

"Busy Fingers"

ACT I.

Scene I: COURT - ROOM (Time: Present)

ACT II

Scene I: Warden's Office (3 months later)

Scene II Bull pen (Same ^{night} ~~day~~)

Scene III Warden's Office (^{one week later} ~~Several weeks later~~)

Convict _____ David Mullar
Prosecutor _____ John Latt
Judge _____
Warden Jemie
Sam the Guard
Jc

The judge comes ^{swishing} out of his chambers, from a door at the rear of the ~~courtroom~~ stage, between the jury box and his bench, and stands before his chair. The bailiff ^{who sits below him, near the witness stand,} pounds his gavel and everyone arises. The bailiff intones: "Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye! This honorable court ~~has convened following the~~ ^{is now in session} ~~morning session.~~" Everyone is seated. The clerk announces: "Continuing with the trial of People versus David Miller. The charge: Murder."

The judge wipes his pinch-glasses with a handkerchief, carefully adjusts them, and consults some notes before him. ^{Looking at Prosecutor Lott,} he clears his throat and speaks.

Judge: ~~The~~ When we adjourned this ^{noon} ~~morning~~ the People had just called the witness Stanley — ah — Stanley —

Prosecutor Lott: Gaboriski, your Honor.

Judge: Thank you. Are the People ready to proceed?

Lott: We are, your Honor. ^{Lott} ~~He~~ walks up near the witness, standing between him and the bench, so that he is facing ^{both} the witness and the jury. ~~He speaks to the clerk.~~ He speaks to the clerk. "Was this witness sworn this morning?" (The clerk nods yes, and Lott turns to the witness.) "Your name, please?"

WITNESS: Stanley Gaboriski.

[He has a ^{cultured though} somewhat affected voice, elaborately enunciating ~~his words~~ each word.]

LOTT: Where do you live?

W: [Drawing back, ^{hurt,} somewhat offended] Why, in the prison of course. (Looking at the warden) I'm one of the most trusted inmates of the institution.

L: Do you know the defendant, David Miller?

[For the first time, Miller seems to take some interest in the proceedings. He takes his head off his hand and sits ^{up} facing the witness. The witness takes one ^{quick} look at him and ^{hurriedly} glances ~~quickly~~ away.]

WIT: ~~WIT:~~ I do.

L: Did you know the deceased inmate, Joseph Brance,

during his life-time?

WIT: I did. He was a very valued friend - a true gentleman.

LOTT: Were you working in the ^{person} overall factory the afternoon Krance was killed?

W: I was.

L: Were Krance and Millar working in the same factory that afternoon?

W: They were.

L: ^{What time} Did you leave the factory?

W: About four o'clock, ~~past~~ meridian.

L: In the afternoon?

W: I have just told you so.

L: How did the men leave the factory?

W: In single file.

L: How many men were in the line?

W: (Reprovingly) As the ^{person} authorities testified ^{here} this morning, there were seventeen.

L: (Looking at the Judge) Will his Honor ~~allow~~ speak to the witness?

Judge: Proceed (The witness smiles at Lott)

L: Where were you in the line

W: I was in the rear, Millar was ahead of me, and Mr. Krance was about three men ahead of him.

L: Will you tell the jury what you saw take place after the ^{men} ~~line~~ left the overall factory?

W: (Drawing back) You mean, all the horrible details? Everything?

L: (^{through his teeth} desparaging himself) Will you please tell the jury what you saw, Mr. Gaboriski?

W: (Looking at the Warden, ^{then smiling}) I should be delighted. Delighted indeed, Mr. Lott. (As Gaboriski turns ^{and sits facing} the jury, Lott ~~now~~ resumes his seat at his table. ~~With~~ The defendant, Millar, leisurely takes a drink of water and ^{then quietly} proceeds to make another paper hat.)

Judge: The witness will proceed.

W: ^(Smiling) Yes, your Honor. (Turning to the jury) You see,

→ It is his big moment. (The witness really "goes to town")

gentlemen, it was this way. (Clearing his throat, he immediately falls into the ^{or} tragic tone of voice employed ~~at the beginning~~ ^{beginning} in a low ^{and gradually} ^{and mounting} in pitch, speed, and volume.) As I have told you, we were leaving the rag-house (glancing quickly at the Warden) I mean the overall factory. I was behind Mullar, and he was ~~to~~ behind Mr. Krance.

We were crossing the prison yard. A flock of pigeons flew over us. The shadows of the sinking sun ^{at peace with the world.}

Rapid, then (Rapidly)

Then (in a low voice), then (shouting) Mullar suddenly dropped out of line, ^{on} his hands and knees, and (Faster) he scuttled, turtle-wise, up to Mr. Krance. I saw him

raise his arm. ^(low voiced) and then ^(shrilly) and then ^{a metal object} he plunged ^{the shears} them into poor Mr. Krance's side. ^(Pain) Ah, it was horrible. Horrible.

(He shakes his head at the memory)

I ran up to my dying comrade. There was a pair of pulsing overall shears protruding from his side.

(Voice rising)

Shears swathed in ~~the~~ ^{were running} gray denim - and in blood! ~~The~~ The guards ^{were running} ~~took~~ up, but, alas! before they ~~could~~ arrived my poor friend gurgled (he gurgles, clutching his side and throat) and was gone. Gone!

(^{The lightning bolts} ~~He~~ ^{his} ~~bores~~ his head, closing his eyes. ^{His grief is boundless.} The pury coughs and shifts restlessly. The ^{plumy} ~~fat~~ ^{hair} on the corner, nearest the witness, has sat open-mouthed during this recital. He now feverishly mops his head and neck. The witness finally raises his head, entirely composed, and sits smiling, facing the Warden. Lott comes forward, carrying a pair of shears.)

L077:

(Handing the shears to the witness) I show you People's Exhibit A, a pair of metal shears. Do you recognize them?

W:

(Mintently examining the shears.) Yes, I certainly do.

L:

Where did you last see them.

W:

(Almost sobbing) On the side of my poor, poor friend, Joseph Krance. (He puts his head in his hand)

L077:

(Turning to Mullar) Do you have any questions (Mullar

slowly shakes his head ^{not} to face the Judge) Your Honor, the people rest. (The witness stalks from the stand and takes a seat near Sam, the warden's guard.)

Judge: (To Millar) Mr. Millar, the People have now concluded their case, and it now devolves upon you to call such witnesses as you may have. ^{While} ~~Good~~ you may take the stand in your own behalf, ~~but~~ I should warn you that if you do, anything you say may be used for or against you. Do you understand that? (Millar gravely nods his head.) ^{And} Do you still insist ^{upon acting as} ~~on~~ your own attorney, ^{instead of} ~~without~~ having one appointed by the court? (Again Millar nods.) Then you may proceed.

Millar slowly stands up. He looks thoughtfully down at the paper flowers and things he has made. He is a tall man, slightly stooped. He walks over to the Prosecutors table, ^{bows} bows slightly, and ^{takes} takes up the shears. He ^{walks} walks a little forward and ^{stops} stops before the judge. He ^{bows} bows low. Then he turns ^{to} to the jury. (It has grown very quiet in the courtroom.) (Slowly)

MILLAR: May it please your Honor, and gentlemen of the jury. My name is David Millar. I am twenty-nine years old. I have spent the last ~~step~~ ^{more} more years of a life sentence in this same county with you — and none of you have heard of my existence until now. (The man has a rich low voice, a sort of hollow, resonant baritone, as though he were speaking in an empty chamber.) ~~He is somehow reminiscent of the young Abraham Lincoln.~~ ^{suggests} Now I come to be in prison probably will not interest ^{any of} you. You have heard too much of depressions, of sudden, searing poverty, of young wives and ^{upon} little babies whose only sickness was hunger; of homes being taken ^{last savings of} away of strange pride and ~~gaining~~ ^{gaining} poverty. You

greatly wearied of hearing fierce ^{pride} warning with men who had money stolen within
You have ^{found} that some men in their deperation
born of ^{a strange} ~~and~~ ^{this} warning ^{truly} ^{called} poverty ^{how} these men
every rule, every precept, and become like hairy,
crouching ~~creeping~~ men of an ^{earlier} ^{age} ~~or~~ ^{how} they ^{went out and} robbed
their fellows to keep themselves ^{and} ^{their mates, their offspring} ~~and~~ ^{nothing} stand in the way. (Indicating himself)
Such a man stands before you today — a
man who has broken the ~~tribe~~ laws of his
tribe, and who is paying for that ancient wrong.
— (Miller paces, and looks gravely around
at Lott, as ~~the~~ the young Prosecutor, Joth, as though
to see if he is listening. Then he faces the jury again,
taking a few steps forward.)

I have said that ^{Yes, I have been} ^{Sam, in} ^{bits} I am on prison. I suppose, to
~~bits~~ hope, that the only basis difference between us is: I have
been behind the bars. ^{And you?} ^{that} the strange forces of
environment have ^{fortunately} not put you there yet. (Lowering his
voice) ^{as though missing to himself} I ^{no longer} have my parents, ^{no wife, no mistress.}
^{I no longer have my wife, my child is gone.} (Pause) I have nothing. Nothing.
(Pause) ^{Nothing} Not even a decent excuse for being here
today. (More brightly) What you may decide will
scarcely affect my lot. (Earnestly) ^{Believe me,} ^{do not} care what your verdict is,
so long as you — you free ones — feel right
about it in your hearts. (While Miller has been
saying this last he has been balancing the shears, and
feeling the grip; opening and closing them and
feels feeling the blade.) The People say I killed
a man — a fellow prisoner — with these shears.
I think I can show you they have not proven it.
(Turning slightly toward the judge) I should like to call

|| (Miller turned and looked at Stanley turned
and looked at Stanley Jabovski

Stanley Jabovski as my witness.

