

AS LITTLE CHILDREN

A Play in Three Acts

By

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AS LITTLE CHILDREN

Characters

PAZZI WAN - Human/Extraterrestrial
XANARA - Extraterrestrial
ZYADA - Extraterrestrial
NANNO - Extraterrestrial
YANA - Extraterrestrial
THE PRESIDENT
THE POPE
GENERAL STONE
MR. ROSS BORGMAN
DR. LEE STANTON

Act I

(Curtain opens to the interior of a space ship. Center stage is an examination table upon which is a nude human male, Pazzi Wan. Standing next to the table is Xanara, a female space being. Around the interior of the craft, tending to various duties, are three space beings, a male, Zyada, the leader holding a white staff; another male, Nanno; and another female, Yana. None are wearing clothes nor do they appear to have any body hair. Xanara appears to be playfully shaving the head and pubic area of Pazzi Wan.)

XANARA: *(After finishing shaving, to others in the room.)* I'm ready to bring him to. *(Others respond by coming over to the table as Pazzi Wan begins to stir. Pazzi Wan opens his eyes.)* We greet you, Pazzi Wan, welcome aboard the ship and welcome back home to your family once again.

PAZZI WAN: *(Looking around.)* Xanara, *(Pazzi Wan sits up as he greets Xanara, then stands and hugs and kisses her.)* Xanara, it's good to be back--to see you, to feel you. *(Hugs her again and strokes her.)*

XANARA: *(Arms still around Pazzi Wan.)* Our connection is strong, my twin soul, and our love is adding strength to the mission and to your planet Earth.

PAZZI WAN: I know it is, Xanara, but I'm so tired, so weary of Earth, and so glad to be back here.

(The others greet Pazzi Wan by touching palms at shoulder level.)

ZYADA: Welcome back once again, Pazzi Wan. Your light continues to shine bright, both here and on Earth.

PAZZI WAN: Thank you, Zyada, and I am grateful for your leadership.

YANA: You're doing well, Pazzi Wan. Your willingness and openness make my job so very easy.

PAZZI WAN: Yana, your love and wisdom and your dedication as a teacher and mentor make it a joy for me to serve.

NANNO: It's good to see you again, Pazzi Wan, and I want you to know how easy it is for all of us to work with you on this mission.

PAZZI WAN: Without your wise technical assistance, Nanno, none of this would be possible. *(To group.)* It's like waking up from a dream--each time I come back--to be here again-- *(To Xanara.)* To be with you again, *(Holds Xanara again)* to be with all of you again.

XANARA: We are together, always, Love, but on Earth you may only remember me in your dreams. *(Lovingly.)* But you are here with me now and I'm delighted.

PAZZI WAN: On Earth, when I'm awake, I sometimes sense a very loving presence, a connection with a lover, but I'm not always sure of it. Maybe it is you, though. But in my dreams I do see you and we make love, and when I wake up I feel a great sense of satisfaction and peace and love. But now I don't know which is the dream and which is real.

XANARA: There are dreams within dreams within dreams, Pazzi Wan, and we wake up from one to discover we are yet in another. We dream of being together and then of being separated and then of being together again--until we eventually awaken from the final dream and realize we are all one. So for now it seems that you have awakened, Pazzi Wan, and we are together as separate beings, yet, we are always together as one.

ZYADA: In a sense, you have awakened, Pazzi Wan. But you merely have left one illusion and entered another. All space-time worlds seem real, but they are merely shadows of other worlds. They are all illusions, but, shared illusions, that makes them seem so real. In this one, the added

significance of learning and serving together, makes it seem more real.

PAZZI WAN: It does seem more real here. I remember wanting to serve and volunteering for an Earth mission, and being assigned here with you--and I can remember Earth very clearly from here, and being so tired and discouraged, but, when I'm on Earth, the memory of here is no more than a vague sense of belonging to another world, to other people--and a sense of being on some sort of a mission.

NANNO: Yes, that's the way it is, as was agreed upon before you left on your Earth mission, Pazzi Wan. It is essential for your growth, as well as for the success of the mission, that you have no past memory of who you are or where you're from, that you work blind, so to speak. That gives you the opportunity to become totally involved with the indigenous population and all of its issues--and that is what makes you feel so very tired. But only when you understand humans from their point of view can you offer any assistance.

ZYADA: As you know, Pazzi Wan, we do not invade, rather we become one of them, totally, and only after we have lived their dysfunctional patterns are we qualified to help disarm them. And only a few of the masters who have visited the planet have done so retaining the knowledge of who they were--the Buddha, the Christ, and a few others. The rest of us--and there have been many of us from many places--have worked under this self-imposed amnesia. When your mission is reaching its final stages, however, you will begin to remember both worlds equally well, for then to complete your mission, your understanding of your higher selves from a higher perspective will be needed to give you added strength.

XANARA: *(After a brief serious pause, then cracking a smile)* So, how do you like your new hair cut?

PAZZI WAN: *(Gesturing to his head and pubic area and chuckling.)* Is this part of the mission--to be as smooth as a baby's butt, as they would say back on the ground? It does feel very comfortable and natural... I suppose this is your handy work, Xanara? *(Still chuckling and looking around group trying not to sound discouraged.)*

YANA: Well, even though it is part of your preparation, I thought I would let Xanara complete at least that part. *(Gesturing to pubic area and smiling.)*

PAZZI WAN: *(To Xanara.)* Did you enjoy yourself?

XANARA: *(Smiling.)* I surely did. It's a pleasure to add my personal touch to the mission.

PAZZI WAN. *(To all.)* But that can't be the reason you brought me back. could have done that myself, in fact, I don't know why but I remember thinking about doing it anyway.

YANA: Yes, than is one reason we brought you back--so that when you appear to them next

time, Pazzi Wan, they will sense that you are different from them--that you are perhaps from elsewhere. Your child-like appearance, along with your strong positive sense of intent, will convey your innocence and your sincerity, and you will have their undivided attention, and people will follow you.

XANARA: Besides, my love, it makes you look more like us--that's more of how you looked before you took on your humanity, remember? It's you! I rather like it. *(Stroking Pazzi Wan's head and pubic area.)* It feels so good. *(All laugh.)*

PAZZI WAN: Yes, it does. *(Turning serious.)* So, besides the haircut, what brings me back at this time? Are we accomplishing anything on this mission? What is it exactly that I, or we, are doing?

ZYADA: As you probably remember, we hadn't specifically defined the mission at the time you left, Pazzi Wan, we seldom do on such a mission. We simply see a problem and become available. In order to be of maximum use to the Divine Creator, we do not lock ourselves into plans or outcome, rather, we allow ourselves to be guided by the Great Will, Spirit, the Force, or whatever one wants to call it, and remain ready to respond to that Will and to seize the moment.

