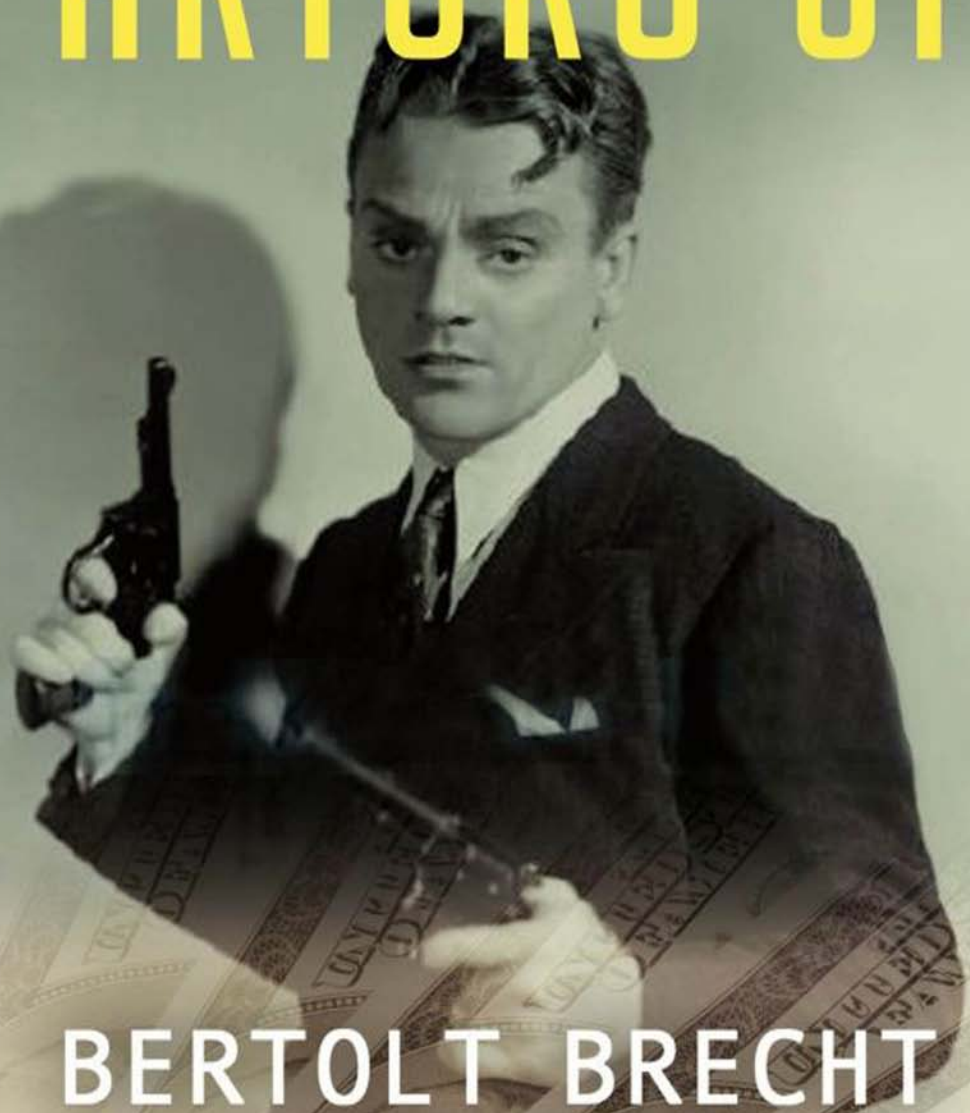


methuen | drama

THE RESISTIBLE RISE OF ARTURO UI



BERTOLT BRECHT

Translated by Jennifer Wise

BLOOMSBURY

The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui

Bertolt Brecht was born in Augsburg on 10 February 1898 and died in Berlin on 14 August 1956. He grew to maturity as a playwright in the frenetic years of the 1920s and early 1930s, with such plays as *Man equals Man*, *The Threepenny Opera* and *The Mother*. He left Germany when Hitler came to power in 1933, eventually reaching the United States in 1941, where he remained until 1947. It was during this period of exile that such masterpieces as *Life of Galileo*, *Mother Courage and Her Children* and *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* were written. Shortly after his return to Europe in 1947, he founded the Berliner Ensemble, and from then until his death was mainly occupied in producing his own plays.

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Also by Bertolt Brecht

PLAYS

Brecht Collected Plays: One

(Baal, Drums in the Night, In the Jungle of Cities, The Life of Edward II of England, A Respectable Wedding, The Beggar or the Dead Dog, Driving Out a Devil, Lux in Tenebris, The Catch)

Brecht Collected Plays: Two

(Man Equals Man, The Elephant Calf, The Threepenny Opera, The Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny, The Seven Deadly Sins)

Brecht Collected Plays: Three

(Lindbergh's Flight, The Baden-Baden Lesson on Consent, He Said Yes/He Said No, The Decision, The Mother, The Exception and the Rule, The Horations and the Curiations, St Joan of the Stockyards)

Brecht Collected Plays: Four

(Round Heads and Pointed Heads, Fear and Misery of the Third Reich, Señora Carrar's Rifles, Dansen, How Much Is Your Iron?, The Trial of Lucullus)

Brecht Collected Plays: Five

(Life of Galileo, Mother Courage and Her Children)

Brecht Collected Plays: Six

(The Good Person of Szechwan, The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui, Mr Puntilla and His Man Matti)

Brecht Collected Plays: Seven

(The Visions of Simone Machard, Schweyk in the Second World War, The Caucasian Chalk Circle, The Duchess of Malfi)

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(The Days of the Commune, The Antigone of Sophocles, Turandot or the Whitewashers' Congress)

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Brecht on Theatre
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Bertolt Brecht

**The Resistible Rise
of Arturo Ui**

English translation by
Jennifer Wise

Original work entitled
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Translator's Note

This translation was first undertaken on the request of the great Brian Richmond, who wanted to stage the play with theatre students at the University of Victoria. It was 2002. The Bush tax-cuts had already begun to empty the public purse in the United States and the invasion of Iraq was imminent. Brian was drawn to Brecht's analysis of the link between crony capitalism and militarism, but casting around for a suitable English translation he was shocked to discover that there were only two in print – neither in his opinion stageworthy. Having worked with Brian on my version of Aristophanes' *Frogs* two years earlier, I knew better than to gainsay his directorial instincts: if he could not make good theatre out of either of the existing English *Uis*, nobody could.

First performed in 1958, the play was adapted by George Tabori in 1963 for the Broadway première starring Christopher Plummer; in 1976, it was translated again by Ralph Manheim. Both translators were exceptionally gifted men whose numerous achievements are deservedly celebrated. Thus it is no insult or disgrace to either of them to have to say that, for whatever reason, neither succeeded in finding a theatrically effective English idiom for this play. Sometimes they make its Chicago mobsters sound like Oxford dons; often their versification, incompatible with the natural cadences of spoken English, fails to attain the velocity and lift of human speech. (And this is the play, remember, that Brecht designed to be delivered at breakneck speed, with the motor-mouthed rhythms of Hollywood films of the 1930s, Depression-era fast-talkers like those of Hecht and MacArthur, whose dialogue reached speeds of 240 words per minute, about double the usual rate.¹)

As a result, even in productions with the most dazzling creative teams, both of these translations have tended to fail on stage. Almost forty years after the short-lived Plummer production,

¹ According to John Lahr: 'Screwballs and Oddballs', *The New Yorker*, 5 April 2004: 76.

which closed within its first week,² Tabori's text was again used in New York by director Simon McBurney and an all-star cast led by Al Pacino; Ben Brantley of the *New York Times* found much to admire in the acting, direction and design, but ultimately concluded that 'the tedium of the material' itself had sunk the show (making no proper distinction between Tabori's 'material' and Brecht's). Manheim's version had also fizzled on stage in 1991 in the Classic Stage production starring John Turturro; Mel Gussow attributed the evening's lack of success 'to the play' itself (again with no acknowledgement of the faults of the translation).³

My initial goal was therefore to craft a speakable text that would enable Brian to deliver the play's speed, political satire, style and dramatic action effectively to an English-speaking audience. In the first place this would mean a text quite free of that tell-tale woodenness of speech, so typical of verse translations of poetic drama, that brings certain death on stage. But scholars will be scholars; and once I realised that the play had not been translated in almost thirty years, I decided that while I was at it I might as well aim for a translation that, though suitable for performance, is textually accurate enough to serve for teaching and study purposes as well. Accordingly, my three chief criteria for this translation were (1) speakability (since speech is the medium of a verse drama like *Ui* and nothing will work if the medium is broken); (2) fidelity to the *gestus*,⁴ or attitude of the original at any given moment; and

² It ran from 11 to 16 November 1963. Actors such as James Coco and Michael Constantine joined Plummer in the cast; Tony Richardson directed, David Merrick produced, and Jule Styne provided the music.

³ Gussow, 'Brecht's Cauliflower King . . .', *New York Times*, 9 May 1991; Brantley, 'Scarface? . . .', *New York Times*, 22 October 2002.

⁴ A proper definition of Brecht's concept of *gestus* is impossible here. The word has a long history in the German theatre, going back to Lessing and Schiller in the eighteenth century, but it takes on a very specific meaning in Brecht. In the simplest possible terms one could say that the *gestus* of a play or scene or speech is its ideological attitude and flavour, its political subtext as manifested in its style of delivery. See John Willett's *Brecht on Theatre* (New York: Hill and Wang, 1978) for extensive explanatory material from Brecht himself.

(3) fidelity to the semantic material wherever possible without compromising either 1 or 2.

I soon saw that it would be impossible to achieve consistently speakable English *and* gestic clarity if the master I was serving was Brecht's poetry rather than his theatre. My translation is therefore predominantly in prose, with occasional passages of regular verse. Brecht's text is basically the opposite, of course, mainly blank verse with bits of rhymed verse and prose. Where the *gestus* of the original could not be captured except in verse – in the prologue and epilogue, in the flower-shop parody of the garden scene in *Faust* (scene twelve), and in the Shakespearean scene-ending couplets, all of which are written in rhymes – I used verse. The one exception to this rule, of versifying only the rhyming poetry, occurs at the start of scene one, where I opt for a strongly rhythmical, almost syncopated speech-style in order to link the metrical regularity of the prologue with the rest of the play and establish a poetic tone. Indeed, although I have rendered Brecht's blank verse technically (if not typographically) as prose, it both looks like poetry and sometimes sounds like it: speakability in practice means rhythmical euphony, with the result that the characters often do end up speaking in iambs or close.

One might ask, however, if Richard Wilbur could do it for Molière, shouldn't I likewise have tried to imitate Brecht's chosen verse-form throughout? The answer lies in the recognition that while rhyming Alexandrine couplets are a theatrically credible idiom for seventeenth-century French stage characters to speak, the language of Schiller and Shakespeare is not so easily put into the mouths of Depression-era Hollywood gangsters. If Brecht does so successfully in the original, this is partly because Chicago mobsters don't normally speak German of any kind; the question of verbal verisimilitude does not even arise. In an English version of the play it does, because English-speaking audiences are themselves fairly fluent in the language of Hollywood gangster-films of the 1920s and 1930s. They know how James Cagney and Edward G. Robinson spoke, and can hear false notes as effortlessly as a seventeenth-century Parisian courtier heard the clunks in an Alexandrine.

Brecht wrote his 'great gangster show' in deliberate imitation of American films like *Public Enemy*, *Little Caesar* and *Scarface*. This fact presented me with the bizarre problem, a rare gift for the translator, that the target language in this case (English) happens to be a more authentic expressive vehicle for the characters than the one they were given by their creator (German). Not only is slang-ridden 1930s American English the natural idiom of these mobsters, but Brecht wrote the play with the intention of having it performed in the United States. Fidelity to his artistic intentions therefore not only allowed but even required me to take full advantage of the potential of Depression-era Hollywood gangster-talk to bring his characters to life on the stage.⁵

My choice of a convincing Hollywood gangster idiom is not only justified by the 'mother tongue' of the characters and the intended audience of the play, but is also, I think, almost necessitated by the play's allegorical character. (I add this rationale because some readers might view my use of a dramatically credible spoken idiom as an un-Brechtian choice, given Brecht's own oft-stated preference for estranging theatrical material rather than naturalising it.) *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui*, a play about Chicago gangsters, businessmen, reporters and politicians, is also, of course, a parable of the Nazi takeover of Germany. Its allegorical intent has a potential pitfall in production, however, namely the temptation to put the mobster story in theatrical parentheses, and treat it as little more than a set of paint-by-number symbols pointing to the play's 'real' meaning (the rise of Hitler between 1929 and 1938). The problem with doing this, quite simply, is that it ruins the play. When one downplays Brecht's own dramatic choices in *Ui* and slathers the stage instead with red-white-and-black banners and swastikas, one turns a timelessly powerful play about liquidity-crisis capitalism into a second-rate PowerPoint

⁵ In addition to the films themselves, online dictionaries of gangster-slang served as my sources.

presentation about the rise of Nazism in Germany.⁶ Moreover, explicit references to Hitler on stage merely call attention to the larger-than-life achievements of the Nazi slaughter-machine – which is exactly what Brecht took such pains to avoid: he chose to depict the famous fascists of his day as common street-corner thugs in order specifically to de-idealise them. Rather than theatricalising Nazis – which is what inevitably results from the jackboot-and-brownshirt approach to the play – or pointlessly reiterating the chronology of their rise – pointless, that is, for audiences who can google such facts on their BlackBerry at intermission – the play is designed to do something much more valuable: give us a cautionary tale about the conditions under which fascist brute force can triumph anywhere, even in democracies with proper legal institutions. The resistible progress of fear-mongering gangsterism is the true story of *Ui*, and this story can only be told, and seen, if the stage is kept quite clear of swastikas and Hitler moustaches. In the final analysis, and when approached as a play – as it must be in the theatre – *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui* is less about Nazism per se than about the more universal phenomenon, still with us today, of ‘socialism for the rich and capitalism for the poor’.

Brecht's stylistic borrowings are not limited to gangster-films, of course; he also casts *Ui* in the form of a bloody Elizabethan history play. Here again I enjoyed the advantage, denied to Brecht himself, of being able to quote verbatim from the source. (In one case, I transpose a Schillerian allusion to one from *Macbeth* since English-speaking audiences are more likely to recognise the latter.) I've also honoured Brecht's objectives in this regard by keeping the Shakespearean form of the play ever

⁶ I say 'second-rate' because Brecht is mute about many of the specific features of Nazi ideology that were so attractive to its adherents and enablers, and makes no mention of race theories, death camps, the enslavement of Europe's Jews, gays, gypsies, and other 'Non-Aryans', and so on. On the other hand, it is important to note that the historical events to which the play alludes span the years 1929 to 1938 only.

before the reader's mind, visually if not metrically: all speeches written as blank verse in the original are set on the page as such; speeches originally written in prose, as in Ui's acting lesson (scene six), are kept and typographically set as prose.

As for semantic accuracy, fidelity to the drama often required that I change individual words. For example, in a speech attacking Dogsborough's view of life as bloodless and bureaucratic, Clark contrasts his own idea of the city, something built of 'wood and stone', with Dogsborough's, which is paper-based and biblical. The problem that one runs into in contrasting a 'wood and stone' city with a 'biblical' city in English is that they *both* sound antiquated and therefore too similar. In his rendering of the sentence, Manheim retains the imagery almost exactly but the meaning gets hazy:

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.

Dogsborough's city is 'not a place of wood . . . / But . . . something from the Bible.' Is this good? Or bad? It's hard to tell. Even the basic *gestus* or attitude of the sentence has been lost in the sinkhole of accuracy because the imagery only makes sense in German (and Germany). Chicago in the 1920s and 1930s was built of steel, not wood; and neither Chicago nor any other American city is old enough, as many Medieval German cities are, to have experience of the kind of 'biblical' civic traditions alluded to here. I found as a result that I could only convey the intended contrast – between the city as a real place of hard knocks and the city as confined to rule-books – if I removed the references to wood and the Bible altogether: 'He doesn't understand the dog-eat-dog world / For him a city's only paperwork, just laws and regulations.'

