

Dancing at the Revolution

by

Michael Bettencourt

67 Highwood Terrace #2, Weehawken NJ 07086

201-770-0550 • 347-564-9998 • michaelbettencourt@outlook.com

<http://www.m-bettencourt.com>

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DESCRIPTION

Dancing at the Revolution is based on the two years Emma Goldman spent in the federal prison at Jefferson City, MO, after her conviction, along with her life-long companion Alexander Berkman, for conspiracy to advise people to resist the draft during the First World War (then known as the Great War). Soon after her release in 1919, she and Berkman, along with 247 people, were deported to Russia. They stayed there for two years until, disenchanted, they decided to leave.

The play begins with Goldman in the midst of writing her autobiography, Living My Life, which Berkman helped edit (often with pointed ruthlessness). Goldman is being assisted by Hannah Chartier, a 20-year old woman from St. Tropez, where Goldman is living while composing. (The character of Hannah is fictional, though Goldman did have a series of young women acting as her secretary.)

Goldman is stuck: after the sharp disappointment of her sojourn in the Soviet Union and a decade of rootless wandering, she no longer has the strong confidence in her abilities and ideals that she once had. This has brought writing the autobiography to a halt. However, by telling Hannah the story of her time in prison, which was a test of her ideals and compassion, she finds a chance to re-capture her sense of purpose and, in the process, help Hannah make some important changes in her life concerning her own future freedom and happiness.

Act I deals primarily with Goldman's attempt to recapture her sense of purpose in writing the work. Interspersed with her scene with Hannah are scenes that depict the events leading up to Goldman and Berkman's arrest. These scenes are done in stylized fashions, using music, dance, rhymed language, and pseudo-naturalistic dialogue. They are meant to contrast with the narrative scenes where Goldman speaks with Hannah.

Act II focuses entirely on Goldman's time in prison, ending in a scene with Goldman and Hannah where both women understand the importance of following one's ideals regardless of the pain and suffering acquired by doing so.

Until her death in 1940, when she was buried in Chicago's Waldheim Cemetery, Goldman was only allowed to come to the United States once, for a lecture tour.

CHARACTERS (9 women, 1 man -- not including STAGEHANDS)

- EMMA GOLDMAN, sixty years old at the start of the play but must be able to play 10 years younger
- HANNAH CHARTIER, *her secretary, 20 years of age* (she needs to only speak with a *slight* French accent). She will also play MOLLIE STEIMER, *prison mate with GOLDMAN*

- KATE RICHARDS O'HARE, prison mate with GOLDMAN
- INDIAN ALICE, MINNIE EDDY, EVELYN L'ARIAT, AGGIE MYERS, ADDIE, DOPE FIEND, *prison mates with GOLDMAN -- ADDIE and DOPE FIEND must be African American*
- ALEXANDER BERKMAN, Emma's friend of 40 years
- STAGEHANDS 1, 2, 3, AND 4, dressed completely in uniform black shirts and pants. They will also play various characters. At least one of the STAGEHANDS should be a woman to play MATRON in Act II.

SETTINGS

- St. Tropez, France
- Various locations in New York City
- The federal prison, Jefferson City, MO

TIME

- St. Tropez: circa 1930
- Jefferson City: some time between 1918 and 1919

MISCELLANEOUS

- Direction: The director is free to choreograph the scenes (such as the trial) in any appropriate way other than what is laid out in the script.
- Music for various underscorings. The music should be mood appropriate and atmospheric and not necessarily based on any recognizable songs or tunes, unless called for.
- Sounds: indicated in the script. The director is free to add any soundscapes that enhance the workings of the script.

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ACT I, Scene 1

Pre-show music: various revolutionary songs, such as the Internationale. If possible, slides of EMMA GOLDMAN shown as the audience comes in. The stage is set for GOLDMAN's office: a large table serves as GOLDMAN's desk. The table should be large but easily movable. Off to stage right is a similar table with piles of paper on it as well, about three-quarters of which are in manila folders. The rest are in neat piles. Three other chairs are nearby as well. Under the tables are two or three wastepaper baskets. On GOLDMAN's table are piles of paper, writing implements, books, a clock, etc.

*Lights will **not** go to black and then come up. Music fades out as GOLDMAN enters with a folder in her hand, reading the contents.*

GOLDMAN: Damn! Damn!

GOLDMAN puts the folder down, looks at another one.

GOLDMAN: I thought the friggin' paper was in here. This damn book is going to kill me.

GOLDMAN picks up a paper-clipped bunch of papers off her desk.

GOLDMAN: All right, Hannah, let's test your index. May it bring me peace.

She traces down the page, finds what she wants, goes to a folder, pulls out the document, and expresses satisfaction -- all done very quickly.

GOLDMAN: Well, my faithful Sancho Panza Hannah, it works. Your index works. One windmill down.

GOLDMAN looks at the profusion of papers around her.

GOLDMAN: A thousand to go.

Looks at the paper she found with the index. At this moment HANNAH enters, a small leather satchel in her hands. She sees GOLDMAN but doesn't say anything. GOLDMAN does not see her and reads out loud. HANNAH watches for a moment, shakes her head, puts the satchel down, and leaves: she's seen this performance already.

GOLDMAN: Living My Life by Emma Goldman. Yowser, yowser, yowser, the auto-biographee of the centuree, come one, come all, come see this over-60 fat Jew-in-exile try to finish the book before it finishes her! Yowser, yowser, yowser.

HANNAH re-enters with a precarious bundle of papers in her arms. GOLDMAN notices her this time.

GOLDMAN: Hannah, Hannah -- that time already?

HANNAH: Where would you --

GOLDMAN: What --

HANNAH: -- like these?

GOLDMAN: -- are those?

HANNAH: More letters.

GOLDMAN: Anywhere.

HANNAH tries to place them, but the table is so full that GOLDMAN comes over to help her put them down. HANNAH busies herself re-arranging things.

HANNAH: A lot of letters, Miss Goldman.

GOLDMAN: Piles of nonsense. Any editorial droppings from Mr. Berkman?

HANNAH: Nothing today.

GOLDMAN: Nothing.

HANNAH: Yet.

GOLDMAN: Great. Now he's given up on me.

HANNAH: Sometimes the post from Nice is late.

GOLDMAN waves off the statement. HANNAH straightens the new papers, sorts through them, etc. GOLDMAN goes back to her desk and tries to write.

HANNAH: May I ask you a question?

GOLDMAN: Shoot.

HANNAH: About Mr. Berkman.

GOLDMAN: Shoot him.

HANNAH: Do you like Mr. Berkman?

GOLDMAN: Do I like Mr. Berkman? Sasha and I have been dirt and roots for 40 years, Hannah -- dirt and roots -- though he's more in the dirt category at the moment.

HANNAH: So you like him?

GOLDMAN: On average. Do you? Young women have fallen in love with Sasha -- is that a blush?

HANNAH: (*ignoring the tease*) If you like him so much, then why do you two always argue when he's here?

GOLDMAN: We don't argue -- we expostulate.

HANNAH: You sound like two geese with stomach pains.

GOLDMAN: Two geese with gas --

HANNAH: And why do you get like that when the mail comes?

GOLDMAN: Like what?

HANNAH: Like a cat and its mouse.

GOLDMAN: Like that?

HANNAH: Yes.

GOLDMAN: Snarly, you're saying.

HANNAH: Snarly.

GOLDMAN: Because he's always sending me things I don't want to read.

HANNAH: Because he cuts whole pages away from what you send him.

GOLDMAN: He's making this book harder for me to write.

HANNAH: He says he's trying to make it better.

GOLDMAN: Who ya gonna listen to -- him or the one who pays you?

HANNAH: And so you both get so snarly.

GOLDMAN: Which is why we shout like two people trying to give birth to one child at the same time --

GOLDMAN leans back in her chair and breathes heavily and comically as if she were in labor. HANNAH laughs.

GOLDMAN: So, you're sure -- no "mice" from Mr. Sasha Slash-and-Burn?

HANNAH: No "mice." But there is another post this afternoon.

HANNAH rearranges papers. GOLDMAN tries to write, then gives it up. She joins HANNAH.

GOLDMAN: I've been so busy using up all the oxygen that I didn't ask how you were.

HANNAH: I am fine.

GOLDMAN: Your standard answer.

HANNAH: It's true.

GOLDMAN: Always fine.

HANNAH: Is there something wrong with that?

GOLDMAN: Hannah, how can two people orbit together -- like us -- like ballroom waltzers -- for how many months, now? -- and still be strangers? You've indexed my life, and I hardly know ya. You're always fine.

They finish with a mild flourish. GOLDMAN grabs two pads of paper off the desk and two pencils. GOLDMAN hands one pad and pencil to HANNAH.

GOLDMAN: Grab a chair.

HANNAH: Why?

GOLDMAN: Do as your slave boss tells you.

HANNAH grabs a chair; GOLDMAN grabs her own chair and sits opposite HANNAH.

GOLDMAN: I'm going to interview you. You're going to interview me.

HANNAH: I don't know how --

GOLDMAN: I've been interviewed a thousand times. It's easy. Follow me.

HANNAH: I really don't want --

GOLDMAN: How old are you?

HANNAH: Twenty.

GOLDMAN writes it down.

GOLDMAN: Now ask me.

HANNAH: This isn't going to turn into a lec[ture] --

GOLDMAN: No more lectures on birth control using a banana. I swear. Now your turn.

HANNAH: I don't want --

GOLDMAN: Go ahead.

HANNAH: How old are you?

GOLDMAN: Sixty. What do you do for a living?

HANNAH: Do? I live.

GOLDMAN: Go on.

HANNAH: On my father's farm --I really don't want --

GOLDMAN: Your turn.

HANNAH: I really don't want to do [this] --

GOLDMAN: Go ahead.

HANNAH rises and puts the pad and pencil on the desk.

HANNAH: This isn't how people get to know each other.

GOLDMAN: You're angry.

HANNAH takes no notice of GOLDMAN's interjections: she just speaks.

HANNAH: I'm not like a bunch of letters.

GOLDMAN: You're not fine.

HANNAH: It's like the priest --

GOLDMAN: The priest?

HANNAH: -- poking -- wanting to know your dirty clothes --

GOLDMAN: I didn't mean to --

HANNAH: -- or the old men in the café -- their eyes licking you --

GOLDMAN: I'm sorry --

HANNAH: Or the nuns. Or the postmaster. Everyone wants to look under my bed -- it makes me feel like I'm nothing -- to anyone --

GOLDMAN: I was just thinking we might have some fun.

HANNAH: For a living, you asked. All right. I am not fine today, and you might as well get that straight from my teeth. My father, this morning, crumbs falling on his shirt as he ate and spoke at the same time -- I hate that! Sorry. He told me he spoke to Monsieur Levesque --

HANNAH tries to go on but can't.

GOLDMAN: As in Monsieur Raymond Levesque, the butcher, with a son, the assistant butcher?

HANNAH nods.

GOLDMAN: Marriage.

HANNAH nods.

GOLDMAN: And this is not good news to you.

HANNAH hesitates, shakes her head no.

GOLDMAN: The young man --

HANNAH holds up her hand, indicating for GOLDMAN to stop. She is near tears.

GOLDMAN: The interview is over.

GOLDMAN gets up, puts the pad and pencil on the desk, and gently steers HANNAH back to her chair.

GOLDMAN: At your age, Hannah, I arrived in New York to start my real life. And I had to divorce a husband to do it.

HANNAH: You -- married?

GOLDMAN: Even younger than you -- eighteen. And, no, the earth didn't crack! To a Mr. Jacob "Dull, Jealous, Hair in His Ears, Crumbs on His Vest, a Shine on His Pants" Kersner. Mr. Kersner wanted me to "serve" him after we were married -- I don't do "serve" very well. So --

GOLDMAN makes a flicking motion with her fingers.

GOLDMAN: -- and on to New York. And my real life. That's when I met Sasha. I don't like marriage. I'd rather eat snails alive with the shells. Do you want to get married?

HANNAH: My father is pushing me.

GOLDMAN: Do you?

HANNAH does not answer, but her silence is her answer.

GOLDMAN: Then don't.

HANNAH: But he's pushing so hard!

GOLDMAN: Then push back. Push on.

GOLDMAN cups her hands under her own breasts.

GOLDMAN: Push up.

HANNAH laughs briefly.

GOLDMAN: But don't let them push down.

There is a moment of awkward silence between them.

GOLDMAN: But maybe you're thinking you shouldn't be taking advice from some fat old lonely Jewish lady buried in a French bungalow.

HANNAH: He's a stubborn man.

GOLDMAN: I'll bet it runs in the family.

HANNAH looks worried.

GOLDMAN: All right, all right. Let's get some work done. Shall we? Where did we stop yesterday?

HANNAH, looking relieved, rifles through her bag, takes out a sheaf of notes.

HANNAH: You wanted to start with your years in prison.

GOLDMAN: Yes.

HANNAH looks at her notes.

HANNAH: *(unsure of the word)* Fay-der-al --

GOLDMAN: Fe-der-al.

HANNAH: Fe-der-al prison, two years. In a place called -- *(mispronounces it)* -- Missouri.

GOLDMAN: *(correcting her)* Missouri.

HANNAH: Missouri.

GOLDMAN: All right.

HANNAH: Shall I start? Miss Goldman?

GOLDMAN: Not yet.

GOLDMAN gets one of the chairs.

GOLDMAN: Sit here. No more interviews, I promise. Sit here, please.

HANNAH sits. GOLDMAN takes a second chair and sits facing her.

GOLDMAN: Hannah, at this moment, both of us are pinned wriggling to the wall. Me by this book and Mr. Berkman; you, by your father and, potentially, by the offspring of Mr. Levesque's bourgeois loins. We need a kick in the ass.

HANNAH: Kick in the -- ?

GOLDMAN: I don't want you to keep making nice, neat indexes -- not yet. Hannah, I want you to listen to the story.

GOLDMAN stops herself.

GOLDMAN: No, Emma: wait. I can be such a demanding bitch, eh? Don't agree so quickly!

GOLDMAN prepares herself, as if making a formal request.

GOLDMAN: Let me try this again. Hannah, would you do me the favor, the kindness, the good turn to listen to me? I need you to listen hard --

HANNAH: -- hard --

GOLDMAN: -- and bounce things back, hard.

HANNAH: You need me.

GOLDMAN: I need you.

HANNAH: Like a tennis racket. Why?

GOLDMAN: I need you to help me understand what I'm doing here.

HANNAH: And you don't know that yet.

GOLDMAN: I know, but I don't -- don't you see? The road through the woods is dark.

HANNAH: And you think I can do this?

GOLDMAN: I don't know if you can --

HANNAH: -- I can --

GOLDMAN: -- but I need to try it out on you. And I think the story will make you see things with different eyes. Something in it for you.

HANNAH: I don't know if I'll understand you. I can barely follow you sometimes, the way you jump around and try to make everyone feel sorry for you. But you have both of my ears.

HANNAH cups her own breasts.

HANNAH: Push on, is it?

GOLDMAN laughs and cups her own breasts.

GOLDMAN: Push on!

Lights change but do not go to black.

Music: low, ominous, with added sounds of artillery, gunfire, screams of pain, etc.: the sounds of war.

Two chairs are placed center, under a harsh downlight; they should be lit so that the St. Tropez office goes into shadow. GOLDMAN sits and is joined by BERKMAN, who walks with a cane.

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ACT I, Scene 2

The STAGEHANDS enter and go to set positions; if the space permits, they should also be placed in the audience. The rest of the cast, including HANNAH, also enters -- HANNAH should wear something different for this scene.

STAGEHANDS: A time not long ago and not that far away.

As each STAGEHAND speaks, the rest of the cast will make stage pictures of "soldiers at war" -- in essence, tableau. The director is free to choreograph these as desired.

NUMBER 1 wears pince-nez as WOODROW WILSON.

NUMBER 1: The world must be made safe for democracy....The day has come when America is privileged to spend her blood and might. -- Woodrow Wilson, April 2, 1917, seeking a declaration of war against Germany.

NUMBER 2: God should have mercy on the opponents of this war for they need expect none from an outraged people and an avenging government. -- Attorney-General Thomas Gregory.

NUMBER 3: One allegiance, one flag, one language. I urge vigorous police action against...veiled treason on street corners and elsewhere. -- Theodore Roosevelt.

War sounds change to crowd sounds, a crowd in protest, a crowd being attacked by police. Music continues underneath.

NUMBER 4: All Bolsheviks should be deported in ships of stone with sails of lead, with the wrath of God for a breeze, and with hell for their first port. -- General Leonard Wood.

The rest of the cast now become the audience that will hear GOLDMAN and BERKMAN speak. Crowd sounds louder, almost drowning out the STAGEHANDS, who shout to get above it.

NUMBER 1: Congress shall make no law --

NUMBER 3: -- abridging the freedom of speech --

NUMBER 4: -- or of the press --

NUMBER 2: -- or of the right peaceably to assemble --

ALL THE CAST: -- and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

By this time the four STAGEHANDS stand in a semicircle behind GOLDMAN and BERKMAN, just outside their light. The crowd sounds and music continue for two or three beats after the word "grievances," then abruptly stop. The rest of the cast simply stands. Two or three beats of silence. GOLDMAN speaks.

GOLDMAN: The prisons filled.

BERKMAN: Twenty years for a lecture.

NUMBER 3: Forty-five years for handing out a pamphlet.

GOLDMAN: Union leaders were lynched.

NUMBER 1: Lawful assemblies attacked.

BERKMAN: "Undesirables" deported.

NUMBER 4: Congress shall make no law --

NUMBER 3: -- abridging the freedom of speech --

GOLDMAN: Hannah, our turn --

BERKMAN: Our test --

GOLDMAN: -- came soon enough.

