

**The Saints of Father Lyons**

by

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*THE SET IS COMPOSED OF THREE CURTAINED OFF AREAS.*

*FATHER LYONS STEPS OUT IN FRONT OF THE FIRST CURTAIN. HE IS A MAN IN HIS LATE FIFTIES. HE IS WEARING A PAIR OF BAGGY OLD MAN BLACK PANTS AND A LOOSE OLD LUMBER JACK'S SHIRT AND CLERICAL COLLAR UNDERNEATH IT. HIS FACE IS WORN, HIS EYES PENETRATING AND DEEP SET. AT TIMES WHEN HE TALKS IT SEEMS HE IS ADDRESSING INNER VOICES WHICH WE CAN'T HEAR. HE IS SURPRISINGLY AGILE.*

*FATHER LYONS: (HE STEPS OUT AND LOOKS INTO THE AUDIENCE. HE IS FEELING THEM, TASTING THEM. HE SPEAKS LOW)*

Good evening. My name is Father Lyons, I would like to welcome you on behalf of the Spirit. I'm pretty sure its the spirit. *(HE LISTENS)*

Yes, yes, yes, it's the Spirit. That's right, on behalf of the spirit. Forget the rest of it it. The rest of it's like spin the bottle. *(HE PAUSES AND LOOKS AT THEM INTENSELY HE SPEAKS LOW AND SLOW, GIVING EACH WORD ITS DUE WEIGHT.)* We are of the spirit,

sweet angels, all of us, that is everyone, even you. *(HE LETS THAT SINK IN)* "So what?", you say. *(HE PAUSES AND LET'S HIS EYES PENETRATE THEM)* . That's easy to say isn't it? "So what?" But is it so easy to live with? "But what choice do I have?" You say. "The truth is the truth", you say. "I would like to believe that there is the spirit.

But I just simply can't" So you say, "So what?" You say, "Go wear your little black suit, let people stare at you on the bus and think how lucky you must be to believe in something. So go on and believe in whatever it is that keeps you going until the final and complete end of all reality." *(HE PAUSES AND LOOKS INTO THE AUDIENCE)*

Well, that may make you feel all right, scientific, authentic, but yet there is that certain drag. You try to look at what the problem is. You try to look at what the problem is. You read books, you explain it and for awhile you feel better perhaps, but then underneath it all there is that certain "grit." What about it? What's going on? Here are these books. Here are these friends. Churches have been built. Veritable sky scrapers of interconnected thought. We have milked the universe. But it's only paper, meat, and hot air. It is what it is what it is. "My greasy God have I manufactured it all? Is it merely the saga of underpants?" *(HE PANTS).*

*(SUDDENLY AN ENTIRELY NEW VOICE COMES OUT OF HIM. HE IS NOT QUOTING. HE IS ACTUALLY SPEAKING IN SOMEONE ELSE'S VOICE.)*

VOICE: It doesn't really matter.

FATHER LYONS: But it does. We are the emanations of the of the Spirit. Let me tell you something. Once something is created it can never be destroyed. Never! Do you understand that?

VOICE: What a thought! It's like death.

FATHER LYONS: It is not! There is no death.

VOICE: (*SHRIEKS*) Ahhh! No death! Not death! Lying in our boxes thinking about forever.

FATHER LYONS: (*THRUSTING HIS HANDS UP AS IF QUELLING A CROWD*) No! No! Give me a chance. It is rapture!

VOICE: Rapture? Rapture? Intellectual fucking faggot!

FATHER LYONS: (*SUDDENLY GAZING DOWN AT HIS OPEN HANDS, SQUINTING*) They've got Quietism in this book but they don't have rapture.

*(DISCONCERTED, HE MURMURS AND WALKS BEHIND THE CURTAIN. HE DRAWS IT BACK REVEALING A TABLE AND CHAIR. THERE IS A LIGHTED CANDLE ON THE TABLE, A BOOK, AND A FLASK OF HOLY WATER. HE FEELS AROUND FOR SOME SPECTACLES AND FINDING THEM PUTS THEM ON. HE HUNCHES OVER THE BOOK, HIS NOSE ALMOST TOUCHING THE PAGES, STILL MUTTERING)*

FATHER LYONS: Quietism, but not rapture, Quietism but not rapture... Wait, wait, wait. It's not Quietism. It IS Rapture and it is...it is...possession. Yes. (*HE BACKS HIS EYES FROM THE PAGE AND FOCUSES THEM, TRACING THE WORDS WITH HIS FINGER*) Possession. (*READING*) "holding, having as one's own, having as one's own, having occupancy as distinct from ownership." Yes, here it is. "It is a truth of faith that preter-human principalities and powers exist and are operative in the world." (*HE CHUCKLES*) You ain't a kiddin. "These powers express themselves in sickness and death and everything in human life that tends toward self destruction." That's not true! That is not true! They express themselves. Schluss. They express themselves in everything. (*HE EXAMINES THE THE PAGE MORE INTENSLY, ANTICIPATING*) Ah, here it is. "From a religious..." A what? "From a *religious* point of view it is neither possible nor particularly desirable to draw a sharp distinction between possession and natural sickness." Dog vomit! You see! These priests do not believe the Spirit is real! They don't believe in the Spirit. They believe in "religion" instead. They don't realize that Spirit is the basis of all reality. No horror film

can begin to capture the hideousness of such a vision, a world without Spirit.

*(HIS FACE SUDDENLY OPENS UP AND A HUGE GAPING SMILE EMERGES AND A THUNDEROUS LAUGH BREAKS OUT OF IT.)*

FATHER LYONS: *(IMMEDIATELY BECOMING HIMSELF AGAIN)* That's all right. Let it me. Leave it alone. They don't believe in it, possession, the passing of lives *(PAUSES)* before us. It is too old to be seen. But like everything else, it is here. Can't be too precious about it.

*(SUDDENLY BECOMES ADOLF HITLER SCREAMING)* Fay precious cradling of the Reich!

CARDINAL: Oh how autobiographical. How existential. How can you listen to this simpering, saccharin garbage. Go see a shrink and let me out of

FATHER LYONS: *(CUTTING HIM SHORT)* That's one of them now. A fat little lady bug who fed on gossip until the Pope gave him a red beenee. I'm sure you'll get another peep at him. *(HE LOOKS DOWN AT THEM BEWILDERED)* Why is it that I keep thinking that you're standing up? *(HE SITS DOWN)* This is my mission.

*(FATHER LYONS BECOMES TWENTY YEARS YOUNGER)*

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: to doop you into sitting there and make you believe I am who I am not. Like Jesus and the Theocracy who would have you believe that he was the son...No! No! Let me rephrase that...That Jesus IS the son, the one and only son of God as no other human being is. That HE, get it, "HE" is it and that you and me who are exposed to everything that is implied by destiny are not. Overbearing fucking Kike! Jesus grounds his credibility on the fact that he is the son of God, on the miracles he's worked and because he rose right out of the grave they put his dead body in. *(HIS FACE BEGINS TO CHANGE SHAPE. IT BECOMES THE FACE OF A DEAD MAN. IT'S MOUTH OOZES OPEN.)* Not bad. *(HE BECOMES HIMSELF AGAIN)* But I didn't see it. I didn't see anybody ever get out of it's body *(A SILLY PARANOID, STONED FACE COMERS HIS AND HE SCANS THE AUDIENCE WITH IT AS IF HE WERE LOOKING AT A ROOM FULL OF GHOSTS)* and walk around. *(IRISH BROGUE)* Oh, I'll die a good old death, smiling happy faced above me brier, old death sitting with his bald head underneath my skin. *(HE LOOKS OUT AND SEES SOMETHING COMING. AT FIRST HE'S CURIOUS. THEN,*

*HE RECOGNIZES IT.) Oh no! (HE THROWS HIS HANDS UP OVER HIS FACE) My god! Not now! (HE DUCKS. HE PEEKS OUT FROM BEHIND HIS EXTENDED HANDS) Momento Mori (HE MAKES A FIST) the grip. Eviscerated corpses open bellies with guts plopping, slobbering on thighs and knees, bodies slit from chin to chine, severed, breasts, gobs of eyes and fingers and hair, carpets of shit, heavy canisters of urine pierced with holes, spraying the gaping eyes and mouths and cadavers, thousands of cadavers, men, women, fetuses thrown higgly-piggly over a stoney plain.*

*(YOUNG FATHER LYONS IS KNOCKED ON THE FLOOR. HIS BODY BOUNCES AND SPRINGS UP TO ITS FEET. HE HAS BECOME AN ALIEN SPIDER MONKEY LIKE CREATURE, IT IS AGILE, SWIFT, INHUMAN. IT MOVES ABOUT THE STAGE IN OBLIQUE SURPRISING ANGLES. ITS HANDS MOVE AS IF THEY HAD A LIFE OF THEIR OWN. ITS EYES ARE INCREDIBLY INTELLIGENT. ITS SENSITIVITY AND AND RECEPTIVITY AND INHUMANLY ACUTE. ITS VOICE IS CLEAR AND BELL LIKE.)*

THE CREATURE: I'm the Catcher.

