



JUDGEMENT OF THE WISE

A Tragic Haunting Based on the Failures and
Missteps of One W.B. Yeats

INFO

Judgement of the Wise is a short play based on, and as a commentary of, W.B. Yeats' *The Hour-Glass*. It contains direct excerpts from Yeats' play in order to re-contextualize the themes and motives native to *The Hour-Glass*.

Judgement was originally produced by Red Hill Theatre Group as part of "The Morality Monographs" night of one-act plays.

Upon open, the playing space bears the glow of a deep blue. A clearing is found beneath a great tree and the open sky, encircled by chairs, risers, etc. Stars shine overhead and the whole thing has an air of celestialty. TEIGUE, a young fool, sits relaxed at center humming a simple song, picking petals off flowers and laying them purposefully on the ground in front of them. They are an affront to sophistication, gender and civilization in general. A true hero.

As TEIGUE sits, likely delving into life's truest mysteries, ISAIAH bumbles around trying to quickly seat the audience, handing around flyers for the Great WISE MAN's imminent lecture.

Just as the audience finishes entering and seating...

ISAIAH: Teigue, what are you doing? I could use some help!

TEIGUE: *(Toiling away at their flowers)* A lot more shooting stars out these days; whatdya think that's about?

ISAIAH: Teigue, I'm serious! The Professor is due to arrive any minute and the learning space is hardly ready!

TEIGUE: I saw one fall the whole way to the horizon just earlier tonight!

ISAIAH: Teigue!!

TEIGUE: *(Finally looking up)* Isaiah!

ISAIAH: Please help.

TEIGUE: *(Getting up to help)* Isaiah, I do n o t know what you see in that fool of a man.

ISAIAH: He's wise, Teigue! You're the fool.

TEIGUE: According to whom?

ISAIAH: According to everybody, Teigue!

TEIGUE: Ah, yes, well...I'm sure I know who started that thought...

ISAIAH: The Professor is wise Teigue! Beyond all imagine! You weren't here during the dark times, Teigue! You don't know how much he's done for us! For the village!

TEIGUE: For the village ? He built a wall around it!

ISAIAH: To protect it from the outside! The corruption of the world!

TEIGUE: There is no corruption out there! Just more villages! People struggling to get by!

ISAIAH: Because they aren't chosen.

TEIGUE: Because some greedy man built a wall around the only fertile land left on the whole damn planet!

ISAIAH: And there you go with the whole planet nonsense again. You truly are a fool; where we live is just a small and flat island in the vast plain of space.

TEIGUE: *(With a sigh and an eye roll, clearly done with this conversation)* Listen. All I'm saying is his ideas are dangerous. I've seen men claim divine knowledge and seek to retreat from the rest of the world, proclaiming independence and calling themselves chosen. *(With deep and serious concern, directly at ISAIAH)* It always ends in sorrow.

ISAIAH: *(Considering what TEIGUE has said with some genuine worry)* Teigue...

The WISE MAN enters, turning through a book.

ISAIAH: *(Shaking it off)* Look now, here comes our teacher, be silent and behave!

TEIGUE: Behave, hmph! *(With mischief)* I'll show you silence...

WISE MAN: Ah, hello all. Do sit and focus readily. I have much to impart upon you and would like your unequivocal attention while doing so.

TEIGUE: (*Quietly, to ISAIAH*) I guess big words make one wise as well now?

ISAIAH: Teigue, quiet!

WISE MAN: I would like to begin today's class with an excerpt (*clearing his throat*): "There are two living countries, the one visible and the one invisible; and when it is winter with us it is summer in that country; and when the November winds are up among us it is lambing-time there." It sounds, perhaps, like foolishness, yet that cannot be, for the writer of this book, where I have found so much knowledge, would not have set it by itself on this page, and surrounded it with so many images and so many deep colors and so much fine gilding, if it had been foolishness. (*Turning through the pages for another excerpt*)

TEIGUE: (*To Isaiah*) Psst, give me a coin.

WISE MAN: (*Clearing his throat once more*) Now, here he has written: "The learned in our time forgets the visible country." That, perhaps, is more clear....

