

HANUMAN GOES TO DENMARK

A Divine Comedy



*A one-act play written in honor of the 39th Birthday of Amma, the ‘Hugging Saint.’
Performed in California and Rhode Island during Amma’s 1993 U.S. Tour.*

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*RISING IN LOVE: My Wild and Crazy Ride to Here and Now,
with Amma, the Hugging Saint*

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Cast of Characters (in order of appearance):

- **The Seeker**, a quirky but devoted 50 year old American woman
- **The Yin angel**
- **The Yang angel**
- **Sarasvati**, the Hindu Goddess of Learning and the Arts
- **Arms** (the 3rd and 4th arms of Sarasvati)
- **3 little girl angels**
- **Sandal (a tree)**
- **Apple (a tree)**
- **Berry the Bush**
[Sandal, Apple and Berry are collectively referred to as ‘**the Plants**’]
- **Hamlet**, Prince of Denmark
- **Horatio**, Hamlet’s friend
- **Hanuman**, the divine monkey who is Lord Rama’s greatest devotee

(The scene is the living room in the house of the Spiritual Seeker. In the down-right corner of the room is a small altar, on which rests a picture of Amma, a candle, an incense holder, a small dish of vibhuti, and a very large bowl full of Hershey’s Kisses. A few feet behind the altar is a curtain, 6 feet wide by 4 feet tall, hanging between two stands. The curtain is decorated by a Devi Yantra, or some other symbol of the Goddess.)

Seeker: *[enters after a long day of work, carrying two purses and a shopping bag. She puts down her bags, bows before the altar and sits.]* Here we go again, Amma! [picking up the bowl of chocolate Kisses.] This time, I promise, no more chocolates until after the meditation is over! *[She lights a candle, and then lights a stick of incense, waiving it first in front of Amma’s picture and then in front of the bowl of chocolates, then waves it in various confused squiggles, and puts it in the incense holder. She puts a dab of vibhuti on her forehead, and then a dab behind each ear, as if it were perfume.]* Oh Mother, please, won’t you come to me today? OM Parashaktyai Namah. OM Parashaktyai Namah. *[she stops and glances at her watch]* OM Parashaktyai Namah. *[Finally she stops in frustration.]* Amma! Mother Goddess! Why haven’t you come to me yet? I know I made lots of mistakes when I was young, but that was a long time ago... Haven’t I surrendered my life to you? Don’t I think of you night and day? I want to see you NOW! I want to be inside you and see everything

through your eyes... right NOW! *[She tries to experience this, in the process making some comical faces, but is apparently less than successful.]* So much for that. Oh, Amma, I just don't know what to do. *[She absent-mindedly begins taking chocolate 'Kisses' from the dish and eats them, one after another.]* I don't know how long I can keep up this life. I've given up everything, but the desires keep clawing at me from inside... they're eating me alive. *[reaches for another chocolate]* Oh my God, I can't believe I'm sneaking your chocolates again! *[slapping her hand]* Bad devotee! Oh please, Amma, let the chocolate in my mouth be turned into something awful! Let it be turned into liver! *[waits for a moment, and then makes a sour face.]* Ew! No, please, let it be turned into devotion, more devotion! OM Parashaktyai Namah! OM Parashaktyai Namah! OM Parashaktyai Namah! OM Parashaktyai Namah!

[Suddenly, beautiful sitar music fills the air, and two angels, an adult male and female, come out from behind the sides of the onstage curtain. The female angel wears a 'Yin' symbol on her head instead of a halo, and the male wears a 'yang' symbol. They bow before the curtain, thereby uniting the Yin and Yang; they then pull away the curtain, revealing Sarasvati, four-armed Goddess of the Arts, sitting in a pink lotus behind the Seeker. The angels exit to opposite sides of the stage, bringing the curtain and stands with them. Seated directly behind Sarasvati, and hidden by her, is "Arms," who provides Sarasvati's 3rd and 4th arms. One hand holds Amma's biography, another holds a japa mala, while the front two hands hold a vina.]

Sarasvati: Yes, my beloved child, I have heard your calls! Your cries have not been in vain. Here I am!

Seeker: *[ignoring Sarasvati]* OM Parashaktyai Namah! OM Parashaktyai Namah! OM Para...

Sarasvati: Darling! *[hitting her over the head with a thick wand of peacock feathers]* Enough already! Here I am!

Seeker: *[angrily]* Excuse me, but can't you see I'm trying to meditate? *[resuming meditation]* OM Parashaktyai Namah! OM Parashaktyai Namah! *[gradually realizing]* OMMMMMM my God! *[She screams and starts to run away.]* It's God! Is it God? IT'S GOD!!