Water in your side  
wash me.

Within your wounds  
hide me.

Let me go.  
Let me go.

Call me.

So that the angels  
and I may worship you  
forever and ever.

I lived, I lived upon his mighty mighty mind mere-mere  
and chewed upon the willows of heart  
Teihard Teihard  
meeting up meeting up  
out of the blue out of the blue  
home homo om moan oh  
good morning  
how was the night.

Wake up.  
Wake up.  
From out of us came  
the snout, the snake,

the slimly fruit snails,  
la la la la lish

s w i n g . . .

*(HE BECOMES A MAN POINTING BACK AT CATCHER)*

MAN: He's dead! He's dead! Throw him away!

*(HE BECOMES FATHER LYONS.)*

FATHER LYONS: *(ECSTATIC)* The spirits are eternal and yet they go through changes just like you and me. *(HE WINKS. HE SITS)* It's no secret. That thing that just preceded me is a being from the Omega Point when all humans and all matter will be elevated to a unity only dreamed of by the visionaries and saints of the past. In its world it changes too, just as I do in mine, or so it seems for I am getting older, nearing some stage or another, struggling through my society. Of course I do have some position. I'm the keeper of a Sanctuary, The Library of Saints. *(HE SPREADS HIS ARMS AND HIS EYES DANCE IN HIS HEAD)* The soul. The Spirit. Which is it? "The bird doesn't fly because it has wings. It has wings because it flies: The soul is a young child coming naked from the mouth, my mouth for example. *(HE PULLS A RUBBER SNAKE OUT OF HIS MOUTH)* It is burning in the heart. Look. *(HE GOES TO A CORNER AND DIGS OUT A SHOE BOX. HE PUTS IT ON THE TABLE. RUBBING HIS HANDS IN ANTICIPATION, HE OPENS THE BOX, AND PULLS OUT A RED PURSE SHAPED LIKE A HEART. HE PULLS THE ZIPPER AND TAKES OUT A SPONGE. HE CAREFULLY SITS DOWN AND MOVES THE BOOK AND CANDLE AWAY. HE SQUEEZES THE SPONGE AND LIQUID COMES OUT.)* The soul is immortal. *(HE CAREFULLY MOPS UP THE WATER SO THAT EVERY DROP OF IT IS RETURNED TO THE SPONGE. HE CAREFULLY PUTS THE PRECIOUS CONTENTS BACK INTO THE LITTLE HEART SHAPED PURSE AND ZIPS IT SHUT. HE PUTS THE PURSE BACK INTO THE BOX AND CLOSES IT. HE LOOKS FURTIVELY BEHIND HIM.)* Now the Spirit is, yes, it simply is, is...*(HE LOOKS FRANTICALLY INTO THE BOOK. HE HAS BECOME YOUNG FATHER LYONS.)*

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: They don't have Spirit in this book. Spirit isn't the same thing as the as the soul. No, no, the Spirit, the Spirit doesn't need a body. It doesn't need a will. The soul needs a will.

*(SUDDENLY DROPS FROM THE CHAIR ON TO HIS KNEES)* Oh God! *(HE CLENCHES HIS TEETH AND CRINGES. HE IS JACKED UP TO HIS FEET. HIS EYES ARE HUGE AND STRANGELY CLEAR. HIS VOICE HAS CHANGED)* "This is what it's all about isn't it? What's happening right now.

*(IT IS OBVIOUS THAT SOME INVISIBLE FORCE HAS BEEN HOLDING HIM UP. NOW IT SUDDENLY DROPS HIM. HE FALLS TO HIS KNEES. HIS TEETH ARE CHATTERING)* I am possessed! *(AS IF HE MIGHT VOMIT)* The Brotherhood wants to come out and see you. *(HIS FACE SMEARS UP INTO A LOP SIDED SMILE AND A CRUDE HARSH LAUGH ERUPTS FROM HIM.)*

ENTITY: He's a whore! Get up!

*(HE IS SHOT TO HIS FEET)*

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: Please, please leave me alone!

FEMALE ENTITY: Alone? Alone? I'll leave you alone, you sniveling bag of snot!

FATHER LYONS: *(AS EXORCIST)* In the name of the Spirit I change you to leave this man in peace!

*(YOUNG FATHER LYONS SLAPS HIMSELF SEVERAL TIMES HARD AND RAPIDLY.)*

FEMALE ENTITY: *(MOCKING HIM IN A CHILD'S WAILING VOICE)* Leave me alone! Leave me alone! You pussy! You stinking, secreting bag of shit, sticking your nose out of some woman's smelly cunt!  
*(MOCKING)* "I'm the seed of the divine beings!" *(SHE TURNS HIM AROUND AND RIPS HIS PANTS DOWN, EXPOSING HIS BARE ASS. SHE MAKES HIM RUB IT AS IF HE WERE POLISHING AN APPLE)* Think about the Omega Point next time you take a dump, you blood bag!

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: *(PULLING HIS PANTS UP AND JUMPING UP AND DOWN AS IF HIS PANTS WERE ON FIRE)* My skin doesn't work! My skin doesn't work!

WHINY PAPULE VOICE: *(PULLING HIS PANTS UP AND JUMPING UP AND DOWN AS IF HIS PANTS WERE ON FIRE)* My skin doesn't work! My skin doesn't work!

WHINY PAPULE VOICE: Shut him up! Shut him up will you! He'll drive us all crazy!

*(SUDDENLY THE YOUNG PRIEST GRABS THE FLASK OF HOLY WATER AND WHIPS OUT A LASH OF WATER AND HISSES. HE IS THE EPITOME OF EVIL. WITH HIS OTHER HAND HE BEGINS SHAKING THE TABLE THREATENINGLY. HE*

*GLARES OUT AT THE AUDIENCE. THEN HE IS DROPPED DOWN ONTO HIS CHAIR. HE HAS BECOME THE YOUNG FATHER LYONS. HE LOOKS ON HELPLESSLY AS ONE HAND SHAKES THE FLASK AND THE OTHER SHAKES THE TABLE.)*

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: *(MURMURING)* My god! My god, it's floating! *(HE IS LOOKING AT THE FLASK SHAKING IN HIS HAND.)* No so loud, they'll hear you.

VOICE: *(KEEP, DISTURBED, AWAKENING, BAWLS OUT)* What's going on?

