

Nye & LING PARK DISTRICT THEN TROUPE

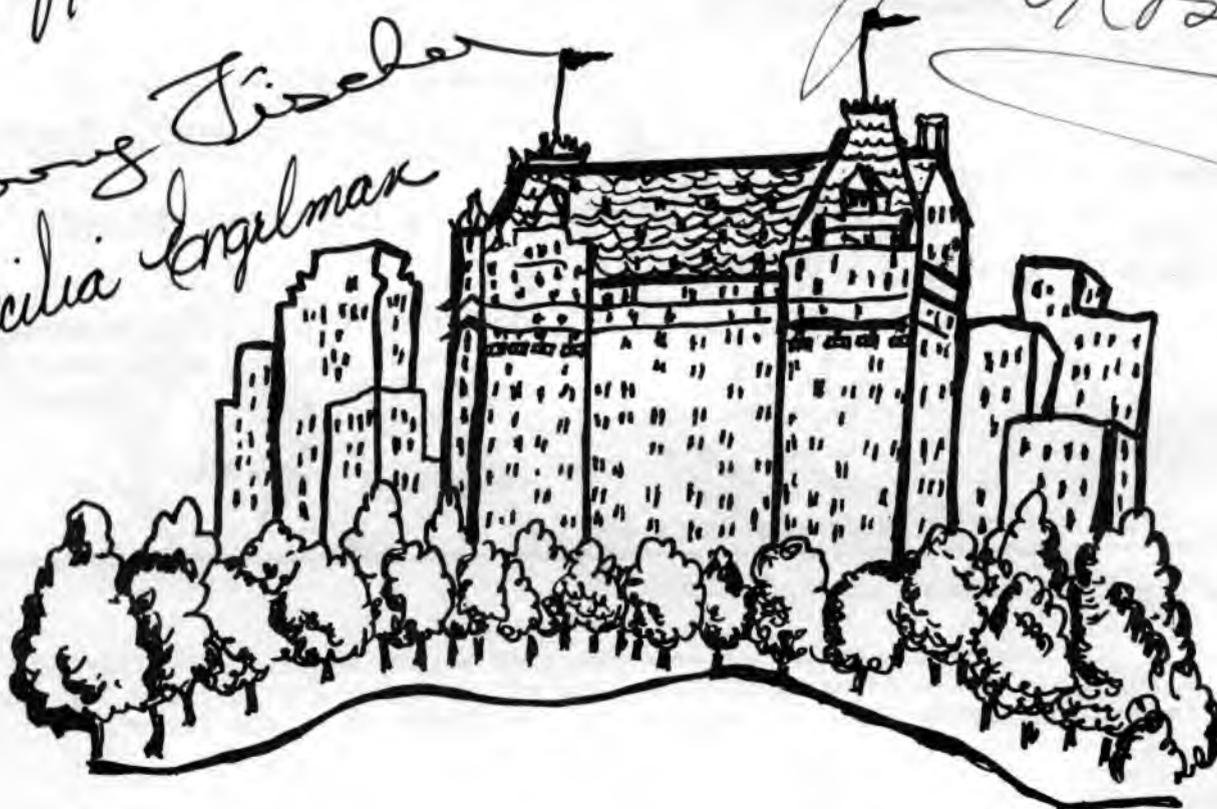
PRESENTS

*Judy Sawyer*

*Larry Fischer*

*Socilia Engelmar*

*John D. Cosola*



# PLAZA SUITE

BY NEIL SIMON

**APRIL 8, 9, 10, 11 and 13**

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Gloria LaHay

PROGRAM Gloria LaHay  
Maryann Chapman  
Barbara LaHay

SET CONSTRUCTION... Ken Pierini  
Jean Pierini  
Valerie Clark  
John Casciotti  
Tom Laurie  
Dennis Roland  
Ron Dettman

HOUSE CREW Maryann Chapman  
Barbara LaHay  
Jean Pierini  
Jeanne Loh

COSTUMES Ken Pierini  
Jean Pierini  
Pat Monahan

FLYER DESIGN Yaryann Chapman

MAKE-UP Fred Robinson  
Valerie Clark

HAIR STYLIST... Carolyn Durr

AD SALES Barbara LaHay

PROPS Ken Pierini  
Jean Pierini

TICKET SALES... Maryann Chapman  
Barbara LaHay  
Gloria LaHay

LIGHTING Ron Dettman

PLAY SELECTION.. George PshoFrios  
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INTERMISSION — — — 15 minutes

ACT II

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INTERMISSION — — — 15 minutes

ACT III

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THE CAST OF "PLAZA SUITE"  
In Order Of Appearance

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BELLHOP

KEN PIERINI--Ken is the oil that keeps the theater machine running smoothly. A mechanic by day, he's by nature good with machines. Unfortunately, Ken is so important behind the scenes, that time allows him to pursue only small parts. We look forward to the day when this multi-talented man will be allowed to pursue larger roles.

KAREN NASH

JUDI POWERS--This bouncy, bubbly person has displayed a tremendous amount of energy, while creating this character. Judi's talents are many, from being a choreographer and gymnast; to chorus and dancing in different productions. Aside from being a wife and a mother of two, acting is her second love. We hope to be seeing more of her in the future.

SAM NASH

LARRY FISCHER--Larry comes to the Wheeling Theater Troupe from the Deerfield Stagers. He has performed there frequently, playing parts in George Washington Slept Here, Don't Drink The Water, Hot L Baltimore and Auntie Mame. Although acting is Larry's favorite free time activity, participation in team sports runs a close second. He also sings and plays guitar.

WAITER AND  
ROY HUBLEY

JOHN CASCIOTTI--One of the original members of The Wheeling Theater Troupe, John has previously performed various roles in Hold Me, and recently portrayed the character, Prof. Meanfellow, in Star Trip our childrens production. John is currently studying voice, and along with theater, enjoys music and sports. Following his performance in Plaza Suite, John will be seen in the Best Off Broadway Players production of Music Man. We wish him much success.

JEAN MC CORMACK

CECILIA ENGLEMAN--A delightful newcomer to our group, She has taken on the challenging role of the secretary and has displayed her unique acting abilites. Cecilia has previously performed in The Mouse That Roared; and, put forth great effort in making Star Trip a success. We look forward to seeing more of this talented person in future productions.

WAITER AND  
BORDEN EISLER

FRED ROBINSON--Although this is Fred's acting debut, his rapid-fire delivery and commanding voice will surely grace our stage again. In his other life he becomes as quiet as a church-mouse, while he enjoys his hobbies painting and flying. Fred someday hopes to design an aircraft that will bring him great fortune. We wish him 'Good Luck'.

*Jesse, the Boy Wonder*  
JESSE KIPLINGER

*"Little Muriel Tate"*  
MURIEL TATE

NORMA HUBLEY

KURT BLOOM--Excitement is what Kurt has brought to the stage at Chevy Chase. Playing across from his equally talented wife; Kurt helps to provide a truly enjoyable evening. A newcomer to our group, he is no newcomer to theater as evidenced by his superior performance in this production. With newcomers like this, our group can't help but have continued succes

DEBBIE BLOOM--This talented lady has previously performed with the Village Players of Libertyville, in their production of California Suite. Her unlimited enthusiasm and creative abilities have made Debbie an asset to our group. Being recently married, she is enjoying a busy, happy and interesti life.

JAN DICOSOLA--Act III's Norma Hubley requires a versatile and extremely talented person. And, fortunately for us, Jan fills the bill. Her twelve years of community theater experience has proved invaluable to us, in this endeavor. We look for much help and guidance from this multi-talented woman in future productions.

MIMSEY HUBLEY

FRANCINE RUBIN--Traveling around the world is one of Fran's hobbies, but she has stopped off long enough to come to Chevy Chase to endow us with her acting abilities. Her previous credits include the role of Alice Russell in Lizzie Borden of Fall River; and, Senator Philamena Foghorn in Star Trip. For this production, Fran has also taken on the challenging role of assistant director, displaying a great degree of determination and energy.

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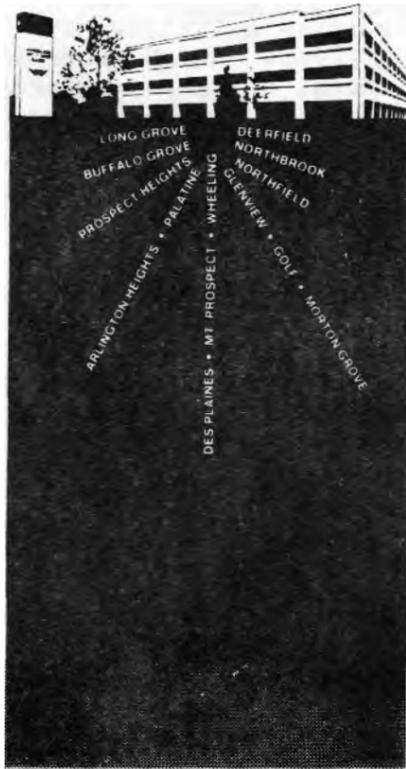
LIGHTING DESIGNER

RON DETTMAN--This talented man has turned on more stage stars in his lengthy career than Lawrence Olivier, unfortunately he's on the other side of the curtains. He's not only able to shed light on our subjects, in reality he can also ring our chimes! Ron works as an engineer for Illinois Bell and someday soon, we hope he'll be an important asset on the other side of the curtain.

SET DESIGNER

KEN PIERINI--This important member of our group certainly deserves special recognition, as he has performed well above and beyond the call of duty. Besides designing the sets, Ken helped in their construction. He was also in charge of obtaining all props used in this production; and, took charge of costumes, make-up, etc. All this, and he acts too! Our thanks to a very talented man.

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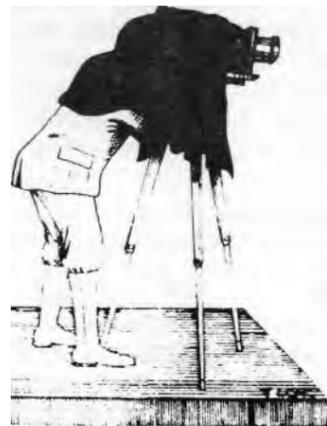
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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

NEIL SIMON was born in the Bronx, N.Y., on July 4, 1927. He attended New York University and the University of Denver. His first theatrical work was sketches for camp shows at Tamiment, Pa., in collaboration with his brother Danny. He became a T.V. writer, supplying a good deal of material to Sid Caesar and Phil Silvers. On Broadway, Simon contributed sketches to *Catch A Star* (1955) and *New Faces of 1956*. His first Broadway play was *Come Blow Your Horn* (1961), followed by the book for the musical *Little Me* (1962). His comedy *Barefoot In The Park* (1963) was selected as a Best Play of its season, as was *The Odd Couple* (1965). Neither of these had closed when *Sweet Charity*, a musical for which Simon wrote the book, came along in early 1966; and none of the three had closed when Simon's *The Star-Spangled Girl* opened the following season in December, 1966--so that Simon had four hits running at one time on Broadway during the season of 1966. When the last of the four closed the following summer, Simon's hits had played a total of 3,367 performances over a period of four theater seasons.

Neil Simon upholds a great tradition: he writes sure-fire comedies for the big audiences everywhere in the United States--our national Broadway. His insights are conventional--they match the audiences preconceptions--and his comedy technique is firmly set in the theatrical line of which he is the one steadily producing heir. His writing covers the structure of his slight plots with a bright patina of canny wisecracks which invariably produce the expected laughs, although one can hardly remember them shortly after they have exploded. The formula is a pillar of show business.

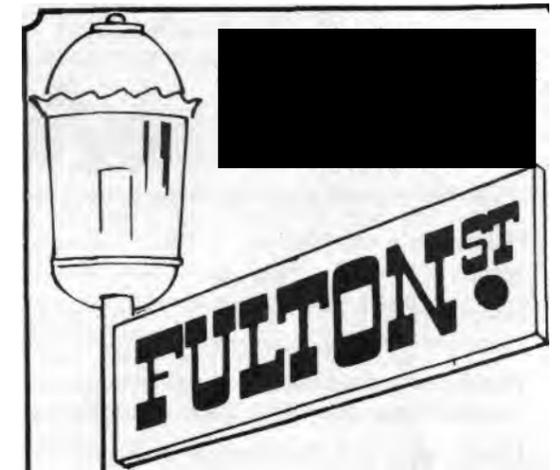


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--THE WHEELING THEATER TROUPE--

"A Community Effort"

MORE PEOPLE BEHIND THE SCENES

As the title states, this is a "Community Effort". Without the sincere desires and determination of the people in the group to learn, create, meet new friends and have fun; "The Wheeling Theater Troupe" would not be in existence. The group is young and growing.

The uniqueness of Community Theater lies in its dependence upon the particular community in which it has its roots, and in which it conducts theatrical activity by involving as much of the community as possible. The essential consideration is the necessary involvement of the Community itself in the well being and continuation of the group as a recognized enterprise in which the citizens take pride and to which they may look for theatrical entertainment of a better than average kind.

The production of a play is the end result of many people's efforts to create a cultural experience for the population of Wheeling.

Membership to the Wheeling Theater Troupe is open to all residents of Wheeling. Those interested in joining should call Heritage Park, 537-2222 for further information.

Everyone is encouraged to get involved whether you've had previous stage experience or just the desire. Join us. Get involved!

