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CREATED EQUAL

BY

JOHN HUNTER BOOTH

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CREATED EQUAL

AN AMERICAN CRONICLE

In

Twenty-Six Scenes

by

JOHN HUNTER BOOTH

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C A S T

Principals

Phillip Schuyler  
Upton Hammersley  
Cornelia Hammersley  
Anne Hammersley

Mary Schuyler  
First Soldier  
Second Soldier  
Third Soldier

-----oOo-----

Minor Characters

who appear in but one scene and are so widely separated in time as to permit of legitimate "doubling" and "tripling".

Thomas Jefferson  
Town Crier  
Village Drunk  
Three Villagers  
Five Citizens  
Two Prisoners  
A Turnkey  
A Husband  
A Wife  
A Man Friend  
Dred Scott  
A Supreme Justice  
First Justice  
Second Justice  
Four Plutocrats  
Two Reporters  
Five Members of Constitutional Convention

George Washington  
Auctioneer  
Another Citizen  
Two Women Citizens  
A General  
A Colonel  
Four Militiamen  
Five Statesmen  
A Speaker  
A Lawyer  
Three Newsboys  
A Social Worker  
A Workman  
A Laborer  
A Policeman  
A Boy (young Phillip Schuyler)

-----oOo-----

In addition to the speaking "bits" listed there are mobs and crowds with important omnes exclamations, - soldiers, Supreme Court Justices, unseen members of the Constitutional (or Federal) Convention.

It may be said that the mobs and crowds are the most important members of the cast.

-----oOo-----

## SYNOPSIS

### ACT I

Scene	I:	The Seat of Power
Scene	II:	Philadelphia, June, 1776
Scene	III:	A New England Village, July, 1776
Scene	IV:	Everywhere in America, the same year
Scene	V:	Boston, Massachusetts, 1781
Scene	VI:	New Jersey State, October, 1781
Scene	VII:	Boston, Massachusetts, 1782
Scene	VIII:	Boston, Massachusetts, 1786
Scene	IX:	Springfield, Massachusetts, January 25, 1787
Scene	X:	Philadelphia, Summer of 1787
Scene	XI:	Boston, November, 1787
Scene	XII:	New York City, April 28, 1789
Scene	XIII:	Wall Street, May 1st, 1789
Scene	XIV:	New York City, June, 1789
Scene	XV:	Mingo Creek Settlement, Pa., November 13, 1794
Scene	XVI:	Philadelphia, a month later

### ACT II

Scene	I:	The Political Arena, 1799
Scene	II:	Boston, Massachusetts, 1803
Scene	III:	Congress, 1820-1854
Scene	IV:	Nine Old Men, 1857
Scene	V:	Gettysburg, 1863
Scene	VI:	The Western Plains, 1877
Scene	VII:	Wall Street, 1900-1932
Scene	VIII:	The Middle West, Spring of 1932
Scene	IX:	New York City, October, 1932
Scene	X:	Any American City, 1938

## NOTES FOR DIRECTOR

"CREATED EQUAL" presents a broad canvas and demands a corresponding directorial attack. It cannot be approached as a mere dramatization of historical incidents; it must be viewed as an attempt to portray the birth and growth of the American spirit, "a spirit born of vast plains, towering mountain ranges, mighty rivers. Resistless, unconquerable!" Something fresh and new in an old, old world, - our country's contribution to human advancement. Not a painted or printed masterpiece, but a living, glowing ideal of freedom to make man his brother's equal. The conflict this engenders with the opposing forces of materialism is the play.

Sympathetic handling is required to point the proposition, which stated briefly is as follows:

The Declaration of Independence promised equality. The Constitution established a propertied class. Amendments to the Constitution are slowly fulfilling the promise of the Declaration.

Except in certain scenes where the characters and action are intentionally over-etched, as in the Supreme Court sequence and the Wall Street episode of Act II, a stylized treatment will defeat the purpose of the story. A simple presentation of the authenticated facts will prove more convincing, permitting an audience to draw the inevitable conclusion from such a presentation. A dogmatic blue-printing of the proposition is not desired. Such a method is sure to make radical what was never so intended. Care must be taken in this respect, as such a charge is certainly not to be courted. The theme must be put over without undue stressing of it.

No scenery is required in the presentation of this play, simply elevations and draperies. A ground plan of the Boston project's design is offered for your consideration. Platforms are 24 inches high and three-steps leading up to them have a 6 inch rise per step with a 12 inch width. Black cloth wings and borders and a black cyclorama complete the setting. The platform itself and the steps should not be black, however, but of a color that will go black when lights dim out. A deep blue-gray is suggested.

The trim should be as high as possible. If masking borders can be taken clear up to the gridiron, so much the better.

Lighting should be done with funneled spots to lessen the spread. If Lekolites or Fresnel lites are available, they will greatly aid the effect. Foots, borders and olivettes are not to be used. If properly masked from audience, lamps may be placed in theatre boxes, aiding the intensity of the throw.

Directions in the manuscript indicate the manner of handling the numerous scenes, most of which should be played in a definitely spot-lighted section of the stage. This requires that lighting be planned during rehearsals in order that it may synchronize with the movements of the cast.

A Public Address system is necessary, loudspeakers being required back stage and in auditorium. The manuscript indicates their part in the narrative.

When casting it is well to bear in mind that certain threads run through the tapestry of the play. They must not be broken. The Pioneer thread as represented by Phillip Schuyler requires the same actor who plays Phillip in Act I to play him in Act II as well as the role of the First Carpenter in Scene X of Act II. The Thread of Protest as represented by the First Soldier of Act I necessitates that the actor cast for that character likewise play the Second Soldier of Act II (Gettysburg scene) and also the First Workman of Scene IX, Act II. The thread of Toryism demands that such Tory characters remain Tories throughout all scenes, and the same applies to the characters of Democratic tendencies. Remember this when arranging your "doubles". Don't mix your politics.

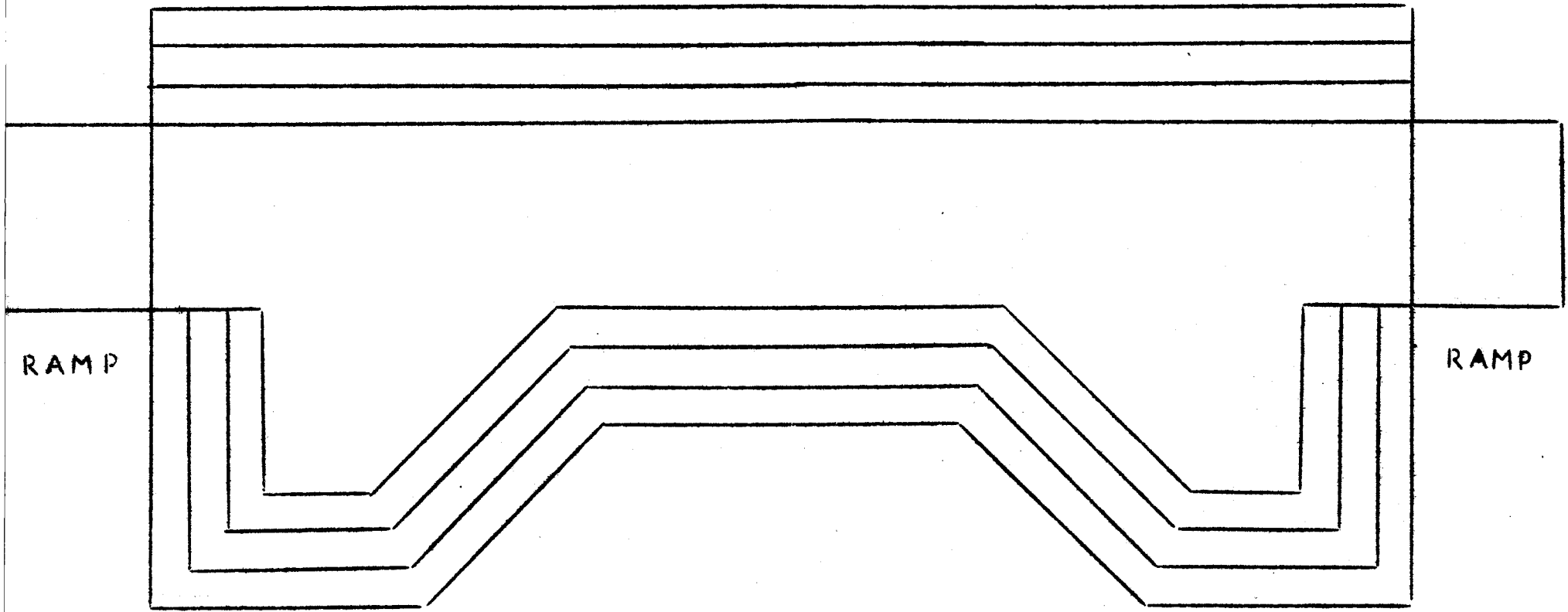
The mobs, which should include principals when the principals are not speaking lines in the scene, should be drilled and trained in movement so that their actions are not haphazard, but clean cut and definite. So with their vocal exclamations. Serviceable lines and phrases will be found in the manuscript for all occasions.

The careful handling of the mobs cannot be stressed too emphatically. Never let them become a noisy rabble. They are the principals of your play. Keep their cries low and subdued - let them have sincerity and feeling. They are the spirit of America, protesting at abuses, striving towards the promised freedom.

Because it is a costume play, because actors are depicting historical characters, the cast is only too liable, as is so often the case, to allow themselves to become stilted and pedantic. Such must not be. Have them easy and natural; see that their lines are delivered without oratorical effect. The more human the performance the greater its chance of pleasing.

Lastly - let each and all strive for the general effect. No individual stars but a united, co-operative effort in keeping with the theme of the production.

The Author



RAMP

RAMP

RISER 6"

"CREATED EQUAL"

PAUL CADORETTE  
DESIGNER

SCALE 1/4"=1'-0"

ACT I - SCENE 1

## THE SEAT OF POWER

SCENE:

A great throne chair sets on a raised dais, its seat richly cushioned, its back emblazoned with the hocus pocus of heraldry, unicorns rampant, lions couchant and griffins aslant.

A voluminous canopy of royal purple sprinkled with stars, crescent moons, bees, fleur-de-lis, swastikas, etc., hanging above and cascading to the floor behind and to either side of the throne, makes an impressive background.

A golden crown, sparkling with various colored jewels, is pendant above the seat of majesty.

To the R. side of throne is a huge EXECUTIONER, robed in scarlet and wearing an eye-mask of the same hue. He leans nonchalantly on the handle of a shining headsman's axe.

To the L. of throne is an ARMORED SOLDIER with steel breastpiece and helmet, his hand resting idly on his sheathed sword.

Nearest the throne - standing on platform is a group of BEAUX and BELLES and SUBSTANTIAL CITIZENS. LESSER CITIZENS and their WOMEN FOLK fill the steps. VILLAGERS male and female, herd together on the stage or lowest level.

(The curtain rises on absolute blackness from which rises a low, murmurous chant)

OMNES

(prayerfully - in chorus)

Monarch, majesty, mightiness!  
Sovereign, emperor, king!  
Glorious be thy name.  
Czar and Sultan,  
Lord and Master,  
To you all honor  
And all praise!

(A light slowly begins to illumine the throne. Two HERALDS, richly dressed, mount steps at back of platform, proceed to a position at either side of throne, and raising their golden trumpets, blow a musical fanfare. By



now the throne is brilliantly spot-lighted,  
while the group of subjects before it re-  
mains in shadow.

A VOICE is heard issuing from throne chair)

VOICE

I am the Throne!  
Obeisance make.  
Bow the head and bend the knee.  
In blood established;  
By the sword maintained;  
I am the Symbol and the Sign  
Of High Estate,  
That company of the Exalted Few  
Who claim as rightful heritage the Earth,  
Declaring you - the Many,  
Tresspassers on land that gave you birth.

OMNES

All hail to God's annointed!

VOICE

(scornfully)

Fools and slaves!  
Endowing with divinity  
Your own creation.  
Born of Human Vanity and Greed,  
I but reflect the secret hope of each  
Who would be King above his fellows,  
Deeming himself of better clay than they.

OMNES

Long live the King!

VOICE

(mockingly)

Aye, long indeed!  
As long as Tyranny is glorified;  
While man bends knee to Power  
And bows to Might,  
Denying man's equality with man;  
Until that day when each,  
Asserting in his soul,  
"I am Mankind and Mankind Me",  
Attains to brotherhood  
With all.

(trumpet fanfare - lights dim out -  
strike throne. OMNES repeat opening  
chorus in darkness)

ACT I - SCENE 2

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1776

SCENE:

A spotlight comes up on dimmer, revealing the upper half of THOMAS JEFFERSON, seated on steps R.C., the vague, shadowy shapes of the VILLAGERS kneeling about him, while the CITIZENS and BEAUX and BELLES stand on steps and platform behind him. Jefferson's face is upraised and a quill pen in his fingers hovers above a sheet of parchment spread on platform before him.

JEFFERSON

(quietly - as if uttering a prayer)

"Not to find out new principles, or new arguments....but to place before mankind the common sense of the subject, in terms so plain as to command their assent."

(he remains motionless a moment, then begins to write on parchment. After composing a few words he looks up and speaks them aloud as if testing them)

"....that all men are created equal."

(He repeats weighingly)

".....created equal."

(He nods slowly as if satisfied, once more bends to his task of composition)

LIGHTS DIM OUT

ACT I - SCENE 3

A NEW ENGLAND VILLAGE, JULY, 1776, AFTERNOON

SCENE:

From the darkness is heard the ringing of a Town Crier's bell L. 2. (off stage) TOWN CRIER enters on platform L. 2., and takes a position just above steps L., calling out with a nasal whine.

TOWN CRIER

Hear ye! Hark ye! Give attention and we shall be heard!

(A spot light picks him up, making a circle of radiance in the blackness. The VILLAGERS and others break into murmured exclamations: "The Town Crier!" "Let's hear his news!" "What can have happened?" etc. The VILLAGERS and CITIZENS, moving in separated, definite units, crowd up the steps and gather about the CRIER, making a shadowy background for the characters who speak in the scene. The CRIER, as the lights reveal him, is reading a paper)

TOWN CRIER

(in a nasal, colorless mumble)

"When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitles them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

(more distinctly)

"We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, - that ---

(The group gives a low gasp, as if taking an indrawn breath. There are subdued exclamations:

"Did you hear!" "Equal!" "All men are equal!"

A DRUNKEN VILLAGER turns to the MAN beside him)

DRUNK

What? What'd he say?

FIRST VILLAGER

He says we're all equal.

DRUNK

Equal?

FIRST VILLAGER

(above the low murmur of the others)

Aye.

Who?

DRUNK

You and me - everybody.

FIRST VILLAGER

He's crazy.

DRUNK

(with a sweep of his arm he violently  
brushes FIRST VILLAGER to one  
side)

There ain't a man here who's my equal.

GROUP

(in chorus)

Shut up! Shut up!

DRUNK

If anyone of you thinks he's my equal - let him step forward.

GROUP

(angrily)

Throw him out! Throw him out!

(Two VILLAGERS grasp DRUNK and in spite  
of his struggles and noisy protests,  
hustle him off L. A few of the WOMEN  
VILLAGERS follow him off)

SECOND VILLAGER

Go on, Crier.

GROUP

Aye, the Declaration! Read us the Declaration!

TOWN CRIER

(finding his place)

".....created equal", - ahem! - "that they are endowed by their  
Creator with certain un - un - unalienable Rights, that ---"

GROUP

(vociferously)

Aye! Our rights! Our rights!

TOWN CRIER

"....that among these are Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness."  
(There is a puzzled murmur from the GROUP)

FIRST VILLAGER

Read that last part again. Life, Liberty and -- what?

TOWN CRIER

(reading)

".....the pursuit of Happiness."

SECOND VILLAGER

What does it mean?

FIRST VILLAGER

It means property, - that's what, - property.

THIRD VILLAGER

(a very disreputable looking FELLOW)

Nay, my friend, an' you permit me. Property is not a natural right like Life and Liberty.

FIRST VILLAGER

(belligerently)

Who says it's not?

THIRD VILLAGER

The Declaration. Mr. Jefferson deeming property, which is a social product, no more than a civil right, has pointedly omitted it, preferring "pursuit of happiness."

SECOND VILLAGER

(shaking his head)

I don't understand it.

FIRST VILLAGER

Nor I. 'Tis a mistake, I'm certain.

(He addresses the TOWN CRIER)

Are you sure it doesn't read "Pursuit of Property?"

THIRD VILLAGER

(as TOWN CRIER shakes his head, - laughing heartily)

'Twill yet read so my practical friend, be of good cheer! Who'll pursue a dream when one can grasp a fact, - and property is a most tangible fact. Mr. Jefferson's finely fashioned phrase, - neaty with significance, will remain, I fear, - a phrase.

(He sighs, - turns to TOWN CRIER)

But proceed, Crier! Let us have the rest.

GROUP

Aye, go on, go on!

TOWN CRIER

(resuming his reading)

"That to secure these rights -----"

LIGHTS DIM OUT

ACT I - SCENE 4

EVERYWHERE IN AMERICA, THE SAME YEAR

SCENE:

The martial music of fife and drum is heard from off R.2, in the darkness. Lights come up on platform R.2. A FIFER and DRUMMER with a FLAG BEARER, followed by several CONTINENTAL SOLDIERS, march on, closely reproducing "The Spirit of '76" painting. They file across stage, picked up by lights, enter up steps at back, proceed across platform and off L.2. A general movement on stage ensues. The MEN VILLAGERS, inspired by the music, fall into step behind the SOLDIERS, suggesting that they have joined the army. Their WOMEN FOLK flock along beside them with excited ad. lib. chatter. The BEAUX and BELLES stroll unobstrusively off L., as do many of the CITIZENS and their WIVES. Gradually all are gone except FIVE CITIZENS who remain in a group on platform L.C., where a light picks them up as other lights fade out. Fife and drum keep up softly in the distance.

FIFTH CITIZEN

General Washington will whip those fellows into shape.

FIRST CITIZEN

Aye. We'll soon have an army to withstand the British.

SECOND CITIZEN

All credit to the General. 'Tis no simple task to make soldiers from farmers.

THIRD CITIZEN

An unruly lot, - what I've seen of them, - filled with a spirit of independence.

FOURTH CITIZEN

Aye, a spirit which needs curbing. Why, only this morning one of the riffraff swaggered up to me, - drunk as a lord! - and hailed me as brother. Brother!

(He swells up indignantly)

FIFTH CITIZEN

Did you embrace him?

FOURTH CITIZEN

What!

(There is a general laugh)

## FOURTH CITIZEN (Cont'd)

'Tis naught to laugh about. I was bred to respect position. I'm for keeping these yokels in their place.

## FIFTH CITIZEN

And pray where is that?

## FIRST CITIZEN

In the battle line.

(He chuckles)

If we can keep them there with promises of equality, why should we not abide their impudence?

## SECOND CITIZEN

Aye, true enough. Yet should they win this war, will they not demand that we keep our promises?

## FIRST CITIZEN

(with an impatient wave of his hand)

That is for the future. Our concern now is for a speedy victory, and to assure it - union is needed.

(He strikes his hands together emphatically)

## THIRD CITIZEN

Aye, a union of all the States. Our present Articles of Association are not sufficiently binding. We must draft new Articles. - Articles to weld us together in perpetuity.

## FIFTH CITIZEN

A case of all hanging together to save us from hanging separately.  
(The OTHERS give him an uneasy, reproving glance)

## THIRD CITIZEN

We must make provision for funds to support the army.

## FOURTH CITIZEN

Aye, a head tax.

(There is a general chorus of "Ayes!" - except from FIFTH CITIZEN)

## FIFTH CITIZEN

Slowly, my friends. Would you tax all alike?

## FOURTH CITIZEN

Certainly. Why not all alike?

## FIFTH CITIZEN

(with a shrug)

But a moment since you would have it that all are not alike. Would you be brother to a yokel in the matter of a tax?

## FOURTH CITIZEN

(doggedly)

A tax is a tax and should be borne by all.

## FIFTH CITIZEN

And a musket is a musket. Or are muskets to be borne only by yokels?

FIRST CITIZEN

Our humorous friend is right. 'Twould not be policy to levy a poll tax on those who fight our battles. The tax should be levied on land.

FOURTH CITIZEN

(protesting)

But, dam me! We own the land.

SECOND CITIZEN

Aye, the tax would be on us.

FIRST CITIZEN

'Tis the bill we landowners pay for protection of our property. After the danger is past --- Well, taxes may be shifted, may they not?

FOURTH CITIZEN

(catching his drift)

O--oh! Aye, surely. Surely!

(He and the others, except FIFTH CITIZEN chuckle appreciatively)

SIXTH CITIZEN

(with a wry smile)

God preserve the yokel! Spare him for our sakes, kind heaven. May his blood win us our land and his sweat enrich it for us.

(There is a general, uproarious laugh from the group)

FIRST CITIZEN

Three cheers for the yokel! May his number increase. Hip! Hip! Hooray!

