



Arthur Reel

Adapted from the short story by Stephen Crane

Norman Maine Publishing

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"A SOCIETY CANNOT BE THREATENED
BY AN OUTSIDER..."

—Judge Hagenthorpe

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DRAMA. After courageously saving a white boy from a fire, a horribly burned African-American man, Henry Johnson, is forced to wear a hood to hide his face from his fellow townspeople, who view him as a monster. Instead of being heralded for his bravery, Henry finds himself the target of violence as the town's collective fear turns to hysteria. Only the town's doctor stands firm against a mob who seeks to confront that which they fear most – the monster within.

Performance Time: Approximately 35-40 minutes.

CHARACTERS

(8 m, 5 w, extras)

HENRY JOHNSON: African-American man; wears a hood to cover his badly burned face.

DOCTOR TRECOTT: Father of the boy who was saved by Henry in a house fire.

LAURA TRECOTT: Doctor Trecott's wife.

JUDGE HAGENTHORPE: Influential political figure in the town.

MR. WINTER: Local merchant.

JOHN TWELVE: Farmer.

MARTHA HAYES: 35, unmarried.

KATE WINTHROP: 23, Martha's sister.

JOHN HAYES: Martha and Kate's father.

CARRIE DUNGEN: 25, Martha's friend.

CHIEF BAKER: Police chief.

CAL WATTS: Police deputy; hulk of a man.

WOMAN: Townsperson.

EXTRAS: Crowd of townspeople; angry mob.

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SETTING

Town of Whilomville, late 1890s. Trescott's study has a desk, three chairs, and a window. The Hayes' kitchen requires miscellaneous kitchen furnishings. Mr. Hayes' bedroom has a bed and a chair. The jail has a cell, chairs, a small table, and an adjoining room.

SCENE SYNOPSIS

- Scene 1:** Trescott's study, morning.
- Scene 2:** Hayes' kitchen, same time.
- Scene 3:** Local jail, two hours later.
- Scene 4:** John Hayes's bedroom, ten minutes later.
- Scene 5:** Meeting hall, same time.
- Scene 6:** Trescott's study, four hours later.
- Scene 7:** Local jail, fifteen minutes later.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE ON LANGUAGE

The use of derogatory terms are included in this play, as well as in the original short story by Stephen Crane, to accurately portray the existing racist beliefs inherent in the Whilomville townspeople and to illustrate how such beliefs are based on fear, which left unchecked, can quickly ignite into horrendous acts of violence. However, such terms may be deleted at the director's discretion.

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PROPS

Paper bag	Rifle
Cleaning supplies	Stock
Box, large enough to sit on	2 Coffee cups, plate,
2 Revolvers	silverware
2 Holsters	

SOUND EFFECTS

Mob

SCENE 1

(AT RISE: Doctor Trescott is seated at his desk, somewhat weary. Seated across from him are two men: Judge Hagenthorpe and Mr. Winter.)

TRESCOTT: He was shambling around the streets, you say?

WINTER: All by himself, Doctor Trescott.

TRESCOTT: When was he caught up with?

WINTER: Early mornin'... 'bout daylight.

TRESCOTT: Was he hurt any?

WINTER: Nobody hit him any.

JUDGE: You know how strong and fast he is, Tom. He was on the go ever since he got out of that old nigger's house...

TRESCOTT: Wish you wouldn't use that expression, Judge.

JUDGE: Sorry, old habit, Tom...

WINTER: Old habits stay onna us, Doctor.

(Trescott rises.)

TRESCOTT: Where is he now?

WINTER: Fred Baker's jugged 'im.

TRESCOTT: Suppose it was Fred who caught up with him.

WINTER: Fred's our police chief. That's his duty.

TRESCOTT: He put a bag on his head?

WINTER: (Mild chuckle.) Had to. Fred himself scared.

TRESCOTT: And now he don't know what to do with him.

(Stares out window.) Can't keep him, can't let him go. And poor Henry, settin' there with a bag tied round his head. And the whole town of Whilomville is deliberating.

JUDGE: The town't been peaceful...right up to last night, Tom.

WINTER: Then hell broke loose, Doctor. All Whilomville's at the edge.

