

# **THE GIANT'S FOREHEAD**

**By Jerold London**

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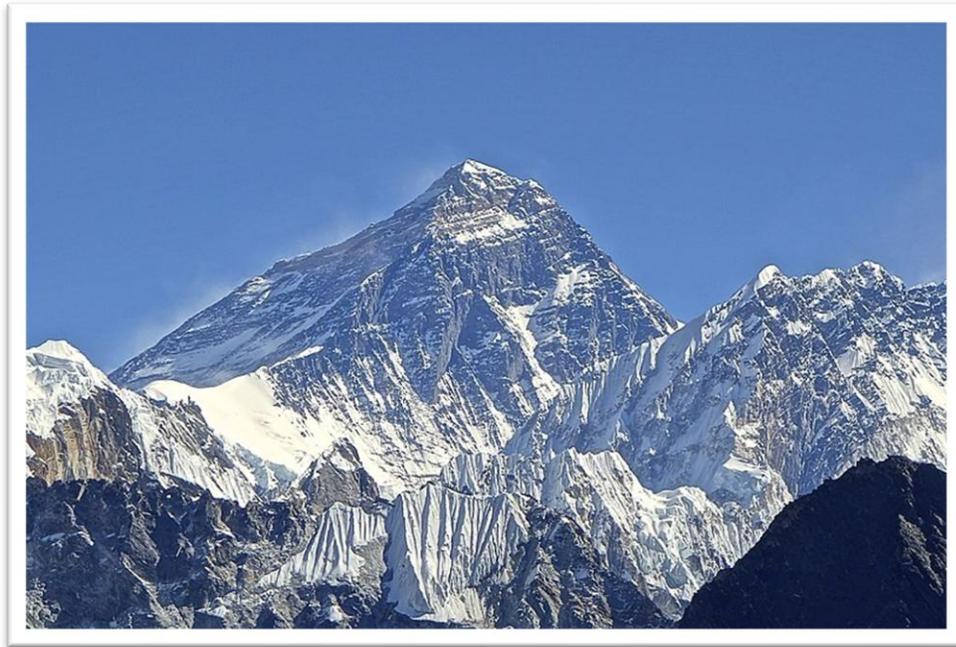


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**Climbing Mount Everest was the biggest mistake I've ever made in my life. I wish I'd never gone. I suffered for years of PTSD and still suffer from what happened. I'm glad I wrote a book about it. But, you know, if I could go back and relive my life, I would never have climbed Everest.**

**– Jon Krakauer**

**I'd been fantasizing about this moment, and the release of emotion that would accompany it, for many months. But now that I was finally here, actually standing on the summit of Mt. Everest, I just couldn't summon the energy to care.**

**– Jon Krakauer, Into Thin Air, 1997, p. 5**

**The ratio of misery to pleasure was greater by an order of magnitude than any other mountain I'd been on; I quickly came to understand that climbing Everest was primarily about enduring pain. And in subjecting ourselves to week after week of toil, tedium, and suffering, it struck me that most of us were probably seeking, above all else, something like a state of grace.**

**– Jon Krakauer, Into Thin Air, 1997, p. 136**

**Above 8,000 meters is not a place where people can afford morality.**

**– Hiroshi Hanada, Into Thin Air, 1997, p. 241**

# THE GIANT'S FOREHEAD

## TIME AND PLACE

Scenes 1, 2 and 4: 1995, Rhino's Forehead Pub, Boulder, Colorado.

Scene 3: 1995, Rocky Mountain National Park (Blitzen Ridge), near Boulder.

Scenes 5, 6 and 7: 1997, Camp IV on the South Col (elevation 25,919 feet) – the final camp below the summit of Mount Everest, Nepal.

Scene 8: December, 2020, Rhino's Forehead Pub, Boulder, Colorado.

**Stage left:** Rhino's Forehead Pub (on the first floor). Two floors above it is Bobbie St. George's one bedroom apartment and art studio, filled with her work.

**Center stage:** snow covering the ground, leading to a mountain peak rising upstage.

**Stage right:** A cabin-sized yellow tent on a platform 10 feet or so above the stage. During Scenes 1 to 4, and 8, the tent and the platform it is on are in darkness.

## CHARACTERS

BOBBIE ST. GEORGE, female, 30 in Scenes 1-4.

JON DAVID AMBROSE, male, 25 in Scenes 1-4.

MARK OBERON, male, 40 in Scene 5.

MATTHEW PRESTON, male, 45 in Scene 5.

LUCAS COBOS, male, 35 in Scene 5.

Waitress in Rhino's Forehead Pub, Scene 1 (nonspeaking part).

... in the dialogue indicates either a thoughtful break or an interruption.

**SCENE 1**

**AMBROSE is sitting alone, nursing a beer, at a table in Rhino's Forehead Pub.**

**ST. GEORGE comes to the table with a glass of white wine in her hand.**

**ST. GEORGE**

Room for another?  
In your thoughts?

**AMBROSE**

**Looks up at ST. GEORGE.**

[*beat*] Sure. Have a chair.  
Plenty of room at the table. Not so much in my lame thoughts, I'm afraid.

**ST. GEORGE sits down at the table with AMBROSE, sipping her wine. Neither of them speak for a while.**

**ST. GEORGE**

Come in here often?

**AMBROSE**

When I'm not working.  
Which is now.

**ST. GEORGE**

What do you do?

**AMBROSE**

Construction....  
Carpentry.

**ST. GEORGE**

An honest trade.

**AMBROSE**

[*beat*] What do *you* do?

**ST. GEORGE**

I'm a travel agent.

**AMBROSE**

What do travel agents do?  
I've always wondered.

**ST. GEORGE**

We help people plan trips they want, and suggest trips when they don't know what they want.

**AMBROSE**

Any money in it?

**ST. GEORGE**

Enough for me.  
Not for everybody, I guess.

**AMBROSE**

Same with me.  
When I have the work.  
Times are hard for that, sometimes.

**ST. GEORGE**

I preach some, too.

**AMBROSE**

Preach what?

**ST. GEORGE**

God's miraculous power.

**AMBROSE**

[*beat*] Which is what?

**ST. GEORGE**

To destroy the works of Satan.

**AMBROSE**

I'm sorry.  
Tonight's not the night I want to talk about religion.

**ST. GEORGE**

Understood.

**AMBROSE**

[*beat*] I think it's about time I leave.

**ST. GEORGE**

I didn't mean to offend you....  
Is there something else you'd like to talk about?

**AMBROSE**

Not really.

**ST. GEORGE**

What's the most favorite thing you've ever built?

**AMBROSE**

[*pause*] A kitchen.

**ST. GEORGE**

Tell me about it.  
What was so special?

**AMBROSE**

[*beat*] The cabinets.  
They could be pulled out and turned around.  
Three times as much could be kept in them, and just as easy as *that* be gotten out.

**ST. GEORGE**

Sounds perfect.  
A lucky woman, to be able to get a kitchen like that.

**AMBROSE**

To be able to afford it.

**ST. GEORGE**

[*beat*] Do you live around here?

**AMBROSE**

On 17th.

**ST. GEORGE**

Not all that far.

**AMBROSE**

What about you? Where's your place?

**ST. GEORGE**

**Points.**

Two floors up.

**AMBROSE**

Here?  
In this building?

**ST. GEORGE**

No elevator, though.

**AMBROSE**

Still convenient, I'd say.

**ST. GEORGE**

If you lived here, you'd be home by now.

**AMBROSE**

But I don't.

**ST. GEORGE**

[*beat*] What's your name?

**AMBROSE**

[*beat*] Picasso.  
Pablo Picasso.

**ST. GEORGE**

Lovely....  
So, what's your real name?

**AMBROSE**

[*beat*] Jon.

**ST. GEORGE**

A pleasure to meet you, Jon.  
I'm Bobbie.  
Bobbie St. George.

**AMBROSE**

A dragon-slayer?

**ST. GEORGE**

I will be.

**AMBROSE**

What do you mean, you will be?... When?

**ST. GEORGE**

[*beat*] There are dragons to be slain in this world.  
Modern-day dragons, bearing weapons of mass destruction and teeth of false  
teaching to be lied through.  
Someday I shall go to confront one.  
And slay it.  
Or it will slay me.  
That's my religion.

**AMBROSE**

**Finishes his beer and stands.**

I really need to go.

**ST. GEORGE**

**Takes AMBROSE by the arm.**

Not yet, please.  
I'm truly not trying to weird you out.  
That's not for a long time to come ... what I just said ... about the dragon.  
I won't talk about it anymore....  
Have another beer.  
On my tab.  
Please.

**AMBROSE considers, then signals for  
another beer and sits back down.**

**AMBROSE**

I'm just telling you:  
I'm not all that much into the gothic stuff.  
I have enough worries of my own.

**ST. GEORGE**

I wouldn't be either, but for a dream.  
And don't ask.

**AMBROSE**

I wasn't going to.

**A waitress comes up, with a fresh beer  
she puts down in front of AMBROSE.**

**ST. GEORGE**

[*to the waitress*] Put that on my tab.

**The waitress nods and leaves.**

**AMBROSE takes a drink.**

**AMBROSE**

Thanks.  
But why?

**ST. GEORGE**

I've been waiting here for somebody.

**AMBROSE**

Oh.  
Another man.

**ST. GEORGE**

A carpenter.  
Or a shepherd.

**AMBROSE**

Anybody I know? No, of course not.

**ST. GEORGE**

I don't know him, either.  
But I will when I see him.

**AMBROSE**

In Colorado?

**ST. GEORGE**

Colorado has a magic to it.

**AMBROSE**

Where?

**ST. GEORGE**

In the mountains.  
I will find him in the mountains if I don't find him in here.

**AMBROSE**

How do you know that?

**ST. GEORGE closes her eyes and puts a forefinger against her forehead.**

**AMBROSE**

Oh. In your dreams?

**AMBROSE takes a long drink.**

**ST. GEORGE**

Do you believe in dreams?

**AMBROSE**

Like, do I believe dreams can tell the future?

**ST. GEORGE**

The future is ours to tell. By what we do, and how we live it.  
What I mean is, do you believe in dreams telling us about who we are and what we're looking for?

**AMBROSE**

Not really.

**ST. GEORGE**

I do.

**AMBROSE**

Not everybody's like you.

**ST. GEORGE**

Correct. My dreams have told me that.

**AMBROSE**

And?...

**ST. GEORGE**

[*beat*] To wait. A dreamer must learn to wait for her dreams to materialize.  
That's all.

**AMBROSE**

To wait.

**ST. GEORGE**

To wait, patiently.  
Patience is a dreamer's most essential companion.  
A dreamer knows what she is waiting for, and she waits for nothing else. If she needs to eat, she finds a way to food because she is *not* hungry. If something hurts or bothers her, she finds a way to stop it because she is *not* in pain.

**AMBROSE**

Impossible.

**ST. GEORGE**

Not for a warrior.

**AMBROSE**

You're a warrior, too?

**ST. GEORGE**

A spiritual warrior.... *And* an artist.

**AMBROSE**

Not a travel agent?

**ST. GEORGE**

That, too. It pays the bills.

**AMBROSE**

I know some artists, who barely pay their bills.  
What does being a warrior do? To live by?

**ST. GEORGE**

A warrior lives by acting impeccably.  
Not by thinking about it. By *doing* it.  
She's responsible for all her actions.  
Nobody else.  
That's her confidence.  
She has confidence in herself.  
The confidence of a warrior, I can tell you, is *not* the confidence of an average woman, because the average woman seeks certainty in the eyes of others.  
A warrior seeks impeccability in her own eyes.  
But humbly.

**AMBROSE takes another long drink,  
finishing his beer.**

**AMBROSE**

It's time I get some rest for this humble brain of mine.

**AMBROSE stands.**

**ST. GEORGE takes him by the hand.**

**ST. GEORGE**

Come up to my place.  
It's closer.  
You can sleep there.

**AMBROSE**

*To your place?! I hardly know you!*

**ST. GEORGE**

You know my name, where I live, what I do, my gender and my religion.  
What else?

**AMBROSE**

[*beat*] How old are you?

**ST. GEORGE**

Thirty.  
How old are you?

**AMBROSE**

Twenty-five.

**ST. GEORGE**

That's old enough.  
You fit the half my age plus seven rule.

**AMBROSE**

What's that?

**ST. GEORGE**

You don't take somebody to bed with you whose younger than half your age plus seven.

**AMBROSE**

Never heard of it.

**ST. GEORGE**

Half my age is fifteen.  
Add seven, and you get twenty-two.  
You're twenty-five.  
You're old enough.

**AMBROSE**

[*decision-making pause*] Okay.

**ST. GEORGE**

**Stands, close to AMBROSE, still holding his hand.**

Jon?

Just Jon?

**AMBROSE**

Isn't that enough?

For just a night?

**ST. GEORGE**

I spose so.

**They begin to walk out of the Pub.**

**AMBROSE**

Just so you know, I'm not much of a lover lately.

**ST. GEORGE**

Not to worry.

Be yourself.

Just be yourself.