YANA: Your understanding of that principle is why you are so highly qualified for the mission, Pazzi Wan, and you have prepared yourself well; for your whole Earth life, from childhood on, has been a series of following instructions--such as going to a certain place and not knowing exactly why, or getting involved in certain activities, again not knowing why but just because you felt you had to. Your hobbies, your interests, even your so-called 'obsessions', your religion, your jobs--or not having one--and especially the people that you've known--none of this has been by accident nor has any of it been a mistake. It has all served as part of your learning and preparation for what it is you are about to be called on to do.

PAZZI WAN: I can remember, back there, always having a sense of being on a mission and the feeling that everything in my life has been part of that training, but recently, I've had an added sense of 'readiness' for something... but what, I can't imagine. I can't imagine humanity on the verge of a breakthrough toward spiritual enlightenment--not with the problems we've got back there. Surely you are aware of that from the Earth monitoring you've done, Nanno. I know the mission must have something to do with their enlightenment, but at this point I don't see much of that. In fact, at this point it may have more to do with their self-destruction. I wouldn't be too surprised if you decided to abort the whole project--but then you've already made references to my returning and having people follow me. I guess I don't see the whole picture yet.

XANARA: You sound more than a bit discouraged with humankind, Pazzi Wan. Before we explain our mission further, tell us, from your Earth perspective, what you see and how you feel.

(They pull up chairs. Xanara offers Pazzi Wan one but stirs nervously and chooses not to sit on his. Instead he gestures Xanara to sit on it which she does.)

PAZZI WAN: (*Pacing and obviously troubled.*) I hardly know where to begin. (*Pauses then continues.*) How is one to feel living as one of a race of beings whose religions teach their children to separate themselves from each other and be afraid of one another when all the children want is to be themselves and come together and play? How is one to feel when you see the children being taught competition and to how beat each other when all you want as a child is to see people get along and cooperate? How does that child grow up learning of compassion when all society ever shows him is pity. And what does that child learn of real love when he is surrounded by dependency and attachment?

(*Very emotional.*) I'll tell you about that child. That child grows up suffering, feeling alone and separated, and a loser, not knowing how to contribute to society--only taking from it--and not knowing how to give or to receive love. But not only is the child suffering, so are his parents, and grandparents, and great grandparents, and the whole planet, because they've all grown up the same way.

And so, no one knows who they are or what they are doing because they all are to afraid to question some arbitrary and artificial set of values that everyone knows isn't working. No one wants to say, "the Emperor has no clothes;" and if you tell them, "it's not working, " they tell you to shut up and label you as a misfit. (*Bursts out crying to Xanara.*) That's what I see back there and that's what I feel. (*Falling into her Xanara's arms.*)

XANARA (*To Pazzi Wan.*) Let me also tell you about that child, Pazzi Wan. That child knows oneness because it's in his being, and that child knows cooperation because he can feel it working at the level of his soul, and that child also knows the difference between compassion and pity and the difference between love and attachment and between love and dependency because love is the very essence of his spirit

And if that child says often enough that the Emperor has no clothes, they will begin to listen because everyone knows it's not working, and sooner or later they will have to acknowledge that fact. That child is you, Pazzi Wan, and that child is me, and that child is in everyone of them waiting to come out. All it takes is for one person to begin to live his truth, and then the effort will snowball, as you say back there. No matter how bad things seem to be, it is only a perception, and if one looks deeper, they can see change occurring at any moment, at all moments, this moment. You are that child, Pazzi Wan, because you feel the truth about them, or you wouldn't be speaking of it. And if you feel it, it is real. (*They hug.*)

ZYADA: You're right Pazzi Wan, their world is not working. But humankind or human nature is not to blame. Yet humankind, given a chance, can correct it, for goodness is at the core of every human being. (*Pause*) What you've seen and experienced, Pazzi Wan, in the dysfunctionality of the planet, are the remnants of a system of thought imposed on humans a long time ago by yet another race of beings. Nanno. (*Gesturing to Nanno.*)

NANNO: As you know, Pazzi Wan, we have been monitoring Earth long before the human race

existed. Humans are the handiwork of an ancient and somewhat technically advanced race of physical beings that traveled from the very fringes of the solar system looking for gold which they needed to save their atmosphere. They found it on Earth, and mining settlements, as well as spaceports, were established.

On Earth they also found a fairly advanced group of primates whose genetic material, they realized, combined with their own, could contribute to the creation of a new race of beings that could serve as workers, or slaves. During the developmental process, they also realized, though, that such a race of beings, capable of independent work, and possessing at least some degree of rational thinking, would have to be more than mere animal. They would have to contain spirit--as they themselves did.

They were successful in their project and mankind was the final result of this genetic tinkering. Historically it was written then, that man was thus "created" in the image of the gods. These spirit-contained beings were intelligent enough to work, to follow directions, and, to their dismay, they realized, capable of self-awareness which could ultimately lead to rebellion--something they could never allow to happen

A plan was thus implemented to keep humans in check. It was forbidden for humans to seek any true knowledge of their advanced *beingness*--their spirituality, that underlining part of us allows us to ultimately realize our oneness. When they sought such information, they were punished and certain privileges were taken away. Also, through a system of different languages and religions, and other imposed institutions as well, people were kept divided and separated, at war and in oppression. So, by keeping them in fear of each other, their attention was distracted and diverted from any attempt to seek true knowledge of themselves or their spiritual nature.

ZYADA: What you have witnessed on Earth, Pazzi Wan--the aggression and all other forms of fear--is the result of old thought patterns imposed on humans that they have found very hard to break. Notwithstanding, human kind has come a long way and they may indeed be on the verge of a breakthrough toward spiritual consciousness. We base this on our observations from here.
(*Gesturing to Nanno.*)

NANNO: Yes, we see at this time that the spiritual light surrounding the Earth is brighter than ever--a sign that things are shifting there, toward a higher consciousness. Groups other than ourselves have seen it too. I know the mood on Earth doesn't appear to be that way and there are many cynics back there who see no hope, but remember it's the cynics that often make the most noise while the true believers in humanity have no need to make any noise--they just keep working and believing. This definite shift is also evidenced by a great surge of interest in so-called 'new thought' and the esoteric as well as opposition to it--which can say just as much. Things are definitely looking up, so to speak.

PAZZI WAN: I'm certainly glad to hear that.

ZYADA: Our theory is that there has been enough work by enough individuals over such a long period of time that the critical mass is about to shift.

PAZZI WAN: The hundredth monkey phenomenon?