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ACT I, Scene 3

The time becomes May 18, 1917, at the Harlem River Casino, an enormous mass meeting to protest the proposed conscription bill. SOUND: In the background are the sounds of a great mass of people, muffled as if behind doors or a wall.

GOLDMAN and BERKMAN stand. The STAGEHANDS and the rest of the cast move upstage and face the theatre audience; they are now the "audience" to whom GOLDMAN and BERKMAN will speak. It is suggested that the director choreograph this "audience" to make tableau, move and speak, etc. in response to BERKMAN and GOLDMAN. One STAGEHAND wears a military cap. Another STAGEHAND speaks to the theatre audience.

STAGEHAND: May 18, 1917: the Harlem River Casino

GOLDMAN: Well, Sasha --

BERKMAN: Yes --

GOLDMAN: Again in the wolf's mouth.

BERKMAN: It has been a long time -- supposedly eight thousand out there waiting for us.

GOLDMAN: A third probably police.

BERKMAN: A third drunken soldiers.

GOLDMAN: And the third third?

BERKMAN: Everyone who hates this bloody, stupid war.

GOLDMAN: Adjectives unnecessary.

BERKMAN: That's only fair. I've cut your writing down often enough --

GOLDMAN: Shall we save this democracy from itself?

BERKMAN: If not us, then no one. Lead on, Mrs. Alving.

GOLDMAN: Only if you follow, Dr. Stockmann.

BERKMAN: Behind, yet equal.

A bright light comes up on the "podium," and as they step forward, all the cast now comes in to "real time" and hoots and hollers and cheers and sings the Internationale, etc. BERKMAN and GOLDMAN will face the theatre audience, the

convention being that the cast, even though behind them on the stage, is actually in front of them as the audience. BERKMAN steps up to the "podium." GOLDMAN sits. The crowd sounds dim to underscoring, audible but not intrusive. Neither BERKMAN nor GOLDMAN have to be anchored to the "podium"; they are free to move about the stage.

BERKMAN: Friends, compatriots -- you know why we have to be here today. Even the police and the rowdy soldiers -- great protectors of democracy -- know why we have to be here today. Mr. Wilson has taken us to war -- which would be fine if the greedy bankers and industrialists and arms merchants were the ones going off for slaughter. But no! Old men declare the war, but young men will be forced to declare their deaths. No! No! No! People who want to destroy injustice must tell Mr. Wilson and all his capitalist trough-feeders that we will resist his call for universal conscription -- universal slavery! universal death! -- and support anyone who refuses to be conscripted. Let the old men fight -- let the young men live!

Crescendo of applause and some boos as BERKMAN pauses.

BERKMAN: I now give you over to the capable hands of my friend and comrade Emma Goldman -- my tongue is brass, hers is silver.

There is a small affectionate exchange as BERKMAN and GOLDMAN change places. Chorus of cheers and some boos.

GOLDMAN: Imagine for a moment --

The STAGEHAND wearing the military cap stands up and shouts.

STAGEHAND: You're nothing' but a bunch of stinkin' Bolshies!

GOLDMAN: See this war --

STAGEHAND: Bunch of Jews! Garlic eaters! You're not even American!

A chorus of boos from the audience.

GOLDMAN: This rank and overgrown garden of Mr. Wilson's mind --

STAGEHAND: They should send you off to die! Get rid of you! Let me have the floor! Let an American talk!

The boos grow louder, with voices shouting "Shut him up!" and "Throw him out!" GOLDMAN quiets down the audience.

GOLDMAN: If he wants to speak, let's let him speak. He obviously believes in the justice of his cause, just as we do. And he's probably going to die for it. Give him the silence and respect he deserves.

The crowd sounds die out, just a shuffling in the audience. The STAGEHAND, suddenly confronted with this enormous silence, is frightened.

STAGEHAND: You're all trai -- traitors, paid for by Ger-- German money. You love the Kai-- Kaiser.

GOLDMAN: Go on.

STAGEHAND: Ah, hell, let's get outta here!

STAGEHAND sits, to a chorus of boos and derisive cheers. Crowd sounds continue.

GOLDMAN: One of our country's finest. The fate of democracy lies in his hands -- someone save us all! But let's not make too much fun of him.

The tone of the following speech should be intimate rather than declamatory until GOLDMAN gets to the end.

GOLDMAN: Because I want you all to answer a question, I want all of you out there who are mothers and fathers of sons -- and even he is someone's son, don't forget that -- I want you all to answer one question. Your son has just been snatched by the government to fight a war. Your flesh, your blood, your hopes -- soon to be ground up like bone and thrown away. And the question: For what? The question echoes in your mind: For what? You struggle to find an answer. Not that plenty aren't given to you: patriotism, the flag, making the world safe for democracy. But these are bloodless, abstract -- not like the fresh face of your boy, his smile and his laughter. For what, for what? And as much as you agonize, no answer comes that justifies destroying his young and fruitful spirit. And for good reason: there is none. Your boy's blood allows old men to wallow like hogs in their profits -- but for you his death will just be death, bitter and dirty. It will not bring about equality, or justice, or democracy, to you or anyone else -- it will only bring pain and despair and confusion. This is what conscription ultimately means -- the government sacrificing your boy so that the world is made safe for wealth and profit. If you love your boy, if you value true freedom and not the pap fed to you by Mr. Wilson, then you will join with us to slay this savage beast called conscription.

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ACT I, Scene 4

Cheers and thunderous applause; cast exits. The lights come up on the St. Tropez office, which is now the office of the No-Conscription League.

Lights change as BERKMAN and GOLDMAN move into the office area. The phone rings loudly. BERKMAN answers.

BERKMAN: Yes, yes, this is the No-Conscription League. No, we can't tell you to not register -- but we have materials if you want to read -- What was that again? A little subtlety and skill, at least, officer, please -- you offend my aesthetics.

BERKMAN slams the phone down, sits.

GOLDMAN: Police -- again?

BERKMAN: That I'd actually advise someone over the phone to dynamite a registration office? In person, now --

GOLDMAN: Sasha!

BERKMAN: I haven't lost a certain -- affection for it.

GOLDMAN: That's because your own fuse is so short.

The phone rings again, but before BERKMAN can pick it up, the four STAGEHANDS burst into the office, wearing suit jackets and hats of the period. One of them, STAGEHAND 1, wears a badge. He goes over to the phone, picks it up and puts it down immediately. The other three fan out into the room.

STAGEHAND 1: Emma Goldman?

GOLDMAN: Fatty Arbuckle.

STAGEHAND 1: Don't get smart.

GOLDMAN: "Smart" would be if I knew who you were.

STAGEHAND 1: Emma Goldman, you are under arrest. And so is Berkman. Where is he?

BERKMAN waves from his seat.

BERKMAN: Who said justice wasn't blind?

GOLDMAN: I knew I was smart -- I recognize you --

BERKMAN: A moon cow?

STAGEHAND 1: Now look here --

BERKMAN: At what?

STAGEHAND 1 grabs BERKMAN by the throat.

STAGEHAND 1: *(quietly)* Shut up.

GOLDMAN moves toward STAGEHAND 1 to distract his attention and protect BERKMAN.

GOLDMAN: Sasha, this is United States Marshal Thomas D. McCarthy, quoted for saying the government should move more quickly to arrest us.

BERKMAN holds up his cane.

BERKMAN: It's not like I'm a sprinter. What were you waiting for?

GOLDMAN: Sasha! *(to STAGEHAND 1)* You wouldn't happen to have an arrest warrant?

STAGEHAND 1: Don't need one for traitors.

GOLDMAN: Does "Fourth Amendment" sound familiar?

BERKMAN: He can't count past three.

STAGEHAND 1: I can count you two out.

STAGEHAND 1 signals to the other STAGE-HANDS.

STAGEHAND 1: Look for it.

GOLDMAN: What are you looking for?

The STAGEHANDS rifle through the papers and paraphernalia.

STAGEHAND 1: Move your haunches out of the way.

BERKMAN: Not a moon cow any more -- a cattle drover.

GOLDMAN: Gelded bull.

BERKMAN: Gilded calf.

STAGEHAND 1: Enough! *(to the STAGEHANDS)* Did you find it?

GOLDMAN: What?

STAGEHAND 1: I want the membership list of the No-Conscription League.

GOLDMAN: We never mind the hospitality of the police.

BERKMAN: But not everyone we know can afford the honor of an arrest.

GOLDMAN: We don't keep the list here.

BERKMAN: And you can't find out where it is.

STAGEHAND 1: Move!

BERKMAN: *(sound of a cow)* Moooooove.

GOLDMAN: Sasha --

BERKMAN: You're right, liebchen -- beware a sharp tongue --

TOGETHER: -- does not cut itself off.

BERKMAN: *(to STAGEHAND 1)* Take us to your leader.

Lights down on the office, up down center. STAGEHAND 1 carries two chairs; BERKMAN and GOLDMAN carry the other two. The chairs are placed in two rows, two chairs each. One STAGEHAND stays with STAGEHAND 1. BERKMAN and GOLDMAN sit in the back row, STAGEHAND 1 as a passenger, the other STAGEHAND as the driver.

STAGEHAND 1: I want you to get in the car. I want you to shut up -- no little coded hand gestures, no passing notes, no wise-ass remarks, none of your Bolshie tricks.

Car sounds.

STAGEHAND 1: Let's go.

Everyone pitches as the car starts with a jerk and squeal.

BERKMAN: He knows how to drive this?

GOLDMAN: Watch out!

The car swerves, and everyone pitches with it -- all very vaudeville.

GOLDMAN: Do the police in New York City always aim for the pedestrians?

BERKMAN and GOLDMAN wince as the driver narrowly misses something.

GOLDMAN: You're breaking the rules --

STAGEHAND 1: I represent the United States government.

BERKMAN: The government can overrule physics?

STAGEHAND 1: *(looking at them both)*

We can do anything we want.

The car comes to a screeching halt. BERKMAN makes as if to look out the window.

BERKMAN: Ah, my dear, the Tombs.

GOLDMAN: And after 6 o'clock.

BERKMAN: No arraignments today. Do we get our choice of cages?

STAGEHAND 1: Out.

BERKMAN and GOLDMAN "get out" of the car; sound of doors slamming. The STAGEHANDS take two chairs and put them behind the two desks. They escort BERKMAN off, somewhat roughly. STAGEHAND 1 takes the two remaining chairs and places them as in Act 1, Scene 1, with HANNAH and GOLDMAN. He forces GOLDMAN to sit. HANNAH enters and sits as before. Lights change: it is St. Tropez.

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ACT I, Scene 5

HANNAH: So you had to stay in prison all night?

GOLDMAN gets up, goes to the desk, and picks up a small tin of sweets.

GOLDMAN: It wasn't hard. A rest, really.

She takes a sweet, offers one to HANNAH.

GOLDMAN: Pastille?

HANNAH refuses. GOLDMAN puts the tin in her dress pocket but does not sit.

HANNAH: I'm not sure I could do that.

GOLDMAN: Well, I was pissed off -- ils sont chiants? is that right? -- so that made it a little easier. I always feel right at home when I'm pissed off.

HANNAH: What happened next?

GOLDMAN: What happened next? We went to trial, on June 27, 1917 -- my forty-eighth birthday, wouldn't you know? Doesn't that strike you as funny?

HANNAH: Yes --

GOLDMAN: Weren't you inspired by what we were doing?

HANNAH: It was brave, I guess.

GOLDMAN: It was dangerous, yes. What?

HANNAH: Nothing. Go on.

GOLDMAN: Not yet. Something's plucking at your knickers. Out with it.

HANNAH gets up and paces for a moment, straightens papers, etc.: nervous.

HANNAH: I -- I don't want to be rude.

GOLDMAN: Be rude.

HANNAH: Well --

GOLDMAN: Take your swing.

HANNAH: I know you don't think so -- brave, you said -- but -- it sounds to me like you might have done something wrong --

GOLDMAN: We didn't.

HANNAH: But they arrested you.

GOLDMAN: Maybe they were wrong?

Overlap the lines.

HANNAH: Why would they make trouble for themselves --

GOLDMAN: They were the enem --

HANNAH: -- if they didn't have a good reason?

GOLDMAN: They were blind --

HANNAH: Not your reason, but they thought --

GOLDMAN: They had a reason, all right.

HANNAH: -- you were --

GOLDMAN: Small-minded bast --

HANNAH: -- the enemy, too.

GOLDMAN cuts herself off.

HANNAH: You were the enemy, too. You had your reasons. They had theirs. You both thought you were right. Why did you think you were more right?

GOLDMAN snaps her head around, as is something speeds by.

GOLDMAN: Peeeyowww!

GOLDMAN picks up a loop of string off the desk.

GOLDMAN: You are a cool one.

She strings the first set of a cat's cradle. Throughout the next lines, she coaxes HANNAH to participate.

GOLDMAN: Talk some more, please.

HANNAH: There is a lot of hatred in your voice as you tell the story.

GOLDMAN: They would have broken my bones as soon as breathe.

HANNAH: It would be hard for me to feel that kind of hatred.

GOLDMAN: Every soul being equal --

HANNAH: -- equal in the sight of God, yes.

GOLDMAN: You've told me about your catechism.

HANNAH: It's what you believe, too. What you say you believe.

GOLDMAN: But no godhead for me.

HANNAH: It comes out to the same thing -- respect for people.

GOLDMAN: So there can be no bad people, everyone being equal?

HANNAH: Of course not! Don't try to make me sound like a fool.

The cat's cradle should be on HANNAH's hands by this line. She gives the string back to GOLDMAN.

HANNAH: What you tried to do -- good. Fighting wars is stupid -- like most things men do. But also true: You hated the men who hated you -- hate for hate. And what did it change? They just hated you back. They just wanted to shut you up -- which you liked because you like being the enemy. You like it! Il s'ont chiant? Right! Just big boys acting like little boys to see who can shoot their water the farthest.

GOLDMAN: Love your enemy, then?

HANNAH: At least don't hate them so much. It turns us into knives. It makes us blind.

GOLDMAN: And the more you think you're absolutely right -- absolutely right -- the more blind you are?

HANNAH: I've never known enough of anything to think I was completely right, so I don't know.
But you have thought --

GOLDMAN: What?

HANNAH: Being absolutely right --

GOLDMAN looks at HANNAH quizzically. During GOLDMAN's lines, HANNAH gets up, agitated, and walks toward one of the desks. She grabs a small pile of paper and throws it into one of the wastepaper baskets just as GOLDMAN finishes.

GOLDMAN: Did you just call me blind? Was I just scolded by someone a third my age?

GOLDMAN laughs, takes out the tin of sweets.

GOLDMAN: Nice forehand -- again. Your whole argument -- it's merde, of course, cow shit, les tourtes de fumier de vâche -- but nice shot, there --

HANNAH: As if everything out of your mouth --

GOLDMAN turns to her, intrigued. She snaps the tin shut with a loud snap without taking a sweet.

GOLDMAN: Is what?

GOLDMAN indicates the wastebasket.

GOLDMAN: Is that a clue for me?

HANNAH says nothing but starts to kneel to get the papers out of the basket. GOLDMAN raises a hand to stop her.

GOLDMAN: Stop that. I said stop! You had better follow through on the smash.

HANNAH: I can't.

GOLDMAN: Not allowed! Follow through!

HANNAH hesitates, then launches.

HANNAH: Days, months -- so much talk talk talk I don't understand --

GOLDMAN: So I talk too much.

HANNAH: Let me finish! Don't chop me off. You pile up stones -- like one of those walls in my father's fields that wanders nowhere -- and sometimes I just want you to stop before I get crushed.

GOLDMAN: So I blab.

HANNAH: Let me finish! And that! You use words -- to me, nonsense! American -- nonsense!

GOLDMAN goes to say something, but HANNAH simply continues through.

HANNAH: (*gives it two syllables: Bah-lab*) Bah-lab. What is bah-lab? Why don't you just say what you mean and not act so much? You expect me to --

During the next lines HANNAH takes out what she threw in the basket, replaces it on the table, straightens things. GOLDMAN doesn't try to stop her this time.

GOLDMAN: What?

HANNAH: I think you expect me to clap my hands just because you're Emma Goldman.

GOLDMAN: Go on. Go on.

HANNAH: When I was fourteen I worked for a lady who talked to her plants -- sing, tell her dreams, do little dances -- all for her plants. I would stand in the same room with her, and -- right to the plants -- and never to me.

GOLDMAN: I see --

HANNAH: I don't really know you, so I have to watch you. What to trust, what to move out of the way of. I think you like me -- at least you act like you do. But --

GOLDMAN: You feel -- not seen. Like a plant.

HANNAH: Yes --

GOLDMAN: And not paid attention to.

HANNAH: Yes. I don't know what to trust. And I hate it.

GOLDMAN: Just like your father --

HANNAH: And Mr. Levesque --

GOLDMAN: The priest --

HANNAH: All of them!

GOLDMAN: And me, too.

HANNAH: Though not like them. They really don't see me. You just always have your eyes somewhere else --

GOLDMAN: On other plants.

HANNAH: Piling up stones!

GOLDMAN makes a theatrical flourish.

GOLDMAN: Ah-ha!

HANNAH laughs.

GOLDMAN: What?

HANNAH: I shouldn't.

GOLDMAN: You stop now, I'll fire you!

HANNAH: When I was sixteen, actors came here, set up a stage --

HANNAH points at GOLDMAN.

HANNAH: Pantelone!

GOLDMAN: Gesundheit.

HANNAH: Il Capitano. Il Dottore.

GOLDMAN: You're saying I'm like those old men -- ?