Sarasvati: Yes, daughter, I have come at last!

Seeker: Wow! *[to audience]* I can't believe it, this mantra stuff really works! Well, you must be... Wow! You must be the Goddess Parashakti or something! How do you do?

Sarasvati: Close, but not quite, darling. Shakti was busy manifesting a universe somewhere. *[Arms throws a handful of confetti into the air.]* Sarasvati's my name, the Divine Theater's my Game. What can I do for you, darling? I love you!

Seeker: Sarasvati?

Sarasvati: Oh yes, I am She, the Author, Producer and Director of the entire Universal Play! And I am the Actor within each character, and the blissful transcendent Audience as well. I am all! I am OM! I am the Atman! I am AMMA!

Seeker: *[jumping up and down]* Wow! You really are God, aren't you! Oh Mother, I love you so much! Please, take me home! Show me the way!

Sarasvati: That's what I'm here for, sweet one. *[holding out her hands, welcoming Seeker into her embrace.]* Come to me, darling.

[Seeker hesitantly moves towards Sarasvati, and finally touches one of Sarasvati's outstretched fingertips with her index finger, and then goes into an ecstatic state.]

Seeker: Oh God! Oh God! Sarasvati! Well, this is my living room... Oh my God, it's a wreck! *[picks up a few things]* Wait a minute. Am I on Candid Camera? Where is that guy? Wait, it's not Halloween, is it? No. This blows my mind. *[suspiciously]* Now wait a second! If you really are God, why in the world would you come to ME?

Sarasvati: Amma told me to pay you a visit, darling. Not only is she my true Self, she's also my supervisor.

Seeker: Yeah, but what I mean is, with all those brahmacharis and brahmacharinis, and all those people in white running around, they're so pure... Why would want to come to a turkey like me?

Sarasvati: You're not a turkey, sweetheart! Amma loves you dearly. You're a wonderful devotee. She's very pleased with the intensity and innocence of your devotion. We all are!

Seeker: Innocence? Listen, this is 19 Mercer Street, are you sure you have the right house?

Sarasvati: Positive.

Seeker: But do you know how many mistakes I made when I was young? Sure, I've changed a lot, by Amma's Grace... and of course I do meditate and say the mantra and everything, but still... no matter what I do, I feel like such a bozo!

Sarasvati: Darling, you are *not* a bozo. You are divine...

Seeker: Divine?

Sarasvati: Eternally pure?

Seeker: Eternally pure?

Sarasvati: Made only of God!

Seeker: ME?

Sarasvati: In fact, you are my own Self, for it is I alone who have become the entire universe and all beings within it. It is I alone who am alive within you now! And everything you have ever done in the past, my darling, was truly done only by me.

Seeker: Hold it! Hold on there! Everything I've ever done in the past... was done by you?? Really? You stole all the lingerie? [*Sarasvati nods.*] You... You put that dead fish in the back seat of Mr. Schaeffer's car? [*laughs*] Oh, you're *bad*, Sarasvati! He was a lousy teacher, though, wasn't he? [*thinking of something sexual*] Now WAIT a minute. You did *THAT*? [*Sarasvati nods.*] Sarasvati, I'm *surprised* at you! Are you sure?!

Sarasvati: Absolutely. Believe me, darling, it was all holy, all just God reaching out to God, all part of my glorious dance of Love. For although I remain forever transcendent and pure, this whole crazy universe is my play—mine alone! And I alone am the doer of every action within it. So let go of guilt and fear now, my child, and live forever in the truth of your blissful divine Self. You imagine that you have sinned...

Seeker: No, but I have. I *have*!

Sarasvati: But how can that be, my child? For I see only the pure light of God in you, my own Self, my sweet holy child, divine perfection unfolding into full glory. I love being you. You're fun!

Seeker: You love being *me*? [*long, bitter laugh*] Well, I sure am glad *one* of us does! Oh Mother, I don't understand anything. I just want to become one with you.

Sarasvati: You ARE one with me, now and forever.

Seeker: But... but... Oh Amma, I love you! [*Finally overcoming her fear, she crawls into Sarasvati's outstretched arms for an embrace. Sarasvati gives her a big hug, strokes her back, kisses her head, lifts her up, puts a finger to her forehead, and finally gives her a piece of chocolate.*] Please, Mother, guide me, teach me, show me the way!

Sarasvati: Indeed, my child, I shall. In fact, I have a special, enlightening treat for you. [*giving her another hug*] Special, special! [*another kiss on the head*] Sit back,

relax, and behold the mystical, magical tragic-comedy entitled 'Hamlet Gets Religion,' subtitled 'Hanuman Goes to Denmark!'