Another case in point is the epilogue's reference to the still-ripe conditions or 'womb' that produced Ui the first time and could engender his like again. No matter how I translated it, it kept sounding like an insult to women, as if Brecht were blaming womb-bearers in particular for the rise

of such criminals. As Brecht's meaning here is mainly Marxist, not sexist, I had to transpose the metaphor to the more gender-neutral 'ooze that spawned him' (which picks up on the many associations in English between primal ooze, 'underworld' crime, 'scum of the earth' and decaying filth, not to mention capitalism's fertile 'liquidity'). Whenever I made a change of this kind – always as a last resort and only after all efforts to use the original word(s) failed – I took pains to choose a genuine analogue (in this example, another site of fecund generation). To serve the political *gestus* of a given word or image, I also looked for its most topical analogue: the 'scandalous' handouts from City Hall to bankrupt businessmen, for example, are rendered here as 'bailouts'.

On one occasion, I put literal accuracy above all other considerations – even, arguably, theatrical clarity. I had wanted to render Brecht's business association, the *Karfioltrust*, as something other than the 'Cauliflower Trust', perhaps as the 'Cabbage Cartel' (which is metrically closer to the original and captures the idea of crony capitalism better than 'trust', albeit at the cost of Brecht's irony⁷). And I was tempted to make this change because Brecht seems deliberately to have avoided calling the group after a 'flower'-related vegetable, perhaps to prevent the audience from making anything of the echo between the flowers (*Blumen*) of Givola and the cauliflower (*Blumenkohl*) of the vegetable dealers: he conspicuously chose the Austrian *Karfiol* over the synonymous (and metrically equivalent) German *Blumenkohl*.⁸ (The fact that 'cabbage' is gangster-slang for 'money' is another reason to prefer it to 'cauliflower'.) For better or worse, literal fidelity won out: *Karfioltrust* has such a high profile throughout the play that changing it risked turning my version from a translation into an adaptation.

⁷ In North-American English today, 'trust' is rarely used in a business or commodities context; it's much more likely to be assumed to refer to the 'trust fund' of a rich kid or the trusteeship of executors of a will.

⁸ Alternatively, he may have been signalling that the group is an 'Austrian import'.

The text is primarily that of Annabelle Köhler (Suhrkamp, 2004). Where I judged his editorial decisions to be superior, I've relied on the text of Raimund Gerz (Suhrkamp, 1983). In particular, I follow Gerz in not supplying any specific historical material for the signs at the ends of scenes,⁹ as well as in my choice of prologue.

When I first translated this play for Brian's production, I'd been studying German for less than five years. For security, I asked my first private German tutor, native-speaker Lydia Willis, to provide me with a literal version, just in case. Partly because my father knew German and partly because of my own taste in literature, it had always been my dream to be able one day to read the work of Nietzsche, Musil, Kafka and Krauss in the original; but after failed attempts at the Goethe-Institut in Toronto it was finally with Frau Willis in Victoria that I began to make some progress. With her faded old textbooks and *gemütlich* suburban kitchen, Lydia patiently endured my rapturous, ruinous recitations of Heine and von Eichendorff, effectively launching me on what has turned out to be the obsession of my adult life. I dedicate this translation with gratitude to her.

Many years, several Berlin immersion courses, and buckets of frustrated tears later, my German is still disappointing but better. On the kind request of Johanna Schall, Barbara Brecht-Schall and senior commissioning editor Charlotte Loveridge, I have thoroughly revised my text for this edition. For going over the whole again with a fine-toothed comb and snagging a few remaining (and two rather embarrassing) errors, my thanks are due also to the ever-painstaking and punctual Charlotte Ryland.

Jennifer Wise
20 April 2012
Victoria, B.C.

⁹ Brecht wanted the play to 'recall certain events familiar to us all'. Directors today who supply audiences only with the now-arcanic and no longer particularly familiar details of the 1932 *Osthilfeskanal* are not making epic theatre, but a sort of museum theatre (see Gerz, 132–3 for the chronological events).

**The Resistible Rise
of Arturo Ui**

Characters

Announcer

Flake, Caruther, Butcher, Mulberry and

Clark (businessmen, heads of the Cauliflower Trust)

Sheet (dockyard owner)

Old Dogsborough

Young Dogsborough

Arturo Ui (gang boss)

Ernest Roma (his lieutenant)

Emanuele Giri and Giuseppe

Givola (gangsters – florists)

Ted Ragg (reporter for *The Star*)

Dockdaisy

Bowl (Sheet's accountant)

Goodwill and Gaffles (City Councillors)

O'Casey (an investigator)

Actor

Hook (wholesale vegetable dealer)

Bodyguards

Gunmen

Vegetable dealers from Chicago and Cicero

Newspaper reporters

Fish, a defendant

Defence Counsel

Judge

Doctor

Prosecutor

Woman

Young Inna (Roma's confidant)

Short man

Ignatius Dullfeet

Betty Dullfeet (his wife)

Dogsborough's servant

Prologue

*The **Announcer** steps before the canvas curtain, on which several large notices are affixed:*

*'Latest news – scandal on the waterfront!'
'Battle over Dogsborough's Will and Confession'
'Sensation at warehouse fire trial!'
'Ernesto Roma rubbed out by his gang!'
'Ignatius Dullfeet blackmailed and murdered!'
'The Mob takes Cicero City!'*

Oompah band behind the curtain.

Announcer Ladies and gents, we bring you tonight –
(Now settle down, folks – please be polite;
And you there, young lady, that hat's gotta go)
– The great historical gangster show!

Today for the very first time we reveal
The truth of the scandalous waterfront deal,
Presenting for your comprehension
The facts of Old Dogsborough's Will and Confession.
How the stock market crashed, and Ui rose higher –
The sensational trial of the warehouse fire!
The murder of Dullfeet! The Law in a coma!
Warfare in gangland: the murder of Roma!
Then, for our climax, the enlightening tableau:
Gangsters control all of Cicero!

Tonight, with local actors' mugs
We'll show you Gangland's greatest thugs –
Some who live, some who've croaked,
Some who triumphed, some who choked;
Some were born and some were made –
Take Dogsborough, for instance: honest, you say?
(**Old Dogsborough** *steps in front of the curtain.*)
His heart is black – though his mop's white as snow;
Just bow and get out, generalissimo.

(**Old Dogsborough** *steps back after having bowed to the public.*)

Then, you'll see – look, he's already come –

(**Givola** *has stepped before the curtain.*)

The dealer in flowers. What a greasy tongue;

He'll sell you a goat and pretend it's a horse.

Not all scams have 'good legs', of course –

Just take a look at *his* – (**Givola** *hobbles back, limping*) – whoops,
don't fall down.

And here comes Giri, the superclown!

Come on, get out here; let's see you, you slime,

(**Giri** *steps before the curtain and waves his hand.*)

One of the greatest killers of all time!

Alright, beat it!

(**Giri** *retires with an angry expression.*)

And now, the man you're all awaiting,

The gangster of gangsters, with a five-star rating,

Direct from heaven in punishment

For all our sins of violence,

Stupidity and impotence –

Arturo Ui!

(**Ui** *steps before the curtain and strolls along the footlights.*)

Remind you of anyone? Richard the Third?

Not since his bloody Wars of the Roses

Has anyone seen such grandiose poses,

Bloodthirsty gore, and violent contention –

Which is why, m'ams and sirs, our producer's intention

Was to spare no expense, go that extra mile,

To portray these events in old MGM style.

Most of all, darling public, what you'll see is all true –

Nothing's invented, and nothing is new,

Nothing was scrubbed for the kids – or for you:

What we give you tonight is the world's *status quo*:

Familiar to all – the great gangster show!

*While the music swells, mingling with the sound of machine-gun fire, the
Announcer withdraws with an air of busy self-importance.*

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One

a. *Financial District. Enter five businessmen, the directors of the Cauliflower Trust.*

Flake Lousy times!

Clark Looks like Chicago –

Dear old gal – sprung a hole in her pocket.

Now she's in the market on her knees in the gutter,

Reaching for her last two dimes.

Caruthers Eighty of us fellas were invited last week by

Mister Teddy Moon for a roast beef supper;

If we'd gone, the only person dining would have been the
auctioneer.

What a collapse –

We've gone from high times to breadlines faster than a virgin
blushes.

The Great Lakes are teeming with barges

Bringin' groceries to the city – but they can't find a buyer!

Butcher It's like darkness at noon!

Mulberry Robber & Clive just went under the hammer –

Clark Wheeler's Imports, in fruit since day one – bankrupt!

Havelock's garages – liquidating!

Caruthers Hey – where's Sheet?

Flake Too busy running from bank to bank.

Clark What, even Sheet?

(Pause.)

That does it: the cauliflower business

In this town is finished.

Butcher Now, come on gentlemen – cheer up!

You're not dead yet!

Mulberry 'Not dead' ain't the same as living.

Butcher Why so down?

The vegetable business is fine!

We're talking food for four million people! Crisis or no crisis,
A city needs its fresh veggies. We'll pull through.

Caruther How are things in the grocery stores?

Mulberry Bad. Customers buy half a cabbage – on credit!

Clark Our stock is rotting.

Flake Uh, fellas, there's this guy in the lobby –
I only mention it 'cause it's strange – name's Ui . . .

Clark The gangster?

Flake Yeah, in the flesh. Got a whiff of our rotten produce
And thinks he can capitalise.
Ernesto Roma, his lieutenant, says
He can convince all the grocers in town that it'd be
'Unhealthy' to buy cauliflower from anyone but us.
Promises to double our sales – given the choice, he says that
merchants
Would rather buy cauliflowers than coffins.

They laugh bitterly.

Caruther That's outrageous.

Mulberry (*roaring with laughter*) Tommy-guns and explosives?
Interesting new sales techniques! Finally some innovative ideas
In the vegetable trade.
A few rumours that we're losing sleep – and whaddya know:
Mr Ui rushes in to offer his services!
Now it's a choice between him and the Salvation Army.
I wonder whose soup tastes better?

Clark Ui's would be hotter.

Caruther Throw him out!

Mulberry But nicely. Who knows –
We might need him yet.

They laugh.

Flake Butcher and I – we've cooked a little something up
To tide us through this cash-flow crisis. The basic idea's
pretty simple:

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Why shouldn't we, loyal taxpayers that we are, get help from
the city for once –

Say, a loan to build new docks, so that vegetables can be
brought in cheaper?

With his influence, Old Dogsborough could arrange it for sure.

Butcher But he won't go near it.

Flake Dammit, the waterfront's his home riding!

He's gotta do something to help us.

Caruther I've shelled out for *years* to his campaign fund.

Mulberry Hell – before he went into politics, he ran Sheet's
cafeteria!

It was our bread that kept him alive. The ingratitude!

Like I said, Flake: ain't no more human decency.

It's not just cash we're short of – it's decency too.

They run like rats from the sinking ship,

Friend turns foe, servants won't serve,

And our good old pal from the snack bar

Gives us the cold shoulder.

Where do morals go in times like these?

Caruther Never would have expected that of Dogsborough!

Flake What does he say?

Butcher Says the idea's fishy.

Flake Fishy! There's nothing fishy about building docks.

That's work and food for thousands!

Butcher He says he doubts we're really building docks.

Flake That's ridiculous.

Butcher What, that we're really not building them?

Flake No, that he doubts us!

Clark Then find someone else to push the loan through.

Mulberry Yeah, someone else.

Butcher Maybe; but there's no-one like Dogsborough.

Relax – he's a good man.

Clark Good for nothin'.

Butcher He's honest. And what's more: he's *perceived* as honest.

Flake Malarkey.

Butcher Look, he's obviously got to think of his reputation.

Flake Obviously? We need a loan from City Hall.
His reputation's not our problem.

Butcher Isn't it? I think it is. A loan like this,
With no questions asked, can only be got by an honest man,
Someone they'd be ashamed to ask for all the documents and
guarantees.
Dogsborough is that kind of man.
Get this straight: Old Dogsborough *is* our loan.
Why? Because they believe in him. They may not believe in
God,
But they trust in Dogsborough. Even a cold-blooded
stockbroker,
The kind who won't even talk to his lawyer without an
attorney present,
Would gladly entrust his last dime to Dogsborough's apron,
or leave it on his bar.
Two hundred pounds of solid honesty! In eighty years, not a
single sign of moral
Weakness. I tell ya: a man like that is worth his weight in gold –
Especially to those who plan to build some docks
And go about it kinda slowly.

Flake Fine, so he's worth his weight in gold. When he
vouches
For a deal, it's as good as done. Except he's not vouching for
this one!

Clark Not him, with his highfalutin' talk about ending the
'free lunch'
Of bailouts from City Hall. Disgusting. He's got no sense of
humour.
No flexibility, either. He doesn't understand the dog-eat-dog
world;

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For him a city's only paperwork, just laws and regulations.
I never could stand the guy. He was never really on our side.
What's cauliflower to him? Or the shipping business?
Every vegetable in town could rot – he wouldn't lift a finger!
For twenty years he's taken our money for his campaign. And
All that time, he only really noticed cauliflower when it
turned up on his plate!
Probably never even seen the inside of a warehouse!

Butcher You got that right.

Clark To hell with him!

Butcher No, not to hell – to work!

Flake But how? Clark said it straight: the old man's
cold-shouldered us.

Butcher Clark also said why.

Clark The man doesn't know his ass from his elbow.

Butcher That's right. He lacks knowledge.
Dogsborough doesn't how it feels to be in our shoes.
So the question is, how do we get Dogsborough into our
shoes?
Pity, but it's pretty clear: we're going to have to educate the
man.
Listen up: I got a little plan. . . .

A sign appears.

b. Outside the commodity exchange. Flake and Sheet in conversation.

Sheet I've been running from pillar to post. Pillar was
AWOL, Post in the john.
Friends don't show their faces. Brothers dress up in their
finest rags
Before a get-together, to avoid being pumped for cash.
Business partners are so frightened, they use false names
when meeting in public.
The city's shut its wallet tight.

Flake So what about our proposition?

- Sheet** To sell my dockyards? No way.
 You fellas want a full meal for the price of the tip –
 And a thank-you to boot!
 You really – no, I better not say.
- Flake** You won't get more from anybody else.
- Sheet** Not even from my friends – I know.
- Flake** Money's tight.
- Sheet** Even tighter when you need it – and friends can smell
 our need in a second.
- Flake** You're gonna lose your waterfront.
- Sheet** And probably my wife along with it.
- Flake** If you sold . . .
- Sheet** . . . she'd stay another year. But what I don't get is why
 you even want it.
- Flake** Has it never occurred to you that the Trust might want
 to help you?
- Sheet** Oh, what *was* I thinking? Imagine that –
 Me thinking you were trying to steal everything I got,
 When you were just trying to help me!
- Flake** Bitterness towards your fellow man won't save you
 from the auction-block, my friend.
- Sheet** But at least it won't help the block, *my friend!*
- Three men saunter past, the gangster **Arturo Ui**, his lieutenant **Ernesto Roma**, and a bodyguard. **Ui** stares at **Flake**, as if expecting to be addressed, and as they leave, **Roma** shoots him a nasty look.*
- Sheet** Who's that?
- Flake** Arturo Ui, the gangster. So, you selling?
- Sheet** He seems to want to talk to you.
- Flake** (*laughing angrily*) No kidding. He's been hounding us
 With offers – to help move our vegetables with
 machine-guns.

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Guys like Ui, they're everywhere nowadays,
Spreading across the city like a flesh-eating disease,
Consuming a finger, then an arm, then a shoulder . . .
Where it comes from, nobody knows – some bottomless pit,
anyway.
Larceny, kidnapping, extortion, havoc and homicide –
'Hands in the air!' and 'Surrender or else!'
It's gotta stop.

Sheet (*looking at him sharply*) And fast. It's contagious.

Two

Back room of Dogsborough's tavern. Dogsborough and son are washing beer-glasses. Enter Butcher and Flake.

Dogsborough Gentlemen, you're wasting your time. I'm not doing it. Your proposal's fishy;
It stinks of rotten fish.

Young Dogsborough My father declines.

Butcher OK, forget about it.
We ask. You say no. Fine, the answer's no.

Dogsborough It's fishy. I know what kind of docks you mean. I'm not doing it.

Young Dogsborough Father's not doing it.

Butcher Fine, forget it.

Dogsborough I'm sorry to see you taking this road.
The city coffer's not just a trough for everybody's free lunch.
And damn it, your business is perfectly healthy.

Butcher What'd I say, Flake? You're all being too negative.

Dogsborough Negativity is treason.
You'll just end up stabbing each other in the back, my boys.
Look, what're you selling? Cauliflower. That's as good
As meat and bread. Man lives by meat and bread – and
Vegetables too. If I served my customers steak with no onions,

Or lamb with no beans, I'd never see them again!
 Sure, some of them are a little strapped right now.
 They think twice before making major purchases.
 But this town's as healthy as ever – have no fear: people will
 always
 Find a dime for their vegetables.
 Cheer up, boys, eh?

