

The Miracle Musical

by Mark Landau, 505-670-3055, m@mark-landau.com, © Mark Landau

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DISCLAIMER

What is true? What is the truth of our existence? What are the truths of our very own souls? Is there more to us than is dreamt of in our philosophies? I present some fancies or truths. May the entertainment value herein carry the play independently of how true it rings for you. Let us live the lives we can and believe what we will.

SYNOPSIS

The scope of this play is the life of our universe. It begins before the big bang at the time between creations, gives an alternate version of the beginning of our world, reviews a few of our modern experiences and contemplates the possibilities of current and future miracles. The fancy or truth that forms its basis is that we have just passed the midpoint of the life of our universe. The expansion phase we have been in for fourteen billion years ended as January 1, 2015, turned to January 2. We are now in a five year turning point. A corollary of this is that at the furthest reaches of expansion, coming apart, falling apart, God and her minions, to a large degree, abandoned us so that things could get as bad as they might. But now they are returning to help things contract, fall into place, come together. We are in the midst of the apogee of our dysfunction, which, more and more, must display itself in our faces. But it all contains seeds of goodness. And quietly, in places less noticed, coherence will grow and, over time, become more and more mainstream and obvious. New and ancient mythology is a major theme.

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Cast of Characters

<u>NARRATOR/MENTOR:</u>	71, male
<u>PRIME MALE AND FEMALE:</u>	25-50, vibrant, attractive, aware, can sing well and dance well enough, of similar age
<u>YOUNG MALE AND FEMALE:</u>	17-20, vibrant, attractive, aware, can sing well and dance well enough

Place

Nowhere, Everywhere, Here

Time

Pre-Time, Big Bang, Earth Creation, 1946 to Present

Musical Numbers

O Mammon, Lila, Fly with Me, Do You Love Someone,
Why Me, Feelin' Tired, Who Am I, The Miracle Revolution

ACT I

Pre-Time to 1946

Setting: Bare stage

At Rise: Entire theater as dark as possible

NARRATOR (After a moment or two of silence)

In the end *and* beginning there is nothing—no wave, no particle, no fluctuation—only *Eternal Stillness* and *Infinite Potential*. All the *Black Holes* have expanded and united to devour the omniverse beyond the *Impossible Singularity*. There is nothing left to *Be*. Then, when all has rested well enough, by the great mystery of *Divine Ripeness* and *Will*—BANG!—all of creation explodes forth yet again.

(The drum beats loudly for several minutes as the lights flash rapidly bright and off on all the actors dancing wildly all over the stage. Lights end off. Only Narrator remains.)

NARRATOR (Addressing audience after walking upstage, center with snake head cane as lights rise to low wash and spotlight)

It didn't happen quite that way, the Big Bang, the bursting forth of creation. But you get the idea. (Pause) Meet Adishesha. (Pause, extending cane outward and upward, slowly twisting it, perhaps responding to whatever response or non-response the audience produces) Adishesha, the first serpent God, the bed of Vishnu, the body of our universe. Welcome to our world of truth, myth and lunacy. We'll be using concepts and mythology of our own device, from around the world and from the Vedic/Hindu/Buddhist traditions. Those of India and the East really worked the inner universe, to the detriment of the outer, as we in the West worked the outer to the detriment of the inner. They're the right brain and we're the left. Or they're the spiritual and we're the physical. And just as *we* got somewhere, so did they. They have concepts and understandings we don't even have words for and barely apprehend. This is not about worship. It's about understanding, no matter who we are or what tradition we come from. But speaking of worship and mythology, are you aware that we've come to worship Mammon, we in the West, we material beings? (Pause) Mammon, the God of Commerce, Money, bottom line profit. *He* has been placed at the apex of all our importance. All else is sacrificed to our God Mammon. People, quality of life, Truth, Justice and the American Way, great heartedness, generosity and simple decency, all sold out to Money. And we are spreading our religion everywhere, often by force of arms. The Great Gods of Money have bought our world, our institutions, our politicians, nearly everything. The .0000001% own nearly everything, including us all. We have a worldwide debt/servitude economy. Banks and corporations are almighty. Our money is debt. We have exalted Mammon above all else.

(Song: "O MAMMON" sung by all as the other actors roll a huge,

pale green \$ sign on stage to sing, dance, bow to and worship)

O Great God Mammon, you are our God
We feed you the bees, we feed you the frogs
We feed you our people, we feed you the Earth
Our spirit is yours, you determine our worth

O Great Big Pharma, O Goldman Sachs
Our rain forests fall to palm oil's ax
O Great God Commerce each precious twig
We burn at your altar to make you big

Chorus

O Mammon O Money O Commerce O Cash
We serve you, we labor, we bow to your lash
Make us O make us O make us your slave
In the land of the free and the home of the brave

O Great War Machine, Industrial Might
We stoke your darkness, we surrender our light
We make you mighty, we make you strong
Too Big To Fail, to you we belong

O Bankman O Credit, make us your own
We struggle to serve you, we indenture our home
O Great Ones O Powerful, we're corporate greed whores
Just give us your money and we will be yours

Break

So much is dying, our oceans, our fish
Our very own souls lay on your golden dish
How have we lost what is precious and good?
What are you, truly, under that hood?

