

IN THE BEGINNING

A New Musical

Book, Lyrics and Music By

© Dennis Doty
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PROLOGUE

(There is no light. The stage is dark.)

GOD: In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth, and the earth was without form and void; and darkness covered the face of the deep. And God said: "Let there be light."

(Nothing happens)

And God said: "Let there be light." (Nothing happens)

Let there be light! (Nothing happens)

LET THERE BE LIGHT?! (Nothing happens)

LUCIFER: Didn't we pay the bill?

(The overture begins)

SCENE 1

SET

(The scene is Hell. LUCIFER is sitting on a rock, just right of center. This and one other large rock make up the set. As the lights come up, LUCIFER is absorbed in reading a newspaper. When the lights are three-fourths of the way up, LUCIFER looks out to the audience, and folds his paper. As he does so, the words: WHITE POWER and a swastika are revealed to the audience. He throws the paper away.)

LUCIFER: I'll bet you can't guess who the devil I am. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is...

(HERMAN, a little devil, rushes on.)

HERMAN: Lucifer! Lucifer! I've got it! I've got it!

LUCIFER: The plague again? Go spread it around.

HERMAN: No! I've got the answer!

LUCIFER: To what question?

HERMAN: Your image, remember?

LUCIFER: What about my image, Herman? I'm as handsome as ever!

HERMAN: Of course! Of course! But I mean your public image! It's time that you had it changed!

LUCIFER: Why in Hell's name should I?

HERMAN: Because your front isn't any good. You just don't sell as well as you used to. People don't believe in you any more. You're dead.

LUCIFER: What do you mean they don't believe in me? They believe in Him! Why don't they believe in me? What does He have that I don't have?

HERMAN: A best-selling book.

LUCIFER: Well, I can write one too...where's a pen?

HERMAN: No, no! It's no good! You have to sell your image! If you don't then all your four billion years of work will go down the drain and will stand for nothing! Times change. You've got to change with them! Take a look at what He's done. He has guitar folk masses!

LUCIFER: What did you have in mind? A Satanic rock festival?

HERMAN: Well, your great wickedness, instead of allowing my vastly inferior self to even attempt to ponder on how to change your wonderful and noble image I have decided to call in an expert.

LUCIFER: Who?

HERMAN: A Mister Frank Stein, of Fifth Avenue, New York. He's the head of a very successful public relations firm there.

LUCIFER: It sounds promising, Herman. You've got a good stump on those shoulders. Send ^{Mister} Stein in.

(Mister FRANK STEIN ENTERS from off stage left)

HERMAN: Mister Frank Stein? Right this way, sir. Mister Stein, Allow me to present to you the king of all that is evil, Lucifer. Lucifer, this is Mister Frank Stein, of Fifth Avenue, New York.

STEIN: A pleasure to meet you, your highness...

LUCIFER: Tut, tut, Mister Stein. You may call me Lucifer.

STEIN: How do you do, Mister Lucifer? My, my. I've heard quite a lot about your organization but this is the first chance I've had to see it up close.

LUCIFER: We can arrange a permanent position for you here, Mister Stein.

STEIN: Oh, no. Thank you all the same, Prince of Darkness, but I'm very happy with my present firm. Perhaps at some later date.

LUCIFER: I'll keep you in mind, Mister Stein. I very rarely forget anything, or anyone. What is your opinion of Hell, Mister Stein?

STEIN: Oh, please. Call me Frank. Hell, it's very ~~impressive~~! All of those workmen that I saw on my way down here! There must have been thousands!

LUCIFER: Millions!

STEIN: Yes! You wouldn't want to tell me where you get all of this cheap labor from, would you? I've a great deal of yardwork to be done and gardeners are so expensive...

LUCIFER: I'm afraid that's a professional secret.

HERMAN: Shall we get down to business, gentlemen?

STEIN: Yes. Now, Mister Lucifer. It has come to the attention of my firm that your present public image is in need of a drastic overhaul. As a matter of fact, a very drastic overhaul.

LUCIFER: Very drastic?

STEIN: Yes. You see, you don't have the same impact on people as you did, oh, say a thousand years ago. You can't scare today's public. Your name means nothing to them. You're a has been. You've been replaced as a symbol of evil.

LUCIFER: By who?

HERMAN: Whom.

STEIN: By Spiro!

LUCIFER: Oh, no!

STEIN: Oh, yes!

LUCIFER: Then I must do something! What should I do?

STEIN: Well, a recent survey shows us that ninety-two percent of the American Public favors the "Off beat hero type". The anti-hero. The fellow who has been picked on many times by society. Now, my organization feels that in order for you to make a comeback you'll have to find something in your past which shows that you have been wronged by your society.

LUCIFER: Well, there was this one incident...

STEIN: (Clancing at his wristwatch) Oh, God! (LUCIFER winches) I've got an appointment with the governor of California!

HERMAN: Meet you?

STEIN: I am sorry. Say, give me your phone number and I'll have my office call you when I get a free moment.

LUCIFER: That will be fine, Mister Stein. This has been a very interesting little talk we've had. What do I owe you for your trouble?

STEIN: Company policy for house calls is one hundred dollars in American currency. It is company policy. But your money back if you're not completely satisfied!

LUCIFER: I'll guarantee you, Mister Stein, That if I am not satisfied... Then I'll have more than just your money.

STEIN: Yes! It will work, Mister Lucifer.

LUCIFER: Very well, Mister Stein. Herman, give Mister Stein TWO hundred dollars in American currency.

STEIN: Oh, that's not necessary...but do go ahead. Thank you, thank you very much!

LUCIFER: (Getting up and shaking STEIN's hand, warmly) You are

LUCIFER:(cont.) more than welcome! And do come again.

(HERMAN steals the two hundred dollars from STEIN'S jacket pocket while LUCIFER is shaking STEIN'S hand, warmly.)

And next time bring the wife.

STEIN: Thank you, Mister Lucifer. And good luck! (STEIN exits)

LUCIFER: A new image? My, my. Why not? "The Wronged Hero"!

SONG: THE DEVIL'S THEME

I'M THAT FELLOW CALLED MESISTOPHILES
WHO WAS CAST TO HELL TO DO AS I PLEASE.
BUT YOU SEE, MY FRIENDS, I'M NOT ALL THAT BAD
WHAT WAS DONE TO ME HAS BEEN TRULY SAD.

I'M NOT BAD
I'M NOT A FIEND
I'M JUST SATAN, PRINCE OF DARKNESS
AND THE RULER OF THE INFERO AND THE PIT!

I'M MISUNDERSTOOD, I AM NOT A FIEND
I'M NOT EVEN REALLY ALL THAT MEAN.
I'M NOT AS BAD AS THE PUBLIC CLAIMS
'CAUSE OF VILE TALES PEOPLE CURSE MY NAME.

