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## **Family Plays**

# The Book of Job Drama

Arranged for stage

by

ORLIN COREY



**Family Plays**

311 Washington St., Woodstock, IL 60098

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## FROM THE PLAYWRIGHT

*Job* is the only book of the Bible whose oral existence antedates its written form by many centuries. It was known from the western Sahara to the Ganges in India. It is also the only biblical book derived from non-Hebraic sources. Quite possibly it is the oldest dramatic work in literature and is certainly the only book in the Bible cast in dialogue.

Oral tradition shaped the opening and closing prose of *Job*. An unknown poet-scholar most probably a Hebrew, divided the prose elements, using the first portion as prologue, and the latter as epilogue (a celebrated decision of wide influence), surrounding the magnificent poem of Job's anguish, including the often angry, sometimes vituperative debate of the "comforters," the soaring questions of Job alternating with interludes of meditation, climaxing with the richness of the Voice of the Whirlwind.

This play is not the place to plumb the innumerable levels of this masterpiece. For all who seek insight and wisdom about *Job*, there is a vast and ever-growing literature in the major languages.

I was attracted to this awesome book because its enduring and universal vision of God and human existence touches all, particularly we of the twentieth century. Like Job, sons and daughters of Adam all, we dwell as "brothers to dragons," in the phrase of Job, writhing in contradictions between our nature and our aspirations. The twentieth century, having renounced the premises of Faith, set forth politically and educationally to create an earthly Eden. With secular idealism in control we launched into socialism, self-determination, communism and its twin, fascism. By education and/or indoctrination, by good sense and/or good force, utopia would be achieved. What was achieved is now well known—a global hell, the slaughter and near extermination of more people than all history records before 1900. Secular ideology proved bloodier than the horrors of religious intolerance in a century of near universal betrayal. In such a world *Job* resonates anew to all who care, think, know. At the end of this century-long charnel house—strewn with human ashes from Turkey to the Ukraine, to the Gulag, from Dachau to Auschwitz to Nanking and Hiroshima, from the former Yugoslavia to the killing fields of China and Cambodia, Iraq and Africa, both Arab and Black—the human race finds itself seated in blood drenched ashes beside Job.

Nevertheless, life continues, despite ill logic. Evil befalls the innocent and undeserving. The violent often prevail and thrive. Is the human race unteachable? Can wisdom only be obtained by individuals? We yearn for insight. Yet, after betrayal hope remains. Job never despaired, never stopped questing, never stopped hoping. We sit with Job. We seek his wisdom and his vision.

I respectfully suggest that Job is not to be approached so we may “understand” him, or the dilemma of mankind he first perceived and analyzed. Rather we examine Job so we may discover something of ourselves, and the world within us. After four centuries of rationalism, Western Man is uncomfortable confronting mystery. For us, Job is a revelation because his is a wisdom larger than the finite limits of our inch-worm logic and our inherent limitations of mind. Like Job we seek to absorb a lifetime of moments of wider insight. We gradually grow, not toward “answers,” (our tedious why-and-what fixation) but toward insight and acceptance of both mystery and wonder. Like children—like Job—we become a little less disturbed by the unknown and unknowable. We live.

In staging the book I did not want to diminish it by tossing away themes that did not suit particular theses and dogma of this or that group. *Job* is a poem of both traditional piety and religious revolt of no comfort to any orthodoxy. It has secular and religious advocates of all varieties. The abiding issues of philosophy first voiced by Job are still present and unresolved. My choice was to encompass as much of this work as I could while accepting the necessities of theatre performance—a need for perceived internal and external movement and growth. The first words in the title of my adaptation telegraph my intention: “The Book.” This adaptation also wrestles with the basics of stage existence. Unquestionably one must read and study the entire book for the richest insight. Hopefully, this adaptation supplies context and ambiance of ritual and reverence with an implicit scale of mystery beyond language.

The accompanying published introduction to the play, employed for more than 2,000 of its performances, probably introduces the material adequately for the general audience. It also answers basic questions about the voicing of the poetry and the materialization of the icons designed by Irene Corey. The reader is requested to supply his own vision of a spatial surround for the enactment of this sacred mystery.

We who lived with Job for a quarter-century possess a “memory tapestry” of backdrop cliffs beneath an over-arching, star-strewn sky—or Jewish temples with Job passionate beneath the Eternal Light—or before a soaring reredos of many cathedrals—such as Coventry, Christ Church Methodist in New York City, or Saint Paul’s in London where Job, before high altars, danced his agony and sang his aria of courage and pride.