HANNAH: (*overlapping*) Those old men -- they all wore masks, and they talked so much! But I noticed this: they never talked to each other -- the masks -- like horse blinders.

GOLDMAN: So now I'm some old fart swoonmeister on an Italian stage "bah-labbing" my life away -- (*in a high, sing-song*) -- in affected, empty language.

HANNAH: No, no!

GOLDMAN: Yes, yes, liebchen! Yes, yes. You are not that far off. Game to Hannah.

HANNAH: That's not the [point] --

GOLDMAN: I know, I know -- but it is the point. Hannah's point.

HANNAH: Sometimes -- not all the time -- I want you to just look at me. No mask. No blab. And sometimes -- sometimes I think Mr. Berkman feels the same way.

HANNAH feels she has crossed a line.

GOLDMAN: Has he talked to you about this?

HANNAH: No. It's just in his face. If you look. We should get back to your story.

GOLDMAN: You do?

HANNAH: Yes.

GOLDMAN: We haven't finished --

HANNAH: You were in prison.

GOLDMAN: Hannah --

HANNAH: You were in prison.

GOLDMAN, seeing that HANNAH's reserve won't be broken, offers a sweet to HANNAH.

GOLDMAN: Sweets for the sweet.

HANNAH hesitates, then takes one. GOLDMAN puts the tin away.

GOLDMAN: So you want to still hear the story.

HANNAH: It's a good story.

GOLDMAN: Not too many stones?

HANNAH: So far.

GOLDMAN: Not too much "bah-lab"?

HANNAH: Chapter two should be interesting.

GOLDMAN: Okay. Wait.

GOLDMAN takes up a foolish actor's pose.

GOLDMAN: Is this how they did it?

HANNAH: Pantelone!

GOLDMAN: They did whatever black magic they had to do, and the day came when Sasha and I had to go to trial.

* * * * *

ACT I, Scene 6

Lights change. HANNAH helps with the set change. To the sound of carousel or march music, the set changes with a stylized choreography. Two chairs are set stage right; GOLDMAN and BERKMAN sit there. A chair stage left for STAGEHAND 1/United States Attorney HAROLD CONTENT. STAGEHAND 2 enters wearing

judge's robes and brings out a white box, about 2' square and tall, on which is written "JUDGE" in bold red letters. STAGEHAND 2/JUDGE stands on the box. Two revolving bar-stool type chairs are set stage left of the JUDGE: these will be the witness chairs. Papers, books, and other items will be mimed. The convention here will be to speak to the audience as if to the JUDGE. Witnesses and CONTENT should have small prop and/or costume things to distinguish themselves.

STAGEHANDS 3 and 4 enter bearing placards or wearing sandwich boards.

STAGEHAND 3 (side one): "Eine Kleine Geschichte Musik, or How History Bit Us In The Ass."

STAGEHAND 4: "The Grand And Gritty Tragical-Comical-Historical Pageant Of Emma And Sasha"

STAGEHAND 3 (side two, in a list): "Dramatis Personae: Judge Julius Mayer, Attorney Harold Content, Emma and Sasha"

STAGEHAND 4: (side two, in a list): "The Jury, Various Witnesses, The World."

STAGEHANDS exit. Music out. Sound comes up: the murmur and buzz of a crowded courtroom.

NOTE: *The style here is always "mock court" and mock courtly. During the dance sequences, BERKMAN dances as if he is not injured. He only uses the cane when the action comes back to "reality." People, when speaking to the JUDGE, actually speak to the theatre audience.*

JUDGE: Bring this courtroom to order. Now, I will not put up with any enthusiasms.

BERKMAN: We object --

JUDGE: Too enthusiastic. What did I just say?

BERKMAN: We want a dismissal.

JUDGE: Suggestion dismissed.

BERKMAN: We've had no time to prepare our cases. We haven't been allowed to read the charges or even wash our faces!

JUDGE: Sir, enlarge us. The charges?

CONTENT: Very simple.

JUDGE: See.

CONTENT: On May 18, 1917, at the Harlem River Casino, they told people to commit violence and resist the draft. Emma Goldman said, "We believe in violence and we will use violence."

GOLDMAN: I did not say "violence."

JUDGE: Silence!

CONTENT: She and Alexander Berkman conspired to do this.

BERKMAN: Inspired, I'd say.

CONTENT: They know their crime -- they don't need any time.

JUDGE: Approve. *(to BERKMAN)* Next move.

*BERKMAN, GOLDMAN, and CONTENT place their palms together and dance.
Music: a simple dance tune. ALL speak in rhythm.*

BERKMAN: So then -- we won't -- participate.

JUDGE: You're not allowed to abdicate.

CONTENT: You have to play the game we play.

GOLDMAN: We don't have to listen to a thing you say.

BERKMAN: To illustrate: we sit and quit.

GOLDMAN: Our rumps play trumps.

They sit. Music out.

JUDGE: You can't just perch and leave us in the lurch -- I'll appoint a lawyer for you.

CONTENT: A Mr. Weinberger is their attorney of record.

BERKMAN: Until today. We want a dismissal.

JUDGE: Denied.

CONTENT: You will be tried.

JUDGE: And you will have a lawyer by your side.

The next lines are choreographed.

GOLDMAN: Your honor. We've only had two days --

BERKMAN: -- to gather our defenses.

CONTENT: You brought yourself here --

JUDGE: -- to be punished for your offenses.

BERKMAN: Then we won't be part of this charade.

JUDGE: I won't allow this tirade!

CONTENT: Lie in it -- your bed is made.

GOLDMAN: Sasha, wait --

BERKMAN looks at GOLDMAN: GOLDMAN: Grand Guignol.

BERKMAN: Commedia dell'arte.

GOLDMAN: We've got the theatre.

BERKMAN: We know our parts.

GOLDMAN: The world will hear --

BERKMAN: -- our ideals reported.

GOLDMAN: They won't let us win.

BERKMAN: Probably deported.

GOLDMAN: But at least we might plant a seed. Agreed?

BERKMAN: Agreed.

TOGETHER: Let's do the deed.

End of choreography.

BERKMAN: We'll defend ourselves.

CONTENT: A fool for a client. Dismissal should not be granted.

JUDGE: Approve. Next move. Let's bring in the jury.

BERKMAN: They're in a hurry.

The JURY consists of the six WOMEN (excluding KATE) plus six objects to make up a total of 12 people. The JURY should wear some kind of mask -- blank white mask,

happy face, etc. -- or have a set of expressions that are choreographed all the way through. In any case, the JURY's faces should have an artificial quality to them.

The six objects can be done in a number of ways -- e.g., faces on a stick, sock puppets, ventriloquist dummies -- it is up to the director. The JURY sits in front of the JUDGE and can be arranged in any way the director wants. The sense to get across is that the JURY is a puppet of the court.

JUDGE: You may examine the jury.

BERKMAN: What do you mean?

CONTENT: You can ask them what you want, and if you don't like what they say, you can dismiss them.

JUDGE: Not all of them, of course. We need twelve. We are civilized around here.

GOLDMAN: Matter of opinion.

Everyone talks to the JURY but directs comments to the theatre audience. The questions have choreography to them, and the theatre audience can be considered the "jury pool." The JURY's responses to the arguments should be choreographed and coördinated.

GOLDMAN: Do you believe in freedom of speech?

BERKMAN: Has the government here exceeded its reach?

CONTENT: The state must protect the majority's rule.

BERKMAN: That's when an ass is led by the fool.

GOLDMAN: Are laws always sacred? Can you question the laws?

BERKMAN: Can you think for yourself and pick out the flaws?

CONTENT: As a citizen you're bound to uphold what is right.

GOLDMAN: Even if they steal people in the middle of the night?

GOLDMAN: Is the United States the land of the free?

BERKMAN: Then why is there so much inequality?

CONTENT: Economics has nothing to do with this case.

JUDGE: You reds always dish out that "class warfare" ace.

BERKMAN: Do you think anarchists are Satan's lieutenants?

GOLDMAN: That they only love bombs and smelly old peasants?

BERKMAN: Do you believe in God? Is Christianity supreme?

GOLDMAN: Can the Muslims and Buddhists fit into this scheme?

CONTENT: Don't be misled by their misleading questions --

JUDGE: They're just the result of bad indigestion.

CONTENT: Don't be confused by their "commie" appeal.

GOLDMAN: We're trying to show you a higher ideal.

BERKMAN: You can think for yourselves --

GOLDMAN: To your own self be true.

JUDGE: Have you made your selections?

CONTENT: Twelve red, white, and blue.

BERKMAN: Twelve not our peers --

GOLDMAN: -- that's the best we could do.

End of choreography.

CONTENT: Are you quite finished?

BERKMAN: Revived.

GOLDMAN: Replenished.

CONTENT: Will these twelve do?

GOLDMAN: They'll do what you want.

BERKMAN: We just hope that one of them will show some spine.

CONTENT: For dodgers like you? See how they sit quiet, in a line, like light bulbs in their sockets.

GOLDMAN: They fit nicely in your pockets.

JUDGE: Continue the case.

GOLDMAN and BERKMAN salute each other.

GOLDMAN/BERKMAN: About face.

They sit. STAGEHANDS 3 & 4 will be witnesses. As the identities of the witnesses change, they simply turn on their stools either to face in or face away. The STAGEHANDS should also use props to distinguish the witnesses -- cigar, lady's hat, bow tie, etc. At this point, the JURY should not take focus from the action.

SOUND: Each time the witness changes, there will a single loud clap, either some person clapping or the sound of the "clapper" used on movie sets.

CONTENT: I would like to call to the stand Mary Eleanor Fitzgerald.

During the interrogations, EMMA, BERKMAN, and CONTENT speak directly to the witness but into the theatre audience when speaking to the JUDGE. Any references to documents, etc. should be mimed.

CONTENT: State who you are.

FITZGERALD: Mary Eleanor Fitzgerald.

CONTENT: Your relation to the defendants?

FITZGERALD: I was financial secretary for the No-Conscription League.

CONTENT: By the time of this trial, how much money did they have in their accounts?

FITZGERALD: \$746.96.

CONTENT: That was all?

BERKMAN: (to GOLDMAN) Not a bad return on thirty years work, hey?

JUDGE: Silence!

CONTENT: Then what about this deposit of \$3067 three days before the trial? Did it, by chance, come from the Kaiser --

CONTENT faces the JURY.

CONTENT: -- who is killing our boys as we speak!

GOLDMAN: Objectionable! What has Mr. Content eaten that he would make such an undigested accusation? That money came from James Hallbeck.

Witnesses change -- HALLBECK is in his 80s.

GOLDMAN: Mr. Hallbeck, explain why you gave us \$3000.

HALLBECK: I have been an anarchist ever since they hung the innocent men at Haymarket. I own vineyards in California; I gave money to the one person I knew who would use it well.

CONTENT: Miss Fitzgerald, is this true?

Witnesses change.

FITZGERALD: Yes.

CONTENT: And the other \$67?

FITZGERALD: Small donations from friends -- none from the Kaiser.

BERKMAN: I guess it's proved we were not wealthy.

JUDGE: Proved.

BERKMAN: *(loud whisper)* I hope they don't find the gold bars we removed.

JUDGE: Move on.

CONTENT: But we have more serious charges

GOLDMAN: More serious than our poverty?

CONTENT: Resisting the government! The incitement of violence! Conspiracy! Yes, yes, yes! I call William Randolph to the stand. State who you are and what you do.

RANDOLPH: *(if possible, in an Irish accent)* I'm a shorthand reporter for the New York City Police Department.

CONTENT: Did you attend the meeting at the Harlem River Casino on May 18?

RANDOLPH: I did.

CONTENT: And you took stenographic notes?

RANDOLPH: I did.

CONTENT: What's your rate?

RANDOLPH: About 125 words a minute.

CONTENT: And what did you hear Miss Goldman say?

RANDOLPH: She said, "We believe in violence and we will use violence."

CONTENT: Absolutely sure?

RANDOLPH: Yes.

CONTENT and GOLDMAN exchange places.

GOLDMAN: Mr. Randolph, did you take down even the Russian names that night?

RANDOLPH: It was noisy.

GOLDMAN: That means "no." Could you list the words of mine you missed?

CONTENT: Objection.

JUDGE: Sustained.

GOLDMAN: Because I certainly don't remember the words you said I said. I'd like to "sustain" a little experiment to test Mr. Randolph's speed, and I'll make it easy. I'll read from Mr. Randolph's transcript, and I won't use any Russian names. Instead of debating about angels on pinheads, let's count them.

JUDGE: Mr. Content?

CONTENT: (*hesitating*) No objection -- provided she reads fairly.

RANDOLPH mimes handling a pad of paper.

RANDOLPH: Ready.

GOLDMAN: "We don't believe in conscription, this meeting to-night being a living proof. This meeting was arranged with limited means. So, friends, we who have arranged the meeting are well satisfied if we can only urge the people of entire New York City and America" -- am I really that graceless? -- "there would be no war in the United States, there would be no conscription in the United States, if the people are not given an opportunity to have their say." There, that should do it. Mr. Randolph -- please.

CONTENT: That was too fast!

GOLDMAN: Have you been to some of my lectures?

RANDOLPH: I have not gotten it all down, Miss Goldman.

CONTENT: See, it was not a fair test.

GOLDMAN: Because he didn't get his own words down?

BERKMAN: A touch, a touch, I do confess.

GOLDMAN: Mr. Randolph -- we wait with bated breath.

CONTENT: Objection!

GOLDMAN: I apologize. Mr. Randolph -- our breath is no longer bated.

RANDOLPH: (*clearly nervous*) "We don't believe in conscription. This meeting tonight being a living proof. This meeting was arranged with limited means, so friends, we can only urge the people that there will be no conscription in the United States" -- that is as far as I got.

GOLDMAN cups her ear and waits.

GOLDMAN: Well, Mr. Randolph --

RANDOLPH: What?

GOLDMAN: I am waiting for the words "urge the people of entire New York City and America --
" Mr. Content, aren't you waiting for those words?

CONTENT: We get the point. We get the point!

GOLDMAN: I am also waiting for the words "We believe in violence and we will use violence."
Should I wait very much longer?

BERKMAN: I think the experiment is done -- well-done!

CONTENT: Not quite. Your honor, we want to call another witness.

JUDGE: Who?

CONTENT: Charles Pickler.

BERKMAN: Pickler! For people in a pickle!

STAGEHANDS switch: CHARLES PICKLER is on the stand.

CONTENT: Mr. Pickler, were you at the Harlem Casino on May 18?

PICKLER: I was.

CONTENT: Why?

PICKLER: I was taking notes for the Stenographic Service Company -- they've done Miss Goldman in the past.

CONTENT: How fast does she talk?

PICKLER: At a full boil, up to 200 words a minute. She "simmers" at 125, I would guess -- but she doesn't simmer often. And from what I just saw -- well --

CONTENT: Your honor, instruct the witness to stop offering opinions.

BERKMAN: You asked for a professional opinion.

JUDGE: You will have a chance to cross-examine.

CONTENT: I no longer wish to question this witness.

BERKMAN: He's ours? Yes!

BERKMAN comes forward with relish.

BERKMAN: Mr. Pickler, do you know Miss Goldman or myself?

PICKLER: Not personally.

BERKMAN: Do you believe in anarchism? The No-Conscription League?

PICKLER: Makes no sense to me.

BERKMAN: So no feelings one way or the other at the lecture?

PICKLER: I was working -- I wasn't at the vaudeville.

BERKMAN: What's your rate?

PICKLER: Around 225 if the subject is easy.

BERKMAN: Is Miss Goldman easy?

PICKLER: Not at full steam.

BERKMAN: As she was that night.

PICKLER: Yes.

CONTENT: Conjecture.

PICKLER: Fact. By the end I was racing -- she easily perked along at 200.

BERKMAN: So if Mr. Randolph was only "perking along" at --

CONTENT: Objection.

BERKMAN: -- was transcribing at 100 to 125, he'd be "perked out," so to speak?

PICKLER: My professional opinion -- Absurd.

BERKMAN: Let the court note that this testimony comes from a government witness Mr. Content quickly abandoned when his testimony became inconvenient. *(to PICKLER)* I hope your feelings weren't hurt.

PICKLER: Naw.

BERKMAN: Thank you.

JUDGE: You may step down.

BERKMAN: (*sotto voce, to CONTENT*) And you stepped in it.

GOLDMAN: Your honor, since the government's transcript is only good for the outhouse and accuses me of saying what I wouldn't say, it's time to slay this insult about my violence.

The next set of witnesses come in rapid alternate succession; at each witness change, the sound of a clap. The STAGEHANDS can choose whatever characterizations and props they want.

STEFFENS: Lincoln Steffens here. I have known Emma Goldman for 24 years. You have always opposed any violence.

Clap.

REED: John Reed, newspaperman. Emma Goldman a bomb thrower? The average cop on the beat has stirred up more violence than Emma Goldman.

Clap.

SLOAN: Anna Sloan, wife of the painter John Sloan. I was there on May 18. If Emma had promoted violence, it would have chilled my spine because she has never, ever urged anyone to harm another human being.

Clap.

ABBOTT: Leonard Abbott here. Emma and I have been friends for a quarter century, and I was there that night. Violence -- it don't hitch up to her argument.

Clap.

HALL: Bolton Hall, lawyer, if you please. Miss Goldman and I have talked many nights away -- she has always believed in educating people. Dynamite's a rotten textbook for getting people their liberty.

Clap.

GOLDMAN: I have more.

CONTENT: We've danced this dance enough. We get the point.

BERKMAN: A touch, a touch --

The JUDGE claps three times rapidly.

JUDGE: Summations to the jury.