TRESCOTT: Why? Because a man's face got burned off ten months ago? Because some kids get scared...?

JUDGE: It's a darnsight more, Tom. Henry's had some career since the break from Alek Williams night before last. Started off at the Pages', where they were having a birthday party for little Peggy. What I heard wasn't too pretty. Peggy got scared...she's on her back right now. Some kind of shock...can't talk. You know how high and mighty Del Page is, running the bank, running the local paper. And his wife, she runs all of society here.

TRESCOTT: And the Pages are pushing the whole town of Whilomville?

JUDGE: You know how people listen to them, Tom.

WINTER: More'n that, Doctor.

(Trescott turns and stares at Winter. There is a pause. It's clear who runs Whilomville. Trescott crosses to the window again.)

TRESCOTT: I've been trying to keep up with this whole thing. Trying to understand. If only Henry'd stayed with old Williams and his family.

WINTER: Scared the heck outta the little ones there.

TRESCOTT: Williams was being paid for keeping him. Wasn't he?

JUDGE: Six dollars a week, that's what the town was giving him.

TRESCOTT: And then the work he was getting out of poor Henry in them fields of his.

JUDGE: No use talking about it, Tom. The old lady was scared out of her wits. She'd stand around the little ones like a lion, ready to tear old Henry apart if he so much as looked at them.

WINTER: Can't blame her none 'bout that, Doctor. If it was my kids, I wouldn't want them lookin' onna him.

TRESCOTT: And what'll that do, Mr. Winter?

WINTER: Well, it's horrible sight, Doctor.

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JUDGE: It's more, Tom. People dream about him.

WINTER: They see him comin' at 'em in the night.

JUDGE: They imagine all sorts of things, Tom.

TRESCOTT: Suppose it were your own face, gentlemen?

(Pause.)

WINTER: I'd kill myself, Doctor Trescott.

TRESCOTT: And that's what you'd want him to do?

(Long pause.)

JUDGE: We come here to see if you could help us do something about Henry, Tom.

TRESCOTT: *(Sarcastic.)* That's very decent of you, Judge.

JUDGE: Tom, we've known each other too long. I am concerned about you. Your practice is dwindling down. People are saying you're the cause...

TRESCOTT: *(Loudly, deliberately.)* He...saved...my...boy's... life, Judge.

JUDGE: Tom, I know that...

TRESCOTT: He didn't have to go in that fire, Judge. He didn't have to do any sacrificing...not the kind that brought him to this.

JUDGE: And I know the battle you're fighting inside you, Tom.

WINTER: We all know it, Doctor.

TRESCOTT: I don't think any of you know anything...

JUDGE: We know enough...and that's why we come to you. It's your decision what to do, Tom.

(Pause.)

WINTER: We're askin' you to do somethin' before Whilomville blows up like some bomb.

(Laura Trescott enters.)

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TRESCOTT: I cannot go against my conscience.
JUDGE: Your conscience is destroying your practice.
TRESCOTT: I've been a doctor here too long.
JUDGE: But there are two other doctors in Whilomville.
TRESCOTT: I've lost no one...
JUDGE: You will, Tom. There's much talk...
TRESCOTT: They've said nothing to my face...
JUDGE: Not yet. But you know what happens in a small town.
WINTER: The women.
TRESCOTT: The women?
WINTER: Yes, it's them...you know how they are.
TRESCOTT: How a few old women wag their tongues...
WINTER: Ain't just a few old women...
JUDGE: It's young and old. It's the Harlows, the Canbys, the Pages. You have changed from being the leading doctor in town to just about the last one. And it's mainly because there are always a large number of people who are eager to follow a leader. Mrs. Page is a leader. Mrs. Harlow and her spinster sisters...
TRESCOTT: You know what I think of these people...
JUDGE: Yes, they are fools. Thoughtless fools, of course. But then that doesn't change the condition.
WINTER: And even if there are a lotta fools in the world, we can't see any reason why you should ruin yourself by opposin' them.
JUDGE: You can't teach them anything, Tom.
TRESCOTT: I'm not trying to teach them anything.
JUDGE: Yes, you are. You're trying to prove...
TRESCOTT: I'm not trying to prove anything.
WINTER: It's the women.
TRESCOTT: Well, damn the women!
WINTER: Can't damn them all, Doctor.
TRESCOTT: I'll not service those few...
JUDGE: They're allied, Tom.

