

**SONGS FROM THE GOLDBERG
VARIATIONS**

A MUSICAL

BY

STANLEY WALDEN

AFTER THE PLAY BY GEORGE TABORI

MUSIC: STANLEY WALDEN

LYRICS: STANLEY WALDEN AND GEORGE TABORI

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Mr. Jay (the director)	Low baritone, 40-50
Goldberg (the stage manager)	High baritone, 30-40
Mrs. Mopps Teresa Eve Sarah #2 Ernestina Golden Calf	One woman, all ages, wide range
Raamah Adam Cain Richard Abraham Centurion	30s, male musical
Masch Abel Serpent 1st Thief	20s, male musical
Japhet Smoke bomb Sarah #1 Isaac 2nd Thief	Tall, lanky tenor
Hell's Angels The Mater Dolorosa Mary Magdalene	Three men, two women singer/dancers

PROLOGUE (#!)

(Bach's *Goldberg Arie* is heard.)

CHORUS

NIETZSCHE SAID GOD IS DEAD.

(ACTUALLY, HE WROTE, "GOTT IST TOD")

GOD REPLIED—

[Lightning bolt]

AND NIETZSCHE DIED

ACT 1

Scene 1

The Bach fades out and cross-fades with the amplified sound of **MRS. MOPPS** scrubbing the stage. It is the rhythmic sound of her mop and brush. After a while, she starts singing to herself, to the rhythm of her brushing. As she does this, the scrim rises.

MRS. MOPPS (sings)

OH, JERUSALEM, OH, JERUSALEM

I'M ON MY KNEES
BUT I'M NOT PRAYIN'
HERE IN JERUSALEM

OH, JERUSALEM, SWEET JERUSALEM
AND THERE AIN'T NO WAY I'LL GET TO
GO 'WAY FROM JERUSALEM.

(She continues as **GOLDBERG** enters from s.l.)

GOLDBERG

Good morning, MRS. MOPPS.

MRS. MOPPS

WHAT'S GOOD ABOUT IT?

GOLDBERG

The first day of rehearsal . . . who knows what will be? But Mr. Jay will make something special, you'll see.

MRS. MOPPS

FROM YOUR MOUTH TO HIS EAR . . . HERE IN JERUSALEM!

GOLDBERG

*An empty stage is a thing of beauty on the first day of rehearsal . . .
nothing's gone wrong yet.*

MRS. MOPPS

IT WILL, IT WILL.

ANOTHER DIRTY PLAY

HERE IN JERUSALEM. OH, JERUSALEM, OH—

*(attacca the anthem-like orchestration of Variation #22 of Bach's
Goldberg Variations. The **CHORUS** sings.)*

CHORUS

MAKE WAY . . . FOR MR. JAY!

CLEAR THE STAGE

MAKE WAY!

AH . . .

MAKE WAY FOR MISTER JAY!

AVE, HAIL, HEY, HEY, HE'S HERE,

MISTER JAY!!

LET THERE BE LIGHT (#2)

MR. JAY

LET THERE BE LIGHT!
BRIGHT, BLAZING LIGHTS
FLOODING THE VAST WASTES,
WRAPPED IN DARKNESS,
AND THE LIGHT SHALL BE **GOOD!**
—Or you're all fired!

(A single feeble spot hits **MRS. MOPPS.**)

SHALOM, MOPPSY.
WELCOME TO THE HOLY LAND;
LOOK AT THIS HEROINE OF LABOR,
DOWN ON HER KNEES
CLEANING UP THE STAGE,
YET, CHEERFUL AS EVER

WHY?

(All three sing in harmony.)

BECAUSE AN EMPTY STAGE IS A THING OF BEAUTY,
ESPECIALLY ON THE FIRST DAY OF REHEARSAL

MR. JAY

'CAUSE IN THE THEATER,
AS IN LOVE, THERE IS NO TIME LIKE THE FIRST TIME.

(Music continues, under)

Goldberg, tell that Nazi in the light booth to get on the ball.

GOLDBERG

He's not a Nazi, Sir.

MR. JAY

He will be, if he works for me long enough. What's next in the script, Goldberg?

(**GOLDBERG** steps into the feeble light and reads:)

HE SEPARATED THE LIGHT FROM THE DARKNESS
AND HE CALLED THE LIGHT NIGHT—

MR. JAY

WRONG!!

GOLDBERG

AND HE CALLED THE DARKNESS . . . DAY

MR. JAY

Goldberg, I'm warning you . . .