Flake It does us good to hear you, Dogsborough.
 Gives us courage to fight another day.

Butcher In fact, it's kind of funny, Dogsborough, to find you
 So bullish about the future of cauliflower.
 Because to tell you the truth, we're here for a reason.
 No, not that other business, that's done with,
 Fuggedaboudit. This is something nice –
 At least, we hope so. Dogsborough,
 It's not escaped the notice of the Trust that, as of June,
 It'll be twenty years exactly since you left us for politics.
 After running the lunch counter on the waterfront
 For almost a generation, you decided to go out on your own,
 And devote yourself to the welfare of the city –
 A city that wouldn't be the same today without you.
 Nor would the Cauliflower Trust be the same today without
 you.
 I'm glad to hear you think the industry's so healthy
 Because yesterday, we decided,
 In honour of this special occasion, as a token of our
 appreciation,
 Proof that in our hearts we still think of you as one of us –
 We decided to offer you the majority shares in Sheet's
 dockyard
 For a measly twenty grand – less than *half* of what they're worth.

He lays a package of shares on the counter.

Dogsborough Butcher, what is this?

Butcher You know, Dogsborough, we members of the Trust
 Are not known for our sentimentality;
 But last night, when we heard, in response to our stupid
 request for a loan,

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Your honourable, upstanding, might I say brutally honest
answer,
Well, I hate to admit it, but some of us had to fight back tears.
'Holy cow', says one of us – relax, Flake, I'm not saying
who – 'what were we thinking?'
There was a stunned silence.
And then, spontaneously, *this* idea came up. . . .

Dogsborough What're you up to?

Butcher What're we up to? We're making you an offer.

Flake And one we're really thrilled to make.
Here you stand, behind your bar, the very model of an
honest citizen,
Washing glasses – for a clientele with more money than you'll
ever have.
It's a moving sight – you could even say it washes our souls
clean, too!

Dogsborough I don't know what to say.

Butcher Don't say anything. Just take the package.
Even an honest man could use it, no?
Come on, dammit – how often does the gravy train come to
town
On the straight and narrow?
And what about your son? Sure, a good name's worth more
Than a good bank balance,
But I bet he won't object. Go on, take it.
And hopefully you won't bite our heads off for *this*!

Dogsborough Sheet's dockyards!

Flake You can see them from here.

Dogsborough (*at the window*) I've seen them for twenty years.

Flake We know.

Dogsborough What's Sheet planning to do?

Flake Going into beer.

Butcher So . . . deal?

Dogsborough I understand that you've got problems;
But nobody gives away a waterfront for nothing.

Flake Granted; true.
But twenty grand will come in pretty handy
Now that our loan's fallen through.

Butcher And we're not wild about selling on the open
market right now . . .

Dogsborough Hmmm. It's not a bad deal. As long as there
aren't any strings attached . . .

Flake None.

Dogsborough Twenty thousand, you say?

Flake Too much?

Dogsborough No, no. The very dockyard where I got my
start. . . .
Well, as long as there's nothing shady here . . .
Have you really given up on the loan?

Flake Absolutely.

Dogsborough I might be open to it. It'd be a good thing for
you, son, wouldn't it?
I figured you boys were down on me, and here you come,
With an offer like this! See, son, sometimes honesty does pay
off.
Like you said: the lad stood to inherit nothing more than my
good name –
And poverty . . . I've seen the evils it can bring.

Butcher You'd lift a real weight from our hearts
If you said yes. It'd erase all traces of that awful
Aftertaste – you know, from our dumb proposal. And in the
future,
We could really use your advice about how
To keep a business legit in troubled times –
'Cause it'll be your business, too, Dogsborough;
Like us, you'll also be a cauliflower man. Right?

Dogsborough *takes his hand.*

Dogsborough Butcher. Flake. I'm in.

Young Dogsborough My father's in.

A sign appears.

Three

Bookie's office on 122nd Street. Arturo Ui and his lieutenant Ernesto Roma, with bodyguards, are listening to the racing news on the radio. Dockdaisy beside Roma.

Roma Arturo, I wish you'd shake off this depression, this black
And idle dreaming. The whole town's talking.

Ui (*bitterly*) Talking? No-one's talking about me any more.
This town's got no memory. Ah, how fleeting fame is.
Two months without a murder and they forget you ever lived.
(*Rifles through newspapers.*)
When the gun falls silent, so does the press. And even when
I do provide the murders, I can't be sure they'll be covered.
My deeds count for nothing; only my influence matters –
And that, of course, depends on my bank balance.
It's come to the point where I'm thinking
Of ditching the whole damn show.

Roma Our boys are also hurting from the lack of cash.
Morale's down. The lack of action's getting to 'em.
A man with nothing but playing cards to shoot at
Loses his touch. I feel sorry for them, Arturo,
I can hardly bring myself to show my face
Around headquarters. My usual promise – 'There'll be
action tomorrow' –
Sticks in my craw when I see their trusting faces.
Your idea for the vegetable racket sounded great. Why don't
we get started?

Ui Not now. Too grassroots. Too soon.

Roma Too soon is good. You've been sulking for four
months now,
Ever since the Trust gave you the brush-off.

Plans. Then more plans. Half-hearted inquiries –
 That fiasco with the Trust has wrecked your nerve. And that
 little episode
 With the police, at Harper's Bank – I think it really shook
 you up!

Ui But they fired!

Roma Only in the air. Which was illegal.

Ui Two inches lower, two witnesses less, and I'd be sitting in
 the joint right now.
 And that judge! Not a shred of sympathy!

Roma But that was a bank; for a grocery store, the police
 won't be so trigger-happy.
 Listen, Arturo, we'll start at Eleventh Street. Smash some
 windows,
 Torch the cauliflower, trash the furniture.
 Then work our way down to Seventh. Couple days later,
 Emanuele Giri drops by, carnation in his pinstripe,
 Promises protection. For 10 per cent of sales.

Ui No. First, *I* need protection – protection from
 The police and the judges. Then I can protect others.
 It's gotta start from the top.
 (*Gloomily.*)
 Until I can slip some gold into their pockets, and get those
 judges into mine,
 I got no power.
 Can't even pull a measly bank job without having my head
 shot off by some two-bit cop.

Roma Then that leaves Givola's plan. He's got a real nose
 For dirt; if he says the Cauliflower Trust smells
 Rotten, there's something to it.
 When the city gave 'em that bailout, people started talking.
 Since then, rumours've been flying
 About a certain construction project that's not exactly getting
 constructed.
 But Dogsborough supported it, they say;
 How could it be fishy if the good ol' Sunday-schoolboy
 himself approved it?

18 The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui

Hey. Here's Ragg from *The Star*. Nobody knows more about
This stuff than Ragg. Hey, Ragg!

Ragg (*slightly drunk*) Hello you two! Hello, Roma. Hello Ui.
How goes it in Capua?

Ui What's he talkin'?

Ragg Just kidding ya, Ui. Capua was this third-rate little town
Where a mighty army went to shit from too much sloth,
indulgence and inactivity.

Ui Go to hell.

Roma (*to Ragg*) No fighting! So: what's the scoop about this
loan to the Cauliflower Trust?

Ragg What's it to you?
You selling vegetables these days? Oh, I get it – you
Want a loan from the city too. Ask Dogsborough!
The old man'll push it through. (*imitating him.*)
'Can we allow a fundamentally healthy business to wither on
the vine,
Just from a temporary crisis of liquidity?'
Not a dry eye in the house. Everyone's heart goes out
To the cauliflower – as if their souls were *made* of the stuff.
Ah, but Tommy-guns don't inspire that kind of tenderness,
do they, Arturo?

The other customers laugh.

Roma Don't needle him. He's in a lousy mood.

Ragg No kidding. They say Givola's
Already asked Capone for a job.

Dockdaisy (*very drunk*) That's a lie – you leave Giuseppe
outta this!

Ragg (*to Dockdaisy*) And there she is, the broad of Givola,
Givola the Gimp.
Fourth moll of a third-rate lieutenant of a fast-fading star of a
second magnitude.
O cruel fate!

Dockdaisy Somebody shut his stinkin' trap!

Ragg Ah, the poor gangster struts and frets his hour upon the stage and is heard no more.

A fickle public picks new heroes faster than the mob in Rome,
And yesterday's favourite is forgotten – his mug-shot yellows
in a dusty drawer.

'Hey, people, didn't *I* do some damage?' 'When was *that*?'

'Back then.'

'Those wounds scarred over long ago' – and even the nicest
scars turn to dust in the end, with their bearers –

'Is it true that in this world, where good deeds count for
nothing,

Evil ones leave no trace neither?' 'Not a trace.' 'Ah, cruel world!'

Ui (*yells*) Shut his yap!

The bodyguards approach Ragg. The other patrons rise to their feet in alarm.

Ragg (*turning pale*) Hey – watch how you treat the press, Ui.

Roma (*pushing Ragg away*) Get lost, you've said enough. Go on, beat it.

Ragg (*backing out, now scared*) Catch you later!

The room empties quickly.

Roma Arturo, you're a wreck.

Ui Guys treat me like dirt.

Roma 'Cause you've been quiet for so long, that's all.

Ui (*sombre*) Where's Giri with this accountant we keep
hearing about?

Roma Supposed to be here at three.

Ui And what's this about Givola and Capone?

Roma It's nothing. Capone just went over to his flower shop
To buy some wreaths.

Ui Wreaths? Who for?

Roma I dunno. Not us.

Ui Don't be too sure.

Roma You're seeing everything in a bad light today.
Nobody's worried about us.

Ui Exactly! They treat shit with more respect. Like Givola –
first sign of trouble, and he bails. I swear, as soon as we
succeed, he's going down.

Roma Giri.

Emanuele Giri enters with **Bowl**, a shabby-looking character.

Giri Here's the man, boss!

Roma (to **Bowl**) You Sheet's chief accountant, from the
Cauliflower Trust?

Bowl Was. Was chief accountant, boss, till last week,
When this new son of a bitch –

Giri – hates everything to do with cauliflower –

Bowl – Dogsborough –

Ui (*quickly*) – what about him?

Roma What've you got to do with Dogsborough?

Giri That's why I brought him here.

Bowl Dogsborough fired me.

Roma From Sheet's dockyards?

Bowl No, from his. He's owned them since September.

Roma What?

Giri Sheet's waterfront – it's Dogsborough's now. Bowl was
there

When Butcher handed the old geezer the majority share.

Ui And?

Bowl And! It's a bloody scandal –

Giri Don't ya see, boss?

Bowl Dogsborough backed that big fat loan for
The Cauliflower Trust –

Giri – while he was secretly a member of it!

Ui (*beginning to understand*) That's corrupt!
 Mother of God, Dogsborough's got some dirty laundry
 after all.

Bowl The loan went to the Cauliflower boys, but they
 arranged it
 Through me, at the shipyard. And it was on behalf of
 Dogsborough
 That I signed for it, not Sheet, as everybody figured.

Giri If that ain't a knock-out – ! Dogsborough!
 That rusty old monument, that handshaking pillar of
 Honesty, whose word was his bond!
 Incorruptible old Dogsborough!

Bowl He'll pay for this, I tell ya – fires me for embezzlement
 When all the time he's – the dirty rat!

Roma Cool it! You're not the only one
 Who's steaming. What do you think, Ui?

Ui (*about Bowl*) Will he testify?

Giri Sure.

Ui (*grand exit*) Keep an eye on him boys. Come on, Roma!
 I think we're in business.

He leaves quickly, followed by Ernesto Roma and bodyguards.

Giri (*slapping Bowl on the back*) Well done, Bowl, you really
 came across.

Bowl As for the dough . . . ?

Giri Don't you worry. I know the boss.

A sign appears.

Four

Dogsborough's country house. Dogsborough and his son.

Dogsborough I never should have bought this country house.
 Getting the dockyard shares for half price
 Wasn't wrong . . .

Young Dogsborough Absolutely not.

Dogsborough And backing a loan for a successful business
That was failing for lack of cash-flow –
That wasn't a crime either. But getting the house first,
And then acting secretly in my own interest by expressing
confidence
In a company that I already owned, that was bad.

Young Dogsborough Yes, father.

Dogsborough It was an error, son, or could be perceived
that way.
No, I should never have taken this house.

Young Dogsborough No.

Dogsborough Son, we've been caught in a trap.

Young Dogsborough Yes, father.

Dogsborough That stock-offering was like the bowl of
salted nuts
They put on the bar for free: satisfies your hunger for nothing,
But leaves you with a costly thirst.
(Pause.)
This public inquiry into the dockland deal
Concerns me. The money's already gone –
Clark took some, and so did Butcher, and Flake, and
Caruther,
And so, alas, did I, and not an ounce of cement's been
ordered yet.
The only saving grace is that, at Sheet's request,
I didn't make the sale a public thing. At least nobody knows
I'm involved in the dockland deal.

Servant (entering) Mr Butcher of the Cauliflower Trust on
the telephone.

Dogsborough Get that for me will you son?

(**Young Dogsborough** leaves with the **servant**. Bells can be
heard ringing in the distance.)

What can Butcher want? (Looking out the window.)

It was the poplars that sold me on this place.

And the view of the lake, like silver before it's minted
 Into coins. And no sour smell of day-old beer!
 Those fir-trees look pretty too, especially at the tips. A dusty,
 greyish-green.
 And the colour of the trunks – reminds me of the leather we
 used to wrap
 Around the beer-taps. But what really sold me was the
 poplars. Yes, it was
 The poplars. It's Sunday. Hm. Those bells would sound so
 peaceful
 If it weren't for all the evil in the world. But what can
 Butcher want,
 On Sunday? I never should have. . . .

Young Dogsborough (*returning*) Father, Butcher says they
 voted at City Hall tonight
 To investigate the dockland scheme. Father! What's wrong?

Dogsborough My smelling salts!

Young Dogsborough (*giving them*) Here.

Dogsborough What does Butcher want?

Young Dogsborough He wants to come over.

Dogsborough Here? Impossible.
 I don't feel well. My heart. (*He gets up. Grandly:*)
 I have nothing to do with this. For sixty years I've walked the
 Straight and narrow and the city knows it.
 Their schemes can't touch me.

Young Dogsborough Yes, father. Feel better?

Servant (*enters*) A Mr Ui to see you. . . .

Dogsborough The gangster!

Servant Yes, his picture was in the paper. He says that a
 Mr Clark
 Of the Cauliflower Trust sent him.

Dogsborough Throw him out. Who sent him? Clark? To
 hell with him.
 What, he's threatening me with gangsters now? I'll –

Enter Arturo Ui and Ernesto Roma.

Ui Mr Dogsborough.

Dogsborough Get out.

Roma Easy, easy. Not so fast! It's Sunday, right?

Dogsborough I said get out.

Young Dogsborough My father said get out.

Roma He can say it as much as he likes – it won't change nothing.

Ui (*unruffled*) Mr Dogsborough.

Dogsborough Where're the servants? Call the police.

Roma You'd better stay put, son. There could be a couple of boys in the hall,
Might misinterpret your actions.

Dogsborough I see. Brute force.

Roma No, not force. Just a little friendly encouragement.

Silence.

Ui Mr Dogsborough. I realise you don't know me – or
Maybe just by reputation, which is worse.
Because, Mr Dogsborough, what you see before you is a
much disparaged man,
Whose image has been blackened by the envy of others,
His good intentions twisted by malicious minds.
Fourteen years ago, when I first came to this city to start my
career –
In which, by the way, I've been remarkably successful –
I was unemployed, a poor son of the Bronx,
With nothing to my name but seven tough and loyal boys, all
penniless like me,
And like me all determined to carve their chunk of steak
From every cow on God's green earth.
Well, I got thirty youngsters now, and soon there'll be more.
Now you might be wondering: What does Ui want from me?
Nothing, really – except one thing: Not to be misunderstood!

Not to be taken for a hustler, or an opportunist,
Or whatever else they're saying. . . .

(Clears his throat.)

– especially the police, for whom I have nothing but respect.
Which is why I've come to you today: to ask that you
– and asking don't come easy for a guy like me –
To ask that you put in a good word for me,
When necessary, with the police.

Dogsborough (*incredulous*) Vouch for you?

Ui If necessary. Of course, it all depends on whether we can
reach

A friendly understanding with the vegetable dealers.

Dogsborough What business do you have with them?

Ui I'm getting to that. I've decided to protect the vegetable
trade.

Against all threats. With force if necessary.

Dogsborough But there haven't been any threats.