Chorus

O Mammon O Money O Commerce O Work
We're your corporate thing, your robotic jerk
Make us O make us O make us your slave
In the land of the free and the home of the brave

NARRATOR (Returning to front, center stage as others depart with \$ sign)
Yes, we hyperbolize, oversimplify and digress. We also thank you from the bottom of our hearts for spending your money on *us*. But what is truth? What is understanding? What *are* our *Values*? (Pause) So, Adishesha. (Looking at and turning the cane.) The Hindu mythology poses an oscillating universe, cyclical, like day and night, the seasons, the turn of our galaxy and birth, death and rebirth. Big bang, big

crunch, big bang, with times of unmanifest nothingness between creations. They portray these hiatuses as times when Vishnu sleeps on the coiled up body of Adishesha. Vishnu represents the maintaining principle but there is nothing to maintain, so he sleeps. Brahma is the creator and Siva the destroyer. Siva has already done his work through Shakti in rendering all the universes into nothing. So Brahma comes to awaken Vishnu and Adishesha so that the body of our universe can again uncoil and a new cycle of creation begin. Vishnu and Adishesha. They represent potential, or everything in virtual form, during the unmanifest period, and creation, or everything in actual form, during the manifest period. And Brahma and Siva constantly create and destroy throughout the time of creation. There are, of course, other theories of our universe. Fashionable now is the ever-expanding one in which everything in the sky but our own galaxy will eventually get so far away as to disappear. Then we would only see a one-galaxy universe. But for our little play, we will hold to our cycles, and more. For we postulate that at the turn of the day, from the first of January of 2015 to the second, our universe reached the uttermost end of its expansion and paused in preparation to begin for the first time since the big bang to contract. That's right, folks, the life of the omniverse will be twenty-eight billion years. The big bang occurred 14 billion years ago. The year of our Lord 2015, not 2012, was the end and beginning of all the great cycles and the midpoint of its life. Adishesha (holding cane up with left hand, encircling with right thumb and index finger and extending the length and outward beyond) fully extended and has now come to rest. This hiatus will last five years and then he will begin to (spiraling hand back around cane towards the head) coil up, to contract. After (slowly widening arms to the utmost) expanding and expanding and expanding, coming apart, falling apart, splitting apart at the seams, we have begun the process (bringing arms together) of contracting, coming together, falling into place—(reiterating gestures rapidly) falling apart, falling together. And I have more good news. Remember Nietzsche and Hegel saying, "God is dead?" That wasn't quite right. After all, how could God die? But that was their experience, and it was valid. God didn't die but withdrew with most of her minions from active participation in the world. We lost our divine support so that things could truly fall apart, get as bad as they might, at the end of our expansion. We are now in the pause, the hiatus between ballooning and diminishing. After all, the omniverse doesn't turn on a dime. So, believe it or not, things will soon start getting better. At the beginning of 2015, divine help began returning. This un-retouched photo (large photo appears) was taken by Joshua Thomas in Red River, New Mexico, on January 9th. Things like this have been happening around the world ever since, though mostly at the poles where no human eye could see. This particular god and goddess chose to visibly manifest their return not far from Santa Fe. Scientists call this an ice halo. Nothing much, just some ice and light in the sky. But it's really a portal. This form here (indicating with cane) is the lingam, the phallus, the mountain, rooted in earth, the Hindu symbol for the male god. This form here is the yoni, the vagina, the flying goddess, with rays shooting into the sky. The return of two of God's minions. They came to help usher in our new period of coming together, The Miracle Revolution. And they revealed themselves and posed for a photo shoot. But they and their comrades have been mostly quiet. Yes, they have touched here and there but they haven't really begun to more fully

come forth. For in the pause, we are attaining our apogee of dysfunction. In no uncertain terms, it is being smeared in our face. And while some things will probably come crashing apart even more spectacularly than ever, like our decaying infrastructures, including (putting hands to mouth in whisper gesture) economic, others will begin to see small miracles unfolding. And little by little, slowly and imperceptibly over time, they will snowball. And then we will see more glory than we have since our last Great Fall. Because God is back. And we will let the Hindu Goddess Lila represent God's helpers, all his angels and godlets bringing little miracles into our lives and our world. We could say she is similar to the Holy Spirit, but, in her own tradition, much more embodied, juicy and playful. Divine play—dear Lila—has returned, the finger of God in human affairs!

(Song: "LILA" sung by Prime Female dressed in tights and veils as she dances around the stage, touching the crown chakras of each other character and inspiring them from slouch to uprightness as they sit on the stage engaged in their smart phone (Young Male), meditation (Young Female), play writing (Narrator) and exercise (Prime Male)

We've been gone so long, we have loved you from afar
We have seen your pain, the sputter of your star
But now we are back to bring divine play
To help you come together, to help you on your way

Chorus

We're the fingers of God in the world of men
We've come to help renew again
What you are, what you see
Are you lost in your smart phone in your TV?