GOLDBERG (tentatively)

HE ALSO MADE THE STARS;
EVENING CAME, AND THE MORNING CAME—

(Blackout, with twinkling stars)

BLOOD BROTHERS (#3)

RAAMAH

DYING IS THE HARDEST THING TO ACT,
JUST THINK HOW HARD IT MUST HAVE BEEN FOR THOSE TWO
BOYS—

MASCH

—THOSE TWO GUYS—

RAAMAH

DEATH AND MURDER HADN'T BEEN INVENTED YET.
THEY HAD TO IMPROVISE
(AND THIS CLUB WAS THE INSTRUMENT OF CHOICE).
NOW WE'LL SHOW YOU THE RESULT OF OUR HOURS OF
INVENTION
AND SET THE SCENE . . . WITH MURDER AS MY HEART'S
INTENTION.

(Soft-shoe vaudeville routine.)

MASCH (as ABEL)

MR. CAIN—

RAAMAH (as CAIN)

MR. ABEL—

BOTH

WE ARE
B-R-
O-T-H-
E-R-S
BROTHERS, TO THE END!

WE ARE
B-R-
O-T-H-

E-R-S
BROTHERS, TO THE END!

RAAMAH

(WHENEVER THAT MAY BE)

MASCH

THE FIRST SONS OF THE FIRST FOLKS,
AFTER THE WARDEN KICKED THEM OUT OF THE GARDEN,
WHERE HER RESOLVE BEGAN TO SOFTEN
AND HIS BEGAN TO HARDEN.

RAAMAH

AND AS IT WILL BE WITH OTHER BROTHERS,
MOM ALWAYS LOVED YOU BEST.

MASCH

BLOOD BROTHERS TILL THE END,
BUT THE FARMER AND THE SHEPHERD CAN'T BE FRIENDS.

(Music continues, under)

*That our folks enjoyed my gift more than yours, I couldn't stop. Let's let
bygones be gone, and try to get along. (I'll even help you gather in your
crop.)*

RAAMAH

Hey, Abie, how's about a little walk?

MASCH

Good idea!

(to **MR. JAY**, as **MASCH**)

Now he swings out with his club, to establish the reality of the club.

(RAAMAH destroys a chair.)

MR. JAY

So far, so good.

MAASCH

Now he lights a smoke-bomb, but because of the fire code, Japhet plays the smoke.

JAPHET

I'M RISING, I'M RISING,
JUST SEE HOW HIGH I GO;
YOU CAN'T SEE ANYTHING,
JUST WATCH MY SMOKE-BOMB GROW.

(Pauses for bows)

RAAMAH (to **MR. JAY**, as **RAAMAH**)

Now I make a sacrificial offering, hidden by the rising smoke.

(A terrible crash as **RAAMAH** destroys another chair.)

MASCH

And everybody thinks he has smashed me!

MR. JAY (playing along)

WHERE IS YOUR BROTHER, ABEL?

RAAMAH (as Cain)

HOW SHOULD I KNOW?
AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

(**MASCH** lies in a pool of blood.)

MR. JAY

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
YOUR BROTHER'S BLOOD CRIES OUT TO ME!

GOLDBERG

THE FIRST BLOOD.

MR. JAY

NOW YOU ARE ACCURSED,
AND WILL BE BANISHED FROM THE EARTH,
WHICH HAS OPENED ITS MOUTH
TO SWALLOW THE BLOOD YOU HAVE SHED.
YOU SHALL BE A FUGITIVE AMONG MEN!
(Makes the Mark of Cain on **MASCH**'s brow)

How you doin', Masch?

MASCH

I think we need some more rehearsal.

RAAMAH

You didn't duck fast enough.

MR. JAY

Drag him out and take five. He's a good actor, and that is all. What's his name again?

BOTH

WE ARE
B-R-
O-T-H-
E-R-S
BROTHERS, TO THE END!

#4, MR. JAY'S RAP

MR. JAY

How are you, Goldberg?

GOLDBERG

Can't complain.

MR. JAY (rap song)

ACTUALLY, YOU NEVER STOP COMPLAINING
WHEN EVENING COMES, AND THE MORNING COMES,
AND IN BETWEEN YOU BITCH ABOUT THE PAY AND THE HOURS
AND THE CREW AND THE CAST AND THE CRITICS AND THE
THEATER
AND YOUR MOTHER'S GALLSTONES—

GOLDBERG

—kidney stones.

