

LIBRETTO VOCAL BOOK

PARADE

Book by
Alfred Uhry

Music and Lyrics by
Jason Robert Brown

Directed and Co-Conceived by
Harold Prince



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MUSIC THEATRE INTERNATIONAL

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421 West 54th Street
New York NY 10019
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C H A R A C T E R S

Speaking Roles (in order of appearance):

YOUNG CONFEDERATE SOLDIER	}	<i>(played by the same character)</i>
FIDDLIN' JOHN		
OLD CONFEDERATE SOLDIER	}	<i>(played by the same character)</i>
JUDGE ROAN		
AIDE		
ASSISTANT		
LUCILLE FRANK		
LEO FRANK		
HUGH DORSEY		
GOV. JOHN SLATON		
SALLY SLATON		
FRANKIE EPPS		
MARY PHAGAN		
IOLA STOVER		
JIM CONLEY		
DET. J. N. STARNES		
OFF. IVEY		
NEWT LEE		
PRISON GUARD		
MRS. PHAGAN		
LIZZIE PHAGAN		
FLOYD MacDANIEL		
BRITT CRAIG		
TOM WATSON		
ANGELA		
RILEY		
LUTHER ROSSER		
NURSE		
MONTEEN		
ESSIE		
MR. PEAVY		

The National Touring Company utilized thirty-four performers: (20 male, 14 female) and two swings.

M U S I C A L N U M B E R S

ACT ONE

#1 – Prologue: <i>The Old Red Hills of Home</i>	1
#1A – <i>The Old Red Hills of Home (Part II)</i>	2
#2 – Anthem: “ <i>The Dream of Atlanta</i> ”	6
#2A – <i>How Can I Call This Home?</i>	7
#3 – <i>The Picture Show</i>	10
#4 – <i>Leo at Work / What Am I Waiting For?</i>	12
#5 – Interrogation: “ <i>I am trying to remember...</i> ”	18
#6 – <i>Big News!</i>	21
#7 – <i>Dorsey Underscore</i>	23
#7A – <i>Dorsey/Slaton Underscore</i>	26
#8 – Funeral Sequence: “ <i>There is a fountain</i> ” / “ <i>It Don’t Make Sense</i> ”	28
#9 – <i>Watson’s Lullaby</i>	32
#9A – <i>Somethin’ Ain’t Right</i>	34
#10 – <i>Real Big News</i>	35
#11 – <i>You Don’t Know This Man</i>	43
#12 – <i>The Trial Pt. I: It Is Time Now</i>	47
#12A – Trial Pt. II: <i>Dorsey’s Statement: “Twenty Miles from Marietta”</i>	50
#12B – Trial Pt. III: <i>Frankie’s Testimony</i>	50
#12C – Trial Pt. IV: <i>The Factory Girls / Come Up to My Office</i>	54
#12D – Trial Pt. V: <i>Newt Lee’s Testimony</i>	57
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#12F – Trial Pt. VII: <i>That’s What He Said</i>	61
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ACT TWO

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#14A – <i>Craig Transition</i>	78
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#18A – <i>Factory Girls Reprise</i>	93
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#21 – <i>All the Wasted Time</i>	112
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#22 – <i>Sh’ma & Finale</i>	120

S O N G S B Y C H A R A C T E R

ANGELA

#14 – *A Rumblin’ and a Rollin’*73

BALLOON MAN

#2A – *How Can I Call This Home?* ..7

BRITT CRAIG

#6 – *Big News!*21

#10 – *Real Big News*35

#13 – *Act II Opening*72

#14A – *Craig Transition*78

CHAIN GANG

#19 – *Blues: “Feel the Rain Fall”* ...99

CHILDREN

#8 – *Funeral Sequence:*

“*There is a fountain*” /

“*It Don’t Make Sense*”28

DET. J. N. STARNES

#2A – *How Can I Call This Home?* ..7

#12 – *The Trial Pt. I:*

It Is Time Now47

ENSEMBLE

#2A – *How Can I Call This Home?* ..7

#10 – *Real Big News*35

#12 – *The Trial Pt. I:*

It Is Time Now47

#12B – *Trial Pt. III:*

Frankie’s Testimony50

#12H – *Trial Pt. IX:*

Closing Statements & Verdict /

Cakewalk70

#20 – *Where Will You Stand*

When the Flood Comes?105

#22 – *Sh’ma & Finale*120

ESSIE

#2A – *How Can I Call This Home?* ..7

#8 – *Funeral Sequence:*

“*There is a fountain*” /

“*It Don’t Make Sense*”28

#12C – *Trial Pt. IV: The Factory Girls*

/ Come Up to My Office54

#18A – *Factory Girls Reprise*93

FIDDLIN’ JOHN

#2A – *How Can I Call This Home?* ..7

#12 – *The Trial Pt. I:*

It Is Time Now47

#12D – *Trial Pt. V:*

Newt Lee’s Testimony57

#12F – *Trial Pt. VII:*

That’s What He Said61

FRANKIE EPPS

#2A – *How Can I Call This Home?* ..7

#3 – *The Picture Show*10

#8 – *Funeral Sequence:*

“*There is a fountain*” /

“*It Don’t Make Sense*”28

#12F – *Trial Pt. VII:*

That’s What He Said61

#22 – *Sh’ma & Finale*120

GOV. JOHN SLATON

#16A – *Pretty Music*83

HUGH DORSEY

#9A – *Somethin’ Ain’t Right*34

#12A – *Trial Pt. II:*

*Dorsey’s Statement: “Twenty Miles
from Marietta”*50

#20 – *Where Will You Stand*

When the Flood Comes?105

IOLA STOVER

- #8 – *Funeral Sequence:*
 “There is a fountain” /
 “It Don’t Make Sense”28
#12C – *Trial Pt. IV: The Factory Girls*
 / Come Up to My Office54
#18A – *Factory Girls Reprise*93

JIM CONLEY

- #12F – *Trial Pt. VII:*
 That’s What He Said61
#14 – *A Rumblin’ and a Rollin’*73
#19 – *Blues: “Feel the Rain Fall”* ...99

JUDGE ROAN

- #17 – *Letter to the Governor*89

LEO FRANK

- #2A – *How Can I Call This Home?* ..7
#4 – *Leo at Work /*
 What Am I Waiting For?12
#12C – *Trial Pt. IV: The Factory Girls*
 / Come Up to My Office54
#12F – *Trial Pt. VII:*
 That’s What He Said61
#12G – *Trial Pt. VIII: Leo’s Statement:*
 “It’s hard to speak my heart”68
#18 – *This Is Not Over Yet*90
#18B – *Newt Lee Reprise*97
#21 – *All the Wasted Time*112
#22 – *Sh’ma & Finale*120

LIZZIE PHAGAN

- #2A – *How Can I Call This Home?* ..7
#8 – *Funeral Sequence:*
 “There is a fountain” /
 “It Don’t Make Sense”28
#12F – *Trial Pt. VII:*
 That’s What He Said61

LUCILLE FRANK

- #4 – *Leo at Work /*
 What Am I Waiting For?12
#11 – *You Don’t Know This Man* ...43
#15 – *Do It Alone*80
#18 – *This Is Not Over Yet*90
#18B – *Newt Lee Reprise*97
#21 – *All the Wasted Time*112
#22 – *Sh’ma & Finale*120

LUTHER ROSSER

- #2A – *How Can I Call This Home?* ..7

MAN

- #10 – *Real Big News*35

MARY PHAGAN

- #3 – *The Picture Show*10
#12B – *Trial Pt. III:*
 Frankie’s Testimony50

MELANIE

- #2A – *How Can I Call This Home?* ..7

MONTEEN

- #2A – *How Can I Call This Home?* ..7
#8 – *Funeral Sequence:*
 “There is a fountain” /
 “It Don’t Make Sense”28
#12C – *Trial Pt. IV: The Factory Girls*
 / Come Up to My Office54
#18A – *Factory Girls Reprise*93

MOURNERS

- #7 – *Dorsey Underscore*23
#7A – *Dorsey/Slaton Underscore* ...26
#8 – *Funeral Sequence:*
 “There is a fountain” /
 “It Don’t Make Sense”28

MR. PEAVY

- #2A – *How Can I Call This Home?* ..7

MRS. PHAGAN

- #5 – Interrogation:
 “I am trying to remember...”18
#12E – Trial Pt. VI:
 My Child Will Forgive Me59
#20 – *Where Will You Stand*
 When the Flood Comes?105

NEWT LEE

- #5 – Interrogation:
 “I am trying to remember...”18
#12D – Trial Pt. V:
 Newt Lee’s Testimony57
#14 – *A Rumblin’ and a Rollin’*73
#18B – *Newt Lee Reprise*97

NURSE

- #2A – *How Can I Call This Home?* ..7

OFF. IVEY

- #2A – *How Can I Call This Home?* ..7
#12 – *The Trial Pt. I:*
 It Is Time Now47

OLD SOLDIER

- #1A – *The Old Red Hills of Home*
 (Part II)2

PRETTY GIRL

- #10 – *Real Big News*35

PRISON GUARD

- #8 – *Funeral Sequence:*
 “There is a fountain” /
 “It Don’t Make Sense”28

PSYCHIATRIST

- #10 – *Real Big News*35

RANDY (a townsman)

- #12D – Trial Pt. V:
 Newt Lee’s Testimony57
#12F – Trial Pt. VII:
 That’s What He Said61

REPORTERS

- #10 – *Real Big News*35

RILEY

- #10 – *Real Big News*35
#14 – *A Rumblin’ and a Rollin’*73

TOM WATSON

- #2A – *How Can I Call This Home?* ..7
#9 – *Watson’s Lullaby*32
#12 – *The Trial Pt. I:*
 It Is Time Now47
#12B – Trial Pt. III:
 Frankie’s Testimony50
#12D – Trial Pt. V:
 Newt Lee’s Testimony57
#20 – *Where Will You Stand*
 When the Flood Comes?105

TOWNSPEOPLE

- #1A – *The Old Red Hills of Home*
 (Part II)2
#2 – *“The Dream of Atlanta”*6
#4 – *Leo at Work /*
 What Am I Waiting For?12
#12 – *The Trial Pt. I:*
 It Is Time Now47
#12D – Trial Pt. V:
 Newt Lee’s Testimony57
#12F – Trial Pt. VII:
 That’s What He Said61

WOMAN

- #10 – *Real Big News*35

YOUNG SOLDIER

- #1 – *Prologue*.....1

ACT ONE, Scene 1

(MILITARY DRUMS, in the distance. Then an explosive clang from the orchestra and the lights rise on a verdant field in the small town of Marietta, Georgia, twenty miles from Atlanta. A picturesque and glorious field, with beautiful red hills far off behind it. There is also a large, full oak tree occupying much of stage left. This is a significant tree, and a significant field in our play, but we will not see Marietta again until the second to last scene.)

#1 – Prologue: The Old Red Hills of Home

(The year is 1862. A Confederate YOUNG SOLDIER stands alone in the field, facing us. He is newly enlisted, his uniform is crisp, his pack is full. He stands still, and sings:)

YOUNG SOLDIER

FARE WELL, MY LILA. I'LL WRITE EV'RY EVENIN'.
I'VE CARVED OUR NAMES IN THE TRUNK OF THIS TREE.
FARE WELL, MY LILA. I MISS YOU ALREADY,
AND DREAM OF THE DAY WHEN I'LL HOLD YOU AGAIN
IN A HOME SAFE FROM FEAR, WHEN THE SOUTHLAND IS FREE.

I GO TO FIGHT FOR THESE OLD HILLS BEHIND ME,
THESE OLD RED HILLS OF HOME.
I GO TO FIGHT FOR THESE OLD HILLS REMIND ME
OF A WAY OF LIFE THAT'S PURE –
OF THE TRUTH THAT MUST ENDURE –
IN A TOWN CALLED MARIETTA
IN THE OLD RED HILLS OF HOME.

PRAY ON THIS DAY AS I JOURNEY BEYOND THEM,
THESE OLD RED HILLS OF HOME:
LET ALL THE BLOOD OF THE NORTH SPILL UPON THEM
'TIL THEY'VE PAID FOR WHAT THEY'VE WROUGHT,
TAKEN BACK THE LIES THEY'VE TAUGHT,
AND THERE'S PEACE IN MARIETTA
AND WE'RE SAFE AGAIN IN GEORGIA
IN THE LAND WHERE HONOR LIVES AND BREATHES:
THE OLD RED HILLS OF HOME!

FAREWELL, MY LILA. FAREWELL...

(There is a burst of military drums as a crowd of TOWNSPEOPLE emerges from both wings running into place to observe a parade. Mingling, they turn their backs on the audience.

LIGHTS bump UP to reveal Peachtree Street in Atlanta, Georgia. It is April 26, 1913 – fifty-one years later, and the town is out and about, busy in preparations for the Confederate Memorial Day Parade. The sun is not shining – it is a decidedly overcast day, but nothing stops Atlanta from its business. This is the heart of industrial Georgia, and this frenetic city is as far removed as possible from the gentility of Marietta and the antebellum South. In the distance, we hear a MARCHING BAND as the Confederate Memorial Day Parade approaches off stage.

The YOUNG SOLDIER moves down stage. A fussy male AIDE and his female ASSISTANT in 1913 attire bring on an arm chair and seat the soldier.)

AIDE

Captain! Captain! This way, Sir. We're assigned to take care of you until the parade starts.

(No answer. The YOUNG SOLDIER is hidden from view)

ASSISTANT

I guess he's hard of hearing. I wonder how he lost that leg?

AIDE

I said we're supposed to escort –

OLD SOLDIER

Quit hollering. I'm old – not deaf.

AIDE

Your men from the fifty fifth will be ridin' on their own float in the parade!

OLD SOLDIER

Me and my boys marched into Chickamauga fifty years ago and we'll march down Peachtree Street today!

#1A – The Old Red Hills of Home (Part II)

AIDE

I guess they can march. But you are ridin' in the parade!

OLD SOLDIER

(to the assistant)

Quit hovering!

(The AIDE and his ASSISTANT head offstage.)

OLD SOLDIER

LOOK THERE, MY LILA,
 THEY CALL ME TO TELL IT:
 THE LIVES THAT WE LED
 WHEN THE SOUTHLAND WAS FREE.

(During the following, a parade passes upstage out of view of our audience. All that we can see are masses of Confederate flags, the tops of musical instruments, an occasional baton flying in the air, the top of a float or two, dignitaries standing in an open car, maybe the top of a carriage with celebrants, a child or two on someone's shoulders. The entire panoply of a parade as seen from the viewpoint of someone standing five deep in a crowd.)

THE OLD SOLDIER

(rises and sings:)

WE GAVE OUR LIVES FOR THE OLD HILLS OF GEORGIA,
 THE OLD RED HILLS OF HOME.
 NOT MUCH SURVIVES OF THE OLD HILLS OF GEORGIA,
 BUT I CLOSE MY EYES AND HEAR
 ALL THE TREASURES WE HELD DEAR

(The TOWNSMEN join in.)

THE OLD SOLDIER**TOWNSMEN**

THE RUSHING OF THE CHATAHOOCHEE

THE TALL PINES AND THE RED CLAY

THE RUSTLIN' IN THE WIND

THE BLUE SKIES

AND MAMA IN THE KITCHEN SINGIN'

AND THE DOGWOOD TREES

A MAN CAN GROW HIS COTTON

AND ME AND LILA SWINGIN' IN A TREE

AND HIS CROPS!

OH, I HEAR IT CALLING, CALLING

OH, I HEAR IT CALLING, CALLING

AND I WOULD GLADLY GIVE

STILL!

MY GOOD RIGHT LEG AGAIN!

AGAIN.

AGAIN!

(THE OLD SOLDIER is ushered off stage by the AIDE. The parade continues:)

ALL

GOD BLESS THE SIGHT OF THE OLD HILLS OF GEORGIA,
 THE OLD RED HILLS OF HOME! (KNEEL DOWN TO)
 PRAISE THOSE WHO'D FIGHT FOR THE OLD HILLS OF GEORGIA!
 FOR THOSE PROUD AND VALIANT MEN,

(ALL)

WE'LL SING "DIXIE" ONCE AGAIN-
FOR THE MEN OF MARIETTA FOR THE BROTHERS OF COBB COUNTY
FOR THE FATHERS OF ATLANTA FOR THE PATRIARCHS
WHO GAVE EVERYTHING FOR GEORGIA
AND THE OLD RED HILLS OF HOME!

(While the TOWNSPEOPLE sing out their last note a cappella, the crowds part in the center and FREEZE – LIGHTS DOWN.)

Scene 2

(LIGHTS UP. We are in the bedroom of Leo and Lucille Frank – decorated with stodgy, heavy furniture. LUCILLE, middle 20's, is seated at her vanity, trying to put up her hair, an elaborate procedure involving dexterity, which she doesn't have much of, and many hairpins. SHE is the quintessential Southern wife, deferential and well-mannered. LEO, some years older, comes into the room. He is reserved, a bit stiff – wearing thick glasses, a three-piece suit, tie, watch chain across his chest, etc.)

LUCILLE

Leo!

LEO

What?

LUCILLE

Are you goin' to work?

LEO

Of course.

LUCILLE

(disappointed)

Oh. I thought...

LEO

What?

LUCILLE

Well, I was hopin' we could go and have a picnic in Piedmont Park this afternoon.

LEO

What?

LUCILLE

Did you forget? Today is Confederate Memorial Day.

LEO

Confederate Memorial Day is asinine. Why would anyone want to celebrate losing a war?

LUCILLE

Heavens, Leo! If Georgia is so asinine, why did you move here in the first place?

LEO

You know why. Your uncle offered me a good job. I should have realized it pays so well because you have to live in Atlanta to do it!

LUCILLE

(flirting)

I guess that's what I get for marryin' a Yankee.

LEO

(not flirting)

You dropped a pin.

LUCILLE

Minnie will get it when she cleans up.=This irritates him. HE picks up the hairpin and puts it on the vanity. I was just sure today would be a day off.

LEO

Not for the superintendent.

LUCILLE

Superintendent! Honestly, the way you slave yourself down there, a person'd think you owned that old pencil factory.

LEO

Don't be such a meshuggeneh!

LUCILLE

Why do you use words like that?

LEO

Because they're Jewish words and I'm Jewish.

LUCILLE

Well, I am too, but it doesn't mean I have to speak a foreign language!

LEO

For the life of me, I can't understand how God created you people Jewish and Southern at the same time!

LUCILLE

Well, Confederate Memorial Day is a holiday in this part of the world whether you like it or not. May I plan a picnic for the Fourth of July, or will you be working then, too?

LEO

Lucille, we've gone through all this. I work hard because I am trying to build us up enough of a nest egg so we can... well, you know what I mean—

(HE stops, embarrassed.)

LUCILLE

(teasing him)

Procreate. It's not a dirty word, Leo. It's all over the Bible. So we can procreate.

LEO

I'll be home for dinner.

LUCILLE

Are you blushing? I swear, I think you are!

LEO

You dropped another pin.

(HE leaves. SHE doesn't pick it up. Goes on with her hair.)

LIGHTS DOWN.

Scene 3

(LIGHTS UP. TOWNSPEOPLE framing scene close in, continuing to observe the Confederate Memorial Day Parade. 11:30. The parade is going strong. The TOWNSPEOPLE sing the city anthem:)

#2 – Anthem: “The Dream of Atlanta”

TOWNSPEOPLE

EVER MORE LIVES THE DREAM OF ATLANTA
EVER MORE HER ETERNAL PRIDE!
STRONG AND SURE IS THE DREAM OF ATLANTA
WHEN HER BROTHERS ARE UNIFIED!
AND THE SOUND OF HER VOICE IS CLEARER
WHEN HER PEOPLE ARE PROUD AND FREE!
NOT A STAR TO THE SKY COULD BE NEARER
THAN MY HEART IS, ATLANTA, TO THEE!

(A man (DORSEY) stands on a parade float and silences the crowd.)

DORSEY

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you the most popular man in Georgia, our Governor, the Honorable John Slaton!

#2A – How Can I Call This Home?

(The crowd cheers as JOHN SLATON arrives on the float, accompanied by his wife, SALLY SLATON, and the OLD SOLDIER. SLATON speaks into a period microphone, blasting over the crowd.)

SLATON

Today we honor those who honored us fifty some years ago. Those who gave life and limb for Georgia and suffered unimaginable degradation. But never defeat. The men of Georgia and the women of Georgia have never been defeated . . .

(At this point, we see LEO making his way awkwardly through the crowd. HE moves as if he is terrified of bumping into anyone on this very crowded street. SLATON continues silently, as LEO sings.)

LEO

I GO TO BED AT NIGHT
HOPING WHEN I WAKE
THIS WILL ALL BE GONE
LIKE IT WAS JUST A DREAM
AND I'LL BE HOME AGAIN,
BACK AGAIN IN BROOKLYN.
BACK WITH PEOPLE WHO LOOK LIKE I DO,
AND TALK LIKE I DO,
AND THINK LIKE I DO,
BUT THEN, THE SUN RISES IN ATLANTA AGAIN.

SLATON

They have risen from the ashes of war with honor and courage and strength!

LEO

THESE PEOPLE MAKE ME TENSE.
I LIVE IN FEAR THEY'LL START A CONVERSATION.
THESE PEOPLE MAKE NO SENSE:
THEY TALK AND I JUST STARE AND SHUT MY MOUTH.
IT'S LIKE A FOREIGN LAND.
I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND THAT BEING SOUTHERN'S
NOT JUST BEING IN THE SOUTH.
WHEN I LOOK OUT ON ALL THIS,
HOW CAN I CALL THIS HOME?

SLATON

I am proud to be a Georgian on this day!

LEO

THESE MEN BELONG IN
ZOOS,

MELANIE

EXCUSE ME!

FIDDLIN' JOHN

SORRY!

BALLOON MAN

GET YOUR SOUVENIRS!

WATSON

WATCH YOUR STEP, SIR!

PEAVY

WHERE'S THE FELLA
WITH THE BEER?

IT'S LIKE THEY NEVER
JOINED CIVILIZATION.

MONTEEN

MAMA,
THAT MAN PUSHED ME!

THE JEWS ARE NOT LIKE
JEWS

LUCINDA!

ROSSER

HEY NOW, FELLA!

I THOUGHT THAT
JEWS WERE JEWS,
BUT I WAS WRONG.

LIZZIE

YOU GOT BALLOONS?

ESSIE

I WANT ONE

STARNES

SETTLE DOWN!

NURSE

I NEVER

IVEY

I THOUGHT I WOULD BE
FINE

I'LL TAKE A BEER!

IN MY LIFE!

NURSE & LIZZIE

THAT SLATON'S HAND-
SOME!

LEO

BUT FOUR YEARS DOWN THE LINE,
WITH EV'RY WORD IT'S VERY CLEAR
I DON'T BELONG:

FRANKIE, MONTEEN, ESSIE, IOLA & NURSE

LA LA LA LA IN THE LAND O' COTTON...

LEO

I DON'T CUSS, I DON'T DRAWL
SO HOW CAN I CALL THIS HOME?

SLATON

Proud that our state is growing and building!

LEO

HOME CALLS, AND I'M FREE OF THE SOUTHERN BREEZE,
FREE OF MAGNOLIA TREES AND ENDLESS SUNSHINE!
EVERMORE LIVES THE DREAM OF ATLANTA,
BUT NOT MINE!

LEO**ENSEMBLE**

NOT
MINE!
A YANKEE WITH A
COLLEGE EDUCATION
WHO, BY HIS OWN DESIGN
IS TRAPPED INSIDE
THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT!

WE STAND TOGETHER

IN THE GREAT
STATE OF GEORGIA

STRONG AND PROUD!

LEO

I'M TRAPPED INSIDE THIS LIFE,
AND TRAPPED BESIDE A WIFE
WHO WOULD PREFER THAT I SAY HOWDY!
NOT SHALOM!

LEO**ENSEMBLE I****ENSEMBLE II**

WELL, I'M SORRY, LUCILLE,
BUT I FEEL WHAT I FEEL

AND THIS PLACE IS SURREAL,
SO HOW CAN I CALL THIS HOME

GOD BLESS THE SIGHT
OF THE OLD HILLS
OF GEORGIA
THE OLD RED HILLS OF
OLD RED HILLS OF HOME

EVER MORE LIVES
THE DREAM OF ATLANTA
EVER MORE HER ETERNAL
OLD RED HILLS OF HOME!

*(LEO disappears off left, on his way to the office, as SLATON's float moves off right.
The crowd parts again to reveal FRANKIE EPPS, sixteen, with close-cropped blond hair
and the air of a know-it-all, standing on the corner with a book, waiting for the
streetcar. HE hums a popular vaudeville tune as he waits.)*

#3 – The Picture Show

(The streetcar lurches on to the stage, with MARY PHAGAN as one of the passengers. MARY is almost fourteen, and dressed up to beat the band in a fancy white dress with a lavender sash and matching parasol. This scene is played throughout with the exuberance and innocence of healthy flirting, teenage style. FRANKIE continues humming stupidly, as he looks for a seat on the streetcar. HE is showily nonchalant as he takes a seat next to MARY. SHE pretends not to notice.)

FRANKIE

Well, hey sunshine!

MARY

Sunshine? Looks like rain to me.

FRANKIE

(pulling on her hair ribbon)

Not in here, it don't.

MARY

Why, Frankie Epps! Quit that, you hear?

FRANKIE

What? I ain't doin' anything!

(HE pulls her hair ribbon again, and sings:)

I'M GONNA GO TO THE PICTURE SHOW
THERE'S A MOVIE I'VE GOT TO SEE.
YOU KNOW THE ONE CALLED "THE SILVER GUN"
WELL, I BEEN WATCHIN' SINCE CHAPTER THREE!
I CAN'T WAIT – IT'S AT EIGHT,
AND I WAS WONDERIN': IF YOU'RE FREE...

MARY

GO ON, GO ON, GO ON, GO ON,
YOU KNOW MY MAMA'D NEVER LET ME TILL I TURN SIXTEEN.
GO ON, GO ON, GO ON, GO ON,
BESIDES, I ONLY GO TO PICTURES THAT I HAVEN'T SEEN.

FRANKIE

When do you turn sixteen?

MARY

Two years from next June.

FRANKIE

Too bad about your Mama.

MARY

Too bad for you.

(SHE gets up and crosses to a seat on the other side of the streetcar. FRANKIE yells to no one in particular.)

FRANKIE

I KNOW A SPOT NEAR MCCONNACH'S LOT
WHERE YOU CAN SEE THE PARADE REAL CLEAR.

(MARY laughs derisively. FRANKIE moves a little closer.)

I GOT A BOOK—WANNA TAKE A LOOK?
IT'S CALLED "THE THIEF AND THE BRIGADIER."

(HE holds out the book. SHE looks at him like he's crazy. HE stands over her and extends a piece of chewing gum.)

I GOT GUM—YOU WANT SOME?

MARY

I HAVEN'T CHEWED GUM FOR A YEAR.

(HE sits resignedly next to her.)

FRANKIE

GO ON, GO ON, GO ON, GO ON,
I BET YOUR MAMA'D LET ME TAKE YOU TO THE PICTURE SHOW.

MARY

GO ON, GO ON, GO ON, GO ON,
I GUESS YOU WEREN'T REALLY LISTENIN' WHEN I SAID "NO!"
WHY NOT ASK IOLA STOVER?
HER MAMA LETS HER DO WHATEVER SHE WANTS.

FRANKIE

I WAS HOPIN' I COULD GO WITH YOU.

MARY

GO ON, ASK IOLA STOVER.
HER MAMA LETS HER SEE WHOEVER SHE WANTS.

FRANKIE

WELL, MAYBE I WILL.

MARY

I HOPE YOU DO.

(SHE stands up as the streetcar lurches to a halt.)

FRANKIE

Where you goin'?

MARY

To the factory. I didn't get my pay this week.

FRANKIE

Okay. I'll see you around.

MARY

At the picture show.

FRANKIE

What? I thought your Mama wouldn't let you.

MARY

She will with Essie and Betty Jean. Just not with you!

FRANKIE

Bye, Sunshine!

(SHE swats at him with her parasol and sashays off the streetcar. HE skats stupidly to himself as he looks off after her. The streetcar lurches on.)

(Skat)

DE DE, DE DE, DE DE, DE DE,
SKA BOO BA DOO BA DEET 'N
DUT 'N DOO BA DOO DOO DOO
GO ON, GO ON, GO ON, GO ON...

(HE spots someone in the crowd.)

Why, Iola! You goin' to the pictures tonight?

(LIGHTS DOWN as the crowd closes in.)

Scene 4

(LIGHTS UP on TOWNSPEOPLE watching the parade and singing:)

#4 – *Leo at Work / What Am I Waiting For?*

TOWNSPEOPLE

EVER MORE LIVES THE DREAM OF ATLANTA
EVER MORE HER ETERNAL PRIDE!
STRONG AND SURE IS THE DREAM OF ATLANTA
WHEN HER BROTHERS ARE UNIFIED!

(The CROWD continues singing as it separates, revealing the National Pencil Factory – Upper level – second floor. LEO FRANK's office. LEO is sitting at his desk, the account book open in front of him, a large yellow legal pad next to that, and an adding machine that he seldom touches.)

LEO

TWENTY-EIGHT BOXES OF CAPS
AT FOUR DOLLARS THE GROSS—
THIS IS WRONG, THIS IS WRONG,
I CAN FIX THIS—WAIT.
NINE MORE BOXES IN BACK,
TWENTY-EIGHT MINUS NINE,
AND THEN THIRTY-ONE GIRLS ON THE LINE...

(Another portion of the crowd moves, and we see LUCILLE, still at her mirror, still with her hairpins. SHE sings about the first time she met Leo, while HE continues his work, scribbling and erasing, occasionally distracted by the parade outside, and by thoughts of his earlier conversation with Lucille.)

LUCILLE

SUIT AND A TIE...

LEO

TIMES SIX, ONE EIGHTY-SIX...

LUCILLE

TERRIBLY QUIET...

LEO

DIVIDE... SEVEN SIXTY...

LUCILLE

QUITE A WELL-PAID POSITION.

LEO

GOD—ALL THE NOISE, AND ON YONTIFF YET...

LUCILLE

"GO ON, LUCILLE..."

LEO

FOUR CENTS A GIRL FOR THE WEEK...

LUCILLE

"BRING HIM HIS COFFEE..."

LEO

AT TEN CENTS AN HOUR...

LUCILLE

STRAIGHT FROM NEW YORK, LUCILLE!
ISN'T HE SMART, LUCILLE?

MAMA, HE'S COMIN' AROUND TODAY.
MAMA, HE'S AT THE DOOR!
MAMA, I DON'T KNOW WHAT I SHOULD SAY...
"WELL, WHAT ARE YOU WAITIN' FOR, LUCILLE?"
WHAT AM I WAITING FOR?

LEO

THIS IS WRONG, THIS IS WRONG, IT'S AN EIGHT, NOT A SIX...

LUCILLE

HOUSE AND A MAID;
TWO SETS OF CHINA;
EV'RYTHING I WAS WISHIN'.
NEW WINTER COAT;
REAL ERMINE COLLAR.
WHO WOULD HAVE KNOWN, LUCILLE?
MARRIED SO WELL, LUCILLE?

HOW CAN HE WANT ME, SO PLAIN, SO PRIM?
HOW CAN HE BE SO SURE?
DON'T I WISH I COULD BE SURE LIKE HIM?
LIKE LEO?

LEO

YES, LUCILLE, I AM BUILDING A LIFE FOR US...

LUCILLE

FOR LEO?

LEO

NO, LUCILLE, WE CANNOT HAVE A PICNIC!

LUCILLE

DIDN'T MY WISHES COME TRUE FOR ME
THE DAY HE WALKED THROUGH THE DOOR?
ISN'T HE ALL THAT I KNEW HE'D BE?
BRILLIANT AND FILLED WITH HUMILITY?
LOYAL AND STABLE AS ANY TREE?
SO WHY DO I WAIT FOR MORE?
WHAT AM I WAITING FOR?

LEO

TWENTY-THREE CARTONS OF LEADS
AT TWO SIXTY THE GROSS
THIS IS WRONG, THIS IS WRONG,
I CAN FIX THIS...

(MARY appears silently at the office door. LEO doesn't see or hear her.)

MARY

Hey.

(LEO drops his pen, startled. HE looks up.)

LEO

Yes?

MARY

I came for my pay.

LEO

Name?

MARY

Mary Phagan.

(HE goes to the payroll book, looks her up.)

LEO

I don't see it here. Employee number?

MARY

Five o seven.

(HE looks that up.)

LEO

Ah. Not Fagin as in Dickens. Phagan as in phalanx.

(HE chuckles at his little joke. SHE just stands there, as HE counts out the money in coins, puts it in a little envelope and records it in his ledger.)

Twelve hours, ten cents an hour. One dollar and twenty cents. Here you are.

MARY

Thank you, sir.

(HE nods, goes back to his bookkeeping. SHE walks towards the door, then turns. The drums of the parade are becoming audible through the window.)

Mr. Frank?

(HE finishes a sum at his ledger, looks up.)

LEO

What is it?

MARY

Happy Memorial Day.

(Lights linger on MARY and LEO, HE at his desk, SHE in her finery at the door. Neither moves. LIGHTS DOWN.)

TOWNSPEOPLE

(singing from offstage)

NOT A STAR TO THE SKY COULD BE NEARER
THAN MY HEART IS, ATLANTA, TO THEE!

(We see dimly the street level front entrance of the factory featuring an impressive staircase leading to the second floor and Leo's office. More apparently, under the staircase, JIM CONLEY, a black janitor, is asleep while his broom sits idly beside him. BLACKOUT.)

Scene 5

(In the dark, the shrill sound of an insistently LOUD DOORBELL. It rings, then rings again. Then a third time. LIGHTS UP on the Frank residence. LUCILLE, in a wrapper and her hair not fixed, comes to the door. It is very early in the morning. SHE opens the door. Two men, STARNES and IVEY, are on her doorstep.)

STARNES

This the residence of a Leo M. Frank?

LUCILLE

Why, yes it is. Is something the matter?

IVEY

Is Mr. Frank at home, ma'am?

LUCILLE

Yes.

STARNES

Could we speak to him, please?

LUCILLE

(calling)

Leo! Leo!

(LEO enters. He has hastily put on trousers and is buttoning his shirt. HE sees the two men and his hands tremble with the shirt buttons.)

STARNES

Leo M. Frank?

LEO

Yes. What's happened?

STARNES

J. N. Starnes, Atlanta Police Department. This is Officer Ivey.

IVEY

We're gonna need you to get on your shoes and come with us, Mr. Frank.

LEO

(becoming more agitated)

Oh, God! Has something happened at the factory?

IVEY

Just get your shoes, please.

LEO

I will, I— Oh God! I need to have my coffee. I'll be with you gentlemen in a minute, soon as I have my— Has there been a fire? Tell me, just tell me! It is a fire, isn't it?

LUCILLE

Leo, Leo.

(SHE lays a calming hand on his arm and speaks to the policemen. The coffee is almost ready.)

STARNES

A tragedy has occurred. We don't have time for coffee.

LEO

(horrified)

A tragedy? What? Is somebody dead? Is somebody dead?

(STARNES and IVEY exchange looks. BLACKOUT.)

Scene 6

(LIGHTS UP on NEWT LEE, a dignified black man of 50 or so. The density of light suggests a grill light at a police station, but the location is not specific. His hands and feet are chained. As a single note repeats insistently in the bass, NEWT addresses the audience.)

#5 – Interrogation: “I am trying to remember...”

NEWT LEE

I AM TRYIN' TO REMEMBER...
I WAS CHECKIN' ROUN' THE FACT'RY,
AND I WENT INTO THE BASEMENT,
DOWN THE STAIRS INTO THE BASEMENT
AND I SHINE MY LIGHT AROUND HERE,
IN THE CORNERS AND THE CEILING,
AND I'M 'BOUT TO CHECK THE WASHROOM
WHEN MY LIGHT, IT KINDA CATCHES
ON THIS PILE OF RAGS IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM...

(LIGHTS UP on the factory basement and we see the body covered with a dirty cloth. STARNES and IVEY bring in LEO, who is very nervous. STARNES whips the cloth off the body.)

LEO

(trembling, nearly fainting)

Oh my God! Oh my God! Oh my God!

STARNES

Do you know who this is, Mr. Frank?

LEO

Oh God! It's the little girl I paid yesterday. She came up to my office.

IVEY

Can you give us her name, Sir?

LEO

(extremely emotional)

I—I—I can't think! Farrell? No. Oh God! Faley? Phagan! The name is Phagan—P-H-A-G-A-N.

STARNES

(writing it down)

Phagan.

NEWT

I AIN'T SEEN NO PILE O' RAGS THERE BEFORE,
SO, I GO OVER AND I KICK IT,
AND I SHINE DOWN MY LIGHT, AND LORD,
LORD, AIN'T NO PILE OF RAGS AT ALL...

LEO

Will this be in the newspapers?

IVEY

Does that bother you, Sir?

LEO

Well, of course it bothers me! How does it look for the company to have a child killed in our basement?

STARNES

Was she killed in the basement, Mr. Frank?

LEO

I would assume so, I— Who did it? Do you know who did it yet?

(No response from the detectives.)

NEWT

THIS SMALL WHITE BODY
WITH HER TONGUE STICKIN' OUT,
THIS PRETTY LITTLE CHILD
WITH HER EYES WIDE OPEN...

LEO

Oh no. You don't think it was my night watchman?

(No answer.)

Newt? Newt Lee? You think it was Newt?

(Silence.)

NEWT

SO I RAN TO THE PHONE
AND I CALLED MR. FRANK,
BUT THE PHONE KEP' RINGIN',
SO I CALLED Y'ALL TO HELP ME —
MR. FRANK, HE DIDN'T ANSWER...
AND THAT'S ALL I CAN REMEMBER.

LEO

Oh God! Oh my God! You think—you think—that's absurd! It's preposterous. I was at home all night! I didn't even know this child. I only remembered her name because she was in my office yesterday. How could you possibly —

(Panicked, HE starts taking off his clothes, tearing at them, the jacket, the shirt, the undershirt, the trousers, opening the union suit as he speaks.)

Look! Look! No marks on me! Where are the scratches? Where are the bruises? Look! Nothing! I want you to write that down. Look at me! What do you see? Nothing!

IVEY

Put your clothes on, Mr. Frank.

LEO

Can I go home now and have my breakfast?

IVEY

No, Sir, I'm 'fraid you can't do that.

(Meanwhile, MRS. PHAGAN enters, walking toward the factory down Peachtree Street with her sister LIZZIE in tow. MRS. PHAGAN is a pretty but faded country woman in her early thirties.)

MRS. PHAGAN

I DO NOT HAVE TIME TO GO PARADIN' THROUGH
THE ENTIRE STATE OF GEORGIA LOOKIN' FOR THAT GIRL
I'VE GOT HALF A MIND TO...
HURRY UP, LIZZIE.

STARNES

Wanna give us the name of a lawyer we can contact for you, Mr. Frank?

LEO

(badly shaken)

Oh God! Rosenblatt. Nathan Rosenblatt.

IVEY

Nathan Rosenblatt.

(THEY start to lead LEO out of the basement. As they do, MRS. PHAGAN approaches the street door of the factory where a young rookie POLICEMAN stands guard.)

MRS. PHAGAN

'Scuse me.

POLICEMAN

Yes, ma'am?

MRS. PHAGAN

I'm hopin' you can he'p me.

POLICEMAN

Yes, ma'am.

MRS. PHAGAN

Well, my daughter didn't come home las' night.

POLICEMAN

Can I have your name please, ma'am?

(BLACKOUT.)

Scene 7

(LIGHTS UP. It is dawn and we are at the street door of MacDaniel's Saloon on Pryor Street. The sun rises during the following scene ending with the extinguishing of the street lamp on the corner.)

#6 – Big News!

(MacDANIEL, the proprietor, opens the door and heaves a young man out into the street. This is BRITT CRAIG, middle twenties, inebriated, disheveled and still good-looking and absolutely charming.)

MACDANIEL

Out.

CRAIG

Why you doin' this?

MACDANIEL

Because I'm closed.

CRAIG

Closed? On Saturday night?

MACDANIEL

You're a reporter, Craig. Keep up. It's Sunday morning.

(HE looks.)

CRAIG

I'll be damned. I love you, Floyd.

(HE moves to embrace him.)

MACDANIEL

Out.

(MacDANIEL goes inside, slams the door. CRAIG is on the street. HE looks around, starts walking.)

CRAIG

BIG NEWS!

ANOTHER WEEK GOES BY IN ATLANTA!

ANOTHER FASCINATING, SCINTILLATING,

STIMULATING, SPIRIT-STIRRIN' WEEK!

(CRAIG)

BIG NEWS!
ANOTHER SUNDAY COMES TO ATLANTA!
ANOTHER WEEK OF NEWS SO THRILLIN'
THAT YOUR AV'RAGE CITY NEWSHOUND
WANTS TO TAKE A FLYING JUMP INTO THE CREEK!

YOU GOT A KITTEN UP A TREE?
WELL, COME TO ME! AND I'LL SEE
IT MAKES IT ON THE FRONT PAGE!
THE MAYOR'S MOTHER BROKE HER TOE?
THEY GOTTA KNOW!
STOP THE PRESS – IT'S A MESS!
IT'S THE SCANDAL OF THE AGE!!
HELL, IT'S BIG NEWS!
ANOTHER SHOCK TO ROCK ATLANTA!
ANOTHER INFORMATION FEAST
FROM THE GATEWAY TO THE WHOLE SOUTHEAST!

LOOK! IN THE MINES AND THE MILLS
AND THE MEXICAN HILLS, THEY GOT STORIES TO TELL.
LOOK! NOW OHIO'S AFLOAT.
SOON THE WOMEN WILL VOTE AND WE'LL ALL GO TO HELL.
LOOK! NOW THAT WILSON IS IN
AND OL' TAFT DIDN'T WIN,
HELL, THEY'RE COMIN' TO BLOWS!
LOOK! THE TITANIC WENT DOWN,
BUT I'M STUCK IN THIS TOWN WITH MY THUMB UP MY NOSE

AND THAT'S BIG NEWS!
ANOTHER STIR-CRAZY FREAK IN ATLAAAAANTA.
THE BOARD OF ESTIMATES APPROVED A NEW STREET! (YIPPEE!)
THEY'RE BUILDING CHURCHES OUT OF HIGH-GRADE CONCRETE!
(LOOKA THAT!)
THEY SAY THE RAIN'LL GIVE A BREAK FROM THE HEAT,
IT'S A SCOOP! IT'S A TWIST!
IT'S A REASON TO EXIST!
PRAY TO HEAVEN, PRAY TO ZEUS!
THERE'S A GENIUS ON THE LOOSE!

