

DORA

A Musical Comedy in Two Acts

by

Tony Scialli

“...the people can always be brought to the bidding of their leaders. That is easy. All you have to do is tell them they are being attacked, and denounce the pacifists for lack of patriotism and exposing the country to dangers. It works the same in any country.”

Reichsmarschall Hermann Göring
Nuremberg Trials, 1946

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Synopsis

Victoria, the sideshow fortune teller in an English circus during World War I can see the future, but no-one wants to hear how each war only leads to the next war. Caught up in the patriotic frenzy of wartime, she is unjustly arrested as an enemy saboteur. Can she be rescued from her gift of clairvoyance by love? After all, being in love means being entirely unable to see the future.

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Dramatis Personae

Victoria	A psychic. 20s, soprano. Victoria has been given the gift of seeing the future, which depresses her. She has trouble finding people who believe her pessimistic forecasts.
Roger the Socialist	A socialist, 20s, baritenor. Roger is committed to his political cause, even militant about it when better judgment would suggest he keep quiet.
Roger the Pacifist	A pacifist, 20s, tenor. Roger is not afraid; he just doesn't see the point in dying in someone else's war. He greets the world with humor.
Ringmaster + Teddy Roosevelt	The circus master of ceremonies, 50s-60s, baritenor, doubles as: Teddy Roosevelt, 26 th President of the United States, a believer in the fighting of good wars. Remember the Maine!
Leah	Pronounced "lay-a." A trapeze artist, 20s, soprano with coloratura forays. She is in love with Luke, whom she encouraged to do his duty and go to war. She will have regrets, and she spends Act 1 vacillating between the pro and anti-war factions. Where will she end up in Act 2?
Hilda	A trapeze artist from parts unknown. 40s, mezzo-soprano. Hilda is a patriot and strong advocate of the war. She speaks with an American accent. Doubles as Auntie Gert.
Luke	Former trapeze artist, now a soldier, 20s-30s, tenor. Leah's lover. She pushed him into the army, although he would rather not have gone. Doubles as the Nurse. When in the ensemble, he is disguised as a performer.
Policeman	40s-50s, baritone. A veteran whose injuries in the war resulted in his discharge from the army. He now does what he can on the home front.
DORA	No need to cast DORA. The Defense of the Realm Act, a British law was passed in 1914 to, among other things, suppress the expression of discouraging sentiments about the war.

SETTING

A small town in England, 1916. A circus has bravely set up to provide what entertainment it can in these difficult times.

Act 1, Scene 1: The center ring of a one-ring circus

Act 1, Scene 2: Victoria's tent

Act 1, Scene 3: Leah's tent

Act 1, Scene 4: The midway

Act 2, Scene 1: The police station

Act 2, Scene 2: A battlefield in France on one side + Leah's tent on the other side

Act 2, Scene 3: Victoria's tent

Act 2, Scene 4: The midway

Act 2, Scene 5: A battlefield hospital

Act 2, Scene 6: The midway

Act 1, Scene 1.

(The center ring of a one-ring circus somewhere in England. In the middle stands the RINGMASTER Cue *The Colors are Pretty*)

RINGMASTER

(HE speaks over the song introduction.)

Ladies and gentlemen! I give you nineteen sixteen. An amazing year. A year of thrills and chills. Something to entertain and amuse every member of the family.

IT'S NINETEEN SIXTEEN, AND WE HAVE A LITTLE WAR
DESTROYING MOST OF EUROPE THOUGH NO ONE RECALLS WHAT FOR,
THEY SAY THAT KAISER WILHELM'S A DISTINCTLY NASTY CHAP,
SO IT'S UP TO DEAR BRITANNIA TO WIPE HIM OFF THE MAP.

When the war broke out, I was running this little circus on the continent. It was a bad time to be a foreigner on the continent, because everyone was the enemy of someone, and foreigners were believed to be spies. So, before they could hang us, we scampered away back to merry old England. Except England isn't so merry in wartime, and people don't much feel like going to the circus during times like these. Still we do what we can, eh, Victoria?

(VICTORIA steps forward into the light.)

VICTORIA

THE COLORS ARE PRETTY AND THE MUSIC IS SWEET
AS WE TRY TO FORGET THAT THERE'S NOT MUCH TO EAT,

RINGMASTER and VICTORIA

THE TRAPEZE IS LOW AND THE LIONS ARE TAME
AS WE TRY TO FORGET THAT THE WORLD IS AFLAME.

RINGMASTER

Victoria is our gypsy fortune teller. She sees things before they happen. Isn't that right, my dear?

VICTORIA

THE FUTURE IS JUST A RIVER THAT FLOWS
OUT OF THE PAST AND ONWARD FOREVER,
WHEN I PUT MY FACE IN AND OPEN MY EYES,
I SEE THINGS THAT MAKE PEOPLE THINK THAT I'M CLEVER.

A gift from my dear departed Auntie Gert, it was. She felt sorry for me sitting alone on my own all the time, so she came back from the dead to visit me.

HILDA

(SHE enters as AUNTIE GERT.)

TAKE THIS LITTLE GIFT, VICTORIA DEAR,
AND SHOW THE FUTURE TO THE WORLD FOR ITS OWN SAKE.

VICTORIA

BUT NOBODY I KNOW IS PREPARED TO HEAR
THAT WE KEEP ON MAKING THE SAME MISTAKE.

I WANT SOME UNDERSTANDING, OH,
I NEED A LITTLE UNDERSTANDING
WHY I MUST SEE A FUTURE I CAN'T FIX,
WITH A GIFT THAT'S ONLY GOOD FOR SIDESHOW TRICKS.

RINGMASTER

Victoria was named after the late queen of course. Victoria and Albert had nine children, and their 42 grandchildren got us into this mess. Victoria's son, Edward VII, had a son George V...

POLICEMAN

(HE enters.)

God save the King.

RINGMASTER

...and Victoria's daughter, also called Victoria, gave birth to Wilhelm II, whom we affectionately call Kaiser Bill. Victoria's daughter Alice gave birth to Alix, the Empress of all the Russias. The kids are now all at war with one another. Talk about a family that can't get on together!

(RINGMASTER, VICTORIA, HILDA, and POLICEMAN)

QUEEN VICTORIA'S HEIRS HAD BECOME THE HEADS OF STATE
IN A EUROPE WHERE NO-ONE LIKED WHAT WAS ON HIS PLATE,
AND NO-ONE HAD MORE NEED TO FLEX THE ROYAL WILL
THAN VICTORIA'S GRANDSON, THAT SATAN, KAISER BILL.

(HILDA exits)

Kaiser Bill started the war by invading Belgium and France, turning what would have been just another Balkan war into a world war. Thanks to Kaiser Bill, our little circus struggles to get by without men. The men are all dead, or waiting in line to be dead. So we offer for your entertainment and amusement, our lady performers. On the trapeze, our lovely Leah.

(LEAH steps into the light dressed as a trapeze artist. LUKE joins her, and
THEY dance.)

LEAH

HANDSOME LUCAS AND I MADE OUR TRAPEZES DANCE,
BUT MY LUCAS HAS GONE TO THE TRENCHES OF FRANCE,
I FLY THROUGH THE HEAVENS BUT MY HEART IS ON THE GROUND
AND IT WON'T COME UP FOR AIR UNTIL LUKE IS SAFE AND SOUND.

RINGMASTER

Luke has gone off to defend King and country. But, no worries, we were fortunate to get Hilda, a somewhat retired trapeze artist from parts unknown, to fill in.

(HILDA enters, dressed as a trapeze artist.)

Wonderful Hilda, who swings from the trapeze for your entertainment, although it isn't so good for her arthritis.

HILDA

THE COLORS ARE GAUDY AND THE MUSIC'S TOO LOUD
AND I TRY NOT TO SCREW UP AND FALL ON THE CROWD.

(The POLICEMAN comes forward dressed as a clown)

HILDA and POLICEMAN

THE CLOWNS AREN'T FUNNY AND WE HAVE NO HIGH WIRE
AS I SWING THROUGH THE AIR WITH MY JOINTS ALL ON FIRE.

VOICE OFF

But, where's Dora?!

RINGMASTER

This little circus keeps us from having to work in the factories, but isn't much of a story by itself. To have a story, we need a couple of characters to stir things up. A couple of blokes named Roger.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

(HE peeks out from one wing).

Righto, Guv'nor, that's me. I'm a pacifist.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

(HE peeks out from the other wing).

Hold on a minute, I'm Roger, too. I'm a socialist.

THE ROGERS

WE ARE HEALTHY YOUNG MEN WHO HAVE NOT GONE OFF TO FIGHT,
BECAUSE OUR PRINCIPLES SAY IT IS NOT RIGHT,
WHICH MAKES US STINKING COWARDS IF YOU QUESTION THIS LOT,
AND GIVES US THE CHANCE TO STIR UP WHAT SO FAR IS NOT MUCH OF
A PLOT.

RINGMASTER

Thank you gentlemen.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

You're welcome. Can we tell them about Dora now?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Yes, these nice people want to know about Dora.

RINGMASTER

We'll get to Dora. In fact, your next song is all about Dora.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

It is?

RINGMASTER

Yes, so be patient. Let's wrap up this song first. Ready, company?

COMPANY (LUKE doubles ROGER THE PACIFIST for the rest of the song.)
THE COLORS ARE GAY AND THE MUSIC IS SWEET

VICTORIA

I WANT SOME UNDERSTANDING...

COMPANY

AS WE TRY TO FORGET THAT THERE'S NOT MUCH TO EAT.

VICTORIA

WHY I MUST SEE A FUTURE I CAN'T FIX

COMPANY

FUTURE SHE CAN'T FIX

VICTORIA and COMPANY

WITH A GIFT THAT'S ONLY GOOD FOR
SIDESHOW TRICKS.

(Button. The company exits in various directions leaving Victoria and the Roger the Socialist onstage. A stool and dressing table are brought onstage).

Act 1, Scene 2. Victoria's tent
(Victoria puts on a dressing gown. ROGER THE SOCIALIST stands sheepishly,
hat in hand. He doesn't belong here.)

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Please, don't be hard on me. I was certain you weren't going to be one of those self-righteous women who think all men should be dying in France for the King.

VICTORIA

What made you think so?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

You read the fortune of that young lad in the sailor suit. You told him to give up his plans to enlist when he turned 16. That he had important things to do and shouldn't throw his life away by being blasted to pieces in a stupid war.

VICTORIA

Did I really call the war stupid?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

I'm rather sure you did. You were stuck for a moment when he told you that killing Huns wasn't stupid, but after a bit you were brilliant. You told him there would be more interesting people to kill in the next war. I think he believed you; he completely missed your sarcasm.

VICTORIA

I'm sorry to say, I wasn't being sarcastic. My gift of prophecy is a difficult burden. I can see into the next war. And the one after. It's difficult to be patriotic when all I can see is one war of patriotism after another.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

I for one can't fight in this war.

VICTORIA

If you don't want to go to war, just don't go. People will call you a coward, but you ought to be used to it by now.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

But I'm not a coward.

VICTORIA

I'm sure I don't care, but just out of curiosity, what are you if not a coward?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

(With pride)

I'm a socialist!

VICTORIA

A socialist? What's that got to do with it?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Socialists don't believe in this fight between decadent capitalist societies to see which of them will be ascendant in the enslavement of the world's workers.

VICTORIA

What rubbish. Why do you need to bother me with this business? If you're a socialist, go rent an office and pass out your literature.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

But I can't. It's not allowed. One can't talk against the war.

VICTORIA

This is England. You can talk about anything you like.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Not so. Days after the war began, the House of Commons passed the Defense of the Realm Act, D-O-R-A, without debate. The British government barely needs a reason to charge you with treason.

VOICES OFF

Dora!

VICTORIA

That's against spies, isn't it?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Spies and socialists. The law allows the government to suppress the publication of criticism, even to imprison people without trial if they are a threat to the war effort.

VICTORIA

It sounds theoretical to me. I don't think you have anything to worry about.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

It was theoretical until this year, when the socialist John Maclean was thrown in jail for discouraging men from joining the army. Then, *The Worker* was shut down and its editors jailed. I'm next, I can tell!

VICTORIA

All right, calm down. I don't see any policemen after you.

(A knock on the door)

POLICEMAN

(Offstage)

Police!

ROGER THE SOCIALIST, in a panic, jumps under the dressing table, where HE is not well hidden. HE puts his head under Victoria's robe, to hide better)

VICTORIA

(To HERSELF.)

Odd, I didn't see him coming.

(To ROGER THE SOCIALIST)

What are you doing under there?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

(HE is shaking under the robe.)

Shhh! Hide me!

POLICEMAN

(HE enters.)

Sorry to intrude, miss. We have reports of socialists in the area.

VICTORIA

So what does that have to do with me?

POLICEMAN

Just notifying the population to be on the lookout. If you see anything suspicious, give the local constable a call. We can't be too careful in these times with seditious elements about.

VICTORIA

Well, there are no socialists in here, unless you want to look under my robe.

(ROGER'S shaking gets worse.)

POLICEMAN

No, miss, that would be entirely unsuitable. Good day.

(HE exits.)

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

(HE emerges.)

Are you crazy? What if he had looked under your robe?

VICTORIA

I didn't think there was much chance of that. Of course, I would never have imagined that a stranger, socialist or not, would take such liberties as to dive under my robe.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

You needn't worry about me. I have no interest in what's under your robe.

VICTORIA

Should I be insulted?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Oh, my no, you're pretty and all that. But I couldn't focus on that sort of thing. Not now.
(*Cue Dora.*)

THERE WAS ONCE A TIME
WHEN I WOULD HAVE BEEN ENTHRALLED
BY A WOMAN SUCH AS YOU,
BUT MY LOVE LIFE HAS BEEN STALLED.

I WOULD HAVE BEEN CONVINCED
BY YOUR HAIR AND BY YOUR EYES,
BUT MY ARDOR'S BEEN DERAILED
AND NO PASSIONS IN ME RISE.

IT'S DORA,
I THINK OF NOTHING ELSE BUT DORA,
I HAVE NO URGING TO EXPLORE A
NEW ROMANCE,
LET YOUR FACE ENTRANCE
ME, GIVE YOUR LEGS A GLANCE,
ENTERTAIN A FANCY
FOR A LOVELY, LOVELY GIRL LIKE YOU.