(All cheer lustily, then jovially move towards back of platform and start down steps)

LIGHTS DIM OUT



ANNOUNCEMENT

By Loudspeaker in Auditorium between Scenes

4 and 5 of Act I:

SPEAKER

The Articles of Confederation and Perpetual Union, adopted by the Congress, November, 1777, clearly expressed the basis of taxation for Federal Purposes -- namely, the value of real property.

ACT I - SCENE 5

BOSTON, 1781, AFTERNOON

SCENE:

Spot light strikes stage L.1.  
 UPTON HAMMERSLEY, a pompous, elderly Englishman, carrying a cane and given to using a snuff box, walks on from L.1. with PHILLIP SCHUYLER, a handsome young man in a Continental Captain's uniform. Following them, chatting Ad. lib., are CORNELIA HAMMERSLEY, Upton's wife, and ANNE HAMMERSLEY, her daughter. Both are charmingly dressed in the period for the outdoors. UPTON is speaking as he appears.

UPTON

(to PHILLIP)

'Tis madness, my boy, - that's what this revolution of the Colonies is, - sheer madness.

PHILLIP

But, sir, we're Colonies no longer. We're the United States of America.

UPTON

(impatiently)

Call yourselves what you will, you're rebels! Rebels to established authority, bearing arms against your God-annointed King.

ANNE

(catching up with her FATHER and PHILLIP  
 as the two pause C)

Oh, father, when will you outgrow Tory notions?

UPTON

What's that? Notions!

ANNE

Aye. This is seventeen hundred and eighty-one, dearest. God-annointed kings are --- Well, they just aren't, - not in Boston.

UPTON

(sharply)

Hold your tongue, miss.

(to CORNELIA)

You've allowed our daughter's mind to be poisoned by the damnable doctrines of this demagogue Thomas Jefferson, who'll yet grace the gallows, when His Majesty's trained troops have scattered your Continental rascalions.

(He glances at PHILLIP)

ANNE

An' it please you, father, - 'tis the rapscallions who are doing the scattering.

CORNELIA

(as UPTON glares at ANNE)

Please, darling.

(to her HUSBAND)

Upton, can't you and Phillip declare a truce?

ANNE

Aye. You've done naught but war with each other all afternoon.

PHILLIP

Your pardon, Anne. And yours, Mistress Hammersley.

(He bows to the LADIES)

I'll leave to you the task of converting Mr. Hammersley to our American viewpoint.

UPTON

(spluttering)

God's blood, young man! If you've seduced my women folk ---

CORNELIA

Upton!

ANNE

Father!

UPTON

You'll not seduce me. I'm a loyal subject of my king and a subject I'll remain.

(Three MALE NEGRO SLAVES, each bearing a sack on his shoulder, enter on platform R. 2. They are in charge of an OVERSEER - a white man, - who carries a whip. The procession files across platform, down steps at back and off L.U.)

I'll not be turned into a sovereign by Mr. Jefferson's phrases.

(scornfully)

"All men are created equal!"

(He snorts angrily)

Equal! And thousands of blacks in slavery to you Americans.

(He waves a hand towards SLAVES as they disappear)

PHILLIP

Mr. Jefferson would free all slaves.

UPTON

Mr. Jefferson would free himself of his indebtedness to British merchants. 'Tis why he's led you into this war, - the rabble rouser!

PHILLIP

(smiling)

Now, Mr. Hammersley, - surely you can't believe that.

ANNE

Don't be ridiculous, father.

UPTON

Ridiculous! Is the truth ridiculous? I tell you this Jefferson and his fellow Virginia planters owe various London firms more than two million pounds sterling.

ANNE

(with a mock sigh)

Oh, dear! Scandal will out.

PHILLIP

(smiling)

Aye, malicious calumny is part of war. Not that our planters aren't debt-ridden, as your father asserts, but -- Well, we've not been duped into revolt, sir. Such is the natural consequences of the American air.

UPTON

Air! What's air got to do with rebellion?

PHILLIP

'Tis heady stuff to breathe, pungent with freedom, - the freedom of a vast, new land far removed from old world class tyranny.

ANNE

(quickly)

I know what you mean, Phillip. Over here birth's got naught to do with what you are, or position, or any of the things we bow to in Europe.

PHILLIP

That's it, Anne. Here a man's a man, - created the equal of any man.

(He smiles)

Mr. Jefferson happened to put it in words.

ANNE

Which he couldn't have done an' he had not been a man himself.

PHILLIP

Aye. One like him is born occasionally, - to call forth the manhood in other men, - the leader whose humanity inspires humanity in the rest of us.

UPTON

Humanity. Bah! A leader should inspire the fear of God in his subjects. And before King George is done with you rebels ---

ANNE

Oh, father, please!

(She comes to PHILLIP'S side, - takes his arm)

UPTON

(vehemently)  
He'll drag your manly leaders back to England in chains; - he'll -----

ANNE

Come, Phillip.

(She moves with PHILLIP towards C.)  
Mother, you take care of father.

CORNELIA

(a bit grimly)

That I will.

(She takes UPTON'S arm)  
Control yourself, Upton. Leave Phillip his loyalties.

UPTON

(fumingly)  
Disloyalties, madam, - disloyalties!  
(CORNELIA is walking him towards C.)  
Poppycock and fiddle-faddle! If every man's a governor, - who is  
there left to govern?

CORNELIA

(with biting sweetness)  
There's yourself, my precious lord and master.  
(UPTON makes a wrathful, inarticulate retort)  
Aye, my lambkin, you might well begin with your own violent temper.  
'Twould do with a bit of governing.  
(UPTON starts as if to protest. She shuts  
him up sharply)  
Silence, sir! Not another word. If you so much as open your lips  
again, I'll follow the Colonies. I'll revolt too!  
(PHILLIP and ANNE have disappeared L.U. as  
CORNELIA and UPTON start to follow them off)

LIGHTS DIM OUT

ANNOUNCEMENT

(by Auditorium Loudspeaker between Scenes  
5 and 6 of Act I)

SPEAKER

"What animated them was the vision of freedom, of the liberation of  
the human spirit from its primeval bondage." (Gen. Smuts)

ACT I - SCENE 6

NEW JERSEY STATE, OCTOBER, 1761, MORNING

SCENE:

From the darkness a bugle call is heard faintly in the distance, - not a regulation call, just a few improvised notes to help establish a camp atmosphere.

Lights dim up and reveal two ragged and unkempt CONTINENTAL SOLDIERS beside the embers of a fire above which a kettle hangs on a tripod of saplings. Three muskets are stacked in bivouac style in the background.

SECOND SOLDIER

(speaking as the lights come up)

Don't you believe it, Massachusetts. This here war ain't over yet, - not by a dang'd sight it ain't.

FIRST SOLDIER

(stirring contents of pot)

I'm sayin' it is. 'Twas over the day the high an' mighty Britisher, - that there Lord Cornwallis, - surrendered to General Washington at Yorktown, - him an' his whole army of blasted redcoats.

SECOND SOLDIER

That was more'n a month ago, an' we're still shoulderin' arms, ain't we?

FIRST SOLDIER

No, we ain't. We're settin' on our hind ends in this mosquito-ridden state o' New Jersey, while the Britishers, - such as is left o' them, - are sneakin' back to England. 'Twon't be long now before the last o' the dirty devils is gone. Then we'll be disbanded and 'lowed to go home. If it ain't like that, you kin kiss my foot.

SECOND SOLDIER

God, soldier, I pray you're right. I've had a bellyful o' the damn'd business.

FIRST SOLDIER

Stupid, I calls it, - plumb stupid for reasonable men to be shootin' of one another, getting their hides full o' musket balls ----

(He makes a quick clutch at his armpit)

an' other things.

SECOND SOLDIER

Aye, but Britishers ain't reasonable. They ----

## FIRST SOLDIER

Certainly they be, - the Britishers theirselves, I mean. They're common men, - the same as us, - wantin' little, content to live an' let live. It's them what rules the Britishers as ain't reasonable, the kings an' dukes an' such riffraff.

## SECOND SOLDIER

Aye, the scum! A pox on the whole mangy lot o' 'em.

## FIRST SOLDIER

Well, we're done with the outscourings. They don't rule us no more.

## SECOND SOLDIER

No. Bloody tyrants is wiped off the slate. From now on we rule ourselves.

## FIRST SOLDIER

Aye, every man as good as the next.

## SECOND SOLDIER

Don't it make you swell up, Massachusetts? Don't it make you feel like --Oh, you know, like you was important, not - not just nothin'.

## FIRST SOLDIER

Like I was part o' my country, - that's how it makes me feel, Pennsylvania, - one with the soil, with the people, - as much a part as anybody or anything.

## SECOND SOLDIER

Aye, part o' your country, - yours because you've fought an' bled for it.

## FIRST SOLDIER

The greatest country in the world, soldier. Let anybody say it ain't.

(He brandishes his spoon belligerently.

A THIRD SOLDIER walks up steps R., yawning and stretching his arms)

## THIRD SOLDIER

Hullo, messmates.

(The other two merely grunt in reply)

What you got in the pot? Same ol' horsemeat?

## FIRST SOLDIER

Horsemeat!

(He takes spoon from pot with a sample of his brew, thrusts it beneath THIRD SOLDIER'S nose)

Smell it, you lazy hound.

## THIRD SOLDIER

(wrinkling up his nose)

Ah, ragout of skunk!



FIRST SOLDIER

(with a roar of rage)

Why, you unwashed, flea-bitten, scurvy ridden lump o' Virginia mud, -  
it's rabbit. Rabbit! Trapped by wide-awake men for the feedin' of a  
sluggard as ought to be let starve.

THIRD SOLDIER

Rabbit! Well, in that case, fill her up, soldier.

(He extends his cup for a helping. The

SECOND SOLDIER does likewise. The FIRST  
SOLDIER proceeds to portion out the stew)

SECOND SOLDIER

(to THIRD SOLDIER)

Say, Virginia, Massachusetts here -

(He nods towards FIRST SOLDIER)

is of the opinion that we'll soon be marchin' home.

THIRD SOLDIER

Home? Home!

SECOND SOLDIER

Aye.

THIRD SOLDIER

Is the coot right in his head?

FIRST SOLDIER

I feel right enough to wager a year's back pay I got owin' by the  
Congress, that this man's army 'll be backtracking it for home in  
less'n a month.

THIRD SOLDIER

H'm!

(He purses his lips thoughtfully)

Maybe you ain't so far wrong at that, Massachusetts. Home!

(He looks ahead dreamily)

SECOND SOLDIER

(to FIRST SOLDIER)

Look at Virginia. He's already tastin' the fatted calf.

FIRST SOLDIER

Two fatted calves for me ---

(He grins broadly at SECOND SOLDIER, -  
then his face sobers)

if she ain't some other feller's by now.

SECOND SOLDIER

(laughing heartily)

Cheer up, Massachusetts! When you come aparadin' home, you'll be a  
hero. You'll have your pick o' wenches.

THIRD SOLDIER

I'm goin' to help myself to half a dozen.

FIRST SOLDIER

Well, I ain't no Turk. One woman's enough for me.

SECOND SOLDIER

One's more'n enough for any man, Massachusetts.

(He chuckles)

If you had my Mehitable --- Say, she's got such a hellish tongue it drove me off to the war. But damme! if I won't be glad to see the red-headed harridan again.

(softly)

Sort of a coppery red it is, - the color o' turnin' autumn leaves, the way they turn in Pennsylvania.

(He sighs)

You never see such a sight.

THIRD SOLDIER

You mean your wife?

SECOND SOLDIER

No! Pennsylvania in the fall o' the year, - her hills blazin' with trees what look like they was dressed up in Joseph's coat; her mountains rearin' theirselves to the clouds, purple in the twilight; her peaceful valleys with the rich soil showin' and brooks gleamin' like silver.

(He heaves a rapturous sigh)

That's my state, boys, - Pennsylvania! the greatest state of them all.

THIRD SOLDIER

(scornfully)

Pennsylvania! Why, you poor, ignorant savage, if you ever lived in Virginia ----

SECOND SOLDIER

(contemptuously)

I wouldn't spit in Virginia.

THIRD SOLDIER

(jumping up - wrathfully)

Take it back, you Pennsylvania rat!

SECOND SOLDIER

(likewise leaping to his feet)

You Virginia louse!

(Hostilities threaten, but FIRST SOLDIER steps between the angry MEN and shoves them apart)

FIRST SOLDIER

Shut up, both of you, an' listen to a man from Massachusetts.

THIRD SOLDIER

(jeeringly)

That's where the Mayflower landed, ain' it?

FIRST SOLDIER

Aye, the Mayflower! An' when that happened ----

SECOND SOLDIER

(scoffingly)

All happened.

FIRST SOLDIER

More than all, you benighted backwoods heathen. Massachusetts happened! that's what - Massachusetts! The first word in states an' the last word - an' all the words in between too. That's Massachusetts. You kin kiss my foot, if it ain't.

LIGHTS DIM OUT

ANNOUNCEMENT

(by Auditorium Loudspeaker between Scenes  
6 and 7 of Act I)

SPEAKER

Feeling, "that the property of the United States had been protected from the confiscation of Britain by the joint exertions of all, and therefore ought to be the common property of all", the soldiers of the Revolutionary Army returned to their homes filled with hope and expectancy.

(Extract from letter of Gen. Knox to  
Gen. Washington, Oct. 23, 1786)

ACT I - SCENE 7

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS, 1782, AFTERNOON

SCENE:

A crowd of VILLAGERS, CITIZENS, BEAUX and BELLES are at the rear of platform, their backs to audience. They are looking down at a passing procession of returned SOLDIERS, and as the lights come up, are cheering and waving small flags, handkerchiefs, etc. Their figures are outlined against the light which they face, and they are wedged so closely together as to blot out any clear view of the procession which they are supposedly watching, only a glimpse being had by audience of bayonets and flags.

Forming a group on platform just above steps R.C. are UPTON and CORNELIA HAMMERSLEY with GREGORY and ELIZABETH ANSTRUTHER. All are dressed for the outdoors and stand half facing the audience.

GREGORY

(as a burst of cheering subsides)  
Making quite a fuss, - the dear people. What?  
(His tone is mockingly supercilious)

UPTON

(petulantly)  
Damn the dear people!

GREGORY

It's rather pathetic in a way. Today cheers for the returning heroes; tomorrow the heroes are forgotten, - left to shift for themselves.

ELIZABETH

It doesn't seem fair.

GREGORY

It's not fair, but society, my dear, is notoriously indifferent to those who serve it.

CORNELIA

I feel so sorry for those troops.

UPTON

Sorry!

CORNELIA

Aye, Upton. How many will find a place for themselves.

UPTON

Filthy beggars! They're to blame for cutting us loose from English rule. Sorry! Best save your sympathy for yourself. God knows what we're in for now. If I could dispose of my properties, I'd return to London tomorrow.

CORNELIA

Upton!

UPTON

I would. I'd have done it before if I'd had any idea these rebels would win the war. I've had my fill of ragamuffin government. I can't escape from it too quickly.

GREGORY

Don't act hastily, Upton. We Tories all feel as you do, - that the rule of the multitude is not to be borne. Would that we could seize the government, but our numbers are too few. We shall have to abide our time, working to the end that America will once again become British property.

UPTON

(shaking his head)

'Tis a vain hope, Gregory. These people are done with their mother country.

CORNELIA

Aye, an ocean separates them from England. And more, - an attitude of mind towards sovereigns that --- Well, I can imagine almost anyone of them standing up to King George and taking joy in telling him to "Go to hell."

ELIZABETH

(shocked)

Cornelia!

(UPTON, choking apoplectically, is speechless)

GREGORY

Mistress Hammersley!

CORNELIA

(musingly)

I couldn't do that.

(She sighs)

I wish I could.

UPTON

(recovering his voice)

Go to hell! To our king!

(splutteringly)

Why damme! it's treason, madam, - treason to even think such a thought!

CORNELIA

I didn't think it of myself, Upton.

ELIZABETH

Why should you think it of an American?

CORNELIA

Because Americans seem to have a go-to-hell spirit.

ELIZABETH

Heaven save us from such a spirit!

GREGORY

Mistress Hammersley exaggerates, I think. Reverence for established authority is deep imbedded - even in Americans, though they have evidenced a rebellious defiance. Time will yet bring them to their senses.

UPTON

Aye. How long will it be before this imbecile government involves itself in difficulties? In less than a year it will have discredited itself with its own supporters.

GREGORY

(smiling)

That is what we Tories await, Upton. When the people have learned they cannot govern themselves, who will they turn to for protection against themselves? Their king.

(He places a hand on UPTON'S arm)

Patience, my friend, patience.

LIGHTS DIM OUT

(The CROWD at back disperses in various directions, all leaving the stage except the CHARACTERS which appear in the succeeding scene. They make for steps C., and remain in C. section on stage level)

ANNOUNCEMENT

(by Auditorium Loudspeaker between Scenes  
7 and 8 of Act I)

SPEAKER

"There were many who could not realize that they had shed their blood  
in the field, to secure to their creditors a right to drag them into  
courts and prisons."

(George Richards Minot (1810) History of  
Insurrection in Massachusetts)



ACT I - SCENE 8

BOSTON, 1786

SCENE:

Lights dim up on four or five PRISONERS who sit and lie about the floor in C. section of steps. Among them is THIRD SOLDIER of Scene 5. FIRST PRISONER is speaking as lights come up.

FIRST PRISONER

Suffering Jehosophat! Must you crowd a man? Shift your stinkin' carcass, will you!

(He digs his elbow into SECOND PRISONER'S ribs)

SECOND PRISONER

Go slow there! An' you don't smell like a rose yourself, you lousy beggar!

FIRST PRISONER

(hotly)

Beggar yourself! I'm a farmer, I am, and no low born laborer is fit to occupy the same cell with me.

SECOND PRISONER

Well, why don't you get yourself a private cell.  
(This calls for an outburst of laughter and catcalls from the other OCCUPANTS)

THIRD SOLDIER

(with mock dignity)

Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Remember you're in prison!  
(more catcalls and noises suggestive of the modern Bronx cheer)

(in the midst of the racket a TURNKEY enters down C. steps with SOLDIER NO.1 of Scene 5)

TURNKEY

(from step)

Shut your racket, you crumby paupers! or I'll take the whip to you. Here's a companion for you.

(He shoves FIRST SOLDIER violently into the middle of the group, one of whom trips the SOLDIER, bringing him down. This causes loud laughter)

FIRST PRISONER

(above the din - to TURNKEY)

Ain't it crowded enough in here now?

OTHER PRISONERS

Aye!

Take him out!

Put him somewhere else!

SECOND PRISONER

(grumbling)

We'll damn'd soon be roostin' in each others laps.

TURNKEY

Now, boys, be nice to your little playmate:

(With a waggish leer, he disappears up steps)

FIRST PRISONER

Look at the size of the mangy dog.

(He sizes up PRISONER (FIRST SOLDIER) who has by now got to his feet)

SECOND PRISONER

You'd better make yourself thin around here, feller.

FIRST PRISONER

Aye, if you go to steppin' on my toes-----

FIRST SOLDIER

(challengingly)

What'll you do, foul breath?

FIRST PRISONER

(savagely)

We'll flatten you out an' use you for a rug, - that's what we'll do.

(There is a general snarling agreement from the others)

FIRST SOLDIER

(eyeing the group contemptuously)

Aw, kiss my foot!

THIRD SOLDIER

(giving a shout of recognition)

Massachusetts!

(He jumps up, grabs FIRST SOLDIER'S hand, wrings it warmly)

If it ain't the old war horse hisself.

(FIRST SOLDIER regards him without recognition)

Remember me, don't you, Massachusetts? I'm Virginia.

FIRST SOLDIER  
Virginia?

THIRD SOLDIER  
Aye. We was camped together in New Jersey.

FIRST SOLDIER  
(His face breaking into a smile)  
Sure, I recollect you now, Virginia.  
(He grips THIRD SOLDIER'S hand)  
That's a long ways back, partner.

THIRD SOLDIER  
Aye. An' plenty has happened since.

FIRST SOLDIER  
What in hell are you doin' here?

THIRD SOLDIER  
I got you to blame, I reckon.

FIRST SOLDIER  
Me?

THIRD SOLDIER  
Aye..but it's a long tale. Sit down.  
(He turns and clears a space by using  
his hands and feet vigorously on the  
other occupants)  
Back up, you scum. Room for a couple o' soldiers.  
(There are grumbling murmurs as the others  
shift ground)

FIRST SOLDIER  
(seating himself)  
You're quite some ways from home, Virginia.

THIRD SOLDIER  
I ain't got no home, Massachusetts.  
(FIRST SOLDIER eyes him questioningly)  
Nay, nary a home. I thought I had but---well, after the war I can't  
get back to my State quick enough, - an' I get there. The flags is  
flyin', the people is cheerin', the----

FIRST SOLDIER  
(derisively)  
Ha!

THIRD SOLDIER  
Aye, ha! A man can't eat cheers, an' I was give naught else.

FIRST SOLDIER  
Same with me, Virginia.

THIRD SOLDIER

Then I don't have to tell you how it was.

FIRST SOLDIER

No, I'll tell you. There wasn't any place for the returned hero.

THIRD SOLDIER

(shaking his head)

All the places had been grabbed by the fellows that stayed home.

