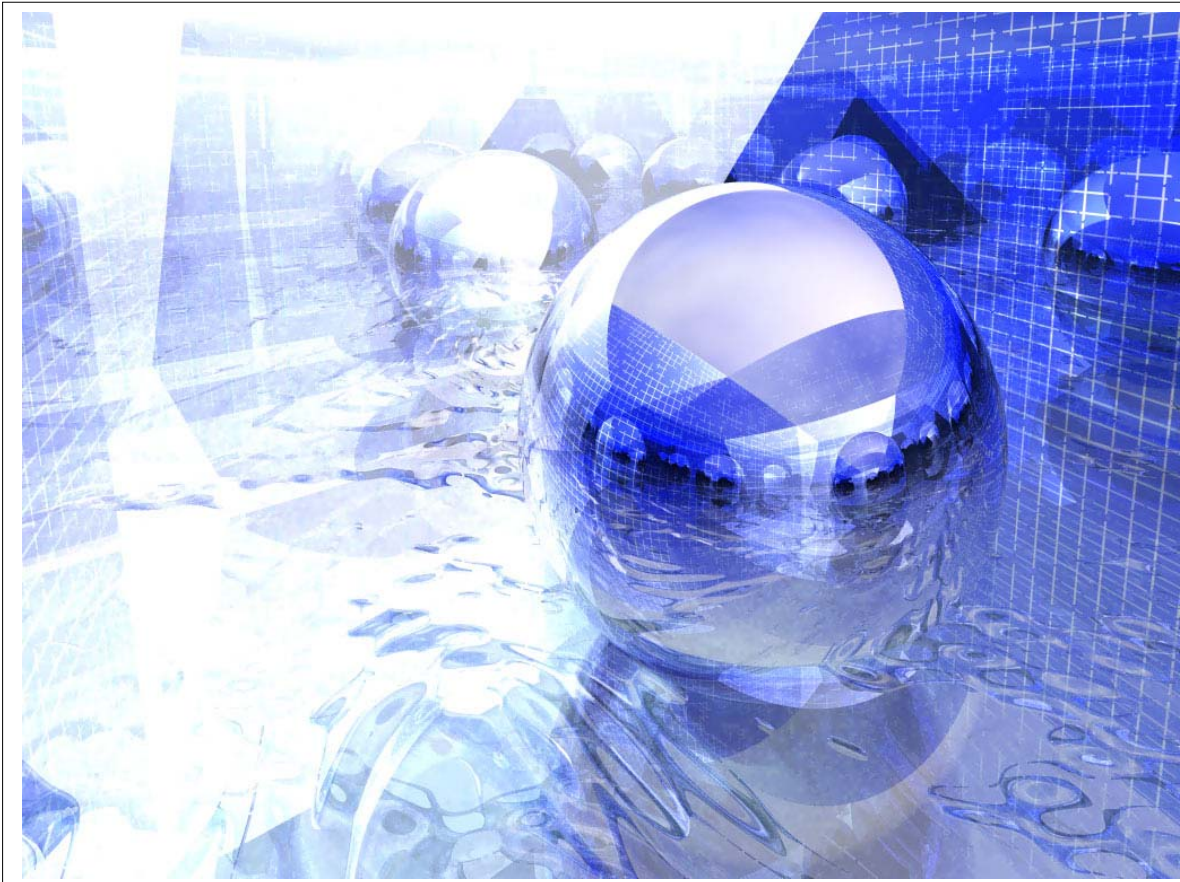


Parallel Universe

A Science Fiction Musical of Transformation

Part I “Experimental Life Forms”

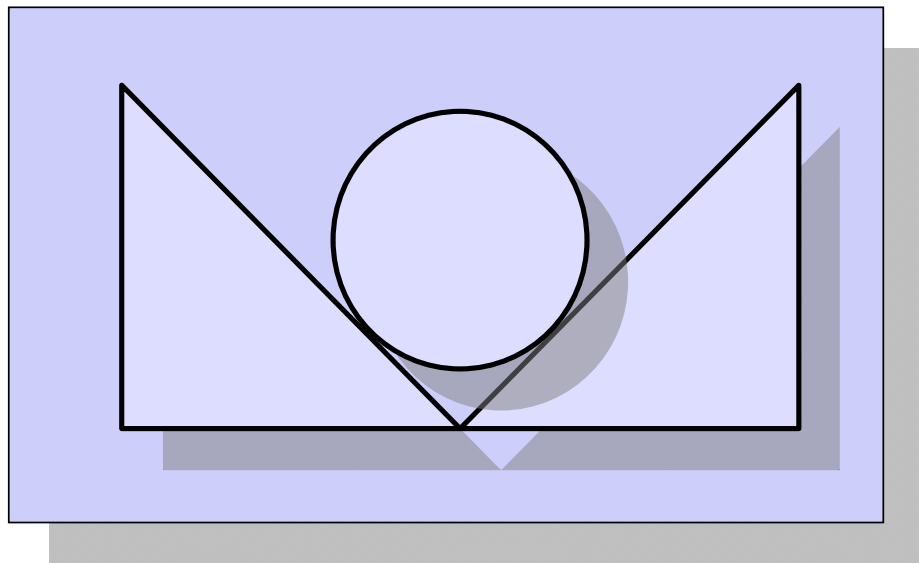


Artwork Courtesy of Rowan Wittels, "Illusory Replications", <http://www.3dlinks.com/GalleryDisplay.cfm?ArtistID=2427>

Book, Lyrics, Music
by Sandra Hudlow Rodman
V 2.0

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**Act I
"The Dance of Life"**



S.H. Rodman

ON SCREEN

(At the beginning of each Act, a screen with a quote drops down before the curtain then flies away.)

“...there should be at least 100 million planets capable of supporting life in the cosmos.”

Science and the Akashic Field: An Integral Theory of Everything, 2004, Ervin Laszlo, Ph.D.

**Act I
Scene 1
“Reality Theatre”**

Music 1

A minute passes in silence as the audience quiets. A few audience seats are occupied by entities who appear human, but are actors portraying extraterrestrial beings. When directed by Oron, the Narrator, each will later remove hats, scarves, glasses, and make-up or costume enhancements to reveal an extraterrestrial countenance. They sit in pairs. They do not speak to others in the theatre.

*Suddenly – a Spotlight illuminates an audience entrance doorway. Artemis and Jason enter walking quickly, an attractive and elegantly well-dressed couple. Artemis wears silver sandals which glow intermittently with jewels. Her hair is pulled up sharply in a bun; holding it in place are sparkling silver arrows – like hair pins from the gods. The Spotlight follows them to reserved front-row seats. Jason takes the aisle seat. They are amplified on mic. All text in **bold** indicates a startling, loud, “electronic sound” and high volume level. All text in **blue** with this musical symbol represents a musical/sound cue or song:*



ACTORS IN THE AUDIENCE: *(As the Spotlight illuminates the entrance doorway) Shhh...!*

ARTEMIS: *(Talking and walking)* Late again. I don't like being late. We'll interrupt people.

JASON: Interruption is fine when it's well thought out.

ARTEMIS: Not necessarily. What kind of play is this?

JASON: Reality.

ARTEMIS: What?

JASON: It's a Reality Play -- realities in which people appear in different dimensions.

ARTEMIS: Fine. However, I have only one dimension.

JASON: This is not news...

(Phoebe, an actor sitting next to Artemis, appears human but is a Greek goddess and extraterrestrial being in disguise; she wears a microphone. She leans over Artemis to speak to Jason.)

PHOEBE: Excuse me, if you want to have a “relationship” moment, please finish it up before the music begins.



(A burst of music from the orchestra, the opening cadence from *"The Dance of Life Ballet"* followed by abrupt silence.)

ARTEMIS: There's MUSIC???!!

JASON: Shhh, Artemis...!

ARTEMIS: Jason, you did not tell me that this was a musical. I didn't come here for light stuff. I'd prefer something much deeper and wilder.

JASON: Wider?

ARTEMIS: WILDER! WILDER!

JASON: Shhh! Don't worry, Artemis. This is a *science fiction* musical.

ARTEMIS: (*Regally*) Well, I do not sing.

(*Rom appears before the curtain -- a light pale blue extraterrestrial male being with large dark eyes, 7-8' tall. He is imposing, remarkably handsome and elegant in dress, his voice deep and warm with electronic overtones. His sudden appearance elicits shock as well as fascination and attraction.*)

ROM: **This is not fiction...**

JASON: Shhh! Artemis, you don't sing in a science fiction musical. *They* sing.

ROM: (*Stepping down from the stage, he approaches Artemis.*)
Madam, we're ready for you to sing. Do you have your music?

ARTEMIS: I do not sing!

ROM: *Here, Madam, you sing. This is Reality Theatre. Come with me.*

ARTEMIS: Uh, uh -- I'm in the middle of a "relationship" moment. Do you think this could wait until I finish?

JASON: (*Smiling at Rom conspiratorially*) I'll wait... ☺

ROM: Madam, it is possible that you might never finish.

(*Two 7' tall pale blue extraterrestrial male beings step from behind the curtain and stand flanking Rom. They are elegant, silent, and imposing with large dark eyes.*)

ARTEMIS: I see. Very well. But I don't have any music.



ROM: Everyone has music... (*Artemis' theme, "Your Name Is So Familiar," plays quietly in the background, then fades.*)



ARTEMIS: I've never even been here before.

ROM: On the contrary, Madam, we know you well. Artemis the Huntress of Greek Mythology.

ARTEMIS: Nonsense.

