

AMERICA I SING  
The Fantastic Arising of  
Padraic Clancy Muldoon

ACT III  
Scene 4

PADRAIC: Ohhhh!!!

MARY: What is it Paddy?

PADRAIC: I've had a bad dream.

MARY: It sounded more like a nightmare.

PADRAIC: Aye, a nightmare, that's what it was.  
Oh, for a little peace and quiet.

MARY: Peace and quiet.

PADRAIC: Yes, peace and quiet. I'd be happy then.

MARY: Do you think you alone can be happy when  
the whole world is miserable and dying?

PADRAIC: I wish I could die laughing.

MARY: And you call yourself a man! How can  
you let those boys face the wolves alone?

PADRAIC: What is it you're asking me to do? Help  
those boys?

MARY: Aye, help them.

PADRAIC: Before you can help the world you've got  
to help yourself.

MARY: That's what every cynic says as he rapes  
the earth that gave him birth.

PADRAIC: Help the lads, is it?

MARY: Yes, for they're trying to stop the madness  
that's come over people.

PADRAIC: I can't help myself.

MARY: They're your students, Paddy.

PADRAIC: Were.

MARY: They still look to you as a teacher.

PADRAIC: Let them look to another then, for I'm done.

MARY: You don't . . . you can't mean that.

PADRAIC: I do Mary. I do.

MARY: Then you're not the man I thought you were.

PADRAIC: Easy now, lass. Let the world stew in its own juices, for that's what it surely deserves. Meanwhile, let's have a bit of fun.

MARY: Fun? While the world's gone mad?

PADRAIC: They won't listen, Mary.

MARY: Make them listen. People have to face what they're doing.

PADRAIC: I can't. Far greater men than I have tried and failed. What can I do? Nothing!

MARY: Everything!!!

PADRAIC: What? Die with them? What good would that do? No good at all.

MARY: Every good. Or what's a man for.

PADRAIC: You're a bloody woman. So now you want my blood! It's my blood you want.

MARY: Yes, your blood in a good and just cause.

PADRAIC: Only God can save us. Man can do nothing by himself. Every step he takes, he only makes it worse.



MARY: And do you think God could use a little help from Man after all he's done for him?

PADRAIC: From who? The likes of us?

MARY: Who else has He got, Man?

PADRAIC: It's too late. The world is sinking fast. It would be a useless gesture.

MARY: It's never too late. And it's a noble gesture the world is sadly lacking. Or do you call your palm on that beer, sitting on your bottom, the American way of life, a finer gesture? *beer can*

PADRAIC: Beer is good.

MARY: Living's better.

PADRAIC: Better a live husband than a dead one.

MARY: Better a living man than a dead one.

PADRAIC: Our son is dead. Isn't that enough for you?

MARY: I'm sorry he's dead, but if Michael had to die, I'm glad he stood up and went out like a man rather than live the rest of his life on his knees.

PADRAIC: That's enough now! Shut up now!

MARY: I'll not shut up!

PADRAIC: You blasted female! Keep your quiet!

MARY: Oh, the pity of it, Paddy Muldoon!

PADRAIC: I'll live my own life; thank you.

MARY: You haven't got a life, Paddy. Cowards never do.

PADRAIC: Get in the Goddamn kitchen now, and be about your business!

MARY: I didn't marry you to be your servant, but to be a fit companion to your life.

PADRAIC: And that you are.

MARY: I married a proud man.

PADRAIC: And still am!

MARY: Not a man too timid to get out of bed.

PADRAIC: I can't help anyone. I can't help the world. I can't save Humanity. I can't even save myself.

MARY: That's the only way to save yourself.

PADRAIC: How? How? How?

MARY: By saving the world.

PADRAIC: Men have been trying that for years. They've never succeeded. Martyrs to their broken dreams. If they had to try again, they'd be the wiser and not do it.

MARY: Would John Fitzgerald Kennedy not done it again if he had the choice?

PADRAIC: Shup up about John Kennedy! I'll not have his name mentioned again in this house!

MARY: It's my house too. And if you don't like to hear the sound of his name, get out!

PADRAIC: Kicking me out of me own house now, is it?

MARY: Yes, to face the world, and fight.

PADRAIC: I'll have no part of it. I didn't make the world. I'm off to bed.



MARY: You can't just throw a blanket over yourself and face away from it all.

PADRAIC: Oh can't I, now? Wait and see!

MARY: You can't turn your back on the world and walk away from it all. It's your world; you're a part of it.

PADRAIC: I want no part in it. Who asked to be born?

MARY: But you agreed to live in it. You can't call it quits now just because the going's getting rough.

PADRAIC: It's a smooth ride for me.

MARY: And what about the others?

PADRAIC: The others will have to fend for themselves.

MARY: Don't betray your humanity, Paddy, or I'll have to leave you.

PADRAIC: I can't find it! The world's taken all but a few shreds and patches.

MARY: Get it back then, Man! Get it back, as you love me.

