

ACT II
Scene 4

(Padraic in bed. Father Murphy in chair beside him, playing the harmonica; Paddy, the flute. The song: THE WEARING OF THE GREEN. There is a nearly empty bottle of whisky on the table. They are drinking.)

PADRAIC: Do you ever wonder what we're living for Father?

FATHER MURPHY: Why to be good Christians. For the immortality of the soul.

PADRAIC: I wish I could call myself a Christian. But I'm not. I'm no more Christian than the Church is.

FATHER MURPHY: Well, if the Church ain't Christian, I'll be damned for a pagan.

PADRAIC: Aye, pagans all. It's so hard to love your neighbor. I can't even love myself properly.

(Padraic goes to window.)

Michael, where are you? You're out there somewhere in all that mess. And Katie, too. Our grandfathers and fathers before them were in it, and now our sons; my son fighting blindly in a dark world for the eternal revolution that never comes.

FATHER MURPHY: I have many a spiritual son and daughter struggling alongside of them Paddy.

PADRAIC: That's right; you do. I almost went out there looking for them. But what good would it have done? There go I, weeping my eyes out in the midst of a riot. Has anyone seen my son and daughter? I can't help worrying a bit though.

FATHER MURPHY: You can't lie in bed forever Paddy.

PADRAIC: Ah, Father. This age wishes to deceive itself. I've set my face against it. I'll hide myself between the sheets and pray for sweet oblivion. Do you think the Gods from jealousy placed some organ in our ancestors to make them not quite right in the head? We must be upside down the way we clearly miss reality and take fantasy for the sober light of day.

FATHER MURPHY: Patience Padraic. Humanity is still in swaddling clothes.

PADRAIC: Ah, Father, this world's an insubstantial dream. We're shipwrecked on a speck of dirt revolving round a spark of light somewhere on the wheel of time.

FATHER: Shipwrecks all.

PADRAIC: I'm in exile.

FATHER: We're all exiled here. Exiles from Heaven.

PADRAIC: We fell from the sky, Father?

FATHER: Something like that.

PADRAIC: Well, how in hell do we find the way back?

FATHER MURPHY: The world's sins are knocking at my door, waiting for that answer; the misery of the world pouring in my ear. Oh, to pour the misery in an ocean-- in one ear and out the other.

PADRAIC: Stop your blubbering, Father.

FATHER: Wretched sins, hardly worth a good confessional.

PADRAIC: I see you haven't kept up with the evil of the world. You're behind the times, Father.

FATHER MURPHY: Oh, but I have Padraic. I have. People have just forgotten themselves. All they need is a little tenderness, a bit of encouraging kindness to remember themselves.

PADRAIC: If I'm to hear this heavenly gush, have the decency to provide me with a drink.

(Father Murphy takes bottle of whisky out from under his frock.)

PADRAIC (Continuing): I'm glad to see you haven't lost all your bad habits.

FATHER MURPHY: A wee nip now and then does the fighting soul some good.

PADRAIC: Ah, there's virtue in the spirit that you bring.

FATHER MURPHY: You can always count on Holy Mother Church to give an erring soul a life.

PADRAIC: What a heavenly ascent! There's spirit in you yet. You've a fighting soul. I thought you were a man of peace.

FATHER MURPHY: I'm naturally ill-tempered. I put on the cloth to mortify the flesh and, in Christ's sweet name, subjugate old Adam.

PADRAIC: Aye, you were a hellion when we were kids. Remember Peggy Clancy Father?

FATHER MURPHY: Peggy Curan! How could I forget her!

PADRAIC: The devil's in you yet. There's hope for you still. And here I was, thinking you might be a lost soul.

FATHER MURPHY: Not yet.

PADRAIC: Ah, you were a sweet lover in those days. You had all the lovelies in a swoon 'til you started teaching them their Christian duty. You've gotten a bit crusty since. Tell me something Father; why don't you get yourself a good piece of ass. It would do the world of good for you.

FATHER MURPHY: The old Adam's bobbling yet, if that's what you mean. But I've no time for that.

PADRAIC: Your piety's misplaced. You priests are walking cauldrons of desire.

FATHER MURPHY: The Church has taught us well. We're alchemical retorts. And since I've learned to transform the star stuff that makes babes into higher matters, I've got a rage to love.

PADRAIC: It's true. Love's the balm will heal all wounds. Ah, for one drop of that healing fluid--divine ambrosial fire!

FATHER MURPHY: Amen!

PADRAIC: Well, you're a Christian. That's for sure. And I? What am I? I'm nothing.

FATHER MURPHY: You're a man.

PADRAIC: A man? Well, that's nothing. A piece of nakedness shivering in the dark.

FATHER MURPHY: There's the consolation of Holy Mother Church.

PADRAIC: The Church's a comfort station on the road to Calvary where men too coward to go the distance say: "This is where I get off. This is where I take my rest. There hasn't been a Pope who believed in God in three hundred years."

FATHER MURPHY: There was John.