Prosecutor

Lott: (Leaping to his feet) I object, your Honor. The defendant ^{has} just refused to cross-examine this witness.

Judge: (To Lott, in a kindly voice.) ^{But defendant may} The respondent ^{may} make him his own witness. ^(Smiling slightly) A young ^{attorney} so recently out of law school should ^{surely} know that. ^{You have quiet momentarily forgotten, that is all.}

Lott: (Gamingly) Why yes, your Honor. I guess I was too — too eager. ~~He is~~

(Lott sits down and gulps a glass of water. The witness Gaboriski stalks to the stand, making a wide arc, however, around Millar, ^{who is} holding the shears. He takes his seat and defiantly faces Millar.)

Millar: (In a low voice) Now, Stan, you wouldn't mind telling us more about yourself, would you?

W: (Snapping his reply) Not a bit!

Millar: (Easily) What did you used to do before you came to — to Levi with us?

W: (Trying to look around Millar at the Warden. The Warden whispers to Lott. Lott shakes his head no.) Ah — —

Judge: (Sharply) The witness will answer.

W: I — I don't remember the question?

Judge: (To stenographer) Read the question.

Stenographer: (Reading his notes) "What did you used to do before you came to Levi with us?"

W: (Defiantly again) Oh, that. Why, I was a knid of a priest.

Millar: ~~It~~ (Softly) A knid of a priest?

W: I was a priest.

M: A real honest-to-God-priest?

W: You heard me.

M: And what was it, ~~that~~ ^{they} put you in prison for, Father.

W: (Loftily) Only a little trouble with a young lady — all a great misunderstanding. A matter of little moment, really.

MILLAR: (Leaning forward) And how old was this little lady, Father?

Lott: I object!

Judge: (Still looking at the witness) Take the answer.

W: (Frowning up at the judge) Must I ^{really} answer that, Judge?

Judge: (Gravely) I'd like to see you refuse. You must answer.

W: (Stumbling) Why a -- they a -- they said she was only fourteen. (Brightly, to the judge) But she was a big girl, really she was. ^{She's back at the witness.}

MILLAR: (Looking ^{quickly} around at Lott, ~~then~~ faintly smiling) At your trial you claimed you were insane, did you not, Father? (The smile vanishes)

W: (Smiling) Yes I did. I mean, they told me later I did.

M: (Softly) And that didn't work, did it Father? ^{turns}

W: (Angrily) No. You know it didn't. I told you ^{many} it didn't.

M: (Going swiftly, quietly on) ^{Now the real} But the fact is, Father, the whole case ^{against you} was a pack of lies, wasn't it? They framed you, didn't they, Father? ^{Mill-}

W: (Brightening, considerably relieved) Why, yes, ^{that's} that's just what they did. (He frowns at the ^{of his ingenuity.} thought.)

MILLAR: (Stepping ^{slowly} back ^{backing up} towards his table) Just as they're trying to frame me here today, isn't that right?

W: (Defiantly) You killed Mr. Krause.

M: (Low voice. Balancing the shears, shut) Father, you say I drove those shears into Joe?

W: Yes.

M: (The shears now open) You say I ran out of the line and punctured Joe - with these very shears?

W: (Loudly) Yes. Yes.

M: Father, what were some of Joe's other names? - little nick-names, you know.

Q (The witness looks at the warden and then at the fat juror, whose mouth is open, soft.)

W: (On a low voice) Sometimes they called him the Wolf.

those who didn't like him. He was greatly misunderstood.

M: And what else?

W: Joe the Squealer.

M: Why did they call him that, Father?

W: He'd run to the screws — hah — the guards, with everything.

M: And someone killed poor old Joe?

W: (Breathing deeply) Yes — you killed Joe — I saw you — I saw you.

A (Millar slowly walked back to his table and leisurely poured and drank a glass of water. The witness ^{breathes deeply} sat with his white knuckles gripping and gripping the chair, staring at Millar. Millar walked back, close to the witness)

Millar: ~~Poor~~ (Swiftly) Poor old Joe. It was bad they got him, wasn't it?

W: (Louder, quicker) No-no. He was a lousy stool. But you killed him. I saw you — I saw you.

Millar: (His voice is low, like a lullaby, a cress) Now put yourself back there that afternoon, Father. The pigeons flying — the ^{setting} sun slanting against the prison walls. And poor old Joe up there ahead, all red-necked and unsuspecting; me back of him; and you behind me. Have you got it, Father?

W: (His head nearly on his chest) Yes-yes.

M: (Louder. Full, rich, passionate. An aria.)

Father, how did I kill Joe? Did I twist the shears in his hion this way (illustrating) — or did I drive them straight in! — right up to the hilt! (Millar had somehow ~~too~~ lurched, stumbled toward the witness)

W: (^{Chattering and} ~~drilling~~ like a stork pig) No. No. It wasn't you, Mill. It's all a god-damned lie. You didn't get Joe — the dirty lousy squealer. I — I don't know who did. (^{Wailing} ~~Screeching~~) I don't know. (^{sobbing,} ~~howling~~ and quivering)

¶ (Mullar walked back and placed the shears on Lott's table. He grinned ~~quietly~~ down at Lott, quickly winking at him. Then he took a few steps back, and turned to the jury, pointing at the abject Zaboriski cowering in the witness chair.)

MILLAR: (Softly) They don't know the poor old father like I do. They haven't loved with him. To know him is to love him. They don't know that he ^{sometimes} gets sick here (tapping his head) and dreams — and dreams

(Mullar has bowed his head. Then he stands ^{half facing the judge} straight, and ~~there is a~~ ^{throws} profound sigh ^{throwing his hands out} in that is all. That is my case.)

¶ (There is a profound sigh throughout the courtroom, ^{like escaping steam} a coughing, a mopping of brows, and much shifting in seats. Mullar takes his seat, drinks some water, and then quietly starts making a paper glider, showing ^{apparent} no interest in the proceedings. ^{The Bailiff comes and leads the trembling Zaboriski, by the arm, out of the rear door.})

Judge: (Looking at Prosecutor Lott) Is there any rebuttal?

¶ (The Warden leans over and whispers earnestly to Lott, nodding his head vigorously.)

Lott: Yes, your Honor. I should like to call the Warden of the prison. (The Warden takes the stand. ~~¶~~ Mullar continues folding his paper.) You're the warden of the ^{state} penitentiary located in this county?

W: (Firmly) I am.

Lott: And as such did you have occasion ^{to be brought} ~~to subpoena~~ a large number of inmates here today, at the subpoena and request of the defendant, Mullar?

W: I did. (Waving out in the ^{audience} courtroom) There's over forty of them out there now, under heavy guard. (Then triumphantly, looking ^{significantly} from the judge to the jury)

And there were only seventeen ^{mind you,} in that line that day — the day Millar murdered Mr. Kravce (He looks at Millar, who does not look up.)

Lott: How was Millar's conduct in prison?

Warden: (^{and rapidly} Eagerly) I consider him the most dangerous, deceitful man in the entire institution.

Millar: (^{Quietly} Not looking up) I object, and move that the question and answer be stricken. My reputation and character has not been ^{properly} put in issue at this trial.

Judge: (^{most} Looking severely at the Prosecutor ^{and the witness}) The objection is ^{most} certainly sustained! (To the reporter) You will strike the question and answer. (To the jury) And the jury will ^{entirely} disregard the question and ^{the} answer.

(The Warden smiles falsely up at the Judge and then glares malevolently at Millar, who is back ^{holding} his papers.)

Lott: (Lamely) Why — I guess that's all. ^{No further rebuttals}

Judge: (To Millar) Do you have any questions.

Millar: (After a pause, looking up, surprised) Why no, your Honor, ^{(Shaking his head) I believe} no questions at all.

Judge: The prosecutor with prosecuting attorney will proceed with his argument.

(The Young Prosecutor Lott, obviously flustered, motions the warden to leave the stand. They hold a ~~at~~ hurried whispered conference at Lott's table, Lott ~~frantically~~ snatching up papers, keeping some, discarding others. He finally walks ^{up} before the jury and commences his argument.)

Lott: Your Honor, gentlemen of the jury. It was difficult for me to try this case with a man who ~~did~~ would not have ~~had~~ an attorney, who ~~is~~ is not trained in the law. (^{Several} ~~of~~ of the jurors grin openly, ^{at this} and all look at Miller, who is ^{calmly} ~~being~~ arranging his exhibit of paper flowers, hats, and what not)

I submit that the evidence shows that the defendant, David Miller, deliberately murdered Joseph Krause on the day in question. (The curtain starts slowly to descend.) Why, we have the word of a man of the cloth against the word of this man who has ^{blatantly} admitted to you that he ^{has} ~~robbed~~ ^{his fellow} ~~to~~ ^{love}.

