughts you sent me.

LOVER-TO-BE

Like?

JOANNA

(turns over on her stomach)  
Like, "whirling is different from  
turning..."

LOVER-TO-BE

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

JOANNA

And that!

LOVER-TO-BE

"What fools ye mortals be?"

JOANNA

Not that. Now you're making fun  
again. But *am* I only 'mortal'  
then, after all?

LOVER-TO-BE

(lies beside her, stroking her  
back)  
Only that you will not occupy this  
present body, luscious as it may  
be, forever.

JOANNA

(teases back)  
You *mean*, luscious as it appears  
to you.

LOVER-TO-BE

(laughs)  
Very good.

(stands and lifts Joanna to her feet)  
So, when it comes to bodies, it's what we do with them that matters.

JOANNA  
(hesitating)  
I went to the parish priest.

LOVER-TO-BE  
You didn't tell him about me!

JOANNA  
No-no!

LOVER-TO-BE  
Promise. You won't tell anyone.

JOANNA  
You know I can't promise that!  
You *know* I have no control over events in my world-

ETERNAL SON  
I know...I know--no more than one in any other, including me in mine.

JOANNA  
And whatever henceforth is destined for us we must accept?

LOVER-TO-BE takes a deep breath, nods, then takes JOANNA's hand and leads her to the domed building:

**NEXT SCENE:**

**INT. DOMED BUILDING.** A vase holds a burgeoning bouquet of the glade flowers; a thick white rug covers the floor; at center, a bed of large satin pillows surrounded by a drape, now raised, of shimmering fabric. LOVER-TO-BE draws JOANNA inside...

LOVER-TO-BE  
Our haven, mademoiselle.

JOANNA  
I'm nervous.

LOVER-TO-BE  
Believe it: so am I!

LOVER-TO-BE lowers his face to JOANNA's breasts and kisses her while untying the first ribbon of her frock; their preliminary lovemaking continues...

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

LOVER-TO-BE/**NOW LOVER**  
The tercial nature of Love--Spirit  
encompassing Mental encompassing  
Physical...

JOANNA  
(slipping his robed garment from  
his body)  
The physical being the smallest  
part?

LOVER  
Excuse me?

JOANNA  
(girlishly laughing as her dress  
falls and she reclines on the  
pillow bed)  
Well, it *is* a bit peculiar  
looking; I will say that!

LOVER kneels beside JOANNA on the pillow-bed...

LOVER

(boyishly laughing)  
 A figment of your imagination; a  
 small fruit of creation...

The airy drapes drop; the light dims. Outside, the water runs  
 in the spring; breezes move the trees; other couples walking in  
 the distance make familiar gestures of Love...

**NEXT SCENE:**

**INT. - SAME.** The drapes, now raised, billow around the lovers;  
 a pipe flutes outside in the lightening glade. LOVER sits  
 cross-legged; JOANNA, kneeling behind him, caressingly rubs his  
 back and neck...

JOANNA  
 What will happen, when it's known  
 that *I* have come *here*?

LOVER  
*Phewww.*  
 (falls back on 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 will  
 never meet here again!  
 (flings herself down; buries her  
 face in a pillow)

LOVER  
 (sighs; gets up; pours wine;  
 brings Joanna a glass and sits  
 beside her)  
 More important, what will you do.

JOANNA  
 I will leave my father-

(Lover expresses dismay; she rests  
 a hand on his arm)  
 Don't worry; it will be all right.  
 I know that my grandmother will  
 come with me; we'll make a small  
 home together. I'm strong. I can  
 work.  
 (Lover continues shaking his head)  
 Please!

They stand together. Their last moments take on a gentle  
 fierceness...

JOANNA (CONTINUING)  
 I shall be fine. And so shall our  
 child. And I know that it shall  
 be *a champion!*

LOVER  
 And look like you!

JOANNA  
 And *you!*

LOVER  
 And shall have your spirit—

JOANNA  
 And *yours!*

LOVER startles, seeing the light outside now is bright. JOANNA  
 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?

LOVER



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

JOANNA

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

LOVER

And each other's, if only for a  
 season...

