

Free Will

Libretto

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Act I

From Heaven to Hell and Earth

SCENE 1 EMERGENCY MEETING

(Overture: music commenting on videoclips and pictures showing mankind's suffering projected on a screen. God's musical voice slowly emerging (as a kind of main theme) and then, at the climax of the overture, awfully thundering with no underlying music. Sudden darkness and absolute silence fall on stage. Lights turn on the Angels Board of Directors meeting, several angels seated round a conference table. An administrative assistant, Bastianel, stands quietly aside when not engaged in passing out copies of documents, refilling cups, or fetching supplies. Gabriel, trance-like, eyes closed and arms raised, channels God's thoughts in a kind of stream-of-consciousness.)

GABRIEL

Bleak, blind, murky earth

Doubling, doomed, desolate souls

Violent, malignant, warring spirits

withering wretched wasteland

distress...distress

(Gabriel's meditative state ends. He opens his eyes and lowers his hands to his side. Picking up a tablet from the table, Gabriel assumes a direct and very serious manner, scanning his notes then addressing the collective of angels.)

GABRIEL

As your CEA

I've called this emergency session

At God's request

As these images demonstrate

The Free Will Project

Has not met God's expectations

Famine and Fear

Terror and Greed

Their 'milestone' of a new century

Did nothing

To keep their eyes on eternity

And our merger with Globalism

Still nets a gain in devastations

God is firm

The deadline is now

We must act

Use our insight

And our influence

To help fix this creation

So I open the floor

To your propositions

GAZARDIEL

I think it's about time we show humans

Those ignorant little creatures

Let's give them a run for their money!

I'm talking about a serious punishment!

A good old fashioned punishment!

I'm talking about floods!

I'm talking about massive earthquakes!

Let's show them
They've seen nothing yet!

JOPHIEL

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

GAZARDIEL

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

JOPHIEL

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

GAZARDIEL

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

JOPHIEL

How about this?
A new Messiah!

GAZARDIEL

Look what happened to the last one?

JOPHIEL

But this time it's going to be different
Thanks to modern technology
Their methods can spread
The word faster, more purely
No riddles or parables or *whatever* they were
A Prophet who dies happily
...I like 'happily'

GABRIEL

This didn't work as God planned last time.
People divided instead of united.
And it's still getting worse day by day!
Really makes God look bad.
No, I'm afraid we can't risk it

GAZARDIEL

I'm just saying
Punishment!

JOPHIEL

Messiah!

GAZARDIEL

Punishment!

JOPHIEL

Messiah!

BASTANIEL

Excuse me!
I'm very sorry to interrupt
But I have an idea

GAZARDIEL

But you are very small and insignificant

GABRIEL

We are running out of options here

Let the boy speak

BASTIANEL

I mean what about

Instead of messengers

Who never fit in

We could send leaders

Who, instead of rejecting money and power

Adapt them, use them as the tools they are

To change big things, in bigger ways

Creative minds, genius of the past times

Look down into the Limbo

I'm sure there we will find the right Men

GAZARDIEL

So you think some sinner

Might fit better than

A pure angel of God?

JOPHIEL

That must be the craziest idea

I've heard in my life

GABRIEL

Be quiet, both of you!

Bastianel, I like your idea

It's crazy, I admit

But at least it's something new
Now who do you have in mind?
I want to hear some names

GAZARDIEL and JOPHIEL
JFK! MLK!

GABRIEL
Wounds too fresh

ANGELS:
Attila the Hun? Napoleon?

GABRIEL
Too much blood

ANGELS:
Aristotle?

GABRIEL
Out of touch.

BASTIANEL
How about Oscar Wilde?

GABRIEL:
Now you're talking
He could both think and talk

JOPHIEL
Maybe tbanking
Could use a Bulldozer too?
Forward thinking

GAZARDIEL

With a strong arm to push through
Politics, boundaries
Rules and traditions and feuds

GABRIEL

The taproot of disease--

BASTIANEL

could be cured-- and hunger too!!

GABRIEL

But who?

ANGELS

Leonardo

GABRIEL

No, we need someone to lead
Not just go their own way

BASTIANEL

Joan of Arc!

GABRIEL

Finally!
A fighter and a visionary
But I still feel we lack of something
Something more complex
Not easily put in words

BASTIANEL:

Maybe a composer, musician
To transform the world stage
But who's the greatest of them all?

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

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

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

"MOZART!

GABRIEL

Go! Gather them!

(All rush offstage.)

SCENE 2 IN HELL

LUCIFER

Have you noticed how God seems to talk down to us

Like if he broke it down to us

We'd turn to the light?