DIRECTOR---JUDY SAWYER---This multi-faceted lady has been involved in every aspect of the theater since 1956, when she starred in My Sister: Eileen, and worked as set designer and technical director. Since that auspicious beginning she has graced the stage in numerous starring roles, running the gamut from dramatic leads in Medea, to leading roles in four Neil Simon plays. You may have **also seen as** lady on television or heard her voice over the radio, because as a member of AFTRA and the Screen Actors Guild, she has performed in over 200 radio/tv/film commercials. The future? Well it wouldn't surprise any of us, and it would fulfill Judy's ambition, if one day you turned on As The World Turns, or General Hospital, and a new character was being played by Judy **Sawyer**.

PRODUCER---DEBBIE CARLSON---Debbie is Recreation Co-Ordinator for the Wheeling Park District. Her tasks as producer range from setting up play and rehearsal dates, organizing funds, solving problems, locking and unlocking doors. Debbie's other talents include sports and dancing which she also teaches at the Park District. Giving endless hours to many park programs, she is responsible for all those behind the scenes tasks.

CO-PRODUCER---LISA ANDERSON---Lisa is co-ordinator at the Wheeling Park District, for the adult and senior recreation programs. She is **always** available, and willing to lend a helping hand wherever needed.

MARYANN CHAPMAN---Maryann is a **newcomer to our** group, having recently moved to this area from California. Lucky for us!! For this production, she took on the challenging role of public relations chairperson--seeing to all those details concerning tickets, ad sales, mailing lists, programs, etc. Maryann has spent many hours and **late** nights to help make this production a success. It is our opinion that San Francisco's loss is our gain.

VALERIE CLARK---For this production, Valerie opted to work behind the scenes on set construction. Previously she has played a variety of roles for the Wheeling Theater Troupe--starting with Hold Me, and next playing the role of 'Carlotta' in Lizzie Borden (complete with Italian accent). Valerie also co-produced Star Trip, the first production for children by this group.

BARBARA LAHAY---One of the original members of the theater troupe, she is as dedicated as they come. Barbara performed several roles in our production of Hold Me; and, in Lizzie Borden, she portrayed the role of 'Bridget Sullivan'. For this production, Barbara gave her all to the P.R. committee--selling tickets, working on the program, and doing a tremendous job on ad sales.

GLORIA LAHAY---No job is left undone behind-the-scenes when this talented person is around. For the **two** previous productions, Hold Me and Lizzie Borden, and the current Plaza Suite, Gloria has done set construction, stage crew, P.R., program layout etc. She is also a Board member and the editor of the theater troupe **newsletter**. Gloria's talent for the written **word is** greatly appreciated by **the entire** group.

JEAN PIERINI---Talent abounds in the Pierini family! Jean made her acting debut as the 'dancer' in Hold Me, and followed that up with the leading role in Lizzie Borden displaying her tremendous acting abilities. Jean also put forth a great deal of energy in making Star Trip a success. For this production, Jean teamed up with husband, Ken, designing and building **sets**.



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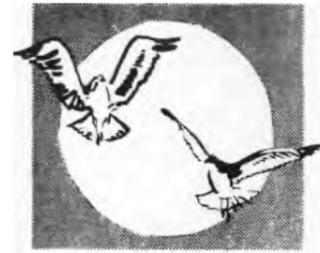
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ANNOUNCEMENT



ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

TIME: Before the                    thr. c.:\_ntu:y

AT RISE: An oppressively hot . . . gust tilt in. The stage is empty but from the kitchen come the angry voices of two men. One voice, as we will soon learn, belongs to the house's owner, Andrew Borden; the other voice to an unknown person,

ANDREW: . . . and I'll thank you never to threaten me! I ,3,n1.-t, ta.% threats lightly:

MAY: I want my money!

ANDREW: I owe you nothing;;:

MAN: You can't let away with this, you miser. I want my money:

ANDREW: Get off my property!

MAN: Because you're rich, you think you can get away with anything

ANDREW: I'll have the police after you!

MAY: Borden, you think you can fight on my side with the police. If you don't pay me within the next few days I'll teach you a lesson about fear!

ANDREW: Get off my property you spineless insolent. (During the argument, Lizzie Borden enters down right. She's a strong-willed young woman with a spine like a whalebone, possessed of a sharp tongue and often biting wit. She hears the fierce argument, strains to listen.)

MAN: I won't warn you again!

ANDREW: I have nothing further to say on the matter:::

MAN: Borden, (gasps Borden by the collar) you heard my warning. You best pay me what you owe me or . . . (Alarmed, Lizzie moves into the kitchen.)

ANDREW: (Pushes the man away.) Get out of my house!

MAY: Gladly, but I'll be back. . .

ANDREW: Lizzie, were you listening?

LIZZIE: I didn't mean to, Father. But **your** voice is **strong** and . . .  
Andrew, who was that man?

-1-

ANDREW: I've already told you that it's a matter that doesn't concern you.

LIZZIE: But that man threatened you. How could he be dangerous.

ANDREW: (Walks into the parlor, he picks up his coat, puts it on.)  
(Here's your sister?)

LIZZIE: Emma went to the train to meet Uncle Vinnie. (I-Jo runs.)  
He knows you don't like him. Father, please try to make him feel welcome.

ANDREW: I don't need you to remind me of manners . . . Why are you staring in that manner?

LIZZIE: The coat, it's so heavy and the heat's so pressing. People will think you are crazy, wearing that coat in this heat.

ANDREW: You don't look well. Did you have breakfast?

LIZZIE: Mutton broth for breakfast? Did you actually expect me to eat

LIZZIE: Funbr  
wealth enables us.

ANDREW: OUR UF4ALTH? You\* frivolous child, you know nothing regarding money managment. You wasted thn entire inheritance your late mother's will bestowed upon you. . . a trip to Europe. how wasteful. Such airs you have, wasteful. . . You must have clothes. . . you complain about the meals served you . . . Spend: Spend! Spend The onlykind tones spoken by you isuheny you must have money for some unnecessary extravagance.

LIZZIE: Food is not an extravagance; it is a necessity.

ANDREW: I will not argue any longer. I must go to the bank regarding some business. Have Bridget warm the mutton for lunch. . . Bo sure to lock the door after I leave. (Ho exits.)

LIZZIE: (Follows her father to the door.) Good morning, Father. (She locks the door as ho roquostod. She takes a handkerchief from her dross and dabs perspiration from her forehead). . . So hot. . . (She sits on the sofa, fanning herself as BAIDGET the family maid, enters down from center.)

BRIDGET: Do you want mo so set out a pitcher of ice water, hiss Lizzio?

LIZZIE: No, The more I drink, the thirstier I got.

BRIDGET: You didn't eat anything for breakfast. There's plenty mutton soup left over.

LIZZIE: I was afraid there would bo.

BRIDGET: Your father does like mutton.

LIZZIE: fly father is cheap: Ho wants you to heat up what's left over for lunch.

BRIDGET: O bless the saints: I was hoping we could throw it out.

LIZZIE: So was I.

BRIDGET: It's all lumpy and there's a strange odor to it.

LIZZIE: Servo it extra hot. Maybe my father's wife will got deathly sick from it.

BRIDGET: (Critical) Never a scrap of food goes to waste in this house. (Brightens) Last place I worked had eggs for breakfast every morning. I could fix you some.

LIZZIE: Don't trouble yourself. Besides, if firs. Borden saw me, she'd only use it against me. She would toll my father I tras too cyand to eat what everyono else did.

BRIDGET: (Lizzie and Bridget are allies in the house. Both resent Er. and hrs. Borden's miserly ways. ) It isn't as if your father can't afford to eat better.

LIZZIE: My father and his wife don't understand that life can be enjoyed. Father has only two diversions. . . making money and keeping it.

BRIDGET: That's a sore point with Mr. Sousa. (She plucks a dust cloth from an apron pocket and sets to work dustily; the side table. . . some chairs . . . working her way around the room.)

LIZZIE: How do you mean?

BRIDGET: You know how your father is. Never a day late when it comes to my pay, but with people from the other side of town it's different. Says if you give them all their money at once, they'll spend it foolishly.

LIZZIE: (Dabs at her neck, fidgeting, a losing battle to get cool. She stands, crosses to the table, sits thumbing through a book.) You mean foreign people. Father is always afraid they're going to do something; he won't approve of. . . Was that Mr. Sousa Father was arguing with this morning?

BRIDGET: I haven't seen Mr. Sousa this morning.

LIZZIE: Haven't you in the kitchen?

BRIDGET: I then?

LIZZIE: Just a few moments ago.

BRIDGET: No, I was in the barn.

LIZZIE: Didn't you see someone leave the house?

BRIDGET: No.

LIZZIE: From the back?

BRIDGET: No, I didn't.

(ABBY enters stage right to center. Lizzie rises to leave the room as she usually does when Mrs. Borden enters the same room Lizzie is in.)

BRIDGET: Feeling better, Mrs. Borden?

ABBY: Never mind how I'm feeling. It was probably your terrible cooking that turned my stomach. . . Good morning, Lizzie. (Lizzie pointedly ignores her. Abby sighs.)

BRIDGET: You never complained about my cooking before.

ABBY: It never mado ma ill

BRIDGET: I'll need your keys, Hrs. Borden.

ABBY: lqThe

BRIDGET: You've got a guest coming. Miss Emma's bringing him back from the station. I must prepare the guest room.

ABBY: I forgot. . . The first Hrs. Borden's brother is coming. He probably is looking for a handout as usual. He is not welcome here. I don't know why he insists on boring us with his presence.

LIZZIE: Uncle Vinnie is my Mother's brother. This is more his home than yours, you old crow.

ABBY: (Ignores Lizzie's statement. Turning to Bridget.) You'd better air out the room. It's probably stuffy in the guest room. Turn the mattress and set out fresh sheets.

BRIDGET: I know. . . I know.

ABBY: (Pulls a ring of keys from the pocket of her robe, chocks them, solects one, holds it up.) DON't open any of the other rooms and when you aro through, return the keys to me immediately.

BRIDGET: (Mockingly curtsies.) Yes, me lady. (Exits right.)

ABBY: I'm getting rid of her. Too much mouth. Let her go to Boston, or Lawrence and sweat in the shoe factories with the rest of her type.

LIZZIE: You won't get anyone to work as hard as she does for \$3 a week.

ABBY: She gets her meals.

LIZZIE: Mutton soup for breakfast, lunch and supper:

ABBY: I don't know why ,Irou remain in, this house. You hate it so.

LIZZIE: It isn't the house I hate, Mgrs. Borden.

ABBY: You have no reason to speak to mo in the manner in which you do.

LIZZIE: I'd prefer it if I had no reason to speak to you at all.

ABBY: You make things so difficult for your father and, yourself. (Lizzie fans herself with the handkorchief, a gesture that totally irritatos Abby.) I can't change your feelings for me, but I wish you would stop trying to turn your sister against me.

LIZZIE: I'm quite sure I don't know what you are talking about.

ALBY: You know perfectly well what I mean. I won't put up with you, —  
much longer. I mean what I mean Lizzie. I know how I can hurt you.

LIZZIE: And I will not put up with your ways much longer. I also know  
just how I can hurt you, Mrs. Borden.

(VOICES FROM OFFSTAGE, LEFT.)

MRS. HURRY, Uncle Vinnie.

ALBY: I have to pay the driver.

I've already taken care of him.

ALBY: I'd better go upstairs and dress.

LIZZIE: That's a good idea. You wouldn't want Uncle Vinnie to think  
you were slovenly. (Alby shakes her head at Lizzie's remark, exits right.)

MRS. HURRY: Lizzie is so pleased you're paying us a visit.

UNCLE VINNIE: (A little.) I'm pleased that she's pleased.

(Lizzie goes to the door, unlocks the door.)

MRS. HURRY: He is here at last.

(Uncle Vinnie embraces Lizzie.)

LIZZIE: Uncle Vinnie. . . I have missed you so.

Uncle Vinnie: Lizzie you look radiant as usual.

(I see one of the many changes that make up the complex personality of  
Lizzie Borden. With her uncle, she's warm, sincere, altogether likeable.  
Emma sets the suitcase by the fireplace.)

LIZZIE: You must be tired after such a long trip.

At least, but I will sit down. (Lizzie sits at home.  
He moves to the sofa, sits, looks around.) Place hasn't changed much.

LIZZIE: Like a museum.

ALBY: (Trying to soften Lizzie's sarcasm.) Father likes it this way.  
If you try to put up a new picture or move a chair, it upsets him terribly.

UNCLE VINNIE: (To Lizzie) Andrew is as set in his ways as the everlasting hills  
of Zion. That reminds me . . . How is your Sunday school coming along?

FLEA: Didn't you know? The church fellowship has put Lizzie in charge  
of all the classes.

VINNIE: ALL?

LIZZIE: I'm to supervise.

VINNIE: They must think a great deal of your abilities.

LIZZIE: I do my best.

ALMA: Don't listen to her, Uncle Vinnio. She's being, modest. You know how humble Lizzie is. Lizzie can do anything; she sets her mind to.

LIZZIE: In all fairness, I must say the Sunday school situation hasn't been all it might be. I think it's awfully important to keep the children's interest, to help make Sunday school something they look forward to. I've just put some of those ideas to work.

VINNIE: When I was a little boy, I always had trouble staying awake in Sunday school, but I didn't have a teacher as charming as Lizzie Borden.

LIZZIE: How long are you staying in Fall River ?

VINNIE: I have some business matters to discuss with your father. The length of my stay depends upon your father's cooperation regarding business.

LIZZIE: (Curious.) OH?

VINNIE: That shouldn't take long, than the three of us will have a wonderful visit. (Looks around the house.) Where's Abby?

LIZZIE: My father's wife will be down later. She isn't fooling well.

VINNIE: serious, I hope.

ALMA: I think it's the heat. (Bridget enters down right.)

LIZZIE: I don't think Bridget was with us the last time, when you were here, Uncle Vinnio.