(He sighs)

Well, seein' I wasn't gettin' nowheres in Virginia, I think maybe I might have a chance somewheres else, so rememberin' what you told me about your Massachusetts, - how she was the first an' last words in states, I-----

FIRST SOLDIER

(stoutly)

Well, ain't she? Did you ever see a purtier state?

(fervently)

I tell you, man, when God made Massachusetts, He did a almighty good job.

THIRD SOLDIER

Oh, it's purty all right. It's got a quiet peacefulness I ain't never felt nowheres else. But it certain sure has some almighty mean laws. Why, you know what they did? They threw me in here just because I owe for a pair of boots.

FIRST SOLDIER

Ha! I'm in clink in my own town o' Boston for a measly food bill.

THIRD SOLDIER

I offered to pay the damn'd tradesman, - but he wouldn't take my paper money.

FIRST SOLDIER

Continental's ain't worth what they're writ on, feller.

THIRD SOLDIER

But I ain't got but only Continentals.

FIRST SOLDIER

What they ought to do, Virginia, is to make a bank of paper money big enough to pay all our debts, - big enough to sink itself.

THIRD SOLDIER

Why for should it sink itself?

FIRST SOLDIER

Because then it would be so much clear gain for the state.

THIRD SOLDIER

Maybe. But I know naught of money matters.

FIRST SOLDIER

Then you know as much as anybody else. All the same we farmers believe in printing presses, and in a lot o' other things too. We're the fellers who feed the nation. Don't that make us more important than a pack of miserly tradesmen? Don't it?

THIRD SOLDIER

'Twould seem to. Let the tradesmen put us in jail.

FIRST SOLDIER

I'm not stayin' in jail, - I'm gettin' out. An' when I do let them as put me in here - look out.

(His tone is grim, menacing, but not loud)

LIGHTS DIM OUT

(In the darkness the CHARACTERS take their positions for the next scene with the EXTRAS who enter immediately)

ANNOUNCEMENT

(By Auditorium Loudspeaker between Scenes  
8 and 9 of Act I)

SPEAKER

"A little rebellion now and then is like a storm in the atmosphere."

(Thomas Jefferson in "Writings", Ford, Vol.  
IV, p. 370)

ACT I - SCENE 9

SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS, JANUARY 25, 1787, NIGHT

SCENE:

In the lights of flickering torches the FIRST SOLDIER, standing on platform R.C. is addressing a mob of FARMERS armed with pitchforks, clubs, etc. In each hat is a sprig of mountain laurel, the insignia of the rebellion.

Care must be taken in this scene to keep the mob in hand, to eliminate any "Red" element. Their responses to the SPEAKER are not shouted or howled, but are full of a restrained anger, a leashed bitterness more menacing than noisy yells. Definite exclamatory phrases are given to some of the extras so that the general responses have a ring of naturalness and are not just the usual mob cries.

FIRST SOLDIER

(speaking calmly and evenly, after the general murmur heard as the lights rise, dies away)

Now, my friends, is it clear to you what we are doing? Our enemies have called us a "rabble", but we know we're not a rabble. We are most of us farmers, law abidin' citizens who love our country an' who proved it by shoulderin' a musket when our country needed muskets.

(a low murmur of agreement from the mob:

"That we did!" "Three years I served."

"I answered the first call", etc.)

We are taking up arms again, - not against government, but for the same reason which made us take up arms in 1776, - to oppose tyranny.

(murmurs of agreement: "Aye, tyranny!"

"We can do nothing else." etc.)

We were promised equality. How has that promise been kept? Let us consider the matter calmly.

(He clears his throat)

Now I claim to be a reasonable man, - to want no more than my due share. But I do want that!

(low cries of: "That's only fair."

"So do we all!" etc.)

Why did I enlist in Washington's army? Why did I risk my life in battle? Because I believed the promise that had been made, that's why. I was ready to fight for equality, - to die for equality.

(a low murmured "Aye" from mob - from which a VOICE issues clearly)

VOICE

That's one way to find equality.

(A general, low tuned laugh greets the sally)

FIRST SOLDIER

Maybe it's the only way, brother, but until I'm dead I'll not admit it.

## FIRST SOLDIER (Cont'd)

(a laughing cheer from the mob: "That's the spirit!" "Neither will we." etc.)

Well, we won the war. We! You and me - all of us. And what happened? Was the land we'd won in common divided evenly amongst us?

(a low angry murmur:

"No!" "It was not!" etc.)

Why wasn't it? Wouldn't that have been but fair?

(cries of "Aye." "That it would" etc.)

Weren't we who had shed our blood entitled to our portion?

(cries of "Aye!" "Our portion!" etc.)

Did we get it?

(cries of "No! No!")

## VOICE

(clearly from the mob response)

Aye! We got it where the chicken got the axe.

(This causes a general laugh)

## FIRST SOLDIER

My friend has said it, - where the chicken got the axe!

(at back C., -walking up rear steps -

HUSBAND, WIFE and MAN FRIEND enter. All are richly dressed and their manner is haughty and arrogant.

A spot light picks them up on platform L.C. where they pause, eyeing the mob with well bred distaste.

The FIRST SOLDIER continues)

The land, it seems, was already divided. It was the property of "the wise, the rich and the good."

(He glances pointedly at the THREE CHARACTERS L.C. and the MOB turns toward them in a low menacing murmur.

The WIFE instinctively draws close to her HUSBAND, her face showing her fear.

The MOB again turns to FIRST SOLDIER as he resumes)

There wasn't an acre for us, - the "simple, the poor and the bad."

(This causes a gust of bitter merriment)

True there are the Western Lands, - if you like Indians and don't care to keep your scalps.

(another low, bitter laugh)

Yet some of us wish to live where we were born. I wish to-- An' I'm goin' to!

(cries of "Aye! Aye!" "Where we were born" etc.)

What else were we promised? The right to "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness." Well, let us look into that.

(He glances about at the ring of faces - resumes)

Speakin' for myself, what with havin' no home, no job, no food, I'm not findin' life easy.



## FIRST SOLDIER (Cont'd)

(a sympathetic murmur from the crowd:  
"Nor any of us!" "Anything buy easy."  
etc.)

As for "Liberty", I've just escaped from a Boston debtor's jail.  
(another sympathetic murmur)

In the town of Groton in this state, one farmer out of every three, and in Worcester county the head of practically every family is being sued for debt. All these men are facing not only destitution but imprisonment. Many of you here in Springfield are in the same desperate situation.

(murmurs of "Aye!" "That we are!" etc.  
The WIFE shrinks against her HUSBAND,  
who together with MAN FRIEND, show signs  
of uneasiness at the hostile spirit of  
the MOB)

That a man's shelter should be seized for debt is terrible enough, but when they likewise seize our persons, - when they suspend our right of Habeus Corpus, - is that Liberty?

(bitter murmurs of "No". "Tyranny!"  
"Oppression!")

Now, what have we left? "The pursuit of happiness".

(low bitter sardonic laughter from the MOB)

Wait, my friends, listen! Because our leaders, - the men we trusted, have betrayed us, that is no reason for us to mock the Declaration. Rather it is for us to draw inspiration from its noble sentiments, - to assert with all our manhood what it asserts, - our equality with the "wise, the rich and the good."

(Again his glance is directed at the THREE  
CHARACTERS L.C., as is the glance of the  
MOB, which murmurs menacingly a growling  
jeer)

We are marching to the armory, - there to meet with our General Daniel Shays. He will tell you what you are to do. Forward!

(He turns and starts for R.2. The MOB  
giving a shout, starts to follow him,  
breaking immediately into the song of  
"Yankee Doodle", using the lyric of the  
time. FIRST SOLDIER and MOB exeunt R.2.  
HUSBAND, WIFE and MAN FRIEND stand staring  
after them, - the WIFE clinging to her  
HUSBAND-- the TWO MEN frowning angrily)

HUSBAND

(as the MOB disappears)

Filthy rabble!

(from off stage is heard faintly the MOB  
singing "Yankee Doodle", making a back-  
ground for the ensuing scene)

WIFE

(half hysterically)

But why should this be? Where are the troops?

HUSBAND

(angrily)

Aye, where?

MAN FRIEND

Governor Bowdoin is raising a force in Boston.

HUSBAND

This is for the Central Government to deal with. It's insurrection! If it's not stopped, it'll spread over the entire country.

MAN FRIEND

Our Central Government has little power to act in such emergencies.

HUSBAND

Then it should be given the power. If we're to have a Central Government, let's have one with teeth.

MAN FRIEND

Aye, a standing army to put down revolt.

(There is a shot from off stage. Cries of "The General" "The General!" "To the armory" "To the armory" all mixed in with the voices singing "Yankee Doodle". The WIFE gives a piercing scream of fright)

WIFE

(hysterically)

The beasts! The beasts! They should be hanged!

MAN FRIEND

'Tis said their purpose is to close the courts so they may prevent their arrest for debt.

HUSBAND

Their purpose is to seize our property. That's why they're marching on the armory. Once they get muskets in their hands, even our lives won't be safe.

(vehemently)

This sort of thing has got to stop! If mob rule can't be prevented under the Articles of Confederation, then we'll tear up the Articles. We'll draw a new Constitution, - a Constitution that will protect us.

(another shot from off stage - more shouts.  
The singing of "Yankee Doodle" increases in volume)

LIGHTS DIM OUT

ANNOUNCEMENT

(By Loudspeaker in Auditorium between Scenes  
9 and 10 of Act I)

SPEAKER

The Federal Constitutional Convention held its first meeting in Philadelphia on May 25th, and continued in session for almost four months.

ACT I - SCENE 10

PHILADELPHIA, SUMMER OF 1787

SCENE: A spot light dims up on GEORGE WASHINGTON, who serving as President of the Convention, sits on step L.C. Darkness makes the members of the Convention invisible, but their voices are heard from R. as the scene opens, in scattered, unrelated phrases.

GROUP A  
(speaking before lights come up)  
Common defense!

GROUP B  
Security of Liberty!

GROUP C  
General welfare!

GROUP A  
Rights of suffrage!

GROUP B  
National legislature!

GROUP C  
Quotas of Distribution!

(During a momentary lull the voice of FIRST MEMBER is heard distinctly)

FIRST MEMBER  
Resolved: that the Articles of Confederation ought to be-----  
corrected and enlarged.

GROUP A  
No!

GROUP B  
No!

GROUP C  
Aye! Correct and enlarge the Articles of Confederation.

(a general chorus of "ayes" - then a confused murmur of disagreement, from which sharply issues the voice of the FIFTH MEMBER)

FIFTH MEMBER

.....we are (not) proceeding on the basis of the Confederation.  
This Convention is unknown to the Confederation!

(This statement gets a mixed reception;  
some voices agreeing, others disagreeing)

GROUP A

Aye! Aye!

GROUP B

Aye! Aye!

GROUP C

Our instruction! Our instruction!

GROUP A

(after general exclamations)

The large states!

GROUP C

The little states.

GROUP A

Federal Government!

(Suddenly during the tumult a spot light  
floods the face and standing figure of  
ALEXANDER HAMILTON, R. C.)

HAMILTON

(facing the seated WASHINGTON)

Mr. President: During the several weeks this Constitutional Convention  
has been in session, it has occupied itself with arguing the relative  
merits of the Virginia and New Jersey plans. I am obliged to declare  
myself unfriendly to both.

(a murmur from the unseen MEMBERS)

I personally despair of establishing a Republican Government over so  
great an extent of territory. It is my private opinion, and I have  
no scruples in declaring it, - that the British Government is the best  
in the world.

(agreement and disagreement from the  
MEMBERS)

GROUP A

Aye!

GROUP B

Aye!

GROUP C

No! No!

HAMILTON

I would have the Supreme Executive of the United States invested in a Governor to be elected to serve during good behavior.

(WASHINGTON is seen to frown)  
(There is a tumult of protest from the unseen MEMBERS)

What? GROUP A

No! GROUP B

No! No! GROUP C

FIRST MEMBER

(clearly coming into light)

An Executive during good behavior is but a softer name for an Executive for life!

(murmurs of assent)

The next step would be an hereditary monarchy!

(angry murmurs from the members. The lights fade from HAMILTON'S face during the hubbub)

Royalists! GROUP A

Monarchist! Monarchist! GROUP B

Royalist! Royalist! GROUP C

(SECOND MEMBER'S voice is now heard)

SECOND MEMBER

(clearly coming into light)

If we are to establish a National Government, that Government should flow from the people at large.

(Murmurs of disagreement almost drown those of agreement)

No! No! GROUP A

No! No! GROUP B

Aye! Aye! GROUP C

THIRD MEMBER

(in lighted area)

Aye! Government is instituted for those who live under it.

FOURTH MEMBER

(in lighted area)

Government is instituted for the protection of property!

GROUP A

Aye, property!

GROUP B

Aye, property!

GROUP C

Life and Liberty! Life and Liberty!

FIFTH MEMBER

(clearly, in lighted area)

Life and Liberty are generally said to be of more value, but the main object of society is property.

GROUP A

Aye! Aye!

GROUP B

Aye! Aye! Property!

GROUP C

People! People! People!

FOURTH MEMBER

Property....is the great cause of war - the great means of carrying it on.

FIFTH MEMBER

It is essential that the members of the Legislature, the Executive, and the Judges should be possessed of competent property to make them independent and respectable.

GROUP A

Aye!

GROUP B

Aye!

GROUP C

No! No!

FRANKLIN

(a light striking his face as he rises)

I am opposed to such a provision. Some of the greatest rogues I was ever acquainted with, were the richest rogues.

(laughter and general agreement - the light fades from FRANKLIN'S face)

FOURTH MEMBER

The Senatorial branch is meant to represent the wealth of the country, - it ought to be composed of persons of wealth.

GROUP A

Aye! Wealth!

GROUP B

Aye! Aye!

GROUP C

No! No! An aristocracy! An aristocracy!

FIFTH MEMBER

(his face lighting up)

As to the alarm sounded of an aristocracy, - my creed is that there never was, nor ever will be a civilized society without an aristocracy.

(cheers from GROUPS A and B)

GROUP C

Democracy! Democracy!

FIFTH MEMBER

The Senate must have the aristocratic spirit; it must lord it thro' pride!

(more cheers that drown the DISSENTERS.  
the light fades from the FIFTH MEMBER'S  
face)

(cheers from GROUPS A and B)

GROUP C

Never! Never!

GROUP A

Foreign debts!

GROUP B

The First Branch!

GROUP C

The Second Branch!

GROUP A

Election by State Legislatures!

GROUP C

Election by the people!

SECOND MEMBER

(his voice rising out of the conflicting  
phrases)

No government can long subsist without the confidence of the people.

GROUP A

Aye!



GROUP B

Aye!

FOURTH MEMBER

The people are for paper money!  
(a mixed reception)

GROUP A

Aye!

GROUP B

Aye!

FIFTH MEMBER

The people should have as little to do as may be about the government.

GROUP A

Aye! Right!

GROUP B

Aye! Aye!

GROUP C

Everything! They should have everything to do.

FOURTH MEMBER

The evils we experience now flow from the excess of democracy.

HAMILTON

Rescue us from a Democracy!

(This precipitates a violent turmoil among  
the unseen MEMBERS, so violent that WASH-  
INGTON is forced to raise his hand to re-  
store order)

GROUP A

Aye, rescue us! No democracy! No democracy.

GROUP B

Aye! Save us from mob rule! Give us a government of gentlemen.

GROUP C

We'll have nothing else. That's what we fought for. Long live  
Democracy!

FIRST MEMBER

(as quiet is restored, his voice coming  
out clearly)

We are sent here to consult - not to contend with each other.

SECOND MEMBER

We should consider that we are providing a Constitution for future  
generations, not merely for the peculiar circumstances of the moment.

THIRD MEMBER

The mass of citizens should not be without a voice in making the laws  
which they are to obey, in choosing the Magistrates who are to ad-  
minister them.

(The minority murmurs its approbation)

GROUP C

Aye!

FOURTH MEMBER

Give the votes to the people who have no property, and they will sell them to the rich man who will be able to buy them.

(noisy momentary disagreement and agreement)

GROUP A

Aye!

GROUP B

Aye!

GROUP C

No! No!

FIFTH MEMBER

Freeholders are the best guardians of Liberty.

GROUP A

Aye!

GROUP B

Aye! Aye!

GROUP C

No! No!

FIFTH MEMBER

The right of suffrage should be restricted to them.

(violent difference of opinion is voiced by the unseen MEMBERS. Once more WASHINGTON raises his hand)

GROUP A

Aye! Freeholders! Suffrage for freeholders!

GROUP B

Aye, freeholders!

GROUP C

Why? Why? Suffrage for all.

FIRST MEMBER

(after the din has subsided)

Why should suffrage be restrained to freeholders? Does nothing besides property make a permanent attachment?

(mixed murmurs)

GROUP A

No!

GROUP B

No!

## GROUP C

Aye! Aye!

## SECOND MEMBER

Every man who pays a tax should be allowed a voice in the imposition of them. Taxation and representation should go together!

## GROUPS A AND B

Aye!

## FIFTH MEMBER

Money is power. The states ought to have weight in the government in proportion to wealth.

(violent conflict of opinion)

## GROUP A

Aye. Wealth! Wealth!

## GROUP B

Aye! Aye!

## GROUP C

No! No!

## FOURTH MEMBER

Taxation shall be in proportion to representation!  
(This raises a storm of conflicting cries)

## GROUP A

Tax population! Tax population!

## GROUP B

Tax population! Tax population!

## GROUP C

Tax property! Tax property! Tax property!

(WASHINGTON raises his hand in vain - the Convention is completely out of hand. FRANKLIN rises to the occasion and stills the tumult as he addresses the chair)

## FRANKLIN

(a light on his face)

Mr. President.....When a broad table is to be made, and the edges of the planks do not fit, the artist takes a little from both, and makes a good joint. In like manner, here, both sides must part with some of their demands, in order that they may join in some accomodating proposition.

(The MEMBERS applaud the peace proposal, then stop as THIRD MEMBER speaks)

## THIRD MEMBER

(clearly)

I move that.....a census be taken of the free white inhabitants and three-fifths of those of other descriptions; and that the representation be regulated accordingly.

SECOND MEMBER

On what principle is the admission of blacks in the proportion of three-fifths to be explained? Are they admitted as Citizens? Then why are they not admitted on an equality with White Citizens? Are they admitted as property? Then why is not other property admitted into the computation?

FIFTH MEMBER

.....blacks should not be included in the basis of representation..... I never will concur in upholding domestic slavery. It is a nefarious institution.

(violent and mixed opinion from unseen MEMBERS)

Aye! Aye! GROUP A

Aye! Aye! GROUP B

No! No! GROUP C

FIRST MEMBER

Slaves....."bring the judgement of Heaven on a country."  
(noisy and bitter disagreement)

Aye! Aye! GROUP A

Aye! Aye! GROUP B

No! No! GROUP C

FOURTH MEMBER

Religion and humanity have nothing to do with this question. Interest alone is the governing principle in nations.  
(same violent reception)

Right! Right! GROUP A

Aye! Aye! GROUP B

No! No! GROUP C

THIRD MEMBER

The States are divided into different interests not by their difference in size.....but...from the effects of their having or not having slaves.

(general agreement then a violent altercation)

GROUP A

Aye! Slaves are wealth.

GROUP B

Aye. Slaves are property!

GROUP C

Slaves are persons! Population!

GROUP A

Wealth.

GROUP B

Property!

GROUP C

Population! The South will secede! Equal Representation! Equal Representation!

A VOICE

Resolved:"that the senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, chosen by the Legislature thereof."

(There is a general shout of satisfaction at a compromise having been effected) (ANOTHER VOICE cries out clearly)

SECOND VOICE

The People! How many representatives have the people?

FIFTH MEMBER

Each State shall have one representative at least. (This causes an uproar)

GROUP A

Aye! One is plenty.

GROUP B

Aye! One!

GROUP C

Never! Never!

SECOND VOICE

Give the people one representative for every fifty thousand inhabitants.

GROUP A

Sixty-five thousand!

GROUP B

Seventy-five thousand!

GROUP C

Twenty thousand!

A VOICE

Resolved: that the number of representatives shall not exceed one for every forty thousand inhabitants.

GROUP A

Aye!

GROUP B

Aye!

GROUP C

No! No! Twenty thousand!

(once more FRANKLIN comes to the front)

FRANKLIN

Mr. President: In this situation of this assembly, how has it happened, sir, that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Light to illumine our understanding? "except the Lord build the House, they labor in vain that build it.".... I therefore, beg leave to move that henceforth prayers be held in this assembly every morning before we proceed to business.

SECOND MEMBER

I second the motion.

THIRD MEMBER

The Convention has no funds with which to pay a clergyman.

(a murmur of subdued laughter from the members as the lights fade from FRANKLIN'S face, then a low voicing of mixed phrases:)

GROUP A

Money Bills.

GROUP B

Chief Executive.

GROUP A

Six Years.

Four years.	GROUP C
Vice President.	GROUP B
Impeachment.	GROUP A
Import tax!	GROUP C
No! No!	GROUP A
No! No!	GROUP B
Aye! Aye!	GROUP C

FIRST MEMBER

(angrily)

This Constitution has been formed without the knowledge or idea of the people. It is impossible to say to them - take this or nothing.