I'M NOT BAD
I'M NOT A FIEND
I'M JUST SATAN, PRINCE OF DARKNESS
AND RULER OF THE INFERO AND THE PIT!

IT'S SO SAD.
I'M NOT BAD,
THEY JUST SAY I AM.

I'M THAT FELLOW CALLED MESISTOPHILES
WHO WAS CAST TO HELL TO DO AS I PLEASE.
ALL I ASK IS WHEN PEOPLE HEAR MY NAME,
THEY DON'T THINK OF SIN AND GIVE ME THE BLAME.

I'M NOT BAD
I'M NOT A FIEND
I'M JUST SATAN, PRINCE OF DARKNESS
AND THE RULER OF THE INFERO AND THE PIT!

LUCIFER: After all, it is true. there is that one incident I mentioned before. My downfall from heaven. But that's a long story and you wouldn't want to...on second thought, it isn't very long, and you would love to hear it. My story began one day when...

(At this point, the lights change from Hell to a nebulous color. They will change to Heaven later. PETER an archangel of the old order, enters.)

PETER: No! You can't do this!

LUCIFER: Peter, you look like you're an intelligent angel. How would you like a job? I know you would be interested in the fringe benefits of an eternity long contract.

PETER: Bah!

(LUCIFER waves away PETER's light)

LUCIFER: Now, I wasn't what you would call a bad egg. Sure, I've made a few mistakes, but hasn't everyone? I cannot understand why everyone insists on blaming me for all the trouble in the world.

PETER: (HIS light comes on) God's way is the good way, therefore any other way must be evil. You must be responsible for all the trouble and evil that has existed, since you do not conform to God's way.

(LUCIFER waves PETER's light out once again, but succeeds only in dimming it.)

LUCIFER: God said that I was responsible for something that I knew nothing about! Well, it wasn't that big of a deal. I was dealt a cruel injustice! The real culprits got away with the crime. I was only an innocent accomplice.

PETER: Innocent?

LUCIFER: Leave me alone! I want to show you what really happened, and finally get my good name cleared!

PETER: Stop! Stop this treachery at once! They have been given the official report, let it stand at that!

LUCIFER: Your halo's tarnished!

PETER: You can't do this! They were happy with the official report!

LUCIFER: No! I'm going to tell the whole truth! I'm going to tell everyone what really happened back then!

PETER: (HE comes down from his rock from which he has been speaking) You won't get away with this!

LUCIFER: I will!

PETER: No! You can't! And you won't! (PETER EXODUS)

LUCIFER: Heaven, yes, picture heaven four billion years ago, before I was banished. It's beautiful...

(Lights come up showing heaven. The ANGELS slowly come on stage. One ANGEL sits and dribbles a basketball a few inches above the floor, another sets up a chess set, while another sets up the chess pieces. A small group of ANGELS carry on various instruments: harps, flutes, tubas, ect. PETER enters)

LUCIFER: It's lovely...it's peaceful...it's paradise! And the people are beautiful! (Looking upon PETER) Well, most of them. Heaven is very peaceful, contented, happy. Like, say, the calm before the storm. (LUCIFER exits)

SONG: EVERYTHING'S HEAVEN IN HEAVEN

(PETER exits, re-enters carrying a music stand, ~~music~~, and some sheets of music. HE sets the stand up as the ANGELS mill around, then taps the baton to the stand. The ANGELS suddenly pay strict attention to PETER. All are smiling, ~~contented~~, ^{a baton,} contented, and happy. PETER leads them in the song with HIS Baton.)

ANGELS: EVERYTHING'S HEAVEN IN HEAVEN.
WE'VE GOT NO PROBLEMS UP HERE.
WITH THE STREETS MADE OF GOLD,
FRANKLY, I AM SOLD
ON THIS BLESSED LAND CALLED HEAVEN.

EVERYTHING'S PRETTY IN HEAVEN,
THE WEATHER'S NOT HARSH AND IT'S NICE.
OH, WE'RE ALL FED WELL,
GOSH THE LORD IS SWELL,
AND IT'S BETTER THAN...WELL, WE LIKE HEAVEN.

(Two ANGELS dressed in cheerleading outfits enter)

PETER:	ANGELS:
GIVE ME AN "H"!	ANG H!
GIVE ME AN "E"!	E!
GIVE ME AN "A"!	A!
GIVE ME AN "V"!	V!
GIVE ME AN "E"!	E!
GIVE ME AN "N"!	N!
WHAT DOES THAT SPELL?	PARADISE!
WHAT DOES THAT SPELL?	PARADISE!!
WHAT DOES THAT SPELL?	PARADISE!!!

ALL: ~~YEAH~~ YAY, GOD!!!!

(Three ANGELS separate themselves from the rest of the ANGELS and sing:)

THERE'S NOTHING TO DO HERE IN HEAVEN;
NO PAPERS, MOVIES, OR T.V.
PEACE IS WHAT WE'RE FOR,
STILL, WE'RE TERRIBLY BORED,
BECAUSE EVERYTHING'S HEAVEN IN HEAVEN.

INSERT (Cont.)

THOMAS: March. The red planet, Mars. Interesting name. Do you know something, darling? There has been quite a run on planets. Before I came across you today, I passed by the Celestial Real Estate company.

RALPH: What of it, Thomas?

THOMAS: Do you know the archangel Michael? He's short and dumpy, and goes around with insane notions like equality, life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. Do you know him?

RALPH: I'll say I do, and he's a lot more fun than you are!

THOMAS: (Going on) Well, what I heard should never pass through those lips! XXXXXXXXXXXX....

RALPH: Yes, Lips!

THOMAS: ...To another being, but that Archangel has bought the planet Earth!

RALPH: (In the middle of a yawn) Earth?

THOMAS: Quiet! It's a horrible secret! Horrible, but true!

RALPH: (Really bored silly) What would he want to do with a planet like earth?

THOMAS: Got this, Ralph. He wants to turn it into a golf course!

RALPH: What's wrong with that?

THOMAS: The watertraps are too big!

RALPH: Is that right?

THOMAS: Yes, do you know something, Ralph, darling? You're dumb, you're cozy, but for an Archangel of rank, you're dumb.

RALPH: Oh, Tommy.

THOMAS: It appears that both Lucifer and Michael have lost out on their planets. Little matter, I suppose. Lucifer can take care of himself, but you won't find me weeping for that Michael! He's undermining his own position as an Archangel! Arousing the rabble! Preaching heresy! Why, I'm surprised that the Lord himself isn't intervening!

RALPH: Why won't you let me intervene???

THOMAS: Control yourself, Ralph. There are innocent angels about!

RALPH: Well, God didn't give Archangels Cox for nothing!

THOMAS: Behave yourself.

RALPH: You Puritan! THOMAS: Oi-vey!

