

# *The Waking Sleep*



A comedy play by Subhuti

## Prologue

*Two blue figures, fairies or sprites, leap and dance onto the stage, and zoom around, elegantly, playfully, looking for something. Then they see the audience, and together address the people:*

ZEPHYR 1: The stars line up and all agree,

ZEPHYR 2: The prophets and the psychics see,

ZEPHYR 1: The time has come, the age has dawned,

ZEPHYR 2: Great changes are foretold and spawned.

ZEPHYR 1 All human beings must beware,

ZEPHYR 2 There is great peril in the air!

ZEPHYR 1: Woe to thee if thou dost sleep!

ZEPHYR 2: Woe to those now dreaming deep!

ZEPHYR 1: Woe to all who cannot see,

ZEPHYR 2: This danger to humanity!

ZEPHYR 1: Woe to those who...woah!....wait!...wait a minute!

ZEPHYR 2: What?

ZEPHYR 1: Listen!

Both: Sssshhhh...they're coming!

ZEPHYR 1: Watch out now!

ZEPHYR 2: Watch carefully!

Both (giggling): Watch!

*They both giggle to each other, and then run off.*

*Tranquillity Meadows, a meditation and therapy centre in Jutland, Denmark.*

*A woman comes onstage with a clipboard, very self-absorbed and making calculations. She will later be playing the Control character.*

Control character (looking at her notes): Okay, so if the European Union has changed the threshold temperature for all cooked products to 48 degrees, then we will need to issue new forms for all commercial food outlets in Denmark...hmm...I need to get onto this immediately...  
*She stands motionless onstage, goes on talking to herself, but silently, as another woman comes onstage, talking into a mobile phone. She will later play one of the two therapists, Barbara or Jennifer.*

Therapist: Yes, we need to change the flight booking. No, I don't want to go via Frankfurt, it takes too long and the connection to Billund is too short...they're going to lose my bag, for sure...Yes, Paris or Brussels...that sounds better...

*She also stands still. A man and woman come onstage, holding hands. They will later play Premyogi and Devabindi.*

Devabindi: I think it's time we had a little talk. You see, beloved, I've been in a bit of a strange mood these past few weeks...there's been a kind of dull ache in my heart...and I think it's got something to do with...well, with us...

*Their conversation fades and they, too, remain motionless. Alien sounds are heard and then two aliens in silver space suits come on stage doing a kind of slow, moon-walk. As they come to centre stage, music starts and the song "Sleep Baby Sleep" begins to play. The two aliens have clip boards and they begin to study the humans, who are in some kind of trance and are staring blankly out towards the audience. The aliens examine them for as long as the song is playing.*  
*The song:*

*Sleep baby sleep, dream baby dream,  
Nothing you see is really what it seems,  
Sleep baby sleep, dream baby dream,  
Nothing you say or do is really what it seems.*

*How did you mess up?  
Where did you go wrong?  
How did you end up  
Dreaming all day long?  
When will you awaken?  
When will you arise?  
Not until you're shaken,  
Open up your eyes!*

*Sleep baby sleep, dream baby dream,  
Nothing you see is really what it seems  
Sleep baby sleep, dream baby dream,  
Nothing you say or do is really what it seems.*

*Tell me how you're doing,*

*Tell me how you feel,  
Tell me when you realize  
That none of this is real.  
Tell me how to save you,  
Tell me what to do,  
Or tell me that you're dreaming  
And there's nothing I can do.*

*Sleep baby sleep, dream baby dream,  
Nothing you see is really what it seems  
Sleep baby sleep, dream baby dream,  
Nothing you say or do is really what it seems.*

*Music ends. The two aliens conclude their investigation and exchange notes.*

First Alien: This is weird. I've never seen anything like it.

Second Alien: What do you mean?

First Alien: Well, according to our research, these humans think they're awake, but in fact, they're all asleep.

*He passes a hand slowly in front of the eyes of one of the humans.*

First Alien: Look at this. Eyes are open, but there's nobody home.

*Second Alien does the same thing with another of the humans.*

Second Alien (amused): Hello? Anybody in there?

First Alien: You see?

Second Alien: If we put this in our report to headquarters, they'll never believe us!

First Alien (loudly): Okay, everyone, thank you very much. You can go now!

Second Alien (amused): Thank you for participating in our survey. Have a nice day.

First Alien: And don't forget to forget that you ever saw us.

*The humans leave the stage, in a kind of trance, without looking at the aliens. Premyogi goes behind the desk, sits down and falls asleep.*

First Alien: I have an idea. This is a great situation to try out the new Pacifier Machine.

Second Alien (looking serious): The Pacifier? Are you sure? It's not been tested. All kinds of things can go wrong.

First Alien (smiling): What more can go wrong on this planet?

Second Alien: Yes, sure, the place is a mess, but still...

First Alien (gesturing offstage): The dominant species is a parasite, consuming all natural resources and turning the planet into a garbage dump.

Second Alien (checking his notes): But this parasite does seem to have *some* kind of intelligence.

First Alien: An intelligent parasite never destroys its host. These humans are destroying the planet on which they live, so how can they be intelligent?

Second Alien: I guess you're right.

*Two armed detectives come rushing onto the stage. They point their guns at the aliens, looking nervous as if not sure what's going to happen.*

First Detective: Hold everything!

Second Detective: Put your hands in the air and stay where you are!

First Alien (calmly and good naturedly raising his hands): What seems to be the problem, small-brained creature?

First Detective: We are from Danish Homeland Security. You're under arrest.

Second Alien (also raising hands and smiling): May we know why, small parasite?