PADRAIC: Accident. A slip-up in official Church procedure. Those atheistic Cardinals only voted him in because their bureaucratic outlook mistook him for a doddering old dodo.

FATHER MURPHY: You expect too much of man Padraic. You must forgive people. They can't help themselves.

PADRAIC: This eternal misery. Will it never end?

FATHER MURPHY: We've all got to fight.

PADRAIC: Even you, Father?

FATHER MURPHY: Yes, even me. I've got to fight to keep my faith and belief. Sometimes I think a demon created the race. It's a test of faith. But I've got no time for minor temptations. There's too much work to be done. I've got to fight the precinct captain who expects his daily dole. I've got to fight the ward boss, the Fire Department, the police, City Hall. That's the trouble--the whole world wants to go on dole. I've got to fight the nuns . . .

PADRAIC: You fight the nuns? Father!

FATHER MURPHY: And not only them. The whole world wants to go on welfare. Their idea of heaven is laying on their ass all day, eating bon bons. They think the Government has taken the place of God.

PADRAIC: It's your own fault for telling them the Church would take care of them.

FATHER MURPHY: There's a limit to greed, you know. These sinners would try the patience of God, much less me. I was'nt cut out for a priestly life.

PADRAIC: To misery; misery knows no bounds. The earth's in upheaval. Satan's loose. And Humanity's vomiting up its age-old crimes. Now comes the bursting of the boil of accumulated evil.

FATHER MURPHY: It's the fever of the age. God's in hiding. It's his favorite pastime.

PADRAIC: Is it hide-and-seek we're playing with Him in this lunatic asylum?

FATHER MURPHY: Aye, and Finders Keepers.

PADRAIC: Then I'll play hide-and-seek with God. The bubble's soon to burst. I'll build a Noah's ark and ride the tide of evil. Care to join me, Father?

FATHER MURPHY: The Church's my ark and my haven. And yours too, if you had any sense.

PADRAIC: Untried ways are best.

FATHER MURPHY: Be careful Padraic.

PADRAIC: Worried about my immortal soul?

FATHER MURPHY: Worried you're too drunk to find the right direction. You may not know where you're going. We've known each other too long for me not to miss you if you got lost.

PADRAIC: Afraid I'll land in Limbo? I'll take my chances. Anything's better than this. Oh, what's the point in it all?

FATHER MURPHY: To lighten the burden of our sweet Lord we've got to shoulder the burdens of Humanity.

PADRAIC: Let them shoulder their own goddamn burdens. I'm sick and tired of living this stupid, senseless life.

FATHER MURPHY: We must go on Paddy.

PADRAIC: Go on? To what? For what? Why are we living? What is life? Come on now, Killian. I've got to know!

FATHER MURPHY: What is it then?

PADRAIC: My skull is cracking. I feel like a man about to go mad! I don't see the sense in living.

FATHER MURPHY: There's God.

PADRAIC: Aye, there's God. But where is he? When you call Him he never comes.

FATHER MURPHY: One thing's for sure: He'll come in a way and a time when you least expect Him.

PADRAIC: I'd love to get my hands on Him. He's a slippery bastard, though.

FATHER MURPHY: Let me know when you find Him. I've been chasing Him all my life. And when I find Him, I'll tell Him a thing or two.

PADRAIC: What would you say to HIM?

FATHER MURPHY: I'd say: Lord, help this poor lost soul, Padraic Clancy Muldoon, to get out of bed. He doesn't mean to be a sinner. He's just a poor ignorant man that's lost his way.

PADRAIC: And what's the Lord saying?

FATHER MURPHY: He says He never heard of you.

PADRAIC: Never heard of me? Isn't there an angel up there in Paradise can put in a good word for me?

(Father shakes his head.)

PADRIAC (Continuing): Impossible! Surely he's read my books. Now what does He say?

(By this time the Father and Paddy are quite tipsy.)

FATHER MURPHY: Oh, he's the vain fellow that writes all those books. The one that's got everything upside down.

PADRAIC: And you're supposed to be my friend. I thought you had some heavenly pull. What good are you? You can't even get me into Paradise. What kind of priest do you call yourself? Don't you know anybody up there will put in a kind word for me? I thought you had contacts. I'm better off without a mediator. Here, get out of me way. I'll talk for myself.

FATHER MURPHY: Well, if you don't like the job I'm doing for you, you can get yourself another priest.

PADRAIC: Now don't get touchy. You know I couldn't do without you. Step aside. And let me have a crack at Him myself.

FATHER MURPHY: Just a second. It's my duty as your spiritual guide to warn you that you're in great danger of your life. For you can't see God -- and live.

PADRAIC: I've got nothing to lose. I'm about to hang myself from the nearest tree. I'd just as soon go out in glory. Lord, it's me, your faithful servant Padraic Clancy. Can you hear me?

FATHER MURPHY: What's the matter now?

PADRAIC: I'm speechless. I've lost my tongue.