Wherever you imagine him, remember that Job was ordered by the Almighty NOT to grovel, but to stand tall before the Eternal, the champion of God himself.

—Orlin Corey

*The Book of Job Drama* premiered October 25, 1957 by the Maskrafters of Georgetown College, Kentucky



## PRELUDE

*(Throughout the performances of The Book of Job Drama both in America and abroad, commencing in the autumn of 1957 through the spring of 1959—usually in churches and occasionally in theatres and halls—the production was staged without this introduction. When the production opened in Pine Mountain State Park, near Pineville, Kentucky, in 1959, Mrs. Catherine Conner, outdoor drama advisor for the Parks Commission of Kentucky, suggested that audiences of tourists might benefit from a personal introduction to the book. The result was the prologue, written and spoken by Orlin Corey, and reprinted here. It was judged that this was useful and so was maintained in all performances of The Book of Job Drama thereafter except in Christ Church Methodist in New York City for two off-Broadway seasons, and in performances in cathedrals and churches in Britain. Eventually the introduction was recorded and played when Mr. Corey was unable to attend a performance. It was used in more than 2,000 performances.)*

SPEAKER. Good evening, Ladies and Gentlemen. It is a pleasure to welcome you to this evening 's performance.

The dramatic production you see tonight has been performed more than 2,000 times (*Actual number was stated.*) on four continents since 1957.

*Job* is the oldest book in the Bible. Its author is unknown. The date of its writing has never been determined. Scholars estimate the book we possess is between 2,500 and 3,000 years old. Centuries before it was cast in language the story was known from Egypt to India. On one point there is no question: *Job* is the *literary* masterpiece of the Bible.

This production is a careful arrangement of the Authorized Version of King James, the Bible treasured wherever the English mother tongue is spoken. It is fitting that this play should employ the noblest and purest language because it contains a sacred message. To voice this message man's oldest dramatic device is used, the chorus of ancient Greece. Not only do the players portray Job and his friends in the usual way. They also work together as a choir, speaking, crying, mourning, chanting, humming, intoning and singing, the magnificent language.

Visually, the Everyman Players attempted to match the music and message of the book. Inspiration came from the mosaics of the early churches of Byzantium. Those early Christians, some 1,500 years ago, were the first to picture out the life of our Lord and his disciples. They did not



want the Christ to resemble ordinary men. They wanted an image more glorious than human to shine upon all who saw it. So they made pictures out of jewels, bits of glass and colored stones. They worked them in geometric designs and placed them in the walls of their churches, forming the mosaics of Byzantium. These have been hailed for over 15 centuries as masterpieces.

Tonight the Everyman Players do the same for *Job*. Gleaming in jewels, they become moving mosaics, forming, dissolving and reappearing in dozens of visions of glass. It is as if the oldest cathedrals of Europe sighed and stirred into life tonight. And as the Players become living mosaics they speak the poetry of the Bible's oldest book for all mankind.

What shall we say of the book of JOB?

Scholars across centuries are not agreed on any single interpretation. *Job* is concerned with the great questions of all philosophy and theology, the abiding questions of the human race which every thoughtful man and woman from Abraham to Moses to many in our audience tonight have faced in the most serious hours of life. Job's questions compel us to face them ourselves.

The story is simple. It opens in heaven where God and Satan have a debate. Satan says that man serves God because God makes it well worth while to serve him, bribing obedience with peace and prosperity. God says that man serves him because man loves God. Job is cited as an example, rich and righteous. Satan sneers that Job would curse God if he lost his wealth and his children. In a divine gamble God permits Satan to take these things from Job.

One awful afternoon Job's property is scattered by war and storm; his house is smashed, and all his children are killed. But Job is steadfast, accepting the will of God. Satan then attacks Job's health, smiting him with loathsome sickness, leaving him quarantined on an ash heap. His wife urges him to curse God and die. Then she abandons him.

Job's friends come to comfort him, but stay to torture him with the suggestion that the death of his children is divine punishment for secret sin. Job knows this is untrue. He calls upon God to defend him from such charges. But the heavens are as high and as silent as they are tonight. Then it is that Job begins asking his great questions:

Where is God?

If God is good why is there evil on earth?

Why do the righteous and innocent suffer so horribly?

What is man?

Why is he here?

Where is he going?

Who and what is God?

If a man die shall he live again?