(Pause.)

TRESCOTT: What are you telling me? That I'll lose...

JUDGE: It's a sort of rug, you know that, Tom. One thread into another. Pull one and the others begin to loosen up. There are a good many of us that admire you for your principles, but that isn't going to change the minds of those...

WINTER: Ninnies. That's what I call 'em. Excuse me for the expression, Mrs. Trescott.

LAURA: I don't disagree with you, Mr. Winter.

JUDGE: Sorry what I've had to say to Tom, Laura. But we want him to get out of this trouble and strike his old gait again. He is simply killing his practice through his infernal pigheadedness.

TRESCOTT: We're getting nowhere on this, Judge. Leave me now and let me think. *(Sits wearily.)* I've been up all night. There doesn't seem to be any solution to poor Henry. Everybody is so afraid of him. They can't even give him good care. Nobody can attend to him as I do. *(He gestures at Winter and the Judge.)* I'll be on over to the jail later this morning after I catch a wink.

(Winter goes to the door.)

WINTER: Don't wait on it too long, Doctor.

(The Judge pats Trescott on the back, takes Laura's hand, kisses it, and begins to exit.)

TRESCOTT: Was he hurt any?

JUDGE: Nobody hit him.

WINTER: He's fast...and strong.

(Judge and Winter exit.)

TRESCOTT: I ought to know. He withstood the fire and smoke...ten months...

LAURA: Something you ought to think on now...is your practice.

TRESCOTT: He's been hurt to the limit...

LAURA: And now he's hurting you to the limit.

TRESCOTT: Now don't go starting on me, Laura.

LAURA: I'm making a plea, Tom.

TRESCOTT: He's been jugged. They're all afraid of him. They run after, throw bricks, kick...

LAURA: There's no way to stop that...

TRESCOTT: There's got to be!

LAURA: You heard what the Judge said...

TRESCOTT: I've been listening to that sort of talk for that last three months.

LAURA: Ever since he ran off the first time.

TRESCOTT: It's Alek Williams's fault. The conniving...

LAURA: You're blaming the poor man when he's had his family right there in the same little house...

TRESCOTT: He knew what he was getting himself into when he took the proposition.

LAURA: He didn't know, Tom. None of us knew.

TRESCOTT: What sort of talk is that?

LAURA: It's plain sense. Did you know things were going to come out this way?

TRESCOTT: I knew it wasn't going to be easy.

LAURA: We see things one way an' then they come out another.

(Pause.)

TRESCOTT: Judge Hagenthorpe and you seem to be in full agreement.

LAURA: I'm not siding with anyone, Tom.

TRESCOTT: You're complaining...

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LAURA: I have a right to complain.

TRESCOTT: I've provided well for you, Laura.

LAURA: It isn't the providing...

TRESCOTT: But am I killing my practice as the Judge said?

LAURA: It is dying, Tom.

(She comes over and touches him. There is a pause. He moves away.)

TRESCOTT: There must be a way to beat the game, somehow. Everybody is so afraid of him. *(Sits.)* But none will attend him. None will... *(He is suddenly aware of Laura, who has turned away from him. He rises and crosses to her.)* Laura, you're crying.

LAURA: It's just...I have a headache.

TRESCOTT: What is it? Really, now...?

LAURA: Just...a dreadful headache.

(Pause.)

TRESCOTT: Who was here? *(Pause.)* Anybody come here?

LAURA: Anna Hagenthorpe.

TRESCOTT: On her own?

LAURA: There were...six others.

TRESCOTT: *(Carefully.)* And who were...these six? *(Laura begins to sob. Lights begin to fade.)* There...there. Don't cry.

(He embraces her as lights fade to black.)

SCENE 2

(AT RISE: The home of the Hayes'. Martha Hayes is cleaning up in the kitchen. Carrie Dungen is following her about.)

MARTHA: I despise violence.

CARRIE: As do I.

MARTHA: I despise animalism.

CARRIE: Animalism, Martha?

MARTHA: Pure, base animalism, Carrie.

CARRIE: Pure, base animalism, Martha.