SECOND MEMBER

(as angrily)

There are features so odious in this Constitution, I doubt if I shall be able to agree to it.

FIRST MEMBER

I would rather chop off my right hand than put it to this Constitution as it now stands.

FIFTH MEMBER

I move for a postponement. Perhaps another Convention will----

FOURTH MEMBER

Conventions ought not to be repeated. I am not without objections to the plan, but (rather than risk) an ultimate decision by the sword, I shall give it my support.

THIRD MEMBER

If it is not too late, I move that the clause declaring "the number of Representatives shall not exceed one for every forty thousand" be reconsidered, in order to strike out forty thousand, and insert "thirty thousand".

WASHINGTON

(rising to his feet)

Before putting the question, I cannot forbear expressing a wish that the alteration proposed by Mr. Gorham might take place.....It would give me much pleasure to see Mr. Gorham's resolution adopted.

(There is a murmur of general agreement as WASHINGTON resumes his seat)

Aye! GROUP A

Aye! Aye! GROUP B

Aye! GROUP C

FIFTH MEMBER

(from the blackness)

I move that provisions be made for future amendments of the articles of this Constitution.

(The murmur and phrases begin again)

Dangerous! GROUP A

The Legislatures! GROUP B

State Conventions! GROUP C

Majority of States to Ratify! GROUP A

Aye! Aye! GROUP B

No! No! GROUP C

(The argument becomes furious at the implication that States which do not agree may have to accept the majority rule. Once more the Convention is in an uproar as the light fades from WASHINGTON'S face)

DIM OUT



ANNOUNCEMENT

(By Auditorium Loudspeaker between Scenes  
10 and 11 of Act I)

SPEAKER

It was necessary to sell the new Constitution to the people. This proved to be no simple task.

ACT I - SCENE 11

BOSTON, NOVEMBER, 1787

SCENE: A spot light catches UPTON HAMMERSLEY C. He faces audience and addresses them as if they were villagers at a town meeting.

UPTON

(with a gruffly condescending manner)

And so, my dear people, as a loyal American citizen and a member of your Local Committee for Ratification, it has been my privilege to expound to you the fundamental principal pleas of the proposed Constitution, - a Constitution devised for your government by the generous minds and unselfish hearts of patriots. Our State of Massachusetts would do well to ratify it.

(He inclines his head as if finished.

From LOUDSPEAKERS at rear of theatre auditorium comes a faint scattering of applause, which is broken into by the voice of PHILLIP SCHUYLER, who, in civilian attire, comes striding down the C. aisle of theatre)

PHILLIP

One minute, an' it please you, sir.

(UPTON straightens up in surprise, looks coldly down at the speaker. PHILLIP reaches orchestra pit rail, speaks up to UPTON on stage)

Mr. Speaker, is it allowed me to ask a question?

UPTON

(stiffly)

A question?

PHILLIP

(smilingly)

Or two, maybe.

UPTON

(clearing his throat)

Ahem! My dear young man, questions are scarcely in order, - but, - er proceed. Proceed.

PHILLIP

Well, sir, why is our State asked to ratify a Constitution which is not only unauthorized but also ---

UPTON

(stiffly)

Unauthorized!

PHILLIP

(quietly)

Aye, sir. 'Tis my understanding that the Federal Convention was called, - not to draft a new Constitution, but to amend and enlarge the Articles of Confederation.

(a chorus of "Ayes!" from LOUDSPEAKER at back of Auditorium)

It would appear that the delegates exceeded their instructions.

(another shout of "Ayes!" from LOUDSPEAKERS at back of theatre)

UPTON

Er - possibly, my dear fellow, - possibly, but the exigencies of the situation - er ---

PHILLIP

What exigencies, sir?

UPTON

(explosively)

Armed rebellion, damme! In our own state, too.

PHILLIP

Shay's Rebellion, sir, was the result of our Massachusetts State Constitution. The Articles had naught to do with it.

UPTON

The Articles proved ineffective in a crisis. They lacked teeth, they ---

PHILLIP

They served well enough to win us the war.

(shouts of agreement from LOUDSPEAKERS at back of theatre)

UPTON

(fumingly)

British indifference and French assistance won you the war.

PHILLIP

Oh, grant our American spirit some credit, sir, - the spirit which animates our Articles, - toothless though they be, a fault, if 'tis a fault, which could have been remedied, and government left solely in the hands of the people, where the Articles placed it.

(dryly)

That wasn't why they were scrapped, was it, sir?

UPTON

Scrapped!

PHILLIP

Aye, scrapped, - now that the enemy has been routed and our new won land is ripe for seizing. It couldn't be that our trusted delegates---

UPTON

Heed your tongue, young man!

PHILLIP

I but seek information, sir. This proposed Constitution, - is it the creation of the whole people? Or is it the work of a small group of men who, in secret session, behind locked doors, in violation of the expressed will of the States, took it upon themselves to present us with a code of government of their own designing?

UPTON

(vehemently)

And grateful indeed we should be to this small group of men. The Constitution they offer us will bring order out of disorder, it will ---

PHILLIP

It will shift the tax from land to heads, will it not? Levy on rich and poor equally?

(UPTON remains silent)

Is not such decreed in its very first article?

UPTON

All should pay equally for government.

PHILLIP

For government which makes all equal, aye; but this plan --

(He turns to theatre audience)

Why, this Constitution we are asked to accept doesn't even contain a Bill of Rights.

(murmurs from LOUDSPEAKERS at back)

'Tis concerned with the structure of government, not with its purpose, which is the protection of these natural rights we fought for.

(general agreement from LOUDSPEAKERS at back)

UPTON

Your State Constitution contains a Bill of Rights. Is not that sufficient protection?

PHILLIP

Protection 'gainst the State is not protection 'gainst the super-state.

(He runs up steps to stage, turns and addresses audience)

My friends, heed me! or you will sip sorrow. Demand a Bill of Rights - for yourselves, for the unborn generations of tomorrow. Demand it as the price of your ratification. If it cannot be incorporated in the body of the Constitution, attach it in the form of Amendments. But if you value your lives, your liberty, your happiness, - stipulate in the language of Freemen the rights which no government under Heaven can take from you.

(loud and prolonged cheers and applause from LOUDSPEAKERS at back of auditorium)

LIGHTS DIM OUT

ANNOUNCEMENT

(by Loudspeaker in Auditorium between Scenes  
11 and 12)

SPEAKER

At the first session of the first Congress twelve amendments to the Constitution were proposed, ten of which, constituting a Bill of Rights, were in the course of time ratified by the required number of States and made law.

ACT I - SCENE 12

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 28, 1789

SCENE:

Lights dim up on platform R. An AUCTIONEER, a heavy, brutish, middle-aged fellow, is engaged in auctioning off a MALE NEGRO, a young man, who is stripped to the waist. In the background several BLACKS are herded together, - one of them a striking looking YOUNG FEMALE. A group of prominent CITIZENS and their LADIES, richly dressed in the fashion of the day, listen to the AUCTIONEER.

AUCTIONEER

(raucously)

A prime fieldhand, gentlemen. As fine a piece of stock as you'll find in this here town of New York. Just look him over. Good-natured, well-tempered; no marks, nary a sign of bad about the big boy. What am I bid for this choice lad?

FIRST CITIZEN

Nine hundred dollars.

AUCTIONEER

(with a characteristic sing-song whine)

En-i-nine hundred! Why it's ra-dik-lous, gentlemen, real ra-dik-lous. En-i-nine hundred! Do I hear anybody else?

SECOND CITIZEN

Nine hundred and fifty.

AUCTIONEER

En-i-nine hun'red an' fif-er-ty dollars. Impossible, gentlemen! I can't let this genuine, eighteen-karat, Gold Coast African go for such a price. En-i-nine hun'red an' fif-er-ty! En-i-nine hun'red an' fif-er-ty ----

FIRST CITIZEN

Nine hundred and seventy-five.

AUCTIONEER

Thank you, sir, - that's better. En-i-nine hun'red an' seventy-five! En-i-nine hun'red an' sev-en-ty five! Take another look at him, gentlemen. Where'd you ever see a finer specimen? E-nine - hundred an' seventy-five! Did somebody say a thousand? Make it an even thousand, gentlemen, - an even thousand.

(CITIZENS remain silent)

En-i-nine hun'red an' sev-en-ty-five! En-i-nine hun'red an' sev-en-ty-five. For the last time---

(He pauses - then as there are no further bids)

AUCTIONEER (Cont'd)

He's yours, sir, for en-i-nine hun'red an' seven-ty-five dollars.  
That's a cash price, sir.

FIRST CITIZEN

Here you are.

(He steps forward and offers AUCTIONEER  
a bundle of paper bills)

AUCTIONEER

Thank you, sir. Will you take him with you or have him sent.

FIRST CITIZEN

I'll take him.

AUCTIONEER

(to SLAVE YOUTH)

Go with your new master, black boy. An' mind you do what he tells  
you.

(He motions the SLAVE from platform.  
SLAVE joins FIRST CITIZEN. The two  
walk off R.1)

THIRD CITIZEN

(to SECOND CITIZEN)

That negro went cheap.

SECOND CITIZEN

Aye. But negroes are cheap these days, - that's a fact.  
(The WOMEN AUDITORS laugh and chatter Ad. lib.  
with their escorts and with each other)

AUCTIONEER

Now who'll be next, gentlemen? Anybody got anything particular in  
mind?

(He waves a hand towards SLAVES at back)

We got a choice assortment to select from.

SECOND CITIZEN

How about that there young wench?

(He points to SLAVE GIRL. Low laughter  
from the other AUDITORS, suggestive  
glances are exchanged)

AUCTIONEER

Yes, sir.

(He turns to SLAVE GIRL)

You, Amanda, - step up here.

(The GIRL hesitates a moment, then comes  
forward to side of AUCTIONEER)

(She wears a cheap, shapeless dress of  
the period, her proud, handsome head  
held high. There is an interested stir  
among the AUDITORS. The AUCTIONEER be-  
gins his harangue)

## AUCTIONEER (Cont'd)

Now, gentlemen, here's somethin' fancy, - straight from the Congo, but tame as a lamb. She'll eat out o' your hand. Step forward a little more, Amanda. That's the name we give her, - Amanda. Step forward. Let the gentlemen see how firm you stand on your cornstalks.

(He waves a hand towards the GIRL)

There's a picture, ain't it? Don't blush, Amanda.

(There is a shout of laughter from the CITIZENS)

You don't have to - not with them eyes an' them teeth. Show 'em Amanda.

(The girl's mouth remains obstinately shut)

Show 'em like the good little girl you are.

(His voice holds a menacing note in spite of its attempt at lightness)

Let the gentlemen see the ivory you packed over with you.

(The GIRL meets the AUCTIONEER'S threatening eyes, hesitates, then suddenly breaks into a loud, mirthless laugh, throwing her head back and revealing her teeth)

## SECOND CITIZEN

Five hundred dollars.

## AUCTIONEER

F-five hun'red?

(protesting)

Now, gentlemen, this is a woman, - a young woman, well-proportioned---

## THIRD CITIZEN

Five hundred and fifty.

## FOURTH CITIZEN

Six hundred.

## AUCTIONEER

E-six hun'red! E-six -- Is e-six hun'red dollars all I'm offered for this Queen of Sheba?

(CITIZENS laugh)

Well, she may have been a queen in her own country. Who knows? Anyhow she looks like a queen. See that head.

(Hetakes girl's head between his hands)

It's not only shapely, gentlemen, but right here where my hand is resting, I can feel her bump of philoprogenitiveness.

## SECOND CITIZEN

Six hundred and fifty!

## AUCTIONEER

E-six hun'red an' fif-er-ty dollars! It's givin' her away, gentlemen. She's been trained to cook, to sew, to wash, to be a nurse maid to your children. She's capable, honest, industrious, - yet a paltry e-six hun'red an' fif-er-ty dollars is all I'm bid for this paragon o' females. E-six hun'red an' ---

(He stops short as the distant boom of a cannon is heard, to be succeeded by another reverberation and the loud pealing of church bells)



THIRD CITIZEN

(as the off-stage noise continues)

Why, damme! what's that?

SECOND CITIZEN

It must be His Excellency arriving.

THIRD CITIZEN

General Washington?

SECOND CITIZEN

Aye. He's been expected for the past week.

FOURTH CITIZEN

He takes the oath tomorrow.

SECOND CITIZEN

The day after tomorrow.

(The WOMEN have become very much excited  
and are chattering Ad. lib. among them-  
selves. One's voice comes out clearly)

FIRST WOMAN

Our First President!

SECOND WOMAN

(to her male escort, - the THIRD CITIZEN)

Why do you call Mr. Washington our First President? He's really our  
ninth President.

THIRD CITIZEN

Aye. But the eight presidents we've had under the Articles of Confedera-  
tion, they -- well, I guess they don't count, - not since we adopted our  
new Constitution.

SECOND WOMAN

But they were our Presidents.

THIRD CITIZEN

Aye. Only that's all ancient history and best forgotten. Everything  
connected with the Articles is best forgotten.

FOURTH CITIZEN

(to SECOND CITIZEN)

Have you seen the barge the City has provided to conduct His Excellency  
across the bay?

SECOND CITIZEN

Aye. Magnificent!

FIRST WOMAN

Rowed by thirteen eminent pilots in white dress uniforms.

FOURTH CITIZEN

It's to dock at the Wall Street wharf, I understand.

SECOND WOMAN

Oh, let's hurry! Perhaps we shall see His Excellency.  
(She and her ESCORT start off R., and  
are followed by all the CITIZENS and  
their WOMEN FOLK)

AUCTIONEER

(calling to SECOND CITIZEN)

Your pardon, sir, but this woman ---

(He waves a hand towards SLAVE GIRL)

SECOND CITIZEN

I'll take her delivered at my house for six hundred and fifty dollars.

AUCTIONEER

Done, sir! I'll deliver her myself.

(as the CITIZENS hurry off the stage)

LIGHTS DIM OUT

ANNOUNCEMENT

(by Auditorium Loudspeaker between Scenes  
12 and 13 of Act I)

SPEAKER

The Wall Street of 1789 was not only the scene of Washington's inaugural,  
but also the promenade of fashion.

ACT I - SCENE 13

WALL STREET, MAY 1, 1789

SCENE:

This scene takes in entire stage. Characters and extras enter from the back, the sides - in fact from all entrances, and are picked up by individual spots, which are dimmed out to permit of others coming in and then brought in again as the action demands. People cross and recross, loiter in groups to chat, etc., their rich clothes and foppish manners giving the effect of a Court, which is the intention.

TWO BELLES and TWO BEAUX, after drifting into the general scene, gradually work down section of C. steps, meet and linger on stage level C. The BELLES are dressed in the height of fashion and the MEN are very dandyfied in their satins and brocades and small swords.

After lights are well up and a moment of gay Ad. Lib. chatter and movement by the EXTRAS, as per following phrases, the FIRST BELLE speaks:

"Aye. 'Twas indeed a most festive occasion."

"The President was pleased to honor the company with his presence."

"'Tis whispered his ambition is to be the creator of a court."

"Mine is a modest establishment with immodest prices."

"Aye. The expense of living in New York will be greater than I imagined."

"'Tis a hectic swirl of teas, calls and entertainment,"

"Aye. Society has set a giddy pace."

"English luxury, - English fashions."

"'Tis the Loyalist influence. We'll have a Republican Court."

"Aye. One of my son's is in His Majesty's army, another a rear admiral in His Majesty's navy."

"I fear I shall never get spirit to pay all the social debts I owe."

"But yesterday I paid my devoirs to the amiable consort of our beloved President."

FIRST BELLE

(her grammar not of the best)

'pon my soul, never did I seen aught like it. Yesterday's inaugural, I mean, - when they crowned General Washington.

(She gives a gasp of giggly dismay)

Oh, lud! Did you hear what I said?

SECOND BELLE

(with a bored supercilious manner)

'Tis really too deplorable that General Washington wasn't crowned.

FIRST BELLE

Now ain't it. I do so awfully adore kings, don't you?

SECOND BELLE

Well, I was anticipating the establishment of a Court. Not exactly a Royal Court perhaps, but some kind of a Court.

FIRST BELLE

Aye, any kind would do, so it permitted us to make a show.

FIRST BEAU

Patience, dear ladies, - give us time.

SECOND BEAU

Aye, you'll have your court, - a Court to rival St. James.

FIRST BELLE

(to SECOND BELLE)

The man's but gulling us.

(sighing)

An' me swooning to be a court favorite.

FIRST BEAU

Ah, another Du Barry!

FIRST BELLE

O, lud, sir! Ain't you the wicked one. An' me a decent married wife.

(She sighs)

Not that I'd mind. I mean - she was a duchess, - an' if there's to be Duchesses, I'm certain sure I could duchess it better than some as ain't got half o' what I got.

FIRST BEAU

I fear, dear madam, titles will be frowned upon in our Republic. Only yesterday, before Mr. Washington arrived to take the oath, the Senate was in a frightful quandary. How was the great man to be addressed? The Vice President, poor Mr. Adams, who was to greet Mr. Washington, was all aflutter.

SECOND BEAU

(laughing)

I heard of it. Everything seems to have been suggested, - "Majesty", "Excellency", "Elective Highness", ----

FIRST BEAU

And the Senate finally settled on - what do you think! On: "His Highness the President of the United States and Protector of the Rights of the Same."

(He chuckles gleefully)

FIRST BELLE

There's enough o' it in truth.

SECOND BELLE

How utterly windy!

FIRST BEAU

Mr. Adams was thoroughly disgusted. What would the "common people of foreign countries" and "our soldiers and sailors" say to "George Washington, President of the United States?" Bonny John was certain "they'd despise him to all eternity."

FIRST BELLE

And so they might. The rifferaff has got to be prostrated with high soundin' words.

FIRST BEAU

The House would have none of it either. Mr. James Madison pointed out that the Constitution had given the head of the nation a title - "President of the United States." And we must be content.

SECOND BELLE

'Tis difficult.

FIRST BELLE

Aye, 'tis a cryin' shame. If we're not to be give titles, how are we to have a court?

SECOND BELLE

(determinedly)

We'll have a Court, I'll promise you, - and we'll have titles too, our own titles.

FIRST BELLE

Lor' bless me! American titles?

SECOND BELLE

Aye, American.

FIRST BELLE

But titles is born o' blue blood, an' we Americans ain't got but only red blood.

## SECOND BELLE

(haughtily)

Speak for yourself, madam. As for me--Well, blue blood flowed in the veins of Mayflower pilgrims. It flows today in the veins of Mayflower descendants.

## FIRST BEAU

(proudly)

And bluer blood in the veins of we who claim as ancestor an original Virginia settler.

## SECOND BEAU

(stiffly)

A great grandson of the first New York Dutch denies that any blood is as blue as his own - or half as blue.

(The hands of both men go to their sword hilts)

## FIRST BEAU

'Tis quickly proved, sir, - an' such be your pleasure.  
(Hostilities threaten momentarily)

## FIRST BELLE

(distractedly)

God's mercy, sirs! Don't let's have no bloody fracas. What's a shade o' blood 'twixt gentlemen?

(She sighs)

Would I could claim some indigo, - or even sapphire, - but if I prick my thumb with my needle, naught but red do I draw, though I come of good folk--

(heatedly)

damn'd good folk, I'd have you know. The O'Mahoneys don't admit they ain't the equal o' any unwashed Mayflowers, Dirty Virginians and filthy New York Dutch. An' my husband's an O'Rourke, besides which he's the richest shipowner in the States. He could buy an' sell the lot of you, - you blue-blooded trash!

(She sails majestically off R., her nose held high)

## SECOND BELLE

(with a lift of her eyebrows and a quivering sigh)

And this is America!

## FIRST BEAU

Aye. Every day proves to me more and more that this crude land wasn't made for me. It is not a theatre suited to my talents.

## SECOND BEAU

Nor to mine. I am, by genius, an exotic. I was fashioned to flower in an atmosphere of gentility. Yet here I am.

(He makes a resigned gesture)

## SECOND BELLE

Aye, here we are!

(The three sigh in unison)

(PHILLIP SCHUYLER enters from R. He wears the dress of a frontiersman, - a suit of skins and furs, with a bowie knife in his belt)  
 (SECOND BELLE gives a start of fright at sight of PHILLIP, - clutches arm of FIRST BEAU)

SECOND BELLE

Heaven save us! Is it a bear?

FIRST BEAU

Of the bear family, dear lady, and as uncouth, yet an American.

SECOND BEAU

(mockingly)

Aye, a brave frontiersman.

(He addresses PHILLIP as the latter starts across stage)

Is it not so, my fine fellow?

PHILLIP

(stopping - with a smile)

You addressed me, sir?

SECOND BEAU

Aye, my friends and I were admiring your raiment.

(He touches PHILLIP'S coat with a contemptuous finger)

PHILLIP

(with a good natured laugh)

Well, 'tis not of satin brocade, sir, - but it serves.

FIRST BEAU

(peremptorily)

Where are you from?

PHILLIP

I? Why I'm from the Western Lands, sir.

SECOND BEAU

(with a pointed glance at PHILLIP'S hair)

Do you lack barbers there?

PHILLIP

Barbers?

SECOND BEAU

(chuckling)

The savage knows naught of barbers.