Oh, but we know

We know how it really goes

We know what's what

Don't we?

CHORUS

We do, Your Highness

We know what's what

LUCIFER

It's another fine day for us
Terrible news from around the World

A MEMBER OF THE CROWD

Will you comment on the souls missing from Limbo, Your Highness?

LUCIFER

WHAT?!

One of Lucifer's aides walks over to her holding out a Blackberry, shows her the screen. Lucifer takes the Blackberry and scrolls rapidly, pursing her lips
Another member of the crowd shouts out:

The blogs say sixty-three grams disappeared from Limbo!

LUCIFER

Sixty-three grams
would equal
(looking up) three souls!

(Pause, Lucifer gathers herself)

Once again
The Enemy tries to use a band-aid
To stop their own gunshot wound
Three souls to save the World?
Well isn't that sweet

CHORUS

But aren't you furious, Your Highness
With enemy trying to interfere with

Your glorious plans?

LUCIFER

I'm not furious, I'm amused

At least this'll keep me

From getting bored

I think this is the moment

To show who's the boss

For once and for all

CHORUS

Show them, Your Highness!

For once and for all!

LUCIFER

Now go and find

These ridiculous souls

It's time to humiliate Heaven

CHOIR

We will make you proud, Your Highness!

We'll create the most terrifying chaos

In the history of Heaven and Earth

LUCIFER

Good.

Now get on with it.

SCENE 3 ALIVE AGAIN

(On the market square. Our 3 geniuses are now back on earth in their new personas. Bastianel stands before the three, providing some final instructions. Before Bastianel starts to sing, there will possibly be a coreographic scene inspired by Chaplin's Modern Days to demonstrate how the world today shows itself to our Geniuses.)

BASTIANEL

So now

You've been caught up to date

You're current with culture

and aware of present state

Know now

Our door's always open (gestures skywards)

And I am nearby too

Off you go then --best of luck to you!

(Bastianel abruptly disappears, leaving our 3 each holding a piece of paper with their new 'job descriptions'.)

WILDE *(reading in disgruntled disbelief)*

Secretary General

He sounds disagreeable

I once said God punishes

By answering our prayers

MOZART *(reading, rather insulted)*

Singer songwriter

I guess then I'm a troubadour?

JOAN *(merely skimming the paper)*

Banking leader

Whatever this is—
God will be there!

WILDE
So they believe
we'll fix things up

MOZART
Don't look at me
I just woke up

WILDE
I can't believe that's all they'll say

MOZART
You mean before we're cast away?

WILDE
When did we all agree to this?

MOZART
I don't feel well, I'm getting sick

WILDE
This feels like being back in jail

MOZART
It feels like being sent to HELL

JOAN (*impatient*):
Oh stop whining
There is nothing
all that pressing

you were doing
You were dead!

This time money's on our side
No selling souls no losing pride

Look at people, look at life
Don't tell me it's not worth a try!
Stop your whining and wake up
What more do you want?
You're alive!

This time money's on our side
No selling souls no losing pride

Don't you remember who we are?
We're Wilde, Mozart and Arc!
Our audience is guaranteed
We have the power and prestige

Help yourself and God will help you
Trust in God and He will help you

MOZART
For all I know
She could be right

WILDE
But what if not?

MOZART
It's worth a try

JOAN, MOZART, WILDE

Our audience is guaranteed
We have the power and prestige

WILDE

We're starting at the end, you see

JOAN, MOZART, WILDE

maybe we really can succeed

JOAN

I hear the angels, I'm ready to begin

MOZART

I can imagine I hear the muse,
let's get to work

J & M (*brightly resolved to their fate now*):

We'll pretend
We'll muscle through it
So we die again
There's nothing to it!
There's nothing to it!

WILDE (*warming up more slowly*):

nothing lost is nothing gained...
I guess that I can try again

ARC, WILDE, MOZART

and if we die well then—so what?

CHORUS SCENE

(On the market square. The choir represents the humankind.)

CHORUS

(To Lucifer)

Guardian of the darkness, hear us

Guardian of the darkness, leave us

(To God)

Guardian of the Light, hear us

Guardian of the Light, spare us

(To both)

Listen to us, Guardians of each side

We are the ones who decide

We are the ones who decide

SCENE 4 LUCIFER'S MEETING WITH THE LEADERS

(Back in Hell, where Lucifer holds a meeting for corrupted leaders.)

LUCIFER

I have called you here

To protect what we hold dear

It's the thing that we share
And control with utmost care

ZAVABE, AZAZEL, URAKABARAMEEL (*alarmed*)

You bought our souls
We have made good
Stayed corrupted like we should!