JOANNA disappears altogether. LOVER runs out and gazes upward..

JOANNA (V.O.)

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

LOVER

Yes!

JOANNA (V.O.)

Brother and sister?  
 (her voice growing increasingly  
 fainter)

LOVER

Yes!

JOANNA (V.O.)

Husband and wife?

LOVER

Father and daughter!

JOANNA (V.O.)

Mother and son!

**EXT. - MOVING SHOT** as their exchanges of love echo through the blue...

LOVER

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

JOANNA

I love you...

**NEXT SCENE:**

**EXT. MIDDAY, THE GRASSY KNOLL ON PATH FROM MARKET** --GRANDMOTHER  
is met by JOANNA, whose pregnancy obviously is near full-term.

JOANNA

What news?

GRANDMOTHER

(worriedly reluctant)

Talk is rampant. The women are  
sympathetic but I'm afraid your  
father has disowned you  
completely.

JOANNA

A certain amount of pain is  
necessary to revelation--as when  
man was forced to accept this  
planet wasn't the center of  
everything.

GRANDMOTHER

But to ask that it be believed--  
that an alien being sired your  
child.

JOANNA

The primary factor is that I  
*chose* that it be so. I, *my Spirit*,  
*conceived that I materially would*  
*conceive*, if you will have it.

Apparent IMPOVERISHED WOMEN, many with children, approach to gradually convene around JOANNA and her GRANDMOTHER, followed by determinedly approaching men.

JOANNA

Such is now the way our world must be: hungry children, despairing parents, deprivation amidst plenty. Such is not the way our world's civilization *would* be, if myths were laid to rest, and that

(MORE)

JOANNA (CONT'D)

established itself in the human true altruism reserved to 'God' arena. We are responsible for the here and now! 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 *did* exist, would he not want us to use the logic which he, himself, bestowed; to recognize changing circumstances that demand new acceptances?

MALE VOICE

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 that bears 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 individual prides and prejudices

of those seeking to maintain power over masses. None, however--not churches nor governments nor even science, in their collected consciousnesses--have seized fully that identityless spirit born into every life. *It* wants to live a good life, a life with purpose.

(MORE)

Men press upon the group of women and children...

JOANNA (CONTINUES)

Has Earth mercifully turned enough times, for all to see that ideas once necessarily held no longer are valid? Humankind can choose to give its God a new description! All children are of children of godly Force. IT determines *if* we are born. IT determines when we find each other and circle together for a season. Is it not true? When we join to bring another soul into existence we become 'gods'?

Assenting women's voices...

JOANNA (CONTINUES)

As an ancient brother of ours 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 newly reasoned age--

Joanna's FATHER, a DOCTOR, and the PRIEST extricate themselves from the male group and stride to JOANNA's side; DOCTOR and PRIEST each take one of her arms—

JOANNA

What is this?

GRANDMOTHER

Let go of her!

FATHER

It is for her own good!

DOCTOR

She's not well. She will be safer at the hospital.

JOANNA

(scoffingly)

In the mental ward, you mean.

(she looks from one to the other)

Is that it? Because *your* minds cannot accept that there may be more than your ego-centered one reality?

The women and children part way as FATHER and DOCTOR begin to lead JOANNA away.

GRANDMOTHER

Stop, I say!

JOANNA

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

As the women with their children surround and walk alongside Joanna and her "captors," they begin to chant:

CHANTING WOMEN

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  
 Nature's forced instincts  
 (MORE)

CHANTING WOMEN (CONT'D)

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  
 each 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...

**NEXT SCENE:**

**INT. - NIGHT, DECEMBER 24 - AN AUSTERE ROOM** - gray walls, bare  
 save a dark wooden cross; overhead lights glint off barred grids

at high windows; PRIEST and DOCTOR sit at a table at the head of the room...

PRIEST

Of all nights!

DOCTOR

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

People enter humbly through double doors at back and seat themselves along benches flanking the room's walls...