*(YOUNG FATHER LYONS STIFFENS AND HOLDS HIS TERROR. THE FLASK STAYS UP IN THE AIR, HIS HAND HOLDING IT SLIGHTLY TREMBLING. THEN IT LOWERS ITSELF DOWN TO THE TABLE, BRINGING HIS HAND WITH IT.)*

*(THE TABLE AND THE FLASK STOP SHAKING, ALL GOES SILENT)*

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: *(LOOKING OUT)* I think perhaps I'm alone now. How solid, how corporeal this last meeting with the flesh was. These things run so silent after the flailing is done. *(ALL THIS IS DONE IN A HUSHED ATMOSPHERE)* It is as if they had never happened, or as if I were perhaps insane. Insane. Insane. As if I had lost the trappings of balance, as if I were stripped away and my organs bared to the thin air, as if my body had suddenly grown clumsy, and my mind...my mind...*(HIS VOICE TRAILS INTO SILENCE. HE PEERS OUT AT THEM)* It is in the nature of the substance...of...its incompatibility with nature...nature...*(HE TASTES THE WORD)* nature. I don't know what that means.*(HE OPENS THE BOOK AND BEGINS SEARCHING IT FOR THE RIGHT WORD. ANXIOUS.)* I was told...I was told that the naturalness of a thing increased in direct proportion of the nearness of it to God; but...but what is this *(HE LOOKS OUT AS IF TRYING TO FOCUS, MURMURING)* stuff? *(HE CROSSES DOWN STAGE)* I am a prisoner. No. No. I don't mean that metaphorically. I am a ginny pig. They programmed me. They have millions. They have their own experimental wing. Don't you see? They've wired me for Saints? It's a crises of the faith. Don't you see? How could they possibly continue under the circumstances they way they've been going? I mean, nobody believes the garbage they put out. I am a projectile into the dark waters of faith, a missile being sent into the interior of the psyche. I am traveling toward unknown regions of the nervous system, into the genetic memory. Look. *(HE STICKS HIS HANDS THROUGH AN AREA IN THE BACK CURTAIN AND*



*RUMMAGES ABOUT WITH HIS HANDS. HIS HEAD IS ON THE AUDIENCE SIDE OF THE CURTAINS. HE PULLS OUT A BOX, OPENS IT AND HOLDS UP A PLASTIC BAG IN THE LIGHT. IT CONTAINS TWO GREEN ICE CUBES)*

This has been extracted from me during intense periods of passion. Yes, alchemy is real. They have their fingers in many pies. *(HE PUTS THE BAG BACK INTO THE BOX AND PUTS IT AWAY)* Watch out for foreign mineral water. Don't believe for a second that they don't know what's going on. *(CANDIDLY)* levitation. That's how we'll be going. But only some of us. Only the "holy". You see, they really do have belief. It's just that there is so little direct information. Revelation is so unpredictable. In the world of saints time is not as we experience it. But these saints, these saints have a lot of power, a lot of knowledge and one can't always be sure if he's canonized the right ones. Perhaps among the jewelry of Chion was a woman who was tapped into the very arteries of the Christ. And there were! Thousands of them, millions! Saints who have never been known, who were never canonized, on this planet, that is. *(HE SMILES STRANGELY)* That's where I come in. I'm a loud speaker. Oh yes, they're among you right now. They're taping everything with miniature instruments hidden in their glasses, and their ear rings, in the nail polish of certain incognito nuns. *(HE LAUGHS)* Oh, yes, they've let me "out" you know. They've let me out because they've gotten all they could get from keeping me "in". It's very sophisticated, the Brotherhood, they look just like all the rest of the government "officials" saturating the warp and woof of our society in the downtown streets and Mom and Pop shops. And there are a lot more like me you know.

DEEP VOICE: Every creature, every human being is filled with this particular energy.

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: You see? A loud speaker. *(HE USES HIS OWN VOICE BUT IT IS THE CREATURE THAT IS SPEAKING THROUGH HIM)* and when we die and give up the ghost we fall down again into the flesh and are reborn into the meat that rots away from us into the light, utterances of flesh, words of flesh, libraries of it, singing over and over again, hallelujah!

*(HE SINGS AND AS HE DOES HE PUCKS UP A SMALL BOW AND OPENS THE LID AND LIFTS UP A PHOSPHORESCENT BALL. GRADUALLY HE REVEALS THE GLOWING BALL BY LIFTING AWAY THIN VEILS THAT COVER IT.)*

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: Come light

Come sympathetic light.  
Bright halo of love  
Areole, aureole,  
Circle of glory  
Guide us through the night  
Sweet Nimbus  
Twisting round  
My fingers.

*(SPEAKING SOFTLY ABOVE THE GLOWING BALL)* These are monstrous times, enlived by blood hope and forgetfulness, dormant snows over old tires falling into the sound. Blinking soldiers, bossmen, tailors, stretching out in the fading sunlight, red, brown, blue, black, until the stars come out. *(HE ROCKS GENTLY)* Better now, sweet angels, sleep sleep sleep sleep sleep *(SLOWLY HE CLOSES THE LID OF THE BOX OVER THE BALL AND DARKNESS COVERS HIS FACE.)*

*(IT IS PITCH BLACK)*

*(IN THE DARKNESS THERE IS A RAPID LITTLE FAT MAN LAUGH)*

Hehehehehehehe

*(A LIGHTER FLICKS ON AND THERE IN THE LIGHT IS A FAT LITTLE CARDINAL WITH A RED SKULL CAP.)*

CARDINAL: Yes, at last. I'm here. Let there be lights. *(THE LIGHTS COME UP. HE CROSSES DOWN STAGE WITH HIS FAT DOLLIED WRISTS. HE IS A FEY BONY LEGGED FAT BUTT OF A MAN. HE IS A PAMPERED RUTHLESS BULLY)* They don't like me but God does. that's a fat lot of crap that perish toilet bowl is passing on to you. You wouldn't know it but I'm only forty-nine, not bad for a man of my position. They talk about me. I'm one of "them." *(HE LOOKS OVER HIS SHOULDER, ANNOYED AND WHINING)* Where is that general? Look at my hands! I'm all crossed up. *(ADDRESSING THE AUDIENCE)* He washes my hands! Well, why not? You would. *(HE PULLS A CHAIR BACK FROM THE TABLE AND SITS DOWN ON IT. HE IS SUDDENLY GASPING FOR BREATH AS IF HE HAD JUST FINISHED RUNNING THE MILE. SAID IN ONE BREATH)* Oh Jesus died on a vine kissing a monk to hell on his way back and out of here. *(HE STICKS HIS FINGER OUT OF HIS FLY)* Out of his spigot. Good bleeding God I must have my Orion! *(HE DIGS INTO HIS FLY AND PULLS OUT A ROPE. HE KEEPS PULLING IT AND MORE AND MORE OF IT COMES OUT. HIS OWN NECK IS TIED TO THE END OF IT. HE CONTINUES PULLING ON IT EVEN THOUGH HE'S CHOCKING HIMSELF)* Help! Help! All right! All right! *(HE PULLS THE ROPE. IT DISAPPEARS OUT OF HIS CROTCH.)* These mothers would kill me just to get a look around. *(HE CRANES HIS NECK AND GOOKS OUT INTO THE*

*AUDIENCE. THEN, POINTING AT HIMSELF) This guy's really rocky. But he won't give up the ghost, not even for a good story. The bleeding turd is is gonna fall into himself and never come back out. (HE GIVES THE CALL OF A PERSON FALLING AWAY INTO THE DISTANCE.) Black hole...(HE LAUGHS AND SWIRLS HIS FINGER IN HIS NOSE. HE TAKES IT OUT AND LOOKS AT IT. HE DESCRIBES THE SIGHTS OF THE BUGGER ON HIS FINGER) Cities...with lights...it is raining. Look. (HE STICKS HIS FINGER OUT AT THE AUDIENCE. HE GLARES AT THEM. THEN HE PUTS HIS FINGER INTO HIS MOUTH) No, you have your own. (HE SEES THE BLACK BOOK ON FATHER LYON'S TABLE. HE LURCHES FOR IT. HE READS FROM IT.) "Saint Lyons, the martyr besieged with spirits in his youth who sought to destroy his soul. (FATHER LYONS REGAINS HIS BODY AND FINISHES THE SENTENCE)*

FATHER LYONS:..but were not quite able to snatch him away, the bastards! *(HE GETS UP) Let's get some air in here.*