Ui So far, maybe not. But I see further and I ask: for how
long? For how long

In a town like this, with such a lazy, corrupt police force,
Will the humble grocer be able to sell his vegetables in peace?
Maybe he'll wake up tomorrow morning to find his little shop
Destroyed by ruthless hands, his cashbox lifted?

Would he not prefer to pay a small sum now, to guarantee
protection in the future?

Dogsborough No, I don't think so.

Ui Well, that would mean he doesn't know what's good for
him. Which is possible.

Ah, the simple, hard-working little grocer, honest but
short-sighted –

He needs strong leadership. But unfortunately he doesn't
seem to feel no obligation

To the Trust, who gave him everything he's got.

See, I come into the picture even there, Mr Dogsborough.
Because even the Trust needs protection these days.

An end to these freeloaders! Cough up or close your shop!
And let the weak bite the dust!
It's the law of nature! In short, the Trust needs me.

Dogsborough What's the Cauliflower Trust to me? Listen,
Mister, you've brought your strange ideas to the wrong place.

Ui We'll get to that. Know what you need? Muscle – the
Cauliflower Trust needs muscle.
Thirty faithful boys under my leadership.

Dogsborough Maybe the Trust does prefer Tommy-guns to
typewriters these days,
But I really wouldn't know.
Because I don't belong to the Trust.

Ui We'll get to that. You might say:
'Thirty men with heavy artillery hanging around the Trust?
How can we be sure no harm will come to us?'
The answer's simple: He who pays, calls the shots.
And you're the one who's handing out the cheques.
How could I ever turn against you – even if I wanted to,
Even if I didn't have such high respect for you? Because you
have my word.
Who am I anyway? How many followers do you think I
really have?
Do you realise that some have quit already? There's maybe
twenty left, tops.
If you don't help me, I'm through. You have a duty, today, as
a human being,
To save me from my enemies and, if I can be perfectly
honest, from my friends too!
The work of fourteen years is at stake. I'm appealing to you
as a man.

Dogsborough As a man? As a man I'm calling the police.

Ui The police?

Dogsborough That's right, the police.

Ui Are you saying that you refuse to help me as man?
(*Screaming*)

Then I demand it of you as a criminal! Because that's what you are!

And I'm gonna expose you – I got all the evidence!

You're involved in the waterfront scandal! You *are*

Sheet's dockyards! I'm warning you. Don't push me too far.

They've voted to investigate.

Dogsborough (*very pale*) They won't! My friends –

Ui You got no friends! You had some yesterday,
But you got no friends today and tomorrow you'll have only
enemies.

If anybody's gonna save you, it's gonna be me! Arturo Ui!

Me! Me!

Dogsborough The investigation won't take place.

Nobody's going to hurt me. My hair is white . . .

Ui And that's the only thing that is. Listen, man!

Dogsborough!

(*Tries to grab his hand.*)

Think! Think while you still can. Let me save you. You just
say the word –

Any mug tries to touch so much as a hair on your head, I'll
pump him full of lead!

Dogsborough, help me, I beg you, just this once! Just once!

If I can't get you in on this, I'll never be able to face my boys
again . . .

He's crying.

Dogsborough Never! I'd rather die than have anything to
do with you.

Ui I'm finished and I know it. 40 years old and I'm still nothing.
You gotta help me!

Dogsborough Never.

Ui Listen, I'm warning you. I'll destroy you.

Dogsborough No, you'll never get into the vegetable racket.
Not while I'm alive.

Ui (*with dignity*) Mr Dogsborough, I'm 40 years old.

You're already eighty and God willing I'll outlive you.
And if there's one thing I know for sure it's this:
I will get into the vegetable business.

Dogsborough Never!

Ui Roma, we're outta here. (*He makes a formal bow and leaves with Roma.*)

Dogsborough Air! What a fool! Oh, what a fool! No, I should
Never have taken this house! But they won't dare investigate.
If they do, I'm through. But no, no, they won't dare.

Servant (*entering*) Goodwill and Gaffles from the City Council.

Enter Goodwill and Gaffles.

Goodwill Hello Dogsborough.

Dogsborough Goodwill. Gaffles. Any news?

Goodwill All bad I'm afraid. Say, wasn't
That Arturo Ui we just passed in the hall?

Dogsborough (*with a forced laugh*) In the flesh.
Not really an ornament for a country house. . . .

Goodwill No, not really. Now, it's a no-good wind that's
brought us here.
It's about the loan. For the dock-construction project of the
Cauliflower Trust.

Dogsborough (*stiffly*) What about the loan?

Gaffles Last night, at City Hall, certain councillors said –
now don't get upset –
That it smelled kinda . . . fishy.

Dogsborough Fishy.

Goodwill Relax – the phrase was condemned by a clear
majority.
Miracle they didn't come to blows!

Gaffles 'Dogsborough's contracts fishy?' they cried.
'And how 'bout the Bible? That suddenly fishy too?'

Practically turned into a standing ovation for you,
 Dogsborough.
 Your friends demanded an immediate investigation – which
 caused
 The others to withdraw their motion, so impressed were they
 With our confidence, said they didn't need to hear another
 word about it.
 The majority, though, were determined to see your name
 cleared of even a shadow
 Of doubt: 'Dogsborough?' they cried, 'Dogsborough's not
 just a name, not just a man –
 It's an institution!' Then all hell broke loose and they voted
 for the investigation.

Dogsborough The investigation.

Goodwill O'Casey will be leading it. The folks at the Trust
 Are saying that the loan was made out to Sheet's dockyard,
 So the builders' contracts are not with them, but with Sheet's
 waterfront.

Dogsborough Sheet's waterfront.

Goodwill The best thing you could do is send a man
 Of spotless reputation, someone impartial, someone you trust,
 To shed some light on this unholy rat's nest.

Dogsborough Yes, yes.

Gaffles Good, that's settled. Now let's have us a look at this
 famous
 Country house of yours, Dogsborough,
 So we'll have something to report!

Dogsborough Sure.

Goodwill Peace and quiet and church bells too. What more
 could a man want?

Gaffles (*laughing*) And not a dock in sight.

Dogsborough I'll send you a man.

They go out slowly.

A sign appears.

Five

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

Butcher (*softly*) He's late.

Mulberry He's coming with Sheet. Maybe they haven't
reached
An agreement yet. I hear they were negotiating all night.
Sheet's gotta say he still owns the dockyard.

Caruther That's asking a bit much, isn't it, to make Sheet
come here
And swear he's the only crook?

Flake He'll never do it.

Clark He'll have to.

Flake Why would he agree to spend five years in the
slammer?

Clark Because it's big pile of dough. Mabel Sheet needs luxury,
And he's still crazy for her. He'll do it.
As for jail-time – he won't serve any jail-time. Dogsborough
will see to that.

Shouts of newspaper boys are heard and a reporter brings in a paper.

Gaffles Sheet's been found dead. In his hotel room.
A ticket for Frisco in his pocket.

Butcher Sheet – dead?

O'Casey (*reads*) Murdered.

Mulberry Holy – !

Flake (*softly*) Guess he's not coming . . .

Gaffles Dogsborough. You feel OK?

Dogsborough (*with difficulty*) It'll pass.

O'Casey Sheet's death . . .

Clark Looks like the unexpected death of poor Sheet has just torpedoed this investigation.

O'Casey Actually, the unexpected is often quite Predictable – some people even bet on it; Such is life, huh? But it puts me in a tight spot. Since according to the paper poor Mr Sheet isn't talking much anymore, I trust you won't insist that I confine my questions to him alone. . . .

Mulberry What're you saying? The loan was granted To the dockyards, right?

O'Casey That's right. However: who is the dockyards?

Flake (*under his breath*) Interesting question. . . . He's got something up his sleeve.

Clark (*likewise*) I wonder what.

O'Casey Feeling alright, Dogsborough? Maybe it's the air? (*To the others.*) I mean, a person might be thinking: 'While Sheet's having dirt shovelled on his corpse – Might as well sprinkle a little shit on top for good measure.' I suspect –

Clark – it might be better, O'Casey, if you didn't do so much suspecting. We got laws in this town – against slander.

Mulberry Yeah, what's with all the innuendos? As I understand it, Dogsborough's picked a man to come and clear the whole thing up. Let's just wait for him.

O'Casey He's late. And when he shows up, I hope He's got more to talk about than Sheet.

Flake We expect he'll tell the truth and nothing but.

O'Casey Really? An honest man, is he? Fine with me. Sheet's only been dead for a matter of hours –

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Should be no problem getting to the bottom of it.
(*To Dogsborough.*) Your man better be good.

Clark (*sharply*) He is what he is. And here he comes.

Enter Arturo Ui and Roma, accompanied by their bodyguards.

Ui Hiya Clark. Hiya Dogsborough. Hello all.

Clark Ui.

Ui So, what do you want to know?

O'Casey (*to Dogsborough*) This is your man?

Clark Sure, not good enough?

Goodwill Dogsborough, does this mean – ?

O'Casey (*to the reporters, who've grown agitated*) – Quiet over there!

A Reporter It's Ui!

Laughter. O'Casey calls for order, then musters the bodyguards.

O'Casey Who are these people?

Ui Friends.

O'Casey (*to Roma*) Who're you?

Ui My accountant, Ernesto Roma.

Gaffles Hold on – Dogsborough, are you serious?

Dogsborough *keeps silent.*

O'Casey Mr Ui, we take it from Mr Dogsborough's eloquent
silence

That you enjoy his full confidence. So, where're the
contracts?

Ui What contracts?

Clark (*since O'Casey is looking at Goodwill*) The ones the
dockyard

Signed with the builders for expansion of the docks.

Ui I don't know nothing about any contracts.

O'Casey No?

Clark You mean there aren't any?

O'Casey (*quickly*) Did you talk to Sheet?

Ui (*shaking his head*) No.

Clark You're sure you didn't talk to Sheet?

Ui (*angrily*) Whoever says I talked to Sheet's a liar.

O'Casey I thought Dogsborough asked you to look into the matter.

Ui And I did.

O'Casey And has your research, Mr Ui, borne fruit?

Ui Absolutely. It wasn't easy to get at the truth, mind you.
 And it ain't no pleasant one neither. See, when
 Mr Dogsborough
 Asked me, for the sake of the city, to clear up
 This question of where the hard-earned savings of us
 taxpayers went
 When our money was entrusted to a certain dockyard – well,
 I discovered to my disgust
 That the money was embezzled. That's Point One. Point
 Two is – Who embezzled it?
 This I was able to ascertain as well, and the guilty party, alas,
 is. . . .

O'Casey Well, who is it?

Ui Sheet.

O'Casey Oh, Sheet! Silent Sheet, the one you didn't talk to!

Ui Why you lookin' at me like that? Sheet's the guilty party.

Clark Sheet's dead. Haven't you heard?

Ui Really? Dead? I was in Cicero last night. So I didn't hear about it. Roma was with me.

Pause.

Roma That's funny. You think it's just a coincidence that he's – ?

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Ui Gentlemen, this is no coincidence. Sheet's suicide is but
the inevitable result
Of his monstrous crime!

O'Casey It wasn't a suicide.

Ui What else could it be? Of course, me and Roma were in
Cicero last night,
So we know nothing. But what I do know and what is clear to
everyone is this:
Sheet, apparently an honest businessman, was really a
gangster!

O'Casey I understand. No words are too strong for Sheet
now,
After the strong-arm tactics of last night. Dogsborough, over
to you.

Dogsborough To me?

Butcher (*sharply*) Yeah, why Dogsborough?

O'Casey The following: if I understand Mister Ui –
And I think I understand him very well –
A dockyard was loaned some money, which it embezzled.
But the question remains: who or what is this dockyard?
They say it's Sheet. But what's a name? What interests us
Is who actually owns this dockyard. Did Sheet own it?
Doubtless, Sheet could enlighten us, only
Sheet hasn't been in the mood to discuss his property
Since last night, when Mr Ui went to Cicero. Is it possible
That someone else might have been the owner
When this particular embezzlement took place?
What're your thoughts, Dogsborough?

Dogsborough Me?

O'Casey Yes, could it be that you were sitting in Sheet's office
When a certain contract, well, let's say – wasn't being signed?

Goodwill O'Casey.

Gaffes (*to O'Casey*) Dogsborough? Are you nuts?

Dogsborough I –

O'Casey And earlier, when you spoke at City Hall
 About the cauliflower crisis
 And how it needed a bailout –
 Were you by any chance speaking from personal experience?

Butcher What is this? Can't you see the man is sick?

Caruther An elderly man!

Flake With pure white hair – !

Roma I say: *evidence!*

O'Casey As for the evidence –

Ui Quiet, please! A little order, my friends.

Gaffles (*aloud*) For god's sake, Dogsborough, say something!

A Bodyguard (*suddenly roars*) The boss wants quiet! Quiet!

Instant silence.

Ui If I may say what I'm feeling at this moment,
 When I look upon this shameful sight – an old man, insulted,
 His friends standing idly by – it's this:
 Mr Dogsborough, I believe in you. People, I ask you: is this
 the face of guilt?
 Is this what a crook looks like?
 Is white not white any more? Is black not black?
 I ask you, people, has it come to this?

Clark A man of spotless reputation – accused of graft!

O'Casey Worse – fraud!
 For I contend that this shady dockyard,
 Apparently corrupt when Sheet was said to be the owner,
 In fact belonged to Dogsborough when it got that loan!

Mulberry That's a lie!

Caruther I'll stake my life for Dogsborough –
 Subpoena the whole damned town,
 You won't find a single soul who doubts his word!

Reporter (*to another who's just entering*) Dogsborough's being
 accused.

Other Reporter Dogsborough? Why not Abe Lincoln?

Mulberry and Flake Witnesses! Witnesses!

O'Casey Ah, witnesses. That what you want? OK – Bailiff,
how's our witness?
Is he here yet? I see he is.

*One of O'Casey's people has stepped into the doorway and made a sign.
All eyes on the door. Short pause. Then a burst of machine-gun fire. Chaos.
The reporters rush out.*

Reporters It's outside. Machine-gun fire. O'Casey – who's
your witness? Nasty business! Hello, Ui!

O'Casey (*going towards the door*) Bowl. (*Shouts outside.*) Get in here.

Members of the Cauliflower Trust What's going on?
Someone's been shot.
On the stairs. Damn it!

Butcher (*to Ui*) More of your nasty tricks? Ui, we're quits
with you
If anything's happened that . . .

Ui Yes?

O'Casey Bring him in! (*The police bring in a corpse.*) It's Bowl.
Gentlemen, I'm afraid my witness is no longer in a fit state
for questioning.
He leaves quickly. The police leave Bowl's corpse in a corner.

Dogsborough Gaffles, get me out of here. (**Gaffles** *leaves
without responding.*)

Ui (*going to Dogsborough with an outstretched hand*)
Mr Dogsborough – my congratulations.
See? One way or another, I clear up these situations.

A sign appears.

Six

*Mammoth Hotel. Ui's suite. Two bodyguards bring in a down-at-heel
actor. Givola in the background.*

First Bodyguard An actor, boss. Unarmed.

Second Bodyguard Wouldn't have the dough for a rod. Drunk, though, 'cuz they let him perform at the bar when they're drunk themselves. But they say he's good, one of them-there *Classical* types.

Ui Alright, listen: I've been given to understand that my pronunciation leaves something to be desired. And since, on certain occasions, I may have to say a word or two, especially if I go into politics, I want lessons. My . . . presentation, too.

Actor Alright.

Ui Bring the mirror!

(A bodyguard brings a large free-standing mirror downstage.)

First, my walk. How do you people walk – in the theatre, the opera?

Actor I get ya. You want the grand style. Julius Caesar, Hamlet, Romeo – Shakespeare. Mr Ui, you've come to the right man. You want classical? – ol' Mahoney here can teach you classical in ten minutes. Gentlemen, I stand before you a tragic figure. Shakespeare's ruined me. English poet. I'd be playing Broadway this minute if it weren't for Shakespeare. A tragedy of character. 'You can't play Ibsen with that Shakespearean style, Mahoney! Look at the calendar, man! It's 1912!' 'Art knows no calendar, Sir', I reply, 'I'm an artist.' Alas.

Givola I think you got the wrong guy, boss. He's passé.

Ui We'll see about that. Walk around, like they do in this Shakespeare guy.

(The actor walks around.)

Good.

Givola You can't walk around like that in front of cauliflower dealers. It's unnatural.

Ui What are you talking about? Nobody's natural these days. When I walk, I want people to know that I'm walking.

He copies the actor's walk.