[The Yin angel comes in from stage left holding a sign which reads 'Hamlet Gets Religion' in one hand, and a sign saying "OR" in the other. She is followed by three little girl angels, with signs around their necks reading "Hanuman," "Goes to" and "Denmark!". (The little girl angels represent various religions, and wear on their heads a Cross, a Star of David, and a Sufi Heart, respectively.) After waiving to the audience, the angels flap their arms and run over to Sarasvati, who blesses them by throwing flower petals on them; they then fly offstage. As the angels fly off, Apple, Sandal and Berry (two trees and a bush), all played by actors carrying dead branches, enter and take their places upstage. The 'plants' provide sound effects throughout the middle portion of the play.]

Plants: *[singing a funeral march]* Dum dum da dum, dum da dum da dum da dum.

[Hamlet walks onstage carrying a noose.]

Sarasvati: Ah, here comes poor Hamlet now.

Hamlet: *[looking over at the trees]* Oh no! Even my favorite trees are dying! All of Denmark's been enslaved by that evil Ravana!

Sarasvati: *[to Seeker]* As you can see, Hamlet is indeed in a seriously foul mood. *[to audience]* You know why? He doesn't yet believe in God.

[As Hamlet speaks he begins to tie the straight end of the noose around one of the tree branches. He then climbs upon on a stool, and puts the noose around his neck.]

Hamlet: Oh, why must human life be such a mess?
This world is fully rotten to the core.
I've looked for love, but never found success.
[throwing off his crown] This kingdom stinks! To breathe here is a chore!
My father's slain, and Ravana stole the throne...

Plants: Boo! Hiss! Down with Ravana!

Hamlet: That demon king has got my mind in chains.
My head feels as if it's made of stone.
No way to see beyond this wall of pain.

Plants: *[singing, a la "The Untouchables"]* Dum du dum dum!

Hamlet: *[with a tearful wave]* Goodbye, cruel world!

Plants: Dum du dum DUM!

[Hamlet jumps off the bench as if to hang himself, but the rope is too long and the tree branch not high enough, so he lands on his feet unharmed. Still trying, he falls to his knees and pulls up on the rope, but the rope is elastic so this still doesn't work. Finally he tries to choke himself with his own hands, but this also of no avail.]

Hamlet: Idiot! Can't even cook your own goose!
[pulling off the noose] Whoever heard of a defective noose?
I want my money back! But what's the use...
On life's sad train, I'm just a loose caboose.
[to audience] I tell ya, this has been the worst day.
First the garbage bag breaketh—now this!
A failure at suicide! Sad to say,
But hell could not be worse than this abyss!

[he pulls a letter from his pocket]

My only hope's my friend Horatio
Who just returns from India tonight.
He wrote me of his joy in some new Saint,
some "Ammachi, a being of divine Light!"
This Guru stuff is naught but Greek to me --
depression is the only God I know.
But maybe if I meet this Ammachi,
these nights of murderous dreams will up and go.
At last! Here comes my dear Horatio!

Horatio: *[enters, carrying a suitcase]* Hamlet!

Hamlet: Horatio! *[they embrace]*

Horatio: *[with joined palms]* Namaste!

Hamlet: Gesundheit!
My friend, I've missed you more than you can know.
My God, what does this Ammachi bestow?
I see your face and eyes are all aglow!

Horatio: Dear Prince, I'm sure that I can never mold
the beauty of this living Saint in words.
Love divine, compassion pure as gold,
with songs that ring like choirs of heaven's birds!
Mere words can scarce suffice to paint the Love
that's changed my life so much in such short time.
My friend, I've been transformed from above!
My heart has finally tasted Truth sublime!

Hamlet: I'm skeptical, to say the very least.
My mind cannot imagine such a one.
You sure she's not another phony priest?

[Horatio takes a large photo of Amma from his suitcase, shows Hamlet.]

Hmmm. Please, teach me of her truth, if it can be done.

Horatio: My friend, all life around her is transformed!
In her, the human and Divine are One.
Her every movement's filled with holy Love—
the Mother of All, she's radiant like the sun!
She is—*I'm sure*—a divine Incarnation,
an Avatar! A Goddess in our midst!
I tell you, friend, she's a Saint beyond compare—
more glorious than she could simply not exist!

Hamlet: Oh, now I get it. You fell in love—again!
[looking at picture] Her beauty doesn't prove that she's divine.
You say she's God? Well, let me hear some proof—
a miracle, some healings, or a sign.