FOR A GIRL LIKE YOU
I WOULD HAVE BEEN THE BLOKE,
I HAD HEALTHY FANTASIES
AND THOUGHT POLITICS A JOKE.

THE WORLD'S A STRANGE NEW PLACE,
MY OPINIONS ARE A CRIME,
AND FOR LOVELY GIRLS LIKE YOU,
I HAVEN'T GOT THE TIME.

IT'S DORA,
I THINK OF NOTHING ELSE BUT DORA,
I HAVE NO NOTION TO BECOME YOUR
NEW ROMANCE,
CHANGE YOUR CIRCUMSTANCES,
GIVE MYSELF A CHANCE TO
ENTERTAIN A FANCY
FOR A LOVELY, LOVELY GIRL LIKE YOU.

(Button. ROGER THE PACIFIST runs on, looking over his shoulder).

ROGER THE PACIFIST

(To ROGER THE SOCIALIST)

There you are. I didn't know where you had gotten to.

VICTORIA

Who the devil are you?

ROGER THE PACIFIST

My name's Roger. How do you do?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

My name is also Roger.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Yes, imagine that. They told me mum she could have the name all to herself for her favorite son, and this bloke's mum goes and swipes it.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

(To ROGER THE PACIFIST)

Must you make everything a joke?

(To VICTORIA)

Yes, we have the same name. But it's easy to tell us apart. I'm the one with principles.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

They're socialist rantings, not principles.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

You wouldn't know a principle if it jumped up and bit you on the arse.

(To VICTORIA, rolling his eyes)

Excuse me, miss, he's a pacifist.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

You want to take the world from the bosses and give it to the workers.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Exactly. The workers should reap the benefit of their work.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

If the workers were in charge, they would be the bosses, wouldn't they? You'd just have a new group of bosses. You want to replace one set of bosses with another. Foolish, I say.

VICTORIA

He's got a point.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

No, he hasn't. He's just playing with words. He simply can't stand that I believe in something and he doesn't.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

I believe in the sanctity of life.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

You mean the sanctity of *your* life.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Especially that.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

You'd take a life if you needed to. You've got a sister, haven't you? What if the Hun were threatening to kidnap your sister?

ROGER THE PACIFIST

That's highly unlikely. She isn't very pleasant.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

You would protect her. I know you would. And if necessary, you'd butcher the Hun.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

I would probably shake him by the hand and warn him to watch out for her nails.

VICTORIA

Are you a coward?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Of course he's a coward.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

It's hard to know, isn't it? I mean, since I won't get into a fight on principle, how would I know if I were a coward?

(Cue Quite a Man).

WHEN I'M WALKING DOWN THE STREET
I'M NOT AS A SOLDIER DRESSED
AND THE PEOPLE THAT I MEET
WITH PATRIOTISM ARE OBSESSED.

THEY ASSUME THAT I'M A COWARD
'CAUSE I HAVE NO WILL TO FIGHT,
WITH WHITE FEATHERS I AM SHOWERED,
KING AND COUNTRY ALWAYS RIGHT.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST and VICTORIA
GOD SAVE THE KING.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

BE A MAN,
I'M ALWAYS TOLD TO BE A MAN,
UNDER THE ASSUMPTION THAT I CAN
TAKE UP A GUN
AND AIM IT AT SOMEONE
WHO HAS A MOTHER WHO JUST WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND.

IF I MEET A PRETTY LASS,
SHE MOST LIKELY WANTS TO KNOW
WITH WHICH REGIMENT I FIGHT,
AND WHEN OFF TO FRANCE I GO.

IF I TELL HER THAT I'M NOT
WEARING KHAKI, BLEEDING RED,
SHE ASSUMES THAT I'M AFRAID
TO BE PREMATURELY DEAD.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST and VICTORIA
FOR GEORGE OUR KING, OUR GRACIOUS KING

VICTORIA

YOU'RE A MAN, QUITE A MAN,
THERE'S NO-ONE ELSE WHO CAN
BE A MAN QUITE LIKE YOU,
PEOPLE SAY WHAT THEY DO
'CAUSE THEY'RE JEALOUS OF YOU,
BUT IF YOU WERE MY GUY
I WOULDN'T ALLOW THEM
TO SPIT IN YOUR EYE.

(Dance break with the COMPANY.)

ROGER THE SOCIALIST
WHILE YOU'RE CRYING LIKE A GIRL,

VICTORIA

Hey, I'm a girl!

ROGER THE SOCIALIST
WITH THE BOSSES STILL IN CHARGE,
YOU ARE USELESS TO THE WORLD,
A WHINING SISSY BY AND LARGE.

YOU THINK FEAR IS PACIFISM,
YOU'RE NOT DOING WHAT YOU CAN,
JOIN THE FIGHT FOR SOCIALISM,
'CAUSE YOU'RE STILL NOT QUITE A MAN.

VICTORIA
HE'S QUITE A MAN.

ROGER THE PACIFIST
I'M QUITE A MAN.

QUITE A MAN.

QUITE A MAN,
I LIKE TO HEAR I'M
QUITE A MAN.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST
EVEN THOUGH WE BOTH KNOW
THAT YOU CAN
PICK UP A GUN AND AIM IT AT A BOSS

ROGER THE PACIFIST
WHO MIGHT HAVE A MOTHER
WHO JUST WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND.

THE ROGERS and VICTORIA
MIGHT HAVE A MOTHER
WHO JUST WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND.

(Button. Light down on this scene as spot comes up for the next scene.)

Act 1, Scene 3. Leah's tent
(The RINGMASTER walks into the spot and removes his hat.)

RINGMASTER

Ladies and gentlemen! The circus is proud to offer, for your entertainment pleasure, those daring darlings of the trapeze, the beautiful Leah and, from parts unknown, the mysterious Hilda!

(Light up on LEAH and HILDA dressed as trapeze artists, after their act.)

HILDA

What a chore to fling these old bones through the air for the amusement of a handful of women and old men. Can we cut the triple somersault? It's hell on my bursitis.

LEAH

The triple? That was Luke's favorite. Poor Luke. In a trench instead of doing the triple somersault with his darling Leah.

HILDA

Oh, my, my ancient brain has stopped working. I have a letter for you. The postman gave it to me just before we went on.

(SHE hands LEAH a letter).

LEAH

A letter! What does my dear boy say?

(Spot up on LUKE, who is standing stage right, dressed in a filthy uniform, holding a rifle. He recites and sings the letter as LEAH reads it.)

LUKE

"My darling Leah, Here I am, defending my country, although I must say, the bullets are a bit intimidating. But only when they are shot at us. Which is all the time. And the shells are so loud. I wish defending King George wasn't such a noisy affair. It makes my ears ring, and it's hard to sleep with the noise and the shrapnel and the bullets. I'd like to sleep so I could dream of you, Leah, and of how wonderful life will be after we've killed the enemy and otherwise taught him a good lesson.

Of course, from time to time I wonder about what it might be like to be hit. Not that I mean to be unpatriotic, but one sees it all the time, the lads being carried back into the trench with parts missing. They've done their best, haven't they, but the Hun has done a bit better in some cases. It makes one think about things. Yet, too much thinking would be unpatriotic, so I try not to do it.

(*Cue Letter to Leah.*)

THEY SAY THE TIME GOES FASTER
FOR THE MEN WHO HAVE NO ROOTS,
NO-ONE WHO'S LEFT BEHIND TO MOURN
THE BLOKES THE GERMAN SHOOTS

FOR ME WHO LEFT A GIRL BEHIND
TO ENROLL IN KITCH'NER'S ARMY,
THE TIME GOES SLOW, I WANT TO KNOW
IF JERRY'S FIRE WILL HARM ME.

I'M WAITING UNDER CANNON BLASTS
THE GAS THAT'S SENT TO BLIND US,
I PRAY WHEN WE GO OVER THE TOP
THE GERMAN GUNS DON'T FIND US.

LEAH, NO-ONE WILL LAY A
HAND ON MY SWEET LEAH,
YOU CHANGED MY WAY A'
LOOKING AT LIFE,
WILL YOU BE MY WIFE
IF I MAKE IT HOME TO YOU?

LEAH, WHEN I'M AWAY A
PINING FOR SWEET LEAH,
EVERY DAY AH,
YOU ARE MY LIFE,
WHEN YOU ARE MY WIFE
I WILL NEVER LEAVE YOU AGAIN.

LEAH

Oh, why did I let you go away?

LUKE

I WENT TO WAR TO FIGHT THE FOE
WHO WANTS TO TAKE OUR HOME AWAY,
SO GERMAN HORDES WOULD ALWAYS FIND
A BRITISH SOLDIER IN THEIR WAY.

MY COUNTRY AND MY KING HAD CALLED,
I WOULD HAVE LET THEM CALL IN VAIN,
BUT YOU TOLD ME I HAD TO GO,
THOUGH IN THIS TRENCH I'M GOIN' INSANE.

LEAH

BE BRAVE MY LUKE, BE BRAVE MY LAD,

YOUR DUTY CALLED AND YOU OBEYED,
AND NOW I'M HAVING SECOND THOUGHTS
BECAUSE I'VE MADE YOU SO AFRAID.

LUKE (with LEAH descant).

LEAH, NO ONE WILL LAY A
HAND ON MY SWEET LEAH,
YOU CHANGED MY WAY A'
LOOKING AT LIFE,
WON'T YOU BE MY WIFE
IF I MAKE IT HOME TO YOU?
I WILL NEVER LEAVE YOU AGAIN.

LEAH

WHAT HAVE I DONE?

(Button. Spot on LUKE fades out, and HE is gone.)

LEAH

(LEAH is shaken; the first inkling that her enthusiastic support for the war might have been misplaced)
He's a fine, fine lad. I do wish I had let him stay here with me, though.

HILDA

Don't be silly. Do you want your tea and crumpets replaced by beer and sausages?
Someone needs to protect our way of life.

(A knock on the door).

Who is it?

POLICEMAN

(HE enters.)

Excuse me, miss. Do you have any socialists in here?

LEAH

I don't think so.

HILDA

Perish the thought.

POLICEMAN

Well, there have been socialists lurking about, and, if you'll pardon the inference, a circus is the type of place these shady characters like to hide.

HILDA

I beg your pardon!

POLICEMAN

No offense meant, ma'am.

HILDA

We may be circus performers, but we're as upstanding as any member of Parliament.

LEAH

More so, I should think.

HILDA

Why, Leah here was just reading a letter from her young man, another circus performer I might add, who was writing from France. *He's* in the army, not poking around innocent people's tents insulting them.

POLICEMAN

Beg pardon, ma'am. I'm pleased to hear that your circus has such good, patriotic people as yourselves.

HILDA

You look fit, although perhaps a bit old. Why aren't you doing your bit in the army?

POLICEMAN

But I was in the army, to be sure. Joined up in '14 and on the first boat to France, I was. Saw a bit off action, and I hope to say that some German families are in mourning as a result. But I was gassed at Ypres¹, I was. Terrible stuff, that Jerry gas. It makes your lungs bleed and bubble so you drown in your own spit, if you'll pardon my language. Most of the chaps in my regiment fell where they stood and never got up. I was one of the lucky ones that lived to tell about it. Spent six months in hospital before they judged I might be fit to return to the world. But not to the army. No, they wouldn't let me stay in the army. Too weak in the chest I was and always would be. So they sent me to protect the home front.

LEAH

By hunting socialists?

POLICEMAN

Yes, miss. Socialists and other unpatriotic types.

LEAH

Are there no patriotic socialists?

¹ He mispronounces it Eye-pers.

POLICEMAN

None, miss. Socialists say we should quit the war. That kind of talk helps the enemy, which makes socialists the enemy, too. Saying discouraging things about the war is unpatriotic. And it's against the law. I need to keep our community safe from these rascals, particularly with sensitive projects in the area.

HILDA

Sensitive projects? Whatever do you mean?

POLICEMAN

Just down the road is the shoe factory.

LEAH

That old shoe factory has been there for years.

POLICEMAN

All the same, the shoe factory has become very important in these times of war. Let's just say that good British shoes are quite essential, if you know what I mean. Wink, wink, as it were.

HILDA

Are you saying that the shoe factory is making something other than shoes?

POLICEMAN

No, ma'am. I could never say that, could I? Let's just say that it would be a great loss to the war effort if something were to happen to our shoe factory. That's why I need to round up the socialists before they bring about more mischief. We have a new weapon in our arsenal now. Conscription!

LEAH

Conscription? There is no conscription in England.

POLICEMAN

There is now. It's just been passed. Socialists will have a choice. They can fight for their King or they can rot in prison. I'm not a hard fellow. I support giving a chap what's in error a chance to reform himself. Put him in the army where he can do some good protecting our way of life.

(Cue *Way of Life* and the battle for LEAH's convictions)

THE FELLOW WHO MIGHT HESITATE TO GIVE KING GEORGE HIS
FULL SUPPORT
WOULD TELL YOU THAT THE INFANTRY IS ONLY INESSENTIAL
STRIFE,
BUT WON'T HE BE THE FIRST TO SAY THAT CRICKET IS HIS FAV'RITE
SPORT?

SO LET HIM DO HIS DUTY TO PROTECT OUR BRITISH WAY OF LIFE.

I'D WAGER THAT YOU'RE FOND OF DRINKING TEA AND EATING
CRUMPETS,
AND CIVILIZING SANDWICHES BY TAKING CRUSTS OFF WITH A
KNIFE,
SO OFF TO BATTLE MEN MUST GO WHEN BRITANNIA SOUNDS THE
TRUMPETS,
AND TO THE DEATH IF NEEDED TO PROTECT OUR BRITISH WAY OF
LIFE.

(POLICEMAN and HILDA dance while LEAH looks on skeptically.)

POLICEMAN, LEAH, and HILDA

(The POLICEMAN conducts. LEAH makes faces. SHE sings but HER
heart is not in it.)

THE GERMANS WANT TO TAKE AWAY
THE TASTY FOOD THAT LIFE'S ABOUT
REPLACING TREACLE, CREAM, AND SCONES
WITH SAUSAGES AND SOUR SAUERKRAUT.

POLICEMAN

I WANT TO MAKE IT CLEAR THAT I'M AS LIBERAL AS ANY GUY,
I HAVE A LITTLE COTTAGE WHERE I KEEP A LITTLE BRITISH WIFE
WHO DOES MY WASH AND DARNs MY SOCKS AND COOKS MY
STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE,
NO WONDER I INSIST SOMEONE PROTECT MY BRITISH WAY OF LIFE.