- ROM: But the glowing silver arrows in your hair...! *(He sweeps his arm in a grand gesture and the silver arrows glow.)*
- ARTEMIS: What?! *(She reaches up and touches the silver arrows in her hair, surprised.)*
- ROM: The glowing silver sandals of the gods...! *(He sweeps his arm in a grand gesture pointing to the sandals, which glow.)*
- ARTEMIS: Impossible! *(She looks down, noticing sandals that are, indeed, silver and glowing.)* You have me confused with someone else. *(She struggles as they escort her onstage.)*
- ROM: Not really. Artemis, who knows the Moon...
- ARTEMIS: I know nothing of the Moon!
- ROM: Perhaps. But in truth, Madam, it cannot be said that the Moon knows nothing of you... *(The **sound of wind**; a blue spotlight finds Artemis, who looks frantically for the source of the light.)*
- 
- ARTEMIS: What's happening?
- ROM: And so it always begins... Come. *(He smiles and extends his hand to her, pulling her onstage. She struggles. But as he grasps her suddenly in his arms, she looks up at him and stops struggling for a moment, transfixed. Artemis' theme, "**Your Name Is So Familiar**," plays for a moment as she searches his face -- a tableau from a Parallel Universe.)*
- 
-
- JASON: *(Inviting Phoebe to sit next to him)* Excuse me – excuse me!
- PHOEBE: *(Her voice abruptly very loud and with electronic tones)* **Phoebe. I am Phoebe.**
- JASON: *(Startled)* Uh, my name is Jason. Do you want to sit here? This seat is vacant now.
- ARTEMIS: *(She struggles to free herself from Rom and turns back to Jason.)*
- Jason! Could *not* wait two minutes. My seat is not even cold.
- JASON: That's a metaphor, Artemis. *(Thinking for a moment)* Perhaps not...
- ARTEMIS: *(Loudly struggling)* **Alien abduction! Alien abduction!**
- ROM: *(Holding her still)* Madam, you are the alien here.
- ARTEMIS: I am not an alien. I know who I am.
- ROM: Ah, so do we. Come with me. *(He releases her and again offers his hand.)*
- ARTEMIS: You're being fresh with me. I didn't know aliens were flirts.
- ROM: *(He smiles.)* We are nothing, Madam, if not flirts.
- ARTEMIS: What is your name?

ROM: My name is Rom.

ARTEMIS: Rom?

ROM: R-O-M.

ARTEMIS: How do you do, Rom.

ROM: *(He smiles.)* Quite well, Madam...

ARTEMIS: *(With new interest)* I suppose I have to sing now...?



*(A **chord strikes** and she sings in a powerful, piercing soprano voice, surprising and semi-humorous.)*

La, lá, la, lá; la, lá, la, lá; la, lá, la, lá; **LÁ!!**
(Hitting an impossibly high note)

ROM: *(Pulling her forward)* Ah. No, Madam. Not right now.

ARTEMIS: It's always something...

ROM: *(He smiles warmly.)* Do you always speak humorously?

ARTEMIS: I'm not speaking humorously.

ROM: And even then, Madam...you speak humorously.

ARTEMIS: *(Distracted, peering into his large deep eyes. Artemis' theme, "**Your Name Is So Familiar,**" plays in the background.)* You look very familiar. Have we met?



ROM: Yes, we have met, Madam. Many times. *(He looks at her intently; a light beam appears to come from the center of his forehead.)* Tell me, do you not recognize me?

ARTEMIS: *(Looking intently at his face)* Why do you look so familiar?

ROM: We must go now, Madam...

ARTEMIS: *(Sighing...)* I suppose we must go now...?

ROM: It would seem so.

ARTEMIS: *(Wistfully)* It's always that way...just as I get warmed up...

ROM: Madam, you came warmed up.

(They disappear behind the curtain.)

JASON: *(Speaking loudly to Phoebe who has moved into the seat next to him)*

Ahem! Now, Phoebe, where were we?

PHOEBE: *(She removes part of her attire to reveal a beautiful and regal extraterrestrial countenance – at the same time the embodiment of a Greek Goddess. Her voice is very highly amplified.)*

That is the question, is it not?

JASON: *(Startled)* Ooops..... And where are you from?

PHOEBE: *(Knowingly. And loud)* **Backstage...**

JASON: Agh! How is it that I always wind up with characters in a play?

PHOEBE: *(Amplified voice as music rises in the background, the introductory dark chords of “Experimental Life Forms.”)* **You must be familiar with the plot...**



(On this cue, each extraterrestrial entity in the front row removes hat, scarf, jacket, and other costume/make-up elements to reveal an extraterrestrial countenance and dress. All reflect a striking beauty; all have large dark eyes.)

JASON: Oh. I see. Is this like The Twilight Zone?

PHOEBE: *(A spotlight surrounds her -- an eerie mist of light. She stands to a full height of almost 7' and moves in front of and above him, floating in the air, facing him...)*

I'm afraid that you left the Twilight Zone behind, when you entered Reality Theatre.
(She smiles broadly and tiny sparkles fall on her from above.)

JASON: *(Standing up to leave.)* Uh, I'd prefer to go back outside...

(Two 7' tall extraterrestrial beings step from behind the curtain and by their presence halt him. He stops and sits again.)

PHOEBE: *(Smiling nicely)* **I'm sorry, but once you begin Reality Theatre, it's extremely difficult to get out of it...**

JASON: *(Standing up again)* Uh, but –

(The extraterrestrial beings take a step toward him and he sits. A second team of extraterrestrial entities appears in a spotlight at an audience entrance doorway and stop a couple from leaving -- actors from the audience, who return to their seats. The tall beings exit.)

PHOEBE: **Reality Theatre is a stage between dimensions which are attempting to synchronize and merge. You have arrived at the moment of Truth. Actually, you are a bit early...** *(She smiles.)*

JASON: I -- I don't like Reality.

PHOEBE: *(She laughs. The introductory dark chords of “Experimental Life Forms” play again.)* **Ah, but Reality likes you...**



(Jason looks around, concerned.)

JASON: Excuse me, is there a Narrator? *(He sits again, muttering.)* Next time, I'm coming as an Alien...

PHOEBE: *(Loudly)* **What do you mean, next time...?**

(Phoebe laughs softly in electronic overtones and begins to glow, a beautiful and eerie being. The light surrounds her. The words of the song appear on a screen or sign.)

Music 1

“Don’t You Know Who You Are?”

Far in the distance lies the edge of space.
Far from your roadways and far from your race.
Do you not long for a star-filled eternity?
Then look inside, for there is the trace.
Look inside, for there is the trace.

Don’t you know who you are?
Don’t you see the Tree of Life
in the Star
That lives in your eyes, that shines on your mind?
Are you so blind
that you do not know your own kind?

(The closing cadence of the chords continue through the dialogue, and at the end, move into opening cadence of chords in “The Dance of Life Ballet.”)

JASON: *(Standing up.)* Who are you?

PHOEBE: **Who are you, that you think you stand alone?**

JASON: *(Suddenly sad)* I did not know that I was alone... *(Phoebe begins to fade and move away.)*
Wait -- where are you going?

PHOEBE: **I will come to you again in time, and you will know me.** *(She smiles.)*

JASON: How will I know you?

PHOEBE: **Nothing is hidden from ancient eyes...**

(A wild display of light and fog. Phoebe disappears behind the curtain. Jason looks around the audience, bewildered.)

JASON: But – but I don’t have ancient eyes...

PHOEBE: *(From backstage. Voice loudly amplified)* **Don’t argue. Resistance is futile.** *(Jason sits.)*



**Act I
Scene 2
“The Dance of Life Ballet”**



The Narrator, Oron, enters. He stands before the curtain in a brilliant spotlight as lights play dramatically around him; there is **the sound of crackling electricity** and the house lights flicker momentarily. He is silent, scanning the audience thoughtfully. He is 8-9” tall, strikingly beautiful, imposing, elegant, and robed. A partial mask or headdress conceals a portion of his face until later, when he will remove it. He is a light pale blue extraterrestrial being with large dark eyes. He projects an electronically deep, warm and powerful voice. Movement 1 of **“Dance of Life Ballet” (“Talking Sky”)** begins to play in the background.

Music 2

ORON: **Good Evening. My name is Oron...**

✧ I come to you this day at a singular moment in the transformation of life, for we are transforming together, you and I. Whatever you have been told, creation is not a lonely business.

✧ I have known your sisterhood and brotherhood for more thousands of years than you can measure, and we have loved as deeply as any beings can love, though you cannot imagine that you have ever seen me before. In truth, you see me every day as we slide between realities. I have taught you and learned from you, and my breath is forever intertwined with yours in that blue mist of memories on the horizon that will not always blur in this reality. For this is how new life forms emerge, in the joining of very different species which enter together into the compassion of creation.

✧ You may not understand all of the *words* which I speak to you in our night together. However, long after you leave this theatre and perhaps this planet, these words will come back into your consciousness and you will realize that you know me.

✧ I will speak to you in many languages. Listen carefully as the messages have different levels of meaning and may not come to you directly. If what you hear sounds incomprehensible... **(the sound of chattering, children’s high electronic voices)**... do not be sure that the cells and the beating waters of your bodies do not know when the message is transmitted. They will remind you later.



✧ I come to you in a state of what you might call, *true love*...

✧ *(He whirls around and his robes flow as if in and out of realities...pictures display a whirling cosmos.)* Think of me as the wildest suitor of your imaginings, then throw care to the winds and imagine something even wilder – far far away in your distant mysteries. There you will see a loving wildness waving to you from the eons, motioning for you to come and play. *And that will be me...* And so here we are, at the brink of love. *(He smiles.)* Take a deep breath with me. All is not as it seems.

✧ Love may enter in mysterious ways... You may not always recognize it at first nor its form, for I speak of a different kind of transcendental dance... It is at this moment seeping through a parallel universe and coming right for you...: A creative state of pure love known by a child when it is certain that the universe is alive within its soul, and nothing can take away its wings, and nothing can put out the flames of its Sun.

✧ In the beginning, it seems so simple. What is Love, after all? Have you not heard of it before? In the end, its new names will enjoin your heart in the deepest complexity and cosmic attraction that it has ever known -- and on its precipice a new form of life will be born. It will be both you and not you; it will be both me and not me; it will be both you and me. It will know no alien form and breathe no unbreathable air. It will live in the Forever Fields of this and other Suns...

✧ Welcome to Reality Theatre...

✧ Science fiction is reality; reality is science fiction. But of course, in Reality Theatre, there is no such thing as *fiction*...

(Rom enters and speaks aside to Oron; he points to Jason in the front row. Jason coughs and squirms uncomfortably. Oron looks thoughtfully at Jason and nods to Rom. Rom exits.)

JASON: *(Clearing his throat loudly)* Ah-hem...

ORON: *(To Jason)* Every thought, every silver toned memory that tantalizes you, takes off for life on its own.