MR. JAY

—KIDNEY STONES.
GRUMBLE, GRUMBLE, GRUMBLE, GRUMBLE.

OKAY, GOLDBERG, I'LL TELL YOU WHY I DON'T REACH OUT
A HELPING HAND ABOUT THE PAY
AND THE HOURS
AND THE STINKING DEAD
GRUMBLE, GRUMBLE, GRUMBLE.

I DON'T REACH OUT MY HELPING HAND
ABOUT THE PAY AND THE HOURS
AND YOUR GODDAMN MOTHER'S KIDNEY STONES
KIDNEY STONES
KIDNEY STONES

BECAUSE, GOLDBERG,
I CAN'T STAND YOU!!

Act 1

Scene 4

The flora of Paradise appear,
then all kinds of beasties, from
ass to zebra, as wind-up toys.
Enter **ERNESTINA VAN VEEN**,
the famous Tyrolean stage
designer, wearing jeans and a red
wig, and carrying a live baby
lamb.)

ERNESTINA'S SONG (#5)

LET THE EARTH BRING FORTH BIRDS AND BEASTS,
PLANTS THAT BRING SEEDS,
FRUIT FROM TREES,
SO THERE WILL BE
A FEAST BEFORE OUR EYES.

YOU WANTED BIRDS THAT FLY,
AND FISH BELOW, AND CRAWLY THINGS THAT SQUISH IN THE
MUD;
CATTLE AND SHEEP, AND CREEPING THINGS,
ALL OF THEM PULSING WITH BLOOD.

FOR LIFE'S WHAT YOU ORDERED,
FECUND, FOAMING, FUCKING LIFE,
FRENZIED, FORNICATING, FULMINATING LIFE;
LIFE, BURSTING AND THIRSTING FOR MORE,
LIFE, SEETHING IN THE SEAS AND ON SHORE,
LIFE, MORE AND MORE AND MORE . . . APPETITE!

AND THE TREE . . . THAT ONE SPECIAL TREE,
MORE ABOUT "KNOWING" THAN KNOWLEDGE,
AS IN "ADAM KNEW EVE,"

“ABRAHAM KNEW SARAH,”
“ONAN KNEW HIS LEFT HAND” (A DEFT HAND)
IT WAS ALL ABOUT THE OLD “IN-AND-OUT”—

A PROPOS THE APPLE—
IT’S AS LIBIDINAL AS A PIMPLE ON YOUR BOTTOM,
DOESN’T HAVE THE PROPER FEELING;
SO, AS SYMBOL FOR THE SIMPLE ACT OF FUCKING,
I’VE PLUCKED YOU A BANANA . . . START PEELING.

(She tosses **MR. JAY** a banana, and exits. **MR. JAY** eats the banana.)

MR. JAY'S LOVE SONG**(NOT RECORDED)****(#5A)**

(A Neapolitan love song, set to Variation 3 of
the Bach)

OH, TERESE TORMENTINA,
QUEEN OF MY NIGHTS,
TORTURES OF MY DAYS—
MUST YOU TORMENT ME SO?
WHY WON'T YOU SUBMIT, JUST FOR ONE NIGHT?
SWEET TORMENTINA.

I'M JEALOUS OF YOUR TOOTHBRUSH,
OF THE SPAGHETTI CARBONARA, AS IT SLITHERS DOWN YOUR
THROAT!
COME, SATISFY THE LUST OF THIS OLD GOAT;

I'D GO TO ANY LENGTHS,
TO REGAIN ONCE AGAIN
THE RUSH AND BLUSH OF YOUTH
WITH YOU . . .
TORMENTINA.

FLESH FROM MY FLESH, (#6)

GOLDBERG

HE PLANTED A GARDEN IN EDEN, AWAY TO THE EAST,
AND IN IT HE PUT THE MAN HE FORMED FROM THE DUST.

MR. JAY

“YOU MAY EAT FROM ANY TREE IN THE GARDEN,
EXCEPT THE TREE OF KNOWLEDGE, OF GOOD AND EVIL.”

