

\$595 F.O.B.

By

George H. Corey

"for play needs - the PLAY BUREAU"

C A S T

In order of appearance

FRITZ, the bartender

EMMA JENKINS

PETERS

MONOHAN

GIMP

TINY CADY

STEVENS

HOBBS

ERNEST SHAW

MEYER

SWANSON

KRAKOWSKI

SLIM

THE CREEK

GUS

HOGAN

NICK

CHARLIE

FREDDY

THE INSPECTOR

DIVINE

PORTER

Grinders, Drillers and other workers  
as needed.

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A C T      I

ACT I - Scene 1

Time: Winter 1935. A Sunday evening.

Place: A large midwestern City.

Set: The front end of a small saloon. The bar runs from the front to the rear of the stage and behind it are several shelves with liquor bottles on them. At the right and to front of the bar is a door leading to the street. To the rear of the door are two small tables. A door at the rear and at the right of the bar leads to the back room.

At rise: FRITZ, a short, bewhiskered bartender is standing behind the little bar polishing glasses. The noise of muffled voices is heard coming through the door to the back room from time to time. At one of the small tables in front of the bar, sitting alone is EMMA JENKINS, a short, rather buxom girl with fair hair. SHE is good looking and is dressed in a cheap satin dress, slinky and a little too long. An imitation Parisian model hat with a veil that covers her eyes completes the 14th Street ensemble.

Voice

(from backroom)

Two beers, Fritz.

Fritz

Okey, comin' up.

(FRITZ draws two beers)

(EMMA, fidgeting nervously, watches FRITZ take beer into back room. FRITZ returns)

Why don't you have a beer while you wait, Miss Emma?

Emma

No thanks. I'll wait, Tiny'll be along soon.

Fritz

Suit yourself, but drinkin' makes it easier to wait.

(The sound of voices outside the door causes EMMA to look expectantly toward the door.

Two WORKERS enter. THEY are MONOHAN and GUS.

MONOHAN, a seasoned, muscular Irishman of about 35, in a shiny blue suit and wearing a checkered cap.

GUS, the other worker, is a fat, sallow faced German, partially bald and wearing an old suit that fits him tightly. HE is about 47)

Gus

Evening Miss Jenkins.

Monohan

(bowing slightly)

Evening to you Miss Jenkins. Hardly knew you was Emma, so fine you're lookin' in them Sunday clothes.

Emma

(upping HER nose)

These aren't my Sunday clothes, Mr. Monohan. I have no special clothes for Sunday.

Gus

Dot's a goot vun on you, Monohan.

Monohan

A compliment I was tryin' to pay you, Emma. You're lookin' so pretty I'm thinkin' you deserve one. No hard feelin's. Won't you be joinin' us in a little drink?

Emma

No thanks. I'm waiting for Tiny.

Gus

(to MONOHAN)

Com' on Monohan vee go into de backroom.

(GUS moves toward the door of the backroom)

Monohan

Emma, is it true what the Missus's telling me 'bout your makin' a Christian outta Tiny?

Emma

You didn't think I was goin' to marry a Protestant, did you? I'm makin' a good Catholic out of him before I marry him.

Monohan

"Tis good news, Emmy. The Parish's needin' the likes of Tiny.

(to FRITZ)

Could we be troublin' you for a pair of beers? Grade A, if you've got it.

Fritz

Okay, comin' up, Monohan.

(MONOHAN follows GUS into the backroom)

Emma

Something's keepin' him, Fritz. Better serve me a beer while I wait.

Fritz

Right away.

(FRITZ goes into backroom with two beers.  
The sound of someone approaching the  
saloon is heard.

EMMA tightens HER face and looks angry. SHE  
TURNS HER head away from the door.

The door R. opens and an old man, 48,  
white haired and leaning heavily upon a  
cane enters. It is GIMP, another worker.  
HE closes the door and moves slowly toward  
the bar.  
EMMA sees GIMP, registers disappointment  
and shows signs of impatience)

Gimp

(as HE walks toward HER)

Evenin'.

Emma

(crisply)

Evenin' Gimp.

Fritz

(serves EMMA her beer)

Howdy Gimp.

Gimp  
Evenin'. One beer, please.

Fritz  
Comin' up.

(As GRITZ puts the beer in front of  
EMMA, door R. bursts open quickly and  
TINY enters carrying a large parcel  
carefully wrapped)

Tiny  
(HE is a huge man, six feet two, broad  
shouldered and loosely knit. HE wears a  
cheap, dark suit, a felt hat that's too  
small for HIM, tan shoes and bright neck-  
tie that hangs out of HIS coat. TINY is  
about 27, red faced and has a heavy shock  
of hair. HE bulges within the suit and  
HIS stiff white collar is too tight for HIM)  
Sorry Emmy but I was.....

Emma  
(indignant)  
Sorry. Sorry. I might of known you'd keep me waitin',  
in a place like this. I'll bet you cooked up a whopping  
story to tell me.

Tiny  
(trying to talk fast)  
No, it wasn't my fault, honest I was.....

Emma  
(interrupting)  
What's in that package?

Tiny  
(grinning sheepishly and looking over HIS  
shoulder)  
Well... it's just a little somethin'.....

Emma  
(impatiently)  
Throwin' your money away again like a drunken sailor.  
What's in it, can't you talk?

Tiny  
(floundering for words)  
I was just gonna tell you but you butted in.....

Emma  
Don't you start insultin' me, Tiny Cady. Not in a place  
like this, you won't. Are you going to tell me what's in  
that package, or not?

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Tiny

(stammering)

It's somethin' I got for you, Emmy. Want to see it?  
(TINY hands package to HER proudly)

Emma

(softening)

You shouldn't a gone and done that. I'm sorry I barked at you so. Is that where you were, gettin' this for me?  
(EMMA begins to unwrap the package)

Tiny

That's how come I was late. I seen this thing in a window an' I says to myself, 'wouldn't Emmy like to have that, I bet! The place was shut up for Sunday, but Pete who was with me knew the boss lived upstairs. We got him to some down an' open up. Just for that.

(EMMY unwraps package and as paper falls to floor, discloses a hideous painted plaster doll electric lamp bedecked in orange and green silk. The little shade is a parasol held in the doll's hand and is orange colored)

Emmy

(bursting with pleasure)

It's perfectly gorgeous, Tiny. It'll go lovely in my room. You've certainly got beautiful taste for a man.

Tiny

(gloating)

I kind of thought you'd go for it.

Emma

But, Tiny, you shouldn't be throwin' your money away on things like this. If we're goin' to get married we're going to need money. And need it badly, too.

Tiny

(sitting down)

Aw, quit your worrying about money, Emma. The factory's open again, ain't it? Goin' full blast an' they're saying this is gonna be a big year in the auto business. Biggest they've had since '29. Some's sayin' we're liable to get seven 'r eight months steady work with no layoffs.

Emma

With no layoffs?

Tiny

We..... that's what I heard anyway.



Emma

Still, you should be savin' money like me. I've put away thirty seven dollars out of my pay since we started work.

Tiny

A beer, Fritz. One for Emma, too.

Fritz

Okay.

(The door opens R. and STEVENS enters.)

STEVENS is about thirty-two, a medium sized man who slouches in a beaten manner. HE moves over to the bar and whispers to the bartender. FRITZ listens to HIM, hesitates for an instant and then nods HIS head. Serves STEVENS a beer and puts it on the cuff)

Stevens

(as HE enters)

Hello, Tiny. Evenin', Emma.

Tiny

Hiya Stevey?

Emma

Evenin' Stevens.  
How's the missus?

Stevens

(forlornly)

Not much change. Doctor ain't sayin' much lately.

Tiny

That's too bad. When I heard she was leaving the hospital I figured she was gettin' better.

Stevens

(bitterly)

Didn't bring her home 'cus she was better. Brought her back 'cus I didn't have no more money for hospital and nurses.

(EMMA fidgets uncomfortably in HER chair and as STEVENS finishes talking, SHE nods knowingly to TINY and exits through toilet door at left in front of bar)

Stevens

(watches EMMA leave, then moves over to TINY's table)

I'd like to speak to you, Tiny.

Tiny

Sit down, Stevey.

Stevens

No thanks. Just wanted to know how you're fixed for dough. With the Missus lingerin' on sick and havin' to have someone take care of the kids I'm pretty much up against it. Couple of bucks would help a lot, if you can spare it.

Tiny

(looking quickly toward toilet door)

All I got's a five spot, Stevey. You're welcome to part of it. though.

(to FRITZ)

Hey, Fritez, can you change this five for me?

(TINY puts five dollars on counter. As the BARTENDER puts down the five singles, EMMA comes out of the toilet)

(loudly)

How many you takin' out of it, Fritz?

(EMMA looks suspiciously at TINY, then takes HER coat, HER back to TINY and STEVENS at the bar. TINY slips STEVENS three singles and returns to HIS table)

Emma

Tell the Missus I'll be lookin' in on her soon's I can.

Stevens

(moving toward the backroom)

Mighty nice of you, Emma. I'll tell her.

(STEVENS exits into the backroom)

Gimp

(finishes HIS beer and moves off through door R)

Night, Tiny.

Tiny

Night, Gimp.

Emma

Gimp gives me the creeps. Sneaks around like a ghost waitin' for dark to come.

Tiny

He's all right. Just don't say much, that's all.

Emma

(wrapping up doll in paper)

Tiny, you really shouldn't of spent all that money. It's a nice present and I love it, but we should be saving now, while we're workin'.

Tiny  
(puts thumbs in arms of vest and leans  
back on chair)  
Stop worryin' Emma. I got somethin' to tell that calls  
for drinkin' not crying.

Emma  
I thought you had something on your mind. The way you  
been throwin' your money round. Out with it.

Tiny  
What'd you say if I should tell you tonight that Tiny Cady  
was a foreman at the auto plant? What'd you say to that,  
Emma?

Emma  
(excited)  
Tiny! You're not. You're foolin'.

Tiny  
Not exactly, but the day ain't far off.

Emma  
Who told you this?

Tiny  
(looking about and speaking low)  
Young Jimmy Dole that works in the superintendent's office.  
He told me. Said he heard the boss talkin'.

Emma  
I knew it. I knew it.

Tiny  
You know what?

Emma  
I knew they'd see you was the best man in the whole body  
factory sooner or later. You should have been a foreman  
a long time ago. You do more work than any three men in  
the place and everybody knows it.

Tiny  
(still gloating)  
You know Emmy, that means I get paid by the month. Work,  
or no work, foremen drag down pay checks every week.

Emma  
(doubiously)  
You don't mean to say they pay on days you actually don't  
work.

Tiny  
Yep. Get paid every day when you're a foreman.

Emma

Oh Tiny, it sounds too good to be true. With that much money comin' in regular we could have everything we needed after we're married. We could even rent that house down on Bottom Street without takin' in no roomers. Gee, Tiny, wouldn't that be wonderful? A place all to ourselves.

(dreaming)

Tiny

Watch your talk, Emmy. Don't go to spreadin' this all over 'til we're sure.

Emma

Oh Tiny. Now I'm worried. Worried that you won't get it. Be awful careful, won't you? I know you wouldn't ever get mixed up with them, but with a foreman hanging over your head you want to be careful to keep away from them Union sympathizers. If the Superintendent thought you were friendly with them, you'd never get no foreman's job.

Tiny

Don't you worry your head 'bout that. I'm not riskin' a foreman's job for no Union business. Not now. I'm a little worried 'bout somethin' else.

Emma

(Alarmed)

Somethin' else?

Tiny

Two things I'm kinda wonderin' about. Krakowski won't like me bein' a foreman, I know that.

Emma

But he can't do nothin' about it.

Tiny

Can't tell... he's a lousy Polack bastard an' they're apt to do anythin'.

Emma

Tiny. How you speak. Gettin' so you don't talk fit to eat.

Tiny

Then there's the rest of my crew. Monohan, Pete, the Greek and the others ain't gonna take to this so good. Specially with them soakin' up all that Union talk.

Emma

They won't begrudge you a promotion, Tiny. They're your friends. They like you.

Tiny

I know, Emmy, but they ain't no friend good enough to buck what goes on in the factory. You know that.

(EMMA now has the bundle wrapped)

Emma

Come on Tiny, let's get out of here. I'm so scared you won't get that foreman's job, now I'm afraid to talk around here.

Tiny

I tell you it's no use worryin'. Nothin kin stop me from gettin' it. now.

Emma

Maybe we can get married sooner, Tiny. Maybe in a few weeks, you think?

Tiny

Not that quick. I won't have time to learn all that stuff in them holy books you gave me. Takes a lot of time to get to be a Catholic.

Emma

I know. It's easier to be born one. Like I was.

(STEVENS comes out of backroom and stands at bar.

TINY and EMMA finish drinks and rise)

Emma

Goodnight, Stevey. Tell the missus I'll look in on her soon's I can.

Tiny

Night, Stevey. See you in the morning. Night Fritz. Don't let that crew a mine get too drunk.

Fritz

Don't worry. They ain't got that much money.

(TINY and EMMA exit, TINY carrying the parcel)

Stevens

Let me have a shot, Fritz.  
(puts one of Tiny's dollars on bar)

Fritz

(surprised)  
Thought you was busted?

Stevens

I was, then.  
(drinks drink)

C U R T A I N

End of Scene 1 - Act I.

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ACT IScene 2

Time: The next morning, before the factory has opened.

Set: The interior of the factory superintendent's office. It is a small wooden walled cubicle set above the factory machinery, halfway to the roof of the one storied building. A door open at left rear from the office to a stairway leading down to the assembly line. In the office are a chair, or two, a desk lighted with a green shaded lamp, a filing case, a drawing board and table, T square and drafting equipment.

Curtain rises on HOBBS, the superintendent, a middle aged man in shirt sleeves, working at HIS desk at left front of the office. Door L. opens and a well dressed, over-weight man enters. HE is SHAW, vice-president in charge of manufacturing of the Klaw Motors Co.

Hobbs

(rising)

Hello, Ernest. Awfully glad to see you. Up before breakfast, aren't you?

Shaw

(laughing)

And up none too soon. Sorry to get you down so early, Hobbs, but there's a lot to do. I'm only down for the day. Got to beat it right back to Detroit.

Hobbs

What's up, Ernest?

Shaw

(sitting down and lighting a cigar)

I've got a load of trouble to pass onto you. We've had word in Detroit that Consolidated is lining up for a pretty big price cut. The whole industry knows it's comin' and I'm down here to get us ready for it.

Hobbs

What we planning to do?

Shaw

Naturally we're keeping our prices in line with the rest. We've got a hell of a quota to build yet this year. We can't get out of line on price, Hobbs.

Hobbs

No, but where they going to do the cutting?

(SHAW digs into HIS coat pocket for a sheaf of papers)

Shaw

(smiling)

Vice-presidents do work sometimes, Hobbs. I've got it figured out here. Let me give you the rough idea of it.

Hobbs

I can smell trouble already, Ernest. Go ahead.

Shaw

I'll quote figures on the four door sedan, to give you the hang of the plan. The other models figure in proportionately. We're making our biggest cut on the four door model. Knocking off thirty-five dollars on it.

Hobbs

That's not a cut, that's slaughter. Go ahead.

Shaw

It's not so bad the way we've got it figured. With that damned NRA out of the picture we've been making some beautiful savings on material purchases. It'll kill old man Klaw to have to pass some of it on to the consumers, but our only out is taking twenty dollars a unit off on material costs. That leaves fifteen more to squeeze.

Hobbs

That's the fifteen I got to worry about.

Shaw

Exactly. Here's how you do it. Increased sales will cut our fixed charges for dies, designs, etc. about three dollars a car. That leaves about twelve to come out of Time costs.

Hobbs

You mean twelve dollars comes out of labor.



Shaw

That's an unpleasant way of putting it, Hobbs. In Detroit we refer to it as Time Costs.

Hobbs

I can tell you right now, Ernest, you can't squeeze twelve dollars a car out of labor costs. We've got a bastardly labor situation shaping up here, as it is.

Shaw

(getting smooth)

Wait a minute, Hobbs, Let me tell you how you can manage it.

Hobbs

(angry)

I know what you're going to say. The same old stuff we've pulled before. Hire a few of green men that aren't worth a damn, make the old timers think they've got help and then speed up the assembly line. That's it, isn't it?

Shaw

(floundering for a second)

That's one way of putting it. Just a matter of improved efficiency. That's what it amounts to. Practically the same number of workers doing a little more work.

Hobbs

(anger rising)

Listen to me, Ernest. We may have gotten away with that speed-up a few years ago, but we can't today. The plant is lousy now with Union organizers. Start trying to sweat more work out of these babies and you're walking right smack into the Union's hands.

Shaw

(with enforced smoothness)

Don't be an alarmist, Hobbs. We're not going to sweat anybody. After all these men are making a minimum of six dollars a day and they should be damned glad to cooperate to the extent of speeding up production a bit.

(turning to HIS paper)

Let's see you're running about thirty-five cars an hour along the line now, aren't you?

Hobbs

Between thirty-five and forty, on four doors.

Shaw

There you are. By stepping the line up to fifty an hour we've got more than our twelve dollars saved. Men making six dollars a day shouldn't kick on that.

Hobbs

(rising out of HIS chair and walking about office)

Hobbs (Cont'd)

Six dollars a day is right, Ernest, but how many days a year do they get it?

Shaw

Come now, Hobbs. It's not our fault if people won't buy cars every month in the year.

Hobbs

I'm not getting social minded, Ernest, but I've got a Union problem on my hands here. You try to speed-up and they'll close this plant tighter than a fiddler's bitch. The Company Union idea is deader than hell and Industrial Union organizers are making real headway.

Shaw

You've got to nail that before it gets serious, Hobbs. How far has it gone?

Hobbs

I don't know exactly. It's driving me crazy. Either those informers you sent down from Detroit are double crossing us, or else it's simply a case of a new organizer taking the cross every time we locate the ringleader. I'm inclined to think that your imported spies don't get in with our local men. Then, to hold their jobs, they give me a lot of wrong information.

Shaw

We've had that problem in other plants. Get busy and find a man on your payroll now who is in good with all the workers. Give him a few dollars a day above his pay. He'll bring you the real information on who's causing your Union trouble. Got one in mind, Hobbs?

Hobbs

(hesitantly)

No - frankly, I'll have a hard time getting one. I'll try, though.

Shaw

Fine. It's important though that you handle these trouble making Union sympathizers with kid gloves, Hobbs. I can't stress that too much. Never fire them outright. Break them, by all means - shove them into your paint booths, make sweepers out of them, night watchmen, anything, but don't fire them. Under the rules that bunch of communists down in Washington have set up, the men actually have a legal right to join the Union.

Hobbs

I've been doing that, Ernest. I appreciate what bad publicity we can stir up by being caught firing them.