Second Detective: We have reason to believe you have been contacting Danish criminal gangs in Copenhagen, with intention to impose some kind of mind control on the general public.

First Alien: Yes, that's absolutely right. Good detective work, inspector.

First Detective: Well, we have orders to stop you, and arrest you, and if necessary use lethal force against you.

Second Alien: Well, there's only one problem with that.

Second Detective: Which is what?

*The two aliens start walking slowly towards the detectives.*

First Alien: In the first place, your guns will not fire in our presence.

*Detectives try shooting but the guns don't fire.*

Second Alien: In the second place, when we touch you, your minds will go blank and you will do exactly as we say.

*They touch the cops. Both detectives stop pointing their guns at the aliens, letting their arms hang by the sides.*

First Alien: Now put your weapons away...

Second Alien: Go back to your homes...

First Alien: Relax and have a good rest...

Second Alien: Have a nice cup of coffee...

First Alien: And start watching your favourite television programs...

Second Alien: Just like all the other idiots on this planet.

*The detectives do as they're told and slowly walk offstage, talking to each other.*

First Detective: Hey, you watching that new series about that Swedish female cop?

Second Detective: 'The Bridge'? You bet! What a great show.

First Detective: Let's catch up with it.

*They exit.*

First Alien (to his companion): Come, we have more research to do.

Second Alien: What about the Pacifier?

First Alien: I have made arrangements with our friends in the Danish gangs to take it to a special location in Jutland where it will have maximum effect.

Second Alien: Okay. Well, maybe it's time for a cup of coffee, for us as well?

First Alien: Good idea. If there's one thing these humans have achieved in 5000 years of so-called civilisation, it's the creation of a good cup of coffee.

Second Alien: I think I saw a nice coffee shop in that little town we passed on our way here.

First Alien: You mean...(checking his papers)...Middle-fart? (both laugh and the other one nods) Okay, let's check it out.

Second Alien: What about our space suits? Aren't we going to look a little weird in a coffee shop?

First Alien (shakes his head): Nah. We'll just say we're actors in a play.

*They walk offstage in the same moon-walk style that they came in.*

*The phone on the table (downstage left) starts to ring, but the man who is behind the desk, slumped in sleeping position, does not wake up. A young woman called Devabindi passes by, carrying a stack of laundry, and she stops briefly.*

Devabindi: Premyogi, wake up!

*Premyogi, the young man at the desk, suddenly wakes up with a start.*

Premyogi: What? What's happening?

Devabindi: Answer the phone, for heaven sake!

Premyogi (*starting to get up*): Where did those aliens go? We've got to stop them!

Devabindi: Aliens? You've been dreaming, sleepyhead! Now, please, answer the phone! *She walks off with her laundry. Premyogi shakes his head, realises he has been asleep, and picks up the phone.*

Premyogi: Good morning, Tranquillity Meadows Seminar Centre. How can I help you? Yes, our two-year training...You want to sign up? Oh, I see, you want to cancel...You *and* two friends from Norway want to cancel? Any special reason? Yes, I know, bad times in the oil industry...downturn in Norway's economy...I see. Well, let me know if you change your mind, okay? Goodbye.

*Enter Devabindi, without the laundry pile.*

Premyogi: We're in trouble, Devabindi.

Devabindi: More cancellations for the training?

Premyogi (nodding sadly): Five people in the past week. I don't see how were going to pay our bills. We may have to close the centre and sell.

Devabindi (holding his hand comfortingly): Let's not give that negative thought any energy. Let's take a moment to meditate and feel our hearts.

*They both close their eyes.*

Devabindi: Let's visualise a positive day today, with lots of good things happening for us.

*A stern-looking woman with a grim expression on her face enters the office. She is the Control Inspector for the local Commune.*

Control: Control inspection!

Premyogi (opening his eyes and looking startled): Excuse me? Who are you?

Control: Control. I am the health and hygiene inspector from your local council. Last time, I had to take away your smiley status because of incorrect and unhygienic procedures. Now take me to your kitchen.

Devabindi (pointing offstage): It's over there. Talk to the Italian woman cutting tomatoes – she will help you.

*Control exits.*

Premyogi (scratching his head and looking defeated): My God, I wonder what else can go wrong today?

Devabindi (looking at him hesitantly): Well, since you mention it, I was meaning to speak to you about... Us.

Premyogi: Us? Oh no...Devabindi!

Devabindi: I'm not saying we should split. I just think we need a bit of space for a while.

Premyogi: It's that Frederico guy you met at the Tantric Love Festival in Italy, isn't it?

Devabindi: I feel confused. I still like you...

Premyogi: Like me? This is worse than I thought. Tell me, honestly, what's this guy got that I haven't?

Devabindi: Well, since you ask, he has *time* for me – he makes me feel important in his life.

Premyogi: And I don't? We live together here for Christ sake!

Devabindi: Premyogi, you haven't taken a holiday from this place in 5 years. This centre is your whole life! Let's face it, I'm just an add-on.

Premyogi: But we agreed. We're going to Goa next winter!

Devabindi: You said that last year and nothing happened...And Frederico has invited me to Sicily next week – he says he'll cover all my expenses.

*Two women enter with suitcases. They are well-known international therapists, Barbara and Jennifer. These two women are uptight, arrogant, demanding and aware of their superiority over ordinary people.*

Barbara: Can somebody help us please?

Devabindi: Of course. Who are you?

Barbara: I'm Barbara.

Jennifer: I'm Jennifer.

Barbara: We booked Tranquillity Meadows for a one-week relaxation retreat.

Jennifer: We are well known international therapists travelling around Europe.