PRIEST

(keeps voice to a whisper)

*What?? Are we to have spectators??*

DOCTOR

She insisted that the 'hearing,' as she called it, be open. When we indicated it might not be permitted her agitation was so intense as to threaten her 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)

But 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 can be  
released tonight to her family.

Of the women among spectators, TWO YOUNG FEMALES whisper  
together..

FIRST FEMALE

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

SECOND FEMALE

As Einstein already has shown?

JOANNA appears in the doorway on the arm on her GRANDMOTHER.  
JOANNA'S swollen abdomen causes the bleak hospital gown to curve  
above the knees. TWO OTHER FEMALES whisper to each other--

THIRD FEMALE

Oh, which of our sisters said,  
"One picture is worth a thousand  
words?"

FOURTH FEMALE

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

WOMAN SPECTATORS touch JOANNA'S gown as she passes to the front  
of the room..

ONE OLDER WOMAN

(whispers)

Se le vaya bien!

JOANNA is seated on a chair at center before the table;  
GRANDMOTHER stations herself nearby.



MALE WHISPER #1

She thinks she will be mother of a  
god!

MALE WHISPER #2

She thinks she is the sister, wife  
and daughter of a god!

JOINED YOUNG FEMALES

(stronger-voiced)

*She says she is the wife of*

(MORE)

JOINED YOUNG FEMALES (CONT'D)

Humankind; a mother of Humankind.

Damn!--you crazy people have got  
it all wrong. Jesus the Christ!--  
you crazy people--you still have it  
all wrong!

DOCTOR

(taps table; silence ensues)

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  
heart's desire--to know Love fully  
purely in Mind *and Body*--

(MORE)

Some of the women fight expressing a cheer--

JOANNA (CONTINUES)

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.

A GROUP OF OLDER WOMEN in black shawls begin to sing softly  
(suggested tune, "Toreador" from opera *Carmen*):

OLDER WOMEN SINGING

Creo in dios  
Todoperderoso  
Cre-a-a-dor  
Cre-a-a-dor  
Cre-e-e-e-e,  
e-e-e-e-e-e  
[etc.]

Je-su-u-chris-ta  
Un-i-ca-ah hi-ja  
Cre-a-a-dor  
[etc. repeating refrain]

DOCTOR

(rapping table for silence)

Ahem. Joanna! Haven't you maintained that the conception of the child you carry was through the offices of an extra-terrestrial?

JOANNA

So it was.

PRIEST raps table for silence. A group of waifs hovering at the door begin to push in—

JOANNA (CONTINUING)

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

PRIEST

None! But do you realize that 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 which doomed my spiritual brother in the hands of those sufficiently personally threatened by *his* words. The issue, my dear 'judges,' is not the conception of my child but the *fully conscious conception of all children*. Bring in the children!

(rising, going to the group of waifs, takes a GIRL and a BOY each by the hand and leads them forward)

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 at the

questionable charity of humankind;  
 or, not be born at all? Let the  
 children ask! Why do not men  
 learn from History? Can Man do  
 more than prophesy??

MALE GROUP LOUDLY WHISPERING:  
 HERESY... HERESY... HERESY...

FEMALE GROUP IN SOFTER WHISPER:  
 Who whispers "heresy?"—  
 (MORE)

FEMALE GROUP (CONT'D)  
 Not the women; not the women.  
 Who whispers, "heresy?"—  
 Not the children; not the  
 children.  
 Who whispers "heresy??"

JOANNA  
 (leading Girl and Boy back to  
 the group of children)  
 If my words glance lightly off  
 ears of those born to plenty, let  
 them walk one winter upon 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.

JOANNA returns to room front center, receives from her  
 GRANDMOTHER a shawl--the only white one in sight--spreads it on  
 the floor and kneels upon it...

JOANNA (CONTINUING)  
 If in my brother Men failed to  
 recognize *their* son, let them see  
 in me their daughter... No! Let

them see once and for all *their*  
*child-*

JOANNA stops speaking to listen, as an invisible chorus begins  
[suggested music, *Poco*: "Sweet Love"):

CHORUS

*Sun shinin' in the night-*  
*The newborn child...*  
*Oh, my, sharing her love with me*  
*I can see in her smile...*

(MORE)

The overhead lighting begins to dim...