(To the Audience) And yet, there is that one particular moment that you can not leave behind even in death... The breathless one that will live in you always, riveting you into eternity, pulling you perpetually into its own **excitements**...

JASON: *(Jason shifts in his seat and coughs.)* Pardon me.

ORON: *(Looking at Jason)* You know the thought I mean.

✧ *(To the Audience)* In many ways, each of your thoughts lives on in the overlapping galaxies of your mind, where parallel universes form as easily as icicles on a rose thorn in a passing, blue, unremembered snowstorm.

✧ Where do they go, these storms and ecstasies that flicker through your many minds? Have you lately seen black orchid eyes blinking there -- then departing for ancient oceans where you cannot yet follow? *(The opening theme of "Black Orchid Eyes" plays.)*

Music 3

"Black Orchid Eyes" (Opening)

(Mysterious choral voices are heard as if they come from throughout the theatre.)
 Love got away from me,
 Love got away from me,
 Love got away from me,
 That day.
 Black Orchid eyes...

(The Theme continues to play in the background.)

◇ Could it be that still they live -- somewhere? Is it possible that every precious fantasy, every soulful regret, every unfilled space and every unfilled face in dreams still gleam on like an infant planet of possibilities? And you have only to pick them up and love them into stardom? *(He waves his arm in the air elegantly and a few sparkles descend upon the audience.)*

◇ What was that face -- that just flickered across your mind? Ah. Somewhere that face lives on. *(Appearing to come from all directions in the theatre, **the sound of children's voices**, high, electronic, chattering and giggling happily.)*



◇ There are no unpopulated dimensions. Though you perceive in extremely narrow bands of light and sound, you have only to know the silences and edges of your mind, to rut around in the deep holes of **infinity**...to travel into adjacent time frequencies where other life lives beside you. Some of it is other portions of you – another you in a parallel universe.

(A blue spotlight appears and whirls across the stage and through the audience, darting as though alive.)

◇ Reality Theater is simply the dimensionally focused reality you have chosen to perceive. There are many such realities. And many such theatres. You need not confine yourself to one. I do not.

◇ We visit you from a parallel universe. The time has come for you to know us outside of this dimension. It is your destiny in this universe. There, many of us live and love and see you wandering, and we peer into your wild hearts and quickened glances looking for us...and we merge at times with you in this strange glue of vast intelligence forever forming new fields, ever coloring all times and all dreams... Some of you see us there now.

(The high electronic voices of an ethereal chorus can be heard appearing to come from above...)



CHORUS:
"Aaaaaah....Oooohhh. Oooohhh. Oooohhh."

ARTEMIS'
 VOICE:

(In the background, the electronic voice of Artemis can be heard, appearing to come from all directions in the theatre.) But I don't remember the words. How did I get here? My that's a very pretty blue...

ORON:

◇ It is intended that we come together now in this moving multiverse of beings and worlds. That is how it happens. It is your destiny to perceive in wider bands of light, sound, color, vibration, electromagnetism, consciousness. You are changing. You carry the planetary dreams even if you cannot remember them. You came here marked with these dreams. They are the reason that you are together on this planet; they are the reason that you are together on this night.. You have come to dream new worlds.

(He raises a laser pointer and a screen drops down before the curtain with rotating pictures of the universe, mathematical equations, beautiful faces of many terrestrial and extraterrestrial races.)

◇ Some propose that there are sacred geometries. I propose that *you* are the sacred geometries that many travelers seek. You are a phenomena seen far and wide across parallel universes where new mass dramas are playing out everywhere. Some right in this room. Unseen, but still they touch you. *(Onscreen, rotating photographs of human faces with large, deep eyes and forms that appear more and more extraterrestrial.)*



(Suddenly a wind crosses the theatre, *its sound touching everything.*)

✧ Tonight we have a preview of “coming attractions...” And I mean that in *every possible sense of the words.* (He smiles.) You never know who’s going to visit you in Reality Theatre... (The screen flies away.)

PHOEBE’S
VOICE:

(The voice of Phoebe can be heard as though coming from everywhere and far away at the same time, singing the verse of “**Don’t You Know Who You Are?**” – as an eerie wind blows through the theatre.)

Reprise

“Don’t You Know Who You Are?” (Reprise)

PHOEBE (Offstage)
Don’t you know who you are?
Don’t you see the Tree of Life
in the Star
That lives in your eyes, that shines on your mind?
Are you so blind
that you do not know your own kind?

(The music ends. Oron walks into the audience. He stops before Jason, smiling. Voice highly amplified.)

Hello, Jason...

JASON: (He jumps.) Uh oh.

ORON: How are you?

JASON: (Hesitating) Uh, okay. Are you going to abduct me?

ORON: No. I’m the Narrator.

JASON: (Relieved) Oh, good! I was actually looking for one of those.

ORON: (Smiling) **Be careful what you ask for....**

JASON: Oh, no. Are you in charge? Who’s in charge?

ORON: The fundamental question. (As he turns to climb the steps to the stage, he beckons Jason to follow.) Come with me...

JASON: (He stands but hesitates to follow.) Are you sure you’re not going to abduct me?

ORON: (Smiling) We’ll see... Come. You may assist.

JASON: (He joins Oron onstage, doubtful about the outcome.) Okay.

ORON: First, I would like you to go back there -- **backstage.** (He motions. Jason does not move) Tell them to open the curtain.

JASON: *(Very thoughtful)* Uh, will I have to sing...?

ORON: Definitely not. *(He waits. Jason does not move.)* Go on.

JASON: *(He moves toward the end of the curtain, then stops.)* Uh, I don't think I want to go back there. I don't know what's back there.



(Sounds of children's high electronic voices chattering backstage.)

I don't think I know *who's* back there...

ORON: So. You would prefer to stay frozen, standing before the closed and ancient curtain? Though behind it might be the secrets of the universe?

But you would remain blind to this wild divine adventure...*(ominously)* **numb to the possible touch of ecstasy waiting beyond its ascension?**

JASON: *(Certain)* That's right.

ORON: Is that not the story of your life, Jason?

JASON: How do you know my name?

ORON: I have peaked behind the curtain. That's where they keep all of the secret information... *(A teasing smile)*

JASON: They're taking names?!

ORON: *(Looking into the audience.)* Every moment of your life...

JASON: *(Concerned)* Oh...

ORON: You know, there is another way to open the curtain.

JASON: Good. What is it?

ORON: Raise your hand to the stars...ask the curtain to open.

JASON: Naw, that wouldn't happen.

ORON: Rom?

ROM: *(Appearing behind Jason, who jumps at the sight of Rom)* I believe this is yours. *(He hands Jason a wand and exits.)*

ORON: Since it's your first time, you may use the wand.

JASON: *(Hesitating)* Uh, what do I do?

ORON: Raise the wand, lift the rod. Picture the curtain in your mind and caress its curves. Ask the curtain to open. See the curtain opening...*Be the curtain opening. Be happy...*

JASON: It's that simple?

ORON: It was always that simple. *(Jason raises the wand and the curtain opens.)*

Astronomy photos courtesy NASA APOD.



(A wild display of light is launched. The opening section of the second movement of **“The Dance of Life Ballet: Life Descends,”** plays as the open curtain reveals multi-level staging and alternating prosceniums representing the director’s perception of parallel realities, where dramas will take place on different levels, within different prosceniums, on different projection screens on stage, in the audience, and outside the proscenium. Pictures of the universe are projected onto screens, banners or walls of the set; the pictures rotate as scenes shift into different views. The scene begins with pictures of the cosmos, galaxies, and what appear to be parallel universes against a starry, glistening backdrop.

(To the Director: A light show can be many things. Make it sing to you in multiple dimensions. Make it send people over the edge and walk up the wall. Make it come to life until people ask you to give them a break. And then don’t give them a break. When their faces become mystical and teary, capture them. Set light free to form a galaxy all your own. When others can peer into unknown space through your lights, you’ve set the stage for the materialization of a Parallel Universe.)

(As the light show ends, the music softens playing quietly, expectantly.)

JASON: (Transfixed, walking around the stage, looking intently at the rotating pictures of the cosmos on screens.) Wow...

ORON: The Universe...

JASON: (As though in trance) Wow...

ORON: Jason?

JASON: (Startled) Oh. Yes?

ORON: Aren’t you going to introduce me?

JASON: I’m sorry – I, uh, forgot your name.

ORON: (He sighs.) How quickly they forget...

JASON: I don’t think I can remember it.

ORON: And you didn’t believe that you could open the curtain.

JASON: But –

ORON: (Mesmerizing) **Haven’t you seen me before?**

JASON: (Sheepishly) Uh, not lately...

ORON: **I believe that you can remember.**

JASON: *(Straining)* It's on the tip of my tongue, it's – it's -- .

ACTORS: *(Actors in the audience posing as extraterrestrials, and perhaps some audience members, answer.)* **Oron...**



Oron

ORON: There. When you want to remember forgotten things, *ask*. Often the answer will waft through the air right to you... *(A single feather wafts from above the stage to the stage floor. He smiles.)* **Now...**you can introduce me.

JASON: But they already know –

ORON: *(Voice highly amplified)* **NOW YOU CAN INTRODUCE ME.**

JASON: *(Jumping)* Oh! You're one of *those* people... Okay. *(He moves toward the center of the stage.)* I want one of those amplifier things...

ORON: Before the evening is out, Jason, you shall have one. I promise.

JASON: Okay. *(Looking at the audience)* I would like to introduce you to Oron, the Narrator. *(Pause)* I don't think he's from around here.

ORON: No adlibbing.

JASON: Sorry.

ORON: All right. Are you ready to sing?

JASON: *(Sighing)* Oh, no. Not that again...

ORON: I was joking.

JASON: You joke?

ORON: Perpetually...

JASON: I *can't* sing.