ZYADA: Exactly. We can definitely feel the energy of something about to shift, and all it may take is one more human--or someone living as human--taking a giant leap of faith, to lead to a break through. You know what we mean by that leap of faith--to try something new, no matter how outrageous it may seem? (*Pazzi Wan nods.*) And once the breakthrough, Pazzi Wan, they may be on their way. That's what we have been asked to do--and will accomplish--through a well calculated situation.

NANNO: One of the methods used to keep humankind oppressed has been to not ever let them feel good about themselves--in *any* way, at *any* level--body, mind or spirit. One of the first institutions imposed was directed at a point at the very basic level--their bodies, more specifically, their sexuality. It was intended--and they succeeded, we might add--in teaching them to feel shame, embarrassment and guilt about their bodies and their sexual practices. And this was accomplished very easily: They were simply given clothes to wear.

Very soon followed all the negative connotations they now associate with their bodies and with sex--the shame, the guilt, and all the rest--as well as the modern institutions that support and perpetuate these feelings, such as the fashion industry and Madison Avenue. Well you know all about that, Pazzi Wan. I don't have to go into it.

PAZZI WAN: Yeah, I sure do, I've spent half a lifetime working on my self-esteem issues alone and then trying to help others.

YANA: The point is, for humans to rise above their negative attitudes about themselves, for them to feel good about themselves, they must begin to accept, respect and celebrate their sexuality--beginning with their bodies; and all they need is a qualified someone, in the right situation, to lead them out of their shame. Once they've experience freedom from shame, and begin for the first time to feel good about themselves, they will want to experience release from the many other oppressive ideas which are holding them back. Then they will begin to be on their way to self-acceptance, which will lead to better working relations and personal relationships, which could easily lead to saving their planet. (*Nodding to Zyada that she is finished.*)

ZYADA: Timing is important in such a mission, Pazzi Wan. (*Nodding to Nanno.*)

NANNO: One of the conditions that has always broken down the artificial barriers that seem to separate people and bring them together, is crisis--or catastrophe. While shifts in individual consciousness often come as a result of insight or vision, crisis often remains the catalyst responsible for shifts in mass consciousness. At some future point in their growth, humans will begin to respond to their own vision, but so far little of that has occurred. In the meantime, crisis

will have to serve as the trigger.

ZYADA: Now, crisis is not to be thought of as our drug of choice, Pazzi Wan, used to cure a problem or to correct a situation--for we don't ever invade nor would we ever impose a crisis upon them or anyone--but we do often use what appears to be desperate conditions to inject a bit of "situational twist," if you would. A slight turn of events often brings new opportunities to the moment. We seize the moment to initiate the healing process.

NANNO: Earth environment is being destroyed, as you well know, by the materialistic attitude resulting from many millennia of artificial values imposed by their so-called creators. Although humans are realizing that their predicament is critical, because of their dysfunctional behavior patterns, they have been unable to break through and are accomplishing very little toward correcting it. But they are, never-the-less, still trying. *(Turning to monitor, Nanno points.)* Listen to the newscast just before we beamed you aboard.

(On monitor a news caster announces, "The President of the United States has convened a summit at the White House that is aimed at finding a solution to the world-wide environmental problems. Attending are the top world leaders in government, business, science, the military, and religion.)

ZYADA: These meetings may be an opportune time to add a little pinch of "situational twist" to the situation. Nanno is monitoring the situation and the meetings are about to convene. Our plan is to send a mother ship to Earth for the sole purpose of being seen. Now, usually when we send ships we keep them invisible. This time, however, we will make it visible but only to a select group--after all, we don't want mass panic. Those attending the meeting will be able to see it. This added element of surprise to the critical world situation will make the leaders more receptive to a change of thinking and behavior; and will set the stage for role you are to play.

PAZZI WAN: So what do I do?

ZYADA: As soon as the meetings start, you are going to be beamed back to Earth, and the ball will be rolling, so to speak. *(Nodding to Yana.)*

YANA: As before, Pazzi Wan, once you are returned, you will have no memory of this meeting or your life here until the mission reaches its final stages. Until then, you will work blind as before, following your intuition, showing up at the right place at the right time and seizing the moment. Your preparation is now completed and we have complete confidence in you. All you are to do is follow your inner voice.

PAZZI WAN: I'll do my best to do what I can do.

XANARA: We know you will, Love, and we've all been waiting for this opportunity for a long time. It seems the players are now all in place and your presence will be like a... well like the pizza

that everyone has been waiting for at a party... yeah, that's it, pizza. (*Stroking and kissing Pazzi Wan on his head as they both laugh.*)

ZYADA: After the mission you will have your choice of whether you want to return to the ship or stay and serve on Earth. Either place you will be much appreciated...

XANARA: (*Interrupting lovingly*) . . . and either way, we will be together.

PAZZI WAN: We really are one, aren't we? I hope I can remember that back there.

XANARA: You will. (*They kiss*) ... you will.

NANNO: (*Nanno is at the monitor screen when suddenly appears the President and the meeting at the White House.*) The meetings are beginning at this moment.

ZYADA: (*Facing Pazzi Wan with the usual greeting.*) The time has come, Pazzi Wan, the time has come: Go, and naked lead your people, for only in their nakedness will they shed their aggression.

(*Zyada hands Pazzi Wan the white staff, the others stand back while Pazzi Wan alone remains at center stage.*)

(*CURTAIN*)

Act II

(Curtain opens to a conference room in the White House. There is a side door and in the back of the room are French doors that lead outside. Through the glass doors can be seen the night sky. Around the conference table are the President--an African-American female; General Stone--a cross-dressed female; the Pope; Dr. Stanton--a gay scientist and Mr. Borgman--a business tycoon. Each is dressed distinctively. The President's outfit is very colorful and suggests African styles. The General is in full uniform. Mr. Borgman is impeccably dressed in a expensive suit, white shirt with French cuffs and tie. The Pope is in the customary robe and cap. Dr. Stanton is somewhat more casually dressed wearing a corduroy jacket with patches on the elbows, an almost-matching shirt and loose tie. Although there is an obvious age difference between the Pope and General Stone--the Pope being much older--there is a striking resemblance in their looks. A meeting is in progress and, in contrast to the scene on the spacecraft, the situation is very dysfunctional. The mood here is very tense and uncooperative. A frustrated President is addressing the group.)

PRESIDENT: *(Straightening beads, primping her hair or fussing occasionally with her clothing as she speaks.)* We have been at these meetings for over three days and I don't mind saying here, in front of you now, behind these closed doors, that I am more than a little disappointed and frustrated over the fact that we have not one thing to show for our efforts. I'm telling you this now, because it is the naked truth, so to speak. But tomorrow morning is a different story. Tomorrow morning, outside those doors will be flocked the most hungry reporters you or I have ever faced. What we say to them in our statement, may very well make or break my political career. So, I can't say to them that we haven't accomplished anything. So, between now and then, I hope we can come up with something that at least gives these meetings the appearance of success, or this whole summit idea may have been a miscalculated risk.

