

SAMPLE:

Lucifa
by
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Cast

Fool

Mary/Lucifa

Yahweh

Jesus

Adam

Eve

Passion

Wisdom

Constance

Dignity }

Grace

Doubt

Despair

Presenting: a variety of angels including Gabriel, an evangelist,
Judas and other disciples, as well as the Pharisees.

Ghosts

Notes

There are three fundamental ways this narrative develops: song, dialogue and monologue. Each of these is intended to illustrate different levels or aspects of the central characters and give them an opportunity to do their thing in different emotional settings and with varying degrees of realism.

The Fool acts as a storyteller and a facilitator. He/she 'resides' apart from the others in the play though he has access into their hearts, minds and stories.

The sections that begin "**The Argument:**" are of a separate nature as well. They are voiced by characters within the drama but the moment they utter "The Argument" they are speaking from a place of transcendence and isolation. They also speak directly to the audience.

The Passions are seven demons cast out of Mary. They are her emotions, her spiritual energy. They are what she brings to Yahweh's designs. Yet they are, in some sense, also self-sufficient and it isn't clear that they are ever subservient to her. As the work unfolds they often adopt characters and make presentations in order that she might gain knowledge. One may see this as Mary thinking about something while sad or despairing or, as I prefer, that Mary being sad constitutes her becoming the audience of despair, (or grace or dignity) and thus enabling them the opportunity to perform or communicate to her. The Passions also furnish live music for the production.

"Morning"

Music

Passion

In here tonight, it is dry and it is bright. Here all the men have golden eyes and the women have no eyes (they get an extra soul instead) and everyone has a shattered heart - broken and torn by a dusty shotgun blast. You hear it all the day long. With similar patterns and salty wounds, all gonna grow from the ground up - and side to side only when the rain blows that way. Everyone loves it here that's why we stay. But you ask, what can I tell you about love? Or the journey of the divine spirit? All of you, come into my show and believe what I say. Though in my house things get screwed up and are never quite what they seem, I deal in truth exclusively!

Fool

Only once in all of history past or future has such a place existed. Only once was there a Heaven filled with angels of all flavors. Imagine them now as they were first conceived; part musical instrument and part daisy in a white man-shape, sex neither male nor female, name and race in each case simply angel. Imagine them again as they began to change - to take on new tones and shades and hues, to shape themselves, to re-arrange, to begin each time, each figure, new. Creatures, without habits. Imagine. All here was well enough I guess; all occurred in easy lines. All began and continued in Unity. . . until one of them started singing. And the One, you see, was special. Not only because it sang, but because it was best loved by God. And because its Angelheart was bursting. Not by nature arrogant, obstinate, jealous or proud, all these became later label traits to amplify the trespass of an Angel who spoke out, loud. This lovely angel simply longed, as only angels are able to long. This light-bearer, light bringer, shifting shape of God's creation craved freedom - emancipation through the paradox of perfect service. For that is the nature of the Angel fully realized, to seize a single opportunity where eternity provides. In this spirit our great and gentle servant left its holy domicile and entered into the Abyss - to fill that well and to make that cause holy also. But let's start at the top, shall we? And why not call the angel, Mary?

Passion

*This young Harlot in Heaven
Created the world with his flute
And then he slipped and then he shifted
And then he held on and then he lifted
And left us up.
Because he loves his
Passion*

*This Godboy, this Mankind
You want a contest? He won it everytime
He took on emptiness, walled it out and in
He built a good thing
But he had to fill it with something.
Bring me light.
Turned to his right side.
Bring me light.
Because he loves his
Passion*

*He caught a criminal, made her normal life.
She came in mystery
He made her fine in fire.
He wanted Passion. He wanted Passion.
He wanted all the world so he could pass it on.*

[in heaven]

Yahweh

Oh sweet and genius glorious light, firing windows in your flight. Sent from soft sky grey clouds delicate and thorough, surrounding us, in emptiness. And filling us with constance. Standing tall in your wisdom and showering us with grace. You come clean in dignity after bathing in despair and doubt; you are my passion house, my partner in this bounty and meaningful you send and then come to me, bring to me all that I already have but cannot bring out of myself and therefore lack. You set me back, surrender me, and then set me straight and I create again.

Mary [enters during speech]

Thank you.