TEIGUE: Isaiah, come on! Won't you give me a coin?

ISAIAH: Shut up, Teigue! We're in the middle of a lesson!

WISE MAN: (*Loudly clearing his throat to get their attention*) So, what the author means to say is that, in the old days, prior to enlightenment, the world was open. All that was seen was perfect. However, in their bliss, the educated masses were blind. There must be separation. Without bad, there is no good. Without a realm of sorrow, there is no prosperity. Without an ideal, there is nothing to achieve. As such, my ancestors, following in the great master's plot, devised a uniquely enlightened culture, and now have separated out the sorrow and less able to create a more perfect society...

TEIGUE: Please, Isaiah, just one!

WISE MAN: TEIGUE!

TEIGUE: Professor!

WISE MAN: (*Gesturing to his desk*) To my desk, now! The rest of you are dismissed!
Be back on time for tonight's lecture!

TEIGUE *heads to the desk; the WISE MAN follows. Lights down on the audience.*

WISE MAN: Ok, Teigue; what have you to say for yourself?

TEIGUE: My family has hit rough times and can no longer support me in my studies with the new village border regulations; Isaiah's family is well off and he lives extravagantly....

WISE MAN: That is hardly mine or Isaiah's problem!

TEIGUE: But professor, I only need one more coin to afford lunch; maybe you could...

WISE MAN: (*Sternly*) I should hope you are not about to ask your superior for money, young fool? Surely you're wiser than that, at least??

TEIGUE: Sir...I don't think it is very wise to deny a fool a coin...

WISE MAN: Not very wise?? Hahaha! And what do you know of wisdom, hm? My family founded this village, fool! I built this culture on my back and, out of my own good will, let you in to save you from the ruin that lies beyond! What experiences have you had out in the wastes that could possibly compare to what I have done?

TEIGUE: Oh, I have had many experiences! I know what I have seen.

WISE MAN: Oh? And what is it you have seen?

TEIGUE: Well, when I came through a few villages over, where the bells used to ring at the break of every day, I could hear nothing but the people moaning, dying in their houses deprived of the medicines this village hoards. When I went by the next village closer, where the young men used to climb the hill to the blessed well, they were sitting at the crossroads playing cards, lips dry and stomachs swollen, for all the water of the well had been rerouted here. When I reached the final village before this one, where the monks used to fast and feed the poor, they had begun teaching of the holiness of this village, of your family, and were perpetuating your

values of superiority, exclusionism and traditionalism; talking of bloodlines and eugenics!

WISE MAN: So, you beg for my money then insult my teachings? Go away. I have other things to think of now than your hodunk, lovey-dovey hippy bullshit. And I put forth a great deal of effort to earn my wages. I would not seek to waste my hard earned coins on the likes of you anyhow!

TEIGUE: Oh, please give me a coin and...well...perhaps I'll bring you luck! Bresal the Fisherman lets me sleep among the nets in his loft in the winter-time because he says I bring him luck; and in the summer-time the wild creatures would let me sleep near their nests and their holes. It is lucky even to look at me or to touch me, but it is much more lucky to give me a coin. (*holds out his hand*) If I wasn't lucky, I'd starve.

WISE MAN: (*Quietly*) Fine...perhaps if I make you work for it...Listen, fool. Share with me something. Some manner of information! Something I have never heard before. Then, perhaps, I will give you a coin.

TEIGUE: Hmm...

WISE MAN: Yes, I'm waiting...?

TEIGUE: Hmmmm...well...there are the men in the next village over...they go out in black every day, spreading great big nets over the hills.

WISE MAN: And why do they do that?

TEIGUE: Well, they seek to catch the feet of the angels. See, there's talk of angels in the country beyond, where many have infused your teachings with their own traditional folklore. They say angels plummet down from the heavens as shooting stars, then haunt across the countryside, visiting the weak and destitute and enacting divine justice upon them.

WISE MAN: Divine justice?

TEIGUE: Yes! So the village folk go out to try and catch them and-

WISE MAN: You mean to tell me you think angels are going around in the forgotten wilderness of the country beyond my walls to distribute some manner of justice? You think God cares about those people? About you? About the country bumpkins who my family has spent generations weeding out of our village ??