Horatio: She has worked many great miracles. Yes—
though compared to her Love they seem quite small.
She healed a leper with her sweet caress,
and many others too—but that's not all.
She's given barren women children, yes,
and even raised a young girl from the dead!
A Master of the Universe she is,
with all the yogic powers you've ever read!
Yet miracles like these do not seem much
before her soul-awakening holy Love.
I tell you, friend, she can lead you Home to God!
She knows the way to the Kingdom up above!

Hamlet: But I don't even believe there *is* a God!
What crazy God would make this horrid world?
Unless you can explain yourself a bit,
No thanks! I'll keep my atheist flag unfurled.

[NOTE: the change in font here indicates that the following section was the one which I wrote in one night, as per Amma's instructions, two days before the final performance.]

Horatio: **Still humming that old atheistic tune?
Methinks a sillier song was never sung.**

For man to say “There is no God,” is like
saying, “I have no tongue,” with your own tongue!
For don’t you see? We’re part of him!
God is the root, the Universe the tree.
Our minds are blossoms on that Tree Divine—
why God’s the very life in you and me!

Hamlet: Oh please! Don’t give me that old brouhaha!
You know I studied science in school.
The universe came from the Big Bang.
We’re nothing but dust, you gullible fool!

Horatio: Oh! So dust can think? Dust can live, and love?
My friend—where did the human mind come from?
From whom, I ask you, did the Big Bang come,
that intelligence, life and love have here begun?
The species did evolve, about that they’re right—
but not from dust! From God’s own Love and Light!
Our intelligence must have an intelligent Source. Right?

Hamlet: Well...

Horatio: That Source is God, the Consciousness supreme.
He is the Author of the cosmic play,
the Dreamer of this glorious divine dream.

Hamlet: This world is what? A ‘glorious divine dream’?
It seems more like a nightmare to me.
If God’s the Author of the cosmic play...

Horatio: Yes...?

Hamlet: He should be locked away without a key!
Is he not cruel to make us suffer so?
Let him come here—I’ll give him quite a blow!

Horatio: Hamlet! For Heaven’s sake, please don’t say so!
(Forgive him, Lord, he simply doesn’t know.)
Dear Prince, don’t ever say such foolish things.
It’s we who create suffering for ourselves.
Our pain is what our faulty actions bring.
Ignoring God’s laws, we lead ourselves to hell!
When we do foolish things, like drinking and smoking,
can we then blame the Lord when we find ourselves choking?
We pollute the earth and besmog the sky,
and then blame God when the trees start to die!

And yet, despite our many foolish ways,
the Lord's divine compassion never dims.
His Love and mercy shine throughout our days,
and gently help us open up to Him.
And as we daily meditate on God,
he gradually leads us onwards from above,
'til finally, when our hearts and minds are pure,
he lets us merge forever in his Love.

Hamlet: What's that you say? We can *merge* in the Lord?

Horatio: That's right! The lover becomes one with the Adored!
For you see, God is like an infinite Ocean of Love,
and we're like tiny drops within that Sea.
We have our being only within Him—
the drops cannot be separate from the Sea.
And when a drop surrenders to the Ocean
and loves and serves the Lord with all his might,
the Guru then appears within his life...

Hamlet: Come on, you nut! The *Guru*?

Horatio: Right!
To lead that soul unto the supreme Light.
And when we finally learn that all is One,
and that the Lord is who we truly be,
our mind dissolves into that Ocean Self,
and the little drop discovers: it's the Sea.
Ah, free at last! We're then forever free,
when by God's Grace we've realized we are He!

Hamlet: You really mean that I'm a part of God?

Horatio: Yes!

Hamlet: It might be funny if it weren't absurd!
This lump of flesh is more akin to sod.
Divine? I think defunct's a better word!

Horatio: But you are not a body! You are Spirit!
Your true Self is eternal bliss and peace!
I know how hard it is to truly hear it—
but once you've met Amma, your doubts will cease.
For she's an incarnation of God,
her Love a gift that God to us bestowed;
and once you've tasted her divine embrace,

you'll know that Amma's heart's your true abode.

Hamlet: Enough of this escapist new-age bunk!
I much prefer to face the ugly facts:
There is no God, this world's a heap of junk,
and we'll all soon be facing death's blunt axe!
Don't get me wrong, your fairy tales are nice.
Let's hear another. How about "Three Blind Mice?"

Horatio: *[to audience]* Oh, brother! This is one tough nut to crack!
I guess I'll have to try another tack.
[to Hamlet] Dear Prince, where do you get the clothes you wear?
Do they just magically appear in the air?

Hamlet: Of course not, clown. My tailor makes them all.

Horatio: Ah. And what about that castle o'er the wall.
Pray tell, did that just manifest one day?
Just made itself, from sticks and stones and clay?

