OH, SARAH, IT'S MORE THAN PROMISES.
SARAH, IT MUST BE TRUE.
A COUNTRY THAT LETS A MAN LIKE ME
OWN A CAR, RAISE A CHILD, BUILD A LIFE WITH
YOU....

COALHOUSE WITH YOU... SARAH WITH YOU...

BOTH
BEYOND THAT ROAD
BEYOND THIS LIFETIME
THAT CAR FULL OF HOPE
WILL ALWAYS GLEAM!
WITH THE PROMISE OF HAPPINESS
AND THE FREEDOM HE'LL LIVE TO KNOW
HE'LL TRAVEL WITH HEAD HELD HIGH,
JUST AS FAR AS HIS HEART CAN GO
AND HE WILL RIDE
OUR SON WILL RIDE
ON THE WHEELS OF A DREAM.

(The lights come up on TATEH. HE is
laboring in a mill. EMMA GOLDMAN
enters.)

EMMA GOLDMAN
I have just returned from Lawrence, Massachusetts. I met an
old friend there, an artist, a poet with scissors and paper,
but who now stands at a loom sixty-four hours a week. His
fingers were bleeding. I almost did not recognize him. His pay
is six dollars.

TATEH
My daughter is shivering! There is no heat. There are worms in
the scraps they feed us.

EMMA GOLDMAN
He looked like his own daughter's grandfather.

TATEH
I will not bow down to these mill owners. I will dine on their
cottons, she will dance on their graves.

EMMA GOLDMAN
This is not the America he came here for. None of us did. None
of us!!

(STRIKERS enter, shouting, and we see
that EMMA GOLDMAN is addressing a rally.
YOUNGER BROTHER is in her audience. It
snows.)

But there is hope comrades. Eight weeks ago these same workers
- Italians, Poles, Belgians, Russian Jews - with one voice
said "No!" to the mill owners and went on strike. They are starving, their children are dying, but they are holding firm and we must support them.

THE NIGHT THAT GOLDMAN SPOKE AT UNION SQUARE

YOUNGER BROTHER
IT WAS WINTER IN NEW YORK AS THE SNOW BEGAN TO FALL.
AND THE WORKMEN'S HALL HAD NOT A SEAT TO SPARE.
WHEN A YOUNG MAN DUCKED INSIDE
JUST TO WARM HIMSELF, WAS ALL.
THE NIGHT THAT GOLDMAN SPOKE AT UNION SQUARE.

EMMA
What is happening in Lawrence is happening everywhere. Let us at last make this the land of opportunity for all people and not just the owners. The land of opportunity for Tateh and his little girl. We cannot rest!

YOUNGER BROTHER
SHE WAS SPEAKING LOUD AND FAST
THROUGH A HAZE OF NOISE AND HEAT
AND THE SMELL OF SWEAT AND ANGER IN THE AIR.
The police were standing by
But the crowd was on its feet
THE NIGHT THATゴールMAN SPOKE AT UNION SQUARE.

EMMA
You!

YOUNGER BROTHER
HE THOUGHT HE HEARD HER SAY

EMMA
What brings you here today?

EMMA, RALLYERS
POOR YOUNG RICH BOY!

EMMA
MASTURBATES FOR A VAUDEVILLE TART!
WHAT A WASTE OF A FIERY HEART
DEAR!

EMMA, RALLYERS
POOR YOUNG BOURGEOIS!

EMMA
THERE ARE THINGS THAT YOU'VE NEVER THOUGHT
COME TO EMMA AND YOU'LL BE TAUGHT,
HERE

YOUNGER BROTHER
HE THOUGHT SHE SAID:

YOUNGER BROTHER
HIS HEAD WAS SPINNING