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POMPEII



VESUVIUS, A. D. 79

THE EIGHTY-FOURTH GROVE PLAY

POMPEII

Authors

JOHN M. BLAUER

ROD McMANIGAL

Composer

DAVID A. BOWMAN

Director

THOMAS J. TYRRELL

Presented July 28, 1989

THE BOHEMIAN CLUB

San Francisco

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Authors' Note

MOVIE buffs may recall a pre-war Hollywood blockbuster (we offer the term literally!) starring a stone-faced stalwart named Preston Foster. The film, bearing the title *The Last Days of Pompeii*, reveals a more than superficial resemblance in plot to our Grove Play, and the resemblance is not accidental. Admirers of nineteenth-century blood-and-thunder historical romance may also find linkages in the 1834 novel by Edward Bulwer-Lytton, also titled *The Last Days of Pompeii*. Good sources, both, for our pyrotechnicians' dream play in which the Three Graces (and most of the Grove stage hill) are to be offered up as ultimate sacrifices to stage "effects."

We are pleased to point out that we are saving the Jinks Committee's budget for *next* year's Grove Play—which takes place in a desert—enormous sums for ground clearance, and we urge those of you who dare to join us for the evening of July 28 this year to sit well back, and spare yourselves any personal contributions to the carnage promised in the climax on the hill.

Pompeii has been, we feel, an ideal collaboration with the one goal, genially shared, of providing a worthy entertainment for your pleasure. We have had enormous pleasure ourselves in shaping the characters and their drama from bits of myth, biblical lore, old novel and old film. We are certainly giving the history buffs among you, and those one or two unreconstructed sticklers after fact, a field day with our wealth of time-warp and anachronism; and we pray that the cavalier insouciance of our treatment gives no one any real discomfort. When events spanning half a century and more are compressed against all logic into an hour and a half of heightened drama, with music, the occasional (!) departure from root fact is to be anticipated and, we fondly hope, forgiven.

We have particularly enjoyed the process of our collaboration as it expanded to include a most able and seasoned director, Tom Tyrrell; a composer, Dave Bowman, of exceptional musical gifts and dedication; and designs in sets, properties, lights and sound to gratify the most lavish of production anticipations. That one of the authors also provided the costumes, in design and execution, is but further acknowledgment of the joy of making a Grove Play come alive for our fellow Bohemians and their guests.

No acknowledgment would be complete without grateful thanks to cast and crew, orchestra and chorus, for the shared heroics of "putting on a play." That it all began with words on paper is one of the marvels of the process, as it grows to encompass every level of participation.

John M. Blauer
Rod McManigal

Composer's Note

"WILL you write your *Pompeii* music in Italian style?" I was asked. "Guess you will be doing a lot of research on early Roman music?" About then I thought perhaps I should stick to Low Jinks and leave the heavier lifting to more scholarly types. But my Harvard Dictionary of Music, under its heading Rome, admitted that "a full account of what little is known about the music of the ancient Romans can be found under Christian Chants." Our heaviest dictionary further revealed that Pompeii was "buried by an eruption of nearby Mount Vesuvius in A.D. 79." Now, at least I knew how early we're talking about.

Feeling that, if nobody had written anything much about ancient Roman music, I could hardly be faulted for not following its style and character. So, with my research in hand, I concluded that it should be a sobering enough experience to get the music written in Santa Rosa, California-style and that I'd better get to it.

The Grove Play, as Bohemians know, consists of a story usually historical in theme that, from time to time, is interrupted by the music. An over-simplification of course. The Grove Play is an impossibly complex production involving hundreds of people, the tip of the volcano (in this case) being the marvelous spectacle we see and hear. A joy it is to be part of it.

Pompeii's music consists of fifteen songs which will be sung by some of our best soloists along with members of the Club Chorus—all accompanied by the Bohemian Club Symphony Orchestra. Rod McManigal and John Blauer, our authors, have prepared thoughtful lyrics for me to fit music to. It's a wonderful job but somebody has to do it. The "Santa Rosa Style" is to think the lyric through syllable by syllable, say the words over and over until the song writes

itself. Much better than working at it. Rod and I had our first meeting on the music during the first weekend of last year's Grove encampment. Rod had twelve lyrics prepared (along with a suggestion by Director Tom Tyrrell that the first act could be looked at further). Rod went back to work and I got going on the music, and by Grove's end the songs were pretty much done. Two of the newly completed songs expired with the first act while Tom and Rod expanded a characterization for whom Rod wrote three lovely new lyrics. Later we all agreed that our principal character was under-sung so Rod went back to the board and, ninety-two bars later, we had another big lyric to work on.

It should be said that the real work to do with music for a Grove Play (or for any major show) involves preparing the music for the orchestra—the orchestrations, as they're referred to. Although song-writers abound, active Club orchestrators are few—Earl Zindars, Jack Rogers, Bill Stafford and a few others of us. (My chance to say "Let's hear it for the arrangers!") My own special thanks to Jack Rogers, who is assisting with orchestrations involving the Chorus for the 1989 Grove Play, *Pompeii*!

David A. Bowman

LIST OF PARTICIPANTS

Cast

In Order of Appearance

<i>Jupiter</i>	Stanley J. Noonan
<i>Fulvia</i>	Robert C. Bailey
<i>Marcus</i>	John MacAllister
<i>Flavius, the boy</i>	Michael Walsh
<i>Caius</i>	Carl B. Noelke
<i>Two Priests</i>	David P. Walsh, Meredith R. Hyatt, Jr.
<i>Tax Collector</i>	Jonathan O. White
<i>Barbarian</i>	George Reppas
<i>Captain of Guards, Pompeii</i>	William A. Howard
<i>Simonides</i>	Fred M. Wicknick
<i>Fortunata</i>	Warren H. Rothman
<i>Bailiff</i>	Edwin M. Wilson
<i>Pontius Pilate</i>	Thomas Tully
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	Richard E. Hubacher
<i>Rashid</i>	John V. Bosche
<i>Pilate's Secretary</i>	J. H. (Mike) O'Rielly III
<i>Captain of Guards, Judaea</i>	William M. Hassebrock
<i>Innkeeper</i>	Jay M. Jacobus
<i>Healer</i>	Jonathan O. White
<i>Disciple</i>	Philip E. Barton
<i>Scapulus</i>	Antonio Cortese
<i>Flavius, the man</i>	Bruce R. Nelson
<i>Lestor</i>	George T. Stewart
<i>Cato</i>	Charles A. Black
<i>Publius Nexor</i>	Richard L. Haile
<i>Arturion</i>	George Livermore
<i>Young Officer</i>	Robert C. Drews
<i>Senator</i>	Merrill C. Morshead, Jr.
<i>Moorish Singer</i>	Warren H. Rothman

Chorus

<i>Conductor</i>	Rudolph B. Saltzer
<i>Chairman, Executive Committee</i>	Meredith R. Hyatt, Jr.
<i>Librarian</i>	William H. Richardson
<i>Steward</i>	James G. Anderson

Judaeans, Pompeiians, Pompeiian Women, Disciples and Gypsy Boy

James G. Anderson, Alvan H. Beall, Jr., C. Peter Becker, Richard W. Clark, John Chase, Scott Conley, Richard C. Dehmel, Will Furman, Gordon E. Grannis, Herbert A. Goodrich, Homer Johnstone, Peter T. Jones, David R. Krimm, Louis K. Lanning, George A. Leylegian, Philip S. Maslin, A. D. McKelvy, Jr., Edward A. McKenna, Lewis M. Meunier, Jack L. Mise, Bryan F. Morse, D. Warner North, William H. Scantlebury, Jon Eugene Schmidt, C. Jay Scott II, James C. Stringer, David Gwynn Thomson, Marv Tripp, Henry A. Whitfield III, W. Blake Winchell, James H. Woods.

Accompanists Richard B. Evans & Herbert A. Goodrich

Dance Group

Barbarians, Pilate's Servants, and Moorish Slaves.

Richard B. Blackman, Richard F. Cahill, Doug Drewes, Robert Jay Flax, Alan Lee Follett, Allan V. Giannini, Robert Goldsmith, Kenneth G. High, Jr., William Diggs Hogland, Derek T. Knudsen, Leo Joseph Murphy, William A. Niccolls, Thomas H. Pitts, A. James Robertson, K. Hart Smith, Edward T. Sickel III, Joseph Oliver Tobin II.

Spear Carriers

Pompeiians, Pompeiian Women, Pompeiian Aristocrats, Penitents, Mourners, Gypsies, Soldiers, Porters, Pompeiian and Judaeian Merchants, and Judaeans. Francis F. Allen, Robert H. Allen, Franklyn R. Atkinson, James R. Bancroft, Richard J. Bertero, John H. Bickel, John V. Bosche, Hud-

son B. Brett, Richard T. Burress, A. Ronald Button II, Charles L. Callender, Mason Case, David A. Clack, Pierson E. Clair III (Guest), James S. Classen, Charles A. Cleveland, Robert C. Combs, Aylett B. Cotton, Joseph W. Donner, James L. Downey (Guest), Paul A. Downey, Stephen M. Downey (Guest), Robert C. Drews, Weldon B. Gibson, Richard D. Givens, J. Jeffrey Green, Andrew Griffin, Marvin M. Grove, George G. Hall, Gregory J. Hampton, Stephen S. Harper, William H. Heydorn, Alfred B. Holt, Elmer R. Hubacher, Charles N. Huggins, Peter W. Hummel, W. J. (Jerry) Hume, William G. Jason, George F. Jewett, Jr., Frederick O. Johnson, William B. Keast, Dennis B. King, Robert C. Kirkwood, C. Calvert Knudsen, Walter J. Koenig, John D. Komen (Guest), Frank Lenahan, James B. Lockhart, John B. Long, Anthony H. Loughran, Frank H. Loughran (Guest), Albert S. Lowe III, James R. Lowe, Jr., Michael Marston, William H. McElnea, Robert F. Miller, Brian T. Mullins, G. Rives Neblett, Alan H. Nichols, W. Douglas Poole (Guest), Kishan K. S. Rana, Robert George Reppas, Peter C. Richards, A. James Robertson, Frederick A. Sawyer, Arthur H. Smith, William McFate Smith, James Soudriette (Guest), Henry B. Stewart, William A. Stricklin, Edward C. Thayer, Keith E. Thomson, William P. Wentworth, Putney Westerfield, Mark F. Wilson, Genius A. Zitani.

Orchestra

<i>Conductor</i>	Norbert Molder
<i>Concert Master</i>	Henry Shweid
<i>Steward-Librarian</i>	Michael L. Thurlow
<i>Executive Committee Chairman</i>	J. Dennis Bonney

Frank P. Agnost, William S. Ashton, William B. Barnes, Tom Barnett, James E. Berdahl, J. Dennis Bonney, William H. Brink, William B. Buckminster, Cesare Claudio, Silvio Claudio, Dale M. Dean, Lytton De Silva, Thomas E. Eagan, Paul Elder, Charles J. Epstein, Rudolf Foglia, Daniel S. Fredrich, Walter L. Gallatin,

W. Sterling Gorrill, Edward Green, Howard B. Gutstein, Stephen A. Halbe, Eric Hansen, Robert M. Hansen, George A. Haydon, James W. Hein, W. L. Higgins, Robert Jacobson, William R. Jenkinson, Carl B. Johnson, Harold P. Johnson, Jr., Kent R. Johnson, Eugene J. Karandy, Philip J. Karp, Homer W. Keaton, Nathan Koblick, George H. Kyme, Arthur R. Lack, Jr., Joseph O. Lackey, Mark Laughlin, Ronald A. Lesea, Irving Levin, Donald H. Madsen, Joseph F. Maita, David Martin, Kenneth H. McCaulou, James J. McCrohan, John L. Mortarotti, Earl L. Mortensen, Jr., David W. Moyer, Byrne Newhart, Endre Ocskay, Robert Ted Parker, Bernard Portnoy, William E. Pynchon, Kent S. Reed, James F. Reiter, Alfred A. Rivasplata, Donn Schroder, John S. Schroder, Alexander T. Schulgin, Henry Shweid, Jerry J. Spain, Ronald R. Spink, Russell Stepan, Richard W. Stevens, Peter H. Thompson, Michael L. Thurlow, William L. Thurlow, Alfred E. Tisch, Herbert B. Towler, H. John van Praag, Alfred H. Vines, Eddy F. Walter, Josef V. Walter, H. David Watts, Gary Williams, M. Dean Yeaman, Gary Young, Stephen R. Zalkind, Earl O. Zindars.