Shaw

Mr. Klaw, our chief put it nicely. He says he's willing to spend ten million if necessary to keep the Unions out of the business, but at the same time he's got to keep the good will of Union men in other industries. They buy a hell of a lot of automobiles and a hell of a lot of our automobiles.

Hobbs

Kind of ironic, but I guess Klaw can do it. Still, Ernest, I think we're fighting a losing battle. Sooner or later this industry is going to be one hundred percent Union.

Shaw

Nonsense, Hobbs. Nonsense. We'll never give in to them. This industry is the only major business in the country that has used its head to fight free of them. You know that. How the hell can Unions get into this business when we've spent fortunes to simplify the work so that anybody can be an auto worker?

Hobbs

You've still got a few operations that need skilled men.

Shaw

We're working on these now. With the exception of a few operations such as metal finishing we can honestly say we're absolutely independent of labor. Labor knows it, too.

Hobbs

I'm not so sure of that, Ernest.

Shaw

It's particularly true in these assembly plants. The men can't organize as fast as we can hire and train green workers to take their places. At the rate we are substituting machines and now processes for skilled workers no worker will have a monopoly on his job. It's a wonderful thing, Hobbs, when you think about it. I was going to write an article on it last month, but our public relations man said it was bad publicity.

Hobbs

What's Detroit done about the metal finishing operation? Have they got a machine to simplify that yet?

Shaw

Not yet, unfortunately. We're working on a group of soldering materials that are free of lead. So far none of them are satisfactory.

Hobbs

Metal finishing is our heel of achilles in the assembly plants. That's still a hand operation and even when unemployment was

Hobbs (Cont'd)

at its height we couldn't get good men for the job.

Shaw

That's our biggest headache all over, Hobbs. Be sure you don't have any trouble in that department.

Hobbs

I won't. Don't worry. Fact is one of the best men I've got, a big bruiser from down in Texas is head of that crew. He's a wonder. Can do three men's work and what's more is willing to do it.

Shaw

Take care of him then, because those babies can tie you up tight.

Hobbs

I've been thinking of making a foreman of this fellow.

Shaw

Do it before we speed up your production.

Hobbs

Wait a minute, now, Ernest. I'm serious when I say we can't speed up the line to fifty units an hour. Not now, anyway.

Shaw

Don't let a little Union trouble frighten you, Hobbs. You may have a little trouble, but you're a smart fellow, and I'll trust you to keep things going. Of course you can speed up production.

Hobbs

But I tell you I've already got my hands full of labor trouble. The men are kicking about even little things like toilets, drinking fountains and what not.

Shaw

Use your head, Hobbs. Give them all the little points they gripe about. Clutter up the factory with drinking fountains. Put a toilet over their heads every ten feet if you have to. Arrange picnics and factory dances and parties, do anything, but keep their minds off the Union.

Hobbs

I'm doing all that, but the Union is gaining headway.

Shaw

Fight it. Fight it tooth and nail. To hell with ethics. It's a matter of life and death with us. Search their lockers, spy on them, bribe them - stop at nothing to find out the men carrying Union cards. Go through the lockers at least once a week.

Hobbs

Much as I dislike it, I'm doing all that and still I know my men are joining the Union every day. If you put in this speed-up the Union organizers will have a field day.

Shaw

(angry for first time)

See here, Hobbs. I didn't come down here to argue with a plant manager. I came down here to give orders. Your job is to carry them out. You are going to speed up production. If you can't do it say so. We've got men in Detroit, younger men than you, willing to work for less money than you - who can do it. Now then, make up your mind.

Hobbs

(beaten)

Very well, Shaw. When do we begin the new schedule?

Shaw

(softening)

That's the spirit. We begin right away. Today, if possible.

Hobbs

(lifting up telephone receiver)

I'll get hold of some of my foremen.

(into telephone)

Hello -- Miss Adams. Tell Meyer, Swanson and Krakowski to come up to my office right away. Thank you.

(hangs up telephone)

Shaw

(rising)

That's fine, Hobbs. Now then let me warn you again about your metal finishing crew. Keep them in line, and get busy right now on a man for that inside work. Get a man you can trust, if you can. I'll be getting along, now.

Hobbs

I'll take care of everything. You think Detroit will stand for my having a couple of new foremen?

Shaw

If you need them, yes. Making a foreman out of your boss metal finisher is a sound idea. Do it.

Hobbs

That'll help a lot.

Shaw

Give my regards to your wife and by the way, how are the kiddies?

Hobbs

They're fine, thanks. Sorry you're not going to be here

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Hobbs (Cont'd)

long enough to come out to the house.

Shaw

(hand on door)

I am too, but I've got to get back. Drop into the hotel tonight for a drink. I may want you to run back to Detroit with me. I'm not sure about it now, but I'll know tonight. Goodbye, Hobbs.

Hobbs

(at door shaking hands)

Goodbye, Ernest. See you tonight, maybe.

(SHAW exits)

(HOBBS walks about the room nervously. Sits down pensively and stares across the little office. HE is awakened from this spell by the entry of MEYER, SWENSON and KRAKOWSKI. THEY enter from door left rear)

Hobbs

(looking up at the newcomers)

Come in, boys. Have a cigarette.

(offers cigarettes to THEM which MEYER and SWENSON take and KRAKOWSKI refuses. All three MEN are in overalls and wear greasy caps which THEY take off as THEY enter office)

(leaning back on chair and putting feet on desk)

Boys, it looks like business is really picking up.

(The three foremen look puzzledly at one another)

I've just had orders from Detroit to increase our production.

Krakowski

Dot's goot.

Hobbs

We're going to jump from thirty-five units an hour up to fifty.

Meyer

How many new men you puttin' on, Mr. Hobbs?

Hobbs

Well, that's just the problem, boys. That's why I called you in. Detroit has ordered more cars, but said nothing about increasing the payroll. Of course we'll put on a few men, that's on natural.

Swenson

Seems like mighty dangerous time to yump up the speed on that line, Mr. Hobbs. The men ain't feelin' so good lately.

Meyer

Swenson's right, Mr. Hobbs. I wouldn't try it if I was you. Them organizers is just waitin' for somethin' like a speed-up.

Hobbs

Well now don't get all excited ---- After all the men are making good money and a few extra cars every hour won't hurt them.

Swenson

I know, but Mr. Hobbs, it yoost look to me like trouble.

Hobbs

What do you think, Krakowski?

Krakowski

Shore we can do him. I'm boss in body shop und I make 'em do it. Dey don't like work faster - den out dey go.

Hobbs

There you are... If Krakowski can turn out the bodies you fellows should be able to handle the assembly without trouble. What do you say?

Meyer

(Giving in)

If you say so Mr. Hobbs, I guess me an' Swenson can do it.

Swenson

(nods head)

Okay Mr. Hobbs. When we begin this speed-up?

Hobbs

This morning, if Krakowski can get his body line moving fast enough.

Krakowski

(eagerly)

Watch heem (?) my line. In two hour I have speed going.

Hobbs

Okay boys, I'm countin' on you. That's all, then, get going.

(all three start out through door  
left rear)

Oh, Krakowski. Just a minute I want to see you.

Hobbs (Cont'd)

(KRAKOWSKI comes back to desk)

I'm a little worried about the metal finishing department. Better give Tiny a new man there this morning. We don't want any trouble in that crew with this speed-up.

Krakowski

Tiny don't need no new man, but if you say so, I got one.

Hobbs

Better do that. By the way, I'm going to make a foreman out of Tiny, Krakowski.

Krakowski

(visibly startled)

A foreman from him?

Hobbs

Every man in the place thinks the world of Tiny and I want to keep his weight out of the Union.

Krakowski

(begrudgingly)

He's a good worker, but I don't trust him too far.

Hobbs

Don't say anything about this. I have to make arrangements with Detroit first. One more thing, Krakowski ---- I've got to have someone doing a little detective work in that body shop. Got anyone in mind?

Krakowski

You mean a snooper?

Hobbs

Yeh. Someone the men trust who'll find out more dope on the Union. We don't know very much about what's going on. Can't you think of someone who's already working in the plant, someone we could get for a couple of dollars a day. Who needs money real bad in your shop?

Krakowski

(pausing)

Vall - der is Stevens. His old lady's been sick for four months - always borrowing money, getting advances. The men would trust him.

Hobbs

Do you think he could get the names of the Organizers and the men they've signed up? That's what we must know. Searching lockers and depending on these detective agency informers is useless. We don't find out anything. I'll call Stevens up



Hobbs (Cont'd)  
here and we'll talk to him.  
(takes telephone)  
Send Stevens from the body shop up here, will you? Thanks.

Krakowski  
How much you pay?

Hobbs  
No more than three dollars a day.

Krakowski  
He'll do it. Stevens needs money plenty bad.

Hobbs  
What's wrong with his wife?

Krakowski  
Dunno. Been in hospital long time.

Hobbs  
That's too bad. This may be a good thing for him. Help him out a little.

Krakowski  
Wen you tink of dis business makin' Tiny foreman, Mister Hobbs?

Hobbs  
Oh, I've had that in mind a long time. I may not be able to keep an extra foreman on all the time, but Tiny strikes me as a better man than some of those we got drawing down foreman's pay now. Young, too, and that's important.

Krakowski  
Old mans worth plenty when time comes for trouble.

(Door opens slowly and STEVENS enters.  
HE wears overalls and removes cap on entering. HE creeps into room. HE is frightened and shaking with fear)

Hobbs  
Hello, Stevens. Come over here.

Stevens  
Yes, sir.

Hobbs  
Krakowski's been telling me your work is a little sloppy lately. What's wrong?

Stevens

(quaking)

You see, Mr. Hobbs --- I -- I - ain't been feelin' so good on account ----

Hobbs

No excuses, now. Customers buying our cars are not going to think of your troubles when something goes wrong with their cars.

Krakowski

Dot's wot I'm sayin'.

Stevens

You ain't goin' to fire me, are you, Mr. Hobbs? I've got a lot of ---

Hobbs

What's wrong, Stevens? Why's your work down?

Stevens

It's my wife, Mr. Hobbs. She's been terrible sick. I'm worried to death with doctor bills and medicine.

Hobbs

Well, now then - why didn't you tell us that before? That's too bad, Stevens. Worried over money, eh?

Stevens

Yes, sir.

Hobbs

(pretending to think)

Maybe we could do something to help you out. Would you be willing to do a little extra work to make some more money?

Stevens

(enthusiastic)

I should say I would. I'd work at anything.

Hobbs

I see. Well, that's the spirit I like to see. We've got a little job, it's not hard and we're willing to --- How much you making now?

Stevens

I'm averaging 'bout six dollars a day on days we work.

Hobbs

Six, eh? That'd make nine dollars a day.

Stevens

A powerful lot of money.

Hobbs

We need a man to dig us up a little information about what's going on in the factory. We've got some trouble makers there, communists and what not. We want to know who they are. We want you to find out.

Krakowski

Them union organizers -----

Hobbs

Just a minute, Krakowski, I'll handle this. -- As I was saying, we want to know the names of the men organizing trouble making Unions and we want to know who's joining up with the Union.

Stevens

Oh, gosh, I'm afraid I couldn't do that Mr. Hobbs. I'd be scared to do that. They'd kill me if they ever found out.

Hobbs

(severely)

Nonsense. There's still law and order in this city. We'd protect you. Now what do you say?

Stevens

I'm afraid I'll have to turn the job down, Mr. Hobbs. I couldn't do that. It'd be like spyin'.

Hobbs

In that case, Stevens, I'm afraid we're going to have a hard time finding much use for you around here.

Stevens

(protesting)

You ain't goin' to fire me. Mr. Hobbs.

(pleading)

Gee, you can't do that with my wife sick and everything. Don't let me out -- I'll work better, honest I will if you'll only ----

Hobbs

I'm giving you your choice, Stevens. Take this spare job, or -----

Stevens

(looking futilely at Krakowski and then

HOBBS)

All right. I'll do it, if you put it that way. What do I have to do?

Hobbs

That's the stuff. You'll have no trouble and we'll take

Hobbs (Cont'd)

care of you. I've got to be going now, but Krakowski'll give you orders. You report everything you learn to him, every day. Get that. Report verbally - put nothing in writing - understand that?

Stevens

Yes, sir.

Hobbs

(putting on hat and moving toward door)

I'm going over to the material receiving rooms. You tell him what to do, Krakowski. I'll be back later.

(HOBBS exits)

(As the door closes behind HOBBS, KRAKOWSKI takes HIS chair, throws HIS feet onto the desk, imitating HOBBS, lights a cigarette and leans back)

Krakowski

First thing, Stevens, you join Union, see? Find out who belongs Union. Who start him. See? 'Nother thing very important. You gat me Union card. I want one card all signed like member. You get this quick, see? Tell them it's for new man you want join Union.

Stevens

But I don't know nuthin' about the Union. I can't get a card.

Krakowski

You want job here in factory, you gat card, see? Now hurry up. Ain't payin' tree dollars day for noddins.

Stevens

(moving toward door)

I'll try, but I don't know if I can.

Krakowski

You gat it. No talk. Gat it. Go on now.

(STEVENS exits)

CURTAIN

End of Scene 2, Act I.

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at

George Mason University  
Fairfax, Virginia

ACT I - Scene 3.

Time: A few minutes later, just before the factory starts up for the day.

Setting: The beginning of the body assembling line in the auto factory. The curtain rises on three grey body shells motionless on a conveyor that extends from the extreme left to the extreme right of the set. There are no doors in the bodies, or windows. The openings for these are seen on the raw metal body shells. Overhead a conveyor extends across the full width of the stage. On it hang small metal parts of intervals of every two feet. Behind the "Line" at the right and in wooden benches. Just behind the assembly line and about twelve feet apart are two heavy timbers that support the factory roof. On the left support is a box of electric switches. Over the box in large letters is marked 220 VOLTS. On the right support is another box of electric switches. Above it is lettered, 660 VOLTS DANGER. From both poles dozens of rubber coated wires lead to electrically driven tools such as drills, grinders, metal saws etc.

The line is divided into three sections. White lines painted on the floor show where one section ends and the next begins. The metal finishers work at the section to the left. The grinders work in the middle section, and in the third section of which only a part shows, the drillers occupy.

At rise of curtain the scene is vacant. Men begin to file in dressed in make-shift work clothes. They do not wear regular overalls, but are garbed in old, worn out pieces of street clothing. For hats most of them wear greasy

caps, or the crowns of regular felt hats. Their shirts are streaked with grease. The light is dim and rises slowly as the stage fills with characters.

At the bench in back of the Line two MEN enter and put on welding shields and asbestos gloves. Then they adjust the metal screen with windows in it around them. Three MEN take places at the drillers section, four men at the grinders section and six men at the metal finishing station. A few MEN stand on the other side of the line.

MONOHAN, GUS THE GREEK, STEVENS, and PETERS gather about the metal finishing end of the line. TINY strides in and joins THEM. HOGAN is seen among the four GRINDERS.

Hogan

(seeing TINY enter)

Hiya Tiny. Get Emmy home all right?

Tiny

She was still arguin' when I said good night.

Gus

Monohan

The Greek

Stevens

Peters

Hi, Tiny.

(GIMP, pushing HIS broom, moves across set, sweeping. HE looks at the MEN talking, but says nothing)

Monohan

Who was the blonde I seen you with, Gimp?

(The MEN laugh, but GIMP doesn't look up from HIS broom)

Tiny

(with an upraised arm)

Hello, boys.

Monohan

Oh boy, did I get stewed after I left Fritz's last night.

(The MEN on stage engage in casual conversation while THEY stow away their lunch boxes, put on gloves and make ready THEIR tools. THEY go to locker room at front right)

Tiny  
I took Emmy home pretty early.

Monohan  
Christ, I feel terrible today.

Tiny  
You'll sweat it off 'fore noon.

(TINY's back is turned toward the left as KRAKOWSKI approaches. HE has a new worker in tow and the two march up to TINY)

Krakowski  
Here's a new man for Cady. Break him in.

Tiny  
(surprised)  
I don't need no new man, Krakowski. My crew's doin' all right.

Krakowski  
Here's a new man. Get him tools and put him to work. It's the boss's order.

Tiny  
(surveying the new man who is small, slightly built and in his early twenties)  
Want to kill this kid? How much ya weigh, kid?

Man  
Hunnert and forty, 'bout.

Tiny  
How in hell ya 'spect him to sling a file. If I got to have a new man get me a guy that can sling a file.

Krakowski  
I'm runnin' thees line, Cady. You take this here man, see?

(KRAKOWSKI walks off while the other metal finishers gather around TINY and the new MAN)

Tiny  
Take off your coat, Kid. What's your name?

Man  
Orville Jackson.

(MEN laugh)

Tiny  
What they call you last place?

Man  
(polite with fear)  
I been workin' as a supercargo on a ship and they called me Slim.

Tiny  
That's good enough. Slim's a good name for you.

(The MEN nod heads)

Slim  
Where do I put my coat, Mr. Cady?

(MEN laugh at SLIM using Mister Cady)

Tiny  
(laughing)  
Nix on the mister stuff, Slim. My name's Tiny. Stow your coat in that locker room.

(TINY points toward a door at left front of stage marked LOCKER ROOM)

Just grab any locker with a key in it.

(SLIM moves off toward locker room.  
Exits through door)

That poor little bastard can't sling one of these files.  
(TINY lifts a huge metal rasp out of a bin)

Monohan  
The file weighs more'n his whole carcass.

Tiny  
This is Krakowski's doings.

(SLIM returns from locker room)

Slim  
All ready, I guess.



Tiny

You drew a tough break, kiddo, when they shoved you in here. Metal finishing is the back breakinest job in the shop. You can have a try at it though. Here.

(TINY hands SLIM file)

What did you say you was 'afore this?

Slim

I done a little bit of everything. I was a supercargo last.

Tiny

Well, Kid, you're a metal finisher now. Look, I'll give you the idea of what in hell you're doin'.

(TINY draws SLIM back from the Line and begins to point)

The bodies is welded and soldered in there.

(TINY points to left)

Then they goes onto the line here for finishing. We get the first crack at them, see? We slice off the solder on the seams with these here files. Watch, I'll show you how.

(TINY holds the big file in both hands and lunges onto the car at extreme left)

Get the idea?

Slim

(bewildered)

Oh, I get it.

Tiny

It looks a hell of a sight easier than it is. When we're through with the bodies the grinders get them. See that white line?

(TINY points to a white line on floor in center of stage)

Keep your eye on that line, Slim, 'cus that's where the next crew gets the body. After that those guys over there

(TINY points to extreme right of stage)

begin drillin' the holes for the hinges and doors. Get it now?

Slim

I think I understand.

Tiny

This line runs a quarter of a mile down that-a-way. Ends

Tiny (cont'd)

down there in a paint booth where they comes out all ready to shove on the chassis.