'We must have justice!' We must not let an injustice go unpunished. (The curtain ^{drops} ~~is~~ lower. The entire jury is watching Miller now, rapt.) We must not let men decide for themselves when they grow, kill their fellows. (^{the curtain has nearly fallen} ~~Lott is shouting, pushing on frantically~~) We must have justice -- must preserve ~~the~~ sanctity of human life -- justice -- law -- order -- Justice! ^{Justice!} Justice!

~~(THE CURTAIN FALLS)~~

CURTAIN

There are several black-jacks and a crudely made pistol lying on the desk.

The warden jammes occasionally and directs ^{casually} ~~to~~ some target practice at ~~the~~ ^{the} objects with indifferent success.

ACT 2

Scene 1

It is nighttime.

Scene: The warden's office, some three months later. The warden ^{alone,} is sitting at his desk, ^{anchored to a ~~fact~~} smoking a cigar, ^{He is} examining a large key through a reading glass. ^{On one side of the desk is a ~~large~~ tall brass cuspidor.} In the background are a number of steel filing cabinets, ^{on one of which stands a sailing ship model} standing on one of them.

On the walls are photographs of prison baseball and football teams. ^{There are ~~also~~ photographs of the President and Abraham Lincoln.} On the warden's desk is a huge ^{plum-framed} picture of the Governor, ^{on which there is scrawled in big letters some appropriate words of endorsement that politicians use, one to the other.} At the rear is a large ^{paneled} door on which is printed the words: TO CELL BLOCKS.

PROSECUTOR LOTT comes in from the left, ^{carrying two books,} accompanied by

SAM, the guard, SAM bustles over and takes a position near the ^{WARDEN,} ^{importantly} shifting his ^{shoulder} holster, so that the ^{WARDEN} warden is flanked on one side by SAM and on the other by the ^{brass} cuspidor. LOTT and the WARDEN shake hands, the WARDEN remaining seated.

WARDEN: ^(Briefly) I'm sorry to have to call you down here this time of night, Mr. Prosecutor, but we've got to get to the bottom of this plot at once. And you can help us.

LOTT: ^(Smiling) What plot is that?

WARDEN: A plot to escape. ^(He lowers his voice and ^{his head, glancing} glances furtively from left to right.) And the dope is they ^{Sam glances with him.} were going to get me on the way out.

LOTT: H'm. That is bad. Why of course, I'll help if I can. ^(Pointing at the desk) What's that?

WARDEN: Nearly completed pistol made of a tobacco tin and lead foil.

LOTT: And these? ^(He weighs one in his hand.)

WARDEN: Blackjacks. ^(He ^{reflectively} rubs his ~~hand~~ the back of his head.) Made from the foil of shaving and tooth paste tubes.

LOTT: ^(Picking up the large key and holding it up to the light.) What's the key for?

WARDEN: Fits Millar's cell-block. Same stuff.

LOTT: Millar!

WARDEN: Yes, Millar. We caught the bastard cold turkey this time - found all these things on him. ^(Lott starts back.) No, no. Don't be alarmed, I won't ask you to try him for it. But I thought you could help us.

LOTT: Millar. How can I help you?

LOTT: Where's Miller?

WARDEN: ^(Brially) ~~Blenn~~ in the ~~bull~~ solitary ^{confinement} since our basket-luncheon up in court.

LOTT: Why do you keep him in the bull pen?

WARDEN: (Smilingly shocked) You ~~do~~ ^{will} call a spade a spade, won't you. ~~(More)~~ (Seriously) ^{Lott, we must} ~~we've got to~~ discipline the bastard. He's dangerous. We've ~~got to~~ break him. (Smiling again, and ~~sitting~~ tilting back in his chair) And as dean of this exclusive finishing school I must sustain the morale of my other little charges. And their morale, too. Got to watch their development through the three stages: puberty, adolescence, adultery, you know. Impressionable little fellows.)

[Sam grins broadly and appreciatively over this exchange, again edging ^{close} ~~near~~ to the Warden, again, who sends him scuttling with a frown. Lott ^{stands} ~~has stood~~ half-perplexed, half ^{agony} ~~frowning~~ through this proceeding.]

LOTT: (Slowly, in a low voice) I'd like to see this man, Miller. (Louder) Yes, I'll see him. Can I see him alone, tonight?

WARDEN: (Turning to Sam) Sam! Take Mr. Lott out to the Pen to see Miller.

SAM: [Electrified, bustling like an old woman ~~herd~~ herding geese.] Yes, Sir. Right away, Sir, Mr. Warden.]

[Sam shoos Lott over to the door marked: TO CELL BLOCKS. Sam pushes a button on the side of the door. Lott stands, with his back to the Warden and Sam, waiting, looking at one of the photographs on the wall by the door. The Warden ^{alight} beckons Sam ^{back} to his desk and, ^{still sitting,} whispers in his ear, unseen by Lott. Sam nods his vigorously.]

~~SAM:~~ Yes, Sir, Mr. Warden, I'll listen to every - - -

(The Warden jabs Sam in the ribs, as Lott, hearing their voices, turns and looks at them, but uncomprehendingly.)

WARDEN: ^{To Sam,} (Blandly) And leave the big car at my door at nine in the morning.

SAM: Car? (The fog ^{lifts} ~~clears~~) Yes, of course, at nine in the morning.

[The door is opened by a uniformed and armed guard, from the other side, revealing a ^{well} barred second door which the first door has hidden. As Lott and Sam are about to pass into the prison proper, the Warden speaks to Lott.)

WARDEN: ~~By~~ (Smiling) By the way, Mr. Prosecutor, after the trial, after Millar's acquittal, on the way back to the institution, Millar told ~~me~~ ^{one of the guards} there were four Methodists and two Baptists on the jury.

LOTT: (Wonderingly) Methodists? Baptists? (Then smiling ~~and~~ wryly) Was he right?

WARDEN: (~~He~~ gleefully) Hell, no. The bastard ~~shuffled~~ messed one Baptist — I checked it later myself.

[The warden laughs uproariously as Lott, waving goodbye and smiling ruefully, passes into the prison, followed by Sam and the other guard, who slowly close the door. The warden stands ^{they} alone, laughing uncontrollably, holding his belly.)

CURTAIN

Mar. 13, 1939

SPOT ^{Light}
Explan

Act 2
Scene 2

Scene: The prison bull pen, the same night. The entire stage is the bull pen, a high, dark stone chamber. ^{High up in the} Out of the right wings ^{comparatively low} emerges the cell block, like a series of connected cages set on the large room. The cell block runs out ^{to} ~~to~~ about the center of the ^{bull pen.} stage. Millar's cell is the corner cell, ^{at the corner end, in the center of the} with open bars in the front and around the corner. The third and fourth walls of his cell are covered with ^{loosely set} steel plates. ^{A strong spot light} Millar can be seen lying face down on some wooden planks in his cell. The only other ~~thing~~

A strong spot light plays on Millar's cell. The cell to the right of his is ^{completely} covered with canvas. There is also a spot light playing on ^{the steel plates} door into the bull pen, situated on the right, in front of the cell block. The ^{large} ~~room~~ large chamber is a violent contrast of light and shadow.

Millar can be seen lying face down in his cell, ^{his head on his arms,} resting on some wooden planks. The only other ^{objects} ~~thing~~ in his cell ^{besides} ~~is~~ a galvanized water pail, ~~and~~ and a ~~white porcelain~~ toilet. ~~During~~ Intermittent snores, yawns, groans and coughs ^{of unseen inmates} can be heard by the ~~audience~~ during the entire scene. ^{They stand there silently.} The place is ^{throbblingly quiet,} ^{like a forest hush at night,} ^{moving} spot-light divides an inmate.

The door into the bull pen is ^{opened} ~~opened~~ and a ^{entrance} ~~entrance~~ ^{flashes} ~~flashes~~ ^{them} ~~them~~ ^{openly} ~~openly~~ ^{as they} ~~as they~~ ^{walk} ~~walk ^{into} ~~into~~ Millar's cell. The moving spot-light ^{along} ~~along~~ ^{shows} ~~shows~~ the entire cell block ^{as they walk} ~~as they walk~~ ^{into} ~~into~~ the ~~block~~. Most of the cells are covered with canvas, ^{clinging to} ~~clinging to~~ ^{the bars} ~~the bars~~ ^{high up,} ~~high up, ^{arms and legs spread,} ~~arms and legs spread, like a great bat. He ^{stares the visitors out of sight.} ~~stares the visitors out of sight.~~ Lott does not see him. This inmate remains ~~there~~ ^{there} during the ~~entire~~ ^{entire} scene. Most of the other inmates are lying down. One of them, ^{the third cell from Millar's, noisily} ~~the third cell from Millar's,~~ can be seen ^{padding} ~~padding~~ rapidly back and forth in his cell. He pays no attention to the visitors. He can be ^{dimly} ~~dimly~~ ^{seen} ~~seen~~ padding back and forth, catlike, during the entire scene.~~~~~~

Millar does not move as Lane and Lott
reach his cell. Lane ^{carefully} looks in at Millar, ~~carefully~~,
then, ^{same,} gesticulating, pointing at Millar, Lott, himself, and
then around the rear of Millar's cell, ~~out of sight~~, ^{tip-toeing}
tip-toe around the rear ^{and out of sight.} of Millar's cell. Lott stands there ^{holding}
the ~~back~~ ^{back} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~front~~ ^{front} ~~of~~ ^{of} Millar.
Lott: (softly) Millar. (Millar does not move. Lott.) Millar!