**She kisses him.**

**They exit to the steps outside the Pub  
and climb the two floors to St. George's  
simple apartment, and enter.**

**The audience can see them embrace, and  
then undress.**

**ST. GEORGE takes AMBROSE to bed  
with her.**

**Slowly they warm up to each other,  
explore, and make love.**

**SCENE 2**

**The following morning.**

**ST. GEORGE and AMBROSE are back down in the Pub, having just finished breakfast together.**

**They are drinking what appear to be morning Bloody Marys.**

**AMBROSE**

I don't get what you're up to.  
There are better lays out there than me, aren't there?

**ST. GEORGE**

I wouldn't know, and I wouldn't care.  
It's you I want to get to know.

**AMBROSE**

Why?

**ST. GEORGE**

Because, for me, you're the chosen one.

**AMBROSE**

The chosen one?  
What's that supposed to mean?

**ST. GEORGE**

When we get to know each other better, maybe you'll understand....  
I still haven't heard you say your last name yet.

**AMBROSE**

Picasso. I told you.

**ST. GEORGE**

Your *real* last name.

**AMBROSE**

[*pause*] Jon David Ambrose.

**ST. GEORGE**

That's what I thought.

**AMBROSE**

Thought what?

**ST. GEORGE**

“Ambrose.” It means eternal, doesn’t it.

**AMBROSE**

I have no idea. It’s just a name I got, to call myself.

**ST. GEORGE**

Beware of names you get to call yourself.  
They can become yourself.

**AMBROSE**

Like Mark Twain, you mean?

**ST. GEORGE**

Like Pink Floyd.

**AMBROSE**

Or Deep Throat.

**ST. GEORGE**

Or Barabbas.

**AMBROSE**

Who’s that? Barabbas, you said? Or was it Barbados?

**ST. GEORGE**

Barabbas means the son of the father ... in Aramaic.

**AMBROSE**

Jesus?

**ST. GEORGE**

He was called that.

**Pause.**

**AMBROSE**

Are you a Christian, Bobbie?

**ST. GEORGE**

I don’t know. Am I?

**AMBROSE**

Don't ask *me*....  
What is a Christian, anyway?

**ST. GEORGE**

From an artist's perspective, broadly brushed, I see two general shades of being a Christian. And this one, the magenta peg I am, don't rightly fit in either.

One are Christ-like. "Yeshuans" I call them, for simplicity's sake. Or Jeseans. They lead their lives as much for others as themselves, out of the limelight, in the humble manner Jesus often spoke of.

Like in Matthew 25 for example:

"Verily I say unto you, inasmuch as you have fed the poor, given drink to the thirsty, taken in a stranger, clothed the unclothed, tended to the sick, visited those in prison, you have done the same as though to God himself."

James 2 is about the same:

"Those of you who show no mercy to the least among you will have judgment without mercy after you die. For what does it profit a man who claims he has faith, but has no works to show? If you pass a man in need of food or clothes, and you tell him, 'Depart in peace, Brother, be warmed and filled' and yet you give him nothing that he needs, it profits you nothing."

You are no more than an empty bucket.

Faith that doesn't work is dead.

[*beat*] The second type of Christian are ones I impertinently refer to as "Crucifixionists," who embrace the rigid theory that to be "saved" you have to bring heart, mind, and soul into accord with the teachings of your Church, from virgin birth to Trinity.

"Crucifixionists" virtually worship John 14, where Jesus is recorded as saying: "I am the way, the truth, and the life: No man cometh unto the Father but by me."

To my way of looking at things, many Christians go in search of two Gods, a Holy Spirit to put a seal of approval upon what they're being taught, and graven images of the crucifixion.

**AMBROSE**

And fire and brimstone in between ... for the losers.

**ST. GEORGE**

Exactly, except, maybe I'm biased.

**AMBROSE**

Aren't we all?... So ... are you one?

**ST. GEORGE**

What do you think? Am I?

**AMBROSE**

I don't know.

Religion is a region I pretty much stay away from.

**ST. GEORGE**

I'm no "depart in peace" person, if you want to know. Far too much a Type A.

**AMBROSE**

Which means what?

You don't believe in the crucifixion?

**ST. GEORGE**

I believe in the spiritual over the worldly.

I believe the moment Jesus died he became fully spiritual, and remained that way.

Whether he took human form again or not is immaterial to me.

**AMBROSE**

That doesn't sound so Christian in my book. But what do I know?

**ST. GEORGE**

In the eyes of an artist, people are as much spiritual beings as material beings. For all our worldly trappings and bodily aches, and pains, and fears, we exist far longer in the invisible realm of feelings and spirits than we do here in the shadow of death. I paint *that*.

**AMBROSE**

That's something that's always been a puzzlement to me. I mean, life after death. Is it spiritual, and invisible?

**ST. GEORGE**

Death is a mystery. I won't argue that.

All I can say is that while I'm here in this physical form I intend to attack evil full front. To battle Satan in spiritual warfare while I can, and begin our long trek toward absolute defeat of demonic power on Earth.

Only then can the blindness in men's eyes be lifted.

Only then will we know the exact truth of the crucifixion and resurrection.

Only then will our faith be strong enough to move mountains of ignorance, which so desperately need moving as much as feeding the poor and giving care to the homeless.

**AMBROSE**

I don't know what you're talking about when you say "spiritual warfare."

**ST. GEORGE**

Spiritual warfare is overthrowing the dominion of Satan and Satan's hateful, deceitful thought.

Spiritual warfare is winning new territories for God by driving the forces of evil from them.

Spiritual warfare is hand-to-hand combat, fought with prayers, the Word of God, and the holy force of recognition.

I say "recognition" because recognizing the enemy, being able to see them, is what brings about victory.

And do you know why?

**AMBROSE**

I have no idea. This is all Greek to me.

**ST. GEORGE**

Because the forces of evil shrivel and die in the light of human sight and understanding.

**AMBROSE**

Is that what you do in church?

**ST. GEORGE**

Oh! Not at all!

Spiritual warfare, to be successful, must be taken out of the church and directly into the spots where Satan's demons control.

Only there can there be hand-to-hand combat.

**AMBROSE**

With what?

Bibles, wine, and holy water?

**ST. GEORGE**

With the sword of the Lord.

**ST. GEORGE stands, picks up (from the floor by her chair) a long, slender package she had brought with her into the Pub, and unwraps it.**

**It is an 18" Saxon sword.**

**AMBROSE**

What the hell?!  
What do you have *that* for?!

**ST. GEORGE**

This is a Saxon sword, fit to rid a demon spirit.

**She bounces about on her feet and  
begins slashing the air with the sword,  
while chanting:**

**ST. GEORGE**

Satan, heed my words:  
I am your executioner.  
Here, in my hand, God has placed this holy sword.

**AMBROSE jumps to his feet in alarm.**

**AMBROSE**

*Holy Christ! What are you doing, Bobbie?*

**ST. GEORGE**

**Ignoring him.**

I will strike you so hard by the spirit that you shall know I can see you, and that  
your power over this place has fallen.  
And I do it by Jehovah in the name of Yeshua.

**ST. GEORGE puts the sword down on  
the table.**

**ST. GEORGE**

That, my dear young man, is how spiritual warfare works.  
*In the field.*  
Not in church. And *not here*. No lingering demons in this place.

**AMBROSE**

You can cut the Devil with that thing?

**ST. GEORGE**

You're not listening.  
The Devil is a spirit. It cannot be cut.  
But the sword of the Lord shows that he can be found out, and seen.  
And that's a far deeper wound to him.

**AMBROSE**

The sword has eyes?

**ST. GEORGE**

Eyes, ears, and a nose that smells how you're trying to mess with me.

**AMBROSE**

Sorry.

**They sit back down.**

**AMBROSE**

It just seemed so ridiculous, all of a sudden.

**ST. GEORGE**

Did you feel it?

**AMBROSE**

I almost shit my pants! I did! No shit!

**ST. GEORGE**

Then you got it. Like demons do.

Evil spirits imagine they're invisible to us.

But in a shock they discover they're not. And it crushes their power, being seen.

It drives them wall-eyed from the place.

**AMBROSE**

How can they be seen if they're invisible?

**ST. GEORGE**

With the third eye.

**AMBROSE**

Like ...?

**ST. GEORGE**

Like seeing with your eyes closed.

**AMBROSE**

Feeling, you mean.

**ST. GEORGE**

Seeing through feeling from the Word of the Lord.... Prayer is a key part.

Prayer directs you to the neck of the dragon; and then you strike it.

**AMBROSE**

Is that what exorcism does?

**ST. GEORGE**

I've never taken part in an exorcism.  
It's a different kind of seeing, I'm sure.  
But I spose the concept's the same.  
Hand-to-hand battle with Satan.  
Your inner eye exposed, and the strength in your hand being the strength of  
God's hand in yours.

**AMBROSE**

I don't get it.  
Why are you in Boulder?  
We're not particularly loaded with demon spirits here, are we?  
I certainly haven't noticed any.

**ST. GEORGE**

You've noticed right.  
Colorado's been clear of serious Satanic power for a long time.  
It's the mountains I'm here for.

**AMBROSE**

For what?  
To test the strength of your faith by trying to get one to move for you?

**ST. GEORGE**

I wouldn't expect you to understand.

**AMBROSE**

Try me.

**ST. GEORGE**

We are the Christian militant, subscribed and committed to weakening Satan and  
his force of Evil in the world.  
We won't see the Four Horsemen in our lifetime.  
But I foresee that we'll hear their hoof beats.

**AMBROSE**

[*beat*] You fore *see* that you'll *hear* their horses?

**ST. GEORGE**

That's right. A voice in my ear tells me we'll spot their dirt and dust coming.

**AMBROSE**

In the mountains?

**ST. GEORGE**

[beat] Well, if you must know, one of our prophets had a vision, sent to her in a dream by the Holy Spirit, that we are to go to the Giant's Forehead to do spiritual battle with the Scarlet Harlot herself, who lives in an ice castle there, and sits upon a bloody beast having seven heads and ten horns.

**AMBROSE**

What?!!

**ST. GEORGE**

It's the dragon of perdition, and she's the Empress Queen of Fornication. She's arrayed in purple and scarlet, trimmed with gold, precious stones and pearls; and she holds a golden cup in her hand full of the elixir of sex. She's the Great Whore of Babylon with whom the non-believers of the earth have been made drunk with the wine of her fornication. On her forehead is the name written: "Babylon – mother of harlots." She would gladly drink the blood of saints; and in the end, after we drive her from her ice castle, those who worship her will strip her of her fine jewels and garments, and the birds of the sky will eat her flesh. Anything left shall burn with fire in Hell. The seven heads of the dragon she sits upon are the seven mountains of her domain – the greatest of which is the Giant's Forehead. And we shall shout out for the mountains to hear: "Babylon the Great is fallen. Great is the fall. And God shall not forget her iniquities." Thus with the violence of our spiritual battle shall the great whore be thrown down. "Praise God all you who are his servants, both great and small. Alleluia." And the revolution we cradle in the mountains, the spirit of Jesus will finish, appearing with sword in hand upon a white horse breathing flames from the very wrath and fierceness of Almighty God. It is Jesus's revolution he started two thousand years ago. And the predatory fowl of the air will appear, and will pursue her and all her minions through the crags and valleys below until the flesh of every one of them is devoured.

**AMBROSE**

Holy Shit!! She told you all that?

**ST. GEORGE**

Amen.

**AMBROSE**

Where is this ice castle?

**ST. GEORGE**

At the Giant's Forehead.

**AMBROSE**

And where's that?

**ST. GEORGE**

Mt. Everest. The top of the world.

**AMBROSE**

Mt. Everest! You can't go to Mt. Everest!

**ST. GEORGE**

Oh yes we can.

**AMBROSE**

It's way too cold.  
People can die there.

**ST. GEORGE**

Which is why we're seasoning ourselves here first....  
In Colorado.

**AMBROSE**

People die in Colorado, too.  
In the mountains.  
I know.

**ST. GEORGE**

We have to start where we can. Here. In Colorado.  
And then to higher altitudes.  
In Mexico. And the Andes in South America. And then to the Alps.  
Ultimately, the Himalayas themselves.  
It's no piece of cake. We know that.  
Mt. Everest will be a battle of height, oxygen, and cold, as well as spiritual.  
That's why the Queen lives there.  
Thinking no one with spiritual force can ever get to her.

**AMBROSE**

You're crazy!

**ST. GEORGE**

Maybe so....  
Crazy in the ways of the Lord.

**AMBROSE**

People die in the ways of the Lord.

**ST. GEORGE**

We all die, someday.  
It's what we can do before we do.

**AMBROSE**

But that's no reason to speed the process. Not if somebody loves you.

**ST. GEORGE**

Everything we do.  
Everywhere we go speeds the process someway.  
That's life.

**AMBROSE**

[*pause*] My fiancée died, climbing.

**ST. GEORGE**

Oh?

**AMBROSE**

In Rocky Mountain National Park.  
Right here in Colorado....  
She was only twenty-three.

**ST. GEORGE**

I'm sorry.

**AMBROSE**

And *you* want to climb!  
What's wrong with you?