AND THAT'S REALLY REALLY REALLY REALLY REALLY BIG NEWS!
 YOU NEVER SAW SUCH THINGS IN ATLANTA! HA! HA!
 ANOTHER BRILLIANT MIND DECEASED
 IN THE GATEWAY TO THE WHOLE SOUTHEAST!!

What a town!

(HE collapses into a garbage can and disappears. In a moment, STARNES and IVEY appear. THEY see CRAIG and hoist him out of the garbage can.)

STARNES

Craig, what the Hell are you doin' in there?

CRAIG

(his eyes closed)

Coverin' the police beat.

STARNES

Well, maybe we got somethin' for you.

#7 – Dorsey Underscore

(In a flash CRAIG gets himself completely together, tie straight, hair combed, sober and sharp-eyed – the consummate reporter. HE is now in the Municipal Building with a knot of other REPORTERS.

HUGH DORSEY, the District Attorney, appears and the REPORTERS shout questions. DORSEY is in his forties – intense, driven – a man on the way up. HE holds up a hand for silence, gets it, speaks.)

DORSEY

Chief of Police Starnes has informed me that he is holding two men for further questioning regarding the murder of little Mary Phagan. They are:

(HE consults a piece of paper.)

Ludie Newton Lee-

REPORTER

How do you spell that?

DORSEY

Negro, employed as night watchman at the National Pencil Company, where the murder took place; and Leo Max Frankel, Caucasian, formerly of Brooklyn, New York, employed as superintendent of same. Make that Frank, not Frankel.

(A din of questions from the REPORTERS. Again, DORSEY's hand goes up, silence.)

Rest assured, the killer of this child will not roam free. I am on my way to church now, to pray for her soul. I imagine everybody in Atlanta wants to do the same thing.

(HE turns to go, refusing to answer any questions. CRAIG catches up with him.)

CRAIG

Mr. Dorsey, Mr. Dorsey...?

DORSEY

What is it, Mr Craig?

CRAIG

This Frank fella — now he was that little girl's boss, right?

DORSEY

I made my statement, Mr. Craig. I'm in a hurry.

CRAIG

But you wouldn't be holdin' a well-off man like that unless you had a damn good reason.

DORSEY

As I said, nothin' further at this time.

(HE leaves. CRAIG watches him go, bemused. The lights shift.)

Scene 8

(We are in Leo Frank's cell at Fulton Tower. LEO is in the same clothes we saw him in before. A GUARD enters with a tray of food. LEO sniffs it. Offstage, we hear the sound of mourners.)

MOURNERS

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD
DRAWN FROM IMMANUEL'S VEINS
AND SINNERS PLUNGED BENEATH THAT FLOOD
LOSE ALL THEIR GUILTY STAINS:
LOSE ALL THEIR GUILTY STAINS,
LOSE ALL THEIR GUILTY STAINS...

LEO

What's this?

GUARD

Your dinner.

LEO

You expect me to eat this?

(The GUARD shrugs.)

(LEO)

I have had nothing in my stomach since last night. Not even coffee. For your information, I am under a physician's care. I have an extremely delicate stomach. I am required to eat regular meals at regular times and I do not eat grease. This is all grease. Take it away.

(The GUARD takes it back. HE turns to go.)

Bring me an apple and some coffee.

(The GUARD snorts out a laugh and turns to go.)

GUARD

Uh-huh. Got you some company, Leo.

(HE beckons, LUCILLE enters. The GUARD lets her in the cell, locks the door and leaves.)

LUCILLE

Leo.

LEO

What?

LUCILLE

How are you?

LEO

How do you think?

LUCILLE

I wish you wouldn't act so ugly to the guard.

LEO

Ridiculous.

LUCILLE

He's only doin' his job, honey.

LEO

Fine. He doesn't matter. Nathan will have me out of here by tonight.

LUCILLE

Well, I brought these just in case.

(SHE hands him a package which HE opens to find toilet articles, change of underwear, etc.)

LEO

I won't be needing them.

LUCILLE

Better safe than sorry.

LEO

Safe? You think I'm safe? Are you out of your mind? Do you have eyes in your head? Look at me! I have never committed an illegal act in all my life and here I am locked up in a jail house, Lucille! Look where they expect me to go to the toilet! Did you see that plate of pig fat and corn bread I was supposed to eat? Do you have any idea of what spending the night here would be like?

LUCILLE

I just wanted you to be comfortable.

LEO

Well I'm not. I'm not comfortable and I'm not safe and I'm mighty sorry.

LUCILLE

Leo—

(SHE moves to touch him, HE jerks away.)

LEO

Go on home, Lucille.

(HE calls out)

Guard!

#7A – Dorsey/Slaton Underscore

(The sound of mourners offstage returns.)

LEO*(to Lucille)*

I'll be there by suppertime.

(the GUARD appears.)

Let my wife out.

MOURNERS

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN
FILLED WITH BLOOD
DRAWN FROM IMMANUEL'S VEINS
AND SINNERS PLUNGED
BENEATH THAT FLOOD
LOSE ALL THEIR GUILTY STAINS...

(GUARD opens the cell door. LUCILLE hesitates, looks at LEO, who looks away. SHE leaves. Alone, LEO picks up the clean shirt out of the package she has left. HE is very frightened. The lights shift abruptly.)

Scene 9

(We are in the Governor's office. SLATON is addressing DORSEY.)

SLATON

Ugly business, Hughie.

DORSEY

Sure is, Jack.

(SLATON shoots him a sharp look.)

I mean, Governor Slaton.

SLATON

Good people of Georgia been raisin' Hell about children bein' forced to work in fact'ries. Now they're gonna' read in their newspapers about a thirteen year old girl fastening erasers to pencil caps—200 caps an hour, ten hours a day, six days a week. And not only that, she got herself killed doin' it! Know who they're gonna blame?

DORSEY

Well certainly not you, Governor!

SLATON

Damn right they'll blame me. And you. And ev'rybody else holdin' public office. We gotta get to the bottom of this one fast.

DORSEY

Well, they're holdin' two suspects over yonder at the Fulton Tower.

SLATON

Good for them. It's up to you to convict one of 'em.

DORSEY

Done.

SLATON

Done my ass! You got a lousy conviction record, Hughie. How long you think they're gonna keep you in office if you let this one wriggle off the hook?

(LIGHTS DOWN.)

Scene 10

(LIGHTS UP on the Marietta Baptist Church. Mary Phagan's funeral has just ended. The MINISTER leads the PALLBEARERS carrying a small white coffin on their shoulders. FRANKIE EPPS is one of the pallbearers. MRS. PHAGAN and LIZZIE follow the coffin with assorted relatives, simple country people, plus SLATON, SALLY, and their black chauffeur, RILEY. At the tail end of the line-among the other mourners—we see TOM WATSON.)

#8 – Funeral Sequence: “There is a fountain” / “It Don’t Make Sense”

MOURNERS

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD
DRAWN FROM IMMANUEL’S VEINS
AND SINNERS PLUNGED BENEATH THAT FLOOD
LOSE ALL THEIR GUILTY STAINS:
LOSE ALL THEIR GUILTY STAINS,
LOSE ALL THEIR GUILTY STAINS;
AND SINNERS PLUNGED BENEATH THAT FLOOD
LOSE ALL THEIR GUILTY STAINS.

(CRAIG is on the scene covering the funeral.)

MOURNERS

THE DYING THIEF REJOICED TO SEE
THAT FOUNTAIN IN HIS DAY,
AND THERE MAY I, THOUGH VILE AS HE,
WASH ALL MY SINS AWAY:
WASH ALL MY SINS AWAY,
WASH ALL MY SINS AWAY;
AND THERE MAY I, THOUGH VILE AS HE,
WASH ALL MY SINS AWAY.

CRAIG

The simple white coffin was carried by two of Mary’s cousins and two of her young friends. Several more friends volunteered to serve as pallbearers, but they were deemed too small to shoulder the burden, light as it was. Recent heavy rains made the North Georgia red clay soil glow with the burnished brilliance of a spring camp fire, as Mary Phagan, two months shy of fourteen, was laid to her final rest.

(FRANKIE EPPS stands, white-lipped, grim – a very different boy than we saw on the street car. CRAIG sees him and heads over.)

FRANKIE

(to himself)

GOD FORGIVE ME WHAT I THINK.
GOD FORGIVE ME WHAT I WISH RIGHT NOW.

CRAIG

You must’ve known Mary pretty well.

FRANKIE

Yessir, I did.

CRAIG

This must be a mighty hard day for you.

FRANKIE

DID YOU EVER HEAR HER LAUGH?
WHEN SHE LAUGHED, YOU SWORE YOU'D NEVER CRY AGAIN.
DID YOU EVER SEE HER SMILE?
HER SMILE WAS LIKE A GLASS OF LEMONADE.
AND SHE SAID FUNNY THINGS,
AND SHE WORE PRETTY DRESSES,
AND SHE LIKED TO SEE THE PICTURES AT THE V.F.W. HALL,
AND SHE LOVED RIDIN' SWINGS,
AND SHE LIKED COTTON CANDY,
BUT I THINK SHE LIKED THE PICTURES BEST OF ALL —

NO, IT DON'T MAKE SENSE TO ME
THAT SHE WON'T BE AROUND.
NO, IT DON'T MAKE SENSE TO ME
TO PUT HER IN THE COLD AND LONELY GROUND.
AND NO, IT DON'T MAKE SENSE
THE WAY THE WORLD CAN LET YOU FALL —
I SWEAR IT DON'T MAKE SENSE TO ME AT ALL.

MOURNERS

DEAR DYING LAMB, THY PRECIOUS BLOOD
SHALL NEVER LOSE IT'S POW'R...

(CHILDREN, one at a time, laying wreaths on MARY's coffin)

IOLA

SHE HAD TWO CROOKED TEETH...

GUARD

...SHE HAD CUTS ON HER FINGERS.

MONTEEN

SHE WORKED NEXT TO ME LAST SUMMER...

ESSIE

ONCE A WEEK, WE USED TO PLAY...

MONTEEN

...AND SHE KNEW HOW TO READ...

IOLA

...SHE WOULD SMILE AT THE FOREMAN...

ALL CHILDREN

...AND I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY TOOK MY FRIEND AWAY.

FRANKIE

(HE fights manfully to keep his composure.)

MOURNERS & CHILDREN

NO, IT DON'T MAKE SENSE TO ME
THAT SHE WILL NOT BE THERE

FRANKIE

WHEN SHE LAUGHED, YOU SWORE YOU'D NEVER CRY AGAIN.

MOURNERS & CHILDREN

NO, IT DON'T MAKE SENSE TO ME.

LIZZIE

SHE LOVED WHEN I TIED RIBBONS IN HER HAIR.

ALL

AND NO, IT DON'T MAKE SENSE,
THE WAY THE SUN CAN STILL BURN DOWN.
NO, IT DON'T MAKE SENSE TO ME...

FRANKIE

GOD FORGIVE ME WHAT I THINK.

(CRAIG claps a consoling arm around FRANKIE's shoulder.)

CRAIG

Tell me, son, got any idea who it was?

FRANKIE

(HE regains his composure.)

GOD FORGIVE ME WHAT I WISH RIGHT NOW.
I DON'T KNOW THE COWARD'S NAME.
I DON'T KNOW THE BASTARD'S FACE.
BUT I SWEAR RIGHT NOW TO GOD:
HE AIN'T NEVER GONNA GIT AWAY WITH WHAT HE DONE TO MARY!
LET HIM QUIVER IN HIS BOOTS!
LET HIM RUN UNTIL HE BLEEDS!
I WON'T REST UNTIL I KNOW
HE'S BURNING IN THE RAGIN' FIRES OF HELL FOREVERMORE!

MOURNERS

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD
DRAWN FROM IMMANUEL'S VEINS...

FRANKIE

GOD FORGIVE ME WHAT I THINK.

MOURNERS

AND SINNERS PLUNGED BENEATH THAT FLOOD
LOSE ALL THEIR GUILTY STAINS.

FRANKIE

GOD FORGIVE ME WHAT I WISH RIGHT NOW!

(CRAIG continues to watch – the MOURNERS and FRANKIE move away from the grave. TOM WATSON calls to SLATON.)

WATSON

Governor Slaton!

SLATON

(frosty – looking at his wife)

Mr. Watson.

WATSON

A tragic meeting, Sir.

SLATON

It surely is.

WATSON

I presume this is Mrs. Slaton?

(SALLY nods.)

Tom Watson, publisher and editor-in-chief of the Jeffersonian, at your service,
Ma'am.

SALLY

(with distaste)

I know all about the Jeffersonian, Mr. Watson.

WATSON

Then you know my paper speaks for every right thinking Christian voter in this state.

SALLY

That's not exactly what –

SLATON

If you'll excuse us now, we have to—

WATSON

The filthy Anti-Christ who did this deed must face his righteous maker!

(His attention goes to the coffin.)

I'd like to be alone with Miss Mary now, if you don't mind.

(WATSON kneels by the coffin. The SLATONS walk away.)

SLATON

That man is a buffoon.

SALLY

That man is dangerous.

SLATON

(to his chauffeur)

Riley, bring the car around.

RILEY

Yassuh.

#9 – *Watson's Lullaby*

(DORSEY, who has been standing nearby, registers all of this and then walks into the next scene.)

Scene 11

(The lights shift, and NEWT LEE, shackled hand and foot, is being led across the stage by IVEY to a questioning room at the Fulton County Jail, where HUGH DORSEY waits for him. Despite the shackles and the time spent in jail, NEWT maintains his dignity. DORSEY is his gentle, fair-minded self, but the following interrogation is ominous nonetheless. STARNES watches from a chair on the side.)

DORSEY

Well, hey, Newt! How you feelin' this morning?

NEWT LEE

(wary)

All right, thank ya.

(And HE remembers to add:)

Suh.

DORSEY

Did they give you your coffee yet?

(NEWT shakes his head “no.”)

Well, hell’s bells! Take mine.

(HE hands NEWT his own cup. NEWT looks to IVEY for an okay. IVEY nods, NEWT drinks the coffee.)

I b’lieve you have somethin’ to say to me, Newt.

(NEWT slowly shakes his head “no” again.)

It was an accident, wadn’t it? It was really her fault.

(NEWT keeps shaking his head “no.”)

She looked right at you and she smiled. You were standin’ so close and she smelled so sweet.

(NEWT continues denying, possibly even saying/singing “No”.)

You are a man, Newt, after all — a red-blooded man and so am I and so is Ivey and we all know what it feels like to be right up next to a sweet-smellin’ girl, near enough to feel that hot breath on your face —

(As NEWT starts to speak, WATSON begins humming.)

NEWT LEE

(intoning/repeating to himself)

I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die. I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me...

DORSEY

(simultaneously)

I been there, Newt. It’s part of bein’ a man. You had to touch her, didn’t you? You had to smell that skin. I know. I understand. You could tell how much she wanted it. You can tell me, Newt! You helped her slide down her drawers!... Ah, let him go. Hangin’ another Nigra ain’t enough this time. We gotta do better. Get him out of here!

(Perhaps DORSEY and NEWT continue in a half-light, but our focus is now drawn to WATSON, who sings with growing passion.)

WATSON

SLEEP, SLEEP, LITTLE ANGEL,
FEAR NOT THE SOUND OF DRUMS.
SLEEP, SLEEP, LITTLE ANGEL.
NEVER YOU CRY, JUSTICE IS NIGH!
SOON ARMAGEDDON COMES.

(The lights shift back to the questioning room.)

#9A – Somethin' Ain't Right

DORSEY

It was Leo Frank murdered that little girl!

STARNES

You sure about that?

DORSEY

Jesus Christ on a stick! Of course, I'm sure.

IT'S IN HIS HANDS:

SEE HOW HE RUBS 'EM BOTH TOGETHER

LIKE HE'S TRYIN' TO GET 'EM CLEAN?

IT'S IN HIS EYES:

WONDER WHY HE STARES AT THE FLOOR

AND WON'T LOOK YOU STRAIGHT IN THE FACE?

SOMETHIN' AIN'T RIGHT.

I CAN TELL, SOMETHIN' AIN'T RIGHT.

I CAN SEE IT IN HIS EYES, BOYS.

IVEY

But we got no evidence.

DORSEY

YOU WANT EVIDENCE?

LOOK AT THOSE CLOTHES AND THAT BIG FANCY TALK!

YOU WANT EVIDENCE?

LOOK AT HIM SWEATIN' FROM EVERY PORE!

CAN'T YOU SEE HIM JUST STANDIN' THERE

WATCHIN' THAT LITTLE GIRL BLEED?

HE SMELLS OF IT.

HE STINKS OF IT.

WHAT MORE DO YOU NEED?

STARNES

An eyewitness wouldn't be bad.

DORSEY

That's right. So get the hell outta here and go find one!

(BLACKOUT.)

Scene 12

(LIGHTS UP on BRITT CRAIG, at his typewriter at the Atlanta Georgian office.)

#10 – Real Big News**CRAIG**

BIG NEWS! MY SAVIOR HAS ARRIVED!
MY INTUITION'S NEVER BEEN SO STRONG!
BIG NEWS! MY CAREER HAS BEEN REVIVED –
ALL I NEEDED WAS SOME SNIPPY, PISSY YANKEE ALL ALONG!
TAKE THIS SUPERSTITIOUS CITY, ADD ONE LITTLE JEW FROM BROOKLYN
PLUS A COLLEGE EDUCATION AND A MOUSY LITTLE WIFE,
AND BIG NEWS! REAL BIG NEWS!
THAT POOR SUCKER SAVED MY LIFE!
SO GIVE 'IM FANGS, GIVE 'IM HORNS,
GIVE 'IM SCALY, HAIRY PALMS!
HAVE 'IM DROOLIN' OUT THE CORNER OF HIS MOUTH!
HE'S A MASTER OF DISGUISE!
CHECK THOSE BUG-OUT, CREEPY EYES!
SURE, THAT FELLA'S HERE TO RAPE THE WHOLE DAMNED SOUTH!
THEY'LL BE BANGIN' DOWN MY DOOR,
YELLIN' "MORE, CRAIG! MORE!"
"CALL FOR JUSTICE!" "WE NEED JUSTICE!"
"BEAT THE BASTARD!"
"KILL THE BUM!"
BIG NEWS! REAL BIG NEWS!
MY SAVIOR HAS FINALLY COME!

(LIGHTS UP on the Fulton Tower. LEO is in his cell, sitting on his cot, reading a newspaper. HE is now wearing a prison uniform. A lot of the wind seems to have gone out of his sails. HE seems much more vulnerable without the three-piece suit, the watch chain, and the tightly-tied necktie. HE throws the newspaper to the floor in disgust.)

GUARD

Leo, you ole dog! You really knock up this little high school girl in Lithonia like it says here? She's sure got herself a sweet pair of knockers – least in the picture there.

LEO

I wouldn't know.

GUARD

Anything you say, nooky hound. Lawyer's here to see you.

(The GUARD disappears. LEO straightens up a little bit. GUARD returns with LUTHER Z. ROSSER — an unkempt whale of a man with stains on his jacket, a rumpled shirt, frayed collar, etc.)

ROSSER

(With a firm handshake and a clap on the back)

Hidey there, Leo! Luther Rosser.

LEO

You're not my lawyer.

ROSSER

Not yet.

LEO

Where's Nathan Rosenblatt?

ROSSER

He's the one sent me.

LEO

Why isn't he here?

ROSSER

Cause he knows I'll represent you better. A drunk shouldn't defend another drunk. A Jew shouldn't defend another Jew. Makes sense, don't it? Can you see without those specs?

LEO

No.

ROSSER

Get rid of 'em anyway.

LEO

Why?

ROSSER

Because you look like a goddam chicken hawk blinkin' at me behind those things. And that hair. Who cut it? An undertaker? Problem is you don't look a lot like a real person, Leo. No wonder everybody thinks you tore into that little girl.

LEO

Now just a minute!

ROSSER

You wanna walk outta' here?

LEO

Of course.

ROSSER

Then act more like a good ole boy.

LEO

Be specific.

ROSSER

Okay. Don't say things like specific. How long you been married?

LEO

Two years.

ROSSER

Mmm. No kids. Too bad. She pregnant?

LEO

Of course not.

ROSSER

What do you mean of course not? You got a pecker, don't you? Maybe I can arrange you a conjugal visit and you can get somethin' goin'.

LEO

That's none of your business.

ROSSER

Everything you do is my business. You piss, puke, fart or spit nickels, I wanna know about it. Leo. Leo. God, I wish your name was Billy or Jimmy Jo or somethin' like that. You don't happen to have a nickname, do you?

LEO

Yes. Nooky hound.

(ROSSER laughs. LEO smiles. Back in BRITT's Office. A prim Atlanta MAN steps forward from the ensemble. A spotlight picks him out. CRAIG circles around him.)

CRAIG

ACCORDING TO REPORTS OBTAINED
EXCLUSIVELY BY THIS REPORTER,
PROSECUTOR DORSEY HAS THE VILLAIN IN HIS SIGHTS.
A HIGHLY-RANKING UNNAMED SOURCE
IN THIS INVESTIGATION TELLS ME
LEO FRANK'S THE ONLY
LIKELY CULPRIT IN THIS CASE.
ANYONE WITH ANY INFORMATION
ON THE SUSPECT, LEO FRANK,
SHOULD CONTACT THIS REPORTER
CARE OF THE ATLANTA GEORGIAN.

MAN

I SAW THIS LITTLE KID.
SAID, “LOOK WHAT LEO DID!”
AND THEN SHE RUN AND HID.

CRAIG

GO ON, GO ON, GO ON, GO ON NOW!

(Another spotlight on the other side of the stage lights up – a pretty young GIRL steps forward. CRAIG and several other REPORTERS circle around her.)

PRETTY GIRL

HE SAT DOWN NEXT TO ME –
HIS HAND WENT ON MY KNEE –
I HAD TO SHAKE IT FREE!

REPORTERS

GO ON, GO ON, GO ON, GO ON NOW!

A MAN

I SAY IT IDN’T FAIR!
I SAW HIS BOOKS, I SWEAR!
THAT MAN’S A MILLIONAIRE!

WOMAN

HE LIKES ‘EM YOUNG AND SMALL-
GOT NEKKID PICTURES ALL
PINNED TO HIS OFFICE WALL!

REPORTERS

GO ON, GO ON NOW!

(LIGHTS UP on DORSEY’s office. We see JIM CONLEY, black, in his late twenties – muscular, self-assured, quick-witted, and dressed in “street people” hand-me-downs. HE manages to be charming, even sexy in a dangerous way.)

DORSEY

Jim Conley, your job here at the factory is sweeper, that right?

CONLEY

I prefer “cleaning supervisor” if you don’t mind.

DORSEY

Cleaning supervisor, then. Now tell me, Jim, did you notice anything unusual about Mr. Frank?

CONLEY

(wringing his hands)

He done himself like this all the time.

DORSEY

Unh hunh. Anything else?

CONLEY

Well, let me think...

DORSEY

Did you ever see him bring any of the factory girls into his private office?

CONLEY

Girls in his office?

(Lights shift and we are back in BRITT's office.)

MAN (RILEY)	MAN	PSYCHIATRIST	REPORTERS
HE HAS A			OOH,
KID YOU KNOW,	MY BROTHER		
	SAYS HE KNOWS!	I'VE WATCHED HIM	OOH,
KNOCKED UP SOME		FOR A WHILE,	OOH,
STUDENT, SO	WHEREVER		
	LEO GOES,	BEHIND THAT	OOH,
HE PAID TO		CREEPY SMILE	OOH,
MAKE HER GO	HE CARRIES		
I KNOW IT,	MARY'S CLOTHES!	THE CLASSIC	OOH.
YES	I KNOW IT,	PEDOPHILE!	OOH.
I SEEN IT,	YES,	I KNOW IT,	GO ON!
YES!	I SEEN IT,	YES,	GO ON!
I KNOW IT,	YES!	I SEEN IT,	GO ON!
YES,	I KNOW IT,	YES!	GO ON!
I SEEN IT,	YES,	I KNOW IT,	GO ON!
YES!	I SEEN IT,	YES,	GO ON!
+ ENSEMBLE I			
I KNOW IT,	YES!	I SEEN IT,	GO ON!
	+ ENSEMBLE II		
YES,	I KNOW IT,	YES!	GO ON!
I SEEN IT,	YES,	I KNOW IT,	GO ON!
YES!	I SEEN IT,	YES,	GO ON!
I KNOW IT,	YES!	I SEEN IT,	GO ON!
YES,	I KNOW IT,	YES!	GO ON!
I SEEN IT,	YES,	I KNOW IT,	GO ON!
YES!	I SEEN IT!	YES, I—	GO ON NOW!

(We are back in LEO's CELL.)

ROSSER

We're gonna' hafta' get some of your mama's recipes for the ladies' page, long as they ain't too Yankee-fied or peculiar. Potato salad, that's always a good one. Jews do eat potato salad, don't they?

LEO

May I be honest with you?

ROSSER

You gotta be.

LEO

I don't like you. In fact, I dislike you intensely.

ROSSER

You know, I'm getting a feeling about you, Leo. And when I get a feeling, I work up a strategy. And when I work up a strategy I win. Every goddamn time. You don't like me? Fine. I don't like you either but I swear to God and Jesus and everybody else that I'm gonna win this case and send you home.

LEO

You're growing on me.

(They shake hands.)

CRAIG

LOOK!
YOU JUST SCRIBBLE IT DOWN,
AND IT COVERS THE TOWN
LIKE MOLASSES OR MUD!
LOOK!
FOR US DRUNKEN OL' BUMS,
OPPORTUNITY COMES
IN A MAGICAL FLOOD!
LOOK!
YOU MIGHT NEVER BE SURE
IF YOUR MOTIVES ARE PURE,
BUT YOUR PROFITS ARE CLEAR!
LOOK!
YOU WERE DOWN AND DEPRESSED,
NOW YOU'RE RIDIN' THE CREST
OF THE SCOOP OF THE YEAR!

(We are back in DORSEY's office.)

CONLEY

Girls in his office?

DORSEY

Jim, I got a piece of paper here says you spent a little time on the chain gang.

CONLEY

That right?

DORSEY

Twice, according to this. Drunk and disorderly behavior.

CONLEY

Well, I tend to over-celebrate holidays.

DORSEY

And the second time it says here you were out with the road gang and you just up and disappeared.

CONLEY

Well, you know, my term was just about up.

DORSEY

Really? I think you had a few more months to serve. You know what that makes you, don't you?

CONLEY

Lucky.

DORSEY

I was going to say an escaped convict. Now, what should we do about that?

CONLEY

What was that you asked me about Mr. Frank?

(HE and DORSEY exchange smiles.)

REPORTERS I &

REPORTERS II

ENSEMBLE II

ENSEMBLE I

ACCORDIN'
TO REPORTS

EXTRA!

EXTRA!

EXTRA!

EXTRA!

OBTAINED
EXCLUSIVELY BY
THIS REPORTER,
MISTER LEO FRANK
HAS BEEN INDICTED
ON THE CHARGE
OF MURDER!

LEO FRANK
INDICTED!
TRIAL SET FOR A
MONTH FROM NOW!
PROSECUTOR
DORSEY WILL

LEO FRANK
INDICTED!
TRIAL SET FOR A
MONTH FROM NOW!
PROSECUTOR

**(REPORTERS I &
ENSEMBLE I)**

PROSECUTOR
DORSEY STATES THE
TRIAL WILL BEGIN
IN THE
ATLANTA COUNTY
COURTHOUSE ONLY
ONE MONTH FROM TODAY

MISSUS FRANK,
THE SUSPECT'S WIFE,
HAS STILL NOT SPOKEN
TO REPORTERS!
WHAT'S THE WORD
FROM MISSUS FRANK?
WHAT'S THE WORD
FROM MISSUS FRANK?
MISSUS FRANK!
MISSUS FRANK!

MISSUS FRANK!

MISSUS FRANK!

MISSUS FRANK!

(REPORTERS II)

TRY THE CASE HIMSELF,
HE SAYS!
LUTHER ROSSER WILL
REPRESENT MISTER
FRANK IN THE FIGHT
OF HIS LIFE!
DORSEY PROMISES
SURPRISE WITNESSES
AND A QUICK
FINISH! MISSUS FRANK,
THE SUSPECT'S WIFE,
HAS STILL NOT SPOKEN
TO REPORTERS!
WHAT'S THE WORD
FROM MISSUS FRANK?
WHAT'S THE WORD
FROM MISSUS FRANK?

MISSUS FRANK!

MISSUS FRANK!

MISSUS FRANK!

MISSUS FRANK!

(ENSEMBLE II)

DORSEY WILL
TRY THE CASE HIMSELF,
HE SAYS!
LUTHER ROSSER WILL
REPRESENT MISTER
FRANK IN THE FIGHT
OF HIS LIFE!
DORSEY PROMISES
SURPRISE WITNESSES
AND A QUICK
FINISH! MISSUS FRANK,
THE SUSPECT'S WIFE,
HAS STILL NOT SPOKEN
TO REPORTERS!
WHAT'S THE WORD
FROM MISSUS FRANK?
WHAT'S THE
WORD FROM
MISSUS FRANK?

MISSUS FRANK!

MISSUS FRANK!

MISSUS FRANK!

MISSUS FRANK!

Scene 13

(The reporters are outside the Frank house now, whirling and spinning. LUCILLE is revealed in the center of the craziness, carrying a wicker hamper. The REPORTERS are asking questions all at once. LUCILLE shakes her head "no" – she's not going to say anything and tries to get through. In the process, the hamper is upset and the contents fall to the ground. This is too much for her.)

LUCILLE

Let me alone! Please! Let me alone!

(SHE fights back her tears and anger, kneels to pick up the contents of the basket. The REPORTERS scatter.)

CRAIG

Let's leave the lady alone!

(CRAIG feigns leaving, then when the others are gone, HE returns, helps LUCILLE retrieve things.)

I hope there isn't much damage, ma'am.

(LUCILLE does not respond to his presence.)

No. Don't be afraid. I just came back to help.

LUCILLE

I have nothing to say.

CRAIG

(looking at a jar)

Watermelon pickles! That's one of my mama's specialties.

(SHE continues repacking the hamper. HE assists.)

And deviled eggs! You're a good cook.

LUCILLE

Not really.

CRAIG

Oh yes! This nose knows all.

#11 – You Don't Know This Man

(SHE does not respond.)

I can only imagine how difficult it must be for you, Miz Frank. All these stories about your husband comin' out ev'ry day.

(SHE sings without facing him:)

LUCILLE

YOU DON'T KNOW THIS MAN.

YOU DON'T KNOW A THING.

YOU COME HERE WITH THESE HORRIFYING STORIES,

THESE CONTEMPTIBLE CONCEITS,

AND YOU SAY YOU UNDERSTAND

HOW A MAN'S HEART BEATS

AND YOU DON'T KNOW A THING.

(Now SHE turns and looks at CRAIG.)

(LUCILLE)

YOU DON'T KNOW THIS MAN.
YOU DON'T EVEN TRY.
WHEN A MAN WRITES HIS MOTHER EV'RY SUNDAY,
PAYS HIS BILLS BEFORE THEY'RE DUE,
WORKS SO HARD TO FEED HIS FAMILY —
THERE'S YOUR MURDERER FOR YOU!
AND YOU STAND HERE SPITTING WORDS
THAT YOU KNOW AREN'T TRUE,

THEN YOU DON'T KNOW THIS MAN.
I DON'T THINK YOU COULD.
YOU DON'T HAVE THE RIGHT TO KNOW
A MAN THAT WISE AND GOOD —
HE IS A DECENT MAN!
HE IS AN HONEST MAN!
AND YOU DON'T KNOW...
AND YOU NEVER WILL.
NOT FROM ME, NOT FROM ANYONE WHO KNOWS HIM,
NOT A MORSEL, NOT A CRUMB, NOT A CLUE.

CRAIG

You're sayin' he's decent, you're sayin' he's honest, but you're not sayin' he's innocent.

(SHE addresses him directly:)

LUCILLE

I HAVE NOTHING MORE TO SAY TO YOU.

(SHE picks up her basket and walks past him. HE watches her, his pad and pencil still out — perhaps she will turn around? But she doesn't. LIGHTS DOWN.)

Scene 14

(A visitor's room in Fulton Jail. A table, two chairs, and an 18" partition separates the prisoner from the visitor. During the meeting, the GUARD stands upstage behind the partition, preventing LUCILLE from handing LEO the basket of food.)

LEO

Did you pay the bill to Jacobs Drug Store this month?

LUCILLE

It just came yesterday.

LEO

We don't want people thinking we can't pay our bills.

LUCILLE

I'll tend to it this evening.

LEO

I don't know why they won't let me have my checkbook!

LUCILLE

It must be against the law.

LEO

Ridiculous! What kind of sense does that make?

LUCILLE

I told you I'll tend to the bill this evening.

LEO

Don't forget.

LUCILLE

I put a jar of watermelon pickles in with your dinner.

LEO

And did the life insurance bill come? It should've by now.

LUCILLE

No, not yet.

LEO

Well, pay it the second it comes. I'm sure they're just looking for a chance to drop us.

LUCILLE

(ill at ease)

Leo, I think I'm going to visit Aunt Miriam in Savannah.

LEO

I see. When?

LUCILLE

I'm not sure. A week or two.

LEO

Well, just be back when the trial starts.

LUCILLE

That's why I'm going, Leo.

LEO

What?

LUCILLE

The trial. I—I don't think I can stand it.

LEO

Well you have to stand it! How will it look if you run out of town?

LUCILLE

I don't want everybody staring at me when they say all those awful things about you in the courtroom.

LEO

That's absurd, Lucille. It's all just a bunch of lies and nonsense. Anyway, they'll be staring at me, not you.

LUCILLE

And the mother of that poor little girl! I don't want to see her!

LEO

I don't like the way you're talking.

LUCILLE

I'm just telling you how I feel, Leo.

LEO

You have to be there!

LUCILLE

I'll be here tomorrow with your dinner.

(SHE starts to go.)

LEO

Lucille!

(SHE turns.)

LUCILLE

What is it?

LEO

You have to be there!

(The LIGHTS FADE out as SHE goes.)

Scene 15

(We hear the sound of a COUNTRY FIDDLE, playing feverishly. LIGHTS UP outside the Atlanta Courthouse. At first, we only see the violin player, FIDDLIN' JOHN, who stands on a crate and plays. Eventually, we see that the Courthouse steps are full of people, jabbering and straining to look into the Courthouse windows.)

#12 – The Trial Pt. I: It Is Time Now**FIDDLIN' JOHN**

PEOPLE OF ATLANTA STAND TOGETHER ON THIS DAY!

(And now TOM WATSON rises up from the crowd, waving his newspaper in the air.)

TOM WATSON

I HAVE COME TO ATLANTA WITH A MESSAGE FROM THE LORD!

FIDDLIN' JOHN	STARNES & IVEY	ENSEMBLE <i>(variously)</i>	ENSEMBLE <i>(variously)</i>
PEOPLE OF ATLANTA,		JIMMY! WHAT'S HE GONNA SAY?	LOOK-A THIS!
SWEAR THAT SOMEONE'S GONNA PAY!	BOY, YOU'D BETTER MOVE!	HEY, GET AWAY FROM THAT WINDOW! JIMMY!	WAIT! I SEE 'IM ON THE WAY
	WATSON	(MEN)	(WOMEN)
	I HAVE COME TO SEE	YES!	WELL,
	THE DEVIL GET HIS JUST AND TRUE REWARD!	GONNA SEE 'IM GET HIS JUST AND TRUE REWARD!	WE'RE GONNA SEE 'IM GET HIS JUST AND TRUE REWARD!

FIDDLIN' JOHN

PEOPLE OF ATLANTA SWEAR THAT SOMEONE'S GONNA PAY!

TOM WATSON

I HAVE COME TO SEE THE DEVIL
GET HIS JUST AND TRUE REWARD!

(The courtroom has come into view. Big electric fans are placed strategically in the old courtroom, but seem to do little good. Many of those in attendance wave hand held fans throughout. The courtroom itself is packed to the gills with onlookers. These include the whole range of citizenry – businessmen, elegantly dressed women, simple country people, etc.

As the courthouse interior is revealed, we see two black women cleaning the courtroom. One mops the floor; one brings a tray with a pitcher of water and glass to the judge's stand. The windows of the courtroom are opened wide because of the heat. One gets the feeling that every single person in the state of Georgia is at this courthouse.

Among those in the courtroom itself are BRITT CRAIG and a knot of REPORTERS, MRS. PHAGAN and her family, DORSEY with STARNES and IVEY at the prosecution table. One chair remains conspicuously empty – it is meant for Lucille, who has not arrived.

JUDGE ROAN, an unwell and elderly Southern gentleman, is pushed on in a wheelchair by his NURSE.

WATSON passes his newspapers to the crowd while FIDDLIN' JOHN sings.)

FIDDLIN' JOHN

PEOPLE OF ATLANTA,
BETTER BOW YOUR HEADS IN SHAME

THREE WOMEN

AMEN!

FIDDLIN' JOHN

THERE'S A MAN WHO CAME
AND SPIT ON YOUR FINE CITY'S NAME!

SEVERAL MEN

LEMME AT 'IM!

CROWD

WATCH OUT!

FIDDLIN' JOHN

PEOPLE OF ATLANTA,
ALL ARE VICTIMS OF THIS CRIME!
IT IS TIME NOW!

WATSON

IT IS TIME NOW!

FIDDLIN' JOHN & CROWD

IT IS TIME NOW!

WATSON

IT IS TIME!

(LEO is brought into the courtroom, manacled, by GUARDS. ROSSER comes in from the street in a rumpled white suit. HE waves to the crowd like a man running for office.)

ROSSER

(to various people)

Hey! Hey now! Good to see ya! Hey there, Mr. Craig! You write somethin' nice down about Leo's tie. His sweet ol' Mama sent it to him for good luck.

LEO

She did not!

(HE joins LEO at the defense table. LEO looks at him in disbelief in the face of this lie.)

ROSSER

Stay with me, Leo.

(He looks around.)

Where's your better half?

LEO

I wish I knew!

STARNES

All rise.

LEO

My god! That judge!

ROSSER

Not much we can do about that.

JUDGE ROAN

Mr. Dorsey...

(THEY take their seats. JUDGE ROAN bangs his gavel and DORSEY rises. The crowd begins murmuring as the doors open and LUCILLE enters the courtroom quietly. ROSSER calls to her.)

ROSSER

Miz Frank!

(SHE makes her way to the empty chair, eyes demurely cast down. SHE does not look at Leo as SHE takes her seat. DORSEY waits patiently. The JUDGE motions for him to continue.)

JUDGE ROAN

Get on with it, Mr. Dorsey.

DORSEY

Your Honor, Gentlemen of the Jury, and good people of Georgia:

#12A – Trial Pt. II: Dorsey's Statement: "Twenty Miles from Marietta"

DORSEY

THERE IS A FARMHOUSE IN MARIETTA,
KINDA BATTERED AND FORLORN,
AND IN THAT FARMHOUSE, FOURTEEN YEARS AGO,
A GIRL NAMED MARY WAS BORN.

AND SHE WOULD DANCE IN FIELDS OF COTTON,
SHE HAD A TREE WHERE SHE COULD PLAY,
BUT WHEN HER DADDY DIED TWO YEARS AGO,
MARY AND HER MAMA MOVED AWAY.

IT'S ONLY TWENTY MILES FROM MARIETTA
TO A FACT'RY IN THE CENTER OF THIS TOWN,
AND TWENTY MILES WAS ALL IT TOOK
TO STRIKE THAT SWEET GIRL DOWN.

PEOPLE OF ATLANTA FOUGHT FOR FREEDOM TO THEIR GRAVES,
AND NOW THEIR CITY IS A FACT'RY AND THEIR CHILDREN ARE ITS
SLAVES.

PEOPLE OF ATLANTA SWING THEIR CITY GATES WIDE,
AND LOOK AT WHAT YOU'VE WROUGHT!

(HE points to LEO as HE says it, and LEO shrinks from the glare. The crowd outside jeers, and the crowd inside echoes the response. JUDGE ROAN bangs his gavel for silence.)

#12B – Trial Pt. III: Frankie's Testimony

(Now DORSEY turns to the witness stand, which is suddenly occupied by FRANKIE EPPS, dressed in the same sharp clothes he wore when we first saw him.)

DORSEY

So, Frankie, you say you rode downtown with Mary on the English Avenue streetcar?

FRANKIE

Yessir. Mornin' of the Memorial Day Parade.

DORSEY

And can you tell us what happened?

FRANKIE

Well, she wanted to go to the picture show real bad and I promised I'd take her after the parade. But first she was goin' to the factory to pick up her pay.

DORSEY

And did she get off?

FRANKIE

No, sir. Not right then.

DORSEY

Tell us what happened, Frankie.

FRANKIE

Well, she got up to go and she looked funny. And I said —

(MARY enters in her parade finery, as before. The stage is lit moodily through the electric fans which whirl above the courtroom.)

Somethin' wrong, Mary?

MARY

Mr. Frank.

FRANKIE

Mr. Frank what?

MARY

Looks at me.

FRANKIE

Looks at you? Everybody looks at you.

MARY

Not like Mr. Frank.

FRANKIE

What does he do?

MARY

HE CALLS MY NAME,
I TURN MY HEAD,
HE GOT NO WORDS TO SAY.

(MARY)

HIS EYES GET BIG,
MY FACE GETS RED,
AND I WANT TO RUN AWAY,
AND HE LOOKS...
AND I WAIT...
AND HE SMILES...

FRANKIE

You better tell on him.

MARY

Tell who? He's the boss.

FRANKIE

He do the other girls that way?

MARY

I guess. Some of 'em.

FRANKIE

What say I come over there and break his face?

MARY

Go on. You'll miss the parade. I'll see you over to the picture show.

FRANKIE

Well, at least let me come with you to get your pay.

MARY

Save me a seat!

(SHE disappears. FRANKIE returns to the courtroom.)

FRANKIE

And that was the last time I ever saw her.

(HE looks over at LEO, knots his fist.)

I wish I had come over there and broke your damn face!

(Reaction in the courtroom. DORSEY puts an arm on FRANKIE to calm him. LEO looks nervously at ROSSER, who is smiling broadly. ROSSER slowly rises to his feet.)

SOME MEN

THAT'S RIGHT!

THAT'S RIGHT!