CHORUS OF GIANTS (*pandering to Lucifer, lecture the 3*)

You owe Her the ranking
You now hold
You owe Her the ranking
You owe Her your souls

ZAVABE, AZAZEL URAKABARAMEEL (*defensively and yet somewhat boastfully*)

ZAVABE

I govern banks

AZAZEL

I rule the mob

URAKABARAMEEL

I monopolize media

ZAVABE, AZAZEL URAKABARAMEEL

We do our jobs
We do them well
We globalize your principles

LUCIFER (*smarmily*)

There's always room to raise the bar

CHORUS OF GIANTS

Raise it Your majesty
Make them work hard

LUCIFER

Zavabe, my old friend
Have you heard of Archer's bend
She is going to pay away
The Thirld World's debts
My dearest pet

ZAVABE (*distraught*)

I govern banks
This cannot be
We'd all be facing bankruptcy!

LUCIFER (*pleased with Zavabe's reaction now turns to Azazel*)

My dearest fellow Azazel
Go and tell your crime cartel
Wilde's speech Friday at noon
Must be stopped or you'll be doomed

LUCIFER (*now spins abruptly to confront Urakabameel*)

And finally old 'bameel,
This WAM has such appeal
Surely there must be a way
To tarnish his image
ruin his fame?

LUCIFER

You owe Her the ranking
you now hold
You owe Her the ranking

You owe her your souls

(Meanwhile Zavabe, Azazel, Urakabameel pace worriedly, discussing amongst themselves. Some resolution is reached, and all three sing in sequence in a manner meant to placate Lucifer)

URAKABARAMEEL

A tabloid here

AZAZEL

A sniper there

ZAVABE

A hacker with both skill and flair...

ZAVABE, AZAZEL, URAKABARAMEEL

We'll do our jobs

We'll do them well

We guarantee your victory!

We guarantee their misery!

Act II

From Triumph to Chaos

SCENE 5 HUMAN RIGHTS DECLARATION

(United Nations assembly, podium. Joan, Mozart, and Wilde are all present. Large signs proclaim today, December 10th 2012, the 5th anniversary of Human Rights Day which it actually will be.

Joan Archer takes the podium.)

JOAN

Join me today making news that's glorious
News to bring light to dark corners of earth
My bank has a plan
It is well underway
We'll reach out
And we'll repay
The debts of all nations
that are wasting away
The debts of the nations
In trouble today

(Abruptly, Zavabe marches up to the podium, threateningly waiving a stack of papers at Joan.)

ZAVABE

Cease this boasting
You can't do it
Your loans are faulty
Your assests failing

JOAN

Go count it up again
With just a glance
I see it's off
I can assure you all the proof is here!
(shoving an even larger stack of paper at Zavabe)
We have a plan
That is well underway
The debts of poor nations
Have amnesty today!!
(cheering from the crowd)

vox populi
vox populi,
vox populi, vox dei!
Together we declare Earth Amnesty Day!

(Wilde and Bastianel are on the side.)

WILDE

Why am I doing this?
Why am I here?
If you want to tell people the truth,
Make them laugh ...
Otherwise they will kill you.

BASTIANEL

Today your words must count
you need to make a mark in every heart
This second chance
May be—for all—the last
Please put away your irony
There's no need for your wit
What you know of human nature
will guide your words
to their target

The present Bill of Human Rights
Was happily signed by all
Who proceeded just as happily
To ignore their OWN short falls
because this second chance
Could be the world's last
your new Bill of Human Rights
must be signed

Get up there,
Be seen and be heard

JOAN
Ladies and gentlemen
I present you mr. Wilde

(Wilde takes the podium.)

WILDE
We work very hard
To consume our home our planet
But when each day ends
We've not lived one single minute

Children of the Earth
The time has come to understand
When each day rises
We wake up to another chance

Our differences are sub-atomic
But we make of them nuclear war
In the span of any life
Freedom is joy
And joy is our right

Today I propose
We vote as one we end the fights
This will be our oath-
all people all countries all rights!

(Wilde pauses, and as he does so the UN audience (the chorus), curious and confused, begins to

murmur amongst themselves and to Wilde)

CHORUS

What is he doing?
So what you're saying...
Are you abandoning---?
So he's rewriting---?

(Taking advantage of the distraction, Azazel (the Mafia leader we meet in Scene 4), who is present in the audience with evil intent to assassinate Wilde, begins to position himself for the shot, moving closer to the podium.)