Now, I invited each of you here because you are the epitome of success, and in the minds of millions of people world-wide, stand for all that's good. Your participation in these meetings and our success will not only save the planet, but will also bring recognition to this administration--as well as your causes, and so I hope for the benefit of all of us, we could at least begin to solve some of these problems together.

Your Holiness, as Pope, you are the head of the most influential religious organization in the world and are considered the most recognized religious figure in the world today. Is there anything you would like to add to that? Or any thoughts?

POPE: Only, Madam President, that as the servant of Our Lord, I humbly serve in the footsteps of St. Peter upon whose rock His church was built.

PRESIDENT: General Stone, because of your brilliant military career, and your, shall we say, colorful personality, you are considered the most powerful and recognized military leader in the world today. Anything you want to add?

GENERAL: As Joan of Arc was called to lead her people, so too have I answered the call, and I might add, have taken some heat myself. (*Draws strange looks from the others particularly the Pope.*)

PRESIDENT: Dr. Stanton, as a result of your brilliant work in the fields of astronomy, mathematics and particularly because of your important discoveries in sexual preference genetics, you are considered to be the most creative and innovative and recognized scientist on the planet. Anything to add?

DR. STANTON: Only that my discovery of a gene that predisposes one to homosexuality will ultimately change how we view all of sexuality and relationships.

PRESIDENT: Mr. Borgman, your success in the bionics industry, particularly in the area of bionic organ replacement as well in business and industry world-wide, have brought you fame and the title of the wealthiest human on the planet. What do you wish to add?

MR. BORGMAN: With my bionic replacement organs, we no longer have to experience feeling less-than-whole. Now that we can actually improve on the human body, we can all feel more complete.

PRESIDENT: And as President of the United States, I am considered the most powerful and recognized government official in the world. I might add that I gained such recognition as a powerful leader among women and minorities.

Now, in my mind and in the minds of millions, we are it. There are no more powerful people than us. So does it not follow from all this that we should be able to accomplish something?

Now, just to put into perspective our situation on our planet, let me just run down a few of our major problems again in hopes that we might yet pick out something that we can solve:

DR. STANTON: (*Interrupting.*) Pardon, me Ma'am, excuse me for interrupting, but haven't we gone over your list often enough. As a scientist who is far ahead of his time in many areas, I simply cannot agree with what you and so-called experts think the problems are. Global warming, for instance--there is no substantiating evidence that it is...

MR. BORGMAN: Dr. Stanton, what kind of evidence do you need? I paid for studies that show...

DR. STANTON: Mr. Borgman, your studies, that you paid for, show exactly what you want them to show, namely, that other industries pump money into your industries to supposedly clean up their industries, when in fact you're the only one cleaning up--dollar-wise. Your studies have nothing to do with global warming.

MR. BORGMAN: (*Shouting.*) My studies, that I paid for, were conducted by independent research firms staffed by some of the greatest scientific minds available...

DR. STANTON: (*Standing and waving his arms*) ...Available to be bought. Why don't you hire real scientists with real credentials to do real studies...and pay them what you bought your flunkies with.

POPE: My children, we are shouting again and letting our anger speak our words rather than our hearts. I'm sure neither the saints nor God himself would approve of how we are conducting ourselves.

PRESIDENT: (*Frustrated but trying to be cordial.*) Thank you for the reminder, Your Holiness. I'm sure the saints wouldn't approve. (*Giving the appearance of admonishing Mr. Borgman and Dr. Stanton but showing deep frustration.*)

POPE: To receive God's blessings on our work, we must come from a holy place in our hearts, as if we are the saints themselves conducting business.

GENERAL: You are most correct, Your Holiness. Historically, the most successful generals have always patterned their lives and their strategies after the saints. We must fight our way through these problems with the courage of the early saints who fought for the victory of God's church.

POPE: (*Looking intently at the General.*) My dear child, we are not speaking of your Joan of Arc here. (*The General looks back as if the Pope struck a sore nerve.*) I am not speaking of fighting, I am speaking of not fighting. It is true that the fathers of the church fought courageously for her, but, here today, we must resist the urge to fight and come together in the spirit of peace and love and cooperation, perhaps most importantly, I might add, as an example to the church herself in her troubled times.

PRESIDENT: Thank you again, Your Holiness... (*Now showing extreme frustration.*)

GENERAL: Madam President, Your Holiness, gentlemen, as a successful military campaign leader, I believe I know what it takes to achieve an objective. The problems we are facing, here today in this room and around the world, require discipline and strong leadership. Those people responsible for creating the problems that we are having with our environment must not be handled with kid gloves. We must establish strict guidelines and regulations and we must be willing to go in and take over whenever and wherever needed to enforce them. We cannot lay down objectives and strategies and sit around waiting for the enemy to comply. We need to make sure that they do; and, might I suggest, Madam President, that we have the strongest military force in the world available during this peacetime, to engage in such a campaign? We can peacefully mount a successful campaign and achieve victory.

MR. BORGMAN: General Stone, with all due respect, (*Sarcastically*) Sir, in a system of free

enterprise, it is our freedom itself that makes the system what it is. We cannot go in and take over anything without destroying the very system itself, unless, of course, the government itself engages industry with lucrative contracts. If not, we could all lose our freedom. At all costs we must retain our freedom.

GENERAL: Of course we would include industry, Mr. Borgman. The military has always had a close relationship with industry. You scratch our back, we scratch yours...

MR. BORGMAN: Madam President, I suggest an expanded approach from that of our good general here. No doubt it will require substantial financial resources to clean up portions of the environment such as the atmosphere and the oceans, but through a system of business incentives, the free enterprise system itself can provide the means. If the businesses and industries that produce products and services, that directly influence the improvement of the environment were granted tax breaks and incentives, the job could easily be accomplished. And to maximize the effects of such incentives, the greater incentives would go to the companies that produce the greatest variety and the greatest number of products and services contributing to that effort. What I'm suggesting here is that the free enterprise system itself can be gently maneuvered into cleaning up our environment.

DR. STANTON: What you're suggesting, Mr. Borgman, is that you profit from the so-called cleanup of the environment; and frankly I find you and your kind to be the problem, rather than any part of a solution.

MR. BORGMAN: *(Standing up almost shouting.)* And I think, it's you and your sexual deviant kind, along with the rest of the over educated idiots, that are ruining...