**ST. GEORGE**

I have direction from God, and I won't fear death.  
Do you understand?

**AMBROSE**

She trusted in God, too.  
And fell to her death anyway....  
Solo climbing Blitzen Ridge.  
And she wasn't the only one that week.

**ST. GEORGE**

Mountain-climbing's no piece of cake.

**AMBROSE**

You're all crazy!  
It was a year ago; and I can't stop thinking about it.  
What a waste!  
Over and over, in my thoughts, lying alone at night, I feel her fall.  
Feel her lying alone forever.  
And finally I wrote her a letter.  
I had to.  
My thoughts wouldn't give me rest until I did.  
I told her how much I missed her, and how much I loved her.  
And I sent it. To her apartment in Chicago.  
Knowing no one would ever read it.

**ST. GEORGE**

And someone did.

**AMBROSE**

How do you know that?

**ST. GEORGE**

It explains why you're here in Colorado.

**AMBROSE**

You're not so crazy, are you?

**ST. GEORGE**

I listen.

**AMBROSE**

Yes, you do....  
Yes ... someone read the letter, and wrote me back.  
I don't know who.  
But she ... or maybe he ... but anyway, they suggested I come to where she died.  
To Colorado. And I'm here.... And I'm lost.

**ST. GEORGE**

How long have you been here?

**AMBROSE**

Six months, and I haven't met a person....

Not one, I mean, who can explain why I'm here.

**ST. GEORGE**

You don't know?!

**AMBROSE**

[*pause*] You mean Lucy?

**ST. GEORGE**

Tell me about her.

**AMBROSE**

She's dead.

**ST. GEORGE**

*Before* she died.

What was she like?

**AMBROSE**

A student. In grad school....

Environmental protection.

Climate and sustainability stuff.

She said she wanted to be a forest ranger.

Camp outdoors.

And climb....

I hated her climbing the way she did.

**ST. GEORGE**

Is that what you wrote in your letter?

**AMBROSE**

I wrote that I was selfish.

How I was terrified every time she went rock climbing.

I told her to stop.

And my selfishness would have kept her alive.

**ST. GEORGE**

And?

**AMBROSE**

And she died doing what she loved to do.  
So my selfishness would have taken that away from her....  
[beat] She could make me laugh like no one else.  
Her favorite game was to give me a choice:  
Would you rather tame a wild horse, she'd ask, or have a silver nose?  
Or ... would you rather be a castaway on an island with no books to read except  
for the Bible, Shakespeare, and your one favorite book, or have a silver nose?  
Always the silver nose at the end.  
That was Lucy.

**ST. GEORGE**

You loved *her*.  
She loved *climbing*.  
You both had something you loved.  
And she died.

**AMBROSE**

I died, too. A piece of me died with her.

**ST. GEORGE**

I understand.

**AMBROSE**

I sincerely doubt that you do.

**ST. GEORGE**

Whenever you give part of yourself to another, you risk losing it.  
I understand that.

**AMBROSE**

I wanted to go to Blitzen Ridge, and shout at it.  
"Give me back my life!  
Why did you take my Lucy's life?  
Or don't you remember?  
All the lives you've beaten down...."  
But I've never made it.

**ST. GEORGE**

Go. Grief is a pit....  
Or rather, grief's a mountain you have to climb to overcome.  
Or you wallow below in memories of your loss.  
[beat] Would you rather wallow below, Jon? Or have a silver nose?

**AMBROSE**

[*pause*] Who *are* you?

**ST. GEORGE**

I've told you.

I am a warrior and an artist who's going to the Giant's Forehead to drive out the Babylonian harlot who hides there.

**AMBROSE**

And what do you want of me?

**ST. GEORGE**

Nothing....

[*beat*] Until you face *your* mountain.

**AMBROSE**

And then what?

**ST. GEORGE**

Do what it tells you.

**AMBROSE**

Tells me about you?

**ST. GEORGE**

To travel with me to Mt. Everest.

**AMBROSE**

You're insane!...Why me?

**ST. GEORGE**

Because you're the chosen one.

**AMBROSE**

No I'm not. I've told you I'm not. I just don't understand.

**ST. GEORGE**

You will.

**AMBROSE**

No I won't.

**ST. GEORGE**

Just go.

**AMBROSE**

Maybe I will.

**ST. GEORGE**

And I'll be here, waiting for your answer.

**AMBROSE**

[*pause*] There's no way.  
I hardly have enough money as it is.

**ST. GEORGE**

Money's not the issue.  
We're funded.  
Including you, now.  
To Blitzen Ridge and back.  
To Mt. Everest and back.  
And then some.

**AMBROSE**

Why?

**ST. GEORGE**

Maybe I don't know why, more than I've already told you.  
Something's out there, pulling at us.  
I do know that.  
And it won't let go.  
Trust me.

**AMBROSE**

I don't understand.

**ST. GEORGE**

We need you; and you need us.  
That's all you need to understand.

**AMBROSE**

It's so clear to you, and so blind to me.  
I feel like I'm being married, and I've never seen the bride.

**ST. GEORGE**

Take it from me:  
She's worth it.

**AMBROSE**

I've got to think this over.

**ST. GEORGE**

Then go.

Think about it.

You know where to find me.

**AMBROSE stands.**

**ST. GEORGE stands, and hands  
AMBROSE an envelope.**

**AMBROSE takes it.**

**They shake hands.**

**AMBROSE exits.**

### SCENE 3

**AMBROSE enters stage right to center stage, and begins walking through the snow of center stage, up toward the mountain peak rising upstage.**

**He starts to run, falls, and as he gets back to his feet, he drops his coat on the snow-covered ground.**

**He runs a few feet more, then stops.**

**Looking up at the mountain, he takes his gloves off (which he lets drop at his feet), holds his open hands alongside his mouth, and shouts out:**

**AMBROSE**

Lucy!

Lucy!

Are you up there?

Is it cold up there?

How are you? How are you?...

I'm not well. Missing you.

I don't do well, remembering lost things....

I've met somebody.

She wants to take me away from you.

What do you do?

What do *I* do?

Just fly away, when I never want to fly anywhere without you?

Tell me what to do.

I've come all this way for you to tell me what to do.

**AMBROSE stands, motionless.**

**In a few moments he drops to his knees in the snow, digs into it, finds something which he gently scoops with the snow around it into one of his gloves.**

**SCENE 4**

**ST. GEORGE is sitting alone with a glass of wine at a table in Rhino's Forehead Pub.**

**AMBROSE enters the Pub, sees ST. GEORGE, and comes to sit with her at her table.**

**ST. GEORGE**

**Pause, looking intently at him.**

Are you okay?

**AMBROSE**

Thank you for the loan.

**ST. GEORGE**

*Money??*

At a time like this?

Are you okay?

**AMBROSE**

[*pause*] I asked her what to do.

**ST. GEORGE**

She was still there?

**AMBROSE**

[*beat*] I'm such a selfish lug.

**ST. GEORGE**

You may not be what you think you are.

Not your breath.

Not your mansomeness.

Not your destiny.

**AMBROSE**

[*beat*] I asked her what to do....

Like, when we got engaged:

I couldn't ask her.

We just stood there, for the longest time, the ring in my pocket.

Until she asked me to marry her.

**ST. GEORGE**

Our hearts do play on us, don't they?... when we're asked to untie the ties that bind.

**AMBROSE**

[*beat*] I love her, beyond ever untying anything.  
Ever forgetting anything.  
But, they say, life must go on.  
Through old rooms remembered, and new rooms to face new faces.  
That's what she told me. What I heard her say.

**ST. GEORGE**

She's right. Life and death are both that way.

**AMBROSE**

I'm telling you:  
Whatever I do from now on, I'm doing it for her.

**ST. GEORGE**

And I'm doing it for the Lord.  
So we're even.

**AMBROSE**

She told me to look for something.

**ST. GEORGE**

Where?

**AMBROSE**

In the snow.

**ST. GEORGE**

Did you find anything?

**AMBROSE**

I found this.

**AMBROSE takes out a small box, which he hands to ST. GEORGE.**

**She opens it and looks.**

**ST. GEORGE**

What is it?

**AMBROSE**

It was a dead dragonfly, frozen perfectly in the snow.  
I've damaged it some, bringing it back here.

**ST. GEORGE**

The world works in mysterious ways.

**AMBROSE**

I have a question.

**ST. GEORGE**

I should think so....  
And more than one.

**AMBROSE**

Why would a religious person like yourself want to have sex with a stranger?

**ST. GEORGE**

Two answers:

First, I have prepared for the last three years to take on the harlot of Satan.  
And how could I know what to do, if I didn't fornicate myself?  
It's part of the armor I must wear.  
And second, what makes you think you're a stranger?

**AMBROSE**

Wasn't I?

**ST. GEORGE**

Come on!  
Would a stranger find a dragonfly in the snow at Blitzen Ridge?

**AMBROSE**

What are you saying? That I was chosen?

**ST. GEORGE**

I believe I've said that.

**AMBROSE**

What's life all about anyway, if somebody can be selected like that?  
And lose the love of their lives along the way?

**ST. GEORGE**

Life, I believe, has its own peculiar shape for each one of us.

**AMBROSE**

That .... What does that mean?

**ST. GEORGE**

It means that no two people find their promise on the same trail.  
And no two people end up in exactly the same promised land.  
We struggle, all of us, every day.  
We aren't born perfect, and we certainly don't go out perfect.  
The best we can hope for is to live for what's worthwhile while we're alive.  
Our duty to fellow man, for example.  
Honor.  
Thoughtfulness and truthfulness.  
And enough bravery to do battle against evil in this world.

**AMBROSE**

What about love?

**ST. GEORGE**

Keep the faith, and love will find you.

**AMBROSE**

I found my love.  
Once.  
And I wanted more from it than I got:  
An empty space inside walls of a heart that ache.

**ST. GEORGE**

You found your dragonfly.  
Make the most of it.  
It was a miracle.

**AMBROSE**

Like what? A Biblical-type miracle?

**ST. GEORGE**

[*pause*] I'm going to tell you this one time, Jon.  
Don't ever ask me about it again.  
And don't expect me to admit to it if you ever tell another soul I said it.  
[*beat*] Not everything told about miracles in the Bible is true.  
We know there are mistakes.  
Some by human error, and some by deliberate fabrication.  
We just don't know where all of them are yet.

**AMBROSE**

Then how can you live by the Bible?

**ST. GEORGE**

The Bible is a sword.  
To fight the evil spirit of Satan.  
You live by the sword; and you die by the sword.  
And you don't believe everything in between.

**AMBROSE**

What *do* you believe?

**ST. GEORGE**

You believe what makes sense.  
You believe what brings faith back inside you, closer to nature.  
And you believe in reverence for life upon this planet.

**AMBROSE**

Is that what sex means to you?

**ST. GEORGE**

Sex means life.  
Biologically speaking.  
And sex also means bonding with another.  
Psychologically speaking.  
Because we are meant to bond, one with another.  
And sex guides us to that.  
Provided we don't fuck it up.  
Otherwise it blinds us like a blizzard.  
But either way, sex is not the purpose of life.  
To a warrior, having sex is no more important than not having sex.

**AMBROSE**

[*beat*] Where do we go from here?

**ST. GEORGE**

To Mexico.  
Pico de Orizaba.  
18,500 feet.  
We'll add to our team as we go along.  
Plus a guide in Nepal.  
I've finished what can be done in Colorado.

**AMBROSE**

After Mexico, then what?

**ST. GEORGE**

The prize is 29,000 feet.

The Giant's forehead.

And we have to prepare ourselves.

Because God prepares those who prepare themselves.

It'll take two years, I think. To "acclimatize."

You see, the higher you go on Earth, the less oxygen there is, and the more red blood cells you need in your body just to keep up.

Your body can produce some of the extra cells you need, but it takes time. Like months.

At 9,000 feet the oxygen level drops to 71%.

At 13,000 feet, to 61%.

Another couple of months.

At 21,000 feet it dips to 45%.

That could mean half a year's worth of acclimatizing, just by itself.

The Andes, in Peru, are 21,000 feet.

The Aconcagua in Argentina is 23,000 feet.

When you reach 26,000 feet you enter what's known as the death zone.

No matter what you do above 26,000 feet, your body begins slowly deteriorating.

You can't eat right. Your body doesn't have the oxygen to digest food.

Sooner or later you die from oxygen starvation, no matter how prepared you are.

Everest is 29,000 feet – three thousand feet into the death zone.

The oxygen level there drops to 33%.

Fatal by itself in a few days.

But you can't stay there a few days, because you'll freeze to death.

What climbers on Everest do is to make the ascent in six stages.

The first is to base camp, at 17,000 feet.

Then the four camps up from that – Camp 4 being just short of the death zone.

Climbers stay there weeks, hiking, climbing, down and back, just to acclimatize.

The last climb, when it comes, is the final 3000 feet to the summit.

In one day, up and back, do or die.

And many have died.

**AMBROSE**

I knew it! I knew climbers die on Everest.

**ST. GEORGE**

Not all of them, of course.

But the ones that do, their bodies lie in the snow as a final resting place.

**AMBROSE**

They just lie there?  
Frozen?