BOYS

YOU TELL 'EM, FRANKIE!

WATSON

PROOF!

IT IS PROOF

ENSEMBLE MEN

WHAT'S HE GONNA

SAY NOW? WHAT'S HE—

ENSEMBLE WOMEN

THAT BOY—

WHAT'S HE GONNA

SAY NOW?

THAT THE LORD

HAS SET

BEFORE US!

ROSSER

(Amidst the above fracas, HE interjects:)

Now, your Honor, I'm 'fraid I got to object here. I—

(JUDGE ROAN limply bangs his gavel. LEO has not met FRANKIE's gaze, looking straight ahead, stone-faced.)

DORSEY

(to ROSSER)

Your witness.

ROSSER

Nothing at this time, Your Honor.

LEO

(sotto voce)

What?! Do something! He's lying!

ROSSER

Forget about him. I got us a strategy.

LEO

What is it?

ROSSER

Stay with me now.

(LEO bristles, purses his lips angrily, looks to LUCILLE for agreement — SHE looks away. Suddenly, IOLA STOVER, one of Mary's co-workers at the factory, appears on the witness stand.)

#12C – Trial Pt. IV: The Factory Girls / Come Up to My Office

DORSEY

Iola Stover, will you describe for the court Mr. Leo Frank's manner in the factory?

IOLA STOVER

HE'LL CALL MY NAME. I'LL TURN MY HEAD.
HE GOT NO WORDS TO SAY.
HIS EYES GET BIG, MY FACE GETS RED,
AND I WANT TO RUN AWAY.

IOLA

ESSIE

MONTEEN

I'LL FEEL HIS BREATH

HE'LL CALL MY NAME

HE'LL CALL MY NAME

BACK OF MY NECK

I'LL TURN MY HEAD

I'LL TURN MY HEAD

HIS HAND AGAINST

MY

HE GOT NO

HE GOT NO

CHAIR.

WORDS TO

WORDS. HE GOT NO

SAY.

WORDS TO SAY.

I'LL PUNCH THE CLOCK

HIS EYES GET BIG,

HIS EYES GET BIG,

PICK UP MY CHECK,

MY FACE GETS RED

MY FACE GETS RED

IT SEEMS

AND I WANT TO

LIKE HE'S ALWAYS

RUN AWAY

AND I WANT TO RUN

THERE.

AWAY.

I'M IN THE HALL

I'M IN THE HALL

I'M IN THE LOUNGE,

AND THEN HE'S THERE,

AND THEN HE'S THERE,

I TURN AROUND,

HE PASSES

HE PASSES,

MUCH TOO

HE PASSES

CLOSE.

MUCH TOO

HE PASSES

CLOSE.

MUCH TOO

CLOSE.

I CHANGE MY CLOTHES,

I CHANGE MY CLOTHES,

I EAT MY LUNCH

PUT UP MY HAIR

PUT UP MY HAIR

I HEAR A SOUND,

(And now, from behind the judge's stand, two other girls from the factory (ESSIE and MONTEEN) stand up and begin singing with IOLA.)

ALL THREE GIRLS

AND SOMEHOW, I'M SURE HE KNOWS—
AND I TURN,
AND HE SMILES,
AND HE SAYS:

(Now, LEO joins them, exactly the suave and slithery philanderer the girls are describing.)

LEO

WHY DON'TCHA COME UP TO MY OFFICE?
GOT A COUPLE O' THINGS YOU MIGHT LIKE TO SEE.
WHY DON'TCHA COME UP TO MY OFFICE,
'BOUT TWO-FIFTEEN 'TIL A QUARTER TO THREE?
IF YOU COULD MAYBE SWING BY, HONEY,
WELL, YOU KNOW IT'D BE OKAY WITH ME
IF YOU CAME, IF YOU CAME, IF YOU CAME,
IF YOU CAME TO MY OFFICE.

(HE goes to each of the GIRLS in turn, dancing slyly in front of them.)

WHY DON'TCHA COME UP TO MY OFFICE?
I GOT A BOTTLE O' WINE AND THE CORK AIN'T POPPED!
WHY DON'TCHA COME UP TO MY OFFICE,
WHERE IT'S NICE AND COOL WHEN THE BLINDS ARE DROPPED?
IF YOU COULD MAYBE SWING BY, HONEY,
WE'LL PRETEND THAT BAD OL' CLOCK HAS STOPPED
IF YOU CAME, IF YOU CAME, IF YOU CAME,
IF YOU CAME TO MY OFFICE?

I KNOW THIS NEW DANCE THAT THEY'RE DOIN' IN MANHATTAN.
I'LL GET YOU DANCIN' LIKE YOU NEVER DONE BEFORE!
AND I'LL GIVE YOU THINGS THAT THEY SENT ME FROM MANHATTAN,
AND IF YOU LIKE, WELL, I GOT MORE—
HELL, I GOT MORE!

(And now he's at the top of his form, flirting, seducing and dancing up a storm.)

(LEO)

COME ON AND COME UP TO MY OFFICE,
I GOT A FINE FRIED CHICKEN AND BISCUITS FOR TWO!
COME ON AND COME UP TO MY OFFICE,
WE GOT LOTS OF THINGS THAT WE BOTH CAN DO!
JUST TAKE A BREAK AND SWING BY, HONEY –
NO ONE HAS TO KNOW BUT ME AND YOU
THAT YOU CAME, THAT YOU CAME,
THAT YOU CAME, THAT YOU CAME,
WHEN YOU CAME, WHEN YOU CAME,
WHEN YOU CAME, WHEN YOU CAME,
IF YOU CAME, IF YOU CAME, IF YOU CAME, IF YOU CAME,
SO COME ON!

COME ON!
COME ON!
COME ON!
COME ON!

WHY DONTCHA COME UP AND COME ON AND COME UP TO MY...
WHY DONTCHA COME UP AND COME ON AND COME UP TO MY...
WHY DONTCHA COME UP AND COME ON AND COME UP?
COME ON AND COME UP?
COME ON AND COME UP?
COME ON AND COME UP?
COME UP AND COME ON!

(And LEO continues dancing, while the GIRLS, in fear, stare straight forward, avoiding his glance.)

GIRLS

HE CALLS MY NAME,
I TURN MY HEAD
HE GOT NO WORDS TO SAY...
HIS EYES GET BIG,
MY FACE GETS RED,
AND I WANT TO RUN AWAY.

(And now LEO is still, staring at IOLA, rubbing his hands slowly together. The other GIRLS take their seats.)

AND HE LOOKS,
AND I WAIT,

IOLA

AND... HE SMILES.

(LEO sits at the defense table, still facing forward – LUCILLE is in her chair behind him, each in their own light.)

LEO

She's lying!

ROSSER

Sit down, Leo. And shut up. I'm not just sittin' on my ass here. I'm workin' out a strategy. We're gonna be fine.

LEO

Tell me!

ROSSER

When it's time, I will.

LEO

Somebody told them to say all that. They were coached. They were coached!

#12D – Trial Pt. V: Newt Lee's Testimony

(Back outside the courthouse. Meanwhile, we see NEWT LEE uneasily come to the stand and be sworn in.)

FIDDLIN' JOHN & RANDY

PEOPLE OF ATLANTA

HEAR THE BELLS OF JUDGEMENT CHIME!

WATSON

IT IS TIME NOW!

TOWNSPEOPLE

IT IS TIME NOW!

WATSON

IT IS—

WATSON, FIDDLIN' JOHN & RANDY

—TIME—

(NEWT LEE is now on the stand..)

DORSEY

Well, Newt, you wanna tell us how Mr. Frank acted?

NEWT LEE

(nervous)

Acted?

DORSEY

Around the girls.

NEWT LEE

I AM TRYING TO REMEMBER...

DORSEY

He ever look at those girls sorta funny like?

ROSSER

Objection! Leading the witness!

JUDGE ROAN

Objection sustained.

DORSEY

I'll rephrase that. You ever see Mr. Frank anywhere near where the girls changed their clothes?

NEWT LEE

WELL, I SEEN HIM BY THE DOORWAY...

WHEN THE GIRLS WAS IN THERE CHANGIN'...

DORSEY

The ladies' private dressing room. And what was he doin'?

NEWT LEE

SEE, THE WAY THAT I REMEMBER,
HE WAS LOOKIN' THROUGH THE DOORWAY,
AND THE GIRLS WAS IN THERE DRESSIN',
AND I GUESS THAT HE WAS SWEATIN' —
'COURSE, THE MAN —

DORSEY

That'll be all. Thank you, Newt.

NEWT LEE

But Mr. Dorsey —

DORSEY

That'll be all! Thank you, Newt.

LEO

He was coached too! They're all being coached.

ROSSER

Easy now, Leo. We're gonna be fine.

LEO

Shame! Shame on you, Newt!...

(The crowd reacts. JUDGE ROAN bangs his gavel for order. LUCILLE has cast her eyes downward, and when LEO turns to meet her glance, HE is ashamed. HE lowers himself back into his chair.)

ROSSER

Leo, just shut the hell up.

(MRS. PHAGAN has arrived on the witness stand, where DORSEY is gently handling her.)

DORSEY

Mrs. Phagan, can you describe for us, please ma'am, the outfit your daughter Mary wore to town last Memorial Day?

MRS. PHAGAN

Yessir I can. It was her Easter Sunday outfit — the little lavender cotton pongee dress I made her and a straw hat with a parasol to match, and white stockings and her party shoes.

(DORSEY pulls out a small pile of torn, ruined clothes, and holds them up.)

DORSEY

Would these be the clothes?

#12E – Trial Pt. VI: My Child Will Forgive Me

(The courtroom erupts. DORSEY waves the clothes above his head.)

This befouled and filthy rag used to be a dress —

(Gradually, as Dorsey continues, the noise fades away, the courtroom lights bump down. A pinpoint picks up MRS. PHAGAN, who sings:)

MRS. PHAGAN

MY CHILD WILL FORGIVE ME
FOR RAISIN' HER POOR,
AND FOR TAKIN' HER OUT OF THE SCHOOL.
MY CHILD WILL FORGIVE ME
FOR NOT DOIN' MORE
TO PROTECT HER FROM MEN
WHO ARE CRUEL

DORSEY(voice disappearing)

The dress a proud and happy little girl wore to Church on Easter Sunday. This cloth that was found around Mary's throat was torn from her underclothing and placed over her mouth for a gag while Leo Frank tiptoed back to his office for the cord with which to strangle her. When she did not yield to his lust

MRS. PHAGAN

AND MY CHILD WILL FORGIVE ME
FOR CLOSIN' MY EYES
TO THE DANGERS OF GROWING TOO FAST.

MY CHILD WILL FORGIVE ME
WITH TEARS IN HER EYES
WHEN WE'RE REUNITED AT LAST.
MY CHILD WILL BE SAFE
IN THE ARMS OF THE LORD,
AND AS PURE AS THE DAY OF HER BIRTH.
MY CHILD WILL BE COZIED
AND BLESSED AND ADORED
AS SHE NEVER COULD BE
HERE ON EARTH.
AND MY CHILD WILL BE WATCHIN' ME,
GIVIN' ME FAITH
IN A FUTURE THAT'S GOLDEN AND
NEW. MY MARY WILL TEACH ME
TO OPEN MY HEART,

(Courtroom lights bump up.)

MRS. PHAGAN

AND SO I FORGIVE YOU,
JEW.

(SHE sings the word right to LEO, who is shaken.)

DORSEY

That's all, Your Honor.

JUDGE ROAN

You may step down, Ma'am.

DORSEY

(dramatically)

Bring in Jim Conley!

DORSEY*(voice disappearing)*

that was not that of other men, he struck her. They say he had no marks on his person—She had no time to inflict marks! Ladies and gentlemen...

Mrs. Phagan, isn't it true that you lost your husband two years ago? And because of that you lost your farm? And you and Mary moved to Atlanta? And you had to take your baby out of school and put her to work at the National Pencil Company. She shoulda' been in sixth grade! She shoulda' been playin' with her friends!

#12F – Trial Pt. VII: That's What He Said

(The great doors to the courtroom open and JIM CONLEY enters. HE presents a far different picture from the ragtag vagrant we saw previously in Dorsey's office. CONLEY has on a well-tailored summer suit, and a neat shirt and tie which he wears well. HE walks to the stand slowly, sort of like a runway model, with grace and dignity, exuding healthy strength and masculinity. HE is sworn in, while the crowd outside sings again.)

SOLOISTS (variously)	SOLOISTS (variously)	GROUP I	GROUP II
	LEMME SEE!		
WATCH OUT!		WHAT'S HE GONNA SAY?	
	WHO'S		WHAT'S HE GONNA SAY?
JIM CONLEY?	JIM?	WHY THEY GONNA	
	WAIT A MINUTE!	CALL THAT	WHY THEY GONNA
LORD, 'NOTHER NIGGER...		MAN?	CALL THAT
LOOK-A THIS!	WATCH OUT!	WHAT'S HE	MAN?
	WHAT'S HE GONNA	GOTTA SAY ABOUT?	WHAT'S HE GOTTA
WHAT'S HE GONNA SAY?	SAY?		SAY ABOUT...?
	WATCH OUT!	OH!	
LOOK!		WILL YA	OH!
	JIMMY!	LOOK-A THAT?	WILL YA
		PUTTIN' ON AIRS,	LOOK-A THAT?
NOW,			
WAIT A MINUTE!			PUTTIN' ON AIRS.
	HE'S NO	SLICK	
NO DAMN GOOD!	GOOD!		
WHO'S		AS AN ONION!	SLICK AS AN
THIS?		WHAT'S HE GONNA	ONION!
	WHAT'S HE DOIN'?	DO?	WHAT'S HE GONNA
HE'S ASKIN' HIM A		WHAT'S HE GONNA	DO?
QUESTION...	WHAT'S HE GONNA	SAY?	
SAY...	SAY?		WHAT'S HE GONNA SAY?

CONLEY

HE TOL' ME TO WATCH THE DOOR.
"WATCH THE DOOR," THAT'S WHAT HE SAID.
THAT'S WHAT HE SAID: I SHOULD MAKE SURE
NO ONE CAME AN' INTERRUPTED.
WELL, I'D SAY ONCE OR TWICE A MONTH,
HE'D TELL ME, "JIM, YOU WATCH THE DOOR,
I GOT A LADY COMIN'. I GOT A LADY COMIN'"
LIKE I SAID, ONCE OR TWICE A MONTH,
THERE'D BE A LADY COME TO CALL
AND HE'D SAY, "JIM, YOU WATCH THE DOOR,"
THAT'S WHAT HE SAID.

And once, I remember it was two ladies. Another time, there was a black gentleman,
I believe he said he was from Chicago...

ROSSER

Objection!

JUDGE ROAN

Mr. Dorsey, will you instruct your witness to answer only the questions put to him?

DORSEY

Jim, do you understand the man?

CONLEY

Yessir.

DORSEY

All right, then. Jim, will you tell us about the mornin' of April 26?

CONLEY

The day of the parade.

HE TOL' ME TO WATCH THE DOOR.
"WATCH THE DOOR," THAT'S WHAT HE SAID.
THAT'S WHAT HE SAID: "I GOT A GIRL,
SHE'LL BE COMIN' UP TO SEE ME.
SHE'S A VERY PRETTY GIRL,"
HE SAID — "DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU LOOKIN' AT
MISS MARY PERKINS."

That's what he called her, I think...

"MISS MARY PERKINS."
SO WHEN THIS MARY CAME TO CALL
I KEP' MY EYES DOWN TO THE FLOOR
'CAUSE MR. FRANK SAID NOT TO LOOK,
THAT'S WHAT HE SAID.

(CONLEY)

Well, next thing, Mr. Frank is yellin' somethin', so I run upstairs, and I open the door, and Mr. Frank looks up.

HE SAID, "WE WERE PLAYIN' A GAME!
PLAYIN' A GAME!" THAT'S WHAT HE SAID –
THAT'S WHAT HE SAID, AN' LITTLE MARY'S
KINDA CRUMPLED IN THE CORNER.
HE SAID, "YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND.
SHE DIDN'T WANT TO PLAY THE GAME,
AN' SO I WENT AND HIT HER –
YOU SEE, I HAD TO HIT HER!"
HE TOL' ME I SHOULD GO AN' LOOK,
HE SAID SHE'S ACTIN' LIKE SHE'S SICK,
AN' I SAID, "LAWD, THAT CHIL' IS DEAD!"
THAT'S WHAT I SAID!
AND HE SAID, "NO! NO!
IT AIN'T MY FAULT THAT GIRL IS DEAD!"
HE SAID, "NO! NO!"
THAT'S WHAT HE SAID.

CROWD

THAT'S WHAT HE SAID!

CONLEY

HE SAID, "NO! NO!"
AND HIS EYES WERE WILD AND HIS FACE WAS RED,
HE SAID, "NO!"

CROWD

NO!

CONLEY

"NO!"

CROWD

NO!

CONLEY

THAT'S WHAT HE SAID!

CROWD

THAT'S WHAT HE SAID, THAT'S WHAT HE –
WHAT HE SAID, HE SAID THAT'S –
THAT'S WHAT HE SAID!

CONLEY

HE SAID, "GOTTA GET HER OUT —
LET'S GET HER OUT!"
THAT'S WHAT HE SAID.

CROWD

THAT'S WHAT HE SAID!

CONLEY

AN' SO I FOUN' ME
THIS OL' GUNNY SACK
AN' WRAPPED HER.
HE SAID, "YOU'RE A GOOD BOY, JIM!
I KNOW YOU WON'T TELL NO ONE NOTHIN' —
HERE'S A HUNDRED DOLLARS!"

CROWD

NO! IT CAN'T BE TRUE!

CONLEY

I GOT A HUNDRED DOLLARS

CROWD

GOD! WHAT CAN WE DO?

CONLEY

AN' SO I PUT HER ON MY BACK,
WE TOOK THE ELEVATOR DOWN.
HE SAID, "JUS' THROW HER ON THE GROUN'!"
THAT'S WHAT HE SAID.

CROWD

THAT'S WHAT HE SAID.

CONLEY

YES, HE SAID, "NO!"

CROWD

NO!

CONLEY

"NO!"

CROWD

NO!

CONLEY

"THERE AIN'T NO REASON I SHOULD HANG!"
HE SAID, "NO!"

CROWD

NO!

CONLEY

"NO!"

CROWD

NO!

CONLEY

THAT'S WHAT HE SAID!

CROWD

THAT'S WHAT HE SAID!

CONLEY

HE SAID, "NO!"

CROWD

NO!

CONLEY

"NO!"

CROWD

NO!

CONLEY

"THERE AIN'T NO REASON I SHOULD HANG!
YOU GOT MONEY IN YO' POCKET
AN' THERE'S PLENTY MORE O' THAT –
I GOT WEALTHY FRIENDS AN' FAM'LY,
AN' A WIFE WHO'S DUMB AND FAT!
AN' I GOT RICH FOLKS OUT IN BROOKLYN
IF I NEED SOMEWHERE'S TO GO,
AN' THESE STUPID REDNECKS NEVER GONNA KNOW!"

CROWD

HANG 'IM!

CONLEY

"NO!"

CROWD

HANG 'IM!

CONLEY

"IT AIN'T MY FAULT THAT GIRL IS DEAD!"

CROWD

HANG THE JEW!

CONLEY

HE SAID, "NO!"

CROWD

HANG 'IM!

CONLEY

"NO!"

CROWD

HANG 'IM!

CONLEY

THAT'S WHAT HE SAID!

CROWD

MAKE 'IM PAY!

CONLEY

HE SAID, "NO!"

CROWD

GET 'IM!

CONLEY

"NO!"

CROWD

NOW!

CONLEY

AN' HIS EYES WERE WILD

AN' HIS FACE WAS RED

HE SAID, "NO!"

(As this sequence gathers momentum, the overhead fans turn ever more quickly – maddeningly – casting more and more shadow onto the set.)

CONLEY**CROWD****LEO****FIDDLIN'
JOHN****RANDY**

(NO!)_

HANG 'IM!

HANG 'IM

HANG 'IM!

YEAH!

HANG THE

KILLER!

KILL 'IM!

JEW!

KILL 'IM!

HANG 'IM!

GET 'IM

YES!

MAK HIM

PAY!

BASTARD!

YEAH!

TAKE 'IM

DOWN!

KILL 'IM!

GET 'IM!

NAIL 'IM!

NOW!

NO!

PEOPLE OF
ATLANTA!

RAISE

YOUR

VOICES!_

RAISE YOUR
VOICES

HIGH!_

PEOPLE OF
ATLANTA...RAISE YOUR
VOICES

HIGH

FOR

MARY!

CROWD

HANG 'IM!

HANG 'IM!

HANG 'IM!

HANG 'IM!

HANG 'IM!

HANG 'IM!

HANG 'IM!

**FIDDLIN' JOHN, FRANKIE,
RANDY, & LIZZIE**

HIGH!_

HIGH!_

HANG 'IM!

ROSSER

Objection! Goddammit, objection!

(JUDGE ROAN bangs his gavel, but the strain is wearing on him. The atmosphere is tense.)

JUDGE ROAN

Watch your mouth, sir! As you are well aware, the laws of the state of Georgia do not allow the defendant in a murder trial to testify in his own behalf, but said defendant is allowed to make a statement. Does your client wish to make such a statement at this time, Mr. Rosser?

LEO

No.

ROSSER

Yes, your Honor. He does.

LEO

What?

ROSSER

This is it. Get up on there.

LEO

I'm not prepared.

ROSSER

I know. That's my strategy.

JUDGE

Proceed.

(LEO looks at ROSSER, and, with all the dignity he can muster, goes to the witness stand.)

#12G – Trial Pt. VIII: Leo's Statement: "It's hard to speak my heart"

(HE waits until the room is completely still and begins to sing, simply, addressing the whole room, but paying special attention to LUCILLE. For the first time, we see LEO with all his pretensions and affectations stripped away.)

LEO

IT'S HARD TO SPEAK MY HEART.
I'M NOT A MAN WHO BARES HIS SOUL.
I LET THE MOMENT PASS ME BY —
I STAY WHERE I AM IN CONTROL.
I HIDE BEHIND MY WORK,

SAFE AND SURE OF WHAT TO SAY...
I KNOW I MUST SEEM HARD,
I KNOW I MUST SEEM COLD.

I NEVER TOUCHED THAT GIRL.
YOU THINK I'D HURT A CHILD YET?
I'D HARDLY SEEN HER FACE BEFORE.
I SWEAR, I SWORE, WE'D BARELY MET.
THESE PEOPLE TRY TO SCARE YOU
WITH THINGS I'VE NEVER SAID.
I KNOW IT MAKES NO SENSE.
I SWEAR I DON'T KNOW WHY...

YOU SEE ME AS I AM, YOU CAN'T BELIEVE I'D LIE,
YOU CAN'T BELIEVE I'D DO THESE DEEDS—
A LITTLE MAN WHO'S SCARED AND BLIND,
TOO LOST TO FIND THE WORDS HE NEEDS.
I NEVER TOUCHED THAT CHILD.
GOD! I NEVER RAISED MY HAND!
I STAND BEFORE YOU NOW,
INCREDIBLY AFRAID.
I PRAY YOU UNDERSTAND.

*(There is a silence. LUCILLE and LEO lock eyes – SHE knows HE is innocent.
Throughout the next exchange, THEY do not move their eyes from each other.)*

JUDGE ROAN

Mr. Rosser.

(ROSSER rises and addresses the jury.)

ROSSER

Gentlemen. I have just taken the biggest gamble of my entire career. I forced Leo Frank to speak to you without warning. I did not coach him or rehearse him. Why would I do such a dangerous thing? Because I knew you would recognize the simon-pure truth when you heard it. Gentlemen, look Leo Frank in the eye. Look hard. Don't be afraid of what you see. Because it is the truth and Leo Frank is innocent.

JUDGE ROAN

Mr. Dorsey.

(DORSEY rises to begin his summation.)

#12H – Trial Pt. IX: Closing Statements & Verdict / Cakewalk

ENSEMBLE

GOD BLESS THIS DAY
IN THE OLD HILLS OF GEORGIA
THE OLD RED HILLS OF HOME.
ALL SINNERS PAY
IN THE OLD HILLS OF GEORGIA
LET US FINISH WHAT'S BEGUN
AND LET JESUS' WILL BE DONE!

DORSEY

This angel met her end on the concrete floor of the sweatshop where she toiled away her childhood fastening erasers to pencil caps for ten pennies an hour. She died a noble death without a splotch or blemish upon her.

(HE again holds up her bloody clothes above his head)

Your Honor, I've done my duty. I have no apologies to make. There will be but one verdict: GUILTY! GUILTY! GUILTY!

(Time has passed and JUDGE ROAN turns to the Jury.)

JUDGE ROAN

Gentlemen of the Jury, have you reached a verdict?

FOREMAN

Yes we have, Your Honor.

JUDGE ROAN

How say you?

FOREMAN

Guilty.

(The crowd lets out a collective exclamation of joy and relief.)

JUDGE ROAN

So say you all?

FOREMAN

Yes, your honor.

JUDGE ROAN

Poll the jury, Bailiff.

FOREMAN

Guilty.

(The noon bells start to chime in sync with the repeated word "Guilty." In the street outside the courthouse, the crowd begins to cakewalk.)

JUROR

Guilty.

JUROR

Guilty.

JUROR

Guilty.

JUROR

Guilty.

(By now a large portion of the crowd is dancing wildly. The jury box perhaps recedes upstage as Leo's cell appears center stage. LEO and LUCILLE hear the celebration from the street outside.)

JUROR

Guilty.

(LEO looks at her as the voices drone on and the bells chime. SHE reaches out her hand to touch his face. HE embraces her.)

JUROR

Guilty.

JUROR

Guilty.

*(The eerie music is replaced by an exultant celebratory cakewalk. And this, for the first time, is heard by LEO and LUCILLE – THEY embrace each other, terrified.
CURTAIN.)*

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO, Scene 1

(We hear snare drums. Upstage, behind a scrim, we see JUDGE ROAN's face.)

#13 – Act II Opening

JUDGE ROAN

It is hereby adjudged that the appeal of Leo Max Frank for a new trial be rejected. It is further adjudged and ordered that on the twenty-eighth day of May, nineteen and fourteen, said defendant shall be hanged by the neck until he is dead, and may God have mercy on his soul.

(He bangs his gavel and in silhouette, we see the parade from Act One, but a little slower than the first time. Discordant. Britt Craig is standing, watching the parade. He turns to us and sings.)

CRAIG

NOW, LEO RUNS BACK AND FORTH,
WHILE THEY'RE SCREAMIN' UP NORTH HOW IT JUST ISN'T FAIR.
WOW, THEY BEEN TREATIN' THIS MATCH
LIKE THE LATEST DISPATCH FROM THE DREYFUS AFFAIR.

(We see LEO in a dim light in his cell, poring over an enormous book, Legal Statutes of the State of Georgia, 1910.)

LEO

Legal procedures and terms . . . Act of God. Affidavit. Alias. Alibi. Appeal . . . Appeal.

(HE thumbs past some pages.)

CRAIG

SEE? MARY'S DEAD FOR A YEAR,
BUT THE TEMPERATURE HERE'S JUST AS HOT AS BEFORE...

LEO

The appellant can only ask for a writ of certiorari in such circumstances as— certiorari, writ of certiorari . . .

(The lights blackout on LEO. At the same time, downstage, we see two black people: RILEY and ANGELA. HE is polishing shoes, SHE is ironing the wash.)

CRAIG

GEE! WOULDN'T TAKE SUCH A LOT
FOR THE OPENING SHOT OF A NEW CIVIL WAR!

(Craig exits, perhaps waving a confederate flag.)

#14 – A Rumblin’ and a Rollin’

(As the parade fades away, RILEY and ANGELA polish and iron, parrying the following number between them in a curiously jocular, almost benign manner.)

RILEY

YOU HEAR A RUMBLIN’ AND A ROLLIN’?
IT’S COMIN’ DOWN FROM THE NORTH.
IT’S COMIN’ UP THROUGH THE GROUND,
AND IT’S A FUNNY OL’ SOUND,
‘CAUSE IT’S A RUMBLIN’ AND A ROLLIN’!

ANGELA

AND I BET I KNOW WHY –
SEE ‘EM ON THE TRAIN,
SEE ‘EM ON THE BUS –
THEY NEVER CARED MUCH ABOUT FOLKS LIKE US!

RILEY

BUT NOW THEY’RE GONNA PAY ATTENTION.
SURE THEY GONNA ASK WHY? WHY? WHY?

ANGELA

THEY GONNA SAY “I DON’T KNOW WHAT, I DON’T KNOW HOW!”

BOTH

WELL, THEY’RE GONNA FIND OUT NOW.
THEY’RE GONNA PAY ATTENTION.

RILEY

THEY’RE GONNA YELL, “SET THAT MAN FREE!”

(We see NEWT LEE carrying his lantern through the factory, making his rounds.)

NEWT LEE

WELL, THEY SURE AIN’T TALKIN’ ‘BOUT ME.

ALL THREE

NOW THERE’S A RUMBLIN’ AND A ROLLIN’
HERE COMES THE YANKEE BRIGADE!

NEWT LEE

THEY GONNA COME THROUGH THIS TOWN –
WE BETTER KEEP OUR HEADS DOWN –

RILEY AND NEWT LEE

WE BETTER START MUMBLIN' AND A-SHUFFLIN'

ALL THREE

WE BETTER POLISH OUR SMILES.

(The light from NEWT's lantern has fallen on CONLEY, lying on his cot in the factory basement.)

CONLEY

OLD BLACK JOE AT YOUR SERVICE,
WON'T DO NOTHIN' THAT'LL MAKE YOU NERVOUS.
WON'T DO NOTHIN' WORTH A LOOK OR A MENTION

ALL FOUR

AND THEY WON'T NEVER PAY ATTENTION!

CONLEY

THEY'LL NEVER SAY, "MY, MY, MY!"

RILEY

THEY GONNA SAY, "BRING ME MY BOOTS!"

ANGELA

"BRING ME MY TEA!"

NEWT LEE

I BETCHA THOUGHT THE SLAVES WERE FREE...

ANGELA

MISTER FRANK, GOOD FOR YOU.
LOTTA FOLKS COMIN' TO GET YOU THROUGH.
MISTER FRANK, AIN'T THAT GRAND?
LOTTA FOLKS COMIN' TO TAKE A STAND.
MISTER FRANK, KNOCK ON WOOD,
AIN'T GONNA DO YOU NO GODDAMN GOOD!

CONLEY

I CAN TELL YOU THIS, AS A MATTER OF FACT,
THAT THE LOCAL HOTELS WOULDN'T BE SO PACKED
IF A LITTLE BLACK GIRL HAD GOTTEN ATTACKED.

NEWT LEE, RILEY & ANGELA

GO ON, GO ON, GO ON, GO ON . . .

RILEY

THEY COMIN', THEY COMIN' NOW, YESSIRREE!

NEWT LEE

'CAUSE A WHITE MAN GONNA GET HUNG, YOU SEE.

CONLEY, RILEY & NEWT LEE

THERE'S A BLACK MAN SWINGIN' IN EV'RY TREE

ALL FOUR

BUT THEY DON'T NEVER PAY ATTENTION!

ANGELA

OH, NO . . .

CONLEY

HELL!

ALL FOUR

THEY NEVER SAY, "WHY? WHY? WHY?"

RILEY

BUT IF A YANKEE BOY FLIES . . .

CONLEY

SURPRISE!

ANGELA AND RILEY

SURPRISE!

NEWT LEE

SURPRISE!

ALL FOUR

THEY GONNA PAY ATTENTION!

THEY GONNA YELL "SET THAT MAN FREE!"

CONLEY

(singing a snatch of "Camptown Races" as he goes back to his nap)

DE DE DE DE DE DE DE

DE DE, DE DE

DE DE DE DE DE DE DE

DE DE DE DE —

CONLEY

NEWT LEE

RILEY

ANGELA

DE...

OH THERE'LL BE A

OH THERE'LL BE A

RUMBLIN' AND A

RUMBLIN' AND A

ROLLIN'

ROLLIN'

THERE'S GONNA BE

YEAH

YEAH

YEAH...

A RUMBLIN' AND

YEAH

ROLLIN'

THERE'LL BE A

THERE'LL BE A

THERE'LL BE A

RUMBLIN'...

RUMBLIN' AND A

RUMBLIN' AND A

ROLLIN',

ROLLIN'

YEAH

THERE'S GONNA BE

YEAH

A RUMBLIN' AND

THERE'LL BE A

ROLLIN'

RUMBLIN' AND A

THERE'LL BE A

THER'LL BE A

ROLLIN'

RUMBLIN'!

RUMBLIN' AND A

ROLLIN',

YEAH

THERE'S GONNA BE

YEAH

A RUMBLIN' AND A

ROLLIN'

THERE'LL BE A

THERE'LL BE A

RUMBLIN' AND A

RUMBLIN'

ROLLIN'

YEAH

THERE'S GONNA BE

A RUMBLIN' AND A

ROLLIN'

(NEWT LEE goes off with his lantern. RILEY goes back to shining his shoes, and ANGELA is humming "The Old Red Hills of Home" as the lights fade on them. ROSSER crosses the stage into LEO's cell, bustling with energy.)

ROSSER

Hey, Leo!

LEO

(reading and paying no attention)

Demurrer, deposition, evidence. . .

ROSSER

Hell of a time gettin' here through that parade.

LEO

What parade?

ROSSER

Time's passin', Boy! It's Memorial Day again.

LEO

My least favorite holiday.

ROSSER

Well, I got good news!

LEO

Habeus corpus. Indictment.

ROSSER

I'm fixin' to file another appeal.

LEO

Incompetence.

ROSSER

What in hell are you doin'?

LEO

I asked Lucille to get me these law books from the library.

ROSSER

Now, listen here. You just leave all the legal doo-wacka-doo to me.

LEO

And what'll you do when they reject this appeal like they did the first one?

ROSSER

Who says they will?

LEO

You know what? I'm all those evil things Hugh Dorsey keeps saying I am. I'm a Yankee and I'm college educated and I have an extensive vocabulary. Oh, and I'm a Jew of course! And you know what Jews are, don't you? Smart!

(He goes back to the law book.)

Malice. Mandamus. Quo Warranto. Statute of Limitations. Subpoena.

ROSSER

Stay with me, Leo.

LEO

And do what? End up on the wrong end of a rope? Here. Get this to that Craig fellow at the newspaper.

(He hands him a stack of letters.)

And this one goes to Mr. Adolph Ochs at the New York Times. And this one is to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

ROSSER

Have you lost your mind completely?

LEO

While you were sitting in that courtroom developing that brilliant strategy of yours, Hugh Dorsey was getting away with murder. My murder! I read in this book that the prosecution in a murder case carries the burden of proof. He proved nothing. I was railroaded by redneck savages and people need to know that.

(The GUARD has entered the cell to take LEO to the visitors' room. LEO reflexively puts out his hands and the GUARD handcuffs him as the scene continues.)

ROSSER

Come on, Leo. People know everything there is to know about your case.

LEO

I don't mean Southern people. I mean real people.

#14A – Craig Transition

Oh, and one more thing.

ROSSER

What's that?

LEO

You're fired.

(The GUARD leads LEO out of the cell, leaving ROSSER sitting, bemused, on the bed.)

CRAIG

LOOK! NOT A CLOUD IN THE SKY!
LOOK AT THE TIME FLOWIN' BY!
HELL! WHY COMPLAIN ANYMORE?
I'VE BEEN BLESSED WITH A STORY
THAT JUST DOESN'T DIE!

(LUCILLE is escorted into LEO's cell by the GUARD.)

Scene 2

(LIGHTS UP on LEO's cell. The GUARD enters with LUCILLE.)

LUCILLE

Thank you, Mr. Turner.

GUARD

Welcome, Ma'am.

(HE watches for a moment, then leaves.)

LUCILLE

Hey, honey.

LEO

(still writing)

Hey, honey.

LUCILLE

How are you today?

LEO

Not bad.

LUCILLE

I brought you The Official State of Georgia Legislative Law Review Journals.

LEO

...1907, 1908. Good. Thank you.

LUCILLE

I couldn't cook this morning.

LEO

Something the matter with the stove?

LUCILLE

No. I was busy.

LEO

Doing what?

LUCILLE

I had an appointment with that Mr. Craig.

LEO

You were talking to a reporter?

LUCILLE

Yes.

LEO

I thought we decided you wouldn't do that.

LUCILLE

You decided it, Leo. I didn't. And anyway, Mr. Craig turns out to have a very sympathetic ear.

LEO

Oh, God! What did you say?

LUCILLE

Well, he asked me how you are and I said fine, and, in fact, very hopeful because you were busy writing up a documented statement that proves all the evidence given against you at the trial was false.

LEO

You shouldn't have told him that! Now everyone will know!

LUCILLE

Were you planning to keep it a secret?

LEO

I was planning to release it when I'm finished writing it. Don't talk to any more reporters.

(HE goes back to work.)

LUCILLE

I can help you, Leo. They're gonna hang you in six weeks unless we do everything that's in our powers to do.

LEO

(putting down his pencil)

I know you mean well, honey. I really do. And I appreciate it.

LUCILLE

But keep my stupid mouth shut.

#15 – Do It Alone

(LUCILLE)

Of course, Leo. You're right. Like you always are.

DO IT ALONE, LEO – DO IT ALL BY YOURSELF.

YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO MATTERS AFTER ALL.

DO IT ALONE, LEO – WHY SHOULD IT BOTHER ME?

I'M JUST GOOD FOR STANDING IN THE SHADOWS

AND STARING AT THE WALLS, LEO.

FIGHT THEM, STRONG AND PROUD –

PRAY YOUR VOICE IS LOUD,

LOUD ENOUGH TO MAKE IT THROUGH THAT DOOR.

WHAT ON EARTH HAVE I BEEN WORRIED FOR?

SOON I WON'T BE WORRIED ANYMORE.

LEO

Why are you doing this?

LUCILLE

NO, DO IT ALONE, LEO—NOW THERE'S THE RIGHT IDEA:
MAKE ME FEEL AS USELESS AS YOU ALWAYS HAVE.
DO IT ALONE, LEO—WHAT COULD A WOMAN DO?
AFTER ALL, SO MANY PEOPLE LOVE YOU,
THEY'RE DANCING IN THE STREETS, LEO.
ONLY YOU KNOW HOW
TO CHANGE THE FUTURE NOW—
NO ONE KNOWS THE PAIN YOU'RE GOING THROUGH—
NO ONE ELSE IS SUFFERING BUT YOU.

I COULD BE A QUIET LITTLE GIRL
AND COOK YOUR LITTLE MEAL,
AND SWALLOW ALL I FEEL,
AND BOW TO YOUR COMMAND;
OR I COULD START TO SCREAM
ACROSS THE WHOLE DAMNED SOUTH
AND NEVER SHUT MY MOUTH
UNTIL THEY UNDERSTAND.

BUT I CAN'T DO IT ALONE, LEO.
LOOK AT ME NOW, LEO.
I CAN BE MORE...
I CAN BRING YOU HOME, LEO.
WE CAN BRING YOU HOME, LEO.
I WANT YOU TO COME HOME.

(LEO is speechless, locked in his head – LUCILLE puts her arms around him as the lights FADE.)

Scene 3

(LIGHTS UP on the ballroom in the center of the Governor's Mansion.)

#16 – Tea Dance 1

(We are at the Governor's Mansion. A tea dance is in progress. A small orchestra is playing the latest dance craze (the Grizzly Bear or the Turkey Trot or some such thing). Party hacks, campaign contributors, etc., mingle and dance with their wives, etc. HUGH DORSEY is among the guests. Waiters pass trays of champagne. BRITT CRAIG is off to the side, bored to tears, also hitting the champagne.)

In the center of the party is JOHN SLATON, Governor of Georgia. HE is dancing with his wife, SALLY. Everyone at the party is watching them dance.

DORSEY is leaning against the banquet table with a cocktail in his hand. LUTHER ROSSER approaches, drink in hand — he's well on the way to being hammered.)

ROSSER

Hey, Boy!

WAITER

Yassuh?

ROSSER

What's in this?

WAITER

Tea.

ROSSER

Unh-hunh. I was afraid of that.

(ROSSER pours a healthy shot from his flask into a punch cup and ladles a tiny bit of tea on top of it. Then he spots DORSEY.)

DORSEY

Afternoon, Luther.

ROSSER

Hugh Dorsey, you ole faker! You had that jury so bamboozled they couldn't tell a tit from a telephone pole.

DORSEY

Leo Frank was guilty, Luther. All I did was prove it.

ROSSER

You know damn well Leo Frank couldn't even manage to step on a red ant at a Sunday School picnic!

DORSEY

Sore loser, Luther?

ROSSER

Guilty conscience, Hugh?

DORSEY

No sir. Not a bit.

(The orchestra finishes one song and the dancers applaud. Instantly, the orchestra strikes up another tune.)

#16A – *Pretty Music*

(TOM WATSON emerges suddenly from the crowd, severe and intense. HE claps DORSEY's hand.)

WATSON

You are the savior of the southland, Mr. Dorsey.

DORSEY

(wanting to get away from him)

Mr. Watson.

WATSON

The Jeffersonian supports you one thousand percent.

DORSEY

Appreciate that, Sir.

WATSON

I'm sure you've seen my editorial extolling your virtues in this week's issue?

(HE hands DORSEY a newspaper and quotes from memory as DORSEY reads.)

"And Hugh Dorsey was not fooled by the slippery Jew's oily demeanor. He took one look at Leo Frank's bulging satyr eyes and protruding sensual lips and nailed him for the pervert sodomite he is."

ROSSER

Don't let me keep you from your fan club, Hugh.

(HE takes a swig from his flask and totters away.)

WATSON

And next week I have a piece entitled 'Jesus Was Not A Jew'. I'll mail you a copy.

DORSEY

You do that, but you'll have to excuse me now, because I need to—

WATSON

I don't think you understand, Sir!

DORSEY

Understand?

WATSON

The Jeffersonian and I are going to make you the governor of Georgia.

DORSEY

But, Mr. Watson, Georgia already has a governor.

(to CRAIG and ROSSER)

Nutty as a fruit cake!

SLATON

(singing into SALLY's ear)

DON'T YA THINK THAT'S PRETTY MUSIC?
THOSE FELLAS SURE CAN PLAY.
THAT BEAT WAS REALLY MADE FOR DANCIN'.
YES, MA'AM, THAT'S PRETTY MUSIC.
I COULD DANCE THE NIGHT AWAY.
YOU CAN HEAR THAT SONG'S SO SWEET AND TRUE,
BUT TRUTH TO TELL, NOT HALF AS SWEET AS YOU.

