



**MEET ME
IN MAROON**

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Meet Me in Maroon

A Musical Comedy

Prelude to Scene One.

The stage is in darkness. A short video clip is shown: Three strange, lovable-looking creatures appear. They are the Cosmic Psychics, space aliens, speaking a strange language, in a slow, gentle, sing-song:

Aliens: Maahooooon, maahooooon, me me imaahooooon!
Maahooooon, maahooooon, me me imaahooooon!

End video clip.

Scene One

Riverside Apartments in Koregaon Park, Pune. Shahid, a longtime sannyasin, is standing outside his front door, talking with Sanjay, a local agent.

Shahid: Okay, Sanjay. Here's 20,000 rupees commission, plus 20,000 for October.

Agent: Landlord wants three months' rent in advance: October, November, December.

Shahid: Yeah, well, you tell the landlord he'll get the rest of the money as soon as the leak in the toilet is repaired, the smell of mold disappears from the bedroom and the mosquito netting on the windows is fixed, okay?

Agent: Okay, I tell him. And rent for back room?

Shahid: Back room empty.

Agent: Maya no coming?

Shahid: Maya no coming.

Enter Prem a friend of Shahid, with a young man.

Prem: Shahid!

Shahid: Prem, what's up?

Prem: You're looking for someone for Maya's room?

Shahid: I'm not looking, but it's empty.

Prem: This is Billy. He needs a space.

Shahid: Hi.

Billy: Hi.

Shahid: One question. Do you play loud techno music until three in the morning?

Billy (*mock surprise*): How did you know? (*laughing*) Hey, just kidding. I'm cool.

Shahid: Fine. This is Sanjay. He's the agent. Why don't you take a look?

Agent and Billy leave. People start arriving with trunks and suitcases. They greet each other.

Shahid: Looks like everyone's coming back early this year.

Prem: It's amazing how we all manage to get it together, year after year.

Shahid: The annual miracle.

Song and dance. Choir comes on and begins to singing, and about half-way through a fully-costumed female chorus line, with black top hats, maroon silk jackets and black fishnet stockings comes on in a line and does a classic show-opening dance routine:

Another season, another show
It's time to wake up, it's time to grow,
To get enlightened, you never know,
Another season in maroon.

Another season, another chance,
Another reason to join the dance,
Another shot at a big romance
Another season in maroon.

AIDS test, gate pass, food pass, visa,
Discourse chair and take-out pizza.
Old robes, new robes, western shampoo,
Vitamins and no bugs thank you.

Another season, another show
It's time to wake up, it's time to grow,
To get enlightened, you never know,
Another season in maroon.

Another group just to dive in deep,
To tear your hair out, to laugh and weep,
To look inside at the Big Zero,
Another season in the maroon.

A visual joke follows: a longlist is produced with meditation clearly at the bottom:

Mattress, heater, chair and cushion,
Don't forget your primal session,

Europe's winter won't be missed,
Meditation's on my list.

Another season, another show
It's time to wake up, it's time to grow,
To get enlightened, you never know,
Another season in maroon.

After the song ends, people disperse. Prem and Shahid continue their conversation.

Prem: How come Maya's not coming back?

Shahid: Well, after we broke up she got this idea to travel the world, teaching Osho's meditations to aboriginal and tribal cultures.

Prem: No kidding?

Shahid: Last I heard she was in Central Africa.

Prem: Amazing. Anyone new in your life?

Shahid: Nope. I have a feeling this year's going to be very different for me.

Prem: How?

Shahid: I'm not going to get tied up in relationships. I want to keep it simple, get on with my work in the commune, go regularly to the Evening Meditation, without all this "how I feel because of what you did, after what we said..." you know what I mean?

Prem: Sounds good to me.

Enter two good-looking women, Isabel and Jezebel. Isabel is warm, friendly and natural. Jezebel is pale, withdrawn, other-worldly, but also attractive.

Isabel: Hi.

Shahid: Hello.

Prem: Hi.

Isabel: Is this Riverside Apartments?

Shahid: Yes.

Isabel: We're looking for B3.

Shahid: It's at the other end, on the left. Are you going to live there?

Isabel: Yes, you also live here?

Shahid: Yes, D2. I'm Shahid. This is Prem.

Isabel: I'm Isabel. This is Jezebel.

Shahid: Hi Jezebel.

Jezebel: Hello.

Isabel (*to Prem*): I've seen you before -- at the Welcome Center.

Prem: Right, you checked in with me.

Isabel: I start work there tomorrow.

Prem: Great. We can use the extra help.

Isabel: Okay, well, see you later.

Prem: Bye.

Shahid: Bye... (*after the women leave*) Are they cute or what?

Prem: What were you saying about an uncomplicated year?

Shahid: Make me a cup of coffee and I'll tell you all about it. This season is going to be a cruise...

Exit

Scene Two

The road to Jerusalem.

A group of Christian penitents shuffle on to the stage, carrying a large cross and signs saying 'The End Is Nigh', flogging themselves with whips.

1st Penitent: On, on, on to Jerusalem!

All: To Jerusalem!

1st Penitent (*to audience*): Repent! Repent in the name of the Lord!

All: Repent! Repent!

2nd Penitent (*to audience*): Prepare ye for the Judgment Day!

All: Repent! Repent!

3rd Penitent (*to audience*): Prepare for the hour is nigh!

All: Repent! Repent!

1st Penitent (*to audience*): Don't think that meditation is going to save you from burning in hell fire. Don't think you're going to be forgiven!

Song:

Don't Mess With God
He's coming, he's coming,
He's coming down to getcha.
Don't mess with God
He's coming, he's coming,
He's coming down to fetcha.

Don't mess around, he's coming down,
Don't try to hide, he'll whip your hide,
Don't hesitate, it's much too late,
To learn to pray, it's Judgment Day.
And soon you'll sigh and wonder why
You ever messed around with God!

Don't Mess With God
He's coming, he's coming,
He's coming down to getcha.
Don't mess with God
He's coming, he's coming,
He's coming down to fetcha.

If you've been good, done what you should,
He'll take you straight to heaven's gate.
If you have sinned, he'll throw you in
The flames of hell, oh listen well,
Or soon you'll sigh and wonder why
You ever messed around with God!

Suddenly there is a flash of light in the heavens above, like a falling star, and a roar like a big aircraft moving swiftly across the sky.

1st Penitent: A sign! The end is nigh!

2nd Penitent: To Jerusalem!

All: Jerusalem!

They rush off.

Scene Three

A café inside the commune. A line of people waiting for coffee. Isabel is on the end of the line.

Sannyasin (*behind counter*): Cappuccino or Espresso?

1st Person in line: Cappuccino.

Sannyasin: Sorry, the milk hasn't come yet.

