

1 1/2 - MR
2 - C-M
2 - P-M

PROLOGUE TO AUDIENCE

If self-knowledge is the aim of man,
There is no meaning in the life we live.
For man, lawful master of the earth,
Has given up his birthright.
Learned men of high repute,
Philosophers, kings and sages,
All agree we live a life of hollow pretence.
Having touched the length, the width, the height,
Man at last is out of breath,
Flailing in the depth.
Ten thousand years of seeking the answer to the same dilemma,
Brings no greater wisdom than we had before.
We know the bee, the rat, the snail;
But man's the riddle we can't unravel.
We are assailed by treasonous voices,
Mystified, polluted and bewildered,
The issue's still unsolved.
No papal oath promising ablution,
No presidential commission
Can illuminate this strange enigma, Man.
Is he monkey, God or devil?
Is he dust or spirit, flesh or vapor?
Lover, hater, God forsaker?
Or compound vegetable, animal, mineral?
A starry hoax, an absurd joke?
Or God's impossible ultimate hope?
The greatest mystery on the earth,
The king of apes, the status seeker.
Something must be done, we know,
With this menace who's refused
To be his brother's keeper.
The age of royalty is dead.
Monarchy and priesthood have failed us.
Now dawns the day of ordinary man.
On him we place our final hope.
Ladies and gentlemen, help us if you can.
Usher in the long-awaited era of the brotherhood of man!

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN

JUPITER: It's time to launch the new age!

SATURN: Are you ready?

ALL THE GODS: Ready, ready, ready . . .

MARS: Let's go!

SATURN: Wait!

MERCURY: What's the matter?

ASTEROIDS: Something's gone wrong.

MOON: The earth . . . the earth's in trouble.

ALL THE GODS: Oh, no! Not again. Everytime we're ready for our next step in evolution she jams it up.

MERCURY: Well, tell her to get a move on.

MARS: We can't wait forever. A new age is beginning.

SATURN: His Majesty will be here any moment.

MOON: The earth's always in trouble.

JUPITER: First she wouldn't settle on her axis properly.

SATURN: Then she wouldn't cool properly.

MARS: Then she wouldn't orbit properly.

VENUS: Then she wouldn't harmonize with us.

MERCURY: What is it this time?

MOON: I don't know; everything on earth is in a terrible mess.

MERCURY: Thanks to you, Moon.

MOON: It's not my fault. I can't help it if she gives me all her attention.

VENUS: As if you didn't love it!

ASTEROIDS: Sucking the life out of her.

MOON: I have to live (the others turn away).
She owes it to me. I'm her child.

SATURN: Premature birth . . .

JUPITER: You have no right. You're not even born yet.

MERCURY: You don't even have your own atmosphere.

MOON: Neither do you, Mercury.

MERCURY: I'm working on it. It's only a question of time.

JUPITER: Stop acting like a baby. Just because you're still in your mother's womb.

MOON: I will have a temper tantrum if I want to.

MERCURY: Suit yourself, Lunatic.

ASTEROIDS: Now you're behaving hysterically.

VENUS: She's having one of her moods.

JUPITER: It's just a phase she's going through.

MARS: Don't make goo-goo eyes at me, Moon.

SATURN: She doesn't even have her own light.

ASTEROIDS: Hear that; you're in outer darkness, Moon.

MOON: I do so.

JUPITER: Nonsense. You live by the reflected glory of His Majesty. I should know. I have twelve children myself. But why he puts up with you, I'll never know.

VENUS: It's because he loves our sister, your Mother.

SATURN: All right. Stop squabbling, all of you. Do you call this a family an angel can be proud of? You're not behaving exactly like angels.

ASTEROIDS: Angels!! Tsk, tsk. Hah!
 SATURN: You angels are as vain as any devils.
 MOON: You're worse. I'm not responsible for my Mother's indiscretions. It's her fault if she was stupid enough to take up with . . . with . . .
 MERCURY: With what? What actually happened?
 JUPITER: It was before your time, Mercury. It was a long time ago. You see . . . there was this comet, a wanderer from outer space.
 SATURN: A conceited, cocksure ne'er-do-well, circling around our sister, flashing his tail. A complete showoff. I knew that he was up to no good.
 JUPITER: I never did trust these comets. We tried to warn your Mother, Moon, but she wouldn't listen. She was completely taken with him. It was a case of irresistible attraction. Well, after that comet had his fling with her, she just went to pieces. He broke her heart in two.
 SATURN: You're the other piece, Moon.
 JUPITER: There were three pieces actually.
 SATURN: When she found a third piece missing, she lost her mind as well.
 JUPITER: Her mind's still wandering around our solar system.
 SATURN: For a while there, she went completely hysterical.
 JUPITER: She's been in great difficulty ever since.
 ASTEROIDS: She's the disgrace of our solar system.
 SATURN: That's why those crackpots living on her can't face reality. They don't even believe we're alive.
 MARS: No, really?
 MERCURY: What? Do they think the whole universe is empty except for themselves?

JUPITER: Yes, they think all the planets, as they call us, are dead.

VENUS: No! They think the entire universe is dead.

JUPITER: Yes, they call it accident.

ALL PLANETS: (Laugh)

VENUS: They must feel very lonely all by themselves in a barren universe.

MARS: And they don't participate in the creative passion of God?

JUPITER: No, they suffer instead.

VENUS: But who do they think made it all?

JUPITER: Oh, they think it just happened.

SATURN: But we Gods . . . How can they fail to see us, our celestial bodies?

JUPITER: They're not even aware they exist on their own earth.

VENUS: And the All One, the Supreme One--the Maker creator God. What do they think of him?

JUPITER: Oh, they never think of Him. They're too busy with themselves.

ALL PLANETS: (Groans of horror)

MERCURY: And how do they pass existence?

JUPITER: They lie; they cheat; they steal; they murder; they fantasize; they invent and follow one fantastic craze after another. Recently they invented war.

MERCURY: War? What is that?

JUPITER: The destruction of life.

MARS: What on earth for?

JUPITER: To take what belongs to another to satisfy their greed and gluttony.

SATURN: Mad little fellows, aren't they?

JUPITER: Yes, but all together they can do a lot of damage. Right now they're breaking up earth's crust.

MARS: What on earth for?

JUPITER: To steal earth's blood.

SATURN: What do they use it for?

JUPITER: To wheel around in little thingamajigs at ever faster and faster speeds.

VENUS: But that's criminal!

JUPITER: Yes, His Majesty is thinking of replacing them on the grounds that they're too stupid to live.

MARS: But don't they have leaders that can stop them?

JUPITER: Yes, but everytime an intelligent leader tells them to stop, they shoot him.

VENUS: Why did The Life invent these microbes anyway?

MERCURY AND MARS: That's a good question.

JUPITER: You'll have to ask Him.

ASTEROIDS: Slimey little slugs, aren't they? Hah, hah.

ALL PLANETS: Ugh, repulsive--ghastly . . .

SATURN: Asteroids, you're a serpent in paradise. I wish I could understand what possible use the Creator has for you. You bring nothing but crime in your wake. Why do you ride earthlings so hard. You set a bad example. You taught them to steal and break away from our common cosmic Father.

ASTEROIDS: I have my reasons. You'll have to ask the all-knowing One, Saturn. Hah, hah.

VENUS: When will his Presence draw near? Where is he?

JUPITER: In the Solar Laboratory, working on his new invention--Higher Man--with which to launch the new age.

SATURN: Higher Man!

JUPITER: Yes. If these microcosms don't wake up in time, they'll be replaced.

SATURN: How?

JUPITER: Probably they will suffer the same fate as the ants and bees.

VENUS: Perhaps another flood?

JUPITER: No, not strong enough.

VENUS: Oh, that's so harsh.

JUPITER: They've had plenty of warnings. If in a certain amount of time something isn't done, then it's too late forever. They can't be allowed to interfere with the earth's militant ascent to the sun. Already they are becoming a danger to cosmic processes. If they refuse to work and live becoming lives, they will be reduced in size and bypassed--their danger neutralized.

VENUS: Poor little creatures!

SATURN: Don't waste your sympathy on them, Venus.

VENUS: But they're so pathetic. Oh, where is His Holiness? Surely he can find another way.

JUPITER: He just left the Solar Laboratory. He's now in the Heavenly Observatory praying to his Endlessness.

SATURN: To the Boundless One . . .

JUPITER: Yes.

MARS: Perhaps He will send another Sacred Messenger to help them.

JUPITER: No, Mohammed was the last.

SATURN: Yes, there was Jesus Christ . . .

MERCURY: Oh, he was so beautiful. I saw him as he ascended toward the light of our sun. I wanted to reach out and go with him . . . His garment of white fire.

VENUS: I remember he was in his radiant body of fire.

SATURN: Yes, pure spirit.

JUPITER: They say he passed right through the sun and traveled on to Sirius--his original home.

SATURN: Farther, some say. To the center of our Galaxy, all Suns. Right to the heart of God, the Absolute, where he burns with inextinguishable fire . . . a particle of the Pure Passion of God.

JUPITER: Yes, he attained objective reason and became a particle of supreme intelligence.

MOON: Oh, how glorious!

MERCURY: You mean Father works for him now, Jupiter?

JUPITER: That's right, little brother.

MERCURY: Wow! What a strange universe.

ASTEROIDS: It has its ups and downs. Hah, hah.

MERCURY: And can I be like him one day?

JUPITER: Yes, if you work hard enough. But now you must develop your own atmosphere--a soul of your own.

MERCURY: I'm working on my atmosphere now. Will that give me a soul?

JUPITER: Yes, your own principle of life.

MERCURY: And then I can be like you, Jupiter.

JUPITER: First, you must learn to love like your Sister Venus while she goes to Mars, you to earth. Then you to Mars, and then to Jupiter and then Saturn. This is the cosmic pattern. All are interrelated. All depends on All. In our family of angels one success is all our success. One serious mistake, and we all are destroyed. We're all in the same boat, Unity. In our Solar School we learn to work in unison.

MERCURY: I won't fail, Jupiter.

JUPITER: I know you won't.

SATURN: Jupiter is studying to become a sun. Did you know that Mercury?

MOON: Is that true?

JUPITER: It is my objective hope.

MERCURY: When will it happen?

JUPITER: At my death.

SATURN: And then if all goes well . . .

JUPITER: I'll be reborn.

MERCURY: You'll take Father's place?

SATURN: Precisely.

VENUS: What will Father do?

JUPITER: With any luck and with permission from above, he will become a Galaxy.

ASTEROIDS: One chance in a billion. Every solar deity is bucking for that. At the rate the earth is degenerating, he'll never make it.

JUPITER: It would take a miracle. But I have no doubt our Father will regenerate even you, slanderer.

MERCURY: Is that why he's so absorbed in himself?

VENUS: And why we so rarely see him?

SATURN: Yes, he's studying.

JUPITER: And working night and day.

VENUS AND MERCURY: Our Father will make it.

VENUS: Is that why He is radiating such strong electronic bombardments?

SATURN: Yes, he is casting off his impurities.

JUPITER: His outer shell . . .

SATURN: His ancient Karma . . .

JUPITER: He is purifying Himself from his age-old weakness.

VENUS: Weakness? What weakness?

ASTEROIDS: Why don't you tell her, Jupiter? It's an open secret.

JUPITER: Keep quiet, you scandalmonger.

ASTEROIDS: He loves those slimey little slugs down there. It's the scandal of the Galaxy. Hah, hah, hah.

MARS: How long has this been going on?

ASTEROIDS: Since time began. Hah, hah.

VENUS: Oh, no!

MERCURY: Those slugs down there?
MARS: Those horrible creatures!
SATURN: Those miserable nonexistent entities!
MERCURY: They don't even know who we are!
MARS: They're blind.
SATURN: They're all asleep.
MARS: Wait, I see a glow.
MERCURY: There's one, Mars.
SATURN: Believe it or not . . .
MERCURY: I think he's trying to wake up.
MARS: Let's wake him up.
SATURN: Seek power from above.
MERCURY: Wake up, little man.
SATURN: Wake up, little man.
MARS: Wake up, little man.
ALL: Wake up; wake up; wake up.

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.

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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 report on the state of the world. Here comes your elder brother. He'll deliver it. How goes the world son?
ENTER MICHAEL

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.

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.

ENTER FM

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

FATHER MURPHY: Michael!

MICHAEL: Sorry, Father.

ENTER GREAT GRANDFATHER
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!!

GRAND 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 forecastle 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.

ENTER
MIKE &
BILL

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.
BIM + 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
RACHEL: 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
MICHAEL: 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.

(Continuing with Cop
Dellano's song)

We've got our eye on you, Professor.
Cause we're the watchdogs of the nation.
We know there's something wrong.
But what's the sense in asking questions.
There's nothing anyone can do.
Why not blunder along as we always do.
Cause this is a great country;
A great, great country.

Let's not beat around the bush.
You're stepping on our corns.
You teach these kids to think too much.
This country wasn't made by brains.
It was made by guts.

Let's all go out and pull together,
Think together, act together.
And be just like the guy next door.
I just follow orders.
I just do what I'm told.
How the hell we gonna live together
If we all don't think alike.
Cause this is a great country,
A great, great country.

Lay off, Professor. Give us a break.
You're sowing doubts. You're putting
us to shame.
You're causing the youth of this country
To question our aims.
If you had your way Professor
These kids would never go to war.
Now that ain't right Professor,
Cause if you had **your** way Professor
Who would fight our wars?

Come on, Professor. Get with it!

ACT II
Scene 3

(Bernard is watching the riot
on TV.)

- PADRAIC: Why don't you go outside if you want to watch the riot?
- BERNARD: I get a better view of it from in here Uncle Padraic.
- PADRAIC: Going to church again, huh Bernard? Some people are very religious. They observe the ritual twice a day.
- BERNARD: (Grins) Mother says there's a wonderful future in mass communications.
- PADRAIC: Still faithful to your true love. The big tit of America--Big Mommy.
- BERNARD: Mother says it's very important to keep up with current events.
- PADRAIC: Can you stop talking through your mother's cunt and tell me what you think?
- BERNARD: Uncle Padraic!!
- PADRAIC: You're gonna have the life sucked out of you. You're going to get pimples on your face. Have you ever thought of facing yourself instead of that machine, Bernard? You'll not find the truth by living off lies. Tell me, what do you want to be when you grow up Bernard? A fireman?
- AGNES: Don't you talk to my boy that way. Don't listen to him Bernard.
- PADRAIC: Why don't you get off the boy's back and let him live?
- AGNES: Isn't it enough you've ruined your own son? And now you want to destroy my baby. You're jealous because of the bond between us. Bernard knows his mother is his best friend. We are one.

PADRAIC: What about his father?

HERB: Yes, Agnes, I think . . .

AGNES: Shut up Herb!

PADRAIC: If you don't stop sitting on his head he'll grow up to be a dwarf.

HERB: Yes, I . . .

AGNES: Keep quiet Herb. (To Padraic): You can talk. A riot going on--upsetting law and order.

HERB: Yes, law and order.

AGNES: I thought I asked you to keep out of this Herb.

HERB: Yes, dear.

AGNES: Bernard is my son. My first love. Herb knows that. I've told him. I'll raise him properly. His mother shall always be his guiding light. Promise me Bernard you'll always turn to Mommy in the crisis of your life.

BERNARD: Yes, mother.

HERB: Look at those students smashing that cop in the face!

BERNARD: And those girls giving the finger to the cops!

AGNES: How can you use that language in front of your mother! They should all be killed. Dirty perverts destroying law and order. And those filthy girls! No morals. Ugh! They'll sleep with anyone . . . orgies . . . drugs . . . It's sickening. They should all be lined up and shot.

PADRAIC: This is too much. What this country needs is a good healthy shit.

AGNES: Oh, my God!

BERNARD: What are you doing Uncle Padraic?