POLICEMAN and HILDA

SO LUKE MUST DO HIS DUTY

POLICEMAN, HILDA, and LEAH

TO PROTECT YOUR
(pointing at the others)
BRITISH WAY OF LIFE.

(Button. THEY exit as they speak by joining the midway crowd at the beginning
of Scene 4.)

Act 1, Scene 4. The Midway
(Patrons and performers straggle past a row of tents advertising midway attractions: the bearded lady, the elephant boy, the fortune teller.)

LEAH

So this war is just about our food, is it?

POLICEMAN

Yes, miss, our food and whatever else makes us British.

LEAH

God help us if our food makes us British.

(Among the passersby is the RINGMASTER, who stops center stage and addresses the audience.)

RINGMASTER

The midway! The heart of the circus, where fortunes are made 5 pence at a time. Who can resist the implausible attractions of the midway, the freaks, the con artists, the games that can't be won? It is here that our star attraction, Victoria the gypsy, astounds audiences with her uncanny ability to make contact with the shades of yesterday and to predict the events of tomorrow. And it is here that her two new friends, Roger and Roger, have decided to hide from the events of the world that have gotten into such a state without their approval.

(The ROGERS skulk onstage. They are crudely disguised. ROGER THE SOCIALIST is a cowboy and ROGER THE PACIFIST is an American Indian. The Indian costume might include long underwear, some feathers, and a few dabs of war paint. Think Mortimer.)

Ladies and gentlemen, the Rogers!

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

How did you know it was us?

(To ROGER THE PACIFIST)

I told you these costumes wouldn't work.

RINGMASTER

Your costumes are magnificent. I'm sure your own mothers wouldn't know you.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

His mother doesn't want to know him. She's a Tory.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Why don't you stop about my mother?

(To the RINGMASTER)

We'd be pleased to join your circus, gov'nor, seeing as how we're between engagements.

RINGMASTER

What do you two young men hope to do for the circus?

ROGER THE PACIFIST

We will amaze your patrons with scenes from the Wild American West. Savages on the warpath! Tomahawks everywhere! Paleface scalps flying off their heads!

RINGMASTER

I thought you were a pacifist. Savages on the warpath. It sounds delightful. All right, set yourself up in a tent. You get to keep half of what people pay to see your little show.

(HE exits.)

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

It's too bad you don't know the first thing about being an Indian.

(VICTORIA enters.)

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Hello, Victoria.

VICTORIA

What are you two supposed to be, escapees from the lunatic asylum?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

He thinks we look like cowboys and Indians.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

That's right. We're the new Wild West show at the circus.

VICTORIA

(SHE laughs.)

You two are a Wild West show? You don't look very wild.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

(Striking a pose, with his hands like claws).

How about now?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Pathetic.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

We have to practice. We've joined the circus. We're a midway attraction, just like you.

VICTORIA

Just like me? I don't think so. I have talent. You just have feathers.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

You have talent? I thought you were a fortune teller. What talent does that take? You just fool people.

VICTORIA

No, I don't.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

You want us to believe that you really know what's going to happen before it does?

VICTORIA

Sometimes.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

We don't believe that, do we, Roger?

ROGER THE PACIFIST

No. We're scientific types, we are.

VICTORIA

I thought you were a savage Indian.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

That's me stage persona.

VICTORIA

Well, you'd better work on that stage persona, because the Policeman is coming.

THE ROGERS.

(Looking around)

Where? I don't see him? Where is he?

VICTORIA

(SHE taps her head)

You don't see him, but I do. In here.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

What makes you think that two intelligent adults, well, one intelligent adult and a sniveling moron, would be taken in by that sort of nonsense? I can see you taking pennies from children and weak-minded country folk, but we're too sophistica- . . .

POLICEMAN

(Entering, tipping his hat to VICTORIA).

G'day, miss.

(The ROGERS freeze in terror).

And what have we here?

VICTORIA

Cowboys and Indians. Just in from America.

POLICEMAN

America, eh? You're not socialists are you? America is full of socialists, I hear.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Ojibwa.

POLICEMAN

What?

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Me not socialist. Me Ojibwa.

POLICEMAN

Ojibwa? Sounds as bad as a socialist if you ask me.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Ojibwa not socialist. Ojibwa spit on socialist (*he spits on Roger the Socialist*).

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Hey!

POLICEMAN

(Turning to ROGER THE SOCIALIST)

And what's *your* story?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Howdy, guv'nor. Me name's Scrappy Jack, just in from driving the cows and such down that dusty trail to Passaic, New Jersey.

POLICEMAN

Look, we don't want any trouble here. We don't want socialists, and we certainly don't want riffraff from Passaic, New Jersey.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Ojibwa spit on socialist from Passaic, New Jersey.

(HE spits on ROGER THE SOCIALIST again).

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

(Sotto voce)

You do that again and I'll thrash you.

POLICEMAN

We're not accustomed to wild savages in these parts. I'll be keeping an eye on you heathen. Any sign of trouble, and I'll have you shipped out.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Shipped out? What's that?

POLICEMAN

Conscripted. Sent to the front. There's a war on, you know.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

But England has no conscription. All Ojibwa know this.

POLICEMAN

England has conscription now. Just enacted, you know.

THE ROGERS.

Blimey!

POLICEMAN

So watch yourselves or you'll end up in a big canoe bound for France.

(HE exits.)

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Ojibwa no like France.

VICTORIA

Well, gentlemen, I guess your costumes worked well enough. You've duped your first weak-minded country folk.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Say, Victoria, you really did see him coming, didn't you. How did you do it?

(Cue The Future)

VICTORIA

(THEY speak over intro and vamp.)

Sometimes I just see things before they happen.

ROGER THE PACIFIST.

You're very special if you can see the future. That must be terrific.

VICTORIA

Not really.

WHAT WOULD YOU DO
IF I CAME UP TO YOU,
AND I SAID HERE'S THE FUTURE, NOW OWN IT?
YOU WOULD SEE THE NEXT WAR,
AND IT'S REALLY A BORE,
WOULDN'T YOU RATHER CONDEMN THAN CONDONE IT?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

(THEY speak over vamp.)

So can you see the glorious triumph of socialism!

VICTORIA

You're going to hate it.

YOU WOULD SEE THAT NEXT YEAR,
RUSSIAN WORKERS WILL CHEER,
COMRADE LENIN NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION,
BUT THEN THINGS GO AWRY
AS FREE WILL GOES

Bye-bye,

REVOLUTION BRINGS DEATH AND DESTRUCTION.

(SHE speaks over the bridge.)

This gift hasn't done anything for my social life. It's only made me more depressed.

ALONE WITH THE FUTURE,
A FUTURE YOU HAVE NEVER KNOWN,
A FUTURE I DON'T SEE AS AN IMPROVEMENT,
FOR IN THIS FUTURE I AM STILL ALONE.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

(THEY speak over the bridge and vamp.)

It sounds an awful burden, Vic. I'd love to keep you company in the future. And I wouldn't be surprised if pacifism comes into its own before long, especially after this bloody foolish war.

VICTORIA

Sorry, Roger. Not quite.

PACIFISM GOES ON
BUT IS NEVER THAT STRONG,
YOU'LL JUST HATE WHAT THE FUTURE WILL BRING,
WE LOVE PACIFISTS, YET NOT,
FOR MOST PACIFISTS GET SHOT
MEN CALLED GANDHI, JOHN LENNON, AND MARTIN LUTHER KING.

Blessèd are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God. Matthew
chapter 5, verse 9.

(Beat)

What nonsense.

(SHE pauses to wipe away a tear.)

Well, I suppose we must get on with it.

ALONE WITH THE FUTURE,
A FUTURE YOU HAVE NEVER KNOWN,
A FUTURE I DON'T SEE AS AN IMPROVEMENT,
FOR IN THIS FUTURE I AM STILL ALONE.

THE FUTURE IS JUST A RIVER THAT FLOWS
OUT OF THE PAST AND ONWARD FOREVER,
ALONE. ALONE.

(Button.)

ROGER THE PACIFIST

You poor thing. Imagine having that gift and being ignored!

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Even so, it's bloody good news about Marxism.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Weren't you listening? Your Marxist government will be just as bad as any other
government.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Victoria hasn't predicted a pacifist government. Have you, Victoria?

VICTORIA

No, I'm afraid a pacifist government would be quite impossible.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

See, no pacifist government!

VICTORIA

The business of government is keeping itself in power. The only way for a government to stay in power is to make war on those more intelligent elements of the society that can see that there are lunatics running things. A pacifist government wouldn't last two seconds.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Is it a foregone conclusion that all governments will be run by lunatics?

VICTORIA

Of course. Who else would want to run a government but a lunatic?

(There is a puff of smoke, and TEDDY ROOSEVELT appears among them.)

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

I don't agree one bit.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Who the devil are you?

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Theodore Roosevelt, 26th President of the United States of America.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

(To VICTORIA).

Did you do that?

VICTORIA

I don't think so. You're not dead, are you sir?

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Not at all, my dear. I'm quite fit.

(Looking at the ROGERs)

What are you two young men supposed to be?

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Cowboys and Indians.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

(HE laughs.)

You're not an Indian. I could carve a better Indian out of a banana.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

I don't doubt you could, gov'nor. But I'm an Indian all the same.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

You're probably a petty thief, hiding from the law.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

We're cowboys and Indians in the circus, and we belong here. Which is more than we can say for you. If you're trying to get to America, you made a wrong turn somewhere.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

I came here to see for myself what this war is all about. Sitting in America, all we hear is what that jackass Woodrow Wilson has to say about maintaining American neutrality. He wouldn't know a good war if it went off in his underwear.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

A good war?

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

A good war is when you've got a good enemy, an enemy that is objectively evil. Then it's a pleasure to risk death to bring an end to the evil. If you were really an Indian from America, you would know all about fighting evil. It looks like the Germans fit the bill perfectly as supremely evil adversaries.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

The Germans probably think we fit the bill perfectly.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Don't kid yourself. The Germans know they're evil. They enjoy being evil. Just like the Spanish when I whipped their asses in Cuba. The Spanish recklessly attacked innocent American lives. They were begging for a thrashing, and they got it.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

One decadent imperialist society stealing from another.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

(Loudly)
What do you mean stealing?

VICTORIA

Cuba. The Philippines. Guam.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

(Louder yet)
We liberated Cuba, we didn't steal it. They needed a change of regime, and we gave it to them.

(The POLICEMAN, HILDA, LEAH and LUKE [disguised] enter.)

POLICEMAN

What's all this yelling?

(To TEDDY ROOSEVELT)

Who are you, sir? Not a socialist, I hope?

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Hardly a socialist. I am Theodore Roosevelt, 26th President of the United States of America.

HILDA

An American!

POLICEMAN

Are you sure you're not a socialist? I heard there are lots of socialists in America.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Sir! I am a Republican. In America, we put socialists in jail.

HILDA

Well said!

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

(HIS attention is drawn to HILDA.)

And who is this charming young woman?

HILDA

Hilda, from parts unknown.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Parts unknown is it? I'd say you have a touch of the Dakotas in your accent.

POLICEMAN

Never mind the Dakotas. I'm charged with keeping the peace in this neighborhood, and I'm not kindly disposed to strangers hanging around a circus. It's a very suspicious circumstance.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

I was a lawman myself, my good constable, and I understand your concern. Rest assured, I mean no harm. I have come to get closer to this admirable war. I would like to learn more about it so I can go home and argue with the fool who now runs my country. He seems intent on keeping us out of the war when it seems to me he ought to be intent on getting us into it!

HILDA and POLICEMAN

Bravo! Here, here.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Tell me, how did the war start? What convinced England to give their rotten German cousin a thrashing?

LEAH

Poor Serbia was invaded by the Austrians.

POLICEMAN

And then Germany invaded Belgium. Just marched across her borders, without any regard to her neutrality.

HILDA

So you see, Mr. President...

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

(Flirting).

Call me Teddy.

HILDA

So you see, Mr. President, England was put in a position of having to defend the right of small nations to exist, to be independent of their bullying larger neighbors.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Ah, England the defender of the small nation.

VICTORIA

(Sarcastically)

Like Ireland.

POLICEMAN

Hrumph! That's quite a different situation altogether.

VICTORIA

I can tell you why England went to war. I have it directly from Lord Palmerston,

POLICEMAN

Lord Palmerston is dead.

VICTORIA

On summer evenings, you might hear some murmuring. You think it's just the breeze in the branches, but it's actually dead people trying to visit with you. They get lonely and want to share their lives on earth with those of us who are still here. Well, Lord

Palmerston is proud of having created a neutral Belgium 75 years ago. He wanted to prevent another Napoleon from getting close to the English channel and threatening Britain. When the Germans invaded France in this war, they cut a great arc through Belgium, guaranteeing that England would be drawn into the war to protect its buffer zone. I have this personally from General Schlieffen, who planned the whole thing, although he died before the plan could be put into action.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

You're very clever, aren't you, Vic? How do you do it?

VICTORIA

My name is Victoria, not Vic. And it's really not so clever. The future is just a river that flows out of the past and onward forever. It's as easy for me to look into the past as the future. And dead people are very keen on telling me their stories.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

That's all very interesting, but the fact is, the Germans were the invaders. They're the bad guys, and they need to have their heineys kicked back across the Rhine.

POLICEMAN

Exactly so!

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

The problem with England is that there was no conscription before the war. You should have recognized the Germans for the devils they were and built up an army of two or three million men. You could have clobbered the Kaiser before he had a chance to think his first nasty thought. An ounce of prevention!

POLICEMAN

Exactly so!

ROGER THE PACIFIST

You mean preventing a war by starting a war?

TEDDY ROOSEVELT and POLICEMAN

Exactly so!

ROGER THE PACIFIST

That's crazy.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Your problem, young man, is you're a sissy. American women don't give birth to sissies. I've written a little song for American mothers to sing to their sons. It recalls our past glorious wars and how we've arranged for every generation to have a good fight.

(Cue *My Boy*.²)

MY BOY MUST NEVER BRING DISGRACE
TO HIS IMMORTAL SIRES,
AT VALLEY FORGE AND LEXINGTON
THEY KINDLED FREEDOM'S FIRES.

DAD'S FATHER DIED AT GETTYSBURG,
MINE FELL AT CHANCELLORSVILLE,
WHILE DAD HIMSELF WAS WITH THE BOYS
WHO CHARGED UP SAN JUAN HILL.