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THOMAS:(Going on) Well, what I heard should never pass through those lips ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~....

RALPH: Yes, Lips?

THOMAS: ...To another being, but that ArchAngel has bought the planet Earth.

RALPH:(In the middle of a yawn) Earth?

THOMAS: Quiet! It's a horrible secret! Horrible, but true!

RALPH:(Really bored silly) What would he want to do with a planet like earth?

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RALPH: Oh, Tonny.

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THOMAS: Behave yourself.

RALPH: You Puritan! THOMAS: O-vey!

(PETER becomes angry and pounds HIS baton on the music stand, the ANGELS realign themselves and the chorus continues:)

THERE'S NO PLACE TO LIVE THAT'S LIKE HEAVEN,
NO KINGDOM THAT CAN COMPARE.
WITH THE LOVELY SKY,
WE'RE FOREVER HIGH
IN THIS PALACE WIDE CALLED HEAVEN

OHHHH---
EVERYTHING'S HEAVEN IN HEAVEN,
WE'VE GOT NO PROBLEMS UP HERE.
WITH THE STREETS MADE OF GOLD,
I'M GLAD I WAS TOLD
OF THIS BLESSED LAND CALLED HEAVEN!

(PETER is beaming with pride as he alone takes a bow. He puts the chorus at ease.)

PETER: Thank you, thank you. Thank you very much.

(Two archangels, RALPH, a female, and THOMAS, a male, enter together as the CHORUS starts milling around again.)

RALPH: And now he doesn't know what to do with it! Can you picture an archangel being that stupid?

THOMAS: (In a beautiful Jewish accent) I don't know what to think about it. I've always thought that Lucifer was a level headed fella, with both feet on the ground, but this. Did you also hear why he bought the planet?

RALPH: He wanted to turn it into a sheep farm. You see, Thomas, he ~~didn't~~ realize that you can't raise sheep on Mars.

THOMAS: Oi-vey. Why not, Ralph?

RALPH: There's no grass! Just mounds and mounds of sand, all over!

THOMAS: What did you say was the name of the place?

RALPH: Mars.

THOMAS: Mars? Interesting name. You know something, darling? There has been quite a run on planets lately. Before I met you today I had the chance of passing by the Celestial Real Estate Company.

RALPH: What of it, Thomas?

THOMAS: Do you know the archangel Micheal? He's tall and goes around with all of those insane notions like equality, ect. Do you know him?

RALPH: I'm afraid I do.

THOMAS: Well, what I have overheard should never pass through these lips to another being. It's a secret, but it's true. The good archangel has bought the planet Earth.

RALPH: EARTH?

THOMAS: Quiet! It's a horrible secret! Horrible, but true.

RALPH: What would he want with an ugly planet like Earth?

THOMAS: Get this, Ralph. He wants to turn it into a golf course, the fool!

RALPH: What's so foolish about that?

THOMAS: The watertraps are too big!

RALPH: Is that right?

THOMAS: Yes. You know something, Ralph darling? You're dumb.

RALPH: It seems that both Lucifer and Micheal have lost out on their little planets.

THOMAS: Well, Lucifer can take care of himself but you won't find me weeping for Micheal. That fool is undermining his own position as an archangel! Arousing the rabble! Preaching heresy! Why, I'm surprised that the lord himself hasn't intervened!

(PETER joins the duo)

PETER: Ralph! Thomas! Hello, good day to you both.

RALPH: (Icily) Good day.

THOMAS: It was.

RALPH: Yes.

PETER: Yes indeed. How did you two enjoy my little concert this morning?

THOMAS: It wasn't too loud, It wasn't too soft, and it wasn't exactly kosher, It was alright. Now, as I was telling this archangel, in private.

PETER: Good day! (HE leaves them)

THOMAS: May the seas turn red for him, the pest!

(The duo move upstages and exit. MARC, an angel, rushes onstage and runs down PETER, thus knocking him down.)

MARC: Sorry, sir!

PETER: Marc! You're late again!

MARC: I'm afraid that I was...

PETER: Sleeping! That's all that you ever do! I have a good mind to toss you out of this chorus and put you back at flittering clouds! Why do I have to put up with you, Marc? Answer me! Why?

MARC: Well, sir. I...

PETER: Ha! Do you see? You can't give me one good answer! You're no good, Marc! Where were you when the good lord handed out the brains?

MARC: You see, I was...

PETER: Sleeping! I knew it! Get out of my sight! I don't want to see high or low of you again! Out!

MARC: But the chorus! (ANGELS begin to exit)

PETER: You're no longer in the chorus! Get out of my sight!

MARC: Out?

PETER: POSITIVELY! OUT!

MARC: But out?

PETER: OUT! OPPOSITE OF IN! OUT!

MARC: Yes, sir. I'm sorry, I meant to...oh! Pest!

PETER: (On HIS way out, towards MARC) Pest!

MARC: Darn! What would they know about heaven? They don't even know what hell is like.

LUCIFER:(Entering, HIS outfit now of an Archangel) Do you know what Hell is like?

MARC: Well, I haven't experienced it. But I've read about it in these books.

LUCIFER: Do you experience everything from books?

MARC: You have to if there's no other way!

LUCIFER: These angels should experience a little Hell?

MARC: Yeah. (HE opens a book) Like it's written here. "One learns only by suffering."

LUCIFER: (In a very disbelieving manner) Yeah.

MARC: I honestly think that the angels in heaven ought to be shown...

LUCIFER: And you're the one to do it?

MARC: Pardon?

LUCIFER: Ha! You couldn't do it if you had a hundred years! You're nothing but a weak kneed fool! And I can tell that by just looking at your face!

MARC: Now wait a moment...

LUCIFER: I've seen so many like you. The so-called intellectuals! They come and spout out their theories and then do absolutely nothing about them!

MARC: I never said that I wouldn't do anything...

LUCIFER: Aw, go away! You haven't got the backbone for such a dangerous mission.

MARC: I do too! I do too!

LUCIFER: Now that was a mature comeback.

MARC: I can do anything that I want to! And do it as well as anyone else could!

LUCIFER: Oh? Could you?

MARC: Yes, I could! Just you wait and see! I'll go out and raise Cain!

LUCIFER: Now?

MARC: I'm not sure. I don't have the slightest idea how, but I'll think of something! Let's see, I have to find a way of getting a different view of heaven, then I can show the other angels just how good they have it here!

LUCIFER: There's always the garden...

MARC: Wow! What a brilliant idea I've just had! I'll enter the garden of the forbidden fruit. I'll be sure to get a different view from there! And then I'll bring some of the fruit out of the garden and pass it around to the angels! That'll be sure to stir things up! Well! How's that for danger?

LUCIFER: I'm trembling before you. That's a terribly original idea.

MARC: I'll show you who's a spineless idiot! And I mean every word I say!

LUCIFER: I believe you.