VINDIE: No, it was a girl named Maggie.

ALMA: Maggie went to Vermont. She's working in a cannery.

LIZZIE: (To Bridget.) This is my dear mother's brother, Mr. Horse.

BRIDGET: (Aloud curtsies) Welcome, Sir. I just turned your mattress.

VINNIE: Thank you, Bridget. (He stands, I'll go to my room and wash off some of the grime. Trains are so dirty.

LIZZIE: (Nods to luggage.) There is Mr. horse's suitcase.

BRIDGET: (Picks it up.) I opened the windows, but there's not much fresh air upstairs. (Bridget exits right. Vinnio follows.)

VINNIE: (Exiting.) I hate August. The heat always makes me feel as if something's hanging over me that I can't throw off.

MIA: It's going to be so pleasant having Uncle Vinnie with us.

LIZZIE: I wonder what business he had with Father?

na: Probably something about Hothor's estate.

LIZZIE: Yes, but after all these years.

HI IA: You're always so concerned about estates and wills and business. You and Father make a fine pair.

LIZZIE: (Sarcastically.) Watch out for the Jennies; Emma and the dollars will take care of themselves.

EMMA: Did you talk to him?

LIZZIE: I'Jho?

EMMA: Father, of course. Did you talk to him about serving; decent meals?

LIZZIE: I'll take care of Father... There will be a lot of changes around the Borden house . . . I will personally see to it. I will never live miserly again. Just be patient, Emma. Trust me. . . (Takes a locket from her pocket. Holds it up.) I saw this in the jeweler's window. The emerald in the center is your birthstone.

EMMA: azzio, you're so kind and thoughtful. O thank you, Lizzie. You take care of me.

LIZZIE: I'll take it, Emma.

EMMA: I will always wear this.

LIZZIE: You'd better see if you can make Uncle Vinnie comfortable. Too bad we don't have a garden of our own. If only our father's wife didn't consider fresh flowers a foolishness. . . I'll stay along. So to Uncle Vinnie. (Still admiring the locket, Emma exits down right. Lizzie looks about the room, sighs with the heat, sits at the table . . . )

SOUSA'S VOICE (From kitchen.) Sousa here!

LIZZIE: (Without breaking away from her daydreaming.) Come in, Air. Sousa. It's quite alright.

SOUSA: (A moment passes and Sousa, the handyman, enters cautiously. He's ill at ease. In a while, he takes off his cap.) Your father said he wanted to have the roof on the barn patched up.

LIZZIE: (Still doesn't look up.) He isn't here at the moment. He'll be back for lunch.

SOUSA: I don't think I can start till next Hrs. Churchill wants  
me to cut down some dead trees. That's hard work, **takoc a** few days.

LIZZIE: (2ored.) You can discuss that with my father.

SOUSA: You've cot a dead troo out back of the barn. It ought to come  
dorm, too.

LIZZIE: I'm sure my father Till be arirecable if the price is right.

SOUSA: I've got a now one that'll do the trick.

LIZZIE: (Still not paying much attontion to Sousa.) Neu That?

SOUSA: (Fast exit out the kitchen door, returns Immediately with a  
chopping axe, the blade glistens. Ho holds it in both hands.) Soo . . .  
(Lizzie finally turns, stands and stares at the blade. Sousa holds the  
axe as if he Toro offal-inn; somo gift of rare valuo.) Nice, huh?  
(He *grins* proudly.)

Fade out.

ACT ONE

SCENE T40

AT RISE: That evening, Lizzie is conducting an informal meeting to discuss the question of Women's Rights. She stands between the sofa and the table, an open book in hand. Emma and Vinnie sit on the sofa. Bridget sits at the table, as does friend of Lizzie's, Alice Russell, a pleasant sort of young woman. Just before curtain, we hear the sound of applauding, the women responding to some comment made by Lizzie

LIZZIE: . . . wait, there's more. (She reads.) "We face the future fortified only with the lessons we have learned from the past. It is today that we must create the world of the future, in the very real sense". (Sighs, contented.) I derive a great deal of strength from the writings of Miss Anthony. She is a true pioneer and a model we women can look up to in thought and action.

EMMA: What do you think of women's rights, Uncle Vinnie?

VETTE: I must confess, I haven't given the matter much thought being a bachelor.

LIZZIE: That's the problem. If people don't give the matter much thought, we can hardly expect women to grow out of this servile position we have existed in for centuries. We must have action . . . now.

ALICE: Your niece has been an inspiration to all of us, Mr. horse. Oh, that isn't to say there hasn't been some criticism.

LIZZIE: (Moves behind Alice.) There are always people who want to hold back progress. I agree wholeheartedly with the aims of the woman's suffrage movement. Like Susan B. Anthony, I feel the American woman is close to being accepted as equal under the laws of our land.

BRIDGET: (Perplexed.) She isn't now?

LIZZIE: Certainly not. Bridget, you ask the same questions every time discuss the topic.

BRIDGET: It's hard to understand. What's good's the right to vote for me?

ALICE: There's more to the subject than merely the right to vote. Surely you have aspirations?

BRIDGET: I have.

ALICE: What are they?

BRIDGET: I would like to get another fifty cents a week.

VINNIE: (Laughs. To Alice.) I'm afraid you and Miss Anthony have a long, rough road ahead.

BRIDGET: The way I look at it, another fifty cents is as good as a vote any day.

LIZZIE: (Slams the book shut, moves right, laughs, stands by the fireplace.) My uncle is quite right. You are simply hopeless, Bridget.

BRIDGET: I suspect I am.

(EMMA AND ALICE laugh good naturedly, then Vinnie joins in. Bridget beams at the light spirit. Andrew and Abby enter stage left, take in the scene, frown. Lizzie senses the freeze. Slowly the others turn around. )

ANDREW: I thought you'd **be** finished with this .Coolish discussion by this hour.

LIZZIE: We're almost finished with our discussion of woman's rights, father.

(He takes out a pocket watch and studies the time. Bridget takes the hint, stEnd

BRIDGET: finish up in the kitchen. (Bridget exits right.)

ALICE: It **was especially** interesting; tonight, Mrs. Borden. You should have joined our discussion this evening.

ABBY: (Taking off her bonnet, crosses down right.) Emma, if you and your sister stay up very late, make sure you lock all the doors before retiring for the evening. (She exits.)

ANDREW: (Continues to ~~huc~~ the pocket watch---making the women uncomfortable. I didn't realize how late it is. Must be close to nine o'clock.

VINNIE: (Hint of sarcasm. ) Imagine nine o'clock already.

ALICE: (Stands.) I must **be** getting along. (To Lizzie ) It is a shame Ave. Mr. Judd didn't come this evening.

ALICE: Mr. Judd? I didn't know he shared my daughter's enthusiasm for woman's suffrage.

VINNIE: **Lizzie** is a persuasive woman.

ANDREW: Don't tell me she's persuaded you?

VINNIE: She has set me to thinking.

ANDREW: I credited you with more sense, Vinnie.

VINNIE: No need to be rude, Andrew. I believe Lizzie is quite right. Women don't share equally in our society.

ANDREW: Why should they? They're sheltered, cared for, protected; **especially Miss Lizzie** Borden.

LIZZIE: Yes, at the insistence of men.

ANDA34: That stuff is nonsense. I hope **you don't preach** any of this rubbish in your Sunday school classes.

LIZZIE: I am a good Now England God-fearing woman. I would never preach anything I didn't fool was right and good for all.

ANDREU: I am relieved to hoar of your virtues, Lizzie Borden.

ALICE: (Feeling a bit uncomfortable.) It was a pleasure meeting you, hr. Morse. I must find my way back home. It is quite late. **Good** night, all.

VINNIE: I hope we can spend more time together during my stay.

ALICE: That would be quito lovely. Thank you, hr. horse.  
EMMA: Good night, Alice.

ALICE: I'll see you tomorrow, Emma. Don't forget we did plan a shopping trip.

LIZZIE: I am sure she **won't**. **Good** night, Alice.

**ALICE: (I)oving toward** the door, Emma following her.) Good evening, Mr. Borden.

ANDREJ: (Finally putting his pocket watch away.) Alice.

ALICE: (Turns to the others. Mr. Jubb has arrived.) It's Eby. Jubb.

JUBB: (Entering) I am sorry for boing so late. I had to visit the hospital, and before I was through, the time had slipped away. . . Good evening, Mr. Borth.

ANWEW: (Barely a civil nod.) Mr. Jubb.

LIZZIE: Father, you look warm and uncomfortable. Could I get you something to drink?

ANDREW: I would thank you. But I'll let Bridget get it. That's what she's paid for. (Ho oxits to the kitchen.)

JUBB: :lave I come at a bad time?

MR. JUBB: Have I come at a bad time?

LIZZIE: (Indicates a chair at the table) You should be used to Father and his ways by now. (Jubb moves to the table-Lizzie follows)

ALICE: I'll be on my way now. I'm sorry, Mr. Jubb I can't stay to visit with you. You haven't forgotten your dinner invitation tomorrow evening?

JUBB: No Alice I haven't. Tell your parents I will be there at 6:00. I'm looking forward to a pleasant evening at the Russells.

ALICE: Thank you. Good night.

EMMA: (Stands) Wait. Ill? walk you to the corner. (Emma crosses center, exits with Alice...Jubb looks to Vinnie.)

JUBB: I don't believe I've had the pleasure.

VINNIE: I'm Mr. Morse, Lizaie's Uncle.

LIZZIE: I am sorry, Aaron. I thought you two had met.

VINNIE: Do sit down.

JUBB: Thank you. (He sits) How did this evening's conversation go?

LIZZIE: Mrs. Churchill didn't show up.

JUBB: (Thoughtfully) I was afraid she wouldn't.

LIZZIE: Oh? (Jubb looks to Vinnie, meaning what he has to say might be considered "Private"...Vinnie takes the hint)

VINNIE: I could do with some warm milk. Helps me sleep.

LIZZIE: Don't let us run you off.

VINNIE: (Stands) I'll only be in the kitchen. Mr. **Jubb** may I get you something?

JUBB: (Stands) No. Thank you. You're very kind. (Vinnie nods, Exits into the kitchen)

LIZZIE: You are acting rather mysterious. What *seems* to be the problem?

JUBB: It's Mrs. Churchill.

LIZZIE: What about her? (Lizzie crosses to the sofa, **Jubb** follows)

JUBB: I'm afraid she has been behaving badly.

LIZZIE: How do you mean?

JUBB: You are aware that Mrs. Churchill has taught the senior Sunday school class for many years?

LIZZIE: I am not likely to forget it. She reminds me of that fact every chance she gets. And may I add she reminds everyone else too!

JUBB: Yes...she is rather possessive about the post.

LIZZIE: I believe she feels she has the post for life?

JUBB: (Embarrassed) The point is...what I mean to say<sup>000</sup> let me see how I can best express it....

LIZZIE: (Lizzie watches him with an understanding smile. She is genuinely fond of him) Poor Aaron...what a task you have. Trying to keep everyone in the fellowship happy. I think I know what you are trying to say. (Direct, professional) Mrs. Churchill is upset that she wasn't appointed supervisor. ...That's the problem, isn't it?

JUBB: I admire the way you go right to the heart of any problem.

LIZZIE: I'm not exactly a diplomat, am I?

JUBB: I wouldn't say that. I've never doubted your abilities. You're so clever and dependable. And may I add a very intelligent woman.

LIZZIE: These are the virtues, I presume, that make me qualified to supervise.

JUBB: Absolutely..

LIZZIE: (Lightly) Mrs. Churchill doesn't see it that way, and she's making things rather unpleasant for you?

JUBB: Exactly.

LIZZIE: I'll see what I can do to unruffle her feathers. It's difficult enough having her for a neighbor. I don't want her for an adversary.

JUBB: You seem to have solved my problem with a minimum of effort. (Smiles) As usual, Miss Borden.

LIZZIE: (Smiles) Leave Mrs. Churchill to me, Mr. Jubb, I know how to handle a woman of her kind.

JUBB: Don't think me rude, but I must be on my way. I promised to stop off at the city jail. Seems there's need of a clergyman there.

LIZZIE: Your visits are never long enough Mr. Jubb.

JUBB: Well, Lizzie I know how your father feels about me. I don't wish to cause you any unnecessary problems.

LIZZIE: Is father the reason?

JUDD: Please Lizzie, I don't wish to cause you well....I don't know how to say this..

**LIZZIE: You must tell me, Aaron!**

JUBB: Borden, No I have said enough. I must go..(Lizzie understands what Jubb is trying to tell her She controls her anger)

LIZZIE: (Stands) I'll walk part of the way with you.

JUBB: I'd like that.

LIZZIE: Uncle Vinnie! (Lizzie and Jubb move **Center..Vinnie** enters from the kitchen.)

**VINNIE: It was a pleasure** meeting you, Reverend.

JUBB: All you he staying long in Fall River?

VINNIE: That...that depends.

LIZZIE: be back shortly.

JUDD: Goodnight, Mr. Morse.

VINNIE: Goodnight, Rev. Jubb. (**They exit..he sits** at the table)

(stage lights fade) (spots remain downstage)

(Lizzie and Jubb **proceed** to platform)

JUBB: Lizzie, I am worried about the Congregation.

LIZZIE: Worried! Everything appears to be going fine.

JUBB: **It's** our finances. I desperatly need a sizeable donation to keep things going the way I see fit.

LIZZIE: (Wanting to help, yet knowing the vast Borden wealth is her Father's rather than hers.) I can talk to Father.

JUBB: No--you have done so much already for the Congregation. I can't ask you (He pauses wanting to add to the story:an after-thought) It's only when Church matters are in order I can ask the woman who is dearest to me----To be my wife But then I wonder!