Production

<i>Jinks Committee Representative</i>	Peter B. Bogardus
<i>Jinks Committee Chairman</i>	Richard J. Behrendt
<i>Steward</i>	J. Peter Baumgartner
<i>Assistant Steward</i>	Edward M. Mannon
<i>Stage Manager</i>	S. M. Haslett III
<i>Assistant Stage Manager</i>	John L. Hardie
<i>Personnel Manager</i>	Roy A. Folger, Jr.
<i>Assistant Personnel Managers</i>	Joseph J. Horn III, Bruce W. Madding & William Scott Von Stein
<i>Scenic Design</i>	Kent Kay & Ralph H. Brookman
<i>Dance Group Stewards and Choreographers</i>	Allan V. Giannini, William A. Niccolls
<i>Costume Design and Wardrobe</i>	John M. Blauer

<i>Lighting Design</i>	Dirk Epperson
<i>Cinematography</i>	Will Furman, W. A. Palmer
<i>Sound</i>	Harry D. McCune, Jr.
<i>Makeup Design</i>	Earl V. Fogelberg
<i>Properties</i>	William Olds, Jr., & James Howard Tayler
<i>Sculpture</i>	George D. O'Neill, Jr.
<i>Special Effects Design</i>	Thaine R. Morris
<i>Orchestration</i>	David A. Bowman
<i>Rehearsal Pianist</i>	Richard W. Stevens
<i>Scribe & Prompter</i>	Lawrence C. Ames, Jr.
<i>Playbook and Program Stewards</i>	Jerry C. Cole, James W. Clark
<i>Playbook and Program Design</i>	Andrew Hoyem
<i>Playbook Illustration</i>	Vincent Perez

Stage Crew Donald C. Bentley, David D. Bohannon II, H. Monroe Browne, Timothy Otis Browne, Johnathon C. Dickey, Henry M. Duque, Charles E. Fuller, Arthur S. Grant, George G. Hall, Duncan L. Howard, Robert D. Kelley, Jr., Ellis E. McCune, David Fay Niello, John Pillsbury, Thomas Eric Pillsbury, Alan G. Stanford, Donald A. Wells, Jr., James T. Wheary.

Makeup Crew Donald Bowey (Guest), James Connelly, Joseph W. Edwards, Earl V. Fogelberg, Richard C. Frost, Robert J. Gilbert, Richard T. Glycer II, John L. Hardie, Frank Hinman, Jr., William S. Jones, Ellis E. McCune.

Scenic Artists Richard Garlinghouse, Frederic H. Jones, Byron L. Linford, Van Norden Logan, Michael A. Phleger, Edwin J. Schwartz.

Properties Crew Dudley John Fournier, Jr., Kenneth G. High, Jr., Donald L. Holt, George A. Hopiak, Duncan L. Howard, Thomas E. Meakin, Robert McHenry Pond, Jr., William Paul Stewart, James H. Thompson, Jr., Donald A. Wells, Jr.,

Wardrobe Richard M. Barulich, Robert Alan Harvey, Alfred E. Lehman, John M. Nees, Paul A. Newman, Nello Pace, W. Laney Thornton, Ray H. Wells (Guest), Julian R. Youmans, Jack E. Young.

Sound and Projection Leo DeGar Kukla, Alan L. Lindsley, Stuart W. Morshead, W. A. Palmer, Ralph G. Shiller, Charles Swisher.

Lighting Richard Paul Gentschel, William M. Hynes, James Earl Jewell, John W. Larsen, Thomas R. Simonson, Peter A. Soracco, Samuel Thoron.

Special Effects Crew Dimitri Ilyin, William Kent III, John G. Lilienthal, Thaine R. Morris, Richard Pohli.

Artists Portraits of Rod McManigal by Vincent Perez, of John Blauer by Amado Gonzales, of David A. Bowman by Ralph Borge, of Thomas J. Tyrrell by G. Edward Diffenderfer; Posters by Bruce W. Butte.

Photographers Daniel H. Dibert, Gregory J. Keller, Dean C. Stone, William T. Waste.

Club Staff Don Devers, Secretary; Steven Passage, Secretary; Lee Seifert, Secretary; John O'Reilly, Head Carpenter.

POMPEII

SCENE

I

A darkened stage. Tiny lights scattered up the hillside. A town awakening on the slope of a great mountain, and along the shore beside a tranquil sea. As the music rises, a great thunderclap sounds and reverberates through the town, and a light, from on high, stabs down and illuminates a noble statue, that of Jupiter, in the town square bordering the sea.

Voice of Jupiter

Hear me, mortals!
I am Jupiter, god most high!
Among all the gods, chief am I!
Your play is about me!
And about men,
Playthings of the gods!

As Jupiter speaks, lights up slowly, and men, women, children, singly and in groups, are seen arrested on their way, holding their small lamps, in the reverberant sway of the great voice of the god most high.

Voice of Jupiter (cont.)

See you now Pompeii,
Where I hold sway!
Homage is due me
From all who dwell here!
Fortunes rise, or fall,
As I decree!

The advancing light reveals a town square, a temple to the god Jupiter, market stalls, the business of a town now stirring. Individuals and small groups advance with offerings of fruits, grain, wine, which they place before the statue, and then move on. In the foreground of a row of stalls across the square from the statue and temple can be seen the stalls of the blacksmith, Marcus, and the grain-seller, Caius. Marcus, and his son, Flavius, are discovered, kneeling before the great statue.

Voice of Jupiter (cont.)

Look now, for his brief instant,
 On Marcus, the blacksmith,
 Proud provider for his young son!
 He holds me in proper fear!
 Do you not, Marcus!

Marcus and Flavius rise, cross to Marcus's stall.

Marcus (to Flavius)

Make peace with the gods, son! And live at peace with your neighbor. Eh, Caius!

Caius (at his stall)

You're a good neighbor, Marcus. But a noisy one!

Marcus laughs, directs his son into his stall, picks up a hammer, and a pair of tongs. He pulls a red-hot bar of iron from the hearth, and begins to beat it into shape on his anvil, as he sings.

Song: A MAN IS HAP

Marcus

A man is hap-
 py when the issue
 of his *bed*
 (*beat*)
 Gives him a *son!*
 (*beat*)
 Gives him a *son!*
 (*beat*)

A man is *hap-*
py when his *lit-*
tle boy is *fed!*

(*beat*)

When day is *done!*

(*beat*)

When day is *done!*

(*beat*)

His sweat has won
 A *good* life for his *son!*

(*beat*)

A man is *hap-*
py when the *work*
 he's made to *do*

(*beat*)

knocks on his *door!*

(*beat*)

knocks on his *door!*

(*beat*)

A man is *hap-*
py when his *bam-*
mer's swinging *true!*

(*beat*)

And swings some *more!*

(*beat*)

And swings some *more!*

(*beat*)

When day is *done!*

(*beat*)

When day is *done!*

(*beat*)

His sweat has won!
 a good life for his son!
 (*beat*)

A muffled drum takes up the beat of the hammer, and a funeral procession moves slowly across the upper stage. The bereaved staggers forward, his ash-smearred face a ghastly white, his hair in wild abandon, the body of his beloved borne by four slaves who stagger mindlessly under the burden. A small group of mourners follows the drummer, moving slowly, raggedly off. Marcus pauses in his work and looks on, as Flavius emerges from the stall, and gazes at the cortege.

Flavius

What is it, Father?

Marcus

The pestilence, son. It strikes whom it will! The gods protect us and our humble home!

Flavius

What is the pestilence?

Marcus (to Caius)

Caius! The boy asks, what is the pestilence?

Caius

Who can tell him but the gods!

Two priests emerge from behind Jupiter's statue, approach the market stalls.

First Priest

Marcus! Alms for the poor! Caius! Alms to assure your house the protection of the gods!

Second Priest

Alms for the poor and the sick! The gods bring you good fortune!
 Give alms!

Marcus

I am a poor man myself! A blacksmith!

First Priest

Give alms! Sickness and death are visited on the unbeliever!

Caius (to Second Priest)

Here! Take this basket of grain. I have no silver, but I can give grain for bread.

Caius pours grain into a basket, hands basket to Second Priest.

Marcus

I gave a prayer to the gods today, at first light! I can give you strokes of a hammer! What more do you want?

Caius

Marcus! You are too stubborn! Don't defy the gods! Give to the priests from your purse!

First Priest

The pestilence can steal your child from you! Jupiter is all-powerful!

Second Priest

Give, to secure the blessing of the god most high!

Marcus

Here! For my son! Take what I have!

Marcus reaches into the pocket of his leather apron, hands coin to First Priest.

Now be gone! Tomorrow my blacksmith's arms will earn another day's wages.

Two Priests

Jupiter will smile on you! The gods will smile on you!

The Voice of Jupiter laughs, and echoes the words of the Two Priests.

Voice of Jupiter

Jupiter will smile on you! The gods will smile on you!

Two Priests move upstage in dumbshow, solicit another stall. A thunderclap, and sudden light flashes, as the funeral procession, the drum, the lamentation, are seen and heard again, more distantly, on the hillside, and the Two Priests

move off. A brisk trio of men, doubling the drumbeat of the funeral procession, marches into the market square: the Tax Collector, and Two Soldiers. The trio halts. The Tax Collector reads from a scroll.

Tax Collector

Hear ye, hear ye!
 For failure to pay their just taxes,
 In the levy on every citizen
 By the noble Praefectus of Pompeii,
 Their goods and chattels
 Shall be confiscate:
 Marcus, the blacksmith;
 Balagmus, the wine-seller;
 Silvio, the sandal-maker—

Caius (stepping forward, interrupting)

But Marcus is an honest man, and good!

Tax Collector

Are you Marcus? What extenuations do you plead?

Marcus (Flavius beside him)

None. I earn what I can. Talk to the priests! You want the gods to strike me down?

Tax Collector

Rome gives us our orders! Tell your tales to Rome! You have until tonight, Marcus, because your neighbor speaks well of you. Tonight! Twelve hours! Or your goods are confiscate!

Tax Collector and Two Soldiers stop before another stall, grab an unhappy Tradesman, and march him off.

Marcus (holding Flavius)

And this is the gods' protection? Priests are no better than thieves! Who will take care of my son? Caius—where can I turn?

As Marcus speaks, a procession of barbarian Slaves shuffles, in chains, across the stage, escorted by Guards with swords, whips. One wild and powerful Barbarian in a fur tunic, bare-armed and bare-legged, struggles against his chains.

Guard One

Where is the blacksmith? This savage has pulled a link in his struggle! He is almost free!

Caius

Here is the blacksmith, Marcus!

Captain of Guards

Here, you, Marcus! Secure this beast! He will give us a great battle in the Arena, on the next Feast Day!

Marcus thrusts Flavius aside, takes up his hammer, as the Slaves are marched and shoved to his stall. The Barbarian is held by Two Guards, but is still virtually unmanageable.

Captain of Guards

Hold him! Hold him!

The Barbarian leaps for the throat of the Captain of Guards, overpowers him, throws him to the ground. The Captain of Guards cries out. Marcus springs forward, dropping his hammer, seizes the Barbarian, wrestles him down, pins him to the ground in spite of his cries and struggle. With the Two Guards holding, Marcus then helps the Captain of Guards to his feet.