AND DAD, IF HE WERE LIVING NOW,
WOULD SURELY SAY WITH ME
NO SON OF OURS SHALL DARE DISGRACE
THE GRAND OLD FAM'LY TREE

BY TURNING OUT A SLACKER
WHEN HIS COUNTRY NEEDS HIS AID,
IT IS NOT OF SUCH TIMBER THAT
AMERICA WAS MADE.

(HE plays the air guitar.)

ROGER THE PACIFIST

What is *that*?

VICTORIA

It's called an air guitar.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

What?

VICTORIA

It's the future.

HILDA

I like it!

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

I'D RATHER YOU HAD DIED AT BIRTH
OR NOT BEEN BORN AT ALL
THAN KNOW THAT I HAD RAISED A SON

² A poem written for the Four Minute Men program authorized by President Wilson to support the US effort in World War I after the US entered the war. Public domain.

WHO CANNOT HEAR THE CALL

THAT FREEDOM HAS SENT ROUND THE WORLD
ITS PRECIOUS RIGHT TO SAVE,
THIS CALL IS MEANT FOR YOU MY BOY,
AND I WOULD HAVE YOU BRAVE.

(HILDA and LEAH put on a harmony.)
AND THOUGH MY HEART IS BREAKING,
I BID YOU DO YOUR PART,
AND SHOW THE WORLD NO SON OF MINE
IS CURSED WITH CRAVEN HEART.

AND IF YOU DIE AND DON'T RETURN
MY LATER DAYS TO CHEER
AND I HAVE ONLY MEMORIES
OF MY BRAVE BOY SO DEAR,

HILDA and LEAH

OH OH, TEDDY,
SING IT, TEDDY.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

I'D RATHER HAVE IT SO, MY BOY,
AND KNOW YOU BRAVELY DIED
THAN HAVE A LIVING COWARD SIT
SUPINELY BY MY SIDE.

TO SAVE THE WORLD FROM SIN, MY BOY,
GOD GAVE HIS ONLY SON,

TEDDY ROOSEVELT, HILDA, and LEAH
HE'S ASKING FOR MY BOY TODAY
AND MAY HIS WILL BE DONE.

(Button.)

ROGER THE PACIFIST

And how did Jesus get into your song? In my bible, Jesus is a pacifist.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

That's because you're uneducated. The German is so wicked, that Jesus, were he here today, would gladly run him through with a bayonet.

POLICEMAN

Well said. Yes he would, most surely.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

But the Germans are Christians, too. And besides, Jesus was a socialist.

POLICEMAN

Young man, you're only a fake cowboy and you can be forgiven. Jesus was no socialist. He was clearly an advocate of parliamentary government.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Actually, constable, Jesus was a Republican. I happen to know this. Personally.

VICTORIA

And Jesus would approve of this war?

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Most definitely.

LEAH

That's wonderful news. My Luke will be so pleased.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Jesus would love the war not for the war's sake but for its role in the larger war with evil, the war that has no end.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

(HE is sarcastic.)

Thank goodness for war without end.

HILDA

Don't be a bore, young man. The war has been very good for us. It has brought us together. Before the war, we were an insular society, but now we have found a common cause as a community.

LEAH

Community?

HILDA

You see, my dear, a society is a group of people who happen to live in the same place but who have little to do with one another. A community, on the other hand, is a group of neighbors working together for a common cause.

(*Cue Community.* In this song, HILDA wins LEAH back to the cause. VICTORIA and the ROGERS do not participate in the song; they stand apart, turn their backs, or otherwise register disagreement.)

THROUGHOUT OUR LIVES WE'VE LIVED APART,
AND NOW THE FOE KNOCKS ON OUR DOOR,
SOCIETY WAS A POOR START,
AS A COMMUNITY WE'LL WIN THIS WAR.

LEAH, MY FRIEND, STAND WITH YOUR COUNTRY,
WHERE FREEDOM STIRS, LET TYRANTS FEAR,³
JOIN WITH US, BE FREEDOM'S SENTRY,
MAY GODLESS TYRANNY DISAPPEAR.

WE WERE A SOCIETY,
NOW WE'RE A COMMUNITY,
SOCIETY, COMMUNITY,
WE ARE THE BEST THAT WE CAN BE TOGETHER.

LEAH
RISE UP, MY FRIENDS, STAND UP MY NEIGHBORS,
JOIN HANDS WITH ME TO HONOR OUR NATION,
SEE HOW TOGETHER WE CAN LABOR
TO ACHIEVE THE ENEMY'S DAMNATION.

LEAH and HILDA
FIGHTING AS ONE, NO ONE CAN BEAT US,
STRIVING TO WIN, FOES CAN'T DEFEAT US,
WAR WAS OUR OPPORTUNITY
TO BE A STRONGER COMMUNITY.

LEAH and HILDA; POLICEMAN, TEDDY ROOSEVELT, and LUKE (disguised)
accompany

WE WERE A SOCIETY,
NOW WE'RE A COMMUNITY,
SOCIETY, COMMUNITY,
WE ARE THE BEST THAT WE CAN BE TOGETHER.

LEAH, HILDA, POLICEMAN, TEDDY ROOSEVELT
WE WERE A SOCIETY,
NOW WE'RE A COMMUNITY,
SOCIETY, COMMUNITY,
WE ARE THE BEST THAT WE CAN BE TOGETHER NOW.

³ "Where freedom stirs, let tyrants fear." George W. Bush

VICTORIA

A lovely idea, but it rather glorifies this ugly war, doesn't it?

HILDA

There are no ugly wars. (Looking down her nose at Victoria) Only ugly sentiments.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Uh-oh, Vic, I think she wants to fight.

VICTORIA

Surely you don't believe this war is justified because it brought together our community in a common cause. A bake sale could have done just as well.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Good come-back, Vic.

VICTORIA

Victoria.

HILDA

The war has had a cleansing effect, as only a great convulsion of society can. Before the war, the tensions in the world were unbearable. France was at Germany's throat, the Italians wanted to boot the Austrians back across the Alps, the Austrians hated the Serbians, the British were racing the Germans for the biggest navy, and the Russians were a threat to everyone. This war was like a thunderstorm on a humid summer day, and it will clear the air, letting us move forward in peace and victory!

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

(HE is smitten.)

Oh, I like your style.

HILDA

And that's why this war will be known as the War to End all Wars.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT, POLICEMAN, LEAH, LUKE (*variously*).

The War to End All Wars. Quite right. Jolly good. Smashing name. Wonderful.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

(To VICTORIA)

Is that how the war will be known? The War to End All Wars?

VICTORIA

I'm afraid not.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

How will it be known in the future? Capitalism's Last Gasp?

ROGER THE PACIFIST

The Great War?

POLICEMAN

The Heroic War?

LEAH

The Final War?

VICTORIA

No. (beat) World War One.

ALL (*horrified*).

World War *One*???

VICTORIA

World War One. Sometimes the *First* World War. This war will not be the last war, not even close to the last war. This war is the most barbarous to date, and it will kill and maim human beings on a scale previously unknown, but it will not be the final war. As clever as people have become at butchering one another on an industrial scale, they will become cleverer still.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Surely you exaggerate.

VICTORIA

I never exaggerate. In the face of the monumental stupidity of the human race, exaggeration would be redundant.

HILDA

I would hardly call patriotism monumental stupidity.

VICTORIA

And yet it is the most monumental of stupidities, isn't it?

HILDA

The call to arms to protect one's homeland is the most honored duty that can be asked of a citizen. To die in the defense of one's country is the holiest possible death. As the poet writes,

Ah, ye gods! Ye great immortals
In the spacious heavens above us!
Would ye on this earth but give us
Steadfast minds and dauntless courage
We, oh kindly ones, would leave you
All your spacious heavens above us!

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

That was beautiful.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Far out.
(HE writes it down.)
Can you say it again?

HILDA

Ah, ye gods! Ye great immortals
In the spacious heavens above us!
Would ye on this earth but give us

ROGER THE PACIFIST

(HE is still taking notes.)
Steadfast minds and dauntless courage.
Great stuff, that. Who wrote that? I'll have to look it up.

VICTORIA

(*To Hilda*) Patriotism has become a matter of religion. As a misguided leader of a future war will say⁴,
“The momentum of freedom in our world is unmistakable—and it is not carried forward by our power alone. We can trust in that greater power Who guides the unfolding of the years. And in all that is to come, we can know that His purposes are just and true.”
Patriotism has been a religion for centuries. And for what? So a new order can arise and repeat the same history, over and over, the same battles with ever better weapons. Everyone loses. The losers lose and the winners lose.

HILDA

Happily, our leaders understand that this war is a battle for civilization itself.

⁴ George W. Bush, of course, ditto the quotations that follow.

VICTORIA

All wars are battles for civilization itself. Civilization has been saved so many times, you would think it would be worth something by now. Our leaders? What arses our leaders are. Just like all other leaders throughout history. They know what to say, because it's all been said before. The same words, words to make their genitals seem larger.

"The resolve of our great nation is being tested. But make no mistake, we will show the world that we will pass the test."

"Whether we bring our enemies to justice or bring justice to our enemies, justice will be done."

"We can't allow the world's worst leaders to blackmail, threaten, hold freedom-loving nations hostage with the world's worst weapons."

POLICEMAN

Now, miss, I think you're going a bit far here, calling our leaders arses and making comments about certain organs. It might be construed as a socialist stance.

VICTORIA

The socialist leaders will be just as bad. They will lead their soldiers into the meat grinder as merrily as anyone.

LEAH

Don't our brave soldiers have a difficult enough time without people like you giving comfort to the enemy by criticizing our war effort?

VICTORIA

We have met the enemy, and he will not be comforted. The enemy is us.

(SHE exits.)

HILDA

(Huffily)

What a distinctly unpleasant women.

(SHE exits in the opposite direction.)

POLICEMAN

It is highly irregular to have all this criticism of the government in times like these. I must consult my superiors.

(HE exits.)

LEAH

I just don't know what to think. It's all so confusing.

(SHE and LUKE exit.)

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

(Admiringly)

She's quite a little spitfire, isn't she?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

She certainly is.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

I just love a girl who can hold her own in a fight.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Yes, she certainly was good at returning the enemy's fire, as you soldier boys like to say.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

And the principles that inspire passion in her; why, they're good home-grown American values.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

They are?

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Yes, indeed. In fact, the more I see of that little cutie, the more convinced I am that she's American.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Victoria? American?

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

No, not Victoria. Hilda, from parts unknown. Well, I'll bet the parts unknown are right smack in the middle of the U.S. of A. Why, that there is a real American girl.

(*Cue A Real American Girl.* In this song, Teddy Roosevelt and the Rogers compete with one another, for example, by singing more quickly and more loudly.)

THERE'S NOTHING TO COMPARE TO A REAL AMERICAN GIRL,
THERE'S NOTHING SO RARE IN THE WESTERN CIVILIZED WORLD,
SHE PASSES YOUR BULLETS WITH HER LIPPY-STICK ON STRAIGHT,
SHE RAISES UP YOUR BABIES SO THEY KNOW WHOM TO HATE.

A REAL AMERICAN GIRL IS A GEM BEYOND COMPARE,
SHE KNOWS IF SHE'S NOT WITH HER MAN, SHE ISN'T ANYWHERE,
SHE CULTIVATES THE RIGHT DEGREE OF YANKEE LIBERTY,
NOT TAKING ANY LIBERTIES TO DISAGREE WITH ME.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

I THINK IT'S RATHER NICE TO SPEAK YOUR MIND WHEN YOU ARE
HOT,

TO INDICATE PRECISELY WHAT WAR IS AND WHAT IT'S NOT,
TO ANSWER JINGOISTIC NONSENSE FROM A PERFECT FOOL,
I THINK MY VIC WAS RATHER QUICK TO WIN THAT VERBAL DUEL.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

SHE SPEAKS HER MIND, AND WHAT A MIND; THAT WOMAN KNOWS
HER STUFF,
SHE HANDS YOUR DRIVEL BACK TO YOU WHEN SHE HAS HAD
ENOUGH,
ALTHOUGH SHE'S NOT ENLIGHTENED YET ABOUT THE TRUTH OF
MARX,
I MUST SAY THAT THAT WOMAN LIGHTS MY FIRE WHEN SHE
SPARKS.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

THE OTHER COUNTRIES WISH THEIR WOMEN WERE AS FINE AS
OURS,
WITH GIRLISH FRILLS LIKE LAUNDRY SKILLS AND CULINARY
POWERS,
AND WHEN YOUR MULE ACTS LIKE A FOOL AND WON'T GET IN THE
PLOW,
YOUR MATE WITH CHARM WILL WORK YOUR FARM, AND STOP TO
WIPE YOUR BROW.

A REAL AMERICAN GIRL HAS PLUCK AND AIN'T TOO SHY
TO SHOOT YOUR FOE AS QUID PRO QUO IF TRAGICALLY YOU DIE,
SHE DOESN'T ASK FOR ANYTHING BECAUSE SHE UNDERSTANDS,
THERE ISN'T ANYTHING TO BEAT A REAL AMERICAN MAN.

THE ROGERS

THE ELOQUENT VICTORIA MADE HILDA LOOK A FOOL,
BEFORE SHE TRIES TO TALK AGAIN, SHE'D BEST GO BACK TO
SCHOOL,
WE ARE AMAZED, WITH VIC WE'RE CRAZED, SHE PLAYED A
PERFECT PART,
AND DON'T YOU KNOW HER LITTLE SHOW SPOKE CLEARLY TO MY
HEART.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

SOME MEN MAY FALL FOR GOLDEN CURLS,

ROGER THE PACIFIST

SOME FOR A CREAMY THIGH,

ROGER THE SOCIALIST
SOME MEN ARE NUTS FOR SHAPELY BUTTS,

ROGER THE PACIFIST
ON THAT YOU CAN RELY,

THE ROGERS
BUT IT WAS NEAT TO HEAR VIC TREAT YOUR HILDA WITH DISDAIN,
OH, OH, VICTORIA, WHAT A STORY, WE'VE FALLEN FOR YOUR
BRAIN.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT, THE ROGERS
(THEY sing over one another. The next three parts are sung concurrently.)

TEDDY REOOSEVELT
THERE'S NOTHING TO COMPARE TO A REAL AMERICAN GIRL,
THERE'S NOTHING SO RARE IN THE WESTERN CIVILIZED WORLD,
SHE PASSES YOUR BULLETS WITH HER LIPPY-STICK ON STRAIGHT,
SHE RAISES UP YOUR BABIES SO THEY KNOW WHOM TO HATE.