(SLATON and SALLY come off the floor, headed towards DORSEY, who breaks off from WATSON to talk to them.)

DORSEY

Afternoon, Governor! I swear, Miss Sally, you could pass for eighteen years old.

SALLY

Hugh Dorsey — sincere as ever!

DORSEY

Yes ma'am, I am.

SLATON

Lotta mail comin' in about the Frank trial, Hughie. People aren't so happy.

DORSEY

Well, I wouldn't pay much mind to it. Jews lettin' off steam.

SLATON

Not just Jews. Aldermen, Mayors, Governor of Maine, Governor of Illinois, Governor of Oregon. Thomas Edison, Henry Ford.

DORSEY

Yankees. Jewish money in back of 'em.

SLATON

I doubt if Jewish money is in back of Henry Ford.

SALLY

Jack, shouldn't you be dancing with some of these ladies?

SLATON

Of course. Excuse me.

(HE approaches a contributor's wife and starts to dance with her. HE is very graceful as he steps her around the room.)

DORSEY

(watching)

Looks like your husband's a regular dancin' fool.

SALLY

That's not the term I'd pick.

DORSEY

My apologies. May I have this dance?

SALLY

No, sir. You may not.

(SHE walks away.)

SLATON

(his partner is a little stiff and nervous)

DON'T YOU THINK THAT'S PRETTY MUSIC?

THIS SONG SURE MAKES YOU SMILE.

SHAME YOU DON'T VISIT HERE MORE OFTEN.

YES, MA'AM THAT'S PRETTY MUSIC — JUST LISTEN FOR A WHILE —

IF YOUR FEET WON'T FOLLOW YOUR COMMANDS,

JUST PUT YOURSELF IN GOV'NOR SLATON'S HANDS.

(SLATON returns the lady to her place and, smiling broadly, grabs another woman and takes her for a turn. By now, there is a queue of sorts forming, all ladies hoping to dance with SLATON. One of these ladies is not like the others — dressed severely and looking very uncomfortable — LUCILLE. This partner is quite a dancer)

THAT'S IT! THAT'S RIGHT!

I FOUND MYSELF A PARTNER WHO KNOWS MY STYLE!

THAT'S IT! THAT'S RIGHT!

A BEAUTIFUL LADY TO DANCE AWHILE!

SEEMS YOU KNOW WHAT I NEED,

I'LL EVEN TAKE YOUR LEAD —

WE'RE DANCIN', YES INDEED!

YOU'RE SO LIGHT ON YOUR FEET,

WE COULD DANCE FOR A MILE!

SO DON'TCHA STOP THAT PRETTY MUSIC!

SURE MAKES ME FEEL ALIVE!

IF I CAN DANCE WITH YOU TODAY,

WHO CARES WHAT ALL THOSE FOLKS'LL SAY?

YOUR HUSBAND'S FINE, IT'S TRUE,

BUT I'M THE LUCKY GUY WHO GETS TO DANCE WITH YOU,

SO TURN THAT ANKLE AND LET THE MUSIC PLAY!

(And HE gracefully deposits her and picks up the next lady. THEY swing out on to the floor — SHE's a little clumsy, HE's smooth and flowing. LUCILLE is the next in line — SHE is becoming more and more nervous.

And now SLATON deposits his partner. HE offers his arm to LUCILLE, and they start to dance.)

SLATON

Hello.

LUCILLE

Hello.

SLATON

Do we know each other, ma'am?

LUCILLE

No.

SLATON

How do you do? My name is Jack Slaton.

LUCILLE

My name is Lucille Frank.

SLATON

Well hey, Miss Frank. Or is it Mrs? Couldn't possibly be. You look far too young to be married.

LUCILLE

It is Mrs. Mrs. Frank. Mrs. Leo Frank.

(Everything stops. CRAIG, WATSON and DORSEY take special notice.)

I have to talk to you, Governor.

SLATON

I see. Well, Mrs. Frank, as you can see, Miss Sally and I are entertaining guests just now and I can hardly...

LUCILLE

I have to talk to you.

(A pause. SALLY cues the band to keep playing. Then SLATON reluctantly leads LUCILLE off the floor. DORSEY watches this scene from a distance — WATSON stands to his side.)

#16B – Tea Dance 2

CRAIG*(heading off to refill his glass)*

Hello, Miz Frank.

*(The band starts up a new tune. SLATON and LUCILLE are in a corner of the ball-room, SLATON trying to attract as little attention as possible.)***SLATON***(a bit patronizing)*

I can imagine how difficult all this must be for you, Miz Frank.

LUCILLE

Thank you.

SLATON

And I surely do wish it lay within my power to relieve some of your anguish, but, as you must realize –

LUCILLE

It does.

SLATON

I beg your pardon?

LUCILLE

It does lie within your power. You're the Governor!

SLATON

Well, my goodness! Listen to that!

(HE holds his arms out to dance. SHE hesitates.)

Surely you don't plan on lettin' a perfectly good one-step go by the wayside.

LUCILLE

I didn't come here to dance, Sir.

SLATON

I know, but the music is so –

*(HE tries to take HER in his arms.)***LUCILLE***(voice rising)*

No! No more dancing! You have to reopen the case!

SLATON

(polite but firm)

You'll have to excuse me now.

(HE moves to greet a middle-aged country couple nearby. After a moment, LUCILLE follows and stands nearby.)

Hey, Roy! Helen! How're the plans for that hospital wing comin'?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Real good, thanks to you.

WIFE

And ev'rybody in Valdosta says hey.

SLATON

I'm mighty glad to hear that, because Valdosta is—

LUCILLE

You're a smart man. You're trained as a lawyer.

SLATON

Miz Frank! Please!

(HE returns his attention to the couple.)

Valdosta's always been like a second home to me.

LUCILLE

(still at it)

Don't you have at least one small question about the way my husband's trial was conducted?

SLATON

(his patience at an end)

Your husband was tried and found guilty by a jury of his peers, Ma'am, and that's good enough for me.

(HE turns to go.)

LUCILLE

Then you are either a fool or a coward.

(That stops HIM. HE turns back to her. SHE storms out.)

SALLY

I thought this was supposed to be a party.

(SALLY approaches SLATON, somewhat protectively, and offers her hand to dance. SLATON takes her hand and THEY go on the floor, where the two step continues. The two step seems to pick up speed, and is abruptly stopped by a chord in the orchestra which tears the two step in half. BLACKOUT.)

Scene 4

(JUDGE ROAN is onstage in a wheelchair, wheeled by an irritatingly ingratiating NURSE. HE is very frail now – a blanket drawn across his lap.)

#17 – Letter to the Governor

NURSE

You comfortable now, Judge Roan, honey? Here's the pen and writin' paper you were askin' for. I'm gonna go on and tidy your bedclothes for you, Sugar.

(SHE starts off.)

Back in a jiffy.

JUDGE ROAN

Don't make it such a jiffy.

(SHE is gone – HE begins to write a letter.)

I HAVE HEARD THEM IN THE STREETS, GOV'NOR.

"JUSTICE! WE HAVE JUSTICE!"

THROUGH THESE OLD AND TIRED WALLS.

CALLING THROUGH THE AUTUMN NIGHTS

THAT STILL MORE BLOOD MUST FLOW

AND I DECLARED IT SO.

AND MAYBE I WAS WRONG.

MAYBE WHAT WAS "OBVIOUS" THEN

WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN FOR LONG,

BUT I WOULD NOT DELAY.

AND MAYBE I WAS RIGHT –

MAYBE I'M AFRAID THAT IN A

HIGHER JUDGE'S SIGHT,

I WON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY . . .

SO BEFORE I LEAVE THIS WORLD BEHIND,

I HAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.

(JUDGE ROAN)

WITH HATRED IN THE AIR,
HOW IS ANY MAN TO KNOW
WHAT IS OR ISN'T FAIR.
I LEFT IT UP TO FATE.
IT NOW MAY BE TOO LATE . . .
THEY'LL BE CALLING OUT TO YOU, GOV'NOR.
YOU WILL KNOW WHAT'S RIGHT TO DO.

(We hear a PHONE RINGING. The LIGHTS FADE slowly on the JUDGE. In the darkness, the PHONE RINGS again.)

Scene 5

(The GUARD at the Fulton Tower picks up the phone in his office on the second tier of the prison.)

GUARD

Hello. Evenin', ma'am. What? No, ma'am, you know I can't do that. Well, all right. Yes, ma'am. Yes I surely will.

(HE hangs up the phone and speaks to LEO who in his cell of the first tier of the prison.)

Hey Leo.

LEO

(jumping up)

What is it? What's the matter?

GUARD

Message from your wife.

LEO

Oh God! What happened?

GUARD

She says to tell you that you know who is going to re-examine you know what.

#18 – This Is Not Over Yet

(It is as if LEO has been struck by a thunderbolt.)

LEO

Say that again.

GUARD

You know who is going to re-examine you know what.

LEO

Oh my Lord! Oh my Lord! Thank you! Thank you! You know who you know who is?

GUARD

Can't say I do.

LEO

Then you don't know what you know what is.

GUARD

No.

LEO

Oh, my sweet Lucille! How did you ever manage it?

(to GUARD)

You don't know what any of this means!

IT MEANS CANCEL ALL YOUR PARTIES.

FORGET YOUR BIG PARADE.

GUARD

Settle down.

LEO

IT MEANS THE CROWDS WILL NOT BE CHEERING,

SO DESPITE WHAT YOU'VE BEEN HEARING,

YOU CAN LAY DOWN YOUR SPADE.

GUARD

Leo, hush up!

LEO

IT MEANS MY MOTHER CAN STOP CRYING,

MY RABBI'S EULOGY CAN WAIT.

IT MEANS THAT DORSEY CAN STOP BEAMING,

AND MY COUSIN CAN STOP DREAMING

OF HIS PORTION OF MY ESTATE.

GUARD

It's past midnight!

(The GUARD disappears.)

LEO

IT MEANS, NO! THIS ISN'T OVER!

NO, THE DATE'S NOT SET!

NO, I WON'T WAKE UP TOMORROW

(LEO)

DROWNING IN MY SWEAT!
IT MEANS I'VE GOT THE GREATEST PARTNER
ANY MAN CAN GET!
IT MEANS I'LL NEVER EVER EVER
UNDERESTIMATE THAT WOMAN,
'CAUSE THIS IS NOT OVER YET!

(HE is jumping klutzily around the cell.)

TELL MY UNCLE NOT TO WORRY!
TELL THE REAPER NOT TO HURRY!
MAKE THE HANGMAN STOP HIS DRUMMING
'CAUSE I'M COMING INTO TOWN TO WIN THE DAY!
SOMEHOW I HAVEN'T, WITH MY SCHEMING,
SCREWED THINGS UP BEYOND REDEEMING,
AND WE'RE FINALLY ON OUR WAY!
AND NO, THIS ISN'T OVER!
HELL, IT'S JUST BEGUN!
HAIL THE RESURRECTION OF
THE SOUTH'S LEAST FAV'RITE SON!
IT MEANS I MADE A VOW FOR BETTER:
TWO IS BETTER THAN ONE!
IT MEANS THE JOURNEY AHEAD MIGHT GET SHORTER;
I MIGHT REACH THE END OF MY ROPE;
BUT SUDDENLY, LOUD AS A MORTAR;
THERE IS HOPE!

(And now we see LUCILLE. SHE and LEO are communicating.)

LEO

FINALLY,
HOPE!
AND NO, THIS ISN'T
OVER!
NO, WE AREN'T THROUGH!

NO, THERE'S STILL A MILLION THINGS
THAT YOU AND I CAN DO!
AND I WOULD
NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT:
THE THINGS I SEE IN YOU!

LUCILLE

YES, LEO, THERE IS
HOPE!
NO, THIS ISN'T
OVER!
WE ARE FIN'LLY ON OUR
WAY!

I WILL SPEAK FOR YOU,
LEO
THE THINGS I SEE IN YOU!

LEO

IT MEANS A MAN WHO ISN'T GUILTY
DOESN'T HAVE TO WALK THE PLANK!
IT MEANS THE GALLOWS STILL ARE VACANT
AND WE'VE GOT MY WIFE TO THANK!
IT MEANS—

LUCILLE AND LEO

—YOU SHOULDN'T UNDERESTIMATE
LUCILLE AND LEO FRANK!
'CAUSE THIS IS NOT OVER YET!

(Applause. Music starts again, under.)

LUCILLE

YOU SEE? YOU SEE?

LEO

YES, I SEE . . .

LEO

YES, DEAR, IT'S WONDERFUL
LISTEN, NOW LISTEN, LUCILLE.

TELL HIM TO TALK
TO THOSE FACTORY GIRLS

MAKE SURE HE GETS THE TRUTH...

LUCILLE

SEE HOW I DID WHAT I PROMISED?
IT'S JUST LIKE I SAID TO YOU...

YES, I'M LISTENING...

(echoing)

TALK TO THOSE
FACTORY GIRLS,
MAKE SURE HE GETS THE TRUTH...

Scene 6

(LIGHTS UP on IOLA STOVER.)

#18A – Factory Girls Reprise**IOLA**

HE'D CALL MY NAME, I'D TURN MY HEAD,
HE GOT NO WORDS TO SAY.
HIS EYES'D GET BIG, MY FACE GET RED,
AND I'D WANT TO RUN AWAY.

(We now see SLATON is with her, as well as MONTEEN and ESSIE. LUCILLE enters the scene and sits next to SLATON, watching.)

IOLA

I'D FEEL HIS BREATH

MONTEEN & ESSIE

HE'D CALL MY NAME

IOLA

BACK OF MY NECK

MONTEEN & ESSIE

I'D TURN MY HEAD

IOLA

HIS HAND AGAINST...

SLATON

(interrupts.)

Just a moment. Just a moment here. Let me get this straight. You're sayin' Mr. Frank made you feel uncomfortable.

IOLA

Oh yes sir. All the time.

LUCILLE

(to SLATON)

All the time? What does that mean?

SLATON

When, for instance?

IOLA

I'll tell you, one morning back before Christmas, me and Mary was in the ladies changin' room and he came right in.

SLATON

Without knocking?

IOLA

Yes sir.

LUCILLE

There's no door to that ladies room — just a curtain. Go see for yourself.

SLATON

That right, Iola?

IOLA

I reckon.

(Now MARY is there – THEY are both in work pinafores.)

MARY

No! It's true! I swear! Lonnie Mann is sweet on Monteen!

(The GIRLS all giggle.)

LEO

(offstage behind the "curtain")

Is somebody in there?

MARY

(suppressing a giggle)

Yessir. Me and Iola.

(LEO comes through the curtain wearing his normal vest, tie, etc. HE is tight-lipped.)

LEO

Your break was over ten minutes ago.

MARY

Iola took sick.

(MONTEEN giggles.)

LEO

She looks all right to me.

IOLA

I'm a little better now.

(By now all the GIRLS are suppressing hysterics.)

LEO

Then go back to work, please. Mr. Montag doesn't pay you to dawdle away the day.

(MARY walks past him, through the "curtain." HE looks at her disapprovingly as SHE exits.)

LUCILLE

Did he touch you?

IOLA

Not exactly.

SLATON

Then he didn't touch you.

LUCILLE

Did he touch any of you?

SLATON

He ever touch any of you? The truth.

(There is no answer.)

I see. Now you all testified that Mr. Frank tried to get you to come to his office.

(The GIRLS look at one another. No one speaks.)

Who did that happen to?

MONTEEN

Well, Hattie Hoover said that Corinthia Wilson told her that...

SLATON

He asked this Corinthia Wilson to his office?

ESSIE

Yes sir.

LUCILLE

Then why didn't she testify?

IOLA

(uncomfortable)

She wouldn't.

SLATON

Why not?

ESSIE

She said it never happened.

MONTEEN

And Mr. Dorsey said it didn't matter anyway, long as we...

(IOLA pokes her. SHE stops talking.)

SLATON

As long as you what?

IOLA

All told the same thing.

ESSIE

The truth.

SLATON

But you just said the truth was that Mr. Frank never asked any of you to come to his office.

(The GIRLS are silent.)

Did Mr. Dorsey coach you on what to say?

(The GIRLS look at one another. No answer.)

You need any more from these young ladies, Miz Frank?

LUCILLE

I don't think so.

SLATON

I don't think so either.

(SLATON and the GIRLS disappear, and LUCILLE is once again communicating with LEO.)

#18B – Newt Lee Reprise

LUCILLE

LEO, IT'S JUST LIKE YOU SAID...

LEO

DARLING, IT'S WONDERFUL...

LUCILLE

LEO, I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE...

LUCILLE

YES, AND I KNOW IT, BUT

LEO

LISTEN, WE BOTH HAVE TO
HURRY
THE GOV'NOR WILL NOT BE
IN OFFICE FOREVER...
GO TO THE FACT'RY AND
FIND NEWT LEE

MAKE SURE HE
TELLS THE
TRUTH!

LUCILLE

LEO, WE'RE DOING IT –
LOOK, I AM HURRYING!

I WASN'T BORN YESTERDAY!

TELL HIM TO
FIND NEWT...
LEO, I
STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT...

LEO

I KNOW...
HURRY!

LUCILLE

I KNOW!

MAKE SURE HE TELLS THE TRUTH...

(LIGHTS UP ON NEWT LEE. The GOVERNOR sits across from him, LUCILLE is next to him.)

NEWT

The truth? I always tell the truth. Like I said on that stand, Mr. Frank looked at those ladies funny.

LUCILLE

Newt!

NEWT

But Mr. Dorsey wouldn't let me finish. I was gonna say Mr. Frank looked at everybody funny. He's a funny lookin' man. Beg pardon, ma'am, but it's true. And the least little thing'll set him off.

I DROP A BROOM,
SWITCH OFF THE FANS,
YOU SEE HIS FACE GET RED,
HE'D START TO SWEAT,
HE'D RUB HIS HANDS,
HIS EYES POPPIN' OUT HIS HEAD.

But he never acted any funnier with those ladies than he did with anybody else, and I woulda said so, but Mr. Dorsey, he didn't let me. Cut me right off. And Mr. Frank's lawyer, well he didn't ask me anything at all.

(SLATON looks at LUCILLE, who is thrilled at the progress they're making. SLATON and NEWT LEE disappear. Lights rise on LEO and LUCILLE.)

LEO

NO, THIS ISN'T OVER!

NOT WHILE I HAVE YOU.

NOT WHILE EV'RY DREAM WE HAD
IS SOMEHOW COMING TRUE!

I MEAN IT'S
PAST ALL COMPREHENDING:
LOOK WHAT YOU CAN DO!

LUCILLE

NO, THIS ISN'T OVER!

IT'S EXACTLY WHAT I HOPED...

I CAN SPEAK FOR YOU,
LEO!
LOOK WHAT I CAN DO!

LEO

GOD, I WAS SUCH A STUPID FOOL
TO THINK I'D DO IT ALL WITHOUT YOU,
BUT THIS IS NOT OVER...

#19 – Blues: "Feel the Rain Fall"

(We hear a rough, heavy sound – a RHYTHMIC BEATING noise going on. And we hear the voice of a black man, with a call-and-response chorus of black men singing with him. The scene continues over the following singing.)

CONLEY & CHAIN GANG

(offstage)

UNH!

UNH!

UNH!

UNH!

YEAH... (YEAH...)

HEY YEAH... (HEY YEAH...)

(LIGHTS UP on SLATON and LUCILLE.)

LUCILLE

Surely you have enough proof by now.

SLATON

Miz Frank, I can't make a decision as important as this one just because you want me to. I need more.

LUCILLE

Well, I'm going with you.

SLATON

No, Ma'am, you are not.

LUCILLE

I insist.

SLATON

This is no place to take a lady.

(SHE shoots him a severe look.)

Not even you. But I'll try not to behave like a fool or a coward.

Scene 7

(We see CONLEY on a CHAIN GANG with several other men, breaking rocks. It is outside in the Georgia sun. It's oppressively hot.)

CONLEY & CHAIN GANG

YEAH. . . (YEAH. . .)

HEY YEAH. . . (HEY YEAH. . .)

I HEAR THE THUNDER ROLLIN' (YEAH...)

IT'S BEHIND THAT WALL (YEAH . . .)

WE GONNA ROLL LIKE THUNDER

I'M GONNA TASTE THE MORNIN'

AND FEEL THE RAIN FALL (FEEL THE RAIN FALL . . .)

YEAH . . . (YEAH . . .)

HEY YEAH . . . (YEAH . . .)

I'M GONNA RISE LIKE SUNSHINE (YEAH...)

IF I SEE HER TURN (YEAH...)

I'M GONNA RISE LIKE SUNSHINE,

I'M GONNA SET DOWN ON HER,

AND FEEL THE SUN BURN... (FEEL THE SUN BURN...)

YEAH... (YEAH...)

HEY YEAH.... (HEY YEAH...)

(Two GUARDS approach. One of them unlocks JIM's chains as the other one cuffs his hands behind his back.)

GUARD 1

Hey Jim, got you a visitor, Boy.

CONLEY

Female?

GUARD 2

You wish.

CONLEY

You know it.

(SLATON approaches. JIM regards him coolly.)

SLATON

Hello, Jim.

CONLEY

You who I think you are?

SLATON

Guess so.

CONLEY

All right, then.

SLATON

Coupla questions for you.

CONLEY

You want some water?

(To the GUARDS:)

Bring the Guv'nor some water.

SLATON

No thank you.

CONLEY

We fixin' to talk 'bout that mess with Mr. Frank.

SLATON

Yes.

CONLEY

I'm already doin' a year as an accessory. What more y'all want?

SLATON

A little of your time.

(CONLEY laughs.)

GUARD 2

(to the chain gang men)

What are you girls looking at?

CONLEY

(to the chain gang men)

YEAH...

CHAIN GANG MEN

(never looking at him)

YEAH...

(CONLEY)

(back to SLATON)

Then I got a little something to say. I made a little mistake up there on the witness stand.

SLATON

That so?

CONLEY

I said I found that dead little white girl with her head towards Alabama Street and her feet towards Hunter Street. That was wrong. She was layin' the other way around.

(Abruptly, to the men)

YEAH...

CHAIN GANG MEN

YEAH...

SLATON

And that was in the workroom — on the second floor?

CONLEY

Everything else was just like I said it at the courthouse.

SLATON

Well, then I'm a little confused.

CONLEY

Why's that?

SLATON

Well, when they found the body in the basement, Coroner's Report says there was sawdust in the mouth and the lungs.

CONLEY

(to the men again)

YEAH...

CHAIN GANG MEN

YEAH...

SLATON

Got any idea what that means?

CONLEY

(looking right at SLATON with crazy eyes)

YEAH YEAH YEAH YEAH...

CHAIN GANG MEN, YEAH...

SLATON

Means she had to be breathin' in the basement, because there isn't any sawdust on the second floor. Means she was alive when you carried her into the basement.

CONLEY

Then she musta come back to life, 'cause she was dead as last Christmas Eve when Mr. Frank showed me the body.

(HE turns to the men:)

GONNA ROLL LIKE THUNDER...

(This time a GUARD pulls him to a straight position – a little too hard. SLATON shoots the GUARD a look.)

SLATON

Coroner's Report raises questions about your story, wouldn't you say?

CONLEY

That Coroner – he the one that's blind?

SLATON

That's right.

CONLEY

Mm. Plenty o' lint on the second floor. Might not a been sawdust in that little girl's mouth – coulda been lint, and how'd he know the difference? I guess lint and sawdust feel the same to a blind man.

SLATON

He's got forty-five years of experience.

CONLEY

That so? You can try and prove that in court, I imagine.

(Sudden and abrupt:)

YOU EVER BEEN ON THE CHAIN GANG, GOV'NOR?

SLATON

(remaining very cool)

Not yet.

CONLEY

YOU EVER BREAK THESE ROCKS ON THE CHAIN GANG?
GET YOURSELF THINKIN', GUV'NOR –
HOW YOU WANNA HAVE A GOOD TIME!
YEAH...

CHAIN GANG

YEAH...

SLATON

(to the GUARDS)

I'm through with him.

(HE walks off as the GUARDS put CONLEY back into the chains and uncuff his hands. CONLEY shakes out as he sings.)

CONLEY

(still singing to SLATON, perhaps)

NOW MR. FRANK HE HAD A GOOD TIME!

MAN KNOWS HOW TO HAVE A GOOD TIME!

YEAH!

CHAIN GANG

YEAH!

CONLEY & CHAIN GANG

YEAH! (YEAH!)

I GET A HIGH FEVER! (YEAH...)

WHEN I HEAR HER CALL! (YEAH...)

SHE GONNA COOL MY FEVER – (YEAH...)

I GONNA TAKE THAT WOMAN! (YEAH...)

WE GONNA RIDE LIKE LIGHTNIN' (YEAH...)

WE GONNA ROLL, ROLL, ROLL LIKE THUNDER

AND FEEL THE RAIN FALL... (FEEL THE RAIN FALL...)

YEAH... (YEAH...)

HEY YEAH... (HEY YEAH...)

(THEY continue singing as the lights fade.)

Scene 8

(LIGHTS UP on the Governor's mansion. SLATON is finishing getting dressed. SALLY enters, ready to go out.)

SALLY

You ready, Governor?

SLATON

As I'll ever be.

SALLY

Then let's go.

SLATON

(HE helps her with her coat.)

Turns out you married a jackass, Miss Sally.

SALLY

Is that supposed to be news to me?

SLATON

All those fine plans. Senator and Mrs. Slaton. Maybe President and Mrs. Slaton. Looks like I'm fixin' to lose us all that.

SALLY

Well I'll tell you what. I'd a whole lot rather be wife to a fine ex-governor than first lady to a chicken.

SLATON

Is that so?

SALLY

Yes it is.

SLATON

I think you're as big a jackass as I am.

SALLY

We'd really better go.

SLATON

Yes ma'am.

(SHE takes his arm. THEY proceed to the gallows. Music begins, ominously.)

#20 – *Where Will You Stand When the Flood Comes?*

(SLATON addresses the crowd.)

SLATON

I have an announcement to make: Leo Frank is no longer a prisoner in the Fulton Tower. At five o'clock this morning, he was removed to another prison location, which will not be disclosed at this time.

WATSON

WILL YOU WALK WITH YOUR HEAD HELD HIGH?

SLATON

Two thousand years ago, another governor washed his hands and turned a Jew over to a mob. Ever since then, that governor's name has been a curse.

WATSON

OR MOVE ASIDE WHEN THEY'RE PASSIN' YOU BY?

SLATON

If today another Jew went to his grave because I failed to do my duty, I would all my life find his blood on my hands.

WATSON

WILL YOU RUN WHEN THE FIRES ARE FANNED?

SLATON

I have reviewed all the evidence in the case of the State of Georgia against Leo Frank, and I have decided to commute his sentence from the death penalty to imprisonment for life.

WATSON

AND WHERE WILL YOU STAND WHEN THE FLOOD COMES?

You have betrayed the South, John Slaton, and you will reap the consequences!

(STARNES and IVEY grab WATSON as he approaches SLATON.)

SLATON

Let him go.

(SLATON continues speaking as TOM WATSON begins to climb the scaffold.)

WATSON

WILL YOU RIDE BY THE SIDE OF GOD

OR WILL YOU HIDE IN THE SOIL AND THE SOD?

WILL YOU FIGHT FOR THE SOUL OF YOUR LAND?

WELL, WHERE WILL YOU STAND WHEN THE FLOOD COMES?

SLATON

(simultaneously)

All I wish now is that the people of Georgia withhold judgment until they have given calm and careful consideration to the statement I have prepared on the case. I am sure that my action has been the right one, the just one and the one all patriotic Georgians will agree with. Of course I care for the public approbation, but should I have failed to commute Frank I would have been guilty, as I see it, of murder. I can plow and hoe and live in obscurity if necessary, but I could not afford not to commute him. It was a plain case of duty as I saw it, and I believe the people will realize that this was my only course.

(SLATON stops speaking as he realizes WATSON is facing him on the stairs to the scaffold.)

WATSON

WHERE WILL YOU STAND WHEN THE FLOOD COMES?

(The stairs separate from the scaffolding. DORSEY enters, heading for SLATON. BRITT CRAIG runs after him.)

CRAIG

Care to comment, Mr. Dorsey?

DORSEY

I was not a part of the Governor's decision, Mr. Craig. I'm as surprised as you are.

(A small group has gathered around WATSON now, and THEY join him singing.)

WATSON & ENSEMBLE

WILL YOU BEG FOR THE JEW'S REWARD
OR WALK WITH US AT THE SIDE OF THE LORD?
PUT YOUR SOUL IN THE DEVIL'S HAND?
WELL, WHERE WILL YOU STAND
WHEN THE FLOOD COMES?

(WATSON directly addresses DORSEY.)

WATSON

WHERE WILL YOU STAND?

DORSEY

(to SLATON:)

You wanted a conviction, Jack. I gave you a conviction.

WATSON

WHERE WILL YOU STAND?

SLATON

I wanted Justice, Hughie.

WATSON & ENSEMBLE

WHERE WILL YOU STAND?

(DORSEY stands, staring at SLATON. Then turns, with fire in his eyes, to face WATSON.)

DORSEY

With you, Mr. Watson. I'll be proud to stand with you.

WATSON

God bless the next Governor of Georgia!

(DORSEY begins climbing the stairs to join WATSON as he sings.)

DORSEY

YES, I SEE THROUGH THE FOG AND DUST,
SO LET THE MOB DO WHATEVER THEY MUST.
SLATON JUMPS AT THE JEW'S COMMAND –

DORSEY & WATSON

WELL, WHERE WILL YOU STAND WHEN THE FLOOD COMES?
WHERE WILL YOU STAND?

*(And now the whole company has gathered on stage, among them MRS. PHAGAN,
FRANKIE, and FIDDLIN' JOHN, who saws away.)*

ALL

Where will you stand?

(CRAIG steps forward.)

CRAIG

And the news spread like wildfire. An angry crowd marched north on Peachtree
Street toward the Governor's Mansion yelling, "Hang the Yankee lover!"

(Upstage, a torchlight parade passes behind the rear windows.)

ALL

SEE THEM LAUGH WHEN AN ANGEL DIES!
SEE THEM TELL ALL THEIR JEW-LOVING LIES!
BUT THEY'LL RUN ON THE JUDGMENT DAY!
SOMEONE'S GONNA PAY WHEN THE FLOOD COMES!

SEE THE BLOOD AS A CITY GRIEVES!
SEE THE STAIN THAT THE JEW-MONEY LEAVES!
TRAITORS WON'T KEEP THE MOBS AT BAY!
SOMEONE'S GONNA PAY WHEN THE FLOOD COMES!

(Again, CRAIG appears.)

CRAIG

Windows were smashed in Jewish stores. Jacob Seligman, a clothier, was beaten and
left for dead.

WATSON

MARY, MARY, THE ANGEL CHILD...

STILL YOUR NAME AND YOUR SOUL
ARE DEFILED!
THANK GOD YOU CAN'T HEAR
THE THINGS THEY SAY

MRS. PHAGAN

MARY, MARY
THE ANGEL
CHILD...
MY CHILD...

WATSON

BUT SOMEONE'S GONNA PAY!

DORSEY & WATSON

SOMEONE'S GONNA PAY!

ALL

SOMEONE'S GONNA PAY!

(In the ensuing chaos, SLATON and SALLY are rushed off the platform and run off the stage. The torches blaze onstage, illuminating DORSEY and WATSON as THEY ascend the platform and lead the furious crowd.)

GEORGIA, HOME OF THE STRONG AND SURE,
FIGHT LIKE HELL FOR THE LAND OF THE PURE!
TEACH THE TRAITOR TO RUN AWAY!

GEORGIA, HOME OF THE STRONG AND SURE,
FIGHT LIKE HELL FOR THE LAND OF THE PURE!
TEACH THE TRAITOR TO RUN AWAY!

GEORGIA, HOME OF THE STRONG AND SURE,
FIGHT LIKE HELL FOR THE LAND OF THE PURE!
TEACH THE TRAITOR TO RUN AWAY!
SOMEONE'S GOTTA PAY!
SOMEONE'S GOTTA PAY WHEN THE FLOOD COMES!

(The lights black out.)

Scene 9

(Silence. Then the sound of BIRDS. Lights up on the interior of the State Prison Farm at Milledgeville – a minimum security prison. PEAVY, the armed guard, sits at his desk. LEO is reading in his cell. HE is dressed in prison farm work clothes – rough shirt, overalls. Somehow, HE looks comfortable in his own skin for the first time.

LUCILLE enters, carrying a large picnic hamper. SHE is flushed, excited, radiant – almost like a bride.)

LEO

Lucille! Hey!

LUCILLE

Hey!

(THEY are very glad to see one another.)

LUCILLE

(to PEAVY:)

Hey, Mr. Peavy! I know I'm a little early, but it seemed silly to sit down there at the train station and twiddle my thumbs.

PEAVY

Oh, 'sall right, I reckon. Dont'cha think, Leo?

LEO

(smiling)

I reckon.

(PEAVY unlocks the cell door, lets LUCILLE in, then re-locks. LEO and LUCILLE do not touch, but clearly they want to. THEY are suddenly shy with one another.)

That a new outfit?

LUCILLE

Yes.

LEO

It's very becoming.

LUCILLE

Thank you, kind sir.

(HE sits on his cot. SHE begins unpacking her hamper, setting out a car robe, a shoebox filled with sandwiches, a mason jar with iced tea, utensils, their china.)

PEAVY

Well, this sure is a new one on me. Warden ain't allowed nothin' like it since I been on this prison farm, and that's twenty-four years.

LUCILLE

You don't say.

(LEO and LUCILLE exchange grins. Clearly, PEAVY is a third wheel here. SHE continues setting out food, produces flowers which she places in a milk bottle, etc.)

PEAVY

Wish my wife'd do all that for me.

LUCILLE

Your wife gets to eat with you ev'ry day. This will be the first meal Leo and I have shared in over two years.

(LEO watches as SHE continues to unpack the hamper.)

LEO

You're a wonder, Lucille.

LUCILLE

Am I?

LEO

(with deep emotion)

You know you are.

(SHE notices his neck.)

LUCILLE

What's that?

LEO

Nothing.

(SHE undoes the top of his shirt, sees a bandaged wound.)

LUCILLE

That's not nothing.

LEO

Well, it's all better now.

LUCILLE

Is that why they wouldn't let me visit the last two weeks?

PEAVY

Had him in the infirmary.

LUCILLE

What happened?

LEO

I had a little accident.

PEAVY

Crazy fool Billy Creen come at him in the shower room with a razor.

LUCILLE

Oh, no!

PEAVY

Yes, ma'am. Teeniney bit deeper, nurse said, and we'd a lost him for sure.

LUCILLE

My God! Leo!

LEO

I'm fine. It's almost completely healed!

(HE rebuttons his shirt, ties one of the napkins she has set out around his neck, and changes the subject.)

(sotto voce)

How did you get the warden to let us do this?

LUCILLE

I got his daughter a job in Atlanta – clerking at Jacob’s Drug Store.

LEO

(indicating PEAUY)

Did you bribe him, too?

LUCILLE

Not yet.

(Looking in the hamper.)

Oh my! Mr. Peavy!

PEAVY

Yassum?

LUCILLE

Could you do me a favor?

(HE comes over to them. SHE pulls a bottle of whiskey out of the hamper.)

My neighbor lady insisted on stickin’ this in the lunch basket. And neither Mr. Frank nor I care for it. Could you think of anyone who might have use of it?

PEAVY

I s’pose I might could.

LUCILLE

Well, thank you so much.

PEAVY

Glad ta be of help, Ma’am.

(SHE hands him the bottle through the bars. PEAUY takes the bottle, goes back to sit by his post, which suddenly becomes our oak tree. HE disappears behind the tree.)

#21 – All the Wasted Time

(LEO and LUCILLE are now alone. SHE has finished unpacking her hamper – it is quite a display. LEO watches, sitting on his cot.)

LEO

What is all this?

LUCILLE

Oh, just a little picnic out in the country.

LEO

The country?

LUCILLE

Of course. Isn't this the softest patch of grass you ever saw? And see those flowers all over the meadow? I wonder what they are.

LEO

(in the fantasy with her)

I think they're called Black-Eyed Susans.

LUCILLE

Black-Eyed Susans, of course.

(The jail has disappeared. THEY are in the country on a perfect August afternoon.)

LEO

This is our wedding china.

LUCILLE

Naturally. This is a momentous occasion.

LEO

Yes. Yes it is.

LUCILLE

I've never seen you with a sun tan.

LEO

Well, I'm a farm boy now. Probably the only Jewish farm boy in the South.

LUCILLE

It's very becoming.

LEO

Thank you.

LUCILLE

You can plant us a vegetable garden when you come home.

LEO

Okay.

(HE falls silent.)

LUCILLE

You are coming home, Leo. It's only a matter of time now.

LEO

Well—

LUCILLE

No. It's goin' to happen. As soon as the fuss dies down, you'll be pardoned completely. I'm sure of it!

LEO

Lucille?

LUCILLE

What?

LEO

How did I get so lucky?

LUCILLE

Lucky? I would hardly call these last two years lucky.

LEO

I WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND
WHAT I DID TO DESERVE YOU,
OR HOW TO BE THE MAN
THAT I'M SUPPOSED TO BE.
I WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND
IF I LIVE A THOUSAND LIFETIMES
WHY YOU DID THE THINGS YOU DID FOR ME.

JUST LOOK AT YOU –
HOW COULD I NOT BE IN LOVE WITH YOU?
WHAT KIND OF FOOL COULD HAVE TAKEN YOU
FOR GRANTED FOR SO LONG?

ALL THE WASTED TIME
ALL THE MILLION HOURS,
PUSHING YOU AWAY,
BUILDING UP MY WALL;
ALL THE DAYS GONE BY
TO GLARE, TO POUT, TO PUSH YOU OUT,
AND I NEVER KNEW ANYTHING AT ALL...
I NEVER KNEW ANYTHING AT ALL.

LUCILLE

I WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND
HOW ALL THE WORLD MISJUDGED YOU
WHEN I HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN
HOW LUCKY I MUST BE.

I WILL NEVER UNDERSTAND
HOW I KEPT FROM GOING CRAZY
JUST WAITING THERE TILL YOU CAME HOME TO ME.
NOW LOOK AT ME
NOW THAT YOU'RE FINALLY HERE WITH ME –
NOW THAT I KNOW I WAS RIGHT TO WAIT
AND EVERYONE ELSE WAS SO WRONG
FOR SO LONG...
ALL THE WASTED TIME

LEO

ALL THE WASTED TIME...
ALL THE MILLION HOURS.
YEARS ON TOP OF YEARS
STILL TOO PROUD TO CRAWL –
ALL THE DAYS GONE BY
TO FEEL THAT I DON'T SATISFY
AND I NEVER KNEW ANYTHING AT ALL
I NEVER KNEW ANYTHING AT ALL...

LEO

ALL THE WASTED TIME

LUCILLE

ALL THE WASTED TIME...

LEO

ALL THE MILLION HOURS.

BOTH

LEAVES TOO HIGH TO TOUCH,
ROOTS TOO STRONG TO FALL.
ALL THE DAYS GONE BY
TO NEVER SHOW I LOVED YOU SO
AND I NEVER KNEW ANYTHING AT ALL.

LEO

I NEVER KNEW ANYTHING
AT ALL...

(HE clutches HER to him, and THEY kiss. SHE leans her head back and HE lowers her to the ground – the tree begins to cast a shadow over them – a long, beautiful shadow in greens and golds, and as they make love, the shadow grows and envelops the whole stage. We are transported into the clouds. In the darkness, PEAVY speaks.)

PEAVY

Got to go, Ma'am. Gettin' dark.

(Slowly the lights come up. LEO and LUCILLE are back in the cell, together on the cot, both partly dressed.)

LUCILLE

All right, Mr. Peavy. I'll be right out.

(SHE puts on the rest of her clothes.)

LEO

So how do we bribe the warden to let us do this again?

LUCILLE

We won't have to, Silly. You'll be home.

LEO

I love you.

LUCILLE

I love you, too.

(SHE stands up, puts on her hat with her pins. PEAVY enters, unlocks the cell, lets her out, and locks the door again.)

See you Sunday.

LEO

See you Sunday.

(She touches his cheek and exits with PEAVY. LEO lies down on his cot. LIGHTS DOWN.)

Scene 10

(We become aware of what seems to be a line of automobile headlights coming toward us in the dark. We hear the SNARE DRUM rattling on in the distance. LEO is asleep in his prison cell. The guard, PEAVY, sits at a desk just outside – HE is also asleep.)

#21A – Abduction and Hanging

(Three MEN enter quietly – their faces are covered. One of the men knocks out PEAVY and breaks the lightbulb over his desk. THEY proceed to unlock the cell and shake LEO awake. HE sits up.)

LEO

What is it?

MAN 1

You're comin' with us, Mr. Frank.

LEO

(half asleep)

What? What?

MAN 2

Get up.

(THEY rip off the blanket and drag LEO from the cot. HE is wearing a cotton night shirt embroidered with his initials.)

LEO

Let me put on my pants!

MAN 3

You don't need no pants where you're goin'.

(THEY take him by his arms, his legs, and his hair and carry him away. We see the parade of cars (now tail lights) move away in the darkness. A brief interlude in the orchestra, and then back to the SNARE DRUM.

The first light of morning breaks at the oak tree. A table is placed beneath a low hanging limb. A burlap sack is also in view. LEO is led onstage by his captors. His hands are manacled. HE is barefoot and wears only his night shirt – not even his glasses.

The MEN remove the kerchiefs from their faces – they are the OLD SOLDIER, STARNES, IVEY, the Prison GUARD (not PEAVY), and, finally, FRANKIE.)

OLD SOLDIER

Mr. Frank, do you understand why we've brought you here?

(LEO is silent.)

Mr. Frank?

GUARD

Answer him.

(HE shoves LEO.)

LEO

(stoic and with great dignity)

I understand.

STARNES

Good. Gettin' light—les' hurry.

(A knotted length of rope is taken from the burlap sack and tied over the branch – the noose end hangs over the table.)

OLD SOLDIER

We are fixin' to carry out the verdict rendered upon you by the State of Georgia. Do you have anything to say?

LEO

What I've always said. I am innocent.

FRANKIE

Now that's a damn lie!

(HE goes for LEO, violently, but is stopped by the others.)

OLD SOLDIER

Easy, Friend. It's almost over.

(LEO is led towards the table.)

LEO

Just a moment.

