

THE ROAD TO SATURN

*Setting: A forest trail, or secluded area with a single path diverging into two, a fork in the road. It is completely silent except for the chirping of birds and wildlife, with no contemporary fixtures. Enter A TRAVELER, from the single path. They are worn out and tired, completely lost and confused.*

A TRAVELLER

A bird. What is a bird to a man? A man does not have wings, and a bird does not have teeth. What service do teeth offer than that of gluttonous roots and ascending merchants. We must guild our teeth in gold. Coat our napes in emeralds. Held down by objects we are flightless, yet the sunlight flits upon a bird's back, sending rays of topaz to our feet.

*A TRAVELLER makes it to the fork in the road. It is unclear as to which way to go.*

A TRAVELLER

Must I speak? Must I grind my teeth into ashes and bone? They become stardust, while a clumsy bird will make it to Saturn in no conversation that can be my own. And what of this path? Must a displaced being such as I be forced to turn stardust into bone--into feather? No. Saturn is not worth the role of God.

*A TRAVELER looks at the paths and turns around in a slump. As A TRAVELER walks away, a voice is heard.*

A BEING

You cannot change man. You must walk the path of Saturn by foot.

*A TRAVELER turns around. ENTER A BEING, standing in the middle of the diverging path.*

A TRAVELLER

(With disgust)

I am not a man. I am a traveler. A displaced being, no more a wanderer than an inspirited bird.

A BEING

I do not spy feathers, human. I do not spy satin wings or a crescent beak that may hook the moon. Only flesh. And wits. You are no wanderer, only a fool.

A TRAVELLER

How dare you! A stranger to a man he calls a fool, an imbecile to make one repeat. I am but a humble traveler. I long for only happiness.

A BEING

And must happiness be to transform into a bird? Is that the beauty you seek? Or do you seek jewels? Riches?

A TRAVELLER

No, I seek the road to Saturn. The beauty of its pale rings, it's...finality. Only the birds may reside there. I am no such being.

A BEING

Then your problem is solved little 'traveler'. Saturn does not hold a place for you. A very human thing, to yearn for such that is not yours. I have encountered many of you.

A TRAVELLER

And I have never encountered a being with such arrogance as you! I did not ask for this guidance or your intrusion! I came to find the being that lived in confusion. They said he knew the way to Saturn.

A BEING

Oh traveler, you asinine being. I guard a crossroads, a place of confusion--a place of your confusion. You insult me with petty phrases and insist on my help?

A TRAVELLER

You're...you're the being? But you insisted that Saturn was a place for feathered creatures, and the villages said you knew a way to enter Saturn.

A BEING

I gave my answer little wanderer.

A TRAVELLER

It is not a just response. The birds are given silence, an abode in the galaxy where stars never blink and prosperity is endless. Yet, I slave on this earth in pestilence. I weather away to stories of eternal peace on Saturn, and I have had enough!

A BEING

Then leave! I cannot offer assistance to a being with no acceptance of their reality. Leave and stay a fool.

A TRAVELLER

I am not a fool! I am a--

A BEING

--a human who yearns to take, and never give. You will never become a bird, man, and you will never have a place in Saturn. You will keep taking from this forest, from the birds you long to be, and you will sever their lives. Pause your yearning wanderer, and cast aside your petty pride for a brief moment.

A TRAVELLER

I cannot cast away my pride.

A BEING

No one has pride in these mountains, human. To survive you must have grit. You must become dirt. To survive as a righteous human, you must become worthless. To reach Saturn, you must have no earthly value, no possessions, no loved ones or ties. You must be free like a bird, limitless and far from hierarchal ideologies. It is a choice available to man yet impossible. Be glad it is unattainable. Savor your humanity traveler. Savor what is beneath the sunlight. Release Saturn from your ailing mind.

A TRAVELLER

Then where must I go? Where must I run to forget the famine in my wake. If my only choice is death then I must invoke some godly power--

A BEING

Your choice is a fork young traveler. A divergence. A road.

*A BEING steps to the side to reveal the two roads.*

A BEING

The choice is yours. You have lost your way human, caught up in scandal and revolution to breath the air. Taste the dew drops on your way up the mountain the path is yours to take.

A TRAVELLER

Is this a jest? A walk will set me on the right course?

A BEING

(laughs)

No, a path. A choice. Two choices forward. One at your posterior. Do not look at the sky or it'll fall on your head human. Turn your journey forward and breath. If it is too daunting for your spirits, consider visiting another time, though you will always be faced with the choice.

*A clear view of the paths is seen. A TRAVELER closes their eyes and finally picks a path.*

A BEING

(Behind A TRAVELER)

Until the next crossroads traveler!

*A TRAVELER continues his path forward. The path he chose has many bumps and is increasingly taxing.*

A TRAVELLER

A tree. What is a tree to a man? A man is not immortal, and a tree is not mobile. The lanky limb stretches out into the oasis. It's burning athleticism is practiced, yet a tree's mind is honed. A tree is rooted in wisdom, as a human runs in restlessness. Moving earnestly. That is what we do.

*A TRAVELER happens on another crossroads. They stand and stares at the two paths. They take one of the paths, and the audience watches them disappear into the forest.*