FATHER MURPHY: Lost your nerve in the August Presence? Not so bold and brazen now, eh? Is this the way to behave at the Supreme and Grand Confessional of your life?

PADRAIC: The remembrance of all my sins are upon me.

FATHER MURPHY: Speak up if you want a hearing. I'll help you man. Can you think of any good thing I can say for you?

(Paddy shakes his head, mutely)

FATHER MURPHY (Continuing): He's a proudful, vain, melancholy, gluttonous lout, Lord, wishing to repent and in need of forgiveness like the rest of us.

PADRAIC: Tone it down a bit. I'm not that bad.

FATHER MURPHY: Worse! The truth, the complete truth, or it'll go bad with you.

PADRAIC: I'll see you later, Father.

FATHER MURPHY: Come back here you run-a-way sheep. Padraic Clancy, your Creator is calling you. Are you not an obedient son of the Church? What have you to confess?

PADRAIC: I'd rather go with the Devil in Hell than lie. To speak the truth, I'm as mild as a lamb.

FATHER MURPHY: Oh, this is far-fetched. (Guffaws) Padraic, I've known you for the biggest liar in the block since you were six years old. This tall tale will go hard with you above.

PADRAIC: I've got good character references.

FATHER MURPHY: From Satan himself. Come back Paddy; the jig is up.

PADRAIC: Ah, you're drunk. I'll have a sober judge. Sobriety . . .

FATHER MURPHY: P A D R A I C ! ! !

PADRAIC: I'd rather dance a jig in hell than worship by rote. You're in the service of His Majesty. You're a spy for God. Sending reports up to Heaven.

FATHER MURPHY: Yes, I'm that. And the Lord is saying: "Now Killian, bring him back to the fold."

PADRAIC: Not on your sweet life. What if I'm a black sheep?

FATHER MURPHY: Then you've got to jump the fence and take your chances. But be careful Pat. That way lies chaos, madness. God is wrathful.

PADRAIC: And the price for an animal daring to become a man is to be crippled, by that same wrath of God.

FATHER MURPHY: (Pause) Yes.

PADRAIC: The crime of Divine Disobedience.

FATHER: Aye.

PADRAIC: Great Lucifer's Crime.

FATHER: Aye.

PADRAIC: I'm crippled now. I've nothing to lose. I must go on. There must be something greater than this life.

FATHER: There is. You know that.

PADRAIC: I'll not have it indirectly, but face to face.

FATHER
MURPHY: You may die in the wilderness. The Vasty Deep. You may not make it.

PADRAIC: The Truth! I want the Truth.

FATHER
MURPHY: The Truth's a fire will burn you to a crisp. You're playing with the elemental Passion of God. It's not badminton. The Devil eats souls, you know. I'd hate to think of Beelzebub regally dining on your immortal parts.

PADRAIC: At least I'd be a meal fit for a king.

FATHER: The King of Hell.

PADRAIC: It beats being eaten by the worms. Perhaps I could enlist him as my servant. He'll teach me quick enough to steal fire from Heaven.

FATHER
MURPHY: And if you failed, plunge into Doomsday night, and ten thousand years of circular repentance.

PADRAIC: I'll have to dare it. I'm sure he's open for a deal.

FATHER
MURPHY: Yes, but can you survive it? Better perhaps to be an obedient son of the Church. Think twice on it.

PADRAIC: I want no part of the Church--black dungeons of despair, where men go to worship their sadness. Let in the light Father. Let in the light!

FATHER
MURPHY: And you're willing to go against God to get it?

PADRAIC: I'd spit in the eye of God before I'd cringe on my knees like a worm. I'll be a free, full-grown man. I'll go my own way.

FATHER: You'll take your stand on that in Divine Debate?

PADRAIC: Why not? I'm sure the Lord will agree with me.

FATHER: One last thing I think you're missing.

PADRAIC: What's that?

FATHER MURPHY: You think you're right in your quarrel with humanity?

PADRAIC: Positive!

FATHER MURPHY: And if Divine Debate proves you wrong?

PADRAIC: Then I'll creep back to your church. And if I'm right . . .

FATHER MURPHY: Then I'll keep you stocked with Irish Whisky for a month.

PADRAIC: Done! Go on Father, do your worst.

(By this time both the Father and Paddy are high.)

FATHER MURPHY: Lord, this man says he can't stand Humanity. And he's brazen enough to say he's right--that you agree with him--that you can't stand them any more than him.

PADRAIC: (Winces) What does He say to that?

FATHER MURPHY: The Lord says: "Then you can't stand me. For I'm the One that made them."

PADRAIC: Not true Lord, not true. I'm the victim of ill-repute. I'm being slandered. This Priest of yours wants to damn me straight to hell.

FATHER MURPHY: You've damned yourself, you loveless creature, you. Answer the charge: Is it true or not?

PADRAIC: What? Is what true?

FATHER: Stop equivocating!

PADRAIC: I love the herb, the grass, the flowers . . .
I love Creation.

FATHER MURPHY: But you don't love men! (Pause) Answer, in
the name of your Creator!