We touch your wounding, we touch your soul
We help you grow, we make you whole
We send you what triggers the hell out of you
Bless your meditation through and through

Chorus

We're the fingers of God in the world of men
We've come to help renew again
This battered world, let freedom ring
God bless your writing, let *me* sing

Break (to audience)

Have you forgotten how we're one?
You stand alone You come undone
And when you've truly come apart
We come to you We heal your heart

Are you lost in your body, lost in form?
Are your heart and soul and spirit forlorn?
We help you find all that's true
God's will has now returned to you

NARRATOR (Stands and walks down stage, center as
other actors leave and images appear on backdrop)

At the center of our galaxy are twelve great stars, the Council of Twelve. They surround the Great Central Sun. Nearby dwells the Great Central Vortex, the female principle, the great black hole from which we all have come and where we all will go. Each Council star oversees one star sector of our galaxy, monitoring, harmonizing, balancing, singing the song of the spheres as they commune with the one Great Sun. Four billion years ago, four Council star beings were replaced. We left our star bodies to come here to this small, bleak solar system far from the core. We split in half to become eight male and female beings and our task was to develop our little world and make it shine like a gem. Two for the earth, two for the oceans, two for the atmosphere, one for the sun and one for the moon. And so we worked for billions of years. The mineral age, in which we formed and shaped the core, the tectonic plate, the gems and crystals, the air and sea; the age of flora, when all the diversity of plants came forth; the age of fauna, calling in the animals and the angel oversoul for each species. It was at the end of the floral age when the first split occurred. I was sent to the sun and Helios came to earth to be with my beloved Gaia, my other half. It was unthinkable but ordained. So pain, loss, confusion and jealousy were introduced to our world. As the sun being, I monitored Earth. I siphoned off shadow and imbalance when they inevitably arose, funneling them through the portal in my body to our Council star. From there the darkness went into the Great Central Sun to be burned away in our galaxy's greatest fire and returned to Source through the Vortex. All was well but for my separation from Gaia and Helios from Selena. But halfway through the age of fauna, came an even greater split. My link with our Council star was severed. Earth shadow had nowhere to go. All I could do was absorb it into my solar body, burn what I could and store the rest. And so I knew. This precious world we had made so beautiful was not a dark world, formed by chaos and never linked. Nor was it a world of light, always linked and maintained in divine harmony. It was a strange new hybrid, partially dark and partially light. So I did what I could to absorb the shadow and keep the balance until the primates began to reach for crude humanhood. They would continue developing. And we would create the Adam Kadmon, the perfectly androgynous being, to split into man and woman. We came together, the eight of us, to gather in the garden Gaia had wrought. And we created the first divine human to live there and give names to all therein. After some years it was time to make the separation so we gathered again. It was Helios, now our Earth god, who would do it. We all gathered around the nutrient bath. There would be no crude cutting, only the deft separation wrought by divine energy hands. We summoned all our attention to lavish on the process. But at one excruciating point something distracted me, pulled my awareness and froze my soul. Something had jumped into this world. Something that didn't belong. Something corrupt. It was small, subtle, elusive, like a virus. And I knew it would

reproduce itself. And so the unthinkable happened again in this unthinkable world we had come to create. Our third great fall. When four generations had come from Adam and Eve and these progeny could mate with the most advanced primates, I lost my solar body. I became the only one of the eight to incarnate on Earth. At first it was beautiful. I dwelt in the garden and taught those here. But then I took birth, again and again and my soul split once, twice, thrice. I lost who I was. I became diminished. I kept coming back, always trying to help, always trying to improve, always trying to set things right and yes, sometimes helping, but never succeeding. And those certain figures holding so much promise, delivering so much in the short run but then the malevolence and mediocrity wiping most of it away. And the world turned and became what it is.

ACT TWO
1946-Present

Setting: Life-size infant doll wrapped in swaddling in crib, upstage, center

At Rise: Entire theater as dark as possible

NARRATOR (After a moment or two of silence)

In the womb it would be all right, even fascinating, the replication of the cells, the development of the organs and systems of the embryo. But then would come one of my mother's depressions. Like a thick ocean of indigo ink, it would fill, permeate and agonize everything. The pain was titanic. At first I would just leave, go far away. But then I couldn't. Then I would retreat into the smallest space I could. If I contracted to the utmost, the pain would be less. Then the depression would pass, and it would be okay again. (Pause)

ACTOR WITH BEST INFANT CRY (wailing in the dark)

PRIME MALE (enters stage with dim spotlight on him, fumbling to secure his pajama bottoms. He is furious, goes to downstage center of crib, spotlight brightens casting huge shadow on backdrop. He reaches in and grabs the baby lifting him up and shaking him. At one point, it looks as if he will slam the baby impossibly hard against the back wall.) (Then bellowing as the crying gurgles to a stop) Shut up, shut up, shut the fuck up!!! (He puts the baby back in the crib and leaves. Darkness and silence)

ACTOR WITH BEST BABY BOY VOICE (Somewhat piteously)

Please, Father, please

Please, Father, please

Please, Father, please, Father, please, Father, please

Don't, Daddy, don't

Please, Daddy, don't

Please, Daddy, please, Daddy, don't, don't, don't

Pain, Daddy, pain

Hurt, Daddy, pain

Pain, Daddy, hurt, Daddy, hurt, hurt, pain

How, Daddy, how?

Why, Daddy, how?

How, Daddy, how, Daddy, why, Daddy, how?

Please, Daddy, don't

Please, Daddy, hold
Please, Daddy, don't, just hold, just hold

Can't, Daddy, can't
Can't, Daddy, can't
Can't, Daddy, can't, Daddy, can't not cry

Don't, Daddy, don't
Please, Daddy, won't
Don't, Daddy, please, Daddy, won't, won't, won't

Setting: Lights come up to medium wash on two small tables, slightly downstage, center, set comfortably apart with two chairs each. At stage right table sit Young Male, furthest right, and Young Female. At stage left, Prime Male, furthest left, and Prime Female.