ROGER THE PACIFIST
I THINK IT'S RATHER NICE TO SPEAK YOUR MIND WHEN YOU ARE
HOT,
TO INDICATE PRECISELY WHAT WAR IS AND WHAT IT'S NOT,
TO ANSWER JINGOISTIC NONSENSE FROM A PERFECT FOOL,
I THINK MY VIC WAS RATHER QUICK TO WIN THAT VERBAL DUEL.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST
SHE SPEAKS HER MIND, AND WHAT A MIND; THAT WOMAN KNOWS
HER STUFF,
SHE HANDS YOUR DRIVEL BACK TO YOU WHEN SHE HAS HAD
ENOUGH,
ALTHOUGH SHE'S NOT ENLIGHTENED YET ABOUT THE TRUTH OF
MARX,
I MUST SAY THAT THAT WOMAN LIGHTS MY FIRE WHEN SHE
SPARKS.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT and THE ROGERS
(THEY try to outdo one another on the last note.)
I MUST SAY THAT THAT WOMAN LIGHTS MY FIRE WHEN SHE
SPARKS.

(Button. TEDDY ROOSEVELT storms off.)

ROGER THE PACIFIST

I say, aren't we the moderns, falling for a woman's brain.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Yes, we are. Why, I don't know if such a thing will ever be in style. We should ask Victoria.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Good idea. I'll ask her.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

You'll ask her? Why shouldn't I ask her?

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Because we're both sweet on her, right?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Yes, that's true.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

That makes us rivals.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

I suppose it does.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

When two chums like us become rivals, that could become awkward, don't you think?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Yes, I suppose it could.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Well, these awkward situations need to be handled delicately. We both know that I'm the delicate member of the team.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

You are?

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Why, yes. You have all these passions, you do all this speech-making and stomping around. No, mate, you're definitely the blunt instrument here. I'll ask her.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Just a minute, just a minute. I don't see why we can't both ask her.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

All right, we'll both ask her. But, we don't want to overwhelm her. You can come along, but let me do the talking.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Well, okay, you can do the talking, but make sure you tell her that we're both asking.

(THEY head off together, having the following conversation as THEY exit.)

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Of course, that would be only fair. Now, in order not to confuse her, I think you should stay back, so we don't crowd her. In fact, you should probably stand behind a tree.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Behind a tree?

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Yes. And you should face away from Victoria so she doesn't feel too pressured. In fact, maybe you could climb into the tree...

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Wait a minute. I don't see any trees around here. Do you see any trees? (THEY are off.)

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

(HE enters from the opposite direction carrying a bullwhip.)

Now where did the fake cowboy and Indian go? I want to teach them some respect.

(VICTORIA enters, stopping short when she sees TEDDY ROOSEVELT).

VICTORIA

Oh!

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

(HE bows stiffly, hiding the whip behind his back.)

Miss.

VICTORIA

Mr. President. That's quite a nice...bullwhip.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Oh, that. It's nothing. A little souvenir that I picked up in Paris.

VICTORIA

I see.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Not doing anything undignified, I should add.

VICTORIA

Of course not.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Although, speaking of dignified behavior, might I comment?

VICTORIA

Of course.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

I was rather taken aback at your behavior, which I found, well undignified.

VICTORIA

I see. Undignified.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Yes. Not at all ladylike. I am accustomed to women being rather more reserved in their political opinions.

VICTORIA

I understand. I might even have guessed that you are accustomed to women not having political opinions.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Now, don't misunderstand me. I think women are entitled to political opinions as long as those opinions are patriotic and, well...unspoken.

VICTORIA

Patriotic and unspoken?

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Yes, supportive of the country, particularly in times of war. In my country, women are very pleased to support their fighting men.

VICTORIA

Yes, I know. Yours is quite a bellicose society, isn't it?

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Bellicose? What do you mean?

VICTORIA

You Americans love war.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

I beg your pardon. We Americans love peace.

VICTORIA

I suppose you think so. Your history suggests otherwise.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Our history? What do you know of our history?

VICTORIA

Quite a bit, including that history yet to come. It's really quite distressing. In the next hundred years, your country will join in many wars to protect its empire.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Empire? The United States does not have an empire. You have us confused with your own country perhaps.

(Cue Presidents' Parade.)

VICTORIA

GREAT BRITAIN ADMITS WITH PRIDE
THAT SHE HAS AN EMPIRE
FOR WHICH MANY A BRITON HAS DIED
IN THE QUEST TO ACQUIRE
YET MORE LAND TO KEEP BRITANNIA GRAND
AND OUR POETS INSPIRED.

We haven't concealed our ambitions. You have and will continue to do so.

YOUR COUNTRY WILL OUTDO MINE
AS YOU BUILD YOUR OWN EMPIRE,
A SECRET SHRINE TO THE BOTTOM LINE
AS YOUR LEADERS CONSPIRE
TO WIN MORE LOOT WITH THEIR POWER,
YOUR PUPPETS AND STOOGES ALIGNED.

You will fight wars to protect spheres of influence in countries that have never flown the American flag. The invocation of liberty and democracy for all will be your excuse for invading weaker nations that threaten important markets. In your day it was sugar cane. Before long it will be oil.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

That nasty ooze? Never!

VICTORIA
YOUR PRESIDENTS WILL BE A PARADE
OF MENTAL DWARFS AND SOCIOPATHS,
WITHOUT SCRUPLES ARE SUCH PEOPLE MADE,
WITH DEADLY RESULTS FROM THEIR DIM-WITTED WRATH.



YOUR PRESIDENTS WILL ALL GO TO WAR
FOR THE LAND OF THE PAWNEE AND HOME OF THE SLAVE,
THE WAGE SLAVE WITH NO HOPE ANYMORE
EXCEPT TO ESCAPE TO AN EARLY GRAVE.

(Dance break. The ROGERS enter and dance with VICTORIA. Feel free to bring the whole COMPANY out for the dance.)

VICTORIA and THE ROGERS
LET'S GET IN LINE FOR THE PRESIDENTS' PARADE,
A LINE OF MORONS WHO DROOL AND SPIT,
OVER TIME WE'VE HAD OUR HOPES BETRAYED,
BECAUSE THESE SAD CREATURES JUST ARE NOT WORTH
VERY MUCH AT ALL, VERY MUCH AT ALL.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT
Your disrespect cannot go unanswered.

I DON'T AT ALL LIKE YOUR STYLE,
AND YOU'VE EARNED MY DEEPEST ENMITY,
YOU'LL LEARN IN A VERY SHORT WHILE
IT'S UNWISE TO DEFAME MY GOOD NAME, I'M A VERY POWERFUL
ENEMY,
A VERY POWERFUL ENEMY

(Button. The COMPANY if they are onstage, exits except for the ROGERS and VICTORIA. TEDDY ROOSEVELT storms off.)

ROGER THE SOCIALIST
What is the old boy so steamed about?

VICTORIA
I predicted the future of his country.

ROGER THE PACIFIST
He didn't care for it?

VICTORIA

Not at all. He's angry at me for what his country will become. And I don't even vote there.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Well, *we* appreciate you speaking your mind, even if he doesn't.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Yes, in fact, we love you for it.

VICTORIA

You do?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

We do. We decided we love you...

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Both of us...

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

...for your fine mind.

VICTORIA

My, that's strange.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

What's strange?

VICTORIA

For a man, two men, to love a woman for her mind.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Surely we're just advanced. Won't it be common in the future for men to love women for their minds?

VICTORIA

(SHE scans the audience with her hand shading her eyes like a scout)

No, not as far as I can see.

(SHE points out the reasons for love that SHE sees in the men in the audience)

Fine body, family money, cooks like mom, does that special thing with her tongue, but no, no fine mind.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

I guess it's only us, then.

VICTORIA

That's just lovely.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Which of us do you love, then?

VICTORIA

I can't say that I've thought about it. Why would I love either of you?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

It's customary, I think, for the girl to love one of the boys. We both love you, you love one of us.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

It gives some dramatic thrust to the plot, doesn't it?

VICTORIA

There really hasn't been much groundwork for me loving either of you, has there? I mean, have either of you earned my love?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

(to ROGER THE PACIFIST).

She has a point, Roger.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

I suppose she has. We haven't earned her love.

(HE addresses VICTORIA.)

We'll set about right away earning your love.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

We'll do it together.

VICTORIA

That might not be convenient.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Why not?

VICTORIA

If you do everything together, I won't have much reason to choose one of you over the other.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Yes, I see your point.

RINGMASTER

(HE steps onto the stage from the wings.)

Victoria will not have to choose until the next act. We first have one more piece of business: the shoe factory. You remember the policeman being secretive about the shoe factory? Of course, any idiot could figure out that it wasn't really a shoe factory but a munitions factory. And where there are munitions factories, there are saboteurs. Here comes the good constable with some terrible, terrible news.

(The POLICEMAN runs on screaming and the RINGMASTER exits.)

POLICEMAN

Terrible! Catastrophe! Help!

(The rest of the COMPANY come on stage to see what the noise is about. LUKE is disguised. Cue *Catastrophe*.)

COMPANY

What is it? What's the matter?

POLICEMAN

A TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE,
EXPLOSION AT THE FACTORY,
IN OUR TOWN SEDITION LURKS,
THEY'VE BLOWN UP THE MUNITIONS WORKS.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

IT MUST HAVE BEEN THE WORKERS THERE
BECAUSE THE BOSSES DIDN'T CARE.

HILDA

MORE LIKELY IT WAS SOMEONE WHO
HAD SOCIALIST LEANINGS, PROB'BLY YOU.

(Dance break. TEDDY ROOSEVELT goes to HILDA to give her a kiss on each cheek. SHE is not pleased by HIS attentions and shoos him away. HE goes to the POLICEMAN, whispers in his ear, pointing at VICTORIA.)

POLICEMAN

THE CIRCUS SHOULD HAVE STAYED AWAY,
I KNEW THAT THERE'D BE HELL TO PAY,
YOU WORK YOUR TRICKS, YOU MESMERIZE,

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

YOU ARE A DEN OF GERMAN SPIES.

(Dance break. The company arranges itself in two groups, the POLICEMAN, TEDDY ROOSEVELT, and HILDA on one side and VICTORIA, the ROGERS, LUKE [disguised] on the other. TEDDY ROOSEVELT tries to position himself close to HILDA and, ever the American president, even might touch her playfully. HILDA swats HIM away. LEAH vacillates between the two groups; she doesn't know to which group she wants to belong. VICTORIA gently guides her to VICTORIA's group).

LEAH, VICTORIA, THE ROGERS, LUKE
THE CIRCUS IS A FORCE FOR GOOD,
WE'RE VALUED IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD,
WE QUITE RESENT YOUR AWFUL LIES,
(HILDA joints for this line:)
WE DON'T KNOW ANY GERMAN SPIES.

LEAH

I MISS MY LUKE,
WHAT HAVE I DONE
SENDING HIM TO WAR?
I WISH HE'D RUN
AWAY.

VICTORIA and ROGER THE PACIFIST
ONE LESS BOMB PLANT,
WHAT DO WE CARE?
FEWER BOMBED PEOPLE,
THAT SOUNDS PRETTY FAIR
TO US.

POLICEMAN
OH WOE IS ME, I'VE FAILED THE KING,
I NEEDED TO DO EV'RYTHING
TO KEEP THE BOMBS FALLING FOR THE CROWN,
AND NOW I'VE LET MY COUNTRY DOWN.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST
I GUESS YOU'RE JUST A SILLY TWIT,
THE BOSSES' DOG WAITING TO BE HIT...

HILDA
A SOLDIER BRAVE, DON'T MIND HIS STUFF,
YOU DID YOUR DUTY, THAT'S ENOUGH.

LEAH

I'M SO ALONE
PLEASE GIVE LUKE A CHANCE
TO COME HOME TO ME,
TO LIVE THROUGH FRANCE FOR ME.

POLICEMAN

(HE reproaches LEAH.)

But what about our bombs?

VICTORIA

(Reproaching HIM in return.)

MAKES NO SENSE AT ALL,
WHEN MEN WORRY THAT
(SHE gestures dismissively at HIS crotch)
THEIR PENISES ARE TOO SMALL
THEY NEED TO DROP BOMBS ON EV'RYONE.

(There is general shock. The P word wasn't used in public in 1916.)

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

(Addressing the POLICEMAN)

Did you hear the mouth on that woman? Blaming the war on small...well you heard her!

POLICEMAN

WITH A CRIME AGAINST THE CROWN,
THERE'S MY DUTY TO BE DONE,
AND THOUGH IT MAY MAKE YOU FROWN,
I MUST APPREHEND SOMEONE.

NOW YOUR CIRCUS I'M DECIDING,
IS A REFUGE FOR THE HUN,
AND THAT REPROBATE IN HIDING
KNOWS THAT JUSTICE WILL BE DONE.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

MAY I BE OF ASSISTANCE?

(HE indicates VICTORIA.)

SHE HAS CAUSED THIS CATAclysm,
HAVE YOU NOTICED HER PERSISTENCE
CRITICIZING PATRIOTISM?

(Aside to VICTORIA)

I'M A VERY POWERFUL ENEMY!

SHE'S A NASTY LITTLE TRAITOR,

THE ROGERS
BUT WE LOVE HER, YOU MISINFORMER.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT
AND YOU REALLY OUGHT TO HATE HER.

LUKE (disguised)
BUT SHE'S OUR STAR PERFORMER.

POLICEMAN
(As the POLICEMAN takes Victoria into custody and the ROGERS attempt to protect her. TEDDY ROOSEVELT sings Ahs to accompany.)
SINCE VICTORIA'S A CRIMINAL
SHE MUST BE LOCKED AWAY,
BECAUSE FREEDOM'S JUST PROVISIONAL,
SHE GOES TO JAIL TODAY.

POLICEMAN and TEDDY ROOSEVELT
(HILDA sings Ahs to accompany)
THE WICKED OF THIS EARTH MUST KNOW
WE'VE GOT THEM ON THE RUN,
WE'LL SHOW SATAN IN HIS REALM BELOW
THAT JUSTICE WILL BE DONE.

POLICEMAN, TEDDY ROOSEVELT and HILDA
JUSTICE WILL BE DONE.