*(HE CROSSES UPSTAGE TO THE CURTAIN WHICH HAS SERVED AS A WALL AND RIPS THE CURTAIN BACK. THERE IS ANOTHER ROOM BEHIND IT. THERE IS A COT AND A SMALL TABLE WHICH SERVES AS AN ALTER STAGE RIGHT. ON IT IS A CRUCIFIX AND A SMALL LIT OFFERING CANDLE IN A RED GLASS. ABOVE THE ALTER IS A PICTURE OF SAINT RITA. THIS ROOM IS DARKER THAN THE FIRST. THERE IS A SACRED FEELING ABOUT IT. SITTING ON A COT UP LEFT IS A VERY LARGE FIGURE.)*

FATHER LYONS: *(INDICATING THE BIG DUMMY) Don't mind him, he's my Permanent Joy. It's only made out of paper but it serves my purposes fine.*

*(HE STANDS BEHIND THE FIGURE AND LIFTS IT UP SO THAT IT TOWERS IN THE AIR. IT BOWS ITSELF THROUGH HIM AND SITS ITSELF DOWN.)*

FATHER LYONS: *(TO THE FIGURE) That's very nice. (HE PASSES OVER TO THE LITTLE ALTER, KNEELS AND CROSSES HIMSELF AND MAKES A SILENT LITTLE PRAYER, CROSSES HIMSELF, GETS UP AND TURNS TO THE AUDIENCE) It's quite a trip we're on aren't we? I've been noticing it from here to there. (HE MOVES HIS HANDS IN A SERIES OF CONFIGURATIONS) These plane faced angels in ordinary clothes, the "market place" the unending observers. And here I am...*

*(THE PRIEST GOES THROUGH A SERIES OF TRANSFORMATIONS. FIRST HE BECOMES PARANOID AS IT INCREASES HE BECOMES YOUNGER AND THE THE YOUNG FATHER LYONS EMERGES. HE BECOMES A PIMPLY FACED TEENAGER WITH BUCK TEETH. HE COMES A TEN YEAR OLD BOY JUST MATERIALIZING INTO THIS TIME AND SPACE. THE BOY LOOKS AROUND. HE DOESN'T SEE THE AUDIENCE. HE IS IN AWE OF THE OLD PRIEST'S CELL).*

BOY: What are these things? (*CAUTIOUSLY APPROACHES THE ALTER*) Look at that! Oh, she really beautiful! (*SPEAKING ACROSS THE ROOM TO THE FIGURE*) We don't have any life to spare, and you and me. Where did the old man go? He went out to get tacos, didn't he? How come he changes the room so much? (*HE CROSSES TO THE DUMMY*) It's enough to drive you crazy. What's that you got on your face? (*HE LIFTS THE DUMMY'S HEAD UP. THERE IS A HIGH INTENSITY LIGHT BULB UNDERNEATH. AS A RESULT OF THE LIGHT THE BOY IS CHANGED INTO A TEN YEAR OLD GIRL.*)

GIRL :Oo, I don't like that. (*SHE PUTS THE HEAD BACK OVER THE LIGHT BULB*) Whose the girl in the pitcher? (*MEANING THE PICTURE OF SAINT RITA*) It's enough to make you puke. I mean what he does with his time. If I had his kind of time I'd dis-identify. It stinks in here. Has he been doing that stuff with himself again? I'll bet she knows. (*INDICATING THE PICTURE OF SAINT RITA.*) Zeno. (*MEANING THE LARGE FIGURE*) What's going on with him? He's doing All right isn't he? He's not on his way out is her? We've got time don't we...before he pops?

(*SUDDENLY SHE SHOUTS AT SOMETHING INVISIBLE COMING UP THROUGH THE FLOOR IN A SPOT JUST BELOW HER FEET.*) Get out!!

(*SHE HAS BECOME A FIFTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL. SHE IS GLOWERING BENEATH HER EYEBROWS.*)

FIFTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL: Who are they? (*MEANING THE AUDIENCE. SHE TURNS TO THE FIGURE SUSPICIOUSLY*) Where is he? He's not in here is he?

(*SHE WATCHES IN AMAZEMENT AS HER CHEST SWELLS AND RELEASES A BREATH THAT IS NOT HER OWN. SHE IS BEING BREATHED BY SOME HUGE ENTITY.*)

FIFTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL: (*AFTER THE ENTITY PASSES AWAY*) Who! Who was that? (*A DEVILISH SMILE CROSSES HER FACE*) Let's have some fun with the old dog.

(*SHE CROSSES DOWNSTAGE TO THE TABLE AND TIES A STRING TO A LEG OF THE TABLE AND HOLDING THE OTHER END OF THE STRING CROSSES BACK UPSTAGE AND SITS ON THE COT NEXT TO THE FIGURE.*)

FIFTEEN YEAR OLD GIRL: Watch. (*SITTING ON THE COT, SHE BEGINS PULLING THE TABLE TOWARDS HER.*) When he comes back he'll wonder how the table got here. (*AS SHE SPEAKS SHE PULLS THE TABLE TOWARD HER*) When he comes back don't tell him it was me. Let the old bastard wonder. (*SHE*

*STANDS, LISTENING*) I hear him coming. (*ADDRESSING THE FIGURE*) Oh, God, I get so scared every time I have to snap! (*SHE IS CUT SHORT BY THE SUDDEN EMERGENCE OF YOUNG FATHER LYONS.*)

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: (*LOOKING DOWN AT THE TABLE WHICH HAS HIM PINNED AGAINST THE COT.*) How'd that get here? Whose been in here? The Devil? I can feel her. Young infesting bitch!

*(HE BURIES HIS FACE IN THE SHEETS. HE SUDDENLY STOPS SOBBING. HE LIFTS HIS FACE OUT OF THE SHEETS. IT IS THE OLDER PRIEST. HIS FACE IS HAGGARD. HE GETS UP AND MAKES THE BED IN SILENCE. HE UNITES THE KNOW FROM THE TABLE LEG AND CARRIES THE TABLE BACK TO WHERE IT WAS. HE ADJUSTS THINGS. HE STEPS BACK.)*

FATHER LYONS: Let's get some air in here.

*(FATHER LYONS CHANGES SHAPE. HE BECOMES AN OLD, OLD MAN.)*

OLD MAN: I brought the tacos. Where is the little one?

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: You stupid old fart, you know where she is. Leave the stuff and let's get out of here.

FATHER LYONS: Where do you want to go?

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: I don't care. Just out. Out. Out. They're forming a matrix. Can't you feel it? If we don't get out of here this place is going to explode.

YOUNG GIRL: There's no place to go.

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: Stop that. (*HE LURCHES THE OLD MAN'S BODY TOWARD THE EXIT.*)

FATHER LYONS: (*JERKS THE OLD MAN'S BODY BACK AND IT BECOMES HIS OWN:* Listen, you young fool. Every time we go they open the door wider. Now if we stay right here we may have a confrontation.

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: Who knows?

*(A SHOT OF ALIEN LANGUAGE BURSTS OUT OF HIM..THEN A LAUGH)*

VOICE: He's a little chicken shit.

VOICE: Chicken shire, that is.

*(A LAUGH)*

FATHER LYONS: *(CLIMBING THROUGH IT)* Oh stop it! You bring them on yourself. It's your attitude. You're such a sensationalist.

*(HIS BODY VIBRATES. HIS FACE STIFFENS AND HIS TONGUE, TAUNT AND EXTENDED, QUIVERS, THEN IT GOES BACK IN.)*

FATHER LYONS: See? They won't hurt you. Everybody has them. They live in everybody. They live through everybody. Nobody is anybody anyway. So what do you want, an empty body?

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: I'm somebody! Even if you think you aren't. I don't give a shit about your saints. I don't believe in any of that bullshit. What the hell are we in here for? There's an outside you know.

VOICE: There is?

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: Yes there is!