ORON: *(Smiles knowingly, a light beam twinkle in his eyes)* Ah, but you can **dance...**

- JASON: *(Slowly Stepping backward)* Oh, no, no, no. Oh, no. I'm no dancer, that's for sure. *(Nervous laughter)*
- ORON: Nonsense. You have danced before, many times.
- JASON: But I don't want to dance.
- ORON: *(Walking close to Jason, looking him in the eye.)* Think carefully and remember the Dancer.
- JASON: *(Resisting, he closes his eyes and jumps up and down screaming.)* I can't remember the Dancer! I can't remember the Dancer!!
- ORON: This is Reality Theatre, Jason.
- JASON: *(He opens his eyes and looks serious.)* Uh oh.
- ORON: Here, you dance... *(He raises his arm.)*
- JASON: *(As though moved by unseen hands, he begins to twirl and leap across the stage brilliantly in the moves of a magnificent cosmic ballet dancer, joined by other Dancers on stage as he pirouettes. He tosses away his awkward shoes and his jacket revealing a beautiful, brightly colored sparkling shirt and shiny dancing shoes.)* Oh!! Wow!! I'm dancing!!
- ORON: *(He raises his hand, and as he does "The Dance of Life Ballet" plays at full volume. A sign appears.)*



“The Dance of Life Ballet”



*(Oron raises his hand and a Ballet begins. He stands to the side of the stage, watching. A kaleidoscope of light crosses the stage and flashes across the audience from front to back, the music rising with **the sound of a strong wind**. Jason leads the dancers – and sometimes appears to fly above the stage in his pirouettes. The dancers and tableaux revolve in a duet played out with the changing photographs of the cosmos onscreen. The dancers are beautifully costumed, representing human and extraterrestrial races of every imaginable form. Woven into the fabric of the pictures of the cosmos are rapidly changing images of human beings of all races and cultures – as well as animals, fish, whales and dolphins, birds of all forms – components of reality's Dance of Life. And among them is a picture of Jason, the Cosmonaut, pirouetting among stars and comets...).*

(The dance form may be traditional ballet or modern/acrobatic dance interpretations. The dancers' costumes and movements are representations of the beings in the projected photographs – the cosmic bodies and galaxies, the animals, fish, men, women, and other

beings of the planet Earth. The Dancers circle into formations of parallel galaxies, planets rotating around the Sun rhythmically. Some create a tableau which represents a river of flowing fish, while others form a tableau of the ocean, making the sounds of whales and dolphins. Others “fly” in formation like birds; some dance together representing different human cultures and races of all ages. They dance to **“The Dance of Life Ballet.”**)

(At the completion of the Ballet the dancers pose in still tableaux. Oron walks center stage in a spotlight. He looks into the audience and in the background, the music of **“The Dance of Life Ballet: The Talking Sky,”** plays quietly as he speaks. Jason and the dancers move in slow motion to form tableaux behind him, their formations synchronizing with the images and shapes in his words.)

ORON:

- ✧ In any given universe, there is a story thread, a logic in the mystery that we hold dear, which makes all of our histories meld into a single tale igniting self-discovery, that is at once personal and primordial.
- ✧ Stories from many universes, roles that we have played and will play again, tug at the strings of our minds with the delicate fingers of yesterday as the long dark energy hands of tomorrow pull us together into new dramas. Are you the Cosmic Dancer? How many roles have you forgotten? .
- ✧ Suddenly it comes to us. And at that moment an almost unbearable passion overtakes us, a surrender to the beautiful memories in our mythology that make sense of our cosmos and poetry of our equations. And the mystery of how this could be so deepens in our hearts, where an ancient, older drum is cloaked. You know its beat.
- ✧ We cannot yet think of ourselves as cosmic, igniting the passion and beauty that we inhabit, matching the expanding universe pattern for pattern, living out its mnemonic moments of play. But we will...as we run ahead of a lifting veil of reality and we begin to dance... The folds of Life are becoming transparent and we see her Dearest Day. We come to see that we sit at the center of The Dance of Life Ballet.



(The Dancers circle and dance again as **“The Dance of Life Ballet”** plays and pictures of the cosmos rotate.)

- ✧ In order for us to take form in the size of this reality, we must block off a portion of our senses and narrow what we can see to stabilize the materialization of worlds in this dimension...light projections of thought-lined bricks and visionary electrons where Time is the glue and Love makes it all seem true.
- ✧ We believe that to open all of the stops of perception would cause our ability to process this information to implode from the implication of an endless space that includes *us*. It is not an identity that we are yet ready to risk. Yet it is us, in the future.
- ✧ **We see glimpses of tomorrow throughout space -- but it is the power of our intense longing for it that makes tomorrow real.**

**We see glimpses of tomorrow
throughout space – but it is
the power of our intense
longing for it that makes
tomorrow real.**

✧ We fear the spaciousness of a vast mind that we suspect might be part of us – altogether too large to understand as one being...one universe. But what if we are that vast? What if we are that endless...? Truly, nothing that science can measure is as complex as *you are*, sitting quietly in your chair.

✧ It is time for you to be that endless...to peer into the frosted scenarios of the future and the ghosted glass of the past contained in *The Single Now of Light* known as **Life**... (*Pointing to the screen as rapidly changing pictures speed rotation until all dissolve into a single point of light.*)



Courtesy NASA APOD

(The screen fades to darkness. Slowly appearing, ghostly pictures of faces of different time periods and different imagined extraterrestrial races rotate as the dancers move downstage toward the audience.)

ORON:

Light realities operate in many forms.
Invisible civilizations unfold around you,
Continuously crossing the leaking barriers of Time;
Though you do not see all their generations
Or know their private faces,
You share a thousand stories
And a thousand wishes.

(He walks downstage center, pauses, and looks intently into the audience.)

✧ Sometime tonight a coincidence will occur. Someone will come for you. A message light will flash, and you will realize that it is for *you*. It is the reason you have come to the theatre. It is not an accident. This seat was waiting for you. Whether you know it or not, every moment of your life awaits you with the same sense of expectation.

✧ The message may come from someone on stage or someone in the theatre. Perhaps a man you meet on the street. Perhaps a woman sitting next to you. Perhaps you have never met her before. But perhaps you have... Your task is to recognize that moment and to take action – action which you have never taken before. Action which may well move you into a parallel universe.

✧ You will know when it happens. It will be as if suddenly you awaken. You might even say, "Wait – wait... I didn't know that I could **dance**..."

(Oron raises his hand and glittering sparkles fall from above onto the stage.)

JASON: Oh, my goodness! *(He jumps as though awakened. He gathers his jacket, his wand, and his shoes and skips downstage to Oron, who smiles and helps Jason put on his jacket.)*

ORON: You are a truly a Cosmic Dancer, Jason... **Jason, the Cosmonaut...** *(He smiles.)*

JASON: Wow... I had no idea,,, It's all fuzzy. Where was I? *(Breathless)* .How marvelous it was...

ORON: It will come back to you now. The Dance of Life Ballet is the beginning of remembering.

(He bows to Jason.) Our sincere gratitude for the glorious furls of your cosmic whirling... They will take you more places than you can imagine. *(Turning to the audience)* Just think how much of you is hidden, sitting out there before a cosmic curtain...

JASON: *(Sheepishly)* Will I still get an amplifier...?

ORON: The process of amplification is in progress as we speak...

JASON: *(Loud - voice slightly amplified)* **Great!** *(He jumps.)* Wow! Did you hear that!

ORON: Remember how you got there. And now, Jason, it is time for you to return to your seat.

JASON: I'm not going to be abducted?

ORON: No. You're going back to your seat. *(He raises his arm and a spotlight illuminates Jason's seat.)*

JASON: I see...

ORON: For this lifetime, that is your seat.

JASON: Um, okay. *(He hesitates.)*

ORON: I thought you wanted to go back to your seat.

JASON: I'm thinking it over.

ORON: Why do you hesitate?

JASON: I'm not sure that I want to go back to my seat....

ORON: *(He smiles.)* Ah. Now that you've seen behind the curtain... Now that you've danced with the Universe... *(Jason smiles.)*

JASON: Yeah...

ORON: The trick, Jason, is to **remember**. Can you assist me?

JASON: Sure.

ORON: Close the curtain, Jason... *(Jason raises the wand.)* Without the wand. *(Rom appears and Jason reluctantly hands over his wand; Rom exits.)* Still your mind. Express your gratitude for this beautiful cosmic curtain. And ask that the curtain close. Be the curtain closing. Be *happy*... as the curtain closes.

JASON: *(He concentrates intently but the curtain does not move.)* It's not working.

ORON: Be happier.

JASON: Oh.. I always forget that part. *(He concentrates with a smile of confidence and the curtain closes.)* There.

ORON: *(Looking into the audience)* Good. You can open and close the curtain, whenever you want. Anyone can.

JASON: *(Walking behind him)* Will you be holding classes?

ORON: Yes. Now you may return to your seat.

JASON: Okay. *(He looks around.)* I'm ready. Except I have one question.

ORON: Yes?

JASON: This Phoebe person...who is she?

ORON: Ah. Very good. You have recognized that there is a message for you, and that the messenger is Phoebe.

JASON: And where did Artemis go?

ORON: Don't press your luck. *(He pats Jason on the back.)* Stay tuned.

JASON: *(Pauses. He looks up at Oron sheepishly.)* Uh, uh, how did I do?

ORON: You were wondrous... *(He smiles and gives Jason a hug.)*

JASON: *(Smiling broadly)* Okay... *(He returns to his seat, scrambling to put on his jacket and shoes.)*

ORON: *(To the audience)*

❖ You live secret identities in a vast drama being played out on your planet. Who are you, indeed? And how did you come to be here? You are at the center of the mystery and have temporarily forgotten your past.

❖ But you live in the time of *remembering*. It is important that you discover the truth on this planet. Unraveling its mysteries exercises and expands your conscious awareness, enabling

you to perceive across dimensions. It is, in effect, the first step in becoming a citizen of greater galaxies.

✧ You have truly been abducted this evening, but not by *aliens*. This is not the first time, and it will not be the last.

✧ Something new is happening on Earth. You will want to know about it before you venture out again this evening under this blacknight sky umbrella and hear stars and planets who know you personally, calling you by an unfamiliar name...



(Oron walks into the audience and through the aisles; a brilliant spotlight follows him. He raises his arm and in the background, the opening movement of "The Dance of Life Ballet: Talking Sky," plays once again.)

✧ Something unknown is pulling you forward into a new life form. You will begin to see when you are awake as you see when you are dreaming. You will see things when you dream as you see them when you are awake -- things that lie deep in the eyes of another. *(He smiles.)* And tonight, as in ancient times, we begin our tale with Experimental Life Forms...