**ST. GEORGE**

It's not worth the risk of losing a life to cart a dead body down the mountain.

**AMBROSE**

Oh?

**ST. GEORGE**

But we won't die.

**AMBROSE**

Why? Because God tells you so?

**ST. GEORGE**

Because we climb on God's orders.

**AMBROSE**

[*beat*] How many have died on Everest?

**ST. GEORGE**

Three hundred sixty-five, or thereabouts.

**AMBROSE**

Christ! That many?

**ST. GEORGE**

Half the number of women who die every year in this country in childbirth.

**AMBROSE**

[*pause*] Are you absolutely sure you want to do this thing?

**ST. GEORGE**

It's not a "want."  
It's a direct order from the General himself.

**AMBROSE**

Tell me ....  
Who is the prophet who had the dream you're risking your life for?

**ST. GEORGE**

[*pause*] I am.

Jesus fuck!! Are you insane?

**AMBROSE**

Are you in?

**ST. GEORGE**

Who's paying for all this?

**AMBROSE**

Gifts.  
We have plenty enough in gifts.

**ST. GEORGE**

[*pause*] Yeah.  
I'm in.

**AMBROSE**

## SCENE 5

**1997. Stage right: A yellow, cabin-sized tent on a platform 10 feet or so above the stage – representing Mount Everest Camp IV in Nepal, on the South Col, between Everest and Lhotse – the highest and fourth highest mountains in the world. Strings of Buddhist flags are flying on wires outside the tent and down.**

**AMBROSE is alone inside, speaking into a recording device. In the tent are five beds, covered with blankets, robes, and sleeping bags, five chairs, a small stove, and at the side, two wooden boxes (each about the size of a steamer trunk). AMBROSE is sitting on one of the chairs, his feet resting on a bed.**

### AMBROSE

Many people claim Hell is fire. Hell's fire! How would I know!  
The closest I've ever come to Hell have been these last seven weeks of cold, thin air on Mount Everest.  
From Camp One to Camp Four. Climbing back and forth, to "acclimatize."  
Climbing and resting ad nauseam, and moving more shit up here.  
Living with the aches and pains, and the tedium of it all.  
Not ever knowing if we're actually going to summit or not.

### **Coughs (a dry and rasping cough).**

And living with this damn cough to boot. The Khumbu it's called.  
Frigid, dry air at this altitude gives most climbers a good hack at it.  
In short, it's difficult to stay positive on this mountain, what with the headaches, and dizziness, and the problems we have with our digestive systems.  
It's even difficult to focus.  
All sorts of weird thoughts come and go through your mind.  
Sometimes I think I see somebody. Like Lucy. When I know she's dead.  
I suppose heaven could be like that, too, only opposite.  
Seeing somebody you know is still alive and can't really be there....  
No.... Hot chocolate and hot tea are our heaven up here. And hot soup.

## AMBROSE

If you could see me now, you'd see there are five of us.  
Five beds. Five chairs.  
Bobbie and me, Mark Oberon, Matthew Preston, and Luke Cobos.  
Except, Bobbie, Mark, Matt, Luke, and their guide are on their way.  
Climbing the final day to the top of Everest and back.  
While I wait for them here in Camp Four, keeping the tent warm.  
This tent, that you can't see.  
Our cabin tent at Camp Four.  
On the South Col.  
Between Everest and Lhotse – two of the highest mountains in the world.  
Everest is the highest, I'm sure you all know.  
Lhotse is fourth highest.  
Looking at them sometimes makes me believe there must be strange gods  
roaming around this planet of ours.  
*And demons, as well.* Hidden from common view anywhere else.

### Coughs.

I met Bobbie two years ago. Bobbie St. George.  
In Boulder, Colorado.  
I was there to ....  
[beat] Well, it doesn't matter why I was there, does it?  
It only matters that Bobbie and I met.  
And she sold me on her dream to come to Everest.  
The Giant's Forehead, she calls it, to root out an evil spirit who lives up here.  
In an ice castle, near the Summit.  
She's the Whore of Babylon, Bobbie says.  
And she's the one responsible for most of the lying and sin in the world.  
Get rid of her, and the world will be a whole other place.  
It was Bobbie's idea to put together a team of climbers.  
"Spirituals Climbers" she calls us, to help her accomplish her mission on the  
Giant's Forehead, and then, wherever it might take us.  
We found Lucas in the Andes.  
He was searching for an angel he believed he could find on Aconcagua – the  
highest mountain in the Americas. A very moody mountain. Like Luke can be.  
And we found Matt in Tanzania, on the way to Mount Kilimanjaro.

### Coughs.

Mark came to us in the Caucasus.  
Or maybe it was, we to him.

**AMBROSE**

He, by far, is the strangest of the lot.

When we met him, he was with a group summiting Mount Elbrus, the highest mountain in Europe.

These highest mountains as a whole are called the Seven Summits – the highest peaks on each of the seven continents.

Richard Bass, an American, became the first person in the world to reach the top of all seven. I never met the man, but I've heard tons about him.

A millionaire rancher out of Texas, he and a Disney exec decided to put it at the top of their personal bucket lists to summit all seven.

It wasn't a thing before them.

They did six together; but failed at first at Everest.

Bass kept trying, and finally succeeded in 1985.

His Disney friend gave up.

Bass wrote a book about it, and that's the story of how climbing Everest became a "thing."

The famous writer and mountain climber, Jon Krakauer, claims it was Bass's book that started the environmental downfall of Everest.

Anyway, when we met Mark Oberon, his group on Mount Elbrus were climbing it with a Land Rover.... Yep, a Land Rover!!

They drove it up to the Barrels.

Beyond there they used a pulley system to raise it the rest of the way.

**MARK OBERON enters the tent, sits on a chair next to AMBROSE, removes his gloves and sun glasses, and pulls down his oxygen mask. He is wearing layers of climbing clothes, a balaclava, and a rope gathered around his waist.**

**AMBROSE**

[to OBERON] What a crazy fucker you are, Mark, I was just saying.

**OBERON**

That why I'm called "Killer" Oberon.

**AMBROSE**

What ever happened to the Land Rover, anyway?

**OBERON**

On the way back the idiot driver lost control, and the Rover crashed down the mountainside into the Guinness Book of World Records.

**AMBROSE**

What happened to the driver?

**OBERON**

Oh, he bailed out....  
He was okay.  
Just some minor scrapes.

**AMBROSE**

That's good.

**OBERON**

He wasn't one of us.

**AMBROSE**

Meaning ...?

**OBERON**

Not a Spiritual Climber.  
Not a spiritual anything.  
Just a day-dreaming driver on high roads.

**AMBROSE**

Not a mover of mountains.

**OBERON**

Absolutely not.

**AMBROSE**

Like, who is? Right?

**OBERON**

Mountains are the special children of Mother-Moving nature.  
They have a life, and a soul, and stir to the music of the spheres.  
So, yes, they *can move*, but in mountain ways.  
Not in ways mountain drivers can see.

**AMBROSE**

Not in ways mountain drivers can see.

**OBERON**

Mountains got here some way, didn't they?  
Everest is moving right now, with us on it.  
Getting taller every year.

**AMBROSE**

If mountains never moved we wouldn't be here.  
And Lucy would.

**OBERON**

Lucy's your way of stopping the world, isn't she, Jon?

**AMBROSE**

Stopping the world?  
What's that supposed to mean?  
I miss her, Mark, that's all.

**OBERON**

Your body knows it's more than that.  
Still water gently ripples as the moon rises in the night.

**OBERON begins to laugh at AMBROSE,  
almost uncontrollably, shaking his body  
and kicking his legs like a child.**

**AMBROSE**

Why are you always set on making me feel that one day you're the one who's  
going to lead me to the end?

**OBERON**

The end of what, my dear friend?

**AMBROSE**

The end of my sanity, Friend.

**OBERON**

Because, Friend, understanding everything as you do in terms of what you think  
you can see is not understanding much at all.

**AMBROSE**

What is it then?  
It's what I see. And what I feel. And don't try telling me it isn't.

**OBERON**

Your failure to see clearly comes from your insistence on explaining every bit of  
life from a rational point of view.  
Some things *are not rational*.  
You should know that. You're here with us, aren't you?.

**AMBROSE**

Here with you?  
Now?

**OBERON**

Watch me.

**OBERON appears momentarily to rise from his chair in midair.**

**AMBROSE covers his eyes with his hands.**

**OBERON again laughs at AMBROSE as before.**

**AMBROSE**

Why are you doing this to me, Mark?

**OBERON**

To help you see.

**AMBROSE**

By trying to drive me crazy?

**OBERON**

By opening the eyes of the Buddha in you.

**AMBROSE**

I thought you were Christian.  
I thought you all were Christians.

**OBERON**

I am.  
And Buddhist.  
And Taoist.  
And Bahá'í.

**AMBROSE**

How can that be?  
You can't be more than one at the same time.

**OBERON**

They are all one. A five-star trinity.

**AMBROSE**

The universe is all one, you'll be telling me next.

**OBERON**

Indeed it is.

**AMBROSE**

But it's not.

Jupiter is Jupiter.

Mars is Mars.

Venus is Venus.

Saturn is Saturn.

The sun is the sun, and the moon is the moon.

They're not all the same.

**OBERON**

All part of the same, with different ways of smiling at you.

**AMBROSE**

You *are* trying to drive me crazy.

**OBERON**

You're just seeing things too tight.

**AMBROSE**

You mean the difference in things.

**OBERON**

Accentuating the difference in things.

**AMBROSE**

But things *are* different. All things are different.

**OBERON**

All things are part of one thing.

**AMBROSE**

That's impossible.

**OBERON**

Inconceivable, maybe you mean.

**AMBROSE**

A mountain's not a valley.

**OBERON**

It can be, if you look in the opposite direction.

**AMBROSE**

You're saying that it's all in the mind.  
That if I choose to look at something other than what it is, it becomes that way.

**OBERON**

By opening the eyes of the Buddha in you.

**MATTHEW PRESTON enters the tent.**

**AMBROSE**

By altering my state of consciousness.

**PRESTON sits on a chair next to OBERON, removing his gloves and sun glasses, and pulling down his oxygen mask. He also is wearing layers of climbing clothes, a balaclava, and a rope gathered around his waist.**

**PRESTON**

[to AMBROSE] Is Mark trying to alter your state of consciousness again?

**AMBROSE**

He's playing with me, Matt.... For shits and giggles, as usual.

**PRESTON**

For heaven's sake!  
Maybe he's just passing the time.

**AMBROSE**

It's one of his tricks.

**OBERON**

No.... This dragonfly is one of my tricks.

**OBERON opens his hand, and something flies out.**

**AMBROSE jumps up from his chair, which falls over.**

**AMBROSE**

This can't be.

**OBERON**

No?... Maybe it was a crow....  
Where did it go?

**OBERON and PRESTON get up to search about the tent, lifting things to look under them, as AMBROSE sets his chair upright again, and sits back down.**

**Suddenly the sound of a crow cawing.**

**OBERON**

**Pointing.**

It must be over there.

**PRESTON**

It's a message.  
Crows cawing at you are always a message.

**OBERON**

A spiritual message.

**PRESTON**

Or you've pissed them off.

**AMBROSE**

At this altitude, Preston?

**OBERON**

You're focusing again, Jon.

**PRESTON**

Maybe he's just trying to hold on to his altered state of consciousness.

**A crow appears, standing on a Bible.**

**AMBROSE**

Look!  
Look!!  
There it is! On that Bible!

**Pointing.**

Don't look at it.

**OBERON**

Listen, instead.

**PRESTON**

**The crow disappears, and OBERON and PRESTON sit back down.**

It's gone.

**AMBROSE**

What did it tell you, Jon?

**PRESTON**

It's gone, I said.... [*beat*] "Explain, explain, explain," it said.

**AMBROSE**

That's not what I heard it say.

**PRESTON**

Maybe close to it, though.

**OBERON**

All right.... Maybe close enough.

**PRESTON**

In crow jargon.

**OBERON**

Crows are clever, and liars, never.

**PRESTON**

Nevermore.

**OBERON**

[*beat*] "Explain, explain, explain...."  
What do you think it meant?

**PRESTON**

Maybe something about Jesus and the Bible that needs explaining.  
Jesus loved crows, you know.  
But more likely about Jon. How he's always wanting things explained.

**PRESTON**

Explained his way.

**OBERON**

Maybe encouraging him to let go of what's holding him back.

**AMBROSE**

Maybe to let go of *this nonsense*.

**OBERON**

Warning him that danger is afoot.

**AMBROSE**

Warning *you*, is more likely.

**OBERON**

Raven danger.

**PRESTON**

Or reminding *us* to stay true to our commitment in coming here.

**AMBROSE**

A single crow could say all that? I doubt it.

**OBERON**

I think you're on to something there, Jon.

Two crows cawing usually are what guarantees success. One only encourages.

**PRESTON**

Two crows are better than one.

**AMBROSE**

A crow in hand is worth two in the bush.

**PRESTON**

How about saying there *were* two?

**AMBROSE**

One a knock, two a knock, three a knock, four. Who's that knocking at our door?