IVEY

What is it?

STARNES

Jesus! Time's a wastin' here!

OLD SOLDIER

What is it, Mr. Frank?

LEO

I'm not wearing – I have on no – I'll be exposed when you put me up there. Please. Can I be covered?

OLD SOLDIER

Take that croaker sack yonder.

(FRANKIE refuses. The GUARD gets the sack and ties it around LEO'S waist.)

GUARD

I sure wish we didn't have to do this.

IVEY

Maybe if he confesses we could – you know – just take him on back to prison.

FRANKIE

No!

OLD SOLDIER

We're here to carry out the law.

IVEY

That's what I'm sayin' if he'd a' confessed it in the courtroom and said he was sorry and all, I b'lieve he'd a got himself a life sentence.

GUARD

I b'leve he woulda.

STARNES

Buncha pansies!

FRANKIE

Jesus!

IVEY

We'll drive you back to that farm. Looked like a nice place. And you can live out your days.

GUARD

You only got to say you done it. Say you're sorry.

LEO

I am sorry.

IVEY

You see? You see?

LEO

It's a tragedy that lovely little girl had to die.

GUARD

And you wish you hadn't done it, doncha?

LEO

I'm afraid I've had to give up wishing.

OLD SOLDIER

Just tell us, Sir. That's all we ask.

LEO

All right. I will. I believe God has a plan in all this. And I believe He chose me for a reason. So all this time I've considered and I've pondered and I've prayed but for the life of me I can't seem to come up with what that reason is. I do know this, though. I haven't gone through the last two years just to stand here now and tell you a bald faced lie. That is not part of God's plan for me.

IVEY

He didn't do it!

STARNES

Shut up.

OLD SOLDIER

Mr. Frank, for the last time, did you kill Mary Phagan?

LEO

I did not.

STARNES

Let's get this over.

LEO

Wait!

STARNES

Jesus! Now what?

LEO

I want my wedding ring to go to my wife.

(The OLD SOLDIER nods – the Prison GUARD slides the ring from LEO's finger – someone else ties a blindfold around his eyes. THEY lift him to the chair and place the noose around his neck.)

OLD SOLDIER

Anything else, Mr. Frank?

#22 – Sh'ma & Finale

(LEO quietly begins singing a prayer in Hebrew – a simple prayer with a simple melody.)

LEO

SH'MA YISROEL, ADONAI ELOHAINU,

ADONAI ECHOD.

BARUCH SHEYM K'VOD MALCHUSO L'OLAM VA-ED.

(While HE sings, FRANKIE says:)

FRANKIE

Mary! This is for you!

(And HE races forward and kicks the chair out from under LEO. Simultaneously, IVEY has broken from the vigilantes and crossed the stage by himself, turning his back on the hanging. The stage freezes with a spotlight on LEO. No motion. Abruptly, terribly, the lights BLACKOUT. Furious CHIMES ring. The bells cry out again and again. Finally, the ringing stops.)

Scene 11

(There is the sound of a DOORBELL. It is weeks later. LUCILLE, in mourning clothes, opens the door of her house. SHE seems to possess the same kind of dignity that LEO displayed in the previous scene. BRITT CRAIG is on her doorstep.)

LUCILLE

The story is over, Mr. Craig.

CRAIG

I know. I'm back covering the police beat.

LUCILLE

Why have you come?

CRAIG

(thrusting a little package into her hands)

Here. Man brought this to the office. Said to get it to you.

(SHE opens the package, takes out the wedding ring. SHE says nothing.)

If I can ever be of any service at all, please let me know. Just leave word at the paper—or at MacDaniel's saloon.

(SHE says nothing.)

I heard you're moving up North.

LUCILLE

No. I'm not leaving home.

CRAIG

But after all this...

LUCILLE

I'm a Georgia girl. I will always be.

(Far off in the distance, we see LEO sitting at his desk. MARY comes to the door, staring him.)

MARY

Hey.

LEO

(looking up)

Yes?

CRAIG

Well, I'm sorry, ma'am. Sorry for your loss.

LUCILLE

Sorry? That won't do, Mr. Craig.

MARY

I came for my pay.

LEO

Name?

MARY

Mary Phagan.

LUCILLE

You'd better hurry.

CRAIG

What?

LUCILLE

It's Memorial Day. Don't you have a parade to cover?
(BRITT CRAIG nods, leaves. LUCILLE is alone with the wedding ring, which SHE
turns over and over in her hand.)

LEO

Employee number?

MARY

Five-o-seven.

LUCILLE

LEO, OH, LEO. I KNOW HE'LL PROTECT YOU
AND DON'T BE AFRAID; I'LL BE FINE HERE – YOU'LL SEE.

LEO

One dollar and twenty cents. Here you are.

MARY

Thank you sir.

*(MARY takes the envelope and walks toward the door, and then stops and slowly
turns.)*

LUCILLE

FAREWELL, MY LEO – YOU'RE RIGHT HERE BESIDE ME
YOU'RE HERE BY THE DOOR AND YOU'RE HOLDING MY ARM
AND YOU'RE STROKING MY HAIR AND YOU'RE FINALLY. . .

MARY

Mr. Frank?

LEO

What is it?

LUCILLE

...FREE.

MARY

Happy Memorial Day.

(LEO and MARY disappear. In the distance, somewhere, the Confederate Memorial Day Parade is in full swing. We see FRANKIE EPPS.)

FRANKIE

I GO TO FIGHT FOR THESE OLD HILLS BEHIND ME
 THE OLD RED HILLS OF HOME
 I GO TO FIGHT FOR THESE HILLS THAT REMIND ME
 OF A WAY OF LIFE THAT'S PURE,
 OF THE TRUTH THAT WILL ENDURE
 IN THE CITY OF ATLANTA
 IN THE OLD RED HILLS OF HOME!

(As LUCILLE fingers the wedding ring, the parade continues including a float carrying new Governor DORSEY, WATSON, and the OLD SOLDIER.)

ENSEMBLES I & II

GOD BLESS THE SIGHT OF THE OLD HILLS OF GEORGIA
 THE OLD RED HILLS OF HOME
 PRAISE THOSE WHO'D FIGHT FOR THE OLD HILLS OF GEORGIA
 FOR THOSE PROUD AND VALIANT MEN,
 WE'LL SING "DIXIE" ONCE AGAIN

ENSEMBLE I

FOR THE MEN OF MARIETTA,

FOR THE FATHERS OF
 ATLANTA,

ENSEMBLE II

FOR THE BROTHERS OF
 COBB COUNTY,
 FOR THE PATRIARCHS,

ENSEMBLES I & II

WHO GAVE EV'RYTHING FOR GEORGIA
 AND THE OLD RED HILLS OF HOME!

(LUCILLE walks across the stage putting the wedding ring on her finger. She turns as though she sees something. A final tableau of the proud citizens of Atlanta. BLACKOUT. CURTAIN.)

THE END

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#5 – Interrogation:

“I am trying to remember...”155

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#18B – Newt Lee Reprise263

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#12F – Trial Pt. VII:

That’s What He Said213

WOMAN

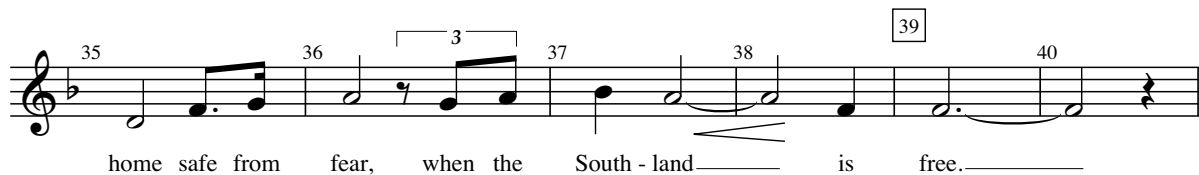
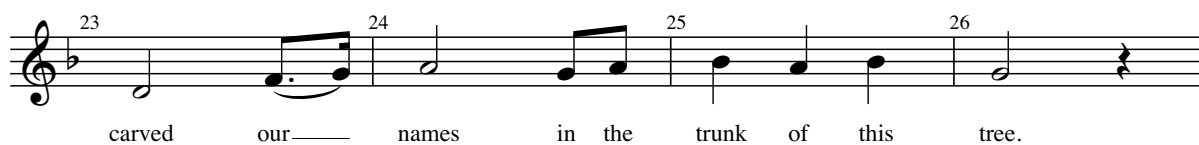
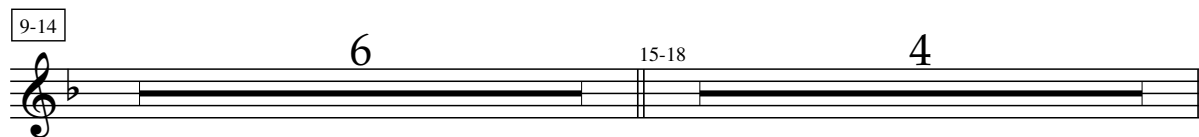
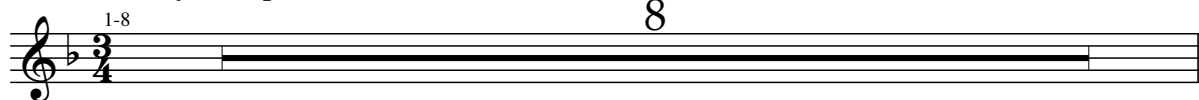
#10 – Real Big News175

YOUNG SOLDIER

#1 – Prologue.....129

1 PROLOGUE: THE OLD RED HILLS OF HOME

Steadily, with passion ♩ = 88



41

I go to fight for these old hills be - hind me, these

45

Old Red Hills of Home.

49

I go to fight for these old hills re - mind me of a way

53

mf

of life that's pure, Of the truth that must en - dure

56

p

In a town called Ma - ri - et - ta, In the

59

Old Red Hills of Home.

63

f

Pray on this day! As I jour - ney be - yond them, these

67

Old Red Hills of Home,

71

Let all the blood of the North spill u - pon them, 'Til they've

#1 - Prologue: The Old Red Hills of Home

75

76 77

paid for what they've wrought, — Ta - ken back — the lies — they've taught, —

78 *p* 79 80

— And there's peace in — Ma - ri - et - ta, — And we're

81 82 83

safe a - gain — in Geor - gia, In the land — where Ho - nor

84 85 86

lives and breathes: — the Old Red Hills of

87 *ff* 88 89 90 *mp*

Home! — Fare -

91 92 93 94

well, — my Li - la. — Fare -

97 *poco a poco cresc.* 98 99 100

well... —

101-105 105A

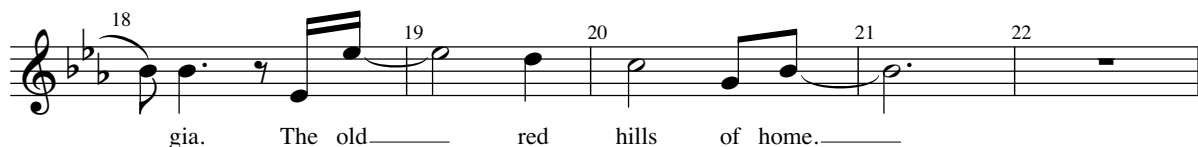
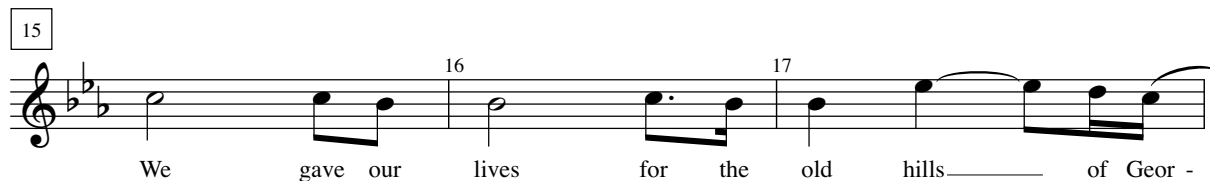
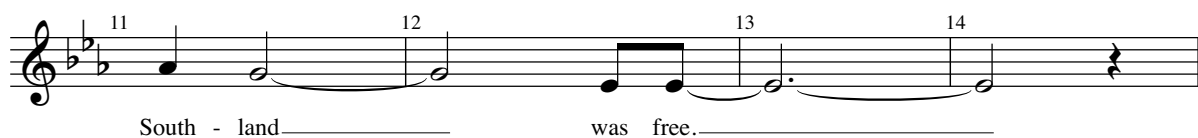
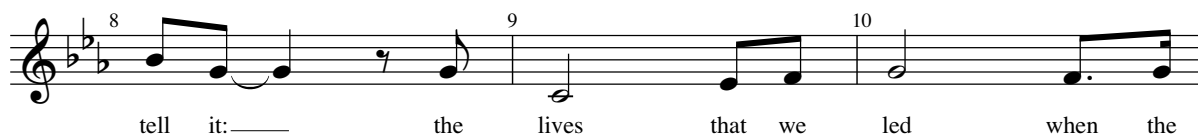
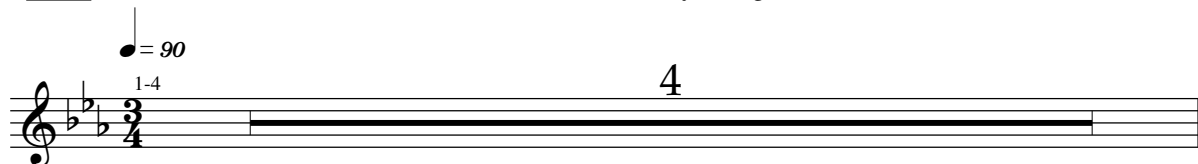
5 Conductor cues dim. - drums continue

ATTACCA #1A

#1 – Prologue: The Old Red Hills of Home

1A THE OLD RED HILLS OF HOME (PART II)

[CUE: OLD SOLDIER: "...march down Peachtree Street today." (Segue from #1)]



23 [OLD SOLDIER]

Not much sur - vives of the old

24

25 hills of Geor - gia. But I close

26

27 my eyes, And hear all the

28

Marching Band

29 trea - sures we held dear.

30

31

32 The rush - ing of the Cha - ta - hoo - chie,

33 [OLD SOLDIER]

34 The rust - lin' in the wind.

mp MEN (*sotto voce*)

The tall pines and the red clay,

35

36 And Ma - ma in the kitch - en sing - in',

The blue skies and the dog - wood trees,

[OLD SOLDIER]

37 And me and Li - la swing - in' in a tree.

[MEN]

A man can grow his cot - ton,

39 Oh, I hear it call - ing.

mf And his crops, Oh, I hear it call - ing.

42 Call - ing. And I would glad - ly give my good right leg a -

43

44

45

Call - ing. Still.

46

47 gain.

48 A - gain.

49

ENSEMBLE MEN & WOMEN* I

f A - gain.

***On the vocal division:**

When the Ensemble is divided into 3 parts, those parts break down as follows:

Group I: Soprano I, Tenor

Group II: Soprano 2, Baritone

Group III: Alto + 1 or 2 Tenors (up the octave)

When the Ensemble is divided into 2 contrapuntal groups, they should NOT be split S/T and A/B, but should instead be an even mixture of all four parts in each group.

50 **ENSEMBLE MEN & WOMEN**

ff [I] 51 52 53

God bless the sight of the old hills— of Geor - gia.— The

ff [II, III]

God bless the sight of the old hills— of Geor - gia.— The

54 55 56 57

old red hills of home.—————

old red hills of home.————— Kneel down to

58 [I] 59 60 61

praise those who'd fight for the old hills— of Geor - gia.— For those

[II, III]

praise those who'd fight for the old hills— of Geor - gia.— For those

62 (add 1 alto & 1 bar.) 63 3

proud and val - iant men— We'll sing

proud and val - iant men— We'll sing

#1A – The Old Red Hills of Home (Part II)

[I]
64 "Dix - ie" once a - gain. 65 For the

[II, III]
"Dix - ie" once a - gain.

66
men of Ma - ri - et - ta, 67 For the fa - thers of At - 68

For the bro - thers of Cobb Coun - ty, For the

69 lan - ta, 3 70 Who gave ev' - ry - thing for Geor - gia And the 71

pa - tri - archs Who gave ev' - ry - thing for Geor - gia And the

72 old red hills 73 of 74 *ff* approx. 8 counts 75 home!

old red hills of home!

#1A - The Old Red Hills of Home (Part II)

2

ANTHEM: "THE DREAM OF ATLANTA"

CUE: LEO: You dropped another pin.

Jingoiste

ENSEMBLE [div. a2]

3

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31 32 33 34

E - ver - more lives the
dream of At - lan - ta. E - ver -
more her e - ter - nal pride. Strong and
sure is the dream of At - lan - ta When her
bro - thers are u - ni - fied! And the
sound of her voice is clear - er When her
peo - ple are proud and free! Not a
star to the sky could be near - er Than my
heart is, At - lan - ta, to Thee!

DORSEY: Ladies and gentlemen, I give you
the most popular man in Georgia, our Governor,
the Honorable John Slaton!

CUE #2A

2A

HOW CAN I CALL THIS HOME?

CUE: DORSEY: The honorable John Slaton!

Cue vocal on: **SLATON:** The men
of Georgia have never been defeated...
(jump on any beat)

1-2 2 3-5 3 LEO (Vocal last x)

I go to bed at

7

night, hop-ing, when I wake, this will all be gone, Like it was just a dream. And I'll be

11 12 13 14 3 3

home a - gain, back a - gain in Brook - lyn. Back with peo - ple who

15 3 16 3 17 3

look like I do, and talk like I do, and think like I do, But

18 19 20

then, The sun ri - ses in At - lan - ta a -

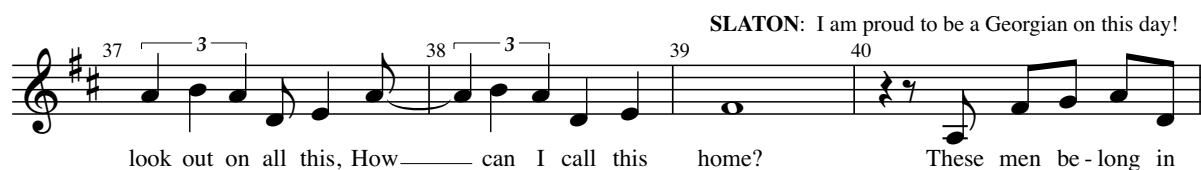
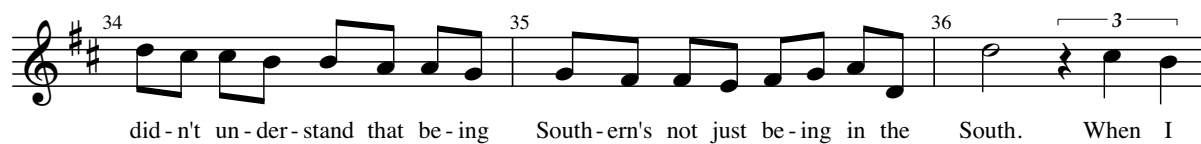
SLATON: They have risen from the ashes of war with honor and courage and strength!

21 22 23 24

gain. These peo - ple make me

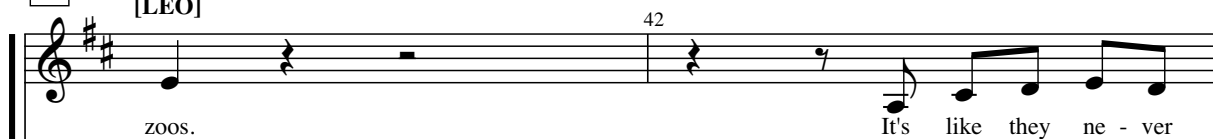
25

[LEO]

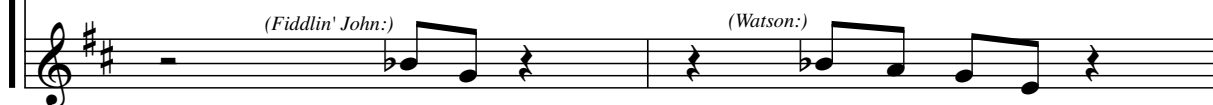


41

[LEO]



ENSEMBLE SOLOISTS



[LEO]

43 joined ci-vil - i - za-tion. 44 The Jews are not like Jews. 45 I

(Peavy:) Where's the fel - la with the beer? (Peavy:) Lu-cin-da!

(Monteen:) Ma-ma that man pushed me! (Rosser:) Hey now, fel-la!

46 thought that Jews were Jews but I was wrong. 47 I thought I would be

(Lizzie:) You got bal-loons? (Starnes:) Set-tle down! (Ivey:) I'll take a

(Essie:) I want one. (Nurse:) I ne-ver in my life!

49 fine, _____ but 50 four years down the line, with ev'-ry 51 word it's ve-ry clear I don't be -

beer!

(Nurse & Lizzie:) That Sla-ton's hand-some!

[LEO]

long. I don't cuss, I don't drawl, so how —

(Frankie, Monteen, Essie, Iola & Nurse:)

La la la la in the land o' cot - ton...

[LEO] SLATON: Proud that our state is growing and building!

— can I call this home? — Home

57

— calls — and I'm free of the South - ern breeze, —

Free of mag - no - lia trees, and end - less sun - shine! — E - ver

more lives the dream of At - lan - ta, —

But not mine! — Not

#2A — How Can I Call This Home?

71 [LEO]

mine! A Yank - ee with a coll - ege e - du - ca - tion.

72 73

ENSEMBLE (div. a 3)

We stand to - ge - ther In the great

74 75 76

Who, by his own de - sign, is trapped in - side the land that time —

state of Geor - gia!

77 78 79

— for - got! I'm trapped in - side this life, — And

Strong and proud!

80 81 82 3

trapped be - side a wife who would pre - fer that I say How - dy!, not Sha - lom! Well, I'm

#2A – How Can I Call This Home?

83 [LEO] *pp* - legato

sor-ry Lu-cille, But I feel what I feel. And this

ENSEMBLE I *pp* - legato

God bless the sight of the old hills of Geor-gia! The

ENSEMBLE II *p* - marcato

E - ver more lives the dream of At-lan-ta!

87 3 88 89 3 90

place is sur - real So how can I call this

old red hills of old red hills of

E - ver more her e - ter - nal old red hills of

91 [LEO] 92 93 94

home!

[ENSEMBLE] *p* *molto!* *ff*

home!

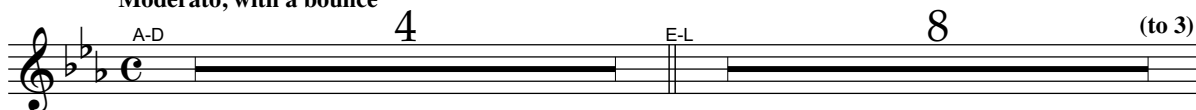
APPLAUSE SEGUE

3

THE PICTURE SHOW

[APPLAUSE SEGUE from #2A]

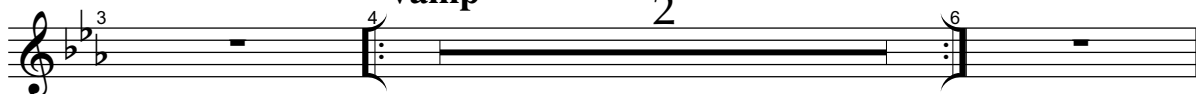
Moderato, with a bounce



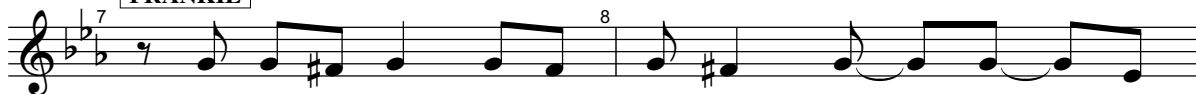
MARY: Why, Frankie Epps, you quit that, y'hear? I said...

FRANKIE: What? I ain't doin' anything!

Vamp



FRANKIE



I'm gon - na go to the pic - ture show — There's — a



mo - vie I've got to see. — You know the one called "The



Sil - ver Gun"? Well, I've been watch - ing since Chap - ter Three! —



I can't wait, It's at eight, And I was won - der - ing: if you're free... —

FRANKIE



MARY



Go on, — go on, — go on, — go on, — You know my

MARY

ma - ma'd ne - ver let me till I turn six - teen. Go on, _____ go on, _____ go on, _____

— go on, _____ Be - sides I on - ly go to pic - tures that I have - n't _____ seen. _____

FRANKIE: When do you turn sixteen? **MARY:** Two years from next June.

2 29 2

FRANKIE: Too bad 'bout your Mama.

MARY

31 33 34

Too bad for you. _____

FRANKIE

35 36 37

I know a spot near Mc Con-nach's _____ lot where you can see the par-ade _____ real _____ clear. _____

38 39 40

— I got - ta book. Wan - na take a _____ look? It's called "The

41 42 43

Thief and the Brig - a - dier". _____ I got gum. You

FRANKIE 44 want some? 45 46 Go on

MARY I have - n't chewed gum for a year!_____

FRANKIE 47 go on,_____ go on,_____ go on. 48 I bet your 49 ma-ma'd let me take you to the

[FRANKIE] 50 pic - ture show._____ 51 52

MARY Go on,_____ go on,_____ go on,_____ go on. I guess you

MARY 53 were - n't real - ly lis - ten - in' when 54 I said no! 55 Why not ask I -

56 o - la Sto - ver?_____ 57 Her ma - ma lets her do what ev - 58 er she wants.

FRANKIE 59 I was ho - pin' I_____ 60 could go_____ 61 with you._____ 62

#3 - The Picture Show

MARY

Go on, ask I - o - la Sto - ver. Her ma - ma lets her see who - ev -

FRANKIE

Well may - be I will.

MARY

er she wants.

FRANKIE: Where you goin'?

MARY: To the factory. I didn't get my pay this week.

FRANKIE: Okay. I'll see you around.

MARY

I hope you do. _____

MARY: At the picture show.

FRANKIE: What? I thought your Mama wouldn't let you!

MARY: She will with Essie and Betty Jean. Just not with you!

FRANKIE: Bye, Sunshine!

FRANKIE

De de,

de de, de de, de de, ska boo ba doo ba deet 'n dut 'n doo ba

Why, Iola! You goin' to the pictures tonight?

doo doo doo. Go on, go on, go on, go on...

ATTACCA #4

4

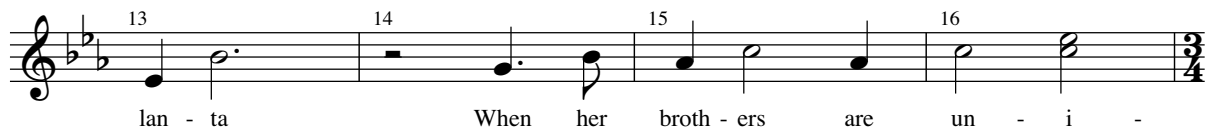
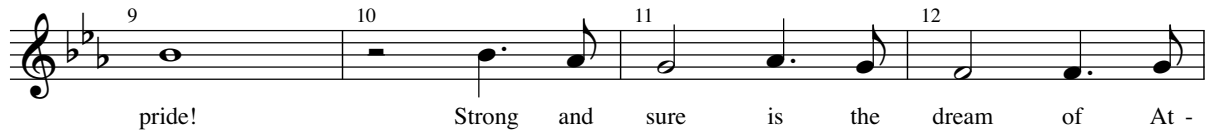
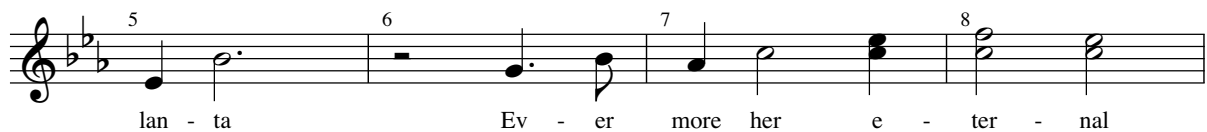
LEO AT WORK / WHAT AM I WAITING FOR?

[CUE: Direct segue from #3]

3

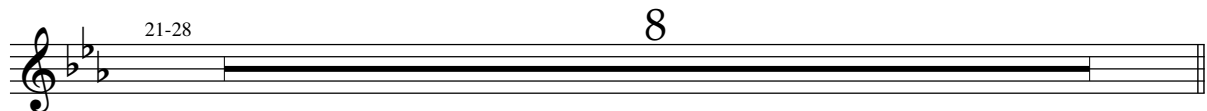
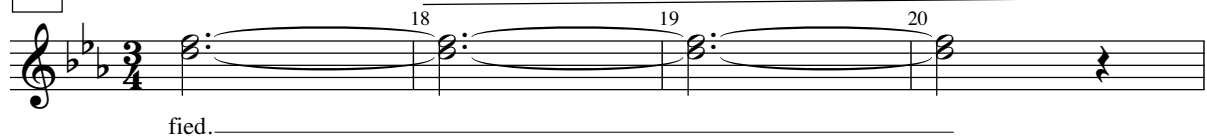
Fast March (as before)

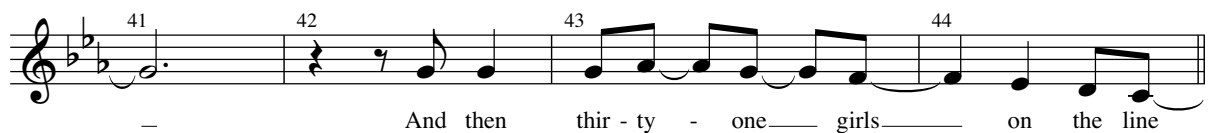
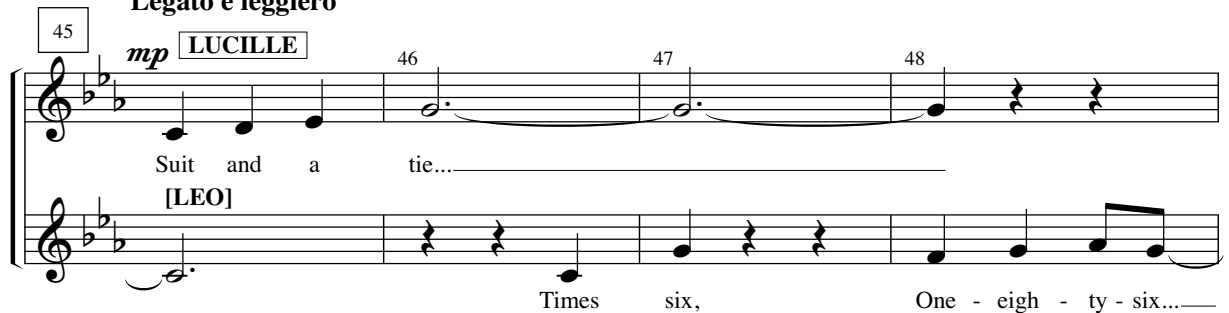
TOWNSPEOPLE



17

Delicato: In 1



**Legato e leggiero**

53 [LUCILLE] 54 55 56

Quite a well - paid po - si - tion...

[LEO]

God, all the noise,

57 58 59 60

"Go on, Lu - cille!

and on— Yon - tiff yet...

61 62 63 64

Bring him his cof - fee!

Four cents a girl— for the week... At

65 66 67 *mf* 68 69 70

Straight from New York, Lu - cille!—

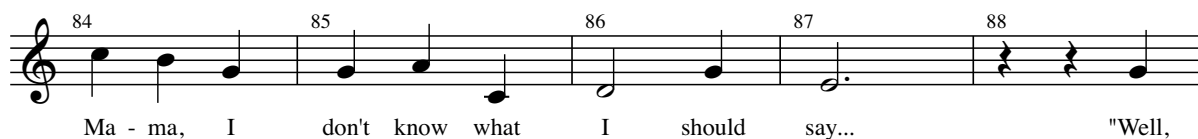
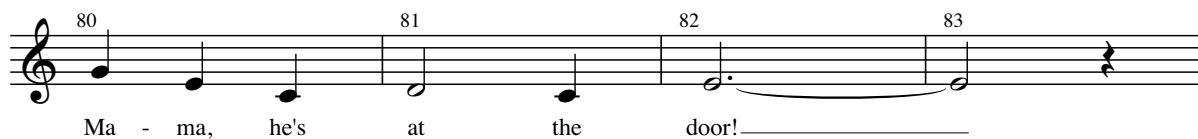
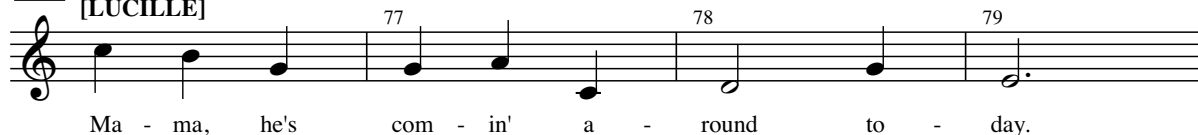
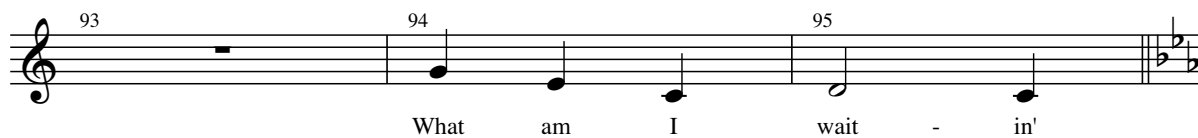
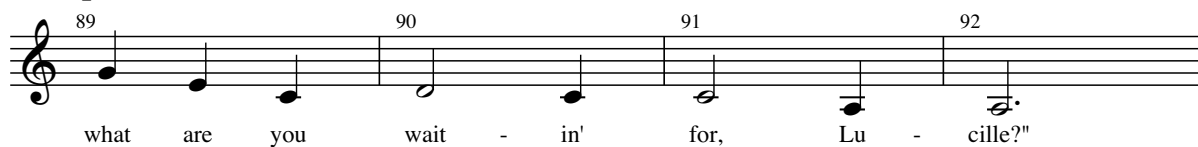
ten cents an hour...

71 [LUCILLE] 72 73 74 *poco rit...* 75

Is - n't he smart, Lu - cille?"

76 *a tempo*

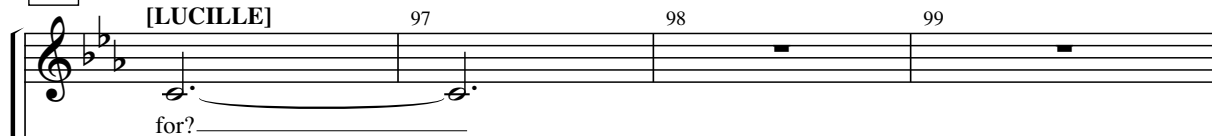
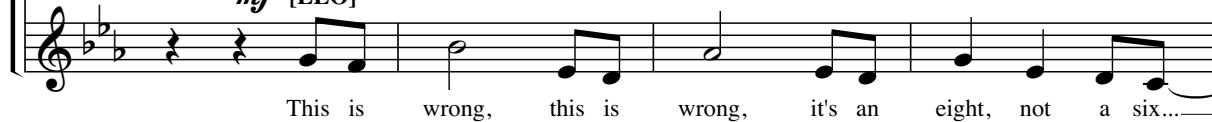
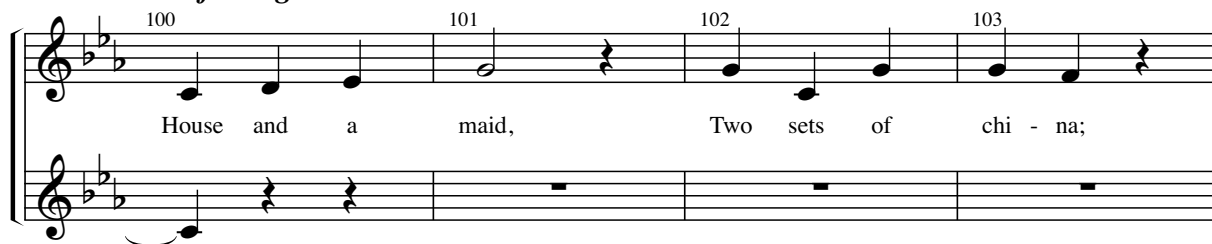
[LUCILLE]

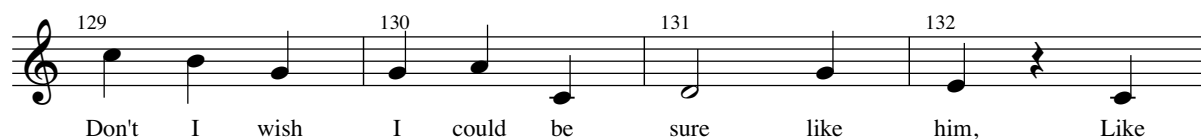
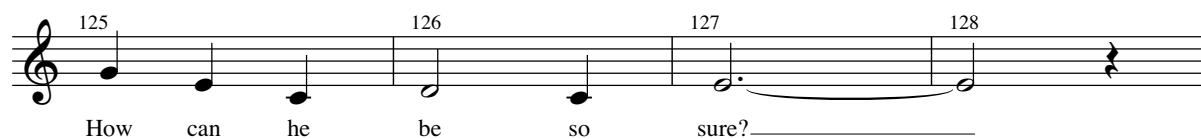
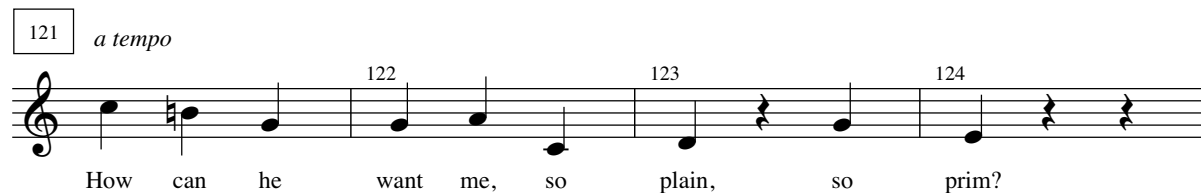
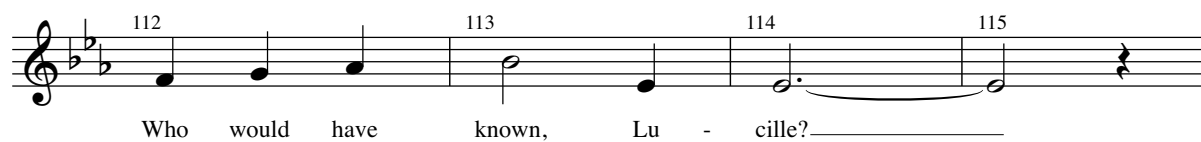
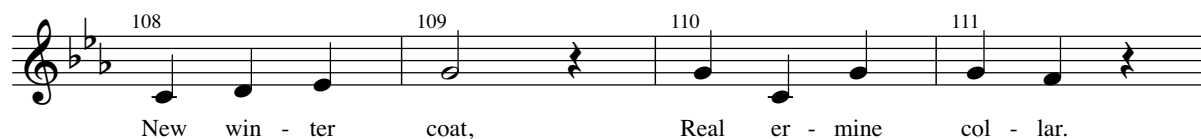
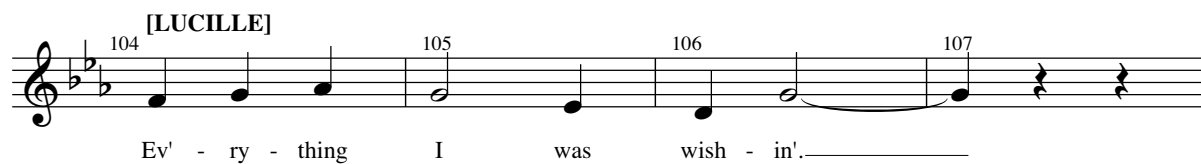
**poco rubato**

96

A Tempo

[LUCILLE]

**mf** [LEO]**With feeling**



[LUCILLE]

133 Le - o? 134 135 136 For

mf [LEO]

Yes, Lu - cille, I am buil - ding a life for us.

Allargando

137 Le - o? 138 139 140

f

No, Lu - cille, we can - not have a pic - nic!

141 *a tempo* *f*

142 143 144

Did - n't my wish - es come true for me The

[LUCILLE]

145 146 147 148

day he walked through the door? _____

149 150 151 152

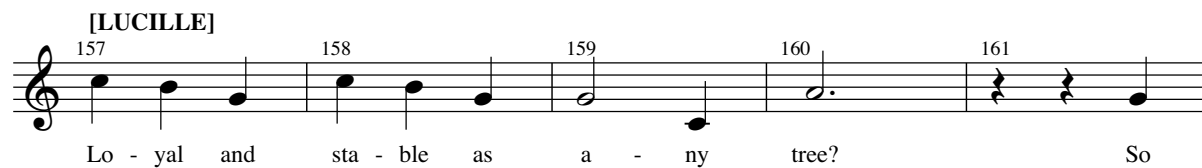
Is - n't he all that I knew he'd be?

153 154 155 156

Bril - liant and filled with hu - mi - li - ty?

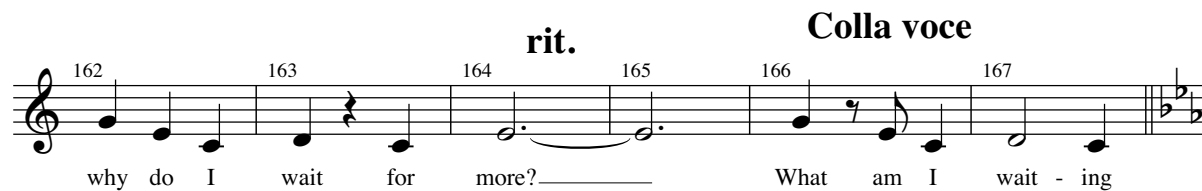
#4 - Leo at Work / What Am I Waiting For?

