

# **A New Dawn Coming**

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

Begun 7/28/20, Updated 8/24/20

## SYNOPSIS

This play is an offshoot of The Miracle Musical I mostly completed a number of years back and which, with everything that has happened and my discovery of the Ringing Cedars books, has become obsolete to me. It retains what remains pertinent and replaces the rest. It contains sketches of some aspects of life that are eternal and universal and others that are more peculiarly modern and a description of what is already happening that presages the future. With covid-19, lunatic, self-serving leaders, federal invasions of states and a near complete breakdown in adherence to truth, we are reaching the apogee of our dysfunction, the last, grotesque gasp of the patriarchal age. But the breakdown of our unsustainable greed, control and corruption was always inevitable. And now it is here. Quietly, in places less noticed, coherence, healing and a higher, more natural way of living are asserting themselves. This will grow and, over time, become more and more known and accessible. This is an attempt to bring this new dawn forward in whatever way it might.

# A NEW DAWN COMING

by Mark Landau

## Cast of Characters

<u>NARRATOR/MENTOR:</u>	70s, male
<u>PRIME MALE AND FEMALE:</u>	25-35-year-old, vibrant, attractive, aware, singing, dancing humans
<u>YOUNG MALE AND FEMALE:</u>	17-20-year-old, vibrant, attractive, aware, singing, dancing humans

## Place

Nowhere, Everywhere, Here

## Time

Pre-Time, Big Bang, Present, Future

## Musical Numbers

O Mammon, Fly with Me, Do You Love Someone,  
Why Me, Feelin' Tired, Who Am I, A New Dawn Coming

ACT ONE  
Pre-Time to Present

Setting:                   Bare stage

At Curtain Rise:       Entire theater as dark as possible, narrator downstage center

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 returning to center  
downstage 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) Let's come back to the present and start with Mammon. (Pause) Mammon, the God of Commerce, Money and Profit. Did you know that we worship him, that we have placed Him 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 Mammon. And we are spreading our monetary religion everywhere, often by force of arms. The Lords of Money have bought our world, our institutions, our politicians, nearly everything. The .000001% have appropriated most 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 down 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  
You're our bottom line, 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 nurture your darkness, we surrender our light  
We struggle to make you mighty and strong  
Too Big to Fail, to you we belong

O Bankman O Credit, make us your own  
We feed you with interest, we indenture our home  
O Great Lords of Wealth, 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 souls waste away 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 center downstage as others depart with \$ sign)  
Yes, we oversimplify and hyperbolize. 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*?

(Theater goes dark.)

Setting: Life-size infant doll wrapped in swaddling in crib, upstage right  
Soft wash and spotlight come up on Narrator, center  
downstage

NARRATOR

This vignette is about child abuse. (Pause) Terrifying and brutalizing children is as old as time, though it has waxed and waned at different times and places in history. This particular sketch is from my own personal history and went a long way to defining my lifelong behavior and identity.

Narrator exits stage.

ACTOR WITH BEST INFANT CRY

Wails in the dark

PRIME MALE (wearing pajamas, enters upstage left with dim spotlight on him.  
He fumbles to secure the bottoms. Backlit spotlight comes on and brightens  
casting huge shadow on the crib and backdrop as, furious, he goes to crib.

He reaches in and grabs the baby lifting him up and shaking him.

At one point, he raises the baby up and back as if he will slam it impossibly hard  
against the back wall. Then he bellows 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, please, please

Don't, Daddy, don't

Please, Daddy, don't

Don't, 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, why, why?

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  
Won't, Daddy, won't, Daddy, won't, won't, crra...

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. Soft spotlight favors the young. The prime sit quietly still. The Narrator, in soft spotlight, stands between them.

NARRATOR

Let's consider young love, lost love and a few scourges of our modern world.

(Exits stage)

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 fire, 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. Spotlight favors the prime. The young sit quietly and silently.)