PHILLIP

(still smiling - innocently)

Are you a barber, sir?



SECOND BEAU

(angrily - while FIRST BEAU and SECOND BELLE  
laugh at his discomfiture)

Insolence!

(His hand drops to his sword)

I'll teach you manners.

FIRST BEAU

(chuckling)

Aye, clip the rascal's hair.

(The GAILY DRESSED PASSERS-BY stop and  
gather around to watch the fun, among  
them UPTON and CORNELIA HAMMERSLEY, with  
ANNE, the three having entered a moment  
before from L.)

SECOND BEAU

I'm minded to.

(to PHILLIP)

Beg my pardon, wretch, and quickly, or I'll--

(He starts to draw his sword)

PHILLIP

(his smile persisting)

You'd best not, sir.

SECOND BEAU

(whipping out his sword)

Dog!

(He lunges at PHILLIP, who, quickly, side-  
stepping the thrust, closes with SECOND  
BEAU, wresting the sword from him and  
hurling SECOND BEAU back)

PHILLIP

'Tis a sweet toy.

(He strikes a fencing posture, which causes  
the FIRST BEAU, whose hand has flown to his  
sword, to change his mind)

Yet 'twere best kept sheathed, sir.

(He smilingly offers sword back to SECOND  
BEAU)

SECOND BEAU

(taking sword with ill grace)

Should we meet again, fellow, - you'll not find me so patient.

PHILLIP

(his eyes twinkling)

I will remember, sir.

SECOND BEAU

(to his COMPANIONS)

Shall we resume our stroll? The air is pleasanter at the other end  
of town.

## SECOND BEAU (Cont'd)

(With what dignity he can summon up, he strolls off R. with SECOND BELLE and FIRST BEAU. The other people - the ON-LOOKERS, disperse in various directions with Ad. Lib. laughter and chatter.

UPTON, CORNELIA and ANNE remain. PHILLIP stoops and picks up his cap. As he rises, he looks into Anne's smiling eyes. He is almost breathless with surprise)

ANNE

(softly)

Phillip!

PHILLIP

Anne!

(He grasps her hands)

ANNE

It is you. I wasn't certain at first.

(to CORNELIA)

Mother, it's Phillip.

(to UPTON)

Father, it's---

UPTON

(sourly)

I see it is.

(He looks PHILLIP up and down disapprovingly)

What are you doing in New York?

PHILLIP

What all are doing, sir. I came to see Mr. Washington take the oath. Also I carry a petition to the Congress to----

ANNE

(quickly)

Perhaps Father can be of service, Phillip. He's in the government, you know.

PHILLIP

Indeed! Well, in that case, if Mr. Hammersley will be so kind as to help me to----

UPTON

(irritably)

Help you to what? Everybody's looking to be helped to something.

PHILLIP

This is in behalf of my people, sir.

UPTON

Your people?

PHILLIP

The Western Farmers I dwell amongst, - beyond the mountains.

UPTON

You Western Farmers are not unknown to the government. We've had bad reports of you. Refusing to pay your tax!

PHILLIP

There is much to be said for our side, sir. I should like to present our case, an' I am permitted. Perhaps you could arrange for me to----

UPTON

Present your case to Mr. Alexander Hamilton. The country's finances are in his charge. But I warn you, tax evaders will get short shrift from our Secretary of the Treasury.

(fussily)

Well, I must hurry over to Federal Hall.

(to CORNELIA)

Come, my dear.

CORNELIA

(offering PHILLIP her hand, which he bows over)

'Tis good to see you again, Phillip. We shall look for you at dinner.

PHILLIP

(gratefully)

Thank you, Mistress Hammersley.

UPTON

Come, Anne.

(He and CORNELIA start toward R.)

ANNE

I shall be along directly, Father.

UPTON

(stopping and turning)

Eh? What's that?

CORNELIA

You'll be late for your appointment with Mr. Adams, dear.

UPTON

(protesting - as CORNELIA urges him R.)

But, damme! I'll not have my daughter meeting with that----

CORNELIA

Please, Upton! We're in the public street.

UPTON

I don't care! I-----

(His further protests fade in the distance as CORNELIA draws him off R.1)

ANNE

(laughing)

What an effect you have on Father.

PHILLIP

(grinning)

'Tis against his nature to admit he likes me.

PHILLIP (Cont'd)

(Both laugh. He takes her hands again)

'Tis wonderful to meet you like this, Anne. I had no idea--- Why didn't you let me know you were in New York? I might have seen you sooner.

ANNE

I wrote you weeks ago, sir.

(They drift towards steps R. and gradually seat themselves)

PHILLIP

Mails are uncertain in the wilderness. I'll probably find your note when I get back home.

ANNE

You're going back, Phil?

(He nods)

I'd hoped ---Why don't you, now that--that the government is being organized, - why don't you remain here? I'm sure there's a place for you. I'll have father use his influence and-

PHILLIP

(laughing)

Thanks, Anne, but I've got a job, - a job that suits me right down to the ground.

ANNE

You mean farming?

PHILLIP

Aye. 'Tis a man's work.

ANNE

Oh, Phil. Why you're a gentleman and---

PHILLIP

And this government is to be the "rule of gentlemen". I know. All I've heard since I've been here is talk of "courts", "aristocracy", "upper and lower classes". I saw this coming when they gave us a new Constitution.

ANNE

Is that why you went west?

PHILLIP

Well, I've little patience with old world snobbery.

(He gazes moodily at the gay PASSERS-BY)

ANNE

(her eyes twinkling)

Don't you approve of our Vanity Fair on Wall Street?

PHILLIP

No, nor of slavery on Vesey Street.

(He sighs)

And we had such an opportunity to do away with inequality.

ANNE

Can it be done away with, Phillip?

PHILLIP

We've done away with it - on the frontier.

ANNE

Not really.

PHILLIP

We have, Anne. Why, we've got neither Cabots nor van Rensselaers. I mean, from just outside the suburbs of Philadelphia to the banks of the Ohio, no family has any more influence than the other. Property's evenly distributed, giving us a true and real equality.

ANNE

For how long, Phillip? In a few years, when our country becomes more thickly settled, won't it be like this?

PHILLIP

(stoutly)

No.

ANNE

Of course it will. What'll you do then - when your boasted equality has disappeared?

PHILLIP

Then I'll disappear - to the next frontier. Thank heaven, there's plenty left. They stretch westward further than the imagination.

(He laughs)

You see, Anne, I'm a plumb lazy man and---

ANNE

Lazy! You?

PHILLIP

I mean lazy about accumulating things, you know - like a mansion too big for me, full of gimcracks I don't need. There's no sense to it - not to me - besides making a fellow feel he's maybe robbing somebody of his share. So I'll live where I'm no richer than anybody else - and no poorer either.

ANNE

(laughing merrily)

The man says it as if he meant it.

PHILLIP

Why, of course I mean it. Why shouldn't I? A whole lot of other Americans mean it too. I've met thousands of them.

ANNE

Gracious goodness! Where?

PHILLIP

Oh, beyond the mountains. Here you're all busy erecting barriers, - social, financial and God knows what. Out there we're tearing down barriers, levelling the wilderness, draining swamps, redeeming

PHILLIP (Cont'd)

the land for cultivation. As to ancestors, well, we're our own ancestors.

ANNE

You do make it sound thrilling.

PHILLIP

(with a grin)

We leave that part to the Indians. Not that we can't handle them too.

ANNE

(watching him from the corner of her eyes)

But, Phil, don't you - don't you find it rather lonely?

PHILLIP

Aye, damn'd lonely. That's why---

(earnestly)

Anne, it's no lady's land - the West. There's none of this.

(His gesture takes in the street)

No playing at life, but living life, finding it raw and bitter - and sweet, - sweeter than these mannequins will ever find it. A man and a woman could build a great happiness together out there.

(He pauses - then hesitatingly)

Will you think it over?

(ANNE starts as if to speak)

No, don't answer me now. Speak with your mother first.

ANNE

(getting to her feet)

You - you'll dine with us this evening?

PHILLIP

Aye, I'll be on hand.

(ANNE hesitates a moment as if to say something more, then, without speaking, turns and moves towards R. PHILLIP stands looking after her)

LIGHTS DIM OUT

ANNOUNCEMENT

(by auditorium Loudspeaker between Scenes  
13 and 14 of Act I)

SPEAKER

The Western farmers had defied the new Central Government. The  
challenge was accepted.

ACT I - SCENE 14

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE, 1794

SCENE: As lights come up ALEXANDER HAMILTON and GENERAL walk up steps at back and take C.

HAMILTON

(speaking as he appears)

My dear General, "a republican government does not admit of a vigorous execution. It is therefore bad."

GENERAL

Aye, sir. But vigorous execution is imperative. These Western farmers, - these Whiskey Boys, - they're flouting the authority of the government, disorder is growing daily. If strong measures aren't taken at once, the situation in Pennsylvania will develop into another Shay's Rebellion.

(PHILLIP has walked into the scene)

PHILLIP

Nay, General, an' you permit me. We Western farmers are simply protesting against a tax which seems to us unjust.

(to HAMILTON)

Mr. Hamilton, may I present our case? We've petitioned the Congress without result, so I am taking the liberty of addressing myself to you. I'm certain if you were acquainted with the circumstances----

HAMILTON

(coldly)

I have my agents' reports. You farmers are delinquent, - you've assaulted our tax collectors, you've held public gatherings, you've----

PHILLIP

The right of assembly is a Constitutional right, sir. As for the disorders, I am here to express the regret of those I represent, and the hope that such will not occur again.

(He takes a step towards HAMILTON)

But, sir, an' I am allowed to explain, we farmers have an honest grievance. We have no road through the mountains to the East, - naught but a trail only a packhorse can travel; in consequence we're compelled to reduce the bulk of our grain, turn it into what we can load on packhorses. Well, such happens to be whiskey.

HAMILTON

(sternly)

Whiskey must pay an excise tax.

PHILLIP

Why, sir? Why whiskey and not other things?



GENERAL

(wrathfully)

Because whiskey is full of devils, damme! - that's why.

PHILLIP

(smiling)

Oh. And devils must pay a head tax. Is that it?

GENERAL

Why should devils be exempted?

PHILLIP

'Tis a heavy burden for us, who must pay for the devils.

HAMILTON

Such is the law, fellow. You Western farmers will do well to obey it - and without delay.

PHILLIP

But, Mr. Hamilton, many of us lack funds. If we could be given more time, - if-----

HAMILTON

(curtly)

Enough! If the tax is not paid immediately, it will be collected at the point of the bayonet. That is my last word.

(PHILLIP looks at HAMILTON, hesitates a moment, then turns and starts to walk away)

LIGHTS DIM OUT

ANNOUNCEMENT

(by Auditorium Loudspeaker between Scenes  
14 and 15 of Act I)

SPEAKER

The night of November 13th, 1794 was a night of terror in Mingo Creek  
Settlement, Pennsylvania.

ACT I - SCENE 15

MINGO CREEK SETTLEMENT, PENNSYLVANIA, NOVEMBER 13, 1794

SCENE:

As lights dim up ANNE and PHILLIP are discovered, seated on steps R. PHILLIP is in his frontier costume and ANNE wears a coarse dress of homespun. She is sewing.

ANNE

(earnestly)

Am I making you a proper wife, dearest? I do so wish to - only 'tis all so new, so different, that I ----

PHILLIP

(putting an arm about her shoulders; tenderly)

You're the properest wife a man could hope for. And you've naught to feel downcast about. Why you've taken hold out here as if you'd been born to this rough life.

ANNE

(with a sigh and an involuntary glance at her hands)

Aye, rough indeed.

PHILLIP

(quickly)

You don't regret it, Anne? You're not wishing you hadn't come with me?

ANNE

Silly! Yet 'tis not unwomanly to sigh o'er toil-scarred fingers.

(PHILLIP bends and impulsively raises her hands to his lips, kissing each in turn. She smiles at him fondly)

When next you go to town, sir, an' you remember, - you might fetch back a lotion.

PHILLIP

A whole shop of lotions.

ANNE

Oh, and dearest, should you chance across some goods for a new gown ---

PHILLIP

I'll buy you goods for half a dozen gowns.

ANNE

(laughing happily)

Hear the man! He'd have me a belle again.

PHILLIP

Nay, I'd have you as you are - a helpful comrade such as a man's mate was meant to be.

ANNE

You'll turn my head with pride, sir.

(She puts a hand on his arm)

An' I am of help to you, dearest, I ask no more. As for that other way of life, so full of stupid pretense ---

PHILLIP

(chanting smilingly)

"When Adam delved and Eve span, --"

ANNE

(chiming in)

"Who was then the gentleman?"

(They both laugh merrily)

PHILLIP

They're really to be pitied - those rich city folk.

ANNE

Aye, the poor things. I'd like to ---

(She is struck with a sudden thought;  
bursts into a laugh)

Dearest, I've got the solution of the whole problem.

PHILLIP

What problem?

ANNE

Why, about how to make everybody equal. Listen! If the rich people came out here and learned what we've learned, they wouldn't want to be rich, would they?

PHILLIP

(giving her a hug)

Not much they wouldn't.

ANNE

Then all the President has to do is to order them all out here.

PHILLIP

(wryly)

Well, that's what he's done - fifteen thousand of them anyhow.

ANNE

Oh, you mean the troops?

PHILLIP

Aye, Mr. Hamilton's blue blood militia. Only, instead of coming to be converted to our viewpoint, they're here to convert us to theirs - with bayonets.

ANNE

Now, dearest, I'm certain 'tis only a warning gesture. The President would never allow ----

PHILLIP

Unfortunately the President is no more with the troops, and Mr. Hamilton is.

ANNE

But he's such a charming man. There's naught to fear from Mr. Hamilton.

PHILLIP

Mr. Hamilton's creed, my dear, is force. If it isn't, why has he led an army against us?

ANNE

(indignantly)

Fifteen thousand troops to collect a tax! Why, that proves it an unjust tax.

PHILLIP

Unfortunately 'tis constitutional. I fear we're in for trouble.

ANNE

(anxiously)

Not you, Phillip? You haven't got yourself involved in these disturbances, have you, dearest?

PHILLIP

No, no. All I've done is to advise these local hotheads to submit to the tax. 'Tis all we can do.

(hopefully)

But maybe matters aren't as bad as they appear to be. Perhaps Mr. Hamilton will decide to use reason instead of bayonets.

ANNE

Oh, I do pray so.

PHILLIP

(with a yawn)

Well, I've had a heavy day. So have you, darling. Shall we to bed?

ANNE

Aye.

(She rises)

Tomorrow's churning day.

(They start up steps R. A SERGEANT of Militia and THREE of his MEN appear at head of steps R)

SERGEANT

(to PHILLIP)

Hold on there! Are you Phillip Schuyler?  
(He glances at a list in his hand)

PHILLIP

Aye, that's my name. What do you want of me?

SERGEANT

You're under arrest.

(He nods to SOLDIERS, two of whom follow PHILLIP as he backs down steps)

PHILLIP

Under arrest!

(ANNE gives a terrified gasp as SOLDIERS  
seize PHILLIP)

SERGEANT

You'd best come quietly.

PHILLIP

(angrily)

I'm damn'd if I will. This is an outrage. If you think ----  
(As he struggles with two soldiers, THIRD  
SOLDIER strikes him on head from behind  
with the butt of his musket. ANNE gives  
a piercing scream as PHILLIP crumples to  
the floor)

ANNE

(frantically)

You've killed him! You've killed him!  
(She drops to her knees beside PHILLIP)

SERGEANT

(kicking at PHILLIP)

Get up! Get up!

ANNE

You brute!

(She jumps to her feet)

If you touch him again I'll ---

(She throws herself at SERGEANT, but is  
seized by SOLDIER NO. 2)

SERGEANT

Hold her.

(He aims another kick at the prostrate  
PHILLIP)

Come on! Come on!

(PHILLIP stirs; struggles to his elbow)

ANNE

Phillip! Phillip!

(She struggles to free herself)

SECOND SOLDIER

(holding ANNE fast)

Be still, you!

SERGEANT

(to FIRST and THIRD SOLDIERS)

Pull him up; get him on his feet. We've got to be going.  
(The SOLDIERS raise PHILLIP and hold him  
between them)

ANNE

Oh, dearest, they've hurt you, they've hurt you.

(She struggles with SOLDIER)

Let me go! Let me go!

PHILLIP

(shakily)

I - I'm all right, darling.

SERGEANT

You damn'd insurgent, what do you mean by resisting a government officer in the discharge of his duty?

PHILLIP

I - I didn't resist. I protested at - at being dragged out of my home at such an hour. And I still protest.

(passionately)

Good God, man! You can't do this.

SERGEANT

Oh, can't I?

PHILLIP

No. You can't forcibly enter my house, seize my person, make me a prisoner.

SERGEANT

(jeeringly)

What are we doin'?

PHILLIP

But you haven't any right to do it. I've committed no crime.

SERGEANT

All I know is - you're on my list.

(He taps his paper)

If you want to save yourself another crack on the skull, you better come peaceably.

(to SOLDIERS)

Take him out!

ANNE

(breaking from SOLDIER; running to her HUSBAND)

Phillip! Phillip!

(SERGEANT shoves ANNE, who continues to cry out frantically, down on to steps R.

SOLDIERS take PHILLIP off R.1)

LIGHTS DIM OUT

ANNOUNCEMENT

(by Auditorium Loudspeaker between Scenes  
15 and 16 of Act I)

SPEAKER

Alexander Hamilton crushed the Western Insurrection, and in Philadelphia, then the nation's capitol, there was great rejoicing and a spectacle the like of which had never before been seen in America.



ACT I - SCENE 16

PHILADELPHIA, A MONTH LATER

SCENE:

On platform L. is a large gathering of the BELLES and BEAUX and SUBSTANTIAL CITIZENS. They are in a holiday mood and are chatting and laughing gaily, showing excitement as the music of an off-stage (L) brass band grows nearer.

The SECOND BEAU and SECOND BELLE of Scene 13 stand together. A group of VILLAGERS are on steps of platform (R)

SECOND BEAU

(to SECOND BELLE)

They are being fetched to Philadelphia for trial - these Whiskey Boys.

SECOND BELLE

Will they be hanged?

SECOND BEAU

'Twould serve 'em right an' they were hanged. Damn'd peasants! Mr. Hamilton will give them a taste of government.

(There is a loud burst of jeers and catcalls from off stage L)

SECOND BELLE

Oh, here they come!

(A brass band enters from L.1, followed by a squad of MILITIAMEN with bayoneted muskets. All are smartly uniformed and march with a decided swagger.

Then comes a ragged group of WESTERN FARMERS, weary and dejected looking, bearing in their hats a placard with the legend: "Insurgent" More smartly dressed MILITIAMEN bring up the rear of the procession.

The BEAUX and BELLES proceed to mock and jeer the prisoners, calling out such elegant phrases as "Vile wretches!" "Filthy swine!" "Democratic rabble." "Dirty dogs!" "Villains!" "Insurgents", pointing their fingers and hooting with laughter. PHILLIP SCHUYLER, in the vanguard of the captives, glances up defiantly. The SECOND BELLE clutches her companion's arm)

Look! See that man! Isn't he the fellow who treated you so rudely?

SECOND BEAU

(breaking into a jeering laugh)

Aye!

## SECOND BEAU (Cont'd)

(He is convulsed with glee. PHILLIP comes abreast of SECOND BEAU; meets his glance steadily)

What ho, my fine insurgent! Doff your hat to your betters. May you soon dangle from a tree, you and all democratic rebels.

(He tears off Phillip's hat, strikes PHILLIP across face with it. This causes the VILLAGERS to attack SECOND BEAU. Some SOLDIERS come to his rescue. A WOMAN VILLAGER struggles with a SOLDIER, seizes hold of his musket - he shoves her away. She is hurled down steps C.

There is a sharp command from an OFFICER. The music strikes up. The procession again gets under way. The PRISONERS jeered and hooted at by the BELLES and BEAUX)

C U R T A I N

ACT TWO

ACT II - SCENE 1

PHILADELPHIA, 1790

SCENE:

Curtain goes up on a dark stage. From off R., as if in the distance, is heard the uproar of a political rally, the music of a brass band, cheers, cries of: "Jefferson! Jefferson!" "We want Jefferson!" "Who wrote our Declaration?" "Jefferson!" "Tom Jefferson! Who is a man of the people?" "Tom Jefferson!" etc.

Lights come up on dimmer, revealing TWO SENATORS and ONE CONGRESSMAN in a group on platform R.

FIRST SENATOR

(fumingly - as there is a lull in the off-stage cheering)

A menace! They've become a menace. These Democratic societies have developed into a force to be reckoned with at the polls.

SECOND SENATOR

Yes. Jefferson has welded them together. They've achieved political organization.

FIRST SENATOR

(as another cheer is heard off stage R)

Damn'd beggars! Maybe if we gave them a taste of what we gave the Whiskey Boys----

CONGRESSMAN

(hastily)

No, no, senator! The Whiskey Boys affair was a grave mistake. (His tone is resounding and pompous)

SECOND SENATOR

(stiffly)

A mistake, sir?