PADRAIC: I'm throwing this goddamn monstrosity out the window. So you can start living my lad. And after that the refrigerator-- the insurance policies. All the accumulated rubbish of the age. So we can all have a chance to live. I say: Banish all refrigerators! No more machines allowed. Just men and women.

AGNES: Herb, you're not going to let him destroy Bernard's television!

HERB: Give me that television!

(Herb and Padraic struggling over TV set.)

AGNES: Help your father, Bernard.

HERB: You'll regret this Muldoon! You'll live to regret this.

(Herb, Agnes, Bernard--all fighting Padraic for possession of TV.)

AGNES: He wants to destroy us. You have no right to destroy other people's lives.

(Padraic throws TV to stage manager and exits.)

AGNES: He's gone mad! What did I tell you? He's mad. He's out of his mind. Oh, my poor sister! Oh Mary!

(Mary enters with Charles.)

MARY: What is it? What's all the hullabaloo about?

AGNES: Brace yourself. Oh Mary, it's Padraic. He's gone mad. It's terrible, terrible . . . I can't speak. I can't talk. Herb, tell her; tell her what he's done. I can't stay in the house another moment. Speak Herb!

HERB: Your husband threw Bernard's television out the window.

MARY: (Starts to laugh) Oh, is that all?

BERNARD: It's not funny Aunt Mary. It's my work. He threw my work out the window.

HERB: I can't care about the money, but it cost \$85.

AGNES: \$89. And now he's destroying the whole house. He's not sane. He should be put away in an institution. Oh, I feel so sorry for you, my little sister. Mary, you're a saint. You never complain. I don't know how you can bear it; but you can confide in me dear. You know I love you. Bernard loves you. Herb loves you. You must leave him Mary before he destroys you and ruins our family. (Starts to weep) I'm going to take you home with us. You're not safe here. The man could kill you.

MARY: Yes, I see you're very concerned about me. All right, calm yourself Agnes. Paddy just acts up this way sometimes. I'll go to the kitchen and soothe his nerves. Sometimes he stomps around like an elephant in heat.

AGNES: Charles, you must do something. We can't allow this to go on. My nerves are shattered. I can't bear what this man is doing to our sister. First that Saunders girl--a Jew. Well, after all, that's bad enough. And now this . . . this . . . Herb! . . .

HERB: Negra.

AGNES: I can't bear the thought of it, to say it . . . This . . . this . . .

HERB: Negra.

AGNES: Negra with Katie. Charles, you must stop it. You must! I can't even speak to Mary about it. She won't talk to me.

HERB: The whole affair is out of control.

AGNES: I will not live with a Negra in my family. I will not tolerate it. Will not! Charles, do something. She is our sister after all . . .

HERB: I have a suggestion . . .

AGNES: Shut up Herb! This is my family, not yours. Mind your own business.

CHARLES: Hmmm . . .

AGNES: Our own blood line contaminated. If Father were alive he'd turn over in his grave. I saw it with my own eyes: The two of them coupling in the parlor, rolling on the floor like wild animals. My own sweet innocent little Katie attacked by that lewd, dirty . . . nigger. Right before my eyes. I've never been so shocked in my life. I feel faint. Oh, I'm going to faint now. Bernard! Bernard!

(Bernard runs to her side. As she collapses in his arms, they both fall onto the bed. Bernard remains pinned beneath her as she continues speaking.)

AGNES
(Continuing): Oh, it was so lewd. It was obscene, obscene. Well, what are you waiting for Charles? Do something! Do something! We're your sisters. you must protect us. You're the head of the family. You must protect the family. I can't bear it. Do you hear me? I can't bear it.

CHARLES: You're hysterical Agnes. Control yourself. Isn't it enough the entire campus is in riot. My hands are full at the moment.

AGNES: (Screaming) I'm not hysterical! It's him. He's destroying our family. He's tracking filth into our lives. Little yellow men and wild Indians running all over the house. It's disgusting. That man must be punished for the crimes he's committing. It needs a strong hand Charles. He's undermining the nation-- perverting the youth.

(Padraic sticks his head into the door and shouts across the room):

PADRAIC: Do you mind getting your ass out of my bed Agnes so I can get some rest?

Agnes: You should be put in prison. You're a menace to society--to decency.

(Padraic exits)

AGNES
(Continuing): We're Borderlaises! I hate him. He's responsible. It's men like him who are destroying the world.

HERB: It's obvious the man's a good-for-nothing. He won't even get out of bed and go to work like a decent man.

AGNES: He'll rot his life away in bed.

CHARLES: What do you want me to do Agnes?

AGNES: Offer him a position. Money talks. He's starving. He's never seen any real money in his life. The man will be like putty in your hands.

CHARLES: All right. I'll talk to him. I think I have a plan.

HERB: Uh . . . I'd like to talk to you for a moment Charles about a position.

CHARLES: Later.

HERB: Oh, yes. Later?

CHARLES: Later!

(Charles exits.)

HERB: You told Charles to offer him a position. Why not me? Why not me? Why haven't you put in a good word for me?

AGNES: Mary's my sister Herb. I can't let her starve.

HERB: What about me? What about me?

AGNES: You must be patient, Herb.

HERB: Patient? Oh Agnes, you know how long I've waited.

AGNES: I wonder how Charles is doing with that maniac. He should be put in a straight jacket. I think I'll just peek in.

HERB: When? When?

AGNES: Quiet Herb. You'll disturb Bernard.

(Agnes exits as Sean enters.)

SEAN: Uncle Herb, you promised to tell me about trout fishing--the trout that got away.

HERB: Oh, I don't feel so good now Sean.

SEAN: Please, Uncle Herb.

HERB: Okay, Sean, you take a fish, a beautiful trout, slit it open and look inside and what have you got? Gullet, stomach, reproduction organs where the eggs are made. It's beautiful! Now Sean, you take the pole like this, straighten up, back like this, not touching the fly to the water; then cast way out with an upward motion.

SEAN: When are we going?

HERB: I don't know. I've got a lot of things to do at the office.

SEAN: Oh please, Uncle Herb!

HERB: Well, I don't know . . .

SEAN: Oh please take me.

(Agnes reenters.)

HERB: Okay, Sean; we'll make it a day next week end.

SEAN: Yippee! We're going fishing!

AGNES: Herb, you know you're not free next week end.

SEAN: Oh, Uncle Herb, can't we go?

HERB: Two week ends from now we'll go Sean.

AGNES: Not two weeks either Herb. You remember, we have a date with the Foristers. I told you that Herb, we have to keep that dinner invitation.

HERB: If only you cared about me. You never think of me.

AGNES: I do Herb. I do.

HERB: Then why didn't you give me the money, Agnes?

AGNES: You're a very bad investment Herb. You can't even run your own business properly.

HERB: I could if you helped me. You know how much I need you Agnes. Why couldn't you have given me \$50,000? Why do you give Bernard that kind of money? You buy him Porsches, expensive clothes, send him on vacations. Why don't you ever give me anything?

AGNES: That's different, Herb. Bernard's my son.

HERB: But I'm your husband, Agnes.

AGNES: You're no husband. You're not even a man. You don't have a pot to piss in.

HERB: I remember when I first met you in those woods up there. If only it hadn't happened.

AGNES: My life would be a poem if I weren't
burdened with a weakling like you. I
could have been a beautiful girl wearing
beautiful dresses . . .

HERB: Right now I'd be fishing every day in
Lake Pokahunk . . .

AGNES: I could have been the ice-skating princess--
the whole world watching . . .

HERB: I could be casting my fly 30, 40, 50 feet,
plunk into the water.

AGNES: With my delicate feet I could be cutting
figure eights as the whole world watched.

HERB: Oh, to see the bears lumbering over the
hillsides!

AGNES: . . . The boys milling around me crushing
each other in their rush to be first at my
feet.

HERB: I could have built my own cabin.

AGNES: Oh, how I'd love to be sitting on that
stallion, riding with the wind.

HERB: I could have been tour guide of the whole
western area around Lake Pokahunk.

AGNES: They would have raved about me in Life
Magazine.

HERB: My own column in Wildlife and Adventure
Magazine.

AGNES: I could have met all the most fashionable
people.

HERB: All the important people would have rushed to be on my tours.

AGNES: I would have been queen of the ball, the world at my feet.

HERB: I could have merged with Nature, all the animals loving me.

AGNES: Everybody would have loved me--everybody except you, you son-of-a-bitch. You stole my life away.

HERB: You stole me from my environment.

AGNES: You stole my love, the most precious thing a woman can give to anyone. You used me!

HERB: You took me away from my dream, the clean air, the smell of the wilds.

AGNES: You never appreciated me, never cared for me. You're nothing but a selfish pig. All you ever want to do is stick that dirty little thing into me. If I had my way, I'd cut that filthy thing off of you. I'd cut it off of every man.

HERB: Oh Agnes, I am not a selfish man. I'm your old Herb.

AGNES: (Crying) Say it isn't true. Say you really love me.

HERB: Everything will work out fine.

AGNES: Say you love me. (Silence) Herb, say it.
Herb, say you worship the ground I walk on.

HERB: I've always loved you Agnes.

AGNES: Go on Herb.

HERB: Yes, Agnes. I worship the ground you walk on.

AGNES: Herb, you know, I've been talking to Charles
about you.

HERB: (Eagerly) Yes . . . Yes . . .

AGNES: I think he has a position for you--a very good
position.

HERB: When, Agnes? When?

AGNES: Soon Herb.

HERB: You've been saying that for ten years, Agnes.
If only you had lent me the \$50,000. I would
have had the most beautiful funeral home and
undertaker's establishment in the city, and I
could have been the husband you'd be proud of.

AGNES: You, the husband I'd be proud of? Why I turn
my head away in shame when you're with me.

HERB: But I'm the husband. Don't I support this
family?

AGNES: You support nothing. I mean just that. I
always told you that Bernard and I would be
better off with you dead. But you weren't even
man enough to kill yourself.

(Enter Mary)

AGNES: Oh Mary, I was just saying to Herb . . . isn't
that right dear? You know, Herb is so commanding.
I can't tell you how marvelous it is to have a
real family. Come here Bernard. (To Mary):
What do you think of my two grown men? Oh, I'm
so proud that we're such nice people.

(Curtain)

(Herb, Agnes and Bernard step in
front of curtain and sing.)

WE'RE NICE PEOPLE SONG

We till the ground; we plough the fields.
We work the shops; we push the buttons
That drive the country
That makes the world go round.
We're nice people;
Nice, nice people;
The nice people of the world.

We're the backbone of the nation,
The moral fibre in human relations.
We have well-trimmed lawns
And well-pruned minds
And well-clipped souls.
In a word, we are the status quo.

We're efficient, clean and pure.
We don't lie and we don't cheat.
All we do is work, work, work.
That's what made our country great.
We're the guardians of the nation,
The moral rearmament of the world.

We serve our country,
Salute our flag,
Follow the leader.
We're 100 per cent pure American stock.
We never say "nigger." That's taboo.
We never sleep with our mothers
As some people do.
We never fart
And never associate with people who do.

Because we're nice people.
Nicey, nice people,
The nice people of the world.

Though God made all kinds of people,
We believe we're the nicest of the bunch.
We're the decent, upright, forthright people.
Why can't those dirty, nasty people be like us?
We hate to praise ourselves,
But someone's got to do it.

We're the compact solid majority.
Can anything be wrong with us?
We tend our stocks and bonds.
We vote for peace and live off war,
Unless the bombs fall too near us.

(We're Nice People Song)

We teach our young to shun vulgarity and greed.
How could they do better?
If people can't behave themselves,
Then shoot them all.
And let's get on with business.

The world should be a nice
Safe comfortable, tidy place.
Why are all those other people
Filling it with madness, smut and hate?
We're so well-intentioned,
We're sure it can't be us.

We're nice people!

(Continuing: We're Nice People Song)

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-peek we're playing with Him in this lunatic asylum?

FATHER MURPHY: Aye, and Finders Keepers.

PADRAIC: Then I'll play hide-and-peek 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 Pat~~ 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: ^{Rachel} Maybe ~~we~~ ^T 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, no, 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

ACT III

DEATH
Scene 1

THE WAGER IN HEAVEN
THE GODS

- JUPITER: You will see we were right. Those microbes will never surpass us and get to the sun.
- PLUTO: Blinded as you are by staring always into the sun, you do not see you can never be free keeping other beings slaves. Prison walls you have erected around this solar system with your order.
- SATURN: Wanderer, we are maintainers of order and light. We watch and wait. We have seen these glows before. They flare up for a moment and are gone. This one is no different from the others.
- NEPTUNE: Saturn, my friend, do not forget your beginning.
- SATURN: Forget! I am come from the Father. I do His work in my own orbit, according to His will. What do you bring, Mushroom?
- NEPTUNE: That hardly deserves answering, my friend.
- SATURN: Then save your breath.
- URANUS: Tell him, Neptune. He appears lifeless. His spark is fading fast.
- NEPTUNE: I am compassion. My existence depends on my brothers. I fan that glow until all glows.
- SATURN: Stop! What is your sentimentality, Neptune, compared to wisdom--thought?
- JUPITER: Reason.
- SATURN: Steadfastness.
- MERCURY: Radiation.
- MARS: Action.
- VENUS: Sympathy.

JUPITER: Cosmic order.

MERCURY: Light.

PLUTO: Swirling in your narrow circles, you have forgotten the universe has endless possibilities--not just one.

URANUS: You have forgotten sex and creation, mating and new birth.

MERCURY: I'm too young for sex.

JUPITER: I have twelve children.

SATURN: I'm beyond all that.

URANUS: Oh, it is very beautiful!

SATURN: Up to your old tricks, Uranus?

JUPITER: But Uranus, you cannot release sex energy willy-nilly. Each to his proper structure and function--cell, molecule, electron.

SATURN: You would like to turn him on, Uranus. You would like to turn them all on. And you must know what that would mean.

URANUS: I'd love to turn them on, you old fogey. I think they need it.

MERCURY: Who you you talking to, Uranus? I am the youngest and nearest to the Father.

URANUS: Yes, Mercury, but you are trying to sit pretty and not grow up. Everything must grow old and change.

MERCURY: That takes time.

JUPITER: The fullness of time.

URANUS: Sex is an amazing power and can change anything. Sex is out of time.

MARS: Why should these slugs achieve in one tiny second what has taken us aeons?

THE WAGER IN HEAVEN
THE GODS

NEPTUNE: Mars, each one has his job to do, you see. That speck down there has his.

MARS: His job is to feed me.

NEPTUNE: Now you're beginning to see it.

SATURN: We're all one happy family, eh, Mushroom? And how do we eat? They are our food--or haven't you noticed? (Pointing to Uranus) This ninny would release them all!

PLUTO: None of you can stop the will of the Father. You can only rebel or be lost. His will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven.

JUPITER: You shameless liar, Pluto! You who has come to destroy what we have built so magnificently!

SATURN: Liar, Pluto, thief of virtue! Whenever you come, you bring only chaos.

MERCURY: Jealous windbag! You talk to us of light--you who are perpetually in outer darkness. I, who am closest to the Father and shine brilliantly, see that you envy me.

MARS: Enough talk, Pluto, I'll bet that slug does not awaken.

JUPITER: A wager! That will shut them up. Let them put their energy where their fields are.

SATURN: I know the odds against this slug only too well.

JUPITER: What will you stake?

PLUTO: If we win, you must change--turn around and begin to serve the Father by bringing up the microcosms on Earth.

JUPITER: Light and easy terms, it seems to me.

SATURN: Agreed, Jupiter? There's no chance of losing this one.

MERCURY: Yes. And what if we win?

THE WAGER IN HEAVEN
THE GODS

PLUTO: State your terms.

JUPITER: We will have eternal power over lower cosmoses . . .

MERCURY: (Jumping up and down). Yes! Yes!

JUPITER: And you four will subordinate yourselves to our order, leaving us to do the Father's work, with no interference from you.

PLUTO,
NEPTUNE
and URANUS: Agreed!

