

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  
 coffins, 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

EMMA  
 2  
 START

(read as  
 one)

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

*(read as one)*

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!

*END*

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 GOLDMAN 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!

YOUNGER BROTHER

HE THOUGHT SHE SAID:

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

HIS HEAD WAS  
SPINNING