VICTORIA
THE FUTURE IS JUST A RIVER THAT FLOWS
OUT OF THE PAST AND ONWARD FOREVER,
I STILL WANT SOME UNDERSTANDING,
OH, I NEED SOME UNDERSTANDING
WHY I MUST LIVE A FUTURE I CAN'T FIX
WITH A GIFT THAT'S ONLY GOOD FOR JAILHOUSE TRICKS.

THE ROGERS.
THAT AMERICAN'S A VILLAIN,
CAUSE HE HATES OUR CLEVER VIC,
HE MUST THINK HE'S MARSHAL DILLON,
HIS SELF-RIGHTEOUSNESS MAKES US SICK.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST
THERE'S AN END TO EV'RY STORY

ROGER THE PACIFIST
BUT THE ENDING'S NOT QUITE NOW,

THE ROGERS
THAT DAMN YANKEE WILL BE SORRY
WHEN WE TAKE OUR FINAL BOW.

LEAH + LUKE	HILDA + TR	ROGERS	POLICEMAN
I'M SO ALONE	A TERRIBLE CATASTROPHE	ONE LESS BOMB PLANT	OH WOE IS ME I'VE FAILED THE KING

VICTORIA (LEAH sings Ahs)
I WANT SOME UNDERSTANDING,

LEAH + LUKE	HILDA + TR	ROGERS	POLICEMAN
PLEASE GIVE LUKE A CHANCE	EXPLOSION AT THE FACTORY	WHAT DO WE CARE	I NEEDED TO DO EVERYTHING

VICTORIA (LEAH sings Ahs)
I NEED A LITTLE UNDERSTANDING,

LEAH + LUKE	HILDA + TR	ROGERS	POLICEMAN
TO COME HOME NOW	IN OUR TOWN SEDITION LURKS	FEWER BOMBED PEOPLE	TO KEEP THE BOMBS FALLING FOR THE CROWN
TO LIVE THROUGH FRANCE FOR ME	THEY'VE BLOWN UP THE MUNITIONS WORKS	THAT SOUNDS PRETTY FAIR TO US	AND NOW I'VE LET MY COUNTRY DOWN

VICTORIA
HOW CAN I WIN MY FREEDOM
FROM THESE VILLAINS WHO MISLEAD 'EM,

VICTORIA, LEAH, LUKE, the ROGERS
WHAT DOES THE FUTURE HOLD IN STORE FOR ME?

COMPANY
(THEY all point, HILDA, POLICEMAN, and TEDDY ROOSEVELT at
VICTORIA and VICTORIA, LEAH, LUKE, and the ROGERS at HILDA,
POLICEMAN, and TEDDY ROOSEVELT.)
YOU'VE BLOWN UP THE MUNITIONS WORKS.
(Button. End of Act 1)

Act 2, Scene 1. The Police Station.
(The ROGERS enter, dressed in outlandish military-like clothing.)

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Where is everyone?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

I don't know. This place gives me the creeps. What a bad idea to come here.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

You want to save Victoria, don't you? It will make us worthy of her love. Rescuing her is a useful plot device. A way to earn her love.

(The POLICEMAN enters.)

POLICEMAN

May I help you? Why, I know you two, don't I?

ROGER THE PACIFIST

G'day, your Honor. We used to be circus performers.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

(Sotto voce).

Shhh! Are you crazy? Don't tell him that. He hates the circus.

POLICEMAN

That den of spies, I hate the circus. I should arrest you both on the spot.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

But, your Honor, we've come here for your guidance. We've seen the error of our ways.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

We want to be patriots.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

And we've come to you for guidance.

POLICEMAN

You've come to the right place, you have. I am proud to say that I am something of an expert on patriotism, I am.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Tell us again how you brought the Shoe Factory Bomber to justice.

POLICEMAN

It was really quite simple. I saw the factory explode with my own eyes, I did, and fleeing from the scene was that despicable traitor, the circus tramp they call Fräulein Victoria, still carrying the burnt match that she used to light the fuse.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

(To ROGER THE PACIFIST)

What a liar.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Is that so? Weren't we lucky you were on the scene?

POLICEMAN

Quite so. She put up quite a fight, using all her nasty Boche tricks, but in the end, a German spy is no match for a sturdy English constable.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Where is the felon, by the way?

POLICEMAN

(HE is suspicious.)

Who wants to know?

ROGER THE PACIFIST

We're only anxious that she be securely incarcerated, so we can sleep in peace.

POLICEMAN

(HE pats his breast pocket.)

Don't you worry. She's safely under lock and key.

THE ROGERS.

(THEY pat their breast pockets.)

Good!

POLICEMAN

Now, what about you young men? Not interested in joining your fellow circus traitor in the slammer are you?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

No, guv'nor. We want to be patriots like you.

POLICEMAN

To be a patriot like me, you need to join the army and kill Germans.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

That sounds like just the ticket. Why didn't we think of that?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Yes, what a splendid idea.

(To ROGER THE PACIFIST)

Now what?

ROGER THE PACIFIST

We'd like to know what it's like, your Honor. You were on the field of battle, weren't you?

POLICEMAN

Yes, I was, but I got too big a whiff of Jerry gas. Nearly killed me, but I was a splendid soldier right up to that moment.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Can you tell us, your Honor, how to be good soldiers?

POLICEMAN

The main thing is to be brave, never to hesitate to do whatever you're ordered to do.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Don't use your mind at all, right?

ROGER THE PACIFIST

(To ROGER THE SOCIALIST)

That should be natural for you, Roger.

POLICEMAN

Exactly. Them what's officers know best.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

But what if they order you over the top, and the enemy has a steady barrage of machine gun fire?

POLICEMAN

Run like the dickens and hope your legs don't get shot out from under you.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Your legs shot out from under you? Does that happen?

POLICEMAN

It certainly does. Why, I recall one day at Ypres⁵, we were dug in well and feeling snug. Then, without warning there come the Jerries, running like hell for our position. Well, our gunners lay a steady bit of fire into their lines, shooting the legs off the bastards. I swear, this one little fella just kept running, or trying to, with no legs to take him anywhere. But he kept pumping his arms, and shouting his battle cry, all the while his torso is bumping along the ground. It was rather comical, it was.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Yes, it sounds extremely funny.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

It must be awfully good fun. We'll do it. We'll march over and enlist.

(HE produces a flask)

Now, will you help us drink to it?

POLICEMAN

I cannot. I am on duty.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

(HE pours three glasses. Each of the ROGERS takes one).

What a pity. And this is high quality schnapps.

POLICEMAN

Schnapps?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Taken off the mutilated corpse of a German officer.

POLICEMAN

(HE picks up the glass and sniffs it.)

So this is what the Boche officers drink.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

(HE raises his glass.)

God save the King!

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

God save the King!

(HE addresses the reluctant POLICEMAN.)

You can't ignore a toast to the King, can you?

⁵ Again, he pronounces it Eye-pers

POLICEMAN

(Lifting his glass) I suppose a little one won't hurt, will it? God save the King *(he takes a sip)*. Not bad at all. No wonder the Germans can show a little pluck on the field.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

God save the Queen!

ROGER THE PACIFIST

To Queen Mary!

POLICEMAN

God save the Queen!

(HE drinks a bit more.)

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

(HE addresses the POLICEMAN, refilling his glass)

Your turn.

POLICEMAN

God save England!

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Good one. God save England!

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

God save England!

(THEY drink.)

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Death to the enemy!

ROGER THE SOCIALIST and POLICEMAN

Death to the enemy!

(THEY drink.)

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Death to the socialists!

ROGER THE PACIFIST and POLICEMAN

Death to the socialists!

(THEY drink.)

POLICEMAN

(HE slurs his speech.)

A glorious death to the two of you!

THE ROGERS.

Death to us!

(THEY drink.)

(Cue *Death to Us*. During the song, the ROGERS keep refilling the POLICEMAN's glass, getting HIM drunk while THEY only pretend to drink.)

DEATH TO US!
SURVIVAL'S TREASONOUS,
THE MOMMAS WHO BORE US
WOULD BE FIRST TO IMPLORE US
TO DIE MERITORIOUS.

POLICEMAN

DEATH TO YOU!
AND TO YOUR MOMMAS, TOO,
EXTERMINATED LIKE VERMIN
YOU'LL BE KILLED BY THE GERMAN,
GREAT HEROES WILL DEATH MAKE OF YOU.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST
SO HERE'S TO FRIENDSHIP, HERE'S TO HONOR,

ROGER THE PACIFIST
HERE'S TO JUST ABOUT ANYTHING,

ROGER THE SOCIALIST
AND IF WE NEED TO GET YOU HIGHER,

ROGER THE PACIFIST
WE'VE ONLY JUST TO TOAST THE KING.

POLICEMAN

Here, here!

(Dance break)

THE ROGERS
LET'S TOAST SOME MORE,
KAISER BILL'S AN OPEN SORE.

POLICEMAN

I'll drink to that.

THE ROGERS
THE MORE THAT WE DRINKIE,
THE WORSE THAT HE STINKIE,
AND HIS MOTHER'S A THREE-SHILLING WHORE.

POLICEMAN

Oh, that's nasty.

TWO SOLDIER BOYS WITH LOVE OF COUNTRY
TAKE THEIR PLACE AGAINST THE FOE,
AND SURELY IT'S MY SAINTLY DUTY
TO LIFT A GLASS BEFORE THEY GO.

THE ROGERS
TWO CIRCUS LADS WHO LOVE VICTORIA
HAVE GOT HER CAPTOR ALL AGLOW,
AND SURELY IT'S OUR SINCERE PLEASURE
TO LIFT A KEY BEFORE WE GO.

(ROGER THE PACIFIST takes the key from the POLICEMAN'S shirt pocket while ROGER THE SOCIALIST distracts him with a drink. ROGER THE SOCIALIST exits and then re-enters with VICTORIA. The POLICEMAN sees HER, shrugs, and lifts HIS glass to her as THEY sing together.)

THE ROGERS, VICTORIA, and POLICEMAN
TWO CIRCUS LADS WHO LOVE VICTORIA
FOOLED YOU/ME WITH THEIR SOLDIER CLOTHES,
THEY GOT YOU/ME DRUNK AND STOLE THE LADY RIGHT
UNDERNEATH YOUR/MY SHINY RED NOSE.

POLICEMAN
RIGHT UNDERNEATH MY SHINY NOSE.

(Button.)

Act 2, Scene 2. A battlefield in France on one side of the stage and Leah's tent on the other. LUKE is writing a letter on the eve of battle. LEAH is sitting in her tent, reading the letter. The Ringmaster is stage center, between the two tableaux.

RINGMASTER

Ladies and gentlemen! I give you July 1, 1916. The Allies are not doing well in the war and have decided to throw everything they have at the German positions in France. The Battle of the Somme begins after five days of allied bombardment. On the first day of battle, there will be 60,000 British casualties including 20,000 dead. On the eve of that battle, Luke is bitter.

(Cue Letter to Leah reprise.)

LUKE

FIVE DAYS WITHOUT A WINK OF SLEEP,
WE'RE READY TO GO TO OUR DEATH,
DON'T TELL US OF OUR HOLY CAUSE,
DON'T WASTE YOUR LOVELY BREATH.

YOU TOLD ME OF TWO BOYS YOU KNOW
WHO WON'T PICK UP A GUN,
LEAVE THEM ALONE, THEY KNOW THAT WE'RE
NOT HELPING ANYONE.

THERE'S NONE OF US BELONGS IN FRANCE,
WE'VE NO EXCUSE TO BE HERE,
YOU PATRIOTS AT HOME ARE BLIND,
IN MUD AND BLOOD WE SEE CLEAR.

THEY TELL US TO PUSH ON SO THAT
OUR COMRADES WON'T HAVE DIED IN VAIN,
BUT DIE IN VAIN IS WHAT WE DO,
WE SEEK OUR DEATH, WE DON'T COMPLAIN.

LEAH, I'LL NEVER LAY MY
EYES ON MY SWEET LEAH,
I'LL BE ALONE WHEN
I LOSE MY LIFE,
IF YOU WERE MY WIFE
THEY WOULD SEND A FLAG TO YOU.

Ha!

THEY TOLD ME LIES THAT WILL
COST ME MY LIFE,

YOU WON'T BE MY WIFE,
YOU WILL NEVER SEE ME AGAIN.

LEAH

(As SHE finishes the letter over the last bars of the song, SHE lets the page
fall as she puts her head in her hands, wailing in distress.)

Oh, Luke, I am so sorry!

(Button.)

Act 2, Scene 3
VICTORIA's tent. The ROGERS and VICTORIA sneak on.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

I'm telling you, Vic, it's the last place he'll think to look for you. Your own tent.

VICTORIA

Victoria! My name is Victoria. But what if he *does* look for me here? He'll take me back to jail.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Then we'll just break you out again.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

He's really not all that bright. Roger can easily come up with another plan. Right, Roger?

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Roger, Roger.

VICTORIA

You fellows are awfully kind to risk yourselves for me.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

We like risk. Danger. Peril. Right, Roger?

ROGER THE PACIFIST

No, not right. We like Victoria.

(To VICTORIA)

Besides, you're innocent. We just need to keep you hidden until we can prove it. Come on, Roger, we've got work to do.

(The ROGERS exit.)

VICTORIA

What a couple of sweethearts. There's nothing like a daring rescue to make a girl fall in love, but one usually falls in love with a single person, doesn't one? And these two are quite a pair. Not at all alike. One of them makes speeches about social justice, while the other one mocks everything and just tries to make his way in the world.

I suppose that's the way it is with men. None of them is just right. No matter how fabulous they seem, they all have some flaw that in the end will make a girl nuts. The socialist is very passionate, very intense. I like passion. It's very exciting. But that kind of passion all the time? I might have to kill the poor dear. And the other one, the pacifist. I like his irreverence. I like a free thinker, of course, but his lack of respect for the usual conventions might include a lack of respect for *me*. I wouldn't like that at all.

Why were men made so imperfectly? Each one has something you like, but none of them has it all. I think we ought to be able to pick something from each, to build our own man to suit us. But, I suppose it's impossible. I suppose I'll have to settle for one man, as irritating as he may be. (Cue *A Boy Named Roger*).

I LIKE A BOY NAMED ROGER,
INTO MY TENT AND LIFE CAME ROGER,
MY ROGER COULD BE EV'RY THING TO ME,
BUT WHICH OF THESE TWO ROGERS WILL IT BE?