JUPITER,
MERCURY, MARS
and SATURN: Agreed!

THE WAGER IN HEAVEN
THE GODS

ACT III
Scene 2

WAKE SCENE

(The scene opens in the diningroom of the Muldoon home. Everyone in the family, from the infant to the grandfather, is seated around the dining table, a large meal before them. Utter and oppressive silence in the room. Each member registers the shock, disbelief, sorrow, etc. of Michael's death.)

GREAT-

GRANDFATHER:

(Attempting a light mood) Hey, Padraic did ya ever hear the story of the Irishman who was pulled over to the side of the road for hittin' the car in front of him? The cop asked for his driver's license, took one look at it, and said: "Well, Mr. O'Sullivan, do ya know how fast that fellow was goin' when he backed into you?"

(Grandfather is the only one to laugh. Everyone else looks out at audience. Grandfather, embarrassed by the silence, reaches for the bottle of wine, pours, and takes a long drink.)

GREAT-

GRANDFATHER
(Continuing):

Paddy, did you hear the one about the two Irishmen who were walkin' down the streets of Dublin? One of them was walkin' with one foot in the gutter and one foot in the road and his friend said: "Mike, how come you're walking with one foot in the gutter and one foot in the road?" And Mike says: "Oh, thank God for ya, John, I thought I had a broken leg."

(Silence again. Grandfather takes another drink and then passes the cup of sorrow to the person on his right.)

GREAT-

GRANDFATHER:

Take a drink Uncle Bill.

UNCLE BILL:

I will, Grandfather. I will.

(The cup is passed from man to man. Everyone watches to see if the next person will drink from the cup of sorrow. Finally, as the cup is drunk by the last man . . .)

GREAT-GRANDFATHER:

Ay, that's the spirit! Now, let's break bread. (Everyone except Katie begins eating.) It's as good as always, Mary.

ALL:

(Death Rattle) Aye. (They glance over at Mary, realizing that it is not as good as always because Michael is not there.)

GREAT-GRANDFATHER:

Katie, why aren't you eatin'?

~~KATIE:~~ *Sean*

I don't feel like eating, Grandfather.

GRANDFATHER:

(Rising and banging fist on table) Well, you damn well better eat!

(Everyone looks at Katie and she finally begins.)

PADRAIC:

It's the Lord's Day. On this day we must not eat without the presence of a stranger. (Goes to window and calls out) Hallo! You!! Are you hungry? Are you thirsty? Come in then.

GREAT-GRAND-
FATHER:

(Aye, that's right.) The needy are always with us.

GRANDMOTHER:

We must share our table with the poor, who are also dear to God.

CHARLES:

(Aside to Agnes) What's next? He'll bring every tramp in town into this house.

AGNES:

What did I tell you?

CHARLES:

How tasteless!

AGNES:

Disgusting!

(A knocking at the door; Charles goes to answer.)

CHARLES: Oh, my God! (Slams the door and turns away.)

PADRAIC: Who is it?
(A knocking again; Charles opens door.)

CHARLES: We can't help you. Go away!

PADRAIC: Who's there?

CHARLES: Nobody. Nothing.
(A knocking is heard again; Charles opens the door.)

CHARLES
(Continuing): There's grief in this house. Can't you understand me?

PADRAIC: Let him in.

CHARLES: But he's just a poor old filthy beggar.

PADRAIC: (Rises) Let him in! Open the door!
(An old tramp appears at the doorway.)

PADRAIC
(Continuing): Come in then. Come in.
(Tramp takes a few more steps into home.)

PADRAIC
(Continuing): In Christ's name you're welcome here.

GRANDMOTHER: There's room for one more.

~~KATIE~~: *Mollie* Won't you sit here, sir?
(Tramp is seated next to Paddy. Paddy pours wine into his cup and passes bread to old tramp.)

PADRAIC: Will you have wine and bread with us?

TRAMP: It's been a long time since any man has invited me to his table.

PADRAIC: For the love of sweet Jesus, will you share our cup of sorrow?

MARY: Our son is dead.

TRAMP: Did he die a good death?

PADDY: Aye, he died like a man.

SEAN: He died a hero.

TRAMP: Then he lives with the immortals. And I'll drink to his health. To Michael!

PADDY: How did you know my son's name?

GREAT-GRANDFATHER: Waste no tears on those that are leaving, I say. It's those that are coming in that are in trouble.

UNCLE BILL: Some must go up.

UNCLE MIKE: And some must go down.

UNCLE BILL: Some must come back again.

UNCLE MIKE: And some go all around.

GREAT-GRANDFATHER: We should mourn those being born and give joy to those who die. All hail Death, the Great Liberator! Give the Virgin Mary a bloody good kiss for me when you see her Michael!

TRAMP: Now why so sad? You're the lucky man. He'll not come back again in the form of a dog.

PADRAIC: Nay . . .

TRAMP: Or a lizard.

UNCLE BILL: Nay.

TRAMP: Or an ant.

RACHEL: If he came again he would come with vision. He would come as an eagle soaring high, the boldest bird in the sky--the one he loved so much.

KATIE: *Grandmother* Or with the wild strength of a tiger.

SEAN: Lion-hearted.

NAT: *Uncle Mike* Or as a dove with peace in his heart.

UNCLE BILL: Or with the great power of a bull.

MOLLY: As a unicorn--so beautiful.

MARY: He'd come with all of these and more.
For he'd come with love. He was a loving boy.

MOLLY: A precious boy.

UNCLE MIKE: A goodly lad.

GRANDMOTHER: He had a pure heart.

GREAT-GRANDFATHER: Aye, that's me great grandson. The spitting image of him. They've described him to a "T."

TRAMP: Well then, you're rich. And you've cause to celebrate. Why these mournful, gloomy looks? You're rich in a noble son. For there is no death for herecs. They live in our hearts forever.

GREAT-GRANDFATHER: You see, what did I tell you? You wouldn't listen to me. It took a perfect stranger to wake you up to the glory of it all. The trouble with all of you is you're all too young to know how to have a good time at a funeral. I don't know what's come over this younger generation. You act like a bunch of ignorant savages. You think when you bury a man you have to crawl underground with him to keep him company. His body's below; his soul's above. You've got to learn how to kick up your heels at a wake. There, right now, he's dancing a jig on his coffin!!

MOLLY: Where, grandfather?

GREAT-
GRANDFATHER: There! Are you blind? Can't you see him?
Hallo Michael! I'll do a dance with you.
(To Molly): Come, my darling girl, we'll
dance a jig with your sweet brother.

MOLLY: Is Michael in Heaven,

GREAT-
GRANDFATHER: Not yet. We've got to dance him up there.

(Great-grandfather and Molly start
to dance.)

GREAT-
GRANDFATHER
(Continuing): Dance harder lass.

MOLLY: Now, grandfather?

GREAT-
GRANDFATHER: Almost. Keep it up now.

(They dance harder and harder,
faster and faster. Everyone joins
in the rhythm by beating their spoons
on the table.)

MOLLY: Now?

GREAT-
GRANDFATHER: Now! Hooray!

(Everyone cheers.)

GREAT-
GRANDFATHER
(Continuing): Remember me in Paradise to all those
saints and virtuous people, Michael!
I'll handle the Lord myself.

SEAN: You're not worried about God,
grandfather?

GREAT-
GRANDFATHER: Hell, no! He's an understanding fellah.

(Tramp breaks out laughing and puts
his hand on Paddy's shoulder as he
does so, for support.)

MERCURY: Look! What's He doing down there?

JUPITER: He's dressed in filthy garments.

SATURN: It's a disgrace.

MARS: He's talking to that slug.

JUPITER: Wasting His Divine Energy.

MERCURY: He's fallen so low as to represent himself as a man! And now he's putting his hand on that slug's shoulder.

SATURN: Oh, how wretched! The eons I have worked for him! He never did that for me. There is no justice.

JUPITER: Senile!

MARS: He's gone crackers.

(Asteroids laughing)

SATURN: Now we're surely the laughing stock of the galaxy. The old man's gone soft in the head. I hate to say this, but I have known for some time that the Solar Laboratory is little more than a nursery.

JUPITER: Why, he's not fit to rule the solar system. I must take command.

SATURN: Yes, it's high time we took over around here and ran things right.

MARS: Let's go!

JUPITER,
SATURN, and
MERCURY: NOW!!

(Pluto extends arms stopping them and forcing them to see themselves. They freeze in postures of anger, greed, lust, etc. The Gods experience remorse and cry out in a singing wail.)

THE GODS: A! E! I! O! A! A! E! I! O! A! A! E! I! O! A!

TRAMP
(God):

I had a son. He was very dear to me--
the joy of my heart. He was wise as
he was beautiful; as kind as he was
brave. People used to come from miles
around to be near him . . . to hear
him speak. He was always kind. All
he did was good. This world is just
the opposite. And it killed him.

(To Paddy): And you're kind too.

PADRAIC:

I, kind?

TRAMP
(God):

Yes, kind; otherwise you would not have
invited me into your home to eat with you
and your folks.

PADRAIC:

Why not? You're a man, aren't you?

TRAMP
(God):

I am nothing.

PADRAIC:

To your son!

TRAMP
(God):

To all our sons!

UNCLE BILL:

And all our daughters!

TRAMP
(God):

May they live forever in our hearts!

UNCLE MIKE:

to life!

GREAT-
GRANDFATHER:

Come on, drink up!

(A knocking at the door)

GREAT-
GRANDFATHER:

Servant
Katie, answer the door.

Sum
KATIE:

Good morning Father.

FATHER MURPHY:

Good morning Kate. (Walks to table)

GREAT-
GRANDFATHER:

Here comes the Church to take away our
fun and make official mourners of us
all.

FATHER MURPHY:

Good morning Mary . . . How are you all?
I thought I would stop by to have a word
with you and maybe sit down and have a
drink of wine.

Milly
KATIE:

Would you have a chair, Father?

FATHER MURPHY:

I know how you all must feel. And how you
all must be troubled at this time. I have
seen young men struck down in their prime
before, but Holy Mother Church in her
infinite wisdom and mercy has provided for
such terrible things as this.

FATHER MURPHY
(Continuing):

(To Tramp) Pardon me, but don't I
know you? I think I've seen you somewhere
before. Are you in my parish?

TRAMP
(God):

I hope so.

FATHER MURPHY:

I've not seen you in church lately.

TRAMP
(God):

The Church does not always welcome me.

FATHER MURPHY:

That's outrageous!

UNCLE BILL:

But true.

UNCLE MIKE:

Beggars can't be choosers.

FATHER MURPHY:

We're all beggars in Christ. You're always
welcome in my church.

TRAMP
(God):

Then I will come gladly. Now I must go.
Thank you for your hospitality.
I will not forget this day.

TRAMP
(God)

(Continuing):

(To Paddy): What you have wished for me, I wish for you.

TRAMP (God)
(Continuing):

(To Father Murphy): I'll be seeing you Father.

FATHER MURPHY:

May God be with you.

TRAMP (God):

(Stops and turns) And you too, Father.

(Molly runs to door and gives him a lollipop.)

FATHER MURPHY:

What a strange Man! I can't describe what I felt in his presence.

(Silence)

FATHER MURPHY
(Continuing):

I know that Michael was a fine young man. I remember his confirmation and when he made his first communion.

PADRAIC:

Father, I remember him myself. I don't need to hear this from you.

FATHER MURPHY:

I am sorry. But these accidents will happen.

PADRAIC:

Accidents? My son was shot down like a dog in the street--in cold blood. And you call it accident?

FATHER MURPHY:

We must forgive and forget.

PADRAIC:

I'll not forget. And some things must not be forgiven. I'll never forgive the men who did it to the day I die. I want to remember!

FATHER MURPHY:

But no one is responsible.

PADRAIC:

The innocent blood of my son is crying out for vengeance! And you say no one is responsible?

FATHER MURPHY:

He who lives by the sword will die by the sword. "Vengeance is mine," saith the Lord.

PADRAIC: My son marched for peace. He was slain for that. He wanted a decent world where all men could be brothers. His blood was shed for that. There was no provocation. No provocation at all. You'll allow innocent blood to be shed and not stop the killers!

FATHER MURPHY: Once, a long time ago, innocent blood was shed . . . for many.

PADRAIC: Once a real man walked the earth and because of that the rest of us can spend six days a week at larceny, thievery and murder, and on the seventh day rest from our crimes. Only to repeat the whole bloody business over again, ad infinitum, ad nauseum. And then Holy Mother Church says: "Rest from your crimes, children; we understand you." Is that what the Church teaches?

FATHER MURPHY: Don't talk that way!

PADRAIC: How else am I to talk? You're giving men the license to kill, Father.

FATHER MURPHY: You know I'm not. People can't control themselves.

PADRAIC: Man is responsible. Do you hear me? The men who killed my boy knew what they were doing. They pressed that trigger . . .

FATHER MURPHY: They were under the authority of fear. They didn't understand.

PADRAIC: When will they understand? When all our sons are murdered? You don't help people with that kind of talk, Father. Your confessional just makes babies out of them.

FATHER
MURPHY:

But they are children!

PADRAIC:

Evil children! The men who killed my son must be stopped or they'll go on killing and killing and killing without end. Do you think the Church helps men to live? No! It's the tomb of death. Embalmers of sanctity for Satan. You promise the faithful sheep they'll go to God, but the Devil gets them anyway . . . the sale of indulgences.

FATHER
MURPHY:

God will stop them.

PADRAIC:

When?

FATHER
MURPHY:

In his good time.

PADRAIC:

Sorry, Father. I can't wait.

FATHER MURPHY:

When will you understand that ignorant men are not responsible?

PADRAIC:

Oh, I see, Father. That's what they'd like to make us believe so Evil can have a clear field. That's as much as to say there are lies but no liars--betrayals, but no betrayers; evil, but no evil-doers; killings, but no killers. A lying creed right out of hell that justifies and condones the killer! How long have you and your Church been in cahoots with the Devil? The Devil's favorite trick! If evil doesn't exist, then you can't fight it. I want the one who's responsible for this!

AGNES:

You should know!

PADRAIC:

What's this?

AGNES:

Look to yourself.

PADRAIC:

What are you talking about?

AGNES:

You filled his head with those filthy ideas. You sent him out to the gutter to be killed . . .

MARY:

Agnes!!!

PADRAIC: Shut this woman up or I'll . . .

AGNES: You'll what? You'll murder me too, as you murdered your own son.

(Paddy breaks toward her)

PADRAIC: Why you rotten . . .

AGNES: As God is my witness, you murdered him! Murderer . . . murderer . . .

her

PADRAIC: Get/out of here or I'll kill her!

MARY: Agnes, control yourself.

PADRAIC: Get out of my house, you bloodsucking bitch!

FATHER MURPHY: Paddy, the woman can't help herself. Can't you see that?

PADRAIC: Get the hell out of my way, Father!

FATHER MURPHY: Paddy, we've been friends since youth.

PADRAIC: I'm warning you, Father. Get out of my way! I want her out. Out of my house!

AGNES: Help! Help! He wants to murder me now! He's going to murder us all! Bernard! Charles! Herb! Save me! Save me! (She breaks down weeping) Oh Michael! Michael . . . (starts wailing). So young, so young. All your promise washed away.

CHARLES: This is no way to talk to my sister. Can't you see what you're doing to her?

PADRAIC: Don't you talk to me, you son-of-a-bitch!

CHARLES: Why you . . . !

PADRAIC: You say one more word and I'll . . . (starts to go toward him)

CHARLES: You can't talk that way to me . . .

PADRAIC: Get the hell out of here and take her with you! All of you, get out! Poisonous vermin!

BERNARD: You can't talk to my mother that way!

HERB: Call the police, Bernard!

CHARLES: Someone should teach you manners. Why, you're no more than a violent animal! I'll have you arrested.

PADRAIC: In my own home?

CHARLES: And my sister's.

AGNES: As God is my witness, I'll never set foot in this house again.