(The screen remains hanging on stage before the curtain. Oron walks into the audience and takes the seat next to Jason....)

JASON: *(Pause)* Uh, I don't think I want to be an Experimental Life Form.

ORON: *(Smiling)* **Too late...**



Act I
Scene 3
“Experimental Life Forms” (Video)

Music 4

The video, “Experimental Life Forms” plays on a screen as Oron watches from the audience. The music, **“Experimental Life Forms”** plays softly throughout the video.

The scene is a technical network operations center (NOC). Monitor screens are filled with graphs, charts, streaming code and complex light structures. We hear the sounds of the NOC and two deep voices, slightly metallic. Next, we see what appear to be strange hands with very long fingers...not so human...reaching toward a large spinning globe with multiple light systems and colors; small organisms move about. Two extraterrestrial beings come into view. They wear large goggles and decorative helmets which enable them to see the microscopic drama taking place on the globe.

Zylort, a distinguished older extraterrestrial male being with a deep, crackling voice, appears to be “conducting” the activity on the globe, waving a laser light baton and watching the effect of each gesture. The lights on the globe change color and direction as he waves the baton. Xiter, a young, earnest extraterrestrial male, watches him intently.

XITER: What exactly is it that you do here, Zylort?

ZYLORT: Experiment with life forms.

XITER: Why would you want to do *that*?

ZYLORT: *(Shaking his head, eyes closed, he sighs.)* Ahh...

XITER: But aren't life forms sufficiently experimental?

ZYLORT: Not like these life forms. These life forms were born for experiment. They change every moment.

XITER: What are they? You handle them so carefully.

ZYLORT: What was your name again?

XITER: Xiter. I am honored to meet you, Zylort.

ORON'S VOICE: *(From the audience)* Watch carefully, Jason. The famous Experimental Life Forms Laboratory.

ZYLORT: *(He increases his baton speed, conducting the planet, and the tiny organisms of light make high pitched sounds in unison.)* Ah. They're warming up.

XITER: Oh...how wonderful they are...

ZYLORT: As life forms go, these are exquisitely designed. They have the power and speed of light and the wisdom of a deep and forgiving love. They glow when they are happy and they are always happy. Theirs is a yolk of light – the pull of a thousand galaxies does not delay their illumination. There isn't a moment in time when their fertile structures are not moving toward the birth of stars.

XITER: What a simple idea...

ZYLORT: It was always simple.

XITER: *(Pause)* How do you experiment with a life form?

ZYLORT: Tell me, do you remember how it is to live a life, Xiter?

XITER: Well, it is a – a *delicate* affair at best.

ZYLORT: And so goes experimenting with life forms.

XITER: *(Pause)* Which ones are the females?

ZYLORT: They are all females.

XITER: All?

ZYLORT: Yes.

XITER: *(Pause)* What is their purpose?

ZYLORT: To love all worlds.

XITER: To love all worlds?

ZYLORT: Yes. And take them over.

XITER: Take them over...?!!

ZYLORT: Yes. Resistance is futile...

XITER: *(Clearing his throat)* I see.

ZYLORT: They have the ultimate weapon.

XITER: They are dangerous?

ZYLORT: Consider them armed.

XITER: What is the -- what is the – uh, ultimate weapon?

ZYLORT: A love which you can neither understand nor deny.

XITER: It's that simple?

ZYLORT: It was always that simple.

XITER: *(Pause)* What do they look like when they grow up?

ZYLORT: *(Intently)* I believe you know... ☺

XITER: But what if, uh, I'm not -- ready...?

ZYLORT: Just the same, they're coming.

XITER: But what if they -- what if they -- ?

ZYLORT: They will.

XITER: Oh. Is there any way we can, uh -- ?

ZYLORT: Experimental life forms... *(Xiter gasps his mouth gaping. A look of awe crosses his eyes...)*



(The video ends and the screen flies away. The theatre is dark. The minor key introductory chords of "Experimental Life Forms" continue to play in the background then slowly end. All is silent.)



**Act I
Scene 4
“Unknown Realities”**

(Oron leaves his seat in the audience, walks onstage, raises his hand, and the curtain rises.)

ORON: (To Jason) Well?

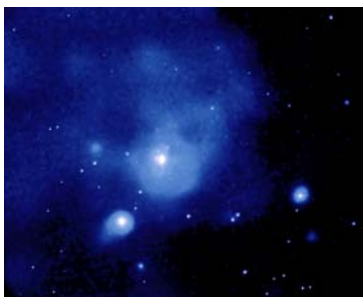
JASON: Sounds ominous.

ORON: (Smiling) For **whom**...? (He turns to the audience. The themes of **“Don’t You Know Who You Are?”** play quietly in the background as he speaks.)



✧ Do we ever really know who we are? Or where we are? Are we the experiment? Or the experimenter?

✧ Do not be so sure that you know your role. Or who is sitting next to you. How can anyone or anything be truly *alien* in a coherent and interconnected universe? How many such universes exist right in this room? (With a laser pointer, he highlights rotating pictures of the cosmos, nebulas and mathematical formulas which appear on the screens.)




$$\frac{\partial f_n}{\partial t} + \vec{v} \cdot \nabla_{\vec{x}} f_n + \frac{q_n}{m_n} [\vec{E} + \vec{v} \times \vec{B}] \cdot \nabla_{\vec{v}} f_n = \frac{\delta f_n}{\delta t}$$

$$\nabla \times \vec{H} = \vec{J} + \frac{\partial \vec{D}}{\partial t} \quad \nabla \times \vec{E} = - \frac{\partial \vec{B}}{\partial t}$$

$$\nabla \cdot \vec{D} = \rho \quad \vec{D} = \epsilon_0 \vec{E} + \vec{P}$$

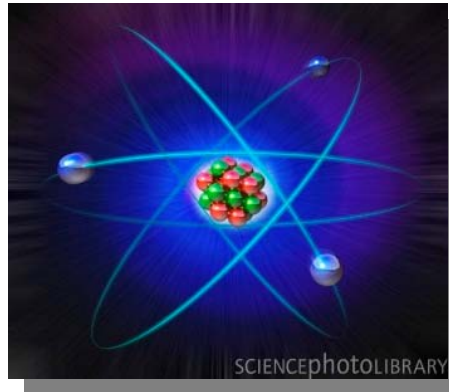
$$\nabla \cdot \vec{B} = 0 \quad \vec{H} = \frac{\vec{B}}{\mu_0} - \vec{M}$$

$$c = \frac{1}{\sqrt{\mu_0 \epsilon_0}}$$



Courtesy NASA APOD and iStock Photos.

✧ Emerging quantum theories reveal a new and nagging reality – uncertainty. Chameleonic uncertainty in the subatomic anatomy of your daily reality: An atom which is predominantly *empty space*.



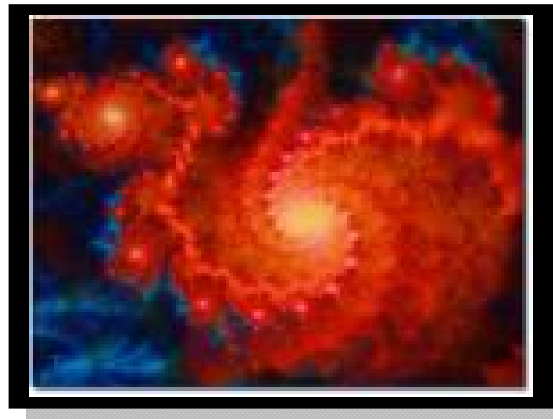
Roger Harris

◇ What magic is it that transforms the hollow space of atoms into every element perceived as matter? How can we catch the light as we chase its uncertain dance of waves and particles? Is this who we are? Is this the universe? And how is it that we transition from the quantum uncertainties of physics to the certainty that we think of as our name, our eyes, our soul...?



Verna Brice, Acclaim Images

◇ It is more comforting to block out new information and bury your minds in familiar routines and daily torments that distract you from the wished for and the miraculous...



Permission Pending from T.J. Designs.

✧ Unfortunately, in that moment you block out a deeper, unknown reality. An infinite and benevolent universe is not something to fear, but to endear -- something to love again and again until you can see right through it, something to seep into like a slip of silk in blue moonlight...



Courtesy iStockphotos.com

(The image of a Crescent Moon appears in faint blue light above the stage. Oron looks intently toward it in silence. A wave of blue light crosses the stage, washes over him, then fades. He turns back to the audience.)

✧ I come from far away to speak to your deeper mind -- for it is your deeper mind that calls me from rest to your side, to translate words that you do not know you are speaking.

✧ If you do not understand me, listen to the space between the sound of my words and your mind. *(Pause.)*

✧ You will come to know me as you know your own father and mother. For I am your family, whether or not you can see me in the light of this Sun. I hear your breathing, your sleeping and weeping in other dimensions. My daughters and sons, my sisters and brothers, I hear your longing for the birth of learning, of truth, longing for the largeness of All Life.

✧ You see yourself as a small and inconsequential being, having no impact on larger realities -- an ancient deception now dissolving even under the microscopes of your sciences. Your real

impact is that of a vast energy. And so a new self must be defined, for a river of selves flows within you and creates day.

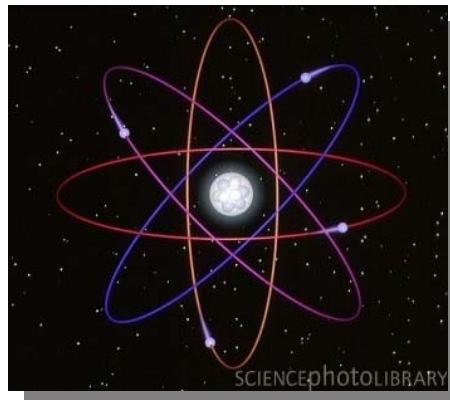
✧ Each thought generates invisible magnetic fields of attraction, projecting eidetic holograms of life and liquid light beams, populating new dimensions of ether. This impacts every reality. **Every reality.** We hear you. We feel every moment. **It is your emotions which form other worlds.** (A picture representing the structures of parallel realities appears.)



Courtesy Rowan Wittals

✧ You overlay all quantum structure. Your emotions bore into all quantum levels; they form the torrential rains of deeper realities.

(He points to a picture representing subatomic structure.)