[LUCILLE]



Lo - yal and sta - ble as a - ny tree? So

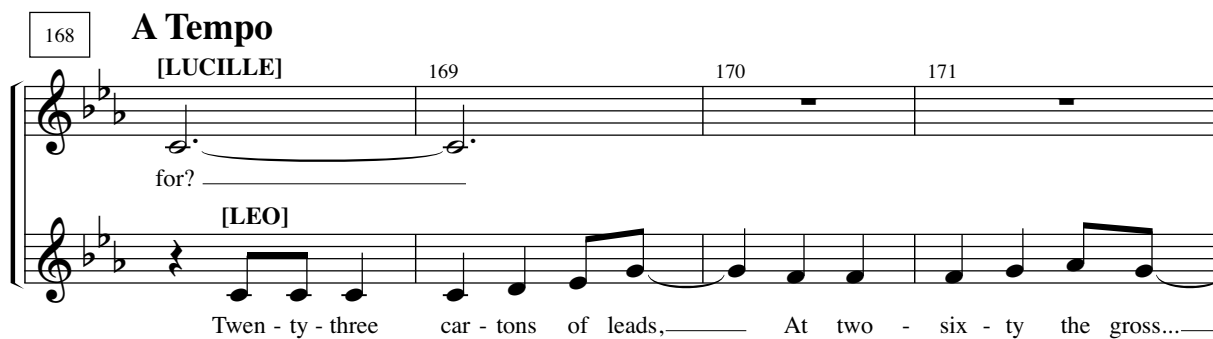
rit. **Colla voce**



why do I wait for more? What am I wait - ing

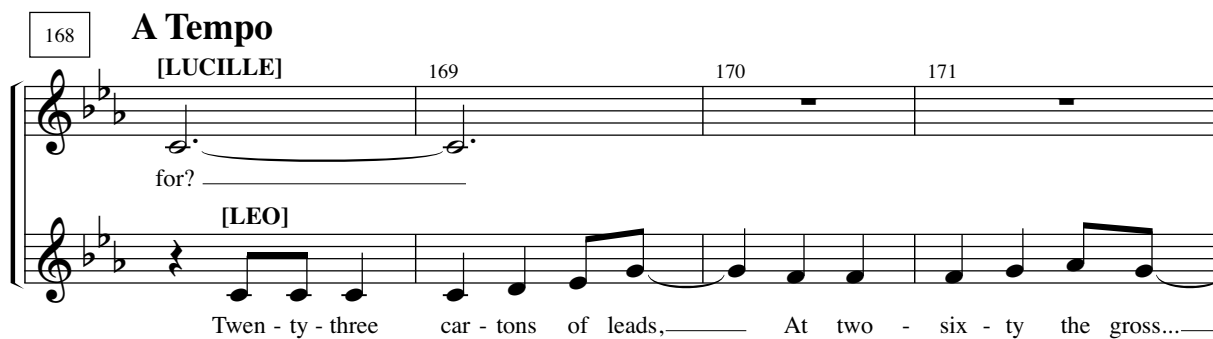
A Tempo

[LUCILLE]



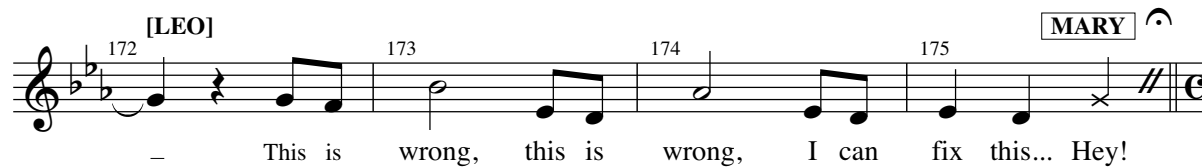
for?

[LEO]



Twen - ty - three car - tons of leads, At two - six - ty the gross...

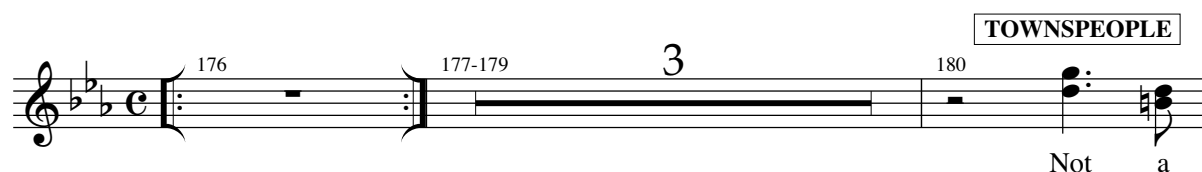
[LEO]



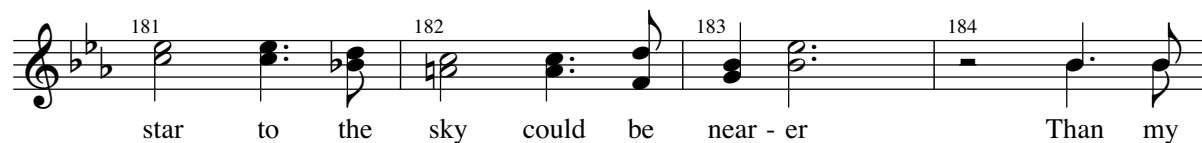
This is wrong, this is wrong, I can fix this... Hey!

[MARY]

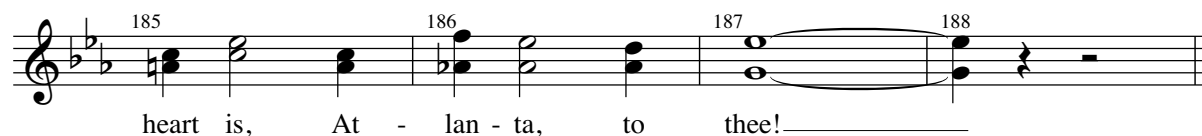
[TOWNSPEOPLE]



Not a



star to the sky could be near - er Than my



heart is, At - lan - ta, to thee!

5

INTERROGATION**CUE: LEO:** Is somebody dead? Is somebody dead?**Slow & heavy, like an old blues song**

1 NEWT LEE 5

I am try - ing to re - mem - ber

6 7

I was check-in' roun'-the fact-'ry, And I went in-to the base-ment Down the

8 9

stairs in-to the base-ment And I shine my light a-round here, In the cor-ners and the

10 11

ceil - ing And I'm 'bout to check the wash - room When my

12 13 3

light, it kin - da catch - es On this pile of rags— in the mid - dle of the

LEO: ...Phagan! The name is Phagan. P-H-A-G-A-N.**STARNE:** Phagan.

14 15 3 (to 17)

room. (vocal last X) I ain't

[NEWT LEE]

seen no pile— o' rags— there be - fore,— So, I go o - ver and I

kick it, And I shine down my light, and Lord,

STARNES: Was she killed in the basement?
LEO: I would assume so, I - Who did it?
 Do you know who did it yet?

Lord,— ain't no pile of rags— at all...— This

small, white bo - dy— With her tongue stick - in' out, This pret - ty lit - tle child With her

LEO: Oh no. You don't think it was
 my night watchman? Newt? Newt Lee?
 You think it was Newt?

eyes wide o - pen... (last X) So I

ran to the phone and I called Mis - ter Frank, But the phone kep' ring - in', So I called y'all to help me.

Mis - ter Frank, he did - n't ans - wer, And that's all I can re - mem - ber.

#5 - Interrogation: "I Am Trying to Remember..."

LEO: Can I go home now and have my breakfast?

IVEY: No, Sir, I'm afraid you can't do that.

36 **MRS. PHAGAN** 3 (to 38) 38

I do not have time to go pa - ra - din' through the en -

39 3

ti - re state of Geor - gia, look - in' for that girl. I

40 3 3 41 3

got half a mind to... Hur - ry up, Liz - zie.

MRS. PHAGAN: Well, my daughter
didn't come home last night.

GUARD: Can I have
your name, please, ma'am?

42-45 4 46 47

ATTACCA

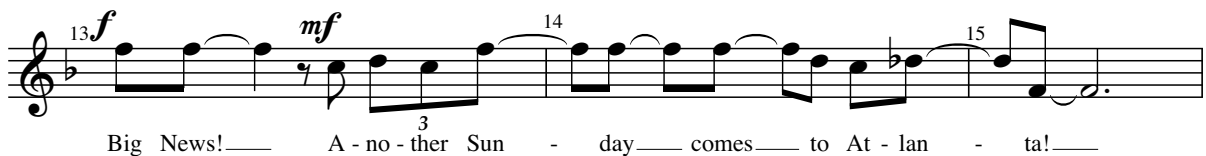
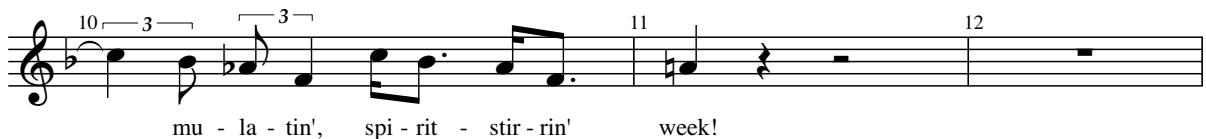
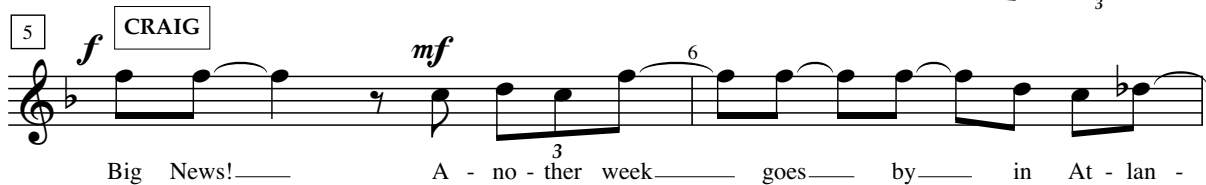
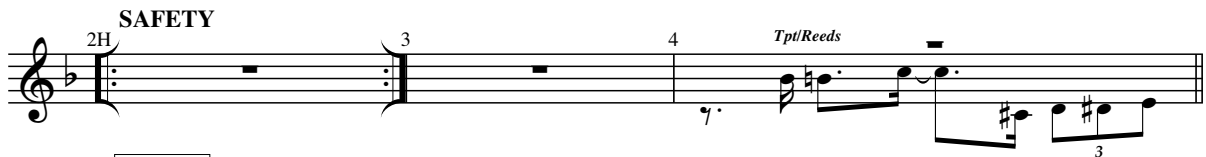
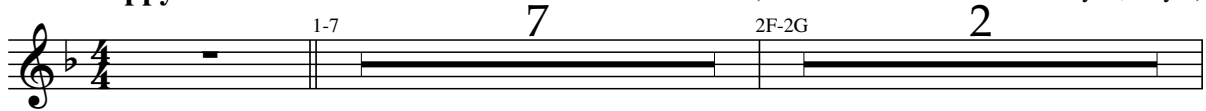
6

BIG NEWS!

CUE: GUARD: Can I have your name please, ma'am?

Sloppy Blues ♩=112

(JUMP to m.3 at **CRAIG:** I love you, Floyd!)



21 *mp*

You got a kit - ten up a tree?_____ Well, come to me,_____ And I'll see_____

23 24

— it makes it on the front page!_____

25 26

The May - or's mo - ther broke her toe?_____ They got - ta know!_____ Stop the press -

27 *f* 28

it's a mess! It's the scan - dal of the age!!_____ Hell, it's Big_____

29 30 31

— News!_____ A - no - ther shock_____ to rock_____ At - lan - ta!_____

32 33

— A - no - ther in - for - ma - tion feast_____ from the Gate -

34 35 36

way to the Whole_____ South - east!_____

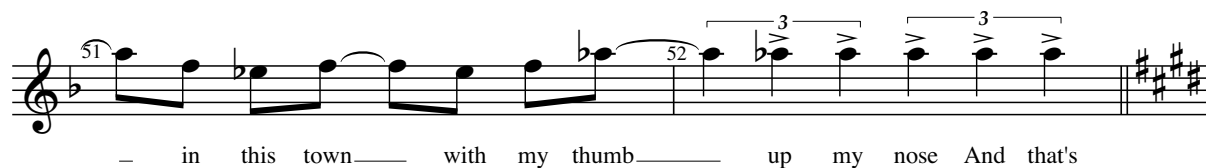
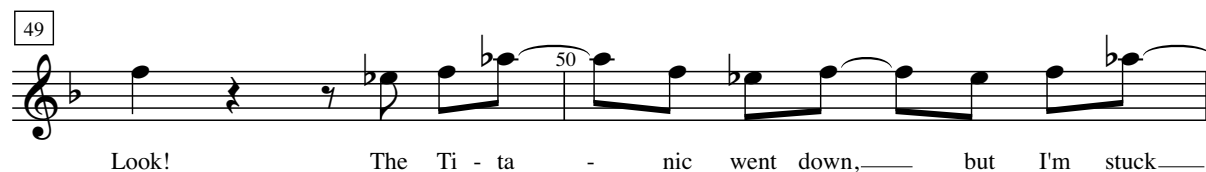
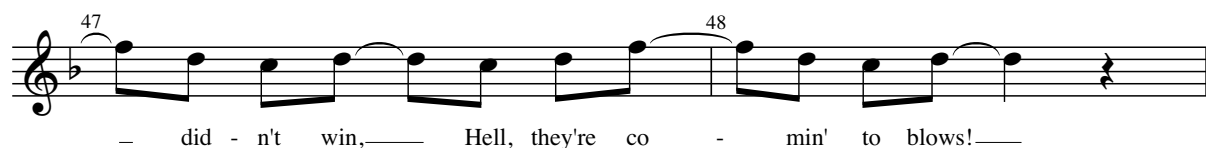
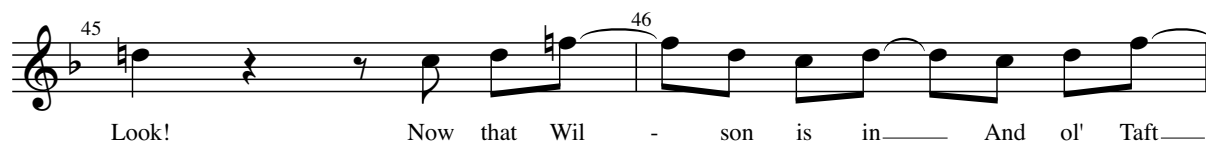
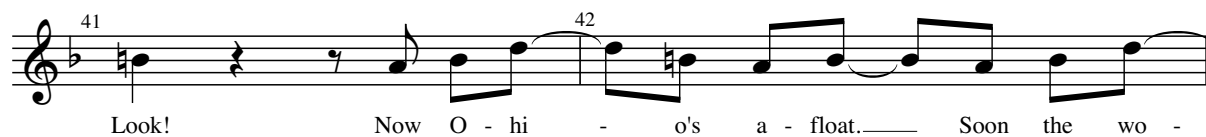
37 *mf* 38

Look! In the mines_____ and the mills_____ And the Mex -

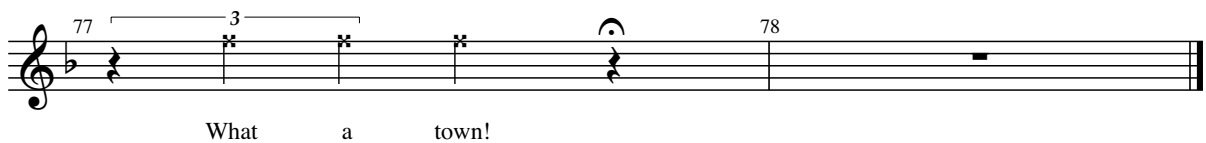
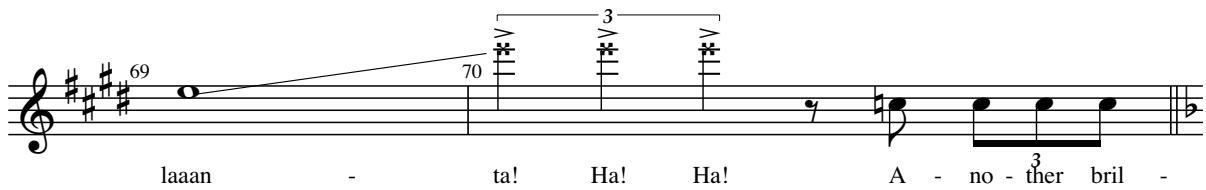
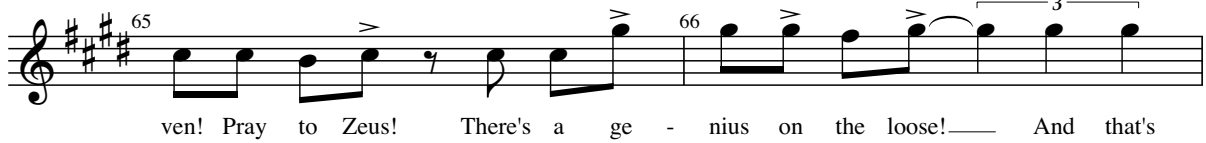
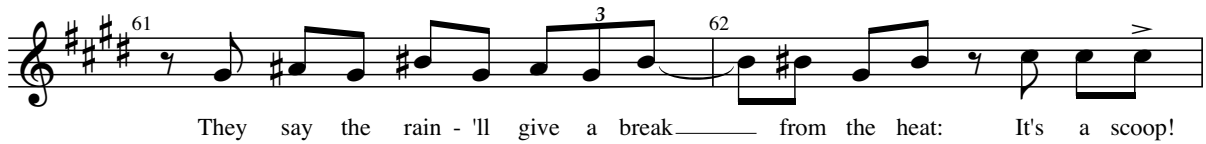
39 40

i - can hills,_____ They got sto - ries to tell._____

#6 - Big News!



#6 - Big News!



7

DORSEY
UNDERScore

T A C E T

7A

DORSEY / SLATON
UNDERScore

T A C E T

8

FUNERAL SEQUENCE

[CUE: SLATON: ...wiggle off the hook. (Direct segue from #7A)]

Heavily

MOURNERS

3

mp

There is a foun - tain filled with blood drawn

from Im - man - uel's veins, And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood lose

all their guil - ty stains. Lose all their guil - ty stains, Lose

all their guil - ty stains, And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood lose

all their guil - ty stains. The

CRAIG: The small white coffin...

20 [MOURNERS]

dy - ing thief re - joiced to see that foun - tain in his day And

there may I, tho' vile as he, wash all my sins a way - Wash

CRAIG: ...laid to her final rest.

all my sins a - way Wash all my sins a - way And

there may I, tho' vile as he wash all my sins a -

FRANKIE

mp

God for-give me what I think. God for-give me what I wish right now.

[MOURNERS]

way...

CRAIG: You must've known Mary pretty well.
FRANKIE: Yessir, I did.
CRAIG: This must be a mighty hard day for you.

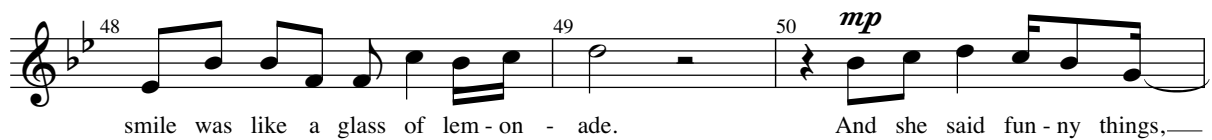
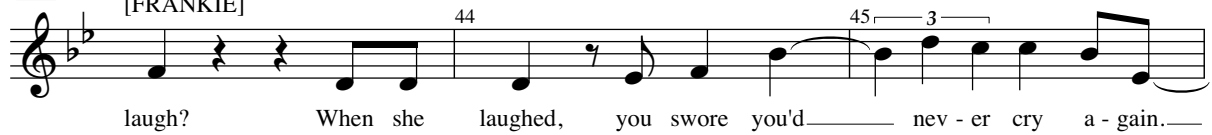
39 40 2 42 *p* [FRANKIE]

Did you ev - er hear her

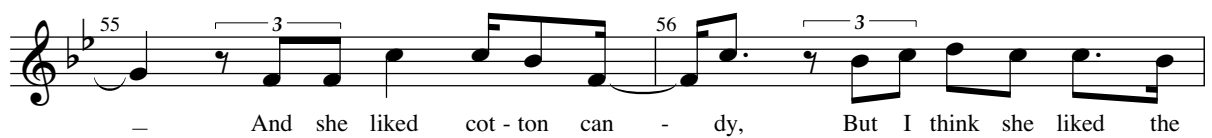
43

legato, with feeling

[FRANKIE]



51



60 **Semplice**
[FRANKIE]

No, it don't make sense to me that she won't be a - round.

No, it don't make sense to me to put her in the cold

and lone - ly ground. And

70 *mf*

no, it don't make sense, the way the world can let you

73 [FRANKIE]

fall. I swear it don't make sense to me at all.

74 75

MOURNERS *mp*

Dear

[not sung if optional cut is taken]

76 **OPTIONAL CUT to m. 89**

dy - ing lamb, Thy pre - cious blood shall nev - er lose it's

77 78

CHILDREN

79 (Iola:) *mf* 80 (Guard:)

1. She had two crook - ed teeth... 2. She had cuts on her fin -

[MOURNERS]

pow'r.

81 (Monteen:) 82 (Essie:)

gers... 3. She worked next to me last sum-mer... 4. Once a week we used to play...

83 (Monteen:) 84 (Iola:)

5. And she knew how to read... 6. She would smile at the fore -

ALL

85 86 87 88

man... And I can't be-lieve they took my friend - a-way.

89 *mf* **MOURNERS & CHILDREN** 90 91

No, it don't make sense to me that she will not be

FRANKIE *f*

When she

92 [MOURNERS & CHILDREN] there. 93 No, it don't make sense to me. 94

[FRANKIE] laughed, you swore you'd nev-er cry a-gain. [LIZZIE] She

95 [LIZZIE] loved when I tied 96 3 rib - bons in 97 her hair. 98 *allargando* [ALL] *f* And

A tempo [ALL] 99 no, it don't make sense 100 the way the sun 101 can still burn

102 — down! 103 *p* No, it don't make sense 104 to me...

105 [FRANKIE] *mp* (to 108) 108 CRAIG: Tell me son - got any idea who it was? (to 110) 110

God for - give me what I think.

[MOURNERS]

111 *mf* [FRANKIE] (to 114) 114

God for - give me what I wish right now...

[FRANKIE]

115 I don't know the cow - ard's name.

116

117 I don't know the bas - tard's face

118

119 But I swear right now to God! He ain't nev - er gon - na

120 (to 125) 125

126 git a - way — with what he done to Ma - ry! Let him qui - ver in his

127 *ff* 128

129 boots! Let him run un - til he

130

131 bleeds! I won't rest un - til I know — he's burn - in' in the

132 133

[FRANKIE]

134 rag - in' fires of hell for - ev - er - more! —

135 136

MOURNERS *f*

There —

137 [FRANKIE] 138 139

God for -

[MOURNERS]

is a foun - tain filled with blood drawn — from Im - man - uel's

140 141 142 143 *mf*

give me what I think. God for -

veins And — sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood lose — all their guil - ty

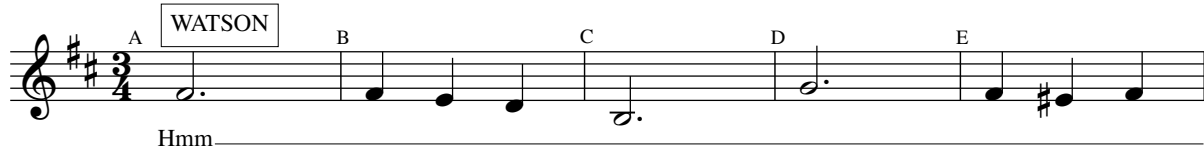
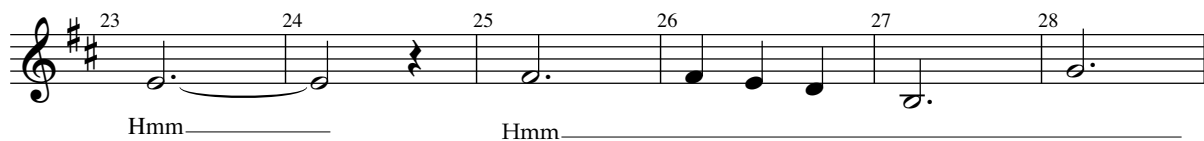
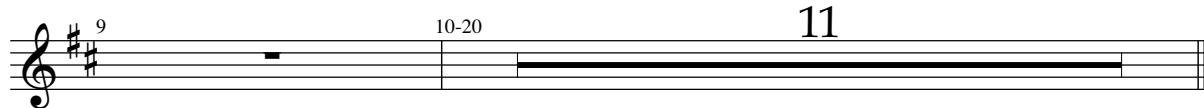
decresc.

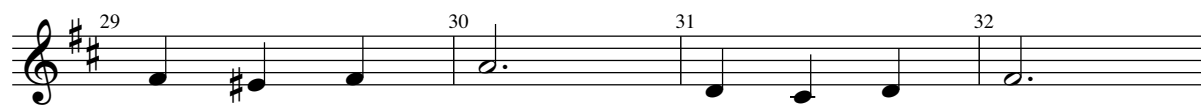
144 145 *f* 146 147 148 *(molto cresc. to cutoff!)*

give me what I wish right now! —

stains. — n

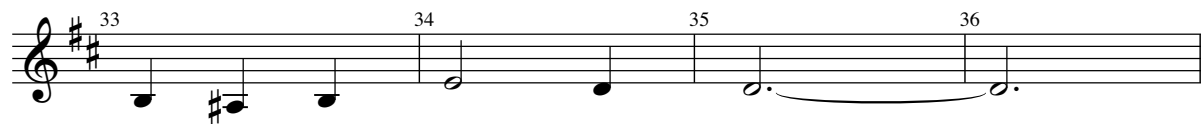
9

WATSON'S LULLABY**CUE: SLATON:** Riley, bring the car around.**RILEY:** Yes, sir.**DORSEY:** I believe you have somethin' to say to me, Newt..



Hmm

DORSEY: We gotta do better.
Get him out of here.



37



Sleep, sleep lit - tle an - gel,



Fear not the sound of drums.



Sleep, sleep lit - tle an - gel,

(to 57)

57



Nev - er you cry, Jus - tice is



nigh, Soon Ar - ma - ged - don comes...

ATTACCA #9A

9A

SOMETHIN' AIN'T RIGHT

[Direct segue from #9]

DORSEY: Of course I'm sure!

(Vocal Last X)

It's in his hands._____

See how he rubs 'em both to - geth - er like he's tryin' to get 'em clean?

It's in his eyes._____

Won - der why he stares at the floor and he won't look you

straight in the face?_____

Some - thin' ain't right.

I can tell some - thin' ain't right.

IVEY: But we got no evidence. *f*

I can see it in his eyes, boys._____

You want

26

ev - i - dence? Look at those clothes and that big fan - cy talk._____

29

You want ev - i - dence? Look at him

31

sweat - in' from ev - 'ry pore! Can't you

34

see him just stand - in' there, watch - in' that lit - tle girl_____

36

— bleed?_____ He smells of it._____

39

He stinks of it._____ What more do you need?—

STARNES: An eyewitness wouldn't be bad.

DORSEY: That's right. So get the hell outta here and find me one!

42

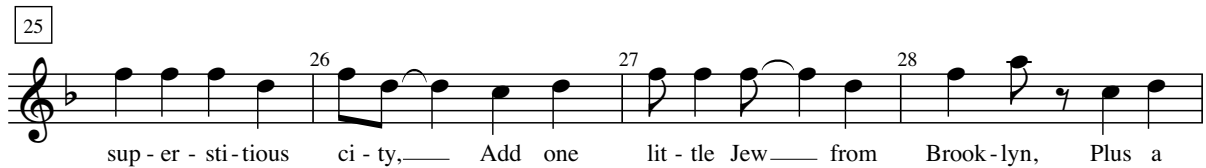
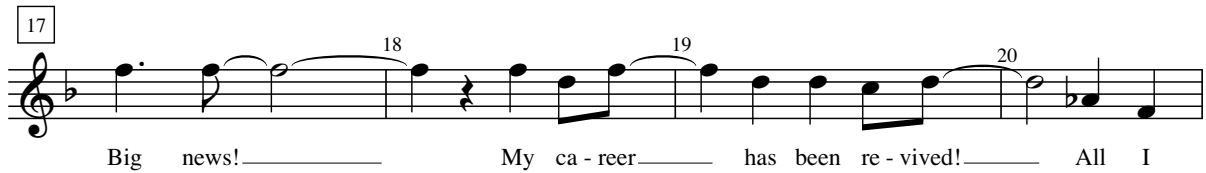
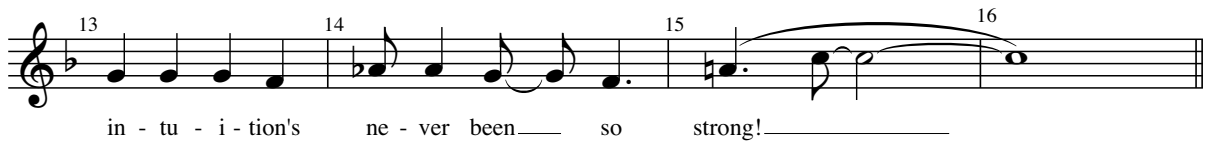
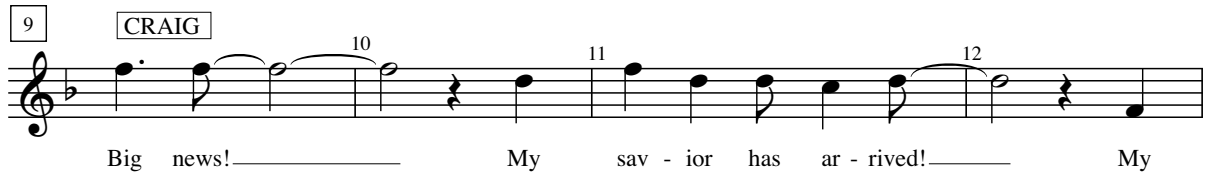
accel.

ATTACCA #10

10

REAL BIG NEWS!**Fast Honky-Tonk Feel**

8



33 [CRAIG]

news! _____ Real _____ big news! That

37 3 38 39

poor suck - er saved my life! _____

OPTIONAL CUT TO m. 42

40-41 2 41A

So give 'im

41B 41C 41D 41E

fangs, Give 'im horns, Give 'im scal - y, hair y palms, _____ Have 'im

41F 41G 41H 41I

drool - in' out the cor - ner of his mouth! _____ He's a

41J 41K 41L 41M

mas - ter of dis - guise! _____ Check those bug - out _____ creep - y eyes! _____ Sure, that

41N 41O 41P 41Q

fel - la's here _____ to rape _____ the whole _____ damned _____ South! They'll be

#10 - Real Big News!

41R [CRAIG]

41S 41T 41U

bang - in' down — my door, Yell - in' "More, Craig, More! Call for jus -

41V 41W 41X 41Y

tice! We need jus - tice! Beat the bas - tard! Kill the bum!" — Big —

41Z 41AA 41BB 41CC

— news! — Real — big news! My

41DD 41EE 41FF

sav - ior has fin - al - ly come! —

CUE TO GO ON:**GUARD:** Anything you say. Nooky hound.**VAMP**

41GG-41HH 2 42 43

44 (In 4) rit. 45 46 47 ROSSER enters. G.P.

Tempo**START DRUMS AT:****ROSSER:** I want to know about it, Leo.

48 51 52

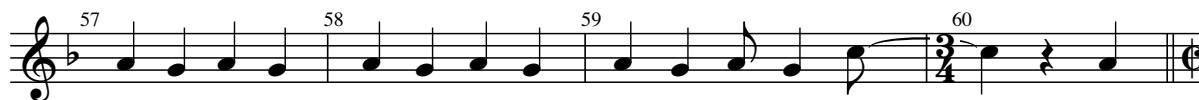
GO ON AT: LEO: Nooky hound. Ac -

53

[CRAIG]



cord - in' to re - ports ob - tained ex - clu - sive - ly by this re - port - er,



Pro - se - cu - tor Dor - sey has the vil - lain in his sights. _____ A

61



high - ly rank - in' un - named source in this in - ves - ti - ga - tion tells me



Le - o Frank's _____ the on - ly like - ly cul - prit in this case. _____

69



An - y - one with an - y in - for - ma - tion on the sus - pect, Le - o Frank, _____



— should con - tact this re - port - er care of the At - lan - ta Geor - gian!

77

MAN (BILL)

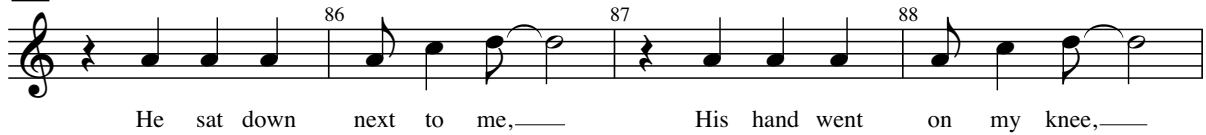


I saw this lit - tle kid. _____ Said, "Look what Le - o did!" _____

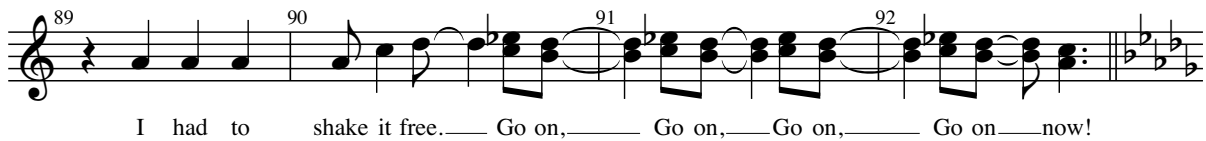


And then she run and hid. _____ Go on, _____ Go on, _____ Go on, _____ Go on _____ now!

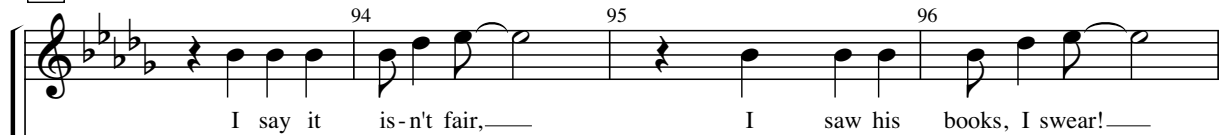
85 PRETTY GIRL (ESSIE)



REPORTERS (all in written octave)



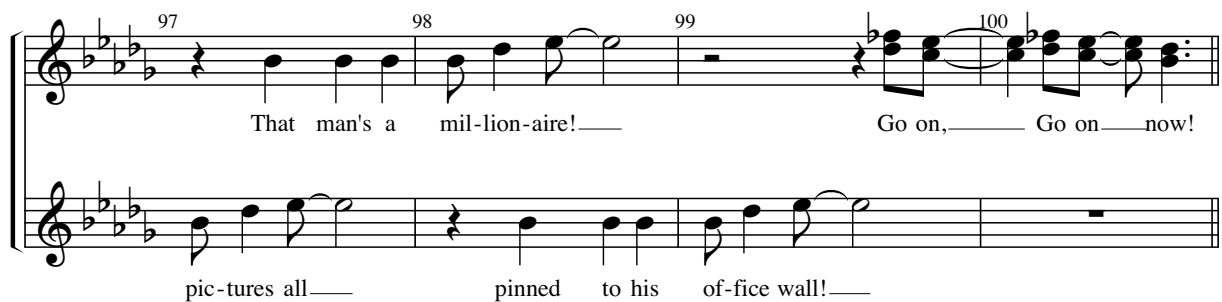
93 MAN II (GUARD)



WOMAN (SALLY)



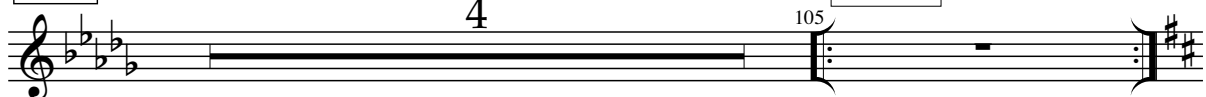
REPORTERS (all in written octave)



101-104

4

VAMP



CUE TO GO ON:
CONLEY: ...girls in his office?

106

107 MAN V (RILEY)

108

He has a kid, you know,——

MAN (BILL)

My broth - er says he knows!——

PSYCHIATRIST (PEAVY)

I've watched him

REPORTERS (all in written octave)

Ooh,—— Ooh,

109

110

111

Knocked up some stu - dent, so—— He paid to

— Where - ev - er Le - o goes,—— He

for a - while,—— Be - hind that creep - y smile,——

REPORTERS (I)

Ooh,—— Ooh, Ooh,

REPORTERS (II)

Ooh,——

112 [MAN V (RILEY)] 113 114

make her go. I know it, yes, I seen it, yes! I

[MAN (BILL)]

car - ries Mar - y's clothes! I know it, yes, I seen it, yes!

[PSYCHIATRIST (PEAVY)]

[ENS. I] The clas - sic ped - o-phile! I know it, yes, I

[ENS. II] Ooh. Ooh. Go on! Go on!

Ooh, Ooh, Go on!

115 116 117

know it, yes, I seen it, yes! I know it, yes, I

I know it, yes, I seen it, yes! I know it, yes,

seen it, yes! I know it, yes, I seen it, yes! I

Go on! Go on! Go on!

Go on! Go on! Go on!

ENSEMBLE (I)

I know it, yes, I

ENSEMBLE (II)

I know it, yes,

118 [MAN V (RILEY)]
seen it, yes! — I know it, yes, — I seen it, yes! —

119 [MAN (BILL)]
— I seen it, yes! — I know it, yes, — I seen it!

[PSYCHIATRIST (PEAVY)]
know it, yes, — I seen it, yes! — I know it, yes, — I...

[ENS. I]
— Goon! — Goon! — Goon! — Goon — now!

[ENS. II]
Goon! — Goon! — Goon! — Goon — now!

[REPORTERS I]
seen it, yes! — I know it, yes, — I seen it, yes! —

[REPORTERS II]
— I seen it, yes! — I know it, yes, — I seen it!

121-124 4

VAMP

125

126

LEO: You're growing on me.

CUTOFF ON:
ROSSER: I'm gonna win this case and send you home.

127 **CRAIG**

128 129 130

Look! You just scrib - ble it down, And it cov -

131 132 133 134

ers the town like mo - las - ses or mud!

135

136 137 138

Look! For us drunk - en ol' bums, Op - por - tun -

139 140 141 142

i - ty comes in a mag - i - cal flood!

143

144 145 146

Look! You might nev - er be sure if your mo -

147 148 149 150

tives are pure, But your pro - fits are clear!

151

152 153 154

Look! You were down and de - pressed, Now you're rid -

155 156 157 158

in' the crest of the scoop of the year!

159-162 **VAMP** 163

CUE TO GO ON:
CONLEY: I tend to over-celebrate holidays.

164-171 8 172-174 **2x** 3 175-177 3

CUTOFF ON:
DORSEY: What should we do about that?

CONLEY: What was that you asked me about Mr. Frank?
G.P. 180

REPORTERS (I)
ENSEMBLE (I) *f*

178 179 181 *f* Ac -

REPORTERS (I) & ENSEMBLE (I) 182 *f*

183 184 185

cord-in' to re-ports— ob-tained ex - clu - sive - ly by this re-port - er,

mp **REPORTERS (II)**

Ex - tra! Ex - tra! Le - o Frank— in - dict - ed!

mp **ENSEMBLE (II)**

Ex - tra! Ex - tra! Le - o Frank— in - dict -

186 187 188 189

Mis - ter Le - o Frank— has been in - dict - ed on the charge of mur - der!

Tri - al set for a month from now!— Pro - se - cu - tor Dor - sey will

ed! Tri - al set for a month from now!— Pro - se - cu - tor

190 [REPORTERS I & ENS. I]

191 192 193

Pro-se - cu - tor Dor-sey states the tri - al will be - gin. In the At -

[REPORTERS II]

try the case him - self, he says! Luth - er Ross - er will rep - re - sent Mis - ter

[ENS. II]

Dor - sey will try the case him - self, he says! Luth - er Ross - er will

194 195 196 197

lan - ta Coun - ty Court - house on - ly one month from to - day!

Frank in the fight of his life! Dor - sey prom - is - es sur - prise wit - ness - es

rep - re - sent Mis - ter Frank in the fight of his life! Dor - sey prom - is - es sur -

198 199 200 201

Mis - sus Frank, the sus - pect's wife, has still not spo - ken to re - port - ers!

and a quick fin - ish! Mis - sus Frank, the sus - pect's wife, has still not

prise wit - ness - es and a quick fin - ish! Mis - sus Frank, the sus - pect's

cresc. poco a poco

cresc. poco a poco

ff [REPORTERS I & ENS. I] 202 What's the word from Mis - sus Frank? 203 What's the word from 204

[REPORTERS II] ***ff*** spo - ken to re - port - ers! What's the word from Mis-sus Frank?

[ENS. II] ***ff*** wife, has still not spo - ken to re-port - ers! What's the

205 Mis - sus Frank? 206 Mis - sus Frank! 207 Mis - sus Frank!

What's the word from Mis-sus Frank? Mis - sus Frank!

word from Mis-sus Frank? What's the word from Mis - sus Frank?

REPORTERS continue ad-lib until:
LUCILLE: Let me alone! Please let me alone!

208 Mis - sus Frank! 209 Mis-sus Frank! 210 Mis-sus Frank!

— Mis - sus Frank! Mis-sus Frank! Mis-sus Frank!

— Mis - sus Frank! Mis-sus Frank! Mis-sus Frank!