TEIGUE: Well, not exac-

WISE MAN: You are a fool! Run around to the women of the town; they are far softer than I and perhaps simple enough to give you something to eat. Don't be late for this evening's lecture; talk ever again while I am speaking or bring anything so ridiculous to my ear one more time and my generosity will run dry as the well two villages over, and you will be out on your sorry ass, alone in the wilderness. Do you understand?

TEIGUE: Yes...

WISE MAN: Yes, what?

TEIGUE: Yes, sir...

WISE MAN: Good; now, send Isaiah in, I have far more important business with his like.

TEIGUE exits as the WISE MAN speaks to himself.

WISE MAN: Absolute horse-shit. These simple mountain hillbillies will believe anything...oh, I shall get to the bottom of this....

ISAIAH enters.

ISAIAH: Professor, Teigue said you needed to speak to me?

WISE MAN: Ah, yes. Isaiah, you are perhaps the brightest student I've had yet.

ISAIAH: I try my hardest, professor; your guidance has shown me the world's attacks on our heritage and way of life.

WISE MAN: Yes, and I need you to go protect against the idiocy of the world once again.

ISAIAH: What do you need?

WISE MAN: Teigue spoke of some uneducated number of people out in the hills spreading rumors and trying to catch angels. Trying to align it all with me and my teachings.

ISAIAH: What would you have me do?

WISE MAN: Go beyond the walls and speak reason to them. Tell them what they're doing is a waste. Whatever ritual they have cooked up is ridiculous at best and contrary to our heritage at worst. Make them feel like they belong to us, but just enough to sever this angel nonsense from the good word of my teachings.

ISAIAH: And what if they insist?

WISE MAN: Make something up. Tell them...perhaps...the angels are coming for those who don't believe in our teachings? And, to avoid their judgement, they ought to remain subservient to our holy village. And don't go too far, just the next town over will due. Don't risk your safety among the inbreds...

ISAIAH: Yes, sir!

WISE MAN: Off you go then, best of luck!

ISAIAH *exits.*

After a moment...

WISE MAN: Though they call him Teigue the Fool, he is not more foolish than everybody used to be, with their dreams and their preachings and fairy tale nonsense; but I have overthrown their fairy tales with logic and reason! Oh! my keen darting arguments, it is because of you that I have overthrown the hosts of foolishness! Before I came, men's minds were stuffed with folly about a heaven where birds sang the hours, and about angels that came and stood upon men's thresholds. But I have locked the visions into heaven and turned the key upon

them. I have replaced them with the iron fist of genetic superiority! Let us, here within my walls, be the heaven that those heathens so wish to reach! And let us bring a swift end to anyone who chooses to deviate from our righteous path....

Just then, distant lightning.

Well, lightning with an odd tinge.

The stars are still clearly visible. an odd light accompanied by a culmination of strange noises sound for an instant, then fade from existence.

WISE MAN: Odd...there isn't a cloud for miles...(He waits a few beats, looking around at the sky for any sign of storm, but nothing happens) No bother...little time to waste, I must consider this passage about the two countries for my evening lecture. My mother used to say something of the kind. She would say that when our bodies sleep our souls awake, and that whatever withers here ripens yonder, and that harvests are snatched from us that they may feed invisible people. But the meaning of the book must be different, for only fools and women have thoughts like that; their thoughts were never written upon the walls of Babylon! Hahah-

On "Babylon!" lightning cracks, the power goes, and the scene is replaced with eerie angular lighting and aggressive colors

WISE MAN: Now stop this! Who is there! Show yourself! Show yourself at once and I will go easy on you!

A crack of other-wordly lightning. A voice beyond comprehension descends from the heavens.

ANGEL: I am the Angel of the Most High God.

WISE MAN: A bold lie! Stop with the blasphemous pranks!

ANGEL: You do not believe in me?

WISE MAN: Show yourself, fool! I'll have your head!