~~(Millar does not move.)~~

(Millar stands up, blinks his eyes, but otherwise
does not seem very surprised. ^{Millar} He comes forward ^{and} thrusts
both hands through the bars of his cell, clasping Lott's
hand warmly.)

Millar: (Smiling, ⁱⁿ his low rich baritone voice) Hello, Lott,
I'm so glad you came. I've been expecting you.

The ~~man~~ ^{changed.} He has a straggly
has grown a straggly beard and mustache.
He is thinner, paler, and seems ~~to~~ at once taller and
more stooped. He is dressed in a one-piece skin-tight
buttonless ^{gray} denim coverall, which fits him like a suit of underwear.

LOTT: How long you been here?

MILLAR: (Smiling) Ninety-one days, Lott. Ever since that day, Lott, the
day we met.

LOTT: Yes, Millar, I've wanted to ask you. Why did you
subpoena all those inmates as your witnesses —
and then not use them?

MILLAR: (Grinning broadly) Oh, hell, Lott. I knew there were
only seventeen men in the line that day, so I subpoenaed
twice as many because I knew that was the only way
the Warden'd let any of them come — thinking he
would trap them into perjury, the ^{swollen} box.

LOTT: (Laughing) I believe you're a rascal, Millar. But why?

MILLAR: (Solemnly, reminiscently) Yes, it was a great day for ~~the~~
us; for the boys and ^{for} me. ^{you see, Lott,} they needed the outing.
That's why.

(Indicating Millars clothing)

LOTT: Why ~~do you wear~~ the little skin-tight number? Seems a little snug for you, ^{even} — ^{and} I wouldn't say you've got any fatter.

MILLAR: (Looking down at his thin legs, smiling faintly, then back at Lott) ^(He speaks slowly) It seems, Lott, that in this state, where ^{you} the free ones think that death is the worst punishment which may be ^{inflicted on} ~~meted on~~ a man; and where ^{you} they have accordingly ^(More slowly) ~~meted~~ ^{meted} death — it seems, Lott, that ^{you} they ^{would} ~~would~~ ^{even} ~~even~~ ^{give} ~~give~~ ⁱⁿ the option of choosing death ^{to this} ^(widening his hands) ~~so~~ ^{so} they dress us in these monkey suits so that we can't use them for a hangman's noose. (Millar is staring at Lott. Lott looks away. Millar continues, more brightly) Yes, Lott, the only option they give us ^{in this prison,} is to wear these or go naked. And it ^{does} get a little drafty at times, ^{even} ~~even~~ ^{on} the corner of the ^{principal} ^{substitution} ~~principal~~ ^{substitution} ~~substitution~~.

LOTT: (Nervously, changing the subject) ^{Oh} Say, Millar, I brought some books for you.

MILLAR: Thanks, Lott. What are they (He takes the books.)

LOTT: 'Plutarch's Lives.' 'Madame Bovary.'

MILLAR: Fine! They're favorites of mine. Especially the latter. Where translations?

LOTT: Yes, damn good books.

M: Flaubert was a great writer. (He looks at Lott with a happy smile.)

LOTT: Yes, Flaubert is a master. He's got Hemingway, beats a mile.

M: ^(Smiling broadly) Didn't you like the way Emma left her three children, at the end — and ran away with the ^{clown in the} ~~circus~~ ^{circus}?

LOTT: ^(Uncertainly) Say, that was great. Marvellous delineation there. Great guy, this Flaubert. One hot book.

MILLAR: ^(Laying the books on his wooden bed, then, soberly) Lott, you're a pretty good fellow yourself. ^(Pause. Then smiling) Maybe when you get to be governor you'll give me a job in the prison library — or even pardon me.

LOTT: ^(Warmly) If I ever run for governor I hope you'll pardon me.

[There is an awkward pause. Lott again changes the subject] What do you do here all day? Where's your bed? Your bedding?

→ He points up at the spot-light) Those goddam spot lights watch me day and night. They are my sun, my moon and stars (Smiling) And their featured players.

MILLAR (Looking at the wooden planks on the cement floor.) This is the bridal suite; the wrestling mat. The beat is purged; they don't even trust me with nails now. (Miller's long fingers are playing on the bars, like on an arched harp.)

LOTT: (Drawing closer, in a low voice) Did you make those things the Warden just showed me?

M: (Brightly) Why yes, sure. I can make lots of things.

L: How did you make the key?

M: (Grinning) Watched the guard. He used to wear the key ^{hanging} at his belt, passing by. (Panic, ^{his face clouds then,} slowly, looking at Lott) If you watch anything long enough, Lott, you can measure it.

L: (Looking nervously around, then back at Miller) ^{and in a low voice.}

Tell me, Miller, you were alone in this weren't you?

~~M:~~ There is a long pause. Miller and Lott look at each other. Then Miller deliberately winks at Lott.

M: No, Lott there was another ^{person} in there. He was really the brains, the leader. His name was --

LOTT: (Shouting) Don't tell it --

M: His name was Stanley Zaboriski. (Lott is silent. Sam is almost falling down, leaning over listening. Miller, still ~~off~~ looking at Lott, cups his hand ^{to his mouth} back at Sam and repeats) I say, Lott, his name is ^{Stanley Zaboriski} ~~Stanislaus Novak~~. ^{a kind of a crop-pot} ~~Modelling his head~~

LOTT: (Almost petulantly) I heard you, I heard you. (Lott starts pacing in and out of the path of light)

M: (In a caved voice, winking at Lott, shaking his head.) Yup. A very dangerous man. Swears he'll get the Warden. Shouldn't be ^{allowed out of} ~~put in~~ this rest-room for a single moment! →

(Sam shakes his head wisely, like one receiving important information, and retires behind the cell, out of sight.)

LOTT: (Standing before Miller again.) Please, Miller. ^{Do} ~~Please~~ be serious I want to talk with you, man.

M: (Seriously) Yes, Lott, it's fine to talk with you. ^{You'll now know how fine it is.}

LOTT: (Quietly) Did you kill Joe Krance?

Insert 5.

(Lott ^{still} says nothing. Millon rushes on, in a veritable
spate of words) Tell me, Lott — tell me that you'd have
done the same — tell me it's only an accident that
I am here ^(inching) and ^{that} you — you are there. ~~O tell me Lott,~~
~~O,~~ O, give me that Lott — tell me you understand.
(Millon is nearly sobbing)

MILLAR: (Looking searchingly at Lott) ^{a long pause} Yes, Lott, I did.

L: Why? (His voice rising.) Tell me, ^{Miller} why?

M: (Very quietly) He needed killing, Lott. Squealing was the least of his ^{troubles} faults. You know -- you know something about ^{of} what goes on in prisons. (Lott nods) In ^{the prison} ~~the~~ Joe Krause was known as the Wolf. He posed as the ^{comforting} friend, the father, of young first-terms. ^(His voice rising) I couldn't stand to see it go on! (Shrugging his shoulders, spreading his hands.) So I killed him, that's all. (Pause) Lott (Pause. Lott says nothing. Miller ^{quickly}, ^{anxiously}.) You understand me, don't you Lott? -- You understand what I ^{would, I would have!} am saying?

LOTT: (Half-hysterically) O, Christ, ^{I see and} I understand, Miller, I do ^{so clearly} understand. (He puts his arm across his eyes. They stand there ^{silently} ^{more composed} ^{again}.) ~~more calmly.~~ Say, Miller, what do you do, man? The days? The nights?

MILLAR: In here -- most of the fellows... They're crazy. In the night it is worse, laughing and chattering. Wailing and barking... Yes, Lott, some of them bark. In the nightmare some of them bark.

LOTT: (Softly) It's nightmare now, Miller. Didn't you know?

MILLAR: (Drawing his hand across his eyes, ^{hesitatingly}) Why, yes, -- I guess you're right... ^(very slowly) I guess ~~you're~~ ^{it must be that they know} you're ~~here~~ I guess I am beginning to forget, to forget...

LOTT: (Still softly) And what do ^{you} ~~you~~ do, Miller?

MILLAR: (Smiling) I pray, Lott. Do you know the Lord's Prayer?

LOTT: Yes, Miller. I know that. Of course. Do you?

MILLAR: (Looking up ^{to} the light, ^{looking the sun} his eyes shining, his lips smiling) I say that, over and over, and think about it. It is a beautiful thing. The thought is beautiful -- ^{so full of the dignity of human life.} then I get thinking of so many people saying that -- all over the world, all of the time -- and I know it is because they ~~are~~ have found it so beautiful, they have forgotten about us, here, in this prison, in this room... →

(Miller closes his eyes, and stands there, Lott's voice sounds muffled and choked when he speaks.)

LOTT: Oh, MILLAR, can't I bring you something more?

MILLAR: (After a pause, smiling slyly) You might bring me a beautiful woman. After all it's been nine years.

LOTT: Must she be beautiful?

M: (No longer smiling) A veritable princess of beauty — I have been starved so ^{very} long!!!

L: (Smiling) I'll smuggle her down in the next batch of books. (Pause) But let me bring you something else, too, Millar. Something to occupy you until I can get you out of this — this room.

M: (Echoning) Get me out of here? Get me out of here. (Pause) All right, Lott. I'd like to make something for you.

(Looking at his hands, flexing his fingers) I like to work with my hands. You send me some raffia — like we used to weave when we were kids — and something to write with.

LOTT: Yes?

LOTT: Oh Millar - can't I bring you something more?