YOUNG MALE

I love this, being with you, you, just having you look at me! I feel like I'm floating on air!

YOUNG FEMALE

Maybe we are!

(Song: "FLY WITH ME" sung by Young Male as he gets up and moves around stage)

Like a mother to her infant, like a swallow on the breeze
Like an angel of the morning, like a dolphin cleaves the seas
Like a child in the forest, innocent and free
Like a lover for a lover, you shine your light on me

Chorus

Fly with me, fly with me, soft and free, easily, fly with me

Like a flower opens to the sun, it shows itself with pride
Unfolding every petal, it has no thought to hide
It thinks not "Am I good enough?" It offers what it is
Inside your heart your living soul says, "All I have is his"

Chorus

Fly with me, fly with me, warm and free, willingly, fly with me

Break

I love your light, your glow, your shine
I can't believe you say you're mine
You feed my night, you feed my day
You feed my soul, you light my way

Chorus

Fly with me, fly with me, ever free, eagerly, fly with me
(He sits back down in silence.)

PRIME MALE

(Pause) How has it come to this? What happened to our love? Was it ever real?

PRIME FEMALE

Of course it was! But now it's died.

(Song: "DO YOU LOVE SOMEONE" sung by Prime Male as he gets up and moves around stage)

Chorus (2)

Do you love someone? Do you really love someone? Is there really such a thing as love at all?

I see a lone bird flying on the backdrop of the clouds
My heart feels like a diamond in a grave
It's sometimes hard to tell a hero from a clown
But do you or I or anyone get saved?

Chorus

I saw a woman out a'walkin' with her man
They laughed, they hugged, they whispered easily
I caught the special way she seemed to hold his hand
But was that lucky bastard someone else or me?

Chorus

Break

Baby, won't you come here, I got somethin' on my mind
And I need you here to ease this pain of mine

But

Chorus (2)

(As he sits all lights off for a moment, then up to medium wash)

YOUNG FEMALE

I ran away from home.

YOUNG MALE

Why?

YOUNG FEMALE

My stepfather's been molesting me.

YOUNG MALE

God damn, I thought so. You never said but you hinted. Is that why you won't be my girlfriend? Where are you staying?

YOUNG FEMALE

With Janet, her parents said I could stay as long as I wanted. (Pause) It makes me want to kill myself.

YOUNG MALE

Don't you dare. You're too precious to go. How long has it been going on?

YOUNG FEMALE

Ever since I remember. I've blanked out so much.

(Song: "WHY ME" sung by Young Female as she gets up and moves around stage)

Terror in the night, footfalls of dread
Stink of alcohol, wishing I was dead
Hating myself, hating the man
Where can I be? Where can I stand?

Chorus

I know this world can be a hateful place
So much violence, hearts so base
So much pain, no one's free
But tell me God, why me?

When will it end? Can I go home?
Here I feel so all alone
It can be good, but it can be so bad
Any more, it'll drive me mad

Chorus

What have I done to make this mine?
I long for love, Your touch divine
So much pain, set me free
Tell me God, why me?

Break

So many things look so good
But they're out of reach If I could
Just get clean, find a way
Just to be OK

Maybe I'll live, maybe I won't
Daddy please, please, please don't
Take me up into the sky
Tell me Father, why, oh why?
(She sits)

PRIME MALE

(Pause) What's wrong?

PRIME FEMALE

I'm exhausted.

PRIME MALE

How come?

PRIME FEMALE

I don't know. It's all the time. I think I have Lupus or Lyme Disease. I have no energy. I can barely drag myself through the day.

(Song: "FEELIN' TIRED" sung by Prime Female as she gets up and moves around stage)

Feelin' tired, not inspired
To wake up mornings and face the dawn
But I keep on swimmin' that same old river
And I keep on playin' the same song

Lifeless gray fills my day
That clear, sweet sunlight can't pierce through my gloom
But it shines on waiting there just beyond me
Prepared to shatter my tomb

Chorus
Oh, I know, my time is coming on
I can feel it strong in my bones
I will know when it is coming nigh
I will see it high in my soul

Ancient days, earthly ways
The weight of karma, it sits on, sits on me
But it somehow lightens trace by trace
Slowly leaving me free

Chorus
Oh I know I will attain the height
Make that eagle flight to my home
Comes the day when this sweet brilliant light
From its dark hiding night will be shown

But now I'm feelin' tired, not inspired
To wake up mornings and face the dawn
But I keep on swimmin' that same old river

And I keep on playin' the same song
(She sits)

(Song: "WHO AM I?" sung by Narrator as he walks on, across and off
down stage like a homeless person)

A helpless child, a beat, old man
A fallen angel, a pipe dream plan
The perennial fool, a terrible joke
The lostest soul, the heaviest yoke

Off in a crisis then on the mend
Feet on the ground, then around the bend
I've done the best, I've done the worst
Am I more than blessed or cursed?

Chorus
Sometimes bewildered, sometimes a sage
A pedigree mutt, a lonely mage
I long for the river, I long for the sky
But tell me, who am I?

Over the eons, a day at a time
It goes on forever, It turns on a dime
Eternal silence, the great unknown
When do we go home?

Chorus
I love and forgive I make amends
I do what I can to help a few friends
The wanting and wanting keeps coming nigh
Will it possibly happen before I die?

Break
What are we really? We think we know
Have we reached the end? Can we still grow
Beyond the confines that keep us small?
Do we have a chance at all?