CONGRESSMAN

(with an apologetic cough)

Well - er - let us say - an error of judgement. The high-handed tactics adopted by the Federal Government in the Western insurrection were---

FIRST SENATOR

Damne, sir! Are you accusing us of high-handedness?

CONGRESSMAN

Never, Senator, never! Military coercion was necessary to vindicate the Federal Authority. I'm merely remarking that it was unfortunate, because these democratic societies were born of the Whiskey Boys business. (His tone becomes rotund)

CONGRESSMAN (Cont'd)

The great American people refuse to be ruled by bayonets.

FIRST SENATOR

(dryly)

The great American people will be ruled as we choose to rule them.

SECOND SENATOR

(wryly)

Provided they're not allowed to rule us.

FIRST SENATOR

That we will never allow! These men of no importance can't be permitted to elect this renegade, this traitor to his class, this French Jacobin, this mad theorist and experimental philosopher, Thomas Jefferson!

CONGRESSMAN

They've got the votes to elect him.

(another cheer and more cries from off stage R)

FIRST SENATOR

(shaking his fist in the direction of the noise)

Filthy rabble!

(to others)

Before I'll submit to a mobocracy, before I'll bow to the riffraff, I'll---

SECOND SENATOR

Calm yourself, my dear senator. While there is scarcely a doubt they will elect their Mr. Jefferson, yet he might be prevented from serving as President, if we are so minded.

FIRST SENATOR

Prevented from serving?

CONGRESSMAN

How do you mean?

SECOND SENATOR

It's very simple.

(He takes a paper from his pocket)

I have here the draft of a measure which has the approval of our Federalist leaders, a measure I will introduce at the fitting moment.

FIRST SENATOR

What is the measure?

SECOND SENATOR

(glancing at paper)

Briefly, it provides for the appointment of a grand committee of six members of each branch of Congress, with the Chief Justice as presiding officer.

CONGRESSMAN

A packed committee, I assume.

SECOND SENATOR

Naturally, my dear Mr. Congressman.

FIRST SENATOR

Our majority in both houses will assure that.

SECOND SENATOR

(referring again to his paper)

This committee will have power to pass on the qualifications of all electors who cast the electoral vote. Do you follow me?

FIRST SENATOR

I'm beginning to.

(He smiles)

The committee will challenge the electors. Is that the idea?

SECOND SENATOR

Precisely. The Committee will determine if bribery, intimidation, persuasion or force has been employed to influence the casting of the elector's vote.

FIRST SENATOR

(chuckling)

Clever. Very clever!

SECOND SENATOR

It will decide which votes should be counted and which thrown out.

FIRST SENATOR

(rubbing his hands together, gleefully)

Wonderful!

SECOND SENATOR

(concluding)

And the Committee's decision shall be final.

FIRST SENATOR

A perfect scheme! It doesn't give Jefferson a chance.

CONGRESSMAN

It'll do the trick - yes -

(dubiously)

but Jefferson is the people's choice and---

SECOND SENATOR

And therefore not our choice.

CONGRESSMAN

Obviously, senator, obviously.

(He clears his throat thoughtfully)

H'M! H'm!

FIRST SENATOR

Are you hesitating, Mr. Congressman?

CONGRESSMAN

Dear me, no, senator. I was merely weighing the - the--- Well, it's my habit to consider both sides of everything - and anything. To steal an election is----

FIRST SENATOR

(haughtily)

Steal, sir!

CONGRESSMAN

I beg your pardon, senator. To cheat the people of their candidate may-----

SECOND SENATOR

Cheat! An audacious manoeuvre is justifiable political strategy.

CONGRESSMAN

Always, senator, always. But when the people wake up to the strategy - er - What then, may I ask?

FIRST SENATOR

The people will wake up too late.

SECOND SENATOR

Such is the people's custom.

CONGRESSMAN

Quite so, senator, quite so. Yet----

FIRST SENATOR

Well, are you with us?

CONGRESSMAN

(hesitatingly)

Er-yes, gentlemen, I am----

(a loud cheer from off stage R)

and then again - I am not.

(hastily, as both Senators make as if to speak)

I mean I'm with everybody and against nobody. That is, I'm a Congressman. I'm sure you understand, gentlemen.

(another cheer from off stage R)

THE LIGHTS DIM OUT

ANNOUNCEMENT

(by Auditorium Loudspeaker between Scenes  
1 and 2 of Act II)

SPEAKER

The bloodless revolution of 1800 overthrew the Federalist Party and swept Thomas Jefferson into the Presidency. But the Constitutional method of electing a President had been found wanting. It was deemed necessary to add another amendment - the twelfth.



ACT II - SCENE 2

BOSTON, 1803

SCENE:

As lights come up UPTON HAMMERSLEY, ANNE SCHUYLER and her young son, PHILLIP, are discovered. ANNE is seated on steps, occupied with an embroidery frame. UPTON, very aged since his last appearance, is likewise seated on steps, a newspaper in his hand. The boy, PHILLIP stands beside UPTON.

PHILLIP

Napoleon? Oh, he's the French emperor, isn't he?

ANNE

Aye, darling.

UPTON

(testily)

Emperor! A wretched Corsican adventurer who calls himself Emperor. That's what democracy's done for France. And it'll do the same for these United States. This man Jefferson--

(He chokes with wrath)

Why, damme! The fellow's been warned it's unconstitutional,

(He strikes his newspaper)

yet this newspaper says he's proceeding with his negotiations. Fifteen million dollars for the Louisiana territory! He'll bankrupt us.

PHILLIP

Granddad, where's the Louisiana territory?

(He seats himself on Upton's knee)

UPTON

Eh? Where? What's it to you? Fifteen millions!

ANNE

It's to the west, darling, a vast stretch of country between the Mississippi River and the Rocky mountains.

PHILLIP

(eagerly)

Is it full of Indians?

UPTON

(sourly)

Aye, 'tis full of trouble of all kinds. New states, that's what Jefferson has in mind, new states that'll wrest control of government from the eastern states.

(emphatically)

By heaven! We'll not allow it. New England will secede first.

ANNE

(chidingly)

Oh, father.

UPTON

We'll separate from this damn'd Union; return to British rule.

ANNE

(shaking her head smilingly)

Once a Tory, always a Tory.

UPTON

Would you have us submit to the government of slave states? Ha!

(His wrath almost chokes him)

We'll impeach this Jefferson; remove him from office, the tyrant!

(He works himself into such a passion that in getting to his feet he almost precipitates PHILLIP from his knee to the floor. The BOY crosses to his MOTHER, seats himself beside her)

ANNE

Careful, father. Your heart's none too strong.

UPTON

Damn my heart!

(He takes an angry turn)

I should have left this wretched country. I would have but for your mother, God rest her soul!

(He shakes his head dismally)

PHILLIP

(to ANNE)

Mother.

ANNE

What is it, darling?

PHILLIP

Are there schools in the Louisiana territory?

ANNE

Schools? Why, I scarcely think so, not as yet.

PHILLIP

Then let's go there. Shall we, Mother?

ANNE

And leave grandfather all alone?

PHILLIP

Oh, he can come with us. Can't you, granddad?

UPTON

(brought back from a reverie)

Eh? What?

ANNE

(smiling)

Phillip wants you to go pioneering with him.

PHILLIP

Aye, granddad. We'll build us a cabin, a log cabin like the one you and father lived in.

(He looks up at ANNE)

I'll shoot Indians and granddad'll scalp 'em.

ANNE

(to UPTON, wickedly)

You can pretend they're Democrats.

UPTON

(giving an angry snort)

H-rmph!

PHILLIP

How soon'll we start, mother?

ANNE

Just as soon as my little boy is a great big man.

PHILLIP

Aw, shucks! The Indians'll all be killed.

ANNE

Poor Indians!

(She sighs)

After all, it is their land and---

PHILLIP

The schoolmaster says it's our land, because we white men are stronger than red men. We've got muskets and they haven't.

UPTON

Aye, lad, the world belongs to the strong.

ANNE

It will belong to all - under Democracy.

UPTON

(impatiently)

Bah! Democracy is an abstraction. It can never be realized.

ANNE

Why not?

UPTON

(heatedly)

Because it's got too much opposed to it - massed culture - all the material forces of civilization.

ANNE

'Twould not be the first abstraction to conquer materialism. It inspired our Revolution, didn't it? And hasn't it placed Mr. Jefferson in the Presidency in spite of Federalist opposition?

UPTON

Mr. Jefferson and his party shall not remain long in power. We Federalists will soon regain the upper hand.

ANNE

(fervently)

God forbid! We've had o'ermuch of Federal arrogance.

PHILLIP

What's arrogance, mother?

ANNE

What killed your father, darling.

UPTON

(sharply)

Annel!

ANNE

(passionately)

What else tore him from my arms, dragged him to Philadelphia, drove him like a conquered captive through the streets to make a Roman holiday for jeering beaux and belles, left him to lie in prison without trial for six long months, then permitted him to wander back to me - to die?

(Her voice breaks)

PHILLIP

(clinging to ANNE'S hand frightened)

Mother!

UPTON

(gruffly)

There, there, my dear, 'tis past, done with. Try to---

ANNE

'Tis not done with, nor will it be 'til our country is delivered from this nobility of money-changers.

UPTON

(sighing)

Aye, in America gold has taken the place of birth.

ANNE

A vicious system.

UPTON

(nodding)

And stupid, seeing no further than its own nose, forgetting that the rich of today may be the poor of tomorrow.

ANNE

Phillip used to say that a father who subscribed to such a system was the enemy of his own offspring, since the beggary he had fashioned would sooner or later overtake his descendants.

PHILLIP

Mother, will I ever be a beggar?

ANNE

Please, darling, don't!  
(She strains the BOY to her)

UPTON

(grimly)

We'll all be beggars soon. Fifteen millions!

LIGHTS DIM OUT

ANNOUNCEMENT

(by Auditorium Loudspeaker between Scenes  
2 and 3 of Act II)

SPEAKER

By 1820 the dark thread woven into the American tapestry was beginning to dominate the whole design.

ACT II - SCENE 3

THE SOUTH, 1820

SCENE:

As the lights dim up, FIVE STATESMEN are revealed, seated on L. side of C. section of steps, facing a SPEAKER who is seated on steps across from them, R. C. The STATESMEN are arguing heatedly among themselves, speaking such phrases as: "A solution has got to be arrived at" "The time has come for a settlement" "It can be evaded no longer" "Delay is not the answer", etc.

From backstage is heard muted fiddling.

FIRST STATESMAN

(rising to his feet when lights are well up)

"Why is this pestiferous slave question constantly thrust upon us to the interruption of most important business?"

(from L. 2--

TWO NEGRO YOUTHS, sawing madly at violins, caper into view.

Behind them, in single file, chained to one another by ankle irons, half a dozen NEGRO MEN shuffle along. They in turn are followed by a straggling group of NEGRESSES. All are ragged and bare-footed.

TWO WHITE MEN, drivers, herd the coffle, thick whips in their hands)

FIRST DRIVER

(as the group reaches C., cracking his whip)

Sing, you dogs, sing!

(He cracks his whip again)

Show folks you're happy, damn you!

(another crack of his whip)

Sing, you cattle, sing!

(The chained MEN and WOMEN behind them break into a negro chant, hauntingly plaintive in spite of its quick rhythm. The TWO YOUTHS increase their capering and frenzied fiddling.

One of the slave men does not join in the chorus. DRIVER knocks him down with butt of whip. TWO OTHER SLAVES help the FALLEN MAN to his feet, snarling the lines of the song at the driver. The coffle crosses towards R. 2 on platform. Exits)

FIRST STATESMAN

(rising and continuing his interrupted speech)

Here it is, this black problem, forever on the table, on the nuptial couch, - everywhere!

SECOND STATESMAN

(rising)

Let us settle this matter - now and forever.

THIRD STATESMAN

(rising; vehemently)

Slavery has got to be abolished!

FOURTH STATESMAN

(jumping up)

Never! This talk of abolition must cease. "Abolition and the Union cannot co-exist!"

FIFTH STATESMAN

(rising; heatedly)

"This is a pro-slavery government. Slavery is stamped upon its heart - the Constitution."

FOURTH STATESMAN

"But for the Constitution the right to property in slaves could not have extended beyond the State which possessed them."

FIRST STATESMAN

The right to property in slaves is an immoral right. It must and shall cease!

(This causes a violent row between the FIRST THREE STATESMEN and the other TWO. Cries of "The South will secede." "The Union shall be preserved!" are exchanged. When it appears as if the argument will result in blows, the SPEAKER rises; lifts his hand for silence)

SPEAKER

(conciliatingly)

Gentlemen! This question can never be settled. It's got to be compromised.

FIFTH STATESMAN

Yes. The Constitution was a compromise. It's for us to save it with another compromise.

(He reaches down and produces a stick with a placard bearing the legend:

MISSOURI COMPROMISE OF 1820

36°

30'

(He continues his speech)

We'll draw an imaginary line through the new Louisiana territory at thirty-six degrees and thirty minutes of latitude.



## FIFTH STATESMAN (Cont'd)

(He sets his stick in a support on floor so that it stands upright in an east west direction)

In all states south of this line - slavery is optional. In all states north of it - slavery is prohibited.

(There is a general shout of agreement from the others and cries of:  
"Good!" "That'll do it!" "Agreed!"  
"It's a bargain!")

LIGHTS DIM OUT

(On platform the slave coffle again appears. It crosses from R. 2. to L. 2. Exits. Lights dim up on the STATESMEN and SPEAKER of previous scene.

All are again in heated argument, using the same lines spoken at beginning of Scene 4, while from the background comes the NEGRO fiddling as before, low-toned as not to muffle the dialogue.

Suddenly the FOURTH STATESMAN hurries from his position on step L.C. seizes "Missouri Compromise" placard, throws it to the floor and erects in its place a placard with the legend:

KANSAS - NEBRASKA ACT of 1854.

## FIRST STATESMAN

(angrily)

This Kansas-Nebraska Act, which repeals the Missouri Compromise and makes slavery optional in all territory north of the thirty-six thirty line of latitude, "is the most villainous measure ever placed upon the American Statute Book."

## SECOND STATESMAN

It's a political trick!

## THIRD STATESMAN

The free Northern States will never abide it!

## FIRST STATESMAN

Never! The Southern Slave States have demonstrated their control of the Executive Department, of the Legislative department, but thank God, our Constitution created a third department - the Judiciary! We'll take this matter to the Supreme Court!

(emphatic agreement from the SECOND and  
THIRD STATESMEN: "Yes! That we will!"  
"The Supreme Court!" etc.)

LIGHTS DIM OUT

ACT II - SCENE 4

THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT, 1857

SCENE:

Lights dim up R. 3. They reveal the CHIEF JUSTICE of the Supreme Court mounting steps at back of platform, R. 3., followed by EIGHT ASSOCIATE JUDGES. The NINE WISE MEN file down across platform to C. The CHIEF JUSTICE seats himself on top step and his ASSOCIATE JUSTICES do likewise, ranging themselves on either side of him. Lights pick them up as well as a LAWYER who stands on stage level below them, beside him an old negro, DRED SCOTT.

The figures of the seated STATESMEN and SPEAKERS are dimly seen.

LAWYER

(after the JUSTICES have arranged themselves on top step - to CHIEF JUSTICE)

With your permission, your honor, I will present the case of Dred Scott. (He motions to the NEGRO beside him)

DRED

That's me, Judge. I'se Dred Scott. But I dunno what for they's makin' this excitement over a po' old darky like me.

LAWYER

(proceeding to offer his case)

This "person", your honor, was born a slave of slave parents in Virginia. He was taken to Missouri and there sold as "property" to an army surgeon, who took him as his body servant to Rock Island, Illinois and to Fort Snelling, Minnesota. He thus lived for several years in "free states", that is states north of the Missouri-Compromise line.

CHIEF JUSTICE

The Missouri Compromise law has been repealed by an Act of Congress.

LAWYER

Quite so, your Honor, but an Act of Congress can restore it, which is why-----

CHIEF JUSTICE

Proceed.

LAWYER

(resuming his story)

In 1838 Dred Scott returned with his master to Missouri, a slave state under the Missouri Compromise, then in force. The question, your honor, which this Supreme Court of the land is asked to decide is: Did this man's residence in "free" states free him perpetually? Or did his return to a "slave" state restore him to his former slave status?

LAWYER (Cont'd)

The whole United States awaits the court's answer.

(as the light on him fades out, he retires to steps R. C. with DRED SCOTT who stands close to him. Lights remain full up on the JUSTICES while all else is in shadow. The JUSTICES are seen to deliberate, a buzz of unintelligible ad. lib. argument begins quickly developing into a violent altercation. SEVERAL JUSTICES rise to their feet and gesticulate angrily, their voices shrill but their words indistinguishable, the purpose of the scene being to suggest confusion and incoherence rather than clear cut argument. At the height of the hubbub, the CHIEF JUSTICE speaks)

CHIEF JUSTICE

(waspishly)

"Brothers, this is the Supreme Court of the United States. Take your seats."

(The JUSTICES obey - not in unison - but one by one, their argument subsiding to a droning murmur of definite decision, four nod their heads vigourously in affirmation, four just as vigourously shake their heads in negation. The CHIEF JUSTICE clears his throat)

Ahem!

(The LAWYER rises from steps R. C. moves to his position before the court with DRED SCOTT beside him. Lights dim up on both)

The court has arrived at an opinion.

(He unfolds a paper, begins to read from it, his words an unintelligible mumble until he comes to the following, which he speaks distinctly)

.....property in slaves is distinctly affirmed by the Constitution, and slave property, like other property, is protected by the due process of law announced in the fifth amendment.....It is therefore, "the opinion of the court that the act of Congress which prohibited a citizen from holding and owning property of this kind in the territory of the United States north of the line therein mentioned, is not warranted by the Constitution, and is therefore void."

(Once more FOUR JUSTICES nod in agreement, while FOUR shake their heads in disagreement. CHIEF JUSTICE exits R. 2. followed by other JUSTICES. Lights dim out on SUPREME COURT JUSTICES, leaving spot on LAWYER and DRED SCOTT)

DRED

(to LAWYER)

Does that mean I'se free, boss?

## LAWYER

No, Dred. It means that a slave is a slave everywhere in these United States, that any law of Congress to the contrary is unconstitutional.

(DRED SCOTT'S head sinks, his shoulders sag)

LIGHTS DIM OUT

Immediately from off stage the crashing chords of an organ, the reverberating roll of tympany drums, the piercing notes of trumpet and bugle are joined in a symphonic arrangement intended to suggest the furious tragedy of the Civil War. Woven through the music is the theme of "Dixie".

---

ANNOUNCEMENT

(by Auditorium Loudspeaker between Scenes  
4 and 5 of Act II)

SPEAKER

There is a Pennsylvania field hallowed by brave deeds and  
by inspired words.

ACT II - SCENE 5

GETTYSBURG, 1863

SCENE:

Lights dim up on TWO UNION SOLDIERS in faded uniforms. One is seated on steps (R. or L. as desired). The other stands on platform just above him. The seated SOLDIER is minus a leg, and his crutches are on steps beside him. The SOLDIER STANDING has lost an arm.

(from off stage there is a loud mob cheer)

FIRST SOLDIER

(he who is standing, excitedly)

It's him, Bill. He's arrived. Come on!

SECOND SOLDIER

(he who is seated)

No, I'm stayin' where I am, Joe.

FIRST SOLDIER

Aw, what's the matter? You come to see the show, didn't you?

SECOND SOLDIER

(with a short harsh laugh)

Not me. I come to see if I couldn't maybe find the leg I lost on this damn Gettysburg field.

FIRST SOLDIER

Keep an eye open for my strayed arm, will you?

(another cheer from off stage)

Aw, stir yourself, Bill. It ain't but a little ways.

SECOND SOLDIER

You go, Joe. I don't feel much like standin', an' I kin hear him just as well settin'.

FIRST SOLDIER

How'll you hear him from way off'n here?

SECOND SOLDIER

The whole world kin hear that man when he speaks.

FIRST SOLDIER

Well, maybe I ain't so keen about standin' myself.

(He seats himself on step above SECOND SOLDIER. There is another off-stage cheer, then a voice is heard through loudspeaker off stage, the voice of Abraham Lincoln, clear and resounding filling the stage)

LINCOLN

(from off stage R)

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal."

FIRST SOLDIER

(awesomely)

Say, we kin hear him!

SECOND SOLDIER

Your grandchildren are hearin' him too, an' their grandchildren.

LINCOLN

(from off stage)

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any other nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure."

SECOND SOLDIER

(crying out passionately)

I done my part to help it endure!

FIRST SOLDIER

Me too, Mr. President.

LINCOLN

(from off stage R)

"We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live."

SECOND SOLDIER

(mutteringly)

Thousands of 'em! Lyin' in heaps they was - stark and still.

FIRST SOLDIER

Brothers!

(He turns to SECOND SOLDIER)

They was brothers, Bill. What made 'em do it? What filled their hearts with hate an' murder?

SECOND SOLDIER

It was compromise what done it, Joe.

FIRST SOLDIER

Compromise?

SECOND SOLDIER

Yes, compromise with what was wrong, what they knew was wrong.