For the first time in recorded history man dreams of life after death, where we may be free of the evil of Earth, and better understand the purpose of God. Job foresees the coming of a redeemer who will stand upon the Earth, one who will ultimately resurrect his body from ashes, and vindicate him in final judgment.

While Job struggles through pain and anger to his vision, his friends continue their attacks, scorning and scoffing at him. They say he is a monster of evil, punished by a just God. Job argues with them. He loses his temper and shouts at them. At length, abandoned by them, he refuses to speak further, secure in his hope.

A storm arises. The friends retreat in terror. Out of the center of the storm comes the voice of God, silencing Job and all of mankind with the vastness of his works, the wonder of his way.

Blinded by the glory of God, Job confesses that no man's skull is large enough to encompass a knowledge of God. When his mind staggers before the vastness of divine power and purpose, his faith marches forward to "see" God.

At the last, JOB prays for the friends who came to curse him. When he does, he is given twice as much as he had before, including new sons and new daughters "fairer than all others in the land."

If the Players remind us of such glory, if they stir our hope, and sing of our faith, then the purpose of this play will be fulfilled. Watch then, and listen. Wonder. And if you will, worship.

*Of The Book of Job:*

“The pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the Felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes: and Adversity is not without comforts and hopes ... Certainly, Virtue is like precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed: for Prosperity doth best discover Vice; but Adversity doth best discover Virtue.”

—**Sir Francis Bacon**

“For the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord”

—**Job XIX:25**

# The Book of Job Drama

## CHARACTERS

JOB

ELIPHAZ

BILDAD

ZOPHAR

ELIHU

CHORUS OF FIVE WOMEN

# The Book of Job Drama

*(Sounding of the shofar dims lights and initiates the production. Music commences. In the blackout the CHORUS OF FIVE WOMEN enter; two to kneel beside front of Ziggurat unit, three to stand on thirds of highest level rear. All raise hands in prayer form, and bow heads. First the central rear WOMAN is seen by floor light before her, making her glow in mosaic colors, while casting a high shadow above the altar [in church], ark of Covenant [temple], cliff [Pine Mountain Park] or black drapes [theatre]. The two rear left and right WOMEN are next found in floor lights below them. Finally, the two kneeling front WOMEN are caught in floor lights. They are gleaming actualizations of “numen”.*

*In church/temple a rear light catches the stately approach of the FOUR FRIENDS, from audience. [Pine Mountain Park, from L stone staircase; in theatres from R and L rear to front.] They solemnly turn in exactness on corners, stopping only left and right front before the center lowest level, awaiting JOB.*

*JOB enters from UR rear on stages; from stone staircase Pine Mountain; from audience in church/temple. When he steps onto first stage platform, the FOUR FRIENDS begin a deep bow, holding till JOB steps onto main stage level, and ascends to central high stage of Ziggurat unit, turning forward. Then FOUR FRIENDS straighten, and in flowing motion step onto platform, turn upstage, stride to main platform turning one pair to R, one to L, and stride to downstage corners, turn outward, and face audience. A moment's pause as processional music reaches climax. Silence.)*

JOB. There was a man in the land of Uz, whose name was Job.

*(Lighting note: JOB is illuminated from beneath and forward by a central floor spot, and two forward floor lights from left and right sides of lowest Ziggurat level. In all there are 12 floor spots, all designed to color costumes and space, as well as cast intense high shadows to rear. All general illumination crosses stage, meeting above Ziggurat, contributing to brilliance of JOB whenever his vertical position and poetic importance warrant.)*

ELIPHAZ. And that man was perfect and upright,

BILDAD. And one that feared God,

ZOPHAR. And eschewed evil,

JOB. And there were born unto him seven sons and three daughters,

ELIPHAZ. His substance also was seven thousand sheep,

*(Frontal overhead lighting gradually diffusing the floor spots.)*

BILDAD. And three thousand camels,

ZOPHAR. And five hundred yoke of oxen,

ELIHU. And five hundred she asses,

JOB. And a very great household;

ALL MEN. So that this man was the greatest of all the men of the East.

ELIPHAZ. And his sons went and held a feast in the house of each one upon his day;

BILDAD. And sent and called for their three sisters to eat and to drink with them.

ELIHU. And it was so, when the days of their feasting were gone about,

ELIHU & BILDAD. That Job sent and sanctified them, and rose up early in the morning, and offered burnt offerings according to the number of them all:

ZOPHAR. For Job said,

JOB. It may be that my sons have sinned, and cursed God in their hearts.

