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Leo Katz Collection

1960s

Brecht, Bertolt

The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui

adapted by George Tabori

BERTOLT BRECHT's

THE RESISTIBLE RISE OF ARTURO UI

Adapted by
George Tabori

NOTES FOR THE GENTLE READER

I

As Brecht suggests in his preface to the play, the great political criminals must be crushed, and crushed with ridicule; for they are not so much great criminals as authors of great crimes, which is a very different thing. Hitler succeeded at first, and then he failed; but his variable fortunes make him neither an idiot nor a great man. The governing classes of a modern state frequently employ such mediocrities for their enterprises, even in the essential field of economic exploitation. As for political jobs they do not hesitate to hire dolts and dunces who may be even dafter than themselves. What creates the illusion of their grandeur is not the greatness of their talent but the enormity of their enterprises which, by their very size, enable them to operate without particular merit; after all, they can always call upon the services of masses of talented people. Crises and wars are trade-fairs for the intellectual resources of the whole populace.

The dangers of hero-worship lie not only in the illusionary character of the hero but in the worshipper's love of illusion as well; that misplaced and regrettable enthusiasm which celebrates Napoleon, for instance, not for his Civil Code but for the millions of corpses left in his trail. It is this enthusiasm for murderers which is Brecht's target

in UI.

"The petty criminal who has been permitted by our rulers to become a big shot deserves no place of honor either in the history of crime or in our vision of history. UI is a dramatic parable written with the purpose of destroying the traditional and nefarious respect inspired by great killers."

II

UI tells the story of A. Hitler's rise to power in Europe, parabolically, by telling the story of the gangster A. Ui's rise to power in Chicago. Parables, like many other terms of non-Saxon origin, often alarm the Anglo-Saxon theater man. (Sex and profit are notable exceptions.) The parable, in fact, is an ancient literary device, employed with remarkable commercial success by a variety of authors, including James Thurber and God. The two narrative levels in UI are clearly connected. The gangster story is in the foreground, with its own authentic life and idiom. But the Nazi story must never be allowed to fade away. UI is NOT about some gangster who is similar to Hitler, UI is a play about Hitler who, in the author's opinion, was like a gangster.

The double storytelling is not some clever device. It has a twofold organic purpose. First, it is the best way of dramatizing the theme: the so-called historical hero is

exposed as a punk. Second, it gives the play a kind of distance, so typical of the Brechtian method, which enables him to create astonishment out of familiar material. Thus, what is known becomes strange; what is old becomes new; a story is turned into history.

III

UI is written in a mock-heroic style, including the use of blank verse, in order to lend to its historical background the significance it unfortunately deserves. The play must be produced in a style clearly reminiscent of the 'Histories' of the Elizabethan theater. Brecht specifically calls for platforms and drapes, curtains of rough and chalky texture, sprayed with ox-blood colors; panoramically painted cycles or screens; fanfares, drums and other Shakesperean sound effects; plasticity and speed of performance, and uncluttered staging in the style of historical paintings of the old masters. But pure travesty should be avoided. The atmosphere of terror must be ever-present even in the grotesque moments.

IV

"Poetry is that which cannot be translated." This rule is particularly true of good poetry and, for various linguistic and historical reasons, of German poetry. What Longfellow or Carlyle did to Goethe was not so much unforgivable as it was inevitable. Brecht, alas, is not

only very good but very German, too: the finest lyricist and balladeer since Heine. His verse seems etched with diamond on glass; beyond the bare calligraphy there is a world as rich as Breughel's and full of bird song. In the English translations one often sees only a scratch and hears nothing but a laborious scraping.

"Oh Deutschland, bleiche Mutter!"

Bleiche recalling Leiche turns this invocation into the precise grisaille of a mother's, and a motherland's, pale corpse. It has been translated as

"O Germany, pale mother!"

Thus what is simple becomes simpleminded; what is pure becomes poor. Lamenting other men's failures would be as petty and futile as indulging in one own's inadequacy. As Brecht says,

"The house will be built with stone
That happens to be there."

There are no excuses in our kind of theater, only disasters. But one does learn from Brecht the invigorating effect of doubt.

O beauty of a sceptical head-shake
Over self-evident truths!
O cure of a courageous doctor
Of hopelessly incurable sores!

He advises to greet, gaily and respectfully, those who test the writer's word as though it were a counterfeit coin. Doubt was a way of life, not a writer's block, with him; the source of his authority and of his prodigious output.

In the definitive edition of his plays he refers to them as 'Attempts.' His logbook on UI is full of disarming tentativeness. Having written the play in about three weeks' time, he began polishing the meter. A collaborator had found that out of a hundred verses some forty-five had limping iambs. Brecht excused himself by suggesting that 'the sloppiness' of the verse was in character with the gangsters and the grocers of the play. Besides, he did not expect the play to be produced in German (the time was 1941, the height of Hitler's power), hoping, one assumes, for an English translator to smooth out the verse. No, thank you very much. It is easy to change a Brechtian text, but almost impossible to improve it; except by Brecht himself. This adaptation, therefore, is based on the original Finland text, except for certain compressions, cuts, reversals, stage directions, suggested by a later version, revised after Brecht's death, as presently performed by his company. Most of the revisions are legitimate adjustments to the needs of contemporary German audiences; but the original text seems more valid for an Anglo-Saxon audience. The only liberties I have taken are a few lines added to the prologue, paraphrasing Brecht's brilliant summary of the play's meaning; changing two or three names, and suggesting a Victorian ballad for the song in Scene Seven. The original text has only a stage direction calling for a "schmalzy song in which the word 'home' occurs frequently."

It is not easy to read a Brecht play, especially in translation. His simplicity often sounds like flatness, forever tempting the translator to add an extra color. In 'Galileo,' for instance, Brecht says:

"Man is not afraid to die."

Mr. Laughton's version is:

"Man is constant in the face
of death."

Of course, I have been guilty, unintentionally, of many similar, and worse, abuses. All of Brecht's plays were written to be produced and not merely to be read. They are magnificent scores waiting for a great orchestra. The stunning theatricality and pertinence of UI as produced by the Berliner Ensemble has been attested by many witnesses. Meanwhile, all I can do is offer this first draft in Brecht's spirit. As he once told an actor: "The words of a play are sacred but only so long as they are true."

GT

January 1st, 1962
New York, N.Y.

PROLOGUE

The wax figures of Hitler, Hindenburg,
Goebbels and Goering, in glass cases.

Honkytonky jazz. Enter THE BARKER.

THE BARKER

Step right up, folks, we'll bring you tonight
- Shut up there in the back, you guys!
- And take your hat off, little lady!
The great historical gangster story!
First showing in this town! A thousand shocks!
The truth revealed! Corruption on the docks!
Hindborough's testament and true confession!
The resistible rise during the Depression
Of one Arturo Ui! The notorious
Trial of the warehouse fire! The mysterious
Dollfeet murder! Justice lies in coma!
Togetherness in gangsterdom: Who rubbed out Ernie Roma?
Finally in the grand finale of the show:
Crooks conquering the town of Cicero!
You will see enacted by our finest actors
The underworld's most fabled malefactors!
All the rotten, ill-begotten heroes,
Half-forgotten, here revealed as zeros.
Gangsters alive and gangsters dead,
Temporary and permanent,
To the manner born, not born but made,
So let's begin the big parade!
I saw them bad, I never saw them worse.
Hindborough first, the good old party horse.

(OLD HINDBOROUGH appears from behind
the Hindenburg figure)

The hair is white, but oh, the heart is black!
Come, take a bow, you putrefying wreck!

(OLD HINDBOROUGH bows and with-
draws)

Next on the bill, our flimflam artist.
And here he comes -

(GIVOLA appears from behind the
Goebbels figure)

Givola the Florist.

THE BARKER (cont'd)

Of all the silken, sly, insinuating Joes,
 He'd sell an icebox to the Eskimos!
 He lubricates his lying lip with bile.
 His crooked foot walks down a crooked mile.

(GIVOLA withdraws, limping)

Giri the Joker next. The mob's buffoon.
 Come out, let's take a look at you.

(GIRI appears from behind the
 Goering figure and waves a big
 hello)

Drink, dope and death have set their marks on him,
 And all their ministers attend to him.
 One of the cru'illest killers in Chicago town.
 Go blow!

(GIRI withdraws angrily)

And now with all his crimes full-blown,
 The star of our attraction! The notorious
 Gangster of all gangsters! A furious
 Heaven had sent him to scourge us
 For all our sins and savage urges,
 Stupidities and apathies,
 And cowardice, and here he is!

(UI appears from behind the
 Hitler figure and walks along
 the footlights)

The troubler of this poor world's peace! The one and only
 Arturo Ui! He is as base a bird
 As - don't you remember? - Richard the Third!
 Not since the bloody War of Roses
 Has mankind seen such grandiose
 And damnable atrocities!
 Which justifies our slightly jacked-up prices
 Wherefor to offer you in recompense
 The management spared no expense:
 A classical production! Yet fidelity!
 No license taken with reality!
 Not contrived and not invented,
 Nothing tampered, nothing censored.

What you will see is not entirely new,
 But half the world can testify it's true.
 And if the other half resents remembering
 The very people who dismembered it,
 These crooks and creeps and punks and killers,

Let's dig them out of graves and cut them off the gallows!
Let's see them come alive in blood and flesh again
Before you folks do something rash again.
Great murderers, and that's a fact:
Too often do inspire respect.
But, pray, let's put an end to popularity
Enjoyed by hangmen of humanity!
So here's a gangster show to end all gangster shows:
Enjoy it, folks, before the siren blows.

(MUSIC swells. A machinegun goes
rat-tat-tat. THE BARKER ducks and
exits briskly)

SCENE I

Chicago. The offices of the Cauliflower Trust off the great vegetable market. FIVE EXECUTIVES. A sign saying "Consolidated Cauliflowers." A ticker tape. Outside, waiting, ARTURO UI.

CLARK

Damn the Depression.

BUTCHER

Chicago's like a child,
Who found her pocket full of holes one day
When mother sent her out for morning milk.
She stands now in the gutter, wondering
Where mother's bottom dollar's gone.

MULBERRY

Last Thursday

Ted Moon invited me and twenty more
Gents to his house for pigeon à la mode.
If we had gone we would have found the sheriff
At the door. This change from boom to bust
Occurs much faster nowadays than you can
Blink an eye. Yet on the Seven Seas
The vegetable fleets come sailing as before
To feed the customers.

SHEET

What customers?

It's as though night had fallen in the morning.

MULBERRY

Clive and Robber under the bailiff's hammer.

FLAKE

Wheeler's fruit business, old as Methuselah,
Gone into bankruptcy.

BUTCHER

Dick Havelock's

Garages closing down.

SHEET

And where is Gouge?

FLAKE

Too busy to attend our conference,
Running from bank to bank -

CLARK

I can't believe it.
Gouge's in trouble, too?

SHEET

And why not, gentlemen?
I've been running, too. From Pillar to Post. Post
Had gone fishing, Pillar was in his bath.
One only sees the backs of friends these days.
Brother, before he meets another brother,
Puts on his shabby pants to save himself
From being hustled for a touch. Old partners,
Meeting by chance in front of City Hall,
Are so afraid of parting from a buck,
That they address each other by imaginary
Names. And everyone in town has sewed his
Pockets up.

BUTCHER

Too true!

CLARK

Come, come, good gentlemen!
Chin up! Where there is life, there must be hope.

SHEET

There may be life: that's not the same as living.

CLARK

What is this pessimism? The food business
Is fundamentally sound. Chicago's millions
Must needs be fed, come hail or shine.
The city doesn't live by bread alone. She wants
Her groceries as well, which we supply.

FLAKE

How
Goes it with the groceries, my friends?

MULBERRY

It stinks.
Most customers buy half a cabbage-head.

BUTCHER

On credit, too, if they can get it.

SHEET

In fact,
The cauliflower market in this town
Is down the drain.

(Looking out of the window)

Who is that character?

Arturo Ui.

CLARK

SHEET

The gangster?

CLARK

In person.

He smells a carrion and, incidentally,
Brown-noses round for new connections.
Suggests he might persuade the groceries
To buy no cauliflower but from us.
If only to preserve their health. And furthermore,
He guarantees to double our grosses.
Because the grocers, Mister Ui says,
Would rather buy a cabbage than a coffin.

(Uneasy laughter)

FLAKE

What impudence, what -

CLARK

(With a hearty laugh)

Tommyguns and handgrenades!

A new approach to break down sale's resistance.
Fresh blood at last in marketing departments.
The word's gone out we do not sleep so well.
So, in a hurry, Sir Arturo Ui
Comes offering his services. Ah well,
One day, who knows, we may be forced to choose:
Salvation Army versus Ui. Where would you
Rather have your soup?

MULBERRY

I think I'd need a
Longish spoon, to sup with Ui. Throw the bum
Out.

CLARK

But politely. One can never tell
Which way the chips will fall.

BUTCHER

Then let him hang around.

CLARK

There are so many men like Ui nowadays,
Descending on us like some leprosy,
Chewing our little fingers first, our arms
And shoulders next. Nobody knows from where
They come. It is some dark and smelly hole, I'm sure.
These robberies, this life of threat and terror,

Of blackmail, arson, kidnapping, this most
Uncivil war with battlecries like "Stick 'em up!"
We've got to put an end to it, and soon.

SHEET

But first we need a man, no, not a gunman.
Someone respectable and influential
To pull us through these deadly days of slump,
While we are all a little short on cash.
Butcher and I cooked up a little plan.
The main idea's even littler. Let
City Hall - we've paid our taxes, after all -
Give us a hand in our predicament
By granting us a loan -

FLAKE

A loan!

SHEET

For, shall we say,
Improving dock facilities, which we would
Gladly undertake - eventually -
To make our cauliflower cheaper for the masses,
Bless their little hearts. It's Honest Hindborough,
Using his influence, who'll set it up for us.
What did he tell you, good old Hindborough?

BUTCHER

He told me, "Go to hell!" He would not touch it
With a tenfoot pole.

SHEET

Wouldn't touch it? Damn his eyes!
Who made him district leader on the docks?
For years I fattened his election funds.
In fact, he used to run my cafeteria
Before he switched to politics. Ingratitude
Thy name is Hindborough! Didn't I tell you,
Flake? People are short on cash but shorter still
On Loyalty. Friends turning into foes,
And Yesmen saying No, sir! as they come
Stampeding down the sinking boat, and howling
Curses. As our dear old smiling Hindborough.
He's nothing but a big cold shoulder now.
O morality, where are you in the time
Of crisis.

CLARK

I would not have believed it
About Hindborough.

SHEET

But what is his excuse?

BUTCHER

(Imitating Hindborough)

"Wasting your time, me boys. I wouldn't touch it.
Foul fish, that's how your proposition smells."

FLAKE

(Ditto)

"The city is no pork barrel, me boys."

MULBERRY

"Yes, let us keep our city clean, me boys."

CLARK

Well, get another wheelhorse -

MULBERRY

Reely, Gaffles -

SHEET

Nobody like old Hindborough. That man
Is honorable. What's more he's known as
Honorable.

FLAKE

Phoney-baloney.

SHEET

No.

The fact is that he likes his reputation.

FLAKE

Fact is we'd like a loan from City Hall.
His reputation, that is his affair.

SHEET

Is it, indeed? Well, I believe it's ours.
We need an honorable man to get
A loan without too many awkward questions.
The City Dads would be ashamed to ask
Old Hindborough for vouchers or receipts.
They trust him. Men who long have ceased to trust in God
Will trust in Hindborough. Hardboiled politicians,
Who will not say Hello to some attorney
Without consulting their attorneys first,
Will put their last cent in the old man's purse.
Two-hundred solid pounds of honesty he is.
The eighty winters of his spotless life
Have passed without a trace of jobbery.
That man is worth his weight in gold to us.
For when he vouches for a loan, it's in the bag.

BUTCHER

Unfortunately, though, he will not vouch for us.

CLARK

He sent our Gouge to jail for tax-evasion.

BUTCHER

Refused collaterals for Carson's Company.

MULBERRY

"Conflict of interests" was his excuse.

FLAKE

Had Grisby fired for embezzlement.

CLARK

No sense of humor. Find it quite revolting.
He changes principles less frequently
Than tailors. For him the City isn't made
Of steel and stone, where people cut each other's throats
Over a job, or what to pay for rent.
Oh no, for him the City of Chicago
Is such stuff as books are made on, something
Biblical.

FLAKE

I never liked the man.

CLARK

In his heart
He never was a corporation man. What's
Artichoke to him, or he to artichoke?
As far as he's concerned our groceries
Can stink to seventh heaven. Go to hell, he says.
And yet for twenty years, or was it twenty-one?
He let us fill his coffers at election time.

SHEET

He doesn't understand the business.

CLARK

How could he?
He never had to handle cauliflower,
Except when it was plopped upon his plate,
He never drove a truck, or worked in a garage.

SHEET

He never had to run a shipping line,
When there is hardly anything to ship.
Well, let him go to hell.

BUTCHER

No, let US go to him.
Even if one of us may have to go to hell.

(Pause. EVERYBODY looks at Sheet)

SHEET

You've made it clear he wouldn't lift a finger.

BUTCHER

You've made it clear why that is so.

SHEET

Hindborough doesn't understand our plight?
Yes, something's missing. You mean

BUTCHER

Missing? Understanding, that's what's missing. What is
Hindborough simply can't imagine what
It feels to walk in, shall we say, YOUR shoes.
Question is how can we put him in your shoes.
Suppose you gave him, as a gift, your company?