1st Person: How long do I have to wait?

Sannyasin: Maybe five minutes.

1st Person: Okay, give me an espresso.

Shahid comes to the line behind Isabel and lightly puts an arm around her.

Shahid: Hi.

Isabel (*pleased to see him*): Oh... hello.

Shahid: Moved in yet?

Isabel: Almost. We're waiting for the painters to finish -- if they ever do.

Shahid: Yeah, I know how that can be. Look, I don't know if you're interested but I've got some stuff to get rid of -- a couple of shelves, a mattress, water heater, that kind of thing...

Isabel: You're moving out?

Shahid: No, I have a friend -- she's not coming back this year.

Isabel: When can I come?

Shahid: How about this afternoon, around 4:00?

Isabel: Can we make it a bit later? I don't finish at the Welcome Center until 4:15.

Shahid: Sure, I'll get some cookies. We can have tea together.

Isabel: Sounds good.

There is a flash of light in the sky and a roar (the same effects as happened in the pilgrims scene).

Isabel: What was that?

Shahid: Probably the Indian Air Force -- they have a base near here.

Sannyasin: It looked more like a big meteorite to me.

Another Sannyasin: Wouldn't you know, it's the end of the world -- and still no cappuccino!

General laughter.

Scene Four

The White House, Washington DC. President Adam Kozinsky is making a TV commercial for his re-election campaign. He is standing on a platform behind a group of female cheerleaders dressed in red, white and blue. His wife, Evelyn Kozinsky, is also in the room.

Cheer leaders:

Ko-zo, Ko-zi, Ko-za, Kozinsky!

Vote for the guy who's the best presidinsky!

Ko-zo, Ko-zi, Koz-za, Ko-zam!

Four more years for the smartest guy in town!

Kozinsky's gonna winsky

He's the guy for us,

Leaves the opposinsky

Trailing in the dust.

President (*deadpan, looking directly to camera*): Trust your president, trust Adam Kozinsky, trust the future of America.

Film-maker: Cut! Thanks Mr. President. It's in the can.

President: Thanks Brad. (*acting chummy to the cheer leaders and putting his arms around them*) And thank you, girls.

Girls (*giggly and impressed*): Thank you, Mr. President.

They begin to leave.

President (*calling after them*): Don't forget to vote for me, now, okay?

Girls: We sure will, Mr. President!

Evelyn Kozinsky: Honey, look, it's a postcard from Billy. (*but he's too busy admiring the girls to hear*). Adam?

President (*still looking after the girls*): Hmm?

Evelyn: From Billy..

President (*preoccupied*): Who?

Evelyn (*firmly*): Our son, for Chrissake!

President: Oh, right. Sorry Evelyn, I've got a lot on my mind right now.

Evelyn (*looking in the direction of the girls*): I bet you do.

President: Where is he, Bali?

Evelyn (*patiently*): No, Adam, Billy was in Bali last week. He's traveling in India now.

President: India? That's not a good idea. Strange things happen in India.

Evelyn: Oh, he'll be fine. I'm gonna write him. You want me to give him your love?

President: Just tell him not to smoke dope in Goa when the press is around, and don't join any weird spiritual cults until after election day.

There is a flash of light, a roar and a soft "boom!" noise.

President: What the hell was that?

Enter Monica, the president's middle-aged, homely, personal secretary.

Monica: It appears that a spaceship has landed on the White House Lawn, sir.

President: Yeah right. I love your sense of humor, Monica.

Monica: If you look through the window, sir...

President: Jesus! Is this some kind of stunt by the Republicans?

Evelyn: Monica tell security to check it out immediately.

President: Evelyn, it's my job to say things like that, I'm the president.

Evelyn: Okay, Adam, but do it quick. I don't like the look of that thing.

President: Monica, tell security to check it out immediately.

Monica: Yes sir.

A booming alien voice suddenly thunders through the room:

Alien: Hear me, earthlings! I am the new tenant. Be gone from this place or die! I, Van Goren the Vulcan, have spoken!

President: Er... Evelyn, which radio station were you listening to just then?

Evelyn: I wasn't listening to the radio, Adam.

President: I was afraid you'd say that.

Monica (*entering*): Sir, there is an alien to see you.

Evelyn (*fearful*): Oh my god, not the guy who just threatened to kill us!

President: This has to be a stunt. Someone's trying to screw me. Monica, tell the alien I'm busy, then have the secret service guys jump him.

Monica: I don't think that's going to work, sir.

President: Why the hell not?

Monica: All security personnel appear to be paralyzed, sir.

President (*panicking*): Jesus! Where's the Army? Where's the Marines? Where's the fucking Air Force when I need it?

Enter Zephyr, an alien, who is always somehow in motion, in some kind of dance, so that when Adam holds out his hand, and the alien does, too, in a gesture of friendship, it's actually some time before the handshakes happens.

Zephyr: Good afternoon.

President: Hi.

Evelyn: Hi there.

Zephyr: I'm on a mission from G-O-D.

President: G-O-D? You mean God?

Evelyn: You mean the Almighty, the Creator?

President: If so, then, hey, we're on the same side – we all worship God here on Planet Earth. No need for hostility.

Evelyn: Not everyone worships God, Adam.

President: Let's not split hairs at a time like this, Evelyn -- virtually everyone, everyone that matters, anyway.

Zephyr: I'm talking about G-O-D, Galactic Ownership Department. I'm the realty agent for the department's tourist division.

President: A realty agent? You've come here to sell real estate?

Zephyr: No, I've come to get it back.

Evelyn: Get what back?

Zephyr: The planet.

President: The whole planet?

Zephyr: That's correct.

President: Honey, do we have any aspirin handy? I have a major migraine coming on.

Evelyn (*ignoring Adam*): But it's our planet.

Zephyr (*handing over a contract*): Take a look at this (*they peer at it*). A standard, legally binding contract with G.O.D. Six-year lease, tourist planet. Tenant promises to leave the planet in the condition he found it and to vacate the property immediately upon expiry of the lease.

President: Tenant? But I don't understand, who's the tenant?

Zephyr: Check the signatures at the bottom.

Evelyn (*reading*): Adam and Eve. Oh my god, I don't believe this!

Zephyr: You're Adam, right? (*President nods dumbly*) You're Eve? (*She nods*) Well... your time is up.

Scene Five

The African Bush. Jungle sounds, followed by music of Kundalini Meditation (first stage). A group of natives come onto the stage, shaking. Enter Maya, former girlfriend of Shahid, dressed in a sexy bush outfit.

Maya: That's it. Just be loose and relaxed. Become the shaking. Very good.

They shake off-stage. Music fades. Maya sits down, brings out a letter that she is writing to Shahid.

