

ACT I (Scene 1)

Enter
MARY: Wake up Man! Wake up! Get out of bed Paddy!

PADRAIC: Wake up, is it? The whole world's going directly to hell, and I'll not get out of bed 'til it mends its way.

MARY: Oh stop speechifying you fat tub of lard and get up!

PADDY: Not 'til the world changes its direction.

MARY: Be on your way. The University is calling you.

PADDY: I'll not to the University today Mary.

MARY: When will you stand on your own/^{two}good feet that God gave you and be the man I know--the man you are?

PADDY: When the world gets out of the mess it's in. Til then it's sweet sleep for me and sour living for them.

MARY: Have you not heard Padraic Clancy Muldoon, the sun is shining yet. It's a beautiful day! On a day like this God must still be in His heaven.

PADRAIC: And who out there will believe you lass? Go to the window and look at them. As for me, I'm fed up with looking. They appear to be men. Don't be deceived. It's a likeness only. A shadow only. Killing, stealing, lying, cheating, betraying.

MARY: Men have always done that Paddy. We must go on.

PADDY: Men! Don't talk to me of men. Animals only. Only knowing how to destroy. Polluting the world with their filth.

MARY: And still the earth is glorious yet.

PADDY: And will these foul pestilential greedy little maggots let her live? They'll not be content 'till they kill every living thing, and cover her with the scum of themselves. Not content to die in their own stench, they insist on killing God's good green earth as well.

MARY: This will bring no good. Life is for the living.

PADRAIC: Yes, for the living, and not for the dead. Why then do the dead steal the place of the living? Tell me that then, if you can.

MARY: Paddy, come out of your ill temper in God's name and enjoy what's left.

PADDY: Away with your maudlin sentimentalizing Woman!

MARY: And an end to your dark philosophizing. It's a pity people have forgotten how to live, but we must enjoy the good fruit of the land. We have our children yet, and in them life is sweet. Come man! Rise up!! Here come our little ones.

PADDY: Woman, do you take me for a fool? Life is a bad dream. An intelligent man will have none of it. I'll to bed. Wake me up when it's all over and it's curtains for the world.

MARY: It'll be too late then. We'll all be dead.

PADDY: And won't it be a good thing too? The universe will be rid of its experiment gone astray. And then we'll all get some peace and quiet. There must be an awful pounding in God's ears in this year of our Lord 1972. Have a heart and give the Great Man some quiet, and me too, I say.

MARY: The universe will only have to try again.

PADDY: What are you blabbing about now? Try again for what? What are you talking about?

MARY: You told me so yourself.

PADDY: Told you what?

MARY: That Man is a great experiment conducted by Great Nature herself, the servant of the soul of the world, to see if she could produce a being capable of reaching the stars and finding God, becoming Divine itself.

PADDY: Sweet Jesus! I never said any such thing.

MARY: You did Paddy, and there's no denying it. You swore it was true--as true as you loved me.

PADDY: There's a changeable love at best, in a very changeable Universe. I was deluded fantastically. It was the ~~ecstasy~~ ecstasy of youth which sent poetry through my heart upon beholding you.

MARY: And yet when you courted me you swore it was true.

PADDY: It was true and still is. Unfortunately the experiment has failed, and Man has gone awry. They've even announced it in the DAILY NEWS: God is dead! And then only a short leap to Man is dead. And now they're putting those gorgeous sentiments into practice. I've seen enough! It's the end of the world. I'll close my eyes on this nightmare and sleep it off--sleep 'til the end of time.

MARY: (Stretches out on bed) What would you do if I slept all day?

PADDY: I'd take advantage of your position, and straddle you with love.

MARY: Oh no, you don't, Patrick Muldoon!

PADRAIC: Oh yes, I do, my sweet, my love. Since when have you lost the desire to take the full weight of the man you love?

ENTER MOLLY:
(Age 8): Daddy's making love to Mom again.

SEAN:
(Age 10) Doesn't he ever get tired?

MARY: Paddy! The children!!

PADRAIC: Bring them to bed with us. We'll educate them early. We'll lie naked as a pair of pagans and let them romp between--recipients of the honey of our love. They'll suck up knowledge like pomegranates from the rind.