ALL MEN. Thus did Job continually.

*(As the following line commences, the FOUR FRIENDS shift a quarter-turn in. The WOMEN slowly raise gloved hands and cover their faces.)*

JOB. Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them. And the Lord said unto Satan:

ELIPHAZ & ELIHU. Whence comest thou? (*"thou" is separated and pitched to the ground.*)

JOB. Then Satan answered the Lord and said:

BILDAD & ZOPHAR (*insolent and evasive*). From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it.

JOB. And the Lord said unto Satan:

ELIPHAZ & ELIHU. Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil?

JOB. Then Satan answered the Lord and said:

BILDAD & ZOPHAR (*abusive, accusatory, turning soft and insidious*).

Doth Job fear God for nought? Hast not thou made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side? Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land. But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face. (*Ending in a shout of hatred.*)

JOB. And the Lord said unto Satan:

ELIPHAZ & ELIHU. Behold, all that he hath is in thy power; only upon himself put not forth thine hand.

JOB. So Satan went forth from the presence of the Lord.

*(The FOUR FRIENDS pivot to full frontal position, and then in precise and slow pace, retreat backwards to the level behind them. As they move the FIVE WOMEN slowly lower their gloved hands from their faces to their sides.)*

ELIHU. And there was a day when his sons and his daughters were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother's house: and there came a messenger unto Job.

ZOPHAR (*calling as from a great distance, becoming louder on each repetition, while he advances forward, turns inward and kneels at base of Ziggurat, facing profile in on R side.*). Job! Job! Job!

*(The following women are on the outer rear stage sides; as they speak with great urgency, they come forward, and in a single motion come to C behind JOB, merging with THIRD WOMAN.)*

TWO WOMEN. The oxen were plowing, and the asses feeding beside them, and the Sabeans ...

THIRD WOMAN. The Sabeans fell upon them and took them away;

FINAL TWO WOMEN (*joining others*). Yea, they have slain the servants with the edge of the sword!

*(Forward WOMEN are rising, staring at the bloodbath they describe. ZOPHAR, from his kneeling position, arm raised, speaks, and then bows his head. JOB who sensed disaster from the first sound, looks down at ZOPHAR. At the next sound, he looks upward.)*

ZOPHAR. And I only am escaped alone to tell thee.

FORWARD TWO WOMEN (*arms rising to skies*). The fire of God is fallen from heaven . . .

REAR THREE WOMEN. And hath burned up the sheep and the servants . . .

FIVE WOMEN. Burned up the sheep, and the servants—and consumed them!

*(There is a sense of the stench of burned flesh in their voices. As they speak ELIHU moves forward from L, paralleling earlier movement of ZOPHAR, and now kneels profile on L side. After he speaks, his head is bowed.)*

TWO WOMEN (*L of JOB, looking to their left and pointing*). The Chaldeans made three bands

TWO WOMEN (*R OF JOB, looking to their right and pointing*). And fell upon the camels and have taken them away

CENTER REAR WOMAN. Yea and slain—

ALL WOMEN (*harshly*). Slain the servants with the edge of the sword!

BILDAD (*having moved forward from L in pattern of previous messengers through the chorus, kneels in profile behind ZOPHAR, arm raised. After he speaks he bows his head.*). And I only am escaped alone to tell thee!

TWO FORWARD WOMEN (*softly*). Thy sons—and thy daughters—were eating and drinking wine in their eldest brother's house:

TWO WOMEN SIDE REAR. And behold, there came a *wind*—

THREE REAR WOMEN. A great wind from the wilderness—

*(ELIPHAZ as messenger is moving forward as other MEN have; and all MEN shout the word “smote” with the women.)*

ALL WOMEN. And *smote* the four comers of the house,

TWO FORWARD WOMEN (*seeing it*). And it fell—

THREE REAR WOMEN (*keening*). Fell, Fell, Fell—

TWO FORWARD WOMEN. Upon the young *men* . . .

THREE REAR WOMEN. Upon the *young men*—

ALL WOMEN (*abruptly, harshly*). And they are dead.

ALL MEN (*echoing*). Dead. Dead. Dead.

ELIPHAZ. And I only am escaped alone to tell thee.

*(And when he finishes, he and the other MEN together lower their upstage arms as a visual end of the news. Mourning begins. Slowly JOB tears away and slowly drops his mantle to L; the interior of the cape is lined with satin crimson, and flashes like bright blood in the light. Slowly he speaks.)*



JOB. Naked came I out of my mother's womb. And naked shall I return thither. The Lord gave.