(GIMP appears from right, HE sweeps on the rear stage side of the set. GIMP leaves set exiting left, sweeping)

Slim

Looks pretty simple.

Tiny

There's twelve hundred men workin' this line, Kid. You got to keep up on your job or else you throw the whole shootin' match off.

Slim

We got to be all through before the body passes here?  
(SLIM points to the white mark on floor)

Tiny

'At's right. Couple more things, Slim. See them switches on the posts?

(TINY points to switch boxes on two factory supports)

Slim

What they for?

Tiny

Ain't got nothin' to do with you, but keep your mits off of them. 'Specially that one there.

(TINY points to the 660 Volts Danger sign)

There's enough juice in that line to fry you.

Slim

But we don't use machines on our jobs, do we?

Tiny

(laughing)

Muscle's the only machine we use, but I was just warnin' you 'cuz that power is always on. If you don't know about it it's dangerous.

Slim

I see. But why do we use files and those fellows use electric things?

(MONOHAN and other workers laugh at this)

Monohan

Lad ain't so dumb, Tiny.

Tiny

(laughing)

There's lead in the solder they use, see? State laws won't let the factory use machine grinders on lead. Fills the air with lead and you kick off of lead poisoning.

Slim

Oh, that's it, eh?

(Warning bell rings and the MEN fall to their places. Cooper-Hewitt lamps, overhead come on casting a bluish, green glare over the entire set. It gives the workmen a hideous grey color on THEIR faces and makes THEIR lips purple)

Tiny

That's the warnin' bell. Machinery starts up in a minute.

Slim

Where'll I stand?

Tiny

(moves SLIM over between MONOHAN and HIMSELF, and directs SLIM to work on a rear panel body seam)

Start out on an easy one, Kid.

Slim

You hold the file like this?  
(SLIM demonstrates with file)

Tiny

(using HIS own file)

No - like this.  
(corrects SLIM)

Slim

How's this?

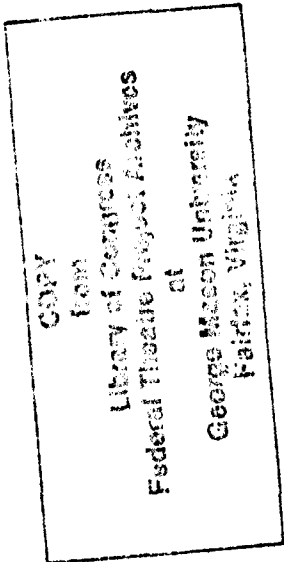
Tiny

Okay, Kid, now let's see you do it.

(SLIM throws weight onto file and lunges across the seam. The file doesn't bite and he falls against car. Other METAL FINISHERS laugh)

Shut up you guys, or I'll let you have one.

(MEN cease laughing)



Slim  
 (flustered and nervous)  
 I'll try it again.  
 (HE does a little better)

Tiny  
 'At's better, Slim. Say, I forgot to tell you somethin'.  
 See that cord up there?

(TINY points to the privy cord hanging  
 just over the men's heads in front of  
 the line)

These cars don't stop movin' for nothin'. They shoot along  
 thirty-five every hour. If you got to go to the crapper  
 someone's got to take your place, see? That's what this  
 privvy cord is for, see?

Slim  
 You mean you pull that cord and then -----

Tiny  
 That's the idea. A relief man comes along and takes your  
 place.

(MONOHAN turns and points to Pete along  
 side of HIM)

Monohan  
 'Ere's the laddy to ask about the privvy cord, Slim. Pete's  
 'ad Krakowski thinkin' ee's had stomach trouble for years.

Pete  
 How'd you guys know wot was goin' on in the world if I  
 didn't get no readin' in up there?

(Another bell rings twice)

Tiny  
 There we go, Kiddo. Give 'em hell, now.

Slim  
 (lunging upon the car body)  
 I'll try.

(A low rumble begins off stage. It increases  
 in volume and then becomes a voluminous roar.  
 The assembly lines begins to move slowly across  
 the stage from left to right. The MEN begin  
 THEIR tasks. The metal finishers hurl them-  
 selves upon the seams with THEIR huge files.  
 The grinders disc the raw steel with rotary  
 grinders. The drillers drill holes in the  
 bodies. As the rumble increases in volume

The room is filled with the deafening sound of hundreds of men beating, scraping, grinding and filing metal. The sound is impenetrable and the men's voices are lost in it. The cars move slowly and the workers move with them. As the car at the right passes off stage another car is rolled on stage from the left.

At the bench in front of the line and at left two men use a spot welding machine. It shoots off a shower of white, cold sparks at intervals of every five seconds. At the bench at the right in back of the line the light from the acetylene torch casts a dazzling blue-white glare upward over their screen.

SLIM flounders with his work as the car they have been working on passes over the white mark on the center of the floor. The grinders hurl themselves upon it, forcing the new man, SLIM away from it. TINY plunges into the midst of them and shoves them sprawling while he finishes the new man's job. Then both TINY and SLIM rush upon the car just coming on stage.

PETE looks at his watch, takes a paper out of his shirt and tucks it into his rear pocket. Then he pulls the privvy cord. PETE sees relief worker come on set. PETE raises his hand and the relief man comes to his side. PETE hands the man his file and departs off stage R.

TINY sees PETE going away, yells at him, but his voice is lost in the noise of the factory.

SLIM flounders over his work and is carried over into the next section's territory with each body. TINY rushes over and helps him.

HOGAN, at extreme right, nudges the man next to him. The man nudges his fellow worker alongside. He in turn does the same until the signal is passed down to TINY, who looks up toward the R.

HOBBS and KRAKOWSKI come on stage from right. They stop in front of Tiny's section and watch his work. HOBBS nods his head ad-

miringly and moves off with KRAKOWSKI.

KRAKOWSKI returns to TINY's section alone. HE stands in front of it smiling while TINY works furiously to cover up for the new man.

KRAKOWSKI blows a whistle that is heard over the noise and looks off stage toward left. KRAKOWSKI holds up three fingers and half of a fourth finger. HE nods toward unseen figure at left and raises another finger.

The overall noise is increased to a greater pitch and the cars are seen to move faster. KRAKOWSKI holds up four and a half fingers and nods toward an unseen person off stage left.

TINY strips himself of his coat, then his shirt and increases his expenditure of effort. He lashes himself into a fury trying to finish the bodies before they cross the line at the grinders' section.

MONOHAN, GUS, THE GREEK, SLIM all dash madly from one body to another. Now all of THEM are being carried over into the grinder's section. A scuffle takes place between the grinders and the metal finishers as the latter attempt to hold down their places after the bodies have left their section and passed into the grinder's. TINY stops the fight and hustles the men back to their own station)

SLIM, the new man, begins to lag. HIS strokes on the file get weak.

TINY takes over the new man's work entirely as the youngster goes through the motions blindly.

The whistle blows again and again there is an appreciable increase in the density of the noise. It is now at its peak. The cars begin to move faster, too.

PETE idles in slowly from left, folding newspaper and putting it back inside of HIS shirt. The RELIEF MAN hands PETE a file and departs off stage left as PETE goes to work. In a second HE is in the scramble.

SLIM working in between TINY and MONOHAN, suddenly collapses onto one of the bodies and slides slowly to the floor.

TINY pulls on the privvy cord and drops HIS file. Then HE bends over and lifts up SLIM who is unconscious.

KRAKOWOSKI comes on stage and stands in front of TINY as the latter picks up SLIM and throws HIM over HIS shoulder. A RELIEF MAN comes on stage and TINY pulls the cord again.

TINY yells and waves HIS arms frantically at KRAKOWSKI, who watches HIM unperturbed.

KRAKOWSKI, unalarmed, hands the relief man TINY's file. SLIM still has HIS file clenched tight in HIS fist. Another RELIEF MAN comes on stage.

KRAKOWSKI forces the file from SLIM's hands, gives it to the second relief man.

TINY, glaring with rage, turns HIS back on KRAKOWSKI and moves off left with SLIM over HIS shoulder.

The MEN turn from THEIR work a second to watch TINY exit R.

PETE watches KRAKOWSKI disappear off stage L. Then PETE pulls the privvy cord.

GIMP comes onto stage from left still sweeping with same slow rhythm. HE moves across the front of the set toward the right.

C U R T A I N

End of Scene 3 - Act I.

\$595 F.O.B.

ACT      II



ACT IIScene 1

TIME: Noon. Several days later.

SETTING: The material yard outside the auto factory. A brick wall rises at the left and runs straight back stage ending against the factory wall. There is a gate in the wall leading to the street just alongside the factory. Packing cases are piled up alongside the wall in front of the stage. At the left of these is a clearing. The backdrop is the outside of the factory wall. At the left there is a door leading into the building.

AT RISE: The rumble of noise from inside the plant is heard. A whistle blows and the noise subsides. As the stage becomes quiet, MONOHAN, GUS, THE GREEK, PETE and HOGAN enter from Door Left. THEY are out of breath, sweating and dirty. As THEY move toward the packing cases, THEIR lunch boxes under THEIR arms, THEY wipe the sweat and dirt from THEIR faces. THEY drop wearily onto the packing cases. No one talks for some time.

Monohan

(heaving)

Jese! my back's busted.

Pete

All they need now's a guy with a whip.

The Greek

We can't go no faster. The lousy bums.

(HOGAN climbs up to a packing case behind the others from which he can survey them)

Monohan

It's that bastard Krakowski. Speedin' the line up like that.

Monohan (Cont'd)

He'll kill us he will.

Pete

They can't get away with that speed-up.

Gus

Who's goin' to stop 'em?

Monohan

We are, dammit. We ain't goin' to stand for it.

(TINY and SLIM emerge from Door L. THEY move toward the packing cases. SLIM looks pale and walks slowly. HE has no lunch box. TINY hoists HIMSELF up on a box in front of the others looking down at THEM)

Tiny

Slim ain't taking to it so easy. Are you, kid?

Slim

(forcing a smile)

I'm feelin' better now.

Monohan

Who in hell is likin' it, I asks?

(The MEN begin to dig into THEIR lunch boxes. THEY take out huge sandwiches made of great slabs of French loaf bread. (THEY talk with THEIR mouths full)

Tiny

It was pretty bad this mornin'. Running 'bout fifty bodies an hour, close as I could count.

Monohan

(jumping to HIS feet)

Well, what you goin' to do about it? You goin' to sit there an' let 'em get away with it?

Tiny

Whatcha mean, what am I goin' to do 'bout it? I didn't speed up the line.

Monohan

You're boss of our crew ain't cha? 'an we're the guys that's catchin' most hell ain't we? Then you're the guy that's got to do the complainin'.

Pete

And do it 'fore they breaks our backs, too, I says.

The Greek

'at's right. You're the guy, Tiny.

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at  
George Mason University  
Fairfax, Virginia

Monohan

Tryin' to sweat us, that's what they're up to. Tryin' to sweat fifteen jobs an hour out of us. Payin' us for thirty-five an' bleedin' us for fifty. 'At's what it is.

(STEVENS comes onto scene from door L.  
HE comes up to the group, sits down and  
opens box)

Stevens

Some slave drivin', eh? How you feel, Slim?

Slim

Pretty good, now.

Monohan

(to STEVENS)

The rest of us ain't goin' to put up with the speed, Stevey. We're for kickin' to Hobbs. What you think?

Stevens

I think so..... Oh, I don't know, seems like maybe we better wait a while an' see what's up.

Monohan

Yeh, wait and let 'em kill us workin'. Ta hell with that noise.

Tiny

(hesitantly)

Wait a secon' Monohan. You're allus blowin' off 'fore you know what in hell you're doin'. I been workin' just as hard as you an' the rest. I know we can't stand this mornin's speed. But Crise, ya can't expect me to go bellyachin' 'bout it, now? Maybe it won't last.

(From the door L. two men dressed like Martians enter. THEY have just come out of the paint booth and wear breathing masks and heavy goggles which THEY take off as THEY pass through the door. THEIR faces are covered with thick coats of vaseline upon which paint pigment has lodged. Circular patches of clean white skin beneath the breathing masks and goggles stand out against THEIR paint covered faces. THEY wear heavy dungarees, the arms and legs of which are tied with cords around THEIR wrists and ankles. Between THEIR legs and under THEIR arms are huge, wet sweat stains. Over THEIR heads the men wear turkish toweling that is drawn back tight over THEIR foreheads and hugs the backs of THEIR necks in the manner of hoods. THEY wear very

heavy work shoes which are stained with many colors of paint. Under THEIR arms the men carry lunch boxes. THEY walk slowly toward the packing cases and drop wearily upon them. THEY unbutton THEIR dungarees and from inside take out dirty bits of toweling with which THEY begin to wipe off the vaseline and paint. THEY tear off the hoods and lean back breathing heavily)

Monohan

You ain't goin' to eat with that crap all over you?

Charlie

(one of the painters)

Crise, we just got out 'n there an' lunch hour's half over.

Nick

(the other painter)

No time to wash up with them god-damned cars rollin' in to the booth faster'n we can count 'em. It's awful.

Pete

What in hell you guys kickin' about. You're makin' a dollar ten an hour, ain't ya?

Charlie

(holding up HIS breathing mask)

Yeh, a dollar ten an hour. Try wearin' this thing on your snout alongside a bakin' oven.

Monohan

It's the metal finishers--we're the guys that's catchin' it worse.

Nick

The hell you are. We had a guy fall flat on his puss in the booth 'smornin'.

Tiny

Aw, shut up, your bellyachin'. Six months ago, when the plant was shut down an' your arse was hangin' out your pants, you were bellyachin' for a job. Any kind of a job. Now you got it and you're kickin'. If you don't like it, quit. No one's holdin' ya here.

Monohan

Sure, quit, Charlie. Quit an' go back to collich. Ya need an education.

(turning to TINY)

What kind of talk do you call that? You sound like you was pimpin' for Hobbs.

Tiny

Shut your trap, Monohan, or I'll bust it shut, see?

Monohan

I ain't shuttin' up 'til you answer my question, see? Are you gonna kick to Hobbs for us, or ain't 'cha?

Tiny

(hesitating)

I told you what I was goin' to do. I'm waitin' to see what happens 'fore I do anythin' ..... I'll put it up to the boys.

(TINY looks at each of the group)

Now ain't that the thing to do?

(The MEN'S faces with the exception of STEVENS express THEIR failure to agree with TINY)

(perceiving THEIR failure to endorse HIS attitude)

That's no more'n right, is it boys?

(all but STEVENS remain glum looking and silent)

Stevens

You're dead right, Tiny.

Monohan

(jumping to HIS feet again)

You're talkin' a lot of crap, Tiny and you know it. You're layin' down on us. 'At's what you're doin'.

Pete

Last time we had a speed-up they tossed us out on our cans a month before the regular shut down. You gotta talk to 'em, now, Tiny.

(all save GUS, SLIM and STEVENS nod THEIR heads in agreement)

Tiny

You can go shootin' off your mouth yourselves then. I ain't. Not now anyway.

Monohan

(with a bitter knowing smile and speaking in a thin whine)

Then suppose you be so kind as to tell us why you ain't gonna kick. Give us the real reason.

Tiny

(at a loss to understand)

I told you why, you dumb cluck. Want me to write it?

Gus

Come on, Monohan, lay offa Tiny. Vot goot's all dees fightin'?

Monohan  
 (ignoring GUS and continuing in same  
 thin insinuating manner)  
 No he ain't. He's been talkin' a lotta bull, but he ain't  
 tellin' us the real reason he's lettin' us down.

Tiny  
 (annoyed)  
 Who's lettin' you down? Who said I was lettin' anyone down?

Monohan  
 I did. We all know you're runnin' out on us an' we know why,  
 too.

Tiny  
 (Grabbing MONOHAN gently, but firmly  
 by the front of HIS shirt and lifting  
 HIM onto HIS toes)  
 What you drivin' at, you little son---

Monohan  
 (refusing to be stopped)  
 We know why you won't kick to Hobbs, or Krakowski. We know  
 why -- Take your hands off'en me, you big---

Tiny  
 (lets MONOHAN down, and walks back a  
 step)  
 I didn't hurt'cha.

Monohan  
 Your're layin' down on us 'cuz you're suckin' for a better job.  
 We know it. It's a foreman you see yourself bein', Tiny.  
 Ain't 'at right, boys?

	Nick	)
We know it.		)
	Charlie	)
Sure you are.		)
	Pete	)
Dirty trick.		)
	The Greek	)
'At's right.		)

Tiny  
 (starts to say something, but is  
 inarticulate)  
 You---

Monohan  
 It's a foreman's job you're after and you're scairt to kick  
 to the boss. Ain't Emma been shootin' off 'er mouth 'bout

Monohan (Cont'd)  
it for a week. We see Hobbs watchin' ya this mornin'.

Tiny  
(advancing upon MONOHAN)  
Leave Emmy out 'f your dirty mouth, Monohan, or I'll slap you through that wall.

Monohan  
(jumping to a fighting stance and raising HIS fists)  
You'll lay no hand on me, Tiny, 'cuz you know it's the truth I'm speakin'. You're suckin' for a for a foreman's job.

Pete  
That's tellin' him, Monohan.

Tiny  
(angry, now and advancing upon MONOHAN WHO does not move)  
I oughta slap you clean outa this year, you little Irish bastard.

Monohan  
(raising fists)  
Go ahead, hit me. Go ahead.

Tiny  
I ain' goin' ta hit you and you know it.  
(laughing)  
I ain' denyin' I'm goin' to be a foreman. So what? Damned tootin' I'm goin' ta be one. I've done three men's work for five years to get that job an' now you come whinin' around wantin' me to screw my chances 'cuz they break our back with a speed-up for a few days.

Monohan  
You're betrayin' us that's what you're doin', Tiny. And it ain't like you neither. It's that gal Emma that's got into ya. It's her that's spilin' ya.

Tiny  
(lifting back his huge fist)  
Leave Emma out of this, or I will smack you down, Monohan.

Gus  
Shot up 'pout Emma. Dot ain't none your pusseness.

Tiny  
(defiantly)  
Sure I'm goin' ta be a foreman. An' when I'm a foreman I'm goin' ta get married. Ya begrudgin' me that, too?

Monohan

I ain't begrudgin' you nothin'. There's not a man in the plant I'd rather see a foreman. But if you got to leave us down to get the job - then I says you're double crossin' us.

(GIMP has limped slowly up toward the group from door L. HE stands several feet behind MONOHAN while the latter is talking. MONOHAN sees HIM when HE finishes talking. HE turns to GIMP -- to GIMP)

G'wen, be on with you. It's nothin' for your ears we're sayin'.