Kenneth Eward/Biografx/Science Photo Library

✧ You cannot see the glow of ecstasy in your electrons. But to each of your atoms is granted the permission to breathe in universal breaths, to stir interdimensional passions in the perpetual emotions of time that sting the central spine of all matter and energy at its beginning, flowing out each breath fresh and unknown in its pulsing attraction to all life and all knowledge.

✧ This elixir will flood you with all too familiar distant fields of space, memories that spring alive in a moment of outer ring music, in the dark shadows of ancient poetry, in the ghosts of old loves loosened from the edges of today's reality... It is here that we begin the study of the science of the heart. Divide science from your heart at your peril, for your hearts are the wings of science -- if your science is to fly...



(He raises his hand, and a few twinkles fall from above. **An ominous wind is heard.**)

✧ I introduce you now to one **Jolinay Shaureine**, a comrade and fellow traveler. An inspired experimenter with an outerspace heart. A scientist with an unusual conundrum -- an interdimensional longing living in a cross-universe relationship: The germination of an intimate cosmic knowing...

(The curtain rises. An abstractly designed bedroom-office living quarters filled with unusual technologies, creative modular designs of furnishings and art in bright colors – including an unusual bed platform with short walls on several sides lined with displays of technology -- and a counter-desk with flat screen monitors. The room is filled with bizarre, seemingly unearthly, plants and flowers.)

*(**Jolinay**, a tall, beautiful human woman with large dark eyes stands upstage looking out through a large window. She peers intently into another reality. Through the window can be seen a night sky which is not quite that of Earth).*

*(Beyond the reality of the window on an upper stage level is a startling, beautiful light pale blue extraterrestrial entity. His eyes are large, dark and almond shaped; he poses behind a veil. The form of **Dor Ho-Shisei**, over 7' tall, is illuminated in blue light.*

✧ Some of you will recognize her dreams, for you can glimpse the edges of multidimensional realities...with their strange attachments, forgotten languages of love and unknown names sweeping toward you and seeping into your tongues...

✧ Such love descends from the planetary dream grid in the birth of new planes on your planet... Can you not feel the planet loving, as you do...? Oh, how you long...

✧ Sometimes it is a longing for something that you know you must do, but you cannot quite remember it, something that you know you must be, but you cannot quite be it. And sometimes, it is a longing for someone that you must love, as you must breathe or you must die. You know that what you see before you is impossible... Yet, you know that it is the *only* possibility...

(The spotlight fades on Oron as he exits.)

(Spotlights illuminate Jolinay and Dor. Jolinay moves to sit at the desk, working with electronic screens. Suddenly the light in the room changes – a different reality.)

*(Dor Ho-Shisei floats through the window and into the space of the room, into the silence and stillness behind Jolinay. The theme of “**Where Do You Go When You Leave Here?**” plays. She senses his presence, turns and reaches toward him. But it is impossible to reach that far... So far away... He moves in a dance, circling her. She reaches toward the light where he stood, then turns and moves slowly spinning into a dance near him.)*



*(To the music of the verse of “**Where Do You Go, When You Leave Here?**” they dance a duet; a sensual and tender intertwining, an encircling, each approaching the other, always reaching but never quite able to touch, ending in a long and tender pose – emulating an embrace but always unable to physically touch. As the music ends, Dor Ho-Shisei disappears through the window; she reaches toward him through the mullions -- watching him wistfully as he fades.)*

JOLINAY: No... Wait... What is your name...? Please, who are you...always looking across my window sill in space?

Why must you always go before we can speak, before we can say together the names of All Beings? The way your eyes pierce my loosest thoughts cannot be part of this reality. Where do you go? Why can I not come there? (*Softly*) Why can I not come with you...?

What is the physics of this departure...?

Where do you go when you leave here...?"

(*The words appear on a screen. She sings.*)

Music 5

“Where Do You Go When You Leave Here”

JOLINAY

Where do you go when you leave here?
Do you know what you take and receive here?
I don't know if you know my name.
I don't even know if pain feels the same.
I don't know what will remain of me
In your mind, what you will see that symbolizes me.

I am afraid to remember
What it's like when we're alone,
What it's like when we're at home,
What it's like when you take my hand,
And your mouth feels like smooth running sand.
And your eyes see more of me,
And I burn, and the feeling returns.
And I burn, and the feeling returns.
I so want to keep near the edge of sleep,
The picture of you near the leap into Memory...

Suddenly there you are,
And there is a Power.
And I'm in a long, running mirror
On a River to Tomorrow.
And I can see most of me
But I am not ready to See...

Is it true? Are you who
They say you are?
Is it true? Are you who
They say you are?

Then it's over as suddenly as it began.
And it is near the end,
And it is simply night.

But I will come to you in the morning.
Sleeping far above in the dawn,
Where you float in the evening dome,
And you rest in the stars, at home.

But you will never be alone.
My eyes will gleam there, like shiny newborn stones.
My voice will hang there in crystal overtones.
My lips fly near yours, like beams of light they roam.
My name is in yours, in ancient poems,
In ancient times, in ancient rhymes
Gone home; gone home; gone
Home.



(She turns and sits on the bed, head in hands, crying warm tears. The music of "Where Do You Go When You Leave Here?" plays softly in the background.)

JOLINAY: Who are you when you visit , my dearest one? Why can I not remember the reasons for this love...how much I know this blue tone and the crystal lights of your eyes...? Where have I known your face? Who you are in a blue night sky that I cannot name? Where are you, when I cannot touch you? What is this place, where I see your light?

A part of me seeps away into the night because I cannot make a space where the truth of you and the truth of me are one; I know they are...

Must my heart already be taken, on this planet where I am unable to give it? You do not know how these moments form the being who speaks when I speak – though I know her so little... Must I see myself through eyes that do not look like mine and never seem to close on my heart...?

It is too difficult to imagine who you are and who I am. Identity is the eternal experiment. It is not one that we will survive on this plane. There *must be* another entry point. I will never know who I am until I find it. *(She stops and dries her tears.)*

I will sleep now. Ahhh.... *(She sighs a deep long sigh.)*

Then everything will make sense. *(She lies down on the bed, pulling a blanket over her and falling asleep as if it were a universe of peace. The stage goes dark.)*



Act I
Scene 5
“There’s a River into Lifetimes”

The spotlight comes up on Oron, standing in a small forest of barren trees next to a giant, old gnarled tree that has lost its leaves, deep of root and mystery. He sits on a stone beside the tree; the shape of the craggy stone, too, is gnarled; there is the faint shadow of a face in the stone. Above him a Crescent Moon hangs in the sky, glowing faintly.



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ORON:



✧ When you look beyond this familiar reality, do you not suspect that there is as much love there as here? Perhaps, more? (*The themes of “The Dance of Life Ballet” play softly in the background as he speaks.*)

✧ We enter a time when this pale love will be redefined on the planet and across all planets and all dimensions. Listen carefully and you will begin to hear the *Others* who stand beside you as we speak the words of Love...

✧ Throw away your masks. Forget the names you’ve used. Forget the ways you know your brother, your sister, your friend, your enemy, for you will know them no more. You will know new beings who will merge into your mind’s new worlds, beings who carve celestial beauty from granite hearts... It does not matter your station or your circumstance.

✧ In an instant you will experience a new feeling of love...and it will not imprison you. It will free you. You will float in its superstructures of joy and benevolence, in a well of mind so deep that the bottom of the universe will appear to drop away and leave only an unspeakable and unexplainable *trust*. Your breath will get lost between realities. Your nature has too long been held tightly in the narrow ranges and frontiers of fear, the violence of lost dreams. No more -- for merging giant rivers are flowing from an ancient mind into you, glowing with the thermonuclear energies of massive integrated beings.

✧ **They are in your cosmic nature as they are in the universe.** The universe is not tame.

✧ As the bounds of this reality explode in the birth of these new worlds, you will see these rubbery interdimensional membranes, the vistas of beings who are not separate from you will play in ghostly beams before you. You will know their yearning faces and the ancient loves harbored in these vaster identities, silently hiding and hugging between dimensions. You will cross the bridge into each other and find new solace in this nebula of ecstasy, an emotion of such great expanse that it can contain *every thought and every you*. You cannot imagine such a being...

✧ But you fear this immense sense of love, this expanse of being, as greatly as you long for it. It is the love that makes brothers of old enemies, glows tenderly inside a supernova, erupts into seething galaxies; the healing lava that will pour forth from your old hearts must come out into the light to sing... The old languages will disappear. You will make new sounds. You will have new names. And you will remember that they are yours.

✧ The new children see this coming...

(A child, a young boy comes in, highlighted in an eerie blue light. He heads straight for Oron and reaches out to him. Oron lifts him up to hug him, then puts him down next to the gnarled tree.)

Greetings, my young friend of lightest light.

BOY CHILD: Oron! I'm so glad you're here.

ORON: *(Laughing)* You remember my name then, little one?

BOY CHILD: I always know your name, Oron!

(Another child, a young girl enters, highlighted in an eerie blue light with flashing silver streaks; she reaches out to Oron. He lifts her up and hugs her, then puts her down beside the gnarled old tree.)

ORON: Hello, little Moon of light... *(He smiles.)* How you glow... *(Calling)* Rom? The little ones have come.

ROM: *(He enters and bows to the children. He speaks to them not in words, but in mysterious syllables, in a soft, high electronic voice. The children answer back in soft, high electronic voices. He hugs them, and greets them smiling.)*

Young blue ones. I am most happy to see you.

GIRL CHILD: How wonderfully majestic you are, Rom...

BOY CHILD: Oron, is she here? Is she here?

ROM: *(Looking at Oron)* Has she returned?

ORON: *(Looking silently at the faint image of a crescent Moon hanging in the sky, he is quiet for a time, in silent communication. Then he speaks.)* Soon.



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CHILDREN: *(Disappointed)* Oh...

GIRL CHILD: We thought maybe you might -- ... *(Voices trailing off.)*

ORON: *(Holding the hands of the children.)* You will see her in time. You love openly, with deep hearts and ancient eyes. You see the crescent of the blue world; you see the platinum rays of her skies. Her golden wings flutter in your hearts. You see what is green before it is green, and with one smile it turns to face the Sun rotating in your minds.

BOY CHILD: *(Happily)* Do you, too, see the rotating Sun?