PADRAIC: Aye, it's true. I love not men.

FATHER: Will not!

PADRAIC: Cannot!

FATHER: Why not?

PADRAIC: What is this? The Holy Inquisition?

FATHER: Stop squirming, you heathen, and answer.

PADRAIC: You've done a bad job Lord. Man's an ill-
begotten race. You've botched it.

FATHER MURPHY: The proof! The proof! The Lord says: "Prove
man's misbegotten, if you can." The proof!
The proof!

PADRAIC: The proof? There's nothing easier. One: We
worship our great souls, and then we murder
them.

FATHER: True.

PADRAIC: Two: With the exception of John there hasn't
been a Pope in three hundred years that loved
God.

FATHER: True.

PADRAIC: Ah, hah. We've made an idol of religion--all
religion.

FATHER: True.

PADRAIC: Man's incapable of learning from his mistakes.

FATHER: Again true.

PADRAIC: And he refuses to grow up.

FATHER: Obvious.

PADRAIC: He wilfully refuses to honor his Mother Earth and take out the garbage.

FATHER: A fact.

PADRAIC: Seven: A grubby, pretentious little worm who ignorantly claims he's a man.

FATHER: Yes.

PADRAIC: Yes, what?

FATHER: Yes, it's true.

PADRAIC: Eight: An aggressive killer.

FATHER: Go on. It's true.

PADRAIC: A liar, a cheat, a swindler, a slanderer. An envious belly-aching rogue. A pompous, self-conceited braggart. And that's nine. Well?

FATHER: A fulsome nine.

PADRAIC: Is it true?

FATHER: (Sighing) It's true.

PADRAIC: Ah, Ha! And now the most damning of all. He loves not God and doesn't deserve the gift of life from his Creator. Ten!

FATHER MURPHY: True, true, true . . . Only too true.

PADRAIC: Ah, Ha! And now I've got you. That's the proof! The proof! I've won! I've won! Confess it. Quick, what's the answer? That's the proof! The proof!

FATHER MURPHY: Not at all. The Lord says: "You're to love them anyway."

PADRAIC: Why you sly, Jesuitical, Sophistical rogue. I've been cheated by your theological shenanigans! I've provided all the proof, and it's yes, yes, and then it's no. That's the end. I'll not have anything further to do with you Father.

FATHER MURPHY: (Falls into bed laughing hilariously.)
Hoisted by your own petard.

PADRAIC: You've taken advantage of me when I
trusted you. Do you call that justice?
Playing midwife to my humiliation . . .
And I, your best friend. I'll appeal
to a higher commission.

FATHER MURPHY: There is no higher commission.

PADRAIC: No, of course not. There wouldn't be
with you at the helm.

MARY: Well, what's all this about? Have you
worked a miracle Father? Is the man out
of bed at last?

PADRAIC: No!

MARY: What's this? Pouting?

PADRAIC: I'm doing no such thing. I'm not pouting.

FATHER MURPHY: He's peevish because he lost in fair and
logical discourse.

PADRAIC: Illogical! Illogical! It was no debate at
all.

FATHER MURPHY: It shows a want of brains if you ask me.

MARY: He never was very clever, was he?

FATHER MURPHY: No, but he's got a good heart though.

PADRAIC: I'll match my wits against yours any day,
you blustering, tom-fooling, obscurantist
Priest!

FATHER MURPHY: And lose.

MARY: (Titters)

PADRAIC: (Starts to do a slow burn, clenching his
fists and muttering under his breath.)

FATHER MURPHY: He always was a bad loser. Even when I
beat him in our youth for the handball
championship. What's this Paddy, muttering
under your breath. I think the Devil's
possessed him. Not about to commit another
sin against Holy Mother Church, are you?

PADRAIC: (Breaks out laughing with Father Murphy and Mary. Katie and Rachel enter.)

MARY: Katie! Rachel! Where's Michael?

KATIE: ~~We~~ don't know. We got separated when the rioting began.

RACHEL: When the shots were fired Michael ~~and Nat~~ ran in the direction of the crowd.

PADRAIC: None of you were hurt?

RACHEL: No.

MARY: Thank God!

KATIE: ~~We~~ ^{Doc} have been looking for them everywhere since.

RACHEL: Finally we thought they might be here.

PADDY: No, they haven't come.

MARY: Oh, Paddy. I'm worried.

PADDY: They'll be along any minute. Michael can handle himself in a battle.

MARY: Oh, what's going to happen to Michael?

PADDY: What about him? He's living his own life.

KATIE: ~~Maybe we~~ ^I should go out and look for them.

PADDY: You're all acting like hens in a fine frenzy. Now just go your ways and relax.

KATIE: All right Dad. Come on Rachel; I've got something to show you.

MARY: But he's your son!

PADRAIC: He has to fight his own battles Mary.

MARY: Yes, but he's fighting yours.

PADRAIC: Like hell he is! He's fighting his battles, and I'm fighting mine.