MILLAR: ^{Calmly} (Smiling at Lott) No, Lott, I guess there is nothing I need.

L: Just name it, ~~man~~ Millar. I'll get it for you, man.

And I'll try to get you out of here.

MILLAR: ^(Echoing) ^{Get me out of here: get me out of here?} (After a long pause) All right, Lott. I'd like to make something for you. Yes. You send me some raffia - like we used to wear when we were kids - and something to write with.

LOTT: Yes?

M: ~~You square~~ ^(Brightly) you square all that with the Warden, and I'll make you a fine belt. And I'll write down for you how I did it; and some other thoughts that have come to me in here.

LOTT: Fine. Yes. Of course, Millar. I'll send them to you.

¶ (The ^{top half of the} canvas across the cell next to Millar's is ^{suddenly} lifted, disclosing a huge nude Negro, who stares up at the light, ^{the head and torso of} ~~and shouts:~~)

Negro: ^(chanting) Quiet am requested, ^{gentlemen,} foh de benefit ob doze what hab retahed! (The Negro drops the canvas.)

LOTT: (Clasping Millar's hand) Goodbye, Millar. Good luck. ~~I'll~~ I swear I'll get you out of here.

MILLAR: Lott, goodbye. ^{I'm sure you will.} You're a fine fellow.

¶ (Mullar turns and flings himself face down on his cot of boards. Lott moves out of the ^{path of} light as Sam comes ^{around} tip-toeing elaborately from behind the cell. As Sam tip-toes past Millar's cell, watching Lott, Millar rolls over and grins at his retreating figure. ^{He then buries his head in his arms, and} The spot light follows ^{Lott and Sam} them back to the door, briefly exposing to view the pacing inmate and the other still ^{going} spreading at the bars of his cell. As they ^{leave the light open} reach the door there is a ^{burst of} wild laughter from an unseen inmate.)

CURTAIN.

1st draft
Mar. 12, 1939

Act II 2.

Scene 3 ~~later~~ later. The scene is

Scene: The warden's office, ^{with the same} the same as Scene 1 of Act 2. The warden and Sam are playing checkers, sitting very still. Sam, with a flourish of impatience, finally makes a move, ^{whereupon} and the Warden, with a shrill of delight, jumps ^{around} hops around the board, and the game is ended. The Warden looks at his watch.

WARDEN: Get ^{impatiently} off, Sam. I'll be here ^{adjust your girdle} in a minute.

[Sam ^{arise} gets up and struggles ^{to get} into his Sam Brown holster, while the Warden carefully sniffs, snips, blows, ^{mouths} and ignites a cigar. A clerk comes in and ^{timidly} interrupts ^{this ritual}]

CLERK: Mr. Lott is outside, Sir. Say you are expecting him, Sir.

WARDEN: Wait till Sam gets into his ^{trousers} girdle. ^{of Sam} [Sam is still wrestling with himself.]
[The clerk bows and waits. The Warden ^{finally} has to help Sam into his harness.] The warden speaks, with peculiar gravity)

WARDEN: Sam, one of this days I'm going to send you back on wall patrol. You're getting so ^{damned} pregnant you couldn't proctor a girls' school. Or maybe that's where you belong.

SAM: (grinning fatuously) Aw, Warden, you wouldn't do that!

WARDEN: (To clerk) Send Mr. Lott in. (Lott comes in, dressed in a light suit, a jaunty ^{sailor} straw hat, with a flower in his lapel. ^{He is carrying} a large bundle of books, secured by a leather ^{belt})

LOTT: (Cheerfully) Hello Warden, Sam. What's up this time, another escape? (He ^{places the books on the desk} shakes hands with the Warden and nods at Sam.)

WARDEN: (After a pause, ^{slowly}) No, not an escape this time. ~~(Amusingly) But maybe it is an escape. (More slowly)~~
After, maybe it is an escape. I have some more books for him.

LOTT: (Brightly) How's our friend, Millar. ^{Did he} Has he finished the ^{the} ~~my~~ belt he was going to make me?

[The warden and Sam look at each other, smiling faintly]

WARDEN: Yes, he's finished, Mr. Lott. And there's some other thing for you, too. Sam!

[Sam, the alert, bustling ^{own} one of the ^{fill} filing cabinets and ^{large} takes out a filing envelope and ^{smiling broadly} handed it to Lott, ~~who~~

Lott reaches into the envelope and ~~first~~ pulls out a long belt woven of raffia. He stands there holding the belt somewhat uncertainly.]

WARDEN: There is something else ^{in there} for you. Look!

Q [Lott reaches into the envelope and draws out a pair of ~~rusted~~ stained shears.]

WARDEN: And here's a note for you. Take it!

Q [The warden throws a piece of paper at Lott. Lott stands there holding the note, ^{and the shears and belt,} looking bewilderedly from one to the other.]

WARDEN: Read the god damn thing!

LOTT: Yes - yes, of course. (He reads ~~it~~ out loud)

"Dear Lott,

The belt and the shears - Joe Kramer's shears - are for you. Think of me occasionally when you use them. And when you say the beautiful Lord's Prayer - think about that, too. Try reading 'Madame Bovary' some time. It's fine when you get into it.

Mullar."

LOTT: (The note flutters to the floor. There is a ^{after which Lott speaks, wearily} long pause, ~~stuttering~~ in a low, ^{listless} voice.)
Where's Mullar? ^{What have you done with} ~~Where's~~ David Mullar?

WARDEN and

SAM:

(They must have rehearsed it, they grin at each other as they ~~say~~ ^{say} ~~Hug, Hung, Lott, hung.~~ With that Chink belt you're holding there. ~~We~~ We cut him down this morning. Colder than a witch's tit!

(Lott faces the audience, ^{with closed eyes,} holding ^{the shears and the} a dried belt made of raffia. His lips are silently ~~forming~~ ^{forming} the Lord's Prayer as the curtain falls.)

WARDEN and

SAM: (In ^{deaf} ~~German~~. They must have returned it)
- Hung, Lott, hung!

SAM: With that drink belt you're holdin' there.

WARDEN: They cut him down this morning.

SAM: He's colder than a witch's tit!

WARDEN: We've moved that bastard Gaboriski in his place, already.

¶ [There is a long ^{silence} pause, as Lott looks at one and then the other. Then, in a ringing voice.]

LOTT: (In a ringing voice) The word, gentlemen, is 'hanged.' David Miller has been hanged!

¶ (Lott turns his back to them, facing the audience, while the Warden and Sam gesticulate and grin at each other. ^{holding whiskey and the raffia belt} Lott ^{like an offering,} steps forward and raises ~~both hands~~, in which he holds the ^{palms up,} ~~whiskey and the dried belt~~ made of raffia. His ^{both hands, like an offering. His} lips are ^{silently phrasing the} Lord's Prayer ^{as the curtain falls} as the curtain falls.)

~~FINAL~~ THE CURTAIN FALLS

THE END.

W (Wagging his finger at Lott, grinning)

You lawyers ^{are} always asking questions want to --
Lott: (Somewhat sharply) Well if you don't ~~want to~~

W: (Interposing) There, there, Mr. Prosecutor.
You see, sometimes the prison grapes are
withers, and the ~~prison~~ under little shorts --

Lott (More sharply) Who squealed on Millar?

W: (Still ^{sharply} grinning) You see, this is a place of
beautiful and lasting friendships. For example,
there is that beautiful friendship that exists
between Millar and our friend the clergyman, --

Lott: (Relaxing and smiling somewhat) So old sorcerers
squealed on Millar?

W (In mock reproof) If you must employ such ~~the~~
harsh terminology,

L: Who's Millar?

Warden: Been in the bull-pen for the last while -- since
our basket-buncher up in court. (Turning to Sam)
Sam, take Mr. Lott out to ~~the~~ the pen to see
Millar. ^{And} stick around and see what you can hear.
Get it?

Sam: (Bustling like an old woman herding geese) Yes, Sir,
Mr. Warden. I'll be right ⁱⁿ there, (Doesn't you worry.

[He ^{shoves} Lott over to the door marked: "To
Cell Blocks". As he is about to open the door, the Warden
speaks to Lott.]

Warden: (Smiling) By the way, Mr. Prosecutor, after the trial,
~~acquitted and~~ on the way back to the prison, Millar told
me that ^{at the} half of the jury were of the opposite faith of
the good reverend, our star witness

Lott: (Smiling wryly) Was he right?

Warden: (Gleefully) Well no. Seven of them were. I checked it
later myself. ~~The warden~~ [The warden laughs approvingly and ^{which in turn}
^{is opened by}
[Sam opens the door revealing another barred door, ^{behind}
^{on the other side.} which two guards are standing. Sam and Lott pass the door, and one of
the guards slowly closes the wooden door as the curtain falls on the laughing
warden, who is now holding his belly as the curtain falls.]

First draft
Mar. 11, 1939

Act Two
Scene 1.

Scene: The warden's office, some three months later.
The warden sits at his desk, ^{smoking a cigar,} flanked by Sam, his personal guard on one side, and a large brass safe on the other. ^{On the desk are a number of odd looking objects, a key, a black-jack, and a pistol.} In the background are steel filing cabinets, on the walls, photographs of prison baseball and football teams. There is a door labelled: 10 CELL BLOCKS.

The Warden and Prosecutor Lott are talking.