VOICE: But you really don't know, do you? And your really not sure, are you? Deep inside you're really not sure about anything, you aren't even sure you're alive. You're not even afraid to die. You just trip yourself on so that you get on the timorous side and you mid fuck yourself into thinking you're afraid when really you are not afraid to run yourself right through that wall *(POINTING OUT AT THE AUDIENCE)* and smash your head like a cantaloupe

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: *(STANDING BACK AND LOOKING OUT INTO THE AUDIENCE)* Oh no! Oh no! I'm not afraid! I'm not! *(HE TAKES A RUNNING DIVE AND LANDS SMACK DAB ON THE TABLE WHICH ALL BUT DISINTAGRATES BENEATH HIM.)*

FATHER LYONS: *(AFTER A PAUSE, HE SLOWLY LIFTS HIS FACE FROM THE FLOOR)* See? Where did that getcha? This is no way to enter a room. *(HE PICKS HIMSELF UP AND BRUSHES HIMSELF OFF. HE PICKS STUFF FROM THE FLOOR AND TOSSES IT ON THE COLLAPSED TABLE, TALKING)* It's fixed. Here pick that up. No not that one, the other one you stupid shit. Jesus Christ, why in the hell is there always such a mess? I want to see more saints, goddamn it!

VOICE: Yes, where the fuck are they?

*(A SERIES OF VOICES...)*

VOICE: Saint Ida

VOICE: Saint Elly

VOICE: Saint Ambrose

VOICE: Elise...

FATHER LYONS: sleezin in the mornin light you pretty breather bather killin you to tell um all about jabber de gabber dbabbered duh-grabber gropin in the goddamned non time halo shinin bitch don't let it rain on me! You dive it!

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: Perhaps I'll end up murdering somebody. *(HE LISTENS. THEN HIS FACE TAKES ON A GRUESOME SMILE. HE POP A BLOOD CAPSULE AND BITES IT. THE BLOOD COMES DOWN THE SIDE OF HIS MOUTH. HE BEGINS TO SING.)* God morning to you good morning to you good morning dear grand ma good morning to you.

FATHER LYONS: *(SPEAKING)* if we are to get home we must become narrow, narrow as a line, narrow and finite, narrow as a lasar and the door will open up just a crack and we'll go through but we'll have to leave our skin and bones behind.

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: What you mean is that we'll be dead.

FATHER LYONS: Moths up a chimney. But you've got to fill out. *(HE GOES TO A JUG OF HOLY WATER AND POURS SOME INTO A BASIN AND SPLASHES HIS FACE. HE TAKES OUT A WHITE HANKERCHIEF AND WHIPS HIS FACE OFF. )* Just because you're in the Clergy doesn't make you a sissy. Look what happened. *(HE PICKS UP THE SHOE BOX, OPENS IN AND PULLS OUT A HEART. IT IS BULDGING)* It had babies. *(HE UNZIPS IT AND A WHOLE BUNCH OF LITTLE PINK BABY HEARTS POUR OUT OF IT. HE HOLDS OUT A LITTLE BABY HEART)* Plant this in the ground and I'll jump right out of my dead body. Now, my boy, the secret is this. We must get consecutive time chambers, you on yourside and me on mine.

VOICE: What?

FATHER LYONS: To think of them draws their attention, otherwise they are ambient.

VOICE: Eat it, mother.

FATHER LYONS: Sometimes you won't know me because they'll make me strange.  
They'll color the atmosphere, but I'll make a signal...

ENTITY:..like this. *(HE MAKES A HONKING NOISE WITH HIS NOSE.)*

ANOTHER ENTITY: And then you'll know it's me.

*(LAUGHTER)*

FATHER LYONS: Stop that! Stop that! It's me! You're thinking!

AN ENTITY: ..about them.

FATHER LYONS: Just reach across and knock on the wall.

*(YOUNG FATHER LYONS PAWS BLINDLY AT THE SPACE IN FRONT OF HIM.)*

FATHER LYONS: Stop thinking!

*(YOUNG FATHER LYONS STAGGERS AND SHAKES HIS HEAD TRYING TO BREAK HIS EYES FREE. HE CAN'T.)*

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: Think? Thinking? *(STARTS TO SINK)* I'm thinking. I'm thinking.

DEEP HOLLOW VOICE: Oh Lord, someone's trying to sneak out on us. *(HE WALKS HIM AROUND LIKE AN APE, HIS KNEES BENT, MAKING STRIKING MOTIONS AS IF HE WERE PULLING HIS HAND DOWN A ROPE MOVING IN FRONT OF HIM.)* Oh Lord, don't let him break his neck now. We've got to keep him in good shape. Can't break his legs, or snap his knee caps off. *(ALL THE WHILE YOUNG FATHER LYONS HAS BEEN TRYING TO SNAP HIS EYES FREE.)* Oh, look at him go! He's like a bucking bronco!

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: Stop! Stop!

FATHER LYONS: That's it. that's...

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: Get out! Get out! Leave me alone!

FATHER LYONS: Good! Good! You're coming through loud and clear.

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: Shut up! I said shut up!



FATHER LYONS: That's it. That's it. I can just see you through the wall. *(HE BEGINS BRINGING HIS MIDDLE AND INDEX FINGERS TO HIS LIPS WHILE BECOMING YOUNG FATHER LYONS.)*

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: *(HIS FINGERS ON HIS LIPS)* I'll give you a signal like this when I want to make contact with you. *(he points at his head)* plots and counter plots, whispers in the chapel. He's my pet. I carry him everywhere. He throws the ball back to me. He plays chess even. He keeps me fed. He even goes out and works for me. i just put him in a box and let him go frantic. It makes energy. It gets stored in the walls. The room's almost radioactive. *(HE LOOKS AROUND THE ROOM.)*

He's going down!  
He's going a down!  
He's a going down!  
He's a going a down!  
He's a down!  
He's a down!  
He's going!  
We don't need him in here!  
We don't need to "bare" his cross!  
We can move about the earth!  
We can use his body!  
We can use his body!  
We can use him!

VOICE: He's says he's leaving.

VOICE: What?

VOICE: He says he's leaving.

VOICE: What is he leaving?

VOICE: The area.

VOICE: That's grand. I'm pretty sick of this place myself. Where are we going?

VOICE: He says he's gunna dump us off.

VOICE: He's gunna do what?

VOICE: He's gunna what?

VOICE: What?

VOICE: What's he gunna do?

VOICE: Don't pay any attention to him.

VOICE: It worries me. I've gone nie on seventy-four years in this one.

VOICE: Tough clots!

VOICE: What's he gunna do, beat us up?

VOICE: Don't be a drag.

VOICE: I'm off it. I'm off it. These planes are too high. This angle is to steep!

VOICE: He's angeling. He's angeling.

VOICE: *(SUDDENLY STOMPING HIS FEET AS IF HIS PANTS WERE ON FIRE)* Eat it, mutha fucka. He takes too much juice anyway. "I'm not gunna do this. I'm not gunna do that."

VOICE: Get 'im off of me! Get 'im off of me!

VOICE: What?

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: You ask what?

VOICE: What?

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: The moths! The moths!

FATHER LYONS: Moths up a chimney.

*(YOUNG FATHER LYONS PUTS HIS FINGER OVER HIS MOUTH. SILENCE. STEALTHILY HE APPROACHES THE EXIT. AS HE NEARS IT HIS WALK CHANGES. HE BEGINS TO MINCE. BY THE TIME HE'S NEXT TO IT HE'S ON HIS TIPPY TOES. HE BECOMES PIXIE LIKE, GIGGLING.)*

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: Oh, oh, not that way.

*(HE BACKS UP. AS HE DOES HIS WALK PROPORTIONALLY BECOMES NORMALIZED AS IF HE WERE RETURNING BACKWARDS TO HIS ORIGINAL FRAME)*

*(HE STARTS OUT IN ANOTHER DIRECTION AND IS CAUGHT IN INVISIBLE STRINGS. AS HE NEARS THE EXIT THE STRINGS TURN INTO STICKY*

*TRAMPOLINE HE RETREATS AND AS HE NEARS HIS STARTING POINT HIS FEET BECOME PROPORTIONALLY LESS GUMMY AND SPRINGY.).*

*(HE HEADS TOWARD THE EXIT AS A FAST PACE AND IS IMMEDIATELY AND WITHOUT TRANSITION RETURNED TO WHERE HE CAME FROM)*

*(HE SUDDENLY CHARGES AT THE EXIT AT FULL SPEED AND HITS A SOFT SPONGY SURFACE WHICH GIVES INTO HIM BY DEGREES AND SLOWS HIM TO A STAND STILL. HE SLIDES DOWN AN INVISIBLE WALL IN FRUSTRATION AND DEFEAT.)*

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: *(COUGHING EACH WORD OUT)* Leave me alone.

