

The Modern Female Leonardo da Vinci

MC: They call her the modern female Leonardo da Vinci, but far more so. We all know the name: Miranda Sorventi—even more intelligent than the great Leonardo ever was, and even more gifted than Leonardo in both the arts and in science. Her IQ is beyond measure, probably more than the combined intelligence of everyone in this audience tonight, and that's really saying something. Her accomplishments in the arts are beyond compare, and this on top of her six PhDs in various fields before the age of twenty.

Much to our surprise and our honor, Miranda is here with us tonight. We should also tell you that Miranda is the sole creator of this very production. One serious request: Out of honor for Miranda, the awesome power of her mind, and her tremendous sensitivity, we ask for absolute silence while Miranda is with us.

Miranda, would you like to join us on stage now?

A young woman enters slowly, wearing only the simplest of plain off white cotton dresses. Her long hair is down, and she is barefoot. Her every movement is perfectly graceful as she enters. She stops at a bit of a distance from the MC. It is not clear where she is looking. She does not look at the MC, or at the audience, or anywhere a normal person would look. She is aware of everything, but also alone with her own vast mind.

MC: Miranda, thank you so much for joining us tonight.

Miranda's head moves slightly in the direction of the MC. After a pause, she delivers a slight nod.

MC: Miranda, I know many of us are curious as to how long it took you to write this show. Could you tell us?

Miranda's head slowly turns slightly in the direction of the audience, then back to the MC. She slowly raises one of her

arms slightly, and shows a gap between her thumb and index finger.

MC: Not very long? You mean a few months?

Miranda reduces the distance between her thumb and index finger.

MC: Less than that? A few weeks?

Miranda reduces the distance between her thumb and index finger even further.

MC: Even less? Really? Only a few days?

Miranda closes the gap between her thumb and index finger.

MC: Wait...what do you mean?

Miranda slowly raises her arms to the side of her head, and then places her index fingers gently to her temples, and closes her eyes.

MC: You...you mean you just thought of it all at once?

Miranda gently opens her eyes, and nods slightly. She is now looking directly at the audience.

MC: Oh my God. How is that even possible?

Miranda is now gazing at the audience. She gestures gently with one hand toward the seating area.

MC: You want to meet the audience?

Miranda nods gently, smiling slightly.

MC: Ladies and gentlemen, please do not be alarmed. Miranda may be by far the most intelligent human being who has ever existed, but she means you no harm.

With the utmost grace, Miranda descends from the stage, and walks slowly toward the audience. She chooses a person, and stands directly in front of them, gazing intently at them. This continues for a few seconds, then she turns her gaze to another person in the audience, walks toward them, gazes intently at them for a few seconds, then holds her right pinky out to them.

MC: Oh! What an honor for you! It looks like Miranda wants to do the Linky Pinky with you!

Miranda and the audience member briefly dance the Linky Pinky in the middle aisle, then Miranda bows slightly to her partner, and continues walking up the aisle away from the stage.

MC: Miranda? Where are you going? Miranda?

Miranda walks slowly away up the aisle, and disappears.

MC: Ladies and gentleman, the great Miranda Sorventi!