As a choral arrangement, in the order given. The STAGEHANDS exit. The JUDGE does not have to stay on his box for this.

JUDGE: This is a country based on the rule of law.

GOLDMAN: This three-act comedy has come to an end.

CONTENT: What is on trial here is not their beliefs --

JUDGE: Free speech means orderly expression --

CONTENT: But they can't ask people to disobey the law.

BERKMAN: We've been saying these things openly for 30 years.

GOLDMAN: Violence from the top begets violence at the bottom.

BERKMAN: Can such an open book be a conspiracy?!

JUDGE: There is no place here for disobedience.

BERKMAN: Definition -- Un-American mean independent opinion.

GOLDMAN: Militarism: Young men turned to slaves who kill on command.

CONTENT: Obedience to the law -- or anarchy.

GOLDMAN: How can the world be made safe for democracy --

BERKMAN: -- if democracy is not safe here?

JUDGE: Progress must be accomplished by lawful means.

GOLDMAN: Progress is never within the law.

JUDGE turns to the JURY.

JUDGE: On your mark. Get set. Go.

Immediately, STAGEHAND enters rings a bell, as if a timer has gone off, or says "Ding!" The JURY should strike some kind of tableau.

CONTENT: Thirty-nine minutes. Longer than I thought. You must have impressed them.

JUDGE: Your verdict?

JURY: Guilty -- as if you had to ask.

CONTENT: Sentence?

GOLDMAN: Wait!

JUDGE: No. Two years each in federal penitentiary. \$10,000 fine.

GOLDMAN: We want to appeal.

JUDGE: No.

GOLDMAN: We need to consult.

JUDGE: No. And once that's over, you're both booted back to your Bolshevik comrades.
Dismissed.

BERKMAN: Give us two days.

CONTENT: It's up to the federal marshals to decide that. Perhaps you two should learn telepathy.

BERKMAN: Come on, Emma. Time to shift the battlefield.

GOLDMAN: I wish to thank the court for this marvelously fair trial. Thank you so very much.

JUDGE: You both fought well here -- too bad you couldn't use your skills in more patriotic ways.

GOLDMAN: What do you think we've been doing? Hannah, what did they think we were doing?

* * * * *

ACT I, Scene 7

Music for scene change: carousel music. Lights change: St. Tropez. The chairs are set as in Act 1, Scene 5. BERKMAN, JUDGE, and JURY exit. HANNAH re-enters.

GOLDMAN: So, after that, off to prison -- like beef to the wolves. Me in Missouri --
(*mispronouncing it like HANNAH*) -- Sasha to Atlanta, Georgia -- each buried for two
years. Then -- *pfft!* Deported. And now buried here -- (*slangy voice*) -- and I'm usin' ya
like a shovel. Has any more sunk in?

HANNAH: Of what?

GOLDMAN: Of -- me --

HANNAH: I'm -- yes -- a little more.

GOLDMAN: But does anything -- anything -- bubble up --

GOLDMAN strikes her breast bone with the tips of her fingers.

GOLDMAN: -- in here? Pop? Fizz? Fly off? Don't even try to answer -- it's not fair. If I don't feel it, why should you? Did you know I was considered the most dangerous woman in America? I used to be able to crack a crowd open with just the right word. Not dangerous now. Toothless old hag. Old anarchist crone, can't gnaw on a bone, hasn't got a Kropotkin to piss in.

Sees that HANNAH doesn't react to the humor.

GOLDMAN: It's all -- gone. I should go join the old men in the café -- "Move over, mon-sewer, let me tell you about my dozens of lovers." See if I can rattle their loins if not their minds.

GOLDMAN makes a dismissive gesture. HANNAH makes a forehand motion with her hand.

HANNAH: I can hit harder. I can hit faster.

GOLDMAN makes a half-hearted attempt to return the "volley," mimes watching the ball bounce past her.

GOLDMAN: Oops. Damn. Match over.

HANNAH: Not over. You're not in prison yet -- so to say. The story keeps moving. Aren't you going to tell me about it? You said that's what you wanted to do.

GOLDMAN: Not at the moment. No more talk. For the moment.

HANNAH makes the forehand gesture again; GOLDMAN half-heartedly returns it, then looks away and sits and stares, unsure what to do. HANNAH moves to the tables and starts reading and filing papers.

A tall, forceful woman enters: KATE RICHARDS O'HARE. She walks to face GOLDMAN. GOLDMAN starts, looks at HANNAH, who does not see the woman.

GOLDMAN: Hannah?

HANNAH: Yes ma'am?

GOLDMAN looks from HANNAH to O'HARE and back.

GOLDMAN: Just focus on the prison documents. Put everything else to one side.

HANNAH: *(using an American accent)* Will do.

HANNAH does not hear any of the following dialogue. She continues doing her work.

GOLDMAN: Kate Richards O'Hare.

O'HARE: Emma Goldman.

GOLDMAN: What are you doing here?

O'HARE: Playing Hamlet's father.

GOLDMAN: My blunted purpose?

O'HARE: Kick in the ass.

GOLDMAN jumps, as if kicked.

GOLDMAN: Didn't work.

O'HARE: Emma --

GOLDMAN: What purpose, Kate?

O'HARE: The truth.

GOLDMAN: More of a dying than a living in that.

O'HARE: Stir things up.

GOLDMAN: Not a cook.

O'HARE: Write.

GOLDMAN: You write -- you write well. I read your prison book -- nice cheek subtitling it "Sometime Federal prisoner number 21669." I don't even remember what my number was -- thank you for saying what you said about me --

O'HARE: A hard time with her.

GOLDMAN: She's easy to work with.

O'HARE: Not understanding?

GOLDMAN: It's my tongue -- all knotted. Not her fault.

These lines overlap, as if GOLDMAN is not listening to O'HARE at all.

O'HARE: You tongue-tied?!

GOLDMAN: She's young --

O'HARE: Easier to hog-tie a speeding train --

GOLDMAN: -- she lacks context.

O'HARE: -- than to peg your tongue down.

GOLDMAN: No common ground.

O'HARE: It ain't a lack of words on your part, my dear. You always liked the young.

GOLDMAN: "Like" -- not past tense yet.

O'HARE: I smell it on you.

GOLDMAN: It used to thrill minds with my ideas. Now -- now I'm borrowing courtesies --

O'HARE: Emma Goldman, shut your goddamned mouth.

GOLDMAN: Could you say that again?

O'HARE: Shut. Your. Goddamned. Mouth. Is it working? You don't do self-pity well at all.

There's a good mind, and you're telling me you can't move it. When we were prisoned together, we bent minds a lot less supple than this one. And we did that by -- ? (*coaxing*) We did that by -- c'mon, recite after me -- by putting everything into play -- I know you know this. Every day became a classroom, hands-on, down-and-dirty. Ah, I see you remember! Nothing abstract -- everything noun/verb.

O'HARE uses the same gesture that GOLDMAN used earlier talking about her and BERKMAN: fingers linked. GOLDMAN imitates.

GOLDMAN: Noun/verb.

O'HARE: Do the same. Take her through our prison time, make her guts know, the way we had to learn, teach. The beauty of Anarchism -- show her how it's supposed to work, in real time, against real cruelty. She'll rise. Look at how diligently she works.

HANNAH looks for a paper; O'HARE hands it to her and HANNAH takes it without missing a beat, as if she had picked it up herself.

GOLDMAN moves to where O'HARE and HANNAH are, and she, too, begins to help HANNAH, handing papers, moving things, etc. The "help" becomes choreographed over the next set of lines, all three of them moving, where appropriate, in mesh.

O'HARE: Look at the attention she gives you.

GOLDMAN: Like Sasha -- concentrated.

O'HARE: Organizing, sifting, turning things into her words so she can understand.

GOLDMAN: That's what -- (*overlaps with "you did"*) -- I did.

O'HARE: (*overlaps with "I did"*) -- you did at her age. Sasha cuts your words because they are self-indulgent --

GOLDMAN: I spill all over the place --

O'HARE: -- melodrama, cheap --

GOLDMAN: -- but that's how I make up who I am --

O'HARE: -- never'd tolerate it from your beloved Ibsen.

GOLDMAN: Last act, Kate.

O'HARE: Emma, the drill: we all chalk up more wasted life than accomplished living. The trick is to make what we little we actually do, do its best.

Choreography ends.

O'HARE: Talk. To her.

GOLDMAN: Kate --

O'HARE: Nothing is over for you, Emma. You can't believe that. Talk to her.

GOLDMAN: I feel -- passed by. This book feels like a millstone against me.

O'HARE: Milestone. Talk to her. You've already laid some stones down; use them.

As O'HARE and GOLDMAN recite the following names, the women enter and stand in a semi-circle upstage.

O'HARE: Remember Indian Alice, Minnie Eddy, Evelyn L'Ariat --

GOLDMAN: Aggie Myers -- Mollie Steimer --

O'HARE: Addie and Dope Fiend. You didn't change the world with them. But you did change them, some of them, at least moved them -- stunted people who still found hope to hope after tasting your words. How much stronger your words will be with this free soul poised on some hard choices. Look at her work. On your book. The one the three of you are going to finish.

GOLDMAN: If Sasha lets me!

O'HARE: He's a sculptor, not a butcher. And he believes. Grace to you, Emma.

O'HARE joins the women upstage. GOLDMAN finds herself near HANNAH, holding a paper.

HANNAH: Do you want me to do something with that letter?

GOLDMAN: Oh, ah --

GOLDMAN puts the letter down.

GOLDMAN: Probably. Eventually. Hannah, what was I doing while you --

HANNAH: Sitting there. Just staring.

GOLDMAN: Do you have any questions?

HANNAH: Not yet. Well, yes. In this letter you mentioned two names: Indian Alice and Minnie Eddy. Who were they? Ma'am, are you all right?

GOLDMAN: Right as rain. Can you say the names again?

HANNAH: Indian Alice and Minnie Eddy.

At the mention of the names, all the WOMEN move forward to HANNAH and GOLDMAN.

GOLDMAN: Sad story, those two. They died, one from venereal disease -- you know about that?

HANNAH: Yes.

GOLDMAN: The other from -- well, she was murdered. By the prison. Starved her to death.

HANNAH: True?

GOLDMAN: In the land of the free and the home of the grave -- Kate, you're right -- this is the way --

HANNAH: Kate?

GOLDMAN: Soon enough. Sit down. I haven't finished the story yet.

HANNAH: We have all this work.

GOLDMAN: Yes, we do. We have Indian Alice and Minnie Eddy and Evelyn L'Ariat. All right. The judge has sent Sasha and I to prison --

GOLDMAN claps her hands.

GOLDMAN: -- zoom! We appeal to judges called the Supreme Court to change the decision, but nope, nope, nope. So it's off -- me to Missouri, Sasha to Atlanta, Georgia. I said that already. They opened the doors of the prison -- banged them open -- stay with me now -
- go with me --

HANNAH: I am here.

GOLDMAN links her arm with HANNAH's.

GOLDMAN: And then I stepped -- then we will step -- into hell.

Lights bump out. Music.

INTERMISSION

During the intermission, all set pieces are removed. If the director desires, he or she can set the stage in the following manner for Act II. However, if this is not possible or desired, it can be dispensed with. (NOTE: The script has been written without using this floor pattern)

Using white gaffe tape, a grid is laid down on the floor. (Masking tape or chalk can be used in a pinch, but it is not preferred.) The grid contains nine "cells." The actual measurements of the cells in Jefferson City were 8' x 7' x 8' high, but it is not necessary to make the cells actual size; smaller is better, to show the cramped lives of the prisoners. Each cell will have its own light focused on it.

Where each women is:

Back Row: *Dope Fiend (colored woman) / Addie (colored woman) / Indian Alice*

Middle Row: *Minnie Eddy / Evelyn L'Ariat / Aggie Myers*

Front Row: *Mollie Steimer / Emma Goldman / Kate O'Hare*

Other props will be brought on as needed during Act II.

Another suggestion: *In one production, the director lowered wires with clips on the end that clipped into holders on the floor that formed a large square, the "bars" (or wires) being about 2.5' apart. It was an effective way to define the prison space.*

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ACT II, Scene 1

The WOMEN enter in a line upstage and face upstage to a low, ominous music. Lights up to ghost. SOUND: the clang of eight closing steel doors in quick succession. At each "clang," each woman will turn and face the audience. Music, sound, and lights bump out. The WOMEN remain on stage.

NOTE: The first four WOMEN will be numbers 1 through 4. GOLDMAN will always be WOMAN 5. The second four WOMEN will be numbers 6 through 9.

Lights up. GOLDMAN is escorted onstage by MATRON. MATRON is carrying a folded dress, made of coarse brown muslin, and a pair of shoes. GOLDMAN carries nothing and wears no shoes. This should be played down center.

FOUR WOMEN: "Emma Goldman Arrives At Jefferson City, Missouri."

FOUR WOMEN: "A Guest Of The Federal Government."

MATRON: Stop right there.

GOLDMAN: Here? Or here?

MATRON: No lip, or I'll skin 'em both right off you. Right there. Any diseases?

GOLDMAN: Nothing to complain of -- thank you for asking. I'd like a bath and a cold drink.

MATRON: Don't fake me. Most women here delivered have it. Pigs.

GOLDMAN: And you a pearl before them.

MATRON: No lip, I'm warning you.

GOLDMAN: I don't have the clap, the critters, the pox, if that's what you mean. Heard, though, that respectable people -- even prison matrons -- can pick it up.

MATRON: Hand me your insults, but I go to my home at night.

MATRON indicates GOLDMAN's dress.

MATRON: Off with it! Now!

GOLDMAN takes off her dress and hands it to MATRON, who throws it on the floor. MATRON begins frisking her, doing it in the most degrading way possible: reaching into GOLDMAN's drawers, pawing her, etc.

MATRON: Stand still.

GOLDMAN: What are you looking for?

MATRON: Dope. Cigarettes. Anything.

GOLDMAN: I have an entire set of files up my cunt --

MATRON grabs her hair.

GOLDMAN: You should see what I have up my asshole.

MATRON jerks her around by the hair.

MATRON: Shut -- your -- gob.

MATRON finishes her inspection.

MATRON: All right, into the tub.

GOLDMAN: That?

MATRON: Required.

GOLDMAN: But you haven't cleaned the tub.

MATRON: Don't waste water here.

GOLDMAN: How many people before me?

MATRON: Ten, maybe.

GOLDMAN: I want to clean the tub.

MATRON: La-di-da.

GOLDMAN: With disinfectants.

MATRON: This ain't a hotel.

GOLDMAN: I refuse, then. I'm a nurse -- I know the "disease." I am not going to use that tub.

MATRON: Take your goddam bath!

GOLDMAN: I won't.

MATRON: I'll break you.

The next four lines overlap.

GOLDMAN: "Abandon hope --

MATRON: I'll send you to the black hole.

GOLDMAN: -- all ye who you talk with her."

MATRON: I'll send you to the black hole. You know I can --

GOLDMAN: There's a black hole --

MATRON: You know I will.

GOLDMAN: -- in your eyes.

MATRON: Do it.

GOLDMAN takes a step away from MATRON and mimes turning on the taps. She mimes scooping one handful of water and letting it run over one of her feet. She scoops a second one and lets it run over her other foot. Turns off the water.

GOLDMAN: Clean enough.

MATRON throws the prison dress at GOLDMAN.

MATRON: Put this on.

GOLDMAN: A circus tent!

MATRON: For the clown.

GOLDMAN: My -- not nearly coarse and scratchy enough!

MATRON: This ain't --

TOGETHER: -- a hotel.

GOLDMAN: The shoes.

MATRON: Feet clean enough, I guess.

GOLDMAN puts the shoes on.

MATRON: You'll get your work dress tomorrow, when you show up to the shop. Welcome to Jefferson City.

MATRON takes away GOLDMAN's dress as she exits. GOLDMAN faces the women. There is the sound of a very loud clanging door. The same ominous music as at the beginning of the scene. Lights to black except for a light on GOLDMAN.

GOLDMAN: Hannah -- my introduction to the dog guarding the gate to all the hells I had always said I wanted to destroy: cruelty, the waste of beauty, the acid of power, the fuck of injustice. I was dragged into my element -- and "my element" frightened me to my roots. Pissed off? There we were all -- guards and guarded alike -- pissed on. Everything that I believed I believed in was on the killing floor in that slaughterhouse. I stepped past the dog -- and I plunged into the abyss of the workshop.

* * * * *

ACT II, Scene 2

SOUND: The loud clang of machinery.

FOUR WOMEN: "The Workshop and The Foreman."

FOUR WOMEN & GOLDMAN: "Hell and Its Lieutenant."

The nine WOMEN kneel, equally spaced, GOLDMAN in the middle, WOMAN 1 stage right. FOREMAN enters. The clang mutes underneath his speech, audible but not disturbing. FOREMAN carries a riding crop. He walks down the line as he talks; as he passes each woman, he touches her with the crop: a hit, a caress, a mock "knight dubbing," and so on. That woman begins a rhythmic motion of some sort to indicate sewing on a machine: it can either refer to the actual articles being sewn or mimic the motion of the machine itself. Each motion should tie in to the motion before it so that by the time FOREMAN reaches the end of the line, the women look like one large machine. As he talks the machine runs faster and faster, but always in synch. Their faces are impassive.

FOREMAN: Work is a great liberator. It turns the brute earth into wealth. It gives us purpose and direction. It ennobles the soul. All of which does not apply to scum like you.

FOREMAN hits WOMAN 1, begins his walk.

FOREMAN: Your purpose is to make the "task" -- your sole purpose is "to make the task."

FOREMAN hits WOMAN 2.

FOREMAN: Sewing the collars on eighty-eight unionall jackets today, and tomorrow, and the day after that.