I HAVEN'T HAD MUCH LUCK WITH MEN,
I TALK TOO MUCH OF THINGS AND THEN
THE GUY CAN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE,
HE'S RUNNING SCREAMING FOR THE DOOR.

BUT ROGER'S DIFFERENT, ROGER'S KIND,
HE SAYS HE LOVES ME FOR MY MIND,
HIS HEART IS GOOD, HIS LOVE IS TRUE,
I ONLY WISH HE WEREN'T TWO.

ONE ROGER HAS HIS PRINCIPLES,
HIS SPIRIT IS INVINCIBLE,
THE OTHER KNOWS JUST WHAT TO SAY,
HIS TALENT IS FOR REPARTÉE.

ONE ROGER'S FEET ARE ON THE GROUND,
THE OTHER IS A GOOF, A CLOWN,
ONE-HALF MY BEAU IS SERIOUS,
THE OTHER HALF'S HILARIOUS.

(Button. LEAH enters.)

LEAH

Victoria! What are you doing here?

VICTORIA

It is my tent, you know.

LEAH

Yes, I know and so does the policeman. He will be looking for you.

VICTORIA

Of course he will, but the Rogers don't think he would think to look in here. It's too obvious.

LEAH

The Rogers are a bit daft, you know. Of course he will look in here. But he won't look in my tent. You can hide there.

VICTORIA

That's very kind of you. But why do you want to help me? I didn't think you approved of me.

LEAH

I didn't. But I find I need to rethink some of my ideas. Besides, I don't think you would bomb a munitions plant. I don't think you would bomb anything.

VICTORIA

That's sweet of you to say, Leah. I don't think you would bomb anything, either.

LEAH

No, I've rather had enough with all this bombing. It's Luke's letters. He's really scared. I felt so terrible for him. Then I felt terrible for all the other boys who have been sent over there. And all the mothers, wives, and girlfriends who are waiting. I had a vision. I saw them, as clearly as I am seeing you, women like me who are sick to death with worry. They sat with me in my tent, wringing their hands, twisting their handkerchiefs. You don't think I'm crazy, do you?

VICTORIA

Because you see people who aren't there? It's an everyday occurrence for me.

LEAH

One of the women looked just like me. She turned to me and spoke as though we were old friends.

VICTORIA

Happens all the time.

LEAH

She spoke German, Victoria. And right then I knew. Somewhere in France is a boy like Luke, a German boy, who has no more idea why he is there than does Luke, who has no more wish to hurt Luke than Luke does to hurt him. But one of them, in the end, will hurt the other.

VICTORIA

Everyone is a victim. Except for the men who start the wars.

LEAH

Who are these men?

VICTORIA

(SHE shrugs.)

Just aggressive, territorial men who need to fight. I don't understand it.

LEAH

Who put men in charge?

VICTORIA

You ask a question that women have asked for centuries, and will continue to ask for centuries to come. It's one of the classic unanswerable questions like who created mimes, Mondays, and amebic dysentery. I've always had the feeling that you were not so different from me, that we were somehow connected.

LEAH

We *are* connected, aren't we?

(Cue *Sisters*.)

SISTERS, WE ARE SISTERS,
WE DIDN'T KNOW BEFORE TODAY,
WE'VE GONE THROUGH LIFE THE SAME SAD WAY,
TRYING NOT TO MIND
THAT THE WORLD IS SO UNKIND.

VICTORIA

SISTERS, FOREVER WE ARE SISTERS,
I DIDN'T THINK SO WHEN YOU SENT
YOUR MAN TO JOIN A REGIMENT,
BUT YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR VIEW
AND I'M PLEASED TO STAND WITH YOU.

LEAH

I BELIEVE THAT LIFE IS TO LIVE AND
GOVERNMENTS ARE ROTTEN,
MAKING IT HARD FOR MEN TO ESCAPE
FROM THE CHAUVINIST TRAPS THAT THEY'RE

LEAH and VICTORIA

CAUGHT IN.

VICTORIA

SISTERS ARE THOSE WHO KNOW HOW TO LIVE IN
PEACE WITH ONE ANOTHER

LEAH

'NOTHER

VICTORIA and LEAH
WHERE IS THE MAN WHO KNOWS HOW TO GIVE
A FRIENDLY, SISTERLY HAND TO HIS BROTHER?

LEAH
SISTERS, WE ARE SISTERS, WE ARE,
WHICH MEANS I'LL ALWAYS GIVE YOU AID
WHEN BY THE MEN YOU'VE BEEN BETRAYED,

LEAH and VICTORIA
AND THOUGH TIMES ARE HARD
BEING SISTERS IS A START.

(THEY embrace in a sisterly way.)

LEAH
I need a friend. I don't think I will see Luke anymore.

(VICTORIA comforts LEAH.)

VICTORIA
I HAVE NEVER MET SOMEONE WHO CALLED ME HER FRIEND,
COULD MY SAD AND LONELY DAYS NOW BE AT AN END?
I MIGHT WANT TO STAY FOREVER
IF YOU'RE GONNA BE SO KIND TO ME.

LEAH
ALL OF US NEED SOMEONE WHO WILL BE ON OUR SIDE
WHEN OUR PLANS AND THOSE OF PIOUS BULLIES COLLIDE,
WE CAN BE DEAR FRIENDS FOREVER
IF YOU THINK THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT TO BE.

LEAH and VICTORIA
YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN A CHUM WILL APPEAR
SO DON'T LIVE IN FEAR
NOW I'M HERE,
NEED A FRIEND?
'CAUSE THAT'S WHAT WE'RE.

VICTORIA
I WAS NOT AWARE OF WHAT WAS

LEAH and VICTORIA

POSSIBLE HERE,
NOW MY WORLD IS SPINNING IN A
NEW ATMOSPHERE,

VICTORIA

EVEN THOUGH I CAN STILL SEE TROUBLE,
COMING AT US AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT,

LEAH and VICTORIA

SISTERS CAN BE TOUGH GUYS IN A FIGHT.

(Dance break)

LEAH and VICTORIA

SISTERS, WE ARE SISTERS, WE ARE,
WHICH MEANS I'LL BE THERE WHEN YOU CALL
TO HELP YOU FACE EACH NEANDERTHAL,
AND THOUGH TIMES ARE TOUGH,
BEING SISTERS IS ENOUGH.

(Button.)

Act 2, Scene 4. The midway. ROGER THE SOCIALIST enters, dressed again as an Indian. He leads a reluctant VICTORIA. She is also dressed as an Indian.

VICTORIA

I feel positively stupid in this costume.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

You don't look at all stupid. You look just as good as I do.

VICTORIA

But you look stupid, Roger. Really, you do.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

You mean you don't love me?

VICTORIA

Not sure. But, women fall in love with stupid-looking men all the time.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Well, I think you look smashing. You will be a big success in America.

VICTORIA

How do you know you'll like it there?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

President Wilson promises they will never be a part of this war.

VICTORIA

Why do you believe him? He's not a socialist, is he?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

No, he's a Presbyterian. But I don't think that's too far off.

VICTORIA

What does Roger think of this idea?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

I don't know. He's gone off. I haven't seen him.

VICTORIA

He wouldn't like the idea of us running away without him. He loves me, too, you know.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Well, if he turns up, he can come along. We'll find some feathers for him to wear.

VICTORIA

And what will we do in America?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

We'll find a circus to join. They have circuses there, you know. I hear most of Washington is a circus. We'll settle there.

VICTORIA

I suppose I can earn my living in any circus, but what will you do? You have no talent whatsoever.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Then, Washington's the place for me!

(TEDDY ROOSEVELT enters. VICTORIA hides behind ROGER THE SOCIALIST.)

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Washington? You're going to Washington?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Yes, your honor. Or to America, at any rate.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

I hope not, young man. You don't belong in America.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

And why not?

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Because you're a scoundrel.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

But there are lots of scoundrels in America.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

But they are *American* scoundrels. It makes all the difference. If they are American, they are okay. Anything American is okay. Anything foreign is not.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Well, sir, you may not have noticed, but we're Indians. Quite American, after all.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

You're as much an Indian as the Emperor of Japan. Besides, we treat Indians as foreigners, too. You don't think we would make war on Americans, force Americans out of their homes, and march them 2000 miles across the wilderness, do you? What do you think we are, savages? The last kind of foreign riffraff we'd welcome to the States would be Indians. Listen, my boy, if you get to America, your first stop will be New York City, my home town. And let me tell you, it's rough in New York. You have to be tough to survive. A cream puff like you wouldn't last a day.

(HILDA and the POLICEMAN enter to accompany TEDDY ROOSEVELT.
Cue *Land of the Savages*. This song is part recited, part sung.)

SO YOU'RE GOING TO AMERICA,
ALL THE BOYS WILL BE HYSTERICAL
TO SEE YOU DRESSED UP LIKE A CLOWN,
THEY GONNA TAKE YER ASSES

HILDA, POLICEMAN, TEDDY ROOSEVELT
DOWN.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT
THEY'LL TWIST YOUR ARM, APPLY SOME TORQUE,
THEY'LL BEAT YOU, THOSE BOYS IN NEW YORK,
THEY'LL STICK THOSE FEATHERS UP YOUR TAIL,
THEY'LL LOCK YOUR UGLY

HILDA, POLICEMAN, TEDDY ROOSEVELT
BUTT IN JAIL.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT
AMERICA'S TOO TOUGH FOR YOU,
DO ALL THE PRAYING YOU CAN DO,
THEY DON'T WRITE POEMS OR READ ULYSSES
OR LISTEN TO BACH AND ALL THEM

HILDA, POLICEMAN, TEDDY ROOSEVELT
SISSIES. SISSIES!

TEDDY ROOSEVELT
WHEN YOU GET OFF THE BOAT, BETTER RUN TO YOUR MOMMA
CAUSE YOUR CLAUSE IS GONNA END WITH A COMA NOT A

HILDA, POLICEMAN, TEDDY ROOSEVELT
COMMA.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT
THE LAND OF THE FREE AND THE HOME OF THE BUCK,
BUT WE DON'T LIKE STRANGERS AND YOU CLEARLY

HILDA, POLICEMAN, TEDDY ROOSEVELT
SUCK.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT
YOU'RE A DRUNK, WORTHLESS PUNK,
ALL YOU IMMIGRANTS SMELL LIKE SKUNK,
KEEP YER FACE OUTTA OUR PLACE,
YOU BELONG TO SOME LESSER RACE.

WELCOME TO THE LAND OF THE SAVAGES,
IF SAVAGES ARE WHAT YOU WANT TO BE,
DON'T BE TOO QUICK TO UNPACK YOUR BAGGAGES
IN CASE OUR WELCOME GIVES YOU CAUSE TO FLEE.

SO YOU WANT TO BE AMERICAN,
WE SAY NOPE, YOU'RE A HOPELESS BOGEYMAN,
WE WELCOME YOU LIKE WE WELCOME THE FLU,
KEEP YOUR SORES OFF OUR SHORES, AND YOUR FOREIGN MANNERS,
TOO.

WE DON'T LIKE FLIES, WE DON'T LIKE POO,
WHICH TELLS YOU WHY WE DON'T LIKE YOU,
YOU'RE A

HILDA, POLICEMAN, TEDDY ROOSEVELT
CREEP,

TEDDY ROOSEVELT
MAKE US

HILDA, POLICEMAN, TEDDY ROOSEVELT
WEEP,

TEDDY ROOSEVELT
YOU SHOULD FALL INTO THE

HILDA, POLICEMAN, TEDDY ROOSEVELT
DEEP,

TEDDY ROOSEVELT
DEEP BLUE

HILDA, POLICEMAN, TEDDY ROOSEVELT
SEA,

LEAVE US
TEDDY ROOSEVELT

HILDA, POLICEMAN, TEDDY ROOSEVELT
BE,

YOU WON'T LIKE OUR
TEDDY ROOSEVELT

HILDA, POLICEMAN, TEDDY ROOSEVELT
BIGOTRY.

WELCOME TO THE LAND OF THE SAVAGE,
WE HOPE YOU WON'T BE TOO INCLINED TO STAY,
IF YOU'RE TOO FAR FROM OUR VIEW OF THE AVERAGE,
WE DON'T WANT YOUR KIND IN THE U S OF A.
DON'T WANT YOUR KIND IN THE U S OF A,
DON'T WANT YOUR KIND IN THE US OF A.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST
I must say, I'm somewhat discouraged by your manner. I had rather hoped to go to America.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT
Look, Cochise, I'll make a deal with you. Give up your idea of polluting my country with your pitiful carcass, and I'll arrange passage for you to go to Cuba. It will get you away from here, and you and the missus can get yourselves a nice suntan. Goodness knows, you English can stand to get some sun. I've got lots of connections in Cuba, having conquered the place once upon a time.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST
That's mighty friendly of you, Mr. President.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT
Don't mention it. Be here at 8 this evening with your bags packed. I'll take care of all the arrangements to send you away.

(He laughs diabolically. Of course, HE is planning on setting a trap for THEM.)

Act 2, Scene 5. A battlefield hospital. A figure lies on a cot, wrapped in bandages. The figure will not move or speak; a mannequin or non-union actor will do fine. A NURSE (doubled by LUKE) pulls the sheet over the head of the figure. SHE is finishing a letter to LEAH.

LUKE/NURSE

Dear Madam. The King and Queen deeply regret to hear of the loss you and the Army have sustained by the death of your young man in the service of his country, and I am commanded to convey to you the expression of Their Majesties' true sympathy with you in your sorrow.

(Cue *Your Little Boy*. The NURSE sings for all the boys she has sent home in a box.)

MAMA, WHEN YOU GAVE HIM BIRTH,
YOU HELD HIM CLOSE WHEN HE BEGAN TO CRY,
YOU GAVE HIM WARMTH, YOU GAVE HIM LOVE,
YOUR LITTLE BOY'S NOT CRYING ANYMORE,
ANYMORE.

MAMA, WHEN YOU RAISED HIM UP,
YOU TOLD HIM THAT IT'S DANGEROUS TO RUN
WITH SCISSORS OR ON SLIPPERY STONES,
YOUR LITTLE BOY'S NOT RUNNING ANYMORE.

YOUR CHILD WAS A SPECIAL MAN,
HE HELD YOUR HEART AS YOU HELD HIS HAND,
THERE ISN'T ANYBODY WHO
SHOULD HAVE TAKEN YOUR BABY AWAY FROM YOU.