All the opposites, the middle way
The ascension point, heaven's play
Dear, dear, God, show me how
Let it all come together, now
Let it all come together, now

CURTAIN INTERMISSION

ACT THREE
The Miracle Revolution

Setting: Same as before. Lights come up to medium wash. Prime Woman sits at table stage left, towards center. On the table are two glasses of water. Stage right table is empty. Mentor enters stage left and walks towards her.

PRIME WOMAN

(Gets up and goes to him) Oh, God! (They hug long and warmly then sit.)

PRIME WOMAN

I can't believe you're here! I can just reach out and touch you! (She reaches both hands across the table and they clasp all four hands together.)

MENTOR

I know. What a gift! (They gaze lovingly into each other's eyes for a moment.) How was the dancing last night? (As they withdraw their hands)

PRIME WOMAN

Fabulous! This club had a sixties night. I just love that stuff, the music, the movies, everything! There was something about that time. How old were you then?

MENTOR

Let's see. In 1960, I was fourteen.

PRIME WOMAN

Wow, fourteen! So you were there with it all!

MENTOR

Yeah, and nearly died from it.

PRIME WOMAN

What *was* it then?

MENTOR

Well, it was a lot of things, but mostly promise.

PRIME WOMAN

Promise?

MENTOR

Yes. Everything was new. It felt like something wonderful could happen. It started in the fifties with the rock and roll revolution. There was so much excitement and

rebellion. It helped us break out of the 50s straightjacket and the fear of annihilation. That dynamite rock propelled us into the 60s.

PRIME WOMAN

Yeah, good dancing, too! (Pause, then heavily) But annihilation...

MENTOR

Yes, the Cold War and the new realization we could destroy life on Earth, not in the slow death way we're doing now, but suddenly, in all out nuclear war. Kids were being taught what to do in case of attack, as if it could have helped. And *On the Beach* came out about the last humans to die from fallout.

PRIME WOMAN

Nice... And then?

MENTOR

And then there was a moment. (Slowly, with a growing smile) Maybe it was that very moment when their breath came out white clouds, mingled and hung in the air, out the window of that crummy hotel over Washington Square, when speaking strictly for her they both could have died then and there.

PRIME WOMAN

Sounds like a song.

MENTOR

Dear Joan Baez. She and Dylan were an item then and formed the epicenter for a lot of us. There was a great breath of fresh air we could feel. The times they were a changin'. There was so much activism and students being gassed and killed by the peacekeepers. Dylan thought his music could change the world. A lot of us thought the world would change. It was more than a moment of course, maybe a few years.

PRIME WOMAN

A few years and then poof.

MENTOR

Yeah, poof. Something broke when they killed Kennedy and then Martin Luther King and Bobby. It kept going south from there. We all knew it was over—too much war and corruption, consumerism and control. And still we go in the wrong direction.

PRIME WOMAN

You don't sound very hopeful.

MENTOR

Oh, but I am.

PRIME WOMAN

A lot of people aren't very happy right now, especially with *him*. It's not looking very rosy to me.

MENTOR

I know. But it does to me. In some ways, it's like the sixties.

PRIME WOMAN

How so?

MENTOR

It's *different* now, not loud and proud like we were back then. But then came the seventies.

PRIME WOMAN

The bell bottom seventies?

MENTOR

Yeah, but there was more than that. First came rock and roll and then the drug and sexual revolutions, blowing our minds. But then came the spiritual revolution.

PRIME WOMAN

Right, the gurus! So?

MENTOR

The gurus and more. They laid the groundwork.

PRIME WOMAN

For what?

MENTOR

If we're lucky, the *miracle* revolution.

PRIME WOMAN

You're kidding.

MENTOR

I'm *not*. It's *happening*. I can't *know*. But things could come together in ways we can't imagine. There's something unfolding beyond our comprehension.

PRIME WOMAN

All the gurus didn't do it. So why now?

MENTOR

Because now's the time. It's all for a reason. It's been building and growing. There are a few telltale signs, nothing spectacular—so many non-profits and NGOs trying

to make a difference, good old Occupy Wall Street, now looking like ancient history, innumerable petitions, all the people doing their deepest work. You're helping us all.

PRIME WOMAN

Me, right.

MENTOR

Quite right. Every step forward each person takes helps the whole human race. We're all connected. We're melting the legacy.

PRIME WOMAN

The legacy of pain. And you think enough can be melted to make a difference?

MENTOR

Yes, but there's more. At the core, things are trying to come together, to find their proper place, like they haven't since the fall, since we lost our wholeness and everything shattered and we embarked on this great experiment of forgetfulness. That's why we can't do anything right. We're living from the wrong place. Everything's out of whack. We've been living dysfunction for so long we've forgotten wholeness and harmony.

PRIME WOMAN

And now we're remembering?

MENTOR

Yes, we're remembering.

PRIME WOMAN

But doesn't our bad side always sabotage our good side?

MENTOR

That's why I love you, dear. You're wise beyond your years. That's how it's been, but it's changing. Each of the last few years has had a little more clarity, a little more promise. And this one's special. Our bad side will create terrible things, of course. But sooner or later all our inner growth will out-picture.

PRIME WOMAN

Out-picture?

MENTOR

Yes. It's a term a few of us use to mean something like 'manifest.' It's when our inner progress flows out and creates something better in the world.

PRIME WOMAN

So how might it out-picture?