MARC: You do?

LUCIFER: Yes. I was mistaken, forgive me for being so harsh on you.

MARC: Sure.

LUCIFER: You see, I had to know if you felt the ~~same~~ about the ^{same} trouble in Heaven as I do.

MARC: Do I?

LUCIFER: Yes, and it's wonderful! What you will do in the ~~golden~~ ^{garden} will set angelhood ahead a thousand years!

MARC: It will?

LUCIFER: Of course it will!

MARC: But isn't that an awfully big leap to take in just one day?

LUCIFER: Don't be silly, Marc. It happens to be one of the best ways to earn your wings. Wings, Marc, Wings! Don't you want to become one of the bigwigs like myself?

MARC: Like you?

LUCIFER: Like me! Marc! This is your big chance to really strike it big in heaven! Your very name will bring joy to thousands of angels. Your fame would spread like a burning bush throughout heaven, and then, you get your wings!

MARC: MY wings! yes! Yes! I want MY wings! I want MY wings!

LUCIFER: Of course you do! Of course! And I only wish that I could be with you as you enter the garden of the strictly forbidden fruit, however I...

MARC: You won't be with me?

LUCIFER: I can't, Marc. I have an important little chat with HIM concerning a small piece of extracaelestial real estate.

MARC: Oh, you have to talk with the Lord again, I understand.

LUCIFER: Don't worry, Marc. Someday soon, when you become a bigwigg like me, you can chat with the Lord all day. But you go ahead and get into trouble...err...the garden! And good luck, and God speed!

MARC: Well, alright. Bye bye.

LUCIFER: Bye bye. (MARC EXITS) That kid needs help! Why didn't I think of this before? This can turn out to be a clever way of regaining my Martian investments. I'll get that boobie that just left, and some other boobie into a peck of trouble! Stealing fruit from the garden! Oh, will they be in a bushel of trouble! God will have to get rid of those idiots somehow, and somewhere! And he'll pick the planet Mars? It's the only decent place to send them to. And HE'll have to ask me? Because I own it, icecaps and all!!! But wait! What other boobies can I use?

Scene three
(CELESTE ENTERS. SHE doesn't notice LUCIFER as SHE is looking intently at all the rocks, SHE is also trying to sing "EVERYTHING'S HEAVEN IN HEAVEN", and is doing so off key.)

CELESTE: La-la-la-La-la-la-LA la--oh! Let's try it again! From the refrain. La-la-la-la-la-la-lee! oh! Is there even one tiny bit of hope for me? I can barely talk without cracking a note.

LUCIFER: Hello.

CELESTE: Oh! Oh, hello. I didn't see you there. I was just admiring my rock garden here. Did you...

LUCIFER: Hear you talking to yourself? I'm afraid I did. Forgive me for eavesdropping. I was just passing through.

CELESTE: Who are you?

LUCIFER: My name is of little importance, But it's Lucifer.
^{And} And what is your name?

CELESTE: Celeste. It's a rather common name, I'm afraid that it's not very fancy.

LUCIFER: I think that it's nice, for a name. May I sit down?

CELESTE: If you can find a space, please do.

LUCIFER: Thank you. I'll just sit on this rock here...

CELESTE: Not there!

LUCIFER: Here?

CELESTE: No! Not on my rock!

LUCIFER: On the ground?

CELESTE: Any place other than my rock! Do you have any idea how long it takes to grow a rock?

LUCIFER: No, I don't.

CELESTE: Well! You would if you had ever tried!

LUCIFER: I am sorry. I had no idea you grow rocks. You grow rocks?

CELESTE: Doesn't everyone grow something?

LUCIFER: BUT ROCKS?

CELESTE: Someone has to! Where do you think they all come from?
From some old cabbage patch?

LUCIFER: I never really stopped to think about it.

CELESTE: Who does? Do you know what we have here in heaven?
A rock gap.

LUCIFER: No!

CELESTE: Yes! As wide as your arm is long!

LUCIFER: That's terrible. Why rocks?

CELESTE: What?

LUCIFER: Couldn't you find something...a little more sensible to grow?

CELESTE: I like rocks. They like me.

LUCIFER: They do?

CELESTE: Yes, we're quite compatible.

LUCIFER: You really do like rock, heh?

CELESTE: Yes, no matter what happens, I want to be with my rocks.

LUCIFER: No matter what?

CELESTE: Yes.

LUCIFER: What if I told you about this planet I know of. It's
nothing BUT rock! It's called Mars.

CELESTE: It must be beautiful!

LUCIFER: And it's red!

CELESTE: My favorite color! Did you say that some of the rocks
are red?

LUCIFER: The whole planet's red!

CELESTE: When do we leave?

LUCIFER: Huh?

CELESTE: You didn't tell me this just to leave me gaping, did you?

LUCIFER: No, I didn't...

CELESTE: Well, let's go. Wait a moment...I'll pack my bags and we'll be off in da flesh!

LUCIFER: Not with me! I can't go ~~there~~ I...
THERE!

CELESTE: Why not? You were all ready to send me there. Now why all of a sudden you're unable to come?

LUCIFER: I've got a pressing engagement with HIM!

CELESTE: Him who?

LUCIFER: HIM!

CELESTE: Oh, HIM!

LUCIFER: But I'll have someone else take you. Do you know the angel Marc?

CELESTE: That clod! He can't see the rocks for the gravel!

LUCIFER: You've got him all wrong! He only acts stupid!

CELESTE: I'll say he does.

LUCIFER: No, no. Marc is the only angel in heaven that can take you to Mars.

CELESTE: He is?

LUCIFER: Would I lie to you?

CELESTE: What's a lie?

LUCIFER: Nevermind. Marc is one of the truly great angels in the long history of heaven. He's brave, courageous, thoughtful, and handsome as sin!

CELESTE: What's sin?

LUCIFER: Don't work so hard my dear. Mars is the very place for you! I know you'll just love it there. I would take you there myself, but the thin air clogs my sinuses.

CELESTE: What in heaven's name is a sinus?

LUCIFER: They're just murder. And someday I'll tell you all about/16
murder. But if you want to ever get to Mars, then you
better get over to the garden of forbidden fruit.

CELESTE: The garden of forbidden fruit?

LUCIFER: The garden of forbidden fruit. You know where it is?
Good. Now go there and help Marc in anyway possible.

CELESTE: Marc? Oh, well. If it will get me to Mars, I'll do
anything. Red rocks, my, my, my. Oh, how can I thank you?

LUCIFER: Just go to the garden and help Marc. Seeing you happy will
be reward enough.

CELESTE: Okay, bya. (As she exits she sings 'EVERYTHING'S HEAVEN
IN HEAVEN' on key.) La, la, la, la, la, la, la. AH!

LUCIFER: Bye-bye. My little pigeon!