Barbara: We've just finished a *major* mindfulness training with 3000 participants in Vienna.

Jennifer: *And* we've been travelling since yesterday evening.

Barbara: We were *expecting* to be met at the train station, but *no one* showed up.

Jennifer: We had to take a *taxi*.

Barbara: This has *never* happened to us before.

Jennifer: We are *always* met by a *welcome committee*.

Barbara: I don't think you know who we are!

Premyogi (to Devabindi, sarcastically): Oh no, two more people who don't know who they are! (Devabindi giggles)

Barbara (frostily): I beg your pardon?

Premyogi: I'm sorry. Look, I don't know what happened to our taxi. We put one of our best drivers on the job.

Devabindi: He's usually very reliable.

Barbara (ironically): Obviously. Now, can someone take these suitcases to our room, please?

Jennifer: We're very tired.

Premyogi: Yes, of course. I'll do it.

*He takes Devabindi aside for a moment.*

Premyogi (whispering): Listen, Devabindi. These two women can save our necks. If they like the place and stay for 3 or 4 weeks, that will give us enough income to pay off our immediate debts.

Devabindi: And what about...You know...You and me?

Premyogi: You mean, you, me and Frederico? Let's talk about it later, okay?

Devabindi (sighs): As usual...

Barbara (a little impatiently): We are waiting.

Premyogi: Right. (Picks up the suitcases). Let's go. Follow me.

*They all go out. Devabindi's stand still for a moment, gives a big sigh and then pulls out her mobile phone and punches a number.*

Devabindi: Hello...Hello, Frederico? Yes, it's me, Devabindi. Si amore...I love you, too. I've made a decision, I'm coming to see you. Yes. I'll book my flight today and let you know when I'm going to arrive. Si...si...I'll see you very soon.

*Devabindi ends phone call and looks hesitant.*

Devabindi: I just hope I'm doing the right thing. Oh well...  
*She leaves the stage.*

*Harry, a suspicious gangster-looking man enters. He looks around to make sure nobody is watching and then calls offstage.*

Harry: It's all clear. Come on!

*Another suspicious-looking man, Terry, enters carrying a big black box, with wires sticking out of it.*

Harry: Now, the question is... Where to hide it?

Terry (staggering under the weight of the box): Hey, this box is heavy – make up your mind!

Harry: Okay, okay. Put it over there!

*Terry staggers across the stage.*

Harry: Careful! Don't drop it or we won't get paid!

*Terry put the box down and then comes back to Harry.*

Terry: How come I always do the tough jobs?

Harry: Because I'm the brains and you're the muscle. It's perfect relationship. Now, all we have to do switch it on.

Terry: Are you sure you know what you're doing?

Harry (impatiently): How can I know? It's a blind contract. I didn't even meet the guys.

Terry: Is it going to harm anyone?

Harry: Look, we just do what we're told, right? Now get over there and switch it on.

Terry: Why don't you get over there? It's your contract.

Harry: Because, dumb-ass, I'm paying you to take the risk.

Terry (approaching box cautiously): Where's the switch?

Harry (points): The big red button. Just push it.

Terry: Supposing it's a bomb? When I switch it on... Boom! Goodbye Terry and Harry!

Harry: If you don't switch it on you don't get paid. You decide.

Terry (resigned to his fate): Okay. Here we go...

*Before Terry can push the button, Devabindi walks in.*

Devabindi: Hi. Can I help you?

Terry (stops and is confused): Oh...um...

Harry (surprised but recovering quickly): Good morning, maybe you can help us. This is...er...

(checks a card he hastily pulls from his pocket) Tranquillity Meadows Meditation Centre, right?

Devabindi: That's correct.

Harry: Well, we came here...er...To learn how to meditate. Right Terry?

Terry: Yes, that's right. Meditation – closing our eyes and doing nothing, sitting under a coconut tree, like they do in India. I've always wanted to do that. I never could sit still for 5 minutes...even when I was in hospital I was always restless, tossing around in bed....

Harry: Okay, okay, Terry. Cool it.

Devabindi: We weren't expecting you. Did you make an appointment?

Harry: Er, no. No appointment. We were just passing by...

Terry: It was a snap decision...

Harry: Kinda spontaneous.

Devabindi: Are you interested in Dynamic, Kundalini or the Evening Meeting?

Terry: Hey, Dynamic sounds interesting.

Harry: Yeah, Dynamic. I mean, why not?

Devabindi (looking at her watch): Come with me to the meditation hall and I'll teach you.

*She starts to leave. Harry and Terry follow, but just before they go offstage, Harry stops Terry and whispers to him.*

Harry: Listen, Terry. We play along with this chick, but when everyone has their eyes closed, you sneak back here and switch on the box, okay?

Terry: Okay, but suppose I get too deep in the meditation and forget?

Harry (kicking Terry's ass): Then I'll kick your stupid butt and wake you up.

Devabindi: This way, gentlemen!

*Devabindi, Harry and Terry leave the stage.*

*Barbara and Jennifer arrive at their room, escorted by Premyogi, who carries their suitcases into the room.*

Premyogi: Here we are. This is your room.

Barbara (looking dubiously at the wall): I do hope that's not mould on the walls.

Premyogi (persuasively): Oh no, of course not. That's...er...the latest fashion in...well...green, multi-coloured paint...Very trendy these days.

Jennifer (looking out the window): Our view seems to be obstructed by some kind of factory.

Premyogi: Oh, it's not a factory. It's an organic chicken farm. We get fresh eggs from there every day.

Barbara: Do we have any towels?

Premyogi: I'll get them now.