MENTOR

God knows. I haven't a clue. Maybe we'll get tired of perpetual war or get serious about shepherding our planet. Maybe we'll remember that people are more important than things, that life is only cheap when we make it so. But some things are already happening.

PRIME WOMAN

Like what?

MENTOR

Like this play.

PRIME WOMAN

What are you talking about?

MENTOR

I wanted to write one for years. But there was nothing to write. Then, at five in the morning on January 2nd, 2015, I wake up and almost a whole play is in my head. It couldn't come forth till that year. And the novel. I thought I'd write one since I was fifteen and fell under the sway of all that fantasy and sci fi. But I couldn't till 2016. It came pouring forth in March, a month before my birthday, and was out by October.

PRIME WOMAN

Well, that's nice for *you*.

MENTOR

It *is*, but I'm held back by the world. There's been a whirlwind of little miracles around this time. I wrote my earlier books. I blew my tiny nest egg on publicity. Nothing. But here it is. It has out-pictured into the world. It couldn't till now. There was no help, no support, no synchronicity. Now there is. I haven't seen synchronicity like *this* since I was with Maharishi. He was the eye of the storm that delivered everything needed. I've had glimpses of this in my own life. But nothing like now. I can feel it in my bones. I'm finding my legs. Perhaps the time is coming for the world to do the same.

PRIME WOMAN

So mote it be. Which one was Maharishi?

MENTOR

The Transcendental Meditation one. The Beatles' guru. He had a lot of help. Things have been speeding up for a long time. But this is different. 2012 was supposed to be the end and beginning of the grand cosmic cycles. The sixty-seven-thousand-year precession of the equinox just being one of them.

PRIME WOMAN

Not much happened.

MENTOR

I know. I knew it wouldn't, just like Y2K. But I always thought the significant things would begin in 2015.

PRIME WOMAN

The predictions were about catastrophe.

MENTOR

That's because big earth changes often occurred at the turn of the ages. But now we have the chance for big human changes. We've been talking of ascension for half a century now. But I go by my experience. Maybe I'm wrong. But what if this truly *is* the beginning of the influence of earth's best spirits on what we see in our world?

PRIME WOMAN

And the meek shall inherit the earth?

MENTOR

Why not? It's about time, isn't it? If the powerful keep getting their way with us, we soon might not have an earth.

PRIME WOMAN

So what about Trump? How does he fit in? He's helping us not have one.

MENTOR

In the sixties, we got the miracle men, the love and glory of the Kennedy brothers and Martin Luther King, only to see them killed and all the promise turn to ash. Now we have the flip side. Trump is their mirror image, the perfect display of the apogee of our dysfunction. We start with ash and somehow, during or after his reign, the phoenix will begin to arise. This will help it rebirth. He doesn't obliterate the promise of our time. He will spur it. He will probably do at least a few good things mixed in with all the bad. Our infrastructure sure needs help if he ever really does get that. As slimy and ignorant as he is, in some ways he's better than Nixon or Dubya. It may seem like he's destroying our world. But he won't. Two steps forward, one step back and soon, perhaps, the greatest leap of all.

PRIME WOMAN

If only...

MENTOR

Like I said, I'm very positive.

PRIME WOMAN

Positive or Pollyanna?

MENTOR

We'll see. It's all in the cycles. The universe turns slowly. We won't see much at first. But then it'll start gaining momentum. Besides the precession, there's our solar system's quarter-billion-year swing around the center of our galaxy. And these coincide with the greatest milestone in our biggest cycle of all.

PRIME WOMAN

Which is?

MENTOR

When our universe stops expanding and begins to contract, the midpoint of the twenty-eight-billion-year life of our universe. It wasn't 2012. It's now. Everything in our universe is turning the biggest corner of all.

PRIME WOMAN

(Looking at him dumbstruck, with her mouth open. Holding it for a moment) Wait a minute. This can't be.

MENTOR

Why not?

PRIME WOMAN

I can't stand it.

MENTOR

Why not?

PRIME WOMAN

It's too much. (Slowly, as if thinking it through) So you think the qualities and energies of those who have always been crucified, assassinated or dismissed will now become empowered in the world because we're at the perfect center point of the life of our universe?

MENTOR

Yes. It's what we've been working for all along.

PRIME WOMAN

(Pause) My mind won't wrap around it. Even if it were true, how could you know such a thing?

MENTOR

I can't, really. But there is direct cognition, the deepest knowing of our eternal soul. The Hindus speak of a field of wisdom and data where *anything* can be known. And we all contain everything. The universe in a grain of sand, and in us. Fractals within fractals. Each one of us is the microcosm and the macrocosm, the individual and the totality. So somewhere within us, maybe we can know. Maybe the magic just beginning in my life is just a flash in the pan. Maybe it's just my delusion. But all my

knowing tells me otherwise. God's will is coming forth again after a long hiatus. I'm living it more for the first time in forever. (Emotionally) May it truly be happening after all our eons of trying and trying and trying and forever trying.

PRIME WOMAN

(Pause) Wow, this is affecting you.

MENTOR

I've tried so long to do so much, but everything's been blocked, like Sisyphus rolling the boulder up the mountain.

PRIME WOMAN

So when will we start seeing these miracles in the world?

MENTOR

I don't know. Maybe soon. Maybe not for decades. But if the real miracle happens and *The Miracle Revolution* and *What We Can Do* take off and there's a groundswell of more and more people doing L&F, I for one, will take it as a certain sign that it's really happening.