Marcus

Here now. You're all right?

Captain of Guards

The murderous savage! Hammer him tight!

Marcus picks up his hammer, grabs the chain, and hammers the sprung link to renewed security on his anvil.

Captain of Guards (recovering)

You have amazing strength, Blacksmith! Have you thought of fighting in the Games? You could be rich!

Marcus

I work at my forge.

Captain of Guards

There is silver in those muscles of yours! Silver and gold! Here, a purse for your trouble! And seek out the Master of the Games!

Hands purse to Marcus. Exeunt, whips cracking, Captain, Guards, procession of Slaves.

Marcus

Silver! Caius! Silver!

He thrusts his hand into the purse, pulls out coins, lets them jingle in his hand. He laughs exultantly.

My taxes are paid! By muscle! These arms of mine! This is no god's work, but my own! Ah! Flavius!

Flavius laughs, hugs his father.

So, Caius, shall I toss aside my hammer? Shall I be a gladiator? And tear at the throats of savages?

Flavius

No man in the world is stronger than you, Father!

Marcus chuckles and opens his arms, and Flavius leaps into them. Marcus and Flavius exit.

Caius (calling after them)

Yes! You will be rich! And you will forget your old friends in the market!

Jupiter laughs, as the thunder rolls again, low and ominous, rising. The stage darkens. Spot on Jupiter, as he sings.

Song: LAUGHTER'S THE FATE

Jupiter

The light and the dark

Amuse me so!

Igniting a spark

When I choose its glow!

I play with the ebb and flow!

Mortals amuse me so!

I fashion a joy—
 Can it last? We'll see!
 It smashed—just a toy
 Of catastrophe!
 I play with the ebb and flow!
 Mortals amuse me so!

Ho ho ho ho ha ha ha!
 Laughter's the fate
 Of the state of man!
 Ho ho ho ho ha ha ha!
 Laughter comes after—
 It's part of the plan!

A treasure in gold—
 Their hearts' desire!
 Each pleasure is sold
 With my darts of fire!
 In a race to embrace their ends,
 Mortals destroy their friends!

A feast of delights
 Unlocks their will!
 Their beast appetites
 For rocks and swill!
 For diamonds and wine they kill!
 Hungering, hungering still!

Ho ho ho ho ha ha ha!
 Laughter's the fate
 Of the state of man!
 Ho ho ho ho ha ha ha!
 Laughter comes after—
 It's part of the plan!

Gold tiles and bright stones
Build their mansions steep:
But it's piles of old bones
That are planted deep!
Their fortunes still come and go!
And it's I who arrange it so!

These playthings and pawns
And their puny game:
Each day when it dawns
Is designed the same!
Victory means "to kill!"
But death is the victor still!

Ho ho ho ho ha ha ha!
Laughter's the fate
Of the state of man!
Ho ho ho ho ha ha ha!
Laughter comes after—
It's part of the plan!

I play with the ebb and flow!
Mortals amuse me so!

An offstage trumpet flourish, and a great crowd roar is heard, and repeated, of an audience, thrilled, at a combat in the Arena. A noisy Crowd, ragged, swelling, enters, Marcus at its center, dressed as a gladiator, sweating, striding triumphantly. Beside him is his son, Flavius, escorted by a grizzled slave, Simonides. The crowd calls out: "Marcus! Marcus!" and encircles its hero. Marcus dips his hand into a fat purse he is carrying, and tosses coins to the Crowd, as people leap and scurry for the coins, exuberant, raucous, cheering, calling again and again, "Marcus! Marcus!" Marcus waves them away happily, and they disperse, clutching their coins. Marcus stops before Caius at his stall.

Marcus

Well, Caius! Do I forget you?

Caius

Forget me? Indeed you do not, Marcus? But my neighbor blacksmith no more! A gladiator and a hero! Throughout Pompeii!

Marcus

Prayers and offerings, Caius, are for the weak! See what my brawling has bought me! A tutor for my son! A slave, yes, but a teacher and philosopher! Simonides, meet Caius, my friend, and an honest man!

Caius

Your master worked beside me, there.

Marcus

He is from Greece, and the trade routes are at his fingertips. And he knows the ways of the wind, and the seas. Do you not, Simonides! And the stories of all the gods, whom the priests tell us roam the heavens, the old gods and the new! Eh, Flavius! Forget the gods. But study well, and learn all that your tutor knows!

Flavius

But I don't want to know so much, Father!

Simonides

Nor did I, my boy, when I was your age! But knowledge comes, unasked, in the buffeting of time!

Marcus

What he means, son, is that only a stupid man is struck twice by the same fist! You'll learn fast enough! And until you do, I'll be there to see that any who bruise you pay dearly for their trouble! A man makes his own way in this world! In defiance of the gods!

Enter Fortunata, a blind fortune-teller, chanting in sing-song.

Fortunata

Buy my visions! Buy my visions!

Show your hand to the inner eye of Fortunata!

One piece of silver, and the future is yours!

Song: BUY MY VISIONS

Fortunata

Buy my visions!
 A coin in my hand!
 No more is your future
 Concealed!

Buy my visions!
 A coin in my hand!
 Your door to the future
 Revealed!

(spoken)

A brave man stands before me! Confused!
 A brave man! Strong!
 And a child! A boy! Blind to his future!
 Rich or poor! Child into man!
 Can his father help him find his way?

(sung)

Look ahead!
 In the dark!
 There's a Fate
 At each turning!
 In your hand
 There's a mark!
 Not too late
 To be learning
 What the Fates
 Have in store!
 Is it less?
 Is it more?
 Just say "Yes!"
 To the story I tell!

One piece of silver
 Your fortune assures!

One piece of silver!
The future is yours!

Marcus

Off with you, gypsy crone! I care nothing for your dusty prophecies!
I make my own fortune and ask nothing of god or man!

Fortunata (song cont.)

Look ahead!
In the light
Of a blind
Person's vision!
To the left?
To the right?
How to find
Your decision?
What the Fates
Have in store!
Is it less?
Is it more?
Just say "Yes!"
To the vision I see!

Flavius

I want to hear her, Father! Maybe we will be rich!

Simonides

She is a woman from the East. She knows the old ways of the en-
chanters!

Fortunata (song cont.)

Buy my visions!
A coin in my hand!
The world of the future
 Revealed!
Your door to the future
 Revealed!

One piece of silver
Your future assures!
One piece of silver!
The future is yours!

Flavius

Let her tell your fortune, Father!

Marcus (thrusting out his hand)

Well enough, then! For my son, to amuse him! But mark you, Flavius! It is money thrown away!

Fortunata takes Marcus's hand, traces his palm with her fingers, and throwing her head back, as though in a trance, croons, then speaks clearly, gripped by her vision.

Fortunata

I see gold, beckoning you to the East! To Judaea! I see fierce battles, and gold! And a great man, the greatest, beckoning! I see a man who is your salvation, and he gives you freely of his power! I see new gods rise, and the old gods tumble! I see all the world burning, in terror! No! Do not look at what I see! And yes! yes! I see your son, grown to a man! carried in a golden cloud, and borne away, free!

Marcus (dryly)

And for that, Flavius, I part with good silver! I hope it is worth a chuckle to you!

Flavius

She frightens me, Father! Hold me tight!

Marcus (handing the fortune-teller a coin)

Off with you, woman! You give my son bad dreams!

Fortunata (moving off, still in her trance)

Carried in a golden cloud, and borne away, free! Judaea! A great man, the greatest man, the greatest man in Judaea! is your salvation!

Exit Fortunata.

Marcus

Caius! Can it be that she speaks true? You know I have a contract for all that goes on now, in the Arena. I need fresh horses, for the pageants and the games! Fresh horses from Arabia! Why not! They are the world's best! That's it! Come with me, Caius, to the East! I'll have a ship made ready, in the harbor! Come with me, yes?

Caius

But why so far from Pompeii? I am a man of the earth, of growing things, here, near my own hearth.

Marcus

And good at accounts, and an honest man! The world is full of thieves. I've known you, Caius, in good times and bad! Come! Stand beside me!

Caius

You are a rough persuader, but a good one! With you I'll go!

Marcus

Go with Simonides, secure the ship. You, Simonides, see that all is on board. Warm clothes for Flavius! And books for the voyage! You will teach us the ways of the stars at night! And the battles of the gods who swing above our lives, in the blackness! And what you don't know, you can fabricate! We'll be none the wiser! And sleep as soundly, when the watch is done!

(Laughs heartily)

Flavius

I like it when you laugh like that, Father!

Marcus

You'll learn to laugh at the gods, too, Son! Come! We're off to the fabled East!

Song: GOLD IN THE RISING SUN

Principals & Crew

Gold in the rising sun!
Battling, a fortune won!
Battling, victorious!
Destiny, glorious!
Fortune for everyone!

Horses of Araby—
Riding to victory!
Gods! give a sign to us!
Mild seas, be kind to us!
Sail on the wine-dark sea!

Marcus

Farewell, Pompeii!
Till another day!
On a ship with treasure laden!

Caius

Farewell, sweet land!
To a foreign strand
For fine horses we'll be trading!

Marcus (at pierside, spoken)

Aboard! Swiftly now! The tide will not wait! Into my arms, son!
Leap for it! Simonides! On board! Come, Caius! A new adventure
beckons! In the East!

All (sung)

Gold in the rising sun!
Battling, a fortune won!
Battling, victorious!
Destiny, glorious!
Fortune for everyone!

As all on board sing, the ship unfurls a blue sail, with gold sunburst, and sails
across lower stage to exit.

End Scene One

Scenic Bridge: Lights fade to black. A peal of thunder, rolling away, and flashes of lightning, flickering, as darkness falls. Rolling thunder segues into amplified laughter: Jupiter is amused, and then speaks, as lights up on his statue.

Voice of Jupiter

Mortals,
 Made for our amusement!
 Calamity to joy
 And back again to calamity!
 (Laughs)
 And this blacksmith, Marcus,
 Whom I have transformed!
 He makes his own destiny
 In defiance of the gods?
 (Laughs)
 Let him ponder his fortune
 When all is done!

Lights cross-fade to Jerusalem. An Assembly Hall, Upper Level, as Voice of Jupiter continues.

Give him fair winds,
 A following sea . . .
 Judaea!
 Soothsayers foretell
 It is the place
 Where the new god will be born!
 (Sardonic laughter)

SCENE

2

Judaea. Jerusalem. The court room of Pontius Pilate. Guards, Merchants, Citizens, a crowd assembled.

Bailiff

Hear ye! Hear ye! Sitting in judgment, arise and pay homage to Pontius Pilate! Proconsul! The right hand of Caesar! Military Governor to the Eastern Territories! Benign judge at the quarterly trials now called into session. Arise!

All rise. Bailiff turns to address Pontius Pilate, who advances toward the dais.

Bailiff (cont.)

All in Jerusalem await your judgment and your wisdom, O most noble lord!

Pontius Pilate (gesturing indolently)

Yes, yes.

Sergeant-at-Arms

First case. Taxes levied and unpaid, taxes due to Rome for its generous protection of our lands and licenses! Rashid, merchant of tea and spices, come forward!

Guards

Rashid! Rashid!

An Arab Merchant, Rashid, is pushed and shoved by Guards, who move with him across stage, through the throng.

Guards

Move there! Out of the way! Make room! Move, I say!

To Rashid, at dais:

Down on your knees!

Rashid kneels, as, climbing the dais, turning to face the assembly, is Pontius Pilate, who settles into the golden chair. Beside him, a Secretary. At this moment, Marcus bursts in, Lower Level, rushes forward to foot of stairs to Upper Level. There his way is blocked by Two Roman Guards, with crossed swords.

Guard One

Halt! Citizen! and withdraw!

Marcus

Stand aside! I have urgent business with the Proconsul! I have been directed to his office!

The Crowd murmurs, stirs, turns, presses forward.