*(HE BEGINS DUSTING HIS BODY OFF. GRADUALLY IT BECOMES APPARENT THAT HIS HANDS AND ARMS ARE MOVING INDEPENDANTLY. HIS EYES WATCH IN HORROR AND DISBELIEF. HIS BODY STRAIGHTENS ITSELF UP AND BEGINS DUSTING ITSELF OFF. IT SHAKES ITS HEAD, DUSTS ITSELF OFF SOME MORE AND THEN MARCHES UPSTAGE. THERE IS A SHIFT TIME SENSE ABOUT IT ALL.)*

VOICES: Ten times ten,

Times ten times ten.

Times ten.

Ten.

Times.

Ten.

Times...

Ten of us have come to watch you. All of the foreign lands have come to see you move about times ten with each of us in us in us you see?

What happens when you go?

Where will you take us?

How will we be riding?

How the seed sowed over the milkmen riding down the right teat to the pleasant awaiting...

*(SUDDENLY HE IS SCOOTED ALONG BY A STRONG CURRENT UNDER HIS FEET.).*

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: Woh!

*(HE IS DRIVEN ALONG EFFORTLESSLY AS IF HE WERE BEING MOVED BY SOME POWERFUL SPIRIT.).*

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: *(SINGING AN AZTEC DOUBLE WARBLE)* The Ministry of Angles. Cries

ROTAS  
OPERA  
TENET  
AREPO  
SATOR

*(HE FLIES UP IN THE AIR AND CLAWS AT THE SKY. HE LANDS AND GOES TO HIS KNEES. HE STRIKES THE FLOOR WITH A GREAT SLOW RHYTHM, "Boom. Boom. (PAUSE) Boom-Boom (PAUSE) Boom.".)*

VOICES: Is it enough for us . . . *(HE IS BOUNCED AROUND LIKE A DUMMY ON A POGO STICK)*  
No! No! No! No! . . .  
Do we want him to go? . . .  
No! No! No! No!

*(HE BEGINS TO STRUGGLE AGAINST THE MOVEMENT, FLAILING HIS ARMS OUT STROKE FOR STROKE IN COMBAT WITH THE POSSESSING SPIRITS. THE RESULTANT MOVEMENT IS A DANCE OF EXCELLENT BALANCE AND PROPORTION. HE IS TRANSFORMED INTO AN ANGEL.)*

BLUE GLOWING ANGEL: ta tee tick a terry ah  
ta tee tick a terry ah  
ta tee tick a terry ah  
ta tee tick a terry ah  
ta tee tick a terry ah  
TICKA ticka but'ik a  
TICKA ticka but'ik a  
*(PAUSE)*  
TICKA ticka but'ik a  
TICKA ticka but'ik a

Ticka a but ik a but ik a  
but ik a.

Tick a but ik a but ik a  
but ik a, tick-tick.

Tick a but ik a but ik a  
but ik a.

Tick a but ik a but ik a  
but ik a, tick-tick.

*(IN) Ffffffffffffffffffffff (AS HIS HAND DRAWS NEAR HIS FACE AND HIS FINGERS TOUCH HIS LIPS.)*

*(THE ANGEL HAS BECOME YOUNG FATHER LYONS).*

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: I can't hold them.

*(HIS ARM SHOOTS UP).*

And I can't let go.

*(HIS SPIRIT LOOKS OUT, TRAPPED IN HIS BODY.).*

Dae-----! *(INHALED, PROTRACTED)* Fsh-----

*(EXHALED, PROTRACTED, RETROFLEX)* Tsh-----

*(HE BECOMES A HUGE EXPANDING MINATAUR. THEN THE ENTITY DRAINS AWAY. FATHER LYONS STANDS THERE WITH HIS HANDS EXTENDED ABOVE HIM. HE LOOKS UP AT THEM, PAUSES, THEN DRAWS THEM DOWN.).*

FATHER LYONS: Needless to say, all this meekness is just a veil over tremendous hidden strength. *(ADDRESSING YOUNG FATHER LYONS.)*

FATHER LYONS: *(CONT.)* You'll get to know it a thousand ways and then a thousand more on the way to passing God knows where. *(HE WINKS)* Don't get ugly too much.

VOICE: Why the Saints don't exist my son. They're just the splinters of your fractured personality.

FATHER LYONS; The Saints do exist!

VOICE: Oh, god here we go again, "The Saints do..."

FATHER LYONS: ...exist. I'm learning to speak languages. Who am I speaking with now?

*(HE WAITS IN SILENCE. THERE IS NO ANSWER.)*

FATHER LYONS: That shut them up.

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: All except one.

FATHER LYONS: *(POINTING AT HIMSELF)* You mean?

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: *(STILL POINTING)* Exactly. It's a show of strength, old man you want, isn't it? Well, here it is.

CORKSCREW VOICE: Come on then, bite it off.

*(THE ENTITY LEAVES HIM AND THE YOUNG MAN'S FACE REMAINS. HE SHAKES HIS FACE LOOSE, BITTEN BUT IN GOOD STEAD.)*

*(LAUGHTER PLUNGES INTO HIS FACE AND JABS HIM SEVERAL TIMES, THEN IT TOO DRAINS AWAY. THE YOUNG MAN'S FACE REMAINS. HE IS BLINKING AND ACTUALLY INVIGORATED.)*

VOICE: You can't go on this way. You're like a Davenport indian!

*(HIS FACE SLIPS DOWN INTO A DRUNKEN BAG OF A FACE. THEN IT DRAWS UP INTO THE YOUNG PRIEST'S FACE. WORDS COME OUT OF THE FACE BUT THEY DON'T BELONG TO HIM.)*

YOUNG FATHER LYON'S FACE: Come over here.

*(HE CROSSES UP STAGE TO THE FIGURE).*

DUMMY: What you gon on your mind? Are you worried about something?

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: *(TRYING TO SHAKE THE ENTITY OUT OF HIS FACE AND BODY)* I don't want to do it.

DUMMY: No. No, don't worry about it. Trust me.

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: Muck off!

DUMMY: Don't turn on me, man.

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: You've got a light bulb in your head!

DUMMY: So that bugs you?

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: *(SCREAMING)* I can't stand it!

DUMMY: Why don't you drop dead?

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: I don't want to die!

*(HE LAUGHS)*

A BROADLY GRINNING WRINKLED FACE: That's what you think.

*(HIS HANDS SUDDENLY GIVE A JERK. THEY PULL THE BELT OUT OF HIS TROUSERS AND WITH THE BELT AROUND HIS NECK, THEY VIOLENTLY PULL HIM UP STAGE AND BUCKLE HIS NECK TO THE DUMMY'S. HE IS BENT OVER BUT THE HUGE DUMMY WHICH LOOM OVER HIM. HE BEGINS STAGGERING.*

*BUT INTENSE LIGHT BULB IS EXPOSED. YOUNG FATHER LYON'S HANDS START WAVING WITH A STRANGE HORRIBLE RHYTHM AND HIS VOICE MOVES IN A MOST HORRIFIC AMBIENCE. WHAT HE IS EXPERIENCING IS GHASTLY.)*

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: ae

*(THE STAGGERING AND THE AGONY CONTINUE BUT EMERGING FROM THE CENTER OF THE ENERGY IS THIS UPSURGING SPIRIT THAT GRADUALLY OVERCOMES THE HORRIFIC ENTITY. GLORIOUS HEROIC MUSIC BURSTS FROM THE MAN.)*

*(GRADUALLY THIS BRILLIANT ENTITY BECOMES THIS VERY OLD MAN. HE GAZES WITH ASTONISHMENT AT THE SCENE BEFORE HIM. HE BRINGS HIS WRINKLED LITTLE HANDS TO HIM IN A POSTURE OF PRAYER. HE IS NOT MUCH TALLER THAN FOUR FEET.)*

OLD MAN: (HE CROSSES UPSTAGE TO THE PICTURE OF SAINT RITA. HE KNEELS AND CROSSES HIMSELF) Bless me, Saint Rita. Don't let me die in this room all by myself. I've come such a long way to get here. Surely there must be some place else. Where there's not these guys all around me, pressing on me, making me crazy.