Hamlet: Don't be absurd. The castle was built, you jerk.
An architect designed and led the work.
Where are these questions from, the Land of Oz?
Why, nothing just appears without a cause!

Horatio: Ah! There's the proof of God, right there!

Hamlet: What?! Where?

Horatio: You said, "Nothing appears without a cause."
Well, what about this Universe we share?
Mustn't the Cosmos also have a cause?
God is the cause of the Universe and its laws!
Just as a tailor made the clothes you wear,
and an architect made that castle there,
so has this glorious Universe been made,
by God Almighty, Creator by trade!

Hamlet: Oh, that's no proof! That's just junk-food for thought.
What kind of God would create all this rot?
The religions are all crazy, the whole lot!

Horatio: *[to audience]* I see my words have yet convinced him not!
[to Hamlet] Well, Hamlet, here's a question. Who are you?

Hamlet: Me? Huh? Well, I'm Hamlet, you dope!

Horatio: No, my friend, that's just your name. Who are *you*?

Hamlet: Well, I'm a prince. That answers you, I hope.

Horatio: No, that's your position. Who are *you*?

Hamlet: C'mon, I'm ME! This handsome form you see.

Horatio: So you're the body? No, that's just not true.
From that illusion let me set you free.
[grabbing Hamlet's hands] Whose hands are these?

Hamlet: You silly clown! They're mine!

Horatio: Are you your hands?

Hamlet: You mean are my hands *me*?
Of course my hands aren't me. My hands are mine.

Horatio: Ah! And what about your body. Whose is *it*?

Hamlet: My *body*? Well, it's mine, you stupid twit!

Horatio: Oh! You say the body's *yours*, but it's not *you*.
You are the owner of the body, isn't that true?

Hamlet: Well, I guess I *am* more than this fleshy rind.
My mind is also surely part of me.

Horatio: Ah, there it is again! You said, "*My mind.*"
You are even beyond the mind, you see?
You are the owner of the whole shebang—
You are the Atman, divine and ever free!
Your power makes the body work and move,
you make the mind to think, the eyes to see,
but you are far beyond the body and mind.
The Atman, your true Self, *IS* the Divine!
Yes! Your Self is part and parcel of the Lord!
In you his infinite Light and Love are stored!
All power and glory and grace are yours to stay!
Oh, Hamlet, think upon these words I say.
To say there is no God—oh, don't you see?
It negates the very existence of you and me.
Why imagine you're a body, born to die,
when within you is the infinite divine sky?

Hamlet: *[mocking]* ‘Why imagine you’re a body, born to die,
when within you is a rotten piece of pie?’
I used to think you were a decent guy—
I can’t believe you’d feed me such a lie!

[Note: end of new material]

Horatio: *[crossing downstage, takes out a small picture of Amma, and begins to pray]*
Oh, Amma, won’t you help my poor lost friend?
I’ve tried, but simply couldn’t make him bend.
I know your grace can make the blind ones see—
Oh, Amma, won’t you please set Hamlet free?

Hamlet: Well? Has the philosophic spout run dry?
No more absurd philosophies to try?
[to audience] There is no greater pleasure that I crave
than sending superstitions to their grave!
[to Horatio, sarcastically] Go on my friend, tell all about the Lord!
[to audience] I love a good laugh, it beats being bored!

Horatio: I must confess I’ve failed, I have no choice.
To speak of Amma’s truth... I can’t begin. *[he holds up Amma’s photo]*

Plants: *[singing angelically]* Ah-ah!

Horatio: And yet just now I heard her voice,
saying, “God is in the game of badminton!”

Hamlet: So! God is in the game of badminton?
Oh please, do tell, Horatio. Do tell!
[to audience] I think my poor friend must have lost his mind,
like everyone else in Denmark’s hell!
[to Horatio] Go on, expound! Consider it a test.

Horatio: Beloved Prince, I’ll try my very best.
[taking a badminton bird racquet and out of his suitcase]
Though badminton seems just another sport,
a silly game of racquets, birds, a net,
where players yell and otherwise cavort,
and hurt their ankles, knees and wrists—and yet,
I saw it played by Amma in a dream,
while resting at her feet on Monday’s eve,
and now I see it steeped in cosmic Love,
a fabric of the finest mystic weave!

Hamlet: So, badminton is full of holy bliss?
Horatio, your mind has taken a fall!
The only mystic miracle is this—
[he kicks an imaginary ball] your head's not been mistaken for a ball!
You know the evil king that's made me slave.
The demons dance upon my father's grave!
My life is filled with sorrow, soaked in pain.
Badminton?! Either your joking, or you've gone insane!