MARY: Oh Paddy, you're out of your mind.

PADRAIC: Ah, if only I were.

MOLLY: Isn't Daddy ever gonna get out of bed?

PADRAIC: Get away now, you kids.

(Children begin tickling him.)

PADRAIC
(Continuing): Get away you rascals. I'm busy sleeping.

SEAN: You're not doing anything but laying on your behind.

PADRAIC: It takes a lot of work.

MOLLY: What? To lay on your behind?

PADRAIC: Exactly. Anybody can get up and be driven to work. Do you take me for a mule? It takes great effort to resist that and stay in bed. And great concentration.

SEAN: What are you doing now?

PADDY: Concentrating.

SEAN: On what?

PADRAIC: On not getting out of bed. Look at the world. Like a bunch of busy bees gathering honey for the Gods to eat.

SEAN: Like flies to wanton boys are we to the Gods. Shakespeare!

PADRAIC: Like bees to us are we to the Gods. Muldoon!

SEAN: Shakespeare's better.

PADDY: That's not funny.

SEAN: Who's better?

MOLLY: Shakespeare. But Daddy's funnier.

SEAN: You see!

PADDY: Yes, Honey, honey, honey.

SEAN: Where are they?

PADRAIC: Who?

SEAN: The Gods.

PADRAIC: All around us.

SEAN: I can't see them.

MOLLY: I can.

PADRAIC: Oh ho! We'll have to go on our magic trip and soon you'll see them for yourself. But first, promise me you'll never be a success.

SEAN: Mamma says we have to..

MARY: And that you do!

PADDY: Don't you want to imitate your father and be a failure like me?

SEAN: Then why does Daddy say we don't.

PADRAIC: Oh, causing trouble between your Father and Mother, is it rascal?

MARY: Your Father's just telling tales children. You shouldn't be lying to them that way Paddy. You should let them know what a grand success you are and all.

PADRAIC: But I'm telling the truth. Will no man here believe me?

MARY: Your Father's a very famous man.

PADRAIC: At the end of his tether.

MOLLY: What's "tether"?

+00
Elizabethan?
PADRAIC: Hangman's noose. For hanging. But first, a
ENTER MICHAEL
report on the state of the world. Here comes
your elder brother. He'll deliver it. How
goes the world son?

MICHAEL: Poorly. Like a poor man crawling on all fours,
having discovered his benefactor's been
murdered.

PADRAIC: Murdered?

MICHAEL: Hope, that last to leave Pandora's box, ambushed
on a summer day. And now mankind's bereft.

PADRAIC: There's no benefaction there.

MICHAEL: A hopeless deed, indeed.

PADRAIC: And now that hope is gone, can faith and charity
be far behind?

MICHAEL: Indonesia's in a panic. Pakistan is in ruins.
India in starvation. China's rumbling; Russia's
barking; America's at civil war. Vietnam, Laos
and Cambodia are sinking into the sea. And
Ireland is divided. The world's a mess. And
now the Irish heart of the world is broken.

PADRAIC: Oh, Ireland.

MARY: Oh, Dublin and Belfast.

MICHAEL: And all the world's fair cities.

PADRAIC: The cities of men now all in turmoil. And
Switzerland still making cuckoo clocks for the
world.

SEAN: Cuckoo . . . cuckoo.

MOLLY: Cluck . . . cluck.

MICHAEL: Yes.

PADRAIC: Ah, hah! You see! You see!

MICHAEL: We agree.

PADRAIC: Now who's responsible?

MICHAEL: You are, greedy old men! You care for nothing but yourselves.

PADRAIC: No, you are, irresponsible young men. You care for nothing but yourselves. And who will change it?

MICHAEL: I will.

MARY: Must you worship your Father so?

PADRAIC: Like Father, like son.

MARY: Why do you encourage him so? This will lead to no good.

PADRAIC: Oh, stop your fussing Mary. Hello! Here's my darling daughter Katie. Still true to your old Dad?

GRANDMOTHER: *No. She's forsaken you for another. She plans to liberate the boy next door.

PADRAIC: My daughter's fallen in love with the boy next door. And he's turned out to be a black man.

