

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 Pharoah 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!

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(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 spermatoc 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 wrestling 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