SCENE 4

(As the front lights dimout, LUCIFER fades back and joins the
other ARCHANGELS. As he falls in line, the cycs come up to
reveal the silhouettes of all the ARCHANGELS.)

PAUL: I was all ready to tee off on the eighth hole, why did I
have to come here?

MICHEAL: Don't ~~sit~~ me, I was eating.
Ask

RALPH: You're always eating.

THOMAS: I was in choir when I was called.

LUCIFER: I hope this isn't another one of His practical jokes.

(The lights come up, and the ARCHANGELS sit down.)

PAUL: Well, where is the Lord, anyway?

MICHEAL: It must be important. He wouldn't call us here in the
middle of the week if it weren't.

PAUL: I agree it must be important.

RALPH: How's the real estate business, Mike?

THOMAS: I heard all about that, Mike darling., Why did you do
something like that for?

MICHEAL: I had my reasons.

(A strong light shines from above, and pulsates with GOD'S
overpowering voice.)

GOD: Good morning, gentleman. Please make yourselves comfortable, I'll try to make this as brief as possible. Oh, hello Paul. How's your golf game doing?

PAUL: Great! I shot a thirty-five on a thirty-six hole course yesterday!

GOD: Will miracles never cease!

PAUL: I hope not.

RALPH: What is this all about, Lord? We're busy archangels. What?

GOD: I understand that and I thank you all for coming on such short notice. As you may have noted, morale around here is pretty low. Because of this, I've decided to try an experiment, sort of a diversion, just something that'll be good for a few laughs.

THOMAS: What is it?

GOD: I call them humans. They're made in my image, but they will be visible, of course. I'm thinking of placing them in some extra-celestial setting. Some planet, perhaps. Anyway, I wanted to know of your opinions on the idea, as see if you had any suggestions on where they should be put.

(ARCHANGELS adlib approval.)

RALPH: Lord Almighty, how many were you thinking of starting with?

GOD: Oh, I figured a nice even number, say two.

LUCIFER: Your Lordship I have a suggestion.

GOD: Go right ahead Lucifer. But be brief. What is your suggestion?

LUCIFER: I know the place you should put there humans.

GOD: Where?

SONG: MARS, EARTH, AND THE SUN

LUCIFER: THE PLANET IS MARS.
THE PLANET IS MARS.
IT'S QUIET THERE,
IT'S PLEASANT THERE,
IT'S PEACEFUL,
IT'S FRIGID.

MARS IS A WORLD WHERE THE LAND IS DRY.
AIR WITH NO CLOUDS TO OBSCURE THE SKY.
BROWN IS THE ROCK,
RED IS THE SAND,
THAT HIGH-POWERED WINDS BLOW ALL OVER THE LAND

LUCIFER: MARS IS THE PLACE WHERE THOSE TWO SHOULD GO.
THERE, AT THE POLES, THEY CAN PLAY IN SNOW.
COLD ARE THE DAYS,
NIGHTS COLDER STILL.
THERE, IN THE AIR, THERE IS ALWAYS A CHILL.

(MICHEAL stands up)

MICHEAL: Wait! You're wrong! I know what planet the humans
should be sent to!

THOMAS: Which one?

LUCIFER: ^{Three} ~~Three~~ guesses.

MICHEAL: THE PLANET IS EARTH.
THE PLANET IS EARTH.
IT'S NICE THERE,
IT'S PLEASANT THERE,
IT'S WARM THERE,
NOT FRIGID!

BLUE IS THE WORLD THAT I'M THINKING OF.
THE MOUNTAINS AND SEAS YOU WILL INSTANTLY LOVE.
BRIGHT IS THEIR MOON,
PROMISING ARE THEIR STARS.
EARTH CAN BEAT ALL THAT IS OFFERED ON MARS.

EARTH IS THE LAND WHERE THEY SHOULD BE SENT.
JUST LOOK AT THE WEATHER AND IGNORE THE RENT.
WHY SEND THEM THERE
WITH ~~ALL~~ THAT THIN AIR.
LET'S SEND THEM TO EARTH, LORD, IT IS ONLY FAIR.

(PETER stands up.)

PETER: Stop! Stop! Both of you are wrong! I know the only place
they can go!

RALPH: Where?

GOD: Yes, Peter. Where?

PETER: THE PLACE IS THE SUN!
THE PLACE IS THE SUN!
IT'S WARM THERE,
IT'S YELLOW THERE,
IT'S NICE THERE,

LUCIFER and MICHEAL: ^{BURN} THEY'LL THERE!!

(LUCIFER and MICHEAL now begin to sing simultaneously)

LUCIFER: MARS IS A WORLD WHERE THE LAND IS DRY.
 AIR WITH NO CLOUDS TO OBSCURE THE SKY.
 BROWN IS THE ROCK,
 RED IS THE SAND
 THAT HIGH-POWERED WINDS BLOW ALL OVER THE LAND.

(simultaneously)

MICHEAL: BEAUTIFUL IS THE WORLD THAT I'M THINKING OF.
 THE MOUNTAINS AND SEAS YOU WILL INSTANTLY LOVE.
 BRIGHT IS THEIR MOON,
 PROMISING ARE THEIR STARS.
 EARTH CAN BEAT ALL THAT IS OFFERED ON MARS.

PETER: The Sun! The Sun!

LUCIFER: MARS IS THE PLACE WHERE THOSE TWO SHOULD GO.
 THERE, AT THE POLES, THEY CAN PLAY IN SNOW.
 COLD ARE THE DAYS,
 NIGHTS COLDER STILL.
 THERE, IN THE AIR, THERE IS ALWAYS A CHILL.

(simultaneously)

MICHEAL: EARTH IS THE LAND WHERE THEY SHOULD BE SENT.
 JUST LOOK AT THE WEATHER AND IGNORE THE INT.
 WHY SEND THEM THERE
 WITH ALL THAT THIN AIR.
 LET'S SEND THEM TO EARTH, LORD, IT IS ONLY FAIR.

LUCIFER, MICHEAL and PETER: SEND THEM THERE!
 SEND THEM THERE!
 LET'S SEND THEM THERE!

GOD: Very interesting. I have, to pick between, Earth, Mars,...
 ...and the Sun. All of them...well, most of them have possibilities.
 Well, I'll have to choose one of them, I suppose, and I better
 do it quickly if I don't want to slow up my time-table. Looks
 like I'm in for some work. Are there any other....

VOICE:(Offstage, it is a female voice) Jehovah! Jehovah! You
 have to come home for dinner now!