Horatio: Hamlet, give me a moment. I'll explain.
The badminton bird itself is like the mind.
It's hit from thought to thought with ne'er a rest.
But if you sing to God, think you'll find
that little bird, your mind, will feel quite blessed!
The teams that play are like the Yin and Yang,
two halves that seem opposed, but yet are One.
The net is but illusory cosmic veil—
both sides are there to have the same thing: fun!
The little bird is hit from side to side
like thoughts that bounce around the divine brain. *[hits the bird into the audience]*
This world is full of the beauty of God's mind;
to pray's the thing, to this our minds should train.

[The plants start humming Amazing Grace in the background.]

And when you know that God's the only Source
and when you know his omnipresent Love,
you than command the one omnipotent force,
and you can win that war you're dreaming of.

[putting Hamlet's crown back on his head]

For you see, God is really within everyone and everything,
and the most horrible demon kings,
and the awfulest inner dragons,
are really and truly God's most beautiful angels,
just waiting for us to have the love
and the courage
to see them that way.

Hamlet: I'm scared.

Horatio: Don't be scared. Here. *[takes out a slip of paper.]* Say this mantra. OM Sanjivine
Namaha. It's a Hanuman mantra. It's good for making leaps.

Hamlet: Leaps?

Horatio: Just try it, OK? OM Sanjivine Namaha!

Hamlet: Aam?

Horatio: OM.

Hamlet: OM?

Horatio: Right. Sanjivine...

Hamlet: Sanjauvineee.

Horatio: Sanjivine...

Hamlet: Sanjivine.

Horatio: Right. Namaha.

Hamlet: Namahahaha.

Horatio: Hamlet! Namaha!

Hamlet: Namaha.

Horatio: Right. OM Sanjivine Namaha.

Hamlet: OM Sanjivine Namaha?

Horatio: Good.

Hamlet & Horatio: *[together]* OM Sanjivine Namaha, OM Sanjivine Namaha.

Horatio: Good, but can you try saying it with devotion, or as an urgent cry for help? You've gotta put some energy into it!

Hamlet: *[with feeling]* OM Sanjivine Namaha, OM Sanjivine Namaha.

Horatio: Good! Again!

Hamlet & Horatio: *[together]* OM Sanjivine Namaha, OM Sanjivine Namaha, OM Sanjivine Namaha, OM Sanjivine Namaha...

Plants: *[singing in rhythm and harmony to the mantra]* Here he comes to save the day!

[Hanuman, the divine monkey, the great devotee and servant of Lord Rama, leaps on stage, carrying his traditional large battle club. He is wearing a large silver crown, and has a long tail. Although this won't be visible to the audience, he also has some skin-colored tissue paper taped to his chest.]

Hanuman: JAI RAMA!

Horatio: Oh my God! Hanuman! *[bows on the ground]*

Hanuman: Hey guys! How ya doin? Hanuman, at your service! *[he bows]*

Horatio: Hamlet, bow, for God's sake! He's God!

Hamlet: God has a tail?

Horatio: Trust me!

[Hamlet gives a cynical bow, court style]

Hanuman: Amma tells me you guys are having some trouble with a certain ten-headed demon. Fear nothing, gents, it'll be taken care of in a jiffy. No kidding, I got a whole army of magic monkeys out back.

Horatio: That's fantastic!

Hamlet: *[to Hanuman]* You really want to help me? But, why?

Hanuman: Amma loves you guys, that's why! She gives the command, I hop into the jet stream and I'm here! Piece a cake!

Hamlet: So, um, you live with this Amma, or what?

Hanuman: Not exactly. You see, Amma lives here, in my heart. *[As if ripping open his chest, Hanuman rips open the tissue paper taped to his chest, revealing a picture of Amma seated on a lotus within a heart.]*

Horatio: Oh my God, look! Amma!

Hanuman: See? She's my beloved Rama and Sita, together in one form. *[giving himself a big hug]* Oh, I love you Amma! *[makes cooing monkey noises]*

Hamlet: Holy cow, Horatio! He just ripped his chest open! What is he, some kind of freak?

Horatio: No! He's.... Don't worry, it's traditional.

Hamlet: *[fed up]* Traditional, huh? *[to Hanuman]* Look. Can you really help me conquer the demon Ravana?

Hanuman: Of course! I'm not here for nothing! He's a pussycat, trust me! A little taste of omnipotent Love and power... *[enacts with his club the slaying of Ravana in battle]*... and believe me, he'll make the best doormat you've ever seen.

Hamlet: Well... I guess I should say thank you.

