

SCENE 1 EMERGENCY MEETING

(Overture: music commenting on videoclips and pictures showing mankind's suffering projected on a screen. God's musical voice slowly emerging (as a kind of main theme) and then, at the climax of the overture, awfully thundering with no underlying music. Sudden darkness and absolute silence fall on stage. Lights turn on the Angels Board of Directors meeting, several angels, including Gazardiel and Jophiel, are seated round a conference table, chairs turned to view the screen at back center stage. An administrative assistant, Bastianel, stands behind the others, eyes riveted to the screen.)

Gabriel--seated nearest the screen—rises slowly and turns to face the other angels. Trancelike, Gabriel channels God's thoughts in a kind of stream of consciousness.

The seated angels strain forward to hear Gabriel, disturbed about the content of the message.)

GABRIEL

Bleak, blind, murky earth
Doubing, doomed, desolate souls
Violent, malignant, warring spirits
withering wretched wasteland
distress...distress

(Gabriel's meditative state ends. He opens his eyes and lowers his hands to his side. Picking up a tablet/tablet computer from the table, Gabriel assumes a direct and very serious manner, scanning his notes then addressing the collective of angels. As he starts speaking Bastianel passes out copies of documents/tablet computers, sets cups/water on the table, straightens a few things and then begins taking notes, assuming the role of scribe.)

GABRIEL

As your CEA
I've called this emergency session
At God's request
As these images demonstrate
The Free Will Project
Has not met God's expectations
Famine and Fear
Terror and Greed
Their 'milestone' of a new century
Did nothing
To keep their eyes on eternity
And our merger with Globalism
Still nets a gain in devastations
God is firm
The deadline is now

We must act
Use our insight
And our influence
To help fix this creation
So I open the floor
To your propositions

GAZARDIEL *(rising to her feet)*

I think it's about time we show humans
Those ignorant little creatures
Let's give them a run for their money!
I'm talking about a serious punishment!
A good old fashioned punishment!
I'm talking about floods!
I'm talking about massive earthquakes!
Let's show them
They've seen nothing yet!

JOPHIEL *(still seated)*

Hate to say this
But isn't that kind of obvious?
That's pretty much
What's been going on lately...

(At this point Bastianel draws closer, setting aside her note-taking)

GAZARDIEL

You don't get it, do you?
Let's give them something
They can't misinterpret!
A fire rain or a Deluge
You get the picture.

JOPHIEL

Is chaos really the answer?
More fear?
More hate?
More pain, more suffering?

GAZARDIEL

All right, all right
You come up with something better.

JOPHIEL *(rising)*

How about this?
A new Messiah!

GAZARDIEL *(sitting down)*

Look what happened to the last one?

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JOPHIEL

But this time it's going to be different
Thanks to modern technology
Their methods can spread

The word faster, more purely
No riddles or parables or *whatever* they were
A Prophet who dies happily
...I like 'happily'

GABRIEL (*pausing briefly to consider, then shakes his head*)

This didn't work as God planned last time.
People divided instead of united.

And it's still getting worse day by day!

Really makes God look bad.

No, I'm afraid we can't risk it

GAZARDIEL

I'm just saying

Punishment!

JOPHIEL

Messiah!

GAZARDIEL (*standing back up*)

Punishment!

JOPHIEL

Messiah!

BASTANIEL (*hastily stepping up to the table between Gazardiel and Jophiel, facing Gabriel, she tentatively speaks*)

Excuse me!

I'm very sorry to interrupt

But I have an idea

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GAZARDIEL

But you are very small and insignificant

GABRIEL (*raising a hand to shush Gazardiel*)

We are running out of options here

Let the boy speak

(*Gazardiel and Jophiel sit back down, unimpressed*)

BASTIANEL (*moving around now, very animated*)

I mean what about

Instead of messengers

Who never fit in

We could send leaders

Who, instead of rejecting money and power

Adapt them, use them as the tools they are

To change big things, in bigger ways

Creative minds, genius of the past times

Look down into the Limbo (*she gestures towards the area between the 'heaven' and 'earth' sections of the stage*)

I'm sure there we will find the right Men

GAZARDIEL

So you think some sinner

Might fit better than

A pure angel of God?

JOPHIEL

That must be the craziest idea

I've heard in my life

GABRIEL

Be quiet, both of you!

Bastianel, I like your idea

It's crazy, I admit

(pausing as he considers it, Gabriel then speaks slowly)

But at least it's something new

Now who do you have in mind?

I want to hear some names

GAZARDIEL and JOPHIEL *(quickly, liking trying to be the first to hit the buzzer to answer a game show question)*

JFK! MLK!

GABRIEL

Wounds too fresh

ANGELS:

Attila the Hun? Napoleon?

GABRIEL

Too much blood

ANGELS:

Aristotle?

GABRIEL

Out of touch.

BASTIANEL

How about Oscar Wilde?

GABRIEL:

Now you're talking

He could both think and talk

JOPHIEL

Maybe tbanking

Could use a Bulldozer too?

Forward thinking

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GAZARDIEL

With a strong arm to push through

Politics, boundaries

Rules and traditions and feuds

GABRIEL

The taproot of disease--

BASTIANEL

could be cured-- and hunger too!!

GABRIEL

But who?

ANGELS

Leonardo

GABRIEL

No, we need someone to lead

Not just go their own way

BASTIANEL

Joan of Arc!

GABRIEL

Finally!

A fighter and a visionary

But I still feel we lack of something

Something more complex

Not easily put in words

BASTIANEL:

Maybe a composer, musician

To transform the world stage

But who's the greatest of them all?

(Pause. Gabriel and the angels exchange contemplative glances. Bastianel barely disguises disbelief.

Almost with a hum, Bastianel softly prompts with "M"

Gabriel and the angel unwittingly catch the spark of her thought and shout triumphantly in unison):

"MOZART!"

GABRIEL

Go! Gather them!

(all but Bastianel and Gabriel hurry offstage in a disorganized manner. Bastianel looks to Gabriel, trying to understand if she has a new role on this 'team'. Gabriel looks at her approvingly, and waves her off in the other's direction. He follows more slowly, weighted with worry)

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