GOD: Oh, for the love of...alright! I'm coming. I'll be in touch
 with you gentlemen when I make my decision. (THIS light fades out)

LUCIFER:(To audience) Curses, things aren't going my way, the way
 that I planned. I expected God to pick Mars for the humans
 at once! Why did Mike have to go and open his fat mouth
 for? Darn!..Wait a minute, yes, that's what I'll do. (With
 a small laugh) I had almost forgotten about Marc and
 Celeste. I'll convince God to put Marc and Celeste on Mars,
 and then I'll convince Him to put the humans on Mars, and
 before He knows what's happened, He'll be paying me double
 rent! Bingo! I'm rich! Rich! Famous! Affluent! Aha!
 Money! Happy days are here again!

(Dimout)

SCENE 5

(Lights come up on stage revealing a low wall of stones on which sits the archangel PAUL, asleep, with a large double-bladed sword next to him. CELESTE is hidden behind a large rock that is also on the stage. MARC creeps past PAUL, into the "garden". Marc does not see CELESTE,) as he is obviously searching for something.)

MARC: Where in heaven is it?

CELESTE: What?

MARC: Who's there?

CELESTE: Me.

MARC: Me who?

CELESTE: Not Me Who. My name is Celeste. Lucifer sent me to help you if your name is Marc.

MARC: It is. (CELESTE comes out from behind her rock)

CELESTE: What are we doing here?

MARC: We're looking for my wings.

CELESTE: What??

MARC: We're looking for something.

CELESTE: What?

MARC: I'm not sure. Let's see, what do you think is the most valuable fruit around here?

CELESTE: Valuable?? What does valuable mean?

MARC: I'm not sure.

CELESTE: Maybe the peaches?

MARC: Naw, they're too fuzzy.

CELESTE: How about a tomato?

MARC: Are you trying to be funny? Now think.

CELESTE: Well, what's left? Let's see...(Counting off on her fingers)
Oranges, lemons, grapes, cherries, limes, pomegranates
apples, passionfruit, pears...

MARC: Wait a minute! What was the one before that one?

CELESTE: Passionfruit?

MARC: No, no. The one before.

CELESTE: An apple?...Hmmm, maybe...yea! An apple!

MARC: Apple? Hmmm...it just might be. It is red.

CELESTE: My favorite color.

MARC: And green, and has seeds. And it's very big! Yea! It must be an apple! ~~Well~~ see,...here's one! Here, help me carry it out. Let's

CELESTE: It's heavy.

MARC: Won't Lucifer be surprised!

(They carry the apple, actually a watermelon, out of the garden, and set it on a rock at the center of the stage.)

CELESTE: Well, there it is.

MARC: You're right. There it is.

CELESTE: Now what do we do with it?

MARC: I don't know. What do you usually do with an apple?

CELESTE: I think you eat it.

MARC: Eat a whole apple? You must be kidding! It would take an entire congregation to eat this apple!

CELESTE: It's not the eating that I'm worried about, how are we going to get started?

MARC: I've got it! (He sneaks over to PAUL and takes the sword away.) I'm simply too smart for my own good. Hungry?

CELESTE: What are you going to do with that?

MARC: Watch! (MARC lifts the sword high above his head and strikes the apple with the flat of the blade.) HA!!

CELESTE: Now why don't you use the ~~sharp~~ edge?

MARC: Don't be a smarty. I know what I'm doing.

CELESTE: Oh, of course. Gravel, pure gravel.

MARC: HA! (He cuts the apple in half.) Once again! (He cuts the apple into quarters.) Here, enjoy. (He gives CELESTE a quartar of the apple.)

CELESTE: Thank you, Marc.

MARC: I wonder if there's any salt around here?

CELESTE: (She takes a bite of the apple.) My goodness. Things suddenly seem very different.

MARC: How?

CELESTE: I'm not sure. (She takes another bite.)

MARC: Is it any good?

CELESTE: (Really letting it out) It's wonderful! Have some, dear.

MARC: Sure. (He takes a hearty bite.) Nice..(Another bite.)..Nice... NICE! (A drumbeat is heard in the background.) Say, do you know what you have?

CELESTE: Wa..What?

MARC: (Eyeing her up and down.) You have a face. A beautiful face!

CELESTE: You have a face too!

(As if transfixed, MARC and CELESTE move to opposite sides of the stage. They seem not to notice each other.)

MARC: (Dreamily) And lovely eyes!

CELESTE: (The same speech-style as MARC is using.) You have a cute dimple!

MARC: And beautiful hair!

CELESTE: And you're not so stupid after all!

SONG: APPLE

MARC: IT'S WILD.
IT'S DIFFERENT.
THERE'S SOMETHING AMISS HERE.
UNLESS I'M MUCH MISTAKEN.
IT'S YOU!

YOUR EYES
AND YOUR LIPS
THEY SEEM TO CONSPIRE
TO SET MY HEART ON FIRE.
IT'S YOU.

MY EYES ARE SUDDENLY FILLED WITH ALL YOUR GLORY.
YOU'RE THE CENTER OF MY LIFE I CAN'T DENY.
AND IF I WERE TO PERISH AT THIS MOMENT
MY LOVE FOR YOU WOULD NEVER DIM OR DIE!

CELESTE: IT'S SPECIAL.
IT'S NOVEL.
I FEEL A LITTLE STRANGE HERE
SINCE I MET THIS STRANGER
HE'S YOU

YOU'RE TALL
AND YOU'RE HANDSOME
YOU'VE TIED MY HEART IN KNOTS
AND IF IT'S RIGHT OR NOT
IT'S YOU

AND I CAN TELL OUR STORY IS JUST BEGINNING,
A HAPPY ENDING'S NOW DESTINED TO BE.
AND I HOPE TO SEE THAT CHAPTER IN THE STORY
THAT CHAPTER WHERE WE CAN BOTH BE FREE.

MARC: IT'S YOU
IT'S YOU
I FEEL IT IN MY HEART

CELESTE: IT'S YOU
IT'S YOU
AND THIS IS JUST THE START

BOTH: IT'S WILD
WE'RE DIFFERENT
THERE'S SOMETHING AMISS HERE
UNLESS I'M MUCH MISTAKEN
IT'S YOU!

MARC:

MARC: YOU!

CELESTE: YOU!

MARC: YOU!

BOTH: YOU!

(Marc and Celeste suddenly realize that each other exist, and they run up to one another at center. They stare at each other looking at different angles. MARC timidly touches CELESTE. CELESTE touches MARC in return, they walk toward each other, embrace and kiss. Lights out)

SCENE 66

(The scene is the same as Scene 4) silhouette lighting.)

PAUL: I didn't even get a chance to tee off!

MICHEAL: My dinner is most likely a pile of cinders by now.

RALPH: Eat, eat, eat. That's all you ever talk about!

LUCIFER: Do you have something better?

the
(The lights come up on ~~the~~ ARCHANGELS)

THOMAS: Why are we here so early, and on a weekday yet?

PAUL: The Lord must have come to a decision.

MICHEAL: So soon? It usually takes Him quite a while.

RALPH: You're right. It must be something else. But what?

(GOD'S light enters.)