(GIMP drops HIS head and limps slowly out, exiting through door L)

Beat it.	Pete	)
		)
Get outa here.	Charlie	)
		)
Scram.	Stevens	)
		)

(HOGAN smiles bitterly as GIMP retreats)

Tiny

Now look here, Monohan. What in hell good would my kickin' up a rumpus do, now? Maybe the speed-up was just temporary. Maybe it's all over, now?

Monohan

An' maybe there's freckles on a pigs behind?

(MEN all laugh)

(HOGAN drops down from the box on which HE has been perched and while TINY and MONOHAN are still talking, HOGAN engages PETE in a private conversation. PETE listens attentively to HOGAN while TINY and MONOHAN talk)

Tiny

Talk your damned head off, Monohan. I ain't gonna spout off to no bosses, yet, see.

Monohan

Then by God, we'll do it without you.

(PETE, who has been listening to HOGAN, beckons MONOHAN over to listen to HOGAN. MONOHAN comes over, leans



over and joins the little huddle around HOGAN. THEIR conversation is still inaudible)

Tiny  
You boys don't feel that way, do you?

The Greek )  
Surra we do. )  
Nick )  
Monohan's right. )  
Charlie )  
You're runnin' out on us, Tiny.)

Monohan  
(Listening attentively to HOGAN, MONOHAN signals for GUS and SLIM to join the huddle)

Gus  
Slim  
(Both MEN join circle growing around HOGAN. HOGAN'S voice is too low to be heard)

Monohan  
C'mon over here, Tiny and listen to what Hogan's got to say.

Hogan  
(putting finger to mouth and making gestures to indicate need for secrecy)  
Not so loud, boys. Got to keep this dark.

Tiny  
(moving over to circle around HOGAN)  
What's up?

Hogan  
(HIS voice is hardly more than a whisper, at first in order to communicate the suggestion of extreme secrecy with which the scene must begin)  
You're fools, both Tiny and Monohan. Fightin' when you're both right. Tiny's right in refusin' to kick to the boss and Monohan's right when he says the speed-up's here to stay.

(The MEN press close around HOGAN, whose voice rises slightly, but whose manners indicate the need for secrecy)  
It's no use of you men fightin' between yourselves. Fight the ones up above that's causin' you this sufferin'. Not Krakowski, or Hobbs, but the big shots in Detroit. They're the ones to fight. Detroit's forcin' this speed-up on you.

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On you an' on every other auto worker in the country.  
 (MONOHAN and TINY look bewildered at  
 one another. The men's eyes are riveted  
 to HOGAN as HE warms into HIS speech.  
 HOGAN'S voice is thin, vital, and almost  
 a whisper. The men look cautiously over  
 THEIR shoulders from time to time)

And what are you doin' to stop it?

(scornfully)

Sittin' 'round listenin' to a squirt like Monohan yelpin'.  
 (with hands and head uplifted)

Oh, that the good God above may give me the power and wisdom  
 to put the truth into your ignorant hearts... The strength  
 to show you which way to turn to save yourselves from  
 these slavedrigin' tyrants.

(HOGAN pauses to look at men's faces.

HE sees HE has THEM spellbound and races  
 on)

What is they're doin' to you with their wicked greed. Speakin'  
 into your lockers, hirin' one man to spy on another at his  
 side, pittin' brother against brother that their profits'll  
 be bigger and bigger. Workin' you like horses for a few  
 months every year, then tossin' you out to scratch for feed  
 'til the next busy season. Sure you're makin' six and eight  
 dollars a day, but is there a man among you that's 'ad eight  
 months' 'a steady work? Is there? Show him to me.

(HOGAN still talks in an intense  
 whisper)

Out you go when the work backs off. Out in the street.  
 The steel an' the wood they buy gets better treatment. Look  
 at it.

(HOGAN points HIS finger off stage)

Look at it covered so snug with tarpaulins protected against  
 the wind and rain. But you, what do they do for you when  
 you ain't workin'? Do they cover you, or feed you, 'til they  
 need you? I call you men, but are you men? Is it men that  
 must pull a stinkin' privvy cord? And do you complain?  
 Do you fight it? No, they've got you scared of your jobs.  
 Who is it brings in bus loads of bums to stand in line of  
 the factory gate like they was workmen lookin' for jobs?  
 It's Detroit that invents ways to scare you into thankin'  
 God for havin' a job. And how do they do it, men? How can  
 a handful of blasted white bellied bosses do it. I'll tell  
 you, how. They're organized. Organized to sweat you and  
 sweat me and every other worker. While you belch off your  
 mouth to Monohan and Tiny. The only way you're going to  
 beat them men is by organizin'. We've got to pull together  
 and the only way we can do that is by orgainzing. I know  
 they'll fire you for joinin' the Union and I know they run  
 green men into the plant faster'n we can print Union cards,  
 but still we can organize and beat them.

Charlie  
(disgusted and getting up)  
Balls!

Nick  
(getting up)  
We been listenin' to that crap for years.

Hogan  
(pleading and urging quiet for secrecy)  
Wait a minute, men. I know what you're thinkin'. I know we can't organize the whole plant. Sh -- not so loud, boys.

Gus  
(quietly)  
Den vot's de use off blowin' off your mout'?

Monohan  
Shut up an' let him finish.

Hogan  
(smiling at MONOHAN)  
If you'll only listen to me, men, I've got a plan that'll put the Union over. I need you skilled workers to do it.

Charlie  
(moving off)  
Why don't you hire a hall, Hogan. We've been sucked in on that stuff before. C'mon, Nick, let's beat it.

Nick  
No scheme you got's worth a damn while the factory's still got a black list. They nail you with one of them Union cards and you not only lose your job, but you can't get into any plant in the country from then on.

Monohan  
(trying to keep them from leaving)  
Wait a second. Let him finish.

Charlie  
(moving off)  
Nuts to the Union.  
(CHARLIE and NICK exit through door L)

Tiny  
It ain't no use your trying to talk up that Union stuff, Hogan.

Hogan  
(talking very fast and pleading)  
I tell you we can beat them with my plan. If we use our heads we can do it, I tell ya. With you metal finishers behind me and a handful of other skilled men I'll tie this plant up tight 'til they recognize the Union.

Tiny

Yeh, and put us all out on the street.

Hogan

No one will suffer. I swear they won't. Listen.

(softly and speaking confidentially)

We can beat the bosses by hitting them where they're still weak. You know where that is.

(beckoning with HIS hands)

Come over here close so's I don't have to talk so loud.

(The MEN move into a circle around HOGAN)

Monohan

(to SLIM)

Slim, take a look on the other side the gate. Can't tell who's listening.

(SLIM looks out of gate, returns to the group)

Hogan

(speaking quietly)

I know we can't get those green farm hands in the plant to join. They're nigger rich with six bucks a day. But you old timers, you fellows in the skilled trades, you can organize. A handful of us can shut the plant down. A handful of you!

Tiny

You're talkin' through your hat, Hogan.

Hogan

It's true. It's true I tell ya. Listen.....

(HOGAN looks eagerly from face to face

The men's eyes are riveted on HIM)

(barely whispering)

Sabotage... Sabotage. That's the way we do it.

(The men look bewilderedly at one another)

Monohan

You mean blowin' the joint up. Bombs?

Tiny

I know you were talkin' a lot of bull.

(TINY starts to straighten up and move off)

Hogan

No. No. No bombs. No violence.

(to TINY)

Wait a second. Let me explain. There's only a handful of you metal finishers and you're skilled workers. They can't hire and fire you 'cuz metal finishers is impossible to

Hogan (Cont'd)

get in the busy season. And they've got no machine to take off lead solder. All right, what then? We screw the line up in your department, see. That's sabotage. It's labor's best weapon, men. It's the way to beat the bosses.

Tiny

(interested again)

I don't get ya, Hogan.

Hogan

(drops HIS voice to a low whisper)

It's simple, if you'll only listen. You guys do a hand operation. It's one of the few left in the whole plant. They got to put up with you 'cuz there ain't no machines that the State Insurance authorities will let them use on that lead solder. You got to take it off with files. All right. What do you do? Without sayin' a word to anyone you begin to let them files slip a little, see? Not much at first, just a little. Ram a hole in the bodies every once in a while. Not a big hole, just enough to have it turned down by the inspectors. Then you begin to screw up a few more jobs. That means the guys in the next crew got to wait around 'til another unit comes along the line. No one can say nothin' 'cuz it looks like an accident, at first. Then you do it a little oftener. First one of you, then another. Finally you get to buggerin' up the whole line. Then some of the men in the paint booth start screwin' the works.

Monohan

(enthusiastic)

I got you. Keep it lookin' like it was accidental. Like it wasn't on purpose.

Hogan

That's the stuff. That's sabotage. Hobbs can't do nothin' if we work together, 'cuz soon as he gets ready to raise hell with one guy another metal finisher slips a little. Every minute that line is held up costs the management hundred of dollars. They's twelve hundred men on our line alone. Figure it out. You screw up one job and that holds up every man on the line for three or four minutes. Four thousand minutes they's payin' for and gettin' nothin'. More'n sixty hours time, shot to hell. Think they can sell their damn cars for Five Ninety five with labor costs up in the air?

Tiny

You couldn't get away with it, Hogan. They'd get wise and fire us left an' right.

Hogan

How they gonna get wise, and if they did what they gonna do, fire all the skilled men in the place and tie the factory up themselves? I tell you it'll work. We did it

Hogan (Cont'd)

last year in the gear and transmission factory at Toledo. I was there, I saw them do it. You remember when you shut down here 'cuz you had no transmissions.

Monohan

Sure, sure, I remember.

Tiny

I remember too. The Union officials sold out in the end and got rich.

Hogan

That's not true. We screwed up that plant right under their noses. But you gotta act fast, boys. You've got a golden opportunity while metal finishin' is still a hand operation. You know they can't fire all of you in this busy season. Where they gonna get experienced men?

Tiny

Sure we could do it, but we ain't. It's a lousy way of doin' things, sneakin' 'roun' buggerin' up the work so's they can't tell just who did it. We don't want none of it, Hogan.

Monohan

(indignantly)

An' who're you speakin' for, may I ask? Of course you don't with all your fancy talk about being a foreman and gettin' married.... By God, Hogan, I'm for it. If they did it in Toledo, we can do it here.

Tiny

I'm warnin' you, Monohan, and the rest of you too, you'll get in trouble foolin' with Hogan's sneakin' tricks.

Hogan

What do you say, boys? If you're behind me we'll get started right away. I'll call a meetin' of the Union for tonight.

Tiny

You won't screw up nothin' in my crew, you won't.

Pete

The hell he won't. You only got two hands an' the rest of us ain't cripples.

Hogan

(reaching into HIS pocket and taking out  
a packet of cards)

Here's some Union cards, boys. I'm going to pass them out to you. Take some of them an' get them into the hands of the men we need.

Tiny

Don't take them cards, boys. You know they go through your lockers and you'll get caught.

Monohan

Don't talk like a damn fool. No one's gonna leave 'em in their locker to get caught.

(HOGAN hands out the cards. SLIM, PETE, THE GREEK and MONOHAN each take a few. STEVENS hesitates and then takes some. TINY and GUS turn them down)

Hogan

There you are, boys. Now get them around. They're all signed and got the Union seal on them. All a man's got to do is put his moniker on 'em.

Tiny

You'll get caught, all of you. If you start screwin' up my department I'll turn you in.

Hogan

Tiny, you don't know what you're sayin'. It's you we're needin' behind us. If you'd join up we could line up half the factory. Take one, Tiny.

(HOGAN offers a card)

Tiny

(vehemently)

No, damnit, no.

Monohan

(bitterly)

Yah needn't be yellin' at us. You ain't a foreman yet.

Hogan

(getting ready to leave)

I'll let you know 'bout the meetin'. Watch out with them cards, boys.

Monohan

Don't worry 'bout us.

Stevens

We're wise to their tricks.

Hogan

(moving off)

I'll get to the rest of the men this afternoon. Thanks for your time.

Pete

Okay, let's know what time tonight.

(HOGAN exits through door L)

(The rest of the MEN rise and move about)

Monohan

(to TINY)

You're lettin' us down, Tiny, an' we won't be forgettin' it. Hogan's scheme will get us recognition for the Union and that's our only chance against the bosses.

Pete

It looks like a cinch to me. We'll tie up the whole plant.

(SLIM, THE GREEK, PETE and MONOHAN  
start to put the tops on THEIR lunch  
boxes)

Monohan

C'mon, let's see if we can talk this thing up.

Pete

Them painters should be easy to line up.

The Greek

C'mon.

(The FOUR MEN exit)

Gus

(still sitting down and smoking HIS  
pipe pensively)

You vass smart Tiny, not to take a card. Dey'll get in trouple, sure tink.

Tiny

I know it.

Gus

(pausing)

Still, dere's a lot to vot Hogan says..... Ve ain't got no chance against the bosses und der machines if vee don't stick togedder. I tink maybee if I vass younk like you I'd choin opp..... For un olt man like me it's no use... I'm locky I got a chopp as it iss. If I wasn't a metal finisher I'd be true lonk ago. Wit de machines dey gott now it's from a school poy, or a piano player they can make an auto worker. Tank Gott I c'n slink a file.

Tiny

But, they's still lots of skilled jobs left.

Gus

Not many. Nine outta ten is no simple a poy coult learn 'em in a veek.



Tiny

Maybe you're right Gus, an' maybe Hogan's right. God knows we ain't gettin' much out of workin', but I don't see what you can do about it. What in hell good does it do if you do organize. They'll just move the plant away for a couple of seasons and open up with new men. Then where are you?

Gus

I dunno. I ain't blamin' you none for wantin' to be a foreman. You wanta to get married. Dot's only right.

Tiny

I've had my head busted open, and been tossed out on the street fightin' for Unions before. That dock strike down in Galveston put me in the hospital for three weeks. Came out busted, sick and blacklisted along the whole Gulf, from New Orleans to Port Arthur. This time I'm takin' what the bosses got to offer and shuttin' up. I got enough troubles without joinin' a Union.

Gus

I was goink to speak mit you 'bout dot, Tiny. Krakowski.....

Tiny

I ain't doin' nothin' to hurt Krakowski.

Gus

Tiny, you iss younk, und you can't onderstant vot goes on in an olt man's head. Krakowski's getting old. Mus' be forty six maybe forty seven, now. All his life he vorks hart for de bosses. He's got no money, vot mit raisin' eight kitts. Vot you tink happens in dot tick head of Krakowski's ven he hears vun day Hobbs is making you a foremans. In dot tick Polack head he tinks -- "Vot be-comes of Krakowski if dey makes diz Tiny a foreman?" Beck to the line he tinks, or out in de street -- or de river like Kolchek.

Tiny

But I ain't gonna get his job. He ought to know that.

Gus

Krakowski don't know nottin. Only he knows you iss younker than he is, you iss stronker, an' maybe Hobbs like you better'n him. Dot's all Krakowski knows, und for dot I day vatch him.

(EMMA pokes HER head around gate R.  
Sees GUS and retreats. GUS rises slowly and with great effort. TINY looks at HIM, says nothing. GUSS knocks fire out of pipe and slowly moves to exit L. TINY, alone, sits down on packing case pensively)

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(EMMA enters from door R. SHE has been waiting for GUS to leave. SHE wears a gingham work dress and an apron over it. SHE carries a book under HER arm)

Emma

(coming quietly up behind TINY)

I got somethin' for you, Tiny.

Tiny

(jumping to HIS feet)

Jese, you scairt me, Emmy.

Emma

Ya needn't snap my head off.

(hands HIM book)

Here's a book from the priest. He says if you'll apply yourself to it, you'll be a Roman in no time at all.

Tiny

(taking book)

Thanks, Emmy. I'll put it in my locker.

Emma

(looking up at TINY)

You look worried, Tiny. What's wrong?

Tiny

Just tired. The speed-up was pretty bad this mornin'.

Emma

It's been a madhouse upstairs, too. Shoutin' at us for more seats and cushions 'til I thought I'd scream.

Tiny

Monohan an' some of the boys is pretty sore. Want to do somethin' about it.

Emma

Let 'em. You tend your own knittin'. Don't spoil your chances just for them.

Tiny

I ain't, but they're pretty sore at me. Looks like there may be trouble, Emmy.

Emma

(fearfully)

Oh Tiny. Don't get mixed up in it. For my sake don't do it. You just gotta get that foreman's job. Ya just gotta get it. If you do then I'll quit the factory right off, honest I will. I'm gettin' so I can't stand it much longer. You gotta get me out of it, Tiny. You gotta.

(KRAKOWSKI comes out of door R., walks  
across to door L)

(KRAKOWSKI stands in front of door L.  
watching TINY and EMMA)

Tiny

Don't worry none, honey. I'll get that job. Only this  
mornin' I seen Hobbs watchin' me work. Everybody knows I'm  
in for the job.

Emma

(hopefully)

Only don't get mixed up with Hogan and the rest.

(KRAKOWSKI watches TINY and EMMA.  
STEVENS comes in from Gate R. and walks  
to the door and stands in front of it.  
HE gives KRAKOWSKI one of the UNION  
cards. KRAKOWSKI pockets it and both  
men move into door L. and off stage.

Tiny

You'd better be gettin' back. You gotta go all way 'roun'  
t'other gate, Emmy.

Emma

Promise to keep away from them Union fellows and study the  
book.

(SHE moves slowly backward)

Tiny

Don't worry 'bout me, honey. See you tonight, same time.

Emma

Wear that new tie I gave you. You look gran' in it.

Tiny

(smiling)

I will. So long, honey.

Emma

(exiting)

'Bye.

End of Scene 1 - Act II

ACT IIScene 2

TIME: Same afternoon, a few minutes before quitting time.

SET: Interior of factory, same as Scene III, Act. I.

AT RISE: Curtain rises on the assembly line running full tilt. The men labor fiercely, rushing from one body to the next to keep up with the work. TINY stands out from among the other workers through the intensity with which HE hurls HIMSELF upon the task. HE is sweating profusely and swings HIS huge file viciously across the seams.

GUS, the fat GERMAN metal finisher is seen to lag over the work. HE wields HIS file weakly and leans against the bodies for support as HE works. TINY helps HIM out.

SLIM is going slightly better, but still gets in the way of the grinders who throw HIM away from the bodies as THEY attack THEM to complete THEIR tasks.

HOGAN is seen working at the right of the stage drilling holes with an electrically operated drill. HE is seen talking continually to the men about HIM.

AGAIN THE NOISE COMING FROM THE FACTORY DROWNS OUT ALL CONVERSATION. IT ROLLS OUT OVER THE AUDIENCE IN AN IMPENETRABLE WAVE. NOW AND THEN IT IS PIERCED BY THE SCREECHING WHINE OF A GRINDING MACHINE WHIRLING ITS MERRY WHEEL OVER RAW STEEL.

A CLOCK ON THE FACTORY WALL POINTS TO THREE MINUTES TO FIVE AS THE CURTAIN RISES.