ORON: I do, little ones.

GIRL CHILD: *(Hugging the tree)* Hello, my friend. You are my most superb Tree friend and you fill me with such wonder. I love the deep rivers in your trunk. I love your beautiful Moon mind... *(She begins to dance around the tree, and pulls the boy child to dance with her. She sings, and the words appear on a screen.)*

Music 6

“SINGING TO THE TREES”

BOY CHILD	GIRL CHILD
It's green inside your heart	beat,
I wish that I could see	your

TOGETHER
 Face inside the tears of leaves.
 We'll race inside and bring the light.
 We'll give you all the sun beams in our smiles,
 And trees will bloom like roses going on
 For miles and miles.

CHILDREN TOGETHER
 When you're singing to the Trees
 It's quite good to bend your knees.
(The girl child curtsies and the boy child bows deeply to the trees.)
 You are bowing to the boughs of all our living histories,

And they're bowing back to you.
(The trees bow to the children.)
They breathe in your breath
(The children blow their breath like wind toward the trees.)
And give back skies of blue...
They breathe in your breath
(The children blow their breath like wind toward the tree.)
And give back skies of blue...

VOICE IN THE DISTANCE: *(The voice of the Goddess is heard in the distance singing faintly, as if through a tunnel. The children stand transfixed. Oron moves toward the Moon, looking upward. The children run beside him, each one taking a hand.)*

Music 7

"Blue Rivers"

GODDESS
Blue Rivers, Blue Rivers
Of stars that fall for you.

ORON SINGS WITH THE GODDESS
Blue Rivers, Blue Rivers,
The stars all look like you...

(Lightning and thunder ignite the Moon. The children stand closer to Oron, hugging him tightly. Suddenly the trees, brilliant in the lightning, begin to sway in a new wind. The children begin to run around the gnarled tree, holding hands.)

GIRL CHILD: *(Speaking)*

Oh, Tree of Life, Oh, Tree of my Heart,
Come whirl around with me today.
If I love you in the Golden Circle,
If I plant you in the noonday Sun,
Can you come out? Can you come out and play?

(The Sun comes out and shines brightly as they dance around the gnarled tree, which begins to glow.)

GIRL CHILD AND BOY CHILD: *(Speaking alternate lines)*

Girl Child: Oh, Tree Being who lives in the eyes of the Earth.
Boy Child: No one knows where you go when you sleep.
Girl Child: We want to know your names.
Boy Child: We are sorry that you weep.
Girl Child: We want to know what you have seen.
Boy Child: We want to help you grow your leaves.
Girl Child: We love your long brown sleeves.
Boy Child: We want to help you grow so green.

ORON: *(He touches a branch of the tree, and it sprouts green leaves.)*
First the tree must become green in your hearts.

GIRL CHILD: I can be green.

BOY CHILD: I can be green, too.

BOTH: We have green hearts!

ORON & ROM: *(Together, laughing)* Yes. You do.

ORON: And sometimes green faces... *(He smiles, as green lights begin to play on the faces of the children.)*

GIRL CHILD: Help us make the tree green.

BOY CHILD: Yes, we're going to make the trees green.

ALL: **"SINGING TO THE TREES" (Reprise)**



GIRL CHILD, BOY CHILD, ORON, ROM and Backstage Chorus

When you're singing to the Trees

It's quite good to bend your knees.

(The girl child curtsies and the boy child, Oron and Rom bow deeply to the trees.)

You are bowing to the boughs of all our living histories,

And they're bowing back to you.

(The trees bow to them.)

They breathe in your breath

(They blow their breath like wind toward the trees.)

And give back skies of blue...

They breathe in your breath

(They blow their breath like wind toward the trees.)

And give back skies of blue...

CHILDREN: *(Gently touching the boughs of the gnarled tree)*
We want to know what you have seen.
We want to help you grow so green...



*(The tree begins to glow in green lights and green leaves spout everywhere. **Birds are singing.**)*

(Embracing the tree) I love you, dear old friend. I love you, Tree. I feel your words in me.

BOY CHILD: *(He runs to Oron and hugs him)* Thank you, Oron. Oron, how do you know this Sun, the way the Sun rotates inside?

ORON: And has bright eyes...

GIRL CHILD: You've seen the eyes of the Sun?

ORON: We, too, have a Sun with these eyes.

(He raises his laser pointer, and strange pictures appear on screen, with pyramids and the Egyptian Eye of the Sun God.)



Graphic/photo iStockphotos.com

CHILDREN: Ah... Ooooh...yes. The eyes of the Sun! The eyes of the Sun!

ROM: *(Smiling)* Like your eyes. *(He bends down to hug the children.)* A fond goodbye, little blue ones. *(Oron sits on a stone by the gnarled tree. The Sun shines brightly.)*

ORON: As you go, shine the beams of the Sun through your eyes.

(The children climb up on the stone to give Oron a hug.)

BOY CHILD: *(Plaintively looking up at Oron)* Oron, how will we know when she returns?

GIRL CHILD: *(Tugging at him playfully)* Come with us to find her, Oron.

ORON: *(He hugs the children.)* Follow the song of the Blue Rivers, and she will find you.

GIRL CHILD: *(Repeating the words softly)* Blue Rivers, Blue Rivers... *(In the background, strains of the chorus of "Blue Rivers" play quietly.)*



BOY CHILD: We're going now. We will make all the trees green in our hearts.

ORON: *(He laughs and waves.)* Don't leave out any.

GIRL CHILD: *(Solemnly)* We will not leave out a single one...

BOY CHILD: We will plant the new trees, as you instructed.

GIRL CHILD: For every one who plants the new trees, the Blue Rivers come.

BOY CHILD: *(To Rom)* Rom, will you help us follow the Blue Rivers?

ROM: I will, little blue ones. *(Rom and the children leave the stage together, a most unusual sight.)*

ORON: *(He holds a branch of the tree as though holding its hand.)*

❖ How can a child know the heart of a tree? How can you forget a love that is forever green? How does love grow trees and not grow you...? *(He smiles... He leaves the green tree and the stone, and they disappear from the spotlight. He walks downstage.)*

❖ Your cosmic nature is a devastatingly powerful force at the level of such unrelenting love, the love of a child's world, the world of all possible things -- and when you find it, you will wonder that you ever thought you understood love at all. You can barely experience ecstasy when you

mate – expressing it sensually and temporally, but not in the eternal knowing of the secret name of another...only as a moment of quickest passion.

✧ **You do not know it with green hearts. And so it is not love. It is a plea for *deliverance*.**

✧ Ancient teachers have spoken to you of a more benevolent happiness. An endless and pure giving that lives in the selfless love of brothers for brothers and sisters for sisters, the love of parents for their earnest children -- a fully human wholeness of love. But you try to bury that tenderness in you, hiding it behind a darker barrier than headstones.

✧ Your greatest teachers embody this love, this wandering compassion; both male and female, they bring you closer to this benevolence...yet you taunt them and worse; you disrespect the beings of female life energy on a planet where life ends without the Life Givers, the green hearts of cosmic nurturing. That is the risk. *(He pauses. Rotating photographs illustrate his words.)*

✧ Can you not see that the incomparable force which can spawn life is both adoring and grippingly powerful in its play? An atomic chain reaction of love which attracts the very force of Life?

✧ Can you not see that the rockets and bombs of temporary hatreds in a life can never compete with the overarching nuclear love of creation? **How can you defend against a love that can blast a universe out of darkness and birth the life of a starry-eyed being growing inside the tiniest womb?! Do not resist a Universe on Fire...!** *(He smiles.)*

✧ Each of you has come close to that love at some time in your life, in a moment of dear forgiveness, in a deep memory of Forever Fields. Think of that moment as the wick, the fuse, that which will ignite a new *being*. A *superbirth* burns in this core energy, this new *love of life*; when you know it, then will you know *eternal power*. In her costumes, you are a cosmic force. And in her arms, **resistance is futile...**

(He smiles. The pictures of radiantly beautiful women of all ages, races, and cultures rotate on screens...)

✧ You will find your cosmic self in this new place and begin to live there. For only in the consciousness of that massive, stellar identity can you imagine a love that is at once infinitely cradling, explosive and igniting; as creatively smoldering as it is awesome in its forgiveness and fertility, so charged and connected in the field of All Being that it can bear a cosmos as offspring, spin off thoughts as galaxies, live in us through All That Is and All Our Lives, as knowledge of a River of Many Lifetimes slowly approaches us with each breath.

*(The introduction to “**There’s a River into Lifetimes**” begins to play in the background. A sign appears.)*



**“There’s a River into
Lifetimes”**

✧ You have lived before and you will live again in many more hearts than you can count. You have been bound to males and females, to the consciousness civilizations which form planets and stars, to dimly understood mythologies that flow gently from the south of France to the dunes of Titan – these ancient throngs of heartbeats that you can never silence are buried in the deeper synaptic centers of your brains. Do you doubt it?

✧ You have lived as man and woman, you have lived as all races of the Earth and as the species of other planets, in this reality and in parallel realities which still bear the mark of your yearning. Fleeting glimpses of these alternate realities color your thoughts and whisper of endless identities. They will not remain hidden. They will haunt your dreams and forever echo in the cells of your souls. Do you doubt it?

✧ Somewhere, sometime, at night in dreams, in a moment of unspeakably pure love, the civilizations of beings of your past and future laugh softly with you, and in that moment of unknown joy you may glimpse the reality that is your own parallel universe.

✧ You will know it, because you will not want to wake up...



*(He walks far downstage looking into the audience. Long pause. He raises the laser pointer. **The sounds of a running river** are heard faintly.)*

✧ It is in the music of this love...in its sound...where you by-pass the limits of the physical and link directly into the vastness of space, the endlessness of lost experiences, into knowledge banks which have been overwritten with this historical hologram. Your hard drive was erased for a purpose. But the ghostly codes of this love remains forever in your hardware... *(He walks slowly to the edge of the stage watching the scene unfold.)*

*(The words of **“There’s a River into Lifetimes”** appear on screen as its themes begin to play. A Woman and Man sing and dance, miming the song to each other in a duet. All dancers/singers join to sing with them as the Chorus. The gnarled tree, now bearing green leaves, glows as they sing.)*

Music 8

“There’s a River into Life Times”

MAN
Can you see
The edge of me?
Can you be more beautiful
On the window sill of Time?