FOREMAN hits WOMAN 3.

FOREMAN: Doing the hems of fifty-five blue denim jumpers today, and tomorrow, and the day after that.

FOREMAN hits WOMAN 4.

FOREMAN: Eighteen dozen suspenders today, and tomorrow, and the day after that.

FOREMAN hits WOMAN 5.

FOREMAN: It's very simple: make the task or suffer. And I will make you suffer.

FOREMAN hits WOMAN 6.

FOREMAN: You know I will. I have the power. I count the jackets and decide if they're done right.

FOREMAN hits WOMAN 7.

FOREMAN: I keep the books that tell the only truth. Do you want to write that extra letter a week?

FOREMAN hits WOMAN 8.

FOREMAN: Be perfect in all regards. Do you want to make a dollar a month?

FOREMAN hits WOMAN 9.

FOREMAN: Have no imperfections in my eyes. One slip, and I will throw you down the hill like the rock of Sisyphus.

FOREMAN has reached the end of the nine women, who are now moving quite quickly in their motions.

FOREMAN: You -- will -- not -- fail! (*softer*) We understand each other.

FOREMAN exits. Sound up to full. The women continue to work faster and faster, their faces still impassive. After 10 or 15 seconds, GOLDMAN screams in pain and collapses. All the others collapse as well but without screaming. Sound cuts out; lights to black.

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ACT II, Scene 3

Light up immediately only on GOLDMAN. As GOLDMAN speaks, the WOMEN rise and begin circulating behind her: they are taking recreation in the prison yard. During GOLDMAN's lines, they should "wander" in a very patterned way that still appears aimless.

NOTE: Each "prisoner" can fashion the character in any way that seems logical: speech patterns, gestures, movements, etc. The text is merely the starting point for the creation of the character. The characters will also talk about various physical conditions, none of which will be made actual through make-up or costume.

GOLDMAN: I crumpled like paper, Hannah, all sick and knotted -- a kind doctor made me healthy enough to suffer the workshop again. And "the change" -- "the change" was ripping through me, too! Pinched and buried with hot flashes in hell! Now, there's a résumé for you!

ALL WOMEN (except GOLDMAN): "The Prisoners in the Yard."

GOLDMAN: But I was hardly at my worst -- at least my friends remembered me. Almost everyone else there -- for all anyone cared -- and they didn't -- these women were dead and forgotten. They just hadn't been shoveled into their coffins yet.

The lights come up full, harsh. GOLDMAN joins them. MINNIE EDDY, AGGIE MYERS, and INDIAN ALICE all stay on the margins. During the scene, the WOMEN are all separated, in their own worlds. By the end of the scene, they have started to come together as a group.

ADDIE: Who you be?

GOLDMAN: No one at the moment.

O'HARE: I know what she is.

GOLDMAN: Kate!

ADDIE: Yeah?

O'HARE: She's a red!

GOLDMAN: Kate Richards O'Hare -- I had heard about this --

They greet.

DOPE FIEND: She's like you, then.

O'HARE: Only the best!

DOPE FIEND: (*pronounces "ci" as "see"*) A so-ci-a-list!

O'HARE: (*pronouncing it correctly*) Socialist.

DOPE FIEND: I like being social -- but myself, I am for the blues. I don't understand this "reds" bidness at all.

GOLDMAN: A lot of people don't.

STEIMER: I know you, too.

GOLDMAN: I know you, too -- Mollie Steimer.

STEIMER: Yes.

GOLDMAN: You worked on Mother --

STEIMER: On your magazine.

GOLDMAN: The grand and glorious Mother Earth! Fierce, you were, yes -- (*to O'HARE*) -- she copy-edited like a surgeon. Like a dragon! Like a fencer! Writers trembled when she grabbed the blue pencil!

ADDIE: So you all knew each other out in the world?

O'HARE: Of each other. By reputation.

DOPE FIEND: Oooh, sounds like a cat fight to me! Come gather 'round!

GOLDMAN: But you're here?

NOTE: STEIMER always speaks with strong physical gestures.

STEIMER: Mollie Steimer, political prisoner --

STEIMER holds up two fists.

STEIMER: Zero, zero.

DOPE FIEND: Zero, zero! What's that supposed to mean?

STEIMER: It means this, my friend: I didn't get here by way of dope or baby-killing or husband-slashing or selling off my vertical smile --

L'ARIAT: That's my game.

STEIMER: None of that!

L'ARIAT: Trying some "smile" might cool you down.

STEIMER: The dishonorable Henry D. Clayton gutted me with 15 years and deportation --

STEIMER sees that DOPE FIEND does not understand the term.

STEIMER: Deportation: kicking my filthy ass back across the ocean.

DOPE FIEND: Then that's what happened to me -- my mama "deportationed" me when I was eighteen -- except it was across the river out of town.

ADDIE: We all got that boot in the butt. But you --

ADDIE mimics STEIMER's gesture.

ADDIE: -- for what?

STEIMER: You ready?

ADDIE: You're ready.

STEIMER: For handing out a leaflet --

ADDIE: That man hated you 15 years into here for a leaf?

STEIMER: For a leaflet, for paper, a piece of paper that carried ideas.

ADDIE: C'mon -- paper?

STEIMER: No dynamite, no gunpowder, only ideas -- ideas he didn't like. An idea like a bullet through his brain. Your brain. So he took me in and zeroed me out.

STEIMER makes like she's boxing.

STEIMER: Zero, zero.

DOPE FIEND: Didn't know they could do that for things like that.

GOLDMAN: I am sorry about Jacob.

DOPE FIEND: What's a "jah-cub"?

O'HARE: As am I.

STEIMER: Jacob Schwarz -- my friend.

L'ARIAT: I got friends.

STEIMER: The police shortened his sentence by beating him to death --

DOPE FIEND: Man --

STEIMER: Saved themselves some money.

ADDIE: That's harsh -- thought only black men got lynched like that.

STEIMER: We were so fucking dangerous, Emma, we were, so fucking dangerous.

GOLDMAN: It's all right, it's all right -- stay close to me, Mollie -- stay close. Kate --

ADDIE: Didn't know they could do that for something in your mind.

GOLDMAN: Oh, yes.

DOPE FIEND: I wouldn't been able to read it anyway, so my mind would've been safe.

ADDIE: I wonder if I got anything that dangerous in me?

O'HARE: We all do.

L'ARIAT: Maybe -- but the men do whatever damn well pleases them.

DOPE FIEND: Even if it don't please them, they do it.

ADDIE: And then do it again.

L'ARIAT: And again.

O'HARE: Mollie --

STEIMER: I'm fine -- I've decided to do this like a cobra. You need to spend pity, spend it on these alley cats -- something useless for the useless.

GOLDMAN: Don't let your anger --

L'ARIAT: *(to GOLDMAN)* She should give that lip a rest.

GOLDMAN: Stay by me.

L'ARIAT indicates STEIMER.

L'ARIAT: We got her sad-ass story. *(to O'HARE)* So what made you one of us useless?

O'HARE: Same thing -- words. Five years for a speech I gave.

L'ARIAT: Zero, zero, too -- come up snake-eyes and welcome to the useless! *(to STEIMER)*
Cobra -- *(dismissive)* -- yeah. *(to GOLDMAN)* And you?

GOLDMAN: Make it three -- too much talk, too big a mouth.

L'ARIAT: Big mouth, big words -- so what good has all their talking done?

GOLDMAN: I have been wondering that myself.

ADDIE: Out there, can't think -- out there, can't talk -- kinda like in here.

DOPE FIEND: You fixing to join the "politicals"?

GOLDMAN: Politicals?

ADDIE: Quit cher bitching.

STEIMER: Even prison ranks the rank.

ADDIE: They smarter than us -- they should hang together.

GOLDMAN: Kate?

O'HARE: They think because we know long words we're better.

ADDIE: You are.

GOLDMAN: Do you know me?

DOPE FIEND: Not five minutes ago, and not now.

GOLDMAN: Emma Goldman.

Holds out her hand. DOPE FIEND shakes it, looking dubious.

ADDIE: You that kind of man woman?

GOLDMAN: Because I shake her hand?

DOPE FIEND: Ain't our custom.

GOLDMAN: Don't worry -- it won't hurt.

GOLDMAN holds up her hands.

GOLDMAN: My hands are empty, I come in peace.

GOLDMAN shakes ADDIE's hand.

GOLDMAN: Emma Goldman -- people called me the most dangerous woman in America.

L'ARIAT: You?

DOPE FIEND: Out there, maybe -- all your "talk" -- but now you about as dangerous as a pair of cut-off bull balls because you are with the biggest collection of trash I ever seen -- and you ain't even talked to them three yet, the loonies -- and I set myself right in the middle.

ADDIE: Me along with you.

DOPE FIEND: We thought we couldn't get any lower than what we had for our lives.

ADDIE: But we was wrong. Addie.

DOPE FIEND: Dope Fiend.

TOGETHER: Colored women on the wrong side of Jesus and the law.

ADDIE: My man played me false. I falsified his life.

DOPE FIEND: I ate the black power of dope, and now it eats me.

ADDIE: He went to one hell. I came here.

DOPE FIEND: And when I got here, they took the dope away.

ADDIE: Her body screamed.

DOPE FIEND: Not sex, not food -- only "I want dope" kept ringing in my ears. Still.

ADDIE: And another sin -- I killed my unborn baby.

DOPE FIEND: Me, too.

ADDIE: Unwanted.

DOPE FIEND: Wanted, but not to a crazy mother.

ADDIE: Ended the life before --

DOPE FIEND: -- my life ended it.

ADDIE: They found out --

DOPE FIEND: -- and added the sin to my sentence.

ADDIE: Ten years.

DOPE FIEND: A dozen.

TOGETHER: Two colored women on the wrong side of Jesus and the law.

ADDIE: Jesus supposedly loved such as us out there.

DOPE FIEND: But in here he just ain't got the time.

TOGETHER: Amen.

ADDIE: We're all payin' for men in here, one way or another.

DOPE FIEND: Amen to that, and give me some slide.

They exchange "skin."

GOLDMAN: I want to talk with you more later. I know so little about your people.

ADDIE: Do you mean "people," like my folks, people, or a race thing?

DOPE FIEND: Give Ethiopia a rest! She big on Marcus Garvey.

GOLDMAN: Everything. I know so little -- I don't even know who Garvey is.

DOPE FIEND: Don't get her started!

ADDIE: Yeah?

GOLDMAN: Yes.

ADDIE: I'd be honored to talk.

DOPE FIEND: Well. Count me in, too. *(to EMMA)* You the first white person I seen her speak civil to without threat of a lynch behind it. Can you bottle what you got?

GOLDMAN: I didn't know I was white.

DOPE FIEND: Course you are.

ADDIE: I think maybe she ain't.

DOPE FIEND: And I think maybe you cracked.

GOLDMAN: It's all right -- we're all a little cracked.

DOPE FIEND: Some more than others.

ADDIE and DOPE FIEND move away, arguing -- they don't hear GOLDMAN speak to them. L'ARIAT hovers on the edge.

GOLDMAN: That's why we have to "stick" together -- They missed my glue pun. Mollie, Mollie, where are you -- oh, good. Mollie -- it's all here, isn't it? No different here than out there. We "politicals" have work to do.

O'HARE: Emma --

GOLDMAN: It's the only way we'll all stay intact.

O'HARE: Yes, yes -- but pay attention and listen to me. They don't care a lick about "speeches"
--

L'ARIAT: Personally, I hate being speeched to.

O'HARE: Unless we have some new way to pick the mealy bugs out of the breakfast porridge.

L'ARIAT: That would be helpful.

O'HARE: Noun/verb, Emma -- that's the only grammar. No "falutin'," high or otherwise.

GOLDMAN: Are you trying to tell me something?

STEIMER: Personally --

GOLDMAN: What? Out with it.

STEIMER: Out there -- I thought you were getting too much gas under your skirts.

GOLDMAN: You thought I was passing wind, eh?

STEIMER: Belching.

GOLDMAN: Mind-farts.

STEIMER: All those no-testicle radicals out there you hung around with --

GOLDMAN: Even Berkman?

STEIMER: He's all wool and a yard wide -- but the rest of those nannies! They should spend some time in here flicking the cockroaches off the lunch table --

L'ARIAT makes a flicking motion.

L'ARIAT: Ping!

STEIMER: It would purge a lot of their thought-crap and straighten their spines.

GOLDMAN: My next book gets dedicated to the mealy-bugs.

O'HARE: There have been worse teachers.

STEIMER: Emma -- a lot of shit here to get to the gold.

GOLDMAN: The shit is the gold, Mollie. Let's dig.

O'HARE: Lead on, McDuff.

L'ARIAT: Come here.

L'ARIAT takes GOLDMAN to MINNIE EDDY. The others trail behind.

L'ARIAT: Try to dig through this shit.

GOLDMAN: I'm Emma Goldman.

EDDY cowers at first from the outstretched hand, then, in a very tentative but decided manner, she reaches out and touches GOLDMAN on the arm. She lets her hand linger, and GOLDMAN takes her hand in both her hands and simply holds it.

EDDY: Feels good.

GOLDMAN: What's your name?

EDDY: Minnie Eddy.

GOLDMAN: Emma Goldman.

EDDY: Short for Miniver. Ugly.

GOLDMAN: It's a very nice name. Better than "Em-ma" -- like two letters of the alphabet and a grunt.

O'HARE: Or "Kate" -- like a sneeze.

STEIMER: Or -- (*overemphasizing the "ee" sound*) -- "Mollie" --

GOLDMAN: Good!

STEIMER: I always wanted -- *(in a Slavic accent)* -- a big Russian name -- like, Sophia Perovskaya.

GOLDMAN: Ah -- good choice.

STEIMER: Miniver is nice -- easy on the tongue.

STEIMER puts her hand on the coupled hands of GOLDMAN and EDDY; so does O'HARE. Momentary sharing, then GOLDMAN tries to let go of EDDY's hand.

EDDY: Don't.

EDDY looks embarrassed at her insistence and pulls her hand away. ADDIE and DOPE FIEND join the group, their argument finished. AGGIE also joins but hangs, like a frightened little dog, on the fringe; she mimes carrying a dog in her arms, petting it, but pays close attention. INDIAN ALICE stays by herself.

EDDY: Sorry. Got no right to impose. Go back to your friends.

L'ARIAT: She's cracked from floor to ceiling.

DOPE FIEND: Just the size of your own crack.

L'ARIAT: Jealous!

DOPE FIEND: Of a dry well? Ha!

GOLDMAN: We're all friends here, Miss Miniver.

GOLDMAN takes her hand back.

GOLDMAN: Tell me more.

EDDY: *(touched)* Miss Miniver.

EDDY Brings GOLDMAN slightly away from the group.

EDDY: I can never make the task.

L'ARIAT: *(loudly)* She can't make the task.

EDDY: Never.

L'ARIAT: She can't.

EDDY: My fingers get nervous, my mind rattles, my eyes wing off somewhere --

L'ARIAT: No focus!

EDDY: I already got sent to the hole once.

L'ARIAT: She makes it hard for all of us. She almost got us all sent to the hole.

ADDIE: That's true.

L'ARIAT: Think you can dig through her shit a little to make it easier for all of us? Now, that would be helpful.

DOPE FIEND: Why you fussing with this loser?

GOLDMAN: I fussed with you.

ADDIE snaps her fingers.

ADDIE: Quick! *(to DOPE FIEND)* Gotcha!

GOLDMAN: Go on.

EDDY: If I rush -- blam! all over the place. If I go slow -- behind from jump. Then the numbers start nibbling at me again. The foreman hates me --

L'ARIAT: He hates everyone.

DOPE FIEND: *(deep voice)* "Be perfect in all regards."

ADDIE: *(deep voice)* "Have no imperfections in my eyes."

DOPE FIEND: "One slip, and I will throw you down the hill like the rock of Sisyphus" -- whoever that be.

EDDY: Stop it!

L'ARIAT: Look who's piping up! *(to GOLDMAN)* That's new for her.

EDDY looks embarrassed at her outburst.

EDDY: He wants me to lick up shame, so he erases my numbers from the book. *(to the others)* Just like he does to all of you! *(again, embarrassed)* The book says everything, Miss Emma. The book has my number in it.

GOLDMAN: Is this true?

O'HARE: He does it to all of us.

STEIMER: He's all the gods boiled down to a whip.

GOLDMAN: Is it? True?

No one assents or dissents.

GOLDMAN: We've got to stop that.

DOPE FIEND: Well --

GOLDMAN: I do have lungs and a tongue -- they used to be worth shooting off.

DOPE FIEND: It don't do to push.

ADDIE: And you calling her a loser? I don't know how, but I agree with the trying.

DOPE FIEND: (*muttering*) Political.

GOLDMAN: We'll do something.

EDDY: You can't. But thanks. I'll let go now.

GOLDMAN: But don't go far.

GOLDMAN sees AGGIE MYERS.

GOLDMAN: Is that a dog?

MYERS: Yes. Can't have.

GOLDMAN: I'm just surprised to see something other than bugs and rats.

MYERS: Riggles is my baby doll. Won't beg anything for myself, but I will for him. He needs the best. The dog is good.

GOLDMAN: I'm sure it is. And who are you?

MYERS: The dog is good. Aggie Myers. It was over a card game.

GOLDMAN: Card game?

MYERS: Where's Riggles? Oh, good, good.

GOLDMAN: She's not here for a card game?

STEIMER: Murder.

GOLDMAN indicates MYERS, as if to say, "Her?"

DOPE FIEND: She started petting that -- thing the day she got here.

ADDIE: Like some hug their money.