**LIZZIE: fonder'**

JUBB: Wonder....if she will be free to be my wife. I wonder if her father will give consent...

5  
LIZZIE: (Amazed at the haphazard proposal she has just received--- she proceeds to plot as usual) Someday I will inherit a great sum of money That day also gives me my freedom to choose, if I so desire, to marry the man of my choice. But what do I do until that day? (Jubb listens--thinks---)

JUBB: Maybe that day isn't too far away!

LIZZIE: (Ponders on Jubbs' statement) Maybe it isn't!  
(A pause again...Lizzie appears to be plotting, she changes her mood to one of anxiety and fear.) Oh, Aaron, I have been so frightened lately. So many strange things have been happening here lately. Somebody has broken in the house things have been missing. Father has been threatened by some man from the other side of town.

JUBB: Have you reported this to the police?

LIZZIE: Yes, but father wanted things kept secret. He told the police to drop the case. Actually, I shouldn't even be telling you this.

JUBB: I am your friend. You can trust me.

LIZZIE: Then, just yesterday, someone tried to poison Abby.... Something bad is in the air. I have the feeling something terrible is going to happen tomorrow.

JUBB: Lizzie, I'm sure everything will be alright..This awful heat is getting to you.

LIZZIE: Thank you for comforting me. Perhaps I shouldn't have told you all this. After all it is a family matter.

JIM: You matter to me. Now go get a good night's sleep. Good night Lizzie.

LIZZIE: Good night Aaron. (Aaron exits right through the audience- Lizzie exits left)

(Action on Main stage-full lights)

VINNIE SITTING AT THE TABLE-BRIDGET ENTERS CARRYING A MUG OF ILLARM MILK)

BRIDGET: I put in a doh of einn,qmem. (She *crosses* to the table.. sets down the mug.)

VINNIE: Thank you Bridget. It looks good.

BRIDGET: It's nice'n hot. (Looks around) Miss Lizzie gone out?

VINNIE: With Rev. Jubb.

BRIDGET: He didn't stay long did he?

VINNIE: I suspect he preferrud to Le aimie with my niece.

BRIDGET: I'll be up in my room if you need anything...Mr. mur,..  
Mr. Borden will be down to double check all the doors are locked.

VINNIE: He certainly worries about locking up, doesn't he?

BRIDGET: Every door in the house has a lock and key.

VINNIE: What's he afraid of?

BRIDGET: There've been robberies in the neighborhood.

VINNIE: None here, I trust.

BRIDGET: Yes, but Mr. Borden doesn't wish anyone to talk about it.

VINNIE: Oh. I understand....Goodnight Bridget.

BRIDGET: Good night Sir. (She exits stage right)

ANDREW: (Eaters as Bridget leaves) Rev. Jubb gone?

VINNIE: You didn't exactly make him feel very welcome, Andrew.

ANDREW: If he wants to visit my house, he may come at a decent hour.  
Anyway, There is something about that man I don't care for. For  
a clergyman I find him....There is something deceitful about him.  
I can't say what **it is**....I just don't know.

VINNIE: (Knowing Andrew's dislike of everyone he meets, he ignores  
the latter half of Andrew's statement) Nine o'clock in the evening  
isn't exactly the hour before dawn.

ANDREW: Might as well be as far as I'm concerned. He **shouldn't**  
encourage Lizzie in her wild ideas.

VINNIE: Now I understand your dislike for the man. He shows  
interest in Lizzie.

ANDREW: **NO**, no it's not that. I just don't trust the man. Where  
are they?

VINNIE: Gone for a walk. Lizzie said she'd be back shortly.

ANDREW: (Sits on the sofa) I'll wait up for her.

VINNIE: There's no need, Andrew. She's a young woman capable of taking care of herself.

ANDREW: I prefer to wait until everyone's in the house for the evening.

VINNIE: So you can lock up.

ANDREW: Yes.

VINNIE: You haven't changed much over the years. You never were what some people might term "A trusting Man".

ANDREW: (Coldly, direct) Just why are you here?

VINNIE: (Now Vinnie begins a subtle change in character. His words take on a somewhat hard edge, as if he were playing a desperate game) For a visit.

ANDREW: That's all?

VINNIE: There's no sense in trying to deceive you, is there?

ANDREW: Say what you have to say.

VINNIE: (Stands, takes a step toward the sofa.) Andrew, before my sister died, she made it clear that the property she owned in New Hampshire should come to me. (He doesn't answer and this makes Vinnie uneasy) I've never pressed the point. Until now I've never felt the need.

ANDREW: Not legal, you know, unless it's in black and white.

VINNIE: We both heard her say it. You promised her that you'd see to her wish.

ANDREW: She was a sick woman. Her thoughts and actions were never sensible.

VINNIE: You would never allow her a doctor until it was too late to help her, and even her dying wish

ANDREW: (Doesn't allow Vinnie to finish his statement) What you're saying is....you want to hold me to the wish of a dying woman. She didn't know what she was saying half the time....

VINNIE: I've suffered some financial setbacks. The truth of the matter is....I'm penniless.

ANDREW: You should learn to live frugally.

VINNIE: (His temper flashes) We can't all live the way you do Andrew..It takes talent to be a successful miser. (he gives him a withering look. Vinnie realizes he made a mistake) Forgive me. I shouldn't have said that.

ANDREW: It's the sort of thing I'd expect from Lizzie. I guess she gets her nasty attitude from her mother's side.

VINNIE: I will ignore that. I want the property. You will honor my sister's wish.

ANDREW: You have no claim on the property.

VINNIE: Legally, perhaps not. Morally, I am most assuredly entitled to it.

ANDREW: Why have you waited for so many years to bring this matter up?

VINNIE: Hoping that you would give me the deed without my asking. Having to come to you like this it's humiliating. I haven't pressed the issue before because I didn't need help until now.

ANDREW: If it's money you want...I will live you a small sum.

VINNIE: I have no wish to sell the property.

ANDREW: The property is not yours to sell, Vinnie. It's mine legally .which is the only right that matters.

VINNIE: You can't believe that.

ANDREW: It's more important that you believe it. There is a certain "nuisance value" to your claim and with the money I shall give you. I trust that will cease.

VINNIE: (Stunned) Nuisance value?

ANDREW: I shall, of course, require you to sign a paper that the sum I pay relieves me of any financial responsibility toward you.

VINNIE: I can't }relieve what I am hearing.

ANDREW: Be sensible, Vinnie. I'm a businessman. I have no time for sentiment. What I propose is fair and just.

VINNIE: Sometimes I wonder what my sister ever saw in you.

ANDREW: That needn't concern you..

VINNIE: You were never this cold, never so grasping, never so selfish. I always thought you a man without much heart, but to deny your dead wife's wish...it's cruel, wicked. Don't think I don't know what's made you the way you are...Abby. She's done it. She's told you to hold on to every piece of land, hasn't she?

ANDREW: (Stands) I've never seen you this way, Vinnie. I don't understand you at all.

VINNIE: (He has been outspoken, almost uncontrolled, He breathes deeply) I'll ask you again, Andrew. Will you honor my sister's dying wish? Will you deed me the New Hampshire farm?

(Both men turn to the door, realize Emma is standing there.)

EMMA: (Enters left) Night time is as hot as daytime in Fall River. Not a hint of a breeze.

ANDREW: (To Vinnie) We'll talk about this later.

(VINNIE forces himself to hold back his anger, He picks up the inul;- exits to the kitchen)

EMMA: Is anything the matter with Uncle Vinnie?

ANDREW: Family business. Don't concern yourself.

EMMA: I'm family, aren't I? (She moves downstage center, stands beside her father)

ANDREW: (Gently) Why trouble yourself with business affairs?

EMMA: Lizzie is right. You keep all matters regarding business a total secret. Father, we only wish to help. Someday some one must take over your business. You are not going to live forever.

ANDREW: Are you looking forward to the day of my death?

EMMA: Father, I didn't say I wanted you dead. I said Lizzie or myself should know how to handle your business affairs. Some one other than Abby should know how to carry on the mill and the bank. Some one in the family must take charge. You have worked hard for many years to establish yourself as a financial leader of this community, That stupid, (Lizzie) Abby will destroy the Borden family after you've passed on.

ANDREW: Now I understand. For years I have blamed Lizzie for the hate and confusion in this family regarding Abby. But Lizzie has been doing your dirty work. Sweet Emma, who wouldn't hurt any one When your mother died you were only twelve years old, and Lizzie two years. You mothered Lizzie. Took care of her every need. You taught her to read and write. ...Sweet Emma...the little Mother...taking care of your baby sister My eyes were closed when you taught her to hate

EMMA: Father, how could you say these things. Now your sick distrusting nature has cluttered into the shelter of our home. You are 0.0 vsry wrong

Ay/nark Am I, Emma?

LIZZIE: (Enters stage left, Emma and Andrew change the mood of their conversation. Moves towards her father and sister) Poor Aaron. He has such a good heart. People take advantage of him.

ANDREW: (Sits on the sofa) You have a good heart too, Lizzie. You should be careful people don't take advantage of you.

LIZZIE: (Surprised by this observation) I'll try to see that it doesn't happen.

EMMA: Are you sure I can't get you something from the kitchen?

ANDREW: No, my stomach is a bit upset. Perhaps dinner didn't agree with me.... (Pauses, looks at both of his daughters--searching for a way to create some peace within his family...) What would you say if I told you I was planning on selling the house?

EMMA: (From Lizzie's and Emma's reactions Andrew may have said the wrong thing) SELLING THE HOUSE?

ANDREW: Uh-huh

LIZZIE: (Excited) Emma would disapprove, but I wish we could get rid of it. I have always hated it. It's a shabby, classless house.

EMMA: Where would we move?

ANDREW: I have no idea...Only a passing thought.

LIZZIE: Father, there are some wonderful new houses being built on the hill above the harbor. Let me show them to you. They even have indoor plumbing....I hate using the out house...carrying down a slop pail every morning isn't conducive for our class...

JUST THEN ABBY ENTERS-STAGE RIGHT

ABBY: Indoor plumbing, is new-fangled, expensive, unnecessary.

LIZZIE: Some of us will always remain primitive.

ANDREW: That's enough.

LIZZIE: 'We WERE having a pleasant conversation until she waddled downstairs..

ABBY: Lizzie, I live here, too. I try not to get in your way. Why must you verbally abuse me?

ANDREW: WE MUST HAVE PEACE IN THIS FAMILY....

LIZZIE: The only way we will ever experience a peaceful existence in this house is...When the weeds are removed. (Turning directly to Abby with this statement)

ABBY: For once I agree with you Lizzie. The weed must be removed.

(Turning to Andrew)...Did you lock up?

ANDREW: I'll tend to it later.

ABBY: Go around and see to the barn door. We can't afford another robbery. (Andrew exits upstage right)

LIZZIE: Why doesn't father stand up to that peasant?

EMMA: I think he's weary of arguing.

LIZZIE: How could he marry such a woman after mother. She's petty and dull. (Speaking directly to Abby) Oh I forgot...stupid too!

ABBY: I have never known anyone who could get so much pleasure from being unpleasant.

VINNIE: (Enters from the kitchen ....looking somewhat angered)

LIZZIE: Uncle Vinnie, what's wrong?

VINNIE: (Totally out of control) Forgive me...But...I don't mean to...I can't help myself.

EMMA: (:talks to Vinnie to console him) What is it?

LIZZIE: Please Uncle Vinnie, sit and relax.

VINNIE: (Crosses to the sofa, sits) I asked your father to help me. I asked him to give me the farm in New Hampshire.

LIZZIE: (Confirms) The one mother wanted you to have.

VINNIE: v--...he won't do it!

EMMA: That was mother's wish!

VINNIE: The stock I counted on for dividends, - - - gone down to nothing. I don't know what I am going to do.

LIZZIE: Why didn't you come to Emma and Me? Possibly, we could have talked to father..

VINNIE: I could live at the farm. I could rent out the land. I wouldn't have to depend on charity.

LIZZIE: You say Father refused you?

VINNIE: Yes. He refused.

EMMA: Why would he turn his back on mother's wish?

VINNIE: (Points an accusing finger at Abby) There's your answer. She has turned your father against me. She's the one...Before long she will turn Andrew against his own daughters. She is a heartless woman....Knows only of greed...Somebody better do something about that evil woman before she destroys you as she has destroyed me...

(EMMA AND LIZZIE LOOK TO ANNY, their expression hard and hostile..  
ABBY doesn't flinch)

SLOW FADE OUT

CURTAIN

ACT ONE

SCENE THREE

AT RISE: Next Day... Andrew sits on the sofa reading the morning paper.

SOUSA'S VOICE (From the kitchen) Sousa. (Andrew looks Downstage Right, back to his paper, doesn't answer.) Sousa.

ANDREW: You may COME fx-vm thy Kitchen,  
doffs his cap, carrying his axe, nods humbly) Well...what is it?

SOUSA: I chopped down the dead tree.

ANDREW: (fl,, continues to read his paper) Sousa nervously  
nis weight from foot to foot)

SOUSA: Mr. Borden Sir.. The...

ANDREW: What is it?

SOUSA: Mr. Borden could I have the money you owe me..

ANDREW: (Sighs puts aside the paper) Sousa, if I give you people too much money all at once you'll spend it foolishly.

SOUSA: I did the work fast.. I did a good job.

ANDREW: I would expect no less. A true workman is worth his  
Always remember that..

SOUSA: Then give me my money.

ANDREW: (He dips into his pocket, comes over with a coin.) Here you are..

SOUSA: (Crosses to Borden takes the coin-he finally has lost his temper) Where is the rest of it?