CHORUS (CONT'D)

*Wordless are the thoughts*  
*She's try'n to say;*  
*Oh, my, maybe she's seeing*  
*the light of a brighter day-*

The overhead lighting totally extinguishes as SONG CONTINUES...

CHORUS (CONT'D)

*Give her some love...*  
*Sweet...sweet...love...*

There is a bright flash of light upon: JOANNA and now LOVER  
together upon the shawl; they behave as if they are in a realm  
apart, as the music continues...

CHORUS (CONT'D)

*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  
gently in his arms as CHORUS CONTINUES...

*With a love we shared inside*  
*she'll find her way*  
*Oh, my, you know it makes me*

*feel so much older, today...*

JOANNA's and LOVER's eyes are closed; her head is down; his chin rests on her tousled tresses. Another blast of ethereal light, and they are gone, as SONG FINISHES...

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

And, in their place upon the white shawl, A NEWBORN FEMALE INFANT.

**NEXT SCENE:**

**EXT. - NIGHT IN 'HEAVEN'.** Bougainvillea waltzes around a stone-walled court, where ETERNAL MOTHER and ETERNAL FATHER are lounging on sumptuous cushions...

ETERNAL MOTHER

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

ETERNAL FATHER

(stirs himself)

So...how are the children doing?

ETERNAL MOTHER

Just fine—yours and mine, at any rate.

ETERNAL FATHER

That wasn't very charitable.

ETERNAL MOTHER

(nestling beside him)

Ummmm. That's the beauty of being with you.

(runs her hands up Eternal Father's sides to his armpits)

I don't need to be polite,  
eloquent *or* charitable.

ETERNAL FATHER

Oh, "prince's daughter, the curves  
of your thighs are like jewels,  
the work of an artisan's hands..."

(rolls her back and slips down  
along her, kissing parts named by  
the Song of Solomon)

"Your navel, a goblet round; it  
lacks not mixed wines. Your  
belly, a heap of wheat hedged

(MORE)

ETERNAL FATHER (CONT'D)

about with lilies..."

(moves upward her body)

"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..."

**MUSIC** (*Peter, Paul and Mary*, "Like the First Time.")

Eyes closed, ETERNAL MOTHER lifts and pushes ETERNAL FATHER back  
on cushions as she takes up the recitation:

ETERNAL MOTHER

"Oh Love in delights, *your* stature  
is like a palm tree--"

(slides to and kisses his feet)

"I will go up the palm tree. I  
will take hold of its stalk..."

**MOVING SHOT - CAMERA UP**

Sweeping daylight into blue and then down into a valley--

**NEXT SCENE:**

where ETERNAL DAUGHTER runs to meet embrace by ETERNAL SON..

ETERNAL DAUGHTER  
 Finally! Alone together. *Alone,*  
*together*—what a wonderful  
 contradiction!

ETERNAL SON  
 Let me drink you in!  
 (whirls her 'round)  
 I thought this day never would  
 end.

ETERNAL DAUGHTER  
 (laughingly)  
 I thought *that millennium* never  
 would end.

ETERNAL DAUGHTER picks a wild flower, tucks it behind ETERNAL SON's ear and makes to run away. He chases after...

**MOVING SHOT - CAMERA UP, UP**

ETERNAL SON (V.O.)  
 Will she fare well, do you think?

ETERNAL DAUGHTER (V.O.)  
 She's *ours*, isn't she??

ETERNAL SON (V.O.)  
 I love you!

ETERNAL DAUGHTER  
 And I adore you—*Whatever* you are  
 (laughs gaily)  
*Whoever* you are, *Whenever* you are...

**MOVING SHOT CONTINUES** to travel, out into pure blue, with the sound of a union of children singing to the strains of "Green Sleeves:



SINGING CHILDREN (V.O.)

*We're moving  
twor-or-or-or-or-ord  
the blue-oo end  
of the spe-hec-trum...  
Thank God it will never be-ee-ee  
like oh-oh-old times again...*

**FADE OUT.**

**THE END**