BASTIANEL

Hear what I'm saying
There's danger lurking
This is your impulse calling
Go go go!
There's danger hiding
Watch how he's moving
This is your impulse calling
Go go go!

(Wilde, politely trying to hear the crowd's questions and waiting for them to quiet down, does not hear Bastianel. But Joan, present in the audience, does. Quickly spotting Azazel's suspicious movement, she points to him, the audience moves aside, clearly displaying his weapon. Joan rushes him, shoving him off balance and into the arms of the security guards.)

The crowd, frightened, cries out a confused litany of reactions:

My god he's planning--!
...so close to dying!
Help me I'm feeling...!
How close we came to being...
Oh no no!

WILDE

Violence can't make you right
You can't assassinate
You won't annihilate
the human spirit
will reignite!

I do not have for you
Some revision
Some amendment
some new rule to make airtight
I do not have for you
The perfect list of human rights
Believe me-
The perfect words are hard to write
But what we can create
What we can choose to make
Is the perfect day
When we unite
And sign
Sign with intent
Sign with insight
For all people
All countries
All rights!

CHORUS

This is the perfect day
When we unite
And sign
Sign with intent
Sign with insight
For all people
All countries
All rights!

SCENE 6 CELEBRATION

(People have gathered on the street to celebrate the success of the geniuses.)

OSCAR

I did it!

I did it!

I'll tell the world, "I DID IT!"

Peace at last, we WON!

JOAN

WE did it!

WE did it!

We can tell the world, WE DID IT!"

Peace at last, we WON!

MOZART

We tricked them,

we tricked them,

don't tell the world we tricked them!

And it was so much FUN!

JOAN, OSCAR, MOZART

We may have changed the world today
Who'd have thought it?

CHORUS

You fought the fight
You set things right
oh, just look and see!
Congratulations,
you clever meddlers,
on your wonderful victory!
Congratulations,
you interveners
you've changed history!

(Mozart takes the lead and as he sings the crowd gets wild with joy.)

MOZART

I'd write a song
A song to call your own
and make each note a stepping stone to guide
Like a compass born inside you
I'd write a song
To cast a spell
A spell to hypnotize the soul
and let you fall between the notes
and blur the world and fill the soul with clarity
Your requiem may not be the end
Angelic anguish may still call
and when it calls it echoes 'til it finds you
Your requiem's where you begin
to understand all roads lead to your humanity

(The pictures in the overhead screen have shown celebrations in many parts of the world, which suddenly switch as the news comes on overhead and the pictures behind the announcer are of riots.

Headlines:

BANK CRASHES

STOCK MARKET IN UPROAR

UNEMPLOYMENT HITS RECORD HIGHS

INTEREST RATES SKYROCKET

GOVERNMENTS IMPOSE RATIONING

GENERAL STRIKE IMMINENT

The crowd turns against the geniuses and starts surrounding them slowly as they sing.)

JOAN:

This can't be what GOD meant

This isn't why we're sent.

CHORUS:

The people always pay

the bankers have their way

When planners make mistakes

and things go wrong

The bankers play roulette

with pension funds and cheques

The bubble always bursts

it won't take long

They knew this would come true

But what can people do?

The barricades are stormed

we go on STRIKE.

Governments will fall

Prime Ministers will crawl

and beg us to stay calm
but we will FIGHT

(The crowd starts moving apart and reveal Oscar Wilde laying dead on the ground.)

JOAN:

This can't be happening
Can't we do anything?
This isn't possible, it can't be true.

MOZART

I never thought we'd come to this.

JOAN

Victory, but at what cost?
We have paid the price.

MOZART

Are you sure?

BASTIANEL(to Mozart and Joan)

Come now, we must escape.

SCENE 7 THE ISLAND

*(Joan of Arc and Mozart led by Bastianel, find shelter on a island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean where they sadly wait for new orders by God.
Few words among them, rocked by the sounds of breaking waves on the beach.)*

MOZART

How wonderful would it be if ever so

JOAN

So how?

MOZART

Don't know

Just so

JOAN

For Christ sake so how Wolfgang?

What are you saying?

The world is in ruin,

we made a mess.

So how?

(Mozart smiles at Joan. Virtual choir appears on the screen.)

MOZART

Chaos rules for now,

we've got to go somehow,

to someplace where we'll try again.

Look up, there's a friend,

come on, it's not the end,

Music will always keep us sane.

CHORUS

There's nothing we don't get to choose

There's little that we can't reuse

The voice of God

Is your voice

The voice of God

Is our voice.

'Cause we are the ones who decide

We are the ones who decide.