ANDREW: Each week I will give you a certain amount. That way you'll be protected against yourself,

SOUSA: Mr. Borden you still owe me money from last month. I am a poor man trying to make a living.

ANDREW: You people don't understand money. You will get what you are owed, but in a sensible, businesslike fashion. Trust me Sousa. It's for your own good.

SOUSA: (Stares at him angrily) I don't wish to beg, I am a proud man just as you... I work hard, I expect to be paid for my work. I have warned you once

ANDREW: (Stunned) Don't take that tone with me.

SOUSA: I want my money, .Now!

ANDREW: (Stands) You'll get your money when I decide you deserve it. Now get out!

SOUSA: Don't talk to me as if I was a dog.

ANDREW: I'll send for the police. You know what they do to your people when there's a complaint. (They glare at each other--Sousa exits upstage left) No Sousa, the back door.

SOUSA: (Turns) No Borden the FRONT DOOR (Sousa exits upstage almost bumping Mrs. Churchill aside. She was about to knock)

MRS. CHURCHILL: (Indignant) Mr. Sousa, watch what you're doing. (She enters cautiously, a muddled-aged woman, prim and proper, closes the door) Did you see that Mr. Borden?

ANDREW: I apologize, Mrs. Churchill. I suspect he's been drinking. You know how these foreigners argil I ran him off. He won't be working around here again. Please sit down.

MRS. CHURCHILL: (She moves to the sofa, sits -Andrew folds his paper, tucks it under his arm) Not safe to walk across the street anymore with all these foreigners around.

ANDREW: I'll deal with Sousa in my own way.

LIZZIE: (Enters center) Stiffling day isn't it?

ANDREW: You are up late this morning. Aren't you feeling well?

LIZZI: I just don't know what it is... I don't feel myself today. Goodmorning Mrs. Churchill.

MRS. CHURCHILL: (Coolly) Coodmorning Miss Eorden.

ANDREW: You two probably want to talk church matters, I apologize again for Sousa, if you'll excuse me, Mrs. Churchill.

MRS. CHURCHILL: It's already forgotten. (Andrew exits)

LIZZIE: (Moving behind the sofa) That about Mr. Sousa?

MRS. CHURCHILL: He almost knocked me down.

LIZZIE: Doesn't sound like him. Mr. Sousa is usually so quiet about everthing he does.

MRS. CHURCHILL: I didn't make it up.

LIZZIE: I'm sure you didn't. May I offer you a cup of coffee?

MRS. CHURCHILL: No thank you.

LIZZIE: Tea?

MRS. CHURCHILL: Nothing.

LIZZIE: (Moves Downstage Center) I've been meaning to pay you a visit for some time.

MRS. CHURCHILL: I realize your time is valuable, and I do live so far away. Such a great distance to travel • ..Right across the street!

LIZZIE: I've been so busy. What did you want to talk about?

MRS. CHURCHILL: You know perfectly well, Miss Borden.

LIZZIE: (Friendly) Won't you call me Lizzie?

MRS. CHURCHILL: (Thoughtful pause, then) He.

LIZZIE: Can't we be friends?

MRS. CHURCHILL: That depends on you. (Lizzie and Mrs C. eye each other like birds of prey)

LIZZIE: You're upset because the church fellowship has appointed me in charge of the Sunday School classes.

MRS. CHURCHILL: You head so many other committees. You have so many other interests. I've devoted many years to my Sunday school teaching. I was teaching long before you got interested. The fellowship owes me something. I deserve the posif.lon you've taken from me.

LIZZIE: I haven't taken anything from you. I was offered the post-I accepted.

MRS. CHURCHILL: Of course, I don't curAy'ihutc as ly to the church as you do. I'm not wealthy.

LIZZIE: Nor am I.

MRS. CHURCHILL: You're not exactly penniless.

LIZZIE: Are you suggesting that I 'Bought' the post?

MRS. CHURCHILL: I'm not as clever as you. I can't twist people around my finger. You have a champion in Rev. Mr. Jubb.

LIZZIE: What you've suggested is both inaccurate and insulting.

MRS. CHURCHILL: I should be in charge of the Sunday School department.

LIZZIE: Well, you're not. I am. What would you suggest I do?

MRS. CHURCHILL: Resign.

LIZZIE: (Stunned) You can't be serious.

MRS. CHURCHILL: (Adamai'') I am.

LIZZIE: I see. (Direct) I'll be just randid with you. I believe I was selected because, for some time, results in the classes have been less than admirable. I've observee Y-' methods and, frankly, I consider you a poor teacher.

MRS. CHURCHILL: (Incensed) How dare you!

LIZZIE: Not only will I keep my new post, but I shall do everything in my power to persuade Mr. Jubb to retire you to some 'less taxing' position with the Fellowship.

MRS. CHURCHILL: You'd take away the one thins that means everything to me?

LIZZIE: I'm concerned for the children, not for you. I know your feelings towards me. It would be impossible for us to work together.

MRS. CHURCHILL: (Weakening) If you take away my teaching what will I do?

LIZZIE: Have you considered becoming a Quaker?

(Furious, Mrs. Churchill rises, turns on her heel, Exits upstage left, .Lizzie laughs. Abby enters from the kitchen carrying a bowl of pears--Crosses to sidetable and sets it down)

ABBY: Why, hello Mrs. Churchill. I didn't know you were here. (Mrs. Churchill Exits, Slamming the door) What's the matter with her?

LIZZIE: She's thinking of becoming a Quaker<sub>s</sub>

ABBY: A Quaker? (Lizzie laughs as she proceeds to exit Center Stage) Why are you laughing?

LIZZIE: Must be the heat. I can feel it baking my brain. I'll be up in my room. I must start planning.

ABBY: Planning what?

LIZZIE: (Continues to laugh)

BRIDGET: (Enters Stage Right) Mrs. Borden, I think I ate something that didn't agree with me. I guess I just can't tolerate mutton soup for the fourth day. ; -Mould you mind if I went to my room just to rest....

ABBY: Would you mind starving to death because you were out of a job? No, I will not have you waste your time and my money. Wash all the windows inside and out.

BRIDGET: But it's so bloody hot today. I'm just not feeling well.

ABBY: I give the orders. Now go outside and start washing these windows.

BRIDGET: (Taking the buckets, mumbling under her breath) Some day you'll have to answer to God and I hope it's soon.

ANDREW: (Enters Stage Right) I'll be off now Abby. (Looking around) Where are the girls?

ABBY: Both are upstairs in their bedrooms.

ANDREW: Good. I have made arrangements with the lawyer regarding my will. You must meet me downtown at the bank at 10:00.

ABBY: What will I tell Lizzie if she asks where I am going?

ANDREW: I have arranged for a messenger to deliver a note saying your sister is ill, and she needs your assistance.

ABBY: Fine. I am glad you have finally seen things my way. Those girls will just squander away all your money and throw me out into the cold should anything happen to you. This way I have complete control over all your affairs .And Andrew, you know I will take care of your daughters, just as if I were their natural mother.

ANDREW: I know Abby. You have been such a kind wife all these years. I only wished that Emma and Lizzie would understand that you care.

aka

ANDREW AND AMY cross left to hat rack. Lizzie enters Center Stage

ABBY: By the way, have you told Lizzie about our other plan?

LIZZIE: Told me what? (Both are surprised by Lizzie's entrance)

ANDREW: Later.

LIZZIE: Tell me what?

ANDREW: It's not important.

ABBY: Tell her, Andrew. (Lizzie looks from Abby to Andrew sensing something's up)

ANDREW: Lizzie, your mother and I...

LIZZIE: She's not my mother.

ANDREW: Your mother and I think it would be best if you...

LIZZIE; If I what Father?

ANDREW: If you...

ABBY: (Cuts in) Take a short trip. Get away from the house for a few weeks.

LIZZIE: Just where would you like me to go?

ANDREW: You need a rest. You have been so unhappy lately. And well.. it's been hard on the rest of us.

ABBY: Never a kind word from you. You've turned Emma against me.

LIZZIE: If I choose to take a vacation from the people in this house.. My choice would be....A long vacation from Abby. Something permanent. It's Abby's absence that will bring peace of mind to me and the rest of the family.

ANDREW: You must get away. We've made arrangements for you to stay at Doctor Hale's summer cottage for two weeks.

LIZZIE: I don't know what you are up too I make my own decisions. I don't need Abby to suggest when I should take a vacation. Next she will be throwing Emma and Me out of this house permanently..

ANDREW: (Disturbed) Are you satisfied, Abby?

ABBY: I won't be satisfied till there is peace in this family. That Lizzie Borden is crazy. She needs a doctor's help. Some day she is going to do something we all will be sorry for. And Andrew, you didn't stop her when there was still a chance.

ANDREW: Where are you going?

AB3Y: To send the other one on her way. That one's up to no good.  
(She Exits Right)

ANDREW: (teary with all the tension. Andrew sighs, looks down Left shakes his head) A sad house, when the hens do all the crowing.  
(Lizzie enters center crosses down right) Lizzie be reasonable.  
We cannot have this constant picering. Please go stay at Doc Hale's, for a few weeks of rest. Lizzie.... Please listen to me....  
Lizzie

EMMA enters center-putting on a pair of gloves

EMMA: You still at home Father.

ANDREW: Hmmm

EMMA: I thought you'd be at the bank by now.

ANDREW: I've a few things to attend to here. Where are you off to?

EMMA: Alice and I are going shopping. Maybe I'll find something extra special to buy for you.

ANDREW: (His thoughts are still on Lizzie) That would be thoughtful, Emma. You run aloe' and say hello to Alice for me. (Andrew is being unususally solicitious surprising Emma)

EMMA: Yes, Father, I will. You seem preoccupied. Are you all right?

ANDREW: Yes, yes.. Go along.

EMMA: Awfully hot, isn't it?

ANDREW: It is, yes.

EMMA: I'll be back in time for lunch. (She exits left)

VINNIE: (A moment passes and Vinnie, suitcase in hand, enters right) I'll be leaving now, Andrew.

ANDREW: There's no need.

VINNIE: You've made the need,

ANDREI: I'll be happy to give you the small sum I mentioned.

VINNIE: I'm not one to be grateful for small favors.

ANDREW: Aruu'L you going to cny goodbye to the girls?

I I : lho, or not , Arl . oz, en. I  
 prefer to Ht.' ) to my ni3ces. Lc' u ;: Lliar(L.

Al(L).i] o I'll nut Hrlc% Nr 'ou co the 'station.  
 (loves toward the door) Lo Leed. ('turn(,) )  
 you believe in the Almi\_hty?

110\_16 : that a ctran\_e guertion. 1.ost certainly I do. I  
 always have, I always shall..

VINNL:;: Then you must realize you'll be punished. L,00d  
 day, Andrew.

ANDRIn: (Calls after him) Le sensible 'Annie. lake my offer.

LIZZIET (Enters from kitchen, composed, icy) ,here i.;  
 Uncle Vinnie Loin'?

ArORC.: Oh, there you are, Lizzie. . here were you?

LIz,6I:;: Outside.

dicoa,3 s Didn't you hear me call to you?

LD,GIE: . . you didn't answer me. .here is Uncle Vinnie

Ai4DR3 : He's leavin\_, Fall Aver.

LL,LI]s Alen?

ANDRE.:

LIZIES ithout sayin :;ood--bye?

ANDRil's Hers anLry with me. He'll come to his senses in  
 time. He said he'd write to you jrls.

LIZZIE: :t!ore of your 'life's doinj.

ANDACA Abby is rijlt. You've never riven her a chance..  
 I must o to the bank...I have a very important  
 appointment to keep. (He exits left)

ACT TA  
Scene One

AT RI211,1 One week later. ilorninL. Bridget is at the bookcase, takin out volumes and dusting the shelves.. she hums. Door to the kitchen opens and a youn!, policeman, Officer larrin\_ton, sticks his head in.

HARRINGTON: Fssst.

BRIDGET: (turns) Are you a snake, Patrolman harrinton?  
Snakes hiss. Lien do not (She smiles flirtatiously)

HARRINGTON: (Steps into the room) I didn't want to come in if iliss Borden was about.

BRIDGLT: She's in her room. Anyway, you come and Lo **as you** please, don't you? (She finishes up at the bookcase, moves down center)

HARRINGTON: Such a fine lady, she is. How could anyone think she could do such a thinz?

BRIDGCT: People have wicked minds.

H-PLRIAGTON: I admire the way she's kept her **calm**.

BAND FLT: the doctor \_Ives her medicine. That helps.

HARRIiGTON: How about you helping, me to a cup of coffee?

BRIDryiLT: The pot's on the stove.

HARRINGTOEs I like **company**.

(Offstage) Bridget, who are you talkin\_ to?

BRIDGET and HARRINGTON look down left. LII2, enters . . . stately, composed. The only thing that betrays her calm is the nervous habit she has of washin5 her hands with the other from time to time. She wears a different dress.

BRIDGET: It's Patrolman Harrin,l,ton.

LI2;IE: I imagine this **past** month **has** been dull duty for you, r. Harrinaton.

HARRINGTON: Not **at** all, is

many curious people on the sidewalk this morning?

HARRINGTON: Only a few.

LIZZI'31 **Can't ima(ane** why they come. Nothin to see but the outside of this house. No. 92 2nd Street, Fall Rivver, i:iassachusetts.

HARRINGTON: I suspect they're hopin<sub>g</sub> to catch a glimpse of you.

iThy?

HARRINGTON: Curiosity.

Not.that. They think I murdered my father and his wifee They want to tell their ;grandchildren they once saw a famous "axe murderess". Never mind if she's innocent.