*A man comes in, naked except for a towel around his waist, looking upset.*

Man: The hot water has run out again – that's the 3rd time this week!

Premyogi: The electrician is coming this morning. He'll fix it for sure.

Man: I hope so! If I want to bathe in cold water, I can jump in the lake.

*Man leaves. Barbara and Jennifer look at each other.*

Barbara: Do we use the same showers that he uses?

Jennifer: Are we going to get hot water?

Premyogi: It's not a problem. Trust me, from 11 am onwards you will have as much hot water as you need.

*Jennifer sniffs the air cautiously.*

Jennifer: What *is* that strange smell?

Premyogi: What smell?

Barbara (also sniffing the air suspiciously): Is your plumbing working properly?

Premyogi: Oh that! It's nothing. The farmers around here spray cow shit on the fields once in a while. The smell will be gone soon.



Jennifer: When, exactly?

Premyogi: Umm...in a couple of days?

*Barbara looks at Jennifer and they nod in silent agreement about what to do.*

Barbara: Take us back to reception.

Premyogi: What?

Jennifer: We're leaving.

Premyogi: Oh my God, really? Are you sure? Let me show you another room.

Barbara: Take us back to reception - now.

Premyogi: Maybe I can give you a reduction?

Jennifer: Nope. Call a taxi. We need to rest and this place isn't going to give it to us.

*Premyogi sighs, picks up the suitcases and they all leave the room.*

*Enter Harry and Terry, followed by Devabindi.*

Devabindi: Stand comfortably, feet shoulder width apart.

Terry: When do we get to sit down?

Devabindi: I'm sorry, it's not that kind of meditation.

Terry: That ain't right. Whenever I see pictures of naked guys in India meditating in caves, they're always sitting down with their eyes closed and their legs crossed.

Harry (to Terry): Terry, shut up and let her talk.

Terry: You're always telling me to shut up

Harry (with emphasis): Shut up!

Terry: You shut up!

Devabindi: Look, there's a special section of this meditation in which you can tell people to shut up as much as you like.

Harry: There is?

Terry: Is that when we get to sit down?

Harry: Shut the... (He controls himself and looks at Devabindi)... Carry on.

Devabindi: So, the 1st stage is deep, fast, chaotic breathing through the nose.

Terry (sarcastically): That's dumb. I mean, how else would we breathe?

Devabindi: What?

Terry: You're telling me to breathe through my nose. I always breathe through my nose. How else would I breathe?

Harry: Through your big mouth, stupid.

Devabindi (slowly and patiently): Deep, fast, chaotic breathing through the nose. This lasts for ten minutes. The next stage is catharsis: you can scream, shout, be angry...

Harry: Really? Why would I want to do those things?

Devabindi: Because, deep down inside, you're angry.

Terry: Not so deep! Go on.

Devabindi: When you have released your anger, you will be more relaxed, with natural access to your true feelings.

Harry: In my profession, it's kind of important not to have feelings.

Devabindi: Don't worry, it's just your social conditioning. All the more reason to take this opportunity to connect with your feelings and release them.

Terry: When do we get to sit down?

Devabindi (sighs patiently): I can see these instructions are going to take a long time. Look, I will play the music for the first two stages and we can start with that – that's more than enough today.

Terry: Yes, but I don't understand...

*Harry gives Terry a dark look and Terry goes silent.*

Devabindi (Moving to the side of the hall to put on the music): No more questions! Just start breathing!

*Music for Dynamic Meditation begins and the lights dim to black as the 3 people begin the 1st stage, and hop off the stage, still breathing hard.*

*Barbara Jennifer into the office, followed by Premyogi who is carrying their suitcases.*

Barbara: We'd like to leave immediately, please.

Jennifer: Do you have a driver available to take us to the train station?

Premyogi: I'll see. If not, I can drive you myself. Is there anything I can do to make you change your minds?

Barbara: Well, if you can get this horrible smell out of the air, demolish the chicken factory, scrape the mould off the walls, guarantee hot water immediately and prevent half-naked men from walking into our room, then, yes, you can probably persuade us to change our minds.

Jennifer: Failing that, we need to get out of here.

*The stern-looking Control woman from the local Health Department comes into the office.*

Control: Control! It is my duty to inform you that I am shutting down your kitchen. The standard of hygiene is too low to allow you to continue to offer food to the public.

Premyogi (shaking his head): I don't believe it!

Barbara (and use irony): Well, that does rather settle things doesn't? You know, this place is so bad I'm actually beginning to be amused by the situation!

Jennifer: Yes, as long as we get out of here!

*Loud screaming sounds from offstage. Harry and Terry run onstage, holding their hands over their ears, followed by Devabindi.*

Harry: My God, you call that meditation? You scared the shit out of me!

Devabindi: I'm sorry if my screaming frightened you. Maybe I should have held back a little, since it was your first experience of Dynamic catharsis.

Terry (rubbing his ears): My ears are still ringing.

Harry (looking at is): My hands are still shaking.

Devabindi: You know, Harry, if you had been able to connect with your own anger and express it, it would have been a breakthrough in meditation for you.

Harry: That ain't meditation, lady.

Terry: Harry's right. I never saw a picture of an Indian sitting cross-legged under a tree, screaming like you did.

Control: Who is in charge here? I need a signature on this paper...

Barbara: And where is our taxi?

Jennifer: How much longer do we have to stay in this dump?

*Enter the half-naked man, still wrapped in a towel around his waist.*

Man: When am I going to get some hot water in my room?

Devabindi (to Premyogi): I can't take any more of this, Premyogi. I'm leaving now – I'm going

straight to Italy to see Frederico!