Sergeant-at-Arms

Order! Order!

Guard One to Marcus

Oh! And who directed you? We go by rules here!

Guard Two (gestures with his broadsword)

Rules, or steel!

Marcus (aroused)

No one threatens me!

Marcus parries with his bare arm, sends Guard Two sprawling.

Guard One

Alarm! Alarm!

Marcus pulls Guard Two to his feet, pins his arm behind him, grabs Guard One with his other arm, proceeds to march them before him up the stairs, over their shouts and protestations. Other Guards appear, from the wings, running. A Captain of Guards enters.

Captain of Guards

Quiet there, below!

Marcus, flush with his own strength, thrusts Guard One and Two down, at the feet of the Captain of Guards.

Marcus

No one threatens me with steel!

Captain of Guards

State your business. And quietly! Court is in session! The Proconsul becomes annoyed, when behavior is unseemly.

Sergeant-at-Arms

Order! Order! or we will clear the court!

Guards One and Two crawl to one side, and pick themselves up.

Marcus

I am Marcus, the gladiator, from Pompeii. You have heard of me. I am here to see Pontius Pilate, your Proconsul, the greatest man in Judaea!

Pontius Pilate (amused, descending from dais)

And you have heard of me, apparently. How many of my men have you destroyed?

Marcus (suddenly humble)

None, my General! None!

Kneels and rises, amazed.

Yes! A fortune-teller saw you in my hand! It is as she said! Fortune spills from your shoulders like a shower of gold!

Song: FORTUNE SPILLS FROM YOUR SHOULDERS

Marcus

Fortune spills from your shoulders
Like a shower of gold!
All the rays of the sun
Grown bolder!
True! A glory foretold!

In my hand is my fortune!
 Marked in the web of my days!
 I need no gods to declare
 My fortune!
 My heart sings full in your praise!

Serve you I always will!
 While the heavens are blue!
 Let fortune shine
 Upon me still
 And I'll *make* fortune shine on you!

How resplendent your station!
 A light that rivals the sun!
 A gypsy woman's
 Strange incantation
 And now, my fortune's begun!

Pilate

Rather nice! It's a tune that stays in the head. But why does Marcus, the gladiator, known throughout the Empire, kneel before Pontius Pilate, Proconsul, expiring from heat and boredom in an obscure eastern province?

To Captain of Guards:

Captain, I think we can return your men to their posts. I have Marcus the gladiator to protect me from my own sense of inadequacy.

Captain of Guards silently gestures to Guards. All Guards, and the Captain of Guards, withdraw.

Pilate (cont.)

And now, Marcus? This interruption is diverting, but I do have duties, tedious as they may be.

Indicates throng behind him in assembly hall

Marcus

My General—

Secretary (interrupting)

Address the Proconsul as “Excellency”!

Pilate (raising his hand)

But I like “my General”! One gets so little—what can I call it—affection!

Marcus (tentatively)

Excellency—

Pilate

Yes, perhaps that is better, after all. There are forms of address, even in this dusty outpost of Rome! But do go on.

Secretary

The Court proceedings—you have urgent dispatches.

Pilate

Quite. But courts can wait. Perhaps, Marcus, we can draw aside for a moment, yes?

To Secretary:

Would you repeat for our distinguished if unexpected guest the text of the latest urgent dispatch.

Secretary

Excellency?

Pilate

Don't stand there like a dunce! What were you telling me, only an hour ago, about our honored ally, Herod, and his band of brigands? Mark this, Marcus.

Secretary (pulling dispatch from file)

“A band of Ammonites has penetrated the border of the eastern front, and made off with horses and livestock, and burned two vil-

lages. Forces in pursuit were cut down, and the thieves escaped.”
 Excellency—

Pilate

What do you think of that, my gladiator? It's not enough that the Jews give us trouble, always bickering! You, who rule by strength—which I much admire—how would you rule these brigands?

Marcus

I would do anything for you, Excellency. You are my salvation!

Pilate

I think we can help each other! Leave us, Secretary. And perhaps a small recess, in the court?

Secretary

Excellency—

Pilate

Leave us.

Exit Secretary, via stairs. Dumbshow to Bailiff.

Bailiff

The court will stand in recess until called.

Crowd murmurs, squats. Some leave, as:

Pilate (cont.)

Ah! And now to harness that strength of yours to a little guile! Eh, Marcus! But wait! Surely you came to Judaea for other purposes than simply to stare at the fortune—you put it so charmingly—“the fortune that spills from my shoulders like a shower of gold”!

Marcus

Indeed, Excellency. I came seeking horses. Fine Arabians. The best. I have a contract for the Games, at the Arena, in Pompeii.

Pilate

You rise in the world, my gladiator. So now you command horse-flesh, as well as the lives of men! And have you perchance heard of the horses of the Ammonites? Fleet of foot as the eagles of the air?

Marcus

Ah! How far is this Ammonite nuisance? And how many men? My forces are small—

Pilate

I have observed your forces, my gladiator! And speaking informally, you understand, quite *un-officially*—do draw aside: you will understand my need for discretion in this matter—I have felt it necessary to accumulate a small band of superb cutthroats. They would be overjoyed to be put at your disposition.

Marcus

Good! I promise to exercise them well!

Pilate

Now as to payment? The Ammonite treasury is notable. Those horsethieves have sacked many temples—there is much gold. You are not averse to gold?

Marcus

The prophecy! You are fulfilling the prophecy!

Pilate

Ah, yes! Showers of gold! But divided equally, shall we say? Or *almost* equally. My expenses, I am sure you will understand, are somewhat greater than your own. And, after all, the fine Arabian horses will be free.

Marcus

The greatest man in Judaea will be my salvation! It is as she saw it, in my hand!

Pilate

Await me in my private chamber. Your hand, and my hand, together! My gladiator!

Marcus

My General!

They exchange a formal handshake. Pilate ascends stairs, gestures to Bailiff to resume session.

Bailiff

All rise!

Crowd murmurs, stirs, rises. Marcus holds. Lights to Black.

End Scene Two

Scenic Bridge: Music segues to sounds of battle, galloping horses, clashing weapons, cries. Lightning flickers and flashes, thunder rolls.

✧ *Voice of Juniper*

Oh! There is amusement in these mortals! Give something! Take something away! Do your ragged fortune-tellers think they can penetrate the light and darkness of my designs? Mortals! Do you not know that hearts I have given you, and they can break!

Song: DREAMS I HAVE GIVEN YOU

Jupiter

Dreams

I have given you
To ease your pain!

Dreams

You are given to
And dream again!

You deceive

Yourself dreaming
A fortune's share!

But you leave

Fortune's scheming
In death's

De-

Spair!

I'm the god
 Supreme!
 I'm the god
 Who controls your dream!
 I'm the power that makes!
 And the power that takes
 All you have!
 All your have
 Is from me!
 I'm the god
 Of your destiny!

Hearts
 I have given you
 And they can break!

Hearts
 That are given to
 The fate I make!

You believe
 That you manage
 Your destiny,

But you grieve
 At the damage
 That comes
 From
 Me!

I'm the god
 Supreme!
 I'm the god
 Who controls your dream!
 I'm the power that makes!
 And the power that takes
 All you have!

All you have
Is from me!
I'm the god
Of your destiny!

SCENE

3

Judaea. A village inn. Simonides, Caius, Flavius (the boy) discovered. The two men are kneeling over a cot, on which the boy lies motionless. It is night, and dark, except for their lamp.

Caius

The boy breathes still! See, his little chest!

Simonides

But he does not hear! Flavius! Flavius! Three whole days now! He does not stir!

Simonides takes a cloth, dips it in a basin, and bathes Flavius's forehead and hands.

Caius

His poor father! Marcus's terrible fortune in the boy he loves! May the gods spare him the loss of his dear son!

Enter Marcus, triumphant, carrying a flaming torch, in battle gear, torn, but fiercely exultant.

Marcus

Showers of gold! I have met him! Our fortunes are made! Flavius! Caius! But what is this! My boy! My boy!

Marcus rushes to the cot, and thrusts in next to his son.

Who did this? What happened? Flavius!

Marcus thrusts the torch into Simonides's hands, picks up Flavius, wrapped in his bedclothes, as Simonides and Caius speak together.

Simonides

A horse broke away—

Caius

—went wild—

Simonides

—the child fell—

Caius

—the hoof struck his forehead—

Marcus

But he lives? My son! My son! A physician? Innkeeper! Why have you not sought aid? A physician? Salves? Ointments? Innkeeper!

Enter Innkeeper, stumbling out of sleep, carrying lantern.

Innkeeper

You called? What hour is this? What is the matter? The child is no better?

Caius

Here is the boy's father—

Marcus

Where is there help? A physician? Why have you done nothing for my son—

Innkeeper

There is no help nearer than Jerusalem.

Marcus

None? My boy is dying!

Innkeeper

Yelling gets you nothing! There is a healer, a beggar, who has a swarm of the lame and the ill gathered round him. But a beggar, who must ask for every crust of bread—

Marcus

Where is this healer? Take me there!

Caius

He is of no consequence! He mutters prayers, he strokes the lame with his hands—

Simonides

He has no medicines—

Marcus

Take me to this healer! I will pay him whatever he requires! My son is dying! Hurry! Lead me there!

Exeunt Innkeeper, Marcus, carrying Flavius, Caius, Simonides.

End Scene Three

Music Bridge: Instrumental to choral.

SCENE

4

Judaea. A hillside near the village. Night. Figures can be seen, huddled, clustered: the lame, the elderly, the weak and blind.

Song: AS ALL OUR DAYS WE SING YOUR PRAISE

Chorus

As all our days
We sing your praise,
O, Master of all healing!
Your gift of love
From God above,
A gift of life revealing!

As the huddled worshippers sing, one, then another, on a crutch, hobbling, reaching out a crippled arm, moves toward a slender bearded Figure, in the concentrated light, on the hillside. Marcus, carrying Flavius, and Caius, Simonides, Innkeeper can be seen approaching the group out of the darkness, into the circle of light. Their figures are absorbed into the cluster of worshippers.

Chorus (cont.)

You lead us ways
Where light amazing
Shows the path to glory!
We live to share
Your simple prayer
In love's unending story!

Our bread we offer you,
 Our wine and substance, too:
 Immaculate, your gaze
 Enlightens all our days!

Your gift of love
 From God above,
 A gift of life revealing,
 And all our days
 We sing your praise,
 O, Master of all healing!

Instrumental Chorus continues as worshippers, in ones and twos, move off, following the bearded Figure. Grouped on the hill are Marcus, Caius, Simonides, Innkeeper, and the boy Flavius, who now stands, awake, dazzled, beside his father. A Disciple of the Healer detaches himself from the throng, approaches Marcus, responding to Marcus's call.

Marcus

Here, you! You know this Man of Healing? He works miracles!
 How can I repay—

Disciple (raising his hand in protest)

The Master's healing art is a gift—

Marcus (interrupting)

A gift? But he works miracles! Look at my son! Restored to me!

Disciple

It is a blessing of our Lord—

Marcus

Nonsense! Here! Take this gold piece! It comes to you from Marcus
 the Gladiator! I pay my just debts! As I fight my own battles!

Disciple (rejecting coin; moving off, to rejoin the throng)

Love thy brother as thyself! Love thy brother . . .

Music swells, as lights fade to black.

End Scene Four

SCENE

5

As Scene Three.

Enter, Main Stage, Innkeeper with a lamp, Marcus, holding the hand of a bright and happy Flavius, followed quickly by Caius, Simonides. Cot of previous Inn scene remains. Marcus sits his son down on the cot, turns to Innkeeper.

Marcus

Innkeeper! You at least must accept the gratitude of Marcus! Here! Take the gold piece I would have given that Healer fellow! And thank you for your guidance this night! My son's himself again!

Marcus hands coin from purse to Innkeeper.