PADRAIC: That's good. Is that a promise? Because the door will be barred to you forever.

MARY: Paddy, Paddy, please for my sake!

FATHER MURPHY: Peace . . . peace. You've got to stop this, Padraic.

PADRAIC: I'm to let this woman come into my home and destroy my daughter? I'm to see my son killed and say nothing? No, not for a son who was as fine a lad as any man could have. I'll roast in hell before that day comes!

FATHER MURPHY: You're making things worse.

PADRAIC: So you're siding with her?

FATHER MURPHY: I'm siding with the truth.

PADRAIC: And the truth is that I'm wrong, is that it? (Father says nothing.) Why don't you leave with them, Father? I'm sure you've nothing further to do here. Don't let me keep you.

GRANDMOTHER: Padraic! You must excuse my son, Father.
He's not himself.

UNCLE MIKE: He's very upset--very upset,

FATHER
MURPHY: I understand, Mrs. Muldoon.

PADRAIC: You understand? What do you understand?
Killian, do you understand what it is to
have a boy dead? No. You've never had a
family of your own. You're a priest. Not
a man at all. The priest has swallowed up
the man.

GRANDMOTHER: Padraic, he's a priest.

PADRAIC: I don't give a damn.

UNCLE BILL: Pay no attention, Father. He's lost his
head.

FATHER
MURPHY: Yes, I can see that. I can see that he's
lost control of himself.

PADRAIC: I have not lost control of myself!

FATHER
MURPHY: Padraic . . .

PADRAIC: Have you ever had a son, Father?

FATHER
MURPHY: Padraic . . .

PADRAIC: Don't Padraic me! I remember you as a young
man; and what happened to you? You've ended
a dried-up fig.

FATHER
MURPHY: I've given my life to what I believed.

PADRAIC: You've never given your life to anything but
a comfortable seat in the vestry.

UNCLE MIKE: He's not himself, Father.

out

PADRAIC: You've never had the guts to raise a family of your own . . . and see them killed before your eyes.

FATHER MURPHY: I know this is a difficult and terrible time you're going through now, but you've got to remember that there is something far beyond this that man is here for.

PADRAIC: And what is it when they cut down a man like my Son? What is it?

GREAT-GRANDFATHER: I'll tell you . . .

UNCLE BILL: Give him a drink.

PADRAIC: I don't want a drink.

FATHER MURPHY: If there's anything at all you believe that you were taught as a young man --- as I was--then you'll be trying to see something good for yourself and for your children, and for your son who has died.

PADRAIC: And what is it, Father? Tell me what's good. . . why it's good that a young man gets killed.

FATHER MURPHY: I didn't say . . .

PADRAIC: Tell me what's good.

FATHER MURPHY: Well, it has happened . . .

PADRAIC: Aye, it's happened and you tell me what kind of comfort you have to offer. Save it for the ladies' tea.

FATHER MURPHY: I'm here because I know myself that there's something more than just this life.

PADRAIC: I don't want to hear it now. I just don't want to hear it.

FATHER
MURPHY:

If you think that this life on earth is all we have, I'm sorry to hear you come to it. Because you know a lot of good men have given their lives to what they believed in.

PADRAIC:

It's not a question of life on this earth, but the draining of the blood of the people.

MARY:

Padraic!

FATHER
MURPHY:

I put many a man into the ground myself, Padraic.

MARY:

Padraic, this is the Father of the Church!

PADRAIC:

He's never been the father of anything. He's never had a son.

UNCLE BILL:

He has a function . . .

GREAT-
GRANDFATHER:

Aye, I will tell you what it is. His function is to hound good men to their death like he hounded Parnell. I fought with him, and I remember how the Church dragged him to his death, and you buried him Father.

FATHER
MURPHY:

That's not true! Many priests were on the side of the revolution, and you know that yourself. And when you're talking about the bishops you're not always talking about how a priest feels in his heart, and you know where my heart was.

GREAT-
GRANDFATHER:

Where was your heart? I'll tell you . . .

FATHER
MURPHY:

My heart was for the freedom of Ireland and for something higher than that.

PADRAIC:

(Tired) Father, will you please leave?

FATHER
MURPHY:

I'm sorry to see that it's come to this
sorry end between us. I'll be going now.

PADRAIC:

And take your Holy Mother Church, I don't
want it.

UNCLE BILL:

We'll see you to the door, Father.

FATHER
MURPHY:

Thank you. I'll find my way alone.

UNCLE MIKE:

I'm sorry, Father.

MARY, ^{Carol} KATE and
GRANDMOTHER:

Goodbye, Father.

(Exit Father Murphy)

GREAT-
GRANDFATHER:

There's something I want to tell all of ya.
And Paddy knows it 'cause I've told him
already. When dear Jesus was murdered he
gave the keys to the Church to Peter and
he said: "Upon this rock I'll found my
Church." And his original intention was to
take the teaching and make it real to every-
body--make it real to the likes of you and me.
His intention was to bring the word of Jesus
Christ into little lads' souls--into the
hearts of men--into the bosoms of our women.
Now I want you to take a good long look at
our Father Murphy and tell me if you see
anything of Jesus or Peter; and let me ask
you if he came here really to console us and
to give us some answers to our question as to
why Michael was murdered; or did he come here
to pawn off his phoney morality--the same
morality that hounded another good man to his
death: my leader Parnell, and I'll not forget
him. You see that Father comes around to suck
our blood. He wasn't here when we passed the
cup of sorrow. He wasn't here when we learned
about Michael's death; but he came around
afterward to drink it all up. I don't believe
in all his high-falutin' malarkey. There's a
higher world, sure, but there's this world

GREAT-
GRANDFATHER
(Continuing):

here too, and what you do in this world right now is what counts. You can't be thinking about a world everafter and forget about this one. And if you do, you'll become a saint like our Father Murphy with one eye on the collection plate and one eye on heaven. Our sweet Lord Jesus said: "I came not to bring peace, but a sword."

RACHEL: Come, let's all sit down.

GREAT-
GRANDFATHER: I don't want to sit down; I want a drink.

FAMILY: Yes, no confusion.

UNCLE BILL
and MIKE: Let's have a song.

UNCLE MIKE: Yes, a good old Irish song.

(Bill and Mike sing a song.
Everyone accompanies.)

GREAT-
GRANDFATHER: Keep it up!

(They repeat song.)

GREAT-
GRANDFATHER: Up the Irish!

ALL: Up the Irish!

KATIE: *Sean* Up grandfather!

ALL: Up grandfather!

UNCLE BILL: Have another drink grandfather!

GREAT-
GRANDFATHER: Let's have a little dance- da, di, da, da,
di, dum dum . . . I never thought you'd
go before me Michael, but you have.
Remember me to the Lord in heaven. Here's
to you Michael! Up, up, up Michael . . .

(ALL BEGIN TO DANCE)

WAKE SCENE

(Sean comes to his Father.
Padraic alone at table remains
sitting.)

PADRAIC: Still want to go a-soldiering, lad?

SEAN: No, Dad, my fighting days are done.
Oh Daddy (begins to weep); I miss
Michael so much. (Sits on Padraic's
lap.)

PADRAIC: I know my boy; I know.

SEAN: It hurts so much. I want to go with him.

UNCLE MIKE: (Comes to Sean) Sean, will you dance
a dance with Uncle Bill and me? Give
me your hand. (Sean goes with him.)
We're gonna dance to your brother's
memory up in heaven.

PADRAIC: Oh my son, my son. Would to God I had
died instead of you. My son . . .

ACT III, Scene 3
PADDY'S DREAM

(Lights come up on Brothel. Philosophy, Science, Art and Religion in long sequinned evening dresses, bejeweled and bedecked. Later in scene, take dresses off and wear miniskirts and hot pants. At beginning of scene Madame Industry keeps putting rings and necklaces on them.)

- PHILOSOPHY: Ah, Science, how sweet life is.
- SCIENCE: Yeh, yeh, Philosophy; you're so right. In the old days what struggles we used to have to get our discoveries. But now it's so easy; isn't that right, Art?
- ART: Ay yes, Science. I remember the old days when we worked for the people, before Madame Industry and her money brought us all together here. Work was difficult just for one painting. Now, Religion, my work is easy. And yours?
- RELIGION: Yes, now it is so easy because rather than seek for God, I can now just lie here and let Him ooze into my body.
- INDUSTRY: Gentlemen, so nice to see you, Philosophy, Science, Art, Religion. (He shakes hands all around.) We come together today to celebrate our magnificent creation. I couldn't have done it without you. Thank you, gentlemen.
- OTHERS: Oh, we thank you, Madame Industry. (Alternating thank you's between Industry and others.)
- INDUSTRY: And now gentlemen, I present that beautiful, magnificent apotheosis of all our work. Gentlemen, I present what we have been working for all these ages--the final result of all our unified work. Gentlemen, I present to you the Black Box . . . This calls for a celebration! Champagne, gentlemen! (Cheers from others) (To the Prime Minister): Has the General arrived?

PRIME MINISTER: Yes sir; he's outside.

INDUSTRY: Well then, fetch him!

PRIME MINISTER: Yes sir.

(As Others drink champagne Industry claps his hands and an aide whisks away the half-filled champagne glasses.)

INDUSTRY: In the hopes of increasing production, we want efficiency, drive, exactness. Gentlemen, the man who is responsible for all the resources of our drives is here. I present to you the General. (Quietly) You must treat him well. (As General enters, goes to greet him.) How nice to see you! May I introduce my friends here? Philosophy . . . (General, blind, misses each hand) Science, Art, Religion.

GENERAL: Well, let's settle the question of money.

(The Prime Minister tries to take the money, but the General eludes him each time by turning in the opposite direction. Finally, Industry grabs the money out of the General's hand on one of the passes and gives the Prime Minister a swift kick in the ass.)

GENERAL
(Continuing): Well, I guess that's settled.

INDUSTRY: General, I believe that they will treat you quite well. (Passes money to Philosophy, Art, Science and Religion, who play with the money throughout song.)

COMMON MAN'S MONEY SONG

Oh, the Common Man's Money, the Common
Man's Money.
Everybody knows.
They take from each other; then we take
it brother,
And that's the way it goes.

(Chorus again)

(Continuing
Song):

We lead the people; we lead the
people.
Through their noses they pay well.
I collect it in taxes.
I make it in packets.
And I send them straight to hell.

(Chorus again)

Oh, they buy the inventions of Science.
They purchase the creations of art.
They buy the rationale of philosophy.
And they buy salvation from theology.

(Chorus again)

INDUSTRY:

I leave you in their hands, General.

ART:

May I present to you what our colleagues,
under the guidance of Madame Industry,
have produced, General. Our artistic,
scientific, philosophical, theological
creation--the all, the everything, the
solution to all of mankind's problems.

GENERAL:

Oh, I can hardly wait!

(They sit down on couch; put Box
on General's lap and put their hands
into it. Oh-ing and Ah-ing. Orgasmic
reactions. Toward climax, they stand.)

GENERAL:

This is it!

SCIENCE:

This is it!

PHILOSOPHY:

This is it!

ART:

This is it!

RELIGION:

This is it!

(They turn to each other and all
jerk off. Then they go up to General
in love gush): Oh General, you've
done it, etc!

PADRAIC: (Gets out of bed, walks over to Box, looks inside.) My God! It's an empty box!

(They turn toward him in horror and grab the Box away.)

INDUSTRY: Can you prove that?

PADRAIC: Look for yourself, man. There's nothing in it.

PHILOSOPHY: Nothing? Do you not understand that Nothing is Everything?

(They chase him around stage toward bed, talking and yelling at him all the while.)

SCIENCE: The perfection of science.

ART: The beauty of nothingness.

PHILOSOPHY: The reason of unreason.

RELIGION: The ideal state of the Void.

SCIENCE: Gallileo (All freeze while he says this. Padraic's back is to the headboard) Do you deny that the earth is the center of the universe?

ALL: Recant, recant! (Padraic breaks away at last minute as they converge upon him.)

PHILOSOPHY: Paddy! We are talking about the fullness of emptiness!

RELIGION: Joan!

ART: We are your friends. We won't hurt you.

PHILOSOPHY: Admit that the Voice you heard was not from God!

RELIGION: Admit that it was the Devil's Voice!

ALL: Burn, burn.

(Padraic once again breaks away.)

ART: We are trying to explain to you the beauty of the Void.

SCIENCE: Don't be afraid, Paddy. You cannot die. We will give you a new heart and make you live forever!

(They chase him to couch where they grab him in crucifixion pose.)

ALL: Crucify him! Crucify him!

ART: If you are really the King of the Jews, why don't you come down from the cross?

PHILOSOPHY: Save yourself now, Jesus! (Jeers)

(They chase him to the bed where he covers his head.)

PHILOSOPHY
(Continuing): Socrates, drink from this cup of hemlock. It is your hour to die!

(They all gather around the General.)

GENERAL: Gentlemen, another triumph for our great society! We will militarize the earth!

(They start goosestepping.)

ALL: Heil, Hitler! Jah, mein Fuhrer!

GENERAL: We'll put the pigeons in uniform.

ALL: Oui, Napoleon. On to Moscow!

GENERAL: Assemble battalions of peacocks!

ALL: Hail Caesar! All hail!

GENERAL: Regiments of wolves.

ALL: Da, Comrade Stalin.

GENERAL: Platoons of seagulls.

(Art and Philosophy separate from General and Others and go upstairs, still agreeing with him.)

GENERAL
(Continuing):

Squads of ducks.

ALL:

Hail, Genghis Khan!

GENERAL:

All animals to be drafted! All unfit for selective service to be eliminated by sunrise. All life mobilized against our enemy. Each enlisted-man--whether gorilla, jackass or hawk--whether on sea or air or land--conscripted.

(The four rejoin the General, voicing their agreement.)

GENERAL:

(During the next beat, the General delivers his oration while walking up and down all the furniture and nearly walking over the stage, from which the others steer him and guide his steps as best they can.) Let the carrots stand at attention, the brussel sprouts salute as we pass. We'll use the wild onion and his brother Garlic to gas the enemy troops.

(They push the General up the stairs while he speaks of the Russian Revolution.)

GENERAL
(Continuing):

The new Soviet Man will triumph. Workers of the World, unite! We will bury Capitalism!

(When they arrive at top, Philosophy and Science go to other landing and push General back and forth between them and the other two, after the General has swung around once or twice with the Prime Minister who is standing there.)

ART:

Nero, Nero, Rome is burning!

GENERAL:

(Laughs and plays) Yes, I am playing so it will burn hotter and hotter.

ALL: Caesar! Hail Caesar! The Divine Man!
GENERAL: We will build a Tower of Babel that will reach beyond heaven. I will not tolerate any enemies inside the Holy Roman Empire!

(The General kicks Science and Philosophy down the steps. He then falls down the stairs supported by Art and Religion, speaking of the Stalin Deviation.)

GENERAL
(Continuing): The State must be purged! The farms must be collectivized! Kill the Cossacks! Imprison the peasants! The people must be enslaved! The bread must be taken out of their mouths!

(Science and Philosophy roll on ground 'til they meet General at bottom.)

SCIENCE and
PHILOSOPHY: Da, Comrade Stalin!

(They all go up left side of stairs while General speaks of the French Revolution.)

GENERAL: Liberte! Egalite! Fraternite!

ALL: Storm the Bastille!

GENERAL: (At top of stairs) The age of the Enlightened Man is here! . . . Danton . . . off with his head! I'll give them their freedom. Guillotine them all! Robespierre has taken over! (He kicks all four down the stairs.) Aristocracy, Clergy, Common Man--off with their heads!

ALL: Napoleon! Napoleon! The man we have been waiting for!

GENERAL: (Dives into their arms) On to Moscow!
(They carry him to stage front.) The Russian Winter destroyed them all. (All four collapse.)

(During the next beat the General walks up and down all the furniture and nearly over the precipice while the others try to guide him.)