BAIDCLT: Now, now Uss Lizzie. It's wronL of you **to** think and talk that way. They'll **catch** whoever done **it**.

LT/.4T.:T.2 (;:its at the table) ihen? (BAIDGET doesn't know how to answer **this, looks** bewilderedly to HARRINGTON)

HAARRINGTON: Soon, hiss Borden, soon.

Liz:LIL: It would be comforting if I could believe that.

HAQAINGTON: I'll outside and see that they don't come into the yard. (He exits right)

BRIDG:T: Are you. oin,r to have breakfast?.

No.

BTUJCI.LT: You eat so poorly.

LIZZI:: Not surprising, is it?

It's food• we've rot police about. Those 1st days, when the mob fathered outside, I was frihtened out of my skin.

So was I. Terrified would be more like it. (sound of knockin) See who it is.

BRIDG72,T: Are you seein,., anyone?

I'm fine.

BAIDU.T1 (Goes to the Front door) lift. JJJ, **ING-6, a lawyer,** stands outside) It's hr. Jennins..

LIZ'zdE: **(Stands)** Come in,i417. Jennings.<sup>r</sup> (JENNINGS enters, crosses down to the table **and** sets a briefcase)

3) .dDGrl : You've brouLht '00cl news, haven't you is r. Jennin:s?

JLid1JliGSs All in time, all in Lood time.

alow Brid! et.

u

BRIDGET: Let me know if you need anythin.,..

LI4,ZIE: I will, thank you. (BitIDGzT exits ri ght)

Feelin; better today?

LI. ZIE: One day is like another. (She sits on the sofa)

JENNINGS: (opens briefcase) You've seen the latest papers?

LIZZI I haven't seen the newspapers in over a week. Half seem to think I'm guilty as sin, the others see me as a victim of circumstances.

JLIANLIGS: You're quite a celebrity, Liss Borden.

LI;ZIZ: I wish only to be left alone.

e must be prepared.

For what?

: In case thd tide should turn aLainst us.

IJIL;LI: Is that likely?

JEidaLGS: 'e must consider the possibility.

LIZGI~: Tar. Jenninc,s, don't think me unirateful, but I find your services premature. You're here because n! the Reverend Er. Jubb feels I need leGal assistance..

J:NNINGLA He is quite riGht.

LI2,ZIE: I understood his concern. It's common knowledGe my father and his wife were not on the best terms with me. iior I with them. Therefore the popular assumption is that I murdered them. In rare, in revenGe, in cold blood.

,L1,11NI:r-S: Assumption is not proof of cunt, lass Borden.. If you are char'd . .

LI6aC: (Cuts in) iJon't be absurd..

J,;114IIIG0: If you are char'ed, the prosecution will brin: up a far more damajn, motive than that which you have su2ested.

Oh?

JENNINGS: Your father was a wealthy man.

**sister and I are** independent. e have money from a trust fund set up by our mother.

JJ]NNING : (Checks some papers) Your father's estate was is valued at close to a half million dollars. His will states that it is to be divided into three equal **parts. .ife** and two dau hters. since abby Borden is deceased, her share falls to you and your sister, 2mma. You are the two wealthiest **women in** Fall River. If you are charged, the **burden of proof** of innocence will be on you. and me as your le:,al counsel.

LIZLIC: You think it will come to that?

JII;NNINC:A I can only repeat **that I think** we should be prepared. (Another document) In your deposition to the City Larshall, you stated you saw a man runnin: from the backyard before you discoverdd your father's body.

LI,ZIE: Yes. I called after him, but he kept on **runnini**.

J,JiINC"08 Did anyone else see this "man"?

BILLIE: Eow many times must I o over this?

JaHING:S: As many times as **I think necessary**. These are the **same questions** the **prosecutor will** present.

LIB IL: irs. Churchill was sittin, on her front porch. she must have seen him.

JAN IiC; She says not..(Pauses) .:hy would she lie? LI4ZL's mind wanders. She doesn't seem to hear, repeats that odd "handwashin:" vesture) hiss Borden?

LIZZIE: Hmmm?

J.T.;NPINGSS by Chruchill lie about a thin: like that?

LIZZIE: I donut know.

JENNIN&S: (siLhs) let that **pass for the** time bein. You came into the house. Brik,et Sullivan, your hired entered throuL,h the front door.

Yes

JLTisINGS: Then vrhat happened?

Bridget said she **wasn't feeliq!;**, wall.. she was  
Loin to her room to take a nap. Then I went out  
**into the barn.**

JENNINGS: How lonj were you **in the barn?**

LIZZIE: I think. . . 20 minutes . . . I went to look for  
sinkers. I was planninL, a fishim\_ trip. I saw in  
the loft for **a while, ate** a few pēars. Then I re--  
turned to the house. That's when I saw the man  
runnin' from **the house.**

J2111,InC7.A liat did you do?

Liz/,IC: I **ran into the** house . . . that's when I **found** father

JWLING-S: You **stooped down to examine the body . . .**

LlizzI]: That's how I \_ot blood on my hands.

J,:IING6: If worst comes to worst, our stron est point :all  
be that there was no blood on your d̄ress.

LlizzI:: Is that important?

Ly clear iiiss **Bordon. One** can hardly murder 2 people  
with an axe . . . brutally . . . without some blood  
splashing onto the killer's :arment.

LIZZIL: f,xe? How do they know it was an axe?

JENiqi : They don't. It could be **any hard eked** weapon.  
**tide of a shovel,** an iron . . . almost anythin.  
llatever the weapon, they haven't found it.

LIZZIE: But you said axe.

JENNING. Only because Er. Sousa said he left his axe in the  
yard after choppirv; down a dead tree. The  
axe has never been found.

**(EnterE. She too,** looks distrauLht) I thought I  
heard you, Fir. Jennincs.

JENNING2;\$ I'm r:lad you are here. .:ould you sit down, Uss  
!tilma? (He 'indicates the table, she sits)

LIZZIE: You are not )7oinE to bother her?

JENWINGS: (Checking. statements) You've sworn you heard an  
arument early the nornin of the murders..

DI.ajA g I did.

JEHNIHG: Your father arLuini with some man.

.C11?As Yes. The man sounded terribly anry.

JfWINGS: But you couldn't identify that man as (: )usa?

:1,1.11111 I'm sure it wasn't ;Jousa.

.11]N11INGS: How can you be positive?

111A: I think I'm able to roconize the sound of air. Souza's voice.

LI'6ZI.T]: Father was always aruinL with someone. He had a morbid fear of foreiners.

J;liPIN&S: You mention that repeatedly.

LI4,ZLI:: To father, anyone south of Fall Aver was a foreiLner.

JTAliaNCS: If we could find that man, we mi,ht be able to end this u:ly business immediatly. (otuffs papers back into his briefcase) They've received your uncle's statement from New York.

EILAs Poor Uncle Vinnie. lie would have to fall and break his hip just when we need him. I really should to him.

J:TITINGS1 Your place is here, Liss Borden.

EILA: Yes, yes. You're &ht..

JENITINGi:3: The man at the post office said he saw your father at 10:30.. ,hat time did he home?

LIZZL: I told you before. Father came home approximately 10150.

JENKINGL;: e must convince the jury that what you say is true.

LI,1J Ah yes. . . the jury. 12 men. Also, a male judLe and a male prosecutor.

JCNNINGS: And a male defense lawyer.

LIZIE: I am at the mercy of men it would seem.

JENÑIGS: I must warn you kainst that sort of talk. It can only do you harm. (busy with his briefcase) I shall be on my way. Let me caution you a,ainst speakin, tc, '01107,"11 -1:17-10-b ,-1Int you sny.

21111A: I'D. see that she doesn't meet them.

JENNINGS: Good day ladies. I'll show myself out.

Good day, Lr. Jenninc s. (He exits without closinL door.  
turns to LIL6IE who is lookin,i, distant and  
occupied. imma stands, moves behind sofa) ,could you  
like me to :,et your medicine? The doctor said you  
could take it as often as you like..

LIZZIE% The doctor's a quack. Thinks by doping me foolish,  
I'll sit quietly and behave.

EL EA: It help.

Lrz,ZIE% I'd rather stay alert and feel pain. ,hen I feel pain  
at least I know I'm alive. (takes LiliA's hand) Oh,  
Emma, I don't know what I'd have done without you..  
You've been such a comfott.

EnJA: Try not to worry. Trust in providence.

(1117X. JUDD enters left, excited. SLICE is with him)

JUDD% Lizzie, I've some wonderful news.

LI]ZIE: They've found the man?

JUDDI' ell, no, not that. (he moves down to the table)  
:hat then?

JUDD% The Fellowship has passed a motion of support. -e  
reaffirm our faith in you.

LIG2d;]: That is Lood news, Aaron. I wish I were more myself.  
Thoucfhts are racinL in my head.

ALICE: Is it any wonder?

LIZZI% Please convey my appreciation to the fellowship elders

JUDD% The idea that you could have done such an awful thinL...  
it's unthinkable.

LIZIE: You've all been kind. I don't know what I can do to  
repay you.

JUDD% I'm an interview to the press, but I had to stop  
by and tell you about the elder's decision.

Yes, it is wonderful. I thank you main, Aaron.

JUDD: J.)on't despair. Jere all prayinL for you. (exits left)

LLIC3: (Loves to table) lie worked so hard to yet that motion..

LI, L/6IL: Aaron is a friend, a true friend. I'm so fortunate to have so many. Like you, Alice (LIZZII stands, moves down ri, :ht) I'm loilx• upstairs for a moment. (she exits center)

'1;1": Poor thinL. She's e::haugtoa.

LLIC3: (steps to table) It's all the town is talking about. The murders. 13ven the New York papers are full of it.. There was a rumor they trere oin, to charLe iir. Sousa.

ELL. is Because he quarreled with father?

LLICE: Yes.

=A: In that case, they'd have to arrest belr, v" ..,1,.00n in Fall River. Father fouLht 4:: totLela d.L.L. Usually over money.

ChuvQaill hasn't been much help. spreadin, :, all sorts of gossip.

MLA: I'm not surprised.

ALIn: she says if they bring Lizzie to trial, she'd buy her way out..

Eiri:Az That's contemptible.

ALICE: I'm afraid there are alot of people who don't like the Borden name.

Father and Abby weren't exactly likeable people, and Lizzie has offended so many with her manner. People that don't understand her.

ALICC: If only she could et away for a rest..

Iii I've su'::ested that, but the City ilarshall forbids it.

ALIC;:! hat kind of justice is that? Lizzie isn't chared with anything . and yet they treat her like a common criminal.

731La: The officials have been more than courteous. I don't think they want anythin,s to do with the ease. Fall fiver has never accused a woman of murder ink all its history.

TTYviq: (0Atorn oontor, hnr "act ono dress" in her arms.)

ALICE: What have you got there?

LIZZIE: (crosses to kitchen) Just an old dress. It has paint stains on it. I can't get the stains out. (she enters the kitchen)

LIZZIE: She says she doesn't take the medicine the doctor gives her, but she does. It makes her muddled.

ALICE: Wasn't that the dress. Lizzie wore the day of the murders?

LIZZIE: I didn't notice. Although I do remember the fuss she made over a dress she had paint stains on several months ago.

ALICE: I really don't think she should try to take stains out of any dress at this time. Especially with a policeman right outside the door.

LIZZIE: Perhaps you're right. Lizzie. Lizzie.

LIZZIE: (enters) Why are you shouting?

ALICE: The dress. What are you doing to the dress?

LIZZIE: It's ruined.

ALICE: Where have you put it?

LIZZIE: I'm burning it in the stove. (LIZZIE reacts in horror)

ALICE: At Lizzie, you didn't! (darts into the kitchen)

LIZZIE: That's the matter?

ALICE: Lizzie, did the patrolman see you put the dress into the stove?

LIZZIE: Yes, he was standing right outside the screen door.

ALICE: (weak from shock she sinks to a chair at the table) What have you done?

LIZZIE: (steps in front of the sofa) What's wrong?

LIZZIE: (returning from kitchen) I couldn't pull it out. It's smothered in flame.

ALICE: Why is my dress so important?

La

sr

at irk: Lizzie, JonniaL.,s stressed it not more than a few minutes ago, he said the stronest defense you have is the fact there is no blood splattered on your dress

ALICE;: Lizzie, what could you have been thinkin of?

LIZIC: Ciuddenly the impact hits. he sits on the sofa, face in her hands ) hat have I done? . . ailma, why didn't you stop me?

HAITIIINCTOJ: (enters down left) The city i arshall's cominL, to the house. There's a crowd followin, him.

Hh]Lans-TOE HOVE UP C214TCA, OP21Y0 The. 1.)001:. LIZUe looks nervously to and then to ALICL.

aLI CJ] I'm sure it's something routine.

.lil,A: Perhaps it's more questions.

LIZI:1 I'm sick of questions.

liL,tay:."eTOITs (calls back) '].he City \_arshall, Liss L'orden.

(City uarshall enters up center, nods to harrin ton, who tosses a lax salute, closes the door. LIZIe doesn't turn)

(Dods hello) Ladies (k LICL stands, moves to fireplace)

LIZ I.]; Good of you to drop by, 1 arshall,

(ITA,I3hALL moves center, HarrinLton stands by bookcase)

hAlBIALL: This isn't a social call.

LIZZIL; I didn't think it was.

ALIC You've found the man Lizzie saw runnin,i from the house'?

n!,:),SHALL: No.

..uestion Chruchill. cask her why she's ly±nr.

Ltni:ALL: ,]he insists she saw no one runnin' from the yard.

LIZzII]; (temper flarin:i hat does it matter: 'That does any of it matter?