Innkeeper

You are most generous, noble sir! But I did have no certainty of the beggar's powers—

Marcus

If the poor beggar comes this way again, give him shelter, and a square meal, knowing that Marcus has paid you well! He performed a miracle with a touch of his hands!

Innkeeper

Thank you, thank you, most noble sir!

Exit Innkeeper.

Simonides (to Flavius)

Oh! my dear child! You gave us such a fright! You must sleep now—

Marcus

I don't care if the boy never shuts his eyes again! But look after him, Simonides! My precious child! How the gods are merciful! Caius, you won't believe!

Caius

Believe? I shall believe any miracle, after what I have seen!

Marcus

Wait! Wait, until you see the treasure I have won! It will take you a month to tally our riches! A treasure in gold! And horses! Many horses! Noble steeds! We shall need more ships! We must be off, at the first light!

Marcus turns to Flavius:

Oh! my dear son! Flavius! Restored to me!

Flavius

I had a dream, Father! It was dark! And then it was so bright! Like the sun!

Simonides

The gods were smiling, my boy!

Marcus

Indeed they are smiling now! Caius, I leave you in charge. Make all good speed to the port, and I shall meet you there, with a treasure in gold, in four days' time.

Caius

As you will, Marcus. We shall await you. But where will you be?

Marcus

I have urgent business in Jerusalem! This fortune to share! With our benefactor! Flavius, you remember the fortune-teller! She spoke true! Simonides! I charge you—look after the boy!

Exit Marcus, with torch. Others hold. Lights fade to black.

End Scene Five

Music Bridge: Theme: Gold in the Rising Sun.

SCENE

6

Jerusalem. Anteroom to the Court of Pontius Pilate. Lights up on Upper Level, spilling to Main Stage, foot of stairs. Marcus is discovered, Main Stage. Beside the staircase are four Porters, paired, guarding two great chests filled with gold ornaments, candelabra, wine cups encrusted with precious stones, flagons, goblets, basins. The chests are covered with cloths. Enter Secretary, followed by Pontius Pilate.

Pilate

Water! A basin! I feel unclean! I wash my hands of the whole affair!

Secretary signals, calls to Attendants, who scurry in with a stand, a basin, a cloth, a pitcher of water. Pilate sings as he ritually washes his hands, Attendant pouring water, another Attendant holding cloth to dry his hands.

Song: I WASH MY HANDS

Pilate

Rabble— they're all rabble!

Their cries a meaningless shout!

Why soil my hands

Over pointless demands

Whose outcome is never in doubt!

Babble—they all babble!

They clamor against their own priests!

Now his praises they sing:

He's their beggar, their king—

On a donkey, the king of the beasts!

Let him be a king—
 A self-styled king!
 A beggar in threadbare attire!
 Wearing a robe that he's washed in the mire!
 Let him wear a crown—
 A self-made crown!
 Of twigs and vineleaves and such!
 Let him drink wine till he's drunk too much!

Rabble—*rule* the rabble!
 From the top of a middle-sized hill!
 Let him hang where he stands!
 I wash my hands!

Pause. Spoken: Music behind:

Yet why does his face haunt me still!

Pilate discovers Marcus, gestures Secretary and Attendants to leave, with basin and stand and pitcher. Pilate wipes his hands with cloth as he speaks, descending to Marcus.

Pilate

You here, Marcus? None the worse for wear? How many do you kill, in the course of a day?

Marcus

Excellency—?

Pilate

Oh, but you do it with your own hands! Honest hands! A Governor has other ways!

Marcus

You are troubled, Excellency? But I bring good tidings! The raid went well! Your men were most efficient! A treasure in gold! And splendid horses!

Pilate

While I crucify an innocent man, because he threatens the world

with love! I gave them their choice! They would rather have the thief Barabbas loose among them! Enough! Where is the gold?

Marcus

Before you, my General!

Gestures to Porters, who, at his sign, throw aside the cloths covering the chests.

Pilate

Ah! You are timely! Nothing distracts like a little unexpected fortune!

The two men inspect the great chests. Pilate picks up a flagon, holds it, turns it, shining, in the light, symbolically toasts Marcus.

And which of these chests is mine?

Marcus

As you choose, Excellency. A greater abundance is in this one. The jewels are like blue flames!

Pilate

Ay! Yes! Your honest hands are scrupulous! Very well. Swiftly now, you must be gone! We have pulled Herod's sting, eh, Marcus! You that way, quickly! Leave the city by the West Gate. There's a crowd in the streets, but that will help disguise your departure!

Marcus

Truly, my General, you are my salvation!

Pilate

How did that song go? "Fortune spills from your shoulders—"? Never mind! I shall remember you! Guard your gold carefully!

Marcus

After what I have done to get it, neither god nor man shall take it from me!

Exeunt Marcus, two Porters; Pilate, two Porters, as Music recalls "Gold in the Rising Sun" theme. Lights fade to black.

End Scene Six

SCENE

7

Jerusalem. A steep street. Music overlaid with sounds of crowd jostling, jeering, market cries, camel bells, goat bells. Lights up slowly on hillside, as Marcus, Porters and covered chest, try to make their way through an unruly throng clogging the path. Ahead, crossing them, the Man of Healing staggers up the path under the weight of the cross he is carrying. Behind him, a file of Penitents, driven forward by Roman Soldiers wielding swords, spears, whips. One Disciple urgently separates from the file, addresses Marcus.

Disciple

Save him! You must save him!

Marcus

Out of our way! I have urgent cargo! Step aside!

Disciple

Save him who returned your son to life!

Marcus

What do you mean? Be off!

Disciple

God has forgotten him! He will be crucified! Use your sword to save him!

Marcus pulls a golden goblet out from under cover of chest, thrusts it into Disciple's hand.

Marcus

The gods save those who save themselves! Gold unlocks every door!
Let gold be his salvation!

Exeunt from hillside path Marcus, two Porters, as Penitents continue to wind slowly up hill, goaded by Roman Soldiers and the throng. Disciple stands, looking after Marcus, holding goblet helplessly.

End Scene Seven

Scenic Bridge: Lightning, thunderclap. Lights up on Statue of Jupiter.

Voice of Jupiter

Mortals! You would replace me with dreams of love? Does a puny new god, a god of beggars and nomads, think he can supplant me? You are but grains of sand in a great wind! I make the seasons! I make the oceans boil and the land wither! I bring the clouds of locusts, that darken the sun! The auguries of birds are the wings of my bidding! My temples grow ever stronger; the ships on the sea's bosom bend when I whisper, and lavish the treasures of the world only on those who believe in me! Playthings! Mortals, in my sway! See you now Pompeii—the home of Marcus, who has risen still higher in the world!

SCENE

8

Pompeii. The House of Marcus. Some years later. Lights up on Main Stage. Caius, Scapulus (a sword-maker) discovered. Scapulus is showing a sword.

Scapulus

The finest Damascus steel. And worked in silver and gold, as Marcus commissioned. Your young Master Flavius will be overjoyed. Such a gift for his coming of age!

Caius

Scapulus! You ask too much! Six hundred pieces!

Scapulus

What is six hundred pieces to Marcus? Head of the Arena? Richest man in Pompeii!

Enter Simonides, Flavius (a young man, now grown), conversing.

Scapulus

Here he comes! Flavius! What think you? How do you like the heft of this?

Hands him sword.

Simonides

Careful, young Master! What is this, Caius?

Flavius

It has wonderful balance! Is it for Father!

Scapulus

It is for you!

Caius

Scapulus! Your tongue is too loose!

Flavius

For me? A sword?

Caius

Your manhood's day approaches, Flavius. It was to be a surprise, from your father.

Simonides

Does he want to make another gladiator of his son?

Caius

It is a gentleman's sword!

Flavius

I like it, Simonides! Feel it, how it weighs in the hand! And how it shines!

Enter Marcus, swiftly.

Marcus

There you are, Caius! I have wonderful news, from the port! Scapulus! Ah! You have the sword, I see! Well, Son? Are you well armed, for man's estate? What do you think of it?

Flavius

I like it, Father! I feel like a noble!

Marcus

Let me have the heft of it—

Marcus takes sword, flashes it, moves it playfully to his crotch.

A good weapon for man's battles, eh, Flavius? It's a splendid weapon! Caius, pay Scapulus what he asks!

Marcus returns sword to Flavius, claps him on the back.

Your pupil grows up, Simonides! Soon pretty faces will take his thoughts off his books, yes?

Caius pays Scapulus with purse, and Scapulus bows and exits.

Simonides

Love is of many kinds, Marcus.

Flavius

Hush, Simonides!

Marcus (laughing)

Soon you will meet and marry. And no harm in that, Son! But first! I have news! Pontius Pilate, the greatest man in Judaea—remember!—returns to Rome. And he stops here in Pompeii, today! To pay his respects to me! I learned it only this hour! A messenger from the port!

Caius

Pontius Pilate in Pompeii, to see you?

Marcus

And we shall give him a splendid reception! Tonight! And tomorrow, I've told the Master of the Games, we must have a very special show! Would you like to fight in the Arena, Flavius, with your new sword?

Flavius

Father, you don't mean it!

Simonides

Of course he doesn't mean it!

Marcus

I didn't do battle with savage beasts and barbarians to give you nothing but the same! The day you fight in the Arena, Flavius, may they throw *me* to the lions! With the poor misguided Christians!

Flavius

Father—dogs and lions and bears I can understand. But innocent men and women, because they believe—

Marcus (interrupting)

Rome is a civilization! Surrounded by barbarians! I know! I have fought them with my bare hands! But the Christians, those unbelievers! Who enjoy our peace and prosperity—they refuse to bear arms to protect us from the savage hordes!

Flavius (protesting)

Father! I would not wish to kill a man, even if he were a barbarian. I would try to teach him, as Simonides has taught me—

Marcus (interrupting)

If he's taught you to be spineless, he has no place in my house! If those Christians are so noble, why do they hide, and hold their meetings at night, in the dark, in hidden places?

Flavius

When the alternative is a bloodthirsty lion in your Arena? I would hide, too, Father!

Marcus (sternly interrupting)

No more! We have had this conversation too many times! Enjoy the wealth I provide you! And ask no questions about how it arrives on your plate! A man makes his own fortune, as he can!

Simonides

Be easy, Marcus! A man makes his own choices! And today you call Flavius a man!

Caius

Come, now, Marcus, if we are properly to entertain Pontius Pilate, we must make plans—domestic arrangements—

Marcus (welcoming the diversion)

You're right! Come along, Caius! To the kitchens with me! I'm sorry, Son, to speak harshly—

Flavius (embracing Marcus)

I'm sorry, too, Father. You have always been a generous father to me.

Marcus

Enjoy your manhood, my son! Choose her wisely!

Exeunt, Marcus, Caius.

Flavius

Simonides, do I remember Pontius Pilate? Did I meet him as a small boy? I met—I saw—*somebody*! I remember the light of his face as though the heavens had opened to me!

Song: HE WAS STANDING IN THE LIGHT

Flavius

He was standing in the light,
 Light that made a day of night—
 I don't remember,
 I can't remember—
 Why was everything so bright?
 Was he
 The light?

I felt the night receding;
 Weightless, I wandered far;
 I knew a light was leading—
 Light from the brightest star!

I was faint—my way so steep—
 All I wanted was to sleep!
 I don't remember,
 I can't remember—
 In my father's arms to sleep—
 Why did
 He weep?

Simonides

I know the man you speak of;
 I knew his shining light;
 You lay unconscious, weak—Love
 Reached out to you through the night!

Flavius (spoken)

It wasn't Pontius Pilate then?

Simonides

He was standing in the light,
Light that made a day of night—

Flavius

Yes! I remember!
I do remember!

Both

He made everything so bright!
He was
The light!

Flavius

Did you know him then?

Simonides

I knew him only as a stranger, a Man of Healing. He could make the blind see! He made you well!

Flavius

But you have never spoken to me of this!