*(HE STARTS CRYING. AFTER AWHILE HE STOPS. HE GETS UP, CROSSES TO THE CURTAIN, REACHES BEHIND IT AND PULLS OUT A BOTTLE. HE POURS HIMSELF A GLASS OF WINE. HE DRINKS USING BOTH OF HIS OLD LITTLE HANDS. THE DUMMY AND ITS LIGHT BULB. HE UNBUCKLES THE BELT AROUND HIS NECK AND LIES THE DUMMY DOWN ON THE COT. HE UNSCREWS THE LIGHT BULB. HE SITS ON THE COT AND GAZES ACROSS THE ROOM IN SEARCH OF SOMETHING.)*

OLD MAN: These aren't saints! These aren't anybody! I must have done it. And then I must gone out and then come back and seen it now like this.

*(HE CROSSES UP STAGE TO THE CURTAIN. CAUTIOUSLY REACHES FOR THE CURTAIN THEN GIVES IT A YANK, DUCKS AND COVERS HIS HEAD. BEHIND THE CURTAIN IS YET ANOTHER ROOM. IT IS SMALLER THAN THE FIRST TWO. IN THE UPSTAGE AREA AGAINST THE WALL IS A LARGE FOUR BY FOUR FOOT RECTANGULAR FORM COVERED BY A CLOTH. THE THING IS SITTING ON A TABLE. STAGE RIGHT IS A KEY BOARD INSTRUMENT. THE OLD MAN SITS DOWN*

*AND IMMEDIATELY BECOMES FATHER LYONS. A STRANGE BEAUTIFUL SCORE SITS BEFORE HIM. HE SMILES OUT AND BEGINS TO PLAY THIS HUGE, ENCHANTING MUSIC. HE SINGS WITH IT.)*

FATHER LYONS: *(SINGING)* Oh I have come  
I have come to you.  
Oh I have come.  
I have come to you.  
I have come.  
I have come.  
I have come.

Shriekers!

Let's go up.  
Let us go up.  
Let us go up there.  
Let us go up there together.  
Let us go up there together forever.  
Forever and ever.  
Forever and forever.  
Oh-----  
Forever  
Oh-----  
Forever.

FATHER LYONS: *(CONT.)* Miracles of the saints be blessed and to those who have brought them to us! Let the lights shine and let the people sing out! *(HE TURNS TO THE AUDIENCE)* Now boy, you see, we've brought them to the back of the room! What a joy it is to be here! What a privileged anticipation!

OLD MAN: It's all been set up.

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: It;s all been set up.

FATHER LYONS: It's all been set up by the Spirit.

VOICE: What the fuck are you talking about?

FATHER LYONS: About the wave sent by the people who are now dead.

*(HE PICKS UP THE SHOE BOX AND PULLS OUT A HEART. HE UNZIPS IT AND PULLS OUT A TINY BOOK)*



FATHER LYONS: The universe.

The tree.

*(HE FANS THROUGH THE PAGES)*

The ten thousands things.

Codus genatitus...

*(HE CROSSES UP STAGE TO THE RECTANGULAR FORM. HE GIVES THE CLOTH A GENTLE TUG AND IT FALLS AWAY REVEALING A LARGE FOUR BY FOUR FOOT TABLET. FATHER LYONS SHRIEKS AND FLASHES HIS TEETH AT IT LIKE A BABOON. HE LEAPS BACK IN RETREAT. THEN HE BUILDS A CROWD OF GATHERING PEOPLE.)*

What is that?

I don't know.

I think it's a bomb.

Oh, my god!

Mon. No. It's information.

This is incredible!

So what?

It's from another universe!

No. No, it isn't. If it was from another universe we wouldn't be about to see it. It's just the same old stuff.

That's right, the same old stuff.

We won't be able to see it.

Yeah, we'd just get stuck in it like everything else.

Oh, stop it. This isn't a movie. That thing's really there.

That's right. Here we are trying to tack all this shit on to it and we don't even know what we got here.

Let's go up and see what it is.

You go ahead.

Ok.

Well, what are you waiting for?

What are you talking about?

Why aren't you going up there to the book?

Because you aren't.

Because I'm not? *(HE LOOKS AROUND)* Where did the rest of them go?

Right here.

*(HE TEARS A PAGE FROM THE BOOK AND LETS IT DROP TO THE GROUND.)*

*(WRITTEN ON THE PAGE.)*

WE

THE

SAINTS

*(HE TEARS A PAGE)*

WE

THE SAINTS!

We

the saints

explor

your

*(OLD MAN DOES A TAKE)*

We

the

saints

*(HE LOOKS OUT IN AMUSED WONDER)*

We

the

Saints

*(HE BEGINS TO DIG AT THE PAGES, PULLING THE  
WORDS AWAY TO GET AT THE MEANING)*

We  
the  
saints.

We  
the  
saints.

Weeee  
the  
saints  
We the SAINTS  
are  
crawling  
out  
of  
our  
graves  
at this  
very  
moment.  
soon  
we will be  
within  
earshot.

*(THE OLD MAN TURNS OUT AND LOOKS INTO THE DARKNESS, LISTENING. SLOWLY HE TURNS BACK AND PULLS A PAGE AWAY.*

*(WRITTEN ON THE PAGE IN LARGE RED LETTERS...)*

Come...

Home...

*(HE STARTS AND PULLS ANOTHER PAGE AWAY. IT IS EMPTY. CAUTIOUSLY HE PULLS ANOTHER PAGE AWAY. IT IS EMPTY. HE THROWS CAUTION TO THE WIND AND RIPS ANOTHER PAGE AWAY. IT IS EMPTY. HE PULLS ANOTHER PAGE AWAY AND AGAIN IT IS EMPTY. HE GOES THROUGH A FLURRY OF PAGES. THEY ARE ALL EMPTY.)*

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: Home? Home? What do you mean, home?

*(HE GOES THROUGH ANOTHER FLURRY OF EMPTY PAGES THEN FALLS TO HIS KNEES IN DESPERATION HE BURIES HIS FACE IN HIS HANDS. THEN EVERYTHING STOPS. HE LIFTS HIS HANDS FROM HIS FACE. HE LISTENS. QUIETLY HE GETS UP AND CROSSES DOWN STAGE TOWARD THE EXIT. HE BEGINS TO STAGGAR. THEN IT BECOMES EVIDENT THAT HE IS BEING MOVED LIKE A STYLUS ON A OUIJA BOARD. IT IS BECOMING EVIDENT THAT HE IS BEING MOVED IN CIRCLES. HIS MOVEMENT BEGINS TO ZERO IN ON THE CENTER AND CIRCLES TO A STOP. HE HAS BECOME THE TEN YEAR OLD BOY.)*

BOY: Take him to the book.

*(YOUNG FATHER LYONS IS HOISTED BY THE SHOULDERS AND TROTTED UP TO THE BOOK.)*

BOY: Remember this father? *(THE BOY BEGINS THE MASS OF TRANSUBSTANTIATION)* Oops, I dropped the wine. There goes the hair. *(HE BITES DOWN ON SOMETHING IN SEVERAL DESCENDING BITES. THEN HE LIFTS HIS HEAD AND EXTENDS HIS ARMS UP IN THE AIR, THE CHALICE CRADLED IN HIS HANDS. IT TOTTERS AND WINE SPILLS DOWN ON HIS HEAD.)* Woops. *(HE SNICKERS AND DRAWS HIS HANDS DOWN.)* Look at this, Father Lyons look at this! *(WITH HIS BACK TO THE AUD -IENCE HE BEGINS PULLING ALL KINDS OF STRANGE OBJECTS OUT OF SOMEPLACE IN THE TABLE. HE THROWS THEM OVER HIS SHOULDER WHILE HE SINGS PART OF THE MASS AND CLOWNS AROUND.)* What are we doing here, making Frankenstein? Woooooops! There goes the Holy Ghost! *(HE TURNS AND THERE ON HIS HANDS ARE THESE WHITE WINGED GLOVES. HE HOLDS THEM*

*TOGETHER LIKE A BIRD AND WAVES THEM BELOW HIS GLOWING,  
MISCHIEVOUS EYES...)*

We the saints.