Calamity ensues. An unknowable horror limps in as ethereal lightning cracks and reality bends. It speaks in many voices and bends like no human should, its face shrouded in a featureless mask painted with odd patterns.

ANGEL: Gaze upon me. Gaze upon the heavenly wonder that will be your demise.

WISE MAN: Who, or what, are you ?

ANGEL: I AM THE ANGEL OF THE MOST HIGH GOD. I HAVE LIVED FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS AND WILL LIVE FOR THOUSANDS MORE. YOU WILL KNEEL!

WISE MAN: (*Kneeling*) Wh-why have you come to me?

ANGEL: For judgement.

WISE MAN: I have only done what I thought to be in the best interest of humanity!
Please, be swift!

ANGEL: Your crusade is without conflict. You envision a world greater than this mortal plain, but lack the conviction to take real action.

WISE MAN: What would you have me do, angel?

ANGEL: TAKE HEED! You will do as I say and spend no time diverging from the righteous path!

WISE MAN: (*Visibly frightened*) Please, angel! What if I make a mistake ? What if I lack the conviction??

ANGEL: Then you will die within the hour.

WISE MAN: Oh...no! No, angel! It is not my time to die! I have my students! My village!

ANGEL: And without you, they will be lost. Destined to death from the savages that live beyond.

WISE MAN: What would you have me do? How do I curve this fate?

ANGEL: You will display your strength.

WISE MAN: My...how?

ANGEL: You will make your way home with due haste and dawn ceremonial dress.

WISE MAN: I...what would that consist of?

ANGEL: As God made man in His image, you will make yourself in mine!

WISE MAN: I...you are quite strange looking, what if I ca-

ANGEL: You will do as you are told and find your way back to this place! Then, I will have your next task! For the moment, farewell. I await your return.

The ANGEL exits and the scene recedes to its previous state. The WISE MAN Stares after for a moment, fear still lingering on his face. Then, without hesitation, he turns and runs off to do as the ANGEL said.

After a moment, the scene grows marginally darker. An ethereal version of TEIGUE's song is heard in the distance from seemingly every direction.

Then, suddenly, the scene recedes to normal and ISAIAH enters, followed by TEIGUE.

ISAIAH: I've told you Teigue, I have a lot to do! Please, leave me be!

TEIGUE: This is getting d a n g e r o u s though! You must listen, this is a fool's errand! There are no angels descending from the heavens to enforce the professor's insane delusions of grandeur!

ISAIAH: I k n o w; but, the professor says it'll make the world a better place, and-

TEIGUE: Isaiah, would you listen to yourself?? A better place? He just wants control! He just wants to be at the center of the planet! But he can't! He can't change people and he can't keep manipulating people into following him! Because there will always, a l w a y s be individuals. Free thinkers who k n o w that not everyone is the same and that that's okay! That we can't hide behind walls hoping

that all the bad things stay out! That we can't just let people suffer because we've gotten it into our minds that people that agree with us, people that look like us, are somehow better than everyone else! That we deserve more!

Momentary silence. ISAIAH knows TEIGUE is right.

TEIGUE: Isaiah, you are my best friend. I love you dearly. But if this continues, there's only one way this ends. There's only one way this always ends. I want to save you from the blood-stained hands of regret you will inevitably bear for the rest of your life if you continue like this.

ISAIAH: Teigue, I-

TEIGUE: Please. Isaiah, please....

ISAIAH: I...you should go. The professor will be back soon and I have a message of great importance for him.

TEIGUE: Isaiah-

ISAIAH: Teigue, go!

Beat.

TEIGUE sighs with a great sadness, then exits.

ISAIAH is left with silence.

The scene once again fades ever so slightly.

TEIGUE's song is once again heard in the ethereal distance.

ISAIAH is left to think, alone by their own doing.

Beat.

Beat.

Then, as though from nowhere, the WISE MAN appears, breaking the ether and restoring the scene, saying...

WISE MAN: Child, what are you still doing here?

ISAIAH: Professor, I-

WISE MAN: You must leave! Go and do what I have told you, please!

ISAIAH: Sir, I...are you ok? You look rough!