Simonides

Your father forbade us all to speak of it. Surely you know who your healer was! Some have called him the Christ—

Flavius (interrupting)

Who gave his beliefs to the poor, persecuted Christians? *He* made me well?

Simonides

But you do his work now! Tonight! Tomorrow!

Flavius

Hush! I have found a boat for them, Simonides! To reach the island you told me of! Outside Roman control! Yes, it is arranged! I would save them all from the lions' jaws! But my ship is so small!

Simonides

You are doing all that you can, I know!

Flavius

Yes! Tomorrow! We embark on the morning tide! I must hurry and prepare them for the hour we depart. They are counting on me!

Simonides

Take your sword, Flavius! You play a dangerous game! And mind that no one follows you!

Enter Marcus, Caius.

Marcus

Where are you off to, Flavius?

Flavius

I—I wanted to show my sword to—some friends!

Marcus (laughing)

Make her a pretty friend, boy! And hurry back for supper, mind! We have a noble guest, and a menu for the gods! Pontius Pilate dines with us tonight!

Flavius

I shan't forget, Father.

Caius

Take care when you unsheathe your weapon!

Marcus

It can pierce a lady's—heart!

Exit Flavius.

He seems so young, to be a man!

Simonides

He is young, Sir. But he is manly!

Marcus

He's my son!

Song: HE'S MY SON WHO IS A MAN

Marcus

He's my son, who is a man!
 He's learned all a child can:
 He'll voyage far
 With his eye
 On a star!

Caius

You have given him a life
 Free of all you've known of strife!
 He'll voyage far
 With his eye
 On a star!

Marcus, Caius, Simonides

Let him live a good life!
 Let him live it long!
 Let him find a good wife
 To fill his heart with song!

Marcus

He's my son, who was a boy—
 Filled a father's heart with joy!
 He's grown so tall!
 Yet he started
 So small!

Simonides

I remember well the day
 I first saw your son at play:
 He is your son,
 But my heart,
 Too, he won!

Marcus, Caius, Simonides

Let him live a good life!
Let him live it long!
Let him find a good wife
To fill his heart with song!

Caius

He's your son, and now a man!

Simonides

I've taught him all a teacher can!

Marcus, Caius, Simonides

Now he is free
To be all
He can be!

All three Men hold, as Lights down and out.

End Scene Eight

Music Bridge.

SCENE

9

Pompeii. A grove of trees, near the harbor. Lights slowly up on Upper Level. Enter Flavius, silently. He pauses, whistles. A whistle answers him and a Figure emerges from the shadows. Another Figure follows.

Lestor

Is that you, Flavius?

Flavius

Lestor? Cato? Yes. Are you all safe?

Fulvia

Flavius!

Fulvia runs to Flavius as Lestor and Cato, too, advances out of the shadows.

Flavius

Fulvia! How I have missed you! But after tomorrow, no more!

Lestor

We leave tomorrow?

Fulvia

Are we really to be free?

Flavius

The ship is ready! And provisioned! Tomorrow we sail! How many have you gathered? Are you all together still?

Lestor

We have twenty-six in all. Come away! We must hide!

Flavius

Leave us a moment, Lestor. Fulvia and I—

Cato (sharply)

Lovers are risky, too! We must all be vigilant!

Flavius

Go, Lestor, Cato, please! Tell our friends that we rise with the sun tomorrow, and depart before the turning of the tide!

Cato

You meet us here? Or at the harbor?

Flavius

Here! Tonight! Before the night is past!

Lestor

Hurry! We count on you!

Exit Lestor, Cato.

Flavius (to Fulvia)

You alone of all our friends know who I am! The son of Marcus the Butcher! Tonight—now—his “sweepers” comb the town, dragging any Christians they can find, to throw to the lions tomorrow in the Arena. He has a special guest he would impress with lavish murder!

Fulvia

He has not learned the way of love. Be merciful, Flavius! Your father’s gods are as real to him as ours is to us!

Flavius

Power is his god! His own power! And gold! He worships his store of treasure! *And* his son! My father worships me! Because I am his flesh and blood!

Fulvia

He loves you, Flavius—

Flavius

Oh! Come into my arms that I may know what it is really to be loved! And to love in return!

Song: HOLD ME IN YOUR ARMS

Flavius

Hold me in your arms
 That I may know
 What it is to hold you
 And never let you go!

Fulvia

Hold me in your arms
 That I may be
 Held by you forever
 And ever to be free!

Both

Ever to be lovers,
 Ever to be true—
 Ever to give shelter
 To the truth inside of you!

Hold me till the day
 The world's reborn!
 Until then, darling, hold me
 From night to morn!

Fulvia

Let the new day dawn
 On simple things:
 Love and song to share, for
 The peace that loving brings!

Flavius

Let the new day dawn
 On distant shores,
 Where a man can care for
 The woman he adores!

Both

Ever in the sunlight,
Never in the shade,
Never letting darkness
Hurt the light that love has made!

Hold me till the day
The world's reborn!
Until then, darling, hold me
From night to morn!

Flavius

How I wish it could be our joy tonight never to part again! But I have urgent business still.

Fulvia

Where must you go now?

Flavius

Have you heard of a man called Pontius Pilate? Governor for many years in an eastern province, Judaea? Tonight my father entertains him! Yes! How we have risen in the world! It is for him that tomorrow's spectacle requires additional Christian victims!

Fulvia

We must escape this terrible place!

Flavius

We shall! I'll stay at the banquet only long enough to pay my respects. My heart is with you!

Fulvia

May our Lord watch over you, my dearest one!

Exit Flavius, as lights darken to silhouette, and black.

End Scene Nine

Music Bridge: Theme: "Hold Me In Your Arms" segues to music of a harp, oboe, flutes, soft and lulling, coming from an interior room, Main Stage, rear.

SCENE

I O

Pompeii. The house of Marcus. Evening. Lights up, low key, on Main Stage, to reveal an inner courtyard, a fountain, resplendent couches, floral pieces, stands. Bearers holding torches. Attendants with bowls of fruit and sweetmeats. A Servant. Music under. Enter Marcus, Caius, from interior court.

Marcus

The kitchens are too slow! Our guests will be arriving!

Caius

Be calm, Marcus! All is prepared. See! The couches, the fruits, the sweetmeats. We have commanded the very best from the marketplace!

Marcus

And Publius Nexor, the Master of the Games? He was to have met me here! I must be certain about tomorrow's spectacle!

Caius

He is here, Marcus. He waits on your pleasure.

Marcus

Where is he? He waits on my temper, if he is not quick about it!

Caius (to Servant)

Call in the Master of the Games.

Servant exits swiftly, returns, bowing, as Publius Nexor, Master of the Games, enters.

Marcus

There you are, Publius! What news? Has the shipment of beasts arrived?

Publius

Fair winds, Marcus! The ship docked this morning from Africa. Three great leopards! Additional to the Nubians and their lions, already secured. And the camels, ten of them, for the clowns.

Marcus

Be light on the clowns. Strong on the spectacle! The contests: beast against man! And the gladiators! Sixtus Fabulus, the champion! We must test him! We must spill blood! The crowd demands it!

Publius

As you desire, sir. And the captive Christian band. Our lions are hungry! Even now the guards are scouring the city for additional unbelievers. They have all gone into hiding! But we shall root them out!

Marcus

Well done, Publius! I count on you!

Publius

Sir!

Bows and exits.

Marcus

People who do their jobs! My kind of people! Now if only those miserable cooks can make sense in the kitchens! Eh, Caius!

Caius

You know they will—you have tested them well!

Servant enters.

Servant

Your guests, sir!

Marcus

Bid them enter!

Exit Servant. Distinguished Citizens enter, as Caius gestures to interior court, arrests the Music. Marcus greets each guest in turn:

Caius, hold the musicians! Until our guest of honor is announced! Welcome, Senator! And you, Captain! Arturion! A great day for Pompeii, eh!

Arturion

And for the house of Marcus!

Marcus continues greeting Guests, indicating refreshments, wine. Servants pass among the Guests, with trays, flagons, goblets. A Young Officer enters.

Young Officer

Pontius Pilate, sir, awaits.

Marcus

Bid him enter.

Young Officer

His Excellency, Pontius Pilate!

Caius gestures. A Fanfare is sounded. Pontius Pilate enters with Entourage. Secretary, Attendant bearing gift of a golden buckle.

Pilate

Marcus, the Gladiator!

Marcus

My General! Welcome to Pompeii! And to my home.

They clasp hands in a formal embrace.

Pilate (indicating gift)

For you, Marcus. A golden buckle. You may recognize it from long ago. A souvenir of our first engagement together!

Marcus

You are kind to remember, my General.

Pilate

I do like that name, "my General"! But it has fallen into disuse without you to fight my battles for me! You live well, Marcus! Gentlemen. And the music. How beautiful!

Senator

Played, we trust, by the nymphs of the divine!

Arturion

Excellency, you can count on the entertainments at the house of Marcus!

Marcus

And other divinely inspired young maidens await your pleasure, too! Sweetmeats for every taste!

Pilate

I promise to taste all the pleasures you place before me!

Marcus

A man of my own appetites! The gods of old lived lives of pleasure, while grinding the poor believing mortals under their feet! But a man can rise up! Wrestle with the gods! Use his own strength and will to squeeze the grape of the world for its nectar! Strength I built into my arms as a blacksmith! Humble, yes! But with a vision of what might be possible, if a man has the resolve to command it!

Song: THE WORLD IS A FEAST FOR THE TAKING

Marcus

All the world stretched before me—
 Held in the cup of my hand!
 From a humble beginning
 A man can start winning
 The world!

I now hold the world in my hand!
 And now all its pleasures command!

Now my wealth has increased
 Till the world is a feast
 For the taking
 And take it I do!
 Wouldn't you?

With gold is my treasury filled!
 For gold I admit that I killed!
 All the gold I "released"
 Turned the world to a feast
 For the taking
 And take it I do!
 Wouldn't you?

All the world stretched before me—
 Held in the cup of my hand!
 From each deadly collision
 A man can envision
 The world!

I stand at the top of my world!
 Deflect all the thunderbolts hurled!
 I fear no man or beast!
 And am deaf to the priest!
 Their gods' equal at least!
 All the world is a feast
 For the taking
 And take it I do!
 Wouldn't you!
 Wouldn't you take it, too!

Pilate

We are indeed kin, Marcus! If you know me, you know that I do
 take it, too!

Marcus

Enough of my philosophy! It is about your world, my General, that I would speak. You return to Rome? Is your assignment in the East ended?

Pilate

They are rescuing me at last from my dusty province! You will like my new title: High Counselor to the State. It has the proper sound, don't you think?

Marcus

So I must learn to call you "Excellency" after all!

Enter Flavius, hurriedly, breathless.

And here is my son, Flavius! Barely in time. But flushed and handsome! Don't you think so, my General?

Flavius

Our house is honored, sir!

Pilate

As am I, my boy! Your father, and your city, welcome me most lavishly.

Marcus

And tomorrow we shall give you spectacle! I have taken special steps to dazzle your eye, my General! You will not doubt that I have a purpose. You see him here before you.

Pilate

A purpose?

Marcus

My son! I have given him all a father can. But he needs Rome, the Imperial City, for his finishing school! If you could sponsor him in some office—

Flavius

Father—!

Caius

Let your father speak for you, my boy!

Pilate

Yes, let your father speak for you, Flavius. Would you like to serve under me in Rome?

Flavius

Oh, Excellency, it is impossible—

Marcus (interrupting)

What do you mean, impossible? Think, boy! My General! You, who made my fortune, you can make me doubly fortunate if you indeed accept my son into your counsel.

Flavius

No, Father! Sir! I cannot! My heart is here—

Marcus

Be still! Our guest offers you high honor. Our home and all our resources are his to command!

Pilate

Surely I do not mean to threaten you, my boy. I might do well to have you in my service.