DR. STANTON: *(Standing, pointing a finger at Mr. Borgman's groin area and shouting)* .. And you and your bionic penis are no more than an electronic sex machine.

PRESIDENT: *(Angry.)* Dr. Stanton and Mr. Borgman would you please refrain from personal insults. Let's act as the mature people we're suppose to be. *(Almost in desperation.)* Your Holiness, do you have anything that you can add here.. perhaps something that might have a calming effect on all of us?

GENERAL: Madam, President...

PRESIDENT: General, do you mind? I asked His Holiness...

GENERAL: I'm sorry, Ma'am.

POPE: We can take comfort in the fact that there were times when even our Lord was frustrated and became angry, such as the example of when he cursed the fig tree. But we must remember that he did so in the flesh, and it is our flesh that we must learn to resist for it is evil and corrupt

since the day that the woman ate of the apple and offered it to Adam...

PRESIDENT: (*Slightly sarcastic, showing even more frustration.*) Thank you, Your Holiness, that's a big help and we'll keep that in mind...

POPE: ... We are corrupt because our flesh is corrupt and do not deserve the kingdom or its fruits except by the grace of God...

PRESIDENT: (*Extremely frustrated.*) Thank you very much, Your Holiness, for your inspiring words, but I think we need to get back to the discussion at hand. Does anybody have anything really constructive, or practical, to say at this point?

POPE: (*Looking intent as if demanding respect.*) Madam President, historically the world has always fallen into sin and darkness when it has forgotten God's church. It is only through the grace of God that reigns through his bride the Church that we can accomplish anything. We must make our work His work--the work of the Church, if we are to gain success or salvation. Let your administration, my child, embrace the Church, in such a way that no president has done before, and you will reap the harvest of such a marriage.

PRESIDENT: With all respect, Your Holiness, I cannot, as a government official, form such ties with the Church. Our constitution is based on the separation of church and state. It's as simple as that.

DR. STANTON: We are all aware that it has always been during times when the Church has been the authority over the state that many of our great scientific minds have been persecuted and science has suffered its greatest setbacks. We are at an unprecedented place in history when science is not just a toy or luxury that can be regarded as expendable. At this time, we need science to insure us of a future. Science is our only hope of a future. The problems that we are facing can only be solved by science, and, more than ever, science must be given free reigns and unlimited resources. Our survival depends on it.

MR. BORGMAN: And I might add here, Dr. Stanton that science must always be coupled with business to give it direction. It is through marketing research, for instance, that we determine what kinds of scientific discoveries need to be made. The old saying, 'necessity is the mother of invention' still holds true...

PRESIDENT: (*With sarcasm and frustration.*) I'm going to interrupt here to say that with all due respect for all of you, we don't seem to be getting anywhere. Now it's getting late, we have a press conference in the morning and we need to come up with something for the press to sink their teeth into or they are going to eat me alive. (*With emphasized gestures.*) Now, there must be a better way to go about this than what we have been doing. Does anybody have any ideas?

GENERAL: (*After brief silence.*) Let's order pizza. (*Looks at the Pope who returns a look of*

surprise followed by a look of agreement.)

PRESIDENT: I'm sorry, General, what did you say?

GENERAL: I said, Madam President, let's order pizza. In the past, when I and my staff have been in strategy meetings and have reached an impasse, we've always ordered pizza. There's something about the American tradition of eating pizza that brings a sense of unity to a situation. I was going to suggest that earlier. Let's order pizza.

POPE: Yes, my child, it is a good idea as it has become a tradition that seems to bring God's children closer together, for it follows the example that our Lord himself set when he broke bread.

PRESIDENT: *(Throwing her hands up.)* What the hell, what do we have to lose? *(Reflecting more to herself than to others.)* I haven't had pizza since I was on the campaign trail. *(To group.)* Is everybody in agreement about pizza? Dr. Stanton?

DR. STANTON: *(Unimpressed with the idea.)* Sure, that's fine.

PRESIDENT: Mr. Borgman, is that alright with you?

MR. BORGMAN: *(Excited)* Yes, that's quite alright with me. In fact, I'd like to buy... if that's alright with you, Madam President.

PRESIDENT: *(A smirk while trying not to laugh.)* Sure, that's quite alright, Mr. Borgman. *(Humorously.)* General Stone, is there any particular kind of pizza that seems to work best?

GENERAL: If you wish, Madam President, I'll call in my usual order.

PRESIDENT: *(Shrugging her shoulders as if out of control and offering the General the phone.)* Go right ahead, be my guest.

GENERAL: *(Into phone.)* This is General Stone, would you get me Pazzi Wan the Pizza Man pizza across from the Pentagon, please. Thank you. *(Slight pause.)* Pazzi Wan.. this is General Stone... fine thank you. I'd like to order the usual...and send it to the White House please.. Thank you. *(Hangs up.)* It won't take long, it never does.

PRESIDENT: *(More to herself than anybody else.)* God, I hope we're doing the right thing. *(Trying to make small talk.)* So how long have you had this tradition, or ritual--I guess it's a ritual, isn't it, General Stone?

GENERAL: Yes, I'd say it's a ritual. Definitely a ritual. Oh, it goes way back, to my childhood I guess. My father and I used to order pizza and it was a special time together. But that was a long time ago. *(Reflecting and showing emotion.)* Later on, it just sort of became the thing to do when

we were all working late at night at the Pentagon.

PRESIDENT: And, Your Holiness, did I understand you correctly? Is this something that you have done in the past?

POPE: *(Very emotional, almost seems to be holding back tears.)* Yes, it most certainly is, Madam President. I have wonderful memories of eating pizza with a very special person. *(Looks fleetingly toward the General and then down as if remembering some very special event.)*

PRESIDENT: *(Sensing that something very emotional is going on with the Pope and also with the General.)* Well, this is probably the right thing to do then. *(Pausing, not knowing what to say next.)*

(Just then there is a knock on the door.)

PRESIDENT: *(Startled.)* Yes, come in.

(Xanara enters through the side door dressed as a maid, carrying a tray with coffee and cups.)

XANARA: Ma'am, I thought you might like coffee with your Pizza.

PRESIDENT: *(Seems a bit confused.)* How did you know we ordered pizza?.. And... I thought I knew all the staff. Do I know you?

XANARA: *(Very graciously sets the tray down and begins pouring coffee.)* Well, I'm fairly new here. My name is Xanara and I'm happy to be serving you, Ma'am.

PRESIDENT: *(Somewhat confused but trying to appear to be in control.)* Well, it's nice to have you here, Xanara. Xanara, that's such a pretty name. Where are you from?