Maya: Let's see, what have I written so far? (*reads aloud*) "Beloved Shahid, it's amazing how existence takes care. My money was stolen in London, but then I met an old lady on a bus, we started to talk and somehow this amazing energy connection happened between us. She said I reminded her of her long-lost daughter and I told her that I felt certain we'd been together in a past life. A couple of days later she invited me to fly with her to Kenya, and after two weeks a friend of hers took me on safari. He died when our car crashed into a rhinoceros and I was taken to a local village. The head man saw a photo of Osho in my backpack and asked me who he is. When I told him, he ordered the whole tribe to learn meditation. So you see, my feeling to do this kind of work was absolutely right. We are getting on very well with Kundalini..."

Natives come on-stage with sacred object.

Maya (*writing*): I have to stop now because the tribe is going to present me with a sacred object, in gratitude. Maybe I'll bring it to Pune with me when existence decides it's time for me to come. Love and a big hug, Maya.

Natives come on with a sacred object to present to Maya. Note: at the end of the show, at the climax, this object will be revealed to be part of 'the key', which will be recognized and assembled by Jezebel to save the planet. This part is a square, cut on one side with the 'keys' that turn in the lock. Meanwhile, the natives sing a song about the sacred object:

Came a long time ago,
Wid de wind and de snow,
De object-ject-ject.
Fell from de sky,

And we don't know de why,
De object-ject-ject.
Oooh, de object, de object-ject-ject, ject.
Kinda big, kinda round,
Kinda up, kinda down,
De object-ject-ject.
Kinda square, kinda fat,
And we like it like that,
De object-ject-ject.
Oooh, oooh, de object-ject-ject, ject.

Scene Six

Shahid's room in Riverside. Enter Shahid and Isabel.

Isabel: Shoes off?

Shahid: If you don't mind.

Isabel: Not at all (*looking out through the balcony*) Wow, what a gorgeous view!

Shahid: Yes, it's nice, isn't it?

Isabel: I had no idea the river could look so beautiful.

Shahid (*putting his arm around her*): Yeah, I had to wait five years for this room.

Isabel: But it was worth it, right?

Shahid (*seductively*): It is now.

Isabel (*playfully holding him off*): Er... you said something about tea?

Shahid: Right. Have a seat.

She relaxes in a cane chair, looking out over the river. He fetches some mugs.

Isabel: You know, I'm not sure about buying Maya's stuff. I may just want to get everything new.

Shahid: That's okay. Knowing her, she could change her mind and be back here tomorrow.

Isabel: Were you very much in love?

Shahid (*bringing two mugs*): We were having a good time... a while back. But... (*he gives her the tea and sits in a chair beside her, continuing his blend of playfulness and seductiveness*) ...well... you know how things go...(*holding her hand*)

Isabel: Do I?

Shahid: Well, for instance, you know when something's cooled off. (*leaning closer*) And you know when two people start to feel an energy connection...don't you?

Isabel: Yes, but Shahid, I think I ought to tell you. I haven't been a sannyasin very long.

Shahid: So?

Isabel: So maybe I'm not so fast to jump into things.

Shahid: (*teasing her playfully*) Into what, for instance?

Isabel (*enjoying but slightly embarrassed*): Like... er... well...

Shahid (*seductively*): Isabel, there's something I want to tell you.

Isabel (*nervous*): What?

Shahid: You're about to spill your tea.

Isabel (*laughing, now that the tension has broken*): You're dangerous, you know that?

Shahid: (*lightly caressing her arm*): That's the nicest thing I've heard all day.

Scene Seven

Oval Office, The White House.

President: Look, this is crazy. I didn't sign this lease.

Evelyn: And I didn't sign it, either.

President: You've got the wrong people.

Zephyr: This planet was only leased to two people. It must be you.

Evelyn: Nonsense. There are five billion people on this planet.

Zephyr: That's impossible.

Evelyn: You must have some advanced technology in that thing on our lawn -- why don't you check out the population for yourself?

Zephyr (*worried*): If this is true, you are in deep trouble.

President (*feeling a little more brave*): Oh yeah, with who?

Video clip (*the voice of the vampire is heard*): Hear me, earthlings! You test my patience too far! Be gone from this place or perish! I, Van Goren the Vulcan, have spoken!

Evelyn: I wish he'd stop saying that.

President: Who is that guy?

Zephyr: The new tenant.

Evelyn: Of this planet?

Zephyr: Right.

Evelyn: Where is he?

Zephyr: Waiting in the spaceship.

President: This is insane.

Monica (*entering*): Sir, the media want to know about the spaceship on the lawn.

President: I bet they do.

Evelyn: What are you going to tell them, Adam? That we've been invaded from Outer Space?

President: Oh sure, and if this turns out to be a stunt, I'll be the laughing stock of the world. I'll be the joke of the century.

Evelyn: I don't think it's a joke, Adam.

President: Okay, tell the press that we are investigating an unauthorized landing on the White House lawn, that security has the situation under control, and that I'll make a statement before their first edition deadlines. That should keep them off our backs for a couple of hours.

Monica: Yes, sir. Oh, Mr Alien, sir, I thought you might like to see this: it's a print out of the latest population statistics of Planet Earth.

Zephyr: This is ridiculous...five billion people on one planet!

Evelyn: You see? I told you.

Monica: This may also interest you. It's a timeline of the world's population growth during the past 6,000 years.

Zephyr: Thank you. Let me see. Hmm... Small beginnings and then massive population growth. Well, there's only one possible explanation.

President: Would you mind telling me what the hell is going on -- this is my office you know.

Zephyr: It seems there is a time warp factor affecting this planet. Apparently, one Cosmic Year is equal to 1,000 Earth years. So although this lease was signed only six Cosmic Years ago, in your reality 6,000 years have passed.

President: This gets more and more weird.

Evelyn: No Adam, it makes sense if you think of it in a biblical context. According to the Book of Genesis, Adam and Eve were created 6,000 years ago. Maybe the story has some truth in it. Monica Maybe Adam and Eve came here as tourists on a six-year lease, got caught in a time warp, grew old and died.

Zephyr: Leaving their descendants to breed like rabbits for 6,000 years.

Evelyn: You know about rabbits?

Zephyr (*with a small hip thrust*): I know about breeding.

President: Anyway, that settles it. As you can see, we're not the Adam and Eve who signed the lease, so we're clearly not responsible.

Zephyr: Responsible or not, you have to vacate this planet.

Evelyn: All of us?

Zephyr: All of you.

Evelyn: My god, how?

Zephyr: That's really not my problem.

President (*getting indignant*): You know, I'm getting a little tired of all this alien bullshit.

Evelyn: Adam, be careful!

President: Stay out of this, Evelyn. It's time for a little presidential muscle-flexing. As Commander in Chief of the armed forces of the world's most powerful country, I refuse to play any further part in this time-warp soap opera, and I order you and your fellow aliens to leave this planet immediately.