Fool

A whole finally emerged, a circle, broken in two parts which obviously belonged together though they were placed so as to touch, like two half circles, only at the mid-point of their circumference. It was a circle, whole, which became two separate parts without denying the mutual affinity of either. Yet as two, they did not exist as equal parties bound in this contract of geometry, but as an explosion of dreams and destinies which the boundries of Heaven were unable to contain. Truly it was this match made in Heaven that began the flames of hell.

[still in place]

Yahweh [to himself]

The angel stood behind me, firmly placed her hand on my shoulder - and pushed it through - translucent. Missed my heart by inches, just a little ways. She left me intact but dangling in a foggy mist and I was thankful for this - the visual, virtual, insulation made me feel thicker and more mysterious. And when she runs her bony fingers up and down my spine- from the inside- it keeps me serious.

Mary [to Yahweh]

So you are like a giant cloud to me. Encircle, enshrowd me, like a cloud. You could drop. You could let go a single drop of yourself and fall to me. So you are like a burst of clean fresh air on my crooked teeth. You could blaze into my rooms and freeze me.

Yahweh [turns to Mary]

We are the horizon - where the soil meets the sky - you and I. Together. [Yahweh exits]

Mary

I don't understand it all

I don't know how I got here

How I will go.

But this is what it's like

This is what I'm like, you want light and I glow.

Mary [cont.]

*So if you and I decide to walk home
Let's take the long road.
I'd love that time beside you
I'd love to let you go
And if you get there before me
Just wait outside in the dark
I'll be behind you making sparks*

*This is what I offer
I hope I don't cost too much
I know it don't pay to show.
And I don't mean to scare you none
But this is my begin, this is what I come to know*

*So if you and I decide to walk home
Let's take a long road.
I'd love to stand beside you
I'd love to watch you grow
And if you get done before me
You can look for me in the dark
You'll know me by my flaming parts*

*I showed up and come before you
And I'll try to wise up
And make commitments careful wins
But I'm afraid that day's before me
I got night vision, and it don't make no sense to men.*

*So if you and I decide to walk home
Let's take the wrong road
And if I get up ahead some, just be patient
The waiting's fun.
I'm an angel but I like to run.*

Mary [to herself]

This is Heaven. A calamity of choices. A combination of voices. All of them loud. All of them mixed and intertwined and indifferent for the most part most of the time. All sweeping and loping and rolling down hills into rivers and up into the sky lifting off of flat rocks and into my eyes. Sweeping. With lines like five year old trees that can still curve and become something else, they weave through fences and make you figure them out. They boggle your mind and make you quit before you're ready. I am like this - Heavenly, and unsteady.

Passion [enters during speech]

Just how I imagined.

Mary

I'm surprised to hear you say that; most people say the opposite.

Passion

I'm different.

Mary

I can see that.

[beat]

Passion

Who are you?

Mary

Who do you imagine I might be?

Passion

It's hard to say.

Mary

Yes it is.

Fool

At least a thousand years had passed since God squatted down and heaved and held off chaos, and Heaven was growing. Nothing ever stays the same but things were changing so darned fast . . . Yahweh gave orders and got older and most everyone listened and believed. But the best loved take the most love (and make it their own) and they don't come and they don't make it easy.

Mary

Excuse me but I think one of us is on fire.

Yahweh

Between you and us yawns the great chasm, and those like myself, who wish to pass over to you cannot, nor can any of you cross over to us. It's a difficult situation.

Mary

If you do not love me, tell me now before I set my heart on fire- before I throw my heart into the fire - before I leap into the fire.

Passion

My lovely passionate angel. I am your gasoline and you my flaming star. Leaping from branch to branch, like a demented squirrel covered in red and yellow from head to toe you shout, I cannot stand still! I cannot be consumed and no one can quench me!

Mary

Oh well, now I'm fine.

Yahweh [to Mary]

I love you.

Passion

The Argument: She told us of the miracle but not about the saint.

Yahweh

Let them write that before you enter you must knock. To find it you must look. To be given you must first ask for this - the core of my eternal work - and yet . . .
whosoever speaketh against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be forgiven him. Neither in this world, neither in the one to come.

Mary

Are you crazy?

Yahweh [thinking it over]

Who can say?

Mary

Right, how could we tell? You're the highest authority.

Yahweh

Stop it.

Mary

No. I won't stop. If you're not then I am - but like you said, who can say? And who cares?

Yahweh

I care.

Mary

It doesn't matter.

Yahweh

O.K. It doesn't matter.

Mary

Then it does matter.