PADRAIC: Ah, if only I could.

MARY: You can.

PADRAIC: Do you think I could? Is it possible yet?

MARY: The man I married could. If you're anything like him, you can. He's the one who said: "A life not worth dying for is not worth living for."

PADRAIC: And do you see in me the faint promise of such a man?

MARY: I see in you what I've always seen. More than the faint promise--the hushed expectation. I've not chosen you all these years to blind myself to what you are.

PADRAIC: I'll for it then!

MARY: Hurry then, while there's light enough.

PADRAIC: Yes, before the world is plunged in darkness. I better get a move on.

MARY: There's my darling man. Well, what are you waiting for? Hurry up, man! *pulling my  
down*

PADRAIC: I'm going! I'm going!

MARY: You can't be going if you're sitting. What's the matter with you Paddy? What's ailing you man?

PADRAIC: If only you could understand . . . I wish . . . Mary . . .

MARY: Understand? I understand enough--too much.

PADRAIC: Give me time. I need time.

MARY: You've had all the time you're gonna get from me. All the time in the world.

PADRAIC: Where are you going?

MARY: I'm leaving you.

PADRAIC: Leaving me, is it? After twenty-two years? The first time I'm in trouble you're sure to be gone.

MARY: I can't live with a man like you. I can't live with you another moment.

PADRAIC: You were the last to leave my side when the sun was shining and I was riding high, and the good times were flowing. And now when I'm fighting for my very life, you're the first to duck out the door. Is that it?

MARY: It was good between us. It can't be good any ~~more~~.

PADRAIC: Why not?



MARY: You're not the man you were.

PADRAIC: I am! I will be again!

MARY: When? When the moon turns to green cheese, that's when. You're a coward, Paddy. You're not a man at all.

PADRAIC: Don't say that Mary.

MARY: And why not? It's true enough. I'll say it again. Coward!

PADRAIC: Get the hell out of here then, you tormenting bitch straight out of hell! Good riddance to you! And don't come back again! . . . Where the hell do you think you're going?

MARY: Let me pass.

PADRAIC: You're not going anywhere!

MARY: Oh yes I am.

PADRAIC: This is your home. You're my wife! You belong here . . .

MARY: Not any more.

PADRAIC: You can't walk out on me!

MARY: Oh, can't I, Mister Big Shot? Try and stop me!

PADRAIC: Mary, you made a promise--a promise to the death. You can't betray that!

MARY: Yes, to the death. And you're dead now. And so I'm free--free to go my way.

PADRAIC: My way is your way. You said that our marriage day. Don't cry my love. My heart . . . don't cry. I love you.

MARY: Your love is a killing love.

PADRAIC: The deepest love.

MARY: A love that wounds--that sears  
the heart.

PADRAIC: You wouldn't have it any other way.

MARY: I'll go my way, Muldoon.

PADRAIC: You'll not.

MARY: I will. I'll not be hurt more.

PADRAIC: I'll not hurt you again, ever. Sweetheart,  
there'll be no more hurting from this day  
forth.

MARY: You will. You're that kind of man.  
You can't help it. You love nobody but  
yourself.

PADRAIC: I'll change, me darling.

MARY: Don't touch me. I can't bear any more  
pain.

PADRAIC: Mary!! Mary!!

MARY: You're killing me.

PADRAIC: Then kill you I will. You belong to me.  
You're mine!

MARY: I belong to no man but myself. First, last  
and always. You'll not destroy me.  
I'm your equal. I'm as strong as you when  
it comes to that. And I'll find my own  
way, alone. Get out of my way or I'll  
kill you!

(Paddy strikes her. Mary  
starts sobbing.)

PADRAIC: (Falls on his knees) Forgive me! Mary,  
don't go! I need you . . .

(Mary exits down hallway sobbing.)



PADRAIC:

(Goes to infant son Chris in cradle.)  
We're all alone now my tender boy.  
Vulnerable and lost together.  
You're needing me to protect you.  
And I can't even take care of myself.

(Lifts Chris out of cradle  
and holds him in his arms.)

Where do you come from my lad?  
And where are you going?  
And are you wondering why you're here,  
And what it's all about?  
And are you wondering will the footsteps  
keep running to feed you?  
And what will you do when you cry in the  
night and there's no one there to  
hear you?  
Are you hoping you can trust the hand  
that feeds you?  
What then, when you find out you cannot?  
What will you do when you fall to the ground,  
And there's no one there to heed you?  
Who will you run to then, lad?  
What will you do when you're a grown lad,  
And like all men your heart is aching,  
And there's no one there to heal it.  
And what will you be feeling when the girl  
you love lets you down?  
Who will you go to then, Lad?  
And what will you be thinking when you're  
a grown man  
And the dream of life has ended,  
And you see the world for what it is--  
Downhill and nightmare,  
And your heart is empty,  
And you're looking for God and you can't  
find Him;  
And you're all alone.  
What will you do then, lad?