Zephyr: You refuse to cooperate?

President: Not only that. I'm telling you to get the hell off my turf.

Zephyr: You'll be sorry.

Exit.

Evelyn: I don't think that was a very good idea, Adam.

President: You're wrong, Evelyn. That was the first good idea I've had all day. Monica!

Monica: Yes, sir.

President: Get the Pentagon on the line. If that spaceship is not off my lawn in five minutes we're gonna kick some alien ass.

Scene Eight

Shahid's room in Riverside. Isabel and Shahid are embracing. She is about to leave. They are both happy.

Isabel: I really have to go now (*not trying too hard to leave*).

Shahid (*checking his watch*): Wow, look at the time.

Isabel: Your tea-time lasted almost to dinner time.

Shahid: Sorry I ran out of sugar.

Isabel: Your company was sweet. But I've got to get out of here if I'm going to make it to the Evening Meditation. Bye, Shahid.

Shahid: Bye Isabel.

Isabel leaves. Shahid moves around the room, humming happily to himself. There is a knock on the door. He opens it. Jezebel comes in. She is friendly but also business-like, as if on a mission.

Jezebel: Hi.

Shahid (*pleasantly surprised*): Hi.

Jezebel: Can come in?

Shahid: Yes, of course.

Jezebel: Shoes off?

Shahid: Er... right.

Jezebel: Beautiful view.

Shahid: Thank you.

Jezebel: Can I sit here?

Shahid: Sure.

She sits down, casually unbuttons the top of her blouse. Looks up, sees that Shahid has noticed, smiles.

Jezebel: It's a little hot in here, isn't it?

Shahid: It's definitely getting warmer. (*sitting down beside her*). Actually I was going to sit here for a while and er... meditate.

Jezebel (*shifts her chair closer to Shahid*): Let's get cozy.

Shahid: Fine with me.

They cuddle up to each other.

Jezebel: Shahid...

Shahid: Hmm?

Jezebel: You lead a group in the Commune, don't you?

Shahid: You know about that?

Jezebel: Yes, I saw a notice in the Multiversity Plaza. Something about a key...

Shahid: The full name of my group is The Inward Journey: The Key of Life.

Jezebel (*visibly moved by the name*): Yes, that's it. The Key of Life. (*Suddenly turning towards him*) Kiss me, Shahid.

Shahid: With pleasure.

As he leans forward to kiss her, Jezebel snaps her fingers, stares into his eyes, makes a few passes with her hands. She has sent him into a deep trance.

Jezebel (*in a soft, seductive voice*): You are in a deep, deep trance, Shahid.

Shahid (*hypnotized, soft, open, willing to do anything that Jezebel asks*): I am in a deep, deep trance.

Jezebel: You can trust me, Shahid, more than anyone in the world.

Shahid: Yes, Jezebel, I trust you. More than anyone in the world.

Jezebel: You will tell me everything, won't you, Shahid?

Shahid: Yes, Jezebel, I want tell you everything.

Jezebel: You would never lie to me, would you, Shahid?

Shahid (*as if hurt*): Oh no, Jezebel, that would be a terrible thing to do.

Jezebel: Good. Tell me about the key, Shahid.

Shahid: What key?

Jezebel: The Key of Life.

Shahid: That is the name of my group.

Jezebel: Yes, Shahid, I know. But where is it? Where is the actual key? Tell me Shahid.

Shahid: Meditation is the key.

Jezebel: Meditation? But the key... the real key.... Shahid are you hiding something from me?

Shahid: No, no. Please don't say that. It hurts just to hear you say it.

There is a knock on the door.

Isabel: Shahid?

Jezebel (*startled*): Oh no!

Shahid (*coming round slowly*): What's happening? I feel weird.

Another knock.

Isabel: Shahid?

Jezebel: Oh my god, this is a disaster.

Isabel: Jezebel.. are these your shoes out here? (*Louder knocks*). Jezebel? Shahid? What's going on?

Shahid (*blankly*): Who's at the door?

Jezebel runs to the door. Flings it open. Isabel enters, looking upset.

Jezebel: Isabel, it's not what you think (*she sees her own unbuttoned blouse, hastily tries to cover it*). I'm sorry!

Jezebel runs out.

Isabel (*forcibly, to Shahid*): You asshole!

She leaves.

Shahid (*rubbing his head*): Ooooh my poor head!

Scene Nine

The White House

Lights flashing. Explosions, then silence.

Monica comes in and gives a report to President Adam Kozinsky.

President (*reading in shock*): Am I to understand that the vampire has wiped out the whole city of Chicago?

Monica: Not the city, sir, the people. The buildings are undamaged, but approximately five million have been exterminated.

President: How?

Monica: No one knows, sir. They just keeled over and died.

President: Everyone? The White Sox baseball team? The Chicago Bears? The Bulls... Michael Jordan?

Monica: All gone, sir.

Evelyn: Oprah Winfrey, too?

Monica: Yes, ma'am.

President: Jesus! Why couldn't they have killed the population of a Republican City? How the hell am I supposed to get re-elected without Chicago?

Evelyn: Adam, that's hardly important. This a national tragedy.

President: What about our attack on the spaceship?

Monica: The Air Force could make no impression on the spaceship with cannon, rockets, lasers or bombs, sir.

Evelyn (*looking out the window*): But they did manage to destroy the Rose Garden, I see.

President: And half of Pennsylvania Avenue by the look of it.

Monica: Yes sir. Some of the pilots got a little excited. It's not every day they get to shoot at aliens.

Enter Zephyr and aliens.

Zephyr: Shall we talk?

President: Do you realize you have killed five million living beings?

Zephyr: Not me, the new tenant. He was getting impatient with you.

Evelyn: Van Goren the Vulcan.

Zephyr: Right.

President: How'd he do it -- wipe out so many people like that?

Zephyr: He's a space vampire. He sucked their energy.

President: A space vampire? This has to be a nightmare... I'm going to wake up any second.

Evelyn (*to Zephyr*): You said "shall we talk?" Does that mean you want to negotiate, make a deal?

President: Evelyn, we're not making deals with space vampires.

Evelyn: Adam, if he's indestructible and can wipe out a major city without stepping outside his spaceship, I really don't see that we have any choice.

Zephyr: Your wife is intelligent, Mr. Kozinsky. If you'd listened to her earlier, you could have saved Chicago.

President (*pause, then gives in*): Okay, okay, what's on your mind?

Zephyr: The new tenant wants to move in, right?

President: Right.

Zephyr: And you have five billion people you need to relocate, right?

President: Right.

Zephyr: And that's impossible, right?

Evelyn: Right.