Actor Head back. (**Ui** *throws his head back.*) The foot touches the ground with the toe first. (**Ui** *touches his toe to the ground first.*) Good. Terrific. You've got a natural gift. Only . . . something's wrong with your arms. Too stiff. Wait a sec. Try bringing them together in front of your privates. (**Ui** *crosses his hands across his privates while walking.*) Not bad. Relaxed, yet resolved. But the head stays back. Right. I think that should work well for your purposes, Mr Ui. Anything else?

Ui Standing. In public.

Givola Park two big boys behind you and you'll stand proud enough.

Ui No, wrong. When I stand, I want people to look at me, not at the two guys behind me. Here, fix me. (*He takes up a pose, with his arms crossed comfortably on his chest.*)

Actor That's possible. . . . But ordinary. You don't want to look like a hairdresser, Mr Ui. Cross your arms this way. (*He folds his arms so that the back of his hands remain visible, resting on his upper arms.*) A very subtle change, but the effect is profound. Compare them in the mirror, Mr Ui. (**Ui** *tries the new arm-position in the mirror.*)

Ui Good.

Givola Why you doing this, boss? Just for the swells at the Trust?

Ui On the contrary. This is for the little guy.

Why do you think that Trust man, Clark,

Always looks so impressive?

Not for his own kind, that's for sure.

His bank account takes care of them –

Just like I rely on my brave boys to make sure I get respect.

Clark puffs himself up to impress the little man. And so will I.

Givola Only, a person could say it looks a bit . . . *affected*.

People get rubbed the wrong way by that.

Ui Of course they do. But it doesn't matter what professors
Or smart-alecks think; all that counts is how the little
Man sees his master. Basta.

Givola But why you want to flaunt this ‘master’ thing, boss?
Wouldn’t a nice white shirt and tie be better?

Ui I’ve got old Dogsborough for that.

Givola Though he’s looking a bit the worse for wear these days.
Like some precious old artefact, he’s still an asset,
But no-one’s too quick to want to show him off –
Maybe he don’t look so presentable anymore,
Like an old family Bible nobody’d opened for ages –
Till one day some friends were flipping through it
And found a dried-up cockroach between the pages.
But I guess he’s good enough for the Cauliflower folks.

Ui I decide who’s respectable.

Givola Gottcha, boss. Nothing against Dogsborough! We can
still use him.
Even City Hall don’t dare to drop him altogether.

Ui Sitting.

Actor Sitting. Sitting is the hardest, Mr Ui. Yes, some people
can walk, and some people can stand; but show me the man
who knows how to sit. Take a chair with a backrest, Mr Ui. But
don’t lean back on it. Hands on your thighs, parallel to your
stomach, elbows out and away from the body. How long could
you sit like that, Mr Ui?

Ui Long as I want.

Actor Then that’s great, Mr Ui.

Givola Maybe it’d be a good idea, boss, when Dogsborough
croaks,
If you replaced him with our pal Giri.
He’s got a way with people, folksy-like.
Knows how to ham it up and laugh the plaster right off the
ceiling, if he has to.
But also when he maybe shouldn’t – like when, for example,
you go into your
Poor-son-of-the-Bronx routine, and go on about your seven
brave and loyal youths. . . .

Ui Really. He laughs?

Givola Plaster right off the ceiling. Oh but don't tell him I said nothing;
He might think I've gone sour on him. Just maybe get him to stop collecting hats.

Ui Hats? What do you mean?

Givola Hats of the people he's iced. Shows 'em off in public. It's disgusting.

Ui I don't muzzle the animal that does my heavy lifting.
I overlook the foibles of my employees.
(*Addressing the actor.*) Now, speaking. Recite me something.

Actor Shakespeare. And nothing else. Caesar. Ancient hero. (*He pulls a little booklet from his pocket.*) How about Mark Antony's speech? Over Caesar's corpse. Against Brutus. Leader of the assassins. A good example of a popular speech, very famous. I played Antony in Zenith, 1908. Just what you need, Mr Ui. (*He strikes a pose and recites Antony's speech line by line.*) Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears!

(**Ui**, *reading from the booklet, repeats each line, occasionally corrected by the actor, yet still keeping his clipped and rough diction.*)

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 (*continuing 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.

Seven

Office of the Cauliflower Trust. Arturo Ui, Ernesto Roma, Giuseppe Givola, Emanuele Giri and Bodyguards. A group of small-vegetable dealers, listening to Ui. On the platform beside Ui sits Old Dogsborough, sick. Clark in the background.

Ui (*yelling*) Murder! Extortion! Tyranny and theft!
 Gunfire rattling in our city streets! People minding their own
 business,
 Law-abiding citizens going into City Hall
 To make a statement – slaughtered in broad daylight! And
 what
 Does City Council do, I ask? Nothing!
 Of course not – these honourable men
 Would rather spend their time cooking up shady deals
 And slandering innocent people than taking action!

Givola Listen!

Ui In short, chaos rules.

Because if anyone can do whatever he wants, guided only by
his ego,

Then it's every man for himself and that spells chaos.

You see, if I'm just peacefully minding my grocery store,

Or, say, driving my delivery truck,

And some guy barges in, shouting 'Hands in the air!'

Or pumps my tires full of lead – the reign of peace and
quiet's over.

I have to face the facts: this is what men are – they ain't no
little lambs.

If I don't want my neighbour to wreck my store, or make me
stick my hands up

Whenever he wants me to, when I could be using them to
count my cucumbers,

Then it's up to me to do something. For such is man:

Man will never lay down his gun of his own free will –
neither for goodness' sake,

Nor to get his praises sung by the choirboys at City Hall.

Because if I don't shoot, the other guy will. It's only logical.

So what can we do, you ask.

I'll tell you. But first get this straight: What you've been doing
so far isn't working –

Sitting passively behind your cash registers, hoping
everything'll turn out fine,

Divided and arguing among yourselves, lacking strong
protection,

Powerless against every gangster who comes along –

This obviously cannot work. Therefore: the first thing you
need is unity.

Second? Sacrifice. 'What', I hear you say, 'Us? Make sacrifices?'

Pay for protection, throw away 30 per cent, just for
protection? No way, no dice.

Our money's too precious for that! Sure, if protection were
free, we'd be all for it!

Well, my dear vegetable dealers, it's not so simple. Only
death is free.

Everything else costs money. Including protection. Including peace and quiet and security.

Such is life. And because it is and always will be, me and the boys here (plus the ones outside) have decided to offer you protection.

(**Givola** and **Roma** *applaud*.)

But just to assure you that everything's being done on a proper business footing, Mr Clark, from Clark's Wholesale, whom you all know, is here to talk to you.

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

Givola Mr Clark, on behalf of this assembly, I welcome you. It's a great honour to see that Mr Ui's ideals have found favour

With a member of the Cauliflower Trust. Many thanks, Mr Clark.

Clark Gentlemen, ladies. We of the Cauliflower Trust have observed with alarm
How difficult it's become to sell your vegetables. They're too expensive, you say.
But why are they so expensive? Because our packers, loaders and teamsters,
Agitated by certain outside elements, are demanding more and more and more.
And that's where Mr Ui and his friends come in: they want to put an end to it.

First Dealer But if the little man gets paid even less than he is now,
How will he ever afford our vegetables?

Ui Excellent question. My answer is this: whether you like it or not,
The worker has a crucial part to play in our world today.
Particularly as a consumer.
As I've always said, honest work is no disgrace; it's constructive and profitable
And therefore necessary. The individual working man has my full sympathy.

But when he gangs together and presumes to dabble in
 things he doesn't understand, like
 Profits and so on, then I say: 'Whoa, Brother, hold on: that's
 not what we meant.
 You're a worker, which means you work. When you go on
 strike and stop working,
 Then you're not a worker anymore, but a subversive
 personage, and then I step in.'

(**Clark** *applauds*.)

But to show you that everything is being done on the
 up-and-up in good faith,
 I'd now like to present a man who, for his incorruptible
 morals and sterling honesty,
 Is a role model to us all – namely, Mr Dogsborough.
 (*The vegetable dealers applaud louder.*)
 Mr Dogsborough, at this moment, I feel overwhelmed by
 gratitude.
 Fate must have brought us together. That a man like you
 should choose me –
Me, a poor son of the Bronx, so much your junior – to be
 your friend –
 And if I may, your *son*. . . . This I will never forget.

He grabs Dogsborough's limply hanging hand and shakes it.

Givola (*aside*) Touching scene. Father and son.

Giri (*stepping forward*) People, the boss has spoken from the
 heart.

I can see you got a couple questions. Go ahead.
 Don't worry – we won't eat you (as long as you don't mess
 with us!)
 Look, here's the dope: I'm no fan of big talkers, professional
 critics
 Who find fault with everything and have nothing nice to say.
 But for healthy, positive suggestions about what should be
 done and how to go about it,
 We're all ears. So yack away.

Silence from the vegetable dealers.

Givola (*slimily*) Feel free. I think you all know me
From my flower shop.

A Bodyguard Hurray for Givola!

Givola So what's it gonna be? Protection? Or murder,
tyranny, theft and extortion?

First Dealer Actually, it's been pretty quiet. There hasn't
been any trouble in my store.

Second Dealer Not in mine either.

Third Dealer Nor in mine.

Givola Weird.

Second Dealer We heard there's been some trouble in the
bars,
Where, as Mr Ui said, glasses were smashed and bottles of
rye poured down the drain
When the owners refused to pay for protection. But thank god
Everything's been quiet in the grocery business.

Roma Sheet's murder? The death of Bowl? You call that quiet?

Second Dealer But what does that have to do with
vegetables, Mr Roma?

Roma Hold on a second.

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

Givola Friends, I've just learned that a certain poor creature
would like
To publicly express a few words of thanks to Mr Ui.
(He goes upstage and leads in **Dockdaisy**, a heavily made-up and
flashily dressed woman who is holding a little girl by the hand. The three
stop in front of **Ui**, who's now standing.)
Speak, Mrs Bowl.
(To the vegetable dealers.) As I understand it, this is Mrs Bowl,

Young widow of Bowl, chief accountant of the Trust,
Who, while making his way dutifully to City Hall yesterday,
Was murdered by an unknown hand. Mrs Bowl.

Dockdaisy Mr Ui, in my profound sorrow over the death of my poor husband who was foully murdered while on his way to City Hall to do his civic duty, I would like to express my heartfelt thanks. For the flowers that you sent to me and my little girl who is 6 years of age and is now deprived of her father. (*To the assembly.*) Misters, I'm just a poor widow and I only want to say that without Mr Ui I would be out on the street today which I will swear to at any time. My little 5-year-old girl and I will never forget you, Mr Ui.

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

Givola Bravo!

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

Ui Mrs Bowl, my sympathy for your loss. This foul and shameless wave of crime must stop,
Because –

Givola (*as the dealers make to leave*) Hey! This meeting's not over yet.

Now our friend James Greenwool will sing a song in memory of poor Bowl,
Followed by a collection for the poor widow. He's a baritone.

One of the bodyguards steps forward and sings a schmaltzy song in which the word 'home' features prominently. The gangsters are deeply absorbed by the music throughout the performance, eyes closed, heads in hands, leaning back, and so on. Thin applause at the end is interrupted by the wailing of police and fire sirens. A red glow is seen through a large window at the back.

Roma Fire on the waterfront!

A Voice Where?

A Bodyguard (*entering*) Is there a vegetable dealer here by the name of Hook?

Second Dealer Here! What is it?

The Bodyguard Your warehouse is on fire.

Hook *rushes out. Some follow him, others go to the window.*

Roma Stop – don't move. Nobody leave the room. (*To the Bodyguard.*) Arson?

The Bodyguard Yeah, gotta be. They found cans of gasoline, boss.

Third Dealer Those guys were just carrying cans through here –

Roma (*incensed*) What? Is anyone suggesting it was us?

A Bodyguard (*jabs his machine-gun into the man's ribs*) What was carried through here? Cans?

Other Bodyguards (*to other dealers*) You seen any cans? You?

The Businessmen Didn't see a thing. No, neither did I (*etc.*).

Roma Just as I thought.

Givola (*quickly*) The very man who was just telling us how quiet things are in the Cauliflower trade – his warehouse is on fire! Reduced to ashes by a ruthless hand!
Can't you see it yet? Are you blind? Unify yourselves! On the double!

Ui (*yelling*) First murder and now arson! This town is in serious trouble.

The time has come for everyone
To see the truth, or to succumb.

A sign appears.

Eight

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 box, pointing at Fish, the accused, who sits there in complete apathy.*

Giri (*shouting*) This is the man who lit the fire! He's the criminal!

When I caught him he was hugging a gasoline can to his chest!
Stand up when I'm talking to you, slob! Stand up!

Fish *is yanked up. He stands swaying.*

Judge Defendant, pull yourself together. You're in a court of law. You're
Accused of arson. Think carefully about what this means for you.

Fish (*in a thick voice*) Arlarlarl.

Judge Where did you get the gasoline can?

Fish Arlarl.

At a sign from the Judge an exceedingly well-dressed, sinister Doctor bends over Fish and exchanges glances with Giri.

Doctor He's faking.

Defence Counsel The defence moves that a second doctor be consulted.

Judge (*smiling*) Denied.

Defence Counsel Mr Giri, how did you happen to be on the site when the fire broke out in Mr Hook's warehouse – a fire that reduced twenty-two houses to ashes?

Giri I was taking a constitutional, for my digestion.

A few bodyguards laugh. Giri joins in.

Defence Counsel Are you aware, Mr Giri, that the defendant, Mr Fish, is an unemployed worker who had just arrived in Chicago, for the first time in his life, the day before the fire?

Giri What? When?

Defence Counsel Is the licence plate on your car
XXXXXX?

Giri Yeah.

Defence Counsel Was this car parked in front of Dogsborough's restaurant on 87th Street for 4 hours prior to the fire, and was the defendant Mr Fish dragged out of this restaurant in an unconscious condition?

Giri How should I know? I spent the whole day on a little outing to Cicero where I met fifty-two individuals who can confirm that they saw me there.

The bodyguards laugh.

Defence Counsel Didn't you just say that you were in Chicago, in the dockyards, taking a constitutional for your digestion?

Giri You have any objection to my dining in Cicero and digesting in Chicago, Your Honour?

Loud, prolonged laughter in which the Judge joins. Darkness. An organ plays Chopin's 'Funeral March' as dance-music.

b. *When the lights come up, the vegetable dealer Hook is in the witness box.*

Defence Counsel Mr Hook, have you ever argued with the defendant? Have you ever seen him before?

Hook Never.

Defence Counsel Have you ever seen Mr Giri?

Hook Yes, at the office of the Cauliflower Trust, on the day of the fire.

Defence Counsel Before the fire?

Hook Immediately before the fire. He walked through the office with four people, all carrying gasoline cans.

Commotion in the press gallery and among the bodyguards.

Judge Quiet in the press gallery!

Defence Counsel To which premises is your warehouse adjoined, Mr Hook?

Hook To the premises of Sheet's old dockyard. There's a passage that connects my warehouse directly to the yard.

Defence Counsel Mr Hook, are you aware that Mr Giri resides in Sheet's old dockyard, and therefore has access to the premises?

Hook Yes, as superintendent.

Huge commotion in the press gallery. The bodyguards boo and make menacing gestures towards Hook, the Defence Counsel and the press. Young Dogsborough rushes to the Judge and whispers something in his ear.

Judge Silence! The defendant is unwell. This court is adjourned.

Darkness. The organ again plays Chopin's 'Funeral March' as dance-music.

c. When the lights come back up, **Hook** is sitting in the witness box. He's a complete wreck, a cane beside him and bandages over his head and eyes.

Prosecutor You don't see so well, do you Mr Hook?

Hook (with difficulty) No.

Prosecutor Would you say that you're able to recognise anyone clearly and with certainty?

Hook No.

Prosecutor Do you for example recognise that man over there? (He points at **Giri**.)

Hook No.

Prosecutor You can't say that you've ever seen him before?

Hook No.

Prosecutor Now Mr Hook, this is a very important question. Think carefully before you answer. The question is this: does your warehouse adjoin the premises of Sheet's old dockyard?

Hook (after a pause) No.

Prosecutor No further questions.

Darkness. More organ music.

d. *When the lights come back up, Dockdaisy is sitting in the witness box.*

Dockdaisy (*by rote, mechanically*) I recognise the defendant perfectly because of his guilty expression and because he is 1.7 metres tall. I was informed by my sister-in-law that he was seen in front of City Hall the day my husband was shot while attempting to enter City Hall. He had a Webster sub-machine-gun under his arm and created a suspicious impression.