MEN (*softly echo*). The Lord gave.

JOB. And the Lord hath taken away.

MEN (*softly echo*). The Lord hath taken away.

JOB. Blessed ... be the name of the Lord.

MEN (*softly*). Blessed—be the name of the Lord.

*(A pause. Then on the first word of BILDAD's speech and by the end of it, the FOUR FRIENDS rise, pivot to full front and return to previous positions as the Lord and Satan.)*

BILDAD. Again there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord.

JOB. And the Lord said unto Satan:

ELIPHAZ & ELIHU. From whence earnest thou?

JOB. And Satan answered the Lord and said:

BILDAD & ZOPHAR (*with insolence*). From going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it

JOB. And the Lord said unto Satan:

ELIPHAZ & ELIHU. Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil? And still he holdeth fast his integrity, although thou movedst me against him to destroy him without cause.

JOB. And Satan answered the Lord and said:

BILDAD & ZOPHAR (*hissing and in great anger*). Skin for skin—yea, all that a man hath will he give for his life. But put forth thine hand now, and touch his bone and his flesh, (*Rising to a great shout*.) and he will curse thee to thy face!

JOB. And the Lord said unto Satan:

ELIPHAZ & ELIHU. Behold, he is in thine hand, but *spare his life!*

JOB. So Satan went forth from the presence of the Lord

*(Throughout the following, JOB writhes in agony and slowly twists down into total collapse.)*

BILDAD & ZOPHAR. And *smote* Job with sore boils from the sole of his foot unto his crown. And he sat down among the ashes.

*(Keening of WOMEN continues in silence. After a pause.)*

ELIPHAZ. Then said his wife unto him.

*(A WOMAN slowly rises from the forms of the FIVE gathered in grief about the feet of JOB. She steps to R, and slowly and purposefully comes forward, turning in profile toward JOB, slowly raising her upstage arm to him.)*

WOMAN. Dost thou still retain thine integrity? *(Harshly, and joined in the mocking whisper of the SATAN, BILDAD & ZOPHAR.)* Curse God—and die! Curse God—and die!

*(Slowly JOB stirs himself from his pain and grief to look at her. He is angry and incredulous. The WOMEN are now silent.)*

JOB. Thou speakest as one of the foolish women speaketh. What? Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?

The Lord gave—and the Lord hath taken away—Blessed be the name of the Lord! *(Turning away and crying aloud.)*

WOMAN. Curse god and die! *(Slowly returns UR, and turns to rear C, kneeling and losing herself amid the WOMEN about JOB.)*

FOUR WOMEN *(softly)*. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord. *(Chanting.)* The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord! *(The chant dissolves into keening.)*

*(Pause. As the FOUR FRIENDS introduce themselves each steps forward to stage front.)*

FOUR FRIENDS. Now when Job's four friends heard of all this evil that was come upon him, they came every one from his own place:

ELIPHAZ. Eliphaz the Temanite,

BILDAD. And Bildad the Shuhite,

ZOPHAR. And Zophar the Naamathite,

ELIHU. And Elihu the Busite.

ELIPHAZ & BILDAD. And when they lifted up their eyes afar off, and knew him not,

FOUR FRIENDS *(in a rising cry)*. They lifted up their voice and wept! So they sat down with him upon the ground seven days and seven nights, *(As they speak they pivot and sit on the line, legs crossed, and hands precisely across each knee.)*

BILDAD & ZOPHAR. And none spake a word unto him; *(Their voices are falling away.)*

BILDAD. For they saw that his grief was very great. *(Mourning.)*

*(Mourning of all commences, for this is the Section of Mourning, the first portion of the ancient poem following the Prologue. Out of the keening presently emerges the voice of JOB, chanting.)*

JOB. Let the day perish wherein I was born,

And the night in which it was said

“There is a man child conceived!”

Let that day be darkness;

Let not God regard it from above,

Neither let the light shine upon it.

Let darkness and the shadow stain it.

FOUR FRIENDS *(Picking up the chant on a higher note. The theme sounded by JOB is embroidered by them, an elaborate courtesy in deference to him.)*. As for that night, let darkness seize upon it;

Let it not be joined unto the days of the year,

Let it not come into the number of the months.

Lo, let that night be solitary.

ALL WOMEN *(chanting on a different note)*. Let no joyful voice come therein.

Let them curse it that curse the day,

Who are ready to raise up their mourning.