MARTHA: The Bible teaches us divinity.

CARRIE: Divinity.

MARTHA: The Bible teaches us peace.

CARRIE: Peace.

MARTHA: Oh, Lord Jesus, deliver us.

CARRIE: Lord Jesus.

MARTHA: Absolute animal violence.

CARRIE: Absolute...

MARTHA: I am a peace-loving Christian.

CARRIE: I, too...

MARTHA: As most of us...indeed, most of us...

CARRIE: Yes, most of us...

MARTHA: Despite my strenuous and unceasing work, I am a woman of mind. I see what is happening about me.

CARRIE: You have such vision.

MARTHA: If smallpox had not taken my betrothed 15 years ago, I would have been one of them.

CARRIE: Yes, one of them.

MARTHA: I would have helped increase the population of Whilomville. I would have sacrificed for the Lord in another way.

CARRIE: You would have sacrificed in another way.

MARTHA: I would not have seen the deplorable conditions in Armenia, not understood the condition of women in China, not been aware of the flirtations of Mrs. R.L. Baker and

young John Griscom. They ought both be hanged side by side on twin gallows.

CARRIE: I do agree, Martha...hanged on twin gallows.

MARTHA: And do you agree that the Turks should be pushed into the sea and drowned?

CARRIE: Every last one, Martha.

MARTHA: And that the Russians should be shot in groups of 50 until everyone has been wiped from the face of the earth?

CARRIE: Especially the Russians.

MARTHA: And the Chinese men should be...I daren't say what!

CARRIE: Oh, what, Martha, what?

MARTHA: You know what I am speaking of, Carrie.

CARRIE: I...I think I know...

MARTHA: I contend that all those who side with the devil be hanged, shot, or pushed into the sea. And that includes Mrs. R.L. Baker, young John Griscom, that sex-starved Miss J.F. Peaboy, that rum-drinking Mr. D.M. Cole, that women-chasing Mr. Todd L. Martin...

CARRIE: My God, there are so many. I cannot keep up with them.

MARTHA: Do not take the Lord's name in vain, Carrie.

(Carrie sits on Martha's feet.)

CARRIE: Oh, never mind that, Martha. You've been like a sister to me. I've cherished every thought...

MARTHA: Well, then cherish this: There are terrifying creatures among us.

CARRIE: Terrifying...?

MARTHA: I speak of men who have become beasts. Christian men.

(Kate enters.)

MARTHA: I speak of one in particular, a doctor no less.

KATE: Doctor Trescott!

MARTHA: You've left Daddy alone again.

KATE: Daddy's asleep.

MARTHA: Asleep or not, he's ill.

KATE: I...I came for some water, Martha.

MARTHA: You came to eavesdrop, Kate.

KATE: I've been there for 12 hours.

CARRIE: Let her sleep, Martha.

KATE: Let me sleep, Martha.

MARTHA: There is no time to sleep now.

KATE: He needs to see a doctor.

MARTHA: Have you heard the news? Have you heard the news?

KATE: What news, sister?

MARTHA: That creature, Henry Johnson, has escaped again.

(Kate steps back.)

KATE: Escaped?

MARTHA: Run loose, and scared this town half to death.

(Kate clings to Martha.)

KATE: Oh, Martha, preserve us!

CARRIE: Preserve us, oh preserve us!

HAYES: *(Offstage.)* Martha!

MARTHA: *(To Kate.)* Go back to Daddy, right this minute.

KATE: I'm tired, Martha...

HAYES: *(Offstage.)* Martha!

MARTHA: Be right there. Be right there, Daddy!

HAYES: *(Offstage.)* Be there now, y'hear!

MARTHA: I hear! *(To Kate.)* Go on with you now.

KATE: I'm...frightened. He wants Doctor Trescott.

MARTHA: Doctor Trescott?

HAYES: *(Offstage.)* Get on up here, both of you!

MARTHA: Get on up there, Sister.

KATE: I...I can't.

(Martha starts toward Kate. Kate hides behind Carrie.)

HAYES: *(Offstage.)* I want a doctor!

MARTHA: Get on up there!

KATE: I...I won't.

(John Hayes enters. He is dressed in a bathrobe, looks very sickly, and sways in the doorway.)