Darkness. More organ music.

e. *When the lights come up, Giuseppe Givola is in the witness box. The bodyguard Greenwood stands nearby.*

Prosecutor It has been alleged that certain individuals were seen carrying cans of gasoline through the offices of the Cauliflower Trust, just before the arson. What do you know about this?

Givola The only one who could have been doing that is Mr Greenwood.

Prosecutor Mr Greenwood is an employee of yours, Mr Givola?

Givola That's right.

Prosecutor What's your occupation, Mr Givola?

Givola Florist.

Prosecutor Is this a business that requires large quantities of gasoline?

Givola (*seriously*) Nah, just for the aphids.

Prosecutor What was Mr Greenwood doing at the office of the Cauliflower Trust?

Givola He was singing a song.

Prosecutor Then he couldn't very well be carrying cans of gasoline to Hook's warehouse at the same time, could he.

Givola Absolutely impossible. He's a baritone. It's not in his character to commit arson.

Prosecutor If it please the court, I'd like the witness Greenwool to perform the lovely song that he sang at the office of the Cauliflower Trust while the warehouse was being set on fire.

Judge The court doesn't think that's necessary.

Givola I object. (*He rises.*) This is blatant harassment.
Clean-cut kids, who've maybe fired a shot or two
In broad daylight, are being treated here like scum!
It's outrageous.

Laughter. Darkness. The organ plays.

f. *When the lights come up, the courtroom shows every sign of total exhaustion.*

Judge The Press has been insinuating that this court has been subject to inappropriate pressure from certain quarters. The court wishes to state that it has been subject to no pressure of any kind and is conducting this trial in perfect freedom. I think this statement will suffice.

Prosecutor Your Honour. In view of the fact that the accused persists in simulating dementia, the prosecution regards any further questioning as impossible. We therefore move that –

Defence Counsel Your Honour! The accused is coming to!
Commotion.

Fish (*seeming to wake up*) Arlarlwarlassrlarlawassrl.

Defence Counsel Water! Your Honour, I move that defendant Fish be questioned!

Great commotion.

Prosecutor Objection! Fish is obviously not in his right mind. It's all just tactics on the part of the defence, cheap sensationalism and an egregious attempt to manipulate public opinion!

Fish Water. (*He rises, supported by the Defence Counsel.*)

Defence Counsel Fish, can you speak?

Fish Yarl.

Defence Counsel Mr 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 No-wo.

Defence Counsel When did you first come to Chicago, Mr Fish?

Fish Water.

Defence Counsel Water!

Commotion. Young Dogsborough has approached the bench and speaks emphatically to the judge.

Giri (*Stands up boldly and hollers*) Fabrication! Lies! Lies!

Defence Counsel (*pointing at Giri*) Have you ever seen this man before?

Fish Yes. Water.

Defence Counsel Where? Was it in Dogsborough's restaurant on the waterfront?

Fish (*softly*) Yes.

Pandemonium. The bodyguards pull out their machine-guns and boo. The Doctor rushes in with a glass. He pours the contents down Fish's throat before the Defence Counsel can intervene.

Defence Counsel I object! I demand that the contents of this glass be examined.

Judge (*exchanging glances with the Prosecutor*) Motion denied.

Defence Counsel Your Honour.

The mouth of truth cannot be stopped!

They're trying to shut it here with paper,

With a sentence that you, your Honour, will hand down, to
your disgrace –

Even to Justice herself they're screaming 'Stick your hands in
the air!'

Must our town, grown old in a week as it struggles
 To defend itself against this bloody brood, this handful of
 monsters,
 Also witness the destruction of its legal system – not just
 destroyed
 But also *defiled* by this surrender to brute force?
 Your Honour, suspend this trial!

Prosecutor Objection! Objection!

Giri You dog! You filthy crooked dog! You liar! *They're* the
 poisoners! C'mon outside and I'll rip your throat out, you
 crook!

Defence Counsel This man is notorious throughout the
 city!

Giri (*in a rage*) Shut up! (*And to the Judge, who tries to interrupt
 him:*) You too! Shut up! If you wanna live! (*As he sputters out of
 breath the Judge manages to interject.*)

Judge Order in the Court! Council for the defence, you're in
 contempt. Mr Giri's outrage is understandable. (*To the Defence
 Counsel.*) Any continue.

Defence Counsel Fish! Did they give you anything to drink
 at Dogsborough's restaurant? Fish! Fish!

Fish (*his head falling over listlessly*) Arlarlarl.

Defence Counsel Fish. Fish. Fish!

Giri (*hollering*) Call him all you want – this fish has drowned;
 We'll see who's boss in Chicago town!

*Chaos in the courtroom as lights go to black. The organ continues to play
 Chopin's 'Funeral March' as dance-music.*

g. *As the lights come up for the last time, the Judge rises and delivers the
 sentence in a monotone. The defendant is white as a sheet.*

Judge Charles Fish, I find you guilty of arson and sentence
 you to fifteen years.

A sign appears.

Nine

a. *Cicero. A blood-splattered woman crawls from a bullet-riddled truck and staggers downstage.*

Woman Help. You there – please don’t leave. I need witnesses.
 My husband’s dead in that truck. Help. Please help. My arm – it’s totalled,
 And so’s the truck. I need bandages. . . . They’re slaughtering us like flies!
 Oh god – please help! Nobody’s left . . .
 My husband. . . . Murderers! But I know who did it. It’s Ui! (*raving*) Beast. Scum of the earth – you’re such a filthy piece of shit,
 You make real shit look clean by comparison. You louse, you louse of all lice!
 And everyone puts up with it! And we all go down. Hey you – it’s Ui. Ui.
 (*Somewhere nearby, a burst of machine-gun fire; she collapses.*)
 Ui and his thugs! Will no-one protest?
 Will no-one stop this pestilence?

b. **Dogsborough’s** *country house. Late night, almost morning. Dogsborough is writing his last will and confession.*

Dogsborough Thus I, honest Dogsborough,
 After eighty years as an honourable man,
 Did willingly consent to all crimes
 Perpetrated by this bloody gang.
 Oh world! I hear friends say I didn’t know a thing,
 That if I’d known, I’d never have allowed it.
 But I did know, everything. I know who set the warehouse fire.
 I know who abducted and drugged poor Fish.
 I know that Roma was with Sheet when he died, bleeding,
 A steamship ticket in his pocket. I know it was Giri
 Who shot Bowl in front of City Hall that day, because he
 knew too much
 About good ol’ Dogsborough.
 I know he killed Hook too; I saw him with the dead man’s hat.

I know about Givola's five murders, itemised below. About
 Ui, too,
 I know everything, that he knew everything, too –
 About the deaths of Sheet and Bowl, about Givola's murders,
 And every detail of the fire. All this I knew,
 All this I allowed – I, your honest Dogsborough, out of
 simple lust
 For riches and fear that I would lose your trust.

Ten

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

Givola 'Thus I, honest Dogsborough, do hereby bequeath
 my tavern
 To good, hard-working Givola. To the brave if a little
 overexcitable Giri,
 I leave my country house; and to honest Roma, my son.
 Furthermore, it is my will that Giri be appointed Chief
 Justice,
 Roma, Chief of Police, and Givola, Minister of Public
 Welfare.
 As for my own position, I heartily recommend Arturo Ui.
 He's more than worthy of it, believe your honest old
 Dogsborough.'
 That should do it. Hope he kicks the bucket soon.
 This'll work wonders. Since everyone knows he's dying,
 And he'll probably get a dignified burial,
 We might as well start cleaning up the corpse, right?
 All we need now is a charming epitaph for his gravestone:
 'Somebody once saw a white raven somewhere,
 And the black ones ever since have cashed in on its fame.'
 The old man's their white raven – whitest they could find,
 anyway.
 But boss, Giri's hanging around him too much for my taste. I
 don't like it.

Ui (*rousing up*) Giri? What about Giri?

Givola I'm just saying he's spending too much time with Dogsborough.

Ui I don't trust him.

Giri *enters in a new hat, Hook's.*

Givola Neither do I. (*To Giri.*) Hey pal, how's Dogsborough's heart condition?

Giri Refuses to see the doctor.

Givola The one who took such good care of Fish?

Giri I wouldn't let any others in. The old guy talks too much.

Ui Maybe people are talking too much in front of him . . .

Giri What's that supposed to mean? (*To Givola.*) You skunk! You been stinking up the air around here?

Givola (*alarmed*) Hey, just read the will!

Giri (*grabbing it from him and reading*) What? Roma, police chief? Are you nuts?

Givola He insists. I'm against it too. Roma can't be trusted two steps.

(*Roma enters, followed by Bodyguards.*)

Hey, Roma. Get a load of this will.

Roma (*grabbing it from Giri*) Gimme that! So, Giri gets to be a judge, eh?

Wait a sec – where's the old guy's chicken-scratch?

Giri He's still got it, keeps trying to smuggle it out. Five times I caught his son with it.

Roma (*extending his hand*) C'mon Giri, hand it over.

Giri What? I don't have it.

Roma Sure you do, you bastard. (*They stare furiously at each other.*) I know what you're up to. The thing with Sheet . . . is a problem for me.

Giri The thing with Bowl . . . is a problem for me!

Roma Sure. Except you're both bums and I'm a man.
 I'm wise to you, Giri, and you too, Givola –
 I don't even think you got a real gimp leg.
 And why do I always run into you two here? What're you up
 to?
 What're they saying about me behind my back, Arturo?
 Don't push your luck, fellas. First sign of monkey-business
 And I rub you out like dirt!

Giri Hey, don't talk to me like I was some common hit-man.

Roma (*to the bodyguards*) He means you, boys!
 That's the way these two talk about you – like you was
 assassins.
 They hobnob with the swells from the Trust –
 (*Indicating Giri*) in fine silk shirts made to measure by Clark's
 tailor –
 While you do all the dirty work, (*to Ui*) and you allow it.

Ui (*as if waking up*) What do I allow?

Givola You let him shoot up Caruther's truck.
 Caruther was a member of the Trust!

Ui Did you shoot up Caruther's truck?

Roma Aw, that was just an impulsive action by a couple of
 the guys.
 These boys don't understand why it's always the little
 independent grocer
 Who's got to suffer –
 Why not the big cheeses with the fleets of trucks!
 Damn it, Arturo, I don't always understand it myself.

Givola The Trust is hopping mad.

Giri Yesterday, Clark said they're waiting for it to happen
 just one more time.
 He's told Dogsborough about it.

Ui (*morosely*) Ernesto, it must not happen again.

Giri Crack down on 'em, boss. His boys are getting out of
 hand.

Givola The Trust is hoppin' mad, boss!

Roma (*pulling out his gun, to them both*) Alright, hands up.
(*To the bodyguards.*) You too!

Everybody's hands up and no foolin' around. Up against the wall.

Givola, *his men*, and **Giri** *put their hands up and with an air of resignation back up against the wall.*

Ui (*indifferently*) What's with you, Ernesto, you're making 'em nervous.

What's the problem here? Couple of shots on some vegetable truck?

That can be sorted out. Everything else is running like clockwork,

Nice and smooth. The fire was a great success.

The merchants are paying for protection – 30 per cent!

In less than a week, we've brought half the town to its knees.

Nobody raises a finger against us. And I got even bigger and better plans.

Givola (*quickly*) Like what, I'd like to know.

Giri Screw your plans. Get him to let us put our hands down.

Roma Might be safer if they kept 'em up, boss.

Givola What if Clark came in now and saw this? Ernesto, put the gun down.

Roma Not a chance. Wake up, Arturo. Can't you see what game they're playing?

How they're selling you up the river to the Clarks and the Dogsboroughs?

'If Clark came in and saw this!' Where's the money from the dockyard deal?

We never saw a cent. Meanwhile, our boys are busy busting up the stores

And dragging cans of gasoline to warehouses. 'We done it all for Arturo', they sigh, 'But he don't know us any more.

He's too busy playing big man on the waterfront.'

Arturo, wake up!

Giri Yeah, cough up: where *do* you stand?

Ui (*leaping up*) Oh, so now you put a gun to *my* head?
With me this will get you nowhere, fast. You threaten me,
You take responsibility for what happens. Me, I'm a peaceful
man.
But threats I don't stand for. You don't trust me blindly no
more? Then go. Nobody's stopping you. You stay, you do
your duty to the utmost.
I say who gets what and when: duty first, rewards later.
All I ask of you is trust, trust and nothing but. You got no
faith.
And when you don't got faith, you don't got nothing.
How do you think I've been so successful? Because I had
faith!
Because of my faith, my fanatical faith in the cause.
With faith and nothing but I came to this town and brought
it to its knees.
With faith I went to Dogsborough, with faith I entered City
Hall –
With nothing in my naked hands but pure stubborn faith!

Roma And a sub-machine-gun.

Ui No. Lots of others got those too, but what they lack is
strong belief
That they were destined to be the leader. And so must you
believe in me.
You must believe – believe that I want the best for you and
that I know how to get it.
That I will lead you to victory. Once Dogsborough's gone,
I'll decide who gets to be what.
Right now, I can only say one thing: you won't be
disappointed.

Givola (*putting his hand on his heart*) Arturo.

Roma (*sullenly*) Alright, beat it.

Giri, Givola, and his Bodyguards *leave slowly with their hands
still up in the air.*

Giri (*exiting, to Roma*) Nice hat.

Givola (*as above, exiting*) Our pal Roma.

Roma Scram! Don't forget to laugh Giri, you clown,
And Givola: remember to hobble on your gimp leg,
Which you probably stole, you thief.

After they've left, Ui relapses into brooding.

Ui Now leave me alone.

Roma (*still standing*) Arturo. If I didn't have the kind of faith
in you
That you were just describing, I wouldn't be able
To look my boys in the face. But we gotta act. And fast.
Giri's planning something ugly.

Ui I've got bigger and better plans. Forget about Giri.
Ernesto, my oldest friend and most loyal lieutenant,
You wanna hear this new plan of mine, that's already in the
works?

Roma (*beaming*) You bet. The thing with Giri can wait. (*He
sits down beside Ui. His men wait in the corner.*)

Ui We're through with Chicago. I want more.

Roma More?

Ui This ain't the only town with grocery stores.

Roma No. But how do we get our foot in?

Ui Through the front door. And the back door. And the
windows.
Resisted and requested, called and sent away. With threats
and pleas, appeals and abuse.
With soft brute force and steel embrace. In short, just like here.

Roma Only, other places are different, no?

Ui I'm thinking of a kind of dress rehearsal
In some small town. That'll show us whether
Other places are really any different – which I doubt they are.

Roma And where you gonna stage this dress rehearsal?

Ui Cicero.

Roma Cicero? But they got Dullfeet there, the guy with that newspaper, *The Liberal Grocer*, which accuses me every Saturday of having murdered Sheet.

Ui That's gotta stop.

Roma Could be arranged. Reporters like Dullfeet got enemies. Whatever they put in black and white makes somebody see red. Like me, for example. Yes, Arturo, I believe his smear-campaign
Could be stopped.

Ui It better be, and soon. The Trust is negotiating with Cicero as we speak.
For now, we're just going to sell cauliflower, nice and peaceful.

Roma Who's doing the negotiating?

Ui Clark. But he's having problems. Because of us.

Roma Hmm. So Clark's involved. I don't trust that guy two steps.

Ui The word in Cicero is that we trail the Trust like a shadow. They want cauliflower, but they don't want us. We give retailers the creeps, and not only them: Dullfeet's wife, who's owned an import-export business in Cicero for years, Wanted to join and would have joined the Trust ages ago, if it weren't for us.

Roma Are you saying that it's really the Trust that wants to expand into Cicero?
Boss, I understand everything. Everything. I see what kind of game they're playing . . .

Ui Who?

Roma The Trust. At Dogsborough's place. Dogsborough's last will!

The Trust ordered it. They want Cicero. You're in the way.
So how do they get rid of you? Long as they needed you
To do their dirty work, you had them by the balls;
But what do they do with you now? The answer:

Dogsborough confesses.

The old man does the sackcloth-and-ashes routine, climbs
into his coffin.

Cauliflower boys gather round, pry the document from his
clutches.

Sobbing, they read it to the press – how he repents,
And begs the town to stop this plague – a plague he admits
he ushered in –

And return to the good old path of the honest greengrocer.
That's the plan, Arturo, and they're all in on it:

Giri, who's making Dogsborough scribble wills *and* who's a
friend of Clark,

Who's having trouble in Cicero and doesn't want any
'shadow' trailing him

While he pockets all the dough. Givola, too, smells death a
mile away.