GOLDBERG

AND HE ALSO SAID:

BOTH

“IT IS NOT GOOD FOR THE MAN TO BE ALONE.
SO FROM THE EARTH HE FORMED THE ANIMALS
AND BROUGHT THEM TO THE MAN,
BUT NONE WAS SUITABLE AS A PARTNER FOR THE MAN,
SO HE PUT THE MAN INTO A DEEP SLEEP
AND TOOK ONE OF HIS RIBS AND CLOSED THE FLESH OVER THE
WOUND,
AND SO HE MADE A WOMAN AND BROUGHT HER TO THE MAN,
AND THE MAN SAID:

(CHORUS)

“THIS ONE AT LAST IS A BONE FROM MY BONE,
FLESH FROM MY FLESH,
SHE IS A SHE
AND SHE IS NOT ME
AND WE ARE NAKED
AND FEEL NO SHAME.

BONE FROM MY BONE, FLESH FROM MY FLESH,
SHE IS A SHE, AND SHE IS NOT ME,
SPECIAL BUT STILL A PART OF ME.

WE ARE TWO AND SOON
ONCE AGAIN WE TWO WILL BECOME ONE.”

FLESH OF MY FLESH
AND BONE OF MY BONE
TWO BECOME ONE.
FLESH OF MY FLESH
AND BONE OF MY BONE
TWO BECOME ONE.

FLESH OF MY FLESH
AND BONE OF MY BONE
TWO BECOME ONE.
FLESH OF MY FLESH
AND BONE OF MY BONE
TWO BECOME ONE.

TERESA

Typical! Written by a man, and he makes me a Barbie Doll in his porno-poem. I sweated six years at the Actor's Studio to learn the awful art of being me and someone else. No one is going to shove me into some garden so I can swing my ass for a gaggle of voyeurs.

MR. JAY (stops her from leaving)

Before you turn your back on this garden, spitting on the dignity of creation, remember this: Nudity is God's gift for all beginnings and every ending. A cry of innocence is our nakedness, and a reminder of our wretched vulnerability; naked we come on this fool's stage, naked we celebrate the feast of love, and naked we kick the bucket.

If you want to be a holy actress, your job is not to say NO, but to do what the Word demands, and the Word is a loaded gun, not a ballerina's fart. I am offering you this last help: Rabbi Ben-Calcutta Jack invented a holy exercise for nudity without shame. Masch, an expert at it, will show you each step. The doors will be locked, the lights will be lowered, and I shall

leave you alone, until your shame is gone. But remember . . . NO TOUCHING!!

*(He leaves, followed by **GOLDBERG.**)*

*(Music in: Bach's *Variation 10*)*

MASCH

The only evil lies in the fascism of the fig leaf.

*(Bach *da capo*, now accompanying **MASCH'S SONG:**)*

THE TIME GROWS SHORTER,
THE END IS NIGH;
THE GIRLS STAY DRY, THE COCK WON'T SWELL,
DO YOU HEAR THE DEATH-BELL'S KNELL?

FEAR NOT, THEY'RE RINGING FOR SOMEONE ELSE,
SO MEET ME ON THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS,
AND LET'S WANDER THROUGH
EACH OTHER'S THIGHS—

*(Modulation; music continues., *attacca* #7)*

ADAM & EVE (& THE SERPENT) #7

SERPENT

EMPTY YOUR HEAD
TO RECEIVE THE WORLD OF SKIN—

ADAM

I CAN FEEL IT!

SERPENT

—NOW THERE'S MUSIC IN THE AIR—

EVE

I CAN HEAR IT!

SERPENT

—FLOAT WITH THE RIVER,
LET IT FLOW, LET IT FLOW—

ALL

—TO WHEREVER YOU/WE WANT TO GO

SERPENT

BEGIN.

ADAM

WHEN OUR BODIES TOUCH,
MUSIC STARTS TO PLAY,
GRACEFUL, SWIRLING MELODIES
WHERE SILENCE ONCE HELD SWAY.

EVE

WHEN I FEEL YOUR TOUCH
BRUSH AGAINST MY BREAST,
I CONFESS TO FEELINGS UNEXPRESSED—

ADAM

OH, WHAT A LOVELY EARLOBE!

EVE

SO THAT'S WHAT YOU CALL IT: "EAR LOBE"

ADAM

I NEVER FELT SUCH SOFTNESS

EVE

WHAT ARE THESE?
WHAT IS THIS?

BOTH

EAR LOBE—
SOFTNESS—
LOVELY—

ADAM

PLEASE DON'T STOP—GO ON!

EVE

I WON'T STOP NOW—

ADAM

THIS IS SOMETHING NEW

EVE

YOU HAVE SUNG MY SONG!

ADAM

THIS IS WHY THERE'S YOU.