HAYES: Doctor Trescott...tell Doctor Trescott...I must see him.

MARTHA: You must get back to bed...

HAYES: No... *(He holds his hand up. She stops.)* I must see him. I must... *(Clutches chest.)*

MARTHA: Daddy, I will not allow Doctor Trescott to enter this house.

HAYES: You will not...?

MARTHA: I will not.

HAYES: You will not...?

(Hayes stumbles, clutches at the wall, and falls. The women rush to his side.)

HAYES: Martha...you must get...you must get...

(All speak at once as the stage goes black.)

SCENE 3

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(AT RISE: *The jail. Henry Johnson sits on a box inside a cell, a paper bag over his head. Police Chief Baker stands before the cell with Watts, one of his deputies.*)

BAKER: You not goin' say anything a-tall, Henry?

(Pause.)

WATTS: He not goin' say anything a-tall, Chief.

BAKER: You goin' sit there, not say anything t' Chief Baker, Henry?

WATTS: He not goin' peep a word, Chief.

BAKER: You jes' goin' sit there, Henry?

WATTS: He jes' goin' sit there, Chief.

BAKER: (*Snapping.*) I know he jes' goin' sit there, Watts.

WATTS: There's a whole slew them stoppin' out there.

BAKER: I know there's a whole slew them...

WATTS: (*Dumbly.*) What we goin' do?

BAKER: What you think we goin' do?

WATTS: I dunno.

BAKER: Hear that, Henry? He don't know. I don't know.

WATTS: Nobody know, Henry.

BAKER: Mebbe some do know, Henry.

WATTS: Mebbe some goin' do somethin', Henry.

BAKER: Mebbe somethin' bad, Henry.

WATTS: Mebbe somethin' aw-ful.

BAKER: Speak to us now, Henry.

WATTS: What's speakin' to us goin' do, Chief?

BAKER: Now, Henry, you can see me through them holes o' yours.

WATTS: Can you see the Chief, Henry?

(Henry Johnson grunts.)

BAKER: Whazzat, Henry?

WATTS: Come again, Henry?

BAKER: Now, Henry, I didn't hurt you none.
WATTS: He didn't hurt you none, Henry.
BAKER: I jes' took you gentle, Henry.
WATTS: They was throwin' rock at ye.
BAKER: They mighta kill you.
WATTS: Mighta injure you.
BAKER: Speak up now, Henry. This you friend, the Chief.
WATTS: That's Chief Baker, Henry.
BAKER: Known you since...heck, when you was a boy.
WATTS: When you was big as me.
BAKER: Known you both. Known this whole town, Henry.
WATTS: Ever since you start workin' for Doc Trescott.

(Johnson grunts.)

BAKER: We tryin' to get 'im down here.
WATTS: We truin' hard, Henry.
BAKER: Judge Hagenthorpe been down to see 'im.
WATTS: Mr. Winter been down, too.
BAKER: Mr. Twelve 'n Mr. Jackson goin' soon.
WATTS: It's them women, Henry...
BAKER: Sssh! Don't talk 'bout them women.
WATTS: Well, he ought know, them women scared o' him.
BAKER: I tole you, we don't talk 'bout that.
WATTS: But them women scared o' him.
BAKER: Well, we goin' handle them women.
WATTS: How you goin' handle them women?
BAKER: Don't worry none how we goin' handle 'em.
WATTS: They been meetin' all over this here town.
BAKER: Soon as Doctor Trescott get here...
WATTS: Mr. Winter come by, said he ain't gettin' here a-tall.
BAKER: Mr. Howarth said he's gettin' here.
WATTS: Mrs. Howarth 'n Mrs. Page is thick...
BAKER: Mr. Howarth's workin' on the side of the law 'n order.

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WATTS: But Mr. Page ain't, and Mr. Simms, and Mr. Dungen, and the Coles, and the Thompsons...they all gatherin' out there right now.

(Baker moves away from the cell and looks outside.)

BAKER: We got trouble...

WATTS: I ain't ever seen anything like this...not since I come on as your deputy ten year back.

BAKER: It's a peaceful town. It's a peaceful town, Cal.

WATTS: It ain't no more, Fred.

(Baker sits heavily.)

BAKER: We...got a lotta trouble.