Hanuman: You're welcome, no problem. *[Hanuman rubs Hamlet's chest, and then places his index finger on Hamlet's forehead for a few seconds, as Amma sometimes does in darshan.]*

Hamlet: *[having a powerful spiritual awakening]* Oh Lord! Could it really be true? Could this really be happening? Horatio, I think you win! I guess maybe there is a God! Looks like I'm going to have to meet this Amma of yours!

Plants: *[together]* Oh, how wonderful!

Horatio: *[embracing Hamlet]* Now that's great!

Hamlet: Yes, I guess it really is great!

Hanuman: Of course it's great! *[takes out a banana, offers it to Hamlet]* Here, mate! Have a banana! *[Hamlet hesitates]*

Horatio: Take it, it's a blessing!

Hamlet: OK, sure, why not? *[reaches for the banana, but Hanuman pulls it back.]*

Hanuman: Uh, uh, uh. Say Rama.

Hamlet: Rama?

Hanuman: Good boy! *[gives a banana to both Hamlet and Horatio, and then, seeing something in the sky, he falls to his knees. Tenderly...]* Ram! Ram! Ram! *[Nodding, Hanuman takes handfuls of flower petals out of a pouch he's wearing, and throws them first over the Plants, and then over Hamlet and Horatio, while chanting...]* OM Sri Ram Jai Ram Jai Jai Ram! C'mon guys, let's go and inspect the troops. Gotta keep those monkeys in line! *[singing, in 'Barbershop quartet' style]* OM!

Horatio: *[in harmony]* OM!

Hamlet: *[in harmony, a higher note]* OM!

[Hanuman, Horatio and Hamlet join arms and dance together.]

**Hanuman,
Horatio &**

Hamlet: *[singing and dancing together]* OM! OM Sri Ram Jai Ram Jai Jai Ram! *[They exit dancing.]*

[During the dance, the trees who are behind Hanuman, Horatio and Hamlet, set down their dead branches and pick up green ones, covered with leaves. From Apple's new branches dangle many different kinds of fruit, while from Sandal's branches hang boxes of incense.]

Sandal: Apple! Oh, Apple, look! Hanuman has healed us! I'm growing beautiful new flowers, like I've never seen before!

Apple: Wow! *[to audience]* I've always wondered where incense comes from!

[As might be done to punctuate a joke in stand-up comedy, Berry the Bush bangs a tambourine.]

Sandal: And my LEAVES are growing again!

Apple: *[Seeing her new branches for the first time]* Hey! Mine are too! Plus—oh my God! All kinds of fruit! Oh Sandal, Hanuman has set us free! We're free to leave again! We're free to leave!

Sandal &

Apple: *[together]* We're free to leave! We're free to leave! *[they pause and look at each other.]* We're free to LEAVE? *[they try a tentative hop, and find they're no longer found to the ground.]*

Sandal: Wow!

Apple: Hey! We are!

Sandal: We ARE free to leave!

Apple: Yippee!

Sandal: Whee!

Apple! Great! Let's get outta here! I'm going to India to meet Amma! *[hops offstage]*

Sandal: I'm with you, sister! I've got to meet this Holy Mother! *[takes a few hops, then turns to Berry the Bush.]* Hey, what about you, Berry? You want to come? *[to*

audience] He must be asleep. *[to Berry the Bush]* How can you sleep at a time like this? Come on, guy, don't miss the fun! We're going to India! *[she pauses, hops downstage and speaks to the audience]* I wonder how much plane fare to India is for a tree. *[She hops offstage.]*

Berry: *[shakes his branches and then speaks to the audience]* I'll have you know I was NOT sleeping. I was in DEEP meditation.

Horatio: *[re-entering, speaks to audience]* Forgot my suitcase!

Berry: *[to Horatio]* Namah Shivaya! *[he hops offstage]*

Horatio: Namah Shivaya! *[picks up suitcase and badminton racquet, then realizes a bush just spoke to him]* Wait a sec, was that a... A bush? A walking bush... just spoke to me? A walking talking bush? Well... why not? *[laughing]* I mean, Amma is everywhere, right? And anything can happen in her divine play! Yes, Amma really is everywhere, and in everything! *[looks to audience]* And in everyone! OM Namah Shivaya.

[As if sung by angels, a beautiful choral "Amen" fills the hall.]

Horatio: Namah Shivaya! *[waives to audience with his badminton racquet as he leaves.]*

Sarasvati: *[to Seeker]* So, my darling daughter, how did you like the play? Wasn't it fantastic?

Seeker: Well, yeah, it was really cute! My favorite was the bush, he was really a good shrub! But I mean, what's the message for me, though? "God loves everyone, even the bozos?"

