

Solstice Miracle Excerpt

By

Ayelet Schrek

NARATORIA

The path home was not a simple one, but Millennious was determined, brave, cunning, beautiful, wise, handsome, wily, resourceful, gorgeous, tenacious, sexy, perserverent, powerful, and hot. They began with a test of logic and spatial reasoning.

MILLENNIOUS

Cloud puzzle.

*The chorus members act as cloud pieces. Millennious arranges them with grand magical gestures. Ideally, the "clouds" are elevated above Millennious, maybe on chairs. Comical and grand. When Millennious gets the combination right, a great and glorious sound.*

NARATORIA

The clouds, properly arranged in their ancient sacred pattern of peregrination, formed a chariot and Millenious embarked. They rode until the clouds, heavy with the sweat of endeavour, refused to travail any further, releasing their rain and Millenious back to earth. Closer, but not arrived, Millenious sought their next means of transport.

MILLENNIOUS

A mystic tree should do the trick!

NARATORIA

Luckily, Millennious had landed right next to a grove. While every tree had mystic properties, only certain stout oaks had the power Millenious was looking for. Millenious began their search.

*Chorus members as each tree, Millenious encountering each, some kind of ritual-gesture to sense mystic level, then the next. All three chorus members become the mystic tree:*

NARATORIA

Finally, a great old giant stood rooted proudly before them. Millennious knew straight away that this spectacular shrub was the wonderous wood they sought. Placing their devine appendage on its mighty trunk, the oak split itself to allow Millenious entry. Millenious entered.

*Millenious enters the ring of chorus. All begin to spin together, with a huge sound effect. This ends, and the "tree" opens and Millenious exits, perhaps a bit dizzy.*

MILLENNIOUS

Thank you, fine floral friend, for ferrying me so far forth. Farethee well.

NARATORIA

Millenious had arrived at the gates of the Temple of Horizon, their home for so many years. And yet now the gates were barred. Having never before left home, they did not know how to reenter. So Millennious did when any godex would do in a time of distress: they danced.

*Super exaggared, modern ballet-esque. Funny but also a little beautiful. The chorus, as the barred gate, provides wordless, improvised music based on the movement they see.*

The frezy of Millenious's movement, so desperate and loving, moved the gates. So the gates moved.

*The gates unbarr and open. Millennious stops dancing, and after a beat, goes through the gates. Drastic light change, and Millenious is alone on stage, in the Temple of Horizon.*

MILLENNIOUS

Holy godex birth-maker? Boomarial? Mom?