GRANDMOTHER: A dark horse if ever I seen one.

MARY: Just a man, Dad. This is liberal America.

PADRAIC: Liberal America's turned out to be a libertine whore. Good morning Father. Come to give me catechism so early? Better were you to castigate the nation.

ENTER FM

FATHER MURPHY: We do our best to keep the flesh on the bones of the world.

PADRAIC: You're out of luck. There's no religion here.

MICHAEL: Save that for barter.

*(Grandmother is feeding the baby of the family, one-year old Chris.)

FATHER
MURPHY:

Michael!

MICHAEL:

Sorry, Father.

ENTER GREAT
GRANDFATHER 2
PADRAIC:

What am I doing in this strange land? How'd I ever get transposed from my native hearth? An Irishman lost in America. It's impossible. Is it a joke the Lord has played upon me?

FATHER MURPHY:

The Lord doesn't joke. You know that Padraic.

KATIE:

Humorless, isn't he? (Winks at Michael)

FATHER MURPHY

Katie!!

BRAND MOTHER
KATIE:

Sorry Father.

PADRAIC:

The Devil then. Whisked off in me dreams. Who's to blame?

MARY:

Don't look at me. It was you who brought me to this savage land. You promised me the streets were lined with gold, and the inhabitants made of milk and honey.

MICHAEL:

They've turned sour since your day Dad.

KATIE:

From being milked by their local politicians.

MICHAEL:

Bilked, you mean.

KATIE:

Milked, bilked. It's all the same.

GREAT GRANDFATHER:

It's all one to the local constabulary.

PADRAIC:

They must think America's the land of Plenty-- a cornucopia-- the way the government is stealing.

MARY:

Many a fair song you sung to me. Such as the air would be candy in my mouth.

PADRAIC:

Did I then? I was terribly misinformed.

KATIE:

More like stealing candy from the mouth of babes.

MICHAEL:

Or shearing sheep.

KATIE: Oh, Mum; you were such a babe.

MARY: Well children, that's how you landed on these local shores.

MICHAEL: Well, there's division in the family already. You're Irish and we're American.

PADRAIC: Nonsense. We took out citizenship a long time ago. Your Mother loved it so.

MARY: I loved the energy of her cities. The steam whistles throbbing in the night.

PADRAIC: How did I ever get sent to this asshole of the Universe? God must have been daft. I'll curse him for wasting such a good man as me on these savages. What crime have I committed that he put me here?

FATHER MURPHY: Well, get out of bed Man. This bed's no good for living.

PADRAIC: Why this bed is good for everything. Eating, sleeping, loving, conceiving children, fornicating. Why I can sit on it, lie on it, bounce on it, stand on it. It could be the observatory of Heaven. Or the forecandle of a ship. I could be a ploughman at the fields. Here am I at the wheel plowing through the heavy seas. All aboard, that's coming aboard.

MOLLY: What is it Daddy?

PADRAIC: The ship of state. For lovers, lunatics and clowns.

SEAN: Where are we going?

PADRAIC: Through the midnight sky. It was a bed. It's now a rocket ship. We're off to find a hole in the sky. Blast off lieutenant!

SEAN: Aye, aye, Captain.

PADRAIC: Now to Venus, Saturn and Mars.

MARY: Will you never stop filling their heads with imagination?

PADRAIC: Imagination's divine. The Immortal Sovereign
of the World! The inmost faculty of God!
Who will learn the secret of World Creation?

MOLLY: Me, me.

SEAN: Me.

PADRAIC: I know a magician named Imagination. The great
Magician who casts his spell and we the dreamer
caught, caught, caught in his web. Watch him take
wing. Come on, we'll follow, no matter how far
the journey.

(Both children jump on Paddy's back as
as he stands on the bed.)

PADRAIC
(Continuing): We'll climb on his back and spiral up, up, up
throughout the seven worlds. Who follows his
sweet reign contains heaven and earth and all
the worlds between. I'll follow him to the end
of time for he's immense. But first, are
you strong, and are you brave? Who rides
Imagination must have a clean, brave mind.

SEAN: Yes, yes.

MOLLY: Yes.