PRIME WOMAN

You really do believe in your little meditation, don't you?

MENTOR

Yes, I do.

PRIME WOMAN

And if you're wrong about all this?

MENTOR

Then we're in for an eon of hell. Or the mixed bag will just continue. Or we'll destroy the web of life or die of a virus. We're already close to killing our oceans. If they and the bees go... (Slits his throat with his hand)

PRIME WOMAN

Nice thought.

MENTOR

I know. We can only weaken the fabric of life so much before it starts to unravel. But people have been taking great strides in their inner work. I've been seeing it in everyone I work with, including you. Your progress has been amazing. And people are finding each other. I'm seeing these new, cosmic setup relationships, where both partners are tailor made to totally trigger each other and provide what they need so they *have* to work on their stuff. We may not see it soon on the world stage, but the important stuff is internal. The obstacles are coming down. And we're getting all kinds of help.

PRIME WOMAN

From where?

MENTOR

From the dying animals, from the higher dimensionals, from all of us doing this work and healing and growing.

PRIME WOMAN

The dying animals?

MENTOR

Yes, God bless them. I connected with the elk and their deva. And I saw this when I swam with the dolphin in Hawaii. We're boxing them in and driving them to extinction. The more we destroy them, the more they love us. They pump their love into the world to help us wake up and do the right thing and to counterbalance our blind, stupid slaughter.

PRIME WOMAN

(Pause) God, if that's true, it's horrifying!

MENTOR

Yes, horrifying and miraculous, like life.

PRIME WOMAN

(Pause) It's hard to assimilate. (Pause) How did you connect with the elk and what is their deva?

MENTOR

Deva means angel or little god. Every species has an angelic caretaker, an oversoul. I found this angel in Santa Fe who's doing the paleo food thing. He surprised me with elk broth. A friend of his hunts. I always bless my food, everything around it and all such everywhere. The connection linking him, the hunter and the elk was so close, I got drawn in and communed with them.

PRIME WOMAN

(Pause) OK. My head is spinning. (Pause) But it all keeps getting more and more grandiose and weird. And it's still just about you and your creations. Someone might say you're just a whacked out narcissistic megalomaniac. (Maybe laughing)

MENTOR

(Maybe also laughing) Yes, of course, that's me. But who is devoid of it? Who, really, is devoid of anything? Don't we all have some degree of everything within us? Aren't we all just a dizzying variety of different mixes? Maybe this is just about me. An allegory of my own process. Self-referral folding back on itself. Wanting, finally, to be seen, to accept my own frailty, fallibility and, yes, even and especially my lunacy,

divine and otherwise. We're all the emperor standing naked in the unknown and clothing ourselves in denial. But to quote another martyr, "I'm not the only one." So many of us have dreamed and worked for so long to help people and the world come together and heal. How could it not bear fruit? *Someone's* gotta talk about the big stuff. The question isn't do I have a dysfunctional personality, I do. The question is, "Is there any truth in what I'm saying, any value?" Is it all just wishful thinking or could something truly wonderful happen for the world? We have the power to make it go either way. It's people who make the world what it is. Perhaps enough of us can consciously help the world turn a corner. So here's more. I've always felt like a human bellwether, riding the crest of the four revolutions, but also held back by the collective I work with so deeply.

PRIME WOMAN

What collective?

MENTOR

The collective consciousness, the sum total energy field of the entire human race. (Pause) After fifty years of crawling towards it, I seem to be living more divine grace, not just internally but in the world. God and the devas are helping. Maybe the collective is shifting, so I can shift, too. If I am a bellwether, maybe it's happening for others and will soon happen for more. I hope so. We've worked so long with the world's pain. What a thing to start seeing more of the joy coming back. And maybe my little creations will help spark something bigger. What do they say? A butterfly beats its wings in the Himalayas. (Slight pause) A typhoon hits the Philippines.

PRIME WOMAN

(Pause) Well, I'm ready. But it's so hard when I keep getting triggered, when the pain and anxiety keep coming back. When I keep making the same mistakes.

MENTOR

Yes, but this is what we do. We recreate our childhood over and over because that's what we were taught, that's what we know, that's what we keep trying to fix. It's the conditioning we were branded with. So we keep living it in a variety of different ways. We become very attached to our syndromes. We form our identities around them. So we fall back into them without realizing what we're doing. But this stuff can be healed. We can get free. You know how much better you are than last year, or the year before.

PRIME WOMAN

Yes, you're right, thank God. But when I'm in it, it seems endless.

MENTOR

I know, but it's not. This little phase will be over soon. And the grace will come back.

PRIME WOMAN

Thanks for the vote of confidence. I hope you're right.

MENTOR

I have faith in you, dear. You've come a long way.

PRIME WOMAN

(She's quiet for a moment, glancing down, then looks at him with love and moistened eyes.) Be careful, you're going to make me cry.

MENTOR

This kind of crying is precious. You're so precious. We've done so much on the phone and Skype. But this is heaven! It's such a joy to be with you!

PRIME WOMAN

Even when I'm triggered?

MENTOR

No matter how you are. I love you, sweetheart. I always will. I'm here for you.

PRIME WOMAN

(She looks at him in silence. A few tears fall.) Thank you, sweetie. (She looks down and covers her face. Then looks up with a radiant smile) I'm so grateful to you. I love you so much. I can't believe you're here!