GENERAL
(Continuing):

At last the dream of the military throughout the ages realized! All life in the service of our ultimate goal . . . Destruction in the defense of life. The air shall be filled with germs. Earth and water, ultimate weapons of destruction. The military is the defender of the nations. How can I make the people understand that the enemy is everywhere--and nothing short of the total mobilization of the whole earth is required to defend the State? We are in our greatest crisis--national emergency. Radical steps required. Ultimate weapon, Man. All bombs outmoded. People now shall be used as weapons against somebody--everybody--themselves even.

(At start of next line General breaks away and walks up stairs alone as others respond as if he were still with them.)

GENERAL
(Continuing):

Who is the enemy? Could be anybody--everybody--you--him--me!!! (Kicks Prime Minister down stairs. Others mount stairs to listen to him.) Hitler . . .

ALL: Heil Hitler!

GENERAL: . . . very misunderstood man. Spread terror, panic--turned man against man. Napoleon . . .

ALL: Vive L'Empereor!

GENERAL: . . . very misunderstood man. Anyone could attack and kill him. Solution: he attacked and killed everyone. Caesar, Alexander, Genghis Khan--all very misunderstood. (Kicks all downstairs.) They didn't hurt anyone.

(During next bit, General delivers lines while walking down stairs. At every line the four applaud and cheer.)

GENERAL

(Continuing):

We can only be sure of full security when no life is left on earth--when the last man is destroyed. Life is a risk. Death is certain. Why take a chance? Kill someone--anyone--everybody! Ultimate guarantee of a perfect life is death.

(All four are now at his feet and after this line, he starts beating them with his stick.)

GENERAL

(Continuing):

The entire German people went to death in great beauty--an entire people wiped out. A work of art!

(After all have been beaten down General falls over couch saying):

GENERAL

(Continuing):

A great day for the nation!

(Then he goes into confusion of tongues followed by all four babbling in different tongues.)

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! *with my
6
dear*

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?

ACT IV
Scene 1

UNCLE BILL: Fight for what you believe, Paddy.
Hold firm. Don't let them get you down.

PADRAIC: Oh, if only the whole procedure weren't
so undignified. I would stand up and
face the whole world if the whole bloody
business weren't so confusing.
Blood, blood everywhere . . .

UNCLE BILL: Aye, blood. It takes blood for a man to
get born--just as it did for you, a young
tyke, when you tumbled out of your mother's
womb--with an issue of blood. I didn't
notice you scrambling back to a still-born
life--dormant sleep in the dark of the
womb for all that. But all this blood is
good and clean when spilled in a just cause.

PADRAIC: I want peace so badly.

UNCLE MIKE: So does the whole world, except for a few
who make a profit out of all this bloody
mess.

PADRAIC: And because of those few, must there always
be this fighting, mauling and pulling?

UNCLE MIKE: You have got to remember those few are in
every man, Brother. Christ says a man's enemies
shall be the members of his own household.

PADRAIC: Oh, will misery never end?

UNCLE BILL: When good men stand up and put an end to
it, then it will end.

PADRAIC: And when do you expect that to happen Bill?

UNCLE BILL: At the end of time.

PADRAIC: At the end of time?

UNCLE BILL: Not till the earth transforms into a sun -

UNCLE MIKE: A blazing sun where every man is a pinpoint of light
(They laugh)

UNCLE BILL &
UNCLE MIKE: As Dad taught us.

PADRAIC: There was a man!

UNCLE BILL: There was a man indeed.

PADRAIC: And do you think it is true?

UNCLE BILL: What?

PADRAIC: All that . . . that he taught us.
That fairy tale about the sun?

UNCLE BILL: I know it is true.

PADRAIC: Your faith is greater than mine then
Bill; for in this great darkness that
is upon the world it seems to me an
utter impossibility. It seems to me
all we know of the universe is our little
ball of earth; the light is fading fast
and soon must be in darkness, and that
now only a miracle could save us from
our soon-approaching end.

UNCLE BILL: Only fairy tales are true. And as for
miracles, they come when men need them
most. The world has been dark before
and lit up by the deeds of good men.

PADRAIC: It is too late. Nothing can save the
earth or man from himself.

UNCLE MIKE: It was too late two thousand years ago,
But Christ came, and his friends with
him, and suddenly all was achieved.

PADRAIC: That was then.

UNCLE MIKE: He said: "I shall come like a thief in
the night."

PADRAIC: And think you His spirit is hovering
over us now?

UNCLE BILL: Yes, for Christ is so great . . . He
never sleeps, but is watchful of us always.

PADRAIC: Then why doesn't He do something Now?

UNCLE MIKE: Why don't you do something now? He can do nothing 'til you ask for his help.

PADRAIC: I am asking now, Brother; I am asking now.

UNCLE BILL: Then stand up man and face the world and play your part! You cannot just turn away. To do that is to turn away from your own humanity. The world needs what you have to give, and you need to give it. The earth is all we have got, Padraic. No greater love hath any man than to die for his friend. Who will die for God. Who will be his friend now in the hour of his need. God is a man . . . just like you. You could do worse than follow the manly example Christ has given us.

PADRAIC: But Christ was divine, and I am only a man.

UNCLE BILL: Only a man . . . But Christ was a man too. And don't you have something divine within yourself, just as He does? Doesn't every man? Isn't that what Christ's life taught us? And will any man's life be the same until he comes up to that love?

PADRAIC: Father Murphy would say you are talking blasphemy.

FATHER MURPHY: That is blasphemy, Bill. No man can dare compare himself to Christ.

UNCLE BILL: No M A N can dare not to!

FATHER MURPHY: Do you know what you are saying? Christ was the son of GOD.

UNCLE MIKE: And do you know what you are saying, you old pompous windbag?

UNCLE BILL: Are you saying that man is not within God?

FATHER MURPHY: Men are children and not responsible.

UNCLE MIKE: Then it is time they grew up and become sons of their Heavenly Father, or God will fail on this planet.

FATHER MURPHY: What are you saying?

UNCLE MIKE: I am saying, Father, that God needs help.

FATHER MURPHY: That's preposterous! You belong in a madhouse. God is perfect and cannot fail!

UNCLE BILL: Maybe your God is perfect and needs no help. But my God is greater than that.

FATHER MURPHY: Greater than that?

UNCLE MIKE: Yes, great enough to take help. Your outworn mechanical creeds were maybe good enough for yesterday when men were children. But more is demanded now if the earth will survive. Men must be men! My God is a striving God. He it is that cannot be satisfied, but is eternally striving for greater and greater and finer and finer life. And men must help him in that great purpose. Man must be responsible!

PADRAIC: Oh, if only he could!

UNCLE MIKE: He must or he will lose his life. Man must grow up and stand shoulder to shoulder with his Father and see that His work is done.

FATHER MURPHY: And what is that work?

UNCLE BILL: It is in the Lord's Prayer which you have been muttering for thirty years and failed to understand: "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." To make a fit habitation for God and his associates.

FATHER MURPHY: God is doing very nicely, thank you.

UNCLE BILL: You blind Pharisee! You hypocrite! God is doing very badly, for we are letting Him down. We men are his hands, legs, eyes, heart, mind . . . on this earth. And without us he is helpless.

FATHER MURPHY: This calls for excommunication.

UNCLE MIKE: Have you not heard it said: "God is within you--within each man." Your mistaken creed, your churchly perversion of Christ must be blown away so a new Christ and the true Christ may be born in this world again. He is right now like a thief in the night, shaking man's soul so that he awaken while there is still time.

PADRAIC: I marvel at you brothers. You are a marvel, William.

UNCLE BILL: Then speak up man!

PADRAIC: For what?

UNCLE BILL: For the truth. Be a witness to the truth, for that portion of God you know . . . A witness to the truth, for your soul is at stake. In a moral crisis, in the hour of man's need, silence is assent to evil.

PADRAIC: What . . . What did you say?

UNCLE BILL: I said "in a moral crisis . . . "

PADRAIC: No, no--that part about silence.

UNCLE BILL: Silence is assent to evil.

PADRAIC: Oh my God! Why was it that I couldn't think of that before?

UNCLE BILL: That's what older brothers are for. To show younger brothers the way when they are lost.

(Bill and Mike look at one another and wink.)

UNCLE BILL
(Continuing): Stage manager! Step in here, Paddy! There's something we want to show you.

PADRAIC: What . . .? Where?

UNCLE MIKE: Let's go up there now.

UNCLE BILL: Come Paddy, we are going to show you something!

(A flying machine is lowered for each character--something like a hobby horse. They all get on and start flying.)

FATHER MURPHY: Wait for me!

UNCLE MIKE: Look, the spheres! Aren't they gorgeous!

UNCLE BILL: Everyone a different color.

UNCLE MIKE: And listen to that heavenly music!

UNCLE BILL: Each one a different song!

UNCLE MIKE: Come, Paddy, let us introduce you to our special friend, Saturn, to whom Bill and I go whenever we are in need of wise counseling.

UNCLE BILL: He knows the secret of time.

PADRAIC: Oh, would I love to know that!

UNCLE MIKE: But don't get stuck here now.

UNCLE BILL: May I introduce sweet Uranus, the lover of sex and creation. Don't be shy now -- move a little closer.

UNCLE MIKE: And here is Mercury--Eternal Boy--swift-footed messenger. A wonderful boy! He is loved by all.

PADRAIC: (Padraic has fallen behind and suddenly discovers God high above him. He approaches a step or two.) Oh, my God! Is it you?

GOD: Yes, it is I.

(Padraic comes down)

UNCLE BILL: Paddy, Paddy, where have you been? We thought we had lost you.

UNCLE MIKE: You look surprised and confused.

UNCLE BILL: Let us bring him back to his senses.

UNCLE MIKE: Look here Paddy, the gem of Paradise--
beautiful Venus! She is coming to you.

(Exit Bill, Mike and Father Murphy.)

(Padraic in Paradise)

SATURN: Welcome, earthling, to Paradise.

PADRAIC: What brought me here?

SATURN: Wisdom, of course.

NEPTUNE: Oneness.

URANUS: Sex.

JUPITER: Compassion.

MERCURY: Light.

VENUS: Love.

MARS: Passion.

SATURN: Let's have a party!

JUPITER: Oh, we haven't had a party for the longest
time.

VENUS: For eons and eons.

URANUS: There hasn't been a stranger among us for
so long.

MARS: A feast!

VENUS: A celebration!

JUPITER: I bring nectar and ambrosia.

SATURN: I bring celestial garlands.

URANUS: I bring you the pure fire of sex.

NEPTUNE: I bring you the wealth of the oceans
of life.

VENUS: I bring you eternal love.

MERCURY: I bring you a cup of liquid light.

NEPTUNE: Paddy, do you know you have brought us
together by your coming?

VENUS: One man, and he moves the Gods.

JUPITER: These are all our gifts.

PADRAIC: May I stay with you?

ALL: Surely you may stay with us. The whole of
Paradise we will share with you.

URANUS: Paddy, you have added to the light up here.
You have caused our celebration.

VENUS: If you stay with us, you shall have
immortal life.

MARS: You shall have immortality with the Gods.

JUPITER: In our Father's house there are many
mansions . . . Why, you can visit Saturn!

SATURN: Yes, come to my palace, a structure crystal
clear wherein you will find the answer to
your every question. You can play in my
laboratories where there are the means to
solve the mysteries of the whole solar
system.

JUPITER: And after you have delighted in the glories
of Saturn's palace for a thousand years or
so, you can pass to Neptune's halls.

NEPTUNE: Paddy, let me tell you what is mine: Gardens
like Babylon's, all that is luscious and
fleshy, rivers of milk and honey--Eden--
white-limbed maidens--breasts, thighs beyond
compare. All that has existed, all that can
exist . . . I give you my wealth, my life,
my all . . . (Mohammedan gesture)

JUPITER:

Then after you have sated every desire with Neptune, you can visit the mansion of my fine young brother Mercury.

MERCURY:

You will be truly moved by my wondrous home. It is filled with light and radiance, swiftness of motion . . . dash through my golden fields. I am the motion of running rivers--of the larks--cascading brilliance. I am the reflection of God, the bee, the leopard, the tiger . . . the sinuous walk of a beautiful woman . . . the throb, the thrust of the universe . . . My home is a mansion of devotion, of duty, of service. I am the swift-winged carrier of the messages of our Father to all the Gods. Fly on my wings through the heavens! Bask in the glory of God! There you can play all the games of youth.

JUPITER:

Then, after all this you can come to my home, full of compassion and softness . . . The soft touch of a woman--the tender glance of a friend. I am the furnace of Heaven. Here you will see the growth of all I sustain, of all I order. Then, on to Uranus!

URANUS:

Paddy, I am the pure fire of sex. You will see the pulsing life of the universe, the galaxies and oceans being born anew--the mating of all life. I am that seed of individuality, imprinting my holy fire on everything living. Ecstatic fusion of the opposites--ecstatic union. I am the death, the rebirth, the renewal, the cosmic dance of union. I am the quick of life. I quicken all that lives. I make all to search.

VENUS:

I am eternal love. And after all this action, if you wish to come to my home you will find ME. Rest, warmth, peace, hope, comfort, security. I am the sympathy that makes the whole world kin. I am that which slowly flows through life and time and eternity. I am soft serenity and endless life.

JUPITER: These are all our gifts, Paddy.

URANUS: And Paddy, we welcome you to build here your own mansion.

VENUS: I would adore that.

URANUS: You can sport with every goddess in heaven. Any is yours for the asking. Paris could have only one. You can have them all!

JUPITER: All the gifts of Paradise we place at your feet, Paddy.

PADRAIC: But wait! My mansion is there; my family is down there! I must be going.

(Venus and Uranus restrain him and bring him to sit between them.)

VENUS: Wait! Stay with us awhile.

URANUS: You've only just come. We can't let you go so soon.

VENUS: Stay! Stay! Stay . . .

(As Venus puts a garland on his head Uranus and Venus caress and kiss him.)

ACT IV
Scene 2

MARY: To be leaving . . . this home I've loved so much. So many memories!

CHARLES: In a few moments Mary, you'll be down the stairs and have put all of this behind forever.

MARY: Forever? Did you say forever? Forever is such a long time.

CHARLES: This time tomorrow you'll be at the family estate among your family. You need a long rest, my dear. That brute has worn you out.

MARY: My family . . . yes. But this is my family! The children . . .

CHARLES: We will make arrangements for the children later. The important thing is to leave this house and at once.

MARY: Yes, at once.

CHARLES: Well, what is it Mary?

MARY: I don't know . . . You must give me a few moments to say goodbye.

CHARLES: One would think you had time enough for that.

MARY: It's all happening so suddenly.

CHARLES: Mary, you must consider me. After the way that ruffian and his brothers treated me, I would have never returned here save to get you out of here as quickly as possible.

MARY: How does one say goodbye to twenty-two years of living.

CHARLES: The past is lined with bitterness. You must forget it.

MARY: Yes, with bitterness, but with good things too. With fun and laughter . . . and love. It's not so easy to forget the past. I've only known one man my whole life. How does one start again, Mrs. Padraic Clancy Muldoon?

CHARLES: The past of which you were robbed. You're still young--in your prime. Think of the future and of the life that should have been yours, will be yours. You're a Bordelaise!

MARY: Bordelaise. It's so strange. No longer to be Mrs. Padraic Clancy Muldoon.

CHARLES: The strangeness is that you could have ever departed from it. You had such promise. You were always father's favorite. Everyone's favorite. The whole world that wealth and culture could provide--yours to command. You could have had your choice of any man to marry. And to think you gave it all up for . . . for . . .

MARY: The man I loved.

CHARLES: Love!! Don't speak of love! The man was an unconscionable upstart--an opportunist. you were young, impressionable. Unacquainted with the world. You were stolen. He stole you from your family, your friends . . . from me.

MARY: You musn't speak unkindly of him. He's not a bad man.

