

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.)