(CELIA moves to LIZZII sits beside her, puts a comfortin;. a rm around her shoulder)

LIATISI-LILL: I didn't mean to upset you, hiss Borden.

LIZZIE: (calms down) I'm sure you didn't. Forgive me . . .  
my nerves . . . I've been under **such a strain** . . .

**ALICE**: Is it any fonder?

DILL: You must understand this is a most peculiar case.  
You see the killer had **to** be familiar with the house.

Why?

HALL: You were **nearby, your** hired **janitor** was outside washing,  
**windows and then napping; upstairs** in her bedroom. Your  
uncle had just left the premises. **The house wasn't**  
**exactly deserted.** The killer had to **strike down**  
your mother . . .

LIZZIE: **He wasn't my mother. He** was my father's wife.

**ALICE**: Strike her down without making a sound. The same  
with your father. Then escape **without being** seen.

LIZZIE: I saw him.

MARSHALL: **All** this in broad daylight. Timed **to the** second,  
no mark in for **error.**

LIZZIE: **Is** Psi I . . . the "prime" suspect?

HALL: I **didn't** point in that direction.

LIZZIE: **I want to know the truth.**

HALL: **Well,** Miss Lorden, yes you are the prime suspect.

ALICE (shocked) Oh, no (Drivet enters from the kitchen,  
stands right)

But the **man** father four **with?** I heard him so clearly?

We will continue our search. You see, it **isn't a**  
question of the actual killing alone.

LIZZIE: I don't understand.

**ALICE**: The autopsy. The findings were brought before the  
Grand Jury. **There were** traces of arsenic  
**poisoning.**

LIZ: A (stunned) Arsenic?

1, A) 154 ALIA Not enough to kill unless given in sufficient doses over a prolonged period.

ALIC\_: You're saying someone tried to poison the rodents?

ALIA: The Roman visited the pharmacy about two months ago. The pharmacist remembers. She made a fuss about his nine re-ister.

ALIA: What Roman?

**LIZIE:** (calmly) I bought the arsenic for tree rats. They infest the barn.

BRIDGET: That's **ricjat**. They're all over the barn. I hate to see it in there. You mustn't take Lizzie. You can't.

LIZIE: Dried. (stands really) **Is it with you?**

ALIA: Yes.

LIZIE: I am innocent, Marshall. (he doesn't answer)  
(BRIDGET and ALIC look as if they might break out into tears)  
(ALIA stands)

ALIA: Come with you.

I'm afraid that's **not allowed. Marshall.**  
(Marshall steps center. Opens the door)

**LIZIE:** (Softly) **I feel like Marie Antoinette walking to the guillotine** (no one answers. see their tense expressions).

CURTAIN;

ACT T 0

Scene *ri;40.-7-0.ece*

AT eels later. Zialk<sub>1</sub> is sho<sub>lin</sub> in a reporter -  
R02;0AIZT, enters left to center.... .

DRIDGJJ;T: idss iijmma is in the kitchen.. I'll tell her you're  
here. . . uh, what was your bloody name main?

AFY: Robsart.. amy Robsart. I'm with the New York jun..

BRIDGET: I should have remembered.. l,ake yourself at home.

(BRIDGT2T exits to the kitchen. Ailf looks about the room,  
moves down center. She sets her ba,e on the 2taa table and  
takes out a pencil and notebook. Eilīa enters from kitchen  
wipini, flour from her hands)

Eiss Robsart. (AilY turns, extends her hand) I've been  
bakinL. Ly hands are sticky. ;on't you sit down?

to :Y: Thank you. (l1l,Y sits at table. ILi.La moves in front of  
**sofa) I was afraid you ilouldn't** see me.

ad<sup>•</sup> • You've been most sympathetic to ray sister. I  
appreciate that.

I believe it's a question of empathy. I know of  
your sister's work in the woman' ri,e<sub>ht</sub> movement..

3E<sub>l</sub>,A: One **of Lizzie's** favorite causes.

ALY: I'm quite active in the movement myself. Lid you know  
that?

As No

ACY: I feel it's important that we stick together.

Yes

ALY: all the attention has flowed to your sister.

qd.A1 I don't feel as if I've been l2nored.

a. Y: I didn't mean it like that. I would like to hear :that  
you have to say.

l11l:: You mean about the **murders**?

Very much... but I admired her even more... there hasn't  
anythin' Lizzie Matin't do once she -et her mind to  
it. If I had a problem, she solved it. If I 'me  
ill, she played nurse. If I was lonely, she took  
away the loneliness with companionship. ,ever 'since  
I can remember, Lizzie has been there when I needed  
her.

ALYs-You share-handsomely in yourefather'e

I wish I'd never heard of it. If the will **didn't e:det**  
the **authorities** wouldn't have the one motive they can  
understand. iurder for profit.

Ai 7` le.it true you anceyour.eieter took your meale separately  
from your father and stepmother?

-jd,A:- e never ate at the table with my stepmother.

137 choice?

ellel That was the way Lizzie -.:wanted it.

h1.1:11 You didn't dispute the point?

• you hear that the Y.CA hae establi,hed a fund to  
help in your intere defenee?

Yes, I.know? that. Jo many have been so kind.

,IYI Len -hate admittin' they're `eron.

Tadels The police have had thin:e pretty much their o'n. `ay.  
arrever, they've been **considerate**. I've taken  
**of Liesiele pereonal thine** to her cell. ,venher<sup>ny</sup>  
**vanity and dressin** \$4gggPit,

You make it sound ae if she were an actress preearin  
for a role. (puae, then...) hat `rill you do if  
the jury finds your sister

(uilty?

.En Innocent.

I'll thank Cod.

you remain here in Fall ;dyer?

• I **haven't iven** thove:ht to anythin: beyond **each day**  
and That it brins.

(\_117 nods thoughtfully, !rriteL. Li;; enters  
eta: e, left -dthout knockin:., **tenee, cemitable**)

LIZeS. CEUCeiILLs I must speak to you, .:1A1113.

I CLiClait hear you knock i rs. Churchill.

4.113..cHuitcaLL:

(LILLY senses the tension, decides to leave, zitands) Perhaps we can finish this later in the clay.

ELLA: Please stay, hiss aobsart. Can't you see I'm busy,  
1Tr. Churchill?

IRS. cimacHILL: (folds arms defiantly) I'm not leavinL

ELLA: (to Aix) Perhaps another time will be better.

Ali: You've already been more than helpful. Thank you a\_ain,  
lass 3orden. („,he nods to 1.AILL,, exits left)

CI,1:1As You have no richt to come into this house.

112. CHURChILL: (moves center) People are turninL away from me  
in the street. They think I'm deliberately lyin  
about not seein a man running from the yard. Oh,  
mma, you've known me for a len\_time. i)o you think  
I would like about somethin: as serious as that?

ELITA: I know you hate my sinter.

I don't hate her. I admit Lizzie and I didn't  
'et alon . I admit we had harsh words. I admit I was  
an,:ry about her new **position in** the fellowship.

ULA: A position you wanted.

CMICHILL: Yes, I admit that, too. But that has nothinL,  
to do with the murders. I saw no one. I'm beinc,  
punished for what I didn't see.

Aiy don't you tell the truth?

Ea.:. CHUIZCI=L: I am telling the truth.

.11.y don't you tell me you hate Lizzie so much you'd  
do anythinç, to see her hurt, punished.

CHUaCEILL: (explodes) All ri,:ht, I do hate hers I hate  
hers (emotionally exhausted, 1J:es. Churchill sits at  
the table) There. You heard me say it. (pause) Odd.

J'hat?

SeeinL you standinr there with your back so  
straiLht, so amu, so composed...**you** remind me of your  
sister.

EMMA: People chant e.

IRS. CHILIZICaLL: I hate Lizzie, but not I swear cc  
you. I saw nothinç.

ELITA: Is that what you wanted to tell me?

IRS, CHURCHILL: k;mma, I have to **live in** this town. I have ml  
place else to ,co. I'm bein treated as an outcast,

EMMA: 'that can I do about that?

CHURCHILL: (stands, steps to Emma) If you would only speak to me in public, where people could see you aren't against me. If you would only say something in my favor to your friends, then people wouldn't treat me the way they do. I can't live with their accusations, Emma. Will you help me Emma? Please?

EMMA: (softly) Impossible.

MRS. CHURCHILL: I'm not asking I'm begging.

You'd have it all your own way, wouldn't you, Mrs. Churchill? Lizzie would be gone. You'd have your revenge and, most likely, the position you've always wanted with the Fellowship. It'd be the first slice on the cake.

CHURCHILL: It wouldn't be like that at all.

Wouldn't it? (hard) I'm not fooled by you, Mrs. Churchill. I know how strong your hate is.

BRIDGET (enters down right) Carlotta's here. she brought fresh rolls. Shall I buy some?

EMMA: Mrs Churchill is leaving.

(BRIDGET moves toward the door. Mrs. CHURCHILL and EMMA stare at one another)

EMMA: (low) Don't come back.

CHURCHILL: You needn't worry about that. (she sees it - BRIDGET closes the door)

I don't want her in this house again, Bridget. Do you understand?

(EMMA sits, BRIDGET moves down right, as if she were trying to avoid EMMA)

BRIDGET: Hiss Emma?

EMMA: What is it?

BRIDGET: Some people say it's not going well with your sister.

EMMA: Some people will say anything.

BRIDGET: That they found with the autopsy... autopsy...  
autopsy.

BaIJGCT: The traces of arsenic...that's damajnl evidence  
isn't it?

: It is one of the prosecution's stronLest points. That  
and Lizzie burnin' the dress.

DRIDC.CT: Jhat I mean is...if they didn't find thee arsenic  
traces it wouldn't look so bad for :lisc Lizzie,  
would it?

ELLA: hat are you driving at, Driket? You haven't been  
yourself for weeks.

DRIDG2T: (visibly upset, Lets her words out in an impulsive  
ush) I don't want anythin, to happen to miss Lizzie  
because of me...she yap always my friend...I didn't  
know they'd be murdered...I didn't know it would come  
to that...you must believe me, 4ss L:mma.

TT1111: (looks at DRIDGfd bewildered, stands) Brid\_,e ...what  
are you sayin:?

MIDGCT: I I put the arsenic in their food, not idos  
Lizzie

Drid;et;

DUDGT: (sinks into a chair at the table) I only wanted to  
**make them a little sick. Your stepmother** was always  
thrcateninL to dischar\_e me, and your father never  
had a kind word. It was from' of me, I know, God  
**will punish me. I shouldn't have done it.**

(moves to table) You said nothin: to the police. hy?

D:IX-ETI I was afraid they'd think I did the  
(.)he begins to sob)

J312141: (Controlled) You did a terrible thin:, arid:Let.

BRIDGJ2,T1 I know, I knoy.

7117111 Too late to worry about that.

BRIDGET: ,hat am I roini to do?

TEFLAA You must co to Jenninui at once. Tell him exactly  
what you've told me.

BaIDCIET: I can't. They'll think I did it.

If you don't Co it, they'll hang my sister.

No

EMMA: You have nothing to fear.

BRIDGET- They'll put me in prison.

EMMA: I'll see that they don't. Do as I tell you, Bridget.

BRIDGET! (Stands, hesitant) You don't hate me, Miss Emma.

EMMA? Never mind about that. What are you standing there for?  
Go to Mr. Jennings. I'll go to the jail to see Lizzie.

BRIDGET: Yes, yes, I'm going to see Mr. Jennings.

EMMA? (Stands at the table trying to sort out her thoughts.  
To herself, aloud) I must get Reverend Judd . . . .  
must be careful how we break the news to Lizzie . .

(CARLOTTA enters cautiously from the kitchen. She's young,  
dark complexioned, fiery, poorly dressed)

CARLOTTA: I put the eggs on the table.

(Turns) Oh, Mrs. Sousa. I forgot you were waiting.

CARLOTTA: She tried to kill them with poison, huh?

EMMA? Listening at the door?

CARLOTTA: I heard;

EMMA: She didn't try to kill them, she wanted to make them ill.  
A stupid, childish prank. You'd better keep quiet  
about what you heard.

CARLOTTA: (Steps to center) Why do you buy things from me?

EMMA: What are you talking about?

CARLOTTA: You buy eggs from me when you have chickens in the  
barn. You let me take your laundry when Bridget  
could do it.

EMMA If you'd rather not have my business, I suppose I can  
find someone else. I just thought with all the trouble  
your husband's had it would be a neighborly thing to do.

CARLOTTA: We're not your neighbors. We live on the other  
side of the tracks. Neighbors, No one wants to  
help us.

EMMA: That's not true.

CARLOTTA: You know what saves his neck? You. Other people say it was Sousa, Sousa". But you say the man you heard arguing with your father was not Sousa. You save his life. . . Miss Emma.

EIMA: All I did was tell the truth.

CARLOTTAI Did you? (Nervous, EMMA moves down right center washing one hand with the other) You know what the little children sing?

"Lizzie Borden took an aze  
Gave her Mother forty whacks:  
When she saw what she had done . .

EMMA: (Flat) "She gave her Father forty-one. . .

CARLOTTA° I warn you, Miss Emma . . .

EMMA- Warn me?

CARLOTTA: I think you wait and then . . . change your story.

EMMA: Why would I do something like that?

CARLOTTA: Because people in this town don't want your sister to hang. You stick together. She's one of you. They'll grab at anything that helps prove her innocent

EMMA: You resent that?

CARLOTTA: I've watched you carefully, Miss Emma. You've become quite strange. You can even say a line from that song the children sing and not choke.

EMMA: That doesn't mean I don't loathe it.