PADRAIC: All right now, up, up, up we go, flying through
the rooftop of the world. Here's the first
world. That's you, you, you, and you. For
each of us is a world entire.

UNCLE BILL
and MIKE: Aye, that's a world. And now for number two.

PADRAIC: Humanity on the earth. If you tire, hold on
tight. For here comes number three. This
ball of Earth. Oh World within worlds spinning!
Are you dizzy? We've just spun into world
four. the Solar system within the galaxy.
This is a ride you'll never forget. Can
you count to five? Things are getting hot.
We're swimming in the fire of a billion suns
lost amidst the stars of our Galaxy. Here
comes six! Our minds are bursting. We've
reached the infinite Universe itself! And
now comes seven! We'll really have to stretch.

MOLLY: Will we find God?

PADRAIC: Let's call out and see. Oh Lord!

MOLLY: God, God, God.

PADRAIC: Drat, he's on vacation.

MOLLY: What's that?

PADRAIC: He's vacated the universe and left us to our own devices. Look out! We're gonna crash. This world's a prison. That's for sure. If only I could find the exit.

FATHER MURPHY: What's ailing you then Man? Why aren't you romping in the noonday sun?

PADRAIC: I'm in mourning for the nation.

FATHER MURPHY: Poor Ireland.

PADRAIC: Not Ireland. My country. I'm American now. The President is dead!

UNCLE MIKE: It's full seven years Paddy.

PADRAIC: It seems like only yesterday. And now the Senator, his brother dead.

UNCLE BILL: Two years now Paddy.

PADRAIC: And with him the Priest, the conscience of his race, is dead. Oh God, Will murder never end? The Great Beast has freed himself from his dark hole and wends his way toward Calvary again. And the world cries glory to the beast. The world cries death, death. And I'm to march for peace.

MARY: The boys expect it. You're their spiritual leader.

PADRAIC: Their spiritual enema, you mean.

MARY: They pin all their hopes on you. Your mind has roused them from their slumber. Three days now they've been waiting on the front stoop to see you. The world is crying "Muldoon, Muldoon." And you lying in ease the length of the bed.

PADRAIC: I'm growing stupider by the moment. Oh, to unlearn all the uses of this dull world and slip backward to the womb of time, and exit. What's the way out from this world of grief? Does anyone know? How do people live with death and decay and corruption in the air? How can they bear the barbarism of it all?

GREAT-GRANDFATHER: Something's terribly wrong with this country. Where are the fighting men--men who'll take a stand and not back down to any man?

MICHAEL: They've all been shot down. All our brave leaders shot down.

GREAT-GRANDFATHER: Aye. And there's nothing can be done. No one who'll fight for what's right.

PADRAIC: The evil's too strong.

GREAT-GRANDFATHER: Come on. Get out of bed. We'll go out and fight the world ourselves. We'll face up to them.

GRANDMOTHER: You're too old father. Your fighting days are done.

GREAT-GRANDFATHER: Who says I'm too old daughter? Never too old for a good fight. A man who can't fight any more might just as well be dead.

PADRAIC: And I a peace-loving man who wouldn't hurt a fly. Surrounded by fighting men. Violence on every side.

MARY: You peace-loving . . . Huh?

GREAT-GRANDFATHER: Ah, and your Father, Paddy. What a proud man was he! Why he would stand up to the whole world and not budge an inch! He was a man!

GRANDMOTHER: Aye, he was that. Every inch a man. He wooed me and with the same breath off to the war he went, with barely enough time to conceive you. "Where you going" I says, with my panties half off. "I'm for the Revolution," he answered, "to make men free." "What about me," I cried. "Ireland shall be free," he answered. That was your father. He died a hero--betrayed.

GREAT-
GRANDFATHER: As Ireland was betrayed.

MICHAEL: As the whole world's betrayed.

PADRAIC: So goes the world: betrayed, betrayed,
betrayed . . . Children, promise me you'll
be failures. Catch butterfly wings, but
not success. Rub your toes in sand; ride
lizards' backs, but not success.

MARY: Paddy!! That's no way to teach the children.

PADRAIC: This age Mary--the triumph of mediocrity.
Would you have me teach them to take part
in that?

