

*deep and evenly.)*

*(After a few moments, he starts to gently flex his shoulders and neck as if coming out of slumber.)*

*(Now he opens his eyes and it's no longer LUCIUS—it's MICKEY.)*

MICKEY. *(Blinks a few times.)* Wow... !

EVERYONE. Mickey...!

ANDY. Now *this* is Mickey!

*(EVERYONE moves to MICKEY, except RANDI.)*

EMILY. Mickey, honey!

PHIL. Mick!

MICKEY. *(With a laugh.)* Hey...!

PHIL. Where were you, Mick?

*(MICKEY lays his head on his hands and makes a "snoring" noise.)*

PHIL. Asleep.

MICKEY. Yeah.

ANDY. *(Looking at him closely.)* How do you feel, Mick?

MICKEY. *(Gives the claw to ANDY's ribs.)* Rrrr!

ANDY. Yeah, yeah ...

EMILY. Are you all right, sweetie?

MICKEY. Oh, oh, oh...! *(Holds up the news ad and points to it.)*

ALL BUT RANDI. Next week, Mick.

ANDY. Does anyone remember normal breathing?

EMILY. I'm sure my hair is snow white by now.

RANDI. Andy, if this is a joke—

ANDY. A joke!

PHIL. If it's a joke, it's a mighty sick one.

ANDY. You guys, come on! We have to accept what's happening. It's unusual as hell, but it's happening. And I think it's okay, I really do. From the way this "person" talks, and what he tells us about the—the physical and psychological aspects, I really don't think we've got

anything to be afraid of.

LUCIUS. Well said.

*(He's back! And ANDY springs to the other side of the room as if shot from a pistol. Everyone else jumps back as well.)*

ANDY. If he does that one more time...!

*(PHIL and LUCIUS rise together. PHIL staring at LUCIUS hard.)*

PHIL. You're not my son! Who are you? What have you done to my boy?

LUCIUS. I thought it would be obvious by now that I have done nothing to him.

PHIL. Nothing? Taking over his body; you call that nothing?

LUCIUS. If it will ease your mind, this interchange is being done with Michael's full blessing.

PHIL. His blessing. And just how did he manage to give that?

LUCIUS. Naturally it was given on a subconscious level.

PHIL. Oh, naturally. Now cut this out and answer my question. Who the hell are you?!

LUCIUS. In your terms, an old friend. *(Sits on couch in lotus position.)*

PHIL. You're no friend of mine. I never met you or anyone like you.

EMILY. We were friends?

PHIL. Don't you encourage him!

EMILY. Hush!

LUCIUS. Friends and enemies. Mothers and daughters. Fathers, brothers, master and slave, embezzlers, murderers, senators, holy men, paupers, prostitutes... the names and dates fade from importance; it is only the growth that matters.

PHIL. That's all... *(Heads for the closet; through this next he bundles up.)*

RANDI. *(Sarcastically.)* What kind of prostitute was I?

LUCIUS. Enthusiastic.

EMILY. You said you came to settle a debt.

PHIL. Quit talking to him!

EMILY. You mind your own business!

LUCIUS. A debt of gratitude. Gratitude for helping me to graduate from Classroom Earth. For you see, through centuries of our close interaction, I finally came to know myself. So now I would like to help you—(*Taking them all in.*)—who have chosen to sign on for a few more semesters, to see your lives with a fresh pair of eyes.

PHIL. Fresh eyes... terrific.

LUCIUS. I wish to spread some light.

PHIL. Now lights we could use.

EMILY. (*Finally notices PHIL.*) Where are you going?

PHIL. Just keep your eye on Mickey 'til I get back. Can you do that one thing?

EMILY. (*Insistent.*) Where are you going?

PHIL. For some answers.

LUCIUS. Fetch a priest if you must, Philip. But my time grows short.

EMILY. A priest?!

ANDY. You're not getting a priest?!

PHIL. (*To LUCIUS.*) What's your next trick, turning water into egg nog? Why don't you really impress me? Why don't you fix the electricity in this lousy house?

LUCIUS. Because I do not wish to deprive you of a valuable growth experience; that of learning to hire the appropriate craftsmen.

EMILY. You can't go bothering Father Corman; he's getting ready for midnight mass!

PHIL. I'd like to see somebody stop me.

EMILY. I'd like to see you get past Sister Cuthbert.

PHIL. What's she going to do, slap my hand with a ruler? My son is in trouble. I am going to get a priest here