Zephyr: So I propose a deal. You ask the new tenant to wait one more galactic year before moving in. That gives you 1,000 Earth years to get this planet back to its original shape -- with no cities, no pollution -- and reduce the population down to two people again.

Evelyn: Well, we could probably clean up the pollution, but I doubt if we'd manage to get the population down to two people, even in a thousand years.

President: Honey, come over here a moment. (*in a low voice*): Listen, it doesn't matter whether we can really do it. If we get a 1,000 year extension we're off the hook! I can announce that I've saved the world and get re-elected -- who the hell cares what happens in a 1,000 years, anyway?

Evelyn: Really, Adam, sometimes your political mind appalls me. But in a way you're right; anything is better than mass annihilation at the hands of a space vampire.

Zephyr: However, there is a slight problem.

President: Which is?

Zephyr: Van Goren the Vulcan will never agree to extending your lease.

President: Great. So why are you suggesting it?

Zephyr: Because you can force him to agree.

President: How?

Zephyr: You can refuse to give him the key, then he will have no choice.

President: Key?

Evelyn: What key?

Zephyr (dramatically): The Key of Life!

Scene Ten

Northern Alaska. Music from third stage of Dynamic Meditation. A group of Eskimos come on, jumping, hands in the air, shouting "Hoo! Hoo! Hoo!" They are clad only in furry hoods (around their faces) and Eskimo underwear.

Maya: That's it! Keeping jumping. Only another five minutes. Give it your total energy.

They jump off-stage. Maya sits down, continuing a letter to Shahid.

Maya: Now let's see... where was I? (*reads*) "Beloved Shahid. Hello to you from Northern Alaska. I am with the Eskimos. They are beautiful people and I am teaching them Dynamic Meditation. They like it very much, and it helps to keep them warm. I'd like to tell you how I got here, but it's a long story..."

Eskimos come on with sacred object. This is also part of the key that will be assembled by Jezebel in the final scene. This part is the key's handle.

Maya (*writing*): ...I've got to finish this now because the Eskimos are about to present me with a sacred object in gratitude. It looks like I'll be coming back to Pune sooner than I expected. Hugs and a big kiss. Your loving friend, Maya.

Eskimos present sacred object to Maya.

Scene Eleven

Osho Commune. A morning keep-fit yoga class. Isabel and her friend Radhika are participating. They do stretches with the whole class, and gossip as they do so.

Class Leader: One and two, stretch and back, and together...

Isabel: So, where was I?

Radhika: You were knocking on the door...

Isabel: Right. So finally the door opens and it's Jezebel, half-undressed, looking scared to death. She runs out and Shahid is sitting there, looking guilty as hell, saying he can't remember a thing. I mean, can you believe it?

Radhika: Isabel, that guy is a jerk. You're just another victim on the path of a ladykiller. Forget about him.

Isabel: It's not so easy.

Radhika: You're stuck on him?

Isabel: I don't know. It's all happening so fast.

Radhika: Too fast.

Isabel: Maybe, but I get this feeling that something deep can happen between us...and it's ages since I had a decent relationship.

Radhika: Forget it, Isabel. It's not going to happen with him.

Isabel: I just don't want to spend the rest of my thirties in deep meditation.

Radhika (*laughing*): Don't worry, you won't.

The class ends.

Class leader: Okay, that's it for this morning. See you again on Monday.

Isabel and Radhika pick up their things, getting ready to leave.

Radhika: See you later, sweetie (*they hug*).

Isabel: Bye.

Exit Radhika. Isabel remains onstage and sings a romantic song:

Isabel:
It's not that I expect a perfect man
Just someone who will love me
For the woman that I am.
It's not that I am caught up in a dream,
Waiting for a king
Who will proclaim me as his queen.
It's just a longing for love,
A longing for love,
A feeling of belonging, a longing for love.
It's just a cry from the heart,
A cry from the heart,
Waiting for this love affair to start...

Enter Shahid.

Shahid: Hi Isabel.

Isabel (*trying to avoid connecting*): I was just leaving.

Shahid: Can I talk with you for a few minutes?

Isabel hesitates.

Shahid: I'm sorry about yesterday. I could try and explain, but really... it's very confusing and kind of weird.

Isabel (*hesitantly*): It's okay...I mean, we only had tea. I just thought that... She is my roommate, you know.

Shahid: I know. Look, can we take a walk, maybe around the park?

Isabel hesitates, then nods. They go off, hand in hand.

Scene Twelve

The White House. The president and his wife are waiting nervously for the arrival of Van Goren the Vulcan.

Zephyr: He's coming.

President (*nervously*): Okay. You realize that if this doesn't work I'm going to be sucked dry like an empty Coke can?

Zephyr: Just stand your ground. You'll be okay.

Enters dancers dressed in Dracula style capes. They dance a vampire dance to the following song. Towards the end, they manage an illusion so that Van Goren dramatically appears in the middle of the dancers.

From the deepest pit of night,
From the dawn before the light,
From the fallen angel's flight,
Now comes the vampire.
From the vale of death and doom
From the dark side of the moon
You know it now that you knew too soon
Now comes, now comes, now comes the vampire.

Suck, suck, suck,
Face it, guys, you're out of luck,
Suck, suck, suck,
Face it, guys, you're out of luck,
Shout it out! Without a doubt,
Look out! Look out!
Here comes, here comes, here comes the vampire!

From the endless realms of space,
From the universal waste,

From the time before the human race.
Now comes the vampire.
From the endless starry sky,
From the where before the why,
You can hear this universal cry
Now comes, now comes, now comes the vampire.

At the end of the dance, Van Goren looks at the earthlings.

Vampire: I have spoken twice already. Be gone from this place!

President (*scared but determined*): Mr. Van Goren, we have a slight problem. We can't leave right now. There are too many of us.

Vampire: You leave! You leave now!

President: We can't. We need one more Cosmic Year to tidy up the planet.

Vampire: No way! No year! You stay, you die!

President: We no die. We have key... Key of Life. We no give key to you.

Vampire (*threatening*): Raaagh! You give! You give key now!

President: No, Mr. Van Goren. We keep key one more year.

Vampire: Raaaagh!

President (*defiantly roars back*): Raaaagh!

Van Goren stretches his arms out towards the president and makes a pulling motion, as if sucking the man's energy. The president feels his own energy disappearing and starts to crumple.

Evelyn (*intervening to save her husband*): If you kill him you'll never get the key.

Van Goren exits in a fury.

President (*recovering and frightened*): Has he gone?

Zephyr: Yes. I think it worked.

President: You do, why?

Zephyr: You're still alive.

Evelyn: It seems too easy, Zephyr -- can I call you Zephyr?

Zephyr: Yes, of course, Evelyn.

Evelyn: How come Van Goren gave in?