Marcus

I'll support the boy generously, from my own storehouse—

Flavius (alarmed)

You must excuse me, Excellency. I have business in the town that cannot be delayed, even for so honored a guest as yourself. Please be sure of my respect and gratitude—Father, some day I hope you will understand—

Flavius exits rapidly, hand on sword.

Marcus

Flavius! I command you!

Pilate

I think the boy's in love.

Marcus

Puppy love! Rome is his future!

Pilate

Send him to me when he is adjusted to the idea. We shall place him well. Plainly, he is no rough blacksmith! Eh, Marcus! Perhaps a gladiator, though—a gladiator of the spirit?

Marcus

He's the son of an angry father! That much I know! I'll bring him to his senses!

Pilate

Marcus, we are here for entertainment! You have a famous singer here in Pompeii. You must know how much I enjoy sweet music! I understand that you meant to entertain me with a song.

Marcus (bowing)

You are most gracious to remind me, Excellency.

Marcus signals to Caius, who relays the signal to the musicians in the inner court. Music rises, and the Minstrel comes forward to sing.

Song: HARMONY AND LAUGHTER

Minstrel

Harmony
 And laughter
 Are the friends
 You make tonight:
 Harmony
 And after—
 The night ends
 In love's delight!

Golden wine
 And laughter—
 Fill the cup
 With golden light!

Drink and dine
 And after :
 Fill the cup
 With love tonight!

Ending
 In the shadows,
 Ending
 In embrace :
 Wending
 Your way homeward
 With the smile of love
 Ling'ring
 On your face—

Dreaming of
 The laughter
 And the kisses
 That you knew :
 May the dreaming sun
 Wake slowly,
 That *your* dreams
 Might linger, too!

Pilate, Marcus, Caius, Distinguished Guests, move upstage to interior court.
 Attendants hold. Lights dim and fade slowly. Music under and out.

End Scene Ten

Scenic Bridge: Lights up on Statue of Jupiter. Sound: Jupiter's low laughter, rising.

Voice of Jupiter

Love! The invention of a god!
 The god of catastrophe!
 The rush of a beating heart!
 Drumbeats of mortality!

Laughter, sardonic, diminishing.

SCENE

II

Pompeii. A grove of trees, as Scene Nine. Flavius enters in a rush, stops.

Flavius

Fulvia!

Fulvia

Yes! I thought you would never come!

Flavius

They wanted me to go to Rome!

Fulvia (alarmed)

To Rome?

Flavius

No matter! Rome has no attractions for me!

Enter Lestor and Cato from shadows.

Lestor

Quiet! You are too loud! You risk everything!

Flavius

Lestor—Cato—all goes well?

Cato

You are here at last! No one followed you?

Flavius

Of course not! Quickly now, where all are assembled!

As Flavius, Fulvia, Lestor and Cato start to move off, they are attacked by a Captain and Squad of Guards, who move out of the darkness, without torches. Lestor cries out, Fulvia screams, Flavius draws his sword, stabs the first Guard who rushes him. The four are quickly subdued, and held.

Captain

Move on! There are more! To the rest of them! They cannot be far!
 Sounds of cries, sword play, off.

End Scene Eleven

Scenic Bridge: Rolling thunder, lightning flashes, as Jupiter laughs and hollowly speaks.

Voice of Jupiter

Gods are not cruel as man is cruel! See! How mortal flesh invites the knife! Pawns, in a game of pawns!

Laughter and rolling thunder segue, to Music Introduction as lights up on Jupiter's Statue.

Song: PAWNS IN A GAME OF PAWNS

Jupiter

Deal
 In adventures bold!
 When you steal
 One another's gold!
 The moves of your game
 Are always the same!
 And I made the rules of old!

Rumor
 Your old god dead!
 Seek your doom—
 Let yourselves be led!
 And when they record
 That love was your sword,
 Ask whose was the blood that bled!

See how mortal
Flesh invites
The knife!
Have your sport! Call
Death to smite
Your life!
Let your new god
Stay the flow
Of blood!
Misconstrue his
Desert for
A flood!

Pray
While your new god mourns!
Kneel and pray
To his crown of thorns!
It's only a play
To amuse me a day!
Pawns in a game of pawns!

SCENE

12

Pompeii. The Public Square, before offstage Arena. Morning. The upper stage is full of the movement of a gathering throng, colorfully dressed, festive, exuberant, singly and in family groups, all moving toward the Arena. A number of them are carrying offerings, and pause, kneeling, before the statue of Jupiter, and give their offerings to the Priests who have great open baskets to receive the gifts of the populace. Four Trumpeters, escorted by Guards, march smartly on, take up positions in a row, diagonally, raise their instruments, and blow a flourish. The crowd responds with excitement, moving more swiftly toward the Arena. Caius, Two Attendants, thrust their way through the throng at entry, main stage. Marcus, Pontius Pilate, Distinguished Guests, follow.

Caius

Make way! Make way! Marcus! We must hurry! The first Summons has sounded!

Marcus

No matter. First the parade, and clowns. I worry about Flavius.

Pilate

Don't be troubled, Marcus. You kept late hours, too, I'm sure, when you were the boy's age. I swear, he's in love.

Marcus

So! So! But not to return all night? The boy does not show respect! When we have a guest like yourself. Much honor has come to our house in your stay.

Publius Nexor, Master of the Games, enters, crosses to Marcus's party, accompanied by Guards, in march step.

Publius

Marcus! All is in readiness! We had great luck last night! The guard force found a Christian hiding place! Additional captives have been sequestered. I await your command.

Marcus

Well done, Publius! Not all at once, mind you! The best and the strongest for last! A throttled lion or two is great sport, too, you know! Sound the second Summons! And the third!

Publius nods, sends a Guard to the Trumpeters.

Publius

May I escort your distinguished guest to the chair of honor?

To Pilate:

Excellency.

Pilate nods to Publius, speaks to Marcus:

You are a bloodthirsty brute, Marcus!

Marcus

In your honor, my General!

The Trumpeters raise their horns, and sound a second flourish. A great roar of the crowd is heard, offstage and on. The throng is moving steadily, inexorably, to stage left, toward the Arena, offstage. Suddenly Simonides rushes in, crying out, and falls, sobbing, at Marcus's feet.

Simonides

Master! Master! You must stop the Games! He is taken! Your son is taken!

Marcus

What, man? Speak! What do you mean?

Simonides

Flavius is taken! With the Christians! Last night! He is with those to be sacrificed!

Marcus

Impossible! My son? What nonsense!

Simonides

It is true, Master! He was to rescue them from the slaughter! He was captured with the rest!

Marcus

It cannot be! I must stop it! Publius! My General! You heard? Stop the Games! My son!

Pilate

Idiot boy! So that is his puppy love!

Marcus

Publius! You are Master of the Games! You must stop everything! Now!

Publius

I could not if I would. With this crowd? Hungry for blood?

Marcus

I order you!

Publius

Order your foolish son to a different life! I do my job!

Marcus battles toward the Trumpeters, as the horns are raised, and a final summons is sounded. The crowd roars again. And then a roar of another kind, a lion's roar, sends a shiver of silence through the crowd.

Caius, Simonides

Too late! Too late! Marcus! Flavius!

Caius (to Pontius Pilate, imploring)

Excellency! You must intercede! Pray you, command the crowd!

Pilate (imperiously)

You do not know me! I always do the crowd's bidding!

Simonides

For Flavius! For my boy!

Pilate

I wash my hands of him!

Marcus, fighting the throng, cries out, at the top of stairs, as crowd roars again, inside the Arena, their shouts mingling with the roaring of the wild beasts, offstage.

Marcus

Oh! God! Whatever God you are! Master! Lord! God of mercy!
Save my son!

Then, a great sound is heard, from the bowels of the earth, like the thundering roll of Jupiter's laughter, but more ominous, growing louder, louder. The earth rocks, flames belch forth from the mouth of Vesuvius, thrusting a great shadow over the town. The thunderous roll continues, in great shock waves of sound, and the throng panics, screaming, running, falling. Marcus is swept back down the stairs, Pilate, Caius, Simonides, Publius, Distinguished Guests, disappear in the swirl of advancing smoke and panic. Suddenly Flavius, Fulvia, Lestor, followed by a ragged band of Christians, emerge from an arch under the hill, and dash for the harbor pier, to board the small ship there. Guards pursue them, as they try to pull the harbor gates shut against their pursuers, who are themselves half in panic. Marcus, like a great bull, cuts his path through the throng, reaches the gates at the water's edge, gathers them shut in his powerful embrace.

Guards (to Marcus)

Give way! Stop the ship! Release the gates! Cut him down! Cut him down!

The spears and swords of the Guards thrust through Marcus. He sags, but holds, as the ship, and its precious human cargo, separates itself from the pier, and draws safely away.

Marcus (dying)

Away! My son! My son! Away!

A great cloud of ash and fire belches, and the sound of the mountain's great belly reaches a crescendo. The statue of Jupiter topples and is shattered, the stage darkens under the pall of smoke and ash and debris, as people fall, are trampled, leap into the sea, screaming. Their festive garments are transformed into slashes of red and grime and blackened ash. Music up, rising with the sound of the eruption.

Song: THE FATAL RAIN

Chorus

See!
 How the gods desert us!
 Flee!
 From the wall of fire!
 The mountain descends
 And the whole world ends
 In a fu-ner-al
 Pyre!

Hear!
 How we cry in terror!
 Fear!
 As our lives expire!
 The mountain descends
 And the whole world ends
 In a fu-ner-al
 Pyre!

The boiling mud
 Descending!
 Like a fire in flood
 Unending!
 The fatal rain
 Descending!
 And the stricken plain
 Unending!

Burn!
 While the skies destroy us!
 Turn!
 From the gods of old!
 Under flame and flash

And a shroud of ash
 Let our bones
 Grow
 Cold!

The song ends in darkness, and silence, but for one long note, and a beating drum, quickened, like a beating heart. And a new melody is heard.

Song: AS ALL OUR DAYS WE SING YOUR PRAISE

Chorus

As all our days
 We sing your praise,
 O, Master of all healing!
 Your gift of love
 From God above,
 A gift of life revealing!

As they sing, the stricken people rise, out of the grime of their garments of red and ash, and shining, transfigured, clad in gold, they gather, to begin slowly, firmly, climbing the stairs to the Upper Level, and up the paths to the hillside. All slowly gathering, from the wings, from everywhere, they turn, as the song continues, and conclude in a great swelling of voices raised in song. The stage is filled with golden Light, as the ship of Christians, with its golden sail unfurled, is seen moving serenely across the harbor and to sea. All on shipboard also sing.

Chorus (cont.)

You lead us ways
 Where light amazing
 Shows the path to glory!
 We live to share
 Your simple prayer
 In love's unending story!

Our bread we offer you;
 Our wine and substance, too:
 Immaculate, your gaze
 Enlightens all our days!

Your gift of love
From God above,
A gift of life revealing,
And all our days
We sing your praise,
O, Master of all healing!