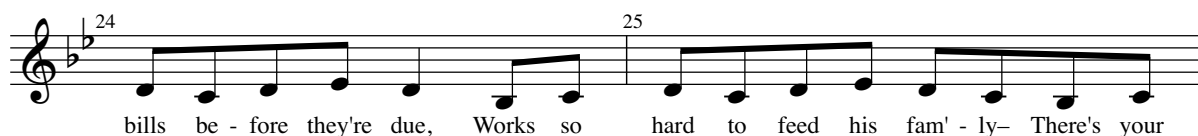
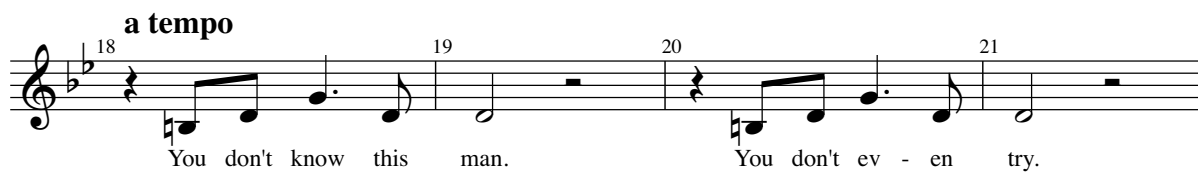
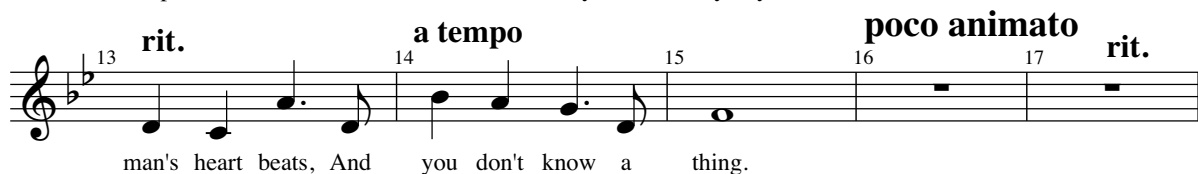
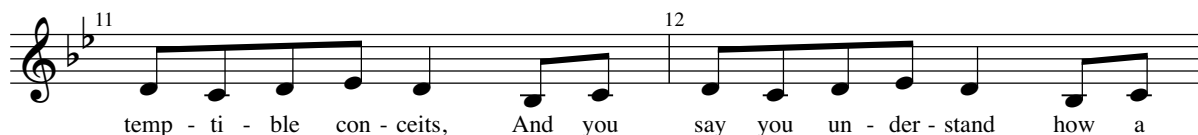
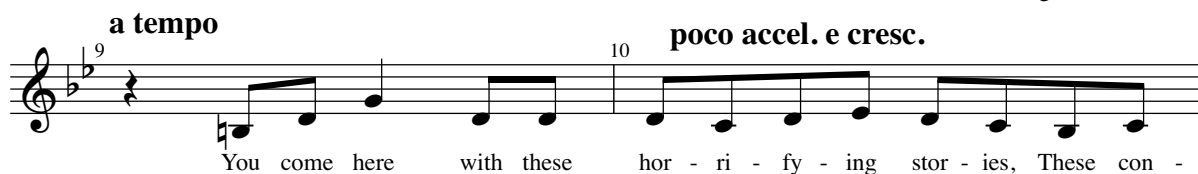
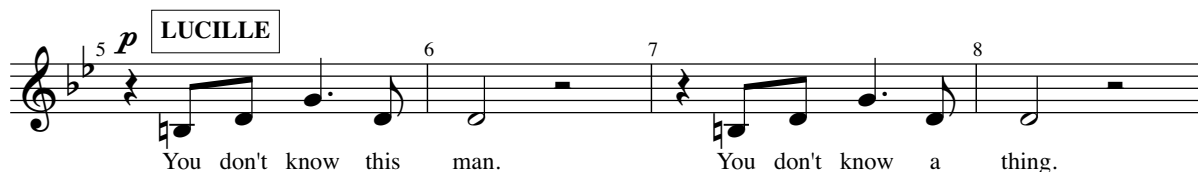
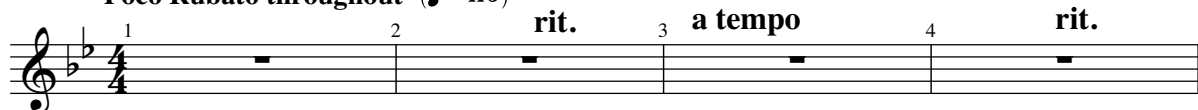
11

YOU DON'T KNOW THIS MAN

CUE: CRAIG: This nose knows all.

CRAIG: I can only imagine how difficult this must be for you, Miz Frank.

Poco Rubato throughout ($\text{♩} = 116$) All these stories about your husband comin' out ev'ry day.



allarg.

mur-der-er for you! And you stand here spit-ting words that you know aren't true, Then

a tempo

you don't know this man. I don't think you could.

f **rall....**

You don't have the right to know— A man that wise and good— He is a

a tempo **colla voce** **a tempo** **p ad lib.**

de-cent man! He is an ho-nest man! And you don't

Tempo primo **mf**

know— And you— ne-ver will.

mp

Not from me, not from a - ny - one who knows him, Not a

CRAIG: You're sayin' he's decent, you're sayin' he's honest, but Ma'am, you're not sayin' he's innocent.

poco rit. **pp (freely)**

mor-sel, not a crumb, not a clue. I have

a tempo **rit.**

no-thing more to say to you.

#11 – You Don't Know This Man

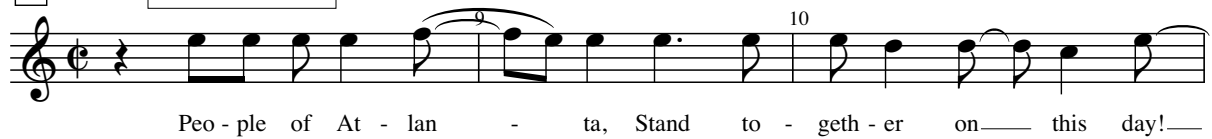
12

THE TRIAL PT. I: IT IS TIME NOW

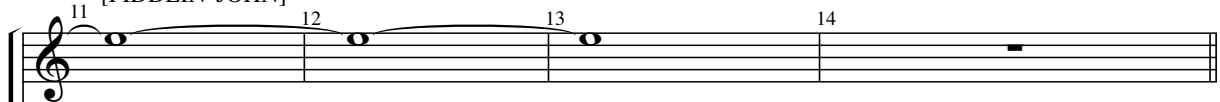
CUE: LEO: Lucille!**LUCILLE:** What is it?**LEO:** You have to be there!

8

[FIDDLIN' JOHN]



[FIDDLIN' JOHN]

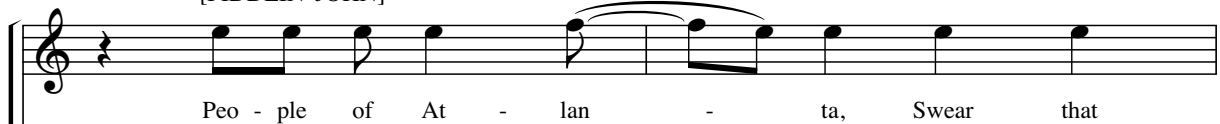


[WATSON]



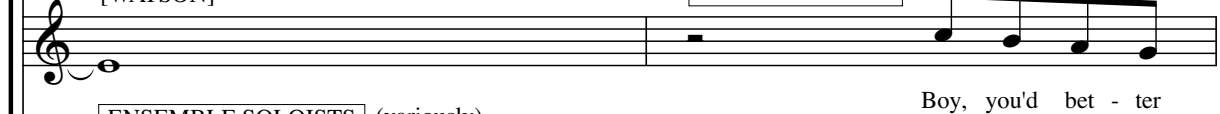
15

[FIDDLIN' JOHN]

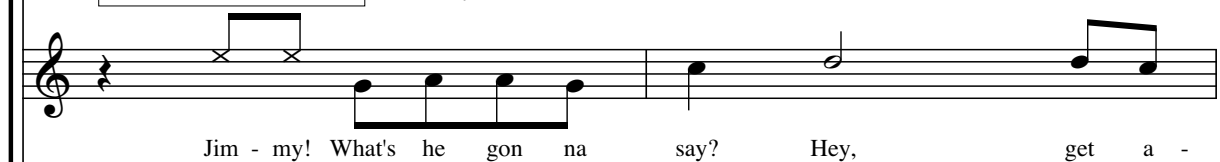


[WATSON]

[STARNES & IVEY]



[ENSEMBLE SOLOISTS] (variously)



[ENSEMBLE SOLOISTS]



[FIDDLIN' JOHN]

17 some - one's gon - na pay! 18 19

[STARNES & IVEY] [WATSON]

move! I have come to see the

[ENSEMBLE SOLOISTS] [ENSEMBLE MEN]

way from that win - dow! Jim - my! Yes!

[ENSEMBLE SOLOISTS] [ENSEMBLE WOMEN]

I see 'im on the way! Well, we're

20 21 22

—

dev - il get his just and true re - ward!

Gon - na see 'im get his just and true re ward!

gon - na see him get his just and true re ward!

Rowdy Honky-Tonk

23 **FIDDLIN' JOHN** 24 25 26

Peo - ple of At - lan - ta, bet - ter bow _____ your heads _____ in shame. _____

3 WOMEN

A - men!

27 **[FIDDLIN' JOHN]** 28 29 30

There's a man who came and spit on your _____ fine cit - y's name! _____

ENSEMBLE WOMEN

Watch out!

[3 WOMEN] ENSEMBLE MEN

Lem-me at 'im! Watch out!

31 **FIDDLIN' JOHN** 32 33 34

Peo - ple of At - lan - ta, all are vic - tims of _____ this crime! _____ It is

35 [FIDDLIN' JOHN]

time now! _____ It is

36 37 38

WATSON

It is time now!

ENSEMBLE WOMEN

It is

ENSEMBLE MEN

It is

39 [FIDDLIN' JOHN]

time now! _____

40 41 42 43 44 45

[WATSON]

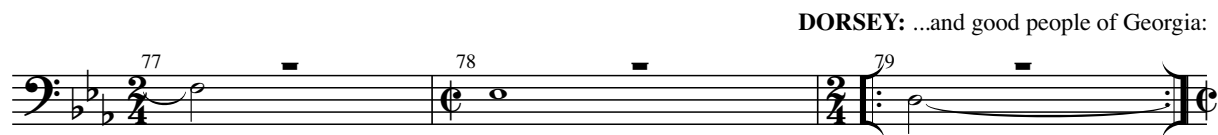
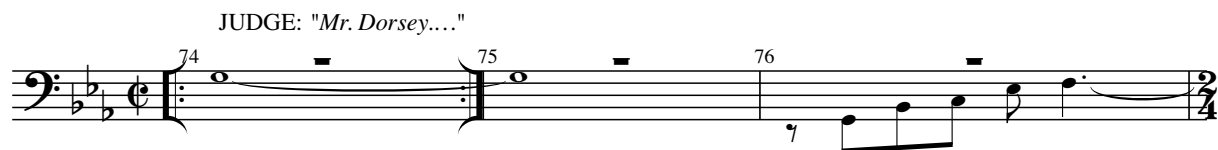
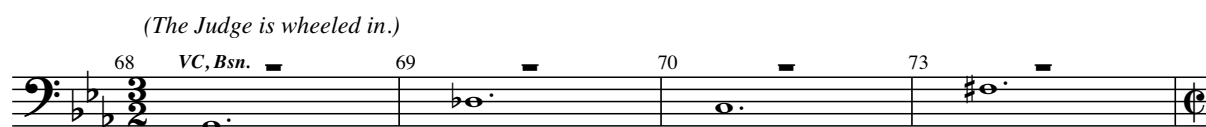
It is time! _____

[ENS. WOMEN]

time now! _____

[ENS. MEN]

time now! _____



12A

THE TRIAL PT. II: DORSEY'S STATEMENT

[DORSEY: ...good people of Georgia. (Direct segue from #12)]

Moderato, in 2 (faster than Pt. I)

1-7 7 16 DORSEY

There is a

17 **Haltingly** 18 19 20

farm - house in Mar - i - etta, Kind - a

21 22 23 24

bat - tered and for - lorn. And in that

25 26 27

farm - house, four - teen years a - go,

28 29 30

A girl named Mar - y was born.

30A

OPTIONAL CUT TO m. 32

30B-30C 2 30D

And she would

30E 30F 30G 30H

dance in fields of cotton, She had a tree

30I 30J 30K 30L

where she could play, But when her

30M 30N 30O

Dad - dy died two years a - go,

30P 30Q 30R

END OF OPTIONAL CUT

Ma - ry and her Ma - ma moved a - way.

31

32 33 34

It's on - ly

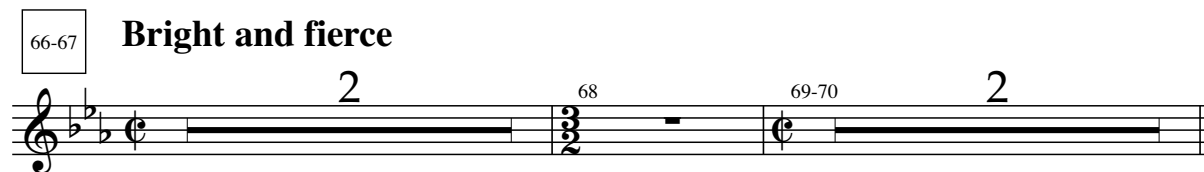
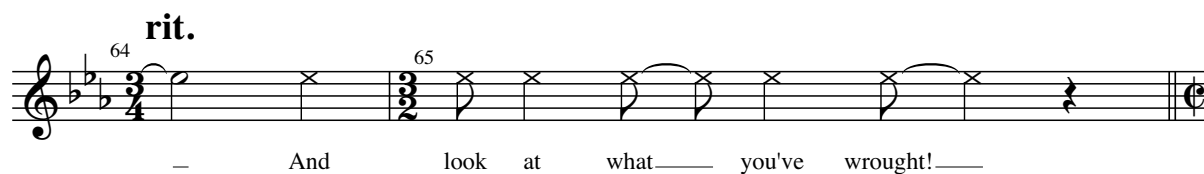
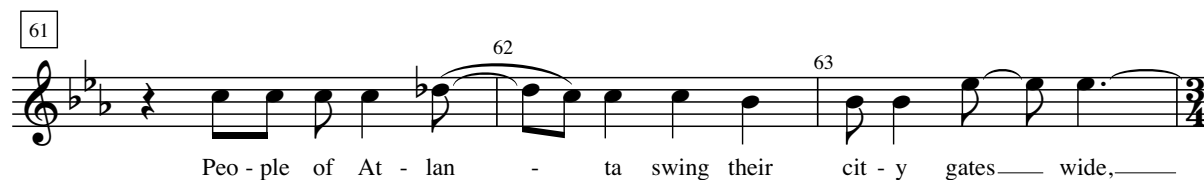
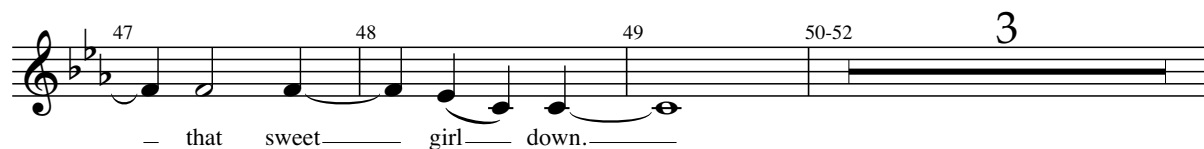
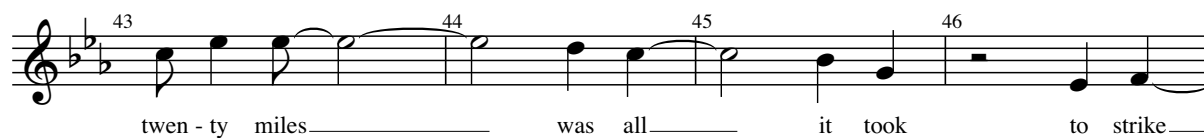
35

36 37 38

tween ty miles from Mar - i - et - ta, To a fac -

39 40 41 42

try in the cen - ter of this town, And



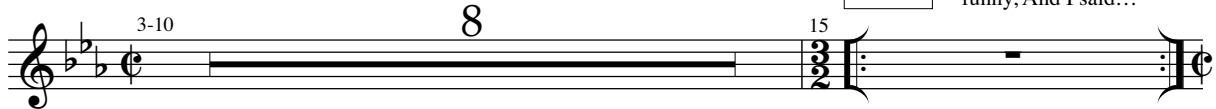
12B

THE TRIAL PT. III: FRANKIE'S TESTIMONY

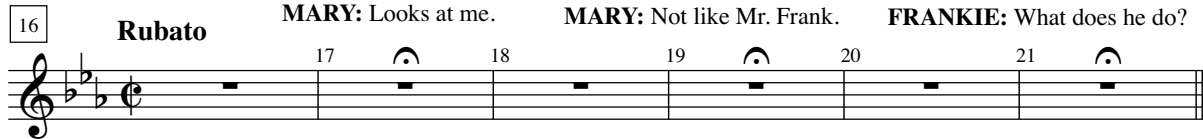
Tempo di "Picture Show"

VAMP

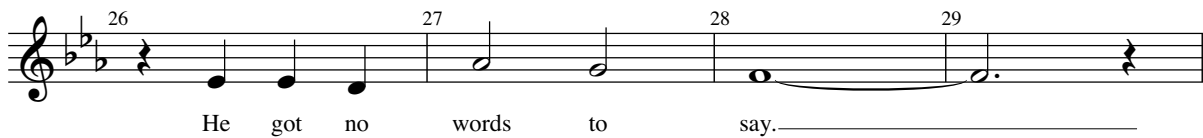
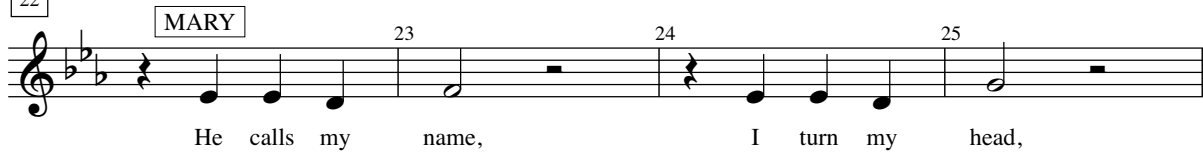
CUE TO GO ON:

FRANKIE: She looked
funny, And I said...

FRANKIE: Somethin' wrong, Mary?



22 **Poco rubato & misterioso**



[MARY]

34 35 36 37

I want to run a - way. And he

38 39 40 41

looks, And I wait, And he

42 **Rolling & undulating**

43 44-47 4

smiles.

MARY: I'll see you over to the picture show!

CUT OFF ON: FRANKIE:
And that was the last time
I ever saw her.

FRANKIE: I
wish I had come
over there and broke
your damn face!

Rall poco a poco

48-50 51 52 53 54

3

SOME MEN

That's

55 56 57 58

BOYS ENS. MEN

right! You tell 'em, Fran - kie! What's he gon - na say now? What's he...

SOME MEN SOME WOMEN ENS. WOMEN

That's right! That boy... What's he gon-na say now?

(JUDGE ROAN bangs his gavel, silencing the crowd.)

JUMP ON: ROSSER: Stay with me now.

60-61 62-63 64

2 2

12C

THE TRIAL PT. IV

CUE: DORSEY: Iola Stover, will you describe for the court
Mr. Leo Frank's manner in the factory?

Misterioso $\text{♩} = 84$

mp [IOLA]

1 He'll call my name, 2 I'll turn my head, 3 4

5 He got no words to say. 6 7 8

9 His eyes get big, 10 11 My face gets red, And 12

poco allarg.

13 I want to run a - way. 14 15 16

mf [IOLA]

17 I'll feel his breath, 18 Back of my neck. 19 20

ESSIE mp

He'll call my name I'll turn my

MONTEEN mp

He'll call my name I'll turn my

21 [IOLA] 22 23 24

His hand a - gainst my chair.

[ESSIE]

head He got no words to say

[MONTEEN]

head He got no words He got no words to

25 26 27 28

I'll punch the clock, Pick up my check, It

— His eyes get big, My face gets

say His eyes get big, My face gets

29 30 31 32 *poco allarg.*

seems like he's al - ways there.

red, And I want to run a - way.

red, And I want to run a -

33

A Tempo

f [IOLA] 34 35 36

I'm in the hall And then he's there,

f [ESSIE]

I'm in the hall, And then he's there,

[MONTEEN] *f*

way. I'm in the lounge, I turn a -

37 38 39 40

He pass - es much too close_____

He pass - es, He pass - es much too close_____

round,_____ He pass - es much too

41 42 43 44

I change my clothes, Put up my hair, And

— I change my clothes, Put up my hair, And

close I eat my lunch I hear a sound, And

45 [IOLA] 46 47 48

some - how, I'm sure he knows And I

[ESSIE]

some - how, I'm sure he knows And I

[MONTEEN]

some - how, I'm sure he knows And I

Poco Rubato

49 50 51 52 53 54

turn, And he smiles, And he says:_____

turn And he smiles, And he says:_____

turn And he smiles, And he says:_____

Ragtime Two-Beat

55

mp

LEO



Why don't - cha come up to my of - fice? Got a



cou - ple o' things—— you might like to see.——



Why don't - cha come up to my of - fice, 'Bout



two - fif - teen 'til a quar - ter to three?—— If you could may - be swing



by, ho - ney, Well, you know it'd—— be o - kay——



— with me—— If you came,—— if you came,—— if you came,——



— if you came—— to my of - fice.



Why don't - cha come up to my of - fice? Got a



bot - tle of wine — and the cork — ain't popped. —



Why don't - cha come up to my of - fice Where it's



nice and cool — when the blinds — are dropped? —



If you could may - be swing by, ho - ney, We'll pre - tend that bad ol' clock —



— has stopped, If you came, — if you came, — if you came, —



— if you came — to my of - fice.

#12C — The Trial Pt. IV: The Factory Girls / Come Up to My Office

87 *f* [LEO]

88 89

I know this new dance — that they're do - in' in — Man - hat -

90 91 92

tan. I'll get you dan - cin' — like you

93 94 95

ne - ver done — be - fore! — (slide!) And I'll give

96 97 98

you things — that they sent me from — Man - hat - tan, And if — you like, —

99 100 101

— Well, I — got more. —

102 103 104

Hell, I got more! —

105 [LEO]

106 107

Come on and come up to my of - fice! Got a fine fried chic - ken and bis -

108 109 110

cuits for two! — Come on and come up to my of - fice! We got

111 112 113

lots of things — that we both — can do! — Just take a break and swing

114 115

by, ho - ney - No one has to know — but me —

116 117

— and you That you came, — that you came, — that you came, —

118 119

— that you came, When you came, — when you came, — when you came, —

120 121

— when you came, If you came, — if you came, — if you came, —

122 123 124

— if you came, So come on! — Come on! —

#12C – The Trial Pt. IV: The Factory Girls / Come Up to My Office

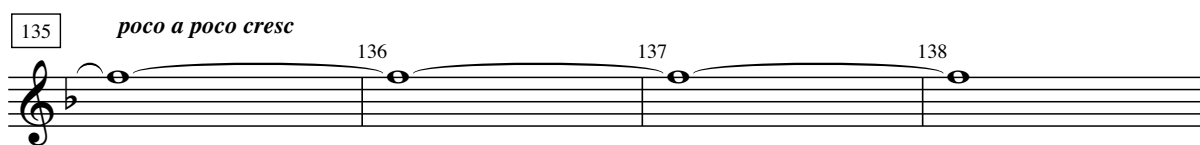


Come on! _____



Come on! _____

Come on! _____



Why don't - cha come up and come on and come up _____ to my...,



Why don't - cha come up and come on and come up _____ to my...,



Why don't - cha come up and come on and come up? Come on and



come up? Come on and come up? Come on and come up? Come up and come on! _____

147 [LEO] 148 149 150

[IOLA, MONTEEN, ESSIE]

4 4

He calls my name. I turn my head.

151 152 153 154

4

He got no words to say...

155 **Grandioso, Come Prima** *f* [IOLA & MONTEEN] 156 157 158

f [ESSIE]

His eyes get big, My face gets red, And

His eyes get big, My face gets red, And

[IOLA & MONTEEN]

159 160 161

I want to run a - way.

[ESSIE]

I want to run a - way.

162 163 164 165

And he looks, And I wait,

And he looks, And I wait,

166 [IOLA] 167 168 169

And he smiles.

12D

THE TRIAL PT . V: NEWT'S TESTIMONY

[LEO: They were coached! (Direct segue from #12C)]

FIDDLIN' JOHN + RANDY

Peo - ple of At - lan - ta, — hear the bells of Judg - ment chime —

mp WATSON

It is

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of the musical score. It features a single melodic line for Fiddlin' John + Randy in treble clef, 4/4 time. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The music begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes, with some beamed sixteenth notes. There are four measures shown, with measure numbers 1, 2, 3, and 4 above the staff. The lyrics 'Peo - ple of At - lan - ta, — hear the bells of Judg - ment chime —' are written below the staff. In the fourth measure, the dynamic changes to mezzo-piano (*mp*) and the name 'WATSON' is in a box. The system ends with the lyrics 'It is'.

[FIDDLIN' JOHN & RANDY]

It is time now! —

[WATSON]

time now! — It is

FEMALE ENS. *f*

It is time now! —

MALE ENS. *f*

It is time now! —

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score, which includes four parts. The first part, for Fiddlin' John & Randy, continues the melody from the first system, starting at measure 5. The lyrics 'It is time now! —' are written below. The second part, for Watson, begins at measure 6 with a sustained note. The lyrics 'time now! — It is' are written below. The third part, for the Female Ensemble (FEMALE ENS.), begins at measure 6 with a forte (*f*) dynamic and sustained notes. The lyrics 'It is time now! —' are written below. The fourth part, for the Male Ensemble (MALE ENS.), also begins at measure 6 with a forte (*f*) dynamic and sustained notes. The lyrics 'It is time now! —' are written below. All parts end at measure 10, which is marked with a double bar line and a key signature change to two sharps (F# and C#).

DORSEY: Well, Newt, you wanna tell us how Mr. Frank acted.
NEWT: Acted?
DORSEY: Around the girls.

DORSEY: He ever look at those girls
 sorta funny like?

ROSSER: Objection! Leading the witness!

JUDGE ROAN: Objection sustained.

DORSEY: I'll rephrase that.

You ever see Mr. Frank anywhere near
 where the girls changed their clothes?

11 [WATSON, FIDDLIN' JOHN + RANDY] 12 13 14

time... [FEMALE ENS.] n. [MALE ENS.] n.

Vocal Last x [NEWT LEE]

I am try - in' to re - mem - ber...

15 [NEWT LEE] 16 17

Well, I seen him by the door-way when the girls was in there chang-in'...

DORSEY: The ladies
 private dressing room...
 And what was he doin'?

18 19 20

See, the way that I re-mem-ber, He was look-in' through the door-way And the

21 22

girls was in there dress-in', And I guess that he was sweat-in'... Course, the man...

DORSEY: That'll be all. Thank you, Newt.

LEO: Shame! Shame on you, Newt...

ROSSER: Leo, just shut the hell up.

Play when MRS. PHAGAN sits:

23 23A 24 25

12E

THE TRIAL PART VI: MY CHILD WILL...

CUE: DORSEY: Would these be the clothes?

Valse Lente

MRS. PHAGAN:

1-7 7 8 *p*

My

9

10 11 12

child will for - give me for rais - in' her poor, And for

13 14 15 16

tak - in' her out of the school. My

17

18 19 20

child will for - give me for not do - in' more to pro -

21 22 23 *poco rit.* 24

tect her from men who are cruel. And my

25

26 27 28 29

child will for - give me for clos - in' my eyes to the dan - gers of

30 31 32 33 34

grow - in' too fast. My child will for - give me with

35 36 37 *rit.* 38 [to 43]

tears in her eyes when we're re - u - nit - ed at

43 **A Tempo**

44 45 46 **rit.**

last. _____ My

47 48 49 50

child will be safe in the arms of the Lord, and as

51 52 53 **rall.** 54

pure as the day of her birth. My

A Tempo

55 56 57 58

child will be co - zied and blessed and a - dored As she

59 60 61 **rall.** 62

nev - er could be here on earth. And my

63 **Rubato**

64 65 66

child will be watch - in' me, giv - in' me faith in a

67 68 69 70

fu - ture that's gold - en and new. My

71 72 73 74 **rall.**

Ma - ry will teach me to o - pen my heart, And

75 76 77 **pp**

so I for - give you, Jew.

12F

THE TRIAL PT. VII: THAT'S WHAT HE SAID

CUE: DORSEY: Bring in Jim Conley.

Feroce

SOLOISTS (variously)

Watch out! — Jim Con - ley?

SOLOISTS (variously)

Lem - me see! Who's Jim? Wait a min-ute!

GROUP I

What's he gon - na say? Why they gon-na call that

GROUP II

What's he gon-na say? Why they gon - na

Lord, 'noth - er nig - ger... Look - a this!

Watch out! — What's he gon - na

man? What's he got - ta say a - bout?

call that man? What's he got - ta

7

What's he gon - na say? Look! Now,

say? Watch out! _____ Jim - my! _____

Oh! Will ya look - a that? Put - tin' on

say a - bout...? Oh! Will ya look - a that?

9 10

wait a min - ute! No damn good! Who's

He's no good!

airs, Slick as an on - ion!

Put - tin' on airs. Slick as an

11 [SOLOISTS (variously)] 12 13 14 CONLEY

this? He's ask - in' him a ques - tion... Say... He

[SOLOISTS (variously)]

What's he do - in'? What's he gon-na say?

[I.]

What's he gon - na do? What's he gon-na say?

[II.]

on - ion! What's he gon-na do? What's he gon-na say?

15 **In Strict Tempo** ($\text{♩} = 122$)

[CONLEY]

16 17

tol' me to watch the door. "Watch the door," that's what he said.

18 19 20

— That's what he said: I should make sure no one

21 22 23

came an' in - ter - rup - ted. Well, I'd say once or twice't a month,

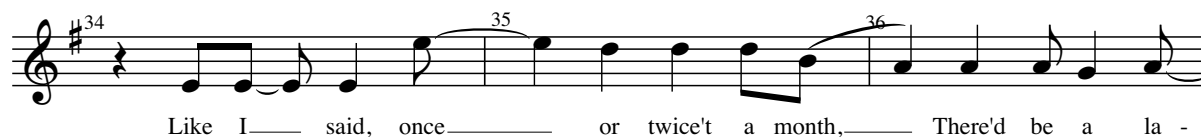
24 25 26

— He'd tell me, "Jim, you watch the door, I got a la -

27 28 29 30

dy com - in'. I got a la -

[CONLEY]



And once, I remember it was two ladies. Another time, there was a black gentlemen, I believe he said he was from Chicago...



ROSSER: Objection!

JUDGE ROAN: Mr. Dorsey, will you instruct your witness to answer only the questions put to him?

DORSEY: Jim, do you understand the man?

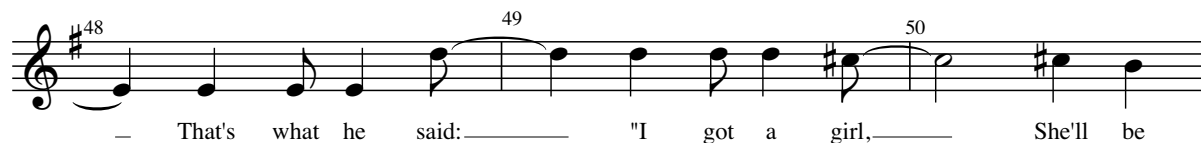
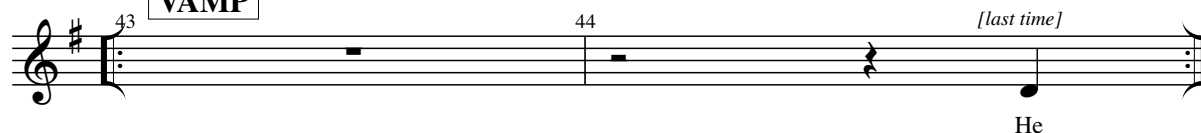
CONLEY: Yessir.

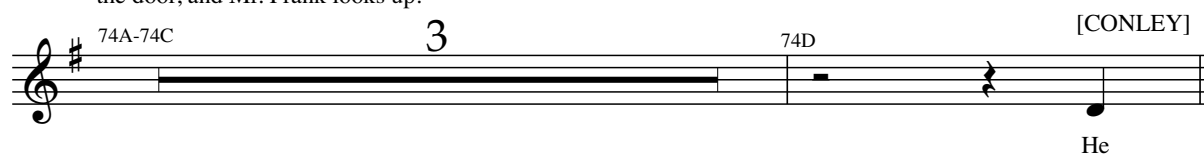
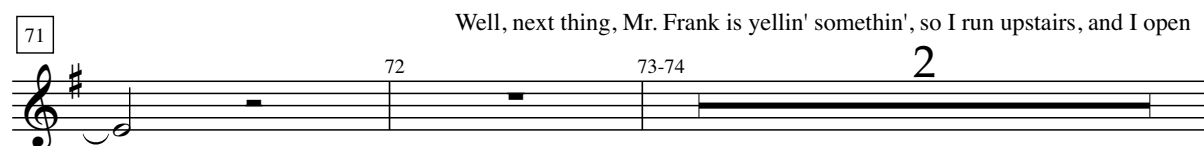
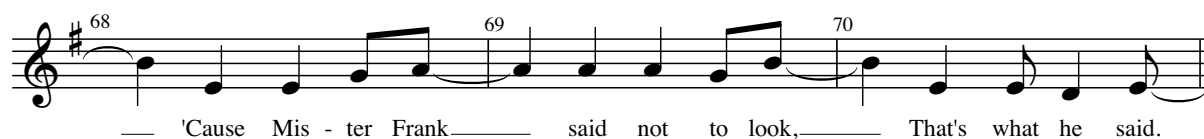
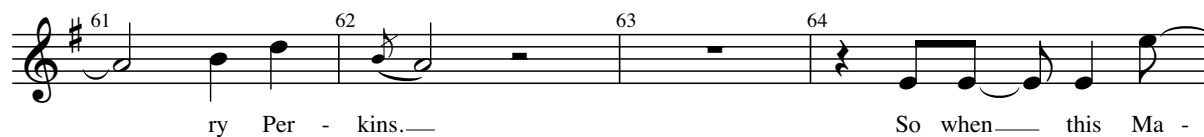
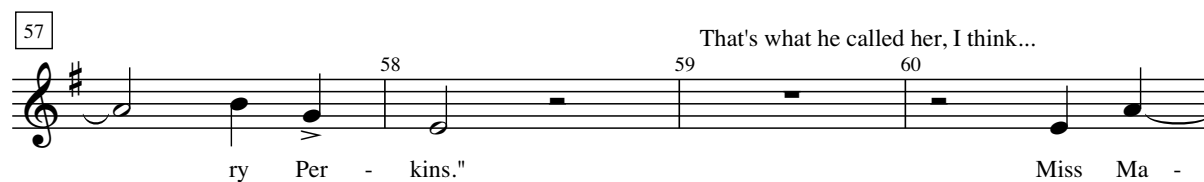
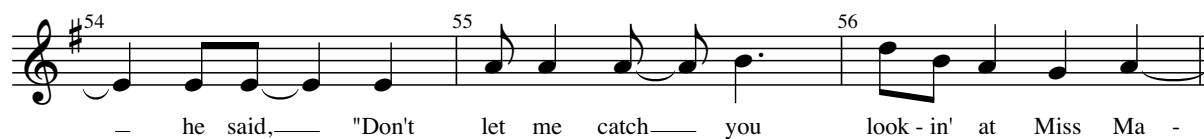
DORSEY: All right then, Jim, will you tell us about the mornin' of April 26?

CONLEY: The day of the parade.

VAMP

[CONLEY]





75 [CONLEY]

said, "We were play - in' a game, _____ Play - in' a game!" _____ That's what he said!—

78 — That's what he said, _____ 79 An' lit - tle Ma - 80 ry's kind - a

81 crump - led in _____ the cor - 82 ner. He said, 83 "You don't un - der - stand.

84 She did - n't want _____ 85 to play _____ the game, _____ 86 An' so I went—

87 — and hit 88 her. 89 You see, I had _____ 90

91 — to hit 92 her!" — 93 He tol' me I 94

95 should go an' look. _____ 96 He said, "She's ac - 97 tin' like _____ she's sick," —

98 — and I _____ said, "Lawd, _____ 99 that chil' is dead!" —

[CONLEY]

— That's what I said. — An' he — said:

103

"No! No! It ain't — my fault that

girl is dead!" — He said, "No! No!" That's

[CONLEY]

what he said. — He said, "No!"

CROWD

That's what he said!

[CONLEY]

No!" An' his eyes — were wild — an' his face — was red. — He said,

[CONLEY]

"No! No!" That's what he said! —

[CROWD]

No! No! That's what he said, — that's

119 [CONLEY] 120 121

He

[CROWD]

what he, what he said, he said that's, that's what he said!

122 [CONLEY] 123 124

said, "Got - ta get her out. Let's get her out!" That's what he said.

[CONLEY] 125 126 127

An' so I foun' me this ol'

[CROWD]

That's what he said!

[CONLEY] 128 129 130

gun - ny sack an' wrapped her. He said, "You're a good boy, Jim!

131 132 133

I know you won't tell no one no - thin' - Here's a

[CONLEY]

134 135 136 137

hun - dred dol - lars!" I got a hun -

[CROWD]

No, it can't be true!_____

138 139 140 141

dred dol - lars!_____ An' so I

God, what can we do?_____

142

[CONLEY]

143 144 145

put her on_____ my back,_____ We took the e - le - va - tor down._____ He said, "Jus'

[CONLEY]

146 147 148 149

throw her on_____ the groun'!"_____ That's what he said._____ Yes, he_____ said,

[CROWD]

That's what he said!_____

150

[CONLEY]

151 152 153

"No! No! There ain't_____ no rea - son I_____ should hang!"_____ He said,

[CROWD]

No! No!

154 [CONLEY] 155 156 157

"No! No!" That's what he said! — He said,

[CROWD]

No! No! That's what he said! —

158 159 160 161

"No! No! There ain't — no rea-son I — should hang! — You got

No! No!

162 [CONLEY] 163

mo - ney in — yo' pock - et an' — there's

164 165 166

plen - ty more — o' that; — I got weal - thy friends — an' fam -

167 168 169

'ly, An' a wife — who's dumb an' — fat! An' I got rich —

170 171 172

— folks out — in Brook - lyn if I need — some - wheres to go, —

173 174 175 3

— An' these stu - pid red - necks nev - er gon - na know!

#12F — The Trial Pt. VII: That's What He Said

176 [CONLEY]

177 178 179

— No! It ain't—— my fault that girl is dead!"—— He said,

[CROWD]

Hang 'im! Hang 'im! Hang the Jew!——

180

181 182

"No! No!" That's what he said!——

Hang 'im! Hang 'im!

183 184 185

— He said, "No! No!" An' his eyes——

Make 'im pay!—— Get 'im!—— Now!

186 [CONLEY]

187

— were wild—— an' his face—— was red.—— He said,

188 CONLEY

"No!"

189 190 191

CROWD

Hang 'im! Hang 'im! Hang 'im! Yeah! Hang the kil - ler!

LEO

No!

192 [CONLEY] poco a poco cresc. 193

[CROWD]

Kill 'im! Jew! Kill 'im! Hang 'im!

[LEO]

FIDDLIN' JOHN

Peo - ple of At - lan - ta!

RANDY

Peo - ple of At - lan -

194 [CONLEY] 195

[CROWD]

Get 'im! — Yes! Make him pay! —

[LEO]

[FIDDLIN' JOHN]

Raise — your voice - es! —

[RANDY]

ta... —

196 [CROWD] 197

Bas - tard! Yeah! Take 'im down! —

[FIDDLIN' JOHN]

[FRANKIE] Raise your voice - es

[RANDY]

Raise your voice - es

[CROWD]

198 Kill 'im! _____ Get 'im! _____ Nail 'im! _____ Now!

[FIDDLIN' JOHN & FRANKIE]

high! _____

[RANDY]

high for Mar - y! _____

[CROWD]

200 *ff* Hang 'im! _____ 201 Hang 'im! _____ 202 Hang 'im! _____ 203 Hang 'im! _____

[F.J., FRANKIE, RANDY]

ff High! _____ High! _____

+LIZZIE

204 Hang 'im! _____ 205 Hang 'im! _____ *fff* 206 Hang 'im! _____

Gavel Bangs!

Hang 'im! _____

12G

THE TRIAL PT. VIII: LEO'S STATEMENT

CUE:ROSSER: That's my strategy.**JUDGE:** Proceed.

With a sense of stillness (♩ = 69)

The musical score is written for a single melodic line in treble clef, key of D major (indicated by two sharps), and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked as 69 beats per minute. The score consists of 18 measures, grouped into six lines of three measures each. Measure numbers 1 through 18 are placed above the first note of each measure. Measure 2 contains a repeat sign. Measure 3 is marked with a box labeled '3'. Measure 4 contains a box labeled 'VAMP'. Measure 5 contains a box labeled 'LEO'. Measure 13 contains a fermata over the first note. Measure 18 ends with a double bar line. Dynamics include *p* (piano) at measure 5 and *mf* (mezzo-forte) at measure 18. The lyrics are written below the staff, aligned with the notes.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18

VAMP **LEO**

p *mf*

It's hard to speak my heart.

I'm not a man who bares his soul. I let the mo - ment

pass me by; I stay where I am in con - trol.

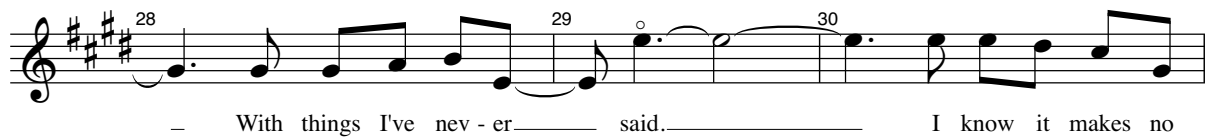
I hide be - hind my work, safe and sure of what to

say. I know I must seem hard,

I know I must seem cold... I nev - er touched that

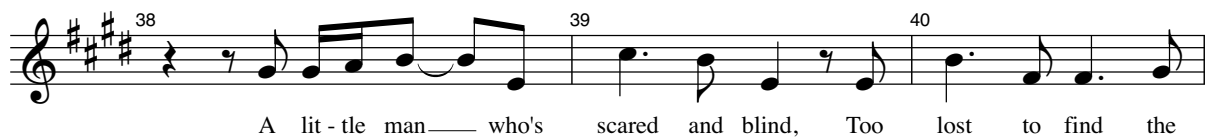
19

Steady, calm



35

Intensely



41 words he needs. 42 I nev - er touched that 43 child. God! —

44 — I nev - er raised my 45 hand! 46 I stand be - fore you **Poco rit.**

47 now, 48 *p* in - cre - di - bly a - fraid. 49 50 *pp* I pray you un - der - **Rubato**

51 stand... 52 53 2 55 **SAFETY** **CUE TO GO ON:**
JUDGE: Mr. Rosser.

56 **ROSSER: Gentlemen, I have just taken the biggest gamble of my entire career...** 27

CUE TO GO ON:
ROSSER: Leo Frank is innocent. 83 84 2 86 **CUE TO GO ON:**
DORSEY: This angel met her end...

