

ACT 2.

SCENE 5.

*Mr. Wolf appears on stage, speaking his suicide note.*

**MR. WOLF:** My name is Theodore Wolf. I have no middle name.

I have written these words before I will actually have to take my own life. A pre-emptive suicide note, knowing that in all likelihood, the day will come and I will have to take my life. I'm prepared to do this.

To begin, some thoughts:

The study of the heavens, astronomy, is a science that requires reason and mathematics and undying logic, and yet, a master astronomer is searching beyond the interstellar dust for the deeper questions of the Universe, which all lead back to God.

It was my intention to be that type of astronomer, but I am not. I started too late. I was corrupted by the earth.

And so I looked towards a younger generation, my students at the college, bright young stars themselves . . .

But they too had been corrupted. And once you are corrupted, you cannot adequately seek God. And so there is this conflict: Where is that pure being, as of yet uncorrupted, who can engage in a rigorous study of the heavens. This person, if she existed, would save us.

And so I set out to find the purest being on earth.

START

I submit that I am not perfect. But I have cultivated a perfect thing. That perfect thing is the young woman who is now in your custody, given name: Theresa Ruth Lawrence.

She possesses ineffable gifts. Let us call her a "prophet", since the English language is so woefully deficient in its ability to articulate what is HOLY.

*(he begins to rant)*

And it was *me . . . Me!* Who cultivated a Prophet!

It was *Me* who has given the world an individual capable of discovering the location, temperament and intentions of *God*.

Prophets hear God. Prophets speak His Word.

But who finds the Prophets?

*I did this. Me.*

And because it was me who found this Prophet . . . and gave her the resources to develop her gift—because it was me, I feel I should at least be given a *shred of credit . . .*

Someone should THANK ME!

Someone should sing my PRAISES!

Was it easy? It was not easy!

Was it dangerous? *It was!*

Do you not see the miracle before you!?

It is a miracle what I have done! It is a MIRACLE.

*His anger subsides.*

Whatever. I simply ask that the girl be given the resources to continue her work.

Theresa Ruth Lawrence, all of fifteen years . . . She will be the one to save you.

END