*(HE WHIRLS AROUND AND SNATCHES A PAGE AWAY REVEALING THE  
WORDS...)*

*(EACH SPACE DENOTES A TEARING OF THE PAGE FROM THE BOOK)*

We the saints.

Call

to

you

COME OUT!

Come out

Come out

Come out

and sing with us!

Come and fall apart

with us

HIGH BROWED WOMAN WITH A LONG, THIN NOSE: Come and play with us little  
Serephim. *(THIS IS ALSO  
WRITTEN ON A PAGE.)*

Call the Sky Gals

Call the Sky Gals

Call um out

*(HE THROWS HIS HANDS INTO HIS POCKETS AND  
THROWS UP BRIGHT STREAMERS.)*

Call the Time Lords  
And the Minuet Men  
Call the Change Maker  
and the Mascot  
Call the window queen  
Call the widow in the Mourning Lite  
Call the Meat Fag  
Call the Guesser  
Call the Stresser  
Call the Dresser  
Call the Cock Sucker  
Call um all out!

That we may see each other moving...  
in this place here.

*(HE RIPS AWAY A SERIES OF EMPTY PAGES)*

Call the Body hatching up  
Call it out  
in the  
in the  
heat  
heat  
in the  
in the

heat

in the heat

of the Spirit.

Call it out!

Yes! Yes!

I hear you moving in my veins now

Come out!

Come out!

Move!

Move!

mmmmm

mmm

m

m

m

m

m

m m m mm

oo

o

o

o o

o

o

o

ooooving

Moving!

Moving!

Moving!

Moving!

Vom!

Vom!

in space

in space

space

even now!

Yes!

Yes!

Yes!

In

*(RIPS A SERIES OF EMPTY PAGES)*

The

*(RIPS A SERIES OF EMPTY PAGES)*

Shining!

OLD MAN: *(WITH A GHOSTLY VOICE AS HE THROWS HIS CLOTHES OFF. THERE HE STANDS, THIS OLD MAN IN THESE PERFECTLY WHITE B.V.D'S.)*

Wooooooooooooooooooooooooooooo...

Hurray for Father Lyons

Hurray for Father Lyons

He's go-wing away-ay

He's go-wing away-ay



*(THE OLD MAN REALIZES WHAT HE JUST SAID AND STOPS EVERYTHING. HE LOOKS DOWN AT HIS UNDERWEAR) I'm not going anywhere. (HE HEADS FOR THE WINE GLASS AND THEN ABRUPTLY TURNS INTO YOUNG FATHER LYONS.)*

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: *(PLEADING)* I don't wanna die!  
*(WEEPING AND SHRIEKING)* I don't wanna die!

FATHER LYONS: Let it go! Let it go!

VOICE: Don't be afraid. We're gonna take you to the alter and pray for your release.

FATHER LYONS: *(SHRIEKING AND WEEPING)* But what if it doesn't work?

VOICE: *(BREAKS INTO GLORIOUS LAUGHTER. THEN, CHANTING)*

The body of Christ is man.

Going down.

Coming up.

*(FUCKING)* "Up and down up and down"

*(ELEVATOR BOY)* Going up.

Going down.

*(ECHO DISSOLVE)* going down going down going down...

*(ECHO CRES.)* going up going up going up...

ENTITY: *(A GRUESOME MIMICRY OF SOMEONE TRYING TO ESCAPE CERTAIN DEATH. HE RUNS AROUND HYSTERICALLY, KICKING HIS KNEES HIGH LIKE A FOOTBALL PLAYER TRYING TO ESCAPE INVISIBLE TACKLERS COMING UP OUT OF THE FLOOR)* No! No! Help me! No! No! Help me!

*(HE DASHES INTO THE CENTRAL AREA AND BEGINS JUMPING UP AND DOWN, PICKING HIS KNEES UP AND KNOCKING THEM AGAINST HIS CHEST AS HE SHOUTS DEFIANTLY)*

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: Eat me! Eat me! Eat me! Eat me! Eat me!

*(HE BECOMES A SHIMMERING AZTEC GOD OF DEATH)*

DEATH GOD: *(SHIMMERING DIAPHONICS)* Look

at

my

face.

See my linings fall asleep

See my life go-wing.

Mgack-awk coo!

*(YOUNG FATHER LYONS BEGINS FALLING SLOWLY TOWARD THE FLOOR)*

YOUNG FATHER LYONS: This is it!

OLD MAN: Here I come.

ALL THREE IN SUCCESSION: Good bye gates opening.

*(LOW GLOTTAL SLIDING UP AS HE TRANSFORMS INTO NUMEROUS BEING AND REACHES UP INTO SPACE. SUDDENLY AS HE INHALES HE STRETCHES UP INTO SPACE IN TOTAL SILENCE AND SPREADS HIMSELF OUT AS IF HE WERE YAWNING AND STRETCHING. THIS TURNS INTO AN UPWARD SWIMMING FISH AND HE NOSES HIMSELF UP FROM THE FLOOR HIS ARMS FLOWING DOWN TO HIS SIDES HAS HE DOES. HIS BODY WRIGGLES AND HE SWIMS ON HIS TIP TOES. HIS ARMS RISE UP FROM HIS BODY LIKE SMOKE AND STREAMING ECTOPLASM. SUDDENLY A SERIES OF SQUEALS ARE STABBED OUT OF HIM BUT HE STILL SHIMMERS AND SPREADS IN SUSPENSION. A LOW "HOOING" LIKE A GHOSTLY ETHEREAL LAUGHTER AS HIS ARMS FLOAT DOWN IN TRICKLING LINES OF ECTOPLASM. HIS ARMS ROLL DOWN AND PULL TO THE LEFT AND RIGHT OF HIS WHITE UNDERSHIRT AND IN A SINGLE GESTURE PULLS IT UP OVER HIS HEAD AND ABOVE HIM BETWEEN HIS UP STRETCHED ARMS. HE STANDS THERE BARE CHESTED AND SWEATING.)*

VOICE: This man is dead.

*(HE DROPS TO THE FLOOR.)*

*(SILENCE)*

*(THE BODY FILLS UP AS IT RISES UP TO ITS FEET.)*

FATHER LYONS: False start. He's not that old, not me. I'm not going. Not yet, anyway.  
*(HE DUCKS)* Not this way. Not here. By God I will not!

VOICE: Make room for the Spirit!

FATHER LYONS: I'm not standing in the way!

VOICE: YES YOU ARE!

*(FATHER LYON'S ARMS SHOOT UP AS HE IS SUDDENLY FLUNG UP AND BACK INTO THE TABLE AND THE BIG BOOK. THE BIG BOOK CRASHES DOWN AND THE TABLE SHATTERS. THE STAGE IS IN ABSOLUTE SHAMBLES.)*

FATHER LYONS: *(LYING FLAT ON HIS BACK IN THE RUBBLE)* We shall look up into that shinning face in the dark, radiant drifters sighting home port.

Oh, how clear.  
Oh, how clear  
Oh, how clear

My work is done.

I have out lasted confusion.

I'm going to eat fungus with the ghosts.

If they want me back they can have the part that doesn't move.

*(SUDDENLY STANDING)*

*(HE THROWS THE SHEET FROM HIS BED IN THE AIR BEFORE HIM. WHEN IT LANDS HE HAS DISAPPEARED)*

*(DARKNESS)*