WISE MAN: I am fine! I am simply in the middle of something! Now, I have a very important and very private meeting to attend to and you mustn't be here when it- I mean they! When they arrive!

ISAIAH: That's just it, professor! I ran into an old woman that was looking for you!

WISE MAN: Old w-...what nonsense is this?

ISAIAH: She told me to come here for you and deliver you a message; she said you'd be dressed in odd attire but you'd be back here by the time I got here and that it was v e r y important!

WISE MAN: And how did she kn-...wait...what did this old woman look like?

ISAIAH: Well...I couldn't rightly get a look at her face with the large cloak she kept, but she did seem to be wearing some sort of a mask beneath her hood...

WISE MAN: A mask?! And how, exactly, did you know this was an old woman then?

ISAIAH: Well, she sounded like one!

WISE MAN: And she couldn't have been putting on a voice ?

ISAIAH: Oh, definitely not sir! If it was, it was most convincing! And, that aside, I saw her hand, it looked quite old.

WISE MAN: AH! Well, what did she say then ?

ISAIAH: (*Remembering*) Well...she said you will find what you need out on the edge of town, that there is a spot marked with a cross and that you must find what is buried there; it will be out past the Lovette's sheep farm in the most remote corner of woods in the village...

WISE MAN: Ah yes! You have done your master well! Wonderful work Isaiah!

He goes to leave.

ISAIAH: Master, wait! This is all a bit odd. And I have another worry...the woman, well. Her hand was deformed and discolored...it looked diseased. Impure. You said those people should be put beyond the walls, right? Shouldn't I purge the village of her? Cast her out?

WISE MAN: Isaiah, you have done enough. That...ahem...woman...is our ticket to salvation. If you see her again, be nothing but gracious. And do not return here until tomorrow. Tell your peers that all lectures are cancelled until further notice.

*And with that, the WISE MAN exits, leaving ISAIAH looking on, dumbfounded.
TEIGUE reenters.*

TEIGUE: Isaiah...

ISAIAH: (*Turning, on the verge of tears*) Teigue! Were you listening?

TEIGUE: No, I...I just came back for you and caught the end...what's wrong?

ISAIAH: The professor...somethings wrong with him...somethings just not right, I know it!

TEIGUE: Why? What happened?

ISAIAH: He was dressed odd and acting most strange; he cancelled all lectures until further notice and I brought him some message of something buried under a cross on the edge of town from some strange old woman in a mask and-

*At that, TEIGUE's demeanor changes entirely.
Something is clearly not right.*

TEIGUE: Old woman? What old woman? Where did she go?

ISAIAH: I don't know...I didn't see...I mean...she just sort of...vanished?

TEIGUE: And that didn't strike you as odd?

ISAIAH: I...I didn't think...I didn't really consider...

TEIGUE: Isaiah, you have to go. Now. You have to get as far away from here as possible.

ISAIAH: Teigue, wh-

TEIGUE: Now, Isaiah! This is extremely serious! We're all in serious danger!

ISAIAH: Then I should wait for the professor! He's not well and I-

TEIGUE: Isaiah, don't. He'll be ok. Listen, I have something to help him, I just have to run to my things in Bresal's loft and I'll be right back; but you have to go! Now! I'll meet him here, I promise!

TEIGUE exits in a panicked rush.

ISAIAH is left standing, stunned.

Footsteps are heard approaching, accompanied by the WISE MAN mumbling to himself about some manner of nonsense.

ISAIAH looks over toward where TEIGUE left, then over to where the WISE MAN is approaching, then back again.

In a panic, ISAIAH rushes and hides behind the desk just as the WISE MAN enters. He has clearly been digging and bears, in one hand, some sort of ornate dagger, and in his other, a mask resembling that of the ANGEL's, albeit with a different pattern.

WISE MAN: *(Yelling to the sky, as though to call attention to himself)* I found it! You see! It was right where you said! What next?? What is my next task???

Silence.

WISE MAN: COME ON! GUIDE ME! HELP ME BRING ENLIGHTENMENT!
HELP ME BRING PURITY! HELP ME ASCEND!!!

He yells as though addressing the audience, ending his rant downstage.

More silence.