GOD: (Hurriedly and a bit indecisive) Gentlemen, good morning to you all. I apologize for asking you here so early, however it concerns a matter of the gravest proportions.

LUCIFER: What is it, Lord?

GOD: I have not yet come to a decision ~~concerning~~ the humans, but it has come to my attention that...well...I'm not sure how to put this...well, a crime has been committed in heaven.

LUCIFER: (Smiling) No!

MICHEAL: A crime?

THOMAS: Who?

PAUL: When?

PETER: Why?

GOD: Apparently, two lower-class angels broke into the garden of the forbidden fruit last evening.

RALPH: Oh, that's not so bad.

GOD: And they ate an apple.

MICHEAL: Not the apple!

PAUL: But it contains all our knowledge! All of our power! They'll know everything! They'll no longer be angels! They're free! What can we do?

RALPH: We have to take quick action! We can't let this get out!

GOD: Now, gentlemen, wait a moment. What's so horrible? Granted, these angels have done wrong, but I don't think any drastic measures ought to be taken. After all, they're only angels. I think they should be entitled to one little mistake. We'll just say it was our idea to make them archangels.

LUCIFER: Your Lordship.

GOD: Yes Lucifer.

LUCIFER: Your most glorious majesty, you can't let those angels get away with this most monstrous crime! If it gets out that you let your standards of purity drop for two angels, what will stop two thousand more from going to the garden? And if you lower your standards you won't have a paradise, you'll have a civilization! Think of what that would mean!

GOD: I had never thought of the situation in those terms... What do the rest of you think.

(The ARCHANGELS quietly adlib support for LUCIFER.)

MICHEAL: I think Lucifer has a point, your highness.

LUCIFER: Of course I do.

GOD: But what can be done?...

LUCIFER: I have a suggestion.

GOD: Well, let's hear it!

LUCIFER: How does this sound? What you have to do is get rid of these two, so you don't have the problem of this revolt spreading. The answer is simple! Just exile them to Mars! Presto! All your problems are solved!

MICHEAL: (Realizing that he might lose a fortune if God sends Marc and Celeste to Mars.) No! No! Send them to earth! Earth! Earth!! EARTH!!

GOD: Be silent Micheal. You should take a lesson from Lucifer here. He has a quick mind, and is always useful is a pinch. Lucifer, I like your suggestion, I'll just have to send the two angels to Mars. Send the two of them to me, at once!

MICHEAL: Can't you see that this is the way Lucifer planned it!

GOD: Calm yourself, Micheal. I'll be in my office. Good day, gentlemen.

(Dimout)

SCENE 7

(Somewhere in Heaven.) Enter RALPH and THOMAS, armed with spears.)

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RALPH: Where in heaven are they?

THOMAS: Ohhh, God knows!

RALPH: Then why are we looking?

(Exit RALPH and THOMAS.)

(LUCIFER enters.)

LUCIFER: Where are they? All of my plans will be ruined! I've got to find them! Send them to Mars and make a fortune! That's what I have to do! But where are they?

(MICHEAL enters.)

MICHEAL: Lucifer! Have you seen those two angels, Marc and Celeste?

LUCIFER: Have I seen them? Would I be here talking to an idiot if I'd seen them?

MICHEAL: Don't get so excited! I'm just as anxious to find them as you are.

LUCIFER: You couldn't be. You just couldn't be.

MICHEAL: But I am. I want God to put those two on Mars as soon as possible!

LUCIFER: You do? But why?

MICHEAL: I'm out to make a profit just like you are. And if God puts these renegade angels on Mars, that just clears the way for putting humans on Earth, now, won't it? You can't put humans on the same planet as criminals. It wouldn't be safe!

LUCIFER: For who?

MICHEAL: Whom. But never mind. I'll get my price for Earth...

LUCIFER: And I'll get my cash for Mars...

MICHEAL: We'll both win! Quite a touch of heavenly larceny, eh?

(LUCIFER and MICHEAL stare at each other for a moment, then break out laughing.)

LUCIFER: I never thought you had it in you, Mike.

MICHEAL: Everyone does, Lucy.

LUCIFER: Let's hurry, we've got to find those two and send them off before the others get a chance to find out about our little scheme.

MICHEAL: Agreed! If anyone else found out, there's no telling what would happen.

(LUCIFER and MICHEAL:exit) Enter MARC and CELESTE.)

MARC: Come on. They're gone.

CELESTE: Why are they so anxious to catch us?

MARC: I suppose that we did something against the rules.

CELESTE: Do you mean something wrong?

MARC: I think so.

CELESTE: But the angels don't know the difference between right and wrong.

MARC: But the archangels do. That's the trouble. They're the same as us, or, to put it another way, we're the same as they are.

CELESTE: What's wrong with that?

MARC: Do you want to be the same as they are?

CELESTE: But what's wrong with being the same?

MARC: I think it's this way. You see, the archangels were chosen by God. They were hand-picked and given their powers by Him. We weren't picked. We didn't even go through channels.

CELESTE: But why did He choose those nuts! Why didn't He choose us?

MARC: Don't ask so many questions, I don't know all the answers. After all, I'm new at this!

CELESTE: I'm sorry.

MARC: You're what?

CELESTE: I said I'm sorry.

MARC: Oh, I guess I am too.

CELESTE: Well, now what do we do? I don't think we can go back to what we were before. What do we do?

MARC: I don't know. I feel so different I don't know what to do.

CELESTE: If they're looking for us, do we want them to find us?

MARC: I don't think so.

CELESTE: Either do I.

MARC: Maybe we should hide.

CELESTE: But God sees all. Won't He see where we hide?

MARC: Would we still be on the loose if God could see all?

CELESTE: A You have a ponderous point.

MARC: We'd better leave...Celeste?

CELESTE: Yes, Marc?

MARC: Do you know that you are beautiful?

CELESTE: Thank you. What's beautiful?

MARC: You, You and a million other things I never noticed before. You, and all of those countless objects I never saw before. You were always there, and yet I never saw you. I love you, Celeste. More...more than ~~HIM~~ itself! I love you more than heaven! Or these stupid clouds!

CELESTE: More than all of the angels in heaven?

MARC: More? What do those sexless cherubs know about love? What could they know about love?

CELESTE: I'm not sure I want to stay in a place, even a paradise, where there isn't love, or emotions.

MARC: Then let's leave!

CELESTE: Leave? My rocks?

MARC: Yes, leave.

SONG: JUST US

MARC: HERE NOW WE STAND ALONE.
NO FRIENDS AND WITHOUT A HOME.

CELESTE: FORCED AS WE ARE TO ROAM,
NOW HERE WE STAND ALONE.

BOTH: JUST US TWO.