(There is another knock at the door and before the President has a chance to respond, Pazzi Wan enters through the side door carrying several large pizza boxes and five large containers of drinks. He is dressed in a typical pizza delivery uniform. On the back of his shirt and on his cap are PAZZI WAN--PIZZA MAN).

PRESIDENT: *(Surprised and puzzled.)* Boy, that was quick! I'm surprised they let you in!

PAZZI WAN: *(Seeming shy but very polite.)* Would you like me to serve the pizza, Ma'am?

PRESIDENT: Sure, why don't you go right ahead, thank you.

(Xanara continues to pour coffee. Still seeming a bit shy, but with the grace of a fine waiter, Pazzi Wan places the boxes on the table, opens them and places a drink with a straw and a paper

napkin in front of each. While he is doing that, Mr. Borgman stands, reaches in his pocket and peels off a couple bills from a money clip and offers it to Pazzi Wan as he is finished serving. As he does, Pazzi Wan suddenly notices Xanara, who is now finished pouring coffee and standing next to the door. As Xanara smiles at him, Pazzi Wan momentarily seems to be entranced. After a few seconds his look of shyness disappears and is replaced by complete confidence as there is, obviously, recognition. Pazzi Wan gestures Mr. Borgman to keep the money as his eyes follow Xanara as she leaves through the side door.)

PAZZI WAN: *(Finally looking away from the door and with complete confidence.)* This is on me, Sir, Madam. *(Nodding first to Mr. Borgman and then to the President.)* Nice to see you again, General.

GENERAL: Thank you, Pazzi Wan. I'm sure we're going to find your pizza out of this world, as usual.

(Just then the room lights flicker and some very bright lights are seen coming from outside the French doors. All returns to normal within a few seconds.)

PRESIDENT: What the hell?

(Picks up phone.) What was that?

(Pause.) The lights flickering and the flashes outside. *(Pause.)* What do you mean you didn't see anything? *(Pause.)* Well check it out. Something happened...and let me know. *(Hangs up.)* Did all of you see that? *(They all nod including Pazzi Wan.)* Our security claims they didn't see anything.

(A short pause as they begin to serve pizza. Again the room lights briefly flicker and bright lights or flashes appear outside. The phone rings.)

PRESIDENT: Yes, *(Pause.)* What do you mean no one has seen anything? It just happened again. *(Pause.)* I'll hang on *(Nervously waits.)* ... No one has seen anything or anyone?... *(With exaggerated gestures.)* Well did anyone see Pazzi Wan the pizza man come in? *(Pause, puzzled.)* No one has seen anyone? Not even the pizza man? Well he's here and there's something going on and I want somebody on it. *(Puzzled and troubled, hangs up.)* That's strange, they claim no one has seen anything, not even the pizza man come... *(Just then the room lights go out and a bright beam of light is seen outside the doors. There is complete silence as they stare out the window, mesmerized, watching the light.)*

PRESIDENT: *(After a pause, getting up and speaking as if in a trance.)* Let's go...

(They all get up and led by the President, file out the French doors, following behind is a smiling Pazzi Wan.)

(CURTAIN)

Act III

(Curtain opens to the porch of the White House on which are several benches. Emerging out through the French doors is the group followed by Pazzi Wan. They stand on the porch looking out over the audience in the direction of the lights of the ship. They all seem to be shocked except Pazzi Wan, who remaining in the background, looks calm and matter-of-factly.)

PRESIDENT: What the hell?

POPE: 0, My God!

MR. BORGMAN: Jesus Christ! What the hell is it?

GENERAL: Holy shit!

DR. STANTON: It appears to be some sort of spacecraft.

POPE: 0, My God!

MR. BORGMAN: Shit, it's big!

GENERAL: Where the hell is the Pentagon? Are they sleeping? Let me call....

PRESIDENT: *(Interrupting.)* No, if our defense system is any good, they already know about it...
(Pausing.)

MR. BORGMAN: *(Showing signs of fear.)* And if they don't, Madam President?

DR. STANTON: Then...maybe it means no one else can see it.

POPE: 0, My God!

MR. BORGMAN: Jesus Christ, look at the size of that!

GENERAL: Ma'am, I'm calling the Pentagon anyway. Maybe we can nuke this thing.

PRESIDENT: No, wait

DR. STANTON: *(Sarcastically.)* General Stone, this thing is more powerful than any weapon you've got.

MR. BORGMAN: *(Having regained some composure.)* Boy, if we could buy some of that technology...

POPE: My children, I think we are seeing a vision.

GENERAL: Jesus Christ, that ain't no vision.

POPE: O, My God!

GENERAL: I gotta do something before we're all history.

PRESIDENT: Now hold on a minute, I'm in charge here...

DR. STANTON: Maybe it's friendly. Maybe they came to help us.

GENERAL: *(To President.)* Ma'am, I've never seen a friendly invasion.

PRESIDENT: I'm sure you haven't, General. But maybe this is different than any of your invasions. Let's just wait a minute.

POPE: *(Agreeing.)* Yes, maybe patience is the best thing here, my children... Maybe we should pray.

DR. STANTON: It could very well be here on a friendly mission. You know, like the science-fiction stories.

MR. BORGMAN: *(Disgustingly.)* Fiction... *(Suddenly interested.)* .but, you know, if you're right, maybe we can patent some of their technology and sell it to third world countries.

PRESIDENT: Nobody's doing anything just yet *(Pope looks at her questioning. President glancing at Pope quickly.)* Well, you can pray, of course, Your Holiness. *(To others.)* Look, it's not doing anything, so let's just wait.

DR. STANTON: It could be watching us to see what we're going to do first.

GENERAL: Yeah, the minute we move, we'll be vaporized or something. *(Showing signs of being scared.)*

POPE: *(Scared, to the General.)* Pray with me, my child.

GENERAL: *(Reacting in fear.)* Jesus Christ, would you quit calling me 'child'?

MR. BORGMAN: If we could cut a deal with them, that might be the solution to our problems.

PRESIDENT: Would all of you hush a minute!

DR. STANTON: Let's listen and see if we can hear anything.

(Silence in which everyone is indicating they hear nothing.)

PRESIDENT: OK, I'm not sure what the protocol is in this situation, but it's not doing anything and so I think we should approach it.. since we are the host, I think...

GENERAL: Madam President, I'm the only one with a military background here. I think I should go alone first.

PRESIDENT: *(Nods.)* Okay.

POPE: Be careful, I'll pray for you, my child. *(The Pope squeezes the General's hand but the General quickly pulls away trying not to be noticed.)*

PRESIDENT: Now remember, General, you represent all of humanity. Approach them in that spirit.