MULBERRY

For which the Trust would compensate you amply.
Cash on the table, half a million.

SHEET

You must be nuts.

MULBERRY

Three quarter million?

SHEET

And pay me with a tip. You want the whole menu

MULBERRY

From anybody else. You won't get more

FLAKE

Money is tight today.

SHEET

Tightest of all for anyone who needs it.

BUTCHER

You said you couldn't hang on to the shipping line.

SHEET

Or to my wife, perhaps.

CLARK

Well, there you are.
Let's settle for a million. A nice round
Figure. Like your wife's. The Trust is doing you
A favor.

SHEET

I won't accept. For twenty years

Have I been member of the Trust, and now you
Put the knife across my throat.

CLARK

Brother Sheet,
How come it's not occurred to you that we, the Trust,
Are actually helping you?

SHEET

It hasn't, no!
My God, what's happened to my brains? Why has it not
Occurred to me that you would want to help
Instead of grabbing everything I own.

CLARK

This bitterness you turn on everyone,
Will never help you off the hook, my friend.

SHEET

At least it will not help the hook.

CLARK

I suggest
You think about the deal. Or else...

SHEET

(Steps back, staring at him)

It's true!
Ah yes, I see it now. The similarity!
Yes, to the character who's waiting in the hall.
It isn't very marked but just a hint.
Like someone seeing on the bottom of a pond
Some green and gooey twigs that could be snakes.
But they are twigs. Or aren't they? Oh, Brother Clark,
You do resemble U1. Don't be mad at me.
But as I look at him and then at you
I see something I must have seen before
But have not understood, not when it comes to you.
Please say again: "You think about the deal.
Or else..." The very voice is also....Yes!
You'd better say, sir, "Stick 'em up!" For that is
What you mean.

(He sticks his hands up)

All right. I stick 'em up, my friend.
Go snatch my company. And kick me in the guts
For payment. Kick me twice. An even better deal.

FLAKE

You're mad.

SHEET

I wish I were. For that is how I feel.

A sign appears with headlines recalling
certain historical events of the early
thirties:

WORLDWIDE SLUMP HITS GERMANY HARD
PRUSSIAN LANDOWNERS ANGLING FOR
GOVERNMENT SUBSIDY
ATTEMPTS SO FAR UNSUCCESSFUL

Scene II

Backroom in Hindborough's saloon.
HINDBOROUGH and his SON, behind the
counter, rinsing glasses. Enter
BUTCHER and FLAKE.

HINDBOROUGH

Wasting your time, me boys. I wouldn't touch it.
Foul fish, that's how your proposition stinks.

YOUNG HINDBOROUGH

My father says it stinks.

HINDBOROUGH

It's fishy. I know about
These so-called dock constructions. I told you
Once before I wouldn't touch it.

YOUNG HINDBOROUGH

My father

Says he wouldn't touch it.

BUTCHER

Forget it, sir.
We've asked a question, and you answered No.
Okay, it's no.

HINDBOROUGH

I hate to send you on your way.
But, after all, the city is no pork barrel
For everyone to dip his finger in.
Why, damn it all, you run a healthy business.

BUTCHER

What did I tell you, Flake? You are a pessimist.

HINDBOROUGH

And pessimism is nothing less than treason.
You knife each other in the back, me boys.
What for? What's it you're selling? Cauliflower.
It's every bit as good as bread or meat.
A human being needs his bread and meat,
And vegetables, too. Try serve a steak
Without a baked potato. Franks without some beans,
And you'll offend the palate of the customer.
I know that temporarily some people
Are here and there a little short on cash.
They hesitate before they buy a suit,

But they can sure afford a dime for groceries.
 And selling apples is a healthy trade.
 The outdoors life, you know. Keep smiling, boys.
 Prosperity is just around the corner.

FLAKE

Gee, it does me good to hear you talk like that.
 You give us hope.

BUTCHER

I find it most encouraging
 To see you, sir, so very confident
 And steadfast in your faith in cauliflower.
 Let me be frank with you. We're here on business.
 No, not about the loan. That's all been settled.
 You may relax. It's something more agreeable.
 At least we hope. Now by coincidence
 The Trust had just discovered that in June
 Some twenty years, a generation, passed,
 Since you, a trusted canteen manager,
 Resigned from one of our subsidiaries,
 To dedicate your life to public service.
 And so to demonstrate on this occasion
 Our high esteem and deep appreciation
 - Yes, in our heart we always felt obliged to you! -
 We passed a resolution yesterday
 To offer you these stocks worth half a million,
 Controlling shares in Sheet's old company, a gift,
 Worth twice as much in any bullish market.

(He puts a packet of shares on
 the counter)

HINDBOROUGH

Butcher, what are you up to?

BUTCHER

I'll be blunt.
 The Cauliflower Trust is not exactly
 Famous for its bleeding heart, but all the same,
 When yesterday we heard you answering
 Our foolish plea to lobby for a loan,
 An answer honest as the day is long,
 And ruthless in its very rectitude
 So typical of grand old Hindborough,
 I must admit, though with embarrassment,
 Some people at the office wept. "Well, gentlemen,"
 Said one of us - don't worry, Flake, I will not
 Mention names - "it seems we pulled a boner."
 There was a sniffly pause. The resolution
 Followed naturally.

HINDBOROUGH
Butcher and Flake,
What is behind this?

BUTCHER
The sign of our esteem.

FLAKE
It is our privilege to offer it to you.
Ah, there you stand, the Watchdog of the Waterfront,
The very image of an Honest Abe.
Your name a household word. A mighty man
In his saloon, rinsing those glasses, nay
Rinsing our very souls. Yet you are poorer than
Your poorest customer. It's very touching.

HINDBOROUGH
I don't know what to say.

BUTCHER
Say nothing, then.
Put that packet away! An honest man
Can use a little extra change. Yes, Lady Luck
Walks rarely down the path of righteousness.
The name of Hindborough is worth a lot. Yes,
More than money in the bank. Go, take the stuff.
I hope you won't say "Go to hell!" for this.

HINDBOROUGH
Sheet's company!

FLAKE
Say, can you see the offices
From here?

HINDBOROUGH
I have been seeing them for twenty
Years.

FLAKE
We've thought of that.

Hindborough
But what will Sheet be
Doing now?

FLAKE
He switched to selling beer, I
Understand.

BUTCHER
We fixed him up real nice.

HINDBOROUGH

Me boys,

I do appreciate the loving thought
Behind this gift, but don't you tell me anyone
Gives ships away for nothing.

FLAKE

Smart as a Jew!

"Don't look a gift-horse in the mouth. You might
Get halitosis." You have a point there.
Now that the loan has fallen through, we sure could
Use that half a million these shares would realize.

BUTCHER

But for the Trust it would be fatal policy
To dump them in the open sagging market.

HINDBOROUGH

First time you're talking sense. I am relieved.
If only I were sure there are no strings attached.
Have you two really given up the scheme
Of fishing for a city loan?

FLAKE

Oh, positively.

HINDBOROUGH

I'd like to think it over. Well, my son:
That would be something for you, eh?
(To Flake and Butcher)

Me boys,

I thought I'd had your dander up, but no,
This time you brought a decent proposition.
You see, my son, it pays to be an honest man.
(To Flake & Butcher)

And like you say my son has nothing but
The reputation of a name. When I am gone
I'll leave him little else. Honesty is
Rich legacy but cannot be insured, alas.
I've seen much evil in my time. Need always
Causes greed.

BUTCHER

A stone would fall from our hearts
If you'd accept our present, Hindborough.
The bitter aftertaste of our foolish plea
Would pass away. And in the future, sir,
We all could listen to your words of wisdom
Of how to manage in these dreary doldrums
Through honest trade. For in the future, sir,
It would be your trade, too. Yes, in the future,
Sir, you, too would be a cauliflower man.
If you'd accept our gift. Correct?

HINDBOROUGH

Flake and

Butcher, I accept.

YOUNG HINDBOROUGH
My father says he accepts.

A sign appears:

PRESIDENT HINDENBURG ACCEPTS COUNTRY ESTATE
FAMOUS BEAUTY SPOT AT NEUDECK
GIFT FROM PRUSSIAN LANDOWNERS
TO AROUSE HIS SYMPATHY FOR THEIR PLIGHT.

SCENE III

Pool-room on 122nd Street. ARTURO UI and his LIEUTENANT ERNESTO ROMA, attended by BODYGUARDS, are listening to the racing news on the radio. Next to Roma is DOCKDAISY. Other CUSTOMERS.

ROMA
I wish you didn't mope around, Arturo.
Stop being such a melancholy babe!
Snap out of idle reveries, of which
The whole town's talking.

UI

(Bitterly)

Who's talking? Nobody
Is talking. This town ain't got no memories
Ah, fame is not immortal in this burg.
Two months without a brawl, and twenty murders
Quite forgotten. Inside my flock of buzzards, too.

ROMA

The boys are getting pissed off, on account
They're short on petty cash, and what is worse,
Inaction is demoralizing them.
The toughest mug gets easily corrupted
By having nothing but a beer bottle to shoot.
I hesitate to face them in the hideout.
Arturo, I feel sorry for the guys.
I choke when I'm about to tell them, "Boys,
Get set for action in the morning." They
Look at me with hangdog eyes. Chief, your idea
- The grocery protection racket - is a cinch.
Why not get started now?

UI

Not now. Not from
Below. It is too soon.

ROMA

"Too soon" is good.
It was two months ago the cauliflower gents
Gave you the brushoff. Since then you sit and brood.
Plans, plans, half-assed attempts! Your visit
To the Trust has bust your backbone. Another thing
That got under your skin, Arturo, was
The little holdup at the Corn Exchange,
And how the cops behaved.

UI

They shot at me!

ROMA

Above your head, that's all.

UI

But even that
Was very rude of them. A narrow squeeze, Ernesto!
Minus two witnesses for alibi
And I'd be up the river now. Those judges
Got no five cents worth of sympathy for me.

ROMA

Yeh, but for groceries no cops will ever shoot.
For banks they'll shoot. So, listen, let's begin
On Thirty-second Street. The windows smashed,
The vegetables sprayed with kerosene,
The fixtures hacked to pieces. Then we'll work
Our way down all the way to Seventh Street.
And two days later Manuele Giri
Will pay a visit to those little stores,
Carnation in his buttonhole, and offer
Our protection. Ten percent for us from
Off the top.

UI

No, I gotta have protection
First myself. From cops and courts I gotta have
Protection first, before I can protect
Somebody else. This racket must be started
From above.

(With melancholia)

Gee, how I'd like some judges
In my pocket, yeh, by putting something
In their pockets first. Or else I got no rights.
And legalistically I'm naked as a nigger,
And every time I feel like holding up a bank
Some cheesy cop can shoot me dead, Ernesto.

ROMA

If that's the way you feel, Chief, all we've got
Is Clubfoot Givola's plan. He has a nose for dirt.
"There's something rotten in the State of Illinois,"
He says. He means the cauliflower boys.
There WAS a rumor round they had a loan
From City Hall, at Hindborough's suggestion.
And ever since there's gabbing on the grapevine
'Bout this and that, and something to be built
That wasn't built and ought to be. Yet, on the
Other hand, old Hindborough had sponsored it.
Mister Untouchable would never touch
A deal that's fishy. Here comes Ragg from "The Star."
The horse's mouth in these affairs. Hi, Ted. Hello.

RAGG

(Somewhat drunk)

Hello, you people. Roma, hi. Ui, hello!
How's tricks in Capua?

UI

What's he talking about?

RAGG

Oh, nothing much. Capua was a little place
Where once a famous army went to pot
Through inactivity, prosperity,
And lack of exercise.

UI

The hell with you.

ROMA

Go easy, Ted. Give us the dope about the loan
For the Cauliflower Trust.

RAGG

What's that to you?

You're selling cauliflower now? I get it!
You want a city loan yourselves. Go ask old
Hindborough. He'll fix you up.

(Imitating the old man)

"Gentlemen,

Should this fair flower of our city's trade,
So flourishing in ordinary times,
But threatened now by temporary drought,
Wither and die?" No eye remaineth dry.
Each city father feels deep sympathy
For cauliflower. As though it were a part
Of him. But ah, it's difficult to sympathize
With Tommyguns, Arturo.

(Singing)

There was a little man.
He had a little plan.
They told him, "Wait! Act later!"
He waited which he hated.
Until it was too late.
Hi-ho, Arturo,.....
Furor
Of the gang
Ends with a whimper
Not a bang."

(General laughter)

ROMA

Quit razzing him. He's feeling kinda low.

RAGG

I'm not at all surprised. His Pal Givola
Is working for Capone now, I'm told.

DOCKDAISY

That's a lie. Leave my Giuseppe out of this!

RAGG

Dockdaisy! Are you still Clubfoot Givola's bride?
I mean Assistant Bride.

(Introducing her)

The fourth assistant bride
Who rides a third assistant planet, circling
A fastly sinking star -
(Points at Ui)

- of second-rate importance.

What an eclipse!

ROMA

Watch out!

UI

Aw, shut your dirty trap.

RAGG

No wreaths are woven by posterity
For killer-dillers and the like, Arturo.
The fickle crowds turn to the newer hero.
Ah yes, where are the thugs of yesteryear?
They sink into oblivion, my friend.
Their yellow warrants gather dust in some archive.
"Have I not wounded you?" - "When?" - "Once upon a time."
"Ah, but the wounds have long grown into scars.
Even the finest scars do crumble into dust
With those that bore them." - "I know that good is
Oft interred with people's bones. You mean, the evil
That they do may also be forgotten?"
"Yes sirree." - "O lousy world!"

UI

(Erupts, bellowing)

Stop up his mouth!

(EVERYBCDY rises in alarm)

RAGG

(Goes pale)

No rough-house with the press, Ui.

ROMA

(Hustling him to the door)

You've said enough.

Go home, and make it snappy.

UI

(To a bodyguard)

Give him the works.

GIRI
 Here's the man,
 Chief.

ROMA
 Are you Sheet's treasurer?

BOWL
 I used to be, sir.
 Used to be the treasurer. Until last week.
 Until that dog -

GIRI
 He hates the smell of cauliflower.
 A very ancient, fishlike smell, he thinks.

BOWL
 Until that Hindborough --

UI
 (Quickly)
 What's this about
 Old Hindborough?

GIRI
 That's why I brought him here.

BOWL
 Hindborough fired me.

ROMA
 From Sheet's company?

BOWL
 From his own. Now it's his own. Sheet's company.
 Since last September.

ROMA
 What?

GIRI
 Sheet's shipping line,
 Belongs to Hindborough. Our friend has all the
 Dope. Butcher of the Cauliflower Trust gave
 Hindborough a little gift. Stocks giving
 Majority control -

UI
 So what?

BOWL
 A crying shame!
 That Hindborough arranged the city loan
 To save the Cauliflower Trust -

GIRI
While he himself
Sat secretly inside the Trust.

UI
But that's
Corruption. Jesus Christ!

GIRI
We hit the jackpot,
Gentlemen. Ah, Hindborough! You rusty
Weatherbeaten shopsign of a rotten city!
You clean-in-the-nose and honest-to-goodness
Kisser of babies and shaker of hands!
You good old reliable Mister Unbriable!

BOWL
He had the nerve to fire me for a slight
Case of embozzlement, and he himself, the dog -

ROMA
Take it easy! You're not the only one
Whose blood is boiling. What is the good word, Chief?

UI
Will he repeat it under oath?

GIRI
He sure will.

UI
(Starts off grandly)
Keep on eye on him. Come, Roma, let us away!
About our business straight! At last I smell a deal!

(He exits quickly, followed by
ROMA and the BODYGUARDS)

GIRI
(Slaps Bowl on the back)
Some ball you started rolling, friend.

BOWL
How about
My out?

GIRI
Don't you worry. You know Arturo Ui.
You'll get it, friend, what's coming to you.

A sign: more headlines: The date
is the fall of 1932.

NAZI PARTY FACES FINANCIAL RUIN
THREAT OF DISINTEGRATION
HITLER TRIES TO SEE HINDENBURG
ATTEMPTS SO FAR UNSUCCESSFUL

SCENE IV

Hindborough's country house.
HINDBOROUGH and SON.

HINDBOROUGH

This country house! I shouldn't have accepted it.
(Looking out of the window)
The silver poplars were the cause of my
Acceptance of this country house. Son, do you
Hear them rustling in the breeze? Ah yes, and then,
The view over the lake which is like silver,
Before it's beaten into a dollar piece.
And then, the joy of living in a place
Without the sour smell of beer. And then,
It's very nice to look upon the pines.
Especially the top of pines. There is
A dusk about them, gray and green and dusty.
Their trunks are colored like the calf's leather
Which in the old days I would often use
When tapping barrels. Yet what was most decisive
Were the poplars. Yes, the poplars were the cause.
Today is Sunday. The churchbells sound so
Very peaceful. Ah, if the world were not so full
Of human wickedness. This country house
I should not have accepted.

YOUNG HINDBOROUGH
No, father.

HINDBOROUGH

To take the shares they gave me as a sign
Of their esteem, a kind of gift, was quite
Above reproach.

YOUNG HINDBOROUGH
Absolutely, father.

HINDBOROUGH

Now was there anything objectionable
About my sponsoring a city loan
When on my very skin I felt a threat
To that fair flower of the city's trade,
The cauliflower. h, but it was wrong
To take this country house while recommending help
To City Hall in favour of a cause
Which secretly was also mine.

YOUNG HINDBOROUGH
Yes, father.

HINDBOROUGH

Those shares were like the salty peanuts in a bar
Which all the barmen offer free of charge
To satisfy the client's hunger cheaply,
But make him thirsty for expensive booze.
We have been hooked, my son.

YOUNG HINDBOROUGH

Yes, father, hooked.

HINDBOROUGH

I have a mighty moral hangover, my son.
The loan's been spent. Clark took some of it.
And Butcher took and Flake, and God forgive me,
I also took, and so far not a pound
Of concrete bought. The only good thing is
I did not shout about the deal from rooftops.
Thus no one knows that I have anything to do
With Sheet's old company.

SERVANT

(Entering)

Has just arrived. A Mister Ui, sir,

HINDBOROUGH

The gangster?

SERVANT

I saw his picture in the papers. Must be him.

HINDBOROUGH

Out! Set the dogs on him! I will not -
Throw him

(Enter ARTURO UI and ERNESTO ROMA)

UI

Hindborough - Mister

HINDBOROUGH

Get out!

ROMA

Sir. Let us be friendly, sir. It's Sunday after
All. Tsk-tsk. Let's not be hasty,

HINDBOROUGH

I say Get out!

YOUNG HINDBOROUGH

My father says Get out.

ROMA

Say it again. I've heard it said before.
Familiarity breeds nothing but contempt.

UI

(Unbudging)

Mister Hindborough -

HINDBOROUGH

Where are the servants? Go
Get the police!

ROMA

You stay here, sonny boy.
Look out the window. There are two youngsters
In the garden, I believe, and they might
Misunderstand you if you tried to leave.

HINDBOROUGH

So. Violence.

ROMA

Oh no. No violence.
Just emphasis.

(A silence)

UI

Sir, Mister Hindborough!
I am aware you don't know me from nothing.
Or maybe just by hearsay, which is worse.
You see before you, sir, a man misunderstood.
Almost done to death by slanderous tongues,
His name besmirched by envy, and his life's ambition
Misrepresented by the meanness of the world.
It was a little over fourteen years ago
That me - that I - the simple son of Brooklyn
Came west without a job, a countryboy
Who cried, "Chicago, I will lick you yet!"
I wasn't altogether unsuccessful, though
I did it all alone but for the help
Of seven solid buddies standing by,
Without a pot to piss in, like myself,
But firm in our determination, sir,
To carve ourselves that little piece of goose
Which God Almighty cooks for every Christian.
Well, now the tribe of seven's grown into some thirty.
And there'll be more and more, I guarantee.
You ask yourself, I guess: What's Ui want from me?
Not much. One thing, that's all I want. I do not
Wish to be misunderstood no more and treated
Like some greaseball buccaneer or racketeer, or
Whatever else they call me in this town.
I want respect.

(Clearing his throat)

UI (cont'd)

At least from the police.
Whom I have always so appreciated.
And that's the reason I am standing here,
And begging you, and I don't like to beg,
To say a word or two on my behalf,
Whenever, God forbid, the heat is on.

HINDBOROUGH

(Incredulously)

Are you suggesting I should vouch for you?

UI

Only when the heat is on. And that depends
On how we make out with the groceries.

HINDBOROUGH

What interest d'you have in groceries?

UI

I sucked pimento with my mother's milk.
And I'm determined to protect the groceries
From force and violence. With force and violence,
If necessary.

HINDBOROUGH

As far as I can tell,
Nobody's threatening the grocers now.

UI

"Now" is maybe right. But I can see ahead.
I ask you, sir: How long? How long in such a town,
Where shakedown is the rule, not the exception,
And cops take either fixes or siestas,
Before the grocers cease to sell their groceries
In peace? Who knows if maybe by tomorrow
Them little stores will all be smashed to bits,
The cashbox cracked by mobsters' ruthless hands?
I got a feeling they'd prefer protection.
Against a modest free, of course.

HINDBOROUGH

I don't

Agree they would.

UI

Well, that would only prove
They don't know what is good for them. That's always
Possible. The little grocer is a jerk.
He's diligent but limited. Honest
As day, but farsighted he ain't. He needs
A leadership that's strong. He don't know nothing,

I am sad to say, of loyalties he owes
 To those to whom he owes his very life:
 The Cauliflower Trust. Yes, that's another
 Job I've got to do. The Trust will also need
 Protection. The days of swindle-sheets are over:
 Correct accounts, or close the store! Settle
 The score with everyone who cheats! The weak
 Fall by the roadside, sure, but that's the law
 Of Mother Nature.

HINDBOROUGH

It's none of my concern
 What happens to the Trust. I think you've brought
 Your most remarkable ideas to the wrong
 Address.

UI

We'll talk about that later, sir.
 It's brassknuckles they need inside the Trust. Thirty
 Determined gophers under my leadership.

HINDBOROUGH

I doubt that any reputable corporation
 Would swop their typewriters for Tommy-guns.
 But then I wouldn't know. I'm not a member
 Of the Trust.

UI

We'll talk about that later.
 I guess what worries you is thirty boys,
 Armed heavily with hardware, walking in and out
 The headoffice. Who guarantees they won't annex
 The joint? The answer's very simple, sir:
 He who pays has power and the glory.
 He who dishes out the pay-roll is the boss.
 You are the boss. How could I boss you 'round?
 If that's what worries you. I couldn't, even if
 I felt like it and didn't so appreciate
 Your friendship, which I do, you have my word
 For it. What am I, after all? How big a
 Following do I command? D'you know that some
 Already ratted? Today I've got a tribe
 Of twenty, if it's twenty, maybe less.
 You've got to help me, or I'm through. It is
 Your duty as a human being to protect
 Me from my enemies and, Mamma mia,
 Maybe from my friends. The work of fourteen years,
 Sir, is at stake, and I appeal to you as man
 To man.

HINDBOROUGH

And let me tell you, man to man,
 What I propose to do. I'm calling the police.

UI
The police?

HINDBOROUGH
You heard me. The police.

UI
You mean
To tell me you refuse to help me as a
Human being?

(Screaming)
Then I demand you help me
As a criminal! Because that's what you are!
I've got the goods on you, I've got the proofs!
You're mixed up in the dock construction scandal,
Which is about to pop! You own Sheet's company!
I'm warning you! Don't drive me to extremes!
My patience is exhausted! City Hall
Could be persuaded to investigate.

HINDBOROUGH
(Very pale)
My camph - my camphor bottle -

YOUNG HINDBOROUGH
Here.

HINDBOROUGH
My heart...
For eighty years I walked the straight and narrow
Path -

ROMA
You made a little detour at the end.

HINDBOROUGH
I have no knowledge of these slippery affairs.

ROMA
The inquiry will tell -

HINDBOROUGH
What inquiry?
My friends would never -

UI
Friends, what friends? You got no
friends!
You had them yesterday! You got no friends today.
Tomorrow you'll have enemies, that's all.
If anyone can save you, then it's me,
Arturo Ui, me! Me! Me! Me! Me!

HINDBOROUGH

There will be no investigation, sir.
They could not do it to me, no! My hair is white.

UI

Which is about the only thing that's white
About you, man! Now listen, Hindborough!
(Tries to grasp his hand)
Be sensible, and use your head, and let me
Save you! Please! Give me the green light, and I'll slug
Whoever tries so much as touch a single
Hair of yours! Hindborough, help me, please, I beg
Of you, just once, this once! If you and me
Don't come to no arrangement, I can never
Face the gang again!
(He weeps)

HINDBOROUGH

Never! I'd rather go
To rack and ruin than have any dealings
With you.

UI

Then I'm finished. I know I am.
I'm forty now and still a nobody.
You gotta help me.

HINDBOROUGH

Never!

UI

You, I'm warning
You! I can demolish you!

HINDBOROUGH

So long as
There is life in these here ancient bones,
You'll never be allowed to turn our cauli-
Flower trade into a racket.

UI

(With dignity) Very well, then,
Hindborough. I'm forty and you're eighty, so,
With some assistance from Almighty God,
I'm going to outlive you, sir. With me
It's Cauliflower, yes! or Bust. One day, I know,
The vegetable business will be mine!

HINDBOROUGH

Never!

YOUNG HINDBOROUGH

My father says, Never.

UI
Roma, we're leaving.

(He bows formally and leaves the room with ERNESTO ROMA)

HINDBOROUGH
Air, fresh air! Oh, what a mess! Give me air!
This country house - I shouldn't have accepted it!
But, surely, son, they would not dare investi-
Gating me. Cause if they do, I'm finished. No,
They wouldn't dare.

SERVANT
(Entering)
A Mister Gaffles and
A Mister Goodwill, sir, from City Hall.

(Enter GOODWILL and GAFFLES)

GOODWILL
Hello, Hindborough.

HINDBOROUGH
Goodwill. Gaffles. Hello.
What's new?

GOODWILL
Nothing good, I'm afraid. Was that
Arturo Ui who just passed us in the hall?

HINDBOROUGH
(With a forced smile)
Ui himself. Came barging in, the brazen
Thug, with some demented plan. I threw him out.
Not my idea of a guest of honor
On the holy day of rest.

GOODWILL
No guest of honor,
He, on any day. Well, it's an ill wind that
Has blown us here. The cauliflower loan -

HINDBOROUGH
(Stiffly)
What about the loan?

GAFFLES
Last night in City Hall,
Some councilmen, tipped off anonymously,
Called it rather fishy.

HINDBOROUGH
Fishy?

GOODWILL

Rest assured.

The majority resented the expression,
 A miracle we didn't come to fistcuffs,
 As some began to scream, "You call it fishy,
 A measure recommended by our Hindborough?
 Then how about the Bible? Is that fishy, too?"
 The meeting ended with a kind of tribute
 Honoring you, Hindborough. And when your friends
 Demanded to investigate the case,
 To demonstrate their confidence in you,
 The opposition backed down and declared
 They wanted none of it. But the majority,
 So anxious to defend you from the very
 Breath of scandal, started hollering:
 "Hindborough's not a name or just a man,
 He is an institution!" In tempestuous
 Affection for you they then whipped a vote through
 For investigation.

HINDBOROUGH
 Investigation?

GOODWILL

The committee is headed by O'Casey.
 But we believe it would be best if you
 Would find a man who has your confidence.
 A reputable man, non-partisan,
 To clarify this holy mess.

HINDBOROUGH
 Sure.

GAFFLES

Good.

It's settled then. Now will you show us round
 Your new and celebrated country house?
 To give us something nice to talk about.

HINDBOROUGH

Yes.

GOODWILL

Churchbells! Peace and quiet! What more can a man
 Wish for?

GAFFLES

(Smiling)

And no dock construction to disturb
 Your rest.

HINDBOROUGH

I will find a man. As you suggest.

(THEY walk off slowly)

A sign, with headlines dated January, 1933:

HINDENBURG MAY FACE INQUIRY
MISAPPROPRIATION OF STATE FUNDS?

SCENE V

City Hall. On one side BUTCHER, FLAKE, CLARK, MULBERRY. On the other side HINDBOROUGH, who is chalk-white in the face, with O'CASEY, GOODWILL and GAFFLES. REPORTERS. SPECTATORS. SMITH, a clerk.

BUTCHER

(In a low voice)
What takes Ui so long?

CLARK

He is coming with Sheet.
Unless they couldn't come to an agreement.
I understand they haggled all night through.
Sheet's GOT to testify he's still the owner
Of the shipping line.

MULBERRY

It's not exactly
Milk and honey for our Sheet to walk in here
And publicly admit that he's a crook.

FLAKE

He will never do it.

CLARK

He must.

FLAKE

Why
Should he take the rap and go to jail for
Five long years?

CLARK

There is a pile of dough
In it for him, and Mabel Sheet loves luxury.
Even today he's wild about his Mabel. He'll
Do it all right. As for jail, he'll never
See the inside of a cell. Leave it to
Hindborough.

(Cries of NEWSBOYS outside. A
REPORTER brings in a paper)

GAFFLES

Sheet's been found dead. In a hotel.
With a ticket in his pocket for the
Santa Fe to San Francisco.

BURCHER
Sheet's dead?

O'CASEY
(Reading the paper)
Murdered.

MULBERRY
Oh.

FLAKE
(In a low voice)
I guess they DIDN'T come to an
Agreement.

GAFFLES
Hindborough, are you feeling ill?

HINDBOROUGH
(With difficulty)
It'll pass.

O'CASEY
The death of Sheet -

CLARK
The unexpected
Death of Sheet deals practically a death-blow
To this inquiry.

O'CASEY
Ah well, of course, the
Unexpected often comes expectedly.
We often do expect the unexpected.
That's life for you. But here I am, my friends,
All ready, set, and go with all my questions.
I hope you won't refer them back to Sheet.
For Sheet is rather silent since tonight,
According to the papers.

MULBERRY
What are you
Hinting at? The loan was paid directly
To the shipping line, or was it not?

O'CASEY
Oh, sure.
But what I'd like to know: who is the shipping
Line?

FLAKE
(In a low voice)
Funny question. What's he got up his sleeve?

O'CASEY

Is anything the matter, Hindborough?
Is it the air?

(To the others)

I only wish to point out:
Poor Sheet is buried under sixty pounds
Of dirt. Let no one add more dirt to his
Poor weight. And I suspect -

CLARK

It might be good for all
Concerned, if you suspected less. We've got
Some laws against malicious slander in this
State.

MULBERRY

What are these innuendoes, gentlemen?
Hindborough's picked a man to clarify
The situation. Let us wait for him.

O'CASEY

He takes so long! And when he comes, I hope
He will have something else to talk about,
Not only Sheet -

FLAKE

We hope he'll talk about
The truth and nothing else.

O'CASEY

Oh, then he must be
A most honorable man. Which would be nice.
And quite a change.

CLARK

(Sharply) He is what he is, that's all.
And here he comes.

(Enter ARTURO UI and ERNESTO ROMA,
attended by BODYGUARDS)

UI

Clark! Hindborough! Hello!

CLARK

Hello, Ui.

UI

Well, what d'you want to know?

O'CASEY

(To Hindborough)
Is that your man?

CLARK
Sure, why, isn't he good enough?

GOODWILL
Hindborough, you cannot mean it -

(The REPORTERS have become unruly)

O'CASEY
Order!

A REPORTER
It's Ui!

(Laughter. O'CASEY, banging his gavel, creates order. Then he studies the bodyguards)

O'CASEY
Who are these creatures?

UI
Friends.

O'CASEY
(To Roma)
And who are you?

UI
Ernesto Roma, my social secretary.

GAFFLES
Hold it! Hindborough, are you serious?

(HINDBOROUGH is silent)

O'CASEY
Silence most eloquent.
(To Ui)

So you're the man
Who has Hindborough's confidence and wishes
To have ours, too. Have you been seeing Sheet?

UI
(Shaking his head)

No.

O'CASEY
Ah, you haven't been seeing Sheet?

UI
(Flares up)

Whoever
Says I've been seeing Sheet is a liar.

O'CASEY

I thought perhaps you might have seen him, sir
Since you've been studying the case. Or haven't you?

UI

I did, too.

O'CASEY

Have your studies been fruitful?

UI

You bet!

It sure wasn't easy to establish the truth,
Which isn't exactly a pleasant one, either.
But the truth marches on, like they say in the books.
So here we go. It was Mister Hindborough,
Who asked me to serve the community by
Inquiring into what the cat brought in.
Concerning municipal funds, consisting
Of us, the taxpayers' hard-earned cents.
Well, I cased the joint and discovered in horror:
Those funds weren't used at all but abused.
That's fact number one. Now fact number two:
Who was the rat who misused the funds? Here, too,
My inquiry was met with success. The
Guilty party, may he rest -

O'CASEY

Well, who is he?

UI

Sheet.

O'CASEY

Alas, poor Sheet. Silent Sheet, unholy Sheet.
Sheet you haven't been seeing -

UI

What are you

Looking at me for? Sheet is the one who
Is guilty -

CLARK

Sheet is dead. Or haven't you heard?

UI

He's dead? I spent the night in Cicero.
That's why I didn't know. Roma was with me.

(A pause)

ROMA

I call that funny. You think it's kind of
Accidental -

UI

It was no accident.
Suicide's the consequence of crime. Oh yes,
The crime of Sheet was something quite enormous.

O'CASEY

Except it was no suicide.

UI

What else? Of course,
Roma and me, we spent the night in Cicero.
We know from nothing. But this much I know,
Which must be clear to everybody here:
Sheet, who seemed like such a solid citizen,
Was nothing but a racketeer.

O'CASEY

I see.

Sheet's kicked the bucket. Let us kick him too
While he is down. No word is sharp enough
To shower on him now that he has met his fate
By something sharper than mere words. And now to you,
Dear Hindborough -

HINDBOROUGH

To me?

BUTCHER

(Sharply)

What do you want

From Hindborough?

O'CASEY

Judging from Mister Ui's
Explanation - unless I'm very much
Mistaken, which I doubt, a city loan
Was given to a company which then
Embezzled it. But there remains a question
To be answered: who is this company?
I understand they call it by the name
Of Sheet. But, friends, what's in a name? What I
Should like to know: who owns this company,
Not only what it's called. Did it really
Belong to Sheet? He could undoubtedly
Enlighten us, but Sheet, alas, can no longer
Discuss his earthly goods, not since our Mister
Ui spent the night in Cicero. But is it possible
That someone else was chairman of the board
Of this benighted company, while all that
Filthy fraud was done? Hindborough, what is
Your opinion?

HINDBOROUGH

Mine?

O'CASEY

Yes. Could it be
That it was you who sat behind the desk
Of Sheet's, while certain contracts to be honored
Were - shall we say? - dishonored.

GAFFLES

(O'Casey)

Hindborough? You must be off your rocker.

HINDBOROUGH

I...

O'CASEY

And on that earlier occasion here
When you told us with a quiver in your voice
How hard it is to be a cauliflower,
Insisting we assist that holy flower:
Did you not speak as secret sympathizer
For the cauliflower cause?

BUTCHER

Now that's enough!
Can't you see the man is sick?

CLARK

An old man, too!

FLAKE

His snowy locks should tell you, gentlemen:
There can't be any evil in his heart.

ROMA

I say: where's your proof?

O'CASEY

As for proof -

GAFFLES

For God's sake,
Hindborough, speak up!

UI

That old man is above
Suspicion! You dare suspect him of corruption?

O'CASEY

Worse than that, of deceit. And I accuse him:
This shady shipping line we've heard so much about
Belonged to him when all that fraud occurred.

MULBERRY

Liar!

UI

I'd put my right hand in the fire, yes!
For Hindborough! Go ask the city! Take a vote!
Find me a single solitary joker
Who'd call him crooked.

A REPORTER

(To another REPORTER who has just
entered)

Hindborough accused

Of graft.

THE OTHER REPORTER

Who's next? George Washington?

MULBERRY and FLAKE

Witness!

Witness! Where's your witness?

O'CASEY

Witness? Is that

What you want? Very well. Smith, where's our witness?
Is he here? I see he's just arriving.

(SMITH has gone to the door and
signals to someone outside. EVERY-
BODY looks at the door. Brief pause.
Then, a fusillade and pandemonium.
The REPORTERS run out)

REPORTERS

It's outside the building. Machineguns. What's the
name of your witness, O'Casey? Bad business. Hello,
Ui.

O'CASEY

Bowl!

(Screaming)
Come in here!

THE CAULIFLOWER PEOPLE

What's going on? Someone's been
Shot down on the stairs. Good God!

BUTCHER

(To Ui)

More monkey

Business? Ui, we're parting company
If what just happened was -

UI
Oh yeh?

O'CASEY
Bring him in!

(POLICEMEN bring in a BODY)

O'CASEY
It's Bowl. Gentlemen: Mister Bowl regrets
But he's unable now to testify.
(He walks out quickly. The POLICE-
MEN dump the corpse in a corner)

HINDBOROUGH
Gaffles, get me out of here!

(GAFFLES walks past Hindborough,
without a word. Tumult growing)

UI
I would like
A little quiet, please. Let's have some order,
Friends.

A BODYGUARD
(A sudden roar)
The Chief wants quiet. Quiet! Quiet!

(A sudden quiet)

UI
I find it rather sickening
To watch an old man covered all in dirt.
His best friends clamming up, just standing by,
Nobody speaking up for him. So this
I gotta say: Sir, Mister Hindborough:
I do believe in you. I ask you, people,
Is this what guilt looks like? Is this the face
That could have launched a thousand tricks? If that's the
case,
I couldn't tell no more if black was black
Or white was white. You know where that would lead us all.
We've gotten pretty far if that's how far we go.
The truth is marching on! Nothing will stop it!
Not all these scaly bums who got the nerve
To sling their mud upon them snowy locks
Where all suspicion crumbles into dandruff.
Hindborough is the Father of Chicago!
Sage of the Waterfront! Not just a name,
Not just a man! He is an institution!
Whoever is attacking him, or me,
Attacks the town, the state, the Constitution!

(Cheers. HE strides up to Hindborough
with stretched out hands)

UI (cont'd)

Congratulations, Mister Hindborough.
I like things cleancut, and you made your choice,
It's this way and no other. I rejoice.

A sign appears: Headlines dated
January 30, 1933:

HINDENBURG YIELDS TO HERR HITLER
FUHRER TO HEAD NEW GOVERNMENT
GRAFT INQUIRY CALLED OFF

SCENE VI

UI's suite at the Mammoth Hotel.
Two BODYGUARDS enter with a dilapidated ACTOR and take him to UI. In the background, GIVOLA.

FIRST BODYGUARD

Here's the actor, Chief. But it's okay. We frisked him.

SECOND BODYGUARD

He's not the pistol-packing type. Except he's loaded, anyway, so he can do his recitations in the joint around the corner, which is about the only place he can recite these days, and only when the customers are loaded, too. But he's supposed to be good. He does them classics.

UI

So listen to me: I've been informed my pronunciation ain't quite perfect. Now it's getting to be unavoidable that I should utter a few words here and there in public, especially political-type words, which is why I want to take speech lessons. Also how to make an entrance.

THE ACTOR

Yes, sir.

UI

Get the mirror.

(ONE of the BODYGUARDS brings forward a huge standing mirror)

UI

Let's start with the walking. How do you guys walk around in the theater or the opera?

THE ACTOR

I understand. You must be referring to the classical style: Julius Caesar, Hamlet, Romeo, the plays of Shakespeare. Mister Ui, you've come to the right man. Mahoney can teach you the Grand Entrance in ten minutes. Gentlemen, mine is a tragic case. Shakespeare's been my undoing. If it weren't for the Bard I'd be playing on Broadway today. Ah yes, the Tragedy of an Actor! My last engagement was suddenly terminated when this director said to me, "Stop chewing the scenery, Mahoney. We're doing Clyde Fitch, not Shakespeare. Look at the calendar, Mahoney, this is 1912." - "Art knows no calendar," says I. "And I'm an artist, sir! Ah yes.

GIVOLA

Seems to me you've got the wrong man, Chief. He is a hasbeen.

UI

We'll see about that. Walk around like you're supposed to walk in this Shakespeare.

(The ACTOR walks around)

UI

That's good.

GIVOLA

Chief, you can't walk around that way in front of grocers. It's unnatural.

UI

What's that mean, unnatural? No human being behaves natural these days. When I walk into that meeting I don't want to look natural. I want them to notice that I'm walking in.
(He imitates the Actor's walk)

THE ACTOR

Hold your head back!

(UI holds his head back)

Let your toes touch the ground first.

(UI takes a step, letting his toes touch the ground first)

Good. Excellent. You have natural talent. But something has got to be done with those arms. Too stiff. Wait a moment. The best idea would be if you placed your hands in front of the male organ.

(UI places his hands in front of his male organ)

Not bad. Spontaneous yet stylish. But the head has got to go back. That's it. I think the walk's all right now, Mr. Ui, for your purposes. Anything else you wish to learn?

UI

How d' you stand in public?

GIVOLA

Put two muscle men behind you, and you'll be standing fine.

UI

That's nonsense. When I stand I want people to look at me, not the guys behind me. Correct me if I'm doing it wrong.

(He strikes poses, folding his arms)

THE ACTOR

It's a possibility. But it's common. You don't want to look like a barber, Mister Ui. Cross your arms this way.

(He crosses his arms so that his hands are visible as they press the upper arms)

A minute change, but it does make an enormous difference, doesn't it? Compare it yourself in the mirror, Mister Ui.

(UI rehearses the new way of crossing arms in front of the mirror)

UI

That's good.

GIVOLA

What's it for, Chief? To impress The high-hats in the Trust?

UI

Naturally not. I'm doing it for all them little grocers. Now Clark, for instance, from the Trust, he makes A mighty fine impression. Who's it for? I ask. His kinda of stuffshirts? No Givola. His bank-account suffices to impress his Kinda people. Likewise for me a bunch Of muscleboys suffices under certain Circumstances if it's respect I'm after. Clark wants to make a mighty fine impression For the sake of little people. So do I.

GIVOLA

Excuse me, Chief, you're not exactly to The manner born. Some people are particular About those things.

UI

Some are, naturally. But who the hell cares what professors think, Or them city-slickers, intellectuals? What counts is what the little hick imagines Bosses look like. Basta.

GIVOLA

But why d'you play the big shot? Why not rather the father image, chief? Smilingly blue-eyed and honestly shirt-sleeved, A regular Pop?

UI

I've got Hindborough
For that.

GIVOLA

It seems to me the old man's slipping.
Getting shopsoiled nowadays. True, certain
Circles still consider him an asset, as a
Valuable antique piece, but all the same
They don't like to exhibit him so freely,
On account they know he's not authentic.
He reminds me of our fam'ly Bible,
Which my father wouldn't dare to open,
Not since the day, when in the company of friends,
Turning the venerable yellow pages,
As piously as ever, he discovered,
Squashed somewhere between Genesis and Exodus,
The desiccated body of a louse.
Of course, Hindborough's good enough for cauli-
Flower.

UI

I decide who's good enough for what.

GIVOLA

Sure, Chief. I've nothing against Hindborough.
He could be useful still. Not even City
Hall will drop him. The crash would be too loud.

UI

(To the actor)
How about sitting?

THE ACTOR

Sitting? Ah, sitting is about the hardest of them all,
Mister Ui. There are actors who can walk; there are actors
who can stand; but where are the actors who can sit? Take
that armchair, Mister Ui. Sit down. Don't lean on the arms.
Put your hands on the thighs, parallel to the stomach, elbows
away from the body. How long can you sit that way, Mister
Ui?

UI

As long as I want to.

THE ACTOR

Then all is well, Mister Ui.

GIVOLA

Old Hindborough
Won't live forever, Chief. Have you considered
His successor yet? Giri the Joker might
Be best. He's got the Mass Appeal, although

We've got no masses to appeal to yet.
 He can play the clown, and give a belly-laugh
 So loud, the plaster falls off from the ceiling.
 A very useful gift. Though now and then he
 May abuse it, when, for instance, you
 Begin to talk so movingly how you, the
 Simple son of Brooklyn, which you really are,
 Came west with seven solid buddies.

UI

So.

He laughs about that?

GIVOLA

So loud the plaster falls off
 From the ceiling. Don't tell him though I told you,
 Otherwise he'll say again I'm jealous
 Of him. Better you should try to make him snap
 Out of the habit of collecting hats.

UI

What kinda hats?

GIVOLA

Hats of the people he shot.
 He runs around in public wearing them.
 It's disgusting.

UI

I'm not gonna muzzle the
 Watchdog which loyally guards my house. I
 Prefer to shut my eyes to some small human
 Weakness of my assistants.
 (To the Actor)

Now let's get down
 To speaking. Make me a speech.

THE ACTOR

Shakespeare, of course. Nothing less will do. Caesar,
 perhaps. The antique hero.

(Pulls a small book out of his
 pocket)

How would you feel about Anthony's speech? At Caesar's
 coffin. Against Brutus, chief of the assassins. Model of
 popular oration, very famous. I played Anthony in Zenith
 in 1908. They loved me in Zenith. Exactly what you need,
 Mister Ui.

(He strikes a pose and starts
 reciting, line by line, Anthony's
 oration)

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

(UI joins him, reading from the

book, corrected by the ACTOR
occasionally, but preserving his
rough-and-tough tone)

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a griveous fault;
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.

UI

(Alone; goes on rehearsing the
speech)

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest, -
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men, -
(Feels the need for elevation,
climbs on to chair)

Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.

(Climbs on top of arms of chair)
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?

(Climbs on top of the back of
the chair)
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept
(Falls off)

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
(Climbs back, balancing gingerly)

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious:
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him with a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, - not without cause:
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?

(Slow fadeout)

A sign appears.
HERR HITLER COACHED BY PROVINCIAL ACTOR
LESSONS FROM HERR BASIL
IN ELOCUTION AND DEPORTMENT

SCENE VII

Office of the Cauliflower Trust. UI,
ROMA, GIVOLA, GIRI and BODYGUARDS.
UI is haranguing a group of small
GROCERS from a platform. Next to him
sits old HINDBOROUGH, looking ill.
In the background, CLARK.

UI

(Bellowing)

Murder! Butchery! Blackmail! Robbery! Force and
Violence! Guns chattering in public places!
Men going about their peaceful occupations,
Solid citizens entering City Hall
To testify, mowed down in broad daylight.
And what are the City Fathers doing all
About this? Nothing! These honorable men
Are busy spinning shady business plans
And slandering the honor of all honest people,
Instead of giving them protection.

GIVOLA

Hear! Hear!

UI

But truth will come to light, fraud can't be hid too long.
To put it bluntly: chaos reigns supreme.
If everybody does as he damn pleases,
Prompted by egoism, which is a grievous fault,
Then everybody turns on everybody else,
And chaos reigns supreme. Suppose I mind
My little store in peace or drive a truck,
And plug-uglies pump my tires full of holes,
Or trample through my store, with "Stick 'em up!"
It is the end of law and order. If
On the other hand I understand that
Man is wolf to man and not a babylamb,
I've got to act. I've got to stop my neighbor
From busting in whenever the spirit moves him
And yelling at me, "Reach for the sky or else!"
These hands have not been made to reach for heavens
But for honest labor such as bottling pickles
Or cutting salami. That's the way it goes.
Men will not yield their guns without coercion.
Only because it's nice to live in peace,
Or maybe they'll be praised by pacifists
In City Hall. You've got to shoot before
Somebody shoots you. That is logical.
Well, what to do, you must be wondering.

So listen to me careful. First things first.
 The way you acted so far isn't good enough.
 Grinding your bums behind the counter lazily.
 And fainting every time you see a thug.
 And disunited, splintered, and without
 Big Brother watching over you and giving
 You protection. So first thing is unity.
 Second is sacrifice. "Why should we sacrifice?"
 I hear you say. "Why dish out cash and buy
 Protection? Ten percent from off the top?
 No, thank you very much. There goes our profit.
 Now, if you did it free of charge, that would be
 Different." Dear friends, nothing is free in life,
 Except for dying. All else is costing money.
 There is a price tag on protection. On
 Security and peace and quiet, too.
 That is the law of life, and it will never change.
 Thus I decided - with some other men -
 And here they stand before you - others stand outside -
 To give you firm protection, come what may.

(GIVOLA applauds. ROMA cheers)

GIVOLA

So that you see we are professionals
 And businesslike, we asked our Mister Clark,
 Of Clark Wholesalers Inc., to join us
 You know him all, I guess.

(ROMA brings CLARK forward. Some
 GROCERS applaud)

CLARK

Friends, fellow-grocers!
 We of the Cauliflower Trust have noticed
 With alarm how hard it is for you to
 Make a buck. We are aware of your complaints.
 "The stuff is too expensive." Damn right it is!
 But why is it expensive? Friends, because our
 Packers, drivers, shipping clerks et cetera,
 Whipped up by agitators - foreign-born, no doubt -
 Are clamoring for higher wages. Arturo
 Ui and his friends would like to stop
 This rot forever.

FIRST GROCER

Sir, if you cut their
 Wages even more, won't we have even
 Fewer customers?

UI

Your question is quite
 Justified. And let me answer it. Like it
 Or not, the workingman is here to stay.

If only as a customer. I've always
 Emphasized that honest labor's not a badge
 Of infamy. It makes for profit and
 Prosperity. In fact, it's rather useful.
 Yes, even I, the simple son of Brooklyn,
 Have worked my way through college in my youth
 By painting houses and et cetera.
 The working stiff has all my sympathy
 So long he stays an individual.
 But when the wise guys start to organize
 And stick their goddam noses in affairs
 They do not understand, like lower wages,
 Higher profits, and et cetera, then I
 Must say, "Now just a minute, brother, that's
 Enough! You are a workingman, which means
 You work. But if you stop to work and take
 A walk along the picketline, you cease to be
 A workingman, and you become the slander
 Of your mother's heavy womb. Subversive
 Sonsabitches all, and I must stop you dead.

(CLARK applauds)

GIVOLA

And now to demonstrate our good faith, gentlemen,
 It is my privilege to introduce
 That marbleconstant man, if I may say so,
 The very model of unblushing honor,
 His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
 Give him a hand, boys.

UI

Mister Hindborough!

(The GROCERS applaud a little louder)

Sir, I'd like to say how deeply I'm obliged
 To you. Providence united us for aye.
 I'll not forget how you, the Wizard
 Of the Waterfront, has picked this younger man,
 This simple son of Brooklyn, for a friend.

(He takes HINDENBURG'S flabbily
 hanging hand and starts pumping it)

GIVOLA

(Half-aloud)

Shattering moment! Father and son!

GIRI

(Steps forward)

Okay, you guys. You heard the Chief. He spoke
 Straight from the shoulder. If there's any questions,
 Fire away. And don't be scared! Nobody's

Gonna eat you. So long you stay in line.
 Fruitless palaver, ain't my cup of tea,
 Nor is this gassing round with Ifs and Buts for me.
 But if you got constructive-type ideas,
 Shoot the lemon! I'm all ears.

(The GROCERS are silent)

GIVOLA

And don't be shy.
 You know me and my little flower-store.
 I'm one of you.

FIRST BODYGUARD

Ra-ra-ra, Givola.

GIVOLA

What's it going to be, murder or protection,
 Butchery, blackmail, force and violence?

FIRST GROCER

It's quiet in my neighborhood these days.
 There's never been a fracas in my store.

SECOND GROCER

Neither in mine.

THIRD GROCER

Same here.

GIVOLA

Remarkable.

SECOND GROCER

We've heard about some trouble in saloons,
 Like Mister Ui told us. Glasses smashed
 To bits and liquor poured out, on account
 They wouldn't pay protection money. But
 All is quiet in the groceries.

ROMA

How
 About Sheet's murder? And the death of Bowl?

SECOND GROCER

What's that to do with us or cauliflower?

ROMA

Nothing whatever. What's your name, my friend?

SECOND GROCER

Jim Crocket, sir.

ROMA

One second, Mister Crocket.

(ROMA goes up to UI who is sitting drained and indifferent after his tirade. A hasty whispered conference, joined by GIRI and then GIVOLA. GIRI signals FIRST BODYGUARD and THEY leave hurriedly)

GIVOLA

Distinguished friends. Your attention, please. I've just been told some poor woman's arrived. Desirous to express her thanks to Mister Ui.

(He goes to fetch a heavily rouged, jazzily dressed WOMAN - DOCKDAISY - who comes in, holding a little GIRL by the hand. The THREE of them walk up to UI who rises)

GIVOLA

(To the grocers)

I'd like to introduce young Missis Bowl, Widow of the Cauliflower Trust's late Treasurer, slaughtered by unknown murderers, While entering our City Hall to testify. Speak up, dear Missis Bowl, we're listening.

DOCKDAISY

Mister Ui, stricken as I am with grief on account the dirty murder of my late-lamented husband, may he rest in peace, while he was discharging his duties as a citizen, I would like to express my heartfelt gratitude to you, especially for them beautiful flowers you sent me and my little girl of six who's been deprived of her father at such a tender age, too.

(To the grocers)

Gentlemen, I'm only a poor widow, but I've got to tell you, I'd be in the streets tonight except for Mister Ui's generosity, and this I would always repeat under oath. My little girl of five and myself will never forget what you've done for us, widows and orphans, Mister Ui.

(UI offers his hand to DOCKDAISY and tickles the little girl under her chin. Meanwhile GIRI - wearing Bowl's hat - is pushing his way across the crowd, followed by some GANGSTERS - disguised as truckdrivers - carrying kerosene cans. THEY leave)

UI

Missis Bowl, my sympathies for your most
Grievous loss. This outrageous threat to life
And limb must be rooted out.

(The Grocers want to go home)

GIVOLA

Stop. Just a minute!
The meeting isn't over yet. Prior to a
Collection for this widow and her child,
In memory of murdered Bowl, our friend
James Greenwool has agreed to sing a song.
He is a baritone.

(One of the BODYGUARDS steps forward
and starts singing a shmalzy song.
With eyes closed and chins propped
up, the GANGSTERS sit listening in
rapt attention)

SECOND BODYGUARD

(Singing)

"No home, no home," cried an orphan girl
At the door of a princely hall,
As she trembling stood on the polished steps
And leaned on the marble wall.

Her dress was thin and her feet were bare
And the snow had covered her head.
"Oh, give me a home," she feebly cried.
"A home and a piece of bread."

"My mother, alas, I never knew."
Tears dimmed the eyes so bright.
"My father sleeps in a new-made grave.
"Tis an orphan who begs tonight."

The rich man lay on his velvet couch
And dreamed of his silver and gold,
While the orphan girl on her bed of snow
Was murmuring, "It's bloody cold."

The night was dark, and the snow fell fast
As the rich man slammed the door.
And his proud lips curled with scorn as he said,
"No bread, no room for the poor."

The morning dawned but the orphan girl
Still lay at the rich man's door
And her soul fled to that home above
Where there's bread and room for the poor.

(Feeble applause by the GROCERS,
interrupted by police whistles and
sirens. A great window in the back-
ground is getting red)

ROMA

Fire on the waterfront!

A VOICE
Where?

FIRST BODYGUARD

(Entering)

Is there
A grocer by the name of Crocket here?

SECOND GROCER

Yes.

Why, what's going on?

FIRST BODYGUARD
Your warehouse is on fire.

(CROCKET dashes out. SOME follow.
OTHERS go to the window)

ROMA

Hold everything! Nobody leaves this room!
(To First Bodyguard)

It's

Arson?

FIRST BODYGUARD

Sure, what else? They found some kerosene
Cans behind the place.

THIRD GROCER

I saw some people
Walking out of here with cans.

ROMA

(In a rage)

Whaddaya mean?

Are you trying to say we did it?

FIRST BODYGUARD

(Digging a gun into Third Grocer's
rib)

Who

Did you say was carrying cans through here?

THIRD GROCER

They looked like truckdrivers to me.

ROMA

See?

The Chief was right. It's them truckdrivers again.
Everything's the fault of truckdrivers, my friend.

GIVOLA

(Talking fast)

The very man who told us here a while ago
That all was hunkydory in the groceries
Can see his very warehouse going up in flames.
Turned into ash and rubble. Don't you see the
Writing on the wall? Have you gone blind? Unite,
Ladies and gentlemen. And now! The hour is late!

UI

(Rising from apathy, roars)

This city's gone too far! First comes murder,
Arson next! Wake up, you grocers! Error
Is human, but I warn you, so is terror!

A sign appears with headlines dated
February 1933.

REICHSTAG BUILDING IN FLAMES
FRAMEUP TO CRUSH OPPOSITION
HERR HITLER STARTS REIGN OF TERROR
"THE NIGHT OF THE LONG KNIVES"

SCENE VIII

A street. Machinegun fire, loud.
A WOMAN, streaming with blood, comes
tumbling out of a shot-up truck.

THE WOMAN

Help! You! Don't run away! You gotta be my witness!
My husband in the truck is dead. Help! Help!
My arm's been shot to bits! And so's the truck!
I need a bandage, or I'll bleed to death!
They're killing us like squashing flies on filthy
Windows! Oh God! Why don't somebody help!
My husband....Nobody there?....You murderer!
But I know who he is! He is that Ui!

(Raging)

You monster!

You scum of the earth! You crock of shit!
No, even shit would shudder seeing you,
And cry out, "Let me wash!" Whoever touches
Ui is defiled! King of the lice! And everybody
Lets him get away with it! You! They're hacking us
To pieces! It's that Ui!

(Machinegun chatters nearby. SHE
breaks down)

Ui and the rest!

Where are you, people? Help! Will no one stop the pest?

SCENE IX

The warehousefire trial. PRESS.
JUDGE. PROSECUTION. DEFENSE. YOUNG
HINDBOROUGH. GIRI. GIVOLA. DOCK-
DAISY. COURT PHYSICIAN. BODYGUARDS.
GROCERS, and THE ACCUSED FISH.

A

(MANUELE GIRI stands in front of
the witness chair, wagging a finger
at the accused FISH who sits in
complete apathy)

GIRI

(Screaming)

That's the man! The man whose infamous hand
Set the place on fire! Yes, he was pressing the
Kerosene can to his breast when I arrested
Him. Stand up when I address you, man, stand up!

(FISH is yanked out of the chair
by USHERS. HE stands swaying)

JUDGE

Accused Fish, pull yourself together. You're in a
Court of justice. You're being accused of arson.
Your life may be at stake. Think hard.

FISH

(Babbling)

Blah-blah-blah.

THE JUDGE

Where did you obtain the kerosene cans?

FISH

Blah-blah.

(At the JUDGE's signal, the COURT
PHYSICIAN, a sinister fop, leans
over Fish and then exchanges
glances with GIRI)

THE DOCTOR

He simulates, Your Honor.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

The defense requests that the Court consult other medical experts.

THE JUDGE

(Smiling)

Overruled.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

Mister Giri, how come you happened to be on the spot at the time of the fire which reduced Mister Crocket's warehouse and 22 other buildings to ashes?

GIRI

I was taking a digestive stroll.

(Some of the BODYGUARDS laugh.
GIRI joins in the laughter)

DEFENSE COUNSEL

Mister Giri, are you aware of the fact that the defendant is an unemployed laborer? That he arrived in Chicago, on foot, the day before the fire? That he's never been here before?

GIRI

Wha'? When?

DEFENSE COUNSEL

Is the license number of your car XXXXXX?

GIRI

That's right.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

Isn't it a fact that this car was parked on 87th Street before the fire, outside Hindborough's saloon from where the defendant Fish was carried out in an unconscious condition?

GIRI

How should I know? I spent the whole day picnicking in Cicero, where I met fifty-two people willing to swear they saw me.

(THE BODYGUARDS laugh)

DEFENSE COUNSEL

Didn't you just say you were taking a digestive stroll on the Chicago waterfront?

GIRI

You got any objections if I dine in one town and digest in another?

(Great sustained laughter. The JUDGE laughs, too. Blackout. An organ plays Chopin's funeral march in dance rhythm)

B

(When the lights go up, the grocer CROCKET is in the witness chair)

DEFENSE COUNSEL

Have you ever had a quarrel with the defendant, Mr. Crocket?

CROCKET

No.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

In fact, have you ever set eyes on him before?

CROCKET

Never.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

How about Mister Giri? Have you seen him before?

CROCKET

Yes, sir.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

Where?

CROCKET

At the offices of the Cauliflower Trust, the day my warehouse burned down.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

You saw Mister Giri before the outbreak of the fire?

CROCKET

Immediately before. He walked through the place with four people carrying kerosene cans.

(Tumult among the REPORTERS and the BODYGUARDS)

THE JUDGE

Order in the press-box! Order!

DEFENSE COUNSEL

Where was your warehouse located, Mister Crocket?

CROCKET

Same block as the shipping line which used to belong to Mister Sheet. Matter of fact, there is an alleyway connecting the two properties.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

Mister Crocket, are you familiar with the fact that Mister Giri is the superintendent of the shipping company and lives on the premises?

CROCKET

Yes, sir.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

D'you think he has access to the alleyway you've mentioned?

CROCKET

He sure does.

(Pandemonium. THE BODYGUARDS boo and assume threatening attitudes to Crocket, the Defense Counsel and the Press. YOUNG HINDBOROUGH hurries up to the Judge and whispers in his ear)

THE JUDGE

Order! Owing to the defendant's indisposition, the Court is adjourned.

(Blackout. The organ plays Chopin's funeral march in dance rhythm)

C

(When the lights go up, CROCKET is in the witness chair again: a broken man, leaning on a cane, his head and his eyes covered in bandage)

PROSECUTOR

How is your eyesight, Mister Crocket?

CROCKET

(With difficulty)

Not very good.

PROSECUTOR

Would you say you're capable of recognizing a person instantly and without a doubt?

CROCKET

No.

PROSECUTOR

For instance, do you recognize that gentleman?
(Points at Giri)

CROCKET

No.

PROSECUTOR

You couldn't say if you ever saw him before, could you?

CROCKET

No.

PROSECUTOR

A final question, Crocket, a very important question. Think hard before you answer. The question is as follows: Was your warehouse really adjacent to the late Mister Sheet's former shipping line?

CROCKET

(After a pause)

No.

PROSECUTOR

That's all.

(Blackout. The organ plays again)

D

(When the lights go up, DOCKDAISY is in the witness-chair)

DOCKDAISY

(In a mechanical tone)

I recognize the accused very easy on account the guilty expression on his face, and because he is five foot seven. Also, I heard from my sister-in-law that he was seen hanging around City Hall the day my husband was shot entering City Hall. He had an automatic pistol - model Webster - under his armpit and made a suspicious impression.

(Blackout. Organ music)

E

(When the lights go up, GIUSEPPE
GIVOLA is in the witness chair.
Nearby, THE BODYGUARD, JAMES
GREENWOOL)

PROSECUTOR

We've heard testimony to the effect that before the out-
break of the fire some people were supposed to have left
the offices of the Cauliflower Trust carrying kerosene
cans. Have you anything to say about these allegations?

GIVOLA

They could only be referring to Mister Greenwool.

PROSECUTOR

Is Mister Greenwool an employee of yours, Mister Givola?

GIVOLA

Yes, sir.

PROSECUTOR

What is your occupation, Mister Givola?

GIVOLA

I'm a florist.

PROSECUTOR

Is there an excessive amount of kerosene being used in
your line of business?

GIVOLA

(Seriously)

No, sir. Only against plant-lice, sir.

PROSECUTOR

What was Mister Greenwool doing at the offices of the
Cauliflower Trust?

GIVOLA

He was giving a song-recital, sir.

PROSECUTOR

Could he have been carrying kerosene cans at the same
time?

GIVOLA

No, sir.

PROSECUTOR

Could he have gone out to set Mister Crocket's warehouse
on fire?

GIVOLA
Singing?

PROSECUTOR
Answer the question directly.

GIVOLA
Absolutely impossible, sir.

PROSECUTOR
What makes you so sure, Mister Givola?

GIVOLA
It's uncharacteristic of Mister Greenwool to be engaged in inflammatory activities. He is a baritone.

PROSECUTOR
May it please the court to permit the witness Greenwool to sing the beautiful song he sang at the offices of the Cauliflower Trust while the warehouse was being set on fire?

THE JUDGE
Singing irrelevant. Overruled.

GIVOLA
Your Honor, I protest!
(Rising)

Unheard-of provocation!
These true-blue youngsters may occasionally
Go bang-bang-bang in juvenile excess,
Playful, not culpable, like kids on Halloween.
But you abuse them, sir, as shady customers.
Outrageous prejudice, and I protest!

(Laughter. Blackout. Organ
music)

F

(When the lights go up, the courtroom shows signs of utter exhaustion)

THE JUDGE
According to rumors published in the press, the Bench is supposed to be subject to pressure from certain quarters. The Bench wishes to state that no pressure has been brought to bear upon it from any quarters whatsoever, and that'll do fine for a statement.

PROSECUTOR

Your Honor! In the view of the fact that the accused Fish stubbornly persists in simulating dementia, the prosecution holds that it is pointless to continue his cross-examination. We submit therefore -

DEFENSE COUNSEL

Your Honor! The defendant is coming to -

FISH

(Seems to wake up)

Wa - ter!

DEFENSE COUNSEL

Water! Your Honor, I wish to call as my next witness the defendant Fish.

(Uproar in court)

PROSECUTOR

I object, Your Honor! The accused is obviously not in full possession of his mental faculties. The whole thing is a manoeuvre by the defense - cheap sensationalism - to influence public opinion!

FISH

Wa - trr!

(FISH stands up, with the help of
DEFENSE COUNSEL)

DEFENSE COUNSEL

Can you answer my questions, Fish?

FISH

Ye - eh.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

Fish, tell the Court in your own words: did you, on February 28th, set fire to a vegetable warehouse in the dock-district? Answer Yes or No.

FISH

No - na - no.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

When did you come to Chicago?

FISH

Water!

DEFENSE COUNSEL

Water!

(Disorder in court. YOUNG HINDBOROUGH
has stepped up to the Bench and is
whispering to the Judge)

GIRI
(Rises massively, bellowing)
Machinations! Lies! Lies!

DEFENSE COUNSEL
(Pointing at Giri)
Have you seen that man before?

FISH
Yeh. Water!

DEFENSE COUNSEL
Where? Was it in Hindborough's saloon on the waterfront?

FISH
(In a low voice)
Yes.

(Great tumult. The BODYGUARDS draw
their guns and boo. The COURT
PHYSICIAN comes running in with a
glass and pours its contents down
Fish's throat, before Defense
Counsel could stop him)

DEFENSE COUNSEL
I object! I demand that this glass be examined!

THE JUDGE
(Exchanging glances with PROSECUTOR)
Overruled.

DOCKDAISY
(Screaming at Fish)
Murderer!

DEFENSE COUNSEL
Your Honor!
Since they can't stop up the mouth of truth with dirt,
They try to shut her up with legal paperwork!
Hoping to turn Your Honor's honor to your shame!
They dig their rods into the ribs of Justice,
Yelling "Hands up!" to her. Within a week
The town's grown old from fighting with a groan
A bloody brood that grew up into monsters.
We watched the slaughter of legality.
Now must we watch her violated, too,
Her knees spread open, as she yields to rape?
I beg Your Honor, stop this rot!

PROSECUTOR

Protest! Protest!

GIRI

You dog! You dirty liar! Poisonmixer!
Juryfixer! Paid by Moscow Gold! Come on,
Step right outside, so I can tear your balls off!

DEFENSE COUNSEL

Everybody knows about this man!

GIRK

Shut up!

(To the JUDGE who tries to
interrupt)

You, too! You want to stay alive? Then shut up, too!

(He stops, out of breath, giving
the JUDGE a chance to address the
court)

THE JUDGE

Order, please! Counsel is fined five dollars for contempt
of court. The Bench is in full sympathy with Mister
Giri's indignation. He's been sorely provoked.

(To Defense Counsel)

Continue.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

Fish! Have you been given a mickey finn in Hindborough's
saloon?

FISH

(His head droops flabbily)

Blah-blah-blah-blah.

DEFENSE COUNSEL

Fish! Fish! Fish!

GIRI

(Roaring)

Call him, yeh! The fire's blown! A pity!
I'll show you, man, who's bossman in this city!

(Great tumult. Blackout. Organ,
playing Chopin's funeral march in
dance rhythm)

G

(When the lights go up for the last time, the JUDGE stands reading the sentence in a flat voice. The ACCUSED FISH is curd-white in the face)

THE JUDGE

Charles Fish, the court finds you guilty of arson and sentences you to fifteen years imprisonment.

A sign appears, with headlines:

REICHSTAGFIRETRIAL ENDS IN UPROAR
GOERING LOSES TEMPER IN COURT
DOPED LABORER SENTENCED TO DEATH
MOCKERY OF JUSTICE

SCENE X

Hindborough's Country House.

Dawn.

HINDBOROUGH is writing his testament
and confession.

HINDBOROUGH

Thus, I, the honorable Hindborough,
Permitted all this horror to be planned
And perpetrated by that bloody gang. And
After eighty winters spent in probity!
O world! I hear that those who know me from before
Insist I know from nothing. For if I knew
I'd never tolerate such crimes. But I know
Everything. I know who burnt down Crocket's place.
I know who doped and kidnaped wretched Fish.
I know that Roma rubbed out Sheet most bloodily.
(A ticket in his pocket for the Santa Fé.)
I know that Manuele Giri murdered Bowl
That rainy morning outside City Hall,
Because he knew too much of honest Hindborough.
I know who beat good Crocket to a bloody pulp.
I even saw him wearing Crocket's hat.
I know Givola mowed down seven more -
Please find a list of names enclosed. And finally,
I know what Ui's done. I know he's planned it all
Beginning with the death of Sheet, and all the way
To arson, frameup, open terrorism.
I knew it all, and yet I let it happen,
Yes, I, your honest Hindborough, the man above
Reproach, driven by greed, afraid to lose your love.

SCENE XI

UI's suite at the Mammoth Hotel.
 UI lies sprawling in a deep armchair
 and stares into nothing. GIVOLA is
 writing something. TWO BODYGUARDS
 look over his shoulders, grinning.

GIVOLA

"Thus I, the honorable Hindborough,
 Leave my saloon to hardworking Givola,
 My country house to brave though somewhat fiery
 Giri. To upright Roma I bequeath my son.
 As far as patronage, make Giri into judge.
 Let Roma be police-chief. But dear Givola
 Should be Controller of relief and welfare.
 As for my job, I heartily commend to you
 Arturo Ui, who is worthy of the task,
 Believe you me, yours truly, Hindborough."
 And that will do the trick. I hope he croaks,
 And pretty soon. This testament will work
 Some miracles. Since he has had a stroke
 The city waits to dump him with decorum
 Into a cleanly grave, prepared to prettify
 Both corpse and reputation. He'll need a tombstone
 With a fancy epitaph. Oh, by the way, Chief:
 our Giri spends too much time with the old man
 To my liking. I think it's wrong.

UI

(irritably)

Giri?

What's this with Giri?

GIVOLA

I said, he sees too much
 of Hindborough.

UI

I do not trust the guy.

(Enter GIRI wearing Crocket's hat)

GIVOLA

Do I. Hi, Giri dear. How is the old man's
 Apoplexy? Neither

GIRI

He doesn't want to see
 The doctor.

GIRI

What d'you mean? I haven't got it, Roma.

ROMA

You've got it, bastard.

(THEY face each other, furiously)

I know what you are up to.

Sheet's murder must be mentioned in the will.
I wouldn't like to have it publicised.

GIRI

Bowl's murder may be mentioned too, you fool.
I wouldn't like to hit the headlines, either.
You've got to trust me, Ernie.

ROMA

Like hell I will.

You're rats, the both of you, but I'm a man.
I know you, Giri. I know you, too, Givola.
You'd sell your mother to the stockyards for the glue.
I don't even believe your clubfoot's real.
You come here every time I turn my back.
What are they hissing in your ears, Arturo?
Don't go too far, you two! If I'm provoked
Again, I'll wipe you off like bloody stains.

GIRI

Don't talk to me as if I was a mobster.

ROMA

What's wrong with be'ng a mobster, eh, you tell me!

(To his Bodyguards)

It's you he's sneering at, the hoity-toity Giri,
Who dines and wines the cauliflower gents.

(Points at Giri)

That silk-shirt comes from Clark's own tailor, yeh!
He lets us do the dirty work. And you -

(To U1)

Allow him to insult the boys.

UI

(As if waking up)

Allow him what?

GIVOLA

To blast the trucks of Mulberry. And Mulberry
Is in the Trust.

UI

Did you? You didn't shoot his trucks up,

ROMA

That was unauthorized, Arturo.
Some of my boys can't understand it, why
The crummy little groceries should sweat and bleed,
And not the ritzy trucking firms. Goddammit,
I can't understand it, either.

GIVOLA

Fact is,
The Trust is in a rage.

GIRI

Clark warned me yesterday:
Next time a truck is shot at, they will act.
That's why we went to visit Hindborough.

UI

(Ill-tempered)
It mustn't happen, not again, Ernesto.

GIRI

You'd better do something about it, Chief.
These boys are getting too big for their breeches.

GIVOLA

The Trust is in a rage.

ROMA

Okay, now that's enough!
(Pulls a gun, pointing at the two)
Reach for the sky, you two!
(To Givola's Bodyguards)
You, too, you goons!
Don't try no monkey-business. Stand against
The wall, the lot of you.

(GIVOLA, his BODYGUARDS, and GIRI
raise their hands and retreat
lazily to the wall)

UI

(Indifferently) What's going on?
You're making everybody nervous, Ernieboy.
What is the fight about? A truck's been shot up, so?
That can be squared. Life is a bowl of cherries now,
And things are going like a house on fire.
That fire was a smash. The stores are paying up.
Fifteen percent for our protection. In a week
We forced the waterfront on to her knees.
No voice is heard, no hand is raised against us.
And I have further, bigger plans.

GIVOLA

(Quickly)

Like what?

GIRI

Your plans be screwed! Tell him to let me drop
My hands.

ROMA

It's safer, if he keeps them up there, Chief.

GIVOLA

We'll make a mighty fine impression, standing here
When Mister Clark arrives...

UI

Ernesto, put that gun
Away.

ROMA

Not me. Wake up, Arturo. Don't you see?
They play you for a sucker, Chief. They sell you
Down the river to these Clarks and Hindboroughs.
"When Mister Clark arrives..." It makes me puke. Where are
the monies from the shipping line? We haven't
Seen a cent. The boys go busting into stores,
Go dragging cans of kerosene when busting's not enough,
And sighing deep, "What happened to Arturo?
He never says hello to us no more.
And it was us who did it all for him.
He plays the Big Shot now." Wake up, Arturo.

GIRI

Wake up is right. Go, chuck it up what chokes you!
Tell us whose side you're on.

UI

(Jumps up)

What's this? A pistol
Pressed against my breast? Oh no, you bullyboys,
You can't achieve a thing with me that way, my friends.
Whoever threatens me must face the consequence.
A milder man than me you never met.
But threats I can't abide. Whoever doesn't
Trust me blindly, let him walk alone. There
Is no bargaining with me. With me it's either-or.
With me you do your duty, basta! Or
You're out! And I decide what you deserve.
Deserving fellows serving, and what I demand
Is trust and trust again and double trust!
O ye of little faith! How do you think
I did create this thing? I had the faith,
A most fanatic faith in fate, the Cause, the Thing.
It was a faith and nothing but a faith
With which I muscled into town and forced her
On her knees. With faith I gatecrashed Hindborough.
With faith I entered City Hall. My naked hands
Did nothing hold but faith unshakable.

ROMA

And a gun.

UI

No! Others also have a gun.
 But what they don't possess is warm and holy faith
 That they're predestined to be leaders. And you, too,
 Friends, countrymen, and Brooklynites, lend me your faith!
 I've got to have your faith! You've got to give me faith!
 I want the best for you. And I know best
 What's best for you, and what's the best way to
 Achieve our victory. Should Hindborough
 Conk out, it's me, it's I, who will decide
 Who will be doing what. But let me tell you this:
 You will be satisfied.

GIVOLA

(Hand on heart)

Arturo!

ROMA

Scram.

Wait. I want you-know-what.
 (Goes up to them)

GIRI

But I haven't got it.

ROMA

(Frisking them)

Swine, you have it!

GIRI

I swear by Mamma's grave!

GIVOLA

Why, Roma, dear, you've heard the Chief. You must have
 Trust and trust again

ROMA

(Finds a document on Giri)

Hindborough's testament!

Go shake a leg, Givola, crippled as it is.
 And take your clubfoot back to where you stole it.
 To the rightful owner.

(To Giri)

The joke is over,

Joker. This time the laugh's on me. Skiddoo!

(GIRI, GIVOLA, and Givola's BODY-
 GUARDS walk out slowly, hands up
 in the air)

GIVOLA

But Roma dear...

GIRI

(To Roma)

I like your hat.

ROMA

Get out.

(To UI who has sunk into brooding
again)Hindborough's true confession! All the while
He piled up horse-manure about not having it,
He had it on him, Giri.

(Reading from the true testament)

"And finally

I know what UI's done. I know he planned it all,
Beginning with the death of Sheet, and all the way
To arson, frameup, open terrorism."

UI

Leave me alone.

ROMA

Arturo, if I didn't have

The very faith you talked about so beautifully,
I couldn't look the boys into the eyes.
We've got to act! And right away! That Giri's
Planning doublecross.

UI

Forget about him, please.

I'm planning bigger, better things, Ernesto.
To you, my oldest friend and trusted aide,
I'll now divulge these new and monumental plans.
They're far advanced.

ROMA

(Beaming)

Fire away! I'm listening.

(He sits next to UI. His BODY-
GUARDS stand waiting in a corner)

UI

We have Chicago wrapped up. I want more.

ROMA

More?

UI

It's not the only place with groceries.

ROMA

You mean,

The saints go marching on? Where to?

UI

Yes, marching on!

UI (cont'd)

Through th' front-doors and the back-doors and the windows!
Invited or debarred, most welcome or rebuffed,
We'll beg and bully, threaten and cajole,
With iron hugs and velvat violence,
And armad with sticks and carrcts. In a word:
Same mixture as before.

ROMA

It may be different

In other towns.

UI

Which is why I've decided on
Having a little formal drass-rehaarsal
In a littla town. A tryout, so to speak,
To test the audiance in othar placas.
Although I'd doubt thay'ra different from here.

ROMA

Where d'you plan to hava your drass-rahearsal?

UI

Cicero.

ROMA

But Dullfaet is in Cicero,
Crusading for the vegetable causa,
And screaming Independence! for the local stores.
His paper calls me nasty namas each morning.
"Shaet's murderer!"

UI

That ought to stop.

ROMA

It could.
Newspapers, if they're any good, have anemies.
Black print makas many man see red. Lika ma,
For instance. Dullfaet's muckraking should be stoppad, I think.

UI

It must be stopped at once. Negotiations
By tha Trust have just begun in Cicero.
We want to start by salling cauliflower
Nice and easy.

ROMA

Who's nagotiating?

UI

Clark.

Ha's run into some trouble on account of us.

ROMA

So Clark is in the act? The Vegetable King!
I wouldn't trust him with a pickle.

UI

They say

In Cicero: we follow cauliflower
Everywhere; we are the shadows of the Trust.
They do want cauliflower but not us.
The little grocers shudder at our name.
They're not the only ones. Fair Missis Dullfeet
Owns the most important import-export
Wholesale vegetable outfit in the town.
She'd like to be a member of the Trust,
But wouldn't merge as long as we're around.

ROMA

You mean the plan to conquer Cicero
Is not your own? The Trust has dreamt it up?
Arturo, now I see the light! I see it all!
It's clear what game is being played -

UI

Where?

ROMA

In the Trust.

And in the country house of Hindborough!
Hindborough's testament was ordered by the Trust!
They want to annex little Cicero
But can't: you block the way. They've got to dump you first.
But how? You've got them by the balls. You know the dirt,
Since they have made you do their dirty work.
They'd like to drop you like a hot potato.
So here's the gimmick: Hindborough confesses!
Dresses up in sack-cloth, strewn with ashes,
Crawls, penitent, from sick-bed into limelight,
Surrounded all around by cauliflower gents
Who deeply moved produce the testament
And, sobbing, read it to the press: "How Hindborough
Regrets his error, urgently demanding:
'Exterminate the rats who spread the plague,'
Which he - to err is human - helped to spread.
He does confess. But that's enough now. Let's revive
The old and venerable vegetable trade!"
That is the plot, Arturo, and they're all in it:
Giri, who made the old man write the testament
Best pal to Clark who thinks we are a nuisance:
Clark wants no shadow when he shakes the plums
Of Cicero. Givola, too! The dungfly!
Buzzing around us hopefully. And Hindborough!
The good old honorable Hindborough,
Who smears you in this doublecrossing will
With crap all over, must be liquidated. Or
No soap in Cicero.

UI

You mean they're in cahoots?
It's true they wouldn't let me visit Cicero.
I've wondered why.

ROMA

Arturo, let me clear the decks!
I beg of you! I'll take a trip tonight
To Hindborough, pick up the old man with the boys,
Tell him I've come to move him to a hospital,
And, bye-bye black bird, drop him at the morgue.

UI

But Giri's in the country house tonight.

ROMA

Let Giri stay. He likes the country-side.

(THEY look at each other)

It's wash-up time.

UI

And how about Givola?

ROMA

I'll see him on the way back in the flower-store.
I'll order heavy wreaths for Hindborough.
And some for jolly Giri, too. I'll pay in cash.
(He points at his gun)

UI

This atrocious plot by Hindborough and Clark,
And Dullfeet, to include me out of Cicero,
By labelling me as a crook in public,
This libellous intrigue you've got to nip
Brutally in the bud. Ernesto, I rely
on you.

ROMA

You bet you can! But, Chief, you must be there
Before we make the move, to coach the boys,
To sisk 'em in the right direction. I'm
Not so good at making speeches.

UI

(Offers his hand)

I'll be there.

ROMA

I knew it, knew it all the time, Arturo!
This is the way the cookie's got to crumble.
Yeh men! The two of us together, you and me!
It's like the good old days again.
(To his Bodyguards)

ROMA (cont'd)

Arturo
Is with us! What did I tell you, boys?

UI

I'll come.

ROMA

Eleven sharp.

UI

Where?

ROMA

The garage.

UI

I'll see you there.

ROMA

I feel a different man, Arturo. Once
Again we dare the world together, you and me.

(He exits quickly with his BODY-
GUARDS. UI walks up and down,
rehearsing the speech he will make
to Roma's men)

UI

Friends! Regretfully I must announce to you:
It's come to my attention that behind my back
Abominable treason's being planned.
Men of my most immediate entourage,
Whom I have fully trusted, are reportedly
Hatching a rotten plot, running amuck
With greed, ambition, treacherous by nature
And in cahoots with all the cauliflower gents -
- That doesn't sound right. In cahoots with who?
- I've got it! The police. - They plan to sell me out
And send me into Kingdom Come, I hear.
No wonder that my patience is exhausted.
I therefore order you that, led by Ernie
Roma - he has my fullest confidence -
You move tonight -

(Enter CLARK, GIRI, and BETTY
DULLFEET. UI jumps with fright)

GIRI

It's only us, Arturo.

CLARK

Meet Missis Dullfeet, Ui. Here from Cicero.
The Trust would like you to consider carefully
Her proposition.

UI

(Darkly)
I am listening.

CLARK

And come to some agreement.

UI

Please proceed.

CLARK

Negotiations for a merger as between
Chicago's vegetable trade and Cicero
Had been suspended for a while. Doubt raised
Its ugly head in Cicero about
Your holding stocks in our companies.
The Trust has finally dispelled these doubts,
And Missis Dullfeet's come -

MRS. DULLFEET

To clear the air,
Remove misunderstandings, Mister UI.
In Mister Dullfeet's name I wish to emphasize
His recent press-crusade was not addressed to you.

UI

Well, then, to whom?

CLARK

All right, Ui. I'll give it
To you straight. The so-called suicide of Sheet
Made everybody cross in Cicero.
The man was after all the owner of a
Shipping line, whatever else he may have been.
The man had some distinction and was somebody,
Not just a nobody, who bummed a ride
From nowhere, going nowhere, like some bums we know.
Another thing: Mulberry's company complains:
Their trucks begin to look like cheese on wheels.
Two shooting incidents involving your men -

MRS. DULLFEET

Every child in Cicero can tell you:
The cauliflower of the Trust is smeared with blood.

UI

Kids! Outrageous gossip, if you ask me.

MRS. DULLFEET

No, no, it isn't meant against you, sir.
Since Mister Clark has vouched for you, you're not
The one we're after. It's this Ernie Roma.

CLARK

(Quickly)
Keep cool, Arturo!

GIRI
Chief, in Cicero -

UI
And I refuse to listen! What d'you take me for?
Enough! Enough! Ernesto Roma is my friend.
I will not be dictated to, what kind of men
I want to have about me. That's an insult
I'll not tolerate!

GIRI
Chief!

MRS. DULLFEET
My husband, sir,
Ignatius Dullfeet, will continue fighting
Such men as Roma till his dying breath.

CLARK
(Coolly)
And rightly so. The Trust supports him in this fight.
Ui, be sensible. You know that friendship
Does NOT mix well with business. Where's your choice?

UI
(Equally cool)
There's nothing I can add to what I've said.

CLARK
Missis Dullfeet, I regret profoundly
The outcome of this conversation.
(Leaving; to UI)
Most unwise.

(UI and GIRI are left alone. They
look at each other)

GIRI
This, what with Mulberry's trucks shot to bits,
Means trouble, Chief.

UI
I'm not afraid of trouble.

GIRI
Okay, you're not afraid. You only picked a fight -
With Hindborough, the Trust, the press, and every-
Body else in town. You've got to listen
To the voice of reason.

UI
I know my sacred
Duty as a friend.

GIRI
Duty be screwed. Get wise,
Arturo.

UI
I'll tell you when I need advice.

A sign appears with headlines:

HINDENBURG'S DEATH IMMINENT
BITTER STRUGGLES WITHIN NAZI CAMP
HERR HITLER UNDER PRESSURE
INFLUENTIAL CIRCLES DEMAND REMOVAL OF
SA CHIEF ERNST ROEHM

SCENE XII

A garage. Night. Sound of rain.
ERNESTO ROMA and YOUNG INNA. In
the background, some GUNMEN.

INNA

It's now struck one.

ROMA

He must have been delayed.

INNA

Maybe he can't make up his mind.

ROMA

That's possible.

Arturo's so attached to all his men
That he would rather sacrifice himself,
Recoiling from the very thought of striking,
Though they are rats, this Giri and Givola.
And so he dawdles, wrestling with his soul,
His feet reluctant lingers in the night.
It may be two o'clock before he comes.
Or maybe three. But come what may, he'll come.
I know him, Inna.

INNA

These rainy nights,
They give me gooseflesh.

ROMA

That's what I like, me boy:
Of all the nights the blackest ones.
Of all the cars the quickest ones.
Of all the friends the steady ones.

INNA

How long
You've known Arturo?

ROMA

Eighteen years.

INNA

That's long.

A GUNMAN

(Comes forward)
The boys would like to drink a little something.

ROMA
They can't. Tonight I want them sober.

(The BODYGUARDS bring in a LITTLE
MAN)

SHORTY
(Breathless)

Boss, it looks
Like dynamite. Two armored cars, chockfull o' cops,
Have parked before the precinct station.

ROMA
Let
The shutters down! It's got nothing to do with us.
But like the boyscouts say: "Boys, better worry
Than be sorry."

(The steel shutters of the garage
door come slowly down)

ROMA
Is all clear in the alley?

INNA
(Nods)
Tobacco is remarkable. You light a
Cigarette. You smoke. It makes you look real tough.
But inside you are jelly-fish.

ROMA
(Smiling)
Show me your hands.

INNA
(Obeys)
They're shaking, which is bad.

ROMA
What's bad about it, boy?
(Touches Inna's hands)
I don't think much of bullyboys. They are
Insensitive. No one can hurt them, so
They don't know how to hurt. Not seriously.
Go on and tremble, boy. The steely needle of
A compass trembles too, before it settles down.
Your hands are looking for the Pole, that's what it is.

A VOICE
(o.s.)
Police car cruising down the street.

ROMA
(Sharply)
Stops?

VOICE

Keeps moving.

A GUNMAN

(Entering)

Two cars around the corner, headlights dimmed.

ROMA

They're gunning for Arturo, that's for sure!
 O the bastards! Giri and Givola!
 They sold him out. He'll walk into a trap.
 We've got to cut him off. Come on!

A GUNMAN

It's suicide!

ROMA

Well, if it's suicide, this is the time
 For suicide, man. Eighteen years of friendship!

INNA

(In a bright voice)

Raise the shutters! Got the sprayers ready?

A GUNMAN

(Showing his gun)

Sure.

INNA

Open the door!

(The steel shutters rise slowly.
 The headlights of a car approach
 and stop. UI and GIVOLA enter
 quickly, followed by BODYGUARDS)

ROMA

Arturo!

INNA

(In a low voice)

And Givola!

ROMA

What's going on? We've sweated blood for you,
 Arturo.

(Laughs loud)

Gee, are you all right?

UI

(Hoarsely)

Why shouldn't I

Be all right.

INNA

We thought something's gone wrong. Go,
Shake him by the hand, Chief. He was about
To take us all the way to hell and back for you.

(UI walks up to Roma, offering his
hand. Laughing, ROMA takes Ui's
hand, which prevents him from reach-
ing for his Browning when GIVOLA
whips out his gun and, firing from
the hip, shoots ROMA)

UI

Line them up against the wall!

(ROMA'S MEN, flabbergasted, are
driven into a corner, with INNA
at the head. GIVOLA bends over
ROMA who is lying on the floor)

GIVOLA

Still breathing.

UI

Finish him off.

(To those standing by the wall)

Your infamous attempt on me,
Likewise the plan to murder Hindborough,
Had been unmasked. I've come to foil it at
Th' eleventh hour. It is useless to resist.
Fine flock of buzzards! Don't you make a move!
I'll teach you, bastards, what it means to try
To knife me in the back.

GIVOLA

Each one of them is armed.

He's coming to, Chief.

(Bending over Roma)

Touch luck to you!

UI

I'll spend

The night with Hindborough.

(He walks out quickly)

INNA

You dirty rats!

GIVOLA

(Excitedly)

Let 'em have it.

(ALL THE MEN standing against the
wall are mowed down by machinegun
fire)

ROMA

(Coming to)

Givola! Christ!

(He turns around heavily; his face
is chalk-white)

What happened

There?

GIVOLA

Nothing much. Few traitors executed.

ROMA

You dog! What did you do with all my people?

(GIVOLA does not reply)

What's with Arturo? Murder! Oh, I knew it!
I'm going blind. Where is he?(Crawls across the floor, looking
for Ui)

GIVOLA

Gone.

ROMA

(While he is being dragged to the
wall)

You dogs! You dogs!

GIVOLA

(Coolly)

You called me crooked clubfoot once. Ah well!
My friend, let's see how straight you walk to hell.

A sign appears with headlines:

JUNE 30th, 1934:

SA CHIEF ERNST ROEHM & FRIENDS AMBUSHED BY HERR HITLER
WHILST WAITING FOR HERR HITLER TO STAGE COUP
AGAINST HINDENBURG AND GOERING
MASSACRE AT TAVERN

SCENE XIII

Givola's flower-store. Enter
IGNATIUS DULLFEET, no bigger than a
boy, and BETTY DULLFEET.

DULLFEET

I don't like the idea.

BETTY

Why not, Ignatius?

Roma's gone.

DULLFEET

Murdered, you mean.

BETTY

Whichever way
He may have gone, he's gone. And Clark has told me
That Ui's youthful revels are now ended.
- The best of us have gone through Sturm und Drang -
He's sown his wild oats, so to speak, and shown
His manner and his grammar much improved:
He hasn't murdered anyone for weeks.
But if you do persist attacking him
You might revive his baser instincts yet
And put yourself in jeopardy, Ignatius.
But if you keep your mouth shut, they'll be nice to you.

DULLFEET

I doubt that silence helps.

BETTY

It helps. These people

Are not animals.

(GIRI enters from the side, wear-
ing Roma's hat)

GIRI

Hello! You're here already?
The Chief will be delighted. He is in the office
There. I must be off, unfortunately.
And on the double, too. Before Givola
Sees me in this hat. I've pinched it from him.

(He laughs so loud that some
plaster falls from the ceiling.
He exits with a wink)

DULLFEET

It's bad enough to hear them growl. But worse
To hear them laugh.

BETTY

Don't speak your mind, Ignatius.

Not here.

DULLFEET

(Bitterly)
And nowhere else.

BETTY

What can we do?

The word is out in Cicero that Ui
Will get the job of late-lamented Hindborough's.
What's worse, the groceries begin to like the Trust.

DULLFEET

Two of my printing presses, smashed to smithereens!
Woman, I have a premonition -

(Enter GIVOLA and UI, hands stretched
out)

BETTY

(In a low voice)

Ui!

UI

Dullfeet, welcome!

DULLFEET

Mister Ui, I'll be frank:
I did not wish to come, because -

UI

How come?

Courageous men are welcome everywhere.

GIVOLA

And so are lovely ladies.

DULLFEET

Mister Ui,

I felt it was my duty to oppose you, and -

UI

Misunderstandings! If you and I had known
Each other from the very start, I doubt
It would have come to this. It's been my steady hope
To settle everything that should be settled,
Must be settled, amicably.

DULLFEET
Violence -

UI
No one abhors it more than I. Alas.
If men would only yield to reason, sir,
No violence were ever necessary.

DULLFEET
My aim in life -

UI
- Is quite the same as mine:
Business in bloom, that's what we want, the both of us.
To see the little groceries, whose lot
Is not exactly rosy nowadays,
Selling their groceries in peace; seeking
protection when attacked.

DULLFEET
(Firmly)
Let them be free to choose
Whether they want protection, Mister Ui.
That is my most important -

UI
I agree.
They MUST be free to choose, or else. But once
They've chosen their protectors freely, sir,
They might as well give up a bit of freedom
To those they've chosen freely to protect
Their little freedom - to insure us all
That confidence reigns in the groceries,
And other places where it's sorely needed.
I've always been a confidence - I mean -
I've always emphasized the need for confidence.

DULLFEET
I'm glad to hear it straight from you, Ui.
But even at the risk of stepping on your toe:
Let me warn you, sir, that Cicero
Will never yield to force.

UI
That's understandable.
Nobody yields to force, unless he's forced to.

DULLFEET
I'll be blunt with you. If this new merger with the
Cauliflower Trust will ever lead to all that
Bloody farrago which harasses Chicago town,
I'll never let you get away with it.

UI

Why, Mister Dullfeet! Bluntness calls for bluntness.
 It's always possible that in the past
 An incident or maybe two occurred
 That wouldn't stand up to the strictest moral
 Standards. Such things do happen in a fight.
 But not among friends. Dullfeet, all I ask:
 Give me your confidence. Forget the past.
 Consider me a friend who wouldn't leave a friend
 - No, never! - in the lurch. To be specific:
 I would appreciate if you refrained
 From printing all those horror-tales about me.
 They aggravate my sensitivity.
 Is that asking too much?

DULLFEET

Sir, it all depends.
 I would be happy to keep quiet, Mister Ui,
 If things were quiet, too.

UI

They will be quiet.
 But if occasionally some episode occurs,
 Because a man's a man, sir, not an angel,
 I hope you won't start screaming bloody murder.
 I mean, I couldn't guarantee that now and then
 One of our drivers might not use a cussword,
 Reflecting on somebody's mother's chastity.
 That's only human, after all. And if
 By any chance a grocer buys a beer,
 To please a salesman - prompt delivery
 Of cabbage on his mind - such harmless practice
 Should not be misconstrued as bribery.

BETTY

My husband's only human, Mister Ui.

GIVOLA

He's famous for that fact, Madam. And now
 That everything's been peacefully discussed
 And clarified - a friend in need's a friend indeed -
 I'd like to show you 'round my little store.

UI

Ignatius, after you.

(THEY start inspecting Givola's
 flowers. UI leads BETTY, GIVOLA
 leads DULLFEET. In the follow-
 ing scene they keep popping in
 and out among the flower-arrangements.
 GIVOLA and DULLFEET appear)

GIVOLA
My Japanese garden. Don't you find it charming?

DULLFEET
Oaks blooming round a pond. What's in it, swarming?

GIVOLA
Blue carps carousing, full of airs and graces.

DULLFEET
Snapping at each other.

GIVOLA
As the human race is.

DULLFEET
The man who's fond of flowers can't be evil.

GIVOLA
That's why I find the business so convivial.

(THEY disappear. UI and BETTY
appear)

BETTY
A strong man's stronger without violence.

UI
Roses are red. How blue those violets!

BETTY
Without persuasion life would be absurder.

UI
Madam, the most persuasive thing is murder.

BETTY
There's nothing like an honest give-and-take.

UI
Especially for those who only take.

BETTY
Good arguments can always be effective.

UI
I quite agree.
I'm - what's the word? - eclectic.

BETTY
Then why d'you only show the iron fist?

UI
Dear Missis Dullfeet, I'm a realist.

(THEY disappear. GIVOLA and DULLFEET reappear)

DULLFEET
The vegetable kingdom's free of evil urges.

GIVOLA
Except for hemlock. Poison ivy. Birches.

DULLFEET
Flowers, the saying goes, are not felonious.

GIVOLA
That's why I'm all surrounded with begonias.

DULLFEET
They live such quiet lives. Look at the daisy!

GIVOLA
(Slyly)
They have no newspapers to drive them crazy.

(THEY disappear. UI and BETTY reappear)

BETTY
I understand your habits are spartanic.

UI
Spirits, cigars, and sex: they make me panic.

BETTY
Perhaps you'll end up with a halo round your head.

UI
My creed has always been: Better be dead than bad.

(THEY disappear. GIVOLA and DULLFEET reappear)

DULLFEET
It must be nice to spend your life 'mong hyacinths.

GIVOLA
It could be nice. But there are other things.

(THEY disappear. BETTY and UI reappear)

BETTY
What's your opinion on religious questions?

UI
Some of my best friends - like myself - are Christians.

BETTY

And the Ten Commandments? Such as "Thou Shalt Not Kill"?

UI

In business? Too demanding. And impractical.

BETTY

Sorry to plague you with a last suggestion:
What are your views about the social question?

UI

I've always been a social-minded creature.
The rich get richer. But that's human nature.

(THEY disappear. GIVOLA and DULL-
FEET reappear)

DULLFEET

Do flowers serve a purpose in the universe?

GIVOLA

And how! At funerals. Ah, funerals!

DULLFEET

Oh. I forgot that flowers were your bread.

GIVOLA

You bet. My fav'rite customer is death.

DULLFEET

I hope he's not your only Valentine.

GIVOLA

Not when the customer knows how to toe the line.

DULLFEET

Crime doesn't pay, Givola. Nor does force.

GIVOLA

Then someone else must pay. We're mixing metaphors.

DULLFEET

I see.

GIVOLA

You look so pale.

DULLFEET

It's hard to breathe.

GIVOLA

Perhaps you are allergic to that wreath.

(THEY disappear. BETTY and UI re-appear)

BETTY
I'm so relieved that we agree, my dear.

UI
It's always good to know, ma'm, what's the big idea.

BETTY
Friendships maturing in trouble and strife -

UI
(Puts his hand on her shoulder)
Thank God for girls who know the facts of life.

(GIVOLA and DULLFEET reappear.
DULLFEET is chalk-white in the
face. He sees Ui's hand on his
wife's shoulder)

DULLFEET
Betty, let's go.

UI
(Walks up to him, offering his
hand)
Dullfeet, your attitude
Does you honor, and will serve the welfare
Of your Cicero. That such men as we two
Have found each other is a most propitious sign.

GIVOLA
(Gives flowers to BETTY)
Beauties for a beauty.

BETTY
Oh, how glorious!
Ignatius, look! Oh, I am so delighted.
See you later, Mister Ui.

(THEY leave)

GIVOLA
We can
Relax. It's in the can.

UI
I do not like the man.

A sign appears with headlines:

AUSTRIAN GOVERNMENT YIELDS TO HITLERITE PRESSURE
CHANCELLOR ENGELBERT DOLLFUSS CALLS OFF PRESS-
ATTACKS ON NAZI GERMANY

SCENE XIV

Church-bells. In the cemetery of Cicero. A cortège is moving toward a mausoleum. Behind the coffin walks BETTY DULLFEET in widow's weeds, followed by CLARK, UI, GIRI, and GIVOLA. The last three carry enormous wreaths which they deposit in the mausoleum, and return. The voice of a MINISTER is heard from the mausoleum.

VOICE

The mortal remains of Ignatius Dullfeet
 Come thus to rest. His life, scant in reward,
 Yet rich in toil, is ended. Much toil has been
 Expended in that life: toil, not expended
 For the gain of him who spent it. We wish him
 Happy landing. Heaven's own superintendent
 At heaven's gate will greet him when he enters,
 To lay his hand upon some worn-out spot
 On Dullfeet's coat, exclaiming, "Here's a man
 Who's borne the load of multitudes." And every time
 The City Council meets in grand assembly,
 And every man has had his say, there'll be
 A little silence now. They will be wondering:
 When will Ignatius Dullfeet filibuster?
 Indeed, we are so used to hear him speak,
 It seems the city's conscience has been silenced.
 For he, who's gone from us so prematurely,
 He knew the straight and narrow path by heart,
 Could walk it blindly, never lost his way.
 His flesh was rather small, but huge his spirit!
 His voice, as editor, was clear as clarion,
 Echoing far and wide beyond the city's range!
 Ignatius Dullfeet, rest in peace. Amen.

GIVOLA

A tactful man. Said not a word how Dullfeet died.

GIRI

(Puts on Dullfeet's hat)

A tactful man? A man with seven children.

(CLARK and MULBERRY come out of
 the mausoleum)

CLARK

Goddammit, are you standing guard to stop
 The truth from being heard e'en at the coffin?

GIVOLA

Dear Clark, you're being very harsh. The hallowed
Ground you stand on ought to make you mellow.
Besides, the Chief is blue today. This is
No place for him.

MULBERRY

You butchers! Dullfeet kept his word!
He kept his mouth shut about everything!

GIVOLA

Silence is not enough. We need some people here
Who're ready to speak up for us, and loudly, too.

MULBERRY

What's there to speak about you, man? Except
That you're a bunch of butchers.

GIVOLA

He had to go.
Dullfeet was like the pores through which the anxious
Perspiration of the vegetable trade
Poured through. It was unbearable to smell
That sweat of anguish.

GIRI

And your cauliflower,
D'you want it sold in Cicero, or not?

MULBERRY

Not by assassination.

GIRI

So what else?
You'd like to have your steak and eat it, too
But bawl us out for slaughtering the steer.
You howl for meat, but when you see the meat-axe
Of the cook, you call him bloody butcher.
I like that! No, sirree! What we expect
Is love and kisses, not abuse. Now go on home.

MULBERRY

It was our blackest hour, Clark, my friend.
When you began to deal with them

CLARK

You're telling me?

(THEY leave gloomily)

GIRI

(To UI)
This is a funeral: don't let them spoil your fun.

GIVOLA

Watch out! Look where she comes.

(BETTY DULLFEET enters from the mausoleum, supported by a WOMAN. UI walks up to her. Organ music from the mausoleum)

UI

My sympathies, madam.