(KRAKOWSKI comes out of the door marked "LOCKER ROOM" at the right front. HE carries something wrapped into a roll close under HIS arm)

(HOBBS comes out of the same door right behind KRAKOWSKI)

(KRAKOWSKI stops at left of stage and quickly hands HOBBS the roll under HIS arm)

(HOBBS takes the roll, buries it under HIS arm and goes across stage to extreme left. HE disappears for a second, then appears from left walking behind the line. HE ascends the stairs leading to HIS office)

(KRAKOWSKI walks up behind TINY and taps HIM on the shoulder)

(TINY without stopping the movement of HIS arms moves HIS head close to KRAKOWSKI'S mouth)

Krakowski

(yells into TINY'S car, but the noise is lost)

(TINY still working, nods HIS head and smiles)

(GUS has almost stopped work, now. HE leans dizzily against one of the bodies)

(TINY slaps GUS on the back. TINY does a few strokes of GUS' work)

(As the hands of the clock reach five o'clock a bell rings and the machinery begins to stop. The noise dies down quickly and the men toss THEIR tools to the floor, or onto benches)

(GUS, as the factory becomes quiet, drops HIS file and collapses onto the floor alongside the body HE has been working on)

Tiny

Get some water, Pete.

(all rush to help HIM UP)

Monohan

I'll get the water

(rushes off stage right, while HOGAN and  
other workers gather round GUS)

Pete

Out cold. Crise, we can't stand this. We'll all crack up.

Monohan

(returning with a bucket of water)

Here ya are. Get back, you guys and give him some air.

(TINY splashes water over GUS'S face)

Gus

(opens eyes. Looks around and struggles  
to get up)

Vas iss los?

Tiny

There you are, old timer. You'll be okay, now.

(GUS tries to get up again and sinks  
on HIS knees)

(helping HIM up)

Take drink of this. Do you good.

(offers GUS the pail)

Gus

(trembling and spilling water down HIS  
shirt front, drinks)

Dot's better.

(sees men around HIM for first time and  
becomes embarrassed)

Ain't chu got nuttin' better to do dan gape at me?

Tiny

They was just seein' how you was gettin' 'long, Gus.

Gus

I go to hum, now. Tanks, Tiny.

(GUS exits into locker room)

Monohan

Don't that make you change your mind, Tiny. You gonna let  
'em kill Gus so's you c'n be a foreman?

(other workmen go off into locker room)

Tiny

Shut up 'bout that in here, Monohan. Want to get in trouble?

Pete

What did Krakowski say to ya, Tiny? We seen him talkin' to ya.

Monohan

Yeh. What's up?

Tiny

(smiling and becoming slightly embarrassed)

Said Hobbs wanted to see me little after five. I guess you know what's it about?

Hogan

(shaking HIS head)

I'm sorry for ya, Tiny, no matter how big a job they give you.

Monohan

That's what's up, eh? So it'll be Mister Cady. Mr. Tiny Cady in the mornin'?

(bitterly)

Meet your new foreman, boys.

Pete

(with wonderment)

A foreman. Jese, you're a lucky bastard, Tiny.

Tiny

Luck, hell. I've broken my back for that job, and you know it.

Hogan

No one's denyin' you deserve it, Tiny, but right now it seems like you're selling us down the river. Hobbs would even listen to a reasonable protest from you.

Tiny

Well, I ain't goinna make it, so forget it.

(MONOHAN, PETE and HOGAN start to move toward Locker Room)

Well, ain't none of you gonna wish me luck?

(The men look at one another, then at TINY and move off into the Locker Room.

GUS dressed in shabby street clothes emerges from Locker Room. HE is followed by several other workers dressed for going home. GUS waves feebly to TINY and exits Left. The other men exit left, too. TINY, dejected, busies HIMSELF cleaning up. HE rubs HIS hands clean with bits of cotton waste, cleans off HIS face with it and then extracts a mirror of metal from HIS back pants pocket. With it

Tiny (Cont'd)

HE takes out a comb. HE props the mirror on the tail end of one of the bodies on the line and begins to comb HIS hair. From time to time HE looks up at the clock on the wall and over toward the stairs to Hobb's office)

Stevens

(Entering from Locker Room and walking up to TINY who is still combing HIS hair. Extending HIS hand to TINY)

Put her there, Tiny. I just heard them bellerin' in the locker room 'bout you waitin' to see Hobbs. Don't pay no 'tention to THEM guys, TINY, they're just jealous. Ol' Stevey's glad to see you get a foreman's job, no matter what they say.

Tiny

(spitting on HIS hand and trying to plaster down HIS hair)

Thanks, Stevey, I 'preciate that.

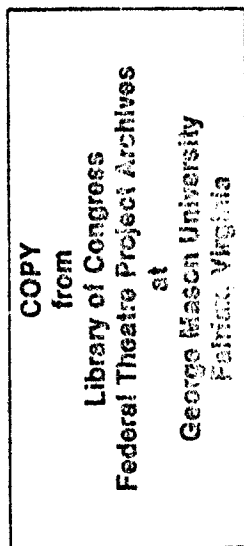
(STEVE and TINY shake hands)

(MONOHAN, PETE, THE GREEK, SLIM and HOGAN come out of the Locker Room. THEY see STEVENS shaking hands with TINY, nudge one another and exit right)

(While TINY and STEVENS have been talking, GIMP, without HIS broom, comes on stage from Left. HE walks slowly up to the rear of the body at the extreme left of the line and surveys it carefully. GIMP looks around, sees that no one is watchin' HIM. HE takes a pencil and small bit of paper from HIS pocket and starts to draw on the paper. With HIS pencil HE measures the seams. Then HE jots down some numbers. HE picks up one of the electric grinders next and surveys it carefully. HE puts it down and makes some more marks on HIS paper. Before TINY or STEVENS have noticed HIM, GIMP exits slowly Left)

Stevens

I told the old lady, 'bout you gonna be a foreman, an' you know, Tiny, sick as the old woman is, she smiled an' says, "He's got it comin'."





Tiny  
 (visibly affected)  
 That's sure nice of her. Me an' Emmy gonna drop in an'  
 see her one of these days.

(The door of Hobb's office is heard  
 banging shut. STEVENS exits quickly  
 into the Locker Room. TINY buttons up  
 the collar of HIS shirt, pulls up HIS  
 pants and wipes HIS hands on sides  
 of HIS trousers. HOBBS and KRAKOWSKI come down  
 stairs from HOBBS' office. Turn left  
 go off stage, and then reappear from left  
 in front of the assembly line. HOBBS  
 carries roll under HIS arm. The two men  
 walk up to TINY. THEIR faces are rigid)

Tiny  
 (very nervous and shifting HIS weight  
 from foot to foot)  
 Evenin', Mr. Hobbs.

Hobbs  
 (icily)  
 Evening, Tiny.  
 (KRAKOWSKI standing alongside of HOBBS,  
 nods HIS head)  
 (after a long pause)  
 Tiny, I don't know just how to begin to say what I've got  
 to tell you.

Tiny  
 (smiling and dropping HIS head with  
 modestly)  
 'At's all right, Mr. Hobbs. I understand, how you feel. Gee  
 whiz...

Hobbs  
 I don't think you do, Tiny.

Tiny  
 (raising HIS head and looking quizzically  
 at HOBBS, then at KRAKOWSKI)  
 What you mean?

Hobbs  
 (Taking the roll from under HIS arm and  
 unrolling it. It is an old suit coat.  
 TINY looks at the coat, stares at HOBBS)  
 What's your locker number, Tiny?

Tiny  
 Four fifty nine.

Hobbs  
 (pushing the coat out toward TINY)  
 This your coat?

Tiny  
 (stupid with bewilderment)  
 Yeh, 'at's mine.

Hobbs  
 (reaching into coat pocket)  
 Then I guess this is yours, too?  
 (HOBBS takes out Union card and shoves  
 it in front of TINY)

Tiny  
 (stares dumbly at card, then at HOBBS)  
 and then at KRAKOWSKI)  
 It's a Union card.

Hobbs  
 I know that, and your name's on it.

Tiny  
 (repeating HOBBS' words)  
 My name's on it?

Hobbs  
 Yes, your name, Tiny. We found it in your pocket, in your  
 coat and in your locker.

Tiny  
 (falteringly)  
 But...but...Why, I never joined no Union. I don't -

Krakowski  
 Then 'splain de card bein' there.

Tiny  
 (staring stupidly at both men)  
 But I tell you I don't belong to the Union. I turned them  
 down, I did.

Hobbs  
 Come on now Tiny. You'll get nowhere lyin' to me. Give us  
 the straight story and everything'll go easier.

Tiny  
 But I tell ya....

Hobbs  
 (interrupting with a cold bitter tone)  
 You can't lie yourself out of this, Tiny. I discovered this  
 in your locker myself, this afternoon, just after lunch.  
 Krakowski was with me and saw me find it.

Tiny  
It ain't mine, I tell ya.

Hobbs  
(pointing to the card with HIS index  
finger)  
That's your signature, isn't it?

Tiny  
(examining the card)  
Looks like mine, but I never signed no card. Honest I  
di'nt, Mr. Hobbs. Ask the boys. Ask any of 'em.

Hobbs  
(laughing)  
Ask the boys. Naturally they'll defend you.

Tiny  
(loudly)  
It's a frameup, I tell you. Someone planted it on me.

Krakowski  
I tolt you he'd say dat.

Hobbs  
That's ridiculous, Tiny. No one would plant a card on you.  
The men like you. You'd better come through and tell us  
about it.

Krakowski  
You gonna talk?

Tiny  
(futilely. Almost crying)  
I can't talk. I don't know where it came from. Honest, Mr.  
Hobbs.

Hobbs  
(drops coat to floor. Surveys TINY  
for several seconds)  
Tiny, you know what the rules are about joining the Union.  
According to the Company regulations I should fire you.

Tiny  
(repeating the word dumbly)  
Fire me? Fire me, Mr. Hobbs?

Hobbs  
You know that was the risk you took when you joined. Immediate  
dismissal is the law.

Tiny  
But, Mr. Hobbs.....

Hobbs

(interrupting)

Just a minute and let me finish talking.

(sincerely)

This discovery came as a greater blow to me than you can understand, Tiny. You probably know we were considering you for a foreman's job. You've been a good man and the Company appreciates it. I'm due in Detroit this week sometime, and I intended putting through your promotion at that time. The discovery of this Union card changes all that.

Tiny

You mean... You mean... I ain't gonna be a foreman, Mr. Hobbs?

Hobbs

Most certainly not. Under the rules there is only one thing for me to do and that's let you go. Krakowski, here has persuaded me to be lenient and give you another chance.

Tiny

'Nother chance?

Hobbs

After considering all the factors involved, your length of service, your good record up to this time and other things in your favor, I've decided to let you stay on as a metal finisher, but on probation. On probation mind you.

Krakowski

No monkey beesiness from now on, Tiny.

Hobbs

I hope this serves you a good lesson and that you lose no time in cutting clear of the Union. They can do you no good. It's cost you a foreman's job, already and ruined your chances of ever getting very far in this Company.

Tiny

I been framed, I tell you.

(yelling)

It's a plant. Give me a couple of days and I'll prove it.

Hobbs

As far as we're concerned the case is finished, now. Better you spend your time getting off probation.

(TINY'S face sets and he does not answer)

(handing TINY the card)

Better take this and give it back to the Union. It's been a pretty expensive membership, for you.

(HOBBS turns sharply and moves off toward left in front of the line.

KRAKOWSKI follows HIM but turns back to look at TINY who stares vacantly

at the two retreating figures. TINY continues to stare to left, as both men disappear off stage Left, then reappear behind the line. THEY ascend the iron stairway to HOBBS' office)

(TINY watches them until THEY disappear. HE has a bewildered expression on HIS face. HE looks at the card for a long time, then slowly bends over, picks up HIS coat and drops the card into the pocket. Holding the coat by the collar, HE swings it over HIS shoulder and starts slowly toward the Right. Curtain drops as HE reaches the Locker Room)

End of Scene 2 - Act II

ACT IIScene 3

TIME: A week later. Evening.

SET: A room about fifteen by twenty feet with a single door opening into it from the Right. A dozen or more chairs are set across the room in rows running from front to back-stage. At the left, in what is the front of the room is a table and a single chair. Two windows on the backstage drop are covered by shades drawn carefully down to shut out the light from inside being seen from the outside. There's a peek hole in the door covered by a hinged patch of wood.

AT RISE: HOGAN is seated at the table in the front of the room sorting cards. Scattered over the room in groups of twos and threes are about ten workers. THEY include PETE, GUS, SLIM, THE GREEK and MONOHAN. All are dressed in street clothes, wearing caps and battered felt hats. The men talk in guarded voices.

(HOGAN looks at HIS watch and raps table for order)

Hogan

All right, boys. Sit down now and we'll get started. Greek... You take care of the door.

Monohan

Watch out who you let in, too.

Pete

Better wait a while, Hogan. More comin', I think.

Monohan

To hell with 'em. Let's get started.

Hogan

(stands up behind table and speaks quietly)

Just to let you fellows know what we're going to try and do

Hogan (Cont'd)

at this meeting and to let you know what's happened up to date I'm going to read the minutes of our last meeting held three days ago.

(Just before HOGAN finishes this statement there's a knock at the door. HOGAN hesitates, then goes on as PETE lifts the peek hole lid and looks out. PETE then opens the door and two more workers come in)

Just in time, men. We're beginning the meeting.

(Both MEN take seats up toward the front)

Monohan

About them minutes, Hogan. Thought I was secretary. That's my job.

Hogan

I'm afraid you were a little too....too excited at the last meeting, Monohan.

(The MEN all laugh)

At the last meeting we called together the heads of all the skilled operator's crews, and most of the metal finishers.

Pete

We was all here, but Tiny.

Hogan

(takes a paper off table top and reads from it)

The last meeting was in the nature of an emergency session. The business under discussion began with a proposal for a plan by which we would start our sabotage campaign in the factory, and ended with a move to bring more light on the mysterious discovery of a Union card in Tiny Cady's locker.

(looking up at HIS audience and smiling)

You men will have to excuse me for talking these minutes to you instead of reading them, but as you know I've had no time in the last three days to write them up.

(returns eyes to paper)

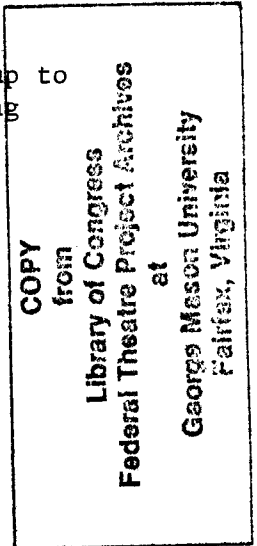
The sabotage campaign is pretty well lined up. We're ready to start it on a minute's notice, providing of course we can get Tiny into it. With most of the responsibility depending on the metal finishing crew you can see we wouldn't get very far without Tiny.

Pete

'At's right. An' he said he might show up tonight.

Monohan

He won't put his head in here. Not with that dame on his tail.



Hogan

(rapping for order)

On the matter of finding out how the Union card got into Tiny's locker---

(There is a knock at the door and PETE looks out. STEVENS enters through door Right. HE slips into a seat quietly, but HOGAN stops talking until HE is seated. The MEN all look around when HOGAN stops talking)

At the last meeting, I was saying, we had present all the men to whom I gave out Union cards. These men accounted for their cards to one another's satisfaction, so it was decided that whoever it was that put the card into the hands of the management came by the card after it left these men's hands.

Pete

I don't quite get that, Hogan.

Hogan

I was explaining that you five men who took cards from me that noon in the material yard, accounted for your cards. Each man told who he distributed his cards to.

Pete

Yeh, that's right.

Hogan

You can see, men how important it is that we find out who the traitor is. A week's gone by since Tiny was framed and he still thinks it was my doing to get him into the Union. By this time you've all heard what Hobbs told Tiny and realize that the lad hasn't nothing much to gain from the management. All we have to do then, is to find the man who planted that card on Tiny and we'll have the boss metal finisher behind us. With Tiny throwing his weight into the sabotage we'll have Hobbs beggin' for mercy in a week.

Pete

We know who planted that card.

Gus

Chust ask Krakowski. He'll tell you.

Monohan

That's the bastard. The Polack.

Hogan

(rapping for order)

We all know pretty well that it was Krakowski who planted the card, but we don't know how Krakowski got hold of it. The way we left things at the last meeting, the men who took cards from me in the material yard Wednesday was going



Hogan (Cont'd)

to check up on the fellows they gave cards to. I'm goin' to ask these men to come up front now and account for their cards. Will you come up here, boys?

(PETE, MONOHAN, SLIM, STEVENS, THE GREEK come up to the front row of chairs and sit down)

We'll begin with Slim, the new man in Tiny's crew.

(SLIM stands up. HOGAN holds up a pack of Union cards)

Here's all of Slim's cards right here. He's a new man and naturally couldn't hand any out. That settles you, Slim.

(SLIM sits down)

The Greek, from Tiny's crew was going to check up on the three cards he gave out. What did you find out, Greek?

The Greek

I senn evera wan. Las' night I go see avera wan these guys I give cards.

Hogan

Who were the men?

The Greek

Theya was Nick the painter, Varich, in the 'polstery room, an' George ma cousin from Greek.

Hogan

And you saw that each of these men had still had his card?

The Greek

I seen 'em maself, justa las' night.

Hogan

Okay, Greek. That accounts for yours.

Pete

(standing up)

I checked up on mine, too. Let me....

Hogan

Wait a minute, Pete. Monohan's next. How about yours, Monohan?

Monohan

(rising)

I got rid of five cards. All of 'em over in the weldin' room. They was five good solid Irishmen I gave 'em to, good Catholic boys and not a double crosser in the lot. It's sinful A' me havin' to check them, but I did. Las' night I called personally, mind you, on Murphy, Sloan, Callahan, Smythe, and young Eagan. With me own eyes I see their cards. Still in their possession, they was.

(MONOHAN sits down)

Hogan

I guess that takes care of Monohan, and now your turn, Pete. How many did you give out to the men?

Pete

(WHO has risen)

Four, I gave. One to my brother-in-law, Walter in the enamel room. One to Olaf the Swede kid in the duco(?) booth, one to Wagner the upholstery trimmer and the other I give to Fummaselli the Eytalian door hanger. I bumped into my brother-in-law Walter and Olaf down at Fritz' las' night and jus' tonight 'afore dinner I seen Fummaselli and Wagner at home. They all still had their cards. 'Tweren't none of them wot planted the card on Tiny.

Hogan

All right, Pete. What suits us. Stevens, what about you?

Stevens

(Nervous as HE rises)

I guess I was the first one to check mine, Hogan. I got busy right after last meetin'.