Zephyr: He has no choice. You see, without the key, this planet will automatically destroy itself upon expiry of the lease. It's a built-in feature of every tourist planet.

President (*sarcastically*): Of course, a self-destructing tourist planet. That makes perfect sense -- like everything else around here.

Evelyn: Adam, be patient. We've got to figure this out.

President: You're right, honey, I'm sorry. Just getting a little stressed-out playing Star Wars with space vampires.

Evelyn: So, Zephyr, while we've got the key we're safe -- at least for 1,000 years?

Zephyr: Not exactly.

Evelyn: What do you mean?

Zephyr: You don't have the key, do you?

Evelyn: No, of course not.

Zephyr: That's what I thought. You've lost it. It could be anywhere.

Evelyn: It's probably buried along with Adam and Eve, wherever they are.

President: So, what's the problem?

Zephyr: The key needs to be turned as the lease expires, and you can turn it only with a special password. If this does not happen...

President: Let me guess... the planet self-destructs.

Zephyr: Correct.

President: And when did you say the lease run out?

Zephyr: In 24 hours -- one Earth day.

President: That's great. First we're doomed. Then we're saved. Now we're doomed again.

Evelyn: But you're the realty agent. Don't you have a copy of the key?

Zephyr: One planet, one key. It's always been like that.

Monica: Sir, the press wants to know why Pennsylvania Avenue has been destroyed.

President: Tell them... Jesus... what the hell am I going to tell them?

Evelyn: Tell them the truth for Chrissake.

President: I just don't want to look like an idiot.

Evelyn: Adam, the whole population of Chicago has been annihilated. You're surely not still considering the possibility that this is a political stunt by the Republicans?

President: I guess not. Okay, Monica, tell them I'm going live on national TV in ten minutes. I'll do it from the Oval office.

Monica: Yes sir.

Zephyr: So... that about wraps up my visit. You don't have the key. You don't have the password. There are 24 hours left before the planet destroys itself. I might as well leave with Van Goren and head back to G.O.D.

President: Er, Zephyr, can you take us with you?

Zephyr: Who?

President: Me and Evelyn, just for a little ride... say, for a couple of days?

Evelyn: Adam, you're not running out on this planet?

President: I'm just being practical. What's the point of staying, if we can't save it?

Zephyr: Sorry, can't be done. It's against regulations. Well, it's be an interesting experience...

Monica comes in with a piece of Zephyr's spaceship. She shows it to the alien.

Monica: Mr Alien, sir, this just fell off your spaceship.

President (*smiling*): Well, it seems the air strike had some impact after all.

Zephyr (*turning to the president*): This is unfortunate. It will take some time to repair.

President: Like, how long?

Zephyr: About three Earth days.

Evelyn: So you're stuck here, too, until the world ends.

Zephyr: So it seems.

President (*brightening up*): Somehow this feels good to me, in a bizarre kind of way. Some kind of cosmic justice at work. Zephyr, welcome to life on Planet Earth. It's going to be a short stay but a sweet one. Maybe you'd like to come on TV with me and meet the American people... step right this way.

Exit.

Scene Thirteen

Outside Jerusalem. The Christian penitents are doing the Osho Prayer Meditation, raising their arms up and wide to receive cosmic energy. Maya is standing next to them, holding their large cross. This cross will form the shaft of the key and the other two objects will slide onto it in the final scene, forming a large, complete key.

Maya (*encouragingly*): That's it. Receive the energy through your whole body. Now slowly bend down and give it to the Earth. Do it seven times.

She sits down, gets out letter to Shahid.

Maya: Where did I get to? (*reading aloud what she has written so far*) "Beloved Shahid, I was flying on Kuwait Airways to Mumbai when the plane developed engine trouble and had to make an emergency landing in Jerusalem. I met this rather strange group of Christian pilgrims and taught them the Osho Prayer Meditation. Now they have given me their cross as an expression of gratitude. I really don't know how I'm going to get all this stuff into Arjun's taxi..." (*writing*): I have to go now, the plane is leaving in an hour, see you soon, love, Maya.

Scene Fourteen

Osho Commune. Night-time. Enter Jezebel, slowly, as if sleep-walking with eyes open. She comes to center stage. The voice of Van Goren is heard.

Vampire: I, Van Goren the Vulcan have called you.

Jezebel: Yes, Van Goren. You call, I come.

Vampire: You are the slave of my will.

Jezebel: Yes, Van Goren, I am your slave.

Vampire: You must find the key...the Key of Life!

Jezebel: Yes, Van Goren.

Vampire: Bring it to me! Then I can destroy these wretched humans and take this planet.

Jezebel: Yes Van Goren, I will try.

Vampire (*rising in volume and anger*): You will not try! You will do it! I Van Goren the Vulcan have spoken!

Jezebel (*staggering under some mysterious energy onslaught*): Yes, yes! Van Goren, please stop... aaah!

Collapses. Enter Shahid, walking home. Sees Jezebel's body. He runs over to her.

Shahid: Jezebel! What happened?

Jezebel (*faintly*): Help me, Shahid.

He holds her protectively in his arms.

Shahid: Yes, of course, but how?

Jezebel: Help me find it, before it's too late.

Shahid: Find what?

Jezebel: The key. The Key of Life.

Stroking her head.

Shahid: Sure, we'll find it, take it easy, Jezebel.

Enter Isabel, walking home, sees them.

Isabel: I don't believe this! Shahid, how could you?

Shahid: But she fainted...

Isabel: After everything you said! You asshole!

She rushes off. Jezebel faints.

Shahid *(to Jezebel)*: The trouble is, Jezebel, she's right. I'm beginning to fall in love with you *(kisses her gently on the forehead)* This is one hell of a start to the season.

Scene Fifteen

The White House. Evelyn is onstage. The president walks in, followed by the alien and Monica.

President: That went pretty well, don't you think? What's my public approval rating, Monica?

Monica: 55 percent approval for you and 75 percent for the alien, sir.

President: That's great! Hey Zephyr, maybe I can put you on my re-election ticket as vice-president *(laughs)*. *(To Evelyn)* Honey, we're ten points ahead of the Republicans. If we can lick this doomsday thing we're home free.

Evelyn: Adam, we've got to find the key.

President: Right, but how? It could be anywhere, under the ocean, beneath the Great Pyramid of Egypt -- anywhere.

Evelyn: What does the key look like, Zephyr?

Zephyr: I've never seen it.

President: Okay, but roughly... I mean, are we looking for something as big as the Great Wall of China, or as small as a computer chip?

Zephyr: All keys are unique. There is no pattern.

President: Great. Shall we shoot ourselves now, or wait for the Big Kiss Off?

Evelyn: There must be something we can do... *(to Zephyr)* or you can do.