WATTS: It's that Mrs. Page who start the whole thing.

BAKER: Can't blame her...when it's her child got so darn scare, she ain't been able to talk for days.

WATTS: That was the first time she seen Henry without him wearin' nothin'. Las' evenin'...

(Voices are heard from the crowd outside. Baker jumps up. Watts goes for his revolver. Baker restrains Watts.)

BAKER: What do you think this is? A western-style lynchin'?

WATTS: I dunno what to 'spect.

(Judge, Winter, and Mr. Twelve enter.)

WINTER: He's comin' on over. Mr. Twelve just come from his home.

BAKER: Hello, Judge.

JUDGE: Hello, Fred. How's our boy?

BAKER: Ain't said a blame thing.

JUDGE: How're you feeling, Henry? *(No response.)* Chief Baker been treating you well?

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WATTS: We been as kind as kind can be.

JUDGE: We brung along Mr. Twelve.

TWELVE: Hi, Henry.

JUDGE: *(To Henry.)* You always get along well with Mr. Twelve.

TWELVE: Used to drive my two children up and down the road with Doc Trescott's carriage. Remember, Henry? Then you'd come in a spell and Mrs. Twelve make you some coffee?

JUDGE: Mr. Twelve just came from the Doctor's home...

TWELVE: Says he's coming right over, Henry.

BAKER: *(Aside, to Judge.)* What's he goin' do?

JUDGE: *(Worried.)* I don't know...I don't know, Fred.

TWELVE: Says he's got something you'd like to hear.

BAKER: *(To Judge.)* What's he goin' say?

JUDGE: I don't know...I don't know, Fred.

TWELVE: *(To Henry.)* Everything goin' be all right, Henry.

WINTER: *(To Judge and Baker.)* Don't see how it's gonna be all right...

JUDGE: Sssh!

WINTER: There's a mess brewin', a mess.

JUDGE: Sssh!

WINTER: A reg 'lar mess.

(Trescott enters. Everyone is silent. Trescott goes directly to the cell.)

TRESCOTT: Henry!

HENRY: I gwine ax...I gwine ax...

TRESCOTT: Henry, listen...

HENRY: I gwine ax, see...

TRESCOTT: What's that, Henry?

HENRY: I jes' drap in ter ax...

TRESCOTT: Do you know where you are?

HENRY: Ter ax...jes' drap in ter ax...

TRESCOTT: Do you know where you are, Henry?

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HENRY: Ter ax, 'as-all, ter ax...
BAKER: (*Sideway, to Judge and others.*) He's clear outta his head.
WINTER: Doctor...
TRESCOTT: Stay away!
HENRY: Don't make no botheration 'bout me...
TRESCOTT: Listen carefully, Henry...
HENRY: No, 'deed. I ax 'er this evenin', I ax 'er...
WATTS: What's he talkin' 'bout?
BAKER: Clear outta his head...
HENRY: Ax 'er, see...to go to er dance...
TRESCOTT: Who's that, Henry?
HENRY: Miss Fa'gut, I ax 'er fer the magnifercent grat'tude of 'er company...
BAKER: That's old Jake Farragut's daughter.
WATTS: She's the one he chased.
BAKER: (*To Trescott.*) Run into the house after her...
WATTS: (*To Trescott.*) Sat down on a chair...
HENRY: Don't make no botheration, Miss Fa'gut. Don't make no botheration. No, 'deed, jes' drap in ter ax...if you won' do me the proud acceptin' ma humble inv'tation...to er daince. Jes' to er daince.
TRESCOTT: Henry...what did you do?
HENRY: Jes' drap in ter ax, see. No harm...jes' ter ax...
BAKER: She tried crawlin' away...
WATTS: Tried gettin' past...
BAKER: And he block her...
WATTS: Till Farragut come out...
BAKER: With his rifle...
WATTS: Then Henry run...
HENRY: No harm, see. Jes' ter ax...if I kin have the magnifercent grat'tude of 'er company on that 'casion...

(*Judge pulls Trescott.*)

JUDGE: We've got to move on this, Tom. There's going to be violence. Violence, I tell you.

TRESCOTT: I'll take him home.