Hogan

(smiling)

As I remember it, you didn't have many to check. Got rid of two altogether, didn't you, Stevens?

Stevens

That's right. I gave one to Heiney, the spot welder, and you seen that with your own eyes las' night at Fritz' place.

Hogan

That's right, boys, I saw Heiney's card myself.

Stevens

The other I give to Freddy the Privy man. I asked Freddy for his card just tonight an' he showed it to me. Guess That account for mine.

Hogan

Seems, Stevens. Okay for you, then, too.

(There is another knock at the door and again PETE looks out. TINY, EMMA and FREDDY the PRIVY man enter through door Right. TINY pushes EMMA into a seat and FREDDY takes seat between HER and TINY. The MEN all turn to look at the trio as THEY enter)

Hogan

Welcome, Tiny, Welcome.

(MEN shout greetings for a few seconds)

Pete

Here's Tiny, boys.

Monohan

Mr. Chairman. Mr. Chairman.

(over noise of greetings)

I object to havin' an outsider an' 'specially a female at our meetin', I make a motion Emma be made to get out.

Stevens

(eagerly)

I second it. No women for us. This is confidential.

Pete

How do we know who she'll go shootin' her mouth off to?

Hogan

(rapping for order)

Just a minute, men. Just a minute. Sit down, Stevens. Sit down all of you.

Tiny

(rising slowly)

Shut your mouths--all of you. I got somethin' to say.

(TINY'S voice is low and HE speaks  
in a deadly monotone)

Hogan

Just a minute, Tiny. We're glad to have you with us, but the boys don't feel just right 'bout your bringing Emma in with you.

(EMMA leaps up out of HER seat and  
races to the front of the room stand-  
ing alongside of HOGAN. SHE is tense  
and bursting with talk)

Emma

(to HOGAN)

You an' your fancy titles, Chairman Hogan.

(scornfully, EMMA laughs)

It's a wonder you ain't wearing a red fez atop your head, Mister Hogan, and callin' a meeting of the ELKS, or the Masons. The K. of C.' wouldn't be wantin' you.

Hogan

I'm afraid Miss Jenkins you'll have to stop.....

Emma

I'll stop nothin'. Not even my talk.

(glaring at HOGAN and then at the  
audience)

Not 'til I hand over to you the dirty sneak that betrayed Tiny.

Tiny

(from the back of the room)

Emma - let me finish this, will.....

Emma

(with rising rage)

No one's finishing this for me. I found the guilty one who planted the card in Tiny's locker an' I'm goin' to hand him over to you.

(MEN all begin talking to one another excitedly)

Shut your mouths, I say. Shut your mouths an' let me finish.  
(bitterly to HOGAN)

Mister Chairman Hogan, do I have your permission to ask a few questions of one of your members in good standing?

Hogan

Go ahead.

Emma

(relaxing and in a small, piercing voice)

Mr. Stevens, I'd like to ask you a few questions if you don't mind.

Stevens

(in a rage)

I won't stand for it. No woman's gonna make a fool out of me, Hogan. Get her outta here. Or I go.

(STEVENS starts out toward door Right.

BIG TINY stands up in front of the door and looks at HIM and as HE approaches STEVENS slows down and stops. TINY point toward front of room, and STEVENS slowly pivots and returns to front row of seats...)

Emma

(in same cold, thin voice)

Now that you've decided my company ain't so distasteful, perhaps you'll answer a few questions, Mr. Stevens?

Stevens

I won't answer you nothin'.

Emma

(rising voice)

Then maybe you'll deny a few things. Maybe you'll deny over your wife's sick body what you told her about doin' a little extra work at the factory. Are you denying Stevens that you've been makin' extra money from sidework at the factory?

Stevens

I ain't answerin' you nothin', see. Hogan, get me outta here.

(TINY still stands in front of door)

Emma

You're not leavin' here, Stevens 'til you 'count for those Union cards Tiny seen you take from Hogan in the material yard, last week.

Hogan

But Miss Jenkins, Stevey just finished tellin' us where they were.

Emma

(to HOGAN)

And you believed him?

Stevens

Get me out of here, Hogan. I don't have to stand no abuse from that dame.

Emma

Stevens, who did you give the cards to?

Stevens

I ain't answerin' you nothin'.

Hogan

We can tell you that, Miss Jenkins. He gave out two cards. One to --

(HOGAN looks at paper on HIS desk)

Heiney, the spot welder and one to Freddy the Privy man on the body line. Freddy's here now.

Emma

Oh, he did, eh. One he gave to Freddy, eh? You don't deny that, Stevens?

(STEVENS sits still with fear)

Come up here, Freddy. Show these men your card.

(FREDDY remains seated. TINY shoves HIM up toward the front of the room)

Freddy

(trembling and not looking at STEVENS)

I ain't got no card. I never had none. Stevens got me to say I had one. I didn't know what it was for - honest I didn't.

(MEN all turn toward STEVENS)

Emma

Maybe you made a mistake, Stevey. Maybe you meant some other Privy man. Take a good look at Freddy, an' tell us where the other card went.

(TINY advances upon STEVENS. Jerks HIM out of seat and raises HIS huge fist back to let HIM have one)

Tiny

Talk, you son-of-a-bitch -- or I'll kill ya.

Emma

Tell 'em how Krakowski came onto that card that landed in Tiny's locker.

(The MEN stare wide eyed at the group in front)

Stevens

(wilting into a whining cry for mercy)

I'll tell you -- don't hit me. Don't hit me, Tiny. I didn't mean you no harm. Honest I didn't. They made me. Krakowski and Hobbs. They made me promise to spy on you...

(angry murmur goes up from the men)

(frantic with fear -- stammering)

You know my wife's sick an' they tol' me to do it, or get out. Krakowski told me to get 'im a card, but he didn't say who for. Honest I di'nt know it was for plantin' on you.

(TINY lowers fist while STEVENS goes on)

When I finds out what he done with it, I got Freddy to cover me up. S'help me, boys, I didn't want to do it.

Hogan

(excitedly)

An' you've spilled your mouth to Krakowski too? What is it you've told him. Tell us quick, man.

Stevens

I ain't holdin' back nothin' on ya now, I tell you. I told Krakowski everythin'.

Hogan

About the sabotage, too. Christ, not that?

Stevens

(nodding HIS head)

Yeh -- I told him -- just tonight -- he made me --

(MONOHAN jumps and precipitates an angry movement toward STEVENS, WHO cringes behind TINY. All the MEN surge toward STEVENS. TINY holds THEM back)

Monohan

We'll crucify him, the lousey bastard.

Pete

Let us at him, Tiny.

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from  
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Federal Theatre Project Archives  
at  
George Mason University  
Fairfax, Virginia

The Greek

Busta his head.

Hogan

(helping TINY hold the men back from STEVENS)

Get back, boys.

(PETE has handed MONOHAN a folding chair and taken one for HIMSELF. EMMA is urging THEM to wield them on STEVENS' head. TINY smashes the chairs out of both men's hands and shouts)

Tiny

Sit down. Sit down.

(The MEN sullenly obey TINY)

Tiny

(Grabs STEVENS, moves him up behind the table. HOGAN follows. From this point TINY runs the meeting)

Tell us the truth, now Stevey, or we'll give it to you.

Hogan

What did you tell Krakowski?

Stevens

I told him you were goin' to use sabotage. I 'splained the whole thing.

Tiny

When did you tell him this?

Emma

No more of your lies.

Stevens

I just told him today. Tonight after work. Honest that's when I told him. Just tonight.

Pete

Bash his head in, Tiny.

Monohan

We'll take care of him.

The Greek

Let's have him.

(The MEN shout for STEVENS' scalp again)

Tiny

(booming for order and waving his hands)

Shut up, you guys and use your heads.

(the room is quiet)

Tiny

(to STEVENS)

While you were spyin' did you hear when Hobbs is due back from Detroit?

Stevens

I heard him say tomorrow, on the noon train.

Tiny

That means we've got to shut the Polack up before he can spill his mouth to Hobbs. We gotta do it, or we'll all be out on the street.

Monohan

It means all of our jobs, boys.

Tiny

Out on the street, men and no chance to pull the sabotage.

Hogan

(turning excitedly upon TINY and putting HIS arms around HIM)

Tiny! Do you mean it? Boys, did you hear that? It's Tiny, he's with us. He's gonna help us!

(STEVENS is forgotten for an instant while the men cheer)

(signalling for silence)

Quiet, boys. You'll have the whole town up here.

Tiny

Wait a second, boys. Just a minute I.....

Emma

(interrupting and grabbing TINY'S hand)

You ain't joinin' the Union, Tiny. You ain't, I say. Come on, get out of here now 'fore you're caught up here with them. They done you enough harm, now Tiny. If Hogan hadn't passed out them cards you'd 'a been a foreman now. They've ruined your chances an' that's enough. Please Tiny, don't stay.

(EMMA tries to pull HIM away. TINY, still undecided, remains planted)

(a silence falls over the group while TINY pauses looking at EMMA)

Tiny

(speaking slowly after a long pause)

Emma, I'm stayin' an' seein' this thing through with the rest.



Emma

(imploring furiously)

You can't, Tiny. You can't. It'll be the end of you. That's why I came up with you, just to see that you shoved clear of the Union when you turned Stevens over to them. Don't stay, Tiny. No good'll come of it. You can't beat the Company. They'll break you and you know it. Tiny, if I mean anything to you, come with me now and forget about the Union.

Tiny

(pausing for a long time again)

Emma, I'm stayin'. I got to, don't you see? 'Tweren't the Union's fault Krakowski framed me. That's all over now an' so far as the factory goes, I got nothin' to lose. Hobbs tol' me that. God knows I weren't lookin' for trouble, it just came on me, that's all. Union or no Union we got to stick together, now. It's our only chance. If Krakowski gets to talk to Hobbs tomorrow we'll all be through. Looks like my only chance is stickin' with the boys from now on.

(a silence falls over the group as  
EMMA drops TINY'S hand and stares at  
him)

It's the only way I can see it, Emmy.

Emma

(after a long pause)

I don't want to see you stay, Tiny, I been against it from the start, but if that's what you feel you gotta do, then I'll stick and take what comes.

(a cheer goes up from the men)

Hogan

(hushes them with gestures)

Good God, men, you'll have Hobbs up here with the state militia if you don't shut up.

Tiny

What we gonna do about Krakowski? Think it's too late?

Hogan

No, it's not too late. The Polack can't write an' that means he's gotta see Hobbs to turn our names in.

Tiny

At noon, the boss is due back. We gotta work quick.

(There is a buzz of conversation  
among the MEN)

Hogan

(silences THEM and pauses)

Sit down, boys.

Pete

What about Stevens? You gonna let him off?

Tiny

I'll take care of Stevens. I'm the one that suffered from what he done, ain't I? What you gonna do about Krakowski?

Hogan

We got 'til noon tomorrow to shut him up.

Monohan

How about Stevens? I'm for lettin' him have it.

Tiny

(turning to STEVENS)

Stevey, I ain't got much to say to you....You're a belly crawlin' rat an' by rights I should break the livin' Jesus out 'a your stinkin' carcass..... I ain't through, an' you can thank your sick wife an' kids that you're walkin' home an' not bein' carried. An' remember, Stevey, if you ever so much as breathe a word 'a what's happened here tonight, you're leavin' a widow and orphans on the State. Get that? Keep your lousey spyin' job, but remember you're workin' for us from now on. Carry your dirty lies to Hobbs and Krakowski like you did to the men you worked with.

(rising wrath)

Now get out of here and get out quick, an' take Freddy with you.

(STEVENS rushes cap in HIS hand,  
cringes and slinks out of the room.

FREDDY joins HIM as HE exits)

(to HOGAN)

Now 'bout Krakowski.

Hogan

(pause. The room becomes very quiet  
and HE speaks in a thin, piercing voice  
that is not raised)

The sabotage starts tomorrow as planned. Go home, men. Go home now. Don't worry. I'll take care of that pig-eyed bastard, Krakowski.

CURTAIN

ACT IIScene 4

TIME: The next morning, just before noon.

SETTING: The factory interior.

AT RISE: Curtain goes up on the assembly line in full operation. The noise is even greater than that heard in the earlier factory scenes. The three crews, the metal finishers, drillers and grinders are seen working on the bodies as they move steadily across the stage. The "Line" is seen to be moving at a much faster speed than in the scenes earlier in the play.

The big clock on the back wall points to seven minutes to twelve as the curtain rises.

The workers in view on the stage include TINY, GUS, THE GREEK, SLIM, MONOHAN and PETE in the metal finishing crew. HOGAN is seen among the drilling crew at the right side of the stage.

There is a great deal of physical confusion to be seen among the workers as THEY race furiously from one unit to the next. MEN seem to bump into one another, tools are dropped and the MEN are seen looking to the left and right, constantly on the watch for the appearance of KRAKOWSKI. HIS appearance on stage is heralded by the workers telegraphing warning nudges from elbow to back down along the line.

Immediately after the curtain goes up there is a tussle between GUS, MONOHAN, SLIM of the metal finishers and the grinding crew. TINY quiets it and the metal finishers rush upon another body.

(TINY steps back from the line a few feet, looks carefully left and right, then hurries back to the body he is working on. Once alongside of it HE is seen to take a few strokes with HIS file, then as several MEN pause to watch HIM, HE hurls the pointed end of the big rasp into the smooth metal panel on the rear of the body. The entire crew including TINY, leaves this body and rush to the next one coming up)

(MONOHAN pokes TINY in the ribs and as TINY turns to look at HIM, MONOHAN jabs HIS file into a different metal panel of the new unit THEY are working on)

(The body which TINY has damaged reaches the GRINDERS in the center of the stage. THEY begin to work on it, then the boss points out the damaged spot. The MEN stop work and point to the damaged panel. Elbows into ribs and backs warn the MEN KRAKOWSKI is coming. THEY get busy as the FOREMAN comes on from Right stage)

(KRAKOWSKI enters hurriedly from right stage. HE is yelling, but the sound of HIS voice is lost in the rear of the factory. HE waves HIS hands and arms frantically and stops in front of the first damaged body. HE takes out a piece of chalk from HIS pocket and marks a huge rejection cross on the damaged unit. HE signals the MEN with gestures of HIS hands and the GRINDERS stop working on the body)

(KRAKOWSKI rushes up to the next unit, sees it is damaged and makes a similar rejection mark on it. HE hurls HIS arms wildly in front of TINY who pauses for an instant, then shrugs HIS shoulders and continues at HIS work. The rest of the metal finishers ignore KRAKOWSKI'S wild gestures)

(THE DRILLERS. As the damaged unit progresses right across the stage it enters the section where the GRINDERS, led by HOGAN are at work)

(GIMP enters from left in back of the "Line". HE sweeps across stage, exiting Right)

(HOGAN holding HIS drilling machine in HIS arms is surrounded by three other MEN in HIS crew. THEY stand idly about the rejected unit, THEIR electric drills dangling from THEIR arms)

(From right and walking onto stage in front of the line a man wearing a clean grey mechanic's coat, three quarter's length, with the word INSPECTOR printed in red on HIS back, rushes on and stops alongside of KRAKOWSKI. HE waves HIS hands and yells at the FOREMAN who in turn becomes more excited than before)

(TINY working furiously with HIS crew these are the only MEN not idling on the stage. The first damaged car has passed off stage, now)

(THE NOISE OF THE FACTORY BEGINS TO SUBSIDE SLIGHTLY. A HANDFUL OF WORKERS, TOOLS IN HAND, DRIFT IN FROM THE RIGHT AND STAND IDLY STARING AT THE METAL FINISHERS WORKING AND THE FOREMAN AND THE INSPECTOR HARANGUING. THE NOISE IS NOW REDUCED APPRECIABLY AS A FEW MORE MEN DRIFT ON STAGE. THE REDUCTION IN THE NOISE INDICATES THE PARALYSIS THAT THE SABOTAGE IS HAVING ON THE LINE)

(KRAKOWSKI blows a shrill blast on a small whistle which HE puts to HIS mouth. Immediately after the whistle blows the noise of the factory subsides and the line stops moving. The stage becomes quiet)

Krakowski

(waving HIS hands violently and shouting at TINY)

Vot you doin', you fools? Two units in five minutes is ruint. Smashin' da metal mit dose files you iss doin'.

Inspector

Twenty nine units in the last two hours. Shot to hell from this end of the line. God dammit, you're tyin' up the whole body shop, Krakowski.

Krakowski

(furious at the INSPECTOR)

No! No! I'm smashing bodies.

(The FOREMAN becomes inarticulate with anger for a second)

It's the metal finishers. Look. Look. Two damaged here.

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George Mason University

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Krakowski (Cont'd)

Two right here. Vot you mean, goddamned you, Tiny. Vot chu doin'?

(The WORKERS gather around KRAKOWSKI)

Tiny

I ain't doin' it. You di'nt see me ruin no work. It's the speed-up, god-damn it. The men can't work that fast. Their files slip.

Inspector

Slip my ass -- The grinders and the drillers is screwin' 'em up just as bad. Why don't you keep things movin', Krakowski. You're the foreman, ain't cha?

Krakowski

No. No. Everywhere at one time. I vatch 'em here, den dey bost 'em hup down odder end. Jese crise, what's doin' wit the mens 'smornin'?

(turns to gethering of MEN)

Get da hell outta here--all 'a ya. Back to your sections. G'wan.

(The MEN drift off stage right except those whose work places keep them on stage)

Monohan

We ain't bustin' up nottin. Units come pilin' down too fast to work on. Ain't our fault. Slow up the line.

Inspector

None of my business what's up, but I'll tell you now to get this line goin' afore Hobbs gets back or there'll be hell to pay.

Krakowski

Hobbs, Hobbs. Crise, why ain't he here. I can't stop this. Whole plant's gone nuts.

Inspector

Ain't but nine perfect units come through all mornin'. Assembly line's cryin' for bodies and none to give 'em. What'm I gonna say to Hobbs when he finds the assembly line closed down this afternoon for havin' no bodies to put on the chassis? You answer that, damn you.

(INSPECTOR turns and walks off to Right)

(While the INSPECTOR walks off HOGAN in view of everyone, but KRAKOWSKI and a few of the metal finishers, slams HIS electric drill hard onto the cement floor)



Tiny

Ya ain't got long Hogan, what you gonna do? Every god-damned one 'a us is out on our tail tonight if that bastard spills off to Hobbs.

Monohan

There ain't no way 'a stoppin' him now les' we.....

Pete

(whispering)

'At's what I'm thinkin'. It's him or us, boys. I'm for shuttin' him up right now, even if it's only for a couple 'a days.

Tiny

(slow to catch on)

Ya mean.....bustin' him on the head? Jese, we can't do that.

Hogan

(impatiently)

Get the hell outta here, all of ya. C'mon. Beat it.

Pete

An' leave Krakowski to blow off to Hobbs. Nothin' doin'.