*While everyone is arguing, Harry takes Terry aside.*

Harry (Looks at Terry and nods towards the curtain where the box is hidden). Turn on the box now!

Terry: Are you sure?

Harry: Do you want to get paid or not? Turn it on!

Terry: Okay, okay!

*Terry walks over to where the box is standing.*

Terry (looking back at Harry): Ready?

Harry: Go!

*Terry pushes the button. There is a strange noise, rising in frequency, followed by a loud explosion. Everyone freaks out. The arguments get much louder, so there is a lot of noise, rather like the catharsis stage in Dynamic Meditation. After his initial astonishment, Harry pulls out his mobile and tries to have a conversation, but he cannot be heard.*

Harry (looking at the chaotic scene and then suddenly yelling at the top of his voice): STOP!  
*There is sudden and immediate silence.*

Harry (satisfied): That's better. (into the phone) Look, I need to tell you, it's not working!

Everybody's going crazy. Yes, you better get your ass over here and do something. And hurry!

*Alien sounds play as the two aliens come onstage and head towards the Pacifier Machine. They make a few adjustments. Again, there is a strange sound, rising in frequency, but this time, instead of an explosion, beautiful music starts to play (The Blue Danube waltz). Immediately everyone becomes happy. As the music ends, everyone is in bliss.*

Second Alien: Okay, everyone! Everything's fine now. Have a nice day!

First Alien: And of course, don't forget to remember to forget that you have ever seen us.

Second Alien (jokingly): Have a great time – for the rest of your lives.

*The aliens laugh and walk off stage. Everyone is calm and loving, looking at each other and around the centre with wondering eyes, as if seeing the beauty of life for the very first time.*

Control: How come I never felt like this before? This place has such a beautiful energy!

Premyogi: It does?

Jennifer: Yes, it's true. It takes a while to feel it, but now I can. So calm, so peaceful.

Barbara: Maybe I've been too judgemental about Tranquillity Meadows.

Premyogi: You have? I mean, yes, you have!

Control: I'm going to give you your smiley sticker back. (Pulls a big yellow smiley symbol out of her clothes and gives it to Premyogi) Thank you so much for blessing our local community with your meditation centre and its beautiful vibrations.

Premyogi: Thanks.

Control (leaving): Keep up the good work. This place is simply a miracle.

*She leaves.*

Devabindi (gazing softly into Premyogi sighs): Premyogi...

Premyogi: Yes?

Devabindi (reaching out and taking his hands): I'm so grateful to have this sweet connection with you.

Premyogi: You are? I mean, okay...

Devabindi (softly): I don't care about Frederico any more. Hold me close.

*They embrace.*

Half-naked man (enthusiastically): You know, there's nothing like a cold shower to energise your body and tone up your skin. I feel so much better...I think I'll have another one!

*He exits.*

Terry (to Harry): You know, Harry, I've been thinking. I don't wanna do bad things any more. It doesn't feel right.

Harry (anxiously): Hey, Terry, snap out of it!

Terry: No, really Harry, I mean it. We need to change – on a deep level.

Harry (nervously): Okay, Terry, why don't we go outside and talk about this? (Looking round at everybody else is looking at them) Excuse us. We're having a communication problem.

*Harry grabs Terry and pulls him offstage.*

Barbara (to Jennifer): I think we've been too hasty, jumping to conclusions about this place.

Jennifer: I agree. It's so good to stop travelling. Let's go back to our room and relax.

*They exit. Premyogi and Devabindi are left alone, still embracing. Gently, Premyogi disengages a little bit from the embrace.*

Premyogi: Devabindi, are you okay?

Devabindi (softly and lovingly): Of course I am, silly. I'm just realising how fortunate I am to have this deep connection with you.

Premyogi: Devabindi, didn't you notice how everything suddenly changed just now. Not just between you and me, but with everyone?

Devabindi (kissing him lovingly): No. Did I miss something?

Premyogi (giving in to her loving embrace): I'm not sure. Maybe I missed something!

*They kiss again. Premyogi's mobile goes off in his pocket. He gently disengages a little bit from Devabindi.*

Premyogi: Hello? Yes, that's right we talked earlier. You're the guy from Norway who cancelled the training, right? (Pause, as he listens). Oh, you changed your mind? That's... That's great! What? You have ten friends who also want to do the next training? And you want to send all the money now? Okay, no problem, go ahead. Bye.

*Premyogi puts his mobile back in his pocket.*

Premyogi: It seems like our financial problems are over. We've just enrolled eleven more people for the training.

Devabindi: That's wonderful, Premyogi. I hate it when you're worried. Why don't we go to one of the session rooms and I'll give you a nice massage?

Premyogi: That's a nice offer, Devabindi, but right now I want to go for a walk. I need to clear my head.

Devabindi (lovingly): See you soon.

*Exit Devabindi. Premyogi remains on stage for a moment. He is puzzled, scratches his head.*

Premyogi (loudly, as if talking to the world): Somebody pinch me and tell me I'm dreaming! (He waits, but nothing happens and he shrugs his shoulders). Okay, Premyogi, welcome to the dawning of the age of Aquarius – I guess it had to happen sooner or later.

*He walks off.*

*A newscaster comes on.*

Newscaster: Good evening. Here is the 9 o'clock news. Today, Donald Trump resigned as US

president, saying he has suddenly realised he is unqualified for the job and not intelligent enough to take major decisions about the future of his country. Meanwhile, in the United Kingdom, Prime Minister Therese May said that she had changed her mind about leaving the European Union and will be leading Britain back into full partnership with other European countries. In Russia, President Putin announced that he is giving all Russian-occupied territories back to the Ukraine in a goodwill gesture. In China, millions of people have given up eating shark fin soup in order to protect the world's remaining shark population. Germany has announced that it will soon become the world's first fully vegetarian country, with no meat eating allowed. And here is a special announcement about a major change in European weather: the weather for Denmark will be warm, dry and sunny for the next 6 months and Tranquillity Meadows has been named as the Number One tourist destination for all spiritual seekers and meditators in Scandinavia. This is the end of the news.