MENTOR

(Also with a radiant smile) Me neither, such grace!

PRIME WOMAN

And we're creating it.

MENTOR

Yes, with God's help. (Gesturing) And it radiates outward and touches everything.

PRIME WOMAN

Promise.

MENTOR

Yes, promise, love and wholeness.

PRIME WOMAN

And grace.

MENTOR

And grace. (Silence as they gaze in each other's eyes for a moment)

PRIME WOMAN

You work with others. Do you have this with them?

MENTOR

To some degree, but my love for you is something more. It's been there from the beginning. It transcends the normal planes.

PRIME WOMAN

And other people have this?

MENTOR

Oh yes, I'm sure. It's still rare. But more will.

PRIME WOMAN

But so few people have really done the work. So few have the spaciousness you do, the ability to *stay* and listen in silence, to hold it all, untriggered by whatever I come up with, not running away, not closing up, not judging. It's so rare, even among the therapists and healers! I'm so grateful to you! It makes me want to cry. (Crying a little as she says this and for a moment or two)

MENTOR

Sweet, precious Oona. (Taking her hand on the table) And I'm so grateful to you. But there *are* others. And more appear as people like you do the hardest work. You've already started helping a few friends. And some pretty amazing ones have been taking birth and this will increase. (Looking at her for a moment and releasing her hand)

PRIME WOMAN

What else can we do?

MENTOR

Exactly what you're doing.

PRIME WOMAN

That's it?

MENTOR

You're doing the most important thing. Your impossible work. Healing the most painful, terrifying stuff. Your work helps soften the hearts and prepare those who aren't doing it. So many of us doing our work. So many helpers. So many techniques. So many books. Everything's available to everyone. It all pushes the envelope. None of this depends on any one person or thing. It's what enough of us do or don't do. It's the energies coming up through the grid. It's the time and all the help we're getting. It's the Miracle Revolution.

PRIME WOMAN

I can't believe this is happening! We're sitting here in divine love, sharing it with all these people!

MENTOR

Me neither, God bless them. Truly a miracle! May it radiate outward and touch everything.

(They get up as all the other actors come out and walk downstage, leaving room for one actor to step forward.)

(Song: "THE MIRACLE REVOLUTION" sung by all, facing the audience, sometimes turning towards each other)

How long, how many of us have dreamed
of something better than how things have seemed?
We've tried our best for me and you
We've tried to make these dreams come true

War upon war, corruption, crime
Me taking yours, you taking mine
My tribe hates yours, you hate me
Is this what's meant to be?

Chorus
Let the miracle, the miracle, the miracles come
Let us help each other till we all have won
Let the truth in me know the truth in you
Let love touch all we do

There's been something stirring for a very long time
Maybe it's coming, our divine
Love and forgiveness, our inner peace
Let our shadow heal, let the horror cease

Our own true nature is better than this
The nature of life is love and bliss
We've come apart on our crazy way
Let's come together, come what may

Chorus
Let the miracle, the miracle, the miracles come
Let us help each other till we all have won
Let us learn to hold and cherish
All that is lest we see it perish

Break
Know thyself, thy evolution
Welcome the Miracle Revolution
There's something better soon to come

Remembering we're one

Let that which holds us back dissolve
In our hearts let's resolve
To be the best that we can be
Let me help you Let you help me

Chorus

Let the miracle, the miracle, the miracles come
Let us help each other till we all have won
Let opposition become unity
Come together, right now, over me

YOUNG MAN

It's not any one person or thing.

YOUNG WOMAN

It's you and me and everything we do.

PRIME MAN

It's the energies coming from Mother Earth and above.

PRIME WOMAN

It's the end of everything coming apart and the beginning of everything coming together.

MENTOR

It's the perfect center point, the middle of time.

YOUNG MAN

It's the end of trying and trying and forever trying.

YOUNG WOMAN

It's the supreme moment in the timing of all things.

PRIME MAN

It's what *you* are creating.

PRIME WOMAN

It's what *you* out-picture into *our* world.

MENTOR

It's *us* living our divine blueprint, together.

YOUNG MAN

It's all of us remembering

after so very long

YOUNG WOMAN

that there really isn't much

PRIME MAN

that separates us anymore.

PRIME WOMAN

We thank you.

MENTOR

We love you.

YOUNG MAN

We forgive you.

YOUNG WOMAN

We're so sorry for everything that has ever hurt you.

PRIME MAN

Please forgive us.

PRIME WOMAN

Please forgive God.

MENTOR

Please forgive yourselves.

YOUNG MAN

Please forgive everything.

YOUNG WOMAN

Welcome to the Miracle Revolution.

PRIME MAN

We wish you a miracle!

PRIME WOMAN

May this be the eye of the storm.

MENTOR

May you bring it with you. God bless you, all around you and all such everywhere.

ALL

(Each repeating any of these or anything similar and starting to clap, bow and wave at will. Each steps forward, raises arms and spins for a moment, then steps back, Narrator going last.)

God bless you! We love you! You're a miracle! We're a miracle. God is a miracle. Everything is a miracle. Bless our world. Bless this miracle. Welcome to the Miracle Revolution! The Miracle Revolution! The Miracle Revolution! WOOOOO! Thank you, thank you, thank you!

(I raise my arms for silence.)

Thank you. I'll come back in ten minutes. If you want more, please come sit up front. Otherwise, please clear the hall. Goodnight and be well.

CURTAIN