DOPE FIEND: Like some have to breathe.

MYERS: The boarder. Yes, yes!

L'ARIAT: Now you got her ticking!

MYERS: My husband and I ran the boarding house.

L'ARIAT: "It was a card game."

MYERS: It was a card game. The boarder shouted at my husband, "You had that ace shoved up your arse!"

L'ARIAT: (*echoing*) "--shoved up your arse" -- yeah, yeah --

MYERS: I was eighteen -- what did I know about arse?

L'ARIAT: I knew all about "arse" at --

GOLDMAN gestures for her to stop.

MYERS: They fought -- cards went everywhere. They said I did it. Not me, Riggles, not me. The poker. He said I used the poker -- on my husband. Playing poker! They believed him. I was eighteen. Rope -- that's what they wanted. But I was eighteen, so they changed it to life. Life and rope. Riggles? Ah, good.

MYERS starts to wander away.

GOLDMAN: Wait!

GOLDMAN "pets" the dog.

GOLDMAN: You take good care of him.

MYERS indicates the dog.

MYERS: Life -- not rope. Yes.

MYERS goes back to the fringe.

GOLDMAN: Life or rope.

DOPE FIEND: Got no hope.

ADDIE: Tell it to the Pope!

They give each other some "slide." STEIMER, looking at GOLDMAN, indicates MYERS.

STEIMER: How do you fix that without some dynamite?

L'ARIAT: My turn.

O'HARE: And how would dynamite mend her?

L'ARIAT: My turn.

STEIMER: The Apocalypse would do us all some good -- blow away all the slime!

L'ARIAT: My turn, Red Emma.

GOLDMAN: Mollie -- "Red Emma" -- how'd you get that name?

L'ARIAT: I have heard about you. My mother went to one of your birth control lectures once.

L'ARIAT indicates herself.

L'ARIAT: Obviously, it didn't work.

GOLDMAN: Maybe she wanted you.

DOPE FIEND: Who'd want her?

L'ARIAT: Hard to tell who wanted what in my family. Dad kept slinging it in, and Mom just kept slinging 'em out. I acquired a taste for the "slinging in." Hey, do you like my name?

GOLDMAN: What is your name?

L'ARIAT: Evelyn L'Ariat. L-A-R-I-A-T. The streetwalker "lariat" -- wrap that noose around 'em and pull 'em in! I just Frenchified it a little with that --

L'ARIAT makes an "apostrophe" with her finger.

L'ARIAT: -- to make it stand out. But not much trade in here, at least in what I like.

DOPE FIEND: A streetwalker with no street.

L'ARIAT: But I should be out soon -- I ain't worried.

ADDIE: You know they're worried when they say they ain't worried.

L'ARIAT: All right, then -- maybe a little.

DOPE FIEND: Maybe a lot.

L'ARIAT: See, my "sin" -- my "crime" -- was that I decided I could keep a little more of the money if I slipped around on my own.

DOPE FIEND: Uh-huh.

L'ARIAT: But the big hairy power boys said no, no, no. You have to split it with protector, police, and plug-ugly politicians (all of 'em got limp firehoses). So they faked me up on a charge of rolling a customer to teach me a lesson.

L'ARIAT snaps her fingers.

L'ARIAT: Small lesson, small potatoes -- I'm as taught as I'm going to get. A week more, tops.

EDDY: She's been saying that for a month now.

L'ARIAT: The ghost speaks! *(to GOLDMAN)* You gave her a tongue back. Yeah, so it's been a month -- time moves different in here.

GOLDMAN: I was a streetwalker once.

STEIMER: You?

GOLDMAN: For a night.

L'ARIAT: Pick up my jaw!

O'HARE: Really?

GOLDMAN: For Sasha -- *(to the others)* -- for my companion Sasha. Alexander Berkman.

O'HARE: The Frick assassination!

GOLDMAN: Attempted.

L'ARIAT: You're hooked up with an assassinator?

GOLDMAN: He needed money for a -- project.

O'HARE: Mr. Berkman tried to kill a very rich and powerful man.

L'ARIAT: That's a good project.

STEIMER: Very good.

GOLDMAN: He needed money. So I was going to earn it on my back -- just for a night. To get money for a gun and a train ticket.

STEIMER: So what happened?

GOLDMAN: The first man -- the only man -- I picked up --

L'ARIAT: Too much talking with the wrong lips!

GOLDMAN: He took me to a saloon, bought me a beer, gave me \$10, and told me to give it up because I obviously didn't have the stomach -- or the skill. (I thought I had a little!) I never learned his name. I got \$10 more from my sister, and Sasha was on his way.

L'ARIAT: So you never actually did it?

GOLDMAN: Not in trade. But plenty of other times.

L'ARIAT: No wonder you were big on birth control.

GOLDMAN: I hope you do get out soon.

L'ARIAT: Matter of minutes. Days at the most. A week, tops.

MYERS: Riggles thinks it's going to be longer.

GOLDMAN: I don't doubt it for a moment.

L'ARIAT: What does a dog know?

Everyone looks at ALICE COX.

GOLDMAN: What?

O'HARE: Be careful of her. Syphilitic.

L'ARIAT: She's got a lock on the pox.

GOLDMAN: I thought so -- The modern leprosy. She doesn't have much time left, does she?

STEIMER: Dying seems to be the only thing she's good at.

GOLDMAN: We'd all live better if we were better at dying. (to COX) You. Yes, you. Hello. Hello.

COX tries to avoid her.

COX: Unclean.

GOLDMAN: No, no -- just sick. Don't go away --

COX: Stay away. The worm is in me.

GOLDMAN: I am a nurse -- I trained in Europe. You know what it is you have?

COX: Punishment.

GOLDMAN: No, you're just sick, not evil.

COX: Evil is as evil's been done to me.

GOLDMAN: Do you have a name?

L'ARIAT: Go on, tell her -- we've all told her ours.

COX: Alice Cox. Stay away.

EDDY: Indian Alice.

GOLDMAN: What -- The word, Miss Miniver? Her people?

EDDY: Tribe.

GOLDMAN: What tribe?

COX: Forgotten. I am only this.

GOLDMAN: No.

COX: That is all I am.

GOLDMAN: No.

COX: But not always.

GOLDMAN: No.

COX: Not until they found the gold. It turned their blood black, their eyes black, their hearts --
He wanted me to take him to his claim, up the river, in the canoe. I did. But he hit me,
hard, hit me again and again --

L'ARIAT: I know about that.

COX: And he dug into me like digging into the ground. So I killed him. I remember that. But his
gold fever got all up inside me. They chained me and let it eat me inside.

STEIMER: It's been eleven years, Emma.

ADDIE: Sometimes her clothes get so stiff from the open sores --

DOPE FIEND: They rattle when she walks.

EDDY: I can hear her coming down the hall.

MYERS: Riggles cries for her.

COX: (*with sudden clarity*) There was a time when life was not like this.

GOLDMAN: It can come again.

COX: When I die, life will not be like this. I will remember all the shining faces.

COX loses the clarity.

COX: I am what greed does.

GOLDMAN: No. No. I'll try to help. I'm a nurse -- *(to the others)* -- I cannot believe that they --

O'HARE: There's nothing you can do.

COX, again, with clarity.

COX: Nothing's left, Emma.

*The WOMEN should be in close proximity to each other, a tableau of less separation than at the beginning of the scene if not yet real connection. GOLDMAN looks at each of them as the sound of the workshop machines comes up. As the sound gets **very** loud, they all break from the group and go to their workshop positions, doing their machine motions.*

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ACT II, Scene 4

FOREMAN enters with a STAGEHAND dressed in vest, suit, watch chain, etc.: the garb of a businessman. As they walk down the line, they argue.

WOMEN: *(shouting over the noise)* "The Workshop."

The machine sounds dim to underscoring.

FOREMAN: I've got them working as fast as they can work.

MAN: Production is not enough.

FOREMAN: Things aren't entirely in my hands.

MAN: Your balls are in my hand. I don't want excuses.

FOREMAN: I don't work for you -- I work for the state of Missouri.

MAN: You don't work for me? All you slaves work for me.

During the next lines, the women bark out the name of the company for whom they're making the garment. As they do so, they mime holding up an article of clothing. MAN pushes WOMAN 9 over so she is on all fours, and he sits on her as if

on a chair. The machine continues. MAN takes out a cigar and lights it -- it should actually be lit.

WOMAN 1: Defiance brand, Omaha, Nebraska.

FOREMAN pushes WOMAN 8 over and sits as well.

MAN: Boy, you're just a gear in the machine of profit.

WOMAN 2: Great Western, Minneapolis, Minnesota.

FOREMAN: I ain't a boy.

MAN: Let me sketch out the machine to you.

MAN rises. WOMAN 9 pops back to upright, continuing her machine motion.

WOMAN 9: S.J. Kacere, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

MAN: Twenty-six hundred inmates --

WOMEN 7, 6, 5, and 4 bend over at the waist. He walks on their backs as he talks. As he passes over each one, she pops back up and continues the machine. If the spacing is such that he can't walk from one to the next easily, FOREMAN will scuttle between each woman to provide the bridge. In any case, FOREMAN rises and walks along with him. WOMAN 8 pops back up and continues with the motion.

NOTE: If there is a concern about this action, then substitute any stage picture which gets across the notion of "making a profit off their backs."

WOMAN 8: Lincoln Jobbing House, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

MAN: And what do they do all day?

WOMAN 7: The Iron Brand, Des Moines, Iowa.

MAN: Nothing! Because they're discarded and useless and we can't hang everyone.

WOMAN 6: Sampson Brand, San Francisco, CA.

MAN: A mighty burden on the sovereign taxpayer. So in steps me -- the businessman savior!

FOREMAN: The bloodsucker.

MAN hits FOREMAN. MAN should be on WOMAN 4 by now.

MAN: Know your betters, asshole.

WOMAN 5: Magnet Brand, Los Angeles, CA.

MAN: If it weren't for me, you'd be on some shithole farm cracking corn and eating locusts.

He steps off her.

WOMAN 4: Smith, Follett, and Crowl, Fargo, North Dakota.

MAN pushes WOMEN 1 and 2 over; MAN and FOREMAN sit.

MAN: The state, in its infinite wisdom, sells these degenerates to me. The profit is all "velvet" because I don't have to wipe their asses -- you all do that work for me. But we have a problem.

FOREMAN: Not enough production.

MAN: You are learning quickly.

FOREMAN: Not enough "velvet."

MAN: Kerrect!

They rise. WOMEN 1 and 2 pop up and continue the machine. The two men in a weaving pattern among the women. The two strands of dialogue overlap.

WOMEN

WOMAN 9: These men make money

WOMAN 1: off our hands

WOMAN 8: or off our backs.

WOMAN 2: Fucked either way.

WOMAN 7: We're nothing but a sponge

WOMAN 3: for them to squeeze dry.

WOMAN 6: Same old story.

WOMAN 4: Slavery never ended.

WOMAN 5: This must end now

FOREMAN / MAN

FOREMAN: But the machines are old --

MAN: So fix 'em quicker.

FOREMAN: They're lazy.

MAN: Punish 'em more.

FOREMAN: It'll kill 'em.

MAN: We'll get fresh meat.

FOREMAN: There's a limit. There's a limit!

MAN grinds his cigar in FOREMAN's hand.

MAN: That's where you're wrong. The only limit is in your imagination. Be imaginative. I have faith in you.

FOREMAN grips his hand in agony as the MAN exits. There is a beat as the women work with the machine sound underscoring and FOREMAN watches them in his pain. The sound of the machine rapidly gets louder as FOREMAN becomes more and more enraged looking at the women until his rage and the sound peaks. He screams at them, a loud inarticulate howl, and the sound bumps out abruptly. FOREMAN exits. The machine continues "working" in silence.

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ACT II, Scene 5

GOLDMAN: "On The Nature of Proportionate Punishment"

ALL: "A Treatise."

MINNIE EDDY collapses from exhaustion. The machine stops. FOREMAN enters, hand bandaged. GOLDMAN goes to EDDY.

GOLDMAN: She needs help.

FOREMAN: She's a sneak.

GOLDMAN: She's sick. Any idiot can see that.

FOREMAN: I'm not an idiot, so I don't see it. She's already cost me plenty. She's gonna pay back.

EDDY stirs.

FOREMAN: Back to your machine!

EDDY sees GOLDMAN.

EDDY: Like a knife behind my ears.

FOREMAN: Get up, you bitch!

GOLDMAN: Watch your tongue!

FOREMAN: Do you want the hole, too?

GOLDMAN: I want you to act like a decent human being!

FOREMAN: In this place?

GOLDMAN: Anywhere.

FOREMAN: A luxury. This worthless scrap has never made the task. Guard!

STAGEHAND enters, a prison GUARD.

FOREMAN: Chuck her in the hole. Might as well finish it off.

GOLDMAN: You can't do that!

FOREMAN: Can -- and will. With pleasure.

ADDIE stands.

ADDIE: We need her to help us all make the task.

DOPE FIEND stands.

DOPE FIEND: We'll give her a hand. Two hands.

MYERS: Don't take her to the hole.

FOREMAN: *(to GOLDMAN)* What've you been doing?

STEIMER: I will help her make the task.

L'ARIAT: Well, hell -- I got two hands that can work with all of yours.

O'HARE: We know how important it is to you for us all to make the task.

COX stands, remaining silent, but fixes her look on FOREMAN.

O'HARE: The task -- the task is what's important.

FOREMAN: *(to GOLDMAN)* You've been making them think too hard -- all of you thinking too hard! -- and you've bitched it for them making them think they got hope. Them? Stopping me? That'll be the day.

The GUARD takes EDDY roughly from GOLDMAN and starts to walk. The WOMEN all take one step closer to each other, as if to block the GUARD's way.

FOREMAN: The hole has a never-ending appetite, my sweeties. Dope Fiend, Addie -- all of you. I know your privileges. I know your hungers. Red Emma here -- she's just piss on a hot stove. Ssssst! I'm here for a long, long time. *(to the GUARD)* Go.

Once again the GUARD moves to go. The WOMEN don't break immediately, but they have heard FOREMAN, and after a moment's hesitation, they step back.

EDDY: Thank you. Bless you.

The GUARD brings EDDY center stage. The WOMEN except GOLDMAN become the "hole," kneeling on the floor on three sides with their backs to EDDY. The GUARD roughly puts EDDY in the cell; GUARD and FOREMAN exit.

GOLDMAN: The hole, Hannah. The last circle of the last circle of hell. A coffin without last rites. The poor frightened broken child. A thin mattress, damp floor, moldy bread, rancid water -- all for her crime of not making enough "velvet."

GOLDMAN joins them. The following lines should be underscored by discordant music or sound.

EDDY: So cold. My bones -- melt. Can't eat the bread. The rats get it. The numbers. Like the rats -- nibble, nibble, nibble. Ahhhh! I am a good girl, I am. No harm to anyone. Always quiet. Quiet, quiet. Shhh! I can hear their claws. Let me out of here! I'll work hard, I will. I promise. I'll make the numbers. Quiet, quiet. Shhh! They're singing -- I can hear their squeals. Little pips, little squeaks. So tiny. Let me go! Let me -- ahhh! I am a good girl! I'll work hard! I'll do the task!

EDDY stops.

EDDY: Become one of them, I will -- hard little paws, brown fur. They can move anywhere they want. Up. Down. Out. Out. Out. I have always been a good girl. I have always been a good girl.

Music/sound out. There is a moment of complete rest and silence as EDDY slumps inside the cell. The WOMEN pivot to face her, still kneeling on the floor. As they speak, EDDY comes to consciousness and stands with an air of calm, and for the first time she looks like a full human being. Then, in a coordinated move, the WOMEN rise at the same time and speak.

COX: Two to 15 days was usually the limit.

ADDIE: *(echoing)* The limit.

L'ARIAT: They kept her twenty-one.

MYERS: Not always bread every day.

ALL: The rats were angry then.

O'HARE: I wrote to the warden, but he wouldn't interfere.

ADDIE: One of the earth's wasted.

DOPE FIEND: *(echoing)* Wasted.

STEIMER: The man always disposes.

GOLDMAN: They let her out for Thanksgiving.

ALL: Giving thanks.

DOPE FIEND: They shoulda just cut her throat.

COX & L'ARIAT: She hadn't eaten for so long --

ADDIE & STEIMER: -- she filled her gut with that questionable food --

O'HARE & DOPE FIEND: -- it was like she'd taken the hole inside her --

GOLDMAN & MYERS: -- and it cut through her like glass.

GOLDMAN: That night.

DOPE FIEND: *(echoing)* That night.

O'HARE: In her cell.

ADDIE: *(echoing)* Her cell.

L'ARIAT: Her insides --

L'ARIAT & COX: Rotted with --

COX: The food that couldn't nourish --

MYERS: Her stomach burst --

STEIMER: And her heart gave up --

ALL: Her heart gave out.

As GOLDMAN steps forward to speak, EDDY suddenly crumples and falls into their arms. They bear her offstage repeating the following chant.

ALL: Minnie -- Eddy -- will work -- no more
Minnie -- Eddy -- stands on -- the shore
Death -- takes -- her by -- the arm
And Death -- will shield -- her from -- all harm.

GOLDMAN: The matron threw cold water on her, slapped her several times, and told her to get off the floor. She never summoned the doctor. She died the next day, rotted from the inside out, poisoned without remorse.

GOLDMAN finishes; the chant finishes. Lights go to a single downlight on GOLDMAN, who curls into a fetal position in the "hole." Lights out.