Warden: I'm sorry to ~~have~~ ^{call} have to ~~bring~~ ^{bring} you down here, today, Mr. Prosecutor, but we've got to ^{try to} get to the bottom of this escape plot.

Lott: ^{Excuse me, please} All right, Warden, ^{I can help,} (Pointing at the desk) What's that?

W: Nearly completed pistol made of a tobacco tin and lead foil.

L: And these?

W: Black jacks; made from the foil of shaving and tooth paste tubes.

L: (Picking up a key and examining it) ^{large} What's the key for?

W: Fits Mullar's cell-block. Same stuff.

L: Mullar?

W: Yes, Mullar. We ^{caught the bastard} got him cold turkey this time. ^(found all these things on him) (Lott starts back) No, No, don't be alarmed, I won't ask you to try him for it. ^{Big} I thought you could help us.

Lott: Mullar? How can I help you?

W: We're trying to find out if he was alone in this ^{Smart A} dead. He won't talk to us. He likes you -- he told us so after ^{the jury came out and said "not guilty"} ~~his acquittal~~. You remember, the long trial, don't you?

L: (Uncertainly) Why, that's funny, ^{that it should} I didn't know ~~of~~ ^{be} Mullar. ... I had brought some books down for him --

W (Interrupting) Fine. Fine. That'll give you an ⁱⁿ ^{gami} ^{has} confidence.

Lott (Still uncertainly) Yes -- I'd like to see Mullar, ^{this man} (Turning to the Warden) How'd you catch him?

W: (Waving, ~~looking forward and down at Lott, grinning~~)

Invent A.

Lott: (Sheepishly) Can I ever forget it.

Warden: Well, we thought you could help us. Will
talk to you.

9. M
Nov. 24, 1939.
Sell books
Fast the baby, Cos.
Goodly, Cos. --
you might as well
find the baby, now.

First draft: 12 A.M to 4:10 A.M (Nov. 24, 1939)

Act I.
A December morning in

Time: The early years of the depression.

Place: ~~The David Miller's~~ apartment in the city

Scene 1:

~~The play opens upon the living-dining and bedroom of the~~ ^{Miller} apartment ~~of the~~ young Mr. David Miller. A carelessly closed door indicates that it is also used as a combination dining room and bed room is disclosed by the ^{cheap} set of denette furniture to the left, and ^{with its bare, stained of faded front,} a carelessly closed combination studio-couch and bed from ^{the white} which an edge of ^{white} ~~curtain~~ ^{Some clothing are dropped on some of the floor} sheet protrudes. The entrance ^{door} is at the rear ^{with a small table} ~~left~~ of this stands ~~over~~ a cheap little small radio. Over this is a trade calendar, dated some eight years before the present. ~~There is some other cheap furniture.~~ To the right is a well-filled book case ^{which stands on a shelf} ~~of books~~ ^{it is also filled with the morning}. Margaret Miller ^{comes} ~~tips~~ out from the left ^{stands, a few drops to} enters the room ^{from the left tip-toeing,} ~~from the left tip-toeing,~~ ^{she is young, and dark, with some little mouth like a girl,} and ^{she} ~~stands~~ ^{stands} ~~then~~ ^{then} ~~listening~~ ^{listening} for a moment. Then she walks to the table, turns to the classified ads, which she studies. She takes a pen and checks off some ads. She glances ^{at the studio couch} and ~~sees~~ ^{sees} the ~~opportunity~~ ^{sheet} and ~~goes over and~~ ^{teeds it in} ~~teeds it in~~ ^{at the bedroom door,} ~~then she moves to the radio and turns it on~~ ^{at the rough, standing} ~~at the radio and turns it on~~ ^{at the rough, standing} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~listens~~ ^{listens} looking at it while it speaks.

Oldfield ^{from the main} says:

Radio Announcer: --- "so ^{do you} shopping now. Only ten more shopping days till Christmas' Pause. We ^{again} ~~are~~ ^{bring you} ~~bring you~~ ^{the morning} ~~the studio string ensemble,~~ ^{by courtesy of} sponsored on this program by ~~South~~ ^{Department Store, Buy from Gummie. It pays!"}

~~South~~ ^{Oldfield} ~~Department Store, Buy from Gummie. It pays!"~~ ^{plays some melody} The string ensemble ~~goes to~~ ^{goes to} but for Mr. ~~Oldfield~~ ^{Oldfield} ~~and~~ ^{and} Margaret walks to the table and again studies the want ads. As she is standing there, the bedroom door opens and ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~with~~ ^{with} David Miller slowly enters. He stands there and watches his wife, who does not see him.

He is a tall young man in his early twenties. He is wearing a ^{a checked cap and} battered leather jacket, through which his right elbow protrudes. Smiling slightly, he looks up behind his wife, watches her a moment, and then simply reads. ~~We now turn your~~ blinds her eye. She yells "Oh David" and they embrace.

Milton:

How ^{the babe?} ~~little~~ Davey? (He starts toward the bedroom)

Ethan:

Oh, Don't disturb him - he's finally gone to sleep.

Milton:

(Frowning) Poor little Davey. I guess his ^{briny nose} soup isn't ^{getting} the proper food for being tot. (Davey's) ^{from it} ~~that's~~

Dad

Ethan:

(Sympathetically) Oh David, don't start that. ~~Try~~ (cheerfully, trying to change the subject.) ~~Look, Davey,~~ she ^{and rather intently} ~~says~~ ^{grabs} at the want ad, ~~that's~~ ^{that's} ~~the~~ they want an elevator operator over at the Krohl Building, (David stands watching her, his hands on his hips, half smiling, half frowning)

Reading

Ethan

And a bright, alert ^{look} (continuing, reading now) "And a bright, alert, good-looking young man (looking up) ~~young man~~ ^{good} ~~looks~~ ^{enough} for ^{the} ~~best~~ ^{bright} young man -" for an exceptional human opportunity. See Mr. Spitzer at the ~~Peble~~ ^{Peble} room 702, Peble Building, between 2 and 4th - ^(If you see anything) ~~But~~, Oh, David, you must have a car. ^(Contemptuously) ~~And~~ ^{rather} ~~then~~ ^{lovely} out at the Norway plant they - -

David ^{suddenly} ~~roughly~~ ^{grabs} the newspaper from her, crumpled it in a ball, and is about to throw it when he smiles ^{wryly}, ~~releases~~, and speaks, rather wistfully:

Milton:

Oh, Davey, it's the same old crap. I've tried them all. Can't you just picture your ^{great} big handsome Davey, in ^{royal} purple, ^{an} ~~standing~~ ⁱⁿ the Krohl building! Well - they only ^{have} ~~got~~ ^{got} operators over there. Pretty babes, like you. ^(sighing) Perhaps you'd better go and apply. You're a little man, ~~than~~ I, ^{Georgia} ~~begin~~ - -

Ethan:

Milton:

Wistfully: Please, David, don't! ^(sighing) ~~And~~ ^{little} Mr. Spitzer at room 702'll

spiritual depression is drifting over the face of the earth — like a great wave of prussian gas.

Sometimes I think there are too many people like you and I and our poor little stock kid in there — and that's why they're going to be ~~out~~ ~~we're~~ ~~leaving~~ ~~our~~ ~~modern~~ ~~war~~ — just to get rid of us, our ulks and misfits and thorn ants.

Oh, Essie darling, sometimes I think we shouldn't have got married. You certainly got a raw deal when you got me — and Nathan completed the ~~deal~~ deal when she tricked us into bringing little Davy into the world to share our joy.

(He hoots, as ^{he hears} the baby ~~cries~~ the crying of a baby coming from the bedroom. He turns to his wife. "Is that ^{the} baby crying. Shall I go and see."

Miller:

Esther:

(Who has been staring straight ahead all the while)

Esther, ~~who~~ has been staring straight ahead all the while, turns and stares at her husband.)

Esther:

(In a whisper) What?

Miller:

Davy's crying. I'll go and see.

Esther:

(Staringly) Oh, Davy, I'll go and see.

(She walks uncertainly across the room and enters the bedroom. Miller faces the room for a time, goes to the book case, selects a book, and returns to the studio couch, when he opens the book, glancing up every few moments at the bedroom door. ~~Esther opens the bed~~ Esther emerges from the bedroom, closes the door, and stands there, looking at her husband, who ~~stares up~~ has ~~arrived~~ arrived.)

Esther:

David we've got to have a doctor. Baby's been sick again. (Miller starts pacing the floor.)

Oh, David,

I'm getting afraid — we must do something.

Miller:

(Crossing to Esther) Let me see him. We'll take him to the clinic right away.

(He looks bitterly)
I thought they like
the only happiness in
misadventure —
husband unemployed —
baby sick — cupboard empty
collecting pennies at the door
But it's happening — it happens
to everybody — to people
all over this god-damn rich
old land. all over the world.

Esther: (Walking to her home) No, David, he is too sick - he is really deathly sick now. I know. I know.

David: ~~Mellan~~ embraces his wife again, and they stand there. Suddenly he breaks away and strides across the room speaking as he goes.

Mellan: (Excitedly) I'll get a doctor here if I have to kidnap this bastard. ^(Climbing and clambering into, cutting, falling to himself.) I'll fight this thing. I'll fight it. It can't be - it can't be. (At the door he stoops and picks up one of the milk bottles, turning and facing his wife, who ~~is~~ is now leaning ^{listlessly} against the wall) I'll be back in ~~an hour~~ soon, Honey. Don't ^{you} worry. (Anxiously, tenderly) You and ~~Danny~~ ^{top} play the radio. Danny. He'll be back soon. He ^{leaves} as the curtain falls.