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

Do you love someone? Do you really love someone? Is there really such a thing as love at all? (2)

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 lights up to medium wash)

YOUNG FEMALE

I ran away from home.

YOUNG MALE



Why?

YOUNG FEMALE

(Long Pause) 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  
Stench of alcohol, wishing I was dead  
Hating myself, hating that man  
Where can I be? Where can I stand?

Chorus  
So much violence. So much hate.  
Parents love us. Parents rape.  
Some seem happy. Some seem free.  
But tell me God, why me?

When will it end? Can I go home?  
Here I feel so alone  
It can be good, but it can be so bad  
Any more will 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?

(She sits and lights go to the primes.)

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. I have no energy. I can barely drag myself through the day. I've really been down.

(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 shuffles like a  
homeless person from downstage right to downstage left)

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 'round 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 wounded 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 TWO

Present to Future

Setting: Same as before. Lights come up to medium wash. Prime Woman sits at table stage left, far left. On the table are two glasses of water. Stage right table is empty. Mentor, the Narrator, enters stage right 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, only better.

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*. There's something unfolding that very few know about.

PRIME WOMAN

All the self-help and gurus didn't do it. So why now?

MENTOR

Because they and we all truly were clueless. What we needed didn't come forth till '95, and then only in Russia. It only started seeping into the English-speaking world in 2000.

PRIME WOMAN

Those books.

MENTOR

Yes, those books. Have you been reading them?

PRIME WOMAN

I did get my hands on the first one and started it but didn't get very far.

MENTOR

Read them. They're the most important things on the planet.

PRIME WOMAN

So you say. (with a smile)

MENTOR

Yes I do. Do you know who Edgar Cayce was?

PRIME WOMAN

Some people believed he predicted the future.

MENTOR

Right. I was never into him or any of them but he got one thing right.

PRIME WOMAN

What?

MENTOR

Twice, twelve years apart towards the beginning of last century, he said "The hope of the world will come out of Russia."

PRIME WOMAN

(Pause) And you think it's those books.

MENTOR

Yes, and what they're spawning. There certainly hasn't been anything else.

PRIME WOMAN

Tell me again. I don't know why I'm resisting them. Reading's not my strong suit. But I certainly have reason to hear and trust you. You've helped me so much and I'm so grateful to you! So few people have really done the work. So few have the spaciousness you do, the ability to *stay* and listen in silence with your whole being, to hold it all, untriggered by whatever I come up with, not running away, not closing up, not judging, not shutting me down or dismissing it. It's so rare, even among the therapists and healers! I'm so grateful! 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. I love you. (Pause and gaze) So, Anastasia and the Ringing Cedars books (he gives her name the Russian pronunciation of ah-nah-stah-SEE-yuh and releases her hand) (Pause) I think we've pretty much reached the apex of our dysfunction, the last grotesque gasp of the patriarchal age, Trump, covid, a sea change in racism and police brutality, our economic and climate crises, though it could still get worse. All this has been in the works forever. But then along comes Anastasia and tells us everything else we need to know, about the perpetrators and actual inception of control in ancient Egypt, how it's been carried on and amplified all these centuries, who we truly are and our way out to save ourselves and the planet. It's all in there and far more.

PRIME WOMAN

Not everyone agrees with you.

MENTOR

Of course not, especially the dark force robots. They purposely attacked her and all the knowledge. And to so many she's so unbelievable. But enough people have been inspired to create their eco-communities and turn their family hectare into gardens of Eden to create the influence and ecology saving islands to begin tipping the balance, hundreds of thousands, millions actually doing it and millions more wanting to. To some degree it's happening all over the world, but mostly in Russia and the other ex-Soviet countries. Eventually, the rest of the world will begin to see that they are the hope of the world and will follow suit more and more. Read Anastasia. (He gives it the English pronunciation.) It's hard for me to imagine that you won't end up appreciating it, though many can't.