SEAN: Why not Daddy?

Exit Kids Mike + Bill
PADRAIC: It'll make a monkey out of you. You'll
have bad breath. You'll stink. The coffee's
good.

MARY: Agnes is coming over.

(Padraic coughs up coffee.)

MARY
(Continuing): With Herb and Bernard. She asked me if she
could.

(Padraic spits out coffee.)

Enter Bill + Mike
PADRAIC: Oh no! One more tribulation on this hoary
ancient head. What's the reason?

MARY: (Shrugs) The Easter Season.

PADRAIC: Gossip, gossip . . . Buzz, buzz, buzz.
If that's the case, let's not stand on
ceremony. Father, perform the proper
rites of burial.

FATHER
MURPHY: You must be mad Padraic. And me a proper
pillar of the community! Are you asking
the Church to bury you alive?

GREAT-
GRANDFATHER: It wouldn't be the first time.

UNCLE BILL: Or the last.

FATHER MURPHY: I'll not do it. It's unholy.

PADRAIC: If it's a question of life or death . . . I'll ease your conscience. I officially declare myself dead.

FATHER MURPHY: Stop playing the loon. You're as alive as me.

UNCLE MIKE: Well, then there's no problem. Is their Father?

FATHER MURPHY: How am I to take that Mike?

PADRAIC: Any way you like. Stop quibbling. Pretend. Hurry! Time is against us. They'll soon be here.

FATHER MURPHY: Holy Mother of God!

PADRAIC: Excellent! A wondrous fair beginning. It's all in fun. I'll resurrect myself bringing great tidings of joy. Besides, Herb's an undertaker. Death will warm the cockles of his heart. Steady, Father, to the end. Here they come. I'll play the part of a dead man.

(Enter Herb, Agnes and Bernard.
Silence. Everyone stands around mournful. Paddy hits Father in leg.)

FATHER MURPHY: I'm sorry to announce he's . . . he's . . .
(Paddy keeps hitting Father in leg.) He's . . .

AGNES: He's not.

FATHER MURPHY: Yes, I'm afraid so.

AGNES: Oh my Heavens! Poor Padraic. We loved him so.

HERB: He was a dear man.

BERNARD: My favorite Uncle.

PADRAIC: (Rises up suddenly in bed) Yahoo!!!
(They all cry out.)

AGNES: Oh, my God! You gave us all such a fright.
(Paddy's hand creeps up her dress.)

AGNES
(Continuing): Oh, you dirty man!

PADRAIC: Just testing your virtue, Agnes.

HERB: That's my wife, Padraic.

PADRAIC: We're all one big, happy family. Share and share alike.

HERB: Oh.

(Enter Mary)

AGNES: How can you put up with such a beast? I hear he sleeps with all his students.

PADRAIC: Just some of them Agnes--just some of them.

AGNES: You dirty, nasty man! How could you do such a thing?

PADRAIC: How could I not? How else could I teach them? What else is worth learning for a young girl? These hot and eager maidens burning to gain knowledge of the world.

AGNES: You're a monster.

PADRAIC: Come here Agnes. I'll teach you something.

AGNES: Stay away from me you pig! You devil!

PADRAIC: Aye, and what's better than to put the Devil into Hell? Come here sister, I'll quench your fire. And you'll soon be rolling your eyes to heaven.

AGNES: Don't touch me!

PADRAIC: What you need Agnes is a good tumble in the hay.

AGNES: Oh, you're positively indecent.

PADRAIC: Now your high Anglican virtue's showing.

MARY: That would be incest, Paddy.

PADRAIC: Not at all. She's your sister.

FATHER MURPHY: The law forbids it.

PADRAIC: Oh, the stiff formality of the law. It's enough to make you puke in or out of season. We're all prisoners of the law. And yet this world's unlawful. Let's break the world apart and fly to regions that now we only dream of.

EXIT F.M.
B.M. + Mike

AGNES: Men! You're all alike! There are too many men. They should all be sterilized.

PADRAIC: Ah, you want to sterilize the nation? Let America die of impotence?

AGNES: You! You'd like all women to breed like rabbits--be breeding grounds for you.

