

(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)