

An excerpt from
Bloodsuckers! The Musical
 by Joseph Aragon



Song: THE PROTEST SONG

(A Romanian airport. A mob of placard-waving PROTESTERS, led by SISTER Livinia, marches in singing the Romanian national anthem. Among the protesters are Sisters INGA and URSULA, and three peasants: ARCOS, BLAGOS and LAKTOS.)

CHORUS:	<i>Deșteaptă-te, române,</i> <i>Din somnul cel de moarte,</i> <i>În care te-adânciră</i> <i>Barbarii de tirani!</i> <i>Barbarii de tirani!</i>	<i>Dey·`shtyahp-ta-tey, roh·`meh-ney,</i> <i>Din `som·nool chell day `mwar-tey,</i> <i>In `cah-rey tah-den·`chee-rah</i> <i>Bar·`bah-ree day tee·`rahn!</i> <i>Bar·`bah-ree day tee·`rahn!</i>	<i>(Awaken thee, Romanian,</i> <i>Shake off the deadly slumber</i> <i>The scourge of inauspicious</i> <i>Barbarian tyrannies,</i> <i>Barbarian tyrannies!)</i>
---------	---	--	--

SISTER: **Tonight, my friends, our righteous voice shall be heard—
 It is time to rise up and take a stand;
 In solidarity
 we will guarantee
 that freedom will ring throughout the land.**

**For heathens from the other side of the world
 will rape and pillage, plunder, steal and spoil!
 So say a prayer again
 that these Americans
 will never pollute our native soil.**

**The doors have opened wide and fast,
 but freedom proved too good to last.
 We've torn the Iron Curtain,
 but the future's made uncertain
 by the Devil's loyal slaves who cross the sea!
 And now it is our country's very soul that we must rescue
 from such an evil never known since Nicolae Ceaucescu!
 An evil cruel and grave—
 An evil most depraved—
 But we must fierce and brave and righteous be!**

LAKTOS: Yes, we know our corrupt Councillor has betrayed us to the Americans.
 Yet you have done nothing about it!

ARCOS: I agree! When will we act?

INGA: Please, we must not argue over this!

SISTER: Yes, we must not be divided. For this is more than a fight over forests and roads! More than a fight over national pride! This is a fight to the death against Satan himself! And we must stand united if we to are survive and vanquish him. Will we allow him to destroy us!

PROTESTERS: NO!

SISTER: Will we let him win!

PROTESTERS: NO!

SISTER: Is my slip showing!

PROTESTERS: NO!

SISTER: Then let us join together, my fellow Romanians, and make our voices heard far and wide! loud and clear! high and low! NO! NO! NO! NO! . . .

(SISTER and the PROTESTERS continue to chant "No! No! No!" until . . .)

(JACK, BILL and MARY enter, with briefcases.)

JACK: Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa! What's goin' on here! This is a fine welcome wagon.

LAKTOS: We are not the welcome wagon.

BLAGOS: We are the unwelcome wagon!

ARCOS: Yes! "Unwelcome to Romania!"

PROTESTERS: Unwelcome to Romania! Unwelcome to Romania!— *(etc.)*

SISTER: Quiet! You are the American developers.

JACK: Yes we are. I'm Jack Astor, these are my associates, Mary Brown and Bill Smith.

SISTER: I am Sister Livinia.

JACK: Pleasure to meet you, Sister. You don't by any chance drive a limousine, do you?

SISTER: No.

JACK: Gee, that's a shame, 'cause if you did, I would have had more to say to you.

SISTER: You shall not pass.

JACK: Look, Sister, what's the big deal. All we want to do is clear 500 acres of forest. Don't you realize what a theme park will do for this place? It'll create jobs! Boost the economy!

SISTER: You fools! You have no idea what is in store, no idea of the dangers you face!

BILL: Dangers? What dangers?

SISTER: Dangers that will imperil your very soul.

BILL: . . . Oh wow, Chief, I ain't too keen on having my soul imperiled.

JACK: Don't let her rattle you, Bill. She's playin' with you. These nuns are shifty.

SISTER: You think I am joking. You think I am a silly nun with silly superstitions. Well, ignore my warnings if you will, but you shall ignore them to your own demise!

MARY: This is ridiculous. Let us through.

SISTER: You shall not pass! Will they pass, my friends!

PROTESTERS: NO! NO! NO! NO! . . .

(As SISTER and the PROTESTERS chant, NATASHA enters—a ghastly pale femme fatale wearing a black chauffeur's cap, sunglasses, black blazer, and a black skirt so short it's nonexistent. She holds a sign that says "Zenith".)

(Upon her arrival, everybody freezes. The PROTESTERS slowly cower behind SISTER Livinia, who holds her ground.)

NATASHA: Jack Astor?

JACK: That's me.

NATASHA: Your limousine awaits.

JACK: Now that's more like it. If you'll excuse us, Sister . . .

(JACK and MARY exit with NATASHA. BILL begins to follow.)

SISTER: Psst!

(BILL *turns back.*)

You are a noble soul. I can tell. Here— (*gives her a card*) This is the address of my convent. Do not hesitate to come to me at the first sign of trouble.

BILL: Thanks.

SISTER: One more thing. (*gives him a crucifix on a necklace*) Wear this. For your mother's sake. (*blesses him*) God protect you, young man.

(BILL *exits.*)

And so the battle has begun, my friends! But if we stand together, in the name of God and Romania, we shall be victorious!

SISTER:
**We shall prevail in bringing peace to our land,
 from the proud Carpathian mountains to the sea!
 And for Christendom, we shall overcome . . .
 And set Romania free!**

CHORUS:
**Deșteaptă-te, române,
 Din somnul cel de moarte,
 În care te-adânciră . . .
 And set Romania free!**



End of Excerpt