**LUCAS COBOS enters the tent.**

**PRESTON**

[*to COBOS*] Is that you, Lucas?

**COBOS sits on a chair next to PRESTON, removes his gloves and sun glasses, and pulls down his oxygen mask. He also is wearing layers of climbing clothes, a balaclava, and a rope gathered around his waist.**

**COBOS**

None other, Preston.  
Lucas Cobos, El Grande, in the flesh.

**OBERON**

Welcome home.

**COBOS**

Thank you, Mark.... What have you all been up to?

**PRESTON**

Listening to a ... a *couple* of crows, cawing about Jon and Jesus.

**COBOS**

Qué interesante....  
And what did they tell you?

**OBERON**

That Jon can be a pain in the ass ... sometimes.

**PRESTON**

Asking which of the summits of spiritual development Jon has reached.

**COBOS**

And ...? Which has he?

**OBERON**

None, that we can see.

**PRESTON**

Other than making a good cuppa tea.

**COBOS**

And a wicked pot of coffee, I'd say.

**OBERON**

We don't think Jon likes the cold.

**AMBROSE**

Like the cold?! Through the parka's fold it stabs like a driven nail.

**PRESTON**

Not when you keep moving.

The body has its own miraculous way of generating the heat it needs, when you dress warm, keep trekking, and don't spend a lot of time talking about the cold.

**OBERON**

Oh! There are strange things done in the midnight sun

By the men who toil for gold.

The Arctic trails have their secret tales

That would make your blood run cold.

The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,

But the queerest they ever did see

Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge,

I created Sam McGee.

**PRESTON**

Now Sam McGee was from Tennessee, where the cotton blooms and blows.

Why he left his home in the South to roam 'round the Pole, God only knows.

He was always cold, but the land of gold seemed to hold him like a spell;

Though he'd often say in his homely way that he'd sooner live in hell.

**COBOS**

What's that?

Some rhyme, or something?

**OBERON**

It's a poem about the cold in northern Canada ... the Yukon.

**AMBROSE**

Just what I need!

**PRESTON**

I'm from Scotland, you know. And we know cold.

And, like I said, dress right, keep moving, and you'll be fine.

**AMBROSE**

If I were fine, would I be talking to you trekkers now?

**COBOS**

Matt's a Presbyterian, if that makes a difference, Jon.

**PRESTON**

When I'm not a Buddhist or a Taoist, that is, like the rest of you.

**AMBROSE**

I thought you were into transcendental meditation.  
Do Presbyterians meditate? I didn't know that.

**PRESTON**

I am, and we do.  
Because transcendental meditation opens even Presbyterians to the light and warmth from within. *If*, they have the right place to meditate.

**COBOS**

But not up here, true?

**PRESTON**

Up here there is major static.

**OBERON**

The Whore of Babylon.

**COBOS**

I'm afraid what this Scottish Presbyterian needs are the pastoral woods of his homeland. Or so he's said.

**PRESTON**

We need to rid the air of the Whore's presence, is what we need most.

**AMBROSE**

[to PRESTON] If you'd rather be meditating, why are you here?

**PRESTON**

I call it the Voice from Beyond. Our spiritual duty.... More like an instinct.

**AMBROSE**

Spiritual duty is an instinct?  
I'd like to know how. For personal reasons.

**PRESTON**

It's what Rumi taught. It's what Jesus taught.  
It's what unlocks the upper regions of your brain.

**OBERON**

It's what the ancient Buddha taught.

**PRESTON**

The ancient Buddha was before Buddha. It was not a person, but a planetary system that once awakened, went back to sleep, and is reawakening again.

**OBERON**

Exactly. As everybody knows.

**PRESTON**

For all of us to reawaken we must bring ourselves to feel the rhythm of the sages, from the knowledge of the ancient Buddha, to the Tao, to Buddha reincarnated, and to Christ.

**OBERON**

Echoes of all the Masters.

**PRESTON**

Karmic echoes, from all the enlightened teachers, which I hear best in Scotland.

**COBOS**

Aztec and Mayan as well? You hear those in Scotland, too?

**PRESTON**

Off the back of the very rainbow serpent.

**OBERON**

To the very depths of the very Toltec nagual itself, right?

**PRESTON**

From seeing imagination into existence, into the reality of the creator god itself.

**COBOS**

The living sun.

**PRESTON**

The soul.

**OBERON**

Sun is sol. Soul is sol.

**PRESTON**

We all are solar beings.

**OBERON**

Operating within the body of a universal God.

**PRESTON**

We create heat as the sun creates heat.  
Every scientist of the Christ spirit knows that. Through each of our cells.  
Like miniature nuclear fusion, producing our spectrum's light, and heat, and energy....  
[beat] Let me tell you: When I was having dinner one evening near Bodrum Castle in Turkey, by the Bay, the water was calm as glass.  
Nothing to hear. Nothing to see.  
Glass calm.  
When all of a sudden, ripples just started rippling in the water.  
Like light, rippling across the bay  
And why?  
Because a full moon had just risen above the mountains.

**OBERON**

It does the same to our personal body.

**PRESTON**

To be sure.  
Within our physical bodies we resonate with the pull of the moon, and with the light of the astral plane. A light we feel, more than see.  
Getting the sense of the astral layer coming in, feeling it cleanse our tissues and remove the negativity in us, is like imagining the full moon, shining on gently rippling water.

**OBERON**

The astral plane, cosmically, is called a liquid plane.  
And all the planets that are moving through it create ripples we can feel.  
That's the astral field around the Earth.

**PRESTON**

And to reach the levels of spiritual development ....

**OBERON**

The upper levels of spiritual development ....

**PRESTON**

To reach the *upper* levels of spiritual development you need to permeate through the astral field, and enter a dimension that is multi-planetary.  
That's when you get past the first Ring-Pass-Not.

**COBOS**

Sorry.... Ring-Pass-Not? What's that?

**PRESTON**

It's like Pi.... 3.14159 in mathematical terms.  
The limit of a circle measured by its diameter.  
Every circumference is the border of a new frontier.  
It's in any state of understanding where a soul, having reached a certain level of enlightenment, finds itself unable to pass into a higher level because of some false explanation under which its consciousness is laboring.  
Put in another way, you can't begin to know the many faces of God sitting around at sea level. You must climb, as we have. Then you can go back to meditate on it.

**OBERON**

If you think you really know God and don't know the Milky Way, well, you've got another think coming, don't you?

**COBOS**

God is vast.  
Beyond the vastness, even, of the Milky Way.

**PRESTON**

And when our consciousness is at war with the gravitational pull of the planet we're on, at the border of the astral field ....

**OBERON**

It's a fucking jungle, metaphysically speaking, isn't it?  
It's holding us down from seeing what's out there.

**PRESTON**

Interfering with attaining even the first, of the upper levels of spiritual development.

**AMBROSE**

Which is?

**PRESTON**

The "celestial."

**OBERON**

The "Buddhic."

**PRESTON**

Yes. The Buddhic. The angel and archangel plane.  
Where you truly care for all mankind more than you care for yourself.  
Beyond the pure physical.

**OBERON**

But to get there a person must master the physical.  
Right, Preston?

**PRESTON**

Right.

**OBERON**

Master your needs and urges.  
Your duties and distractions; your pains and emotions.  
Your pleasures....  
We must have the stubbornness to accept our gladness in the ruthless furnace of  
the world, whatever.

**OBERON**

And death.

**PRESTON**

O! To be sure! The fear of death gives rise to many an errant way and many a  
superstitious belief. You don't want to destroy death. You want it standing at your  
side, as a friend you can trust, telling you the truth.

**COBOS**

You might say a life well lived is known with certainty in its dance with death.

**PRESTON**

Once the warrior has brought the fear of death under his control, he can  
concentrate on the mind's infinite bounds of imagination and forget death.  
Concentrate on the mind's powers of visualization. Its intuition. Its dreaming.  
It's there we can enter the portal to higher understanding.

**AMBROSE**

Is any of this going to help my depression?

**OBERON**

It will help you if you see the face of God throughout your entire body, like the  
breath of an angel. *See* it. Just **see** it. It looks like liquid light.

**AMBROSE**

And that's going to help?

**COBOS**

Is our Pope Catholic?

**OBERON**

Is Carlos Castaneda a Magician?

**PRESTON**

Magic is the key. Magic is the key to imagination. Magic *means* imagination.

**OBERON**

For us to perceive any of the worlds that co-exist next to ours we need to want them, *and* to see them, *and* to grab them *with our will*. The average man grabs with his hands, and, occasionally, with his eyes and ears. A true magician grabs with his will, for a true magician uses his will to perceive the world. To visualize it. I can't explain it any better than that. Than that magic and angels are a sum and necessary part of the journey.

**PRESTON**

You make an important point there, Mark.

The astral level most assuredly is one of imagination and magic.

**AMBROSE**

Your crackpot advice isn't helping my depression at all.

**COBOS**

Magic opens the mind by removing the fiction that the only way to gain the cosmic is through rational thinking.

**OBERON**

Magic loosens the grip of the male ego, *and* the grip of depression.

**PRESTON**

It melds the possible with the miraculous. Sets your mind in a strategic direction.

**OBERON**

Knowing *where* to think, more than *what* to think.

*Where* to grab, more than *what* to grab. The contentment, not the material.

**PRESTON**

That's it! The seed at every level ... the seed *in* every level is what those in the Buddhist tradition call bodhichitta. The heart seed.

The contentment in helping all beings achieve enlightenment. Which, by the way, exists at all levels of spiritual development, not just the fourth.

It's an emotional, physical, and spiritual feeling, all in one.

And most importantly, it begins where?

In the mind simultaneously with the heart.

**COBOS**

It's Christ ... born in the manger.

**OBERON**

Bodhichitta.

**PRESTON**

And once you've planted the seed of bodhichitta, it will resonate within you, irrespective of the level of development you happen to be at.

**OBERON**

You'll start smelling the truth for the truth and the shit for the shit, even if you don't see the turds beneath your feet.

**COBOS**

Or feel the wind beneath your wings.

**AMBROSE**

Feet, turds, wind, and wings. Our trip up the Giant's Forehead in a nutshell.

**PRESTON**

Mark?... Did you ever imagine it would be this hard?

**OBERON**

Shit no, Matt! I had no idea. It's a bear on a bear.  
Just catching my breath out there has been a chore.

**COBOS**

All these days. All the training.  
And I never guessed how hard it would actually be at the end.

**OBERON**

I remember the seven days trekking from Lukla to base camp.  
They were child's play.

**PRESTON**

Half of them above 13,000 feet, and we hadn't scratched the surface of the thin air to come.

**COBOS**

Child's play, compared to air at 26,000 feet.

**OBERON**

Come play with us? Jon?

**PRESTON**

Everest Base Camp. Seems long ago.

**COBOS**

It's 26,000 feet now. The legendary "death zone."

**PRESTON**

Come along and play with us, Jon. It's wonderful to be here. It's certainly a thrill. We'd like to take you 'long with us. We'd love to take you 'long.

**OBERON**

Everest Base Camp seems long ago.

**AMBROSE**

Tell me, Dudes: Has all your philosophy made the climb any easier?

**OBERON**

Mentally, yes.

**PRESTON**

Physically, no.  
You still gasp for every breath.  
Each step feels as though it's in the final lap of a marathon.

**COBOS**

Mentally *and spiritually*, you can't make it without faith.

**AMBROSE**

*I couldn't.*  
Not where you're going.  
Faith or no faith.

**COBOS**

You could if you knew an angel is waiting for you.  
To take you into her arms.

**OBERON**

The end is soooo near. We can see it.  
No more than a football field away.

**PRESTON**

No more than half to three-quarters of an hour, at our pace.  
Which is just about our due-down time, when we'll have to turn around, or risk not making it back to camp by nightfall.

**OBERON, PRESTON, and COBOS stand and put on their sun glasses and gloves.**

**The three of them move three of the empty chairs in line with the end of the last bed, take the two wooden boxes from the side of the tent and place them side-by-side at the end of the line of chairs, and then lift the fourth empty chair onto the boxes.**

**OBERON clips his rope onto PRESTON; and PRESTON clips his rope onto COBOS. A low noise of wind begins, as the three of them, at a slow pace, with noticeable heavy breathing, climb through the tent, OBERON first, bed by bed, and then chair by chair, until OBERON eventually climbs into the chair on the boxes and sits down.**

**Suddenly the sound of cymbals clashing is heard from center stage, and OBERON, PRESTON, and COBOS pull cymbals out, from inside their parkas, clash them together, and begin chanting:**

**OBERON, PRESTON, and COBOS**

*[chanting in unison]* O Whore of Babylon, we are your executioner.  
With our holy sound we will strike you so hard that you shall know your power over this place has ended.  
You have fallen. Babylon the Great is fallen. Great is the fall.

**AMBROSE**

*[shouting]* You're not really here with me, are you? None of you. Are you?

**Beat.**

Are you?

**Pause.**

**Are you?**

**The three of them put the cymbals back inside their parkas and climb down.**

**PRESTON**

Be left with this bright thought, Jon David Ambrose.