Zephyr: One thing might help, but it's long shot.

President: A long shot is better than no shot.

Zephyr: We can consult the Cosmic Psychics.

Evelyn: How do you do that?

Zephyr *(exhibiting his hand-held computer)*: It's easy. I can log-in from here.

Evelyn: Shall we explain the problem to them, or will you?

Zephyr *(patiently and slightly patronizing)*: You don't *explain* anything. They already *know* your problem. That's why they're called psychics. You just log in, watch and listen.

President: Okay, let's do it.

Zephyr punches a code into his hand-held computer. Video clip is shown of the three cosmic psychics, identical to the one that opened the show.

Cosmic Psychics:

Maahooooon, maahoon, me me imaahoon!

Maahooooon, maahoon, me me imaahoon!

End video clip.

President *(after a pause)*: That's it?

Zephyr: That's it.

President: Maahoon, maahoon, me me imaahoon?

Evelyn: Not much to go on, is it?

Zephyr: I told you, it's a long shot.

Enter Monica.

Monica: Madam, a letter for you.

Evelyn: Thank you, Monica. Adam, it's from Billy in India.

President: Honey, we need your full attention right now.

Evelyn (*angrily*): No, goddamit, I'm gonna read this letter from my son. After all, it may be the last time I hear from him.

She opens the letter, while the President and Zephyr continue to discuss the psychics' message.

President (*to Zephyr*): Maahoon, maahoon. Sounds like moon. Do you think the key could be on the moon?

Zephyr: I doubt it. According to you records, nobody went there until 1969.

Evelyn: Hi mom, hi dad, you'll never guess where I am. I met some great young people on the beach in Goa and they invited me to their meditation community in Pune. They wear these funny robes, which feels a bit strange at first, but when you get used to it, you feel great. Check out the pictures. Don't I look good...?

President: Maahoon... Maybe it's 'marooned.' Maybe Adam and Eve went on a boat trip and got marooned on some island.

Evelyn: I'm hoping you and dad can come and visit me in Pune after the election is over. Don't forget to bring a robe. Meet me in maroon.

President: Maybe it means... What? What did you just say, Evelyn?

Evelyn: Meet me in maroon.

President: That's it! Maroon! Maroon! Meet me in maroon! What have you got there?

Evelyn (*annoyed*): For Chrissake Adam, it's Billy. It's a letter from Billy -- your son -- in India.

President: Of course. Let me see that.

He grabs the letter. Evelyn looks inside the envelope and brings out pictures.

President: Meet me in maroon! What does he mean by that?

Evelyn: Look at this. See? He's wearing a robe.

President: A maroon robe.

Evelyn: Right.

Zephyr: It seems that the Cosmic Psychics and your son Billy want us to go to Pune.

Evelyn: I think that's a very good idea.

President: There's not enough time.

Evelyn: Yes, there is. We can take Air Force One and be there in 16 hours.

President: Honey, I can't fly off to India to visit a hippie son in some bizarre cult -- the Republicans will cream me.

Evelyn: Fine. Stay here and wait for the Big Bang. I'm leaving.

Zephyr: I think we'd all better go.

President (*pause*): I guess you're right. What about Van Goren?

Zephyr: I'm sure he'll want to come.

Monica: What shall I tell the journalists, sir?

President: Tell them... (standing tall and looking proud) Tell them that the Earth is in grave danger from an apocalyptic calamity, and that President Adam Kozinsky is flying to India on a mission from G-O-D to save it.

Monica: Yes sir.

Evelyn: You never under-sell yourself, do you Adam?

President: There's no need. If we save the planet, I'll be bigger than every president since Abraham Lincoln. And if we fail, well, there's not gonna be anyone around to complain, is there?

Scene Sixteen

Osho Commune. A T'ai Chi class is in progress. Shahid is participating, so is Billy, the president's son. They are standing next to each other.

Class leader: Okay, let's go through the whole Dragon Form. Take it slowly and stay connected with your hara.

The class begins a series of slow movements. Shahid and Billy talk while moving.

Billy: Shahid...

Shahid (*lost in thought*): Hmm? Oh, hi Billy.

Billy: Can I share something personal with you?

Shahid: You can try. I'm pretty fucked up, right now.

Billy: It's kind of urgent.

Shahid: Okay, shoot.

Billy: I know it sounds absurd, but I happen to be the son of the President of the United States.

Shahid (*taking an interest, but still focusing on the Tai Chi movements*): No kidding?

Billy: Yep.

Shahid: Where are your bodyguards?

Billy: I gave them the slip in Goa.

Shahid: Have you told anybody you're here, like the press office for example?

Billy: No. I wanted to be anonymous.

Shahid: Fair enough. So why tell me?

Billy (*taking a fax out of his pocket, while still doing the movements*): I got a strange fax from my mom. She says she's on her way here with my father -- to the Osho Commune.

Shahid: Unbelievable.

Billy: No. That's the believable part. *Now* it gets unbelievable...

Shahid: I'm listening.

Billy: She says she's bringing an alien and a space vampire with her, and they're looking for a missing key that can save the world from destroying itself by tomorrow lunch time.

Shahid: Interesting. And she's not writing from a lunatic asylum?

Billy (*showing the fax to Shahid, but still doing Tai Chi*): From the White House.

Shahid (*smiling*): Different kind of lunatic asylum.

Billy: Right. And she says: "Billy, this is very, very important: if you know anything about the Key of Life, let me know as soon as I get there."

Shahid: She says that? (*taking the fax and looking at it, while still moving*): She actually says "Key of Life"?

Billy (*pointing to the phrase*): Right there.

Shahid (*stops suddenly*): Come on, Billy, we've got to find Jezebel.

Exit.

Scene Seventeen

The Welcome Center. President Kozinsky is being guided through the reception procedure with Evelyn. Prem and Isabel are part of the Welcome Center team.

Prem: If you'll wait over here, Mr. Kozinsky, we'll have you registered in just a few minutes.

President: Thank you. When can we go inside the commune?

Prem: Very soon. Just relax.

President: Relax? The planet's going to blow up in less than...*(checks his watch)*...30 minutes and I'm supposed to relax?

Evelyn *(to Prem)*: Can you find Billy for me?

Prem: Someone's gone to fetch him. Have a seat.

Enter Van Goren with Zephyr.

Van Goren *(spreading his arms wide, sucking air in deeply through his mouth)*: Energy! Gooooood energy!

President *(sarcastically)*: Didn't you get enough in Chicago?

Van Goren: That was like polluted water. *(another deep breath)* This is like champagne.

Zephyr *(to President and Evelyn)*: I notice that Van Goren can suck energy here and nothing happens to the sannyasins. It's as if they have access to an unlimited source.

Evelyn: Thank god, or we'd all be shrunken corpses by now.