Anger in his face, he huffs and waits for response.

More silence still.

Tension hangs in the air.

After a while, ISAIAH stands from behind the desk.

The WISE MAN which ISAIAH has seen before was calm, collected and thoroughly curated.

This was not him.

ISAIAH: *(Meekly; scared, even)* ...Professor ?

WISE MAN: *(Turning)* WHO...? CHILD! I TOLD YOU TO LEAVE!

ISAIAH: *(Slowly finding their courage)* Sir...I...are you ok? You don't seem well

WISE MAN: CHILD. DON'T QUESTION ME! I-...wha-? Yes...yes, I think so...

ISAIAH: Sir, who are you talking to...?

WISE MAN: QUIET CHILD! Yes...yes, I think the boy questions us...

ISAIAH: You're scaring me...

WISE MAN: I SAID SHUT UP!

The WISE MAN smacks ISAIAH across the face, sending them falling to the floor at center. He stands over them, then turns back as though hearing something.

WISE MAN: Yes...yes...the child doesn't believe...yes, I suppose...the cancer must be purged.

The WISE MAN turns back.

Beat.

He looks at the dagger.

Beat.

He looks back down, dons the mask, takes a deep breath, then plunges the dagger into ISAIAH's chest.

They scream in pain.

The lights dim.

Unusual angular lighting takes over the space as lightning cracks

Just then, TEIGUE runs holding a sharp and ornate stick.

They stop in horror.

TEIGUE: No...

Just then, an eerie laugh begins at a distance.

It is quiet but menacing.

It grows and grows to surround the space, coming from every direction yet seemingly from nowhere.

As it grows, it becomes deep yet shrill.

Almost evil.

It bears the traits of both the WISE MAN and the ANGEL.

The WISE MAN stands and looks over his shoulder, somewhat unnatural in his movements, toward TEIGUE.

He now resembles, in all but build, the ANGEL.

He speaks with infinite voices, his original voice just barely outpacing the numerous others.

WISE MAN: BOW CHILD, AND DROP YOUR ARMS. I AM THE ANGEL OF THE MOST HIGH GOD! I HAVE LIVED FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS AND YOU WILL MARVEL AT MY GLORY.

TEIGUE: You are no such thing. I bow to no man.

WISE MAN: HAHAHAAAAHA. YOU ARE WISER THAN I WAS, BUT YOU ARE STILL A FOOL! I HAVE ASCENDED! I AM BEYOND MAN!

TEIGUE lunges at the WISE MAN with their ornate stick and stabs him with a heavy thunk.

They let go

The WISE MAN stands, unmoving, unflinching.

He grabs the stick, removes it from his form.

WISE MAN: Would you like to try again ?

He throws the stick at TEIGUE.

TEIGUE looks worried, but without fear.

The WISE MAN steps forward.

TEIGUE steps back.

There is the fear:

He continues his approach.

TEIGUE holds the spike toward him, as though it will do something to protect them.

They end up backed to ISAIAH who lies motionless on the ground.

Through this, the WISE MAN has reignited his menacing laugh.

Just then, the laughter grows twofold.

The ANGEL enters behind TEIGUE and joins the WISE MAN in a menacing pace, circling TEIGUE and the unresponsive ISAIAH.

This turns into something of a dance, as the pair slice and slash at TEIGUE, almost playing with them, and lighting cracks at nearly even intervals.

Eerie noises make a sort of music.

This goes on for a while as they wear TEIGUE out, closing in little by little.

As they reach the apex of this dance, TEIGUE, cornered and out of options, takes the spike they have carried with them and breaks it over their knee.

A bright and unusual light engulfs the space causing the WISE MAN and the ANGEL to suddenly flee.

TEIGUE and ISAIAH are left; both motionless on the ground.

Beat.

Beat.

They both begin to stir.

TEIGUE recovers quicker than ISAIAH.

ISAIAH still struggles with a stab wound.

Hurt, but not dead.

Beat.

TEIGUE notices ISAIAH's wound and clamours over to help.

ISAIAH is in a lot of pain.

TEIGUE: Isaiah! Are you ok? Can you stand ?