End Scene Twelve

THE END

GROVE PLAYS OF THE PAST

SUMMER JINKS

<i>Year</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Playwright, Composer</i>
1878	(<i>not recorded</i>)	Harry Edwards Frank Unger
1879	<i>As You Like It</i>	Hugh Burke Walter G. Holmes
1880	(<i>not recorded</i>)	W. H. L. Barnes (<i>not recorded</i>)
1881	(<i>not recorded</i>)	James F. Bowman Frank Unger
1882	<i>Joy's That We've Tasted</i>	George T. Bromley Stephen W. Leach
1883	(<i>not recorded</i>)	Paul Newmann (<i>not recorded</i>)
1884	<i>Indian Jinks</i>	Stuart M. Taylor (<i>not recorded</i>)
1885	<i>Graduation</i>	Andrew McF. Davis Stephen W. Leach
1886	(<i>not recorded</i>)	George Chismore Stephen W. Leach
1887	(<i>not recorded</i>)	Peter Robertson Joseph D. Redding
1888	<i>The Convention</i>	James D. Phelan H. J. Stewart
1889	<i>The Praise of Pan</i>	Daniel O'Connell H. J. Stewart
1890	(<i>not recorded</i>)	E. B. Pomroy H. J. Stewart
1891	<i>The Dawn of Love</i>	J. Dennis Arnold (<i>not recorded</i>)
1892	<i>Sermon of the Myriad Leaves</i>	Fred M. Somers H. J. Stewart

GROVE PLAYS OF THE PAST

<i>Year</i>	<i>Title</i>	<i>Playwright, Composer</i>
1893	<i>The Sacrifice in the Forest</i>	Joseph D. Redding Adolph Bauer
1894	<i>A Gypsy Camp</i>	Peter Robertson H. J. Stewart
1895	<i>Pan</i>	Vanderlynn Stow H. J. Stewart
1896	<i>Shakespeare Jinks</i>	Albert Gerberding Theodor Vogt
1897	<i>Faust Jinks</i>	H. J. Stewart John Marquardt
1898	<i>Days of Long Ago</i>	Donald de V. Graham Wallace A. Sabin
1899	<i>Rip Van Winkle Jinks</i>	Robert Howe Fletcher James Graham
1900	<i>Consecration of a Forest Grove</i>	Albert Gerberding (not recorded)
1901	<i>The Enigma of Life</i>	J. Dennis Arnold Donald de V. Graham

GROVE PLAYS

<i>Year</i>	<i>Title, Playwright</i>	<i>Composer, Director</i>
1902	<i>The Man in the Forest</i> Charles K. Field	Joseph D. Redding Amadee Joullin
1903	<i>Montezuma</i> Louis A. Robertson	H. J. Stewart Charles J. Dickman
1904	<i>The Hamadryads</i> Will Irwin	W. J. McCoy Porter Garnett
1905	<i>The Quest of the Gorgon</i> Newton Tharp	Theodor Vogt Newton Tharp
1906	<i>The Owl and Care*</i> Charles K. Field	H. J. Stewart (not recorded)

*The Owl and Care was not a Grove Play but an elaborated Cremation of Care ceremony given in place of The Triumph of Bohemia, which was ready for production at the time of the 1906 earthquake and fire.

GROVE PLAYS OF THE PAST

<i>Year</i>	<i>Title, Playwright</i>	<i>Composer, Director</i>
1907	<i>The Triumph of Bohemia</i> George Sterling	E. F. Schneider Porter Garnett
1908	<i>The Sons of Baldur</i> Herman Scheffauer	Arthur Weiss Frank L. Mathieu
1909	<i>St. Patrick at Tara</i> H. Morse Stephens	Wallace A. Sabin Frank L. Mathieu
1910	<i>The Cave Man</i> Charles K. Field	W. J. McCoy Frank L. Mathieu
1911	<i>The Green Knight</i> Porter Garnett	Edward Stricklen Porter Garnett
1912	<i>The Atonement of Pan</i> Joseph D. Redding	Henry Hadley Frank L. Mathieu
1913	<i>The Fall of Ug</i> Rufus Steele	Herman Perlet Frank L. Mathieu
1914	<i>Nec-Natama</i> J. Wilson Shiels	Uda Waldrop Frank L. Mathieu
1915	<i>Apollo</i> Frank Pixley	E. F. Schneider Frank L. Mathieu
1916	<i>Gold</i> F. S. Myrtle	H. J. Stewart William H. Smith Jr.
1917	<i>The Land of Happiness</i> Templeton Crocker	Joseph D. Redding Frank L. Mathieu
1918	<i>The Twilight of the King</i> R. M. Hotaling	Wallace A. Sabin Frank L. Mathieu
1919	<i>Life</i> Harry Leon Wilson	Domenico Brescia Frank L. Mathieu
1920	<i>Ilya of Murom</i> Charles C. Dobie	Ulderico Marcelli Reginald Travers
1921	<i>John of Nepomuk</i> Clay M. Greene	H. J. Stewart Reginald Travers

GROVE PLAYS OF THE PAST

<i>Year</i>	<i>Title, Playwright</i>	<i>Composer, Director</i>
1922	<i>The Rout of the Philistines</i> C. G. Norris	Nino Marcelli Reginald Travers
1923	<i>Semper Virens</i> Joseph D. Redding	Henry Hadley Reginald Travers
1924	<i>Rajvara</i> Roy Neily	Wheeler Beckett Andre Ferrier
1925	<i>Wings</i> Joseph S. Thompson	George Edwards Reginald Travers
1926	<i>Truth</i> George Sterling	Domenico Brescia William H. Smith Jr.
1927	<i>St. Francis of Assisi</i> Irving Pichel	Charles Hart Reginald Travers
1928	<i>Nanda</i> Garnet Holme	E. F. Schneider Garnet Holme
1929	<i>A Gest of Robin Hood</i> C. G. Norris	R. C. Newell Reginald Travers
1930	<i>Birds of Rhiannon</i> Waldemar Young	Edward C. Harris Frank Rodolph
1931	<i>Joan</i> W. G. Garthwaite	Charles L. Safford Vincent E. Duffey
1932	<i>Sorcerer's Drum</i> Daniel W. Evans	Charles Hart Harold Helvenston
1933	<i>The Legend of Hani</i> Junius Cravens	Henry Hadley Cameron Prud-Homme
1934	<i>St. Patrick at Tara</i> H. Morse Stephens	Wallace A. Sabin Reginald Travers
1935	<i>The Quest</i> Wilbur Hall	Roderick White Edward P. Murphy
1936	<i>Ivanhoe</i> C. G. Norris	Harry I. Wiel Reginald Travers

GROVE PLAYS OF THE PAST

<i>Year</i>	<i>Title, Playwright</i>	<i>Composer, Director</i>
1937	<i>Lifkronan</i> Kenneth G. Hook	Ulderico Marcelli Edward P. Murphy
1938	<i>The Piper</i> Dan Totheroh	Eugene Heyes Edward P. Murphy
1939	<i>The Golden Feathero</i> Waldemar Young	Uda Waldrop James J. Gill
1940	<i>Saul</i> Benj. Allen Purrington	Charles Hart Reginald Travers
1941	<i>The Golden Talisman</i> Charles C. Dobie	Alec Templeton Reginald Travers
1942	<i>The American Scene</i> Carlton E. Morse	Paul Carson Harold Burdick
1943-45	<i>No plays given</i>	
1946	<i>Johnny Appleseed</i> Dan Totheroh	Wendell Otey James J. Gill
1947	<i>The Yester-Years</i> *Various	
1948	<i>Maternus</i> Kenneth Ferguson	Wendell Otey Fred Orin Harris
1949	<i>The Cosmic Jest</i> C. B. Kelland	Frank R. Denke Reginald Travers
1950	<i>Tetecan</i> Howard A. Muckle	Hugh D. Brown Edward P. Murphy
1951	<i>Fools in the Forest</i> Dan Totheroh	Peter Heyes J. Fenton McKenna
1952	<i>Tandem Triumphans</i> Alexander T. Case	Ulderico Marcelli Fred Orin Harris

**This play was a compilation, by William H. Smith, Jr., of scenes from Grove Plays of the past, in commemoration of the Club's seventy-fifth anniversary. Musical treatment by Charles Hart.*

GROVE PLAYS OF THE PAST

<i>Year</i>	<i>Title, Playwright</i>	<i>Composer, Director</i>
1953	<i>A Romany Legend</i> Harris Allen	Antonio de Grassi J. Fenton McKenna
1954	<i>A Gest of Robin Hood</i> C. G. Norris	R. C. Newell Fred Orin Harris
1955	<i>Don Quixote</i> Alexander T. Case	Ulderico Marcelli Charles F. Bulotti, Jr.
1956	<i>The Beggar</i> Gordon Steedman & Philip Sanford Boone	Hugh D. Brown J. Fenton McKenna
1957	<i>Diablo</i> Bauer E. Kramer & Kendric B. Morrish	Frank R. Denke William D. Pabst
1958	<i>Aloha Oe</i> Earle C. Anthony and Carey Wilson	Ulderico Marcelli Charles F. Bulotti Jr.
1959	<i>Cortez</i> Howard Muckle	Hugh D. Brown Robert B. England
1960	<i>Rip Van Winkle</i> Dan Totheroh	Charles Hart Dan Totheroh
1961	<i>A Soldier and Mr. Lincoln</i> Alexander T. Case & Charles F. Bulotti Jr.	Ulderico Marcelli Fred Orin Harris
1962	<i>Agincourt</i> Robert B. England & Alexander S. McDill	True Tourtillott J. M. Jacobus
1963	<i>The Green Mountain Boys</i> Richard L. Breen	Raymond W. Hackett J. Fenton McKenna
1964	<i>The Buccaneers</i> David Magee	Leon C. Radsliff Robert B. England
1965	<i>Sancho Panza</i> Alexander T. Case	Leigh Harline Thomas J. Tyrrell

GROVE PLAYS OF THE PAST

<i>Year</i>	<i>Title, Playwright</i>	<i>Composer, Director</i>
1966	<i>The Valley of the Moon</i> Ralph Moody	Raymond W. Hackett J. Fenton McKenna
1967	<i>Will</i> John Brent Mills	Wendell Otey Thomas J. Tyrrell
1968	<i>Omar</i> Harry Anderson	Charles G. Dant J. Fenton McKenna
1969	<i>St. John of Bohemia</i> Neill C. Wilson	Leigh Harline Thomas J. Tyrrell
1970	<i>The Bonny Cravat</i> David Magee	George Shearing Paul S. Speegle
1971	<i>Red Is the Grass</i> Francis X. Fogarty	Francis X. Fogarty Robert B. England
1972	<i>Centennial Grove Play</i> <i>*Various</i>	<i>*Various</i> Robert B. England
1973	<i>The Golden Cave</i> David Magee	George Shearing Paul L. Speegle
1974	<i>Armada</i> John Brent Mills	Dale Wood J. Robert Minser
1975	<i>Allegory</i> Will A. Parker	Carl J. Eberhard Peter R. Arnott
1976	<i>Noah</i> Robert B. England	Frank R. Denke J. Robert Minser
1977	<i>El Dorado</i> Louis E. Felder	Louis F. Bush Thomas J. Tyrrell
1978	<i>Siddhartha</i> Alan Hammond Nichols	Earl O. Zindars J. Robert Minser
1979	<i>The Fling Spear</i> Alexander T. Case	Charles G. Dant Thomas J. Tyrrell

**This play was directed by Robert B. England, consisting of scenes from Grove Plays of the past, in commemoration of the Club's one hundredth anniversary. Musical treatment by Charles G. Dant.*

GROVE PLAYS OF THE PAST

<i>Year</i>	<i>Title, Playwright</i>	<i>Composer, Director</i>
1980	<i>Olympus</i> Peter R. Arnott	Carl J. Eberhard Robert B. England
1981	<i>Taj Mahal</i> Francis N. Marshall	Raymond W. Hackett J. Robert Minser
1982	<i>St. Francis of Assisi</i> Irving Pichel	Charles Hart Jay M. Jacobus
1983	<i>Ciao Venezia</i> James L. Bennington & Bradford W. Young	Carl J. Eberhard J. Robert Minser
1984	<i>Maximilian!</i> Donald L. Winks & Charles M. Denton	John V. Rogers Adrian McNamara
1985	<i>Solferino</i> George S. Prugh Robert England	Parmer Fuller Robert England
1986	<i>Galileo</i> William W. Schwarzer Rod McManigal	Carl J. Eberhard Thomas J. Tyrrell
1987	<i>Talleyrand</i> John Brent Mills	Andrew Imbrie William R. Witt
1988	<i>Robert the Bruce</i> Howard Guy Ervin III	William P. Snyder Jay M. Jacobus

COLOPHON

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