*The newscaster exits.*

The two Blue Zephyrs zoom onstage and dance around, like before.

ZEPHYR 1: So, what do you think?

ZEPHYR 2: I don't think, silly.

ZEPHYR 1: Right. That's what humans do...

ZEPHYR 2:(laughing and twirling her fingers around her head): Think, think, think...

ZEPHYR 1 (also twirling her fingers): Day and night...

ZEPHYR 2: Night and day....

Together: Blah, blah, blah, hey, hey, hey!

*They both laugh.*

ZEPHYR 1: No, but seriously, the Aliens have switched on the Pacifier.

ZEPHYR 2:(mock seriousness): They are interfering in the destiny of the human race.

ZEPHYR 1: Now, the big question facing us is...

ZEPHYR 2: Should we interfere with the Aliens for interfering with the humans?

*They look at each other, reading the answer in each other's eyes.*

Together (shaking their heads): Naaaah!

ZEPHYR 1: It's much more fun to watch!

ZEPHYR 2: Ssssh, watch out! They're coming!

Together (to the audience): Watch carefully!

Both (giggling): Watch....

*They zoom off.*

*Harry cautiously enters, looking around nervously to see if anyone is watching him. His mobile phone rings and he pulls it out of his pocket.*

Harry: Hi. Yes, it's still working. How do I know? Well, all the dials on the box are green and everybody around here is acting lovey-dovey and have a nice day. Oops, someone's coming, I gotta go.

*Enter Devabindi. Harry stands in front of the machine, trying to hide it from Devabindi.*

Devabindi (seeing Harry): Can I help you, Harry?

Harry (nervously): Hi. No, everything is fine.

Devabindi (curiously): That's an interesting machine, what is it?

Harry: What machine? Oh, that machine! It's...er...Wi-Fi...yeah...some kind of Wi-Fi router.

Devabindi (walking slowly up to Harry, taking hold of his hands, and sincerely looking into his eyes): How are you, Harry?

Harry (trying to back off): Me? I'm fine. Never felt better.

Devabindi (gently stroking his head in a sympathetic and concerned way): You seem anxious. Is there anything I can do to help?

Harry (nervously): No. Really.

Devabindi: Your hands are shaking. Let me give you a hug.

*Devabindi embraces Harry, who tries to resist, but then reluctantly gives in.*

*Enter Premyogi.*

Premyogi (seeing Devabindi embracing Harry): Hey, what's going on?

*Devabindi slowly disengages from Harry enough to turn and look at Premyogi. She is not at all embarrassed by what is happening.*

Devabindi: Harry is feeling stressed. I think he has some unresolved issues to work on.

Premyogi (a little jealous): Well, maybe he can resolve them in some other way, apart from hugging you!

*Enter Barbara, Jennifer and half-naked man. Barbara and Jennifer are now dressed in floral, hippie-style clothes and the half-naked man has a crown of flowers. They are all happy.*

Barbara: Hi everyone! We just want to tell you! We have some good news.

Jennifer: Yes. The three of us have committed ourselves to a *polyamorous* relationship.

Half-naked Man: We're going to live together in one room in your guesthouse.

Barbara: For a trial period of three months.

*Enter Control.*

Control (enthusiastically addressing Barbara and Jennifer): Wait! I have something important to say. I want to join your *polyamorous* relationship. I've been watching the three of you... You're so beautiful and loving and caring with each other!

Jennifer (smiling happily): Oh that is so wonderful!

Barbara: Well, now there will be four of us in the room instead of three.

*Enter Terry.*

Terry (addressing Barbara and Jennifer): Count me in! I want to be part of your *polyamorous* group as well.

Harry (astonished and irritated): Terry, quit messing around. We got work to do.

Terry: No, Harry. It's time for me to take care of myself in a new and deeper way.

Barbara: Well, now there will be five of us in the room instead of four.

Devabindi (smiles radiantly): You know, I've had a sudden realization. I'm going to join you as well!

Barbara: Six!

Premyogi (to Devabindi): Not you! What about *our* relationship?

Devabindi: Don't worry, beloved, there's plenty of space for you in our new *polyamorous* way of connecting.

Jennifer and Barbara (looking at each other and smiling): Eight!

Half-Naked Man (holding hands with Jennifer and Barbara): I have an idea. Why don't we all just get naked right now and begin our *polyamorous* adventure together?

Everyone (except Harry and Premyogi): Yes, let's do it!

*At this moment, the two detectives from Danish Homeland Security rush on stage with their guns.*

First Detective: Okay, everybody, put your hands in the air.

Second Detective: Nobody move!

First Detective: Where are they? Where are the aliens?

Premyogi: What aliens?

First Detective (pointing his gun at Premyogi): Don't get smart with me, where are they?

Second Detective: Give them up, or you're going to jail right now!

Premyogi: I think you're making a mistake.

Devabindi: We are meditators, not aliens.

Premyogi (to Devabindi): Well, in a way, meditators are sort of aliens...

Devabindi (to Premyogi): Yes, you're right! Deconditioning does transform us into aliens...

First Detective (angrily): Cut the crap! You ain't aliens!

Second Detective: We're looking for two guys in silver suits!