Enter Billy.

Billy: Hi mom, hi dad.

Evelyn *(hugging him)*: Billy, I'm so glad to see you.

President *(shakes his hand)*: Hi Billy. Did you get our fax?

Billy: Yes.

President: Any luck in finding the key?

Billy: Nothing specific, but we're following a lead.

Evelyn: We've only got a few minutes left.

Billy: I know, we're working on it.

Enter Shahid.

Shahid: Billy! I just met Jezebel. She says she's found it.

Van Goren: Where?

President: Let's go!

Shahid: Follow me.

President: Hurry!

Exit all, except Prem and Isabel. Isabel is about to follow, but Prem calls her back.

Prem: Isabel?

Isabel: Yes, Prem?

Prem: I know this is an odd moment to say it, but maybe it's my only chance... *(takes her hand)* I've been watching you go through it...with Shahid, I mean.

Isabel: You know about that?

Prem: Sure. This place is a goldfish bowl. You can't keep your love-life secret in Pune.

Isabel *(laughing)*: That's true.

Prem: I just want to tell you that I think you're very attractive and I'd like to have dinner with you tonight -- if tonight ever happens.

Isabel *(smiling)*: That's the most unusual invitation I've ever had. But isn't Shahid your best friend? Won't he be upset?

Prem: I have the feeling that... I don't want to hurt you Isabel, but he seems to be more interested in Jezebel.

Isabel: Yes, I think you're right. Okay, Prem, thanks, I'd love to have dinner with you tonight.

Prem: Shall we join the others?

Isabel: Together, to the end of the world!

Prem: Or dinner, whichever happens first!

Scene Eighteen

Mariam Canteen. A few tables situated around the commune's water-powered stone monument, which has a large marble ball revolving in a specially-carved, semi-circular cavity in a rock. The water jetting up from under the ball, through the rock, keeps it revolving. Jezebel stands by the ball, as if in a trance. Enter Shahid, Billy, President, Evelyn, Jeeves, Zephyr and Van Goren.

President: That's it? That ball thing is the key?

Shahid: Jezebel, is this the Key of Life?

Jezebel: No. This is not the Key of Life.

Shahid: But I thought you said...

Jezebel: This is where the key fits. This is where the key turns.

President: Inside a ball?

Van Goren: But where is the key?

Jezebel: I cannot find it.

Van Goren (*threateningly*): You have failed me! You will be punished!

Jessica recoils in fear.

Shahid (*protectively*): Hey, back off dude! Can't you see she's doing her best?

President (*to Van Goren*): Yeah, try sucking some more of this Commune's 'champagne energy' -- it was improving your temper.

Evelyn: Look, we've got ten minutes left. Let's not waste time fighting.

Shahid: Let's find the key.

Everyone: The key!

The chorus comes on and sings Key Song, while the actors run around the stage, looking for it desperately.

The key, the key, we've got to find the key,
If I can't find or you can't find,
The world is history.
The key, the key, we've got to find the key,
Look under here, look over there,
Oh where can this key be?

Hurry, hurry, hurry,
Find the missing key,
Worry, worry, worry,
Where can this key be?

The key, the key, it's up to you and me,
If I can't find or you can't find,
The world is history.
The key, the key, it's up to you and me,
Look under here, look over there,
Oh where can this key be?

Prem and Isabel enter as the song ends.

Shahid: It's no good.

President: It's hopeless.

Zephyr: We're doomed.

Isabel: May I make a suggestion?

President: Why not?

Isabel: You say you have been directed here by the Cosmic Psychics.

Evelyn: That's right.

Isabel: So, in a way, you're being guided. My feeling is that the solution will come through being more receptive, not through running around in a panic.

President: So what do you suggest?

Isabel: Let's all sit here, quietly, meditatively, and see what happens.

President: And if nothing happens?

Isabel: Well, at least we'll die consciously and gracefully.

President: So much for my second term in office.

Evelyn: Cheer up, darling, at least you'll have the distinction of being the very last President of the United States.

President: Yeah, but who's going to know it?

Prem (*to other sannyasins at the tables*): Hey, everyone! According to the President of the United States and his alien friends, the world's going to end in approximately five minutes, so we're inviting everyone to meditate with us.

General agreement from sannyasins. Everyone sits down and meditates. Silence. Pause. Enter Maya, with her sacred objects and the cross.

Maya: Shahid, hi!

Everyone opens their eyes and looks at her. Jezebel recognizes that Maya is carrying the parts of the key.

Jezebel: The key!

Shahid: Huh? Where?

Jezebel runs over and takes hold of the cross.

Jezebel: Quick, help me! Fit the other two pieces.

Shahid and Prem take hold of the other pieces and slide them to fit on the cross, making a large, perfect key, that Jezebel holds proudly aloft.

Jezebel (*to Van Goren*): Behold, Van Goren, the Key of Life!

Maya: Wow! I knew there was a mysterious reason behind my strange journey.

Shahid (*hugging her*): Well done Maya. You just saved the world.

President: Quick, put it in the ball and turn it!

Van Goren gets up.

Van Goren: Give it to me! I, Van Goren the Vulcan will turn the key. (*holding the key aloft*) And if I am allowed to stay in this commune and drink this energy, I will extend your lease another year.

Prem: Of course you can stay, providing you learn to find the source of your own energy instead of sucking other people's.

Van Goren: That I will try to do.

Jezebel (*suddenly coming into her own energy*): You will not try! You will do it! I, Jezebel have spoken.

Van Goren (*laughs*): Okay. I will do it.

President: Turn the key for Christ's sake!

Van Goren puts it in the ball but it won't turn.

Van Goren: It will not turn.

Zephyr: You need the password, Van Goren.

President: Jesus! Sixty seconds left. What could it be? Genesis? Creation?

Evelyn: Adam? Eve?

Billy: Meditation? Celebration?

Shahid: Buddha? Lao Tzu?

Zephyr: Cosmic Psychics? Alien?

Van Goren: Vampire? Energy?

President: It's no good, we'll never get it guessing.

Isabel: I think we need to be silent and receptive again. Maybe something will happen.

Prem: Okay everybody, thirty seconds left, let's sit down and be quiet.

Everyone sits down and closes their eyes except Jezebel who takes Shahid softly by the hand and leads him apart from the others.

Jezebel: You know, Shahid, I found the key, but I still don't feel I've solved the mystery. I'd really like to know, before I die, what is the key of life?

Shahid: Well, according to Osho it's really very simple (*pause*): The Key of Life is within you.

The key turns.

Van Goren: It's turning!

Shahid: Look, I said the password!

President: We're saved!

Everyone: Hooray!

Closing song:

Another Season, another show,

It's time to wake up, it's time to grow,

To get enlightened, you never know....

The End