JOB. Let the stars of the twilight be dark: *(A new note for his chant. Throughout these chants the stage has become much darker and bluer. JOB gleams in the dark of the space.)*

FOUR FRIENDS *(on his note)*. Let the stars of the twilight be dark.

JOB *(different note)*. Let it look for light but have none;

FOUR FRIENDS *(on his note)*. Let it look for light but have none.

JOB *(different note)*. Neither let it see the dawning of the day.

FOUR FRIENDS *(on his note)*. Neither let it see the dawning of the day.

*(Keening of WOMEN rises as men join them.)*

ZOHAR *(mournful cry)*. There the wicked cease from troubling.

ONE WOMAN. And there the weary be at rest.

ELIPHAZ. There the prisoners rest together.

TWO WOMEN. The small and great are there.

ELIPHAZ & ELIHU. And the servant is free from his master.

JOB (*above the mourning*). Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery

And life unto the bitter in soul;

Which long for death and it cometh not;

And dig for it more than for hid treasures;

Which rejoice exceedingly and are glad when they can find the grave?

Why is light given to a man whose way is hid,

And whom God hath hedged in?

ALL WOMEN & JOB (*chanting*). For the thing which I greatly feared is come upon me,

And that which I was afraid of is come unto me.

*(Wail now rises and falls.)*

JOB. I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet; Yet trouble came.

*(Keening continues. Section of Consolation: FOUR FRIENDS rise together, and in profile, two on L, two on R. they bow deeply to him. Erect at length, the eldest speaks.)*

ELIPHAZ. If we assay to commune with thee,

Wilt thou be grieved?

But who can withhold himself from speaking?

Behold, thou hast instructed many,

And thou hast strengthened the weak hands.

ELIPHAZ & ZOPHAR. Thy words have upholden him that was falling,

ELIPHAZ & BILDAD. And thou has strengthened the feeble knees.

ELIPHAZ. But now it is come upon thee, and thou faintest; It toucheth thee, and thou art troubled. Is not this thy fear, thy confidence?

BILDAD & ZOPHAR (*chanting*). Thy confidence?

ELIPHAZ. Thy hope the uprightness of thy ways?

BILDAD & ELIHU (*chanting*). Uprightness of thy ways?

ELIPHAZ. Remember, I pray thee,

ELIPHAZ, BILDAD & ZOPHAR. Who ever perished being innocent? Or where were the righteous cut off?

ELIPHAZ. Even as I have seen, They that plow iniquity and sow wickedness, *reap* the same.

FOUR FRIENDS. By the blast of God they perish, And by the breath of his nostrils are they consumed!

ELIPHAZ. Now a thing was secretly brought to me,

*(Turning forward, and as he explicates his dream, the floor spot below him slowly accents him in gold color, casting a great shadow above, and the rest of the stage subtly darkens. As his vision grows, the WOMEN sustain an ascending eerie hum in background.)*

ELIPHAZ (*cont'd*). And mine ear received a little thereof.

In thoughts from the visions of the night,

When deep sleep falleth on men,

Fear came upon me, and trembling,

Which made all my bones to shake.

Then a spirit passed before my face;

The hair of my flesh stood up:

It stood still, but I could not discern the form thereof;

An image was before mine eyes,

There was silence.

And I heard a voice saying, (*WOMEN'S hum ceases.*)

(*Chanting.*) Shall mortal man be more just than God?

BILDAD, ZOPHAR & ELIHU (*chanting echo*). More just than God?

ELIPHAZ (*chanting*). Shall a man be more pure than his Maker?

BILDAD, ZOPHAR & ELIHU (*chanting echo*). More pure than his Maker?

ELIPHAZ (*speaking*). Behold, he put no trust in his servants;

And his angels he chargeth with folly;

BILDAD, ZOPHAR & ELIHU (*chanting echo*). With folly.

ELIPHAZ. How much less in them that dwell in houses of clay,

Whose foundation is in the dust,

Which are crushed before the moth?

They are destroyed from morning to evening;

BILDAD, ZOPHAR, ELIHU (*chanting echo*). They perish forever without any regarding it.

ELIPHAZ (*turning back to JOB, but still accented in his R floor spot*). Call now, if there be any that will answer thee;

FOUR FRIENDS. And to which of the saints wilt thou tum?

ELIPHAZ. I would seek unto God And unto God would I commit my cause.

BILDAD & ZOPHAR. He shall deliver thee in six troubles: