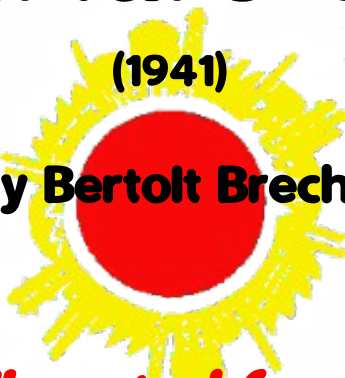


The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui

(1941)

by Bertolt Brecht



***Liberated from
capitalist control
to educate the masses
by
Socialist Stories***

Characters

THE ANNOUNCER

FLAKE

CARUTHER

BUTCHER

MULBERRY

CLARK

SHEET, *shipyard owner*

OLD DOGSBOROUGH

YOUNG DOGSBOROUGH

ARTURO UI, *gang leader*

ERNESTO ROMA, *his lieutenant*

EMANUELE GIRI, *gangster*

The florist GIUSEPPE GIVOLA, *gangster*

TED RAGG, *reporter on The Star*

DOCKDAISY

} *Businessmen, directors of the
Cauliflower Trust*

BOWL, *Sheet's chief accountant*
 GOODWILL and GAFFLES, *members of the city council*
 O'CASEY, *investigator*
 AN ACTOR
 HOOK, *wholesale vegetable dealer*
 DEFENDANT FISH
 THE DEFENCE COUNSEL
 THE JUDGE
 THE DOCTOR
 THE PROSECUTOR
 A WOMAN
 YOUNG INNA, *Roma's familiar*
 A LITTLE MAN
 IGNATIUS DULLFEET
 BETTY DULLFEET, *his wife*
Dogsborough's BUTLER

Bodyguards

Gunmen

Vegetable dealers of Chicago and Cicero

Reporters

Prologue

The Announcer steps before the curtain. Large notices are attached to the curtain: 'New developments in dock subsidy scandal' ... 'The true facts about Dogsborough's will and confession' ... 'Sensation at warehouse fire trial' ... 'Friends murder gangster Ernesto Roma' ... 'Ignatius Dullfeet blackmailed and murdered' ... 'Cicero taken over by gangsters'. Behind the curtain popular dance music.

THE ANNOUNCER:

Friends, tonight we're going to show –
Pipe down, you boys in the back row!
And, lady, your hat is in the way! –
Our great historical gangster play
Containing, for the first time, as you'll see
The truth about the scandalous dock subsidy.
Further we give you, for your betterment
Dogsborough's confession and testament.
Arturo Ui's rise while the stock market fell.
The notorious warehouse fire trial. What a sell!
The Dullfeet murder! Justice in a coma!
Gang warfare: the killing of Ernesto Roma!
All culminating in our stunning last tableau:
Gangsters take over the town of Cicero!
Brilliant performers will portray
The most eminent gangsters of our day.
You'll see some dead and some alive
Some by-gone and others that survive
Some born, some made – for instance, here we show

6 Prologue

The good old honest Dogsborough!
Old Dogsborough steps before the curtain.
His hair is white, his heart is black.
Corrupt old man, you may step back.
Dogsborough bows and steps back.
The next exhibit on our list
Is Givola –

Givola has stepped before the curtain.
– the horticulturist.

His tongue's so slippery he'd know how
To sell you a billy-goat for a cow!
Short, says the proverb, are the legs of lies.
Look at his legs, just use your eyes.

Givola steps back limping.

Now to Emanuele Giri, the super-clown.

Come out, let's look you up and down!

Giri steps before the curtain and waves his hand at the audience.

One of the greatest killers ever known!

Okay, beat it!

Giri steps back with an angry look.

And lastly Public Enemy Number One

Arturo Ui. Now you'll see

The biggest gangster of all times

Whom heaven sent us for our crimes

Our weakness and stupidity!

Arturo Ui steps before the curtain and walks out along the footlights.

Doesn't he make you think of Richard the Third?

Has anybody ever heard

Of blood so ghoulishly and lavishly shed

Since wars were fought for roses white and red?

In view of this the management

Has spared no cost in its intent

To picture his spectacularly vile

Manoeuvres in the grandest style.

But everything you'll see tonight is true.

Nothing's invented, nothing's new
Or made to order just for you.

The gangster play that we present
Is known to our whole continent.

*While the music swells and the sound of a machine-gun mingles
with it, the Announcer retires with an air of bustling self-
importance.*

Financial district. Enter five businessmen, the directors of the Cauliflower Trust.

FLAKE: The times are bad.

CLARK: It looks as if Chicago
The dear old girl, while on her way to market
Had found her pocket torn and now she's starting
To scabble in the gutter for her pennies.

CARUTHER: Last Thursday Jones invited me and eighty
More to a partridge dinner to be held
This Monday. If we really went, we'd find
No one to greet us but the auctioneer.
This awful change from glut to destitution
Has come more quickly than a maiden's blush.
Vegetable fleets with produce for this city
Still ply the lakes, but nowhere will you find
A buyer.

BUTCHER: It's like darkness at high noon.

MULBERRY: Robber and Clive are being auctioned off.

CLARK: Wheeler - importing fruit since Noah's ark -
Is bankrupt.

FLAKE: And Dick Havelock's garages
Are liquidating.

CARUTHER: Where is Sheet?

FLAKE: Too busy
To come. He's dashing round from bank to bank.

CLARK: What? Sheet?

Pause.

In other words, the cauliflower
Trade in this town is through.

BUTCHER: Come, gentlemen
Chin up! We're not dead yet.

MULBERRY: Call this a life?

BUTCHER: Why all the gloom? The produce business in
This town is basically sound. Good times
And bad, a city of four million needs
Fresh vegetables. Don't worry. We'll pull through.

CARUTHER: How are the stores and markets doing?

MULBERRY: Badly.
The customers buy half a head of cabbage
And that on credit.

CLARK: Our cauliflower's rotting.

FLAKE: Say, there's a fellow waiting in the lobby -
I only mention it because it's odd -
The name is Ui . . .

CLARK: The gangster?

FLAKE: Yes, in person.
He's smelled the stink and thinks he sees an opening.
Ernesto Roma, his lieutenant, says
They can convince shopkeepers it's not healthy
To handle other people's cauliflower.
He promises our turnover will double
Because, he says, the shopkeepers would rather
Buy cauliflower than coffins.
They laugh dejectedly.

CARUTHER: It's an outrage.

MULBERRY, *laughing uproariously*:
Bombs and machine guns! New conceptions of
Salesmanship! That's the ticket. Fresh young
Blood in the Cauliflower Trust. They heard
We had insomnia, so Mr Ui
Hastens to offer us his services.
Well, fellows, we'll just have to choose. It's him

Or the Salvation Army. Which one's soup
Do you prefer?

CLARK: I tend to think that Ui's
Is hotter.

CARUTHER: Throw him out!

MULBERRY: Politely though.
How do we know what straits we'll come to yet?
They laugh.

FLAKE, *to Butcher*:

What about Dogsborough and a city loan?
To the others.

Butcher and I cooked up a little scheme
To help us through our pesent money troubles.
I'll give it to you in a nutshell. Why
Shouldn't the city that takes in our taxes
Give us a loan, let's say, for docks that we
Would undertake to build, so vegetables
Can be brought in more cheaply? Dogsborough
Is influential. He could put it through.
Have you seen Dogsborough?

BUTCHER: Yes. He refuses
To touch it.

FLAKE: He refuses? Damn it, he's
The ward boss on the waterfront, and he
Won't help us!

CARUTHER: I've contributed for years
To his campaign fund.

MULBERRY: Hell, he used to run
Sheet's lunchroom. Before he took up politics
He got his bread and butter from the Trust.
That's rank ingratitude. It's just like I've been
Telling you, Flake. All loyalty is gone!
Money is short, but loyalty is shorter.
Cursing, they scurry from the sinking ship
Friend turns to foe, employee snubs his boss
And our old lunchroom operator

Who used to be all smiles is one cold shoulder.

Morals go overboard in times of crisis.

CARUTHER: I'd never have expected that of Dogsborough.

FLAKE: What's his excuse?

BUTCHER: He says our proposition

Is fishy.

FLAKE: What's fishy about building docks?

Think of the men we'd put to work.

BUTCHER: He says

He has his doubts about our building docks.

FLAKE: Outrageous!

BUTCHER: What? Not building?

FLAKE: No. His doubts.

CLARK: Then find somebody else to push the loan.

MULBERRY: Sure, there are other people.

BUTCHER: True enough.

But none like Dogsborough. No, take it easy.

The man is good.

CLARK: For what?

BUTCHER: He's honest. And

What's more, reputed to be honest.

FLAKE: Rot!

BUTCHER: He's got to think about his reputation.

That's obvious.

FLAKE: Who gives a damn? We need

A loan from City Hall. His reputation

Is his affair.

BUTCHER: You think so? I should say

It's ours. It takes an honest man to swing

A loan like this, a man they'd be ashamed

To ask for proofs and guarantees. And such

A man is Dogsborough. Old Dogsborough's

Our loan. All right, I'll tell you why. Because they

Believe in him. They may have stopped believing

In God, but not in Dogsborough. A hard-boiled

Broker, who takes a lawyer with him to

His lawyer's, wouldn't hesitate to put his
Last cent in Dogsborough's apron for safe keeping
If he should see it lying on the bar.

Two hundred pounds of honesty. In eighty
Winters he's shown no weakness. Such a man
Is worth his weight in gold – especially
To people with a scheme for building docks
And building kind of slowly.

FLAKE: Okay, Butcher
He's worth his weight in gold. The deal he vouches
For is tied up. The only trouble is:
He doesn't vouch for ours.

CLARK: Oh no, not he!
'The city treasury is not a grab bag!'

MULBERRY: And 'All for the city, the city for itself!'

CARUTHER: Disgusting. Not an ounce of humour.

MULBERRY: Once
His mind's made up, an earthquake wouldn't change it.
To him the city's not a place of wood
And stone, where people live with people
Struggling to feed themselves and pay the rent
But words on paper, something from the Bible.
The man has always gotten on my nerves.

CLARK: His heart was never with us. What does he care
For cauliflower and the trucking business?
Let every vegetable in the city rot
You think he'd lift a finger? No, for nineteen years
Or is it twenty, we've contributed
To his campaign fund. Well, in all that time
The only cauliflower he's ever seen
Was on his plate. What's more, he's never once
Set foot in a garage.

BUTCHER: That's right.

CLARK: The devil
Take him!

BUTCHER: Oh no! We'll take him.

FLAKE: But Clark says

It can't be done. The man has turned us down.

BUTCHER: That's so. But Clark has also told us why.

CLARK: The bastard doesn't know which way is up.

BUTCHER: Exactly. What's his trouble? Ignorance.

He hasn't got the faintest notion what

It's like to be in such a fix. The question

Is therefore how to put him in our skin.

In short, we've got to educate the man.

I've thought it over. Listen, here's my plan.

A sign appears, recalling certain incidents in the recent past.

- I. 1929-1932. Germany is hard hit by the world crisis. At the height of the crisis a number of Prussian Junkers try to obtain government loans, for a long time without success. The big industrialists in the Ruhr dream of expansion.

Outside the produce exchange. Flake and Sheet in conversation.

SHEET: I've run from pillar to post. Pillar was out
 Of town, and Post was sitting in the bathtub.
 Old friends show nothing but their backs. A brother
 Buys wilted shoes before he meets his brother
 For fear his brother will touch him for a loan.
 Old partners dread each other so they use
 False names when meeting in a public place.
 Our citizens are sewing up their pockets.

FLAKE: So what about my proposition?

SHEET: No. I
 Won't sell. You want a five-course dinner for the
 Price of the tip. And to be thanked for the tip
 At that. You wouldn't like it if
 I told you what I think of you.

FLAKE: Nobody
 Will pay you any more.

SHEET: And friends won't be
More generous than anybody else.

FLAKE: Money is tight these days.

SHEET: Especially
For those in need. And who can diagnose
A friend's need better than a friend?

FLAKE: You'll lose
Your shipyard either way.

SHEET: And that's not all
I'll lose. I've got a wife who's likely to
Walk out on me.

FLAKE: But if you sell . . .

SHEET: . . . she'll last another year. But what I'm curious
About is why you want my shipyard.

FLAKE: Hasn't
It crossed your mind that we - I mean the Trust -
Might want to help you?

SHEET: No, it never crossed
My mind. How stupid of me to suspect you
Of trying to grab my property, when you
Were only trying to help.

FLAKE: Such bitterness
Dear Sheet, won't save you from the hammer.

SHEET: At least, dear Flake, it doesn't help the hammer.
Three men saunter past: Arturo Ui, the gangster, his lieutenant Ernesto Roma, and a bodyguard. In passing, Ui stares at Flake as though expecting to be spoken to, while, in leaving, Roma turns his head and gives Flake an angry look.

SHEET: Who's that?

FLAKE: Arturo Ui, the gangster . . . How
About it? Are you selling?

SHEET: He seemed eager
To speak to you.

FLAKE, *laughing angrily*: And so he is. He's been
Pursuing us with offers, wants to sell
Our cauliflower with his tommy guns.

The town is full of types like that right now
 Corroding it like leprosy, devouring
 A finger, then an arm and shoulder. No one
 Knows where it comes from, but we all suspect
 From deepest hell. Kidnapping, murder, threats
 Extortion, blackmail, massacre:

'Hands up!' 'Your money or your life!' Outrageous!
 It's got to be wiped out.

SHEET, *looking at him sharply*: And quickly. It's contagious.

FLAKE: Well, how about it? Are you selling?

SHEET, *stepping back and looking at him*:

No doubt about it: a resemblance to
 Those three who just passed by. Not too pronounced
 But somehow there, one senses more than sees it.

Under the water of a pond sometimes

You see a branch, all green and slimy. It

Could be a snake. But no, it's definitely

A branch. Or is it? That's how you resemble

Roma. Don't take offence. But when I looked

At him just now and then at you, it seemed

To me I'd noticed it before, in you

And others, without understanding. Say it

Again, Flake: 'How about it? Are you selling?'

Even your voice, I think . . . No, better say

'Hands up!' because that's what you really mean.

He puts up his hands.

All right, Flake, Take the shipyard!

Give me a kick or two in payment. Hold it!

I'll take the higher offer. Make it two.

FLAKE: You're crazy!

SHEET: I only wish that that were true.

Back room in Dogsborough's restaurant. Dogsborough and his son are washing glasses. Enter Butcher and Flake.

DOGSBOROUGH: You didn't need to come. The answer is
No. Your proposition stinks of rotten fish.

YOUNG DOGSBOROUGH: My father turns it down.

BUTCHER: Forget it, then.

We ask you. You say no. So no it is.

DOGSBOROUGH: It's fishy. I know your kind of docks.

I wouldn't touch it.

YOUNG DOGSBOROUGH: My father wouldn't touch it.

BUTCHER: Good.

Forget it.

DOGSBOROUGH: You're on the wrong road, fellows.

The city treasury is not a grab bag

For everyone to dip his fingers into.

Anyway, damn it all, your business is

Perfectly sound.

BUTCHER: What did I tell you, Flake?

You fellows are too pessimistic.

DOGSBOROUGH: Pessimism

Is treason. You're only making trouble for

Yourselves. I see it this way: What do you

Fellows sell? Cauliflower. That's as good

As meat and bread. Man doesn't live by bread

And meat alone, he needs his green goods.

Suppose I served up sirloin without onions

Or mutton without beans. I'd never see

My customers again. Some people are

A little short right now. They hesitate

To buy a suit. But people have to eat.

They'll always have a dime for vegetables.

Chin up! If I were you, I wouldn't worry.

FLAKE: It does me good to hear you, Dogsborough.

It gives a fellow courage to go on.

BUTCHER: Dogsborough, it almost makes me laugh to find

You so staunchly confident about the future

Of cauliflower, because quite frankly we

Have come here for a purpose. No, don't worry.

Not what you think, that's dead and buried. Something

Pleasant, or so at least we hope. Old man

It's come to our attention that it's been

Exactly-twenty three years this June, since you -

Well known to us for having operated

The lunchroom in one of our establishments for

More than three decades - left us to devote

Your talents to the welfare of this city.

Yes, without you our town would not be what

It is today. Nor, like the city, would

The Trust have prospered as it has. I'm glad

To hear you call it sound, for yesterday

Moved by this festive occasion, we resolved

In token of our high esteem, as proof

That in our hearts we somehow still regard you

As one of us, to offer you the major share

Of stock in Sheet's shipyard for twenty thousand

Dollars, or less than half its value.

He lays the packet of stocks on the bar.

DOGSBOROUGH: I

Don't understand.

BUTCHER: Quite frankly, Dogsborough

The Cauliflower Trust is not reputed

For tenderness of heart, but yesterday

After we'd made our . . . well, our

Stupid request about the loan, and heard

Your answer, honest, incorruptible

Old Dogsborough to a hair, a few of us -

It's not an easy thing to say – were close
 To tears. Yes, one man said – don't interrupt
 Me, Flake, I won't say who – 'Good God'
 He said, 'the man has saved us from ourselves.'
 For some time none of us could speak. Then this
 Suggestion popped up of its own accord.

DOGSBOROUGH:

I've heard you, friends. But what is there behind it?

BUTCHER: What should there be behind it? It's an offer.

FLAKE: And one that we are really pleased to make.

For here you stand behind your bar, a tower
 Of strength, a sterling name, the model of
 An upright citizen. We find you washing
 Glasses, but you have cleansed our souls as well.
 And yet you're poorer than your poorest guest.
 It wrings our hearts.

DOGSBOROUGH: I don't know what to say.

BUTCHER: Don't say a word. Just take this little package.

An honest man can use it, don't you think?
 By golly, it's not often that the gravy train
 Travels the straight and narrow. Take your boy here:
 I know a good name's better than a bank
 Account, and yet I'm sure he won't despise it.
 Just take the stuff and let us hope you won't
 Read us the riot act for *this*!

DOGSBOROUGH: Sheet's shipyard!

FLAKE: Look, you can see it from right here.

DOGSBOROUGH, *at the window*: I've seen it

For twenty years.

FLAKE: We thought of that.

DOGSBOROUGH: And what is

Sheet going to do?

FLAKE: He's moving into beer.

BUTCHER: Okay?

DOGSBOROUGH: I certainly appreciate

Your oldtime sentiments, but no one gives
Away a shipyard for a song.

FLAKE: There's something
In that. But now the loan has fallen through
Maybe the twenty thousand will come in handy.

BUTCHER: And possibly right now we're not too eager
To throw our stock upon the open market . . .

DOGSBOROUGH: That sounds more like it. Not a bad deal if
It's got no strings attached.

FLAKE: None whatsoever.

DOGSBOROUGH: The price you say is twenty thousand?

FLAKE: Is it
Too much?

DOGSBOROUGH: No. And imagine, it's the selfsame
Shipyard where years ago I opened my first lunchroom.
As long as there's no nigger in the woodpile . . .
You've really given up the loan?

FLAKE: Completely.

DOGSBOROUGH: I might consider it. Hey, look here, son
It's just the thing for you. I thought you fellows
Were down on me and here you make this offer.
You see, my boy, that honesty sometimes
Pays off. It's like you say: When I pass on
The youngster won't inherit much more than
My name, and these old eyes have seen what evil
Can spring from penury.

BUTCHER: We'll feel much better
If you accept. The ugly aftertaste
Left by our foolish proposition would be
Dispelled. In future we could benefit
By your advice. You'd show us how to ride
The slump by honest means, because our business
Would be your business, Dogsborough, because
You too would be a cauliflower man
And want the Cauliflower Trust to win.
Dogsborough takes his hand.

DOGSBOROUGH: Butcher and Flake, I'm in.

YOUNG DOGSBOROUGH: My father's in.

A sign appears.

2. By way of winning President Hindenburg's sympathy for their cause, the Junkers make him a present of a landed estate.

Bookmaker's office on 122nd Street. Arturo Ui and his lieutenant Ernesto Roma, accompanied by bodyguards, are listening to the racing news on the radio. Next to Roma is Dockdaisy.

ROMA: I wish, Arturo, you could cure yourself
Of this black melancholy, this inactive
Dreaming. The whole town's talking.

UI, *bitterly*: Talking? Who's talking?
Nobody talks about me any more.
This city's got no memory. Short-lived
Is fame in such a place. Two months without
A murder, and a man's forgotten.
He whisks through the newspapers.

When
The rod falls silent, silence strikes the press.
Even when I deliver murders by the
Dozen, I'm never sure they'll print them.
It's not accomplishment that counts; it's
Influence, which in turn depends on my
Bank balance. Things have come to such a pass
I sometimes think of chucking the whole business.

ROMA: The boys are chafing too from lack of cash.
Morale is low. This inactivity's
No good for them. A man with nothing but
The ace of spades to shoot at goes to seed.
I feel so sorry for those boys, Arturo
I hate to show my face at headquarters. When
They look at me, my 'Tomorrow we'll see action'

Sticks in my throat. Your vegetables idea was
 So promising. Why don't we start right in?
 UI: Not now. Not from the bottom. It's too soon.
 ROMA: 'Too soon' is good. For four months now—
 Remember? — since the Cauliflower Trust
 Gave you the brush-off, you've been idly brooding.
 Plans! Plans! Half-hearted feelers! That rebuff
 Frizzled your spine. And then that little mishap —
 Those cops at Harper's Bank — you've never gotten
 Over it.

UI: But they fired!

ROMA: Only in
 The air. That was illegal.

UI: Still too close
 For me. I'd be in stir if they had plugged
 My only witness. And that judge! Not two
 Cent's worth of sympathy.

ROMA: The cops won't shoot
 For grocery stores. They shoot for banks. Look here
 Arturo, we'll start on Eleventh Street
 Smash a few windows, wreck the furniture
 Pour kerosene on the veg. And then we work
 Our way to Seventh. Two or three days later
 Giri, a posy in his buttonhole
 Drops in and offers our protection for
 A suitable percentage on their sales.

UI: No. First I need protection for myself
 From cops and judges. Then I'll start to think
 About protecting other people. We've
 Got to start from the top.

Gloomily:

Until I've put the
 Judge in my pocket by slipping something
 Of mine in his, the law's against me. I
 Can't even rob a bank without some two-bit cop
 Shooting me dead.

ROMA: You're right. Our only hope is
 Givola's plan. He's got a nose for smells
 And if he says the Cauliflower Trust
 Smells promisingly rotten, I believe
 There's something in it. And there *was* some talk
 When, as they say, on Dogsborough's commendation
 The city made that loan. Since then I've heard
 Rumours about some docks that aren't being built
 But ought to be. Yet on the other hand
 Dogsborough recommended it. Why should
 That do-good peg for fishy business? Here comes
 Ragg of the 'Star'. If anybody knows
 About such things, it's him. Hi Ted.

RAGG, *slightly drunk*: Hi, boys!
 Hi, Roma! Hi, Arturo! How are things in
 Capua?

UI: What's he saying?

RAGG: Oh, nothing much.
 That was a one-horse town where long ago
 An army went to pot from idleness
 And easy living.

UI: Go to hell!

ROMA, *to Ragg*: No fighting.
 Tell us about that loan the Cauliflower
 Trust wangled.

RAGG: What do you care? Say! Could you
 Be going into vegetables? I've got it!
 You're angling for a loan yourselves. See Dogsborough.
 He'll put it through.

Imitating the old man:

'Can we allow a business
 Basically sound but momentarily
 Threatened with blight, to perish?' Not an eye
 At City Hall but fills with tears. Deep feeling
 For cauliflower shakes the council members
 As though it were a portion of themselves.

Too bad, Arturo, guns call forth no tears.

The other customers laugh.

ROMA: Don't bug him, Ted. He's out of sorts.

RAGG: I shouldn't

Wonder. I hear that Givola has been

To see Capone for a job.

DOCKDAISY: You liar!

You leave Giuseppe out of this!

RAGG: Hi, Dockdaisy!

Still got your place in Shorty Givola's harem?

Introducing her:

Fourth super in the harem of the third

Lieutenant of a –

Points to Ui.

– fast declining star

Of second magnitude! Oh, bitter fate!

DOCKDAISY: Somebody shut the rotten bastard up!

RAGG: Posterity plaits no laurels for the gangster!

New heroes captivate the fickle crowd.

Yesterday's hero has been long forgotten

His mug-shot gathers dust in ancient files.

'Don't you remember, folks, the wounds I gave you?' –

'When?' – 'Once upon a time.' – 'Those wounds have

Turned to scars long since.' Alas, the finest scars

Get lost with those who bear them. 'Can it be

That in a world where good deeds go unnoticed

No monument remains to evil ones?' –

'Yes, so it is.' – 'Oh, lousy world!'

UI, *bellows:* Shut

Him up!

The bodyguards approach Ragg.

RAGG, *turning pale:* Be careful, Ui. Don't insult

The press.

The other customers have risen to their feet in alarm.

ROMA: You'd better beat it, Ted. You've said

Too much already.

RAGG, *backing out, now very much afraid:*

See you later, boys.

The room empties quickly.

ROMA: Your nerves are shot, Arturo.

UI: Those bastards

Treat me like dirt.

ROMA: Because of your long silence.

No other reason.

UI, *gloomily:* Say, what's keeping Giri

And that accountant from the Cauliflower

Trust?

ROMA: They were due at three.

UI: And Givola?

What's this I hear about him seeing Capone?

ROMA: Nothing at all. He's in his flower shop

Minding his business, and Capone comes in

To buy some wreaths.

UI: Some wreaths? For who?

ROMA: Not us.

UI: I'm not so sure.

ROMA: You're seeing things too black.

Nobody's interested in us.

UI: Exactly.

They've more respect for dirt. Take Givola.

One setback and he blows. By God

I'll settle his account when things look up.

ROMA: Giri!

Enter Emanuele Giri with a rundown individual, Bowl.

GIRI: I've got him, boss.

ROMA, *to Bowl:* They tell me you

Are Sheet's accountant at the Cauliflower

Trust.

BOWL: Was. Until last week that bastard . . .

GIRI: He hates the very smell of cauliflower.

BOWL: Dogsborough . . .

UI, *quickly:* Dogsborough! What about him?

ROMA: What have you got to do with Dogsborough?

GIRI: That's why I brought him.

BOWL: Dogsborough
Fired me.

ROMA: He fired you? From Sheet's shipyard?

BOWL: No, from his own. He took it over on
September first.

ROMA: What's that?

GIRI: Sheet's shipyard
Belongs to Dogsborough. Bowl here was present
When Butcher of the Cauliflower Trust
Handed him fifty-one percent of the stock.

UI: So what?

BOWL: So what? It's scandalous . . .

GIRI Don't you
Get it, boss?

BOWL: . . . Dogsborough sponsoring that
Loan to the Cauliflower Trust . . .

GIRI: . . . when he
Himself was secretly a member of
The Cauliflower Trust.

UI, *who is beginning to see the light:*

Say, that's corrupt.
By God the old man hasn't kept his nose
Too clean.

BOWL: The loan was to the Cauliflower
Trust, but they did it through the shipyard. Through
Me. And I signed for Dogsborough. Not for Sheet
As people thought.

GIRI: By golly, it's a killer.
Old Dogsborough. The trusty and reliable
Signboard. So honest. So responsible!
Whose handshake was an honour and a pledge!
The staunch and incorruptible old man!

BOWL: I'll make the bastard pay. Can you imagine?
Firing me for embezzlement when he himself . . .

ROMA: Cool it! You're not the only one whose blood
Boils at such abject villainy. What do
You say, Arturò?

UI, *referring to Bowl:*

Will he testify?

GIRI: He'll testify.

UI, *grandly getting ready to leave:*

Keep an eye on him, boys. Let's go

Roma. I smell an opening.

He goes out quickly, followed by Ernesto Roma and the bodyguards.

GIRI, *slaps Bowl on the back:* Bowl, I

Believe you've set a wheel in motion, which . . .

BOWL: I hope you'll pay me back for any loss . . .

GIRI: Don't worry about that. I know the boss.

A sign appears.

3. In the autumn of 1932, Adolf Hitler's party and private army are threatened with bankruptcy and disintegration. To save the situation Hitler tries desperately to have himself appointed Chancellor, but for a long time Hindenburg refuses to see him.

Dogsborough's country house. Dogsborough and his son.

DOGSBOROUGH: I should never have accepted this estate.
Taking that package as a kind of gift was
Beyond reproach.

YOUNG DOGSBOROUGH: Of course it was.

DOGSBOROUGH: And sponsoring
That loan, when I discovered to my own
Detriment that a thriving line of business
Was languishing for lack of funds, was hardly
Dishonest. But when, confident the shipyard
Would yield a handsome profit, I accepted
This house before I moved the loan, so secretly
Acting in my own interest – that was wrong.

YOUNG DOGSBOROUGH: Yes, father.

DOGSBOROUGH: That was faulty judgment
Or might be so regarded. Yes, my boy
I should never have accepted this estate.

YOUNG DOGSBOROUGH: No.

DOGSBOROUGH: We've stepped into a trap.

YOUNG DOGSBOROUGH: Yes, father.

DOGSBOROUGH: That

Package of stocks was like the salty titbit
They serve free gratis at the bar to make
The customer, appeasing his cheap hunger
Work up a raging thirst.

Pause.

That inquiry
At City Hall about the docks, has got
Me down. The loan's used up. Clark helped
Himself; so did Caruther, Flake and Butcher
And so, I'm sad to say, did I. And no
Cement's been bought yet, not a pound! The one
Good thing is this: at Sheet's request I kept
The deal a secret; no one knows of my
Connection with the shipyard.

A BUTLER *enters*: Telephone
Sir, Mr Butcher of the Cauliflower
Trust.

DOGSBOROUGH: Take it, son.

Young Dogsborough goes out with the Butler. Church bells are heard in the distance.

DOGSBOROUGH Now what can Butcher want?

Looking out of the window.

Those poplars are what tempted me to take
The place. The poplars and the lake down there, like
Silver before it's minted into dollars.
And air that's free of beer fumes. The fir trees
Are good to look at too, especially
The tops. Grey-green and dusty. And the trunks -

Their colour calls to mind the leathers we used to wrap
around

The taps when drawing beer. It was the poplars, though
That turned the trick. Ah yes, the poplars.

It's Sunday. Hm. The bells would sound so peaceful
If the world were not so full of wickedness.

But what can Butcher want on Sunday?

I never should have . . .

YOUNG DOGSBOROUGH, *returning*: Father, Butcher says
Last night the City Council voted to
Investigate the Cauliflower Trust's
Projected docks. Father, what's wrong?

DOGSBOROUGH: My smelling salts!

YOUNG DOGSBOROUGH, *gives them to him*:

Here.

DOGSBOROUGH: What does Butcher want?

YOUNG DOGSBOROUGH: He wants to come here.

DOGSBOROUGH: Here? I refuse to see him. I'm not well.

My heart.

He stands up. Grandly:

I haven't anything to do

With this affair. For sixty years I've trodden

The narrow path, as everybody knows.

They can't involve me in their schemes.

YOUNG DOGSBOROUGH: No, father.

Do you feel better now?

THE BUTLER *enters*: A Mr Ui

Desires to see you, sir.

DOGSBOROUGH: The gangster!

THE BUTLER: Yes

I've seen his picture in the papers. Says he

Was sent by Mr Clark of the Cauliflower

Trust.

DOGSBOROUGH:

Throw him out! Who sent him? Clark? Good God!

Is he threatening me with gangsters now? I'll . . .

Enter Arturo Ui and Ernesto Roma.

UI: Mr

Dogsborough.

DOGSBOROUGH: Get out!

ROMA: I wouldn't be in such

A hurry, friend. It's Sunday. Take it easy.

DOGSBOROUGH: Get out, I said!

YOUNG DOGSBOROUGH: My father says: Get out!

ROMA: Saying it twice won't make it any smarter.

UI, *unruffled*:

Mr Dogsborough.

DOGSBOROUGH: Where are the servants? Call the Police.

ROMA: I wouldn't leave the room if I

Were you, son. In the hallway you might run

Into some boys who wouldn't understand.

DOGSBOROUGH: Ho! Violence!

ROMA: I wouldn't call it that.

Only a little emphasis perhaps.

UI: Mr Dogsborough. I am well aware that you

Don't know me, or even worse, you know me but

Only from hearsay. Mr Dogsborough

I have been very much maligned, my image

Blackened by envy, my intentions disfigured

By baseness. When some fourteen years ago

Yours truly, then a modest, unemployed

Son of the Bronx, appeared within the gates

Of this your city to launch a new career

Which, I may say, has not been utterly

Inglorious, my only followers

Were seven youngsters, penniless like myself

But brave and like myself determined

To cut their chunk of meat from every cow

The Lord created. I've got thirty now

And will have more. But now you're wondering: What

Does Arturo Ui want of me? Not much. Just this.

What irks me is to be misunderstood
 To be regarded as a fly-by-night
 Adventurer and heaven knows what else.

Clears his throat.

Especially by the police, for I
 Esteem them and I'd welcome their esteem.
 And so I've come to ask you – and believe me
 Asking's not easy for my kind of man –
 To put a word in for me with the precinct
 When necessary.

DOGSBOROUGH, *incredulously*:

Vouch for you, you mean?

UI: If necessary. That depends on whether
 We strike a friendly understanding with
 The vegetable dealers.

DOGSBOROUGH: What is your
 Connection with the vegetable trade?

UI: That's what I'm coming to. The vegetable
 Trade needs protection. By force if necessary.
 And I'm determined to supply it.

DOGSBOROUGH: No
 One's threatening it as far as I can see.

UI: Maybe not. Not yet. But I see further. And
 I ask you: How long with our corrupt police
 Force will the vegetable dealer be allowed
 To sell his vegetables in peace? A ruthless
 Hand may destroy his little shop tomorrow
 And make off with his cash-box. Would he not
 Prefer at little cost to arm himself
 Before the trouble starts, with powerful protection?

DOGSBOROUGH: I doubt it.

UI: That would mean he doesn't know
 What's good for him. Quite possible. The small
 Vegetable dealer, honest but short-sighted
 Hard-working but too often unaware
 Of his best interest, needs strong leadership.

Moreover, toward the Cauliflower Trust
 That gave him everything he has, he feels
 No sense of responsibility. That's where I
 Come in again. The Cauliflower Trust
 Must likewise be protected. Down with the welshers!
 Pay up, say I, or close your shop! The weak
 Will perish. Let them, that's the law of nature.
 In short, the Trust requires my services.

DOGSBOROUGH: But what's the Cauliflower Trust to me?
 Why come to me with this amazing plan?

UI: We'll get to that. I'll tell you what you need.
 The Cauliflower Trust needs muscle, thirty
 Determined men under my leadership.

DOGSBOROUGH:

Whether the Trust would want to change its typewriters
 For tommy-guns I have no way of knowing.
 You see, I'm not connected with the Trust.

UI: We'll get to that. You say: With thirty men
 Armed to the teeth, at home on our premises
 How do we know that we ourselves are safe?
 The answer's very simple. He who holds
 The purse strings holds the power. And it's you
 Who hand out the pay envelopes. How could
 I turn against you even if I wanted
 Even without the high esteem I bear you?
 For what do I amount to? What
 Following have I got? A handful. And some
 Are dropping out. Right now it's twenty. Or less.
 Without your help I'm finished. It's your duty
 Your human duty to protect me from
 My enemies, and (I may as well be frank)
 My followers too! The work of fourteen years
 Hangs in the balance! I appeal to you
 As man to man.

DOGSBOROUGH: As man to man I'll tell
 You what I'll do. I'm calling the police.

UI: What? The police?

DOGSBOROUGH: Exactly, the police!

UI: Am I to understand that you refuse
To help me as a man?

Bellows.

Then I demand

It of you as a criminal. Because

That's what you are. I'm going to expose you.

I've got the proofs. There's going to be a scandal

About some docks. And you're mixed up in it. Sheet's

Shipyard – that's you. I'm warning you! Don't

Push me too far! They've voted to investigate.

DOGSBOROUGH, *very pale*:

They never will. They can't. My friends . . .

UI: You haven't got any. You had some yesterday.

Today you haven't got a single friend

Tomorrow you'll have nothing but enemies.

If anybody can rescue you, it's me

Arturo Ui! Me! Me!

DOGSBOROUGH: Nobody's going to
Investigate. My hair is white.

UI: But nothing else
Is white about you, Dogsborough.

Tries to seize his hand.

Think, man! It's now or never. Let me save you!

One word from you and any bastard who

Touches a hair of yon white head, I'll drill him.

Dogsborough, help me now. I beg you. Once.

Just once! Oh, say the word, or I shall never

Be able to face my boys again.

He weeps.

DOGSBOROUGH: Never!
I'd sooner die than get mixed up with you.

UI: I'm washed up and I know it. Forty
And still a nobody. You've got to help me.

DOGSBOROUGH: Never.

UI: I'm warning you. I'll crush you.

DOGSBOROUGH: Never

Never while I draw breath will you get away with
Your green goods racket.

UI, *with dignity*: Mr Dogsborough
I'm only forty. You are eighty. With God's
Help I'll outlast you. And one thing I know:
I'll break into the green goods business yet.

DOGSBOROUGH: Never!

UI: Come, Roma. Let's get out of here.

He makes a formal bow and leaves the room with Ernesto Roma.

DOGSBOROUGH: Air! Give me air. Oh, what a mug!
Oh, what a mug! I should never have accepted
This estate. But they won't dare. I'm sunk
If they investigate, but they won't dare.

THE BUTLER *enters*: Goodwill and Gaffles of the city
council.

Enter Goodwill and Gaffles.

GOODWILL: Hello, Dogsborough.

DOGSBOROUGH: Hello, Goodwill and Gaffles.
Anything new?

GOODWILL: Plenty, and not so good, I fear.
But wasn't that Arturo Ui who
Just passed us in the hall?

DOGSBOROUGH, *with a forced laugh*: Himself in person.
Hardly an ornament to a country home.

GOODWILL: No.

Hardly an ornament. It's no good wind
That brings us. It's that loan we made the Trust
To build their docks with.

DOGSBOROUGH, *stiffly*: What about the loan?

GAFFLES: Well, certain council members said – don't get
Upset – the thing looked kind of fishy.

DOGSBOROUGH: Fishy.

GOODWILL: Don't worry The majority flew off
The handle. Fishy! We almost came to blows.

GAFFLES: Dogsborough's contracts fishy! they shouted.

What

About the Bible? Is that fishy too?

It almost turned to an ovation for you

Dogsborough. When your friends demanded an

Investigation, some, infected with

Our confidence, withdrew their motion and

Wanted to shelve the whole affair. But the

Majority, resolved to clear your name

Of every vestige of suspicion, shouted:

Dogsborough's more than a name. It stands for more
than

A man. It's an institution! In an uproar

They voted the investigation.

DOGSBOROUGH:

The

Investigation.

GOODWILL: O'Casey is in charge.

The cauliflower people merely say

The loan was made directly to Sheet's shipyard.

The contracts with the builders were to be

Negotiated by Sheet's shipyard.

DOGSBOROUGH:

By Sheet's shipyard.

GOODWILL: The best would be for you to send a man

Of flawless reputation and impartiality

Someone you trust, to throw some light on this

Unholy rat's nest.

DOGSBOROUGH: So I will.

GAFFLES:

All right

That settles it. And now suppose you show us

This famous country house of yours. We'll want

To tell our friends about it.

DOGSBOROUGH:

Very well.

GOODWILL:

What blessed peace! And church bells! All one can

Wish for.

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GAFFLES, *laughing*:

No docks in sight.

DOGSBOROUGH:

I'll send a man.

They go out slowly.

A sign appears.

4. In January 1933 Hindenburg appoints Hitler Chancellor in return for a promise to prevent the exposure of the *Osthilfe* (East Aid) scandal, in which Hindenburg himself is implicated.

City Hall. Butcher, Flake, Clark, Mulberry, Caruther. Across from them Dogsborough, who is as white as a sheet, O'Casey, Gaffles and Goodwill. Reporters.

BUTCHER, *in an undertone*:

He's late.

MULBERRY: He's bringing Sheet. Quite possibly
They haven't come to an agreement. I
Believe they've been discussing it all night.
Sheet *has* to say the shipyard still belongs
To him.

CARUTHER: It's asking quite a lot of Sheet
To come here just to tell us *he's* the scoundrel.

FLAKE: He'll never come.

CLARK: He's got to.

FLAKE: Why should he
Ask to be sent to prison for five years?

CLARK: It's quite a pile of dough. And Mabel Sheet
Needs luxury. He's still head over heels
In love with Mabel. He'll play ball all right.
And anyway he'll never serve his term.
Old Dogsborough will see to that.

The shouts of newsboys are heard. A reporter brings in a paper.

GAFFLES: Sheet's been found dead. In his hotel. A ticket
To San Francisco in his pocket.

BUTCHER: Sheet
Dead?

O'CASEY, *reading*:
Murdered.

MULBERRY: My God!

FLAKE, *in an undertone*: He didn't come.

GAFFLES: What is it, Dogsborough?

DOGSBOROUGH, *speaking with difficulty*:
Nothing. It'll pass.

O'CASEY: Sheet's death . . .

CLARK: Poor Sheet. His unexpected death
Would seem to puncture your investigation . . .

O'CASEY: Of course the unexpected often looks
As if it were expected. Some indeed
Expect the unexpected. Such is life.
This leaves me in a pretty pickle and
I hope you won't refer me and my questions
To Sheet; for Sheet, according to this paper
Has been most silent since last night.

MULBERRY: Your questions?
You know the loan was given to the shipyard
Don't you?

O'CASEY: Correct. But there remains a question:
Who is the shipyard?

FLAKE, *under his breath*: Funny question! He's
Got something up his sleeve.

CLARK, *likewise*: I wonder what.

O'CASEY:
Something wrong, Dogsborough? Could it be the air?
To the others.

I only mean: some people may be thinking
That several shovelful of earth are not
Enough to load on Sheet, and certain muck
Might just as well be added. I suspect . . .

CLARK: Maybe you'd better not suspect too much

O'Casey. Ever hear of slander? We've
Got laws agaist it.

MULBERRY: What's the point of these
Insinuations? Dogsborough, they tell me
Has picked a man to clear this business up.
Let's wait until he comes.

O'CASEY: He's late. And when
He comes, I hope Sheet's not the only thing
He'll talk about.

FLAKE: We hope he'll tell the truth
No more no less.

O'CASEY: You mean the man is honest?
That suits me fine. Since Sheet was still alive
Last night, the whole thing should be clear. I only -
To Dogsborough.
- Hope that you've chosen a good man.

CLARK, *cuttingly*: You'll have
To take him as he is. Ah, here he comes.
Enter Arturo Ui and Ernesto Roma with bodyguards.

UI: Hi, Clark! Hi, Dogsborough! Hi, everybody!

CLARK: Hi, Ui.

UI: Well, it seems you've got some questions.

O'CASEY, *to Dogsborough*:

Is this your man?

CLARK: That's right, Not good enough?

GOODWILL: Dogsborough, can you be . . . ?

Commotion among the reporters.

O'CASEY: Quiet over there!

A REPORTER: It's Ui!

*Laughter. O'Casey bangs his gavel for order. Then he musters
the bodyguards.*

O'CASEY: Who are these men?

UI: Friends.

O'CASEY, *to Roma*: And who

Are you?

UI: Ernesto Roma, my accountant.

GAFFLES: Hold it! Can you be serious, Dogsborough?

Dogsborough is silent.

O'CASEY:

Mr

Ui, we gather from Mr Dogsborough's
Eloquent silence that you have his confidence
And desire ours. Well then. Where are the contracts?

UI: What contracts?

CLARK, *seeing that O'Casey is looking at Goodwill:*

The contracts that the shipyard no doubt
Signed with the builders with a view to enlarging
Its dock facilities.

UI: I never heard

Of any contracts.

O'CASEY: Really?

CLARK: Do you mean

There are no contracts?

O'CASEY, *quickly:* Did you talk with Sheet?

UI, *shaking his head:*

No.

CLARK: Oh. You didn't talk with Sheet?

UI, *angrily:* If any-

One says I talked with Sheet, that man's a liar.

O'CASEY: Ui, I thought that Mr Dogsborough

Had asked you to look into this affair?

UI: I have looked into it.

O'CASEY: And have your studies

Borne fruit?

UI: They have. It wasn't easy to
Lay bare the truth. And it's not a pleasant truth.
When Mr Dogsborough, in the interest of
This city, asked me to investigate
Where certain city funds, the hard-earned savings
Of taxpayers like you and me, entrusted
To a certain shipyard in this city, had gone to
I soon discovered to my consternation
That they had been embezzled. That's Point One.

Point Two is who embezzled them. All right
I'll answer that one too. The guilty party
Much as it pains me is . . .

O'CASEY: Well, who is it?

UI: Sheet.

O'CASEY: Oh, Sheet! The silent Sheet you didn't talk to!

UI: Why look at me like that? The guilty party
Is Sheet.

CLARK: Sheet's dead. Didn't you know?

UI: What, dead?

I was in Cicero last night. That's why
I haven't heard. And Roma here was with me.

Pause.

ROMA: That's mighty funny. Do you think it's mere
Coincidence that . . .

UI: Gentlemen, it's not
An accident. Sheet's suicide was plainly
The consequence of Sheet's embezzlement.
It's monstrous!

O'CASEY: Except it wasn't suicide.

UI: What then? Of course Ernesto here and I
Were in Cicero last night. We wouldn't know.
But this we know beyond a doubt: that Sheet
Apparently an honest businessman
Was just a gangster.

O'CASEY: Ui, I get your drift.
You can't find words too damaging for Sheet
After the damage he incurred last night.
Well, Dogsborough, let's get to you.

DOGSBOROUGH: To me?

BUTCHER, *cuttingly*:
What about Dogsborough?

O'CASEY: As I understand Mr
Ui - and I believe I understand
Him very well - there was a shipyard which
Borrowed some money which has disappeared.

But now the question rises: Who is this
 Shipyard? It's Sheet, you say. But what's a name?
 What interests us right now is not its name
 But whom it actually belonged to. Did it
 Belong to Sheet? Unquestionably Sheet
 Could tell us. But Sheet has buttoned up
 About his property since Ui spent
 The night in Cicero. But could it be
 That when this swindle was put over someone
 Else was the owner? What is your opinion
 Dogsborough?

DOGSBOROUGH: Me?

O'CASEY: Yes, could it be that you
 Were sitting in Sheet's office when a contract
 Was . . . well, suppose we say, not being drawn up?

GOODWILL: O'Casey!

GAFFLES, to O'Casey:

Dogsborough? You're crazy!

DOGSBOROUGH:

I . . .

O'CASEY: And earlier, at City Hall, when you
 Told us how hard a time the cauliflower
 People were having and how badly they
 Needed a loan – could that have been the voice
 Of personal involvement?

BUTCHER: Have you no shame?
 The man's unwell.

CARUTHER: Consider his great age!

FLAKE:

His snow-white hair confounds your low suspicions.

ROMA: Where are your proofs?

O'CASEY: The proofs are . . .

UI Quiet, please!

Let's have a little quiet, friends.

Say something, Dogsborough!

A BODYGUARD, suddenly roars: The chief wants quiet!

Quiet!

Sudden silence.

UI: If I may say what moves me in
This hour and at this shameful sight – a white-
Haired man insulted while his friends look on
In silence – it is this. I trust you, Mr
Dogsborough. And I ask: Is this the face
Of guilt? Is this the eye of one who follows
Devious ways? Can you no longer
Distinguish white from black? A pretty pass
If things have come to such a pass!

CLARK: A man of
Untarnished reputation is accused
Of bribery.

O'CASEY: And more: of fraud. For I
Contend that this unholy shipyard, so
Maligned when Sheet was thought to be the owner
Belonged to Dogsborough at the time the loan
Went through.

MULBERRY: A filthy lie!

CARUTHER: I'll stake my head
For Dogsborough. Summon the population!
I challenge you to find one man to doubt him.

A REPORTER, *to another who has come in*:
Dogsborough's under suspicion.

THE OTHER REPORTER: Dogsborough?
Why not Abe Lincoln?

MULBERRY *and* FLAKE: Witnesses!

O'CASEY: Oh
It's witnesses you want? Hey, Smith, where *is*
Our witness? Is he here? I see he is.
*One of his men has stepped into the doorway and made a sign.
All look toward the door. Short pause. Then a burst of shots
and noise are heard. Tumult. The reporters run out.*

THE REPORTERS: It's outside. A machine-gun. – What's
your witness's name, O'Casey? – Bad business. – Hi, Ui!

O' CASEY, *going to the door*: Bowl! *Shouts out the door*. Come on in!

THE MEN OF THE CAULIFLOWER TRUST: What's going on? – Somebody's been shot – On the stairs – God damn it!

BUTCHER, *to Ui*:

More monkey business? Ui, it's all over
Between us if . . .

UI: Yes?

O' CASEY: Bring him in!

Policemen carry in a corpse.

O' CASEY: It's Bowl. My witness, gentlemen, I fear
Is not in a fit state for questioning.

He goes out quickly. The policemen have set down Bowl's body in a corner.

DOGSBOROUGH:

For God's sake, Gaffles, get me out of here!

Without answering Gaffles goes out past him.

UI, *going toward Dogsborough with outstretched hand*:

Congratulations, Dogsborough. Don't doubt
One way or another, I'll get things straightened out.

A sign appears.

5. After coming to power legally, Hitler surprises his high patrons by extremely violent measures, but keeps his promises.

Hotel Mammoth. Ui's suite. Two bodyguards lead a ragged actor to Ui. In the background Givola.

FIRST BODYGUARD: It's an actor, boss. Unarmed.

SECONDBODYGUARD: He can't afford a rod. He was able to get tight because they pay him to declaim in the saloons when they're tight. But I'm told that he's good. He's one of them classical guys.

UI: Okay. Here's the problem. I've been given to understand that my pronunciation leaves something to be desired. It

looks like I'm going to have to say a word or two on certain occasions, especially when I get into politics, so I've decided to take lessons. The gestures too.

THE ACTOR: Very well.

UI: Get the mirror.

A bodyguard comes front stage with a large standing mirror.

UI: First the walk. How do you guys walk in the theatre or the opera?

THE ACTOR: I see what you mean. The grand style. Julius Caesar, Hamlet, Romeo – that's Shakespeare. Mr Ui, you've come to the right man. Old Mahonney can teach you the classical manner in ten minutes. Gentlemen, you see before you a tragic figure. Ruined by Shakespeare. An English poet. If it weren't for Shakespeare, I could be on Broadway right now. The tragedy of a character. 'Don't play Shakespeare when you're playing Ibsen, Mahonney! Look at the calendar! This is 1912, sir!' – 'Art knows no calendar, sir!' say I. 'And art is my life.' Alas.

GIVOLA: I think you've got the wrong guy, boss. He's out of date.

UI: We'll see about that. Walk around like they do in this Shakespeare.

The actor walks around.

UI: Good!

GIVOLA: You can't walk like that in front of cauliflower men. It ain't natural.

UI: What do you mean it ain't natural? Nobody's natural in this day and age. When I walk I want people to know I'm walking.

He copies the actor's gait.

THE ACTOR: Head back. *Ui throws his head back.* The foot touches the ground toe first. *Ui's foot touches the ground toe first.* Good. Excellent. You have a natural gift. Only the arms. They're not quite right. Stiff. Perhaps if you joined your arms in front of your private parts. *Ui joins his arms in front of his private parts.* Not bad. Relaxed but firm. But

head back. Good. Just the right gait for your purposes, I believe, Mr Ui. What else do you wish to learn?

UI: How to stand. In front of people.

GIVOLA: Have two big bruisers right behind you and you'll be standing pretty.

UI: That's bunk. When I stand I don't want people looking at the two bozos behind me. I want them looking at me. Correct me!

He takes a stance, his arms crossed over his chest.

THE ACTOR: A possible solution. But common. You don't want to look like a barber, Mr Ui. Fold your arms like this. *He folds his arms in such a way that the backs of his hands remain visible. His palms are resting on his arms not far from the shoulder.* A trifling change, but the difference is incalculable. Draw the comparison in the mirror, Mr Ui.

Ui tries out the new position before the mirror.

UI: Not bad.

GIVOLA: What's all this for, boss? Just for those Fancy-pants in the Trust?

UI: Hell, no! It's for The little people. Why, for instance, do You think this Clark makes such a show of grandeur? Not for his peers. His bank account Takes care of them, the same as my big bruisers Lend me prestige in certain situations. Clark makes a show of grandeur to impress The little man. I mean to do the same.

GIVOLA: But some will say it doesn't look inborn. Some people stick at that.

UI: I know they do. But I'm not trying to convince professors And smart-alecks. My object is the little Man's image of his master.

GIVOLA: Don't overdo The master, boss. Better the democrat The friendly, reassuring type in shirtsleeves.

UI: I've got old Dogsborough for that.

GIVOLA: His image

Is kind of tarnished, I should say. He's still
An asset on the books, a venerable
Antique. But people aren't as eager as they
Were to exhibit him. They're not so sure
He's genuine. It's like the family Bible
Nobody opens any more since, piously
Turning the yellowed pages with a group
Of friends, they found a dried-out bedbug. But
Maybe he's good enough for Cauliflower.

UI: I decide who's respectable.

GIVOLA: Sure thing, boss.

There's nothing wrong with Dogsborough. We can
Still use him. They haven't even dropped him
At City Hall. The crash would be too loud.

UI: Sitting.

THE ACTOR: Sitting. Sitting is almost the hardest, Mr Ui.
There are men who can walk; there are men who can
stand; but find me a man who can sit. Take a chair with a
back-rest, Mr Ui. But don't lean against it. Hands on thighs,
level with the abdomen, elbows away from body. How
long can you sit like that, Mr Ui?

UI: As long as I please.

THE ACTOR: Then everything's perfect, Mr Ui.

GIVOLA: You know, boss, when old Dogsborough passes
on

Giri could take his place. He's got the
Popular touch. He plays the funny man
And laughs so loud in season that the plaster
Comes tumbling from the ceiling. Sometimes, though
He does it out of season, as for instance
When you step forward as the modest son of
The Bronx you really were and talk about
Those seven determined youngsters.

UI: Then he laughs?

GIVOLA: The plaster tumbles from the ceiling. Don't
Tell him I said so or he'll think I've got
It in for him. But maybe you could make
Him stop collecting hats.

UI: What kind of hats?

GIVOLA: The hats of people he's rubbed out. And running
Around with them in public. It's disgusting.

UI: Forget it. I would never think of muzzling
The ox that treads my corn. I overlook
The petty foibles of my underlings.

To the actor.

And now to speaking! Speak a speech for me!

THE ACTOR: Shakespeare. Nothing else. Julius Caesar. The
Roman hero. *He draws a little book from his pocket.* What
do you say to Mark Antony's speech? Over Caesar's body.
Against Brutus. The ringleader of Caesar's assassins. A
model of demagogy. Very famous. I played Antony in
Zenith in 1908. Just what you need, Mr Ui. *He takes a
stance and recites Mark Antony's speech line for line.*

Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears!

*Reading from the little book, Ui speaks the lines after him. Now
and then the actor corrects him, but in the main Ui keeps his
rough staccato delivery.*

THE ACTOR: 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 grievous fault,

And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.

UI, *continues by himself:*

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest –

For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men –

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.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him 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?
During the last lines the curtain slowly falls.
A sign appears.

6. The gang leader quickly transforms himself into a statesman. He is believed to have taken lessons in declamation and bearing from one, Basil, a provincial actor.

Offices of the Cauliflower Trust. Arturo Ui, Ernesto Roma, Giuseppe Givola, Emanuele Giri and bodyguards. A group of small vegetable dealers is listening to Ui. Old Dogsborough, who is ill, is sitting on the platform beside Ui. In the background Clark.

UI, *bellowing*: Murder! Extortion! Highway robbery!
Machine-guns sputtering on our city streets!
People going about their business, law-abiding
Citizens on their way to City Hall
To make a statement, murdered in broad daylight!
And what, I ask you, do our town fathers do?

Nothing! These honourable men are much
 Too busy planning their shady little deals
 And slandering respectable citizens
 To think of law enforcement.

GIVOLA: Hear!

UI: In short
 Chaos is rampant. Because if everybody
 Can do exactly what he pleases, if
 Dog can eat dog without a second thought
 I call it chaos. Look. Suppose I'm sitting
 Peacefully in my vegetable store
 For instance, or driving my cauliflower truck
 And someone comes barging not so peacefully
 Into my store: 'Hands up!' Or with his gun
 Punctures my tyres. Under such conditions
 Peace is unthinkable. But once I know
 The score, once I recognise that men are not
 Innocent lambs, then I've got to find a way
 To stop these men from smashing up my shop and
 Making me, when it suits them. put 'em up
 And keep 'em up, when I could use my hands
 For better things, for instance, counting pickles.
 For such is man. He'll never put aside
 His hardware of his own free will, say
 For love of virtue, or to earn the praises
 Of certain silver tongues at City Hall.
 If I don't shoot, the other fellow will.
 That's logic. Okay. And maybe now you'll ask:
 What's to be done? I'll tell you. But first get
 This straight: What you've been doing so far is
 Disastrous: Sitting idly at your counters
 Hoping that everything will be all right
 And meanwhile disunited, bickering
 Among yourselves, instead of mustering
 A strong defence force that would shield you from
 The gangsters' depredations. No, I say

This can't go on. The first thing that's needed
Is unity. The second is sacrifices.

What sacrifices? you may ask. Are we
To part with thirty cents on every dollar
For mere protection? No, nothing doing.
Our money is too precious. If protection
Were free of charge, then yes, we'd be all for it.
Well, my dear vegetable dealers, things
Are not so simple. Only death is free:
Everything else costs money. And that includes
Protection, peace and quiet. Life is like
That, and because it never will be any different
These gentlemen and I (there are more outside)
Have resolved to offer you protection.

Givola and Roma applaud.

But

To show you that we mean to operate
On solid business principles, we've asked
Our partner, Mr Clark here, the wholesaler
Whom you all know, to come here and address you.

*Roma pulls Clark forward. A few of the vegetable dealers
applaud.*

GIVOLA: Mr Clark, I bid you welcome in the name
Of this assembly. Mr Ui is honoured
To see the Cauliflower Trust supporting his
Initiative. I thank you, Mr Clark.

CLARK: We of the Cauliflower Trust observe
Ladies and gentlemen, with consternation
How hard it's getting for you vegetable
Dealers to sell your wares. 'Because,' I hear
You say, 'they're too expensive.' Yes, but why
Are they expensive? It's because our packers
And teamsters, pushed by outside agitators
Want more and more. And that's what Mr Ui
And Mr Ui's friends will put an end to.

FIRST DEALER: But if the little man gets less and less

How is he going to buy our vegetables?

UI: Your question is a good one. Here's my answer:

Like it or not, this modern world of ours

Is inconceivable without the working man

If only as a customer. I've always

Insisted that honest work is no disgrace.

Far from it. It's constructive and conducive

To profits. As an individual

The working man has all my sympathy.

It's only when he bands together, when he

Presumes to meddle in affairs beyond

His understanding, such as profits, wages

Etcetera, that I say: Watch your step

Brother, a worker is somebody who works.

But when you strike, when you stop working, then

You're not a worker any more. Then you're

A menace to society. And that's

Where I step in.

Clark applauds.

However, to convince you

That everything is open and above

Board, let me call your attention to the presence

Here of a man well-known, I trust, to

Everybody here for his sterling honesty

And incorruptible morality.

His name is Dogsborough.

The vegetable dealers applaud a little louder.

Mr Dogsborough

I owe you an incomparable debt

Of gratitude. Our meeting was the work

Of Providence. I never will forget –

Not if I live to be a hundred – how

You took me to your arms, an unassuming

Son of the Bronx and chose me for your friend

Nay more, your son.

He seizes Dogsborough's limply dangling hand and shakes it.

GIVOLA, *in an undertone*: How touching! Father and Son!

GIRI, *steps forward*:

Well, folks, the boss has spoken for us all.

I see some questions written on your faces.

Ask them! Don't worry. We won't eat you. You

Play square with us and we'll play square with you.

But get this straight: we haven't got much patience

With idle talk, especially the kind

That carps and cavils and finds fault

With everything. You'll find us open, though

To any healthy, positive suggestion

On ways and means of doing what must be done.

So fire away!

The vegetable dealers don't breathe a word.

GIVOLA, *unctuously*: And no holds barred. I think

You know me and my little flower shop.

A BODYGUARD: Hurrah for Givola!

GIVOLA:

Okay, then. Do

You want protection? Or would you rather have

Murder, extortion and highway robbery?

FIRST DEALER: Things have been pretty quiet lately. I

Haven't had any trouble in my store.

SECOND DEALER: Nothing's wrong in my place.

THIRD DEALER:

Nor in mine.

GIVOLA: That's odd.

SECOND DEALER: We've heard that recently in bars

Things have been happening just like Mr Ui

Was telling us, that glasses have been smashed

And gin poured down the drain in places that

Refused to cough up for protection. But

Things have been peaceful in the greengoods business.

So far at least, thank God.

ROMA:

And what about

Sheet's murder? And Bowl's death? Is that

What you call peaceful?

SECOND DEALER: But is that connected
With cauliflower, Mr Roma?

ROMA: No. Just a minute.

Roma goes over to Ui, who after his big speech has been sitting there exhausted and listless. After a few words he motions to Giri to join them. Givola also takes part in a hurried whispered conversation. Then Giri motions to one of the bodyguards and goes out quickly with him.

GIVOLA: Friends, I've been asked to tell you that a poor
Unhappy woman wishes to express
Her thanks to Mr Ui in your presence.

He goes to the rear and leads in a heavily made-up and flashily dressed woman - Dockdaisy - who is holding a little girl by the hand. The three stop in front of Ui, who has stood up.

GIVOLA: Speak, Mrs Bowl.

To the vegetable dealers.

It's Mrs Bowl, the young

Widow of Mr Bowl, the late accountant
Of the Cauliflower Trust, who yesterday
While on his way to City Hall to do
His duty, was struck down by hand unknown.
Mrs Bowl!

DOCKDAISY: Mr Ui, in my profound bereavement over my
husband who was foully murdered while on his way to
City Hall in the exercise of his civic duty, I wish to express
my heartfelt thanks for the flowers you sent me and my
little girl, aged six, who has been robbed of her father.
To the vegetable dealers. Gentlemen, I'm only a poor widow
and all I have to say is that without Mr Ui I'd be out in
the street as I shall gladly testify at any time. My little girl,
aged five, and I will never forget it, Mr Ui.

Ui gives Dockdaisy his hand and chucks the child under the chin.

GIVOLA: Bravo!

Giri wearing Bowl's hat cuts through the crowd, followed by several gangsters carrying large gasoline cans. They make their way to the exit.

UI: Mrs Bowl, my sympathies. This lawlessness
This crime wave's got to stop because . . .

GIVOLA, *as the dealers start leaving*: Hold it!

The meeting isn't over. The next item
Will be a song in memory of poor Bowl
Sung by our friend James Greenwool, followed by
A collection for the widow. He's a baritone.

One of the bodyguards steps forward and sings a sentimental song in which the word 'home' occurs frequently. During the performance the gangsters sit rapt, their heads in their hands, or leaning back with eyes closed, etc. The meagre applause at the end is interrupted by the howling of police and fire sirens. A red glow is seen in a large window in the background.

ROMA: Fire on the waterfront!

A VOICE: Where?

A BODYGUARD *entering*: Is there a vegetable
Dealer named Hook in the house?

SECOND DEALER: That's me. What's wrong?

THE BODYGUARD: Your warehouse is on fire.

Hook, the dealer, rushes out. A few follow him. Others go to the window.

ROMA: Hold it!

Nobody leave the room!
To the bodyguard.

Is it arson?

THE BODYGUARD: It must be. They've found some gasoline
cans.

THIRD DEALER: Some gasoline cans were taken out of here!

ROMA, *in a rage*: What's that? Is somebody insinuating
We did it?

A BODYGUARD, *pokes his automatic into the man's ribs*:

What was being taken out
Of here? Did you see any gasoline cans?

OTHER BODYGUARDS, *to other dealers*:

Did you see any cans? - Did you?

THE DEALERS:

Not I . . .

Me neither.

ROMA: That's better.

GIVOLA, *quickly*: Ha. The very man

Who just a while ago was telling us

That all was quiet on the green goods front

Now sees his warehouse burning, turned to ashes

By malefactors. Don't you see? Can you

Be blind? You've got to get together. And quick!

UI, *bellowing*: Things in this town are looking very sick!

First murder and now arson! This should show

You men that no one's safe from the next blow!

A sign appears.

7. February 1933, the Reichstag fire. Hitler accuses his enemies of instigating the fire and gives the signal for the Night of the Long Knives.

*The warehouse fire trial. Press. Judge. Prosecutor. Defence counsel.
 Young Dogsborough. Giri. Givola. Dockdaisy. Bodyguards.
 Vegetable dealers and Fish, the accused.*

a

*Emanuele Giri stands in front of the witness's chair, pointing at
 Fish, the accused, who is sitting in utter apathy.*

GIRI, *shouting*: There sits the criminal who lit the fire!
 When I challenged him he was slinking down the street
 Clutching a gasoline can to his chest.
 Stand up, you bastard, when I'm talking to you.
Fish is pulled to his feet. He stands swaying.

THE JUDGE: Defendant, pull yourself together. This is a

court of law. You are on trial for arson. That is a very serious matter, and don't forget it!

FISH, *in a thick voice*: Arlarlarl.

THE JUDGE: Where did you get that gasoline can?

FISH: Arlarl.

At a sign from the judge an excessively well-dressed, sinister-looking doctor bends down over Fish and exchanges glances with Giri.

THE DOCTOR: Simulating.

DEFENCE COUNSEL: The defence moves that other doctors be consulted.

THE JUDGE, *smiling*: Denied.

DEFENCE COUNSEL: Mr Giri, how did you happen to be on the spot when this fire, which reduced twenty-two buildings to ashes, broke out in Mr Hook's warehouse?

GIRI: I was taking a walk for my digestion.

Some of the bodyguards laugh. Giri joins in the laughter.

DEFENCE COUNSEL: Are you aware, Mr Giri, that Mr Fish, the defendant, is an unemployed worker, that he had never been in Chicago before and arrived here on foot the day before the fire?

GIRI: What? When?

DEFENCE COUNSEL: Is the registration number of your car XXXXXX?

GIRI: Yes.

DEFENCE COUNSEL: Was this car parked outside Dogsborough's restaurant on 87th Street during the four hours preceding the fire, and was defendant Fish dragged out of that restaurant in a state of unconsciousness?

GIRI: How should I know? I spent the whole day on a little excursion to Cicero, where I met fifty-two persons who are all ready to testify that they saw me.

The bodyguards laugh.

DEFENCE COUNSEL: Your previous statement left me with the impression that you were taking a walk for your digestion in the Chicago waterfront area.

GIRI: Any objection to my eating in Cicero and digesting in Chicago?

Loud and prolonged laughter in which the judge joins. Darkness. An organ plays Chopin's Funeral March in dance rhythm.

b

When the lights go on, Hook, the vegetable dealer, is sitting in the witness's chair.

DEFENCE COUNSEL: Did you ever quarrel with the defendant, Mr Hook? Did you ever see him before?

HOOK: Never.

DEFENCE COUNSEL: Have you ever seen Mr Giri?

HOOK: Yes. In the office of the Cauliflower Trust on the day of the fire.

DEFENCE COUNSEL: Before the fire?

HOOK: Just before the fire. He passed through the room with four men carrying gasoline cans.

Commotion on the press bench and among the bodyguards.

THE JUDGE: Would the gentlemen of the press please be quiet.

DEFENCE COUNSEL: What premises does your warehouse adjoin, Mr Hook?

HOOK: The premises of the former Sheet shipyard. There's a passage connecting my warehouse with the shipyard.

DEFENCE COUNSEL: Are you aware, Mr Hook, that Mr Giri lives in the former Sheet shipyard and consequently has access to the premises?

HOOK: Yes. He's the stockroom superintendent.

Increased commotion on the press bench. The bodyguards boo and take a menacing attitude toward Hook, the defence and the press. Young Dogsborough rushes up to the judge and whispers something in his ear.

JUDGE: Order in the court! The defendant is unwell. The court is adjourned.

Darkness. The organ starts again to play Chopin's Funeral March in dance rhythm.

c

When the lights go on, Hook is sitting in the witness's chair. He is in a state of collapse, with a cane beside him and bandages over his head and eyes.

THE PROSECUTOR: Is your eyesight poor, Hook?

HOOK, *with difficulty*: Yes.

THE PROSECUTOR: Would you say you were capable of recognising anyone clearly and definitely?

HOOK: No.

THE PROSECUTOR: Do you, for instance, recognise this man?

He points at Giri.

HOOK: No.

THE PROSECUTOR: You're not prepared to say that you ever saw him before?

HOOK: No.

THE PROSECUTOR: And now, Hook, a very important question. Think well before you answer. Does your warehouse adjoin the premises of the former Sheet shipyard?

HOOK, *after a pause*: No.

THE PROSECUTOR: That is all.

Darkness. The organ starts playing again.

d

When the lights go on, Dockdaisy is sitting in the witness's chair.

DOCKDAISY, *mechanically*: I recognise the defendant perfectly because of his guilty look and because he is five feet eight inches tall. My sister-in-law has informed me that he was seen outside City Hall on the afternoon my husband was shot while entering City Hall. He was carrying a Webster sub-machine gun and made a suspicious impression.

Darkness. The organ starts playing again.

e

When the lights go on, Giuseppe Givola is sitting in the witness's chair. Greenwool, the bodyguard, is standing near him.

THE PROSECUTOR: It has been alleged that certain men were seen carrying gasoline cans out of the offices of the Cauliflower Trust before the fire. What do you know about this?

GIVOLA: It couldn't be anybody but Mr Greenwool.

THE PROSECUTOR: Is Mr Greenwool in your employ?

GOVOLA: Yes.

THE PROSECUTOR: What is your profession, Mr Givola?

GIVOLA: Florist.

THE PROSECUTOR: Do florists use large quantities of gasoline?

GIVOLA, *seriously*: No, only for plant lice.

THE PROSECUTOR: What was Mr Greenwool doing in the offices of the Cauliflower Trust?

GIVOLA: Singing a song.

THE PROSECUTOR: Then he can't very well have carried any gasoline cans to Hook's warehouse at the same time.

GIVOLA: It's out of the question. It's not in his character to start fires. He's a baritone.

THE PROSECUTOR: If it please the court, I should like witness Greenwool to sing the fine song he was singing in the offices of the Cauliflower Trust while the warehouse was being set on fire.

THE JUDGE: The court does not consider it necessary.

GIVOLA: I protest.

He rises.

The bias in this courtroom is outrageous.

Cleancut young fellows who in broadest daylight

Fire a well-meant shot or two are treated

Like shady characters. It's scandalous.

Laughter. Darkness. The organ starts playing again.

f

When the lights go on, the courtroom shows every indication of utter exhaustion.

THE JUDGE: The press has dropped hints that this court might be subject to pressure from certain quarters. The court wishes to state that it has been subjected to no pressure of any kind and is conducting this trial in perfect freedom. I believe this will suffice.

THE PROSECUTOR: Your Honour! In view of the fact that defendant Fish persists in simulating dementia, the prosecution holds that he cannot be questioned any further. We therefore move . . .

DEFENCE COUNSEL: Your honour. The defendant is coming to!

Commotion.

FISH, *seems to be waking up*: Arlarlwaratarlawatrla.

DEFENCE COUNSEL: Water! Your Honour! I ask leave to question defendant Fish.

Uproar.

THE PROSECUTOR: I object. I see no indication that Fish is in his right mind. It's all a machination on the part of the defence, cheap sensationalism, demagoguery!

FISH: Water.

Supported by the defence counsel, he stands up.

DEFENCE COUNSEL: Fish. Can you answer me?

FISH: Yarl.

DEFENCE COUNSEL: Fish, tell the court: Did you, on the 28th of last month, set fire to a vegetable warehouse on the waterfront? Yes or no?

FISH: N-n-no.

DEFENCE COUNSEL: When did you arrive in Chicago, Fish?

FISH: Water.

DEFENCE COUNSEL: Water!

Commotion. Young Dogsborough has stepped up to the judge and is talking to him emphatically.

GIRI *stands up square-shouldered and bellows*: Frame-up! Lies! Lies!

DEFENCE COUNSEL: Did you ever see this man – *He indicates Giri.* – before?

FISH: Yes. Water.

DEFENCE COUNSEL: Where? Was it in Dogsborough's restaurant on the waterfront?

FISH, *faintly*: Yes.

Uproar. The bodyguards draw their guns and boo. The doctor comes running in with a glass. He pours the contents into Fish's mouth before the defence counsel can take the glass out of his hand.

DEFENCE COUNSEL: I object. I move that this glass be examined.

THE JUDGE, *exchanging glances with the prosecutor*: Motion denied.

DOCKDAISY *screams at Fish*: Murderer!

DEFENCE COUNSEL: Your Honour!

Because the mouth of truth cannot be stopped with earth
They're trying to stop it with a piece of paper
A sentence to be handed down as though
Your Honour – that's their hope – should properly
Be titled Your Disgrace. They cry to justice:
Hands up! Is this our city, which has aged
A hundred years in seven days beneath
The onslaught of a small but bloody brood
Of monsters, now to see its justice murdered
Nay, worse than murdered, desecrated by
Submission to brute force? Your Honour!
Suspend this trial!

THE PROSECUTOR: I object!

GIRI: You dog!

You lying, peculating dog! Yourself
A poisoner! Come on! Let's step outside!
I'll rip your guts out! Gangster!

DEFENCE COUNSEL: The whole
Town knows this man.

GIRI, *fuming*: Shut up!

When the judge tries to interrupt him:

You too!

Just keep your trap shut if you want to live!
He runs short of breath and the judge manages to speak.

THE JUDGE: Order in the court. Defence counsel will incur charges of contempt of court. Mr Giri's indignation is quite understandable. *To the defence counsel*: Continue.

DEFENCE COUNSEL: Fish! Did they give you anything to drink at Dogsborough's restaurant? Fish! Fish!

GIEI, *bellowing*: Go on and shout! Looks like his tyre's gone down.

We'll see who's running things in this here town!

Uproar. Darkness. The organ starts again to play Chopin's Funeral March in dance rhythm.

g

As the lights go on for the last time, the judge stands up and in a toneless voice delivers the sentence. The defendant is deathly pale.

THE JUDGE: Charles Fish, I find you guilty of arson and sentence you to fifteen years at hard labour.

A sign appears.

8. The Supreme Court in Leipzig condemns an unemployed worker to death for causing the fire. The real incendiaries get off scot-free.

Cicero. A woman climbs out of a shot-up truck and staggers forward.

THE WOMAN: Help! Help! Don't run away. Who'll testify?
My husband is in that truck. They got him. Help!
My arm is smashed . . . And so's the truck. I need
A bandage for my arm. They gun us down
Like rabbits. God! Won't anybody help?
You murderers! My husband! I know who's
Behind it. Ui! *Raging*: Fiend! Monster! Shit!
You'd make an honest piece of shit cry out:
Where can I wash myself? You lousy louse!
And people stand for it. And we go under.

Hey you! It's Ui!

A burst of machine-gun fire nearby. She collapses.

Ui did this job!

Where's everybody? Help! who'll stop that mob?

b

Dogsborough's country house. Night toward morning.

Dogsborough is writing his will and confession.

DOGSBOROUGH:

And so I, honest Dogsborough acquiesced
 In all the machinations of that bloody gang
 After full eighty years of uprightness.
 I'm told that those who've known me all along
 Are saying I don't know what's going on
 That if I knew I wouldn't stand for it.
 Alas, I know it all. I know who set
 Fire to Hook's warehouse. And I know who dragged
 Poor Fish into the restaurant and doped him.
 I know that when Sheet died a bloody death
 His steamship ticket in his pocket, Roma
 Was there. I know that Giri murdered Bowl
 That afternoon outside of City Hall
 Because he knew too much about myself
 Honest old Dogsborough. I know that he
 Shot Hook, and saw him with Hook's hat.
 I know that Givola committed five
 Murders, here itemised. I also know
 All about Ui, and I know he knew
 All this – the deaths of Sheet and Bowl, Givola's
 Murderers and all about the fire. All this
 Your honest Dogsborough knew. All this
 He tolerated out of sordid lust
 For gain, and fear of forfeiting your trust.

Hotel Mammoth. Ui's suite. Ui is sitting slumped in a deep chair, staring into space. Givola is writing and two bodyguards are looking over his shoulder, grinning.

GIVOLA: And so I, Dogsborough, bequeath my bar
 To good hard-working Givola. My country
 House to the brave, though somewhat hot-headed Giri.
 And I bequeath my son to honest Roma.
 I furthermore request that you appoint
 Roma police chief, Giri judge, and Givola
 Commissioner of welfare. For my own
 Position I would warmly recommend
 Arturo Ui, who, believe your honest
 Old Dogsborough, is worthy of it. – That's
 Enough, I think, let's hope he kicks in soon.
 This testament will do wonders. Now that the old
 Man's known to be dying and the hope arises
 Of laying him to rest with relative
 Dignity, in clean earth, it's well to tidy up
 His corpse. A pretty epitaph is needed.
 Ravens from olden time have battened on
 The reputation of the fabulous
 White raven that somebody saw sometime
 And somewhere. This old codger's their white raven.
 I guess they couldn't find a whiter one.
 And by the way, boss, Giri for my taste
 Is too much with him. I don't like it.

UI, *starting up*:

Giri?

What about Giri?

GIVOLA: Only that he's spending
A little too much time with Dogsborough.

UI: I
Don't trust him.

Giri comes in wearing a new hat, Hook's.

GIVOLA: I don't either. Hi, Giri
How's Dogsborough's apoplexy?

GIRI: He refuses
To let the doctor in.

GIVOLA: Our brilliant doctor
Who took such loving care of Fish?

GIRI: No other
Will do. The old man talks too much.

UI: Maybe somebody's talked too much to him . . .

GIRI: What's that? *To Givola:* You skunk, have you been
stinking up

The air around here again?

GIVOLA, *alarmed:* Just read the will
Dear Giri.

GIRI, *snatches it from him:*

What! Police chief? Him? Roma?

You must be crazy.

GIVOLA: He demands it. I'm
Against it too. The bastard can't be trusted
Across the street.

Roma comes in followed by bodyguards.

Hi, Roma. Take a look at

This will.

ROMA, *grabbing it out of his hands:*

Okay, let's see it. What do you know!

Giri a judge! But where's the old man's scribble?

GIRI: Under his pillow. He's been trying to
Smuggle it out. Five times I've caught his son.

ROMA *holds out his hand:*

Let's have it, Giri.

GIRI: What? I haven't got it.

ROMA: Oh yes, you have!

They glare at each other furiously.

I know what's on your mind.

There's something about Sheet. That concerns me.

GIRI: Bowl figures in it too. That concerns *me*.

ROMA: Okay, but you're both jerks, and I'm a man.

I know you, Giri, and you too, Givola.

I'd even say your crippled leg was phony.

Why do I always find you bastards here?

What are you cooking up? What lies have they

Been telling you about me, Arturo? Watch

Your step, you pipsqueaks. If I catch you trying

To cross me up, I'll rub you out like blood spots.

GIRI: Roma, you'd better watch your tongue. I'm not

One of your two-bit gunmen.

ROMA, *to his bodyguards*: That means you!

That's what they're calling you at headquarters.

They hobnob with the Cauliflower Trust -

Pointing to Giri.

That shirt was made to order by Clark's tailor -

You two-bit gunmen do the dirty work -

And you - *To Ui*. - put up with it.

UI, *as though waking up*: Put up with what?

GIVOLA: His shooting up Caruther's trucks. Caruther's

A member of the Trust.

UI: Did you shoot up

Caruther's trucks?

ROMA: I gave no orders. Just

Some of the boys. Spontaneous combustion.

They don't see why it's always the small grocers

That have to sweat and bleed. Why not the big wheels?

Damn it, Arturo, I myself don't get it.

GIVOLA: The Trust is good and mad.

GIRI: Clark says they're only

Waiting for it to happen one more time.

He's put in a complaint with Dogsborough.

UI, *morosely*: Ernesto, these things mustn't happen.

GIRI: Crack down, boss!

These guys are getting too big for their breeches.

GIVOLA: The Trust is good and mad, boss.

ROMA *pulls his gun. To Giri and Givola*:

Okay. Hands up!

To their bodyguards:

You too!

Hands up the lot of you. No monkey business!

Now back up to the wall.

Givola, his men, and Giri raise their hands and with an air of resignation back up to the wall.

UI, *indifferently*: What is all this?

Ernesto, don't make them nervous. What are you guys

Squabbling about? So some palooka's wasted

Some bullets on a cauliflower truck.

Such misunderstandings can be straightened out.

Everything is running smooth as silk.

The fire was a big success. The stores

Are paying for protection. Thirty cents

On every dollar. Almost half the city

Has knuckled under in five days. Nobody

Raises a hand against us. And I've got

Bigger and better projects.

GIVOLA, *quickly*: Projects? What

For instance?

GIRI: Fuck your projects. Get this fool

To let me put my hands down.

ROMA: Safety first, Arturo.

We'd better leave them up.

GIVOLA: Won't it look sweet

If Clark comes in and sees us here like this?

UI: Ernesto, put that rod away!

ROMA: No dice!

Wake up, Arturo. Don't you see their game?

They're selling you out to the Clarks and Dogsboroughs.

'If Clark comes in and sees us!' What, I ask you
 Has happened to the shipyard's funds? We haven't
 Seen a red cent. The boys shoot up the stores
 Tote gasoline to warehouses and sigh:
 We made Arturo what he is today
 And he doesn't know us any more. He's playing
 The shipyard owner and tycoon. Wake up
 Arturo!

GIRI: Right. And speak up. Tell us where
 You stand.

UI *jumps up*: Are you boys trying to pressure me
 At gunpoint? Better not, I'm warning you
 You won't get anywhere with me like that.
 You'll only have yourselves to blame for
 The consequences. I'm a quiet man. But
 I won't be threatened. Either trust me blindly
 Or go your way. I owe you no accounting.
 Just do your duty, and do it to the full.
 The recompense is up to me, because
 Duty comes first and then the recompense.
 What I demand of you is trust. You lack
 Faith, and where faith is lacking, all is lost.
 How do you think I got this far? By faith!
 Because of my fanatical, my unflinching
 Faith in the cause. With faith and nothing else
 I flung a challenge at this city and forced
 It to its knees. With faith I made my way
 To Dogsborough. With faith I climbed the steps
 Of City Hall. With nothing in my naked
 Hands but indomitable faith.

ROMA: And
 A tommy gun.

UI: No, other men have them
 But lack firm faith in their predestination
 To leadership. And that is why you too
 Need to have faith in me. Have faith! Believe that

I know what's best for you and that I'm
 Resolved to put it through. That I will find
 The road to victory. If Dogsborough
 Passes away, then I decide who gets to
 Be what. I say no more, but rest assured:
 You'll all be satisfied.

GIVOLA *puts his hand on his heart:*

Arturo!

ROMA, *sullenly:*

Scram

You guys!

Giri, Givola and Givola's bodyguard go out slowly with their hands up.

GIRI, *leaving, to Roma:* I like your hat.

GIVOLA, *leaving:*

Dear Roma . . .

ROMA:

Scram!

Giri, you clown, don't leave your laugh behind.

And Givola, you crook, be sure to take

Your clubfoot, though I'm pretty sure you stole it.

When they are gone, Ui relapses into his brooding.

UI: I want to be alone.

ROMA, *standing still:* Arturo, if I

Hadn't the kind of faith you've just described

I'd sometimes find it hard to look my

Men in the face. We've got to act. And quickly.

Giri is cooking up some dirty work.

UI: Don't worry about Giri. I am planning

Bigger and better things. And now, Ernesto

To you, my oldest friend and trusted lieutenant

I will divulge them.

ROMA, *beaming:* Speak, Arturo. Giri

And what I had to say of him can wait.

He sits down with Ui. Roma's men stand waiting in the corner.

UI: We're finished with Chicago. I need more.

ROMA: More?

UI: Vegetables are sold in other cities.

ROMA: But how are you expecting to get in?

UI: Through
The front door, through the back door, through the
windows.

Resisted, sent away, called back again.

Booed and acclaimed. With threats and supplications
Appeals and insults, gentle force and steel
Embrace. In short, the same as here.

ROMA: Except
Conditions aren't the same in other places.

UI: I have in mind a kind of dress rehearsal
In a small town. That way we'll see
Whether conditions are so different. I
Doubt it.

ROMA: And where have you resolved to stage
This dress rehearsal?

UI: In Cicero.

ROMA: But there
They've got this Dullfeet with his Journal
For Vegetables and Positive Thinking
Which every Saturday accuses me
Of murdering Sheet.

UI: That's got to stop.

ROMA: It will. These journalists have enemies.
Their black and white makes certain people
See red. Myself, for instance. Yes, Arturo
I think these accusations can be silenced.

UI: I'm sure they can. The Trust is negotiating
With Cicero right now. For the time being
We'll just sell cauliflower peacefully.

ROMA: Who's doing this negotiating?

UI: Clark.

But he's been having trouble. On our account.

ROMA: I see. So Clark is in it. I wouldn't trust
That Clark around the corner.

UI: In Cicero
They say we're following the Cauliflower

Trust like its shadow. They want cauliflower, but
They don't want us. The shopkeepers don't like us.
A feeling shared by others: Dullfeet's wife

For instance, who for years now has been running
A greengoods wholesale house. She'd like to join
The Trust, and would have joined except for us.

ROMA: You mean this plan of moving in on Cicero
Didn't start with you at all, but with the Trust?

Arturo, now I see it all. I see
Their rotten game.

UI: Whose game?

ROMA: The Trust's.

The goings-on at Dogsborough's! His will!
It's all a machination of the Trust.

They want the Cicero connection. You're in
The way. But how can they get rid of you?
You've got them by the balls, because they needed
You for their dirty business and connived at
Your methods. But now they've found a way:
Old Dogsborough confesses and repairs
In ash and sackcloth to his coffin.

The cauliflower boys with deep emotion
Retrieve this paper from his hands and sobbing
Read it to the assembled press: how he repents
And solemnly adjures them to wipe out
The plague which he – as he confesses – brought
In, and restore the cauliflower trade
To its time-honoured practices.

That's what they plan, Arturo. They're all in it:
Giri, who gets Dogsborough to scribble wills
And who is hand in glove with Clark, who's having
Trouble in Cicero because of us
And wants pure sunshine when he shovels shekels.
Givola, who smells carrion. – This Dogsborough
Honest old Dogsborough with his two-timing will
That splatters you with muck has got to be

Rubbed out, Arturo, or your best-laid plans
For Cicero are down the drain.

UI: You think
It's all a plot? It's true. They've kept me out
Of Cicero. I've noticed that.

ROMA: Arturo
I beg you: let me handle this affair.
I tell you what: my boys and I will beat
It out to Dogsborough's tonight
And take him with us. To the hospital
We'll tell him – and deliver him to the morgue.

UI: But Giri's with him at the villa.

ROMA: He
Can stay there.
They exchange glances.

Two birds one stone.

UI: And Givola?

ROMA: On the way back I'll drop in at the florist's
And order handsome wreaths for Dogsborough.
For Giri too, the clown. And I'll pay cash.
He pats his gun.

UI: Ernesto, this contemptible project of
The Dogsboroughs and Clarks and Dullfeets
To squeeze me out of Cicero's affairs
By coldly branding me a criminal
Must be frustrated with an iron hand.
I put my trust in you.

ROMA: And well you may.
But you must meet with us before we start
And give the boys a talk to make them see
The matter in its proper light. I'm not
So good at talking.

UI, *shaking his hand*: It's a deal.

ROMA: I knew it
Arturo. This was how it had to be
Decided. Say, the two of us! Say, you

And me! Like in the good old days.
To his men.

What did

I tell you, boys? He gives us the green light.
 UI: I'll be there.

ROMA: At eleven.

UI: Where?

ROMA: At the garage.

I'm a new man. At last we'll see some fight!

He goes out quickly with his men. Pacing the floor, Ui prepares the speech he is going to make to Roma's men.

UI: Friends, much as I regret to say it, word
 Has reached me that behind my back perfidious
 Treason is being planned. Men close to me
 Men whom I trusted implicitly
 Have turned against me. Goaded by ambition
 And crazed by lust for gain, these despicable
 Fiends have conspired with the cauliflower
 Moguls – no, that won't do – with who? I've got it!
 With the police, to coldly liquidate you
 And even, so I hear, myself. My patience
 Is at an end. I therefore order you
 Under Ernesto Roma who enjoys
 My fullest confidence, tonight . . .

Enter Clark, Giri and Betty Dullfeet.

GIRI, *noticing that Ui looks frightened*: It's only
 Us, boss.

CLARK: Ui, let me introduce
 Mrs Dullfeet of Cicero. The Trust
 Asks you to give her your attention, and hopes
 The two of you will come to terms.

UI, *scowling*: I'm listening.

CLARK: A merger, as you know, is being considered
 Between Chicago's Cauliflower Trust
 And Cicero's purveyors. In the course
 Of the negotiations, Cicero

Objected to your presence on the board.
The Trust was able, after some discussion
To overcome this opposition. Mrs Dullfeet
Is here . . .

MRS DULLFEET: To clear up the misunderstanding.
Moreover, I should like to point out that
My husband, Mr Dullfeet's newspaper
Campaign was not directed against you
Mr Ui.

UI: Against who was it directed?

CLARK: I may as well speak plainly, Ui. Sheet's
'Suicide' made a very bad impression
In Cicero. Whatever else Sheet may
Have been, he was a shipyard owner
A leading citizen, and not some Tom
Dick or Harry whose death arouses no
Comment. And something else. Caruther's
Garage complains of an attack on one of
Its trucks. And one of your men, Ui, is
Involved in both these cases.

MRS DULLFEET: Every child in
Cicero knows Chicago's cauliflower
Is stained with blood.

UI: Have you come here to insult me?

MRS DULLFEET:

No, no. Not you, since Mr Clark has vouched
For you. It's this man Roma.

CLARK, *quickly*: Cool it, Ui!

GIRI: Cicero . . .

UI: You can't talk to me like this!
What do you take me for? I've heard enough!
Ernesto Roma is my man. I don't
Let anybody tell me who to pal with.
This is an outrage.

GIRI: Boss!

MRS DULLFEET: Ignatius Dullfeet

Will fight the Romas of this world to his
Last breath.

CLARK, *coldly*: And rightly so. In that the Trust
Is solidly behind him. Think it over.
Friendship and business are two separate things.
What do you say?

UI, *likewise coldly*: You heard me, Mr Clark.

CLARK: Mrs Dullfeet, I regret profoundly
The outcome of this interview.

On his way out, to Ui:

Most unwise, Ui.

Left alone, Ui and Giri do not look at each other.

GIRI: This and the business with Caruther's truck
Means war. That's plain.

UI: I'm not afraid of war.

GIRI: Okay, you're not afraid. You'll only have
The Trust, the papers, the whole city, plus
Dogsborough and his crowd against you.
Just between you and me, boss, I'd think twice . . .

UI: I know my duty and need no advice.

A sign appears.

9. and 10. The impending death of the aged Hindenburg provokes bitter struggles in the Nazi camp. The Junkers and industrialists demand Röhm's removal. The occupation of Austria is planned.

II

*Garage. Night. The sound of rain. Ernesto Roma and young Inna.
In the background gunmen.*

INNA: It's one o'clock.

ROMA: He must have been delayed.

INNA: Could he be hesitating?

ROMA: He could be.

Arturo's so devoted to his henchmen
He'd rather sacrifice himself than them.
Even with rats like Givola and Giri

He can't make up his mind. And so he dawdles
 And wrestles with himself. It might be two
 Or even three before he gets a move on.
 But never fear, he'll come. Of course he will.
 I know him, Inna.

Pause.

When I see that Giri
 Flat on the carpet, pouring out his guts
 I'll feel as if I'd taken a good leak.
 Oh well, it won't be long.

INNA: These rainy nights are
 Hard on the nerves.

ROMA: That's what I like about them.
 Of nights the blackest
 Of cars the fastest
 And of friends
 The most resolute.

INNA: How many years have
 You known him?

ROMA: Going on eighteen.

INNA: That's a long time.

A GUNMAN *comes forward*:
 The boys want whisky.

ROMA: No. Tonight I need
 Them sober.

A little man is brought in by the bodyguards.

THE LITTLE MAN, *out of breath*:

Dirty work at the crossroads!
 Two armoured cars outside police H.Q.
 Jam-packed with cops.

ROMA: Okay, boys, get the
 Bullet-proof shutter down. Those cops have got
 Nothing to do with us, but foresight's better
 Than hindsight.

Slowly an iron shutter falls, blocking the garage door.
 Is the passage clear?

INNA *nods*: It's a funny thing about tobacco. When a man
Is smoking, he looks calm. And if you imitate
A calm-looking man and light a cigarette, you
Get to be calm yourself.

ROMA, *smiling*: Hold out your hand.

INNA *does so*: It's trembling. That's no good.

ROMA: Don't worry. It's all

Right. I don't go for bruisers. They're unfeeling.

Nothing can hurt them and they won't hurt you.

Not seriously. Tremble all you like.

A compass needle is made of steel but trembles

Before it settles on its course. Your hand

Is looking for its pole. That's all.

A SHOUT, *from the side*: Police car

Coming down Church Street.

ROMA, *intently*: Is it stopping?

THE VOICE: No.

A GUNMAN *comes in*:

Two cars with blacked-out lights have turned the corner.

ROMA: They're waiting for Arturo. Givola and

Giri are laying for him. He'll run straight

Into their trap. We've got to head him off.

Let's go!

A GUNMAN: It's suicide.

ROMA: If suicide it is

Let it be suicide! Hell! Eighteen years

Of friendship!

INNA, *loud and clear*: Raise the shutter!

Machine-gun ready?

A GUNMAN: Ready.

INNA: Up she goes.

*The bullet-proof shutter rises slowly. Ui and Givola enter briskly,
followed by bodyguards.*

ROMA: Arturo!

INNA, *under his breath*: Yeah, and Givola.

ROMA: What's up?

Arturo, man, you had us worried. *Laughs loudly.* Hell!
But everything's okay.

UI, *hoarsely*: Why wouldn't it be okay?

INNA: We thought

Something was wrong. If I were you I'd give him

The glad-hand, boss. He was going to lead

Us all through fire to save you. Weren't you, Roma?

Ui goes up to Roma, holding out his hand. Roma grasps it, laughing. At this moment, when Roma cannot reach for his gun,

Givola shoots him from the hip.

UI: Into the corner with them!

Roma's men stand bewildered. Inna in the lead, they are driven into the corner. Givola bends down over Roma, who is lying on the floor.

GIVOLA: He's still breathing.

UI: Finish him off.

To the men lined up against the wall.

Your vicious plot against me is exposed.

So are your plans to rub out Dogsborough.

I caught you in the nick of time. Resistance

Is useless. I'll teach you to rebel against me!

You bastards!

GIVOLA: Not a single one unarmed!

Speaking of Roma:

He's coming to. He's going to wish he hadn't.

UI: I'll be at Dogsborough's country house tonight.

He goes out quickly.

INNA: You stinking rats! You traitors!

GIVOLA, *excitedly*: Let 'em have it!

The men standing against the wall are mowed down by machine-gun fire.

ROMA *comes to*:

Givola! Christ.

Turns over, his face chalky-white.

What happened over there?

GIVOLA: Nothing. Some traitors have been executed.

80 The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui

ROMA: You dog! My men! What have you done to them?

Givola does not answer.

And where's Arturo? You've murdered him. I knew it!

Looking for him on the floor.

Where is he?

GIVOLA: He's just left.

ROMA, *as he is being dragged to the wall*: You stinking dogs!

GIVOLA, *coolly*: You say my leg is short, I say your brain is small.

Now let your pretty legs convey you to the wall!

A sign appears.

11. On the night of 30 June 1934 Hitler overpowers his friend Röhm at an inn where Röhm has been waiting for him. Up to the last moment Röhm thinks that Hitler is coming to arrange for a joint strike against Hindenburg and Göring.

Givola's flower shop. Ignatius Dullfeet, a very small man, and Betty Dullfeet come in.

DULLFEET: I don't like this at all.

BETTY: Why not? They've gotten rid
Of Roma.

DULLFEET: Yes, they've murdered him.

BETTY: That's how

They do it. Anyway, he's gone. Clark says
That Ui's years of storm and stress, which even
The best of men go through, are over. Ui
Has shown he wants to mend his uncouth ways.
But if you persevere in your attacks
You'll only stir his evil instincts up
Again, and you, Ignatius, will be first
To bear the brunt. But if you keep your mouth shut
They'll leave you be.

DULLFEET: I'm not so sure my silence
Will help.

BETTY: It's sure to. They're not beasts.

Giri comes in from one side, wearing Roma's hat.

GIRI: Hi. Here already? Mr Ui's inside.

He'll be delighted. Sorry I can't stay.

I've got to beat it quick before I'm seen.

I've swiped a hat from Givola.

He laughs so hard that plaster falls from the ceiling, and goes out, waving.

DULLFEET:

Bad when they growl. No better when they laugh.

BETTY: Don't say such things, Ignatius. Not here.

DULLFEET, *bitterly*:

Nor

Anywhere else.

BETTY:

What can you do? Already

The rumour's going around in Cicero

That Ui's stepping into Dogsborough's shoes.

And worse, the greengoods men of Cicero

Are flirting with the Cauliflower Trust.

DULLFEET:

And now they've smashed two printing presses on me.

Betty, I've got a dark foreboding.

Givola and Ui come in with outstretched hands.

BETTY: Hi, Ui!

UI: Welcome. Dullfeet!

DULLFEET:

Mr Ui

I tell you frankly that I hesitated

To come, because . . .

UI:

Why hesitate? A man

Like you is welcome everywhere.

GIVOLA:

So is a

Beautiful woman.

DULLFEET:

Mr Ui, I've felt

It now and then to be my duty to

Come out against . . .

UI:

A mere misunderstanding!

If you and I had known each other from

The start, it never would have happened. It
 Has always been my fervent wish that what
 Had to be done should be done peacefully.

DULLFEET: Violence . . .

UI: No one hates it more than I do.
 If men were wise, there'd be no need of it.

DULLFEET: My aim . . .

UI: Is just the same as mine. We both
 Want trade to thrive. The small shopkeeper whose
 Life is no bed of roses nowadays
 Must be permitted to sell his greens in peace.
 And find protection when attacked.

DULLFEET, *firmly*: And be
 Free to determine whether he desires
 Protection. I regard that as essential.

UI: And so do I. He's *got* to be free to choose.
 Why? Because when he chooses his protector
 Freely, and puts his trust in somebody he himself
 Has chosen, then the confidence, which is
 As necessary in the greengoods trade
 As anywhere else, will prevail. That's always been
 My stand.

DULLFEET: I'm glad to hear it from your lips.
 For, no offence intended, Cicero
 Will never tolerate coercion.

UI: Of course not.
 No one, unless he has to, tolerates
 Coercion.

DULLFEET: Frankly, if this merger with the Trust
 Should mean importing the ungodly bloodbath
 That plagues Chicago to our peaceful town
 I never could approve it.

Pause.

UI: Frankness calls
 For frankness, Mr Dullfeet. Certain things
 That might not meet the highest moral standards

May have occurred in the past. Such things
 Occur in battle. Among friends, however
 They cannot happen. Dullfeet, what I want
 Of you is only that in the future you should
 Trust me and look upon me as a friend
 Who never till the seas run dry will forsake
 A friend – and, to be more specific, that
 Your paper should stop printing these horror stories
 That only make bad blood. I don't believe
 I'm asking very much.

DULLFEET: It's easy not
 To write about what doesn't happen, sir.

UI: Exactly. And if now and then some trifling
 Incident should occur, because the earth
 Is inhabited by men and not by angels
 You will abstain, I hope, from printing lurid
 Stories about trigger-happy criminals.
 I wouldn't go so far as to maintain that
 One of our drivers might not on occasion
 Utter an uncouth word. That too is human.
 And if some vegetable dealer stands
 One of our men to a beer for punctual
 Delivery of his carrots, let's not rush
 Into print with stories of corruption.

BETTY: Mr
 Ui, my husband's human.

GIVOLA: We don't doubt it.
 And now that everything has been so amiably
 Discussed and settled among friends, perhaps
 You'd like to see my flowers . . .

UI, to Dullfeet: After you.

They inspect Givola's flower shop. Ui leads Betty, Givola leads Dullfeet. In the following they keep disappearing behind the flower displays. Givola and Dullfeet emerge.

GIVOLA: These, my dear Dullfeet, are Malayan fronds.

DULLFEET: Growing, I see, by little oval ponds.

GIVOLA: Stocked with blue carp that stay stock-still for hours.

DULLFEET: The wicked are insensitive to flowers.

They disappear. Ui and Betty emerge.

BETTY: A strong man needs no force to win his suit.

UI: Arguments carry better when they shoot.

BETTY: Sound reasoning is bound to take effect.

UI: Except when one is trying to collect.

BETTY: Intimidation, underhanded tricks . . .

UI: I prefer to speak of pragmatic politics.

They disappear. Givola and Dullfeet emerge.

DULLFEET: Flowers are free from lust and wickedness.

GIVOLA: Exactly why I love them, I confess.

DULLFEET: They live so quietly. They never hurry.

GIVOLA, *mischievously*:

No problems. No newspapers. No worry.

They disappear. Ui and Betty emerge.

BETTY: They tell me you're as abstinent as a vicar.

UI: I never smoke and have no use for liquor.

BETTY: A saint perhaps when all is said and done.

UI: Of carnal inclinations I have none.

They disappear. Givola and Dullfeet emerge.

DULLFEET: Your life with flowers must deeply satisfy.

GIVOLA: It would, had I not other fish to fry.

They disappear. Ui and Betty emerge.

BETTY: What, Mr Ui, does religion mean to you?

UI: I am a Christian. That will have to do.

BETTY: Yes. But the Ten Commandments, where do they
Come in?

UI: In daily life they don't, I'd say.

BETTY: Forgive me if your patience I abuse

But what exactly are your social views?

UI: My social views are balanced, clear and healthy.

What proves it is: I don't neglect the wealthy.

They disappear. Givola and Dullfeet emerge.

DULLFEET: The flowers have their life, their social calls.

GIVOLA: I'll say they do. Especially funerals!

DULLFEET: Oh, I forgot that flowers were your bread.

GIVOLA: Exactly. My best clients are the dead.

DULLFEET: I hope that's not your only source of trade.

GIVOLA: Some people have the sense to be afraid.

DULLFEET: Violence, Givola, brings no lasting glory.

GIVOLA: It gets results, though.

DULLFEET: That's another story.

GIVOLA: You look so pale.

DULLFEET: The air is damp and close.

GIVOLA: The heavy scent affects you, I suppose.

They disappear. Ui and Betty emerge.

BETTY: I am so glad you two have worked things out.

UI: Once frankness showed what it was all about . . .

BETTY: Foul-weather friends will never disappoint . . .

UI, *putting his arm around her shoulder*:

I like a woman who can get the point.

Givola and Dullfeet, who is deathly pale, emerge. Dullfeet sees the hand on his wife's shoulder.

DULLFEET: Betty, we're leaving.

UI *comes up to him, holding out his hand*:

Mr Dullfeet, your

Decision honours you. It will redound to

Cicero's welfare. A meeting between such men

As you and me can only be auspicious.

GIVOLA, *giving Betty flowers*:

Beauty to beauty!

BETTY: Look, how nice, Ignatius!

Oh, I'm so happy. 'Bye, 'bye.

GIVOLA: Now we can

Start going places.

UI, *darkly*: I don't like that man.

A sign appears.

12. Under compulsion the Austrian Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss agrees to stop the attacks on Hitler that have been appearing in the Austrian press.

Bells. A coffin is being carried into the Cicero funeral chapel, followed by Betty Dullfeet in widow's weeds, and by Clark, Ui, Giri and Givola bearing enormous wreaths. After handing in their wreaths, Giri and Givola remain outside the chapel. The pastor's voice is heard from inside.

VOICE: And so Ignatius Dullfeet's mortal frame
 Is laid to rest. A life of meagrely
 Rewarded toil is ended, of toil devoted
 To others than the toiler who has left us.
 The angel at the gates of heaven will set
 His hand upon Ignatius Dullfeet's shoulder
 Feel that his cloak has been worn thin and say:
 This man has borne the burdens of his neighbours.
 And in the city council for some time
 To come, when everyone has finished speaking
 Silence will fall. For so accustomed are
 His fellow citizens to listen to
 Ignatius Dullfeet's voice that they will wait
 To hear him. 'Tis as though the city's conscience
 Had died. This man who met with so untimely
 An end could walk the narrow path unseeing.
 Justice was in his heart. This man of lowly
 Stature but lofty mind created in
 His newspaper a rostrum whence his voice
 Rang out beyond the confines of our city.
 Ignatius Dullfeet, rest in peace! Amen.

GIVOLA: A tactful man: no word of how he died.

GIRI, *wearing Dullfeet's hat*:

A tactful man? A man with seven children.

Clark and Mulberry come out of the chapel.

CLARK: God damn it! Are you mounting guard for fear
The truth might be divulged beside his coffin?

GIVOLA: Why so uncivil, my dear Clark? I'd think
This holy place would curb your temper. And
Besides, the boss is out of sorts. He doesn't
Like the surroundings here.

MULBERRY: You murderers!
Ignatius Dullfeet kept his word – and silence.

GIVOLA: Silence is not enough. The kind of men
We need must be prepared not only to
Keep silent for us but to speak – and loudly.

MULBERRY: What could he say except to call you butchers?

GIVOLA: He had to go. That little Dullfeet was
The pore through which the greengoods dealers oozed
Cold sweat. He stank of it unbearably.

GIRI: And what about your cauliflower? Do
You want it sold in Cicero or don't
You?

MULBERRY: Not by slaughter.

GIRI: Hypocrite, how else?
Who helps us eat the calf we slaughter, eh?
You're funny bastards, clamouring for meat
Then bawling out the cook because he uses
A cleaver. We expect you guys to smack
Your lips and all you do is gripe. And now
Go home!

MULBERRY: A sorry day, Clark, when you brought
These people in.

CLARK: You're telling me?
The two go out, deep in gloom.

GIRI: Boss
Don't let those stinkers keep you from enjoying
The funeral!

GIVOLA: Pst! Betty's coming.
*Leaning on another woman, Betty comes out of the chapel.
Ui steps up to her. Organ music from the chapel.*

- UI: Mrs
Dullfeet, my sympathies.
She passes him without a word.
- GIRI, *bellowing*: Hey, you!
She stops still and turns around. Her face is white.
- UI: .. I said, my
Sympathies, Mrs Dullfeet. Dullfeet – God
Have mercy on his soul – is dead. But cauliflower –
Your cauliflower – is still with us. Maybe you
Can't see it, because your eyes are still
Blinded with tears. This tragic incident
Should not, however, blind you to the fact
That shots are being fired from craven ambush
On law-abiding vegetable trucks.
And kerosene dispensed by ruthless hands
Is spoiling sorely needed vegetables.
My men and I stand ready to provide
Protection. What's your answer?
- BETTY, *looking heavenward*: This
With Dullfeet hardly settled in his grave!
- UI: Believe me, I deplore the incident:
The man by ruthless hand extinguished was
My friend.
- BETTY: The hand that felled him was the hand
That shook his hand in friendship. Yours!
- UI: Am I
Never to hear the last of these foul rumours
This calumny which poisons at the root
My noblest aspirations and endeavours
To live in harmony with my fellow men?
Oh, why must they refuse to understand me?
Why will they not requite my trust? What malice
To speak of threats when I appeal to reason!
To spurn the hand that I hold out in friendship!
- BETTY: You hold it out to murder.

UI: No!

I plead with them and they revile me.

BETTY: You

Plead like a serpent pleading with a bird.

UI: You've heard her. That's how people talk to me.

It was the same with Dullfeet. He mistook
 My warm, my open-hearted offer of friendship
 For calculation and my generosity
 For weakness. How, alas, did he requite
 My friendly words? With stony silence. Silence
 Was his reply when what I hoped for
 Was joyful appreciation. Oh, how I longed to
 Hear him respond to my persistent, my
 Well-nigh humiliating pleas for friendship, or
 At least for a little understanding, with
 Some sign of human warmth. I longed in vain.
 My only reward was grim contempt. And even
 The promise to keep silent that he gave me
 So sullenly and God knows grudgingly
 Was broken on the first occasion. Where
 I ask you is this silence that he promised
 So fervently? New horror stories are being
 Broadcast in all directions. But I warn you:
 Don't go too far, for even my proverbial
 Patience has got its breaking point.

BETTY: Words fail me.

UI: Unprompted by the heart, they always fail.

BETTY: You call it heart that makes you speak so glibly?

UI: I speak the way I feel.

BETTY: Can anybody feel

The way you speak? Perhaps he can. Your murders
 Come from the heart. Your blackest crimes are
 As deeply felt as other men's good deeds.
 As we believe in faith, so you believe in
 Betrayal. No good impulse can corrupt you.
 Unwavering in your inconstancy!

True to disloyalty, staunch in deception!
 Kindled to sacred fire by bestial deeds!
 The sight of blood delights you. Violence
 Exalts your spirit. Sordid actions move you
 To tears, and good ones leave you with deep-seated
 Hatred and thirst for vengeance.

UI: Mrs Dullfeet

I always – it's a principle of mine –
 Hear my opponent out, even when
 His words are gall. I know that in your circle
 I'm not exactly loved. My origins –
 Never have I denied that I'm a humble
 Son of the Bronx – are held against me.
 'He doesn't even know,' they say, 'which fork
 To eat his fish with. How then can he hope
 To be accepted in big business? When
 Tariffs are being discussed, or similar
 Financial matters, he's perfectly capable
 Of reaching for his knife instead of his pen.
 Impossible! We can't use such a man!
 My uncouth tone, my manly way of calling
 A spade a spade are used as marks against me.
 These barriers of prejudice compel me
 To bank exclusively on my own achievement.
 You're in the cauliflower business. Mrs
 Dullfeet, and so am I. There lies the bridge
 Between us.

BETTY: And the chasm to be bridged
 Is only foul murder.

UI: Bitter experience
 Teaches me not to stress the human angle
 But speak to you as a man of influence
 Speaks to the owner of a greengoods business.
 And so I ask you: How's the cauliflower
 Business? For life goes on despite our sorrows.

BETTY: Yes, it goes on – and I shall use my life

To warn the people of this pestilence.
 I swear to my dead husband that in future
 I'll hate my voice if it should say 'Good morning'
 Or 'Pass the bread' instead of one thing only:
 'Extinguish Ui!'

GIRI, *in a threatening tone*: Don't overdo it, kid!

UI: Because amid the tombs I dare not hope
 For milder feelings, I'd better stick to business
 Which knows no dead.

BETTY: Oh Dullfeet, Dullfeet! Now
 I truly know that you are dead.

UI: Exactly.
 Bear well in mind that Dullfeet's dead. With him
 Has died the only voice in Cicero
 That would have spoken out in opposition
 To crime and terror. You cannot deplore
 His loss too deeply. Now you stand defenceless
 In a cold world where, sad to say, the weak
 Are always trampled. You've got only one
 Protector left. That's me, Arturo Ui.

BETTY: And this to me, the widow of the man
 You murdered! Monster! Oh, I knew you'd be here
 Because you've always gone back to the scene of
 Your crimes to throw the blame on others. 'No
 It wasn't me, it was somebody else.'
 'I know of nothing.' 'I've been injured'
 Cries injury. And murder cries: 'A murder!
 Murder must be avenged!'

UI: My plan stands fast.
 Protection must be given to Cicero.

BETTY, *feebly*: You won't succeed.

UI: I will. That much I know.

BETTY: From this protector God protect us!

UI: Give
 Me your answer.

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He holds out his hand.

Is it friendship?

BETTY:

Never while I live!

Cringing with horror, she runs out.

A sign appears.

13. Dollfuss is murdered at Hitler's instigation, but Hitler goes on negotiating with Austrian rightist circles.

Ui's bedroom at the Hotel Mammoth. Ui tossing in his bed, plagued by a nightmare. His bodyguards are sitting in chairs, their revolvers on their laps.

UI, *in his sleep*: Out, bloody shades! Have pity! Get you gone!
The wall behind him becomes transparent. The ghost of Ernesto Roma appears, a bullet-hole in his forehead.

ROMA: It will avail you nothing. All this murder
 This butchery, these threats and slaverings
 Are all in vain, Arturo, for the root of
 Your crimes is rotten. They will never flower.
 Treason is made manure. Murder, lie
 Deceive the Clarks and slay the Dullfeets, but
 Stop at your own. Conspire against the world
 But spare your fellow conspirators.
 Trample the city with a hundred feet
 But trample not the feet, you treacherous dog!
 Cozen them all, but do not hope to cozen
 The man whose face you look at in the mirror!
 In striking me, you struck yourself, Arturo!
 I cast my lot with you when you were hardly
 More than a shadow on a bar-room floor.
 And now I languish in this drafty
 Eternity, while you sit down to table
 With sleek and proud directors. Treachery
 Made you, and treachery will unmake you.

Just as you betrayed Ernesto Roma, your
 Friend and lieutenant, so you will betray
 Everyone else, and all, Arturo, will
 Betray you in the end. The green earth covers
 Ernesto Roma, but not your faithless spirit
 Which hovers over tombstones in the wind
 Where all can see it, even the grave-diggers.
 The day will come when all whom you struck down
 And all you will strike down will rise, Arturo
 And, bleeding but made strong by hate, take arms
 Against you. You will look around for help
 As I once looked. Then promise, threaten, plead.
 No one will help. Who helped me in my need?

UI, *jumping up with a start:*

Shoot! Kill him! Traitor! Get back to the dead!

The bodyguards shoot at the spot on the wall indicated by Ui.

ROMA, *fading away:*

What's left of me is not afraid of lead.

15

*Financial District. Meeting of the Chicago vegetable dealers.
 They are deathly pale.*

FIRST VEGETABLE DEALER:

Murder! Extortion! Highway robbery!

SECOND VEGETABLE DEALER:

And worse: Submissiveness and cowardice!

THIRD VEGETABLE DEALER:

What do you mean, submissiveness? In January
 When the first two came barging into
 My store and threatened me at gunpoint, I
 Gave them, a steely look from top to toe
 And answered firmly: I incline to force.

I made it plain that I could not approve
 Their conduct or have anything to do
 With them. My countenance was ice.
 It said: So be it, take your cut. But only
 Because you've got those guns.

FOURTH VEGETABLE DEALER: Exactly!

I wash my hands in innocence! That's what
 I told my missus.

FIRST VEGETABLE DEALER, *vehemently*:

What do you mean, cowardice?

We used our heads. If we kept quiet, gritted
 Our teeth and paid, we thought those bloody fiends
 Would put their guns away. But did they? No! It's
 Murder! Extortion! Highway robbery!

SECOND VEGETABLE DEALER:

Nobody else would swallow it. No backbone!

FIFTH VEGETABLE DEALER:

No tommy gun, you mean. I'm not a gangster.
 My trade is selling greens.

THIRD VEGETABLE DEALER: My only hope

Is that the bastard some day runs across
 Some guys who show their teeth. Just let him try his
 Little game somewhere else!

FOURTH VEGETABLE DEALER: In Cicero

For instance.

The Cicero vegetable dealers come in. They are deathly pale.

THE CICERONIANS: Hi, Chicago!

THE CHICAGOANS: Hi, Cicero!

What brings *you* here?

THE CICERONIANS: We were told to come.

THE CHICAGOANS: By who?

THE CICERONIANS: By him.

FIRST CHICAGOAN: Who says so? How can he command
 You? Throw his weight around in Cicero?

FIRST CICERONIAN: With
 His gun.

SECOND CICERONIAN: Brute force. We're helpless.

FIRST CHICAGOAN:

Stinking

cowards!

Can't you be men? Is there no law in Cicero?

FIRST CICERONIAN: No.

SECOND CICERONIAN: No longer.

THIRD CHICAGOAN: Listen, friends. You've got

To fight. This plague will sweep the country

If you don't stop it.

FIRST CHICAGOAN: First one city, then another.

Fight to the death! You owe it to your country.

SECOND CICERONIAN:

Why us? We wash our hands in innocence.

FOURTH CHICAGOAN:

We only hope with God's help that the bastard

Some day comes across some guys that show

Their teeth.

Fanfares. Enter Arturo Ui and Betty Dullfeet - in mourning - followed by Clark, Giri, Givola and bodyguards. Flanked by the others, Ui passes through. The bodyguards line up in the background.

GIRI: Hi, friends! Is everybody here

From Cicero?

FIRST CICERONIAN: All present.

GIRI:

And Chicago?

FIRST CHICAGOAN: All present.

GIRI, to Ui:

Everybody's here.

GIVOLA: Greetings, my friends. The Cauliflower Trust

Wishes you all a hearty welcome. Our

First speaker will be Mr Clark. To Clark: Mr Clark.

CLARK: Gentlemen, I bring news. Negotiations

Begun some weeks ago and patiently

Though sometimes stormily pursued - I'm telling

Tales out of school - have yielded fruit. The wholesale

House of I. Dullfeet, Cicero, has joined

The Cauliflower Trust. In consequence

The Cauliflower Trust will now supply
 Your greens. The gain for you is obvious:
 Secure delivery. The new prices, slightly
 Increased, have already been set. It is
 With pleasure, Mrs Dullfeet, that the Trust
 Welcomes you as its newest member.

Clark and Betty Dullfeet shake hands.

GIVOLA: And now: Arturo Ui.

Ui steps up to the microphone.

UI: Friends, countrymen!

Chicagoans and Ciceronians! When
 A year ago old Dogsborough, God rest
 His honest soul, with tearful eyes
 Appealed to me to protect Chicago's green-
 Goods trade, though moved, I doubted whether
 My powers would be able to justify
 His smiling confidence. Now Dogsborough
 Is dead. He left a will which you're all free
 To read. In simple words therein he calls me
 His son. And thanks me fervently for all
 I've done since I responded to his appeal.
 Today the trade in vegetables –
 Be they kohlrabi, onions, carrots or what
 Have you – is amply protected in Chicago.
 Thanks, I make bold to say, to resolute
 Action on my part. When another civic
 Leader, Ignatius Dullfeet, to my surprise
 Approached me with the same request, this time
 Concerning Cicero, I consented
 To take that city under my protection.
 But one condition I stipulated, namely:
 The dealers had to want me. I would come
 Only pursuant to their free decision
 Freely arrived at. Cicero, I told
 My men, in no uncertain terms, must not be
 Subjected to coercion or constraint.

The city has to elect me in full freedom.
 I want no grudging 'Why not?', no teeth-gnashing
 'We might as well'. Half-hearted acquiescence
 Is poison in my books. What I demand
 Is one unanimous and joyful 'Yes'
 Succinct and, men of Cicero, expressive.
 And since I want this and everything else I want
 To be complete, I turn again to you
 Men of Chicago, who, because you know
 Me better, hold me, I have reason to believe
 In true esteem, and ask you: Who is for me?
 And just in passing let me add: If anyone's
 Not for me he's against me and has only
 Himself to blame for anything that happens.
 Now you may vote.

GIVOLA: But first a word from Mrs
 Dullfeet, the widow, known to all of you, of
 A man beloved by all.

BETTY: Dear friends
 Your faithful friend and my beloved husband
 Ignatius Dullfeet is no longer with us to . . .

GIVOLA: God rest his soul!

BETTY: . . . sustain and help you. I
 Advise you all to put your trust in Mr
 Ui, as I do now that in these grievous days
 I've come to know him better.

GIVOLA: Time to vote!

GIRI: All those in favour of Arturo Ui
 Raise your right hands!
Some raise their hands.

A CICERONIAN: Is it permissible to leave?

GIVOLA: Each man
 Is free to do exactly as he pleases.
Hesitantly the Ciceronian goes out. Two bodyguards follow him.
A shot is heard.

GIRI: All right, friends, Let's have your free decision!
All raise both hands.

GIVOLA: They've finished voting, boss. With deep
 emotion

Teeth chattering for joy, the greengoods dealers
 Of Cicero and Chicago thank you
 For your benevolent protection.

UI: With
 Pride I accept your thanks. Some fifteen years
 Ago, when I was only a humble, unemployed
 Son of the Bronx; when following the call
 Of destiny I sallied forth with only
 Seven staunch men to brave the Windy City
 I was inspired by an iron will
 To create peace in the vegetable trade.
 We were a handful then, who humbly but
 Fanatically strove for this ideal
 Of peace! Today we are a multitude.
 Peace in Chicago's vegetable trade
 Has ceased to be a dream. Today it is
 Unvarnished reality. And to secure
 This peace I have put in an order
 For more machine-guns, rubber truncheons
 Etcetera. For Chicago and Cicero
 Are not alone in clamouring for protection.
 There are other cities: Washington and Milwaukee!
 Detroit! Toledo! Pittsburgh! Cincinnati!
 And other towns where vegetables are traded!
 Philadelphia! Columbus! Charleston! And New York!
 They all demand protection! And no 'Phooey!'
 No 'That's not nice!' will stop Arturo Ui!
Amid drums and fanfares the curtain falls.
A sign appears.

15. On 11 March 1938 Hitler marches into Austria. An election under the Nazi terror results in a 98% vote for Hitler.

Epilogue

Therefore learn how to see and not to gape.

To act instead of talking all day long.

The world was almost won by such an ape!

The nations put him where his kind belong.

But don't rejoice too soon at your escape –

The womb he crawled from still is going strong.