**OBERON**

Magic is the wonder tool of all tools for picking the locks of unenlightened minds. For opening the attic of a sleepy person's brain.

**COBOS**

We are the burglar angels of the greatest mountain you'll ever see.

**OBERON**

Two more *special gifts*, my friend:

**OBERON reaches into his parka and pulls a green snake out by the tail. (Not noticeable as such at first, the snake is in the middle process of swallowing another snake.)**

**He tosses the snakes onto Ambrose's bed.**

**COBOS**

No worries, Amigo. It's non-venomous.  
It just scares the shit out of people like you.  
I'll tell you one thing: It's more afraid of you, than you of it.  
On the other hand, I'd stay clear of the snake it's swallowing.  
That one is one of the deadliest snakes in Nepal.

**PRESTON**

Remember Brother: If you allow a snake to have power over you, then truly you are no more powerful than a snake.

**OBERON**

What is true will make a light like a light in the night.

**The three of them pull up their oxygen masks and exit. The snakes disappear.**

**AMBROSE**

What crazy fuckers you are.

**SCENE 6**

**AMBROSE, alone in the tent, goes to the doorway, opens the flap, and looks out over the mountain, center stage. He can see Buddhist flags and pennants flapping in the wind.**

**Higher up the sound of a ram's horn (a shofar) being blown and cymbals being clashed.**

**AMBROSE goes to the stove to collect a metal pan and a large, metal spoon, which he takes to the doorway and bangs in unison – spoon on pan.**

**AMBROSE**

*[calling out]* Babylon the Great has fallen.

Great is her fall.

O great is her fall!

Alleluia!!

**Coughs.**

**Silence.**

**Suddenly there is a flash of light, an explosion of snow, and a terrible howling of wind.**

**AMBROSE**

**Screams.**

**No!**

**No!!**

**No!!!**

**The theatre shakes.**

**SCENE 7**

**Night.**

**AMBROSE**, alone in the tent, lies in his bed. Every few minutes he goes to the doorway, opens the flap, and bangs the spoon against the pan.

**AMBROSE**

[*calling out*] **Hello!**  
**Hello!**  
**Bobbie?**  
**Mark?**  
**Matt?**  
**Luke?**

**Coughs.**

**Silence.**

**AMBROSE** closes the flap and returns to bed.

**He does this five more times. On the seventh try:**

**AMBROSE**

[*calling out*] **Hello!**  
**Hello!**  
**Bobbie?**  
**Mark?**  
**Matt?**  
**Luke?**

**ST. GEORGE**

Jon? Is that you?  
I'm lost. I can't see very well.

**AMBROSE**

**Bobbie?**  
**Bobbie?**  
**I'm here.**  
**Over here.**

**AMBROSE drops the pan and spoon, and runs out into the blowing snow.**

**AMBROSE**

**Bobbie?  
I'm here.  
I'm here.**

**ST. GEORGE**

Here.  
Can you hear me?  
I'm here.

**AMBROSE**

**I hear you.  
Keep talking.**

**AMBROSE searches in the snow for ST. GEORGE.**

**ST. GEORGE**

Here.  
Here.  
Here.  
I'm not walking very well.  
I'm here.

**AMBROSE**

**I hear you.  
I'm coming.  
Keep talking.**

**ST. GEORGE**

Here. Here.  
I'm here.

**AMBROSE**

**I see you.  
I'm coming.  
I see you.**

**AMBROSE finds ST. GEORGE, and leads her back into the tent, and to her bed.**

**ST. GEORGE**

**Sitting on her bed.**

I'm so cold, Jon.

I got lost on the mountain, coming down. All the snow in my eyes.

And my oxygen tank ran out.

I had to ditch it. I couldn't breathe with the mask on.

**AMBROSE**

I'll warm you up.

**AMBROSE starts a pot of coffee on the stove and returns to ST. GEORGE to put a warm towel over her nose. He removes her gloves and presses her cold hands to his face and lips. Next he removes her crampons, boots, and woolen socks, to do the same with her feet and toes. Then wraps them in a warm blanket.**

**Last, AMBROSE removes St. George's parka and tucks her in a warm robe.**

**The coffee is ready; and AMBROSE pours ST. GEORGE a cup, which she holds in both hands and slowly drinks. He gives her some chocolate to eat.**

**ST. GEORGE**

You always did make me the best coffee, Jon.

**AMBROSE**

Your nose is black.

I'm afraid it might be frostbitten.

**ST. GEORGE**

I told you: I had to take off my mask.

And my hands were too numb to fix anything else on my face.

**Pause.**

**AMBROSE**

What happened?... I saw a flash and heard the wind howling.

**ST. GEORGE**

We won!  
We won!  
We won the battle!  
The Whore of Babylon is no more.  
You saw her rise in anger at her fall.  
The Queen of Hell is dead!

**AMBROSE**

The wind and snow were her anger?

**ST. GEORGE**

Her death rage.  
A fucking blizzard!  
The winds came out of nowhere, and covered us in snow.  
Nearly blew me off my feet.

**AMBROSE**

What happened to Mark, Matt, and Luke?

**ST. GEORGE**

What?

**AMBROSE**

Matthew, Mark, and Luke?  
They never came back.

**ST. GEORGE**

They never came back?

**AMBROSE**

No.

**ST. GEORGE**

They're not here?

**AMBROSE**

No.... [*pause*] I've not seen them.

**ST. GEORGE**

O God! Dear God!....  
Go!... Go!  
Go out. Beat the drum. Maybe they can hear it. Like I did.

**AMBROSE goes to the doorway, opens the flap, picks up the pan and spoon, and bangs them as before.**

**AMBROSE**

*[calling out]* **Hello!**  
**Hello!**  
**Matthew?**  
**Mark?**  
**Luke?**

**Coughs.**

**Silence.**

**AMBROSE**

*[calling out again]* **Hello!**  
**Hello!**  
**Matthew?**  
**Mark?**  
**Luke?**  
**Are you there?**

**Coughs again.**

**AMBROSE closes the flap, puts down the pan and spoon, and returns to St. George.**

**AMBROSE**

Nothing. I didn't hear a thing.

**ST. GEORGE**

You need to keep trying.

**AMBROSE**

I will.  
After you're settled in bed....  
We have to get you down the mountain as soon as we can.  
Have a doctor look at that nose. And your eyes, maybe.

**ST. GEORGE**

They'll be all right.

**AMBROSE**

Your eyes, yes, probably. It's likely just the thin air and the snow.  
But your nose.  
I don't think so.  
Something's going to have to be done.

**AMBROSE gets ST. GEORGE into a sleeping bag. She remains sitting up.**

**ST. GEORGE**

I was so frightened, Jon.  
Can you understand?  
Me?  
Being so frightened?

**AMBROSE**

Of course I can  
You're human.

**ST. GEORGE**

But *me*.  
This was *my* dream, and I was the one who almost failed us.

**AMBROSE**

You can't always be perfect, Bobbie.

**ST. GEORGE**

I don't understand.  
My whole life ....  
Everything guided me to this point.  
I knew I could change the world.  
I knew I had it in me.  
All I had to do was stay in the moment.  
But things starting slipping away.  
My will power.  
I felt it draining out of me.  
My desire. My fight. They started to desert me.  
Inside.  
And I don't know why.  
I don't know why I started to feel like I just didn't care anymore.  
I was cold.  
And I was exhausted.

**AMBROSE**

Because this giant drains it out of everybody, that's why.  
It's mammoth.  
It's not king for no reason.

**ST. GEORGE**

[*beat*] An honest king.  
Fooled by a dishonest, lying bitch.

**AMBROSE**

A mighty king.

**ST. GEORGE**

But in the end they were there.  
They picked me up.  
And together we got it back.  
*We* drove the Queen out of hiding.  
Stripped her.  
Into annihilation.  
*We* did it.

**AMBROSE**

[*pause*] Was it worth it?

**ST. GEORGE**

Was it worth it?  
Are you kidding me?

**AMBROSE**

If we've lost Matthew, Mark and Luke, was it worth it?

**ST. GEORGE**

It was a miracle.  
And they are the saints.

**AMBROSE**

But was it worth it?

**ST. GEORGE**

It was God's work.

**AMBROSE**

I don't care. I'm asking you, was it worth it?

**ST. GEORGE**

If it cost their lives?... Well, it cost us Jesus, once, too.

**AMBROSE**

Because, I'm telling you, Bobbie:  
If it cost their lives, it might have cost yours the same.  
And *that's* not worth it.  
There must have been another way.

**ST. GEORGE**

Hand-to-hand combat ... spiritual warfare with the Whore was the **only** way.  
Haven't centuries of failure proved that to you?

**AMBROSE**

I did it for you.  
But I wouldn't do it again.  
And if I could go back and relive these last two years, I wouldn't do it again.  
Seeing you like this, I'd never want to go through this again.

**ST. GEORGE**

It was mental.  
It was physical.  
It was emotional.  
Fought in the Death Zone.

**AMBROSE**

[*beat*] Matt, Mark, and Luke ... dead bodies in the Death Zone.

**ST. GEORGE**

We had to step over two dead bodies at the Balcony....  
I avoided eye contact.  
Every step after that was a journey of its own.  
Struggling for the courage.  
Fighting to keep control of my breathing.  
Stopping every three steps to catch my breath.  
Holding on to my energy to fight the Queen.  
Three steps forward.  
Ten breaths.  
Matt, Mark, and Luke were on the ropes ahead of me.  
Leading the way.  
Reminding me I was never alone.  
Embarrassed, maybe, by my slowness; but not alone.

**AMBROSE**

Not alone in the Death Zone you're saying.

**ST. GEORGE**

Never alone in the Death Zone....  
Until the snow exploded.

**AMBROSE**

The top of Everest must be the loneliest place on Earth.

**ST. GEORGE**

No tea and crumpets, that's for sure.  
One of the Whore's weapons, it was.  
Like the snake.  
In Eden.  
Telling Adam and Eve how to dress.  
"Wear animal skins," he told them. And eat apples.  
Apples and animal skins.  
Mink, and ermine....  
What's a Whore, without mink and ermine?

**AMBROSE**

Lie down.  
Get some rest.  
We have a tough day tomorrow.  
We'll leave around Noon.

**ST. GEORGE**

Do you know what this is, Jon?

**AMBROSE**

You mean your spiritual warfare?

**ST. GEORGE**

I'm confused.  
My mind's drifting.  
I thought I saw something in the tent.  
A book. A book I used to read every night before I'd fall asleep.  
Before I had my dream of the Great Whore living up here in her ice castle.

**AMBROSE**

Get some rest, Bobbie. Please.

## **ST. GEORGE**

It was the seven weeks to spiritual alchemy.

The first week was congealing your spiritual inner essence.  
The essence of a pilgrim.

The second week was opening your consciousness.  
Invoking verbal shapes for things unknown by giving them names and a local habitation.  
Finding words for things we don't yet know.

The third week was seeing the egg-shaped fire around the soul of a pilgrim.

The fourth week was learning divine wisdom from the angel within you.

The fifth week was condensing the wisdom of the angels into one, overarching power.

The sixth week was grounding that wisdom into usable forms accessible to the alchemist – less than perfect, but comprehensible.

And the seventh week was creating a separate being, springing from the eternal atoms of the universe.

Thus could human beings share in the divine creative work of our Lord.

## **AMBROSE**

Shhh, Bobbie.  
Get some rest.

## **ST. GEORGE**

Go back, Jon.  
Please.  
I beg you.  
Beat the drum.  
Make them hear it.  
Like I did.

**ST. GEORGE lies down.**

**AMBROSE goes to the doorway, opens the flap, picks up the pan and spoon, and bangs them together as before.**

**AMBROSE**

*[calling out]* **Hello!**

**Hello!**

**Matthew?**

**Mark?**

**Luke?**

**Coughs.**

**Silence.**

**AMBROSE**

*[calling out again]* **Hello!**

**Hello!**

**Matthew?**

**Mark?**

**Luke?**

**Are you there?**

**Coughs again.**

**SCENE 8**

**ST. GEORGE is sitting alone with a glass of wine at a table in the Rhino's Forehead Pub of Scenes 1, 2 and 4.**

**She has a silver nose.**

**AMBROSE enters the Pub, sees ST. GEORGE, and comes to sit with her at her table.**

**ST. GEORGE**

**Pause, looking intently at him.**

Are you okay, Jon?

**AMBROSE**

It's been a long, long time, Bobbie.

**ST. GEORGE**

Twenty-three years....  
You hardly look a day older.

**AMBROSE**

**Strokes his hair.**

A few grey hairs, here and there....  
How about you?  
How have you been doing?

**ST. GEORGE**

Still fighting the Lord's fight. In the trenches. There's no other way for me.

**AMBROSE**

Are you married?

**ST. GEORGE**

Nope....  
I saw that you got hitched.

**AMBROSE**

Yep.

**ST. GEORGE**

Another Lucy.?

**AMBROSE**

Not the same.

**ST. GEORGE**

Any kids?

**AMBROSE**

Two.

A boy fifteen, in the tenth grade, and a girl twelve, in the seventh grade....  
A basketball star.