CHARLES: A black Irishman! He smells of the gutter. He's a rascal, a braggart, a liar, a cheat. He filled your head with cheap romances.

MARY: He filled my heart with joy. He was strong in those days. He knew where he was going. He had purpose. All the other men seemed so effete--so ineffectual.

CHARLES: And where did he lead you? To bankruptcy. I tried to warn you, Mary. But you wouldn't listen to me. And to have run off with the scoundrel without getting Father's permission! He would have never approved.

MARY: Yes, I ran off with him. Father feigned anger. But inside he was secretly glad. And Father would have approved. But it wasn't Padraic's idea. It was mine. I couldn't wait.

CHARLES: Mary!

MARY: It's true Charles.

CHARLES: Don't say that. You're my sister. I won't believe it.

MARY: He surely was the man of all men who knew where he was going. And with joy and with charm and the strength of his purpose. He knew how to play on a young girl's heart. My knees would buckle at his coming. And all the meaning of life was in his eyes.

CHARLES: You're defending him.

MARY: Why should I do that, now it's over? All over. Never to be again. And now my world is in a thousand pieces. And I must pick them up and start from scratch. I've loved a thousand loves in this bed. This room is filled with perfume from all my loves. And now farewell--the love knot bound in love now unloosed. This house has bound me in so many ways. All the sad recriminations, subtle pains, stolen glances, mad romances. My first born--here in this very bed. I was happy then. Tokens. Wild with joy. And then the second came tumblin' out. Wilder than the dance. A house to make, and building pains. 'Til every nook and cranny filled to bursting. My own House! My very own! Seventeen--Rachel's age. Good morning Mrs. Muldoon, and will you be expecting shortly? Mrs. Padraic Clancy Muldoon! Oh, how proud I was! And the days filled with expectation. And nights of love. Oh, the love nights of soft gaiety. Indescribable whisperings of love. The sweetness of his flesh against mine; and the soft dawn as we woke from our love slumberings, winging our way through the misty morning air. The plans and ambitions--the trips, the thousand and one unexpected things. His body; the imprint of a million meetings. Oh, take me out of here away from this house, Charles!

CHARLES: I will.

MARY: Oh, what is this pain that keeps me from leaving? Is it just my flesh unwilling? Do I lack resolve? Or is there something that holds my spirit too? I want to go, but something wild within me says stay.

CHARLES: The man has no class. You were so far beyond him; he could only resent you and try to drag you down to his level.

MARY: The class we were born into is not the only class that produces good men.

CHARLES: My dear sister . . . the same old illusion. How can you compare men and women of breeding and education and every worldly advantage with the common run of men?

MARY: Sometimes there is gold in the common run of men. Sometimes when you least expect to find it there are pearls of great price.

CHARLES: Rubbish. Libertarian ideas left over from the French Revolution.

MARY: You have not found it so?

CHARLES: Certainly not! People of our class are divided by a large chasm from the masses. An unbridgeable chasm! I offered the man an opportunity to improve himself for your sake. I couldn't have you starving on the pittance he makes. And he threw me out!

MARY: I wasn't starving, Charles.

CHARLES: Oh, weren't you? Deprived of the life that was rightfully yours. A professor's wife! Oh, come now; you who were born for the highest society.

MARY: There are worse things than a professor's wife.

CHARLES: The man lacks culture, position, wealth.

MARY: There are greater things than wealth.

CHARLES: What, for example? I begin to see that the flaw in your nature is deeper than I had thought. It explains how you could have allowed yourself to live such an unseemly life, and to have been dragged down to the gutter. My own sister! Could it be . . . Ah, yes, that's it! The high-born Lady's desire to go slumming with the chauffeur--or is it truck driver?

MARY: Charles, that's unfair.

CHARLES: Sex, pure and simple. And you married him. How obscene! If that's all it was, you could have had him and left him. You needn't have married him.

MARY: What are you saying?

CHARLES: The aristocrat's desire to go slumming with the common man. The flirtation with democratic ideas. Ugh!

MARY: Don't talk that way!

CHARLES: Well, that's all that type of man is good for, isn't it? A stud. There are dozens and dozens--hundreds of men like him for your pleasure--and far better dressed, too, I might add. How vulgar! My own sister carried away by lust--an obsession with an animal--a stud! How tasteless! But how thoroughly democratic. The satisfaction of every appetite. Yes, I have misjudged your character.

MARY: What are you talking about?

CHARLES: My dear sister, you're a fool. To have given your life away for what you could have bought and used and thrown away. Men like him are bought and sold every day. I buy them by lots--by the carload! The

CHARLES

(Continuing):

common man! Hah! I'll tell you about the common man. We feed them. We clothe them. We educate them. Without us they are nothing. Spineless, shiftless creatures--their horizon no broader than the sporting page. Dull tools. They'd starve to death if it weren't for men of our class.

MARY:

Charles, you don't . . . you can't mean what you are saying!

CHARLES:

Oh, don't I?

MARY:

But you're talking about human beings!

CHARLES:

Riff-raff. No more human than a dog. Human? Don't make me laugh. Why our greyhounds have more intelligence--the thoroughbreds in our stables more spirited--our hawks better trained. The mass of men are simply spiritless clay to be molded by us. Incapable of a thought beyond their own appetites---of feeling beyond their own lusts--incapable of any real culture. They live only for the moment and must be used only for the moment. For hundreds of years they've stood in our way, with their sniveling little dreams--their petty bourgeoisie ideas of democracy. We, who would make the earth great--our great vision of material splendor having to cater to the moods and inane folly of the democratic crowd. They have been a drain and an impediment. The masses live only for whim and for pleasure--for sensual gratification. But the day will be coming--and shortly--when all that will be over. For now we have what we had always lacked: The resources--the science--the mass communications to bend the masses to our will. And better yet--to replace them!

MARY:

You want to rape the world!!

CHARLES:

Doesn't everyone!

MARY: No! What do you live for, brother?

CHARLES: Power!

MARY: I can't believe my ears. Am I in a dream? Is this a nightmare from which I'm only now awakening?

CHARLES: You're tired. We've talked enough. Come, let us go, Mary. These things will become clearer to you later.

MARY: I can't go with you.

CHARLES: What?

MARY: I'm not going with you.

CHARLES: But you can't stay here!

MARY: You needn't worry about me, Charles. I'll be all right.

CHARLES: You must come with me. I need you Mary. When Father died I tried to carry on the family tradition as he would have wanted. Oh, the unspeakable difficulties-- and all for you.

MARY: I can't go with you. I have a husband.

CHARLES: I'm your brother.

MARY: A brother's not a husband.

CHARLES: A brother is more than a husband. . . We're of the same blood . . . and there's more: The Borderlaise heritage . . . You must think of that--our tradition. I have no children, no heirs. Agnes has married that fool Dillhammer and produced an idiot for a son. There's only you and me left. You must carry it on and your children after you. Each will be a king in his own right. For the older ones it's too late; but the younger ones we will educate and train rightly in the Borderlaise tradition. My own blood! Our line must not--cannot die out with me!

MARY: You talk as if they're your own children.

CHARLES: They are . . . the ones I never had.

MARY: You can't steal his children. Have you no shame?

CHARLES: You know what you mean to me Mary--what you've always meant. Our lost youth . . . I can't bear the thought of you in his arms. The vileness of it! Summer boating--riding--our golden times of childhood . . . You know my wife has never meant anything to me. And then the women . . . one after the other. No satisfaction. The only happiness I've known is with you--our youth together. I'll take care of you and protect you! I love you!

(He suddenly and impulsively seizes Mary and kisses her full on the mouth.)

MARY: (Wiping her mouth with the back of her hand as she breaks from him) Charles, how did you ever become so twisted?

CHARLES: You've been swindled by him with his stupid peace marches--his rantings and ravings to a bunch of hysterical peace-loving fools who wish to . . .

MARY: What did you say Charles!! (Pause) What did you say!!! My son was killed on that march!! He was one of those stupid, peace-loving fools who died for peace! You cold-blooded bastard!

CHARLES: Michael got caught in the middle. He was in the wrong place. He wouldn't have been there if your husband hadn't put those ideas in his head.

MARY: Go on! Kill and then shift the blame on to the innocent, as men of your kind always do.

CHARLES: The man's abused you. He struck you. You can't live with him any longer.

MARY: Oh, it's not the beating in hot blood I mind. It's the killing in cold blood.

CHARLES: You're not yourself, Mary.

MARY: No, I think it's only now I have become myself.

CHARLES: You don't know what you're saying. I'm your brother. I'm responsible for you. I'm going to take you out of this house immediately.

MARY: No you're not. This is my home. I'm staying.

CHARLES: Mary, you don't understand what you're doing.

MARY: It's only now I'm beginning to understand. You know, Charles, it's a terrible thing to judge another human being. I almost made a horrible mistake. This terrible sickness Paddy has fallen into . . . He's ashamed because he's powerless to fight men like you. The whole country is ashamed of what's happening--and debased and demoralized.

CHARLES: So you're going to stay with him? You're making a horrible mistake now. If you go back to him you'll destroy yourself forever. How could I be so mistaken about you? My own blood! How could you live with him? Why, the man's a fool!

MARY: He's a better man than you!

CHARLES: That's not spoken like our father's daughter.

MARY: Father wasn't anything like you think of him. He wasn't a murderer. He was rough and tough and he made money the hard way, and men feared him and women loved him. But he wouldn't murder a man for it. He believed in God. The sons are not what the fathers were. You're godless brother, and will stop at nothing because you have nothing.

CHARLES: And you think Father would approve of your Paddy? What has he ever done? No real money--no real prestige . . . nothing . . . a professor; he knows everything and can do nothing.

MARY: He knows what's right. All you can do is lead men and yourself to destruction.

CHARLES: You're beginning to sound like him.

MARY: It's only fitting. I'm his wife. I should. And my Paddy, as you call him, is a Man. He'd rather die than take part in what you're doing to people. My Man makes a profit when people live. You make a profit when they die. And Father would love Paddy. In a time like this he's the kind of man that Father would have been.

CHARLES: Don't make me laugh, Mary. Father had everything; this man nothing.

MARY: And do you know why, brother? Because Father had himself. And this country was founded by men who had themselves. Not selfless creatures like you. You're not a man. You were swallowed up a long time ago in a corporate board. You don't exist Charles; you simply don't exist.

CHARLES: I have the power. I have the power ...

MARY: You have nothing. You and everything you represent--big corporations and boards--are impotent. That's why you make slaves of the people: to prove to yourself that you exist. A free man would not have a slave; nor would he allow anyone to make a slave of him.

CHARLES: My business is to . . .

MARY: Your business is power over people's souls. That's your business, Charles. The Devil's business! Sweet Jesus! If Father could see you now!

CHARLES: Father believed in power.

MARY: Yes, power for further life--for greater life. Power to do God's will on earth. Your belief is to do man's will on earth, Charles--your own. You're despicable!

MARY
(Continuing): I never thought I could hate a human being as I hate you! Ah . . . You're lucky I don't put a dagger through your heart for what you're doing.

CHARLES: What good would that do, Mary?

MARY: No good; no good at all. (She begins to weep.) All my sons victims to your lust for power. First Michael and now, who knows; it could be Daniel. Oh Charles . . . Charles . . . How could you do this? What's happened to you?

CHARLES: It's the war. It's the war. Naturally, you're distressed because of young Daniel.

MARY: Yes, it's the war. Oh, but it's not just my young Daniel. It's all those brave boys--thousands and hundreds of thousands--forced to fight in that cruel mess you call Vietnam. Oh, those tender babes . . . lambs to the slaughter.

CHARLES: My nephew didn't have to go to the war. I offered to get him out of Vietnam.

MARY: Yes. He refused you. He couldn't understand why he should be exempt while poor white boys and Negroes had to go. Daniel loved Martin Luther King for that's what he was fighting against--that kind of injustice.

CHARLES: Someone had to go, sister.

MARY: And so let the riff-raff go. Their lives are worthless anyway. Is that right, brother?

CHARLES: Well, if you want to put it that way . . .

MARY: So you can make a profit out of their meaningless lives. They're only sheep. Take them to the slaughter and make your billions . . .

CHARLES: Now Mary, you're getting upset again.

MARY: Wild, you mean. Wild with anger. I say no one has to go. I say there doesn't have to be a war. I say this senseless slaughter of boys shall be stopped--must be stopped at any cost.

CHARLES: It can't be stopped.

MARY: Then you go and fight and be killed!

CHARLES: We have a wartime economy. The nation would be ruined.

MARY: You mean lose its fat. A nation of pigs should be destroyed! It doesn't deserve to live at the cost of the whole world's suffering. Then maybe we'd have a resurrection of lean and hungry men -- spirited--with the light of heaven in their eyes!

CHARLES: You can't change the world, Mary.

MARY: Then I don't want to live in it. I won't live in your world--a world that you made--a world that kills a man of God: Martin Luther King, because he speaks the truth and tries to get you to change your filthy rotten system.

CHARLES: My colleagues and I did not kill Martin Luther King.

MARY: Then your system did. And it's all the same, for you run the system. You are the system and you are responsible, you Judas! I'll tell you what your money is--your profits. It's purchased at the price of every decent man's blood--every good man's aspirations and ideals. And for thirty pieces of silver! You have and are murdering man's spirit--crucifying humanity and Christ! Get out of my house and don't ever come back!

CHARLES: We have to stop the Communists, Mary.

MARY: And the Communists have to stop the capitalistic fascists like you, eh? Don't give me that. Save that for the poor people you condition every day over that idiot box. What Communists? What fascists? You fellows in Russia and China and America wiped that out. You've made a

MARY
(Continuing):

deal among yourselves. And it's the people who get it in the neck. They're only people, and they're being killed all over the world by power--mad bastards like you. Oh, the war, the war! When will it end? When will the madness end? When will the people realize all over the earth that the men who lead them aren't their friends, but mean to eat them?

CHARLES:

You're talking like a Communist, Mary.

MARY:

Leave, if you don't want your head broken with a frying pan. Don't you use those threats on me, Charles, my boy! I hate racism, communism, fascism, capitalism, colonialism--and every other kind of "ism", including Americanism. It's these "isms" that the learned professors in your pay invent that divide and drive the world mad. Away with "isms" and let the people live! I'm for America and what it stands for. Freedom for each man to pursue his own ideal in accordance with his own divine conscience given to him by the Great Lord above. There aren't any nations in the twisted sense you mean. The world's too grown up for that. There's only neighbor and the love of God. One world. One beautiful earth and God!

CHARLES:

Not everyone can be a saint like you, sister Mary. There is a great evil in people--all people.

MARY:

Yes, there is great evil in people. There you're right for the first time. And why do you encourage it? Why don't you help men fight against it? Fight against themselves and conquer it? Why don't you lead them in the right direction, instead of down, down, down to hell?

CHARLES:

Because men as you call them don't want it.

MARY:

Want what? The people don't want evil.

CHARLES: Don't they?

MARY: I'll never believe that. Tempted, yes. But they don't want evil.

CHARLES: Then how do you account for the world? You are naive, my little sister. What an absurdity! A corrupt ruling class is responsible for the mess the world is in--the plight of the common man.

MARY: There's nothing wrong with the common man as long as he believes in God.

CHARLES: Yes, but does he? And if the ruling class is responsible, who put them there?

MARY: Not the people.

CHARLES: Yes, the very people you love, Mary. The ignorant, childish, infantile and very wicked masses. Wicked because they will not take responsibility for their lives.

MARY: John Kennedy was leading the people toward responsibility. Then why did you murder him?

CHARLES: That again.

MARY: Yes, that again. For that is the issue, isn't it?

CHARLES: That is the issue, but my kind and I did not murder him.

MARY: Who then? Who then?

CHARLES: He murdered himself.

MARY: Are you quite mad, Charles? Are you quite right in the head? Murdered himself . . . indeed!

CHARLES: Yes, murdered himself by putting himself in the hands of the people--the very people whom he believed in and counted on--who betrayed him.