PADRAIC: It's true. I'd like to populate the nation. Oh, what a grand and glorious occupation! Cock-a-doodle do!!!

AGNES: You conceited stud! How do you live with him, Mary?

MARY: It's not easy.

ENTER
RACHEL -

PADRAIC: But quiet now. Here comes your betrothed. The wine of life! Sweet grace. And now you're drunk on love. Rachel, are you the passion that's set fire to my son?

RACHEL: I'm sure your son's not right in the head Professor Muldoon.

MARY: He came forth in a passion. His father was cursing night and day when he was born. He tumbled out of my womb looking for a fight.

PADRAIC: Me boy wants to save the world. A world savior he would be. I keep telling him the world refuses to be saved on absolutely all occasions.

RACHEL: Your father's right. The world can't be saved.

PADRAIC: The truth straight from a rabbi's daughter. Jerusalem has spoken!

MICHAEL: Lenin exiled in a cellar, with a handful of men, kept a revolution alive.

PADRAIC: Yes, but how did Lenin's father feel about that?

RACHEL: Oh, he's mad; he's mad! he's mad! What star shone when I chose you?

PADRAIC: He wants to set fire to the world.

MICHAEL: The world needs fire.

RACHEL: The world needs love.

PADRAIC: That's purification, indeed.

MICHAEL: Love's in poverty, running naked in the streets. And no man will have her. The People are crying for freedom. What can love do?

RACHEL: Here's a tune love can play. You've forgotten Lysistrata of old. I'll tell you what my love. ~~Katie~~ and I will assemble all the girls in the world and withhold love 'til the men racked with pain resign themselves to peace. We won't say yes to men until they say no to war.

PADRAIC: You'll make a hell of that sweet heaven you carry between your thighs.

KATIE: We'll liberate the world.

PADRAIC: AWOOOOOO! You'll make wolves of all mankind.

RACHEL: Upright men at last.

MICHAEL: You'll transform men into dogs, panting on all fours.

MICHAEL
and PADRAIC: (Barking) Arf . . . arf . . . arf . . .
arf . . .

(They all start laughing.)

MICHAEL: You see, it's true. The world's in agony.

RACHEL: My sweet firebrand. My fierce demon. And
you're the one to set it right. People are
empty shells, whining for attention, out to
strike their petty bargain.

EXIT MARY
& GRANDMOTHER

MICHAEL: There must be something . . .

RACHEL: Or to change the metaphor, they're all asleep.
Hello, Hello! Anyone out there? Buon Giorno!
Guten tag! You see, in any language there's
no one there. An empty life. No one's at
home. I'll try again. By my prophetic
powers, wake up! They're all asleep.

MICHAEL: Man is here to transform the earth.

RACHEL: With Messianic fervor he'll usher in the new
age. To the barricades, students of 1848!
Create a new society! Mon Dieu! Repeat
performance. 1971. You can't cure the fever
of the age. ~~Tit-tit-tit-titulation of the~~
~~times. Revolution's in fashion.~~

MICHAEL: I want to raise man up.

PADRAIC: Like Lazarus from the dead.

RACHEL: Let's climb the ladder to the stars! On every
stair we'll warble like the nightingale--one
note of love . . . ~~from "do" to "do"--until~~
~~we reach the top. And, passion spent, we die~~
~~of love.~~

KATIE: ~~We'll clear a pathway to the stars~~
~~and raise humanity with love.~~

RACHEL: But people won't follow . . . ~~Want to fly~~
~~over the rooftops of the world said Night-~~
~~ingale to Pig. No, said Pig. It's much~~
~~more fun snorting in the mud. They'd rather~~
~~eat dirt and live beneath the Earth. Let~~
~~them! The world wants to be raped, abused,~~
~~assaulted. Anything but saved. Love is not~~
~~loved in this world, Michael.~~

RACHEL: Hide.

MICHAEL: Hide?

RACHEL: Remember when we found the forest of Paradise?

MICHAEL: Our secret grove.

RACHEL: The air was honeyed. We lay on the river bank and knew it was true--all the ancient stories. That the Gods lived there. Oh, to have a life like that. A fine life by the sea and woods.