Dogsborough, good old Dogsborough, with his
Double-crossing will that heaps garbage on you –
He's gotta go first, or your whole Cicero plan is a bust.

Ui You think it's a conspiracy? True, they won't let me *near*
Cicero. It did cross my mind.

Roma Arturo, I'm begging you, let me handle it.

Listen: me and the boys'll head straight over to

Dogsborough's place,

Haul the old geezer out, say we're taking him to the hospital,
And deliver him to the morgue instead. Done.

Ui But Giri's there.

Roma And he can stay there. (*They look at each other
meaningfully.*) Bada bing bada boom.

Ui And Givola?

Roma I'll pay him a visit on the way back. At the flower shop.
Put in an order for some nice big wreaths for Dogsborough.
For Giri the clown too. I'll pay (*indicating his gun*) in cash.

Ui Ernesto, this no-good plot of the Dogsboroughs, Clarks
and Dullfeets,
To squeeze me out of Cicero by branding me a criminal – it
must be
Crushed. I'm trusting you.

Roma You won't regret it. Only, I need you to be there,
At the start, to fire the boys up, so they'll see things in the
right light.
I'm no talker . . .

Ui (*shakes his hand*) Done.

Roma I knew it, Arturo. This is how it was meant to be.
Us together. Just you and me. Like old times, eh, Arturo?
(*To his men.*) See? What'd I tell you? Arturo's with us after all.

Ui I'll be there.

Roma Eleven.

Ui Where?

Roma The garage.
I feel reborn! C'mon boys: let's knock 'em down and make
'em crawl.

*He leaves quickly with his men. Ui, pacing back and forth, rehearses the
speech that he'll give to Roma's men.*

Ui Friends. I regret to inform you that word has reached my ear
Of a heinous plot. My closest associates, men I trusted
implicitly,
Have been ganging up behind my back. Greedy and
disloyal
By nature, they have now, out of mad ambition, formed an
alliance
With the kingpins of the Cauliflower Trust – No, that won't
work –

An alliance with . . . ? Got it – the *police*, to ice you all.
 Even my own life's at risk, apparently. My patience is
 exhausted.
 I therefore order you, tonight, under the leadership of
 Ernesto Roma,
 Who has my complete confidence. . . .

Enter Clark, Giri and Betty Dullfeet.

Giri (*seeing that Ui looks frightened*) It's only us, boss!

Clark Ui, meet Mrs Dullfeet, from Cicero. The Trust was
 hoping you'd hear her out
 And reach some kind of agreement.

Ui (*grimly*) With pleasure.

Clark As you know, during our negotiations with
 The Cicero greengrocers about the possibility of a merger,
 Some objections arose to the idea of having you as a
 shareholder.
 The Trust has managed to overcome these objections to
 some degree,
 And Mrs Dullfeet here has come –

Mrs Dullfeet – to clear up any misunderstanding,
 And to explain that my husband's crusade
 In the press is not directed against you, Mr Ui.

Ui Who is it directed against?

Clark Well, Ui, I'll give it to you straight: Sheet's 'suicide'
 Really stuck in people's throats in Cicero. Whatever else
 Sheet may have been,
 He was a respected dockyard man – not some nobody who
 Can disappear without a trace with no eyebrows raised. And
 another thing:
 Caruther's garage reports that one of their trucks was shot to
 bits.
 In both cases, Ui, your men were involved.

Mrs Dullfeet Every child in Cicero knows
 That Chicago's vegetable trade is bloody.

Ui This is an outrage.

Mrs Dullfeet No, no – I don't mean you. Mr Clark has
reassured me
About that. It's that man Roma.

Clark (*quickly*) Stay cool, Ui.

Giri Cicero –

Ui – I refuse to listen to this. What do you take me for?
That does it! Look: Ernesto Roma is my man.
And I will not tolerate being lectured about
Who I associate with. It's insulting.

Giri Boss!

Mrs Dullfeet Ignatius Dullfeet will fight against the Romas
of this world
To his dying breath.

Clark (*coldly*) And rightly so. The Trust is behind your husband
100 per cent. Ui, be reasonable. Friendship and business
Are two different things. Don't you agree?

Ui (*equally coldly*) You hard of hearing, Mr Clark?

Clark Mrs Dullfeet, my sincere apologies for the outcome of
this interview.

(*To Ui as he leaves with Mrs Dullfeet.*) Foolish words, Ui.

Left alone, Ui and Giri avoid each other's eyes.

Giri The attack on Caruther's truck. And now this. You
know this means war.

Ui I'm not afraid of war.

Giri Fine, don't be afraid. You'll only be up against the Trust,
the Press,
Dogsborough and his gang – not to mention the whole
damned town!

Boss, listen to reason. You can bet your sweet patootie –

Ui – spare me your advice. I know my duty.

A sign appears.

Eleven

Garage. Night. Audible rain. Ernesto Roma and Young Inna. Gunmen in the background.

Inna It's one o'clock.

Roma He must have been held up.

Inna Could he be hesitating?

Roma It's possible. Arturo's so attached to his men that
He'd sooner sacrifice himself. Even to rats like Givola and Giri –
He's too loyal for his own good. He puts it off, he agonises, so
It might be two, three o'clock before he gets here. But he'll
come.

No question. I know him, Inna. (*Pause.*)

When I see that rat Giri bite the dust –

It's gonna feel so nice, like taking a good long leak.

Won't be long now.

Inna These rainy nights are hard on the nerves.

Roma That's why I like 'em.

'For nights, gimme the darkest;

For cars, gimme the fastest;

For friends, gimme the hardest.'

Inna How long have you known him?

Roma About eighteen years.

Inna That's a long time.

Gunman (*coming forward*) The boys want a drink.

Roma No. Tonight I need them sober.

A short man is led forward by the bodyguards.

Short Man (*breathless*) Trouble on the double. Police h.q.

Two armoured cars parked outside the station – crawlin'
with cops!

Roma Right. Get the shutter down. Probably nothing to do
with us,

But better safe than sorry.

(A steel shutter is slowly lowered over the garage door.)

Is the alley clear?

Inna (*nods*) It's funny about tobacco, how it makes people look so cool and collected.

If you want to be cool and collected, all you gotta do
Is make like the other guy, and light a cigarette. . . .

Roma (*smiling*) Hold out your hand.

Inna (*doing so*) It's shaking. That's bad.

Roma I don't think it's so bad. Coppers ain't my type.
Insensitive.

Nothing gets to them, and they don't get to nobody.
Not seriously, anyway. So tremble all you want.
A compass needle, though it's made of steel,
Always trembles before it settles down.
Your hand's just looking for its pole, that's all.

Voice (*shouting, from off*) Cop-car, coming down Church Street!

Roma (*sharply*) Is it stopping?

Voice No, moving past.

Gunman (*entering*) Two cars are coming round the corner.
With their lights off.

Roma Giri and Givola! They're gonna whack Arturo!
Arturo's gonna walk right into their trap. We gotta intercept
him. Come on!

Gunman It's suicide.

Roma Then I guess it's time for suicide.
Jesus. Eighteen years we've been friends.

Inna (*in a clear voice*) Prepare to raise the armour. Artillery ready?

A Gunman Ready.

Inna Shutter up! (*The armoured shutter rises slowly. Ui and
Givola enter briskly, followed by Bodyguards.*)

Roma Arturo!

Inna (*under his breath*) With Givola!

Roma What gives? We were sweating buckets in here for you,
Arturo!
(*Laughs out loud.*) But hell – you’re okay!

Ui (*hoarsely*) Why wouldn’t I be?

Inna We thought something was up. Roma here deserves a
big handshake –
He was about to take us over the top for you. Ain’t that right,
Roma?

Ui goes to **Roma** with hand outstretched. **Roma** takes it, laughing. At
this moment, unable to reach for his gun, **Roma** is shot with lightening
speed by **Givola**, aiming from the hip.

Ui (*of Roma’s gunmen*) Get ’em into the corner.

Roma’s men, standing around stunned, get pushed into a corner, **Inna**
first. **Givola** bends over **Roma**, who’s lying on the floor.

Givola He’s still breathing.

Ui Finish him off. (*To the gunmen against the wall.*)
Your disgraceful plot against me has been uncovered,
And your plan to axe Dogsborough.
I caught you in the nick of time. Resistance is futile.
I’ll teach you to turn against me, you nest of vipers.

Givola They’re packing heat, boss, all of ’em.
(*About Roma.*) He’s coming to – worse luck for him.

Ui I’ll be at Dogsborough’s country place. (*Leaves quickly.*)

Inna (*against the wall*) You dirty rats! You traitors!

Givola (*excitedly*) Shoot!

Roma’s men are mowed down along the wall by machine-gun fire.

Roma (*coming to*) Givola! Christ! (*Turning over with difficulty, his
face white as a sheet.*)
What’s happening?

Givola Nothing. Some traitors needed to be executed.

Roma You bastard! What've you done with my men?

(**Givola** *doesn't answer.*)

And where's Arturo? You murderer! I knew it! You bastards!

(*Looking around for him.*)

Where is he?

Givola Gone.

Roma (*as he's dragged to the wall*) You bastards! You bastards!

Givola (*coldly*) My leg's a dud? Well, your brain is too!

On both your legs: to the wall with you.

A sign appears.

Twelve

Givola's flower shop. Enter Ignatius Dullfeet, no taller than a boy, with his wife Betty Dullfeet.

Dullfeet I don't like this one bit.

Betty Why not? Roma's history.

Dullfeet Yeah, murdered.

Betty Whatever! The point is, he's gone. Clark says that Ui's
Rebellious adolescence, which even the best men go through,
is over.

He's shown he wants to leave the rough stuff behind.

To keep attacking him now will only rouse his worst instincts,
and you,

Ignatius, you'll be the one he'll strike out at first. Just keep
quiet,

And they'll leave you alone.

Dullfeet I doubt my silence will make any difference.

Betty Surely it'll help. They're not beasts.

Giri *comes in wearing Roma's hat.*

Giri Ah, here already. The boss will be out in a sec
And charmed to see you. Unfortunately,

I gotta split. And fast, before anyone sees me – I just lifted
one of Givola's hats!

He laughs until the plaster falls from the ceiling, and leaves waving.

Dullfeet Their bark's bad, their bite's worse, but their
laughter is the worst of all.

Betty Don't talk like that, Ignatius. Not here.

Dullfeet (*bitterly*) Nor anywhere else.

Betty But what can you do? The word on the street in Cicero
Is that when Dogsborough dies, Ui's getting his position.
Worse, our greengrocers are leaning towards a merger
With the Chicago Trust.

Dullfeet And two of my printing presses have already been
smashed.
Wife, I feel a terrible foreboding.

Enter Givola and Ui with extended hands.

Betty Mr Ui.

Ui Welcome, Dullfeet!

Dullfeet Frankly, Mr Ui, I hesitated about coming –

Ui But why? Brave men like you are welcome anywhere.

Givola As are beautiful women!

Dullfeet Mr Ui. I have on occasion felt obliged to speak out
against you –

Ui Simple misunderstandings! If you and I hadn't been such
strangers

It never would have come to that. See, it's always been my
belief

That everything that has to be done should be done properly.

Dullfeet Violence –

Ui – hate it, hate it more than anyone. If men were
reasonable beings,
It wouldn't be necessary.

Dullfeet My intention –

Ui – is exactly the same as mine. We both want a healthy economy.

The small shopkeeper's having a tough time right now;
He needs to be able sell his vegetables in peace. Which means
Getting protection when he's attacked.

Dullfeet (*firmly*) But he must retain the freedom to decide
whether or not

He *wants* protection. That, Mr Ui, is my main concern.

Ui And mine too. Of *course* he must be free to decide. Why?

Because when *he* chooses his protector, when he puts his faith
In someone who was his choice from the start, then a trusting
atmosphere prevails.

This, Mr Dullfeet, I have always stressed.

Dullfeet I'm happy to hear you say it.

Because, not to sound provocative or anything,
Cicero will not put up with force.

Ui Of course not. Nobody tolerates coercion unless he has to.

Dullfeet Quite frankly, if this merger with the Trust means

That the whole bloody pack of plague-infested rats
Is going to be exported from Chicago into Cicero,
Then I will come out against it.

Pause.

Ui Alright, Mr Dullfeet, let's both be frank. In the past,
maybe

A few things happened that weren't up to the highest moral
standards.

Such is the nature of war. But not among friends.

Dullfeet, what I want from you from now on is that you trust
me,

And regard me as your friend, a friend who'll never let you
down,

No matter what. And furthermore, and more specifically,
That you stop printing all those horror stories about me,

Which only make bad blood. I don't think that's too much to ask. . . .

Dullfeet Believe me, if nothing happens,
I'll be happy not to write about it.

Ui I should hope so. And if ever there *were* some tiny little incident –
Because men are men and not exactly angels –
Then I hope you won't start saying that the place is
Overrun with gangsters and the sky is raining bullets! I can't
promise you
That our drivers might not use a four-letter word from time
to time.
They're only human. And maybe a wholesaler
Might buy a beer for one of our men, to insure prompt
Delivery of his tomatoes; but this doesn't mean
We're suddenly in the grip of organised crime!

Betty Mr Ui, my husband's human too.

Givola Of course he is. So, now that everything's been
Peacefully discussed and settled so nicely among friends,
I'd like to take you on a little tour of my establishment. . . .

Ui After you, Mr Dullfeet.

*They tour Givola's flower shop. Ui leads Betty, Givola Dullfeet.
The couples alternate in disappearing behind flower arrangements. Givola
and Dullfeet appear.*

Givola These oaks, Dullfeet, are Japanese.

Dullfeet Around a pond . . . nice trees.

Givola Swimming carp-fish, petalled bowers. . . .

Dullfeet They say the wicked don't like flowers.

They disappear. Ui and Betty appear.

Betty A strong man's stronger when he don't use force.

Ui He who shoots justly need feel no remorse.

Betty Open discussion shows people respect.

Ui Unless you got assets you gotta protect.

Betty But lies and tricks and guns and fists –

Ui – my dear lady: we're pragmatists.

They disappear. Givola and Dullfeet appear.

Dullfeet A flower cannot counterfeit.

Givola That's why I love 'em – they're legit.

Dullfeet Ah! The rose. A quiet life is hers.

Givola (*mischievously*) What, no reporters to get on her nerves?

They disappear. Ui and Betty appear.

Betty They say you keep your body pure.

Ui From smoking, drinking – I demur.

Betty Perhaps the church will have you sainted.

Ui With human lust, I'm unacquainted.

They disappear. Givola and Dullfeet appear.

Dullfeet To spend your days among such beauties . . . !

Givola Except . . . I got me certain other duties.

They disappear. Ui and Betty appear.

Betty May I ask, Mr Ui, of your religion?

Ui I am a Christian. Enough precision?

Betty The Ten Commandments, to be simplistic –

Ui – in daily life, not realistic.

Betty Please forgive me my persistence,
But what's your stance on state assistance?

Ui Clearly I'm a socialist – which
I prove by taking money from the rich.

They disappear. Givola and Dullfeet appear.

Dullfeet 'Life in Bloom' – I see a full pictorial.

Givola Life? More like funerals and memorials.

Dullfeet Of course – flowers are your daily bread.

Givola My clientele does tend to be dead.

Dullfeet I hope that's not your only trade?

Givola Just the folks who disobeyed.

Dullfeet Through violent deeds you don't earn praise.

Givola But if I get results, always?

Dullfeet Well, then –

Givola – You're pale.

Dullfeet – it overpowers –

Givola Maybe it's the scent of flowers.

They disappear. Ui and Betty appear.

Betty I think you've put to rest his doubt.

Ui Communication – what it's all about.

Betty Friendships that prosper in times so dark. . . .

Ui (*puts his hand on her shoulder*) I like a woman so quick off the mark. . . .

Givola and Dullfeet appear. Dullfeet, white as a ghost, sees the hand on his wife's shoulder.

Dullfeet Betty, we're going.

Ui (*approaching, hand outstretched*) Mr Dullfeet, your decision
does you proud,
And Cicero will be all the better for it. That two men like us
have found each other
Can only augur well.

Givola (*giving Betty flowers*) Beauty for a beauty.

Betty Look how gorgeous, Ignatius! I'm so touched.
See you later, Mr Ui! (*They go out.*)

Givola Now at last we can move with our plan.

Ui (*ominously*) I really do not like that man.

A sign appears.