MARY: Liar! The people loved him and still do!

CHARLES: Yes, and what has their love amounted to, Mary? If the people loved him as you say they do, and we murdered him, as you say we did, then why were they so quiet when we killed him?

MARY: Because they were in a state of shock--confused--terrified even!

CHARLES: Rubbish! The man was a traitor to his own class. He signed his own death warrant the day he turned from us--the powerful and responsible business interests of the nation. There was nothing we could do after that to protect him. He took matters into his own hands and turned from us--men of his own class who rule the nation.

MARY: The responsible business interests!

CHARLES: We were not responsible for the deed of one lone psychopath.

MARY: One lone psychopath? Do you really believe that? It was not humanly possible for one man to fire those bullets!

CHARLES: You forget the Warren Report, Mary.

MARY: The Warren Report is a pack of lies. It's been thoroughly discredited.

CHARLES: Can you prove that?

MARY: You know I can't. You've covered your tracks so well. No one can prove it in your law courts.

CHARLES: Well then, idle speculation.

MARY: And Robert Kennedy? (Pause) And Robert Kennedy?

CHARLES: Accident.

MARY: You liar! No one will ever convince me that those three men died in the natural course of events. But what's the life of those men--or the life of my son or a few hundred thousand sons--or millions--compared to your great vision!!

CHARLES: Mary, your distraught.

MARY: I see now that the same forces that killed those men, and hundreds and thousands of good men just like them, killed my son. And you're behind them! You're responsible, you devil out of hell!! Any man who stands up to you--who you can't buy--you kill. Any man or woman who tries to live--who's out to make this world a better place to live in--you murder.

CHARLES: How dare you judge me! Who are you to judge a man like me?

MARY: You lost the right to the name Man a long time ago. I don't have to judge you. You are your own punishment. I simply take your measure. One greater than I will judge you.

CHARLES: You don't seem to understand the times we live in. The assassinations are most regrettable. But they could have happened any time in the course of history. Rome had such an insane and violent period. Babylonia. It's happening now all over the world. If people are losing their reason, why do you blame us, the rulers? If any one's to blame, it's the entire American people for allowing it to happen.

MARY: You're cunning, Charles. And you know how to whitewash yourself beautifully. But save me your hypocrisy. The American people want to know the truth.

CHARLES: They have the truth.

MARY:

The truth as you see it--printed in your newspapers, broadcast on your television programs, filled with lies. You and the men of your class are in the worse business in hell: the perversion of truth. You've stolen the key to knowledge, and with your filthy money you've debased philosophy, religion--perverted science and art. You hate life, Charles. With your sterile, ugly buildings, your chemicals and pills, you want to die. You resent anyone who's alive and you won't rest 'til you reduce everyone to an ant or bee in your eugenically perfect beehive. You want to break the spirit of man and kill God, and be God yourself. And you'll stop at nothing to do it. Oh, for the power of Heaven to fight you!

CHARLES:

Let me tell you something, my dear. We built this country. We are the government! We have created the greatest system the world has ever known. The American people are the best fed and best provided for in the history of the world. Two hundred million people can't be wrong! What do we care for the opinion of the lunatic fringe--malcontents, idlers?

MARY:

Two hundred million people can be wrong! The entire German people under Hitler was wrong. The entire Russian people under Stalin was wrong. And under you the entire American people are wrong.-- An entire government can be corrupt--criminal. In your inhuman factories--your Satanic mills--you have created the greatest depravity system in the world. Greed! You have no vision--no dream of America that will lead the human race to greatness. Your cities are crumbling from greed. Good! Let them crumble! Then the people will see they've bought your greed package and are enslaved by it.

CHARLES:

People are willing slaves. What's all this fuss about? It's more comfortable for them. Slavery is more comfortable than freedom.

MARY: This is a government of the people, by the people and for the people.

CHARLES: Spare me your Lincolnesque sentimentality. We are the government. We built this country.

MARY: A nation is only great because of those few individuals who achieve greatness.

CHARLES: Exactly, sister.

MARY: And you are those few, is that it? No, brother. Supermen like you have had that dream before.

CHARLES: The people are motivated by envy and resentment. Slaves wishing to overthrow their masters and become masters in their turn.

MARY: Your contempt is boundless. Everyone's a fool but you. Well, the people are beginning to wake up and see what Europe has seen long before. You've stolen the world while men slept. Ugly Americans. No wonder the whole world hates us!

CHARLES: That's business.

MARY: It's also business being munitions maker to the world. Slicing up Japan and West Germany and South America, England, and whatever else you could get your hands on. That's business. Interfering with and exploiting the lives of people all over the world in order to make your grubby, dirty little deals. That's business. Supplying arms to Hitler while England's back was up against the wall. Supplying him with oil via Venezuela throughout the war while our boys were dying. That's business. Throwing Poland and Czechoslovakia to Russia. That's business. Supplying the Vietnamese and Chinese with half the equipment they use to fight us. Sending half a million boys over there to get your filthy oil while pretending to defend them in the name of democracy.

MARY
(Continuing): That's what my boy was fighting against. And that's what killed him.

CHARLES: I'm afraid our way of life is here to stay. If people don't like it, they needn't stay. They are free to go.

MARY: Go? Go where? People have to eat, don't they?

CHARLES: Precisely. As the Chinese must eat. The door to China is now open. The people are starving. The men in charge over there are very understanding. Our system will be institutionalized in China and Russia--throughout the world.

MARY: Over my dead body it will!

CHARLES: Then it will be over your dead body, Mary. It is inevitable. Our system is the more efficient one. Come with us, or be destroyed.

MARY: The same argument the Nazis used: "We are the super-race. Nothing can stand against us." Oh God, America saved Europe, but who will save America?

CHARLES: There's no sense our fighting, Mary. There needn't be enmity between us.

MARY: Ah, but there is!
There's bad blood between us. I'll fight you with every breath I have. I'll fight you with my last breath . . . for my children, for my little ones . . . for the world they must come into. Me and millions of men and women just like me--and for the same reason.

CHARLES: The America you dream of died a long time ago, sister. It began to die after the Civil War and completely died in this last decade when we consolidated our position. Your America is dead! It will never rise again!

MARY: That's when you set the people to work making straw like Pharaoh of old. And now all the peoples of the world shall make straw in your superstate of controlled production--controlled minds, controlled hearts--to your pyramid of greed. Is that it brother?

CHARLES: If you like.

MARY: You're mad.

CHARLES: Why? Because we have the power and mean to keep it? Because we will build the greatest empire of scientific technology the earth has ever seen? Because we have the power to achieve the final solution to all human problems on this earth?

MARY: A tower of Babel. Oh, for the power of heaven to fight you!

CHARLES: Heaven? Heaven doesn't exist!

* * * * *

(Up in Heaven)

PADRAIC: I must be on my way.

THE GODS: Oh no . . . No . . .

VENUS: Why do you want to go back to earth when all of heaven is before you?

JUPITER: All that turmoil . . .

SATURN: And strife . . .

MARS: And madness . . .

URANUS: Stay with us. Enjoy the fruits of Paradise!

PADRAIC: But I'm a man. My duty is to earth. I must be going.

VENUS: Don't you like us?

PADRAIC: Oh yes, yes . . . So much . . . But look! My woman is in trouble. That's my wife down there! She needs me. And that's where I live: 2214 Sycamore Street. Goodbye Jupiter, Saturn, Mars! I won't forget you.

(All the Gods crowd around him to say goodbye.)

GODS: Goodbye Paddy! Goodbye! Take care of yourself.

PADRAIC: Goodbye Mercury, Neptune, Pluto! Thank you for everything.

NEPTUNE: Thank you!

PLUTO: The pleasure was all ours.

VENUS: Goodbye, Paddy!

PADRAIC: Venus, I'll always love you! (Kisses Venus goodbye.)

URANUS: You won't forget me?

PADDY: I'll always remember you, Uranus!

URANUS: I'll fire your blood with passion. And be good health to you always.

VENUS: Don't leave me Paddy!

PADRAIC: I never could leave you, Venus. You'll be in my heart forever!

VENUS: You're a mortal. You'll forget.

PADRAIC: Not quite. I've been touched by the Gods. I'll remember you always!

VENUS: Promise?

PADRAIC: Yes. (As he flies toward earth)

MERCURY: (Calling) You will come back and see us sometime?

* * * * *

(Mary and Charles continuing)

- MARY: You've forgotten one thing. The spirit of man may not like your golden cities of ants in the sun. And if you don't stop and heed that spirit brother, it will rise up and tear down your factories and laboratories, your institutes and your universities, and raze them to the ground.
- CHARLES: The spirit of man will be made and unmade in our test tubes very shortly, Mary.
- MARY: A holy Roman Empire of planned births and planned deaths and all the sterility that lies between. Oh, for a Moses to deliver us! It won't work. You'll never get away with it.
- CHARLES: Who can stop us?
- PADRAIC: I can! I'm no Moses, but will I do?
- MARY: Where have you been? Have you been with a woman?
- PADRAIC: Aye, and what a woman! All women and yet one woman. You. She instructed me in the art of love. A goddess of a woman! I passed the time with her . . . I know not--an hour, a day, a year, a century or a millenium were all the same with her. Time stood still. There was no time inside and beyond.
- MARY: Are you feeling all right, Paddy?
- PADRAIC: I never felt better in my life.
- MARY: I think you're clear out of your mind.
- PADRAIC: I think at last I've found my mind, for at last I'm come to my senses--my self, and found the secret of all creation. It's a mystery I'd soon be talking about, but I think you've found a mystery or two yourself. And now for you brother . . .
- CHARLES: I have nothing to say to you.
- PADRAIC: Ah, but I have something to say to you brother. I have worlds to tell you. But don't let me interrupt your paltry dream--your great poetic vision. You were singing of . . .

CHARLES:

Interrupt? My paltry vision? How dare you speak that way to me. Why, we've taken the garment of the earth and stripped it bare. Taken minerals from the ground. Our metalurgy's transformed the world. Copper, nickel, lead--the raw material of our ambition has been transformed into gleaming brass--resolute steel--mighty iron, the framework of our nation; the guts of the world. Our factories singing in the night, our dynamos humming, our alchemy more fabled than any Arabian adventure has disemboweled the earth. We've scrapped the mystery from the sea, turned forests into paper, the desert into glass. We've lowered man toward the flaming center of the earth and toward the bottom of the sea. We've drained the salt sea marshes into resorts of pleasure. We've plunged our derricks into soft-yielding dirt; drilled through resistant bone rock and sucked the most precious blood of earth: oil, that makes the world go round. We've tapped the veins and arteries of the planet to bedeck and dress the world. Gold and silver, platinum and diamonds have we found. Treasure beyond compare, no pirate on the high seas could have dared. And all this secret knowledge we've lifted from the dark cavern of earth to light. These dark precious jewels we've used to beautify women--give pride to men. Our winged jets have unified the nations--broken through sound to make Peking and New York twin brothers. Our copper cables transposed into the nervous system of the earth carrying brain waves within seconds. We've knitted into one great masterpiece of mass communication the fellowship of sound. We've conquered gravity, the earth; and made that madcap fellow, the moon, our dominion. Our cyclotrons have broken the power of the sun; the atoms won. The electron's ours and all that's in it. We'll electronify the earth; melt the polar caps and soon be eating chicken a la sea from the oceans. We'll throw domes of radiant energies across our cities, and span continents in glass impervious to nature's wishes. We'll turn day into night; night into day. We've conquered air and sea and land and fire, and made them servants of our desire. Now light will soon

CHARLES
(Continuing):

be ours to command. The elusive speed of light we'll capture, and then the world is ours! Our rocket ships will circle Mars and Venus, and this decade will see the solar system within our grasp. Our laboratories have penetrated the gene, the chromosom, the sperm, the secret of the enzyme, the catalyst of life. We know the secrets of aging and of youth, the processes of quickening and slowing down. We've transplanted hearts and spermatic lives and every organ of the body. We can turn a man into a monkey and monkeys into men. We've replaced the human mind. It's now outmoded. We've replaced it with the computer which we've made from scraps of metal and wired all together. Since there's no design or moral purpose and life emerged by accident, nature always was a sorry worker. We've improved on her beyond all conception. You must admit we're clever. We are the conquerors of time and space--the creators of life--the conquerors of the solar system--the masters of the universe. There are no other gods but us--no other intelligence greater than our own. What have you to say to that? What have you to match it, Professor?

PADRAIC:

One Socrates is greater than all that. One flower in all its raiment. One child's laughter. The smile of an old woman as she comes to rest. If your factories can't provide for that, what can they provide for? What are your factories, your buildings, your laboratories to that? What are your corporations, your industries, your boards to the transcendental glory that creates worlds? Your factories, your steamships, your cities are one little pimple on the ass of Nature. One redwood towering to Heaven in true worship can teach a man more about his source--where he comes from and what he must do--than all your products and all your theories. A bluejay on the wing is a lesson in grace no painting can equal. The elk is a treatise in pride defying all description.

PADRAIC
(Continuing):

The bird of paradise whispers celestial secrets in my ear. The mockingbird mocks--not me, but all your vain ambitions. Great nature standing stalwart throughout the ages cannot be trespassed, encompassed or betrayed. Your factories whistling in the night--the humming dynamo--the winged jet. What are they to the song of God? The croaking of the knat, the billowing whale, the majesty of mountains, the cycling seasons. Sing you a tale for a day. I will sing you a tale for all days and all seasons. Forty million years of your time a winking of an eyelid--one hundred billion years, a mere breath--the birth growth death of a universe. One breathing-in-and-out of that first principle. Your atomic bombs--the buzzing of a fly. Your science--the rustling of a mouse. The blinking of an eyelid would impale ten thousand atheists upon a nail. In my thumb the power of a billion solar systems. Locked up in the secret of a thumb. The mind of man--faster than the speed of light. Send the fastest rocket across the blood stream of light. Mind will be there first. Eons hence, traverse the galaxies. Mind will be awaiting you and come out to greet you. Let your ultimate daring billions of years hence be to traverse a universe. Mind has traversed all universes, backward and forward turning. Do you say man is little brother? To be bent and turned and twisted on your lathe? I say he is immense. I, Padraic Clancy Muldoon, a citizen of the cosmos earth, an ordinary man, declare man's tyranny shall end. For 'til that ends, nation shall rise against nation; and the earth shall know travail. I, just one of billions. One drop of the ocean. Eternal by that reason. A citizen of the solar system--a citizen of the milky way and of the universe beyond. A citizen of all creation--by virtue of mind. Through mind I squeeze into the smallest--expand into the largest. Contract into the infinite; expand into the limitless. From infinite to infinite is my domain--worlds without ending. Do you say Man is little? I say he is immense, the wonder of Creation--the reconciler of heaven and earth. In me lies all creation;

PADRAIC

(Continuing):

All of heaven and hell,
Of every soul and state of man,
Of all the stuff of worlds am I contained.
Of all that's man and bird and twisted
form (am I).
Within me the rose, and the muck from which
the rose has climbed.
The lilly and the slime.
I am the murderer and the victim.
In me the hero, the clown, the doubledealer.
The hero's deed, the coward's fear.
Of every station, state, degree am I,
The spanner of continents.
Black, red, yellow, white, brown man all within.
Of every varied hue and shade am I.
No color more distant than another.
In me God and Devil do contend.
Is the sun far?
In me the message of the ages.
I declare I am made of sunlight.
Each electron of light
Locked within a molecule of air.
Each molecule imprisoned in a cell.
Change the scale; each cell a solar system.
Each electron does dutifully revolve
around its proton.
As do Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Earth
Around the sun.
Each one bound in its accustomed place.
In me the refuge of billions of lives.
Each cell container of quadrillions more,
Who are born, mate, live and die, as I,
their galaxy.
And I, to a greater, but a petty lump of flesh
and blood, their God,
To whom they lay all their oblations.
In fifteen seconds of my life
four centuries of theirs do pass.
God must be justified upon this earth, brother.
Out of this dark agony of night,
Out of your black satanic mills
Man will awaken
And sing the beauty of the earth from pole to pole.
The earth will awaken
and sing the beauty of creation;
Each molecule cell electron

PADRAIC
(Continuing):

Leaping, swirling, twisting, turning
in its accustomed place
The dance of all creation;
Each cell to every cell does sing;
Each particle of light to every other
rejoices in common harmony.
And I a simple, ordinary man,
The heir to all creation--ten thousand
years of watchful expectation
The heir to all of this world creation.
For me the orbs did all arise, form and
coalesce and condense.
For me the winged bird did fly,
So that I with watchful eye could see--
Could catch the meaning.
And seeing, say, ah, yes.
And return the knowledge to its source--
Its great Creator, the master of the
workshop waiting to see if I His puppet
would guess the meaning,
The sky, the sea, the earth, the fire and I.
In me the purpose of all creation,
I, transformer of nation, peoples, worlds,
I make to rise and fall.
The voice of God my own.
Every particle of me: my flesh, hair, eyes,
blood, organs, God's.
He enters me to possess and ravish me.
He become I,
And I, He . . . For there is room for only one.