MARY: You were fighting your own battles. And you've made him start fighting a battle. But he's only a boy . . .

PADRAIC: He's twenty-one!

MARY: He doesn't know what you know. And now you're stopping and he needs someone standing behind him, showing him what to do--like you can.

PADRAIC: Like I can? Listen, I'm proud that I brought him into this world. And I'm proud he's living his own life, doing what he loves to do--that's what I always did. You know that Mary. Remember when I was courting you in Dublin and I took you to New York? Do you remember the days?

MARY: Don't try to sweeten me with your talk Padraic Clancy.

PADRAIC: Look! I'm staying in me bed, and that's what I want to do; and I'm going to do it!

MARY: And when does he get to be proud of you?

PADRAIC: There's no reason why he shouldn't be proud of his own Dad. Here's where I take my stand. I'm taking a stand on my own Goddamn bed.

MARY: And Father, what are you doing over there lying in that bed and doing nothing? Is there nothing you can say to this man?

PADRAIC: Oh! Oh! Now you've caught it!

FATHER MURPHY: (Jumping out of bed) Do you see what you're doing to this woman? Do you see what you're putting her through? (Embraces Mary) Twenty-two years of marriage, six children, and this is the treatment you give her?

PADRAIC: And she looks pretty bad for it, doesn't she Father?

FATHER MURPHY: She doesn't look bad at all, but it's no thanks to you. (Puts arm around her)

PADRAIC: Now wait a minute Father; that's my wife you're holding. And don't forget it.

MARY: Sure, and how could he forget it? He's baptized all the children.

FATHER MURPHY: You've caused this woman great grief, my son. It's my duty to bring her spiritual consolation.

PADRAIC: Spiritual consolation, that's one thing, but a spiritual husband, that's another . . .

MARY: Yes, it's true, you are my husband. And there's been some very fine times we've had together.

PADRAIC: And some happy ones too, I hope!

MARY: And many good days to come. And you do want to please me, don't you?

PADRAIC: Of course I do, my love.

MARY: Well, then, Paddy get out of your bed; go into the world and be the man I married--the man you are; the man I know you can be.

PADRAIC: Oh, no! You're not playing that on me. I'm staying in this bed. I will remain in this bed, and nothing--do you hear me--nothing, come hell or highwater, is going to make me leave it!!

MARY: (Paddy leaps back into bed. Mary looks at Father, throws up her hands and as she exits says to Bill and Mike, who are entering): Your brother!

UNCLE BILL: Well, Padraic, me boy, still in your winding sheets I see. I've got a message for you from the land of the living. My nephew . . .

UNCLE MIKE: Our nephew!

BILL: Your son says to tell you this day he'll make you proud.

PADRAIC: Is the lad safe?

MIKE: As safe as a frisky young colt running wild on a summer day. Galloping Jesus!

BILL: And jumping every fence in sight. . .

PADRAIC: Dancing on dynamite, is he? When did you see him?

MIKE: On the way from work. He reared up and bellowed to us from half a block away; then charged off full of himself . . .

BILL: And the glory of his life.
(Enter Sean and Molly.)

SEAN and MOLLY: Uncle Bill! ! Uncle Mike! !

BILL: One step forward . . . and one step back.

MIKE: One foot on the ground . . . and one in the air.

BILL: Have you found Him yet? Have you found Him yet?

MIKE: Not yet; not yet; not yet. Have you found Him yet; have you found Him yet?

MOLLY: Found who?

SEAN: Found who?

MIKE: Found who?

BILL: You know who! You know who!

MIKE: Do you know who?

SEAN: I know who!

MOLLY: I know who!

MIKE: God! God! God!

SEAN: But where is God, Uncle Mike?

MIKE: Hum . . . ah . . . that's a good question.

BILL: Yes, that's a good question.

MOLLY: But where is He?

BILL: Your Uncle Mike will tell you.

MIKE: Wait a minute, Bill, you know the answer to that.

(Both uncles look at the kids, pick them up and give them a piggy-back ride.)

SEAN: But where is God, Uncle Bill?

BILL: Yes, that's a good question. Well, don't you know that God is in everything, from the littlest to the biggest? I'm gonna tell you a secret now. Can you keep a secret?

SEAN and MOLLY: Yes . . . Yes.

BILL: Do you know that you are sitting on God?

(Molly jumps up and looks.)

MIKE: (Dancing) Look quick now. God is in that post and in that flower. Why, do you know that He's right inside of you?

MOLLY: Inside of me? Then why doesn't he come out?

UNCLES: (Lift the children to their shoulders.)

BILL: That's a good question.

MIKE: That's a good question.

(Piggy-back ride)

BILL: You'll have to answer this one Mike. I always said you knew more than me.

MIKE: (Wiping away an imaginary tear) I'm sorry to say God is in prison.

SEAN: What do you mean God is in prison?

MIKE: He's locked up in people and rocks, and trees and flowers, and oceans, and butterflies, and everything we can see.

SEAN: Even dirt?

MIKE: Yes, even dirt.