EVE

WHY DID WE WAIT SO LONG?

BOTH

THIS CAN'T BE WRONG!
WHY WAS IT BANNED?

EVE

THIS THING CALLED A KISS—

ADAM

THIS AND THIS AND THIS—

EVE

NOW WE ARE MAN AND WOMAN—

ADAM

WOMAN AND MAN.

SERPENT

LET IT FLOW,
JUST LET GO.

(During the song, **RAAMAH** takes off a shoe; **TERESA** undoes a frog.
Lights go down to black. **MR. JAY** enters in the dark.)

MR. JAY

Where are you?

(Grunts from the bed.)

What are you doing?

TERESA

Not now!

THE EXPULSION (# 8)

MR. JAY

(A spotlight hits the bed. **TERESA, RAAMAH** and **THE SERPENT** are in an embrace, naked. **MR. JAY** picks up the fireman's hose and sprays **THE LOVERS** and **THE SERPENT** with a mighty stream of water, driving them off the stage.)

OUT OF MY GARDEN, YOU BITCH;
CRAWL UPON YOUR BELLY,
EAT THORN AND THISTLE,
LABOUR IN SWEAT,
BEAR CHILDREN IN ANGUISH,
BLEED EVERY MONTH,
CREEP IN HEAT AFTER YOUR MAN,
MAKE HIM YOUR MASTER.

GOLDBERG'S CHARLESTON (#9)

MR. JAY

You climb that mountain as a little ugly servant, and you come down as Moses, God's Messenger.

(Exits.)

GOLDBERG

Yeah, sure, but how?

GOLDBERG'S DANCE

(Sings)

GOTTA KEEP ON DANCIN',
GOTTA KEEP ON MOVIN' TO THE BEAT,
GOTTA KEEP THE MUSIC IN MY FEET,
CAN'T STOP, CAN'T SING A PRETTY DITTY
OR HUM A SIMPLE HYMN.

GOTTA CLIMB THE MOUNTAIN,
SEE THE WORLD FROM UP ABOVE,
WRITE DOWN THE LAWS FOR LIFE AND LOVE,
BE HIS VOICE, BE HIS CLOWN, IN
EVERY TOWN, IN EVERY SHTETL
WHERE MAN HAS SETTLED DOWN.

(pauses too catch his breath)

WHY ME?

I'M JUST A HACK, A POOR SCHLEMIEL
WHO GOT THE SHARP END OF THE TACK.

GOTTA KEEP ON DANCIN',
GOTTA KEEP ON DANCIN', DANCIN', DANCIN',

CAN'T STOP MY DANCIN', DANCIN',
DANCIN', DANCIN', DANCIN'!!

ENSEMBLE

GOTTA KEEP ON DANCIN',
GOTTA KEEP ON DANCIN', DANCIN', DANCIN',
CAN'T STOP MY DANCIN', DANCIN',
DANCIN', DANCIN', DANCIN'!!

END ACT I

Act 2
Scene 1

The stage is empty except for a tall ladder with a sign saying **SINAI**, and a bush at the top. The **HELL'S ANGELS** invade the stage on motorbikes, singing, and bringing the **GOLDEN CALF.**)

HELL'S ANGELS (# 10)

WE'RE THE JEWISH HELL'S ANGELS,
OUT OF YOUR WORST NIGHT'S DREAMS.
SCHEMERS AND COMMIES AND RAPISTS,
WE'LL MAKE YOUR BABIES SCREAM.

WE SMELL BAD, WE STINK OF THE GHETTO,
BAKE MATZOH WITH THE BLOOD OF YOUR KIDS.
WE'LL CHEAT YOU, DECEIT YOU
AND JEW YOU AND SCREW YOU,
THAT'S JUST THE WAY IT IS WITH US YIDS.

WITH DIAMONDS WE'LL STEAL YOUR DAUGHTERS,
DESPOIL THEIR GOYISCHE TITS.
AND SNIFF OUT THEIR SCHICKSA DISORDERS,
WITH NOSES AS BIG AS THE RITZ.

WE SPOIL THE LANGUAGE
AND LANGUISH IN HAMMOCKS.
WE CUT LITTLE BOY'S COCKS,
BREAK KOSHER WITH HAM-HOCKS.

WHATEVER YOU GOT TO LOSE,
IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF THE JEWS.
(ESPECIALLY THE WEATHER AND YOUR MOTHER-IN-LAW!)