IF HE DIDN'T GET HIS WAY,
HE'D FUSS AND FRET AND MAKE HIMSELF A PEST,
A MOTHER'S LOVE WAS STRAINED A TAD,
YOUR LITTLE BOY'S NOT FRETFUL ANYMORE,
ANYMORE.

MAMA, WHEN HE WOKE AFRAID
WITH BOGEYMEN AND MONSTERS 'NEATH HIS BED,
YOU SANG YOUR DARLING BACK TO SLEEP,
YOUR LITTLE BOY'S NOT FEARFUL ANYMORE.

IT'S DANGEROUS TO RUN
WITH FIXED BAYONET ON A FOREIGN BATTLEFIELD,
YOUR LITTLE BOY'S NOT RUNNING ANYMORE.

(Button.)

Act 2, Scene 6. The midway at 8 pm. It is deserted. HILDA appears from the shadows carrying a travel bag. SHE is wearing a cloak and moving furtively. TEDDY ROOSEVELT appears; HE has been waiting.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Ah, Hilda, my dear. I was hoping you would happen along.

HILDA

(SHE draws back. SHE is not happy to see HIM. SHE pulls her cloak more tightly around HER.)

Why, Mr. President...

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Teddy.

HILDA

What a surprise to see you out here.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

I've been restless, Hilda.

HILDA

You should try warm milk.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

I don't think it will help.

HILDA

Prune juice, then.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

I don't think so. I have that wonderful ailment for which there is no cure.

HILDA

My heartfelt condolences.

(SHE tries to move off).

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Hilda, wait! I must speak frankly to you.

HILDA

Perhaps tomorrow, Mr. President. I only speak frankly during the daylight.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

What a joker! You're amazing, Hilda.

HILDA

Yes, I am. Now good night. Sleep tight. See you in the morning
(SHE starts off again).

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Hilda! I love you!

HILDA

That's nice, Mr. President, see you in the morning.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

But doesn't that mean anything to you?

HILDA

(SHE stops, puts down her bag, and turns to face TEDDY ROOSEVELT.)
You don't even know me, Mr. President. If you knew me, you'd see that I'm just a tired old woman. I want to go home.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

But with me, you are home.

HILDA

No, with you I'm standing out in the midway at night.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

But, Hilda . . .

(*Cue A Girl Named Hilda.*)

I LIKE YOUR SPUNK, I LIKE YOUR FIRE,
YOUR POLITICS FILL ME WITH DESIRE,
YOUR FACE IS PRETTY AND YOUR MIND IS QUICK,
MAY I SPEAK TO YOU SOFTLY OF MY BIG STICK?
OF MY, MY BIG STICK.

I LOVE A GIRL NAMED HILDA,
INTO MY LONELY LIFE CAME SHE,
AND WHEN I SEE MY HILDA STANDING THERE,
I WONDER IF SHE CARES FOR ME.

SOME PEOPLE SAY THAT I'M TOO OLD FOR LOVE,
THAT I SHOULD USE MY BED TO SLEEP,
THOSE PEOPLE HAVE NOT SEEN

(*Spoken*) Hilda!

OR THEY'D KNOW WHY I'M IN SO DEEP,
SO DEEP,
THEY'D KNOW I'M IN DEEP.

HILDA

A MAN YOUR AGE SHOULD BE IN BED,
YOU'LL CATCH A CHILL AND WAKE UP DEAD,
I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU SEE IN ME,
I'M NOT THE GIRL YOU WANT, YOU WANT,
YOU WANT ME TO BE.

(Button. HILDA exits. ROGER THE SOCIALIST and VICTORIA enter
opposite as Indians, carrying valises)

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

We're ready to go, Mr. President. Off to Cuba!

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Wonderful. One moment.

(HE pulls a whistle from his pocket and blows it. At once, the
POLICEMAN appears.)

There you are, constable. Your fugitives.

VICTORIA

What? You betrayed us. You lied to us.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Lied to by an American president. Who'd have thought it?

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Now, now. You two are terrorists. I would have sent you to Cuba, but Guantánamo won't
be a detention camp for another 85 years. You'll have to wait in a British jail until then.
Take them away, officer.

POLICEMAN

Right, guv'nor.

(HE addresses ROGER THE SOCIALIST and VICTORIA)

I arrest you in the name of the King for the malicious destruction of His Majesty's
munitions plant. And, no, I don't care for a drink.

VICTORIA

But we're innocent.

POLICEMAN

Of course you are.

(ROGER THE PACIFIST enters.)

ROGER THE PACIFIST

(HE angrily addresses ROGER THE SOCIALIST)

Making off with my girl, are you, you miserable socialist.

POLICEMAN

(HIS ears perk up.)

A socialist?!

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

Quiet, you idiot, I'm in enough trouble. And besides, she's not your girl.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

(HE punches ROGER THE SOCIALIST in the nose, then addresses VICTORIA.)

Pardon my manners, Vic, but I've been thinking of punching him in the nose for a long time.

VICTORIA

Not a very pacifist thing to do, is it? And my name is Victoria.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

In love, there is no pacifism. Victoria!

(HE gives her a big kiss on the lips; SHE looks doubtful, then responds in kind.)

VICTORIA

(SHE has lost her visions of the future and is delighted.)

You can call me Vic! All at once, the visions disappeared. I can no longer see the future! Oh, Auntie Gert, maybe love is all I needed to get rid of your gift.

HILDA

(SHE enters as AUNTIE GERT.)

Yes, Victoria, dear, being in love means being entirely unable to see the future. How else could anyone stand it?

(SHE exits.)

POLICEMAN

(HE addresses VICTORIA)

Please excuse me for disturbing your love festival, but there is the matter of your arrest for blowing up the King's munitions works.

(HE places HER in manacles.)

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Actually, Victoria is innocent.

POLICEMAN

Innocent?! We've got an air tight case against her.

(LEAH enters, pushing HILDA before her. LEAH carries HILDA's travel bag.)

ROGER THE PACIFIST

You've got nothing, copper, nothing except the wrong lady.

(HE points to HILDA.)

There's your bomber.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Hilda?

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Yes, Hilda.

LEAH

From parts unknown.

HILDA

What nonsense. Everyone knows I'm his Majesty's most loyal subject.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Yes, of course you are, my dear.

(HE addresses ROGER THE PACIFIST)

What proof do you have?

ROGER THE PACIFIST

You remember that sappy song she sang,

(HE sings mockingly.)

WE WERE A SOCIETY,

NOW WE'RE A COMMUNITY.

Well, this society and community thing is straight out of 1914 Berlin. Gesellschaft, or society, was replaced by Gemeinschaft, or community, in the new Boche vision of a world made better by the war. Pure propaganda, of course, but very popular with the rank and file. Right, Frau Hilda?

HILDA

You can't prove anything with your little German lesson.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

Ah, but what about that weird poem. Remember, my friends? Now how did it go? Oh, yes,
(Mockingly)

Ah, ye gods! Ye great immortals
In the spacious heavens above us!
Would ye on this earth but give us
Steadfast minds and dauntless courage
We, oh kindly ones, would leave you
All your spacious heavens above us!

Now, just who do you think wrote that bit?

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Shakespeare?

EVERYONE ELSE.

(THEY mutter, variously).
Shakespeare?! Dumb Yank. What a moron.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

No, not Shakespeare, genius. Goethe.
(There is general shock and consternation).

POLICEMAN

My, my, Goethe. This begins to look serious for you Miss Hilda.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

In my country, we don't accuse people of crimes based on the poetry they recite. Do you have any real evidence?

LEAH

(SHE dumps out the contents of HILDA's travel bag.)
How about her code book, radio set, and the floor plans for the munitions factory?

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Hilda!

HILDA

(SHE throws off her cloak revealing a
Wagnerian costume.)

Brünhilde!

(The POLICEMAN takes off VICTORIA's
manacles and puts them on HILDA).



LEAH and VICTORIA

(THEY embrace.)

AND THOUGH TIMES ARE TOUGH,
BEING SISTERS IS ENOUGH.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

(HE rubs his nose.)

What about me, Victoria? Just because Roger set you free from your visions and your manacles, you're going to throw me over?

LEAH

Perhaps I can help. Victoria, you've got two young men, which is one too many, and I've got none, which is one too few.

(SHE gestures to ROGER THE SOCIALIST)

Would you mind if I took this one off your hands?

VICTORIA

That would be very convenient, thank you. I warn you, though, he can be a little too vocal about his politics.

LEAH

(SHE puts an arm around ROGER THE SOCIALIST, who does not resist.)

That's quite all right. I need a project.

POLICEMAN

Once again, I must spoil the party.

(HE pushes ROGER THE SOCIALIST to where HILDA is standing.)

You're still under arrest.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

What? I didn't do anything.

POLICEMAN

You're still a socialist, you discourage the war effort, and you give assistance to the enemy. Those are crimes. It's right there in the Defense of the Realm Act.

COMPANY

DORA!

(Cue Dora, Reprise)

VICTORIA, LEAH, and the ROGERS
THE WORLD'S A STRANGE NEW PLACE
OUR OPINIONS ARE A CRIME,
AND FOR LOVING EV'RYONE,
WE HAVEN'T GOT THE TIME.

IT'S DORA,
I THINK OF NOTHING ELSE BUT DORA.

ROGER THE SOCIALIST
(HE sings to LEAH.)
I LACK THE FREEDOM TO BECOME YOUR NEW ROMANCE,
CHANGE YOUR CIRCUMSTANCES,
GIVE MYSELF A CHANCE
TO ENTERTAIN A FANCY
FOR A LOVELY, LOVELY GIRL LIKE YOU.

VICTORIA, LEAH, and the ROGERS
IT'S DORA,
I THINK OF NOTHING ELSE BUT DORA,
I WANT THE FREEDOM TO BECOME YOUR NEW ROMANCE,
CHANGE YOUR CIRCUMSTANCES,
GIVE MYSELF A CHANCE
TO ENTERTAIN A FANCY
FOR A LOVELY, LOVELY GIRL/BOY LIKE YOU.

WHAT HAVE I DONE?
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

(Button.)

POLICEMAN
It's my duty to arrest you under the Defense of the Realm Act. I rather doubt they will send a hearty young fellow like you to prison, though. Not with so many empty spots in the trenches.

LEAH
May I interrupt, your Honor? I don't believe it's quite fair that this war will take two lovers from me in such rapid succession.

(Enter LUKE, in uniform, as a thought in everyone's mind.)
Surely the King would not want me abused in such a manner. Remember, after all, that my Luke died a hero.

LUKE

(Set as for WHAT HAVE I DONE at the end of the Dora reprise.)
I DIED A VICTIM.

POLICEMAN

You have a point, Miss, I must say.

TEDDY ROOSEVELT

Having so recently been disappointed in love, I have to support her position, Constable.
What harm would it do to let the lad go free?

POLICEMAN

I don't like the idea of Socialists in my territory.

(HE addresses ROGER THE SOCIALIST.)

I will release you under the condition that you leave this precinct at once.

(THE POLICEMAN and TEDDY ROOSEVELT lead HILDA offstage;
LUKE gives LEAH a kiss on the forehead as if to bless her future with
ROGER THE SOCIALIST and exits opposite.)

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

(HE takes LEAH by the hand.)

Where shall we go?

LEAH

(SHE takes VICTORIA by the hand. The three are now linked through
LEAH.)

I go nowhere without my sister.

ROGER THE PACIFIST

(HE takes VICTORIA and ROGER THE SOCIALIST'S hand so they are
linked in a circle. The circle turns as they talk.)

We can all go together. Since we're already dressed for it, let's go to America!

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

America!

VICTORIA

America?

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

(THEY stop circling and drop hands.)

America! You heard Mr. Roosevelt. President Wilson will never enter the war. America
will be the land of peace.

VICTORIA

Is it possible? Without my visions, I can no longer tell. America a land of peace? I suppose I can dream it.

LEAH

Yes, let's dream it. We must have our dreams.

(Cue *Land of Peace*.)

ROGER THE PACIFIST and VICTORIA

A PLACE WHERE YOUR
TENSIONS ARE RELEASED,
A PLACE OF QUIET
A LAND OF PEACE.

LEAH

NO MORE THINKING OF THE WAR,

ROGER THE SOCIALIST

NO MORE FEARING THE POLICE,

VICTORIA and LEAH

LEAD US TO A PLACE FOR LIVING,
BRING US TO THE LAND OF PEACE.

THE ROGERS, LEAH, and VICTORIA

TWO PEOPLE HOLDING HANDS,
STARTING A NEW LIFE TOGETHER,
DREAMING OF A LAND OF PEACE
WHERE ALL ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS.

LEAH and VICTORIA

OR SISTERS.

THE ROGERS, LEAH, and VICTORIA

ALL MEN ALL MEN
ALL MEN ALL MEN
ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS OR SISTERS.

(TEDDY ROOSEVELT and HILDA enter.)

TEDDY ROOSEVELT and HILDA

TWO PEOPLE SAYING NO
TO THE BOMBERS AND THE SHOOTERS,

DREAMING OF A COUNTRY WHERE
ALLE MENSCHEN WERDEN BRÜDER.

(LUKE and the POLICEMAN enter.)

COMPANY (from Beethoven's 9th Symphony)
ALLE MENSCHEN, ALLE MENSCHEN,
ALLE MENSCHEN, ALLE MENSCHEN.

WE ARE NOT PROUD
OF THE RULING CROWD
OF PEOPLE ANXIOUS FOR A FIGHT,
WE NEED TO GO
WHERE THE WINDS THAT BLOW
CARRY BIRDS NOT BOMBS ON THEIR CAREFREE FLIGHT.
WE NEED TO GO
WHERE THE WINDS THAT BLOW
CARRY BIRDS NOT BOMBS ON THEIR CAREFREE FLIGHT.

LEAH

A PLACE TO HEAL
WHEN YOUR FIANCE IS HORRIBLY
(The music stops. SHE speaks softly.)

Deceased

VICTORIA, LEAH, and HILDA

(THEY come together.)
SISTERS HAVE NO CHOICE
BUT TO DREAM OF A LAND OF PEACE.

THE COMPANY.

(THEY join hands, put arms around one another, or lean together.)
A PLACE WHERE YOUR
PARANOIA IS DECREASED,
A PLACE OF QUIET
A LAND OF
A LAND OF PEACE,
A LAND OF PEACE,
A LAND OF PEACE,
A LAND OF PEACE, OF PEACE.

(Button. End of Act 2)