CURTAIN.

Act 1.
Scene 2.

Time: The same afternoon. ~~Esther is lying on the~~
The radio is playing ^{music.} Esther, ^{drawn and white,} comes ^{quietly,} out of the
bedroom and ^{goes to} looks at the clock. It is ^{now} two-thirty.
She stares at it for a moment and then looks out in the
corridor. She ~~thinks~~ and finds a dust cloth and
starts ^{to} ~~amblingly~~ dusts the apartment.

Radio Announcer: We now bring you the latest news summary.
Remember, ~~only~~ — ~~save~~ shopping, ~~buy~~ till Xmas.
(Pause).

Washington: The president today ~~and~~
~~congress~~ ~~for~~ ~~two~~ conferred with congressional
leaders ^{regarding} ~~regarding~~ ~~the~~ ~~problem~~ ~~of~~ ~~unemployment~~ ~~the~~ ~~worst~~,
^{act on the} ~~act on the~~ ~~unemployment~~ ~~problem~~, the
worst, it is said, the nation has ~~to~~ ~~face~~ ~~during~~
the depression.

Local: An ^{armed} ~~armed~~ robber held up the cashier
in ~~the~~ ~~Banking~~ ~~the~~ ~~during~~ the noon hour and
fled with 117 dollars. This makes the fifth involved
robbery in the city during the holiday season. The ~~chief~~
justice of the criminal court ~~promises~~

~~The robbery:~~

~~Mr.~~ Olaf Paulson, ~~the~~ cashier, age 44, ~~told~~
that ~~the~~ ~~robber~~ was about six feet tall, slender, and appeared to be
in his early twenties (Esther now ~~has~~ ~~passed~~, her dust
cloth in mid-air, and stares at the radio.) He wore a
gold ring, ^a checkered cap ~~and~~ and a ^{brown} leather jacket with ~~the~~ a
hole in the right elbow.

Esther stands horrified, staring at the
radio, which hums and crackles during ~~its~~ ~~pass~~ the
announcer's pause. She says: Oh David!

Radio Announcer: Santa Claus, ^{in person,} will be at toy department
in Freehoff's tomorrow afternoon commencing.....
~~COAST~~

Esther:

~~She~~ Standing staring at the money.

(Flatly) David, where did you get the food, the money, the Doctor? How did you get them? Tell me?

David:
listen to the good
Charlie

(Angrily) ^{W. lay, Hon, man getting the breads at last.} ~~W. lay~~ I ^{ran into} ~~met~~ Charlie Seitz - you know, ~~my~~ old ~~boss~~ ^{out} at the plant - and he says he thinks he can get me back next week - after Christmas for sure - ^{why, Hon,} he was so certain he loaned me 75 bucks ^{W. lay, Hon, man getting the breads at last.} as an advance. (He tries to embrace her but she wards him off.) Why, Hon. what's the mat---

Esther:

(Looking at him) David! Oh, David, you're lying to me. Oh my poor child. ^{You've robbed a} ~~you've robbed, David. You've robbed!~~ ^{you've robbed!} ~~baking this moon~~ I heard it over the radio which you hate - (~~John~~ All the world knows it you. (Muller seems to shrivel at her words.)

Oh my poor ~~David~~ child, you've done this now. Oh my poor child. (He takes her in his arms and he kneels at her feet and she ^{presses} ~~takes~~ his head ^{against her} ~~body~~.)

against her body.

Esther begins to ^{tear} ~~tear~~ ^{genuinely} ~~genuinely~~. She, David, listen to me, ^{He'll be here for you.} where did you get the money. And the gun. ^{He} ~~Speaks~~ ^{to me.} I must ^{try} ~~save~~ you. Here give me ~~just~~ ^{your} ring. She winks the ~~my~~ ring from his finger and puts it on her own hand. My class ring comes back. Oh David ^{Speaks} ~~to me.~~ Did you hide the things (He nods his head yes.)

~~That~~ There is a loud knock on the door. Esther pushes David from her, ^{gadget and stuff} ~~spats~~ off his cap and ^{sets down} ~~lets~~ it and commences dusting. David goes over and ^{sets down} ~~opens~~ a bottle of milk. Another knock. Esther goes to the door and opens it. ~~See~~ A plain-clothes officer and a police officer walk in, accompanied by Olaf Paulson, the bakery cashier.

Esther:

(Calmly) Misery, gentlemen. I didn't hear you. ~~Where~~ you looking for someone.

Paulson:

(Excitedly) ^{He's the one.} ~~There~~ he is, officer. He's the one. I'd

know him in a millen - even without his cap and jacket. ~~Those~~ ^{burning} eyes!

Miller: (Laughing) What have you got, an escape, officer?
Officer: (Smiling) We've come to arrest you for robbing the
Baby at 12:52 this noon. You'd better come
along without any trouble. Have you got the gun
on you? (The officer's hand is on his jacket.) Miller
arises ^{and advances} and Esther runs between them.

Esther: (Laughing gaily) I'm afraid you've made a mistake,
officer. My husband has been ^{home} ~~here~~ all morning -
he just left ~~for~~ a while ago to get the doctor.
You know, our baby's been so sick. ~~But David will~~
go now. (The officer looks questioning, at Pauline
who stands ^{his finger} pointing at Miller, nodding his
head. Just then the bedroom door opens and the
doctor emerges, timidly, uncertainly, gingerly,
holding an automatic pistol in one hand and
a crumpled roll of bills with the other. Esther runs
toward him, but the others have seen

Doctor: (Apologetically) I'm sorry to intrude - ah - but I
just found those things under the baby's mattress, ah -
and I thought ^(he looks comely) ~~that~~ they'd be safer somewhere
else, ah. Oh, I am so (Then the front door
he seems to see the officer.) Oh, I am intruding.

Officer: (Advancing) I'll take those doctor, and may I clean
your ~~and~~? ^{Okay. Okay. Okay.}

Pauline: (Smiling) The bills are marked, Chief, the bills are marked!
Doctor: (Smiling, pleased) Why yes, I'm so sorry to intrude.

(He fumbles for a card.) ~~I guess I don't~~

Officer: When did Miller come for you?

About a half hour ago

Miller: (In a dem voice,) Cut it out, men - you've got
me. Lets get out of here and let the doctor work. My
kid is sick.

Esther: David! David.

Mullan walks to the couch, returns his
cap and jacket, Paulson nodding and pointing all
the while, the address and the two officers face
me at his side. At the door Mullan stops and
turns to his wife: around.

Goodbye, Ess. (He points at the food on the
table) You and Davy might as well eat it
now.

Doc!

I Thank, Doc, for coming here ^{with me.} Please save
the kid — save him for Essie. Don't let him
crawl, ^{Doc.} (He looks at his wife)

Goodbye, Essie girl.

The doctor stands there blinking and nodding.

He swallows and turns away. ~~to the bedroom~~

Mullan (To his wife) Goodbye, Essie girl. I guess you're
really getting the breaks at last — getting rid of
me. I'm sorry, kid. I love you and I'm sorry.
(Pointing at the food on the table) You and
Davy might as well eat it, Ess. It came plenty
large.

Esther runs to him, sobbing, and throws her
arms about him as the curtain falls.

CURTAIN.

tucks it in. She crosses and ^{again} listens at the bedroom door. Then she moves to the radio, turns the switch, standing there until it speaks.

RADIO
ANNOUNCER:

--- so Oldfield's ^{advises you} ~~advises you~~ to do your holiday ^{buying} shopping now. Only ten more ^{shopping} ~~shopping~~ days till Christmas. (Pause.) We continue with our morning musicale, bringing you ^{over the} ~~over the~~ studio string ensemble, sponsored on this program by Oldfield's Department Store. (Dramatically) It pays ^{to buy} ~~to buy~~ from Oldfield's!

(The string ensemble ^{obediently} ~~obediently~~ plays some nice soft music for Mr. Oldfield's customers. Lucille goes over to the table and ^{stands} ~~stands~~ studying the court-ads, shaking her head, pursing her lips, biting ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{tip} ~~tip~~ of her pen. The hall door opens and DAVID MILLAR ^{slowly} enters. He stands looking at his young wife, who ^{is not aware of his entrance} ~~is not aware of his entrance~~ ^{does not} ~~does not~~ ^{know} ~~know~~ his arrival presence.

David Millar
He is a tall young man in his early twenties. He is wearing a checkered cap and a ^{worn} ~~worn~~ leather jacket, through which ^{his} ~~his~~ right elbow protrudes. Smiling slightly, ^{he removes his cap and} ~~he removes his cap and~~ ^{he} ~~he~~ tiptoes up behind his wife, ^{He stands} ~~He stands~~ watching her for a moment, and ^{raising} ~~raising~~ his hands, he blinds her eyes. Startled, she yells "Oh David" and they fall into an ^{affectionate} ~~affectionate~~ embrace.)

MILLAR:

How's the baby, ^{Lucille?} (He starts toward the bedroom)

LUCILLE:

David, don't disturb her. ^{he's finally} ~~he's finally~~ ^{fallen asleep.} ~~fallen asleep.~~

MILLAR:

(Growning)

Poor little Darcy — I guess his real trouble — his ~~that~~ old man isn't bringing home the proper food for tiny tots. (Savagely) Damn it to hell!