YOU WON'T FIND US IN WHO'S WHO,
 WE'RE NOT THAT KIND OF JEW.
 LIKE FREUD AND MARX AND PROUST AND THEIR LIKE,
 AND JESUS (I HATE TO TELL YOU) WAS ALSO A KIKE
 (MOSTLY ON HIS MOTHER'S SIDE).
 NOT TO MENTION MAHLER AND DYLAN AND EINSTEIN,
 REAL NICE JEWS,
 BUT STILL—

WHEN YOU'VE LOST WHATEVER YOU GOT TO LOSE,
 BLAME IT ALL ON THE JEWS.
 IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF THE JEWS,
 IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF THE JEWS,
 IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF THE JEWS,
 IT'S ALL THE FAULT OF THE JEWS!

(PART 2)

ADAM BEGAT SETH
 AND SETH BEGAT GNOSH
 AND GNOSH BEGAT MALALALEH
 AND MALALALEH BEGAT JARED
 AND JARED BEGAT ENOCH
 AND ENOCH BEGAT METHUSELAH
 AND METHUSELAH BEGAT LAMECH
 AND LAMECH BEGAT NOAH
 AND NOAH BEGAT SHEM, HAM AND JAPHTHE,
 EACH AND EVERY ONE A HORNY OLD GOAT
 BEGETTING
 AND BEDDING AND ROCKING THE BOAT AND

MULTIPLYING, THE WAY THEY'D BEEN TOLD,
 UNTIL THE EARTH HAD BEEN ROCKED AND ROLLED.

(The bush bursts into flame.)

THE GOLDEN CALF

The bush is burning!

AMEN (#11)

(**AARON** runs off as the **HELL'S ANGELS** return, more wicked than ever, singing and dancing.)

(Music in.)

HELL'S ANGELS' GOSPEL

AMEN!

(Between each of **MOSES'** lines)

MOSES

Give ear, heavens, to what I say.

HELL'S ANGELS

AMEN! (*passim*)

MOSES

Listen, Earth, to the words I speak.

Hear me, you crooked generation.

A curse on anyone who slights his father and mother,

And the people must say Amen.

A curse on anyone who moves his neighbor's boundary stone.

Who misdirects a blind man.

Who refuses justice to the alien.

Who strikes another in secret.

Who kills the innocent.

Who does not love God.

(The commotion is too loud. **MOSES** smashes the Tablets. The **ANGELS** beat him.)

MOSES

Aaron, Aaron, why hast thou forsaken me?

ABRAHAM, SARAH & ISAAC
THREE (4) STOOGES NUMBER
(#12)

ISAAC (hits **ABRAHAM**)

I WANNA GO HOME!

ABRAHAM (hits **ISAAC**)

SHUT UP, OR NO COCOA-PUFFS TONIGHT!

SARAH 1 [JARED] (hits **ABRAHAM**)

DON'T YOU DARE HIT OUR DELICATE CHILD!

ABRAHAM (hits **SARAH 1**)

OUR DELICATE CHILD'S GONE WEIRD AND WILD!

ISAAC (hits **ABRAHAM**)

WHO YOU CALLIN' WEIRD AND WILD?

ABRAHAM (hits **ISAAC**)

YOU, ISAAC, SON OF YOUR MOTHER'S WITHERED WOMB!

MR. JAY (hits **ABRAHAM**)

AREN'T YOU ASHAMED OF TREATING YOUR SON LIKE SOMETHING
THE BROOM SWEEP IN?

ISAAC (hits **MR. JAY**)

OOOOH, LOOK AT THE GRANDPA WHO JUST CREPT IN!

ABRAHAM (hits **ISAAC**)

A LITTLE RESPECT FOR THE MAN PAPA'S TALKING TO!

SARAH 1 (hits **ABRAHAM**)

DON'T TALK DREK, ABIE, DON'T BUTT IN!

MR. JAY (hits **ISAAC**)

ISAAC, BEHAVE! YOU HEARD WHAT YOUR FATHER SAID!

ISAAC

SURE DID. *IKH HOB DIR IN DRERD!*

GO TO HELL! (bites **MR. JAY**)

(A tense moment: no hitting, no biting. Music continues. **SARAH 2** replaces **SARAH 1**.)

SARAH 2

NOW IT'S MY TURN, MR. JAY.

YOU'VE SPOKEN TO MY HUSBAND FOR MANY A DAY
AND ONLY TO HIM.

