

PROLOGUE I

[An empty stage. Darkness. A spot-light in the middle of the stage appears. Enter the Author into the spotlight. Incidental music under.]

The Author

“Enter – The Author”

Ah, what genius does it take, creating such inspired writing such as that. Surprising, you contain your jealousy; No other writer touches greatness so (If you do not appreciate a touch of irony, we won't be friends for long!).

Imagine, if you will, that I'm a chorus; vestiges of Ancient Greece remain through ancient dramas played five hundred years ago, Elizabethans thought much less about the implications of convention: Thus arriveth present day pretention.

Consciousness of self is something brought to us by the Romantics of the Eighteen-Hundreds. And, apparently, they knew not of the holocaust of “isms” that they were unleashing (with the end result of things the world had never seen before).

Blame it, if you will, upon St. Thomas of Aquinas – Faith is but refinement of one's reason. Open up Pandora's Box and query an authority: a Renaissance is followed by a schism in the Faith, which then, in turn, will be followed by society more secular, political, but ev'ry bit unstable as before, until we reach the ramblings of Fred Nietzsche who then had them misappropriated by the leaders of the Third Reich. That's the penalty of writing something powerful but still not comprehensible to even those receiving academic education.

I pose a question: What then could be sweeter? Than a modern work completely in iambic pentameter?

But not always. That would be too trite. So

let us think a little of our craft, as robots follow slavishly a pattern. Dullards, too.

[She pauses, and looks behind her. A light appears, and we see Diane Forest sitting at her table working at her laptop computer. The Author turns to the audience.]

Before us lies the tale of Diane Forest, someone with a doctorate in literature, but like so many of her ilk, had difficulty finding suitable employment. Bearing not the fault of this herself, the universities decide to not replace the teachers who retire, while continuing to churn out students like a sausage factory. The end result is this: an educated populace which works in jobs that really are beneath them, educated for a workplace never really there, so schools can finance over-paid administrators, humbler folk are forced down even further, often winding up as homeless. Our protagonist, an issuance of circumstances not so humble, nonetheless, has need to earn a living just the same. And coupled with her need, she has a talent, singular and often quite profound. A little recognition has she gained, amidst a world which clamours for attention. Thus provides the conflict that's the basis for our plot. So tired is she of living in a way that's just subsisting, that temptation overwhelming does she see to bastardize her gifts in all directions. So why now and not before? Behold not here a tale of Icarus who plummets back to Earth. The Hubris she exhibits?

Not the type of one who climbs too high, but rather that of someone's reach which is too wide. This is no tale of pride, but rather, greed. Controlling one's desire is seldom at the fore of people's minds, and originating from the back of Buxtehude (as she does) – a place where finding those apprec'ative of the expression of those thoughts which lie so deep within our

soul – are precious rare (to put the phrase, politely), thus begins the churning of internal conflict. Desirous of appreciation, rarely satisfied with just the knowledge she alone possesses gifts which are unique in their inception and their execution; craving more, she starts to justify a life where money is the only value. Thus, we see the thrall: the craving which precipitates her fall.

[sings – while singing, enter The Good Angel, Richard, and Mephistopheles]

Acceptance, acceptance.

A point of view is set aside

A point of view you can't deride

[with Good Angel]

A dogma which one must abide

[with Richard]

A direction which you find will not guide.

Acceptance, *[ALL]* acceptance.

[Interchanging]

Challenge and you'll never win

[with Good Angel]

The end result will be chagrin

Self-esteem without but not within

[Richard & Mephistopheles]

Appreciation of oneself's a sin.

[Interchanging]

Our precepts, our maxims,

Have wizened, you see,

Yet they keep us imprisoned

To quite a degree.

[Mephistopheles]

Our world of reality

Can't be upset;

[Interchanging]

And thus more banality

Can't pose a threat.

[Interchanging]

Naivety's sort of a family heirloom

Passed on from year after year.

Each generation is sheltered from doom

So one thing seems perfectly clear:

[ALL]

We'll never have to return to the womb,

As we live in one – right here.

[Black out].

SCENE I

[Lights up. Diane Forest is typing at her computer. She rises, and walks towards the audience.]

Diane Forest *[music under]*

Unaccustomed as I am to rumination, seemingly arriving at the crossroads, and so tired as I am of working only as an editor for the company of “Crap and Trite” incorporated, earning not a princely sum (to put it mildly), I find myself now entertaining notions of commercializing what I do. And even though it goes against the grain of everything for which I've striven, nothing is a given. My opinion is that writing is exciting when expressing something deep within the soul, that rarely has a voice. Experiences which are universal often make the truest forms of art. The contemplation and recording of one's overwhelming difficulties which we suffer; living life as not a mere existence, rather, striving to perfect our selves amidst a world of imperfection. These are ways to manifest the truth, presenting our imagination so that fiction might appear as real. Write what you know. Having power over life, by harvesting the means to make a work of beauty - this indeed is losing all its potency to ever make me happy. Never finding work in the academy, I eke a living by re-constituting drivel written by a crowd so talentless they think a metaphor's a staple for your breakfast, lunch, and dinner, or possess no understanding of the word at all. Their ignorance, transparency, and lack of inspiration turns my stomach. Nonetheless, I see them making thousands, sometimes millions, from a treasure chest that never had a jewel within its walls.