LUCILLE:

Oh, David, don't start that again. (Cheerfully, trying

^{to change the subject. She} ~~to change the subject. She~~ ^{takes} ~~takes~~ up the want ads and reads them ^{brightly} ~~brightly~~, ^{with simulated} ~~with simulated~~ ^{enthusiasm} ~~enthusiasm~~) Look, David, they want an elevator operator over at the Frol Building! (David stands watching her, his hands on his hips, half frowning, half smiling) And here! (Reading) "wanted: Seven bright, alert, good-looking young men —" (Looking

earth, like a great ^{yellow} wave of poison gas. (Nodding his head) ^{And} The man, the ^{little} individual, ^{man,} is getting lost. ~~He~~
A man, now, either a Worker without work or a Capitalist with too
much capital. (Shaking his head) ^{wonderingly} I don't know, Don.
I don't know. (He ^{she returns his stare.} turns and starts at her) I don't think
anybody knows...

(Pause) Or a
god damn tin
soldier.
LUCILLE:

(Slowly, in a flat voice)

It will be all right. Our baby, David. It's got to
be all right. (On a high falsetto, ^{as if a child reciting a piece})

MILLAR:

(Laughing ^{bitterly,} ironically)

I thought things like this only happened in beorn
novels and ~~the~~ ^{cheap} horris - husband out of work, baby
was and side - the cupboard is bare - bill collectors
battering at the door. All we need ^{to make it perfect to recite and} to start swigging
gin out of a tin dipper. (Chanting) "Oh, father, dear father..."

LUCILLE:

(Dully) H. Why do you dwell on it, David? It doesn't help ^{any} to
to torture yourself so.

MILLAR:

~~I'm certainly getting some swell motor cars.~~
~~Here's one I dug out of a sewer this morning~~

(Going doggedly on)

~~— snails' liver — I dreamed~~

Last night I dreamed that there were too
many people in the world - like you and ^{me} I and our
poor little kid in there - and that's why we'll ^{always have} to
continue to have one war just to enter another - just so
that ^{that} beautiful ^{mother} hug, ^{painlessly} Nature, can get rid of us culls and
misfits and throwouts - that same ^{drainingly} she-bitch, ^{mother} Nature, ~~that~~

who tricked us into bringing poor little Darcy into the world
to share our grip. (Bitterly) The meek shall inherit
the earth! What a laugh. Age old soothing syrup the
poor have ^{obediently} swallowed for years. Inherit indeed!

And you see,
Lou!

For someone must die for one to inherit ^{and some perished.} ~~the~~
(Raising his head, ^(Pause) listening) And they'll never die! (Pause)

LUCILLE:

I hear the baby's crying, David.

MILLAR:

(Rising) H. I'll go and see.

DOCTOR: ^{To Lucille}
(Apologetically)

I - I beg your pardon, Mrs. Millar -
ah - but I just found these things under the
mattress of the baby's crib - ah - and I thought
- (he laughs lamely) they'd be safer somewhere
else. (He appears to see the officers for the first time)
Oh, ~~now~~ I am intruding. ^{Well,} I must get back to the baby.

OFFICER: (Advancing) I'll take those, Doctor, just a minute!

PAULSON: (Yelling now)

Okay! Okay! Okay! Dere vere little marks
on dat money, Chief. Ay put dem dere myself, Ay did.

OFFICER: (Taking the money and the pistol from the doctor)

What time did Millar ^{call} come for you, Doctor?

DOCTOR: (Perplexed and ^{gratefully} distressed) I'm so sorry, ^{Mrs. Millar - why lets see, lets see -} about a half

~~hour ago. Is there something~~ ^{Why let's see, let's see}
~~your office girl told us you left at two. Come now, think.~~

OFFICER: (Interrupting) How was he dressed? ~~Did he wear a~~

MILLAR: (Speaking loudly)

Cut it out, men - you've got me. ^{Don't pile it on.} Let's get
out of here and let the doctor work. My kid is sick as
hell.

LUCILLE: Oh, David, David!

(Miller walks to the couch and retrieves his
cap and jacket. ^{He puts them on.} Paulson, triumphant, points at
Miller, ^{looks at the officers, gulping and} nodding speechlessly. ^{all the while} Miller advances to
the officers. ~~One of them~~ They fall in at his side.

Lucille dully goes to the radio, retrieves
the fallen bill and takes it to Paulson. ^(Holding him the bill) This is yours. ^(Pleadingly) ^{Ay am sorry, Dearly. (widening his hands) But Ay need my}
^{money, too. Ay got small children, too, Ay got. (softly, slowly)}
^{and Ay hope your baby get better real quick. (Gance)}

MILLAR: ~~(Quietly)~~ Thanks, Doc for coming here with me. Please
try and save the kid - save him for Lucille.
(He swallows) Don't let himi croak, Doc. (He looks
at his wife) Goodbye, Lou girl. I guess you're
getting the break at last - getting rid of me.
(In a low voice) I'm sorry, kid. I love you and
I'm sorry. ^{I do it for you.} (Pointing at the food on the table)

You and Davey might ^{just} as well eat it, Lou.
(He smiles wanly) It came plenty high.

PAULSON:

(Blinking) Oh am sorry, gilly (widening his hands) But they
need my money, too. Oh got little children, too, they got .5

~~And
Susan
your baby
get better real
quicker.~~

(They turn to leave.
Lucille, sobbing, runs and throws her
arms about ^{her husband's} ~~him~~ as the curtain falls.)

CURTAIN.

Let cleaning go till later

Miss H:

(on machine)

Please number the pages of the original, just as I have the copy.

There are the following corrections:

Act 1. { 1. Please retype page 5 (See copy for corrections) Make 3 heavy + 1 tissue, as before. You'll probably want to narrow your top margin a line or two, so as not to crowd too much at the bottom.

2. Page 19. Re-type (Or Erase + change)
(SAM, the guard — for the Bailiff)

Scene 2, Act 2:

OK → ① Re-type P. 36

~~② On P.~~

I say, Lott — the name
(Instead of his name)

③ On page 39, erase "nine" & make "eight" years.

who sits below him, near the witness stand, pounds his gavel and everyone arises. The bailiff intones: "Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye! This honorable court is now in session." Everyone is seated. The CLERK announces: "Continuing with the trial of People versus David Millar. The charge: Murder."

The Judge wipes his pinch-glasses with a handkerchief, carefully adjusts them, and consults some notes before him. Looking at PROSECUTOR LOTT, he clears his throat and speaks.

JUDGE:

When we adjourned this noon the People had just called the witness Stanley -- ah -- Stanley -- --

LOTT:

Zaborski, your Honor.

JUDGE:

Thank you. Are the People ready to proceed?

LOTT:

We are, your Honor. (Lott walks up near the witness, standing between him and the Judge's bench, so that he is facing both the witness and the jury. He turns and speaks to the clerk.) Was this witness sworn this morning? (The clerk nods yes, and Lott turns to the witness.) Your name, please?

WITNESS:

Stanley Zaborski. (He has a somewhat affected voice, with considerable lip movement, elaborately enunciating each word.)

LOTT:

Where do you reside?

WITNESS:

(Drawing back, hurt, offended)

Why, as you know -- in the prison of course. ^{(Pointing}
~~ing~~ at the Warden) ^{The Warden there can tell you --} I'm one of the most trusted inmates of the institution. ^{(He backs in the light of}
^{the Warden's nodding agreement.)}

who sits below him, near the witness stand, pounds his gavel and everyone arises. The bailiff intones: "Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye! This honorable court is now in session." Everyone is seated. The CLERK announces: "Continuing with the trial of People versus David Millar. The charge: Murder."

The Judge wipes his pinch-glasses with a handkerchief, carefully adjusts them, and consults some notes before him. Looking at PROSECUTOR LOTT, he clears his throat and speaks.

JUDGE: When we adjourned this noon the People had just called the witness Stanley -- ah -- Stanley -- --

LOTT: Zaborski, your Honor.

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LOTT: We are, your Honor. (Lott walks up near the witness, standing between him and the Judge's bench, so that he is facing both the witness and the jury. He turns and speaks to the clerk.) Was this witness sworn this morning? (The clerk nods yes, and Lott turns to the witness.) Your name, please?

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BUSY FINGERS

A Play in Two Acts

by
Robert Traver

Written by:
John D. Voelker
Ishpeming, Michigan

beautiful ^{she} bitch, Mother Nature

the same disorderly hag, Nature,

The local descendant to the title of
America's beloved-poet-of-the-organ
~~was~~ is conducting a throbbering
rendition of Kilmer's 'Trees' all
Tremolo steps out. He extracts
the last tear, the last drop of sap,
from ^{the ~~strong~~} 'Trees'.

Then, with a swift change
in mood, which is at once ^{curse for} the joy
and ~~curse for~~ ^{utter} dismay ^{over} that
~~amazing~~ vulgar, fascinating,
^{amazing, beautifully} chaotic phenomenon, the American
radio, —

MS

1. Write New D. for play
2. Re-write 2nd & 3rd. Acts to conform.
3. RE-type play & send to Guild.

Bull pen

Have him tell me "throw the book" rap.
(Love "life" for ^{writing and} r. a.)

Have wife coughs for broken -
Have he finally tells her he don't want
to see her..