

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.)