CARLOTTA! Like a cat. That's you. When it looks as if there's no escape for your sister, you'll change your story. Everyone in Fall River will be grateful. After that, they'll cone for my husband.

EFMA: Why would I wait so long to change my story?

CARLOTTA Because you're clever. People believed it was your sister. At first. Now they're not so sure. They'd like to blame someone else.

EJMA: You think I'll hand them your husband.

CARLOTTA: Yes.

Ear <sup>1</sup>F,,: (Calmly) Get out . . .

HARLOTTA: Like a cat. That's you. When it looks as if there's no escape for you sister, you'll change your story. Everyone in Fall River will be grateful. You'll say it was Sousa..Sousat And then they'll will come for my husband.

EMMA: \Thy would I wait so long fo change my story?

CARLOTTA: Because you're clever. People believed it was your sister at first.. Now they're not so sure...They'd like to blame someone else The whole town wants to beleive it was a foreigner.

EMMA: And you think I will **blame** your husband.

CARLOTTA: Yes

EMMA: (Calmly) **Get out!**

CARLOTTA: Know something else I think?

EMMA: I told you to get out of my house!

CARLOTTA: I think you know things you haven't told the police.

EMMA: Get out, I say ....Leave this house.

CARLOTTA: why do you do that?

EMMA: Do what?

CARLOTTA: Wash one hand with the other... without soap and water?

(EMMA STOPS THE gesture, not realizing **what** she's been doing.)  
Some things you can't wash away, **Miss Emma.... You** can't wash away the BLOOD OF MURDER.

CURTAIN

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( 53 )

I don;t think Bridget could look her in the face. Anyway she's gone. Packed up this morning and took the train to Boston. I'm going to miss her.

ALICE: Why are they taking so long?

JUBB: Technicalities.

EiLiA: That's what the law is....a mass of technicalities.  
(Looks at the table) Is this the morning mail?

J733: Y09, All expressing the hope that Lizzie will be acquitted.

MCA: All?

JU yell, there are the usual one or two hatefule letters.  
Unesigned, naturally.

AMY: Naturally.

EMMA: **I've** grown weary answering the maail. Lizzie can deal with this batch **herself**.

JUM: I trust Lizzie will plan a long holiday now that this **is all over**.

ALICE: Po you think 31'16'11 travel, Emma?

EEIA: I never try to second-guess my sister.

JENNIFG9: (Entering **through the** audience) **They're** inside wairing for you, idss 'Borden.

Linn: (Following Jennings) I'm hurrying.

ALICE: Theyy're here!

(Jtands) We must try not to mention the ordeal.

2MMA: That won't bo easy, Aaron.

JENITING3: She's home safe. (rause, Lizzie enters)

411 LIZ,IE: (Enters) Emma!

(;riovcs to her) .elcomo home, Lizzic. (They embrace)

(Crosses to 'l.zzie) Welcome home.

LIZZIE: (Takes his hand) Thank you, Aaron. You've been such a source of stronffth. Such a ,good fricne. I don't know what T would have done without your modort.

ALICE: Oh, Lizzie, we've missed you so.

LIZZIE: (Steps to Alice), embraces her) I've missed you, too.

AMY: You'd better sit clown and rest a while. You must be exhausted.

LIZZIE: I am.. Completely.. (Lizzie sits on the sofa. Positions at this point should be: Jubba down Right, Jennings behind the table Alice right of sofa, Amy left of sofa, Emma Center)  
I can't believe I'm home. You don't know the nights I've spent tossing on my cot, wondering if I would ever see this place again.

JENNINGS: Try not to think about it.

LIZZIE: You mustn't spare my feelings, Aaron. I'll never be able to put this nightmare out of my mind.

ALICE: But you must, Lizzie. You must try.

AMY: Those things take time.

LIZZIE: You've been most kind, Miss Robsart. I've read every word you've written. I shall never be able to thank you properly

AMY: Your acquittal is my thanks.

LIZZIE: Not you, Mr. Jennings.

JENNINGS: I owe a great deal to Bridget. If she hadn't come forth and confessed to her part in the food poisoning....

LIZZIE: (Interrupts) where is Bridget? (Lence) Somewhere  
wrong?

EMMA: 'She' is gone, Lizzie/

LIZZIE: Gone?

EMMA: This morning. She took the early train to Boston.

LIZZIE: Why?

EMMA: I couldn't stop her. She was so afraid you would never forgive her.

LIZZIE: Where in Boston? Did she leave an address?

EMMA No, nothing.

LIZZIE: Poor <sup>5</sup> Bridget. She has no friends but us Emma. I must find her.

EMMA: Please Lizzie just rest for now. I will find Bridget. We have other things to worry about.

JENNINGS: The questions is... will they find the man you heard arguing with your father..

EMMA: In time.

JUBB: I pray so. (To the others) ;:e must let Lizzie rest.

LIZZIE: ,ould you mind terribly? In a few days I'll be quite myself, I'm sure.

ALICE: qe wanted to be here for a moment when you came home.

JUBB: e wanted. to Ielcome you home, Lizzie.

LIZZIE: I appreciate that. So very much. (Touches her forehead.) All I seem to hear are the words the clerk said to me. Bury... I can't get them out of my head. "To each count of which indictment Lizzie Andrew Borden, the prisoner at the bar, has heretofore pleaded and said that thereof she is not guilty.... Such archaic wording. One would think Massachusetts was medieval England.

JENNINGS: I think we should allow Miss Borden some privacy.

JUBB: You're quite right.

JENNINGS: There are some matters I must speak to you about, Miss Borden..but they can wait.

LIZZIE: Thank you, Mr. Jennings.

JUBB: Come along, Alice, Miss Robart.

AMY: A victory,..total victory, Miss Borden. Nothing less.

JUBB: (Motions towards the door) Come along, come along. (Jennings, Alice, Amy exit left, followed by Jubb.)

LIZZIE: (Looks to Emma.) It's a wonderful feeling to know one has friends.

EMMA: Do you want anything to eat?

LIZZIE: No. Bridget can fix me something later...oh, I forgot.

EMMA: There's no one here but the two of us, Lizzie. We're all alone..

LIZZIE: ( Conscious that Emma is staring at her) by are you staring at me?

EMMA: You don't know?

LIZZIE: If I knew I wouldn't be asking. Come, sit beside me.

EMMA: Mo.

LIZZIE: Why?

: - 0:1' t .

LIZZI,: re: .lcl'l'h,. r ete<sup>7</sup> -o ; ;=.L-11,,  
ju,; don't ho :so )xere it. 7o-- A?l.v13'1^ be e rorr 1'.

7354.: I 60'1' or are; tal%in;

LTZZI : I o..c you eo uuc',.. Your te i.lo-e] al ;he icye actor  
.11 Cefcne . Jer'lin' .,niC have n lo, 1 hout  
You were so wonderful on the stand. You never wavered. You were  
so strong and self assured. I was so proud of you.

EalA: Lizzie, you need not "day those games with me. I know you  
better than you know yourself. Remember I'm your quiet sister  
mma. Always in the background—observing. As far as my  
testimony, I felt I owed you that.

LIZZIE: (Doesn't understand) Owed me? You told the truth,  
that's all.

EMLIA: Die I tell the truth?

LIZ;;IE: Yes, of course you did. You heard someone arguing with  
father, that awful morning.

E1:1MA: No, Lissie. I die not!

LIZZIT3: Emma, why are you doinr; this? hat is wrong with you.  
We are finally f roe to be ourselves. Freed from the hateful  
existancod we survived in for so many years

EMMA: Are we really free?

LIZZIE: Not if you are going to question my innocence. ..  
You heard father arguing that morning.... You  
know how so many people hated father ....As far as Abby ..her death  
was our blessing... She wanted father to send me away. . She  
wanted father to take our names off his will. You always  
hated hermo more thah I...I merely did your talking for you... How  
cogcld you think I would be resTonsible for such cruel, barbaric  
actions.

EIVUIIA: (Emma goes to the fireplace, reaches up in the chimney  
and takes out ousa's axe, which has been hidden there. Lizzie  
tenses. Emma holds the axe in her hands, moves down denter)  
Lizzie, Remember how we Lied to hide things when we were little  
girls? Tn the space in the chimney... Our secret 'lace ..No  
ono knew about it but you and T. I found the axe the day of th7  
murder.

LIZZfl: And you think I did it.'

M1A: Those are your words.

LIZZIE: Dut there was no blood on my drps.

EMMA: You changed your dress bewteen the time you sent 'Bridget for help and it arrive. Bridget didn't notie.

LIZZIE: That's not true. Emma you know it's not true. Why are you turning against me? I am all you have...Why have you changed.

EMMA: Yes, I have changed. I am no longer innocent about life. I never want to see or hear from you again.

LIZZIE: Emma, no... I nneed you.. I always have.. I always will EfiRA:Y4he only things Lizzie 'Borden needs arc wealth and nopolularity. You now have both. I will not stand in the shadow of such a popular firgure. I will take my share of the inheritance and Leave Fall River. You can have the house...I want no part of this Mood stained property.

LIZZIE: This house.. I hate it... I will sell it.

ELEA: No, you won't, J-izzie. I know you too well for that. You'll keep the house and live in it, if only to prove to the Good People of Fall River, you have nothing to hide. (laughs in a haunting manner.) Isn't it funny the way things work out? I've always liked this house, but I am leaving.... You have always hated it, but you will become a prisoner in this House on Second Avenue. (continues to laugh)

LIZZIE: YouHdw can you saay these things to me and mean them? You are not talking to Abby...(pauses) momma, the hate you had for Abby has turned to hate for me....hat is wrong with you?

EMMA: (Puts the axe on the table) Mrs. Churchill said I had become like you. Cold and hard. I'll never forgive you for that. Lizzie, I'm leaving... I'll send for my belongings.

(: notionally out of control) Emma, you lied because you knew I was innocent....

EMMA: (moves to the door) I lied because I knew you were guilty and. I felt I had to save you. 3Goody-73ye Lizzie

LIZZTR: Emma, you know who really killed father and Abby.. You can't run from the truth... (Emma closes the door) Emma.. Emma.. Emma don't leave me alone... Emma I'm so afraid. (she turns, sees she is quite alone in the house. Her eyes move toward the axe. She picks up the axe)...I am innocent.. I am innocent... I am innocent....

LIGHTS SLOWLY FADE

CURTAITr

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(LIZZIE, exhausted and confused..enters the kitchen, goes to the stove, pouts herself a cup of coffe walks down stage to the taable. thinks...suddenly she discovers Sousa's Axe..he holds it up.. stares suddenly breaks into a haunting laugh..THE LIGHTS SLOWLY FADE ..THE DRUM BEATS...BLACK OUT.. Area left platform, Abby stands dusting..from behind. the murder comes out..beats Abby to death...(STROB FLASHING)

DRUM... COUNT OF TEN

CENTER STAGE..Lights up...To a pounding on the front door—Bridget enters from the kitchen to the front door...Lizzie standing in the stairway..CENTER STAGE)..continues her haunting laughter.....

BRIDGET: (Mumbling about the doors always being locked dpriirr the dayy)

ANDRETj: I forgot my key,— is that door double locked euriag the day?

BRIDGET: I don't know all the bloody answers to the strange goings on in this house. (EEits to tie kitchen)

ANDREJ: What has gotten into that girl?

LIZZIE: Must be the heat.

Mina: You just can't trust those foreigners. They change, they turn on you. ABLY's right...we bettor ,get **rid. of her before she does** something strange.

LIZ ,I21 Abby wants to get rid of all or pc.... BT]fore we do something stran);1...

ANDREW: That's enough, Lizzie.. (Looking around) ::here is Abby?

LIZZIE: She received a note from a **messenger**, saying her sigter was ill. 3he went to assist her.

ANT)REI: Oh! I will be in the sitting room. I want to resst before **lunch. (Takes** of his coat, hanges it on the coat rack—proceeds to the sitting room.. Cage right)

LIZZIE: (Watches as he goes into the sitting room...walks to the coat rack..searches through Andrew's coat..discovers papers. She reads the papers cautiously...anger and rage take over her body.. she rips up the papers goes into the bitch, throughs them into the stove.. BRIDGET IS surprisee to see Lizzie so angry. Lizzie wishing to conceal her anger from Bridget... takes a deep breath trying to control herself...

TIRIDTIT: Miss Lizzie...

LIZZIE: (Distracted, with har thought.;

ERIDGM: Miss Lizzie...

LIZZIE: Yes Bridget, what is it...

BRIDGET: I'm just not feeling well. Since Mrs. Borden is gone and Mr. Borden is sleeping ...? Would you mind terribly if I went to my room.. I just need to rest for a while.

LIZZIE: Yes, go ahead.. I'll call you when you are needed (1.

BRIDGET: Thank you Miss Lizzie.

Otands down stage in the **kitchen... lights begin to face** as she starts in her laughter again...

BLACK OUT TO STROPE --drum starts again.... Murder enters Sitting Room...Strikes Er. Borden..

TRUi...COUNT OF TEN....Full

LIZZIE: (Enters from the kitchen door---p:oes immuliat4ly to the sitting room....discovers her foather's body... call to nyi<sup>3</sup>:et)

73IRDGE ...(Brieget enters center)

BRIDGET: Yes Mis, Lizzie, is it?

LIZZIE: Go get help... .;omeono has killed 7,ather....

5 BIM GET: (Exits towards the kitchen... Lizzie t'ollowinp: her. They reach the kitchen door, **Bridget turns to** Lizzie...) "Jhere were you Miss Tizzio when it happened?

LIZZIE: I was out back .. in Lhn barn. and I h'arcl frvbhur r7roan.. Now hurry.. ^;o help.

BLACK OUT

CURTAIN)

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