*Strange alien sounds, as the two Aliens moon-walk slowly onto the stage.*

Premyogi (who is less affected than the rest): My God, who are you?

First Alien: We are what you call "Aliens from outer space".

Second Alien: To put it simply: we are the new Masters of Planet Earth.

First Alien: We have come to rule this planet with peace, love and understanding.

Harry (astonished): My God, I didn't know. You're the people I've been working for!

First Alien: Thank you Harry. You have done good work. We will take over now.

Second Alien: Give us the machine and we will complete the transition of power.

Harry (gesturing towards the box): It's over there.

First Detective: Oh no you don't! We're gonna stop you!

Second Detective: Yeah, this time we're taking you in!

First Alien (undisturbed by this threat): Oh really, is that so?

First Detective: Yeah, or we blow your stupid alien heads off!

Second Alien (approaching the detectives): Go ahead, make my day!

*The two detectives try shooting their weapons, but again nothing happens. The aliens touch them and they drop their arms down by their sides and become passive.*

First Alien (to the detectives): Gentlemen, why aren't you at home watching your favourite programs on television?

Second Alien: Think of all the exciting episodes you're missing on Netflix and HBO!

First Detective: Yeah, you're right. (to his companion) Let's catch that new series about aliens taking over Planet Earth.

Second Detective: Yeah, they've got some great actors in that series. Let's go!

*The two detectives walk off stage.*

First Alien (to everyone else): Now, if you will all stand aside, we will complete the transition to a new peaceful and loving era on Planet Earth.

*Premyogi walks across the stage and stands in front of the box, blocking the way.*

Premyogi: Wait a minute. Hold everything. I hate to spoil the party, but maybe, just maybe, I don't want to be ruled by some power-crazy aliens.

First Alien (laughing): Power crazy? You must be joking. It is well known that human beings are the most power crazy species in the entire universe.

Second Alien: And you have been treating this planet very badly. Now stand side.

Premyogi: No!

First Alien (addressing all the others, who have been watching): All of you can go to the other building and begin your polyamorous relationship.

Jennifer: What a lovely idea! Let's go right now and begin our polyamorous relationship.

Barbara: I can't wait to start our new polyamorous adventure.

*Everyone leaves excitedly. Harry hesitates.*

Premyogi: Harry, you know what's going on. Help me stop them!

Harry (apologetically): Sorry, dude. I got a contract.

Premyogi: But they're aliens – taking over our planet!

Harry (shrugs): Business is business. Besides, I kinda like this idea of a polyamorous relationship – especially with your girlfriend. See you later!

*Harry leaves.*

Premyogi (calling after him): Asshole!

First Alien (to Premyogi): Now, my friend. Stand aside and let us complete our mission.

Premyogi: Wait a moment. Look, imposing mind control is just dictatorship.

First Alien: That is correct.

Premyogi: Well, if you're so advanced and so much better than us, why don't you convince me to cooperate with you, instead of compelling me?

*Aliens look at each other, pause in contemplation and then nod their agreement.*

Second Alien: Sounds okay to me.

*First Alien moves to centre downstage and pulls out a pair of glasses.*

First Alien: Come here, small-brained being. Put these on.

Premyogi (suspiciously): What's that?

Second Alien: The Glasses of God.

First Alien: If you want to see what we see, try them.

*Cautiously, Premyogi puts on the glasses and stares out across the audience.*

Premyogi: Oh my god!

Second Alien (amused): That's why we call them the glasses of God, because everyone who puts them on says the same thing: "Oh my God!"

First Alien: What do you see?

Premyogi (gazing in wonder): I see seven billion parasites crawling all over a planet...oh my god, they're eating it...they're eating the planet...it's disgusting!

*Premyogi can't look any longer and takes the glasses away from his eyes.*

Second Alien: Seven billion parasites. In a few years' time, that number will double.

First Alien: And then double again.

Second Alien: And again...until they've eaten everything...and destroyed the planet...and destroyed themselves.

Premyogi: Why are they are doing that?

Second Alien: Because they're asleep and dreaming.

*Slowly, Premyogi takes off the glasses.*

First Alien: So, you have a choice. Either you can be the only human who is awake, or you can join the party...

*A short section from 'The Blue Danube' waltz begins to play and all the characters who are part*



*of the polyamorous group come dancing in slow-motion across the stage, laughing happily, playing and flirting with each other. Then they dance off and music ends.*

First Alien (explaining to Premyogi): Really, it's just another form of sleep.

Second Alien: But nice sleep, happy sleep.

First Alien: And while they are sleeping, we will be in control and we will tell them what to do.

Second Alien: And we will save the planet.

First Alien (looking at Premyogi): So...what's it to be?

Premyogi (shrugs): I guess I have to join the party.

Second Alien: Good decision!

First Alien: Are you sure?

Premyogi (*hesitates for a moment, then nods*): Yes, I'm sure.

First Alien (leading Premyogi towards the desk on which he was sitting at the beginning of the play): Come and sit down, small parasite.

Premyogi: Would you mind not calling me a parasite?

Second Alien: Well, would you mind not behaving like one?

Premyogi: I can try.

First Alien: Good, now sit down and rest. You look tired.

Premyogi: It's been a long day.

*The two aliens help Premyogi to sit at the desk. They touch him on the third eye and he immediately goes into a trance and then falls asleep.*

Second Alien: Sweet dreams, my friend, sweet dreams.

*The two aliens then go and pick up the Pacifier Machine.*

First Alien (to his companion): Well, here we go...

Second Alien (starting to laugh): The new rulers of Planet Earth!