**ST. GEORGE**

The boy?

**AMBROSE**

No, the girl.  
An athlete like her mother.

**ST. GEORGE**

[*beat*] You've been writing.

**AMBROSE**

A bit.

**ST. GEORGE**

A *bit*?!... How many books of yours have hit the best seller list?

**AMBROSE**

Half a dozen ... give or take.

**ST. GEORGE**

All pretty much the same?

**AMBROSE**

The secret force of the human mind.  
Positive thinking to produce positive outcomes.  
The power within to keep ourselves fit and healthy.  
A permanent and optimistic perspective on life.  
The Law of Attraction to good health, wealth, and happiness....  
Yes, pretty much the same.

**ST. GEORGE**

You never learned, did you?

**AMBROSE**

Up to *my level* I did.

I was never going to be another Matthew, or Mark, or Luke, if that's what you mean.

**ST. GEORGE**

Well, you were there for me when I needed you the most.

**AMBROSE**

[*beat*] What a tragedy.

**ST. GEORGE**

That's all you saw?

**AMBROSE**

Well, it was, wasn't it?

**ST. GEORGE**

Just how far up do you think your candy balloons would have floated if we hadn't killed the lies on the fly from Mount Everest?

**AMBROSE**

I likely would never have written them, if we hadn't gone.

**ST. GEORGE**

That's honest!

**AMBROSE**

I dedicated them to Matthew, Mark, and Luke – the three bravest men I ever met.

**ST. GEORGE**

Warriors.

**AMBROSE**

Yes, warriors.

**ST. GEORGE**

Spiritual warriors for ....

[*beat*] Well, you know what for.

**AMBROSE**

Angels....

Transcendental meditation....

And tomfoolery.

**ST. GEORGE**

Mark?  
Tomfoolery??

**AMBROSE**

Yes. Mark.

**ST. GEORGE**

You really didn't get to know him, did you?

**AMBROSE**

I liked him.  
I'm not saying I didn't like him.

**ST. GEORGE**

He was just trying to teach you.

**AMBROSE**

I wasn't in the autumn of my years. My leaves weren't ready to fall yet.

**ST. GEORGE**

I spose you're right....  
[beat] I've painted them.

**AMBROSE**

You have?!

**ST. GEORGE**

Painted all four of you, actually.

**AMBROSE**

You have?!

**ST. GEORGE**

It will be my Quest of Everest series, when it's completed.

**AMBROSE**

How many paintings have you done?

**ST. GEORGE**

Seventy-one.

**AMBROSE**

And how many will there be when you've finished?

**ST. GEORGE**

One hundred....

[beat] Would you like to take a look?

**AMBROSE**

I'd love to.

**ST. GEORGE takes out her phone, and shows AMBROSE photos of her paintings.**

**He takes a minute or two to glance through them.**

**AMBROSE**

They're magnificent! Absolutely magnificent.

**ST. GEORGE**

Thank you.

**AMBROSE**

That peculiar glow about them.

The light ... coming from inside each one of us.

Almost like a body halo, or something.

**ST. GEORGE**

What Mark could see.

**AMBROSE**

Mark?

**ST. GEORGE**

He could see.

I guess you didn't know that.

It's what he was trying to teach you to do.

**AMBROSE**

See what?

**ST. GEORGE**

Mark Oberon could see the spots off a leopard.

**AMBROSE**

I have no idea what you're talking about.

**ST. GEORGE**

He had a glimpse of the fleeting world that's out of sight to most people.

**AMBROSE**

You're talking in circles.

**ST. GEORGE**

He was beginning to teach me ... before he ... died.

But I couldn't see, either.

Until I came down from the mountain, half blind, and could see.

**AMBROSE**

See what?

**ST. GEORGE**

That people ... men, and women, and children ... are fibers of light.

I started seeing that, after my blindness went away.

**AMBROSE**

Fibers of light??

**ST. GEORGE**

Yes. Fibers of light.

Very fine threads that emanate from the middle of us.

Like from our navels.

And encircle us.

It makes a person ... when you look at them that way....

It makes a person look like a luminous egg.

**AMBROSE**

You're putting me on.

**ST. GEORGE**

*I am not!*

**AMBROSE**

Everybody looks like that to you?

All the time?

**ST. GEORGE**

Not everybody.

And not all the time.

Only when I choose to *see* them.

**AMBROSE**

When you *choose* to see them.?

**ST. GEORGE**

I don't always choose to see when I look....  
I can see both ways. Your way, and the other way.  
When I want to look, I look.  
When I want to see, I see.  
And sometimes I see people who *don't glow*.

**AMBROSE**

What kinds of people don't?

**ST. GEORGE**

I don't know.  
All I know is that there are people walking around.... I guess they're people....  
Maybe they're not.  
People who aren't luminous.  
And I have no idea why....  
Mark told me about it.  
But he didn't know why either.

**AMBROSE**

Did he have any idea what they are? Or where they're from?

**ST. GEORGE**

No. He didn't.  
But he believed he could find the answer.

**AMBROSE**

Where?

**ST. GEORGE**

From crows.  
When a crow looks at the world with one eye, and then with the other.

**Pause.**

**AMBROSE**

We live in a world we know by sight, and sound, and experience.  
But you tell me there's another world right in the midst of ours.  
That you can see when you choose to.  
Can you *feel* it, too?

**ST. GEORGE**

I'm an artist.  
I feel the things that I see.  
And sometimes I see the things that I feel.  
But my ability to feel is not like my ability to see.  
So, no. I don't feel much different from the way I expect any normal person feels.

**AMBROSE**

Do you think the artists of the Middle Ages were seeing? When they attached the halos they did to Jesus, and Mary?

**ST. GEORGE**

Not at all.  
It looks to me as though they'd been told something, and didn't understand it.

**AMBROSE**

Not like the light coming from *inside the bodies* you paint.

**ST. GEORGE**

I can paint something of what I see....  
And sometimes slow the world down doing it.

**AMBROSE**

You said before the world is fleeting.

**ST. GEORGE**

If you can't *see* to slow it down, the days and weeks pass by so quickly that you hardly know where the time has gone.

**AMBROSE**

[*beat*] It's been twenty-three years, Bobbie. Where *has* the time gone?...  
After I left you in the hospital in Kathmandu I never dreamed it would be this long till I saw you again.

**ST. GEORGE**

[*beat*] After we lost Matt, Mark and Luke; and I lost my nose.  
I spose we didn't feel up to it.

**AMBROSE**

You promised me you'd call.

**ST. GEORGE**

I did not. I said don't call me. I'll call you.

**AMBROSE**

It's the same thing.

**ST. GEORGE**

It's not the same thing....

[*beat*] I could see how damaged you were. How upset you were. How frightened. You had enough in your backpack to sink you, and enough in your bank account to last you at least a couple of years; so I sent you home.

It was the only way I could protect you.

*I* was comforted in the arms of the Lord.

**AMBROSE**

[*beat*] Losing Matthew, Mark, and Luke like that, forever.

**ST. GEORGE**

Not forever.

**AMBROSE**

And your nose.

**ST. GEORGE**

What's the loss of a nose, anyway?

It doesn't change how you feel about me, does it? That's all that matters.

Anyway, it's the deed that counts.

Deeds last longer than noses.

**AMBROSE**

Of course it doesn't change the way I feel about you.

**ST. GEORGE**

Good!

**AMBROSE**

God! It's good to see you again!

**ST. GEORGE**

Would you rather climb Mount Everest, or have a silver nose?

**AMBROSE**

You've done both.

**ST. GEORGE**

The Lord has taken good care of me; as have my friends, thank God!

I'll never forget how you saved my life.

**AMBROSE**

Was Everest worth it?

**ST. GEORGE**

Babylon was a witch. She *had* to go.

**AMBROSE**

Was it worth it?

**ST. GEORGE**

Babylon shut down many a woman's access to the feminine, and many a man's access to righteousness.

She flooded the world with lies, worse than Noah did with his water.

**AMBROSE**

Noah?

**ST. GEORGE**

Well, you know what I mean.

**AMBROSE**

Everest was a separate reality.

**ST. GEORGE**

Indubitably. A prepared reality.

**AMBROSE**

And a sacrifice.

**ST. GEORGE**

[*beat*] I've asked myself I don't know how many times:

How many Christians would sacrifice Matthew, Mark and Luke to bring about an end to lying and the abominations of fornication in the world?

Or to end hunger and hatred, for that matter?

**AMBROSE**

And your answer?

**ST. GEORGE**

In the beginning was the Word. And the Word was with God.  
And the Word was God.

**AMBROSE**

John. Chapter 1, Verse 1.

**ST. GEORGE**

Except, the right words for me have always been united with *action*.  
Like love, they are nothing without action. Without action to give them ballast.  
I knew that long before Everest.  
So I guess that's my answer. But it hurts like Hell remembering it....  
[*pause*] But let's not dwell on the negative tonight.  
Remember them for the good times we shared. Give them that, at least.

**AMBROSE**

[*beat*] Those first days in Nepal are a paradise for climbers.  
So beautiful. So refreshing. So serene. So stunning.  
The Sherpa villages we hiked through were far and away the most peaceful places  
I'd ever imagined.... They could be my original Garden of Eden.

**ST. GEORGE**

If I were God, that's where I would have built Eden.... Seven days of quiet peace.

**AMBROSE**

And would have made climbing Everest the forbidden fruit.

**ST. GEORGE**

The people there, honest in the way a sunrise is.

**AMBROSE**

In the way a crow is.... Or so I was told once.

**ST. GEORGE**

You were told a number of things.

**AMBROSE**

[*beat*] Too bad the witch wasn't hiding out in a Sherpa village.

**ST. GEORGE**

Well, she wasn't. And it wouldn't have suited her.  
Their goodness would have put sties in her eyes.

**AMBROSE**

Sties in her eyes?... Oh. The old, Irish proverb:  
That a woman's honesty can put a sty in the Devil's eye.

**ST. GEORGE**

In a Devil's eye you could say honesty like Sherpas is a far cry from sea level  
Christian honesty.

**AMBROSE**

Christian honesty is a more mature type, it seems to me. It's what furthers the purpose of God and his church. Sherpa honesty is honestly innocent.

**ST. GEORGE**

I know what you're saying; and that's part of what I'm still striving for, Jon. The revelation of innocence in the Christ spirit, hidden in the centuries since his death. And it will only come with Armageddon....  
But I thought I caught a glimpse of it on the flight from Kathmandu into Lukla.

**AMBROSE**

O my God! That flight! The landing nearly frightened me to frigging infinity!

**ST. GEORGE**

You would remember that part, wouldn't you?  
What I remember most is the thrill of a lifetime. On eagles wings!  
White crowned peaks in all directions. A pathway to Valhalla. A poet's dream.

**AMBROSE**

A poet, you say?

**ST. GEORGE**

A poet is an artist with words instead of paint on her face.  
Quiet words, like snow falling.

**AMBROSE**

Clever....  
All I can say is that I thought for sure we were going to crash.  
The turbulence. The sheer drop down, nearly rubbing the rugged mountainside.  
It took my wind away, praying for my life.

**ST. GEORGE**

I trusted in God, as always.

**AMBROSE**

I trusted in the pilot, the way a person must feel, riding down the narrow ridges of the Grand Canyon, trusting in the legs of his mule.

**ST. GEORGE**

We survived.

**AMBROSE**

Yes, we survived. That part of the trip. The rest was yet to come.

**ST. GEORGE**

Take a deep breath, my Love, and remember it while it happened.  
Like you're in a dream.  
Not tainted by what comes later.

**AMBROSE**

If we only knew.

**ST. GEORGE**

It would have made no difference.

**AMBROSE**

**Closes his eyes.**

[*beat*] I can see the towering, snow-covered mountains, looking down on us like the face of ancient God.  
And their amazing glaciers.

**ST. GEORGE**

And I'm remembering the villages along the way that week, trekking from Lukla to Base Camp....

**Presses her open hands together before her face, as in prayer.**

Namaste

**AMBROSE**

**Opens his eyes.**

And the charming tea houses, where we stayed, and ate.

**ST. GEORGE**

Everybody so friendly and helpful.

**AMBROSE**

The home-cooked meals.

**ST. GEORGE**

The love we all felt, being together.

**AMBROSE**

[*beat*] Two of the best games of chess I ever played.  
Played in one of those tea houses against a stranger.

**ST. GEORGE**

So many stories. So many new tastes.

**AMBROSE**

Dal Bhat.... Rice and lentils.  
So perfect for what a hiker's body needs at the end of a day.

**ST. GEORGE**

Delicious.

**AMBROSE**

And eating with our fingers.

**ST. GEORGE**

Fresh breads we could smell being baked.

**AMBROSE**

And the soups.  
Don't forget the soups.

**ST. GEORGE**

Especially the garlic soup.

**AMBROSE**

The best days of my life....  
[*pause in thought*] The Garden of Eden is like a great romantic poem of many  
rooms that lets us gently age our life away in peace.

**ST. GEORGE**

I was just remembering those swinging bridges in the villages.  
Did they bother you any, Jon?