MARY:

Oh God!! That's it.

(She runs to Padraic and embraces him.
Charles turns in fury, and heads for door.
Grandmother is waiting with his hat;
Great-grandfather with his coat. He puts
hat on, grabs coat and exits in blind
fury. As he does so, Herb, Agnes and
Bernard enter. They collide. Charles
ends up on floor; Bernard halfway into
room with Charles' coat over his head,
and Herb with Charles' hat in hands.)

AGNES:

Charles, what are you doing on the floor?
(She starts to help him to his feet. Herb
starts to brush him off, and put hat back
on head. Charles grabs hat.)

CHARLES: Leave me alone! (Goes to Bernard and with great and furious dignity takes coat Bernard is still wresting with) Give me that, you idiot!

MARY: (Laughing quietly, trying to restrain herself. Charles gives her a piercing look.) I'm sorry Charles, but you do look ridiculous!

CHARLES: I'm through! Do you hear me? Through! Forever! (Exits)

AGNES: Charles, where are you going? The cab's downstairs. We've been waiting for you. What's happened? (To Padraic): What have you done to him? What have you done to my brother, you brute!

MARY: You can follow him, Agnes.

HERB: What . . . ?

MARY: You heard me. All of you. Please leave.
(They look at one another.)

AGNES: But I'm your sister!

HERB: I'm your brother-in-law.

BERNARD: I'm your nephew.

ALL: We're your family.

MARY: You were my family.

HERB: But this is unheard of!

BERNARD: I've never been treated this way in my life.

AGNES: What have you done to my sister, you monster!

HERB: He's hypnotized her.

BERNARD: He's got her under his control.

MARY: I'm warning you, Agnes. Get out of my house!

AGNES: And leave you unprotected with this . . . this . . .

HERB: Maniac!

AGNES: I'll do no such thing. After the way he's treated you . . .

MARY: Agnes!

AGNES: Come, my baby sister. We're taking you out of this house at once.

MARY: Agnes, take your hands off of me.

BERNARD: Mother is trying to help you.

MARY: If you don't get out of my house this instant, I'll . . .

AGNES: We're taking you home with us.

HERB: This man is dangerous!

MARY: You're talking about my husband!

AGNES: Mary darling, you're in no condition to judge. He's not a proper husband. Look at the terrible state he's put you in.

HERB: He has no heart.

BERNARD: Now he's trying to make you destroy your family.

HERB: He's going to get you next, Mary. He's going to attack you. I know it. I knew men like that in the war. First their son; then their other son, and then their wife.

MARY: Get out now!

BERNARD: We're not going to move.

HERB: We will not leave.

AGNES: I'd rather die than leave you to his mercy.

MARY: You asked for it! Stage manager! Where's my broom? (Stage manager enters and hands it to her. Mary starts swinging the broom.)

BERNARD: Take that broom away! Take that broom away!

HERB: Get that broom away from her!

(Mary starts to beat them back out of the room.)

BERNARD: Oh, my eye! My eye! Mom, she hit me in the eye!

(Bernard starts hopping around, holding one hand over his eye while attempting to dodge the remaining blows.)

AGNES: Bernard! Come to Mommy, Bernard. Mary! how could you do this to my baby! (As the broom lands on her head, knocking her hat askew) Mary!

MARY: And that's not all!

(Herb catches it next in his groin.)

HERB: Ohhhh . . . Agnes! Help! She's killing me!!

AGNES: Oh Herb! My poor Herb!

MARY: Get out of my house!

AGNES: Mary!

MARY: Get out! Get out!

(Mary starts swinging with wild passion now, as she backs the three of them toward the door, their backs against the corner of the room.)

HERB: Agnes, do your work! (As he pushes Agnes in front of Bernard and himself behind Bernard, so they are all lined up in a row.)

MARY: Get out! Out! Out! Out!

HERB: No! We will not leave. (As Agnes, who is receiving the brunt of the blows, in terror flees behind Charles.) Bernard!

(Herb pushes Bernard in front of himself and Agnes, who is now behind Herb.)

BERNARD: You see what your doing? (All three are quaking in terror.) You're killing us! You're killing us!

MARY: You parasites! You leeches!

AGNES: We will not leave!

HERB: You'll have to kill us first!

MARY: Bloodsuckers! Get out of our lives!!! (Herb, Agnes and Bernard flee out door in terror.) And stay out! (Mary sweeping Agnes, Bernard and Herb out with broom.)

GRANDMOTHER: You're a grand housekeeper Mary.

GREAT-GRANDFATHER: She's swept the dirt out of this house.

GRANDMOTHER: And you, Padraic, see that it's kept out.

MARY: Did I do right?

GRANDMOTHER: You did more than right.

GREAT-GRANDFATHER: You did well!

GRANDMOTHER: You couldn't have done better if you were my own daughter.

MARY: That's high praise coming from you Mother.

GREAT-GRANDFATHER: She's got a lot of spirit that woman. I think she'll make you a good wife.

MARY: God knows, I've had twenty-two years of practice.

GRANDMOTHER: And you, my son, I think you're ready to get married at last.

GREAT-GRANDFATHER: There's nothing for it but to give them our blessing.

PADRAIC: For every unkind word . . . for every act of unmanliness . . . I'm sorry. I . . .

MARY: (Mary puts her hand over Paddy's mouth.)
Ssh . . . Hush. (They unite in a kiss.)

PADRAIC: My soul . . . The mirror of myself.
My soul's delight.

GREAT-GRANDFATHER: She's your booster rocket to glory. She'll fan your fire.

PADRAIC: She'll light my way to Paradise.

GREAT-GRANDFATHER: With a woman like that on your tail, you'll soon be champion of the world.

MARY: And you, Mother, do you approve of me?

GRANDMOTHER: Well, it's taken me twenty-two years for me to make up my mind about you Mary, but . . . I'd say you pass. You're a Muldoon at last. (Slips ring off finger and gives it to her.)

MARY: Oh Mother, your wedding ring!

GRANDMOTHER: Aye. The symbol of unremitting effort. I'd say I could die in peace now. My crazy

GRANDMOTHER
(Continuing):

son has finally got a woman with sense. Come on Father, it's been a long day and I'm tired.

GREAT-
GRANDFATHER:

Die? You're terribly selfish. And who'd take care of me?

GRANDMOTHER:

Don't worry Father. I've no time to die. I've too much work to do.

GREAT-
GRANDFATHER:

Oh, you almost scared the life out of me for a minute. That's right: dying takes time. It can't be rushed. It takes time to die.

GRANDMOTHER:

And time to give birth.

GREAT-
GRANDFATHER:

Like all the good things, it takes time. Well, son of my best beloved son, I see you're ready to inherit the earth at last. She reminds me of your mother, daughter. Now there was a woman could get a rise out of any man. Did I ever tell you the time when . . .

GRANDMOTHER:

Yes, Father, tell me all about it . . .
(as she leads him out of the room)

(Paddy and Mary start laughing
in soft gaily as they embrace.)

CURTAIN

THE BRIGHTEST DAY AND SWEETEST NIGHT

Now comes the brightest day and sweetest night
I knew would come
And time was never longer nor more still
Within my home

The hundred thousand moments of my life
Now plunge like roots
And fling green branches curled with leaves of love
Through every room

I feel the children's laughter and their tears
And hear my husband's heart beat with my own
The smell of winter's morning and the spring
Like flowers whispered on my breath

When comes the brightest day and sweetest night

My man is near
Gone past the time and talk of right or wrong
He'll find me here

I feel him turn to hold me as I wake
And watch his eyes pour smiles upon my face
His prophet's voice speaks softly in my ear
Like kisses streaming through my blood

When comes the brightest day and sweetest night
My man is near
While every tongue in heart and brain will sing
I am your wife!

AFTER SONG.
ENTER STAGE
LEFT

MAI LING: Or everything you taught me.

PADRAIC: Hey, look out now; I've learned a lot from you.

MANUEL: I've given you a lot of trouble Professor.

PADRAIC: (Tousling Manuel's hair) You, Manuel? I never would believe it!

(They break into laughter and Manuel impulsively hugs Padraic. All the students crowd around him in farewells.)

STUDENTS: To you Professor. To you . . .

PADRAIC: There's just one thing I want to know. Something I'm sure you can teach me. You've been here two years now. Have you discovered America yet?

HUANG PO: It's been a wonderful country.

YUDISTHIRA: Generous, free, hospitable . . .

NATASHA: A place where men of all creeds and races can learn to live together.

MAI LING: But there are so many contradictions . . .

HANS: Something is missing . . .

COLLETE: For me America is the unknown--the new--the undiscovered continent of self. The place where I can find out who I am. You've always taught us every outer place corresponds to some inner place within. I guess America is in what you said before. A place where each man and woman can find their conscience without any of the old authorities of king or custom or tradition, or even God, blocking the way. The idea of America . . . and that's what I'll take back with me when I go home.

(Padraic meditatively nods his head. Long pause.)

YUDISTHIRA: Yes, yes. I could not have said it better myself.

MAI LING: To you, Professor Muldoon, and the spirit of America!

STUDENTS: To you, Professor Muldoon! (They all toast.)

PADRAIC: I sing you a great mystery. America, I Sing! One World I sing!

(They all drink.)

PADRAIC: Well, you've given me a lot of toasting and before we go our separate ways, there's one word more I'd like to give you. It's not the dying that counts. It's the living for. Will you live for it boys and girls? Will you stake your life on it? That's the only thing that counts; what you value; what you live for; and what you'll never swerve from or betray. Aye, even though men try to stop you. Aye, even though they kill you for it. Promise me that, boys and girls, and we'll call it quits. I don't know if I ever taught you anything, but I have tried to teach you that. And now, it's time to say goodbye.

COLLETE: Will we ever meet again?

YUDISTHIRA: Who knows if our paths will cross . . .

MAI LING: Or if we'll ever meet again . . .

PADRAIC: Sure we will, one place or another.

HUANG PO: One time or another.

MANUEL: Do you believe that Professor?

PADRAIC: Yes, I believe that. How can I not, when from time to time I'll be recollecting your shining faces. Manuel, with "I don't believe that Professor." And Collete, with "Can you prove that Professor?" And Hans, with "We'll see about that." And Huang Po, with "I don't know Professor." And Mai ling, with "I'm not sure I can do that." And Yudisthira saying "In my country Professor." And Natasha, with "Why Professor?" And Ishi, who probably won't be saying anything.

(They all laugh gayly.)

PADRAIC
(Continuing):

Oh yes, one day, in this world or the next, we're sure to meet again.

MANUEL:

I don't believe that, Professor.

(Everyone breaks up with laughter.)

PADRAIC:

How can we not? We're all on the same journey. And have been since the beginning of time. Somewhere beyond space and time, beyond all contradiction, beyond anything we can sense or think or feel or know, lies the whole. To be able to take our stand in that and say yes forever. To be in the presence of that Unknowable, Unnameable--that quickener of life that makes each passing moment so fair and all creation new. What would a man not pay for that great privilege? What cost would be too great?

~~MAI LING~~
HUANG PO:

Oh, I would give anything to catch one glimpse of that.

YUDISTHIRA:

Yes, yes, yes . . .

HANS:

Oh, to see that mighty vision!

PADRAIC:

A man can do anything he chooses. If we choose to be men, we can see it.

NATASHA:

We're not called Muldoon's Folly for nothing. We're the Magnificent Seven--and Ishi makes eight. We'll ride through time with you.

PADRAIC:

And you'll take your chances?

ISHI:

We're men and women now. School is out. We'll ride with you, but each of us is on our own. As you've taught us,

YUDISTHIRA:

One moment of deathless seeing is worth all the rest.

~~MAI LING~~
G-KUANG

What are we waiting for? Let's go!

PADRAIC: That's what I want to hear! Come on then, lads and lasses, let's get on our chariots of fire. We'll travel fast as heart's desire. And off we go through the Fourth Dimension! What mankind needs is a reconciling vision, past all division, that harmonizes instinct, mind and heart. We need a mighty vision that unifies the world -- self, family, nation -- all peoples, times and places. We've got to stretch to reach that. A unifying vision that leaves nothing out: The races of the world, all countries, planets, solar systems. For this is the age of mind. We've got to get up in ourselves--get on our tiptoes and look as far as the eye can see--open our minds to the uttermost branches of the tree of life. Let's trace it from our rude beginnings. Here's mankind racing through the corridors of time. Comes Egypt and Pyramids to the sun.

COLLETE: The dance has begun.

PADRAIC: Can you see?

YUDISTHIRA: Yes; comes India with Krishna, Buddha and the Song of God.

~~MAT LING:~~
G KUNG: The celestial middle Kingdom China spins its golden thread. Lao-tzu and Confucius bring the law of reciprocity and the spirit of family is bred.

PADRAIC: We're standing tiptoe on the shoulders of time. What comes next?

HANS: Mars is in ascendancy. Europe spawns its first civilization: The fighting men of ancient Greece.

NATASHA: Next comes Venus, star-gazer, medieval cathedrals; the Holy Roman Empire which sires all the Russias, France, the Hapsburgs, England, Germany.

MANUEL: Arabia and medicine, alchemy, and the stars. The poets of Provence. The Grand Inquisition. The Reformation.

ACT V
GODS' EPILOGUE

MARS: He did it!

PLUTO: Out of all the endless possibilities, he did it.

JUPITER: The New Age is launched!

SATURN: Our work is done.

NEPTUNE: And just begun.

URANUS: We're on our way!

MERCURY: Where are we going Jupiter?

JUPITER: We'll have to ask our elder brother, Pluto.

PLUTO: Toward the galactic center!

VENUS: You mean His Holiness is going to try for it?

PLUTO: Yes.

THE GODS: Hurrah! Hurrah!
(The gods' song)

VENUS: To man!

MERCURY: The glory of the world!

URANUS: The only begotten Son!

NEPTUNE: The Redeemer of the Universe!

MARS: And now Boundless Space....

PLUTO: And Limitless Light.

URANUS: To the Eternal Life!

NEPTUNE: To the Father--Mother--Child, Creator!

VENUS: The Man--Woman--Birth-Maker....

JUPITER: To the height!

SATURN: The Depth!

MARS: The Length!
MERCURY: The Width!
MOON: The Breadth!
ASTEROIDS: To the Infinite!
SATURN: The Eternal!
JUPITER: The All-Creator--Maintainer--Sustainer!
NEPTUNE: The All in One!
PLUTO: And One in All!
MERCURY: Breath of my Breath!
SATURN: Blood of my Blood!
MOON: Quick of my Quick!
MARS: Might of my Might!
VENUS: Life of my Life!
URANUS: The One and Only Life!
JUPITER: Pervading All....
PLUTO: To the Nameless One!
ALL GODS: The Incomprehensible, Unknowable
Knower of us All!