Thirteen

*Behind a coffin being carried into Cicero's mausoleum, to the tolling of church bells, walk **Betty Dullfeet** in mourning dress, plus **Clark, Ui, Giri and Givola**, the latter carrying large wreaths. After placing the flowers, **Ui, Giri and Givola** wait outside. The voice of the pastor can be heard without.*

Voice Thus we lay to eternal rest the remains of Ignatius
Dullfeet,

Whose earthly life, so rich in toil and poor in profit, has come
to its final end.

A life of devoted to the good of others, it will profit him
nothing now.

Only at heaven's gate might an angel say,

With a hand resting lightly on the back of his threadbare
coat,

'On these shoulders were carried the weight of many men.'

Now, at city council meetings, when everyone's had their say,

Silence will hang in the hopeful air:

All will wait for Dullfeet's advice, as they waited so often
before.

But nothing will come; our city's conscience is no more.

This man, taken from us so prematurely,

Always sensed the righteous path, knew the

Law by heart. Physically small but spiritually immense,

Ignatius Dullfeet made of his printing press a pulpit

From which his lone true voice rang loud and clear,

Both here in Cicero, and far beyond. Ignatius Dullfeet, rest
in peace. Amen.

Givola Now there's a man with tact. Not a word about the
cause of death.

Giri (*wearing Dullfeet's hat*) Tact? Seven kids is more like it.

Clark and Mulberry *come out of the chapel.*

Clark Dammit – what are you two doing here? Standing guard at the coffin
In case the truth leaks out?

Givola Hey, chum, why so hostile? Don't this location inspire you to heavenly thoughts?
The boss is in a bad mood today. This is not his kind of place.

Mulberry You butchers! Dullfeet kept his word – and his silence.

Givola Silence ain't enough. What we need is not just people
Who keep their mouths shut, but who speak up for us – loudly!

Mulberry What could he say – except that you're all butchers?

Givola He had to go. This little guy was the pore through which
The vegetable business occasionally broke out in a cold sweat.
We couldn't stand the stink of him.

Giri Yeah, and what about your cauliflower? You want to sell it in Cicero or not?

Mulberry Not with butchery!

Giri How else? Oh, I see, that's rich. You holler for meat,
then curse the cook
Because he walks around with a butcher's knife. We thought
you fellas'd be
Licking your chops, and all you do is insult us! Getattahere.

Mulberry It was a black day, Clark, when you brought these people in.

Clark You're telling me.

They leave, gloomily.

Giri C'mon, boss, don't let those sourpusses spoil the funeral for you.

Givola Quiet. Here comes Betty.

Betty Dullfeet, *leaning on another woman, comes outside. Ui approaches her. Organ music from the chapel.*

Ui Mrs Dullfeet, my condolences.

She passes by without a word.

Giri (*yelling*) Hey you! Hold it! (*She stops and turns around. She's white as a sheet.*)

Ui I said, my condolences, Mrs Dullfeet.

Poor Mr Dullfeet, God rest his soul, is no more.

But your cauliflower? That remains.

Maybe you can't see it now, because your eyes are full of tears,

But you must not allow this tragedy to blind you to the fact

That innocent delivery trucks are being treacherously shot at,

Ambushed by cowardly men. Ruthless hands are dousing

goods with gasoline,

Spoiling vegetables that people need. Me and my men are

standing by,

Offering protection. So what's it gonna be?

Betty (*looking up to heaven for patience*) My husband not yet buried,

And I have to listen to this!

Ui I too deplore the incident and assure you that,

Though cut down by a villainous hand,

Your husband was my friend.

Betty Oh sure. The hand he shook in friendship

Was the hand that took his life – yours!

Ui This is only gossip, lousy rumours that stir up hatred,

Poisoning my best intentions to live with my neighbours in peace.

O, this lack of understanding! This suspiciousness, when all I do is trust!

My overtures misread as spiteful threats!

The hand that I extend in love is spurned in hate.

Betty In murder you extend it!

Ui No! I plead with desperation, yet they spit on me.

Betty Plead? Yeah, like a serpent to its dinner!

Ui You hear that? This is how I'm treated! Dullfeet was the same –
 Took my warm and heartfelt offer of friendship
 As a trick, my generosity as a sign of weakness.
 What did I get in return for my friendly words? Silence. Silence!
 When I thought he'd respond to my offer with joy. There I
 was, hoping
 That my constant, my practically humiliating pleas for
 friendship
 Would be greeted with a little understanding, with some sign
 of human warmth.
 But I hoped in vain: he treated me with cruel contempt.
 Even his grudging promise to keep quiet, which God knows
 he made unwillingly,
 Was broken at the first opportunity!
 I ask you: where's his fervent promise now?
 There've been horror stories everywhere!
 I'm warning you: I've got the patience of Job, but I can be
 pushed only so far.

Betty I don't know what to say.

Ui You would, if you spoke from the heart.

Betty The heart? Is that what you're speaking from?

Ui I speak the way I feel.

Betty Can a person truly feel the things you say? Yes, I guess
 so –
 You kill from the heart. You probably feel your crimes
 As deeply as other folks feel good deeds. You believe in
 treachery
 Like we believe in love! You're loyal to iniquity –
 Immune to every noble thought. Inspired by lies, what you
 revere is fraud!
 Depravity delights you; blood excites you. Violence is the air
 you breathe.
 Sordid actions move you to tears, and good ones fill your heart
 With vengefulness and hate!

Ui Mrs Dullfeet, it's a principle with me to hear my opponent out –

Even when he offers me abuse. I realise that in your circles
I'm not exactly loved. My humble beginnings as a poor son
of the Bronx

Are always held against me. 'He doesn't even know which
fork to use

At dinner', they say; 'How can we trust him in the world of
business?

While we're talking trade tariffs or negotiating contracts,
He might just reach mistakenly for his knife! No, it'll never
work.

We got no use for this man.' My unschooled tone of voice,
my manly way of

Calling a spade a spade – these things are held against me.

So I got this prejudice against me. I've had to rely on my own
resources.

Mrs Dullfeet, you're in the cauliflower business. So am I. Let
this be a bridge between us.

Betty A bridge? Between us there's an abyss of bloody murder –
Nothing can bridge that!

Ui Bitter experience has taught me that it's better to avoid
Speaking personally as a man, and stick to business.

So I ask you, as a man of influence speaking to the owner

Of an import firm: How's business these days?

Even in misfortune, life goes on . . .

Betty Yes, it does, and I will use what's left of mine

To tell the world about your pestilence.

I hereby swear, on the body of my dead husband, that

In the future I will hate the sound of my own voice

If I ever waste my breath on any words

But 'Stop Arturo Ui!'

Giri (*threatening*) Watch the volume, giri!

Ui Fine. We're still among the dead. Softer feelings would be
premature.

Let's stick to business, which doesn't care about death.

Betty Oh Dullfeet, Dullfeet! Now I really know you're gone.

Ui That's right – Dullfeet's gone and don't forget it. The sole voice raised

In Cicero against terror, violence and crime has fallen silent,
and you can't

Lament this enough! Now you stand alone, defenceless in a
cold cruel world

Where, unfortunately, the weak don't have a chance. The
only hope

That you've got left . . . is my protection.

Betty You say this to the widow of a man you murdered? You monster!

Not that I'm surprised to see you here.

You always show up at the scene of the crime,

To put the blame on others. 'It wasn't me', you always cry,
'I know nothing!'

'I've been injured!' cries the murderer, 'Someone avenge me!'

Ui My plan remains: Protection for Cicero.

Betty (*feebly*) You won't succeed.

Ui Oh, I will. One way or another.

Betty May God protect us from such a protector.

Ui So, your answer? (*He holds his hand out to her.*)

Are we friends forever?

Betty Never! Never! Never!

She runs off, shuddering.

A sign appears.

Fourteen

Ui's bedroom at the Mammoth Hotel. **Ui** tosses in his sleep, tormented by bad dreams. His bodyguards are slumped in chairs, revolvers in their laps.

Ui (*asleep*) Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence!¹
(The wall behind him becomes transparent. The ghost of Roma
appears, a bullet-hole in his forehead.)

Roma And all of it will be in vain. All the slaughter and the
 butchery,
 All the threats and foaming at the mouth – they will profit
 you nothing.
 Your crimes are rotten to the core, Arturo; they will bear no
 fruit at all.
 Betrayal is a bad manure. Murderer, thou liest! Deceive the
 Clarks and slay
 The Dullfeets – but spare your own, I say! Conspire against
 the whole damned world,
 But not against your gang; stomp the city with your boots,
 But not the boots themselves, you wretch. Go on, lie to
 everyone;
 But not to the face in the mirror! When you struck at me,
 Arturo,
 You struck at your own heart. I worshipped you – even when
 you were nothing
 But a beer-hall shadow, and now, in dank eternity I languish,
 brooding on your
 Wickedness. By treachery you rose, by treachery you'll fall.
 When you betrayed me, your friend and lieutenant, you
 betrayed us all –
 Just as you'll be betrayed by them all in the end. The body of
 Ernesto Roma
 May be hid in earth, but not your infidelity –
 Loose on the wind, it hovers over tombstones, unmistakable –
 Even the gravediggers smell it. Mark my words, Arturo:
 The day will come when all your past and future victims,
 Dripping with blood and emboldened by hate, will rise up
 against thee;
 Then will you cry out for help, Arturo, as I cried for help on
 my knees;
 But begging won't help; nobody will hear; nobody listened to
 me.

¹ Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, Act III, scene 4.

Ui (*bolting upright*) Traitor! Shoot – there! Die, monster, die!

The bodyguards shoot at the spot on the wall that Ui's pointing to.

Roma (*fading*) Go ahead; shoot up the roof

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

Fifteen

Financial district. Assembly of the Chicago vegetable dealers. They are deathly pale.

First Vegetable Dealer Murder! Extortion! Tyranny and theft!

Second Vegetable Dealer No – worse: Acceptance!
Appeasement! Cowardice and fear!

Third Vegetable Dealer Acceptance? Not me. Two men came into my shop
Last month, said 'Stick 'em up! Hands in the air!' I looked them up and down
And coldly said: 'Gentlemen, I bow to violence only.' I made it clear
I wanted nothing to do with them and rejected their methods entirely.
With my icy stare I seemed to say: 'Fine, go ahead; take the dough –
But only because of the automatic weapons.'

Fourth Vegetable Dealer Exactly what I did! My hands are clean,
I'm innocent . . . is what I told my wife.

First Vegetable Dealer (*violently*) Cowardice? We used our heads.

We figured: if we grit our teeth and paid,
The thugs would stop with all the shooting. But no-siree!
Murder! Extortion! Tyranny and theft!

Second Vegetable Dealer It's because we got no backbone.

Fifth Vegetable Dealer No machine-guns, you mean.
I sell cauliflower – I'm no gangster.

Third Vegetable Dealer My only hope is that the filthy dog
Meets someone who'll stand up to him.
Just let him try his game in some other town.

Fourth Vegetable Dealer Like Cicero, for example.

Enter Cicero's vegetable dealers. They're white as sheets.

Ciceronians Hello, Chicago.

Chicagoans Hello, Cicero. What're *you* doin' here?

Ciceronians We were told to come.

Chicagoans By whom?

Ciceronians By him.

First Chicagoan Since when does he give orders in Cicero?

First Ciceronian Since he brought his guns.

Second Ciceronian We bowed to brute force.

First Chicagoan Damned cowards! Are you men or aren't
you?
Aren't there any laws in Cicero?

First Ciceronian No.

Third Ciceronian Not anymore.

Third Chicagoan Listen, people! You gotta defend yourselves.
You gotta stop this epidemic – or the whole country'll be
consumed!

First Chicagoan First one town, and then another.
You owe it to your country to fight him to the death.

Second Ciceronian Why us? Our hands are clean. We're
innocent.

Fourth Chicagoan Our only hope is that, with God's help,
The dog meets somebody who's willing to stand up to him.

*Fanfare. Enter Arturo **Ui** and, in mourning, **Betty Dullfeet**, followed by **Clark**, **Giri**, **Givola** and **bodyguards**. **Ui** strides through the crowd. The **bodyguards**, in formation, remain in the background.*

Giri Hey kids. All arrived from Cicero?

First Ciceronian Yes.

Giri And from Chicago?

First Chicagoan Here.

Giri (*to Ui*) All present, boss.

Givola Welcome, vegetable dealers! The Cauliflower Trust extends warm greetings to you all. (*To **Clark**.*) Mr Clark.

Clark Gentlemen, I bring you news. After long and not
always smooth
Negotiations – oops, shouldn't tell tales out of school! – the
local wholesaler
B. Dullfeet and Company has merged with the Cauliflower
Trust.
From now on, therefore, you'll be getting your vegetables
Through the good folks at the Trust. The benefits for you are
obvious:
Increased security on all deliveries. New prices, slightly
higher,
Have already been put in force. Mrs Betty Dullfeet, I offer
you my hand in welcome
As the newest member of the Trust.

Clark and **Betty** *shake hands*.

Givola And now. . . . Arturo Ui.

Ui *steps in front of the microphone*.

Ui Friends! Americans! Countrymen! When good old
Dogsborough,
God rest his soul, appealed to me a year ago, with tears in his
eyes,
To protect Chicago's produce trade, I was, though touched,
Not sure if I could live up to such a glorious invitation.

Now Dogsborough's dead; in his Last Will and Testament,
 here for all to see,
 He describes me simply as his son. Deeply moved, he thanks
 me for everything I've done
 Since I answered his call. Today, the trade in vegetables,
 Whether cauliflower, chives, onions, or whatever,
 Is protected throughout the city of Chicago – which, if I may
 say so,
 Is entirely thanks to certain actions on my part. To my
 surprise,
 A similar request for protection was soon made by another
 man,
 Ignatius Dullfeet, of Cicero, a request to which I was not
 averse.
 But I demanded one condition: protection will be granted
 only at the invitation
 Of the grocery stores themselves. The decision must be
 theirs, and freely made.
 I impressed this on all my men: No coercion in Cicero! The
 city must elect me
 Of its own free will. A surly 'Okay, fine!' a sneering 'Yes,
 alright' –
 This I will not tolerate. To be accepted half-heartedly would
 disgust me.
 What I'm asking, men of Cicero, is for a ringing 'Yes!,' short
 and enthusiastic.
 And since this is what I want, and I want it completely, I turn
 once more to you,
 Citizens of Chicago, you who know me well and, I trust,
 esteem me highly, and I ask:
 Are you with me? And let me add in passing that he who is
 not with me is against me
 And will only have himself to blame for any consequences.
 Now, you're free to vote!

Givola But before doing so please give your attention to Mrs
 Dullfeet over here,
 The well-known widow of a man who holds a special place
 in all our hearts.

Betty Friends. Since passing away, your friend and my
beloved husband
Ignatius Dullfeet –

Givola – may he rest in peace!

Betty – has not been able to protect you as he used to. In his
absence,
I urge you to put your trust in Mr Ui, the way I have
Since getting to know him better during this difficult period.

Givola Voting time.

Giri Whoever's for Arturo Ui, raise your hands.

Some immediately raise their hands.

A Ciceronian Are we allowed to leave?

Givola Everyone's free to do whatever he wants.

Hesitantly, the Ciceronian leaves. Two bodyguards follow him. A shot is heard.

Giri Now over to you. Your free decision is . . . ?

All raise their hands – both hands.

Givola The vote's been taken, boss. The greengrocers of
Cicero
And Chicago, quaking with joy, thank you deeply for your
protection.

Ui And I accept their thanks with pride. Fifteen short years
ago,
When I, a poor, unemployed son of the Bronx, answered the
call of destiny
With nothing to my name but seven loyal boys, I came to
Chicago
With a single strong desire: peace for the vegetable markets.
At first, we were only a handful, fanatical in our
Pursuit of this pure and simple peace. Today, we are many.
Today, peace in Chicago's green-goods trade
Is no longer just a dream, but a beautiful reality. And to
secure this peace,

I have today put in an order for new Tommy-guns, armoured
cars, rubber truncheons,
Browning rifles and so on and so forth, because it's not only
Chicago and Cicero
That are crying out for protection, but other cities as well:
Washington and Milwaukee. Detroit. Toledo! Pittsburg!
Cincinnati! Wherever vegetables are sold –
Flint! Little Rock! Charleston and New Jersey!
Boston! Philadelphia! New York and St Louis!
They all require protection! And no 'Ugh, phooey!'
And no 'But that's not nice!' will stop Arturo Ui!

The curtain falls to drums and fanfares.

A sign appears.

Epilogue

Thus learn you how to see, and not just look,
And act instead of talking all day long;
The world was almost ruled by such a crook!
Though people overcame him, you'd be wrong
To pat your backs and think yourselves so clever –
The ooze that spawned him is as rich as ever!

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