Gus

It's our chobbs, Hogan. Effery wan of us.

Slim

Jese, Hogan. Don't let 'im fire us. We'll have Hobbs screwed tight in another week of this wreckin' the bodies.

(The blue Cooper Hewitt lamps go down and the stage is now lit only by the yellowish glare of overhead bulbs. The light is rather dim)

Pete

C'mon, boys. We got to move fast. Hobbs'll be here in a minute. Krakowski'll be with him, first thing. I'm for gettin' the Polack before Hobbs gets here. Whatcha sayin'?

(The MEN look at one another and then at HOGAN)

Hogan

I tell you to get the hell.....

Krakowski

(entering from left, stops HOGAN from talking)

Get outta here you guys and eat. Ya got no business here noon hours.

(The MEN hesitate, then move in toward the FOREMAN)



Hogan

Beat it, I tell you. All of ya. Get outta here. I got work to do.

(HOGAN picks up HIS file and with free hand behind KRAKOWSKI'S back HE gestures for the others to leave)

(The MEN look at one another, then slowly move off to Right)

Krakowski

You badder gat dot drill goin' 'fore one o'clock, Hogan.

Hogan

I will, don't worry.

(HOBBS, wearing a top coat and carrying a small bag appears at the foot of iron stairway leading to HIS office. HE ascends two stairs until HE is visible over tops of bodies, sees KRAKOWSKI and calls to HIM)

Hobbs

Hey, Krakowski. I'm back. Come over here a minute.

Krakowski

(leaves HOGAN, climbs over the assembly line and goes to speak to HOBBS)

Yessir. Comin' right away.

Hobbs

(to KRAKOWSKI)

I'm going to be busy for about ten minutes. After that I want to see you up in my office. Don't go away 'til you see me. It's important.

Krakowski

Yessir.

(KRAKOWSKI looks at clock as HOBBS ascends stairs and exits into HIS office. Then KRAKOWSKI goes off stage left)

Hogan

(All alone on stage. STILL HOLDING THE ELECTRIC DRILL BEGINS TO DISENTANGLE THE LONG RUBBER COATED WIRE THAT CONNECTS HIS DRILL WITH THE SWITCH BOX ON THE LEFT PILLAR MARKED 220 VOLTS. HOGAN SCRAMBLES OVER THE ASSEMBLY LINE... PULLS DOWN THE MASTER SWITCH ON THE 220 CONTROL BOX AND REMOVES THE PLUG CONNECTING HIS DRILL. THEN HOGAN MOVES THE MASTER SWITCH UPWARD AGAIN. LOOKING CAREFULLY ABOUT HOGAN HURRIES OVER TO THE SWITCH BOX MARKED "660 VOLTS DANGER" PULLS THE MASTER SWITCH AND PLUGS IN THE WIRE CONNECTING UP TO HIS

DRILL. WHILE THE SWITCH ON THIS PILLAR IS STILL DISCONNECTED HE SCRAMBLES BACK OVER THE ASSEMBLY LINE PUTS HIS DRILL ON ONE OF THE BENDERS IN FRONT OF THE LINE IN THE SECTION WHERE HE WORKS. IT IS DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE LEFT PILLAR WITH THE 220 VOLT BOX ON IT. NEXT HOGAN TANGLES THE WIRE AMONG THE DOZEN OTHER WIRES DRAPED ALONG THE FLOOR UNTIL IT IS LOST IN THE TANGLE. RETURNING TO THE FRONT OF THE LINE AFTER HE HAD LIFTED THE MASTER CONTROL, HOGAN TAKES A BUCKET WITH WATER IN IT AND SPLATTERS IT ON THE FLOOR IN THE VICINITY OF THE BROKEN ELECTRIC DRILL. REPLACING THE WATER BUCKET HOGAN PULLS DOWN ON THE PRIVVY CORD OVERHEAD IN A FEW SECONDS KRAKOWSKI APPEARS)

(SUMMARY. WHILE KRAKOWSKI WAS OFF STAGE HOGAN HAS TAKEN HIS 220 VOLT DRILL OUT OF ITS REGULAR SWITCH BOX AND CONNECTED IT UP TO THE 660 VOLT SWITCH BOX.)

Krakowski

Wot you ringin' dot bell for. No privvy man's workin' noon hours?

(KRAKOWSKI is carrying a thin strip of metal ten feet long)

Hogan

I need some help with this drill. I thought I could fix it, but I can't. Give me a hand.

Krakowski

You smart guy, you say him you fix heem. Whatta I care you eat lunch, or not?

Hogan

Okay, don't, then. But don't yelp at me if I ain't workin' at one o'clock. Ain't gonna hurt ya none to halp me.

Krakowski

I gotta no time. Gotta see Mr. Hobbs pretty quick, now.

Hogan

(walking away from the drill)

The hell with it, then. I'll wait for the 'lectricians to get back after lunch.

Krakowski

(getting angry)

Like hal you will, gimme that drill.

(KRAKOWSKI sets the metal strip against the bench on end)

Hogan

Wait a second 'til I shut off the juice.

(HOGAN moves over the line toward the  
220 volt switch)

(KRAKOWSKI MOVES SEVERAL STOPS TOWARD THE  
DRILL. JUST BEFORE HE GETS TO IT HE STOPS AND  
FUMBLES THROUGH HIS CLOTHES LOOKING FOR A  
SCREWDRIVER)

Hogan

(standing in front of 220 volt switch)

Wait a second.

Krakowski

(Still looking for screwdriver in his many  
pockets, turns to HOGAN and watches HIM)

Hogan

(throws the 220 switch off)

Okay, go ahead.

(The scene immediately surrounding KRAKOWSKI  
is the same as has been seen during all the  
interior scenes of the factory. HE is  
standing just right of center stage, in  
front of that part of the assembly line  
where HOGAN usually works. When KRAKOWSKI  
came on this last time HE carried in HIS  
hand a long thin strip of steel which HE  
stands upright on its end resting against  
the three foot high stool upon which HOGAN  
has rested the broken drill.)

(KRAKOWSKI sees HOGAN pull the master  
switch)

(HOGAN, after pulling the switch scrambles  
back across the assembly line and draws  
hesitantly toward the FOREMAN. HOGAN  
stops walking and stands about seven feet  
away from KRAKOWSKI)

(KRAKOWSKI pulls a screw driver from an  
inside pocket and picks up the electric  
drill. The FOREMAN is standing on the  
floor where HOGAN has sprinkled water)

Krakowski

You hold the screws, I show you how to fix. You got him  
turned off on the switch here?

Hogan

(not moving)

Okay. It's off I think.

(KRAKOWSKI TAKES SCREWDRIVER IN RIGHT HAND, HOLDING DRILL IN LEFT. AS HE TOUCHES THE DRILL WITH THE METAL THERE IS A BLINDING FLASH AND AN EXPLOSION. THE LIGHTS GO OFF IMMEDIATELY AND A BODY IS HEARD TO FALL. AFTER THIS FIRST NOISE THERE IMMEDIATELY FOLLOWS ANOTHER SMALLER EXPLOSION AND AGAIN THE STAGE IS DARK AS MORE SOUND OF SOMETHING CRASHING TO THE FLOOR IS HEARD)

Hobbs

(yelling)

What's up. Hey, lights, lights. Hurry.

Voices of Many Men

An explosion. Light's all out here. Over in metal finishing.

Hobbs

Get a light, quick.

A Worker

(Comes on stage with a flashlight. HE throws its beam on the right side of stage as HE enters and waves it in a sweeping circle as HE moves toward center stage. Light falls on bodies of KRAKOWSKI and HOGAN)

(HOBBS rushing on from right with another flashlight casts it on the two bodies. The two bodies are about seven feet apart and the strip of metal which KRAKOWSKI carried with HIM on stage is seen pressed under the FOREMAN'S body and lying across HOGAN'S body)

(The lights come on again)

(Other WORKERS come on stage and stand around bodies)

Hobbs

(yelling to a WORKER)

Pull that 660 switch, quick. Don't touch them.

Worker

(climbs over line and jerks the switch down)

Okay, boss.

Hobbs

Both fried. Krakowski must have got it first and knocked the metal onto Hogan.

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Worker

Lookit Mr. Hobbs. That's a 220 drill an' it's hooked up to the 660 control box. Jese, that's a funny accident.

Hobbs

What?

(HE follows out the wire and sees that it leads to the 660 box)

By God, it is. One of these deaths was an accident.

Worker

What did you say?

(HOBBS pauses, looks at the two dead MEN, then at the switch box)

Hobbs

Nothing, forget it. Hurry, get them out of here before the men get back.

(WORKERS start to move as

CURTAIN DROPS

End of Scene 4 Act II

"for play needs - the PLAY BUREAU"

\$595 F.O.B.

ACT III

ACT III

Scene I

Time: Ten days later. In the morning before the factory is open.

Set: The Superintendent's office inside the factory.

At Rise: HOBBS, the superintendent, is seated at his desk smoking nervously. He looks at his watch, lifts telephone receiver.

Hobbs

(Into telephone)

Hello. Hello. Give me long distance.

(Pause)

Hello, long distance?.....I want to speak to Mr. James B. as in Benjamin... Shaw - S-H-A-W at the Klaw Motors Company in Detroit. Klaw, that's right.

(HOBBS holds receiver and draws geometric designs on his desk pad while he waits for connection)

Hello - Hello. What? Not in yet?... Just a minute operator.. try to get him at the Detroit Athletic Club... please.

(HOBBS continues to smoke and draw while he waits)

Hello, hello... Detroit A.C. I want James Shaw, of the Klaw Motors.

(Pause)

Wake him up, operator, it's very important.....

(Another wait during which HOBBS displays extreme nervousness)

Hello, Ernest. This is Hobbs. Hobbs down at the Aurora plant. Sorry to wake you up, Ernest, but this is important. I'm in trouble down here. They've got me tied up tight. No. No... Not a strike, sabotage.....

(Pause)

No. No. You don't understand. They've started damagin' the cars. The metal finishers. Haven't had enough bodies out of the body shop to run the assembly line for a week... I think you'd better hop a plane and get down here, Shaw. Looks damn serious.

(Pause)

....Sure the strike breakers got down here all right..... Two of them are in the hospital and the rest beat it after my foreman got killed. No. No. You can't send anymore men down from Detroit.... the men here are wild now, they'll kill anyone you send down.... What?....

(HOBBS listens to Shaw for several seconds)

I tell you I can't stop them... I've tried. It's in the body shop, they're doing the damage. Metal finishers. They've paralyzed production.

(Pause)

Ten days ago... Getting worse ever since Hogan, the organizer, and Krakowski, my foreman, were killed.

(Another long pause)

(Angrily)

Suit yourself, Shaw, but I'm doing what I see is the only thing to do if we don't want a complete shut down here. I'm seeing the Union representative this morning... I tell you I'm seeing them this morning and I'm calling a truce. It's the only thing I can do.... Sure I'm going to recognize them... for the rest of the season anyway.... What? Buy them off? I'll try.... Okay. It's that, Shaw, or shutting down... Take your choice... You'd better get down here anyway. (Pause)

Okay, okay... I'll try. I'll try, but I don't think I can do it. I'm not opening the plant today. No use - got nothing to assemble.... How much can I offer them? ... Okay, see you this afternoon.

(HOBBS hangs up the receiver, extinguishes his cigarette and paces around the office. He sits down again and lights another cigarette)

(HOBBS dials a number on the phone with two twists of the dial)

Hello, Gateman? This Mr. Hobbs, the superintendent. I'm expecting three men from the body shop in a few minutes, Monohan, Cady and Peters. They're at the gate now? Let them in. Thanks.

(HOBBS puts down receiver)

(THE DOOR OF HOBBS'S OFFICE OPENS AND THE GREY HEAD OF GIMP PUSHES THROUGH THE HALF OPEN DOOR. HOBBS, AFTER PUTTING DOWN THE RECEIVER, SEES THE OLD MAN AND LOOKS AT HIM CURIOUSLY)

Gimp

(Falteringly)

Mr. Hobbs, if you've a few minutes I've somethin' to show you.....

Hobbs

(Impatiently)

Not now, Gimp. Not now, please. I'm expecting some one here in a second. See me some other time. End of the week maybe. Sorry.



(GIMP'S head disappears back through the door slowly)

(The door opens a second later and TINY, MONOHAN and PETE enter. They are dressed in street clothes. All have their caps in their hands as they enter)

Hobbs  
Come in boys, I've been waiting for you.

Tiny  
Thanks.

Hobbs  
(Arranging chairs)  
Sit down, men. We've got a lot of rag chewing to do.

(MONOHAN and PETE sit with TINY between them facing Hobbs. MONOHAN and PETE look at TINY, waiting for him to start talking. TINY hesitates for some time then begins)

Tiny  
We got your letter sayin' you'd be wantin' to see us today.

Hobbs  
(With feigned joviality)  
That's right, I do.  
(Reaches into desk for box of cigars. Offers them to the men)

Tiny  
No, thanks.

Pete  
Not for me.

Monohan  
(Half half outstretched)  
I'll -- have -- No thanks.

(HOBBS starts to put cigars away)  
(Bravely)  
On second thought it's a cigar I'll be havin'. Just for my nerves.  
(Takes a cigar, smells it and puts it in his pocket)

Hobbs  
Now then, men, who is it you've made head of your committee?

(PETE AND MONOHAN wait for Tiny. He hesitates)

Pete

I suppose you know that since Mr. Hogan died, Tiny here's been taking his place. I guess he's the head man.

Tiny

Yeh, that's right. I'm carryin' on for Hogan.

Hobbs

(Waits for an awkward pause)

I'm sorry I couldn't get to the funeral. I sent Mrs. Hogan note, though.

Monohan

Indeed you did an' 'twas decent of you too, Mr. Hobbs.

Hobbs

Thanks, Monohan.

Tiny

It's recognition of our Union I suppose you've asked us here to talk about?

Hobbs

Not so fast, Tiny...

(Pause)

First of all I want to tell you boys that we know just about what you're up to and who the men are that you're depending on. I've got the name of every man right here.

Monohan

'Tis no secret, now. What c'n you do about it?

Hobbs

(Laughing)

You got me there, Boys. Frankly there doesn't seem to be much I can do about it with things tied up like they are.

Tiny

'An this is only the beginning. We've had four hundred men join up since Hogan's funeral.

Monohan

An' more join' every day.

Hobbs

All right. That brings us to the question of what you intend doing from now on.

Tiny

What do you intend doin'?

Hobbs

That's fair enough. I'll tell you. I want to get this plant running. That's all I want. My job depends on that. Now then, what am I going to have to do to get that?

Tiny

(Taking a paper out of his pocket)

Well, we've got the demands.....

Hobbs

Put that paper away for now, Tiny. Let's be sensible.

Tiny

(Bewildered)

We're asking for recognition for the Union first. We'll go back to work, every man of us if you give us that. After that you can meet and talk with representatives of the Union for the rest of our demands.

Hobbs

Look here you fellows. Why don't you use your heads? You've done a very smart job of work. Right now I'll admit you've got me tied hand and foot. I can't move... But don't think for a minute you're going to hold that advantage. Klaw Motors is too big, you know that. Klaw will beat you if he has to spend ten million to do it. You know that, too.

Tiny

He hasn't got us beat right now an' we know it.

Monohan

'At's right.

Hobbs

(Persuasively)

I'm going to talk cold sense to you boys and if you've an ounce of brains you'll grab up my offer.

Tiny

Recognition?

Hobbs

(With disgust)

I said I was talking sense, Tiny.

(The three workers look puzzledly at one another)

You've won a smart victory. Now why not be smart and cash in on it?

Tiny

(Puzzledly)

Cash in on it?

Hobbs

I'm ready to give each of you men a thousand dollars in cash, right now, if you'll just walk out on this whole picture. I've got an agreement that don't look bad on paper. Take it to the men and the money is yours.

Tiny

You ain't tryin' to buy us off, are you, Mr. Hobbs?

(Seriously)

Hobbs

(Laughing)

Well, that's a pretty ugly way of putting it.

Tiny  
I guess we'd better be going, boys.  
(Starts to rise)

Hobbs  
Wait a second, don't leave. I'll make that offer five thousand.

(MONOHAN and PETE look at one another and then  
at TINY, who is staring angrily at Hobbs)

(Talking fast)  
Five thousand a piece, boys, and no one'll ever be a bit the wiser.

Tiny  
(Exploding with anger)  
Why god-----

Hobbs  
(Interrupting him)  
That'll set you boys for life. You deserve it, you're the ones  
that put this sabotage over. You won't be getting much more than  
thanks from your pals an' in six months you won't even get that.  
What do you say?

Tiny  
(Exploding. Bangs with fist)  
I say you're a lousy son-of-a-bitch, Hobbs, an' if you say an-  
other word about buyin' us off I'll bust you through that wall.

Monohan  
(Grabbing Tiny)  
Wait a second, Tiny. Don't go gettin' excited. Mr. Hobbs  
wasn't meanin' no harm. He was --

Pete  
No, Hobbs ain't meanin' no harm to you... Maybe what he's sayin'...  
Crise... I don' know, five gran...

(TINY stares with amazement at Pete)

Monohan  
Five gran's a lot of dough, Tiny....

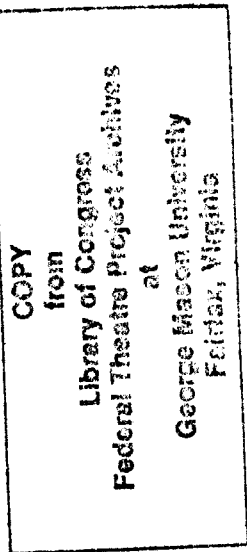
Tiny  
Shut up, both of you, or I'll clip you down, too. Let's get  
outta here.

(HOBBS moves to front of door and blocks exit)

(Raising fist)  
Get away from there, Hobbs. Get away.....

Hobbs  
(Smoothly)  
Now wait a second, boys. Cool off, Tiny. You don't think I  
was meaning that, about tryin' to buy you off.  
(Laughs loud)

(Tiny looks bewildered)



Hobbs

I knew you boys wouldn't sell out, but I wanted to be sure. Where do you think I'd get fifteen grand to pay off with?

(Laughs again)

Tiny

(Relaxes as HOBBS gets him back into a chair)

Nuts to that stuff, Hobbs. You ain't kiddin' us.

Hobbs

That's a good one on you, Tiny.

(Laughs)

An' you too, Monohan, and Pete. Why, I'd lose my job like that tryin' to bribe workers.

(Snaps fingers)

Klaw won't stand for that. No, sir... Not Old Man Klaw. Square as a dollar, he is.

Tiny

Who you think you're kiddin', Hobbs? Shut up, or talk sense. We got only one demand, Mr. Hobbs an' that's recognition for an auto workers industrial union. No more Company Unions. We want our own. You ready to recognize us?