GENERAL: *(Facing the President, she salutes. President returns a less than hardy salute.)* Yes, Ma'am.

(She smartly does an about face and in her finest attempt at marching, heads towards the lights. Almost immediately she is driven back by bright lights, some sort of static or hissing and an invisible energy force.)

PRESIDENT: Are you alright?

GENERAL: *(Shaking.)* Jesus Christ, they're attacking! We need support called in.

PRESIDENT: *(All are shaking.)* No, I don't think they are attacking, General, but your approach didn't work.

POPE: Are you alright, my child?

GENERAL: *(Shaking.)* Yes, Father. I... I'm fine.

PRESIDENT: *(After a quick inquisitive glance at the General.)* Well, maybe I should try it. After all, it is my meeting they are interrupting ... or perhaps, have come to attend.

(The President primps her hair, straightens her hat and beads, makes sure her kaftan is straight and as if approaching the platform at a political rally, steps forward. Almost as quickly as the General, she is driven back. Visibly shaken but trying to maintain an image, she takes her place among the group and looking around as if wondering what to do next.)

PRESIDENT: Well, so much for my social graces.

POPE: *(Looking very pious.)* I think God has told me to go next.

MR. BORGMAN: If I can approach them with a good proposition, maybe we could form a partnership. I'm sure we have something they could use.

PRESIDENT: *(Ignoring the Pope and looking angrily at Mr. Borgman.)* Go ahead, see what you can do. You think your damn money can buy everything.

(Mr. Borgman straightens his coat and tie and starts forward like a salesman making a house call. He is driven back quicker than the President and remains silent.)

POPE: I think God has told me to go next.

PRESIDENT: *(Ignoring the Pope again, to Dr. Stanton.)* Do you think you remember how they did it in those science-fiction stories?

DR. STANTON: Well, if it is a friendly species and if they....

PRESIDENT: *(Interrupting.)* Never mind all that, just go! *(Dr. Stanton is turned back as quickly as anyone.)*

DR. STANTON: Maybe they think we're dangerous.

POPE: I think God has told...

GENERAL: *(Interrupting.)* Jesus Christ, Dad, then go... and represent all of humanity if you think you can. None of us have been able to do it.

PRESIDENT: *(Looking inquisitively at the Pope and General.)* General?

GENERAL: I'm sorry, Ma'am.

PRESIDENT: *(Warmly.)* Don't be sorry... ever!

GENERAL: *(Gratefully and in tears.)* Thank you, Ma'am.

POPE: Pray for me, my child, pray for me. *(Quickly hugs the General, crosses himself, clasps his hands in front of himself and slowly begins walking when the lights hit him.)* 0, My God!

GENERAL: You okay, Dad?

POPE: Yeah, I'm okay.

(They clasp hands.)

PRESIDENT: *(After a few seconds of dumbfounded silence.)* Well, we can try one more thing. Maybe we all need to be united and all approach this thing together. It's the only thing that we haven't tried. *(Pazzi Wan is seen slightly smiling and nodding to himself.)* Let's get in a line. *(They all straighten themselves and stand next to each other and there is some confusion as some try to lock arms.)*

GENERAL: You want me to call cadence here, Ma'am?

PRESIDENT: *(Looking in disbelief at the General.)* No, I don't think that will be necessary General... Are you all ready. OK, here we go. God, I hope this is what we're suppose to be doing. The whole planet might be depending on it.

(This time they get farther than before but are driven back. Drooping her head as the whole group appears to be defeated, and for the first time, a bit humble.) I don't know what else to do so let's just watch and see if anything is going to happen, and if any of you come up with any ideas, let me know.

(They all stand around nodding in agreement while looking out toward the ship.)

(From the background, not noticed at first, steps Pazzi Wan, walking slowly past the group toward the ship. When they finally notice him, the General wants to speak but the President motions for him to be silent. When Pazzi Wan is in front of and in full view of the group, in the general area of where the others were turned back, he stops, looks up for a few seconds and with confidence and assurance, begins to disrobe. He removes articles of clothing one at a time placing them in a neat pile on the ground.)

GENERAL: What the hell is he doing?

POPE: 0, My God...

MR. BORGMAN: Holy

DR. STANTON: What is it? Is it human?

PRESIDENT: Shhhhhhh!

(When he is fully undressed, he takes one or two steps closer toward the ship, stops and raises his arms toward the sky. The ship responds with a display of colored lights and sci-fi music. All eyes are drawn to the nude figure as if mesmerized. Pazzi Wan then turns toward the group and walks slowly back toward them. He stops slightly in front of the group and pauses before he addresses them. The group, now completely silent, is totally attentive.)

PAZZI WAN: All of your vain attempts to approach the ship, or to accomplish anything at these meetings for that matter, have failed because of your fears of each other. The walls you have built up between yourselves and your aggressive behavior prevent you from working together or even coming together. *(Stepping closer.)* To save your planet and yourselves, you must strip yourselves of your egos, your pride, your shame and arrogance, and all that you represent by your costumes, *(Gesturing at clothes.)* and you must come together as one, innocently and as eager as little children. Then you will accomplish what needs to be done.

(He pauses and lovingly walks among them looking at and touching each one which seems to have a calming effect on them.) Are you ready to rise above your fears, to tear down your walls, to shed your aggression and come together? *(Waits for response as they nod.)* Then come, follow me. *(After brief hesitation, each, slowly begins to disrobe. As they remove articles of clothing, Pazzi Wan, without saying a word, gestures for them to hand the clothing to him. He, in turn, places them on the ground next to his.)*

PRESIDENT: *(More to herself than to anyone as she removes her bra.)* God, I'm glad to get out of this. *(There is a little nervous laughter from the General.)*

(When they've all disrobed, they look toward Pazzi Wan as if for instructions. He begins to walk toward the ship. As if synchronized, they all join hands and follow him. As they reach the area where only Pazzi Wan had gone before, they let out little giggles of joy, as children who are completing a task for the first time. The lights fade to dark as they continue giggling as they apparently reach and enter the ship.

The lights stay off for a moment indicating a passage of time. When they slowly are brought up, the group is standing near the benches and Pazzi Wan, now holding the white staff with a nude Xanara at his side, is addressing them.)

PAZZI WAN: You cannot come with us at this time, for each of you have important work to do here; but you have been allowed to have this experience tonight, for you have torn down your walls and have shed your aggression. In your nakedness lies your strength. Now there is nothing that separates you. Go now, and return to lead your people, and live in peace as little children. *(Pazzi Wan and Xanara turn toward the ship and take two or three more steps, then turn back momentarily.)*

XANARA: *(Smiles and reassuringly adds.)* We are all one, and we are always with you, always. *(They face the ship, look up as the lights go out momentarily. When the lights come on, they are gone and so is the ship.)*

(The group, stunned, stare up in the sky in disbelief. After some silence, the President sits down on a bench and the rest follow.)