IT'S TIME YOU SPOKE TO A WOMAN.

MR. JAY

SARAH, THE WAILING WALL IS OUT OF SERVICE.

SARAH 2

YOU MALES DON'T DESERVE US.

COOKING AND PRAYING AND STAYING AT HOME.

AND YOU, SIR, KEEP MOVING THE TRIBE

FROM CHORA TO SCHECHEM TO MORAH TO AI,

AND WHO DOES THE PACKING AND NEVER ASKS WHY?

AND STARTS A NEW KITCHEN AND BAKES JEWISH RYE

FOR REUBENS, AND MATZOH FOR MATZOH BREI?

ABRAHAM

SARAH, *SHA! SEI STILL!*

SARAH 2 (to ABRAHAM)

I WILL NOT BE STILL . . . NOT TO MENTION HAGAR,

THE FARM GIRL YOU KNOCKED UP AND PUT OUR MARRIAGE IN
PERIL.

ABRAHAM

IS IT MY FAULT YOU'RE STERILE?

SARAH 2

WHO'S STERILE?

FINALLY, WHEN I'M NINETY,

WITH MY BREASTS HANGING DOWN TO MY KNEES,

THE ETERNAL (PRAISED BE HE)

SPOKE THUS TO MY MAN,

"I'LL BLESS YOUR SARAH WITH A SON"

AT MY AGE! THANKS A LOT, O HOLY ONE!

SO IN MY OVEN I BAKED THIS BUN

(indicates **ISAAC**)

AND THE RACE TO TREBLINKA HAD BEGUN.

MR. JAY

ABRAHAM, HEAR MY WORDS.

ABRAHAM

OY *GEVALT!* SOMETHING NEW?

MR. JAY

HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOU TO DO:

(SARAH, BE DEAF TO THESE WORDS)

TAKE ISAAC, YOUR ONLY BEGOTTEN SON, WHOM YOU LOVE,

GO TO THE LAND OF MORIAH AND OFFER

A BURNT SACRIFICE,

AS INDICATION OF YOUR DEDICATION,

AS PROOF OF YOUR FAITH IN ME.

(The chest u.s. begins to smoke. **ABRAHAM** and **ISAAC** go toward it.)

ISAAC

Daddy, are we there yet?

ABRAHAM

Come, lie in my lap.

ISAAC

Where is the lamb we have to sacrifice?

ABRAHAM

The Lord will provide. (To MR. JAY) What's next?

MR. JAY

Just do it.

ABRAHAM

How?

MR. JAY

FOLLOW MY LEAD, DON'T FALTER,
LAY HIM DOWN GENTLY ON THE ALTAR,
TAKE OUT YOUR KNIFE (YOU GOT A KNIFE?)

ABRAHAM

NO KNIFE
(To Sarah 1) WIFE! . . . KNIFE?

SARAH 2

NO KNIFE.

GOLDBERG

(Offers)

KNIFE.

(Turns away.)

MR. JAY

ABRAHAM, STRETCH OUT YOUR HAND
TO SLAUGHTER YOUR SON;

NOW I'LL SEE WHERE YOU STAND
IN YOUR FEAR OF GOD—
THERE WILL BE BLOOD IN THE SAND.

(A long silence. **ABRAHAM** holds the knife against **ISAAC**'s throat, then
throws the knife away.)

SARAH 2

TOO LATE! HE'S BLEEDING.

(To **MR. JAY**)

AND THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE, AND ALWAYS HAVE BEEN,
FROM BEGINNING TO END,
A CHILD-KILLER,
LUCIFER'S KIN
AND NOBODY'S FRIEND.

(Music ends. She and **ABRAHAM** carry **ISAAC** off the stage.)

GOLDBERG'S PRAYER
("JERUSALEM" Reprise)
(#13)

OH, JERUSALEM,
 SAD JERUSALEM, DEATH AND MOURNING
 SUNDAY MORNING
 HERE IN JERUSALEM.

MUST HE SUFFER AWFUL TORTURE
 FOR NINE HOURS UP ON CALVARY?

FOR THE SINS, YOURS AND OURS,
 THAT YOU CALL SALVATION?