Sarasvati: No, darling, although of course that's true. The message is, "Amma is God, and is within everything and everyone, including you. Give all your love to her and she'll set you free forever, no matter how bad things may look."

Seeker: Mmm. Sounds pretty good. It sure is easy to love Amma!

Sarasvati: OM, it sure is!

Seeker: Mmmmmmm.

Sarasvati: Mmmmmmm.

Seeker & Sarasvati: *[together]* Mmmmmmm.

Seeker: Sarasvati, I like you, you're fun! But I have one question. Once you surrender to the Guru, isn't the past supposed to be like a cancelled check?

Sarasvati: Absolutely.

Seeker: Then why does mine keep bouncing?

Sarasvati: The check of your past is cancelled, but you have to be patient, sweetheart. Cling to Amma's feet. Try to forgive everyone, including yourself, darling, and eventually that check will stop bouncing completely, I promise. Persevere with your sadhana, child, and Amma will take care of everything. You'll be Enlightened before you know it. And now my darling, I must bid you a sweet adieu...

Seeker: No! Oh, no! No! Hey, wait! You're not going to leave without giving me a boon or something, are you?

Sarasvati: Of course not, darling. What would you like?

Seeker: What would I like? Well, how about total Enlightenment right now? *[takes Sarasvati's hand and puts it on her head, awaiting the transmission of divine power. Then she has a second thought.]* AND—all the ice cream I can eat without ever gaining weight!

Sarasvati: The ice cream part is easy. *[giving Seeker a tiny cup of ice cream]* Here it is! All the ice cream you can eat without ever gaining weight!

Seeker: Wow! You mean it's a magic container! It'll never run out!

Sarasvati: No, what I means is, if you eat more than that, you'll definitely gain some weight.

Seeker: Ohh. That's not funny, Sarasvati. But what about my Enlightenment?

Sarasvati: Only Amma can give you that, darling. But don't worry, she will. You must be patient. However, I can give you the next best thing.

Seeker: Really? What's that?

Sarasvati: Between now and the time you become Enlightened, you will remember Amma's Love in every moment. Through that constant remembrance of Amma, your heart will gradually open to embrace the God within everyone, your life will be filled with bliss, and you will soon become a beacon of Love and compassion and wisdom to everyone you know.

Seeker: I'll take it!

Sarasvati: *[holding up one hand in blessing]* So be it! It's yours.

Seeker: Oh, thank you!

Sarasvati: You're welcome, sweetheart. Aren't you going to eat your ice cream?

Seeker: No! I'm renouncing ice cream. Oh, wait, it's chocolate. *[reaching for it]* I'll renounce it tomorrow. *[slaps her hand away]* No, I don't want it! I DO want it! I don't want it!

Sarasvati: Your blessing's in it, darling.

Seeker: I want it, I want it! *[eats the ice cream]*

Sarasvati: *[to audience, referring to Seeker]* Sweet, huh? Remember now, children, even if you don't always like God's play, even if you're REAL unhappy with the part you got in this moment? Well, just don't you worry. You'll all get to play an Enlightened Saint eventually, I promise. Every one of you. And no matter what you think of the play, God still loves you. I should know. I wrote the play you're living in now, and I love you! *[sees Amma in the audience.]* Oh my God, Amma! My divine beloved! *[Sarasvati joins her palms together and bows, and chants with great tenderness and devotion]* OM Amriteshwaryai Namah, OM Amriteshwaryai Namah, OM Amriteshwaryai Namah! *[to audience]* Everybody now! OM Amriteshwaryai Namah, OM Amritesh... *[like a school teacher]* Ahem. Children, I can't hear you! OM AMRITESHWARYAI NAMAHA! OM AMRITESHWARYAI NAMAHA! AMRITESHWARYAI NAMAHA! That's much better, children. Remember now, she's the supreme Lord! *[to Amma]* Amma, my beloved Goddess Mother, please, come to *Brahma Loka*¹ tomorrow? We'll do lunch. *[to audience]* I haven't had darshan in a week! OK, everybody. Bye, bye now! Keep chanting your mantras! Oh, and by the way, if you haven't subscribed to Immortal Bliss, it's a fabulous magazine. They even published this play!

Seeker: No, really? You mean I'm.... I'm in print? Wow! I guess I better get a subscription!

Sarasvati: You'll love it, I promise. Bye, bye now! *[throwing handfuls of flowers and candies out into the audience, as "Arms" waives a badminton racquet with an "OM" design on it]* I love you, I love you! Bye, bye, everybody! I love you!

[Black out.]

¹ *Brahma Loka*: the abode of Lord Brahma, the Creator; Sarasvati is Brahma's consort.