PRESIDENT: *(Somewhat confused.)* My God... Is this all real? Are we really all sitting here this way--naked? What happened? The last thing I remember is coming out here and seeing something strange--like a space ship or something. It all seems like a dream though. What time is it anyway?

GENERAL: *(Looking at her watch.)* It's zero one hundred hours--One o'clock! *(Surprised.)* It was about ten o'clock when the pizza was delivered--and then we came right outside--and we couldn't have been out here more than ten or fifteen minutes... That was three... almost three hours ago--something's weird.

PRESIDENT: If I hadn't seen it with my own eyes, I wouldn't believe it.

DR. STANTON: I knew those things had to be real. Now I know they are.

GENERAL: *(Speaking very calmly.)* Madam President, I have to admit for the first time in my life I don't feel in control.. but I don't feel scared or like I want to attack anyone either. I feel so peaceful.

PRESIDENT: I kind of know what you mean, General. This is been the most extraordinary thing I have ever seen.. or been part of... but, for some reason, I feel total peace. *(To the Pope.)* Your Holiness? Are you alright? Mr. Borgman?

POPE: Oh, yes...

MR. BORGMAN: Sure, I'm fine...

POPE: ... It feels like the love of God poured out to all of us through that man. He must have been sent by God Himself.

MR. BORGMAN: I feel humbled in such a way I can't describe. And I feel so incredibly peaceful.. like love, love for everybody.

PRESIDENT: *(Standing and wandering out on to lawn.)* I don't know what's going on here but I feel like a child...out here like this under the stars... And the pizza man--or who ever he is... and Xanara-- whoever they are--his words keep ringing through my head, "In your nakedness lies your strength." What I've always thought of as my appropriate sense of dress turns out to be

something I've been hiding behind, because I've always felt inferior. Standing here naked, I don't feel inferior, I feel equal with all of you. He was right, it is our strength.

DR. STANTON: (*Getting up and following.*) As a child, I had dreams where I was in a similar place as this... and always naked... and the dreams made me feel so happy and accepted, even though that's not how things were going on in my life at the time. But this time, it's no dream, it's real. I don't feel different or odd. I feel a part of everything.

MR. BORGMAN: (*The others follow.*) Here I'm standing among you with nothing on and... I feel complete, complete and rich in a way that I always been looking for. I don't feel any part of me needs improvement. I'm really okay.

GENERAL: Whatever this incredible sense of freedom is, I've never felt it before...and it didn't come by winning any battles. I see now that we never win anything by dressing up in our armor and going to battle. We actually lose something--this incredible sense of freedom that I feel right now.

POPE: I feel the spirit of God touched the spirit of man in this holy place tonight, and for the first time in my life, I feel no shame. Right now I have no shame for my flesh, only wonderful memories of the pleasure and love... and a daughter... it once gave me. My eyes have been opened.

PRESIDENT: I don't know what's going on, whether we were abducted or what--I have dream-like images in my head that we went someplace else or were someplace else, other than on this lawn--but, anyway, I'm sure it is no accident that we are here tonight, and are part of this strange event. We needed to be shaken out of our old ruts, our old thinking patterns. Here we are, powerful individuals, each having been chosen to lead our people, and have come together to solve a critical if not desperate situation; but because of our egos, we've accomplished nothing. We have our own agendas, we are so very different that we see each other as peculiar, and because we come from different places and different spaces, so to speak, we often see things very differently. But tonight it has been shown to us that none of that makes any difference, these are merely perceived differences, artificial barriers that we construct ourselves, that in effect sabotage our own progress.

Tonight we have seen that once our old thought patterns are lifted and the self-imposed barriers are removed--even in the simplest form, such as our clothing--we no longer feel the separateness or the differences. Oh, the differences may still be there but they no longer make a difference...Behind all of them we are all the same, we all want the same thing...to be loved. That's all. (*After short pause.*) And, you know, right now it feels more appropriate if, like children, we call each other by first names. I'm Tiy.

GENERAL: Okay, Tiy, call me Jo. (*Offers the President her hand and they all begin shaking hands as if meeting for the first time.*)

POPE: I guess you can call me Simon.

MR. BORGMAN: I'm Ross. DR. STANTON: And I'm Lee.

PRESIDENT: Well, I don't know what exactly we're supposed to do next. I was going to suggest that, after we gather our thoughts together... and our clothes (*Gesturing humorously to the pile of clothing.*), we all go back inside and get back to business with a fresh start, feeling the way we do and all; but you know, it's so pretty out here under the stars, so peaceful, so free, so right. What do you all say we just stay out here for a while, and take it all in and share in this moment. (*All agree*) Besides, I've been wanting to do this for a long time... come out here naked at night. (*Everyone laughs*) . And I guess I did ask for a better way of going about all this, didn't I? (*All laugh again.*)

DR. STANTON: I'll get the pizza. Someone want to give me a hand? (*He goes toward doors.*)

MR. BORGMAN: I'll help you, Lee. (*Follows.*) Want me to get the door for you?

DR. STANTON: Sure. Thanks, Ross, I appreciated that. (*Together, they go in.*)

PRESIDENT: (*To the General.*) That was a good idea to order pizza, Jo. (*All agree.*)

POPE: It's good to eat pizza with you again, angel. It's been a very long time.

GENERAL: It's been too long, Dad. From now on we're going to have regular strategy meetings. (*They laugh. The General spots Pazzi Wan's cap, picks it up, reads it, and then puts it on her head and looking back up to the sky.*) Pazzi Wan pizza man, huh?

POPE: No, Jo, my child, Pazzi Wan, miracle worker.

GENERAL: (*Chuckling and taking the hat off her head and putting it on the Pope's head as she puts her arm around the Pope.*) I couldn't agree with you more, Dad, I couldn't agree with you more.

(*Dr. Stanton and Mr. Borgman return with the pizza and drinks and place it on a bench as they all begin eating.*)

PRESIDENT: Let's just enjoy this here tonight, this miracle or whatever one wants to call it, and dedicate ourselves to tearing down our walls, and rededicate ourselves to serving our fellow man-
-in fact (*Gesturing to the cap on the Pope's head.*) all of God's creatures. And if we can do that, we can solve our problems and live in peace... (*Pausing before continuing.*) . . And as far as the press conference in the morning, I'm not sure how we're going to handle that, but I'm sure it will be good... And we're going to serve the reporters pizza. (*All laugh.*)

(They toast with their drinks and continue to eat pizza as the curtain closes.)

END