Hobbs

(Pauses for several seconds)

You've got me in a tight spot, boys, and there's only one answer. As far as I'm concerned, it's okay. I'm for recognizing you. I think I can get it by Shaw, the vice-president of manufacturing, but I'm not sure.

Tiny

Where's he?

Hobbs

In Detroit, but I expect him here sometime today. He's flying down. You're going to have to leave it like this, then. Tell your members we're recognizing the Union, but that before it goes in writing I'll have to get it passed by Mr. Shaw, the V.P.

Tiny

You think he'll say it's okay?

Hobbs

(Pausing)

I don't see that he can do anything else. You boys have demonstrated the trick of tying up the plant in the skilled departments. I could fire all the metal finishers tomorrow and by the time I got another crew working right, some smart organizer would line them up and start the whole thing over again. Nope... as long as labor's got the brains to hit us where we're still dependent on skilled workers... well... we've got to deal with 'em.

Monohan

Kind of talkin' out of school a little, ain't cha, Mister Hobbs?

Hobbs

(Pauses. Looks at the men separately)

Got to blow off once in a while, boys. This's been no picnic for me. And before you go, let me tell you something.

(Pauses and looks at them hard)  
 I'm not the bastard you think I am. I came up from the assembly line myself... sixteen years ago... I know what you're up against.. but, and don't forget this.... the finger's on me from Detroit just as bad as it is on you...

(There is an awkward silence. The three workers get up)

Tiny

Then we can tell them it looks all set. When'll we know?

Hobbs

I'll know by tonight. You can tell the men the plant's opening in the morning. I'll meet you and the rest of your committee early tomorrow morning. I'm pretty certain you'll get recognition.

Tiny

(Extending his hand to Hobbs)

Thanks, Mr. Hobbs. We 'preciate that.

Monohan

(Shaking hands)

Thanks, an' it'll be happy news for the men.

Pete

Thanks.

Tiny

(Pausing at the door)

I guess I ought to tell ya, Mr. Hobbs, ya see...

(TINY twists cap nervously and hesitates, fumbling for words)

Monohan

(Interrupting Tiny's attempt to talk)

You'll be missin' one employee in the mornin', Mr. Hobbs. One ya ain't 'spectin' to lose. Tiny's havin' a weddin' tonight.

Tiny

Not tonight. At noon, today.

Hobbs

(Rushing to shake his hand)

Congratulations, Tiny, and who's the lucky girl?

Tiny

Emma Jenkins from up in the upholstery cuttin' room.

(HOBBS reaches for box of cigars and hands Tiny the whole box. TINY refuses them)

Monohan

(Taking them eagerly)

I'll take them for him. He's too excited to know just what he's doin'.

Hobbs

Okay. Good luck, Tiny. See you in the morning, boys.

(They exit as curtain drops)

End of Scene 1, Act III.

ACT IIIScene 2

Time: Afternoon of same day.

Set: Same as Scene 1, interior of factory superintendent's office.

At Rise: Office is vacant. Door opens and SHAW, HOBBS and DIVINE enter. Divine is a youthful looking man, well dressed in dark clothes and about thirty-four years old.

Hobbs

Sit down over here, Mr. Divine.

(Points to a chair)

Here you are, Shaw.

(Hands Shaw a chair)

Shaw

(Smoking a cigar nervously)

I'd like to get Divine's thinking on this - so begin from the beginning. He's had quite a lot of experience with labor trouble.

Hobbs

There's not much you don't already know, Ernest. You ordered a speed-up and I put it to work. Hogan, an organizer got into my metal finishers and some of the other skilled crafts and began a campaign of sabotage. I could have licked it, but we had a very mysterious accident, or murder, if you'll believe me, in which my best foreman and this fellow Hogan were both killed. Krakowski's death was planned, Hogan I think got it by accident.

Divine

Killed?

Hobbs

Both fried to a crisp on the 660 volt power line. Someone plugged a 220 machine into a 660 plug and Krakowski my foreman pulled the 220 thinking it was okay to repair the broken machine. Killed him and he fell onto a strip of metal that contacted the Union man Hogan.

Shaw

Looks like dirty work to me.

Hobbs

Unquestionably it was, but who's to prove it?

Divine

No witnesses?

Hobbs

Happened during the noon hour the day I got back from Detroit.

Shaw

And then what?

Hobbs

Hogan's death lines up four hundred men into the Union. One of the best men, the fellow I was telling you about, the big Texan, threw his weight into the movement and in two days they had this plant paralyzed. Jabbed files into the body panels, filed the seams too deep, and butchered the bodies.

Shaw

Should of thrown them all out and used my strike breakers from Detroit like I told you.

Hobbs

We'll go down to the hospital now and see the remains of your fifty strike breakers. When they heard about Krakowski bein' electrocuted I couldn't get them to touch an electric tool in the plant. Those that did met some pretty strange accidents. The men ganged them first night after work and beat hell out of them. That was the end of your strike breakers.

Divine

I see, and now what do the men demand?

Hobbs

They want us to recognize the Union, give it standing above our deceased Company Union and meet its representatives.

Shaw

We'll never meet those terms, Hobbs.

Hobbs

You'll get no automobiles out of here, then. Not for a long time anyway.

Shaw

What have you told the men?

Hobbs

I saw the representatives this morning. I told them I was putting it up to you.

Divine

They're willing to come back to work if we grant recognition?

Shaw

(Emphatically)

We won't give it.

Hobbs

Then you won't open tomorrow morning.

Shaw

There must be something we can do. Couldn't we call off the speed-up?

Hobbs

Too late, wouldn't do any good, now. They want a Union.



Shaw

How about buying off the leaders. Did you try that?

Hobbs

I did and it didn't work. Damned nearly punched my head off.

Divine

Shaw, I think Hobbs' right. We've got to have cars, Union or no Union. We're behind nineteen thousand units now. Competition's getting cars and stealing our sales. To my way of thinking it's going to be cheaper to give in, for the time being, anyway. Every day we're shut down is costing us a fortune.

Hobbs

I tell you it's the only way out. I've thought of everything and tried everything, but it's no use.

Shaw

This only goes to show you men that we've got to get our operation mechanized and free from skilled labor. If we could put any dumb, green man to metal finishing we'd be able to tell these babies where to head in. They've got us there, all right.

Divine

Better get busy with a letter to the Union, Shaw. Sooner the better.

Shaw

Old man Klaw will go nuts when he hears about this. There'll be hell to pay, but my job is to get cars and no excuses go.

Hobbs

Here's a letter I've written up. I think that tells our position pretty clearly.

(Shows Shaw a letter from desk)

Shaw

(Reading letter)

That's okay. Doesn't back you into anything. Just states you're willing to meet the Union men in the morning. I'd say that was all right.

Hobbs

You'd better sign it, Shaw. Right here alongside of my name.

Shaw

(Signs letter)

I hate to send that, but I see no way out.

(HOBBS takes letter, presses a button.

Man appears at door)

Hobbs

Take that to Tiny Cady. Get a receipt.

Man

Yes, sir.

(Exits)

Shaw

I'd rather take a beating than go through with this. Old man Klaw will go through the roof. Never met a Union representative in his life.

Divine

It's the cheapest way out.

Shaw

(Rising and relighting cigar as he paces office)  
Hobbs, I've got something even more unpleasant than that to do while I'm here. I thought maybe there was some way out, but that letter gives me no out.

Hobbs

Not going to shut down the plant, after the season's over?

Shaw

Nope. Not that. It's regarding you.

Hobbs

Me?

Shaw

(Pausing)

You've been around this business long enough to know what a thing like giving in to a Union means... Someone's got to take the rap to satisfy Detroit. You know that.

Hobbs

You mean me?

Shaw

(Nodding head)

I hate to do this more than anything I've ever done in my life, but there's no out.

Hobbs

(Dumbfounded)

But Shaw... Why I've spent my.....

(HOBBS stares vacantly at the two men)

Shaw

Don't make it any worse for me, Hobbs. My hands are tied. Divine will take over from you immediately.

Divine

Tough, old man, I don't relish the idea myself.

(HOBBS still staring at the two men)

Shaw

We'll make it as pleasant for you as we can, call it a leave of absence and give you six months pay. It's not going to be so bad. You need a long rest...and when you get feeling fit again, soon's this thing's blown over, come up to Detroit and maybe I can work you in.

Hobbs

I guess that's.....

Shaw

You can see there's nothing else I can do. Detroit will demand a scalp for this and..... well, it was just your luck.....

(HOBBS stands stupefied looking at Shaw)

Hobbs

I guess that's all you'll be wanting from me today.

(HOBBS gets his hat and coat and moves to door)

Shaw

Be best if you'd let us handle these babies in the morning, Hobbs.

Hobbs

(Beaten)

Okay. Just as you say. I'll be going now.

Shaw

Divine

(Rise)

See you later, Hobbs. Don't take it too hard.

(HOBBS exits slowly)

Shaw

I hated doing that. Hobbs' been a good man in his time.

Divine

Gettin' a little old, though, now. Looks like he's losing the old punch Mr. Klaw talks about so much.

Shaw

Yeh. He's been makin' some bad moves lately. Put that Speed-up in right over my head. I fought him tooth and nail, but he knew better.

Divine

Think you'll be able to use him later?

Shaw

(Shaking head from side to side)

Not much chance. Not in a good job, anyway.

(The door to office opens slowly and GIMP puts his head in)

Well, what do you want?

Gimp

I was lookin' for Mr. Hobbs. I got something to show him. I thought.....

Shaw

Who are you anyway?

COPY  
from  
Library of Congress  
Federal Theatre Project Archives  
at  
George Mason University  
Fairfax, Virginia

Gimp  
 (Still with head through crack in door)  
 I'm Gimp, one of the sweepers.

Divine  
 What you want with Mr. Hobbs?

Gimp  
 (Comes into room carrying an electric grinder,  
 a piece of hose, discs and cord of wire)  
 I had something to show him.

Shaw  
 (Examining Gimp's paraphanelia)  
 What you got there, man?

Gimp  
 (His voice is high, cracked and jerky)  
 Ya see I've been workin' at home on a device.

Divine  
 (Interrupting)  
 Better run along, now and see us some other time.

Shaw  
 Awfully busy right now.

Gimp  
 (Starts to leave)  
 It's somethin' to take the place of them files the men use  
 on metal finishin'.

Shaw  
 (With a start)  
 What's that? Talk up man. Can't you talk?

Divine  
 (Grabbing)  
 Let's see what you got there.

Gimp  
 You see I figured that the only way you could use a machine to  
 take off that solder and get by the Insurance laws would be to  
 keep the ground solder wet so's it wouldn't fly into the air.

Shaw  
 (Shouting)  
 My God, Divine, the old boy's got something. He's got it. I  
 tell you.

(SHAW grabs the equipment from Gimp)  
 Look at it. Christ, it's what we've been spending a fortune  
 trying to get down in Detroit.

Divine  
 (Excitedly)  
 He's got it. Goddamnit, Shaw, that's the answer. How's it go?

Gimp

I just took a regular grinder like you got downstairs, put an emory disc on it and then run a plain old piece of water hose onto the disc. Water keeps the solder dust from flyin' into the air.

Shaw

(Sitting down with a great smile on his face)

I don't even have to see it hooked up to know it'll work.

Divine

You know what that means, Shaw? You know what we can tell those babies in the morning at that meeting, don't you?

(Gleefully)

Shaw

(To Gimp)

You thought this up?

Gimp

Yes, sir. I got it patented about a week ago. Got the papers right here.

(Digs into overalls for papers)

I used to be a metal finisher before my accident.

Shaw

You'll sell it, then? We'll take an option on it right now.

Divine

Wait a second: Listen, old boy, could you rig up a dozen of those by tomorrow morning. If you had lots of help?

Gimp

If someone'd get me the metal clamps for the hose fittings.

Shaw

We'll get that for you. Now you beat it and get busy. Give me your full name an' I'll get that check for you to cover our option. You can come up to Detroit to settle the final sale.

Gimp

Yes, sir. Detroit, did you say? I never been there but I guess I can find it. You really want to buy it? I thought Mr. Hobbs would have to see it first.

Divine

Never mind Hobbs. This is Mr. Shaw, Vice-President in charge of manufacturing. He has charge of everything to do with factories.

Gimp

If you fellows say so I guess it's all right, only Mr. Hobbs...

Shaw

Look here. Divine, you take care of this thing. Take the old boy down to the machine shop and get a dozen of those fitted up. Use our spare grinding machines to begin with. Buy more if you need them but have them here at seven tomorrow morning.

Divine

Okay, chief. Just watch Divine. Oh boy, won't those metal finishers have a surprise in the morning.

Shaw

Metal finishers. The whole plant's going to take a kick in the tail. With metal finishing in the bag I'm going to call off the whole recognition scheme.

(Lifts telephone receiver)

Get me the Detroit factory. I want to speak to Mr. Klaw. That's right, Mr. Klaw. This is Mr. Shaw.

(Puts down receiver)

We'll throw a scare into every skilled man in the place with this. Give me those machines and I'll make a metal finisher out of a ballet dancer in two hours.

Divine

I'm going, chief. Report to you tonight.

Shaw

Don't forget. One dozen by seven in the morning.

Divine

I'm waitin' to see the looks on those metal finishers' faces in the morning. So long.

Shaw

See you later, Divine. Hang onto Gimp, there.

(Phone rings and SHAW answers it)

Hello, hello, Mr. Klaw? Hello chief, this Ernest. I'm down at the Aurora plant. That's right. Say Chief, little old Ernest has earned that bonus again this year.

(Pause)

Found a guy right here in the plant, right under Hobbs' nose, who's been sitting on a device to mechanize metal finishing. Bought it lock, stock and barrel for Klaw Motors, Chief. You'll die when you see it. Makes a monkey outta our high priced engineers.

(Pause)

Guy rigged up a plain old fashioned water hose to an emory grinding disc. Water runs onto the solder and it doesn't spray into the air. Insurance authorities can't touch it. Sure, I bought it. And I'll have this labor problem ironed out before morning. I'm going to start firing left and right. I'll clean every metal finisher out of the place before noon. You know little old Ernest, Chief. Still a go-getter. You sent me down here to get cars and I'm getting them for you. Okay, Chief... Thanks... thanks a lot. I knew you'd be pleased. Be back tomorrow night. Goodbye.

(SHAW hangs up receiver, lights a fresh cigar and throws out chest and smiles as he exhales a cloud of blue smoke)

CURTAIN

End of Scene 2, Act III. Or end of Play.

ACT IIISCENE 3

Time: The next morning.

Set: Superintendent's office.

At Rise: SHAW and DIVINE are seated in the office talking.

Shaw

You ought to go back to the hotel and get a little sleep, Divine. You did a night's work getting those machines set up.

Divine

You should see them work, Boss. It's beautiful. They're going to cut our time costs a hell of a lot. All we need now is two men to finish the seams on a body. Wait 'til those Union babies hear about this.

Shaw

(Answering telephone)

Send them right up. I'm expecting them, now. Watch how I handle them, Divine. No rough stuff. No firin' right off. Got to be smooth about this. I've got those fellows' records right here.

Divine

They'll never expect nothin' like this.

(Door opens and TINY, MONOHAN, GUS and PETE enter)

Tiny

Oh... We're lookin' for Mr. Hobbs.

Shaw

Come in, men. This is Mr. Divine from Detroit, and I'm Mr. Shaw.

Tiny

Hobbs said you'd be here. Where's Hobbs?

Shaw

Why, Mr. Hobbs won't be in this morning, he's pretty well exhausted from the strain these last few days.

Pete

He ain't comin' at all?

Shaw

Don't let that worry you men.

(They are still standing)

I've some bad news for all you men. First of all, Detroit will not permit me to recognize your Union. I tried to argue with them, but they said no, and stuck to it.

Tiny  
But Mr. Hobbs said yesterday.....

Shaw  
That was something he had no authority to do.

Tiny  
You mean you ain't going to see our representatives?

Shaw  
I'm afraid not.

Tiny  
But the men are all back at work, just on the strength of your letter. We figured it was all settled.

Shaw  
Well, it isn't and what's more, I've some bad news for you men personally. You're all metal finishers, I believe?

Pete  
Yeh, that's right.

Shaw  
We've adopted a new method of finishing down solder seams that eliminates you metal workers. It's a machine operation beginning today. That means you men are no longer needed in the plant.

Tiny  
You mean we're fired?

Shaw  
Now, then, I didn't say that. I said you were no longer needed, but the Klaw Motors Company is not a firm to throw men out of jobs who have worked hard. I've got four places open where you men will fit, if you're willing to take the new jobs. Unfortunately these new jobs do not pay as much as your old places, but they are jobs after all.

(The noise of the factory is heard to start  
up slowly)

Tiny  
What kind of jobs?

Shaw  
Let me see. You,  
(Pointing to Gus)  
I've a night watchman's job open for you at forty cents an hour.  
What were you making before?

Gus  
Eight-five.



Shaw

Well, that's the best I can do. For you  
 (Pointing to Pete and Monohan)  
 two men I've got two places open in the metal cleaning room.

Pete

You mean wipin' that crap off'n the sheet metal?

Shaw

I believe it's called anti-rust grease. Two jobs there at fifty cents an hour.

Monohan

You know where you can stick those jobs, don't you? We don't want them, see?

Pete

Damned tootin' we don't.

Shaw

How about you, old Timer?  
 (To Gus)

Gus

I take it.

Shaw

Then you two men had better leave, now, if you feel that way. Good day.

(PETE and MONOHAN storm out)

Pete

Monohan

(Together)

Damned right we're leavin'. Wait'll the men hear about this.

Shaw

(To Gus)

That's all for you. Report to work tonight.

Gus

(Turns slowly, looks at Tiny and exits)

Goodbye, Tiny.

Shaw

(To Tiny)

You're the Texan Hobbs spoke about, I guess.

Tiny

I'm from Texas, all right.

Shaw

The only thing I've got left for you is a job... let me see. Oh yes. One of the men quit last night, fellow named Gimp, a sweeper.

Shaw

That job's open. Want it? Fifty cents an hour.

Tiny

(Hesitates for a long time)

Okay, I'll take it.

(The noise from the factory drowns out everything as the lights go down on the Superintendent's office. Lights go up on the factory scene. TINY descends stairs, slips off to the left as lights on stage come up bright. The men are working hard. Two men with the new metal finishing machines take the place of the old crew. STEVENS is one of them)

(TINY enters from right pushing a broom, sweeping slowly across the front of the line. TINY sweeps with the movement of a determined man NOT a beaten man. He pauses to watch the new men finishing metal, then slowly resumes his sweeping as the

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CURTAIN FALLS

End of Scene 3.

End of Play.

"for play needs - the "PLAY BUREAU"