*Laughing, they carry the machine off stage. The lights flicker and there are strange noises. Then the lighting becomes normal again and the sounds stop.*

*The blue Zephyrs zoom onstage and run around in mock alarm, as if something terrible has happened.*

ZEPHYR 2:(mock alarm): Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god!

ZEPHYR 1: (mock alarm): Oh me, oh my! Oh my, oh me!

ZEPHYR 2: Quelle dramatique!

ZEPHYR 1: Quelle tragedie!

ZEPHYR 2: The human race is enslaved!

ZEPHYR 1: The human race is in chains!

ZEPHYR 2: The human race is lost!

ZEPHYR 1: The human race is doomed to eternal sleep!

*They become normal again.*

ZEPHYR 2: So...now do we interfere?

ZEPHYR 1: (grandly raising an arm, as if wielding a sword): In the name of freedom, democracy and truth?

ZEPHYR 2:(doing the same): In the name of justice, fairness and the right of every species in the universe to self-determination?

*They look at each other and smile.*

Together: Naaah!

ZEPHYR 1: Because, you see, it's much too late...

ZEPHYR 2: To save these humans from their fate.

ZEPHYR 1: Unless, of course, it's just a dream,

ZEPHYR 2: And nothing's really what it seems,

ZEPHYR 1: Because, you see, with human make up,

ZEPHYR 2: It's always possible to wake up!

*Slow version of "Sleep Baby Sleep" begins to play. The two Zephyrs dance to the music, playing with Premyogi, trying to open his eyes while he sleeps, then they bring him to a standing position, while he is still sleeping, and take him centre stage and play with him. But he doesn't really wake up. Then they take him back to his chair, as the music ends, and exit.*

*Enter Devabindi, with a pile of laundry, the same as in the opening scene. She sees Premyogi sleeping at the desk, goes over and gently wakes him.*

Devabindi: Hey, Premyogi, wake up!

*Premyogi wakes up, startled.*

Premyogi: What? Where are they? We have to stop them!

Devabindi: Premyogi, are you okay? (comfortingly) Have you been having a bad dream?

Premyogi (standing up): Devabindi, this is important. Did you see two strange-looking creatures, like aliens, carrying a black box with wires coming out of it?

Devabindi (lovingly): Wow, you really have been dreaming, haven't you? But it's okay, you're awake now.

Premyogi: Am I? What about Harry and Terry?

Devabindi: Who? (She puts down her laundry, smiles and hugs him) Premyogi, I want to tell you something. I've decided not to go to Italy after all.

Premyogi: Italy? Oh, right. That's good... Very good.

*They hug. Enter Barbara and Jennifer, with their suitcases. They are acting normal now, neither uptight nor love-struck.*

Barbara: Hello?

Premyogi: Oh, hi! I'll get my car and take you to the train station.

Barbara (puzzled): Train station? But we just came from there.

Jennifer: Yes, we've come to stay for a week.

Premyogi: My God, so I was dreaming that, too!

Barbara: This is Tranquillity Meadows Meditation Centre, isn't it?

Devabindi (taking charge): Yes and welcome, both of you. Don't worry about Premyogi, he's just waking up from a bad dream.

*Enter the two aliens, dressed as ordinary human beings, with Harry, Terry and Control. All are dressed normally.*

First Alien: Hi! Can somebody help us?

Premyogi: Hi, you wanna take over the world?

First Alien: What?

Premyogi (laughing): It's okay, I'm joking. What can we do for you?

Second Alien: We just came from Norway. We want to get some information about the training you do here.

Premyogi: Oh right, of course, I'll go and get some brochures.  
First Alien: No need. Just give us the bottom line – what's it all about, really?  
Premyogi: The bottom line? Well, it's about waking up.  
Terry: How do you do that?  
Devabindi: Well, the first thing you need to know, if you want to wake up, is to realise that you're asleep and dreaming.  
Harry: You mean, we're dreaming right now?  
Devabindi: In a way, yes.  
Terry: Yeah, but how do we know we're dreaming?  
Premyogi: Maybe you need to talk to these two women (gesturing towards Barbara and Jennifer). I think they can help.  
Barbara: Hey, we're on holiday!  
Jennifer (sympathetically): Well, I guess we could squeeze in a couple of sessions.  
Barbara (giving in): Okay, sure, why not?  
Harry (looking at the audience and gesturing towards them): And what about these people?  
Premyogi (looking at audience): Oh them! They're also dreaming.  
Terry: What are they dreaming about?  
Devabindi: They're dreaming about watching a play, in which we are the actors.  
Harry: Do you think it's a good dream, or a bad dream?  
Premyogi: Well, there's only one way to find out.  
Devabindi: Yes, if they boo us, it's a bad dream. If they applaud, it's a good dream!  
Premyogi: So, let's line up, take a bow and see what happens.  
Devabindi: Okay, but, wait! First, let's sing the closing song!  
*Everyone comes on stage for the final song:*

*Sleep baby sleep, dream baby dream,  
Nothing you see is really what it seems,  
Sleep baby sleep, dream baby dream,  
Nothing you say or do is really what it seems.*

*How did you mess up?  
Where did you go wrong?  
How did you end up  
Dreaming all day long!  
When will you awaken?  
When will you arise?  
Not until you're shaken,  
Open up your eyes!*

*Sleep baby sleep, dream baby dream, etc.*

*Tell me how you're doing,  
Tell me how you feel,  
Tell me when you realize*

*That none of this is real.  
Tell me how to save you,  
Tell me that it's true,  
Tell me that you're dreaming  
And there's nothing I can do.*

*Sleep baby sleep, dream baby dream, etc.*

The End

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