**AMBROSE**

Not at all. They were quaint.  
And seemed safe enough.  
Nothing like ladders on the Khumbu icefall.

**ST. GEORGE**

And the colorful Buddhist flags, strung out and flapping along the trails and  
roadways over our heads.

**AMBROSE**

Like the Buddhist flags you strung up on Everest, with Bible verses written on  
them.

**ST. GEORGE**

Part of our holy warfare.

**AMBROSE**

More Feng Shui, I would say, than crosses and crucifixes would have been.

**ST. GEORGE**

Feng Shui Buddhist flags on a Christian spiritual warfare campaign in Nepal.  
That is quaint!

**AMBROSE**

[beat] Plus the Sherpa guides walking along paths with us, carrying food and equipment, chairs and small stoves, up to Base Camp.

**ST. GEORGE**

Those *were* especially happy times.  
And so lovely, remembering them with you.

**AMBROSE**

All those villages, living that high up, leading normal-people lives.

**ST. GEORGE**

Totally content with their lives.

**AMBROSE**

Dalai Lamas.

**ST. GEORGE**

You could say that.

**AMBROSE**

Halcyon Days.  
Before things started changing....  
Before thinning air and grueling climbs began making for short tempers.

**ST. GEORGE**

Before arriving at Base Camp, and really thinking what the trip was about.  
The battle of Agincourt.  
When every Christian's duty was God's, and every Christian's soul was his own.

**AMBROSE**

That was the most frightening part of the climb for me....  
Not counting the last day, of course, when I was scared to death for you, not myself.

**ST. GEORGE**

Base Camp scared you?!

**AMBROSE**

Not being *in* Base Camp.

*Leaving* Base Camp, to make our climb up the Khumbu icefall.

**ST. GEORGE**

That *was* a unique challenge, wasn't it?

But to get to the top, you had to cross the ice.

**AMBROSE**

No one could imagine the peril if they hadn't been there and done that.

**ST. GEORGE**

Not knowing where hidden pitfalls might be waiting.

**AMBROSE**

Think of it:

**ST. GEORGE**

I am.

**AMBROSE**

A glacier, the highest in the world, sliding slowly downhill on a steep slope, that almost daily creates new, lethal crevasses under the snow.

Some staying hidden until walked on.

You fall into one of those babies, and you're frozen hamburger.

**ST. GEORGE**

I remember it, well. It was frightening. I'm not pretending it wasn't.

**AMBROSE**

Even when not hidden, the crevasses were bastards.

A ladder, laid down on one side of a crack in the ice, reaching across to the other side like a make-shift bridge. I hated them all, I tell you.

Seeing a twenty-foot metal ladder, laid horizontally across a crevasse.

And then having to make the crossing on it, as it bent to my weight.

**ST. GEORGE**

Walking across with crampons on your boots ....

**AMBROSE**

Hell! I crawled, looking down at the end of my life waiting for just one slip.

**ST. GEORGE**

Things didn't feel quite the same after that, did they?

**AMBROSE**

For that reason alone I'd never go back.  
Left foot, right foot, up the broken-ice trail.  
Six dreadful hours.  
Taking a step. Catching my breath.  
A turtle's race, past blocks of ice weighing tons that might move at any time, to  
get to the top before some damned slip, or unforeseen ice fall, or avalanche  
crushes everything....  
I'm too old.

**ST. GEORGE**

Coming down in the blizzard, that fateful last day, was much worse for me than  
the Khumbu glacier. I felt so unworthy to have led the four of you on my journey.

**AMBROSE**

How did you make it down, on your own? You never told me.

**ST. GEORGE**

I heard voices.  
Who led me, somehow, through the snow, down from the Summit, and clear of  
the edges.  
It was a powerful sensation.  
I looked around frequently, to see who was there, but there was nobody.  
Except ... it felt like Matthew, Mark, and Luke were walking alongside me.  
Encouraging me.  
And guiding me.  
And I walked.  
I didn't give up walking, even for fear of falling off the mountain.  
It was, in some strange way, as though I was actually floating above my body.  
That someone else was climbing down in my place.  
And they stayed there with me, I guess .....

I guess they were there until I heard you, banging on that pan and calling out our  
names.  
Then they disappeared.

**AMBROSE**

Maybe they were the angels Luke was always searching for at the top of the  
mountains he climbed.

**ST. GEORGE**

Maybe. Who knows?  
In the end, you were my guardian angel.

**AMBROSE**

I felt so small next to your cold, and your nose, and your courage facing the monster you faced at the Summit.

**ST. GEORGE**

You've never been small in *my* memory, or my dreams.

**AMBROSE**

In your dreams?

[*beat*] You still have your dreams?

**ST. GEORGE**

One very vivid one, recently. That keeps coming back. Almost like a lucid dream.

**AMBROSE**

What dream is that?

**ST. GEORGE**

I see Matt, and Mark, and Luke with you ... the day of the blizzard talking to you.

**AMBROSE**

You do?

**ST. GEORGE**

They were, weren't they?

**AMBROSE**

How could they have been?

They were climbing to the summit with you.

**ST. GEORGE**

They were, weren't they?

Answer me. Honestly.

**AMBROSE**

[*pause*] I have never told a soul about that.... Is *that* why you called me, after all this time?

**ST. GEORGE**

I can see them; but I can't hear what you're saying.

**AMBROSE**

Maybe you're not supposed to.

**ST. GEORGE**

What did they say to you?

**AMBROSE**

I can't remember.

**ST. GEORGE**

Sure you can.

**AMBROSE**

They weren't really there.

**ST. GEORGE**

Sure they were.

**AMBROSE**

Well, I can't remember now what they said.

**ST. GEORGE**

It was the last time you ever saw them.

**AMBROSE**

I didn't know that then.

**ST. GEORGE**

Well, you do now.... What do you remember most?

**AMBROSE**

What I remember most ....

What I remember most is the slowness of Mount Everest slowing us down.

Slowing us all down.

And the coldness slowing us down.

When they climbed through the tent, they were moving so slowly I could see what they were saying to me.

How slow life had become.

**ST. GEORGE**

What else?

**AMBROSE**

I don't remember whether they said this or not:

But I think they told me they'd be back.

To teach me perfectly the things they talked about that day.

**ST. GEORGE**

What things?

**AMBROSE**

Why I think everything should be rational, and it isn't.

**ST. GEORGE**

And?

**AMBROSE**

Mark threw a dragonfly at me.

**ST. GEORGE**

A dragonfly?...

Oh! Like the one you found in the snow at Blitzen Ridge.?

**AMBROSE**

It turned into a crow....

Or maybe two crows.

**ST. GEORGE**

Did the crows tell you anything?

**AMBROSE**

Nothing, but telling me ... or somebody, to explain.

**ST. GEORGE**

Explain what?

**AMBROSE**

I have no idea.

**ST. GEORGE**

Sure you do.

**AMBROSE**

No I don't.

Except I hate the cold. Even today I do. When it gets that cold.

**ST. GEORGE**

That's understandable.

**AMBROSE**

And Mark, I think ... no, no, it was Preston, who couldn't meditate on Everest.

**ST. GEORGE**

That's understandable, too.... What else?

**AMBROSE**

They may have been telling me something about seeing ... about light being generated inside the body, but I didn't understand what they were talking about. Then they suited back up, and climbed through the tent, from bed to bed, chair to chair, like it was the Summit of Everest itself.

**ST. GEORGE**

And then?

**AMBROSE**

They left.

**ST. GEORGE**

Did they say anything as they left?

**AMBROSE**

You mean, when they threw that green snake on my bed?

**ST. GEORGE**

Any last advice they gave you?

**AMBROSE**

None....

Other than the nonsensical rhyme Mark said as he was going out.

**ST. GEORGE**

Which was?

**AMBROSE**

"What is true will make light like a light in the night."  
Or something like that.

**ST. GEORGE**

That's it!  
I knew there would be something.

**AMBROSE**

What is?

**ST. GEORGE**

What is *true* will make light like a *light* in the night.

**AMBROSE**

I don't get it.

**ST. GEORGE**

What is *true* will make light like a *light* in the night.

**AMBROSE**

You said that.

**ST. GEORGE**

You said it first.

**AMBROSE**

Whatever.

**ST. GEORGE**

The true light....

**AMBROSE**

Like a fist fight?

**ST. GEORGE**

*A true light.*

**ST. GEORGE makes a gesture with her two hands, cupped, as though pushing something together.**

**AMBROSE makes a "talking" sign with his right hand.**

**AMBROSE**

What. Are. You. Saying?

**ST. GEORGE**

"True light." A quote from You-Know-Who.

**AMBROSE**

O shit! not that!

**ST. GEORGE**

Ever since we rid the world of the Whore of Babylon, I've been noticing how a new reformation has begun spreading in world politics.  
A Christian revolution.

**AMBROSE**

Say what??!

**ST. GEORGE**

All around in the democracies of the world, but particularly in the United States, Christian Conservatism is beginning to win control. It's the Seven Mountain Mandate.

**AMBROSE**

What in the world are you talking about??

**ST. GEORGE**

There are seven summits of life in the world today that Conservatives mean to bring back within Christian control:

Family.

Religion.

Education.

The media.

Arts and entertainment.

Business.

And government....

And leadership is playing an absolutely critical role in the reformation.

The leaders are fighting with us.

They've joined the battle.

**AMBROSE**

Haven't you heard?

**ST. GEORGE**

It's a lie.

And spiritual warfare will destroy the lie, just as it destroyed Babylon on Mount Everest.

**AMBROSE**

You're planning to make spiritual warfare a civil war?

**ST. GEORGE**

We're engaged in it right now.

**AMBROSE**

And what do you want me to do?

Pray with you?

**ST. GEORGE**

I want you with me.  
We're the only ones left from the Giant's Forehead.

**AMBROSE**

O Bobbie, Bobbie, Bobbie!  
Can't you see?

**ST. GEORGE**

See what?

**AMBROSE**

What you are doing?

**ST. GEORGE**

Doing what?

**AMBROSE**

You're making Christ into a dictator.

**ST. GEORGE**

You're talking like a crazed man.

**AMBROSE**

How can good and wonderful people be so taken in?

**ST. GEORGE**

God has told us.

**AMBROSE**

You think God thinks You-Know-Who is God????

**ST. GEORGE**

No.

Of course not.

God has revealed to some of our prophets that You-Know-Who will play a critical role in the Armageddon, with our country standing side-by-side with Israel in the battle.

After which all the lies ... even those in the Bible, will be explained and made right.

**AMBROSE**

You're going to get yourself, or somebody, killed.

**ST. GEORGE**

Come with me.

**AMBROSE**

No, Bobbie, I can't be part of it.  
Not .... [*beat*] not now.

**ST. GEORGE**

I promise you: There is no limit on what the man can do.

**AMBROSE**

Have you seen him?

**ST. GEORGE**

Not yet. But we will.... Soon.

**AMBROSE**

When you do, you will know.

**ST. GEORGE**

I'll know what?

**AMBROSE**

The man has no luminous fibers.

**ST. GEORGE**

[*pause*] It's your wife, isn't it?

**AMBROSE**

Oh! How can a one-night stand so utterly change a person's life?

**ST. GEORGE**

And your wife?

**AMBROSE**

If you don't let them know, they don't need to know:  
That you loved someone more.  
Who may be gone for years.  
And maybe they did, too.  
Who's asking?

**ST. GEORGE**

And?

**AMBROSE**

Bobbie ... O Bobbie, if there's one person in this world who's brought me true joy,  
and a sense of purpose in life, it's you.  
And the thought of you.  
But I just can't be a part of something like this.  
And I pray you'll see, before it's too late, that you can't either.

**ST. GEORGE**

You still don't understand, do you?  
You still don't understand.  
Life's about more than your petty prejudices.

**AMBROSE**

I *don't* understand....  
How this whole thing has happened.

**ST. GEORGE**

It's been foreseen:  
God has revealed to our prophets the man who will play a critical role in the  
Armageddon.  
Come with me.  
Find the truth with me.  
Find God with me.  
This is the golden thread to the end of treachery and dishonesty that's been  
promised.

**AMBROSE**

How can lies, and more lies, reveal any part of what is true?

**ST. GEORGE**

You just don't understand.  
He's not any of the things you think.

**AMBROSE**

What I understand is that there is blossoming a new Christianity, with money  
and power behind it, that believes it's on a straighter path to God than the  
humility of the son himself.

**ST. GEORGE**

Money and power in the hands of Christians *can mold* America straight again.

**AMBROSE stands.**

**ST. GEORGE stands.**

**They embrace as though it's the end of  
the world for them.**

**AMBROSE**

I will always love you, Bobbie.  
And I will always pray for you, come what may.

**ST. GEORGE**

We'll see each other again.  
I promise you that.  
When you and I stand eye-to-eye.  
Because you will always be there, standing in my heart, as you were that night at  
the Giant's Forehead.

**AMBROSE**

That's my prayer, too, Bobbie.

**AMBROSE releases his embrace, and  
exits.**

**ST. GEORGE remains standing,  
watching him leave. Then she sits back  
down, alone, with her glass of wine.**

**END**