BOTH: NOW, WE ARE CAPABLE OF LOVE.
WE KNOW ALL THAT'S UP ABOVE,
AND BELOW.
BUT BEST OF ALL
WE KNOW

CELESTE: LOVE'S MORE THAN HEAVEN HAS TO GIVE
SO WE'D MUCH PREFER TO LIVE
DOWN BELOW
THERE'S A PLACE
I KNOW

MARC: THERE'S THE EARTH,
GRASSY HILLS AND BLUE-GREEN SEA.
THAT'S THE PLACE I'D LIKE TO BE

CELESTE: LET'S AWAY, THEN
THE EARTH'S WHERE WE'LL STAY.

BOTH: LOVE'S GIVEN US THE POWER TO GO
'WAY DOWN TO THE EARTH BELOW.
WE WON'T GRIEVE.
HAPPILY
WE'LL LEAVE.

MARC: TO THE EARTH,
MOUNTAINS AND ALL KINDS OF STONES.
THAT'S ONE HARD STEP TO TAKE ALONE,
BOTH: BUT WE'RE TWO, NOW.
AND WE'LL SEE IT THROUGH.

BOTH: LOVE'S GIVEN US THE POWER TO GO
'WAY DOWN TO THE EARTH BELOW.
WE WON'T GRIEVE.
HAPPILY
WE'LL LEAVE.

(They cross over to the pearly gates, now slit. LUCIFER enters.)

LUCIFER: STOP!

MARC: What?

LUCIFER: Where do you think you're going?

MARC: We're leaving!

CELESTE: I'm sorry I won't be able to see Marc...

LUCIFER: If you come back I'll take you to Marc, myself!

CELESTE: But we're going to Earth!

LUCIFER: No! You can't do this to me! Come back!

MARC: Goodbye!

CELESTE: Goodbye!

LUCIFER: (Breaking down.) No! No! Wait! Please wait!

(MARC and CELESTE, waving goodbye, walk through the gate
and exit.)

LUCIFER: Aw, God damn it!

(GOD'S light comes on.)

COD: Lucifer. I've been looking for you.

LUCIFER: You have?

COD: Yes.

LUCIFER: What about, your Lordship?

GOD: It's about a real-estate deal.

LUCIFER: Oh, you're agreeing!

GOD: I'm denying!

(This pushes LUCIFER over the brink. He is totally crushed.
'Til the end of the scene LUCIFER sounds slightly hysterical.)

LUCIFER: But those two just left for Earth!

GOD: Good riddance!

LUCIFER: But they went to EARTH! You'll have to pay Michael now!

GOD: What part does Michael play in this?

LUCIFER: He owns the Earth!

GOD: How can he own something that belongs to me?

LUCIFER: The same way I own Mars!

GOD: You what?

LUCIFER: I own Mars. You know, the big red planet with all the rocks and sand and no atmosphere!

GOD: How did you come to own Mars?

LUCIFER: Why, the same way Mike did! We bought them at the Celestial Real Estate Company! You ought to go there! You could probably get a pretty good deal on a galaxy or two.

GOD: You think so? Gee, maybe I ought to...Wait a minute! I own everything already!! Hum, the Celestial Real...I've never heard of it!

LUCIFER: It's on the corner of cloud nine, right next to the yellow-painted bookstores!

GOD: Who sold you these planets?

LUCIFER: Peter!

GOD: WHO?

LUCIFER: ^{The Coward}Whom. Peter. He owned ~~the~~ ^{the} company.

GOD: I never knew that!

LUCIFER: Yeah, but now you have to pay me for Mars because you're not putting humans on Earth and you'll have to pay MIKE because he's the owner of Earth but I'll have to pay you back because my angels are on Earth so everything turns out wonderful and beautiful and awfully pretty...

GOD: Lucifer..

LUCIFER: Yessss?

GOD: Shut up! I've given up on humans. They're not worth the trouble. This entire day has been terribly confusing, and believe it or not, I'm tired. I'm half-asleep and it's not even Sunday yet! Many things have happened in the past, but I know of one event that is going to make my day a little brighter.

LUCIFER: What is it?

GOD: Lucifer, GO TO HELL!!

(There is a blinding flash of light, and LUCIFER disappears. Dimout.)

SCENE 8

(We return to the present, in Hell. LUCIFER is alone on stage, addressing the audience.)

LUCIFER: And thus ends my story. Here I am. If you're wondering what happened to Michael you can sleep easy, he got away with his part of the deal. God was just too tired to do anything with him. Of course, Marc and Celeste got away to Earth and changed their names. Those sweet, wide-eyed innocents always do. They made it, oh, did they make it. Look at that crowd! They became fruitful...and multiplied...and multiplied, and multiplied until they populated the entire planet! Well, that's their problem. And me. You're asking yourself "Self, what ever happened to that brave, fearless, dashing guy?". Well, I'll tell you what ever happened to that brave, fearless, dashing guy! He went to Hell! That's what happened to him! And here I am! But I'm not exactly alone, I have managed to acquire quite a number of devoted followers.

(Here a few REVERBS drift onto the stage until THE entire CHORUS is assembled.)

And the number is growing every day! All things considered, it's not too bad here. We just built a new recreation hall and...

(PETER enters, head low and mumbling.)

Why, Peter! What are you doing here?

PETER: Oh, just passing through.

LUCIFER: What's wrong? You ought to be in heaven!

PETER: Well, when the Lord found out that you were going to finally give out the truth, He happened to remember about the International Real Estate Company, and instead of having Michael take us on his archangel corps, he fired me. I beggin', after seven billion years of keeping the great books of heaven, do you know what He did? He replaced me with some dung-bucket named John.

LUCIFER: I never thought He would do a thing like that.

(The FINALE begins)

CHORUS: EVERYTHING'S HEAVEN IN HADES

PETER: Believe me, I never did either.

CHORUS: WE'VE GOT NO PROBLEMS DOWN HERE

LUCIFER: You wouldn't be on the lookout for a job, would you?

CHORUS: WITH THE STREETS MADE OF GOLD

PETER: What kind of job?

CHORUS: FRANKLY, I AM SOLD

LUCIFER: A permanent job.

CHORUS: ON THIS BLESSED LAND CALLED HADES.

PETER: Oh, I don't know. Say, what are the odds of a million-year, eternity-long contract?

LUCIFER, PETER and CHORUS:

EVERYTHING'S HEAVEN IN HADES.
WE'VE GOT NO PROBLEMS DOWN HERE.
WITH THE STREETS MADE OF GOLD,
FRANKLY, I AM SOLD
ON THIS BLESSED LAND CALLED HADES!

THE GIRLS ARE ALL PRETTY IN HADES.
THE LIQUOR'S NOT STRONG BUT IT'S NICE.
OH, WE'RE ALL FRO WEST.
GOSH, THE DEVIL IS SWAG,
AND THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE...HADeS, MY NICE HADeS!

(Dramatic Exultation)