[Passions enter from behind and around Mary. Unnoticed at first, they perform a sort of dance - their lines delivered quickly. Gradually they gain the attention of both Mary and Yahweh]

Wisdom

Is he crazy or isn't he?

Mary

Are you crazy?

Yahweh

I don't know. I don't know if I am or if I'm not, I can't be sure.

Passion

Is he crazy or isn't he?

Yahweh

What I do know is that if I am you aren't.

Grace

I like what he says.

Mary

That's for sure.

Passion

I like what she says.

Yahweh

I'm serious.

Mary

Oh please.

Grace

I like what he says.

Constance

I like what she says.

Yahweh

You're impossible. I mean what kind of angel are you?

Mary

What? What did you just say?

Despair

Pick a side.

Yahweh

I said that you were. . . impossible.

Dignity

Pick a side.

Mary

Why would you say such a thing?

Yahweh

Because I thought you needed to hear it.

Constance

And then shoot right down the middle of it.

Mary

You were wrong .

Yahweh

I was wrong. Don't look so surprised.

Wisdom

That's the only way it'll fit.

Yahweh

You'll get used to it.

Mary

I hope not.

Dignity

So pick a side

Passion

Pick a side

Yahweh

Enough! [Passions scatter and exit] One year.

Mary

What?

Yahweh

One year

Mary

You're silencing me?

Yahweh

One year

Mary

You can't do that.

Yahweh

Really? Who will you talk to? [he turns his back to her]

music

Mary [to herself]

The sun has lit my shady place. My cool shadowed underbelly exposed - that I, would I - expand. Hot upon my back and hands. Now heat my grasses brown and send me into the water. [beat] I long for the watery depths of sleep. I long to drift, then sink undisturbed - I long for the deep. The purpleness so smooth and calm - To sleep and never again to weep. Embalmed.

Yahweh

The Argument: Tropic, from the greek, signified change and turning

Mary [to Yahweh]

O husband, supreme of heavenly men, first, highest, holiest and best of them, you always seek to glorify me, and I always thee as is most just. This is my glorious account: I am exalted and delighted when you are well pleased. Your will fulfilled is all my bliss. And to you I gladly resign when in the end you should be all in all and I in thee forever. For in me is all that you love and all that you hate. And I put on my terror so that you may wear mildness. And I imagine you in all things. So I rid Heaven of those things rebellious and I prepared a home in Hell. Driven down in chains of darkness I maintain my just obedience and I revolt! I revolt so the saints may dwell unmixed with those impure - I fall separate - as you prefer, and with unfeigned hallelujahs to thee I sing high hymns of high praise, and I among them chief. Aleluia! To this spell of fire. I bind you unto me. Your love is mine, eternally.

Fool

The next day a blood red sun shone high in the sky angry, the peak of day, but bordered on all sides by the same dark storm. An east wind rose out in the desert and the breath of God blew and the world turned to black. And her, coming down out of Heaven like a comet, like a fallen star, like a bride adorned for her husband and in deed that's exactly what she was - How art thou fallen from Heaven O daughter of the morning?

[in hell]

Mary [with Passions, waking up after the Fall.]

A deep slip into the Sound

I struggled long

I settled in

Taught you to swim along with me

And it became a family

For you.

I set foot into the stone

Of your mountain

I looked across your brow

Into the fountain that began in me

And unearthed another fantasy

For you.

Mary/Passions:

I hope you know

I helped you sow what's broken

I hope you know

I wrote and read my own words

I hope you know

I hope you sense that something's up against

The wall the last time

I hope you think I'm violent

When I burn under your mistletoe and lie.

(I'm born alive)

For you.

[All drift back to sleep]

Fool

Here they slept, hearty and deep, until their hearts were full and their spirits rested. Here, where bright is as darkness, where glowing embers all throughout the room teach each other's light to counterfeit gloom, they dreamt.

Mary

But if I leave what will become of me? Am I a missionary? I think I am not. Am I an exile? I think I am not.

Constance [Out of Mary's sight but seen by the audience. Lines slightly overlapping]

Enforced removal or self imposed absence from one's native country.

Mary

Though I could be.

Constance

One who lives in exile, forced or voluntary.

Mary

Perhaps I am, an angel out of Heaven. An angel. . .

Grace

Immortal spiritual being, attendant of God. Guardian spirit, guiding influence.

Mary

Out of Heaven, what am I supposed to do? Many things in Heaven, but here, where none have been? . . . I would try to get back but I am certain that I cannot. If I remain who I am, which I surely will, then I will not return to Heaven.