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ACT II, Scene 6

The sound of the workshop machine. The women come in and take their places and start the machine motion. MATRON stands at attention, watching everyone. EDDY will join the work line, but she is clearly a spirit -- this should be indicated by some simple change, such as a wearing a white dress. She moves at her own pace in the machine -- she is no longer part of that rhythm. EDDY will float through the remaining prison scenes, reacting as she chooses to the events. Lights up.

WOMEN (odd numbers): "A Bit of Defiance"

WOMEN (even numbers): "In the Alliance."

MATRON: Si-lence! You know the rules. No talking while you work.

The women speak in loud whispers.

O'HARE: I got the chewing gum.

GOLDMAN: So did I.

L'ARIAT: Did you hear that? Gum!

MATRON: I said si-lence! I mean si-lence!

ADDIE: She's such a cow.

STEIMER: At least a real cow gives milk.

DOPE FIEND: Her titties is pretty useless.

MATRON: I see you moving your lips. If you're moving your lips, you're talking, and I don't want anyone talking!

MYERS: I'm not talking! They'll take Riggles!

COX: I can't feel my teeth.

MATRON walks among them, and as she walks she does a little something to each one, except EDDY, just to annoy the person and assert her power: a flick of the ear, etc.

MATRON: I told you I didn't want to see any talking. You know the rules: complete silence.

L'ARIAT: Lick me.

MATRON: What? Who said that?

L'ARIAT smiles, shrugs. The next comments are done so that they are said when MATRON has her back turned. MATRON can never catch the culprit, but she increases her petty punishments, hitting people at random. She can intersperse such lines as "I'm warning you" or "You'll get yours."

ADDIE: Dried-up left tit.

DOPE FIEND: Dried-up right tit.

MYERS: Dog -- shit.

COX: Pus.

STEIMER: Thug.

ADDIE: (*pronounced "hor-NEE" with a pig squeal*) Horn-y!

COX: Seal fat.

DOPE FIEND: Queer.

MYERS: Woof!

L'ARIAT: Lick me.

MATRON: Enough! One more, and you're all in the hole. I will bury you, just like that sniveling little bitch Minnie Eddy!

They fall silent, knowing she can and will make good on her threat. They continue working.

MATRON: Better. Much better. Break!

The women stand wearily. The machine sounds stop. GOLDMAN and O'HARE consult.

O'HARE: Should we?

GOLDMAN: We should.

They walk down the line handing out chewing gum (mimed). At first they give a piece or two to each person, but something happens: they all look at each other chewing and enjoying it, and they start to smile. O'HARE indicates, "Would you like some more?", and they all nod yes. So, with a wink at each other, GOLDMAN and O'HARE start handing out more until people are chewing gum like cud and laughing -- all silently. MATRON bellows.

MATRON: Break over!

The women go back to work, chewing madly, with a smile. Machine sounds begin.

MATRON: I can see your lips moving. What did I tell you?

She gets off her box and walks down to the line and leans over each of them as if to catch them saying something. But they don't say a word, just chew, exaggeratedly, and smile. MATRON is exasperated.

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ACT II, Scene 7

FOREMAN enters. He is still wearing his bandage. Machine sound stops; the women stop. He reads a letter, evidently with some distaste. He finishes, looks at MATRON, then crumples it and puts it in his pocket.

ALL WOMEN: "The Taming of the Shrew."

FOREMAN goes to L'ARIAT and pulls her from the line. The other women stand. MATRON motions: machine sounds out.

FOREMAN: Pretty lady.

He traces the outline of her body with his crop as he talks and circles her.

FOREMAN: Do you believe in the Lord?

L'ARIAT: *(nervous laugh)* Depends on what he's willing to pay.

FOREMAN: Do you believe in the Lord?

L'ARIAT: It's not necessary in my line of work.

GOLDMAN: The young prostitutes, Hannah, were sent there by their masters.

FOREMAN: Do you believe in sin?

GOLDMAN: If they became too independent.

L'ARIAT: I believe in sin if people'll pay for it.

FOREMAN: Do you believe in an immortal soul?

GOLDMAN: A whore can't be allowed to think for herself.

L'ARIAT: I only have a soul in the dark late at night.

FOREMAN: Do you believe in forgiveness?

L'ARIAT: Live and let live.

FOREMAN: Such innocence.

GOLDMAN: So they break them.

FOREMAN: Unfortunately, your protector can't afford to be so generous. Or patient.

L'ARIAT: So I guess not my "protector" anymore.

FOREMAN: Never was to begin with.

GOLDMAN rushes into the scene, speaks to FOREMAN.

GOLDMAN: Sorry. Sorry. Evelyn, we need you in the shop. The break's over.

FOREMAN: Get out of here again.

GOLDMAN: I will, sir, yes, in a moment, as soon as I get Evelyn back to work.

GOLDMAN looks at MATRON.

GOLDMAN: The matron is getting angry. C'mon, Evelyn.

GOLDMAN takes her by the arm. FOREMAN shoves GOLDMAN away, barks at MATRON.

FOREMAN: Take your break. Go on!

GOLDMAN looks at MATRON, who hesitates, then exits.

FOREMAN: I told you to get away.

The other WOMEN move in.

FOREMAN: Oh, Christ, not again!

L'ARIAT: Emma's right -- I should go back to work.

FOREMAN: You are not going anywhere anymore. You, you sow --

FOREMAN pushes GOLDMAN again.

FOREMAN: You have business of your own to mind. So do all of you.

DOPE FIEND: We know what you're gonna to do her.

ADDIE: You know, don't you?

L'ARIAT: Occupational hazard.

GOLDMAN: What?

FOREMAN: All of you shut up.

DOPE FIEND: They brand her.

GOLDMAN: Brand her?

ADDIE: Hot coals.

MYERS: Everywhere.

GOLDMAN: Is that true?

FOREMAN: A useless whore needs to be made useless.

GOLDMAN: You'd do that?

FOREMAN: I don't have a choice.

GOLDMAN: Who told you to do that?

STEIMER: There's always a choice about being a bastard.

GOLDMAN: Who told you to do that?

ADDIE: Maybe he was just born a bastard.

MYERS: Born a bastard.

FOREMAN: Shut up.

MYERS: Sorry.

DOPE FIEND: Under a dark star.

ADDIE: From a black hole.

FOREMAN: *(to GOLDMAN)* I don't answer to you. *(to L'ARIAT)* And no more shit from your "comrades." Let's go.

GOLDMAN: You can't do this.

FOREMAN: You have no idea what you're talking about.

GOLDMAN: I know exactly what I'm talking about.

L'ARIAT: It's going to be all right.

FOREMAN: Not unless you got the second coming of Christ coming right now.

GOLDMAN: I know exactly what I'm talking about, and I'm not moving. Goons like you are like farts at a bean dinner: no big deal.

STEIMER: Damn ripe.

ADDIE: Damn straight.

MYERS: Damn him to hell -- oh --

GOLDMAN: I don't care who told you to do what you're going to do. No real man -- no real man -- bends over like that for anyone anytime. No real man shits his pants and calls it gold.

FOREMAN, with L'ARIAT in tow, goes to move out. GOLDMAN stands in his way. He goes to move around her, and again is blocked when STEIMER links her arm through GOLDMAN's. Each time FOREMAN moves, two WOMEN link arms (this includes EDDY). Even COX is part of this action, though she stands apart, afraid of infecting someone. Their "resistance" is completely without confrontation or violence, even when he threatens to strike them. It extends what they did when he came for EDDY. Finally he comes back to GOLDMAN.

FOREMAN: You. Will. Not.

FOREMAN forces GOLDMAN to the ground and takes L'ARIAT. STEIMER kneels to help GOLDMAN.

L'ARIAT: Emma, it's all right. Looks like I'm going to be here longer than a week, tops.

As they exit, the WOMEN follow until they cannot go any farther.

DOPE FIEND: (to GOLDMAN) They have a special room.

ADDIE: Handcuffs hanging from the ceiling.

STEIMER: No!

ADDIE: Hang 'em high!

MYERS: Burn them.

STEIMER: No!

COX: Blister them to death -- I know --

STEIMER: Get this out of my head!

O'HARE: It will never leave.

STEIMER: Get it out! Get it out!

GOLDMAN goes to comfort STEIMER. Suddenly, MYERS grabs the palm of her right hand, holding it up as if it has been burned. DOPE FIEND grabs her left breast in pain. ADDIE grabs her left palm in pain. COX grabs her right breast in pain. STEIMER puts her hands over her face in pain. O'HARE grabs her stomach in pain. All of them, including GOLDMAN, then put their hands over their crotches in pain and collapse to the floor. They look at one another in astonishment; EDDY watches in great sorrow. The branding is done. MATRON enters and sees them. Lights to black.

NOTE: Do not use screams to show the pain but other vocalizations: grunts, a word, etc.

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ACT II, Scene 8

In the darkness, a hymn or some kind of religious music is played. The WOMEN stand, including EDDY and L'ARIAT. While L'ARIAT shows no physical injury, she should now act as if she is injured and disfigured. The GUARD, now dressed as the PREACHER, stands on the "cell" and preaches. FOREMAN stands next to him with a variety of accouterments that the PREACHER will use. Comments from the WOMEN will intersperse the sermons. Music dims to underscoring.

WOMEN 1-4: "The Snows Of Mercy"

WOMEN 5-9: "Fall On All Mankind."

Lights up.

PREACHER: In this season of Our Lord's birth, we should give thanks for the lives his love has given us.

GOLDMAN: The preachers, Hannah. What a rack of rancid Lamb of God. They wafted through like skunk cabbage.

PREACHER: You are fallen women, deep in sin, but God loves you still.

ADDIE: Back-handed way of showing it.

PREACHER now wears the miter of a bishop.

PREACHER: Through confession and honest sorrow for your sins, Jesus, who died on the cross for you, will bring you eternal life.

STEIMER: J.P. Morgan dumped them into the gutter, you crack-faced eunuch.

PREACHER now wears the hat of the Salvation Army.

PREACHER: Join the army of God and fight as a soldier for Christ.

L'ARIAT holds up the palms of her hands.

L'ARIAT: Where was the Celestial General when they branded me?

PREACHER now wears the hat of a country preacher.

PREACHER: Scarlet whores of Babylon! He will burn your flesh in his righteousness!

L'ARIAT holds up her hands again.

L'ARIAT: My flesh already burns. Why does he blame me?

PREACHER now wears a heavy gold cross.

PREACHER: The Light of God is Love. We must rise to the apotheosis of his expectations for our goodness.

ALL: What?

PREACHER: I mean, God guides us through the hurly-burly of the warp and woof of our tangled lives.

EDDY: He needs to be shot in the head twice a day to before he can know anything.

PREACHER now wears a flowered hat.

PREACHER: And we at the Ethical Society --

O'HARE: She's never slept with vermin.

PREACHER: -- want you to know --

ADDIE: Never had to make task.

PREACHER: -- that the uplift of your souls --

MYERS: I only love Riggles!

PREACHER: -- is what prompts us to dispel your ignorance.

DOPE FIEND: She clearly ain't got nothing goin' on underneath her hat or her skirts.

FOREMAN helps the PREACHER down and they exit.

WOMEN 1-3: The prison punishes the sinner --

WOMEN 4-6: The Church punishes the sin --

WOMEN 7-9: They both do it forever.

GOLDMAN: What a --

On GOLDMAN's next line, the four pairs of WOMEN do a choreographed dance step together, like a minuet.

GOLDMAN: Perfect pas de deux.

Lights change. They are in the yard.

ADDIE: Man, I hate those frog-faced mumblers. Father Dill-Pickle.

O'HARE: Reverend Apple Dumpling.

MYERS: Preacher Blinky Milk.

STEIMER: Elder Cream Puff.

COX: Deacon Pie-Face.

DOPE FIEND: Lady Bite-Me.

GOLDMAN: All your names have to do with eating!

L'ARIAT: I bet you even Jesus wouldn't come here.

GOLDMAN: He's already here.

O'HARE: Why, Emma -- I never heard you say a good thing about religion!

ADDIE: You made a buck talkin' down religious? Sign me up! I always hated the feelin' of rope around my neck.

GOLDMAN: *(to O'HARE)* Don't get your hopes up. Christ was a bootlicker. *(to ADDIE)* "Talkin' down religious" is easy -- the Bibble --

DOPE FIEND: The Bibble!

GOLDMAN: -- is the stupidest book ever written.

O'HARE: A bootlicker.

GOLDMAN: Without a doubt.

O'HARE: I have felt Christ more here in this cesspit than I have anywhere.

ADDIE: Hissy fight on the rise.

GOLDMAN: I'm not surprised -- he likes the low places.

MYERS: God exists -- look at Riggles!

COX: He walks around at night and heals us. Some of us. I don't deserve it.

GOLDMAN: Stop that! *(to O'HARE)* What have you been feeding them?

O'HARE shrugs her shoulders good-naturedly.

O'HARE: Comes right out of their own needs.

GOLDMAN indicates COX.

GOLDMAN: Do any more of you believe what she said?

L'ARIAT: I've been crucified -- why not?

STEIMER: Emma, this might not be a good idea.

ADDIE: I don't believe the crud-ups that come and talk to us, but I always been taught that Jesus loved the trash. That's surely, surely us, ain't it?

MYERS: Jesus the bringer of light!

O'HARE: I couldn't agree more. Jesus the Man, that is. He'd never like Deacon Pie-Face. All his friends came from the "trash" -- *(to ADDIE)* -- you're right -- and he grabbed his Apostles from the low places.

GOLDMAN: Kate, stop, stop it, please!

ADDIE: The politicals got a contention goin'!

GOLDMAN: Jesus was a slavemaster! All right there in his own words!

STEIMER: Emma --

L'ARIAT: Let 'em go. It passes the time.

O'HARE: He spoke truth to power.

GOLDMAN: He spoke -- (hesitating) -- shit.

ADDIE: Yee-haw!

GOLDMAN: I can see it now. Everybody, just look at it with me. This scraggly bearded tumbleweed blown in from the desert tells anybody he can round up they have to wait until the kingdom is at hand -- but in the meantime they're going to have to suffer -- and old Pilate giving him the thumbs-up -- go Jesus! -- because that's exactly the plan the Romans have in mind: make 'em wait and make 'em suffer.

COX & MYERS: What?

ADDIE: I get it!

GOLDMAN: Simple, simple point. Follow me on this, Kate. The Sermon on the Mount?

ADDIE: All them "Blesseds."

GOLDMAN: Remember any?

L'ARIAT: Blessed are the meek --

GOLDMAN: -- for they shall inherit the earth.

GOLDMAN indicates all of them.

GOLDMAN: Well, my fellow meek, any of you have a deed in your hands?

DOPE FIEND: I got cockroaches and rat bites.

O'HARE: You know that wasn't the spirit of --

GOLDMAN: Why tell people they'll get a cut of the action -- *(to DOPE FIEND)* -- see, I got your lingo! -- a cut if they turn both cheeks? The last thing the meek need is to be more meek! It's all been stolen from them because they've been busy --

GOLDMAN turns her head back and forth.

GOLDMAN: -- turning their cheeks.

MYERS: Blessed are they that hunger -- that hunger --

GOLDMAN: Kate?

O'HARE: *(with a slight exasperation)* And thirst for righteousness, for they shall be filled.

GOLDMAN: *(overlapping)* -- for they shall be filled, thank you. Okay, how?

COX: How what?

GOLDMAN: How? How are all these righteously hungry people going to get filled while the meek are busy turning their cheeks --

GOLDMAN turns her head back and forth again.

GOLDMAN: -- and the Romans sitting there with all the guns, so to speak? Our Christ-boy was long on advice, short on follow-through.

MYERS: What do you think, Riggles?

GOLDMAN: And you don't get to enjoy anything here! "For great is your reward in heaven." Couldn't he advance you a loan, just a little --

DOPE FIEND: A loan!

GOLDMAN: -- so that none of you would have to break your back for a wage or a trick?

ADDIE: Go down, Moses!

STEIMER: Emma -- your audience.

GOLDMAN pauses for a moment, caught up in her own rhythm, and slowly looks at all of them.

GOLDMAN: You're right. *(to O'HARE)* She's right. Well, enough. You get my point: I don't like what he teaches. Just look at us -- we've done what we've done -- do you see evil sinners, eternal damnation? I don't. The only good thing he ever said -- love each other. We could all do more of that.

O'HARE: I'll agree there.

COX comes up to GOLDMAN and holds out a hand.

COX: Love me?

Without a hesitation, GOLDMAN places her left palm against COX's right palm.

GOLDMAN: Especially you, Indian Alice

L'ARIAT puts her right palm against COX's left palm.

L'ARIAT: We're both branded.

MYERS puts one hand against L'ARIAT's hand, one hand clutching the dog.

MYERS: I got no one left.

O'HARE puts a hand on MYERS' shoulder, and holds out her other hand.

O'HARE: Links have all sorts of metal in them.

ADDIE joins.

ADDIE: I have to believe somethin'. Might as well be you.

STEIMER joins.

STEIMER: I believe in circles -- and enough goddam ammunition for everyone.

DOPE FIEND joins.

DOPE FIEND: First time in a long while I ain't got the hungers.

As DOPE FIEND's hand goes to join GOLDMAN's, EDDY steps in between them so their hands join across her back. There are several beats of silence, then the heavy sound of bells signaling the end of recreation. The women file off.

O'HARE: Just be sure to disinfect that hand. And Evelyn's.

GOLDMAN: I believe in science as well as solidarity! Come help me.

They link arms and leave. Lights out.

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ACT II, Scene 9

Music: something Celtic/Christmas. GOLDMAN enters; lights up on GOLDMAN as she moves around the stage. She should move into and out of nine pools of light, her gestures implying that she is leaving and paying a kind of last tribute in the individual cells of her cellmates. The cell lights cross fade as she leaves one and enters another.