MOLLY: Why doesn't He get out?

BILL: He can't. This is God's problem; because if he could, the moon would grow up and become like the Earth; the Earth would burst into a sun; and the sun would spin a web like all the stars in Heaven. God keeps crying out for help; but no one hears Him. You see children, God needs man to help Him do this. But man doesn't want to help.

MOLLY: Why not?

(Both uncles pick up kids over shoulders.)

MIKE: Because man's thrown away the key to his heart . . .

BILL: And he can't see God.

(The kids rush out the door.)

MIKE: Now where did those kids go, Bill?

BILL: I don't see them anywhere, Mike.

(Both uncles pretend to search for kids and go out of doors yelling to each other. Then kids rush in and hide under the bed. Bill and Mike return, find them under the bed and start to fish them out.)

MIKE: Well, we lost those kids.

BILL: Yes, they gave us the slip, all right, those rascals.

MIKE: Well, in that case we might as well go fishing.

BILL: Good idea Mike.

MIKE: Say, I think I see a big fish, Bill.

BILL: Where?

MIKE: Under the bed.
(Sean and Elaine tittering under the bed.)

BILL: You're crazy, Mike. They don't have fish under the bed.

MIKE: Crazy, am I? Take a look for yourself.

BILL: Well, I'll be . . . I found a wee fish myself.
(Pulls Molly out)

MIKE: And what do you call this? (Pulls Sean out)

BILL: Oh my God, Mike! You'll soon be like St. Peter-- a fisher of men.
(Enter Great-grandfather)

GREAT-GRANDFATHER: Where are those rascals, making fun of an old man in the garden? There you are! I'll catch you.
(The kids let Great-grandfather catch them.)

GREAT-GRANDFATHER
(Continuing): Get away with you now! (He sits in the chair, and they sit on his lap, and hug and kiss him.)

MOLLY: Tell us a story Uncle Bill.

SEAN: A story, Uncle Mike.

MIKE: It looks like an eclipse of the moon to me Bill.

BILL: More like an earthquake.

MOLLY: A story, a story . . .

BILL: Be so kind to the people and tell them a story. They want to hear a good story about God in Heaven.

MIKE: God is living there with all his friends.

MOLLY: With his friends?

MIKE: Yes, with all his friends. He has all kinds of parties going on.

BILL: You never told me that before, Mike. I never knew about parties in Heaven.

MIKE: Come on now Bill; come off it. You know that they've got them. Isn't that right, Father? Here, ask Paddy; he knows.

PADRAIC: (Aside) This beats going to church Father.

BILL: In all my born days I've never once been to a party in Heaven. I can't believe it's true.

MOLLY: Do they have parties in Heaven, Daddy?

PADRAIC: Your Uncle Mike will tell you. That's his favorite subject.

MIKE: Oh, ho, you see? You see? Your Father knows all about it.

BILL: What kind of parties are they then?

(Mike starts to put finger over mouth and tip-toes out of room. Bill following)

PADDY: Well, why don't you tell the children about God? (Get on with it!)

MIKE: We are telling the children about God.

BILL: Why don't you be quiet for a while?

MIKE: Sit down and listen for a change. They have singing and dancing, left and right, up and down, backward and forward, top and bottom, inside and out.

BILL: That's on earth. It's not in Heaven.

MIKE: A little step forward, and a little step back.

(They start to dance.)

BILL: That's easy. I can do that right here on earth.

MIKE: Well, can you do this one? One step forward and one step in the air.

BILL: One step forward and one step in the air.
I can try it.

MIKE: One step to the side, and another, and
another, and another, and another . . .

BILL: Well, I can try it. One step to the side
and another, and another and another . . .
And that's right here on the Earth, Mike--
not in Heaven.

MIKE: Well, can you do this one: one, two, three,
one, two, three, four, five. You're getting
pretty good now.

BILL: Sure, I can do that.

MIKE: Don't you know this is already pretty Heavenly
stuff? And now, have you ever heard anybody
do this one . . . and you can do it. (Song)

MIKE: Thank you Mr. Sun.

BILL: Oh thank you Mr. Sun. Mike and I, we meet
the day with every single ray.

MIKE: We're off again to work.

BILL: We're off again to work.

MIKE: Bill and I, we fix it all whenever trouble lurks.

BILL: Wherever we may go.

MIKE: Wherever we may go.

BILL: We turn a flip.

MIKE: We dance a jig, in sun or rain or snow.

BILL and MIKE: The Earth is our domain; we love it without
shame. We work and laugh and sing and shout.
On this we stake our claim. (Children join in at the end)

SEAN: Well, if we can see you dance and sing like
this on earth, what do they do in Heaven?

BOTH UNCLES: That's a good question.

MOLLY: Is God better than Daddy?

BILL: Glory be! What kind of question is that?

MIKE: Well, Paddy, why don't you answer?

PADRAIC: You two are going to have to answer this one.

BILL: OK. But I have to warn you now: It's a secret. You see, Sean, and you see, Molly, everyone in the eyes of the Lord is equal. And it's not a question of being better or worse than anyone. Take your Father, now. He's got a little speck of God right inside of him.

SEAN: If everyone's got a speck of God in him, then how come we're not all in Heaven?
(Both uncles jump up.)

MIKE: Now, that's a good question.

(Uncle Mike does somersaults all around room and on furniture in answer to question.)

MIKE
(Continuing: And that's the answer!

SEAN: That's no answer Uncle Mike. Come on Uncle Bill; tell us the truth.

MIKE: The truth! The boy wants to know the truth. Do you hear that, Bill?

BILL: For Christ's sake, tell 'em. Go ahead. Tell 'em the truth Mike.

MIKE: All right then. Sit down everyone and be quiet. We'll tell you. Once upon a time the Devil made a Diabolical Mirror . . . Is that right, Bill? Am I making a mistake?

BILL: By Jesus, you're always making a mistake! Get on with it! Go on!

MIKE: And whenever anybody on Earth looked into this distorted mirror they saw themselves as ugly. And then (do you know what the Devil did) the Devil took the images up to Heaven. And because no thing in Heaven can be other

than beautiful, the closer everyone came to God the more they saw their ugliness. Until everyone burst out laughing. And the immensity of the laughter shattered the mirror into a million pieces. And when all the pieces fell to earth, a little piece of glass entered each man's eyes and blinded him to the beauty of life. And that's why since that day only the few who get that little piece of glass out of their eye see that they're in Heaven already and that this Earth is Heaven now while all the rest of us see life as ugly.

BILL: Here comes one now who thinks he's ugly.

(Enter Charles)

CHARLES: Padraic, how are you?

PADRAIC: Hello Charles.

CHARLES: Mike, Bill, everyone . . . So nice to see you kids . . . Allow me to introduce my secretary, Miss Pearling. (A typical Playboy Bunny)

MIKE: Holy Jesus! Mother of Mary! Do you see what I see?

BILL: What do leprechauns live off? Why wishes, dreams and promises.

MIKE: She's a leprechaun all right, Bill.

BILL: She is Mike. She's one of us.

MIKE: Come here sweetheart and tell us of our kingly tribe.

BILL: Poor, sweet fairy. She's lost her way among the world of men.

MIKE: How did you catch her Charles. On wishes and dreams? But you must keep your promises to her Charles and not be brutal, or she'll die of a broken heart and you'll lose her.

BILL: I didn't know you had it in you. I always figured you for a cold man.

MIKE: Aye, the dull and dreamless sort.

BILL: But I see you have a warm spot in your heart, a wish or two, a dream, to call your own that prompted this sweet fairy to your side. (Using an imaginary stethoscope) It's true, in this barren and desolate spot his heart is beating yet.

MIKE: Is it a fact, Bill? Let me see. My God! It's true. There's hope for him yet.

UNCLE CHARLES: Miss Pearling is a business associate. nothing more. A business associate.

BILL: Oh my God! There, you've gone and ruined it.

MIKE: Look out Bill, she's going to disappear. Let's reverse the spell.

BILL and MIKE: We believe in you. We believe in you. By all that's holy. By the fairy queen and King of Leprechauns.

PADRAIC: You musn't mind Charles. He's been bewitched. He believes in railroads and Empire State Buildings and hydrogen bombs. He can't see reality at all. Unreal things like that. He's been taken in and with him half the nation. He gives his attention to phantasmagoria; but it's no matter--it's the national pastime.

CHARLES: I don't believe in fairies . . .

MIKE: (Claps hands over mouth) Hush!

BILL: Neither does America and look what happened to her.

PADRAIC: He'd rather break his teeth on U.S. steel.

MIKE: Everytime you say you don't believe a fairy dies.

CHARLES: Well, I don't b . . .

MIKE: (Claps hands over mouth) Quiet now!

BILL: Are you out of your mind? If you only knew all the torment a fairy goes through to be in human form--and all for the love of you.

MIKE: And now you want to destroy her. And force her underground.

BILL: Ah, this brutal race of men.

PADRAIC: Why are you consorting with this savage race of men?

MIKE: If you don't believe in leprechauns and elves and fairies, they'll die.

BILL: And then what would happen to us?

MIKE: Who'd look after the race of men?

BILL: No one left to care for us.

MIKE: Or give a helping hand.

BILL: Without the queen of fairies we'd never make immortal souls.

MIKE: Oh, sweet fairy; kiss him quick before he turns into a toad.

BILL: Look! He's growing warts.

(Miss Pearling blows a kiss.)

MIKE and BILL: Falamajig, galoo, cadu. Falamajig galoo, cadu. Fairy queen, majob badlu. Falamajig, galoo, cadu. Falamajig galoo cadu. Fairy queen, majob badlu.

CHARLES: What in the world are you doing?

MIKE: It's fairy talk.

BILL: We're disenchanting you before you become a full-grown toad.

CHARLES: Please! Enough of these childish games. I have a business proposition for you Padraic.

MIKE: Oh! The spell is broken. He's lost his soul to business.

BILL: American monkey business.

MIKE: It's too late now.

BILL: Well, we tried Mike. Ireland's downfall came when she forsook the fairies' world for Christianity. And that only because St. Patrick convinced the Gaelic Christ was a leprechaun pretending to be a man.

MIKE: Sweet Jesus! St. Patrick was the greatest liar Ireland ever produced. No wonder the Church made him a saint!

BILL: No, it's true. Christ was the greatest leprechaun of all.

MIKE: You've bats in the belfry.

BILL: Only a leprechaun could die, rise from the dead and be reborn.

PADRAIC: I'd like to follow him in that.

MIKE: Once I went into the garden and dug for elves. I found one too. He was so forlorn. But I scared him and he ran away.

(Uncles light up cigars.)

CHARLES: Can't we have a little privacy?

PADRAIC: I prefer my family stay here.

MOLLY: Daddy, what does private mean?

BILL: That means he doesn't want to speak the truth.

PADRAIC: What is it you want Charles?

MIKE: (Mimicking Charles) I want your heart, your mind, your body, and your soul.

CHARLES: I have something very important to tell you. Padraic, I've been talking to the chairman of the board of one of our subsidiary oil corporations.

(Sean gives Charles a hot foot.)

(Mike goes over to light Charles' cigarette. The lighter doesn't work.)

(Charles trips.)

CHARLES
(Continuing): Thank you. Oh, you little devil!

MIKE: It was just a joke.

BILL: We didn't mean it.

(Uncles pick up Charles and carry him over to the couch and sit on him.)

MIKE: Oh, I'm so sorry.

BILL: What a faux pas!

CHARLES: Padraic, this is preposterous! This is a madhouse!

MISS
PEARLING: Charles, remember your blood pressure. (She starts to massage the back of his neck.)

CHARLES: My blood pressure's fine! It's my kidneys.

GREAT-
GRANDFATHER: The toilet's out there.

CHARLES: (Shouting) I don't need a toilet.

GREAT-
GRANDFATHER: Well, you said your kidneys were bothering you.

CHARLES: Oh, for God's sake . . .

MISS PEARLING: You musn't get excited. You must stay serene.

CHARLES: I am serene. As I was saying, Padraic, the chairman of one of our subsidiaries has a very generous proposal for you; and if you are not courteous enough to listen to me, I shall leave. I want you to know I'm here only because of my sister.

PADRAIC: Go on Charles. You musn't mind people having a good time.

(Uncles open Charles' briefcase and pretend to read his papers. At the same time Charles is discussing his proposal.)

CHARLES: Mr. Alfred Johnston proposes that you head a work-study communication project with unlimited funding, on your own terms, with a salary of \$225,000 a year. I would call that more than generous.

(The following speech of Bill's is read simultaneously with Charles' speech above.)

BILL: (Reading) Handbook of American Business.
First Precept: I will do anything in my power to accumulate as much money as possible, regardless of the means I take. I may rape the land, pollute the air, exploit the people. Precept Number Two: All of our actions are justified because they are done in the name of the people.

CHARLES: Mr. Johnston expresses his great wish to see you as soon as possible.

PADRAIC: Charles, you're the kind of man that thinks if you pay a man \$2.25 an hour, he's your slave.

CHARLES: I haven't the slightest idea what you're talking about.

SEAN: Uncle Charles, how do you get to Heaven?

MIKE: (Mimicking Charles) If you have enough money you can get into Heaven.

BILL: Charlie, why don't you give us all a kiss?

CHARLES: (Anger rising) No, thank you. Padraic, this is childish.

MOLLY: Please kiss us Uncle Charlie.

CHARLES: (Furious) Nonsense. Are you interested in my proposal or not?

BILL and MIKE: We definitely are. We would be delighted to work for Mr. Johnston. Let's go to meet him. (Each takes Charles' arm and escort him out of the house. Miss Pearling running after.)

(Uncles return and everyone joins in gay laughter.)

(Nat enters, his shirt ripped and bloody.)

NAT: I don't know how to say this . . . Michael's dead.

(A total silence of frozen immobility. No one moves.)

PADRAIC: How did it happen?

NAT: There was shooting . . . We broke through their lines. As the rifle came down they were crying: "Get the nigger, get the nigger." Michael threw himself in front of me. He . . . died . . . for me.

(Quiet consternation as family moves to comfort and console one another.)

RACHEL: Oh, no! . . . Oh, no! . . . No! No!

(Rachel runs across the room toward the door. Nat grabs her.)

RACHEL: Michael! Michael!

NAT: (Holding her) You don't want to go out there Rachel! You don't want to go out there!

RACHEL: Let me go! Let me go! (Starts lashing
out, beating on his chest)

NAT: You don't want to go out there!

RACHEL: (Rachel collapses in Nat's arms.) Oh, my
love! . . . My love!

(Curtain)

END OF PART ONE