(SHE walks past him without a word)

GIRI

(Screaming)

Hey, you! Stop!

(SHE stops and turns around. She is very pale)

UI

I said: My sympathies, madam!
Dullfeet, God bless him, is no more, no more!
But cauliflower's here to stay. You may
Not see it quite, what with your vision blurred
By tears. But Dullfeet's most untimely fall
Should not make you forget that in the night
Killcrazy goons, from craven ambush firing,
Might soon be blasting vegetable trucks,
And their hell-govern'd hands might pour petroleum
To make our precious vegetables rot.
But here we stand, my friends and I, to pledge
Protection. What's your answer?

BETTY

(Glancing heavenwards)

Ye Gods! D'ye hear?
And Dullfeet barely turned to ashes!

UI

Ma'm,
I, too, lament obsequiously his demise.
That man, struck down by ruthless hands, was after all
My friend.

BETTY

That's right. The hand that struck him down,
The selfsame hand that shook him by the hand,
Was yours!

UI

There it goes again, the gossiping!
I am provoked by sland'rous tongues again!
They pour their poison 'nto my best intention
Which is, quite simply, Love Thy Neighbors. Ah,
This Let's-Misunderstand-Him Drive again!
This Wooing-Taken for -Dragooning! Yes,
They call my friendly gestures threats and blackmail,
They slap my hand whene'er I stretch it out -

BETTY

- to strangle anyone who's in your way.

UI

No!

I'm trying to be friendly, and fanatically!
Why do you spit on me?

BETTY

As friendly as a snake
Who sneaks up to a rabbit -

UI

D'you hear that, boys?
That's how I'm being treated. Yes, that's even how
This Mister Dullfeet had miscalculated
My glowing friendship-offer for an artful dodge,
My generosity for weakness. Too bad
For him. I've sown the seeds of friendliness
And reaped a crop of - what? O, icy silence!
Yes, silence was the answer when I hoped
For jolly partnership. And how I hoped
To see my stubborn, nay, humiliating pleas
For friendliness repaid by what - a bit
Of understanding, oh, one little sign of
Human warmth, but no! I hoped in vain, and all
I ever got was grim contempt. Even that silence -
Promised morosely, with demurring faces -
They broke that promise at the first occasion!
Yes, ma'm, where is your celebrated silence?
There you stand, tromboning forth your horror-tales
In every which direction. But I'm warning you!
Woman, don't drive me far! Do not rely too much
On my proverbial patience.

BETTY

I am speechless.

UI

Speechlessness is heartlessness.

BETTY

You call it heart,
The thing that makes you speak?

UI

I speak the way I feel.

BETTY

Feel? Can anybody feel the way you speak? Yes!
I do believe he can. Yes, I believe it.
You murder from the bottom of your heart!
Your crime's as deeply felt as other people's
Charity! You trust in treason as we trust
In God! Steadfast you are in fickleness!

BETTY (cont'd)

Incorruptible by any noble passion,
Sincere in lying, honest in deceiving!
You are inspir'd by any beastly action!
And most enthusiastic at the sight of blood!
Was there brutality? Your heart leaps at the news!
Is that a dirty deal? You are reduced to tears!
And every deed of kindness makes you deeply
Moved - with hatred and revenge.

UI

Missis Dullfeet:

It is my principle to listen calmly to
What my opponent has to say, abusive
Though he may be. I know I'm not exactly
Popular among your friends. They've never quite
Forgiven me my origins. I'm, after all,
A simple son of Brooklyn. They sneer, "The fellow
Does not even know which spoon to use for his
Dessert. How could he know about big business then?
Suppose we talk of high finances, taxes,
Tariffs, expense accounts, and there he goes
And grabs a knife - the wrong one, too - to make his
Point? That will not do. He's not the type we want
To hang around us." They try to trip me up,
Because my tone's not couth enough for them,
And I've the habit - somewhat masculine -
To call a spade a spade, and not an instrument
For digging graves. They're prejudiced against me!
I can't rely on anything except
The naked facts: I'll scratch your back, madam,
If you'll scratch mine. You're in the cauliflower trade,
And so am I. That is the bridge between us.

BETTY

The bridge? How can you ever hope to bridge
The abyss of your bloody butcheries?

UI

Bitter experience has taught me it's no use
To try to reach you as a human being.
I'm talking to you, therefore, as a man
Of influence confronting you, the owner of
An import-export business. And I ask you:
How IS business? You see, life marches on,
Regardless of death in the family.

BETTY

Yes, life goes on, indeed, and I will use it
To tell the world what pestilence you are!
You've made this happy town your hell! O husband,
I swear by your cremated corpse that I will hate
My voice whene'er it ssys, "Good morning!" or
"What's there for lunch?" instead of crying out
The one and only thing that needs be cried:
"Exterminate Ui!"

GIRI

(Menacingly)
Baby, not so loud!

UI

We're standing on God's little acre, ma'm.
I would expect from you more delicacy.
Remember, please: "How soon doth man decay!"
Or: "If you gotta go, you gotta go."
But business is immortal.

BETTY

O Dullfeet, Dullfeet!
Now I know you are no longer with me.

UI

That's right.
Dullfeet is gone. Consider his departure.
Gone is the voice of Cicero, to cry
"Force! Terror! Violence! et cetera."
The loss is yours. Regret is not enough.
However deep. You stand without protection
In this chilly world, where weakness gets her teeth
Kicked in; which is a bloody shame. The one
And only shield that's left for you is me.

BETTY

You say that to my face? I am the widow
Of a man you butchered. You monstrosity!
I knew you'd come, because you always come,
Returning to the scene of crime, accusing
Others of your crime. "I didn't do it!
It was someone else!" - "I know from nothing!"
"I've been raped!" cries Mister Rape. And "Call the cops!
There's been a murder!" Mister Murder cries.

UI

My mind's made up. Cicero wants protection.
She shall have it, soon, yes, any day.

BETTY

(Feebly)

Over

My dead body!

UI

Whichever way.

BETTY

God

Protect us from protectors!

UI

Friendship forever?

(Stretches out his hand)

Well: what's your answer?

BETTY
Never! Never! Never!
(She runs off, shuddering)

A sign appears with headlines:

DOLLFUSS-MURDER OPENS DOOR TO AUSTRIA'S OCCUPATION
NAZIS KEEP WOOLING AUSTRIAN PUBLIC OPINION

SCENE XV

UI's bedroom at the Mammoth Hotel.
UI is having a nightmare, tossing
and turning on his bed. His BODY-
GUARDS sit in chairs, guns in their
laps.

UI

(Dreaming)

Go, bloody shadows! Have mercy! Go away!

(The wall behind him becomes trans-
parent. ERNESTO ROMA'S GHOST
appears, a bullethole in his fore-
head)

ROMA

And all that will not help you. Not at all.
All that murder, mayhem, fraud, or foaming
At the mouth, whether you're spitting lickspittle
Or threat, is all in vain. The roots are rotten:
Your crimes will never blossom forth, Arturo.
Treason is bad manure. Go, lie and slaughter!
Cheat all the Clarks and slaughter all the Dullfeets!
But don't you touch your own men! Plot against the world.
But not against your fellow-plotters, please.
Go trample everybody underfoot
But do not trample down your feet, you wretch!
Tell barefaced lies to all the faces, if you like.
Except the one you're facing in the mirror!
You struck yourself, Arturo, when you struck me down!
I was devoted to you even in the days
When you were just a shadow falling 'cross
A hashhouse floor; and now I shiver in the draught
Of all eternity, while you go dining with
Your highfalutin' friends. Treason has made you big:
Treason will make you fall. The way you have
Betrayed me, me, your friend and aide, you will
Betray them all. And in the end, Arturo,
They'll all betray you yet. Green grass grows over
Ernie Roma. Not over your disloyalty!
It's swinging in the breeze above the graves,
Like someone hung up by his toes. It is
Observed by all, this faithlessness of yours.
Especially by those who'll dig your graves.
The day will come when everyone you've smashed
Will rise. Arise, arise will all the men
Already crushed by you and to be crushed tomorrow.
And they'll be marching down the street to you:
A bleeding world and full of hate. And you will stand
And look around for help. I know. That's how I stood.

ROMA (cont'd)

Then you will beg and bully, curse and lie.
No one will hear you. No one heard me cry.

UI

(Wakes affrighted)

There! Shoot! A traitor! Flabby, frightful rat! The roof
is falling!

(He points at a spot on the wall.
The BODYGUARD start firing at it)

ROMA

(Fading away)

Shoot. What's left of me is bullet-proof.

SCENE XVI

Mass meeting of the CHICAGO GROCERS.
They are chalk-white in the face. A
rostrum with microphones.

FIRST GROCER

Murder! Butcheries! Blackmail! Robberies! Fraud!

SECOND GROCER

What's worse: Subservience, surrender, cowardice.

THIRD GROCER

Who's subservient? When January last
Two goons - it was the first time - walked into my store
And hollered: "Stick 'em up!" I gave them the old fisheye,
And calmly told them, "Gentlemen, I will not yield,
Except to violence of course." I left no doubt
That I would not associate with riffraff like
The likes of them. I made it clear I disapproved
Of their behavior. I was tough as nails.
I looked them in the eyes to indicate:
"Okay, so here's the cash-register, take it!
I would fight for it, except you've got the guns."

FOURTH GROCER

Quite right. I wash my hands of it. I've said so
To my wife.

FIRST GROCER

(Vehemently)

How dare you call it cowardice
When it was commonsense? Okay, I did shut up.
Grinding my teeth, I let them shake me down,
But I've had every reason to believe
These animals would stop their fireworks.
They didn't. Well, So there is murder, fraud,
Butcheries, blackmail, robberies.

SECOND GROCER

Maybe

There's something wrong with us. No backbone, maybe.

FOURTH GROCER

You mean, No Tommyguns. What can I do?
I'm not a gangster. I sell cauliflower.

THIRD GROCER

Our only hope is this: Someday, someone
Will stand up to the bastard. Let them try
This game some other place, and you will see ...

(Enter the GROCERS OF CICERO. They
are chalk-white in the face)

CICERO GROCERS
Hello, Chicago friends!

CHICAGO GROCERS
Are you from Cicero?
What are YOU doing here?

CICERO GROCERS
We have been ordered
To be here.

CHICAGO GROCERS
By whom?

CICERO GROCERS
By him.

FIRST CHICAGO GROCER
How can he tell you
What to do? Why do you let him order
You about?

FIRST CICERO GROCER
He's got a gun, that's why.

SECOND CICERO GROCER
We're
Only giving in to force, you understand.

FIRST CHICAGO GROCER
Goddam timidity! What are you, mice or men?
Are there no judges left in Cicero?

FIRST CICERO GROCER
None.

THIRD CICERO GROCER
Not any more.

THIRD CHICAGO GROCER
Listen, you must resist,
You people! This plague of locusts must be stopped.
The sky is black. They'll hew the flesh from our bones.
They'll eat the country bare.

FIRST CHICAGO GROCER
First one town, then
Another. You've got to fight them to the
Bitter end. You owe it to the country.

SECOND CICERO GROCER
Why us?

FIRST CICERO GROCER
No, thank you very much.

THIRD CICERO GROCER
I wash
My hands of it.

FOURTH CHICAGO GROCER
Our only hope was this:
Someday, someone will stand up to the bastard.

(Drums and fanfares. Enter ARTURO
UI and BETTY DULLFEET (in mourning),
followed by CLARK, GIRI, GIVOLA,
and BODYGUARDS)

GIRI
Hello, suckers! Is everybody here from
Cicero?

FIRST CICERO GROCER
Yes, sir.

GIRI
And from Chicago, too?

FIRST CHICAGO GROCER
All here.

GIRI
(To Ui)
All hands on deck.

GIVOLA
My fellow-grocers,
Welcome! Hearty greetings from the Cauliflower
Trust. Mister Clark, you're on.

CLARK
I've come to bring you news.
After negotiations lasting sev'ral weeks
- They haven't always been entirely smooth -
- But hush! I mustn't gossip - Missis Dullfeet's
Company has merged with our syndicate.
Which means that in the future you'll receive
Your vegetables from the Cauliflower Trust.
Your gain's too obvious for words: Increased
Security and prompt delivery;
New prices, slightly higher than before,
But fixed already. Missis Dullfeet, let me
Shake you - our newest member in the Trust -
By the hand.

(CLARK and BETTY DULLFEET shake
hands)

GIVOLA

Silence! Arturo Ui speaks!

(Ui mounts the rostrum)

UI

Men of Chicago and of Cicero!
 Friends! Fellow-citizens! When ageing Hindborough,
 That honorable sage, God bless his memory,
 Appealed to me some years ago, tears in his eyes,
 "Protect Chicago's vegetable trade!"
 I felt quite overwhelmed, though somewhat sceptical
 If I could justify his gratifying trust.
 Now Hindborough is dead. His testament
 Is here for all the world to see. In words
 As plain as applepie he calls me Son.
 And thanks me, deeply moved, for all I've done
 Since I obeyed, that fatal day, his summons.
 The vegetable business, be it cauliflower,
 Leeks or lima-beans, or heaven knows what else,
 Is under full protection in Chicago now!
 And this is due - false modesty be damned! - to my
 Determined handling of the situation.
 And when, quite unexpectedly, there came
 Another man, Ignatius Dullfeet, with the same
 Proposal, this time concerning Cicero,
 I wasn't disinclined to place that ancient town
 Under protection likewise. But I named at once
 My one condition, namely: I will not do it
 Unless you grocers want me to. I must be asked
 To do it by your freely willed decision.
 I laid the law down to my men: Don't put the screws
 On Cicero. The city should be fully free
 To choose. I will not tolerate no sulking
 "Very well!" no cranky "Oke-doke."
 Half-assed assent is most repugnant to me.
 Thus I demand, you men of Cicero,
 A hearty, smarty, happy, snappy Yes!
 Enthusiasm, that is what I demand. And now!
 And here! I want the works and nothing less will do.
 And so I'll pose the question once again to you,
 Chicago men, who know me from before,
 And do appreciate me, I presume:
 Who is for me? And let me incidentally add:
 Whoever is not for me is against me.
 And let him face the consequences. Now
 You're free to vote.

GIVOLA

Before you vote, my friends,
 Let's listen to our Missis Dullfeet first.
 She's known to one and all. The widow of a man
 Who's been so dear to one and all.

BETTY

My friends:

BETTY (cont'd)

The man who was your friend, a friend to every one,
Devoted husband, editor crusading,
Ignatius Dullfeet -

GIVOLA

May he rest in peace.

BETTY

- Can't be your very present help and pillar
Any more. I do advise you, therefore:
Place your confidence in Mister Ui's hands.
As I have done, since I have had the chance
To get to know him well in these our dire days,
A time so difficult for me.

GIVOLA

Let's vote.

GIRI

Whoever is in favor of Arturo Ui:
Stick 'em up. I mean, do raise your hands.

(SOME GROCERS immediately raise
their hands)

A CICCERO GROCER

D'you mind

If I go home?

GIVOLA

Everybody's free to do
As he pleases.

(The CICCERO GROCER exits hesi-
tantly. TWO BODYGUARDS follow
him out. A shot is heard)

GIRI

So what's your decision, men?

(ALL raise their hands, both hands)

GIVOLA

The voting's done, Chief. Profoundly touched and
Tremulous with joy, the grocers of Chicago,
And those of Cicero, give thanks for your
Protection.

UI

I do accept your thanks. With pride.
My friends: when I, the simple son of Brooklyn,
Obscure and out of work, some fifteen years ago
Obeyed the call of Providence to wend
My way, with seven buddies true and tried,

UI (cont'd)

To great Chicago town, it was my firm
 Determination to establish peace on earth.
 I mean the vegetable trade. Ours was
 A little host, modest but most fanatical
 In our desire for peace. There's many of us now.
 And no one laughs the way they used to laugh.
 No one would dare to call me crank or hick,
 That funny little man, the fringe lunatic.
 And no more jeering, "That's a lot hooey,
 That Arturo Ui." Peace in Chicago's
 Vegetable marts is not a dream but grim
 Reality, which to assure from our
 Enemies, today I gave the order
 For prompt delivery of new supplies
 Of Tommyguns and armored cars and, naturally,
 Some Brownings, brass-knuckles and rubber-truncheons,
 And whatever else is good deterrent.
 Because they're screaming for protection everywhere,
 Not only in Chicago and in Cicero,
 But, oh in many other towns: Washington
 And Milwaukee! Tulsa! Pittsburg!. Cincinnati!
 Toledo, and wherever else they're selling
 Groceries. Flint! Boston! Philadelphia!
 Baltimore! St. Louis! Little Rock! And
 Minneapolis! Columbus! Everybody
 Wants protection! Charleston, Scranton, Wilkesboro,
 Yes, New York, today! The world tomorrow!

(Drums and fanfares)

A sign has appeared with headlines:

March 11, 1938:

NAZIS INVADE AUSTRIA
 98% OF TERRORIZED ELECTORATE
 VOTE "YES" FOR HITLER

EPILOGUE

The actor playing ARTURO UI comes forward and takes his moustache off to speak the EPILOGUE:

ARTURO UI

If men would learn to look, instead of gawking,
And use their brains for thinking, not their bums,
And do something, instead of talking! Talking!
They would not have to worry about bombs.
This thing has nearly trampled ueber alles!
Don't yet rejoice in his defeat, you men!
Although the world stood up and stopped the menace,
The bitch that bore him is in heat again.

THE END OF THE PLAY