MICHAEL: We have no right to ignore the world. It's our duty.

RACHEL: Oh, why are you such a fool? Why can't you live for yourself?

MICHAEL: I've spent too many seasons in hell and seen too many souls on fire to walk away from my friends when they need me.

ENTER RACHEL:
PADDY
MARY
You talk as if your head is full of books. You keep wanting to tell the world how ugly it is. And the world keeps hiding in embarrassment. Oh, sometimes I hate you. I want to kill you. Don't you want to live?

ENTER MICHAEL:
GRANDMOTHER
I can't live when everyone around me is suffering.

RACHEL: Saint Michael and his legion of angels, slaying the dragon. Oh, Mrs. Muldoon, are all men such idiots?

MARY: That's what I keep asking myself.

GRANDMOTHER: He takes after his father. He was dropped on his head as a tyke. He's not been the same since.

RACHEL: Of all the men in the world, why did it have to be you? Why couldn't you have been somebody else?

MICHAEL: So that I could play conformity to the ninth degree? Not I. I wasn't born to be a cow. I'll be the hammer and not the anvil. I'll be the spark that sets the world aflame. I'll strike and not be struck.

RACHEL: The world will put you out like a firefly on a summer night.

MICHAEL: I'll go out then in light. And not in darkness.

RACHEL: Oh, you sweet lunatic!

MICHAEL: I was born to be a man and shape the world to my purpose. I'll not be bent and broken.

RACHEL: You can't fight the whole world.

MICHAEL: Why not? That's what the world's there for. The world's a woman, waiting for whoever's strong enough to take her.

PADRAIC: More like a bitch in heat. She'll scratch your eyes out.

MICHAEL: The world's immense.

PADRAIC: "Care to swim with me?" said the whale to the minnow.

RACHEL: "Only if it's in my pail," quoth she to the whale.

PADRAIC: "Come fly with me" said the eagle to the worm.

RACHEL: "Not on your life. I'm happier in the dirt."

MICHAEL: The world's backward and upside down. I'll not live a castrate in a spiritless world. That's no life. I'd rather die. It's monstrous.

RACHEL: Michael Muldoon, you're wild. Oh spirit of the Earth, in the name of my beloved, exorcise his demon. Oh spirit of the waters, heal him in love. We'll lay upon the Earth and pluck wild berries from the trees. And dine on nectar and ambrosia.

MICHAEL: I will not rest from mental fight 'til Jerusalem is built on this green and pleasant land. I'll take a hammer to the world and shatter it to pieces, and rebuild it closer to the heart's desire.

RACHEL: Where? On this planet of unfulfilled desire? This hell of four billion souls on fire?

MICHAEL: Yes, 'til Heaven come with fulfilled desire.

RACHEL: You can't slake the hunger of the world.

MICHAEL: I can try or die. If I fail, there will be others to follow who can and will.

RACHEL: Why fight other people's battles for them when they're too cowardly to do it for themselves? ~~People are such fools. They'll play golf before they take one step for peace. Who allows the war to go on? The rape of the earth to continue? The people who remain silent. The ones who are afraid to take a stand. The people who see every brutality take place before their eyes, and pretend they have no eyes to see. The people--the great mass of inertia who can create nothing but who know very well how to destroy the forward march of the world. The people who know only one authority: the authority of fear.~~

MICHAEL: Sometimes you sound just like my father.

RACHEL: I come from a wise and ancient race. Listen to me my love. Trust me my love . . .

MICHAEL: Fortunately, you don't look like him.

RACHEL: Now don't be talking against your father. He's quite wonderful, you know.

MICHAEL: Could you go for him?

RACHEL: If he were a little younger. As it is, I've had to settle for the son.

ENTER BERNARD
MICHAEL: Why, you little . . .

BERNARD: Hello, Michael.

MICHAEL: Why Bernard . . . hello.

BERNARD: Good luck on the march today.

RACHEL: Are you coming?

BERNARD: Oh, no. I'd like to, but I can't.

MICHAEL: Why not?

ENTER BERNARD
BERNARD: Mother wouldn't like it.

PADDY + MARY: Will you see the lads now?

PADRAIC: Show them in.