LET HIM DIE QUICKLY!
 DON'T DENY HIM THE MERCY YOU SHOWED ISAAC;
 THERE'S NOTHING WORSE THAN HANGING SUSPENDED FROM A
 CROSS
 ON GOLGOTHA MOUNTAIN;
 SHOW HIM YOUR BOUNTY,
 SHOW HIM *RACHMONIS*,
 HE'S YOUR SON, FOR CHRIST'S SAKE,
 BE A GOOD FATHER,
 BE A GOOD DADDY,
 BE GOOD, THIS ONCE,
 NOT JUST JUST.

(MR. JAY sings to Bach's *Variation 3*)

COME RAIN, SNOW, OR HAIL
 CROSS YOUR FEET, SWEET JESUS,
 WE HAVE ONLY ONE NAIL.

ONLY THE WORST WILL DO (#14)

MR. JAY (Sings.)

FOR A MESSAGE TO BE EVERLASTING,
TO ESTABLISH ITSELF AS FACT,
DON'T SETTLE FOR SUBTLETY OR TACT,
GO IN WITH BOTH BARRELS BLASTING.
ONLY THEN WILL THEY NOTICE YOUR ACT.

(CHORUS)

NOAH DIDN'T BUILD HIS BOAT
FOR A PIDDLING, MIDDLELING PUDDLE;
I SENT A FLOOD TO COVER THE EARTH
'CAUSE ONLY THE WORST WILL DO.

WHEN ISRAEL WAS IN EGYPT LAND
AND PHARAOH REVIDED THE JEW,
I SENT TEN PLAGUES AND MURDERED THEIR FIRST-BORN
'CAUSE ONLY THE WORST WILL DO.

JUSTICE, DIVINE JUSTICE,
THAT'S THE THREAT I HOLD OVER YOU;
MESS WITH MY CHOSEN PEOPLE AND YOU'LL SUFFER
AS MUCH AS YOU MADE THEM DO.

YOU MAY ASK: "IN THE SHOAH, WHERE WERE YOU?"
WELL, THAT IS A NOTE LONG DUE,
SO, WATCH OUT, YOU UNCHOSEN PEOPLES,
'CAUSE ONLY THE WORST—
AN APPENDIX THAT BURST,
IN BOILING OIL IMMersed,
FROM BIRTH TO EARTH CURSED,
ONLY THE WORST WILL DO.

THE CRUCIFIXION BALLET (#15)

(*Variation 24* from the Bach accompanies **MATER DOLOROSA**, singing lines from the *Stabat Mater* in Latin. **MARY MAGDALENE** sings a blues. **GOLDBERG**, **JAPHET**, and **MASCH** look on from the crosses.)

MATER DOLOROSA (sings)

*STABAT MATER DOLOROSA
IUXTA CRUCEM LACRIMOSA
DUM PENDEBAT FILIUS
DUM PENDEBAT FILIUS*

*O QUAM TRISTIS
AT AFFLICTA,
TRISTIS ET AFFLICTA,
FUIT ILLA BENEDICTA MATER UNIGENITI
O QUAM TRISTIS
ET AFFLICTA
MATER UNIGENITI*

MARY MAGDALENE

DRY YOUR EYES, SWEET MAMA,
FOR YOUR SON, SWEET JESUS,
WHERE HE'S HANGING,
PIERCED BY A SWORD,
PIERCED BY A SWORD,
YOUR ONLY SON, YOUR ONLY BOY,
BLEEDING,
BLEEDING
ON A CROSS.

HE'S HURTIN' BAD,
THEY CUT HIM, DEAR BOY,
AND THEY LEFT HIM HANGIN'
ON TOP O' THE HILL THEY CALL GOLGOTHA.
WE CAN'T ABANDON HIM,

WE'RE ALL THAT HE HAS TO EASE HIS PAIN,
O, SWEET JESUS,
WHEN YOU LOOK DOWN
WE'LL BE HERE
TILL THE BITTER, BITTER END.

WILL YOU RETURN? (#16)

(GOLDBERG)

WILL YOU COME BACK?
WILL YOU RETURN IN THIS, OUR HOUR OF NEED?
WHAT DO WE LACK? WHAT CAN WE LEARN?
SHOW US THE WAY!
REACH OUT YOUR HAND AND STAY!

(To MR. JAY)
WE'LL TRY TO BE BETTER,
BUT THAT WON'T MATTER, WILL IT? YOU COMMANDED US TO BE
GOOD
AND WE'VE FAILED, AS YOU MUST HAVE KNOWN WE WOULD.

(Away from **MR. JAY**)

COME BACK
COME BACK
COME BACK
COME HOME.

END OF THE PLAY, BOWS (#17)