GOLDMAN: We had a rollicking Christmas, Hannah. I had my friends send me bracelets, earrings, necklaces, brooches -- we doubled the value of Woolworth's stock! While they were at the movies on Christmas eve, Mollie, Kate, and I divvied up and with the help of a floor matron we played Santa, slipping into the cells, aprons stuffed with goods. And when they returned -- the place echoed like a nursery. On a day celebrating a birth in a place of death, they received a momentary pardon. The true solstice had arrived.

Music out.

GOLDMAN: Troubling news about Sasha: solitary confinement, stripped of all privileges, starved. I was afraid they would disassemble him. He had already suffered fourteen years of the prison grind for Frick; even Christ only had to last three days.

The WOMEN enter; lights come up to full. STEIMER and O'HARE carry on the clothes that GOLDMAN had worn at the top of the act, with the addition of an overcoat. The rest of the WOMEN set up GOLDMAN's office at St. Tropez while GOLDMAN changes her clothes and puts on the overcoat. The director should find a simple, stylized way for the WOMEN to have a final tableau of farewell and a graceful exit where indicated.

GOLDMAN: Odd to leave -- friendships and more forged there. People had died, dissolved -- and we had defied it as best we could -- all of them now my comrades -- hopefully each other's comrades -- some "noun/verbs" left behind for possible bloom. Reds, blues -- it was all colors. The one commandment from the bearded man seemed to work -- for a little while, at least.

Dressing GOLDMAN should be finished.

GOLDMAN: And as much as I could I even spared some grief -- not much, mind you -- for the bullies and brown-noses. Love thy enemy, Hannah, as you said. We said goodbye --

The tableau is finished.

GOLDMAN: -- and the river of the world broke us apart and took us all away.

WOMEN exit.

GOLDMAN: I have missed them always. But nothing could make me breathe that air a breath longer than demanded. Besides, the government had plans. They had buried us; now, they dug us up and got ready to throw us away.

Lights change.

GOLDMAN: A small, bare room on Ellis Island. After the deportation hearing.

A STAGEHAND enters as HARRY WEINBERGER, their attorney; coat and bowler and carrying a leather satchel, from which he takes papers and pencils. BERKMAN enters in an overcoat. GOLDMAN joins him. They each pull knit caps out of the pockets and put them on. WEINBERGER and BERKMAN stand. GOLDMAN sits and reads one of the papers. WEINBERGER has just finished saying something.

GOLDMAN: Harry, don't.

WEINBERGER: We could always --

GOLDMAN: Mr. Weinberger, Mr. Weinberger, as our "attorney of record," we know exactly your arguments.

GOLDMAN indicates the three of them.

GOLDMAN: Our hips have been glued too long for a surprise.

GOLDMAN turns to BERKMAN.

GOLDMAN: Sasha, you've read this?

BERKMAN: English is one of several languages I can read.

GOLDMAN: You know what it means?

BERKMAN: *(in a low hiss)* Of course I know what it means!

WEINBERGER: The Supreme Court was unusually blunt. *(to BERKMAN)* You. You never applied for citizenship.

BERKMAN: I'm citizen of the world.

GOLDMAN: Sasha -- don't.

WEINBERGER: I'm used to it -- a porcupine is softer.

BERKMAN: So I'm not a citizen.

WEINBERGER: Which means I can't shield you. You're an anarchist pest --

BERKMAN: I've been called worse --

WEINBERGER: -- and like a pest --

WEINBERGER squishes his thumb and index finger together, rubs them, and flicks away the crushed "pest."

BERKMAN: No more than a bed bug. Well, that says a lot.

WEINBERGER: You've got nothing left to stand on.

BERKMAN: Nobody does. It'll be good to go.

WEINBERGER: Sasha, it's not like a holiday -- I can't guarantee the booking.

BERKMAN: Russia.

WEINBERGER: It's nothing but dice for you now.

BERKMAN: But the dice for Emma.

WEINBERGER: Not quite as loaded, yes.

GOLDMAN: What is with the gambling?

WEINBERGER: Emma, you know what this says?

GOLDMAN: English is one of several languages I can read.

WEINBERGER: They gave you another chance to fight for your citizenship. Justice Brandeis issued the writ of error -- the prosecutor made a big mistake -- we can --

GOLDMAN: I know what it means.

WEINBERGER: Do you? It's a real chance.

BERKMAN indicates for WEINBERGER to step away, sits.

BERKMAN: Listen to me.

GOLDMAN: *(in a light tone)* Why start now?

WEINBERGER: We have about a minute.

BERKMAN: You should fight this. If you win, think of what you can continue to do. Fight it!

GOLDMAN: Always thinking "the fight." For thirty years we have always made "the fight."

BERKMAN: What else?

GOLDMAN: You. You. For 30 years, thick and thin, shit and glory. You -- the only country I care to be a citizen of.

GOLDMAN takes up a piece of blank paper and a pencil. As she draws, she places BERKMAN's hand on her wrist so that he, in effect, draws what she is drawing. He watches steadily.

GOLDMAN: Harry, the tide is out. I know I could fight this -- but a good fighter also knows when to get out of the clinch. It is time to let go of America. It is also time not to let go of Sasha. I am more sure of his borders than any other. If they fling him, I'm flung, too.

She holds up to WEINBERGER what she has been drawing: it is the word "NO" in large block letters lightly shaded in. WEINBERGER takes the paper and displays it.

WEINBERGER: Final word?

GOLDMAN: Final word.

WEINBERGER puts on his hat and tucks the paper under the rim so that it covers his face.

WEINBERGER: Final word.

They all laugh lightly. WEINBERGER gathers up the papers and waits.

GOLDMAN: You will have to try harder to get rid of me.

BERKMAN holds her hand, says nothing.

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ACT II, Scene 10

*GOLDMAN hands BERKMAN her coat; BERKMAN and WEINBERGER exit.
HANNAH enters and sits, and we are St. Tropez again.*

GOLDMAN: They reported us, exhorted us, aborted us -- and then deported us. To Russia. Cattle were treated better than we were -- you couldn't eat us, and we had no milk to give, no matter how much you squeezed. We got lice and endured Lenin. Enough?

HANNAH: It's a lot.

GOLDMAN: Perhaps too much?

HANNAH: A lot. But not too much for me. Oh no.

GOLDMAN: It wasn't boring?

HANNAH: Oh no.

GOLDMAN: All so long ago.

HANNAH: I could -- smell it, the way you told it. What touched me hardest --

GOLDMAN: Was what?

HANNAH: The death of Minnie Eddy --

GOLDMAN: In the prison people said Minnie Eddy was "marked" -- like in the middle ages, born with their deaths engraved on them --

HANNAH: That's ridiculous --

GOLDMAN: -- a birthmark shaped like a noose, for instance --

HANNAH: She wasn't "marked"!

GOLDMAN: Not with a --

HANNAH: Not "marked" with anything! The foreman "marked" her! I do not believe you don't say that right out. It was the men who marked her. Just like my father wants to "mark" me --

GOLDMAN: Something just slip out?

HANNAH: Jules!

GOLDMAN: The intended sounds like a branding iron.

HANNAH: It is! Just like Evelyn L'Ariat! (*with a long hiss in the "s."*) Julessss.

GOLDMAN: So – what, now that you let it out? Like I said, I was divorced and in New York --

HANNAH: I cannot have that life!

GOLDMAN: What is my life that it cannot mark you? Think for a moment.

HANNAH: Having a “think for a moment” is not the problem! I can't stop thinking. I haven't stopped thinking since you started that story -- those women -- sometimes I do not want to think!

GOLDMAN sits HANNAH down.

GOLDMAN: Just breathe for a moment.

GOLDMAN begins massaging HANNAH's shoulders. She will also move to HANNAH's hands, sitting to do it.

HANNAH: I'm not sure I like you doing this.

GOLDMAN: I'm not trying to feel you up, so relax! It's medicine. I'm a nurse -- remember? Viennese trained. Even met Freud -- who is now an adjective. Relax, Hannah -- you're carrying so much of your life right here and here. Let it go for a moment -- it's in good hands.

Several beats as GOLDMAN massages.

GOLDMAN: Now tell me.

HANNAH: What?

GOLDMAN: Why you don't want to think.

HANNAH: I didn't say that. I said sometimes I don't want to think.

GOLDMAN: The “why” still stands.

HANNAH: Because it hurts me.

GOLDMAN: Not called a "sharp mind" for nothing. Your arms -- loose. So why?

HANNAH: Nothing I think -- matches anything. Like Jules --

GOLDMAN: Tell me about him.

HANNAH: No -- that would give him a -- thickness. A heat. No.

GOLDMAN: Lean your head.

HANNAH: I feel like a stranger, in my own house. I feel like a prisoner, yes! I want books, and I can't have them! I have to sneak them in. And my father -- God bless his heart, he works hard, he really does -- but -- the foreman!

GOLDMAN: Loose.

HANNAH: And all his work has made him like field stones. God, forgive me my mouth! But my mind is not a field stone!

GOLDMAN: No, it's not.

HANNAH: I don't want to be the wife of the butcher! That's why it hurts -- these stones all around me. And sometimes --

GOLDMAN: Yes?

HANNAH is silent. GOLDMAN kneels or sits on the floor in front of her and unlaces one of her shoes.

GOLDMAN: Yes?

HANNAH: At night, staring out the window, parts of me feel already -- owned. Marked. I almost think I should throw out a yes!

GOLDMAN: That's not thinking -- that's just fearing.

HANNAH: So easy for you to say!

GOLDMAN begins massaging HANNAH's foot. HANNAH doesn't know what to make of this but does not resist.

GOLDMAN: Hannah, this about fear: once it's out of your mouth, you can't put it back -- that's why your brain hurts, because you can't hide anymore.

HANNAH watches GOLDMAN's hands.

GOLDMAN: In my training I read where Asians believe the foot maps the body. Yes. If you find the connections, you can get deep inside. I don't remember the map exactly --

GOLDMAN squeezes her little toe.

GOLDMAN: -- that make your brain feel better? just kidding --

HANNAH: You are very strange, Miss Goldman.

GOLDMAN: But not boring.

HANNAH: No.

GOLDMAN: Hitting anything in there? Any changes?

HANNAH: I can't live how you did --

GOLDMAN: No one is --

HANNAH: -- how you do.

GOLDMAN: -- asking you to.

HANNAH: I can't.

GOLDMAN: You could -- but won't.

HANNAH: I can't! It costs too much!

GOLDMAN: That's what the prisoner mind always says. You should value your mind more.

HANNAH: I can't do it!

GOLDMAN: Can't, can't. "Can't" is a stone-making word.

GOLDMAN gives the foot a hard rub.

GOLDMAN: How about can? What can you do?

HANNAH has a visible physical shock.

HANNAH: Ow!

GOLDMAN stops.

GOLDMAN: Did I just hurt you?

GOLDMAN gently massages the foot.

HANNAH: No, no -- right there. No, over.

GOLDMAN presses.

HANNAH: Ow!

GOLDMAN: What?

HANNAH: Something --

GOLDMAN: Where? Where?

HANNAH taps on her breastbone with the tips of her fingers.

HANNAH: Right here.

GOLDMAN presses again.

HANNAH: Yes!

GOLDMAN: What does it feel like? Tell me.

HANNAH: Like something -- clicked open.

GOLDMAN: Unpleasant?

HANNAH: Press again.

GOLDMAN: Well?

HANNAH: More air.

GOLDMAN: More air?

HANNAH: As if my ribs got loose.

GOLDMAN: We should mark that spot.

HANNAH: Don't make fun of me!

GOLDMAN: If you only knew --

HANNAH: More air. More air. Stop it, please! Just -- stop.

GOLDMAN: Of course.

GOLDMAN releases her foot and begins to put HANNAH's shoe back on.

HANNAH: No, don't -- I will do that.

GOLDMAN gets up. HANNAH goes to put her shoe, but before she does, she presses the same spot for a second or two. She puts on her shoe and then just sits still: she is very alert. GOLDMAN watches her. Then, as if suddenly possessed, she makes a boxing gesture, just as STEIMER did.

HANNAH: Zero, zero.

HANNAH looks at her hands in astonishment, then at GOLDMAN.

HANNAH: What is happening?

GOLDMAN: It's been around for 5,000 years -- bound to get something right.

HANNAH: What is happening?

GOLDMAN: You tell me.

HANNAH: You touched me --

GOLDMAN: -- and something opened.

HANNAH: I took a deep breath --

GOLDMAN: And "zero, zero"!

HANNAH: Something opened. I can't --

GOLDMAN: If you could see your own face --

HANNAH: At this moment I can't -- I can't see Jules' face. Julessss. Ha! Julesssssss! Ha! You know whose face? You know whose face?

GOLDMAN: Whose?

HANNAH: Minnie Eddy's. And I don't even know her face!

GOLDMAN: It was a beautiful face.

HANNAH: And all of them, all of them -- like pictures glued into the front pages of the Bible under the sideboard.

HANNAH closes her eyes.

HANNAH: I turn the pages -- there they are, I turn them back -- there they are, as close to me as my blood is to daylight!

GOLDMAN: Good image.

HANNAH: Nope -- is it "nope"? -- nope, can't see his face. Someone I've known almost every minute of my life. Should that scare me?

GOLDMAN: You don't sound it.

HANNAH: But should I be?

GOLDMAN: Should, should. Never been big on the word. "Thou shalt not 'should' on thyself."

HANNAH: Should on?

GOLDMAN: Should on -- don't let the cow "should on" your foot -- fumier de vache --

HANNAH: Should on?

GOLDMAN: Don't step in the should!

HANNAH: Sh -- Oh, oh -- I get it! I get it!

GOLDMAN: You don't sound scared.

HANNAH: I'm not!

GOLDMAN: If you're not scared -- are you scared? just checking -- well, then, if you're not scared, don't "should on" yourself to feel something you don't.

HANNAH: Don't "should" on myself.

GOLDMAN: Maybe Jules never had a real face to you.

HANNAH: And if you think about it -- if I think about it -- I'm really just a face to him. He doesn't know a thing else about me but my face. And all those years -- my years -- promised to Jules No-Face based on this --

HANNAH indicates her own face.

HANNAH: -- which is going to get sour anyway -- What about this face?

GOLDMAN pulls a compact out of her pocket, opens it, and shows HANNAH her face in the mirror.

GOLDMAN: It is a perfectly lovely face.

HANNAH: Can you see it?

GOLDMAN: Can you see it? Look.

HANNAH: Do you see Jules in it?

GOLDMAN: Do you?

HANNAH: *(laughing)* Nope!

GOLDMAN puts away the compact.

HANNAH: My picture -- right there, the first one glued in the Bible, right in front of Addie with an "A"!

GOLDMAN: Uh-oh -- the rogues' gallery!

HANNAH: And you can see my face?

GOLDMAN: A face meant to be seen.

HANNAH: Marked?

GOLDMAN: But not marred. Opened.

HANNAH: And not out of stone.

GOLDMAN: Out of light.

HANNAH: Did you ever want a daughter?

HANNAH: Did you?

GOLDMAN: Yes.

HANNAH: Why didn't you?

GOLDMAN: I couldn't. The equipment didn't work.

HANNAH: Is it too late?

GOLDMAN: Everything is still possible.

HANNAH: My mother died after the fifth child -- the sister after me. I never knew her.

GOLDMAN: My mother -- My mother used to meet with some fellow busybodies for a weekly coffee, and once they wanted to cut her off when she went on a little too long about some topic, and she said, "The whole of the United States couldn't shut my daughter up, and you think you're going to get me to keep quiet?!" I never would have expected that -- honor -- from her. It would be nice to honor someone.

HANNAH touches her breastbone with her fingertips.

HANNAH: I am breathing much better now.

Takes HANNAH's fingertips and touches them to her own breastbone.

GOLDMAN: So am I. Which is good, because we have acres of this book left to plow.

HANNAH: Including --

GOLDMAN: Oh, he who must be obeyed is never out of the picture.

HANNAH: He's clearing out the stones!

GOLDMAN: Cutting out the hedges!

HANNAH: Two people giving birth to one child!

GOLDMAN: Three.

HANNAH: Oh, no -- no, no. Let me just midwife, please. I can't yell like the two of you do. You two yell so much better than I do!

GOLDMAN: Done! Thank you.

HANNAH: I'm going to work on the letters.

GOLDMAN: You've had a long day put into you already.

HANNAH: I like it here.

GOLDMAN: Then you should stay where you like.

HANNAH: You're welcome. It's an honor. I'll go check the post, see if we have any "mice."

HANNAH exits.

GOLDMAN: Kate, Kate, what do you think? Did it go all right? This book is finished. I just need to write it down.

GOLDMAN puts the palms of her hands together.

GOLDMAN: Like an apple between Sasha and Hannah -- they'll squeeze the truth out of me.

GOLDMAN rises. She goes to exit, then turns back into the light.

GOLDMAN: Kate, Mollie -- for a time there, even if it was hell, we showed them all their better angels. That's what all this has been about, hasn't it? This whole mess we've called our lives? Just trying to massage that foot, trigger some breathing, coax the angels into the light. So, a small step -- with her, a small step. For me -- a fat step!

In her carney barker's voice.

GOLDMAN: "And now, ladies and gennelmen, come one, come all, and see a most amazing thing: this book -- this earth time -- can now be finished."

GOLDMAN picks up HANNAH's index, flips through it.

GOLDMAN: Hah, I knew it -- no "death of Emma Goldman" listed here yet! It's good to be reminded of that every now and then.

GOLDMAN takes a deep breath and makes a stabbing motion.

GOLDMAN: On to the windmills!

Lights out. Music.

BLACKOUT