(He waves a hand towards R. LINCOLN'S  
voice has sunk to a subdued murmur)

You heard him, "Conceived in liberty, dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal"- that's what he said - an' that's how it was meant to be. Only those fellers way back, the fellers that's responsible for this Federal Government - they compromised - compromised with slavery. They been compromisin' with it ever since - leavin' it to us to clean the black spot from their Constitution.

FIRST SOLDIER

Yeh. Maybe if them fellers hadn't made slaves into property----

SECOND SOLDIER

That's what done it - they tried to turn human beings into property. It's what's at the bottom of all the misery in the world - property.  
(Again LINCOLN'S voice comes forth clearly)

LINCOLN

(from off stage R)

"It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced."

(loud cheers and applause from off R)

SECOND SOLDIER

(as the noise subsides; fervently)

Amen, Mr. President.

FIRST SOLDIER

If we had more like him we'd get somewheres.

SECOND SOLDIER

They don't come like him but once in a hundred years. Abe Lincoln's a man!

(despondently)

But what kin one man do all by himself.

FIRST SOLDIER

Well, I dunno. If he's got the people with him----

SECOND SOLDIER

(bitterly)

The people! We're the "people" - you an' me, an' look at us. All shot to pieces! By the time this war's over, there won't be no "people" left, only rich buzzards the war's made richer.

FIRST SOLDIER

What's the answer, Joe?

SECOND SOLDIER

(with an inclusive gesture)

This battlefied's the answer. If the United States won't be half slave an' half free, the time's comin' when they'll refuse to be nine tenths poor an' one tenth rich.

FIRST SOLDIER

That sounds like common sense.

SECOND SOLDIER

Sure, it's common sense. But it won't happen in our day, soldier.



(Voice of LINCOLN is heard from off R)

LINCOLN

".....that this nation under God, shall have a new birth of freedom and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people shall not perish from the earth."

(The TWO SOLDIERS stand at attention)

LIGHTS DIM OUT

ANNOUNCEMENT

(by Auditorium Loudspeaker between Scenes  
5 and 6 of Act II)

SPEAKER

The Civil War erased slavery from the Constitution. Amendments thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen were enacted, freeing the negro and giving him citizenship privileges and immunities and the right to vote.

The period following the close of the war was the period of the western land rush and development.

ACT II - SCENE 6

THE WESTERN PLAINS, 1877, NIGHT

SCENE:

A faintly glowing campfire is on platform (L. or R. as desired) and standing beside it, leaning on his rifle is PHILLIP SCHUYLER, grandson of the boy Phillip of Scene 2, Act II. He is in a rough pioneer outfit of the period and is the picture of the Phillip of Act I, except that he now wears a slight beard.

MARY SCHUYLER, his wife, appears from L. 2. She stands watching PHILLIP a moment, then cupping her hands to her lips, gives a playful war whoop. PHILLIP starts; turns with uplifted rifle.

MARY

(laughing merrily)

Feeling jumpy, darling?

PHILLIP

(grinning)

Doggone it woman, that's no kind o' trick to play on your husband. You had me seein' redskins all over the place.

MARY

Any signs of them?

PHILLIP

No, but that's not sayin' the red devils mayn't be close by. Better go back to sleep, honey.

MARY

Oh, it's so close in the wagon.

PHILLIP

A sentry's not supposed to entertain company durin' his watch, ma'am.

MARY

Is that so!

(She crosses to PHILLIP)

Well, you just tell that to the sentry up ahead. And she's not his wife.

(She laughingly steps into PHILLIP'S eager arms. He kisses her)

PHILLIP

You ought to be gettin' your rest, honey.

MARY

(scornfully)

My rest. On a night like this!

(She stretches her arms wide)

O--oh! I'd like to take off my clothes and dance.

PHILLIP

(grinning)

Me, too.

MARY

Let's!

(She throws off the shawl she has about her shoulders)

PHILLIP

(giving a shout of laughter)

Durn'd if the woman wouldn't!

(He grabs her in his arms; kisses her again)

It's this country, honey, this wonderful west. It makes you want to shake off civilization, this dollar civilization we've built up for ourselves.

MARY

Silly, isn't it. Men and women fashioning a little artificial world when there's this one to enjoy.

(She glances up; sighs)

Look at those stars, darling. How close they are! It's almost as if I could reach up and touch them.

(softly)

I am touching them.

PHILLIP

Happy?

MARY

Happy as Eve must have been. I'm the first woman and you're the first man. Yes?

PHILLIP

It's easy to believe - out here - tonight.

MARY

I've never known such a moment.

(Again she throws her arms wide)

I feel free, absolutely free - for the first time in my life.

PHILLIP

No more fears?

MARY

I've left them all behind me - in the city. Oh, darling! Why didn't you carry me off before?

PHILLIP

Well, I hated to take you from your folks an' your grand home, only I wanted you Mary.

MARY

And here I am.

PHILLIP

(with a chuckle)

It's no more than the first Phillip Schuyler did. He bundled his wife clear from New York to the Pennsylvania wilderness.

MARY

Oh, he started the custom, did he?

PHILLIP

Yes. And my grandfather - he picked himself a Boston woman too. They headed for the Louisiana territory near St. Louis, where I found you.

MARY

And bundled me off.

PHILLIP

It worked out fine for them, Mary, an' it'll work out for us the same way. We'll locate us a piece of good land somewheres in this Northwest territory an' settle. It's rich soil hereabouts. We'll build us a cabin, sow our seed, take root - rear ourselves a family of sons.

MARY

And daughters.

PHILLIP

Sure. Plenty o' both.

(MARY suddenly breaks into a merry laugh)

What you laughin' at, honey?

MARY

I just remembered a lace gown I was weak enough to bring with me - and a pair of silver slippers.

(She takes a mincing step; speaks with an exaggerated drawl)

Tripping about the wilderness in lace and silver slippers.

(She has another gust of laughter)

PHILLIP

Well, it ain't exactly silver slipper country, but----

MARY

It's glorious country. I could hug it.  
 (Again she throws her arms wide)

PHILLIP

I know. Comin' over the plains today I - I couldn't set in the wagon. I had to get down - walk with the horses. I wanted that my feet should be on the soil. I found myself wishin' to press my whole body against it, like a man presses himself against a woman's bosom, to--well, like you said, to hug it to me.

(He gives a little self-conscious laugh)

I reckon as how his land gets into a man - makes him one with her - same as her hills an' trees. He gets so's he can hear her talkin' to him.

MARY

What does she say, darling?

PHILLIP

Words of cheer an' hope, promisin' rich harvests and great herds of fat cattle to them that trust to her bounty and don't ravish her of her forests for quick gain -

(His voice grows angry)

or gut her in wasteful ways for hidden treasure, reducing her to barrenness.

MARY

There are such men?

PHILLIP

Yes, damn them!

(passionately)

Their marks are already on her - the moneychangers who'd prostitute her for profit.

(From far off in the distance the faint, shrill whistle of a locomotive is heard)

MARY

(startled)

Listen!

PHILLIP

They're buildin' a new railroad to the south.

(He sighs; shakes his head)

Soon there'll be no more frontiers.

MARY

What a pity.

PHILLIP

America's changing, Mary, changing fast, Railroads, factories, machinery, they're making for a different kind of life.

MARY

Different, darling?

(She laughs)

As if machines can ever make life anything but just what it is - a man and a woman.

PHILLIP

(putting an arm about her)

I reckon you're right, honey. I reckon we'll go on bein' born an' lovin' an' dyin', just as we always have.

(quickly; mischievously)

Unless, of course, they invent a machine to do it for us.

MARY

Who'd want a machine to do it!

(She kisses him clingingly)

LIGHTS DIM OUT

ANNOUNCEMENT

(by Auditorium Loudspeaker between Scenes  
6 and 7 of Act II)

SPEAKER

The dawn of the twentieth century saw an industrialized  
America. Great private fortunes were amassed and the fever  
of stock speculation gripped the whole country.



ACT II - SCENE 7

WALL STREET, 1900 - 1932

SCENE:

An eight foot tall old style stock ticker is C., which has a greatly exaggerated ticker effect and large ribbons of tape issuing from either side. Its base is decorated with \$ and % designs. Two silk-hatted PLUTOCRATS, chewing fat cigars, one to either side of ticker, study the tape. All else is in darkness, but from the back of the stage there is a constant hubbub of voices. The scene is played at top speed. As the lights come up the Voices are heard. Men speak the lines that are underlined. The women speak those that are not.

VOICES TO R.

(chantingly)

Standard Oil! Amalgamated Copper! United States Steel!

VOICES TO L.

(picking up the chant without pause)

Rockefeller! Morgan! Rockefeller!

VOICES TO R.

Railroads! Sugar! Beef!

VOICES TO L.

Harriman! Spreckels! Swift!

VOICES TO R.

Steamships! Steel! Wool!

VOICES TO L.

Astor! Carnegie! Vanderbilt!

VOICES TO R.

Ten million! Fifty million! Hundred million!

ALL VOICES TO L.

Money! Money! Money!

ALL VOICES TO R.

Wall Street! Wall Street! Wall Street!

(The voices diminish to a low murmur)

FIRST PLUTOCRAT

(turning his head and barking over his shoulder into the background)

Buy!

## SECOND PLUTOCRAT

(same business)

Sell!

(the TWO PLUTOCRATS turn face to face and glower at each other, then resume their study of the tape. In the background the Voices resume their chant aloud)

VOICES TO R.

An eighth! A quarter! A half!

ALL VOICES TO L.

Up - down! Up - down! Up - down!

VOICES TO R.

Telephones! Telegraph! Water Power!

VOICES TO L.

Judges! Lawyers! Courts!

VOICES TO R.

Justice! Equality! Morality!

VOICES TO L.

What's bid? What's bid? What's bid?

(The VOICES subside to a low murmur as the shrill cry of a NEWSBOY is heard from the blackness of the background)

FIRST NEWSBOY

(from backstage)

Extry! Extry! All about the Coal Strike! Hungry miners riot! Martial Law Declared! Extry! Extry!

(A REPORTER hurries into the scene; takes a position beside FIRST PLUTOCRAT)

FIRST REPORTER

(to FIRST PLUTOCRAT)

Pardon me, but my newspaper wants an opinion from you on this coal strike.

FIRST PLUTOCRAT

(pompously)

"The rights and interests of the laboring man will be protected..... not by the labor agitators, but by the Christian men to whom God in his infinite wisdom has given the control of the property interests of this country."

(He turns and barks an order into the background)

Sell!

SECOND PLUTOCRAT

(same business)

Buy!

(Again the two exchange a glare, while REPORTER scribbles on his pad)

(The VOICES begin another chant)

VOICES TO R.

Stocks! Bonds! Dividends! Profits!

VOICES TO L.

Union Pacific! Northern Pacific! Southern Pacific! Western Pacific!

VOICES TO R.

Hill! Harriman! Rockefeller! Morgan!

(The NEWSBOY'S cry is heard)

FIRST NEWSBOY

(from background)

Extry! Extry! Teddy Roosevelt attacks Northern Securities Company!  
Extry!

(A SECOND REPORTER hurries in and to side  
of SECOND PLUTOCRAT)

SECOND REPORTER

(to SECOND PLUTOCRAT)

The President says "that all corporations engaged in interstate  
commerce should be under the supervision of the national government."  
What do you say?

SECOND PLUTOCRAT

(angrily)

"Can't I do what I want with my own? Hain't I got the power?"

SECOND REPORTER

It's held that railroads are affected with a Public Interest.

SECOND PLUTOCRAT

Public interest be damned!

SECOND REPORTER

(to FIRST PLUTOCRAT)

Does that go for all you "malefactors of great wealth?"

FIRST PLUTOCRAT

Sure. We boys stick together.....when we have to.

SECOND PLUTOCRAT

We'll show the President where he gets off.

FIRST PLUTOCRAT

And the public interest too.

SECOND PLUTOCRAT

Right!

(He looks at FIRST PLUTOCRAT)

Let's go.

FIRST AND SECOND PLUTOCRATS

(in unison)

Sell!

(The VOICES take up their chant from background)

VOICES TO R.

One sixty-two! One fifty-five! Seventy-four!

VOICES TO L.

Down! Down! Down!

(The VOICES diminish to a murmuring undertone, while the cries of the NEWSBOYS are heard)

FIRST NEWSBOY

Extry! Extry! Panic in Wall Street!

SECOND NEWSBOY

Stocks crash! Banks fail! Factories shut down! Extry!

THIRD NEWSBOY

Breadlines in every city! Breadlines!

(The VOICES at back rise in a chanting chorus)

VOICES

Breadlines! Breadlines! Breadlines!

FIRST AND SECOND PLUTOCRATS

(chuckling in unison)

Buy!

(The VOICES are heard from background, changing their note)

VOICES TO R.

Eighteen! Thirty-five! Ninety-three!

VOICES TO L.

Up! Up! Up!

FIRST PLUTOCRAT

That's takin' 'em goin' and comin'. What'd our little panic net you?

SECOND PLUTOCRAT

Twenty million.

FIRST PLUTOCRAT

I've made 'em poorer by twenty-five million.

SECOND PLUTOCRAT

Guess we malefactors 'll eat for awhile yet.

FIRST PLUTOCRAT

That's more'n the great American public 'll do.

(FIRST NEWSBOY heard crying out again)

FIRST NEWSBOY

(from background)

Extry! Extry! Sixteenth Amendment adopted. Income tax made law.  
Extry!

SECOND PLUTOCRAT

(angrily)

Socialism! Anarchy!

(He turns to SECOND REPORTER)

Tell your paper I said that the Sixteenth Amendment is "a Communist  
march on property."

SECOND REPORTER

(as he scribbles)

It's putting the tax back to where it was in the Articles of Con-  
federation.

SECOND PLUTOCRAT

(snarlingly)

All I know is the Constitution - and I'm against changing it.

(He turns and in unison with FIRST PLUTOCRAT  
barks out an order to the background)

FIRST AND SECOND PLUTOCRATS

(together)

Sell!

(VOICES begin from background)

VOICES R. AND L.

(chantingly)

Down again! Down again! Down again!

(SECOND REPORTER hurries out of the scene  
as POLITICAL BOSS hurries in and takes a  
position beside FIRST PLUTOCRAT)

BOSS

(excitedly - as if gasping for breath)

Chief, it's happened. They've jammed through the Seventeenth  
Amendment.

FIRST PLUTOCRAT

You mean - no more hand picked United States Senators?

BOSS

That's it. From now on the people elect their own senators - the  
people!

(He shakes his head sadly)

What's America coming to anyhow?

FIRST PLUTOCRAT

The people are getting too damn'd officious.

SECOND PLUTOCRAT

Yes. They'll soon be running their own country. Something ought  
to be done about it.

## FIRST PLUTOCRAT

Something's got to be done about it.

(He glares at BOSS meaningly)

## BOSS

Something's going to be done, chief. Leave it to us statesmen.

(He exits quickly. Immediately (by means of a sound record or music) a muffled explosion is heard, then the rattle of machine gun and artillery fire, as if a battle were in progress. The orchestra softly begins a medley of French and English national anthems, not loud enough to drown the Voices of the Newsboys, which again are heard)

## FIRST NEWSBOY

Germany marches on France! Extry! War in Europe! War!

## SECOND NEWSBOY

Special edition! Special! Lusitania torpedoed! Lusitania sunk! Lusitania!

(The orchestra momentarily strikes a high note with several bars from "Over There" played stirringly, then subsides to give the VOICES a chance from the background)

## VOICES TO R.

Motors! Airplanes! Munitions!

## VOICES TO L.

War babies! Liberty Loans! Victory bonds!

## VOICES TO R.

Poison gas! Explosives! T. N. T.!

## FIRST PLUTOCRAT

(above the din)

It's a grand war!

## SECOND PLUTOCRAT

Made to order!

## FIRST AND SECOND PLUTOCRATS

(in unison)

Buy!

(The noise of battle in the background grows louder. Through it the VOICES are heard)

## VOICES TO R.

(chantingly)

Up! Up! Up!

## VOICES TO L.

Chaos! Destruction! Death!

(from orchestra a bugle suddenly rises clearly, trumpeting the command to "Cease firing". A hushed moment ensues, then the NEWSBOYS are heard from the background)

## FIRST NEWSBOY

Get your five star final! Armistice declared! Armistice!  
 (From the background there is an outburst of cheering and shouting - "the war's over!" "The war's over!" - then the VOICES break into song... "Peace on earth, Good will to men.")

## FIRST AND SECOND PLUTOCRATS

(as the song dies away)

Sell!

## VOICES TO R. AND L.

Down! Down! Down!

## FIRST PLUTOCRAT

(grinning)

The same old story.

## SECOND PLUTOCRAT

In the same old way.

## FIRST PLUTOCRAT

It never fails.

## SECOND PLUTOCRAT

It never will.

(POLITICAL BOSS hurries in)

## BOSS

(to FIRST PLUTOCRAT)

Chief, now it's the women. They've got their Nineteenth Amendment.

(In the background, seen hazily, a line of WOMEN VOTERS in single file walk up rear steps, drop their ballots into a box and exit L. 2)

I never thought I'd live to see females ballotin'.

## FIRST PLUTOCRAT

(angrily)

Those babies'll gum up our whole political machine.

## SECOND PLUTOCRAT

Sure they will. Women won't vote reg'lar.

## FIRST PLUTOCRAT

They'll make elections anybody's guess.

## SECOND PLUTOCRAT

An independent's as likely to grab off the office as our machine candidate.

## BOSS

I'm an old hand at politics, but this woman business--

(He shakes his head dolefully)

I don't know where I'm at no more.

(He hurriedly exits up steps L. C.

Lights dim out on WOMEN VOTERS at  
back)

## VOICES TO L.

Buy!

## VOICES TO R.

Sell!

## FIRST PLUTOCRAT

(gleefully)

They're all doing it.

## SECOND PLUTOCRAT

(rubbing his hands together with satisfaction)

The more the merrier!

## VOICES TO L.

General Motors! American Tel. and Tel. Bethlehem Steel!

## VOICES TO R.

Food! Clothing! Real Estate!

## VOICES TO L.

Sell!

## VOICES TO R.

Buy!

## VOICES TO L.

(hurrying in as a group, waving slips of  
paper in their hands)

Sell! Buy! Sell!

(They rush down steps L. C.)

## VOICES TO R.

(hurrying in as a group)

Buy! Sell! Buy!

(They rush down steps R. C. Both groups,  
continuing their staccato chant, surround  
the PLUTOCRATS. The orchestra chimes in  
with an agitato movement. In the general  
confusion THIRD and FOURTH PLUTOCRATS take  
their places for the ensuing scene. The  
music takes on a stormy threatening note -



the lights begin to dim. Suddenly there is a smashing, crashing chord and the music stops. Both groups let out a cry)

BOTH GROUPS

Bankruptcy! Bankruptcy! Bankruptcy!  
 (They hurry up steps, dimly seen in the half light, VOICES R. returning to their former positions in the wings, VOICES L. doing the same)

ANNOUNCEMENT

SPEAKER

The stock market crash of 1929 was immediately followed by a country-wide business depression, the worst America had ever experienced. Then in 1932---

(Lights up: revealing the stock market ticker on floor and seated beside it, swirls of ticker tape about their necks, FIRST, SECOND, and THIRD PLUTOCRATS. A FOURTH PLUTOCRAT is perched precariously on an overturned tape basket, which wobbles and teeters compelling him to shift about to preserve his balance)

FOURTH PLUTOCRAT

(from his shaky seat)

I repeat, gentlemen - things are in a bad way.

(There is an unanimous groan from the others)

The market has collapsed, business is paralyzed, dividends are being passed---

(Another unanimous moan from the others)

A hell of a situation!

(He almost falls from basket, recovering his equilibrium with difficulty)

FIRST PLUTOCRAT

(from his seat on floor)

And worst of all - the system is being attacked.

SECOND PLUTOCRAT

Yes, capitalism is under fire - in this year of 1932.

THIRD PLUTOCRAT

We are charged with bringing on this depression. We're being made the goats.

FIRST PLUTOCRAT

(bitterly)

After all we done for our country.

SECOND PLUTOCRAT

(with a heavy sigh)

That's gratitude!

FOURTH PLUTOCRAT

(ringingly)  
Gentlemen, are we to take the count?

FIRST PLUTOCRAT

We've taken it.  
(SECOND and THIRD PLUTOCRATS agree with  
him moaningly)

FOURTH PLUTOCRAT

No, gentlemen, no! Our structure has crumbled about our ears, it has knocked us flat, but we're still solvent and in solvency there is always the hope of a profit.

(The THREE PLUTOCRATS on floor begin to  
show interest, perking up perceptibly)

Let us carry on!

FIRST PLUTOCRAT

(derisively)  
How?

SECOND AND THIRD PLUTOCRATS

(with equal derision)  
Yes, how?

FOURTH PLUTOCRAT

That is the question.  
(He strikes a thoughtful attitude and  
nearly falls from his seat)

FIRST PLUTOCRAT

I'm not good at riddles.

SECOND AND THIRD PLUTOCRATS

(together)  
No.

FOURTH PLUTOCRAT

But, gentlemen, the President has put it up to us. He----

FIRST PLUTOCRAT

It's the President's job, not ours.

SECOND AND THIRD PLUTOCRATS

Right!