ISAIAH: *(Barely able to hold themselves upright, TEIGUE supports them)* I think I'm gonna need a minute. *(Noticing wound)* Oh wow...that looks bad....

TEIGUE: It's ok, you'll be ok...I don't think he hit anything major; *(removing some cloth from clothing or pocket)* here, keep pressure on it and this'll stop the bleeding until I can get you healed.

TEIGUE rummages through their pockets and begins pulling vials of strange substances, which they proceed to mix into an empty container they had in their bag. ISAIAH looks on, bewildered.

ISAIAH: Teigue? I didn't know you were a doctor ?

TEIGUE: I'm not...it's complicated. I'm not a doctor, but I can help.

ISAIAH: (*Still bewildered, their focus shifts to where the WISE MAN and ANGEL left*)
What were they?

TEIGUE: (*Starting to work on the stab wound*) They w e r e human...obviously that didn't last....

ISAIAH: Those did n o t look human...OUCH! Careful...and why did he attack me, anyway? The Professor, I mean...I heard him say he was an angel ?

TEIGUE: Those were no angels.

ISAIAH: Will they come back?

They both stop. ISAIAH is concerned.

TEIGUE recognizes this and shifts from serious mode to comforting mode.

TEIGUE: No...no, not for a long while at least.

Beat.

They are motionless, engulfed in the remnant of what happened.

Beat.

ISAIAH: What were they, Teigue?

TEIGUE: They were human. Or...what human becomes when it is infected with hate...with hunger...with ideology.

ISAIAH: I...what? Ideology ?

TEIGUE: (*Taking a deep breath, exhaling and continuing work on the wound*)

Yes...see...ideology? All the -ism's and -ist's, they're just tools...descriptors...But, at some point, humans decided that they were more than that...they were identities. That they needed to be defined by them.

ISAIAH: So how does that lead...you know...to t h o s e ?

TEIGUE: Hate. Opposition. Their ideologies led them to distrust, and self idealization...when your ideology is based in separation; from others, from nature, from love...it awakens something evil. It brings harm, war, genocide...and those things? They're no different. They're drawn to that evil. They exemplify it and spread it like an infection to the already susceptible. They are the ideology. And all ideology is susceptible, in the end.

Beat.

TEIGUE: You're all healed up.

They stand.

Beat.

ISAIAH: Teigue...if they feed on that...the separation, the nationalism, the ideology that the Professor brought to this town...isn't everyone here at risk?

TEIGUE: Yes...not as much as you might think though.

ISAIAH: Why not?

TEIGUE: I...well, I'm not sure...in truth, I am a bit of a fool...I'm not, you know-

ISAIAH: Human?

TEIGUE: *(Smiling)* Well, let's go with not usual and leave it at that. I just...I go by feeling mostly, and I don't feel like we're in any more danger.

Beat.

ISAIAH: You know...maybe...no one here really believes what the Professor had been telling them? Like...they just went along with it because it was easy and it had a better outcome for them. He was assertive, so it was just easier to say he was right. And now that he's gone, the feeling will probably dissipate.

TEIGUE: *(Smiling again, knowingly)* That makes sense. For most people, ideology isn't an identity or even a belief; it's just a convenience.

ISAIAH: But what about everyone else? The other villages? We told them to emulate him, and worse yet. they have felt the effects of his rule more than any!

TEIGUE: There are places all over this planet that are vulnerable. Even without men like him, their effect can cause suffering beyond the physical walls they build.

ISAIAH: Can we help?

TEIGUE: That's what I do. That's where I'm going next, I mean; to undo the damage done by those two on this land.

ISAIAH: Oh...can...can I come with you?

TEIGUE: *(Smiling once more)* Yes. Yes, I would like that a lot.

They both smile.

Beat.

They begin exiting, then ISAIAH suddenly stops.

ISAIAH: Teigue?

TEIGUE: Yeah?

ISAIAH: I'm really glad you're in my life.

TEIGUE: (*Turning, happier than ever*) I'm really glad you're in my life too.

They exit in each other's arms.

TEAGUE's song plays once more.

End of play.