JUDGE: That won't do. Things have gone worse since I saw you early this morning. They're holding meetings everywhere.

TRESCOTT: And your own wife is one of those...

JUDGE: It's everybody's wife, Tom. And it's the men, too. Page, Farragut, Thompson, Dungen. You know how powerful these people are.

TRESCOTT: You're powerful. Everyone listens to Judge Hagenthorpe. You speak to them.

JUDGE: I've tried...Lord, how I've tried. They look upon this man...

TRESCOTT: Try harder!

JUDGE: I've tried. There's a little girl whose case is very serious. She's lost her wits, Tom!

TWELVE: They're going to come into this jail, Tom.

JUDGE: Then we've got a situation...

TWELVE: But it's more'n that, Tom.

WINTER: Whilomville will not be the same.

TRESCOTT: What am I to do...what am I to do?

(Silence. They all look at Henry.)

HENRY: Doctor Tresscit. Doctor Tresscit.

TRESCOTT: I'm right here, Henry.

(Trescott moves to cell. He shows Henry great compassion.)

HENRY: I won' harm, see...I won' harm. Jes ax, jes' lone. Don't want ter be no botheration. Jes' lone, see. Lone, 'ass-all. Gwine ax folks ter 'ave me fer tea. Gwine ax folks ter... Gwine ax folks ter...

(Henry is mumbling now. Nobody understands what he is saying. They continue to stare at him, unable to say or do anything, until a Woman enters.)

WOMAN: Doctor Trescott, Mr. Hayes is calling for you. He may be dying.

(Blackout.)

SCENE 4

(AT RISE: Mr. Hayes' bedroom. Hayes is lying on the bed. Trescott stands beside him.)

TRESCOTT: I came as soon...

HAYES: Daughters gone...

TRESCOTT: Gone?

HAYES: Gone.

TRESCOTT: Kate?

HAYES: With Martha. With Carrie Dungen. With Caldwells.

With Page women...

TRESCOTT: Where?

HAYES: Meetin'. *(Tries to rise.)* Beware!

TRESCOTT: I'm trying my best...

HAYES: Now you hear me, Doctor. You listen. This town's in trouble.

TRESCOTT: I'm aware.

HAYES: You clingin' to that nigger, an' that nigger's causin' havoc. *(Coughs.)* That nigger's done things no other nigger's ever done since...this town was born.

TRESCOTT: Henry Johnson's been hurt as no man's been hurt...

HAYES: An' he hurtin' everybody now. Hurtin' women. Hurtin' children. They're all scared clean outta their wits. You heard what he done to Page's little girl...?

TRESCOTT: I heard...

HAYES: You ain't heard nothin'. *(Coughs. Trescott tries to help him.)* Leggo! You ain't heard nothin'. He's got Farraguts, he's got my own daughters...he's got the children... *(Coughs.)*

TRESCOTT: Lie back.

HAYES: Don't tell me to lay back.

TRESCOTT: Why'd you summon me...?

HAYES: I summon you fer the sake o' this town. Fer your own sake. Fer my daughters' sake. I summon ye to tell ye this town'll go up in smoke.

TRESCOTT: And you think I ought...

HAYES: I'll tell ye what ye ought. Ye'll get that nigger outta here. Ye'll put 'im away where he oughta be put. Or somebody'll put 'im away...fer good...with a rifle bullet.

TRESCOTT: Nobody will...

HAYES: Now listen to me, Doctor...listen careful. I'm a dyin' man an' my words are straight. Half o' this property, half o' this here home b'longs to the bank, an' the bank b'longs to Page. This town b'longs to Page. An' to Howarth, an' to Thompson, an' to Judge Hagenthorpe. An' I'm a dyin' man. I'll be dead in a week. An' this house'll be dead in a week. This land'll be dead. Page'll foreclose...

TRESCOTT: He'll not...

HAYES: He will! An' my daughters'll suffer. *(Hayes coughs, falls back. Weakly.)* My daughters...will suffer...

TRESCOTT: Mr. Hayes...

HAYES: My...daughters...

TRESCOTT: Mr. Hayes...

HAYES: My poor...daughters...

(Lights begin to fade. Hayes continues to mumble on about his daughters. Trescott does not know what to say. Blackout.)

[End of Freeview]