FOURTH PLUTOCRAT

Wait a minute! Has the President ever let us down?  
(There is a grudging muttered "no" from  
the other three PLUTOCRATS)

Then we've got to play ball with him. In this crisis he's called upon us - the Master Minds of America! - to offer a plan for the nation's recovery. Who has a suggestion?

## FOURTH PLUTOCRAT (Cont'd)

(He pauses. A dead silence reigns, then  
he resumes)

Can't anybody think of anything?

## FIRST PLUTOCRAT

(sullenly)

I ain't a thinker. What does thinkin' get you? To hell with thinkin'!  
Let's do something.

(SECOND and THIRD PLUTOCRATS heartily  
endorse this sentiment)

## FOURTH PLUTOCRAT

Good! What shall we do?

(Again a heavy silence reigns for a moment,  
then he resumes)

Surely, we who led America to prosperity's peak in '29 can lead her  
back to it.

FIRST, SECOND, and THIRD  
PLUTOCRATS

(in chorus)

Yes, back to '29!

## FOURTH PLUTOCRAT

(rubbing his hands with satisfaction)

Ah, now we're getting somewheres - we're going back.

## FIRST PLUTOCRAT

Sure! We don't know what's ahead, do we? - but we know what's behind.

## FOURTH PLUTOCRAT

(beamingly)

Excellent, gentlemen, excellent! We've got a slogan: Forward to the  
rear!

## FIRST PLUTOCRAT

(animately; rising to his feet)

We'll make it our battle cry!

## SECOND PLUTOCRAT

(rising)

Have the Chambers of Commerce whoop it up!

## THIRD PLUTOCRAT

(rising)

Teach it to the schools!

## SECOND PLUTOCRAT

Yes. Instruct the young mind that progress lies in retreat.

FOURTH PLUTOCRAT

All together, gentlemen. "Forward to the rear."

(The others chorus the slogan with him)

Fine! Fine! And now that we know where we're taking the nation,  
how do we get it there?

FIRST PLUTOCRAT

You mean - who pays the freight?

SECOND PLUTOCRAT

We don't - that's damn certain.

THIRD PLUTOCRAT

A fat chance! We're hangin' on to what we got left.

FOURTH PLUTOCRAT

I have it! We'll put it up to the government.

FIRST PLUTOCRAT

Sure. The government put it up to us, didn't it?

SECOND PLUTOCRAT

Suppose we hand the President our plan and---

THIRD PLUTOCRAT

And he can hand us the necessary - to make it work.

FIRST PLUTOCRAT

That's the ticket! He hands us the necessary.

FOURTH PLUTOCRAT

(enthusiastically)

Gentlemen, we've solved the problem.

FIRST PLUTOCRAT

Sure. We Master Minds always come through in the pinches.

FOURTH PLUTOCRAT

Once again:

(He raises his hand; all shout in unison)

"Forward to the rear!"

(Orchestra breaks into "Yes We have no  
Bananas" as FOUR PLUTOCRATS do a right  
about face and march towards rear of  
stage, taking stock ticker and waste  
basket with them)LIGHTS DIM OUT

ANNOUNCEMENT

(by Auditorium Loudspeaker between Scenes  
7 and 8 of Act II)

SPEAKER

Many financial institutions found themselves in difficulties  
early in 1932.

ACT II - SCENE 8

CHICAGO, SPRING OF 1932

SCENE: Lights dim up on TWO BANKERS standing on platform R. From off stage R. comes the murmur and hum of many voices.

FIRST BANKER

(waving a hand towards the off-stage murmur)

Listen! There must be a thousand of them in there. And the line outside of the bank is more than two blocks long.

(He takes a nervous, agitated turn)

SECOND BANKER

Those depositors are getting their money, aren't they? We're paying them.

FIRST BANKER

How long can we pay them? How long! Our cash won't last another hour, you know it won't! - not at the rate they're drawing it out. Then what?

(He makes a despairing gesture)

God Almighty!

(He takes another nervous turn)

(A THIRD BANKER hurries up steps and joins the other two)

THIRD BANKER

It looks as if we're all in the same boat. I've just had the First National on the phone. They've got a longer line than we have.

(He gives a short, harsh laugh)

Boys, I'm afraid the jig's up. There's not a dollar to be borrowed anywheres.

FIRST BANKER

We've got to get hold of some money. If we don't----

(He stops short as the murmur from off stage R. swells in volume)

SECOND BANKER

Those depositors have got to give us time. Maybe if we talked to them-----

THIRD BANKER

Go ahead! But make your will first. They'd tear you to pieces.

SECOND BANKER

(wringing his hands)

And we bankers used to be looked up to. Now---

(He shrugs his shoulders helplessly)

THIRD BANKER

(dryly)

Now they've got on to us. We took chances. That public utility issue---Oh, we must have been mad!

FIRST BANKER

We only did what everybody else was doing.

SECOND BANKER

But we're bankers. We were handling the people's money. They trusted us and we-----

THIRD BANKER

Oh, to hell with all that!

FIRST BANKER

Yes. What we've got to worry about now is --- where do we go from here.

THIRD BANKER

(dryly)

It's got four walls and a big iron gate--and they teach you to break rocks.

SECOND BANKER

(frenziedly)

Shut up!

FIRST BANKER

Yes. This is no time to clown. What we've got to do is---  
(He stops - at a loss - then frantically)  
What are we to do?

THIRD BANKER

I know what I'm doing.

(He glances at his wrist watch)

There's a plane leaving for Canada in exactly thirty minutes.

(As he starts to speak his next line, the other TWO BANKERS, having the same thought, join him, so that all three speak in unison)

THE THREE BANKERS

(jumping to their feet simultaneously)

I'm catching it!

(As the three turn to exit R., a BANK CLERK hurries up steps R. 2.)

CLERK

A telegram for you, sir.

(He hands telegram to THIRD BANKER, turns and exits down steps R)

THIRD BANKER

(tearing open telegram with a shaking hand)

Hold your breath, boy. Maybe----

(He glances at telegram)

Yes, it's from Washington.

FIRST BANKER

Washington!

SECOND BANKER

Quick! What's it say?

THIRD BANKER

(giving vent to a vast relief)

Phew!

(He wipes his brow with his handkerchief)

Boys, we're not flying to Canada.

FIRST BANKER

You mean Washington has----

SECOND BANKER

They'll see us through?

THIRD BANKER

And how! They're loaning us ninety millions.

FIRST BANKER

(incredulously)

Ninety!

SECOND BANKER

You say - the government----

THIRD BANKER

Yes.

(again mops his brow; gives another  
sigh of relief)

Oh, boy! Isn't government a grand institution.

LIGHTS DIM OUT



ANNOUNCEMENT

(by Auditorium Loudspeaker between Scenes  
8 and 9 of Act II)

SPEAKER

The streets were filled with jobless men.

ACT II - SCENE 9

NEW YORK CITY, OCTOBER, 1932

SCENE:

A line of MEN, two abreast, shabby and worn looking, some with coat collars turned up, their hands in pockets or being rubbed together for warmth, shuffling their feet restlessly, barely exchanging a word, too dejected for speech.

A SOCIAL WORKER is near the head of line, not in it, but just below it. He is calling out to a couple of WELL DRESSED CITIZENS who are passing by in the foreground. Traffic noise record in the background.

SOCIAL WORKER

(clearly)

One dollar, folks, one dollar will buy breakfast for twenty of these hungry men. Coffee and rolls for twenty fellow human beings. Could a dollar be put to better service? Don't pass them by, folks. But for the Grace of God you might be one of them - you might know what it is to----

(The PASSERS-BY have disappeared and the SOCIAL WORKER breaks off shortly as FIRST WORKMAN in breadline gives a shout of laughter - bitter laughter. SOCIAL WORKER turns to him sharply)

What are you laughing at?

FIRST WORKMAN

(stepping out of breadline)

At that "but for the Grace of God" stuff, brother. It did duty for a long time, but now it's not so hot.

(There is a murmur of agreement from MEN at back)

You know and I know this country of ours is big enough and rich enough for everybody to have plenty.

(another murmur from the breadlines)

Then why are we standing here with empty bellies? Because it's God's wish that we starve?

(another murmur from the back, "no!")

"Not much!" etc.)

I don't know why the Almighty doesn't wipe the human race off the face of the earth. He not only gave us a great world to live in, but he also sent his son to show us how to live in it. And what do we do? We crucify Him! And we crucify each other so we can have a bigger car and more bathrooms. We measure a man by the number of lousy dollars he collects - no matter how. We build a thing called government that's supposed to give us all an equal chance, and we let a bunch of outlaws run it so that nobody has a chance - except the outlaws. Oh, we're smart guys, we are!

(A POLICEMAN, who has strolled into the scene, idly swinging his club, speaks to FIRST WORKMAN)

POLICEMAN

(casually, as if it's all in the day's work)  
Back in line, feller.

FIRST WORKMAN

Sorry, officer, but I'm out of line for keeps.

POLICEMAN

Then beat it, bum, or I'll run you in.

FIRST WORKMAN

How'll that help me?

POLICEMAN

(taken aback)

Help you!

(showing his authority)

I'll help you with a crack over the skull, if you don't get movin'.

(The FIRST WORKMAN gives a shout of laughter)

Did you hear me?

(He grasps his club threateningly)

Get movin', I tell you.

FIRST WORKMAN

(grinning)

Can you tell me where I'm to move to?

POLICEMAN

What d'ye mean - where?

FIRST WORKMAN

I've no place to go.

POLICEMAN

That's your tough luck. My job is to keep you birds on the hop.  
On your way!

FIRST WORKMAN

And the next officer's job is to keep me on the hop.

(He bursts into unexpected song)

"So I just keep hoppin' along."

(He gives a mirthless laugh, then mutters half to himself)

"As ye do unto the least of these, so do ye unto Me."

(He lifts his head)

Are you laughing or crying, God?

POLICEMAN

Oh, one of them nuts.

FIRST WORKMAN

I'm fast going nuts. Who wouldn't in my place?  
 (His tone is demanding; he takes a half  
 step toward the POLICEMAN)

POLICEMAN

Careful, feller. Assaultin' an officer is in violation of--

FIRST WORKMAN

Of statute steen hundred and ninety two. And sleeping in the park  
 violates Ordinance four eleven forty four, and panhandling or peddling  
 without a license also makes me liable to arrest. Hell, man, you  
 don't have to tell me what I can't do. But I wish to God you'd tell  
 me what I can do.

POLICEMAN

(pulling out his book of rules)

I'll tell you that too.

(He thumbs through his book)

You can---where the hell is it? Ah, here we are.

(He scans a paragraph)

Now let me see----there's the Salvation Army, The Municipal Lodging  
 House, the Home for Indigents, the---

FIRST WORKMAN

I know all that too.

POLICEMAN

(angrily)

Oh, you do! Then what's the idea of asking me?

FIRST WORKMAN

Well, you represent the law and I'm trying to find out if the law  
 of this so called civilized country provides a way for me to go on  
 living without begging for my right to live.

POLICEMAN

(scratching his head in perplexity a moment)

H'm, that's a new one. But seein' as how you're flat---

FIRST WORKMAN

Flat nothing! I'm standing, if you'll notice.

POLICEMAN

I mean, you're broke.

FIRST WORKMAN

What's broke about me?

(He flexes his arm)

I'm as whole and fit as a man can be.

POLICEMAN

(at a loss)  
Well, have you got a dime?

FIRST WORKMAN

No, nor half a dime.

POLICEMAN

Then you can't pay your way, so----

FIRST WORKMAN

I'm not let pay my way. I've strength to offer for my bread - and skill, but I must have a dime. Ten cents to see the moon! The surgeon's fee or death.

(He half mutters to himself)

They minted their souls into coins and high finance abounded in the land so that spiritual serfdom was the lot thereof.

(to POLICEMAN)

Which means being number eight forty two in an automobile assembly plant.

(There is a sympathetic murmur from the  
MEN at back)

One twirl of a wrench, two twirls, hours, days, weeks, months, years, a lifetime spent twirling a wrench!

POLICEMAN

Why ain't you twirling one now?

FIRST WORKMAN

(with a wry smile)

I twirled so fast I brought about an overproduction.

(There is a shout of laughter from MEN  
at back)

That's when everybody's got too much of everything.

SECOND WORKMAN

(from line at back)

Yeh, same as we have.

(laughter from breadline)

THIRD WORKMAN

(from line at back)

If you fellers hadn't bought yourselves a whole flock of the latest models, the plants wouldn't be shut down.

(another general laugh from breadline)

FOURTH WORKMAN

(from line)

And the reason we're eating a cup of coffee is because we're stuffed with steak.

(another general laugh)

## FIRST WORKMAN

God's doing!

(He laughs harshly)

Isn't it time we quit alibi-ing ourselves that way? Isn't it time we did something - after twenty centuries of progress?

## SECOND WORKMAN

What can we do?

## FIRST WORKMAN

We can use the common sense God gave us and we're using it in next month's national election. We've got votes if we've nothing else and our women folks have votes. We're turning out this Tory-souled government and its dime-or-beg policy. Dimes! We're the wealth of this country, you an' me and all the men and women who have created the America we love. We want government that'll put us before dimes and by the grace of our votes! We're getting it.

Black Out

ANNOUNCEMENT

(by Auditorium Loudspeaker between Scenes  
9 and 10 of Act II)

SPEAKER

In the national election of 1932 history repeated itself.  
Again the party of the people was swept into office.

ACT II - SCENE 10

ANY AMERICAN CITY, 1938

SCENE:

As lights dim up a large group is revealed. LABORERS with picks and shovels are on one platform at back R.C., building a roadway. WORKMEN with saws and hammers are on platform at back L. C. They are erecting a cottage, the framework of which--some uprights and a roof ridge - is C., occupying a spot C. where the Throne of the first scene of Act I previously stood.

Seated about on the steps are WOMEN busily engaged in sewing shirts, overalls, etc! The scene is played at a fast tempo and the chants of the various groups are recited with a staccato rhythm.

## FIRST GROUP

(chantingly)

With pick, with shovel,  
Huh!

(They wield their implements, those with picks raising and lowering them in time with the chant, while those with shovels pantomime lifting dirt and heaving it as if upstage)

## SECOND GROUP

(chantingly)

With hammer, with saw,  
Huh!

(They ply their implements, those with hammers striking the uprights, those with saws pantomiming busy action. The FIRST GROUP keeps time with its implements, so that both Groups are engaged in movement at the same time)

## FIRST CARPENTER

(who is the PHILLIP SCHUYLER of the present generation, bringing down his hammer and speaking in staccato time)

We work!

## FIRST WOMAN GROUP

(on steps R. - in staccato time)

The factory is silent!



## SECOND MAN GROUP

Its chimneys are smokeless.

## FIRST MAN GROUP

Private industry has shut its gates against us.

## FIRST CARPENTER

(weilding his hammer)

Yet we work!

## FIRST MAN GROUP

(weilding their implements in time with  
SECOND GROUP)

With pick, with shovel,  
Huh!

## SECOND MAN GROUP

With hammer, with saw,  
Huh!

## FIRST LABORER

(with a shovel)

Rich man!

## SECOND LABORER

(with a pick)

Poor man!

## THIRD LABORER

(with a shovel)

Beggar man!

## FOURTH LABORER

(with a pick)

Thief!

## SECOND CARPENTER

(with a saw)

Doctor!

## THIRD CARPENTER

(with a hammer)

Lawyer!

## FOURTH CARPENTER

(a negro preferably, with a hatchet)

Indian chief!

## FIRST LABORER

(the "rich man")

Such we used to be.  
Now, with millions more,  
We are depression's rank and file.

FIRST CARPENTER  
(taking a step towards FIRST LABORER)  
Well, we're not standing in breadlines, are we?

FIFTH LABORER  
We're clearing away foul slums.

FOURTH CARPENTER  
We're building healthful homes.

FIRST MAN GROUP  
And not for private profit.

SECOND MAN GROUP  
We labor for the nation.

FIRST LABORER  
Yes, and the nation labors for us.  
(scoffingly; coming towards FIRST CARPENTER)  
The United States of Utopia!

FIRST CARPENTER  
(to FIRST LABORER)  
Utopia nothing. "The Common sense of the subject", feller. America  
is experimenting and---

FIRST LABORER  
And we're the guinea pigs.

FIRST CARPENTER  
Pioneers, man, we're pioneers.

FIRST LABORER  
Pioneers! Us?  
(He laughs mockingly)

FIRST CARPENTER  
Sure. Same as our covered wagon ancestors.  
(FIRST LABORER makes as if to speak, but  
FIRST CARPENTER keeps on)  
That's what I said, feller. Those old boys----Well, they had their  
work cut out for them too, but the wilderness they tackled was nature's  
wilderness. This one we're tackling - this man made jungle of city  
slums we're making fit for humans to live in, it's the biggest kind  
of pioneering. We're the advance guard of the new economy and-----

FIRST LABORER  
Meaning what?

FIRST CARPENTER

Why, the new order of things that places human welfare before cash dividends.

BOTH MEN GROUPS

(together - in staccato time)

People before property!

FIRST LABORER

Baloney! The reason we've been given jobs is to keep us from getting tough.

FIRST CARPENTER

We've been given jobs, which is more than the jobless got in other depressions.

FIRST LABORER

(jeeringly)

The country's developing a conscience.

FIRST CARPENTER

Sure. Sort of trying to make good the promise of the Declaration.

FIRST LABORER

All men are created shovellers!

FIRST CARPENTER

What's the matter with shovellers?

FIRST MAN GROUP

Shovellers are needed!

FIRST CARPENTER

An army of shovellers! We've a big clean-up job to do.

FIFTH LABORER

A broken down profit system to clear away.

FOURTH CARPENTER

Injustice to uproot!

FIRST WOMAN GROUP

Class consciousness to weed out.

FIRST CARPENTER

Special privilege to cut down.

FIRST MAN GROUP

(with a renewal of work)

With pick, with shovel,  
Huh!

SECOND MAN GROUP

With hammer, with saw,  
Huh!

HALF OF FIRST MAN GROUP

We'll build a Commonwealth--

SECOND HALF OF FIRST MAN GROUP

of true Democracy.

FIRST WOMAN GROUP

Where all shall live in peace -

SECOND WOMAN GROUP

Thrive and know rich content - as equals.

FIRST CARPENTER

(to FIRST LABORER)

That was the original idea, brother, and we're sticking to it. Yes, sir, we'll get there yet.

(address the MEN GROUPS)

FIRST LABORER

Get where?

FIRST CARPENTER

(turning on steps)

Where we started for in 1776.

FIRST LABORER

Oh, yeah?

FIRST CARPENTER

Yes.

(He speaks with bouyant enthusiasm,  
avoiding any didactic preaching)

The spirit that inspired our Declaration is still on the job, a spirit bigger than puny pride, stronger than greedy self-interest, a spirit born of vast plains, towering mountain ranges, mighty rivers - resistless, unconquerable! Scorning the pettiness of money-changing. Demanding the full life, the life set free from what enslaves life.

FIRST LABORER

(mockingly)

Or what's called good old American idealism.

FIRST CARPENTER

No, no, "the common sense of the subject", feller. Reason challenging unreason, asserting the indisputable right of each in an America the land of all.

## BOTH MEN GROUPS

Yes. Common sense!

## FIRST CARPENTER

(at top of steps, turning and facing  
towards audience)

Democracy in name, plutocracy in fact.

(There is a murmur of agreement from  
both MEN GROUPS)

Like our father before us, like their fathers before them, we're still compromising with Toryism, evading, side-stepping, the inevitable re-adjustment - giving dictatorship excuse to jeer at Democracy, to call it a "filthy thing", to declare our liberty a "putrefying corpse".

(He has gradually worked down to the foot-  
lights, timing his steps to his speeches.

Now he appeals straight to the audience)

Is dictatorship right? Is Democracy dead in America?

## BOTH MEN GROUPS

(shouting spontaneously)

No!

(SECOND MAN GROUP marches down steps and  
ranges itself in a serried rank behind  
FIRST CARPENTER)

## FIRST CARPENTER

(addressing his speech to audience)

Does the vision of equality still persist?

## BOTH MEN GROUPS

(thunderously)

Yes!

(FIRST MAN GROUP marches down steps and  
ranges itself behind FIRST CARPENTER)

## FIRST CARPENTER

(straight to audience)

Is the American spirit the slave of gold?

## BOTH MEN GROUPS

Never!

## FIRST CARPENTER

(to audience)

Then prove it! Now - before it is too late! Let us reaffirm to a  
world turning back to tyranny: "-----that government of the people

(Both MEN GROUPS take up the recitative  
with him)

"by the people,"

(FIRST WOMAN GROUP stands and joins the chorus)

"and for the people,"

(SECOND WOMAN GROUP stands and joins the chorus)

(All on stage are now chanting the lines,  
and a group off stage by a microphone  
take them up, bringing in all loudspeakers  
both back stage and in auditorium)

FIRST CARPENTER (Cont'd)

"shall not perish from the earth!"

(On the word "earth" the hands of all on stage are thrust upward in a general, spontaneous movement, picks, shovels, hammers, saws, etc., being raised aloft as the last line is thundered forth, creating a picture of a united America rededicating itself to those principles of freedom which are our country's proudest heritage)

CURTAIN