WOMAN
Between us are Centuries
That seem like a few years
Of memories
At the edge of love.
And when you say, “Hello,” that way,
I know you see the edge of me.

MAN
Are you free to feel divine?
Are you really beautiful
To the foggy touch of Time?

WOMAN

Between us are soft words
That last through a thousand fears,
Forgotten births and years.
Sometimes my friend, sometimes my love,
But we always long for the same sky above.

TOGETHER WITH ORON AND CHORUS

There's a River into lifetimes, coming closer this way
To the edge of what's forbidden, what I'm still afraid to say.
Oh, remember the River, remember me this way,
You'll remember forever what we look like today.

WOMAN

I know all the space of you.
I can see you're blue and free.
You're a boy, you're a girl, or you're me.

MAN

Between us are moments of passion and sympathy
Born to us like the day.

BOTH

I'm ready now to say, "Goodbye,"
And I don't even know why...

TOGETHER WITH ORON AND CHORUS

(Oron motions for the audience to sing along.)
There's a River into Lifetimes, coming closer this way
To the edge of what's forbidden, what I'm still afraid to say.
Oh, remember the River, remember me this way,
You'll remember forever what we look like today.
Oh, remember the River, remember me this way,
You'll remember forever what we look like today.



*(The two dancers pose in a still shot, frozen. The themes of "**There's a River into Lifetimes**" continue to play quietly and all of the dancers return and form tableaux as pictures of the cosmos are intertwined with pictures of loving human beings portrayed onscreen while Oron continues.)*

ORON:

✧ We can see the edges of this reality when we dream, inexplicably meeting beings who move us across galaxies. We fall in love deeply with the same person over and over as eons are etched in the sails of the soul. How is it that we do not recognize them, when today we meet again?



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✧ Who is this person that would make us whole? Have we joined them before in great adventures? In histories that explain us? The “Dance of Life” is a ballet of many steps, and we will go through them all, hopping across universes, times, and galaxies in the life of our dreams, as if they were Playgrounds of the Soul. For they are.

✧ In the end, it is here at the edge where we “play,” where we create parallel realities whose shadows creep into our visions of embrace and excite us to “play on.” A moment of laughter and music – and a new universe is ours. A moment of pure love – and a new individual is created where once we stood.

✧ We are truly actors on a stage that glows in the firmament of someone else’s parallel universe; we glisten in someone else’s heaven. In truth, the show must go on. The stage is set awaiting actors of courage to see what cannot be seen -- until we remove the resistance to lumination and we form the Light Shows of our Lives... For we are descended from Stars...

✧ When we are young, we know this... You will soon make friends with the part of your being who lives there.

(The pictures of the cosmos and stars, the glistening backdrop, glow in lights that play across the stage and the audience. The dancers pose in alternating, loving tableaux, extraterrestrial and human entities from many cultures in embrace.)



Courtesy NASA APOD

✧ And now I would like to introduce you to a Starr..

(He smiles broadly and lights glow around him, star dust falls from above. He raises his laser pointer and a new scene, a wooded glen appears.)

✧ In the beginning, we know all about the love and the magic and the majestic gleam of the universe. We expect it. We feel entitled to it. It is all about *us*. Over time, we question that. We aren’t sure that we’re entitled to it. In fact, we’re entirely sure that we are *not* entitled to it.

But somewhere deep inside, we remember that we are forever magical and unique and entitled to *everything* remarkable in the universe. How could it be otherwise? We are made of stars. They glow in us, and we glow in them.

◇ *(He bows.)* My friends, Starr Sapphire. Happily, there is a little Starr in each and every one of us...

(He walks downstage, sits on a stone, and watches with the audience as Starr Sapphire appears.)



**Act I
Scene 6
“A Starr in Love”**

On a screen, the picture of a beautiful star in the cosmos gradually fades into a picture of a bouncy, confident, and perky face of a beautiful 13 year old girl in a wooded glen of glowing flowers. On stage, she appears simultaneously alive in the wooded glen of glowing flowers – in both places at once. She has unearthly beauty, resembling a young Goddess. In the sky, a silver-blue Moon can be seen, glowing faintly.



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*Flowers flow through her hair, and she is draped with a flower lei. She is dressed in an ethereal blue dress – a fairy-like image. She wears a diamond tiara. We are sure that she wears a tiara every day. She assumes the world's love as her birthright. She appears to be arguing in good spirits with a handsome youth, a Young Man. While dancing lightly around him, flirting, she twirls a sparkling wand. When she taps him with it lightly, sparkles fall on him from above, and we hear the sound of **bells**.*



STARR: What do you mean, you don't love me? Preposterous! Of course you love me. Don't you *remember*? My name is Starr. Starr Sapphire. **Blue** Starr Sapphire.

And I am always loved. It's the way things are...

YOUNG MAN: Your name is Starr?

STARR: S-T-A-R-R. Starr. Of course. What's yours?

YOUNG MAN: I'm too young. I don't have one.

STARR: Nonsense. Everyone has a name.

YOUNG MAN: I'm different. I'm just a Young Man.

STARR: Well, that's easy. All Young Men are in love with me.

YOUNG MAN: Well, but I just met you. And you're so – overwhelming. I don't really know anything at all about girls. How could I possibly know if I love you?

STARR: *(The introduction from “A Starr in Love” begins to play.)* How can you possibly not love me!? I know the universe loves me. And I know the stars love me. I'm just like the stars, you know. And the stars are just like me – all shiny and serendipity.



(She touches the top of his head with her wand and it sparkles. A high chord of musical bells plays each time she touches him with the wand. Stars are shining brightly in the sky -- as well as in photographs on screens; photographs mirror the images that Starr describes in the song. The words of the song appear on a screen. In high pitched light voices, the Chorus of Stars accompany Starr as she sings.)

How could you possibly not love a young starlette in love...?

Music 10

“A Starr in Love”

STARR

I see... I see...
 A million stars. (CHORUS: A million stars...)
 A silver necklace universe.
 I see the edge of eternity
 In the adoring eyes of a galaxy
 In love with me... (CHORUS: In love with me...)
 I see a million suns.
 They sing a million love songs
 To me.... (CHORUS: Ooh ooh aaah aaah...)

When you're a Star
 The sky is free. (CHORUS: The sky is free...)
 There's no charge for
 The mystery.
 And when you're a Star
 The night is all heart.
 How could you possibly not be
 In love with me? (CHORUS: In love with me...)

I see... I see...
 A million hearts. (CHORUS: A million hearts...)
 I see their stops and starts.
 I see the universe in you.
 I see a comet coming through,
 But the glow I see is new... (CHORUS: The glow I see is new...)
 I see a million lives,
 I see a Star inside of you. (CHORUS: Ooh ooh aaah aaah...)

When you're a Star
 The sky is free. (CHORUS: The sky is free...)

There's no charge for
The mystery.
When you're a star
The moon is all blue.
How could I possibly not be
In love with you? (CHORUS: In love with you)

(The starry sky glistens as she taps him with her wand. The Young Man looks up wistfully toward the silvery blue Moon, where a faint image begins to emerge in the blue light. A ghost of things to come... Starr beckons to the Young Man to follow her and she leads him away, into the glen.)

*(Slowly, a breathtaking Goddess appears above the stage, her long hair and long flowing gown dripping stars... She appears to walk on air toward the shimmering crescent Moon which awaits her. She caresses it familiarly and it glows brighter. After a long moment, she takes her seat, smiling – as if it were a throne. The theme from “**She Sat on the Moon**” begins to play in the background.)*



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(Oron moves toward the Moon and reaches out his hand toward the Goddess in the distance. He makes a sign or mudra, and a light beam appears to radiate from his hand. She reaches her hand toward him, makes a sign, and a light beam appears to radiate from her hand. The two beams join. They remain, a silent tableau of deep telepathic connection, as the music plays.)

(Female dancers enter the stage as though through a slow moving liquid, drawn by the music. They begin to dance in a circle. The Goddess reaches toward the female dancers. Oron waves, drops his hand, and fades into the darkness.)

*(The female dancers in glowing costumes of Moonbeams form Moon-like shapes, representing the phases of the moon. They throw glowing leaves of many colors in the air toward the Goddess and the Moon. Blue spotlights play through the air, into the audience, and into their dance. They end the moment of **Moon Dance** in the semi-circle shape of a crescent Moon. They face the Moon and looking upward at it, pose in tableau.)*

(At the end, the dancers slowly curtsy to the Goddess and gradually fade, twirling into the darkness as leaves fall. They leave the stage. The Goddess shimmers faintly on the Moon.)

Oron walks center stage as Starr reappears at the top of the glen. They are looking up at the Moon and the Goddess. She reaches out her hand to them, but seems yet far away.)

STARR: Oh, Oron, I see her! How wonderful...

ORON: Yes, young Starr. *(Looking up and moving toward the Moon.)*

STARR: I want to be like that someday...sitting in the stars and glowing.

ORON: *(Smiling at her)* But you are already like that...

STARR: Oron, I'm so glad you're back. You always know who everyone is! *(She hugs him.)*

ORON: In truth, I seek most of all to know myself.

STARR: Oron, don't be serious! *(Lovingly)* There is so much light in your heart.

ORON: It is a heart that longs for a blue night... *(He looks upward. A blue light engulfs him.)* And you are right, of course, young citizen.

STARR: How wonderful blue you are! Like the sky...like the Night of All Light Beings... *(A pale blue background sky begins to appear, and the Goddess and the Moon begin to fade...)*

ORON: *(He looks up into the sky.)* An adventure awaits us.

STARR: Oh, I love adventures! My whole life is adventures! Isn't it wonderful!! *(She dances around the gnarled tree. And as she dances, the leaves of the tree grow greener and glow brightly shimmering and waving.)*

ORON: In truth it is. You remind me of a place far away, young Starr... Are you sure that you are ready for this adventure? It will not be a simple time.

STARR: *(She looks at him with serious eyes, suddenly adult; she seems to age before him. Long pause.)*

It is the only joy I know... (He takes her hand and together they leave the stage, looking up toward the Moon and the Goddess in their quest.)

(The curtain comes down.)



Intermission