ATTACCA #12H

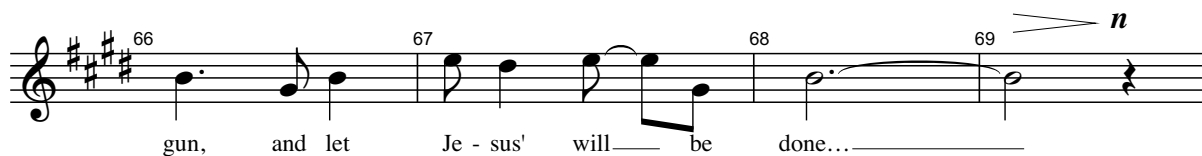
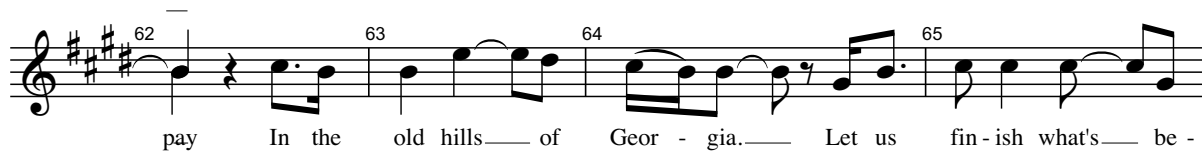
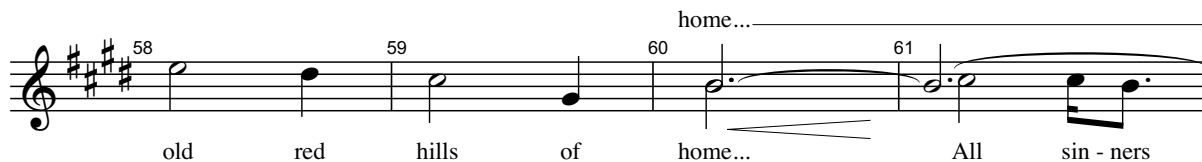
12H

THE TRIAL PT. IX: CLOSING & VERDICT

Insistent, but not loud

p *sotto voce*

ENSEMBLE



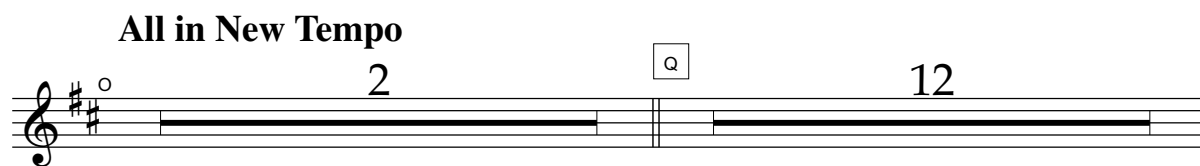
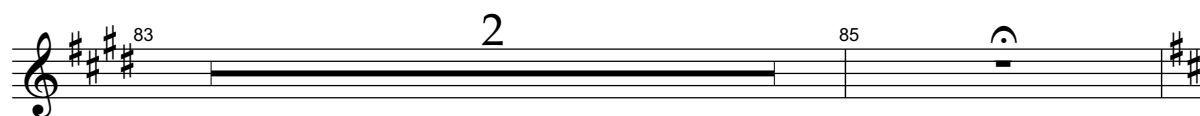
GO ON AT:

JUDGE: Poll the jury, Bailiff.

Vamp

71 JURORS (individually)





13

ACT II OPENING

The first exercise is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). It consists of a sequence of notes: a quarter note (fingering 1-2), a half note (fingering 2), a quarter note (fingering 3-4), and a half note (fingering 2). The notes are connected by a horizontal line, indicating a continuous melodic line.

VAMP

JUMP to m. 8 on:

JUDGE: May God have mercy on your soul.

9-14

Example 1: A musical staff with a treble clef. A single sixteenth note is written on the first line. Above the note is the number '6'. The staff ends with a double bar line and a 4/4 time signature.

15

CRAIG

Now, Le - o runs_____ back and forth,_____ while they're scream -

Musical notation for measures 17 and 18. Measure 17 contains the notes G4, A4, B4, A4, G4, F#4, E4, and D4. Measure 18 contains the notes C4, D4, E4, F#4, G4, A4, B4, and A4. The melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef.

in' up North_____ how it just_____ is - n't fair._____

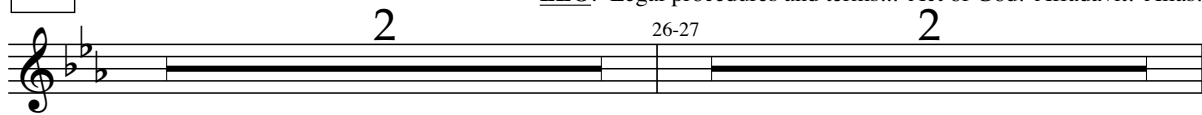
Musical notation for measures 19 and 20. Measure 19 contains a whole note G4 and a half rest. Measure 20 contains a half note A4, a quarter note B4, a quarter note A4, a quarter note G4, a quarter note F#4, a quarter note E4, a quarter note D4, and a quarter note C4. The melody is written on a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat.

Wow! They been treat - in' this match_____ like the la -

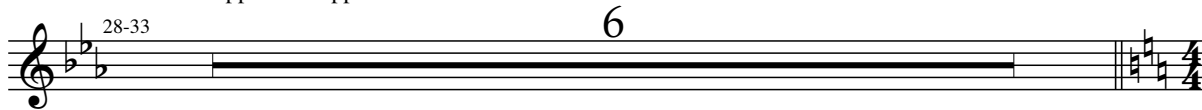
Measures 21-23 of the song "The Rose Tree". Measure 21 is in 2/4 time and contains a melody of eighth and quarter notes. Measure 22 is also in 2/4 time and continues the melody. Measure 23 is in 2/4 time and features a whole note chord. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

test dis - patch — from the Drey - fus Af - fair...

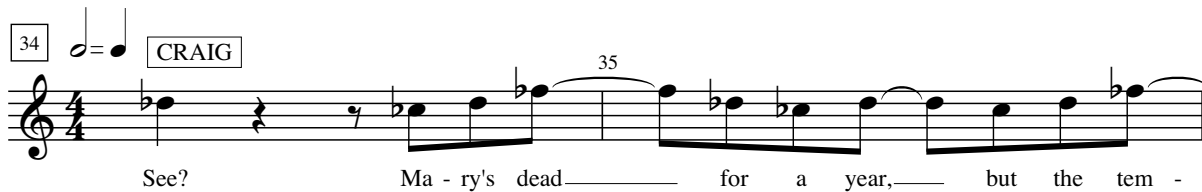
24-25

LEO: Legal procedures and terms... Act of God. Affidavit. Alias.

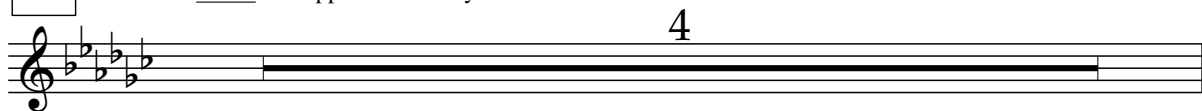
Alibi. Appeal ... Appeal.



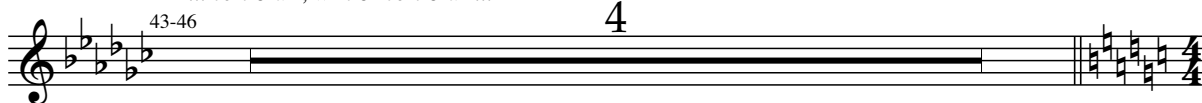
34

CRAIG

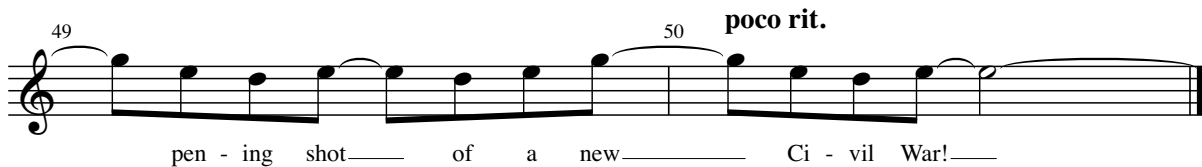
39-42

LEO: The appellant can only ask for a writ of certiorari in such circumstances as...

... certiorari, writ of certiorari...



47

CRAIG**ATTACCA #14: A Rumblin' and a Rollin'**

14

A RUMBLIN' AND A ROLLIN'

[Direct segue from #13B]

1 **CRAIG** 2 [to 6] 6 **RILEY** [to 13]

(War...) _____ You hear a

13 14 15

rum - bin' and a roll - in'? It's com - in' down from the north. _____

16 17 18

_____ It's com - in' up through the ground, _____ And it's a

19 20 21

fun - ny ol' sound, _____ 'Cause it's a - rum - bin' and a roll -

[RILEY] 22 23 24

in'...

ANGELA

And I bet I know _____ why! _____

[ANGELA] 25 26

See 'em on the train, See 'em on the bus; They

27 28 **RILEY** 29

[ANGELA] But now they're gon - na pay at -

ne - ver cared much a - bout folks like us!

30 [RILEY] 31 32
 ten - tion. Sure they gon - na ask "Why? Why? Why?"

33 [RILEY] 34 35
 — Well, they're

[ANGELA]
 They gon - na say "I don't know what, I don't know how" Well, they're

36 [BOTH] 37 38
 gon - na find out now. They're gon - na pay at - ten - tion

[RILEY] 39 40 41 42
 They gon - na yell "Set that man free!"

[NEWT]
 Well, they

43 [to 45] 45 46 47 [ALL 3] [to 50]
 Now there's a

[NEWT]
 sure ain't talk - ing 'bout me.

50 [ALL 3] 51 52
 rumb - lin' and a roll - in' Here come the Yan - kee brig - ade!

[ALL 3] 53 54 55

NEWT

They gon - na come through this town_____ We bet - ter

[NEWT] 56 57 [+ RILEY] 58

keep our heads_____ down_____ We bet - ter start mum - blin' and a - shuff -

[RILEY, NEWT] 59 60 61

lin' We bet - ter po - lish our_____ smiles..._____

ANGELA

We bet - ter po - lish our_____ smiles..._____

CONLEY 62 63 64 65

Ol' Black Joe at your ser - vice, Won't do no - thin' that' ll make you ner - vous

ALL MEN 66 67 68

[CONLEY] And they won't ne - ver pay at -

Won't do no - thin' worth a look or a men - tion,

ANGELA

And they won't ne - ver pay at -

69 [ALL MEN] 70 71 72 [RILEY]

ten - tion! They gon - na say

[CONLEY]

They'll ne - ver say "My! My! My!"

[ANGELA]

ten - tion!

73 [RILEY] 74 75

"Bring me my boots."

[NEWT]

I bet - cha thought the slaves were free...

[ANGELA]

"Bring me my tea!"

[ANGELA]

76 77 78

Mis - ter Frank, good for you. Lot - ta folks com - in' to

79 80 81

get you through. Mis - ter Frank, ain't that grand?

82 83 84

Lot - ta folks com - in' to take a stand. Mis - ter Frank,

85 86 87 **CONLEY**

I can

[ANGELA]

knock on wood— Ain't gon - na do you no god - damn good!

[CONLEY] 88 89 90

tell you this, as a mat - ter of fact, That the lo - cal ho - tels would - n't

91 92 93 **RILEY & NEWT**

Go on,—

[CONLEY]

be so packed if a lit - tle black girl had got - ten at - tacked—

[ANGELA]

Go on,—

94 95 96 **RILEY**

They com - in', they com - in' now,

[RILEY, NEWT]

Go on,— Go on,— Go on!—

[ANGELA]

Go on,— Go on,— Go on!—

97 [RILEY] 98 99 [ALL MEN]

Yes - sir - ee! There's a

[NEWT]

'Cause a white man gon - na get hung, you see.——

100 [ALL MEN] 101 102

black man, swing - in' in ev - er - y tree, But they don't ne - ver pay at -

[ANGELA]

But they don't ne - ver pay at -

103 104 (CONLEY) 105

ten - tion! (Hell!) They ne - ver say "Why? Why? Why?" —

ten - tion! Oh no! They ne - ver "Why? Why? Why?" —

106 [RILEY] 107 108 [CONLEY]

But if a Yan - kee boy flies... Sur - prise! —

109 [RILEY] [NEWT] [ALL 3 MEN] 110 111

Sur - prise! Sur - prise! They gon - na pay at - ten - tion!

[ANGELA]

Sur - prise! They gon - na pay at - ten - tion!

[ALL MEN] 112 They gon - na yell 113 "Set that man 114 free!" 115 [to 118]

[ANGELA]

CONLEY 118 De de de de 119 de de de, 120 de de, 121 de de, 122 De de de de 123 de de de,

RILEY 124 Oh, there'll be a 125 rum - blin' and a roll - in', 126 Yeah 127

NEWT There's gon - na be a

[CONLEY] de de de de de...

ANGELA Oh, there'll be a rum - blin' and a roll - in', Yeah

128 Yeah 129 There'll be a rum - blin' and a roll - in', 130 Yeah

rum - blin' and roll - in'!

There's gon - na be a

Yeah... There'll be a rum - blin'... Yeah!

There'll be a rum - blin' and a roll - in',

#14 - A Rumblin' and a Rollin'

131 [RILEY] 132

There'll be a rum - blin' and a roll -

[NEWT]

rum - blin' and roll - in'!

[CONLEY]

There'll be a rum - blin'!

[ANGELA]

There'll be a rum - blin' and a roll - in'!

133 [RILEY] 134 135

in', Yeah There'll be a rum - blin' and a roll -

[ANGELA & NEWT]

There's gon - na be a rum - blin' and a roll - in',

[CONLEY]

Yeah! There'll be a

rit.

136 137 138 *n.*

in', Yeah

n.

There's gon - na be a rum - blin' and a roll - in'... *n.*

rum - blin'.... *n.*

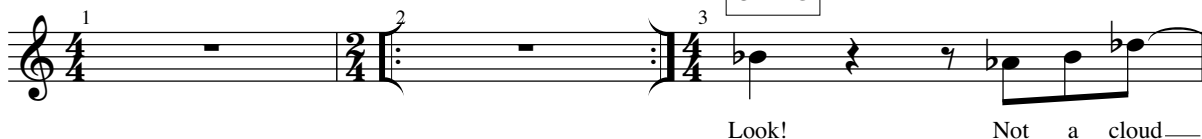
#14 - A Rumblin' and a Rollin'

14A

CRAIG TRANSITION

LEO: I don't mean Southern people. **VAMP** to
I mean real people. **LEO:** You're fired.

CRAIG



Look!

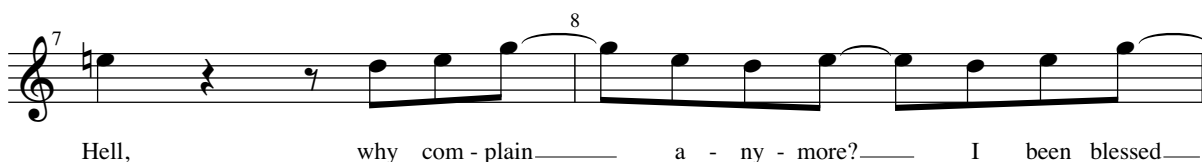
Not a cloud—



— in the sky!—

Look

at the time— flow - in' by!—

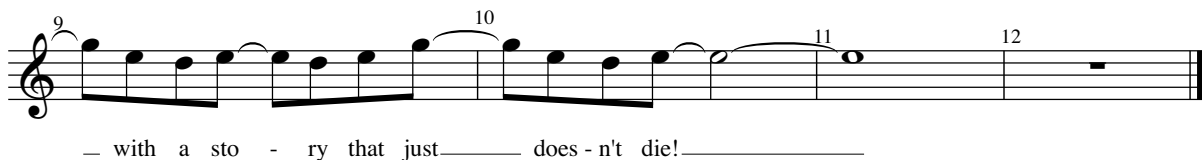


Hell,

why com - plain—

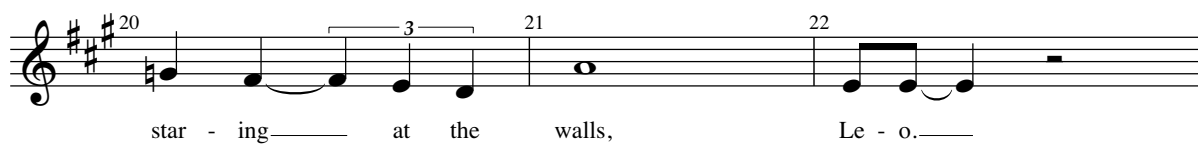
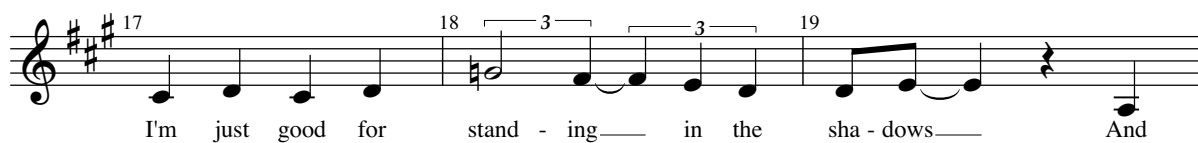
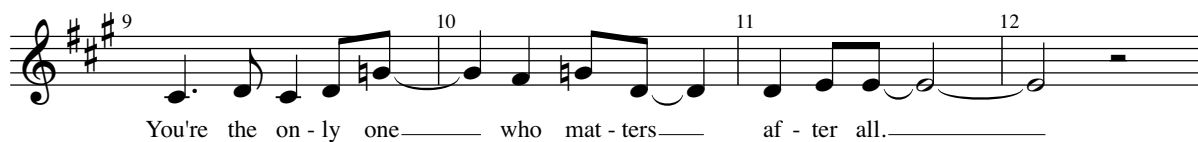
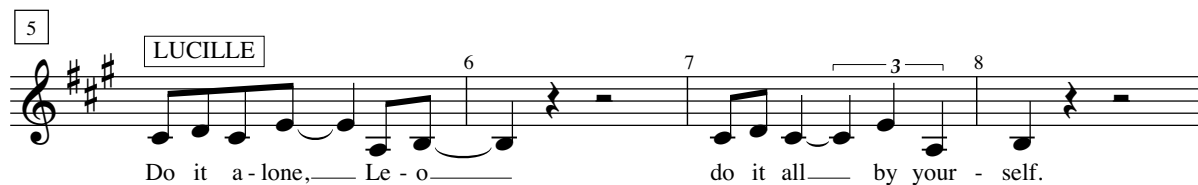
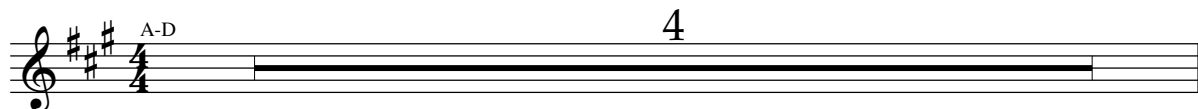
a - ny - more?—

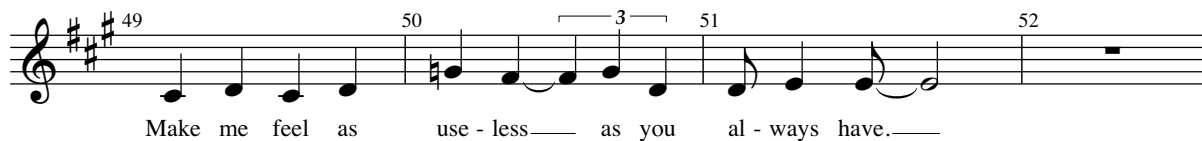
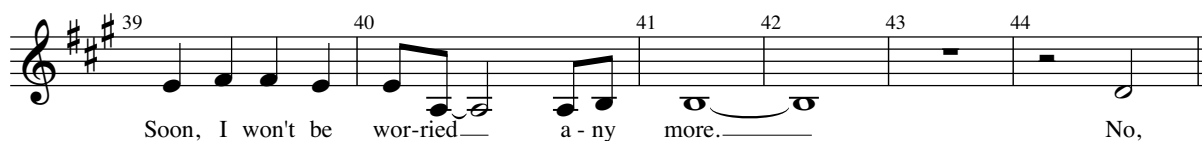
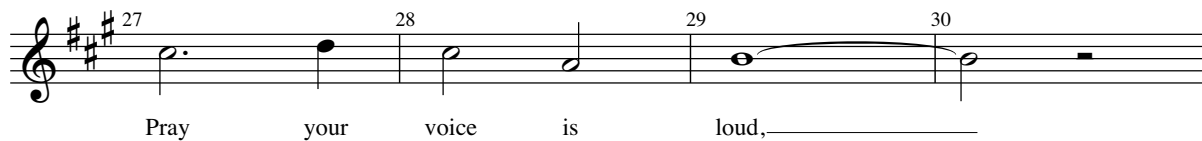
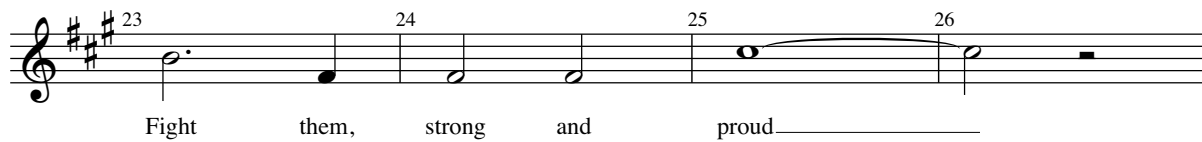
I been blessed—



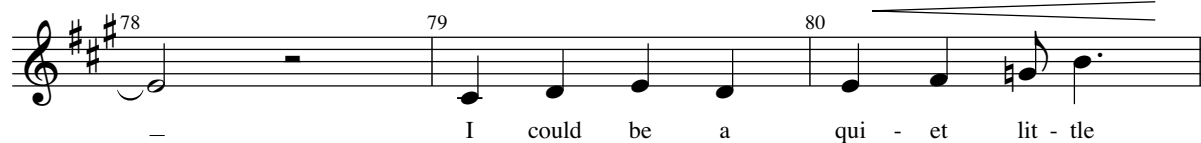
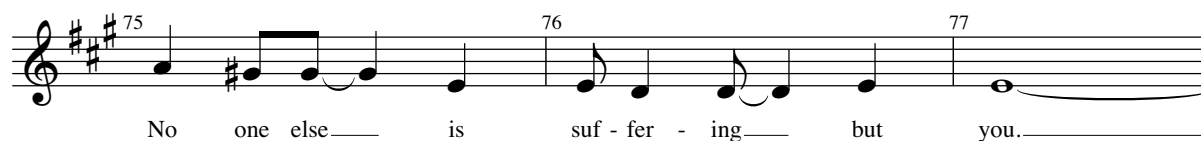
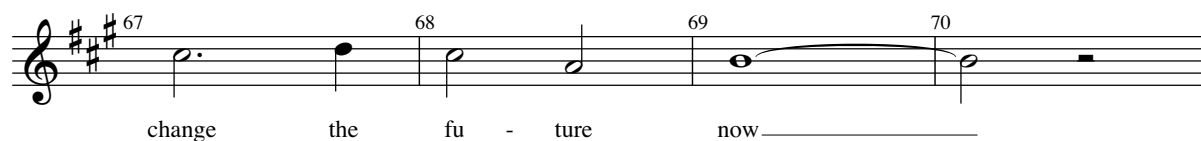
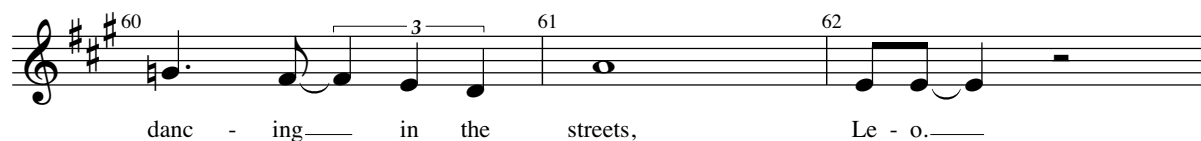
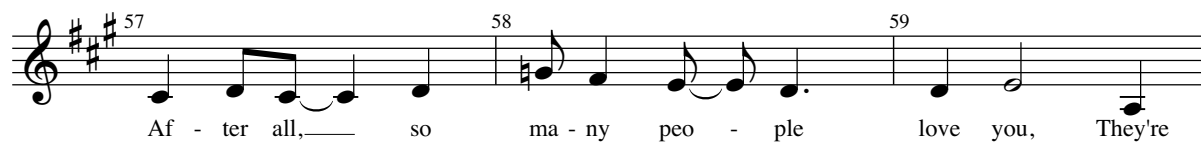
— with a sto - ry that just— does - n't die!—

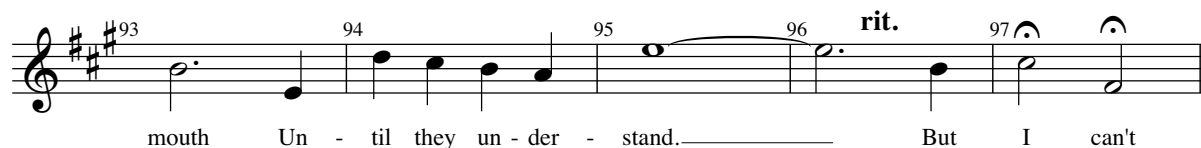
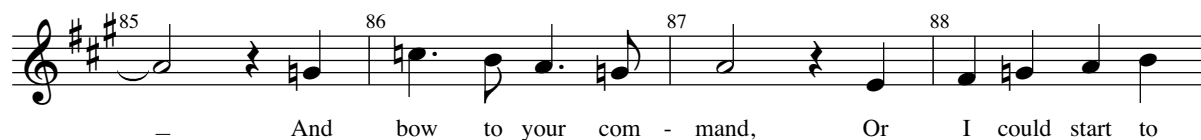
15

DO IT ALONE**CUE: LUCILLE:** Just keep my stupid mouth shut.**Intense, but not frantic** ♩ = 114

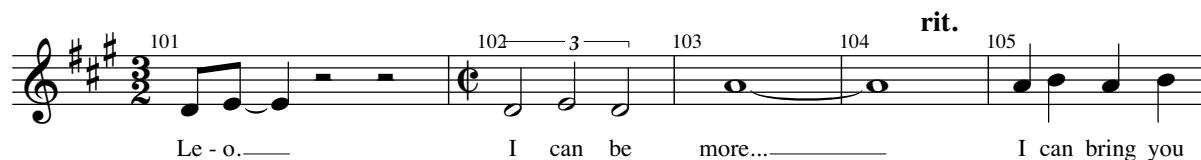


#15 — *Do It Alone*



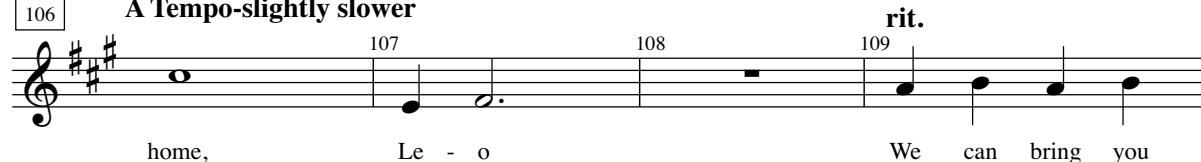


A Tempo



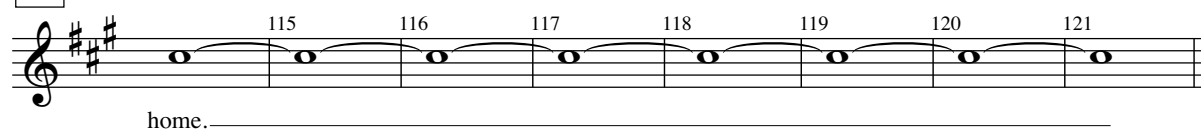
106

A Tempo-slightly slower



114

Tempo Primo



SEGUE - FASTER!

16

TEA DANCE 1T A C E T

16A

P R E T T Y M U S I C

[Applause segue from #16]

Moderate fox-trot

1 2 3 4 5

Cello/Tuba

6-9 4 10-25 16 26-33 8

34

35 36 37

38 39 40 41

Vln/Vla

42 SLATON
mp

43 44 45

Don't ya think that's pret - ty mu - sic? Those fel - las sure — can play. —

46 47 48 49

That beat was real - ly made — for dan - cing. —

50

51 52 53

Yes a' ma'am, that's pret - ty mu - sic. I could dance the night a - way. —

54 55 56 57

You can hear that song's so sweet and true, —

58 59 60 61-65 5

But truth to tell — not half as sweet as — you.

66-73 8 74-93 20

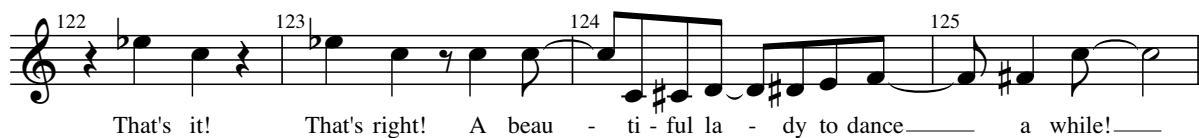
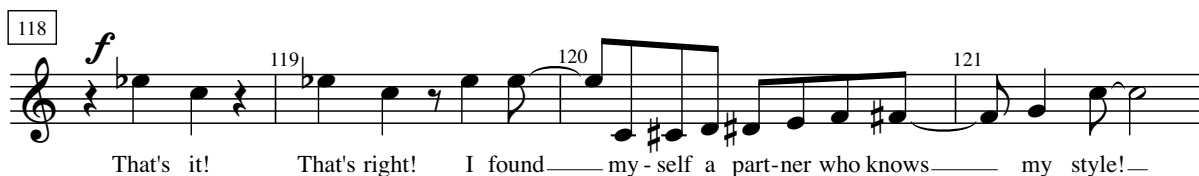
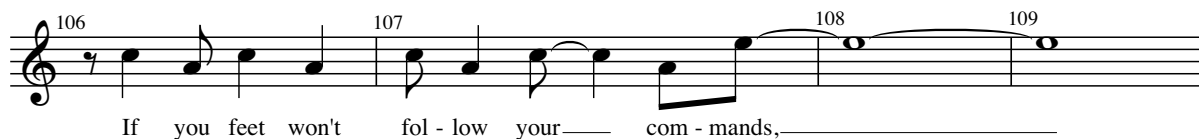
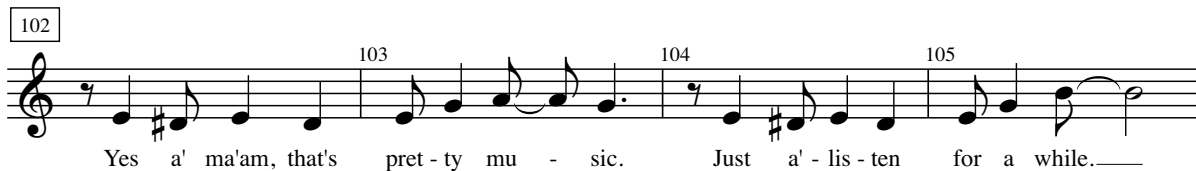
94

95 96 97

Don't ya think that's pret - ty mu - sic? This song sure makes you smile. —

98 99 100 101

Shame you don't vi - sit here — more of - ten. —



#16A – Pretty Music

134

So don't-cha stop that pret-ty mu - sic! Sure makes me feel a - live!—

138

If I can dance with you to - day, —

142

Who cares what all those folks - 'll say? —

146

Your hus-band's fine, it's true.— But I'm the luck-y guy who gets to dance with you,— So

150

turn that an - kle and let the mu - sic play! —

154-169

16

16B

TEA DANCE 2

T A C E T

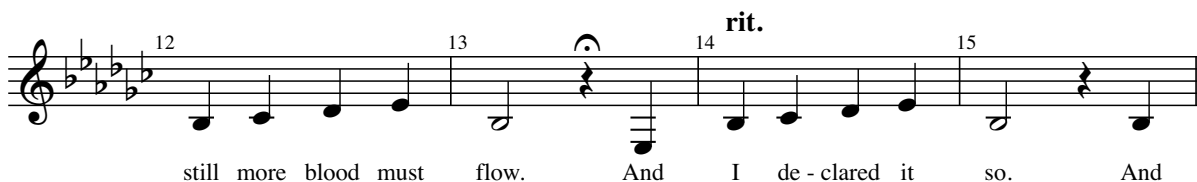
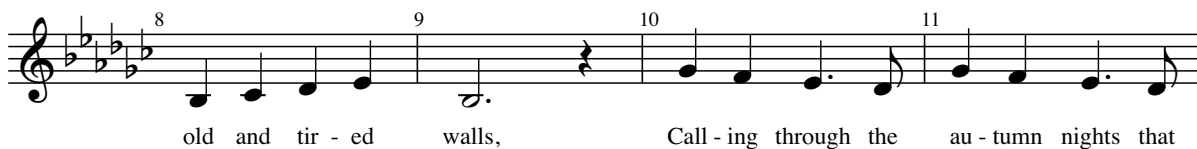
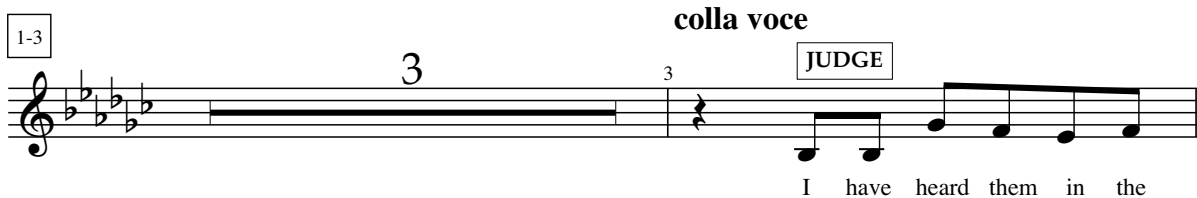
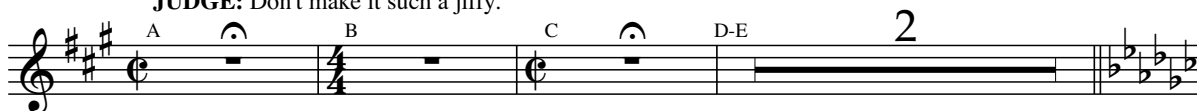
17

LETTER TO THE GOVERNOR

[Direct segue from #16B]

NURSE: You comfortable now, Judge Roan, honey? Here's the pen and writin' paper you were askin' for.
I'm gonna go and tidy up your bedclothes for you, sugar. Back in a jiffy.

JUDGE: Don't make it such a jiffy.



16 **Poco rubato**

may - be I was wrong, May - be what was "ob - vious" then would

not have been for long. But I would not de - lay, And

24 **accel.**

may - be I was right. May - be I'm a - fraid that — in a

high - er Judg - e's sight, I won't know what to say...

So, be - fore I leave this world be - hind, I have to speak my

36 **Undulating & driven**

mind. With

40

ha - tred in the air, How is an - y man —

43 44 45 **rall.**

— to know — what is or is - n't fair? I

46 47 48

left it up to fate, It now may be too

colla voce

49 50 51

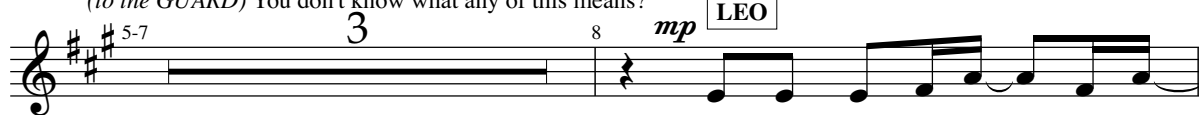
late. They'll be call - in' out to you. Gov - 'nor.

52 53 54 **rit.** 55

You will know what's right to do. —————

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a song titled 'Letter to the Governor'. It is written for a single melodic line in treble clef with a key signature of three sharps (F#, C#, G#). The score is divided into five systems. The first system (measures 40-42) includes the lyrics 'ha - tred in the air, How is an - y man —'. The second system (measures 43-45) includes '— to know — what is or is - n't fair? I' and is marked 'rall.' at measure 45. The third system (measures 46-48) includes 'left it up to fate, It now may be too'. The fourth system (measures 49-51) includes 'late. They'll be call - in' out to you. Gov - 'nor.' and is marked 'colla voce' at the beginning. The fifth system (measures 52-55) includes 'You will know what's right to do. —————' and is marked 'rit.' at measure 54. Measure numbers 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, and 55 are indicated above the staff. The score ends with a double bar line at measure 55.

18

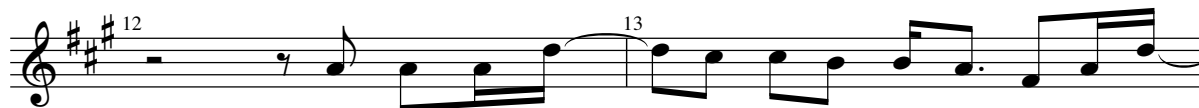
THIS IS NOT OVER YET**CUE: GUARD:** You-know-who is going to re-examine you-know what.**GUARD:**
...you-know-what.**GUARD:**
Can't say I do.**LEO:** Then you don't know
what you-know-what is.
GUARD: No.**Molto Vivace** ♩ = 130**LEO:** Oh, my sweet Lucille! How did you ever manage it?
(to the GUARD) You don't know what any of this means?

It means can - cel all — your par -



ties.

For - get your big — par - ade. —



It means the crowds — will not be cheer - ing so des - pite —



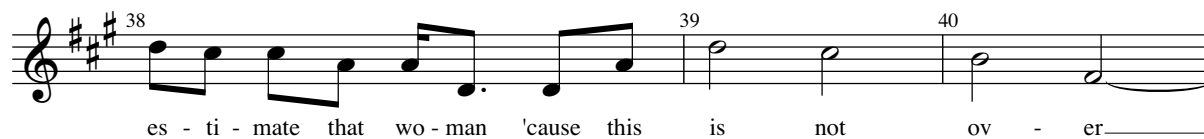
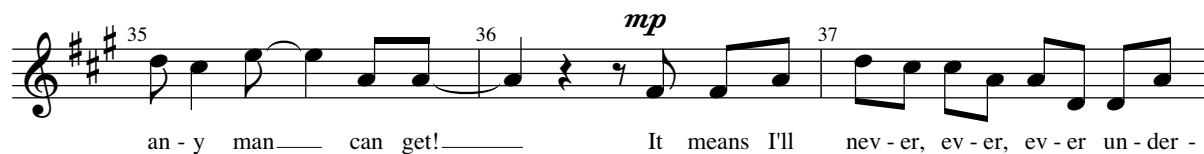
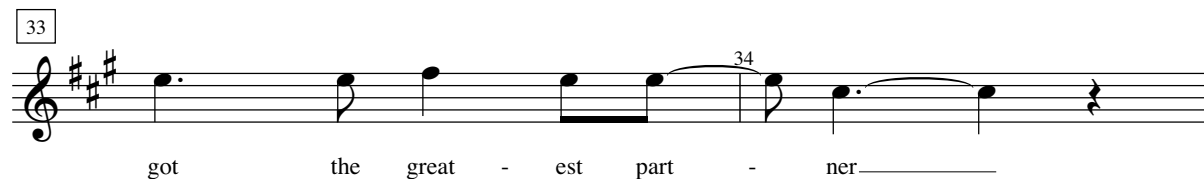
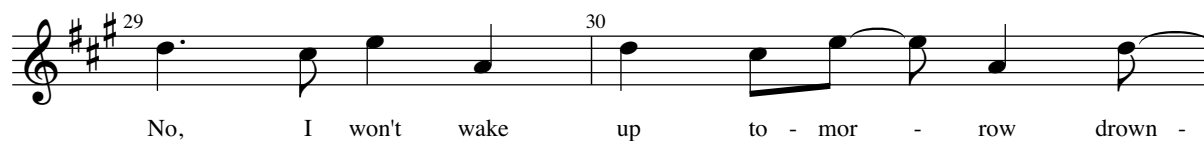
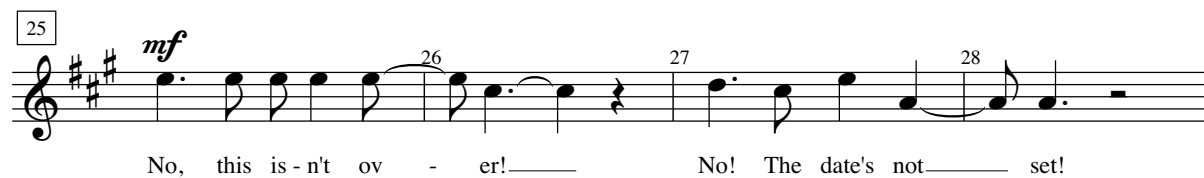
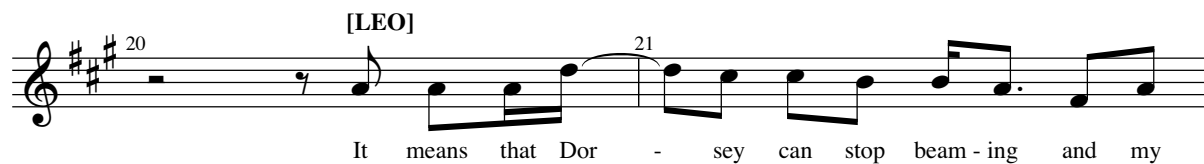
— what you've been hear-ing, you can lay down your spade.



It means my mo - ther can — stop cry - ing.



My rab - bi's eu - lo - gy — can wait.



#18 – This Is Not Over Yet

41 [LEO] 42 43 44 *mp*

— yet! Tell my un - cle not to

45 46

wor - ry! Tell the reap - er not to hur - ry! Make the hang - man stop his

47 48

drum - ming 'cause I'm com - ing in - to town — to win — the day! Some - how I

49 50

have - n't, with my schem - ing, screwed things up be - yond — re - deem - ing, and we're

51 52

fin - al - ly on — our way! — And

53 *mf* 54

no! This is - n't ov - er! —

55 56 57

Hell, it's just be - gun! — Hail the res - ur - rec -

58 59 3 60

tion of — the South's — least — fav - 'rite son! It means I

#18 — This Is Not Over Yet

61 [LEO]

made a vow ____ for bet - ter! ____ Two is bet - ter than one! It means the

65 jour - ney a - head ____ might get shor - ter. ____ I

67 might reach the end ____ of my rope! ____ But

69 sud - den - ly, loud ____ as a mor - tar, ____ there is hope! ____

72 [LEO] *f*

Fin - al - ly, hope! ____ And

mf [LUCILLE]

Yes, Le - o, there is hope!

75

no, this is - n't ov - er! ____ No, we are - n't through! ____

f

No, this is - n't ov - er! ____

[LEO] 78 No, there's still a mil - lion things that

[LUCILLE] We are fin - 'lly on our way!

81 you and I can do! And I would

I will speak for you,

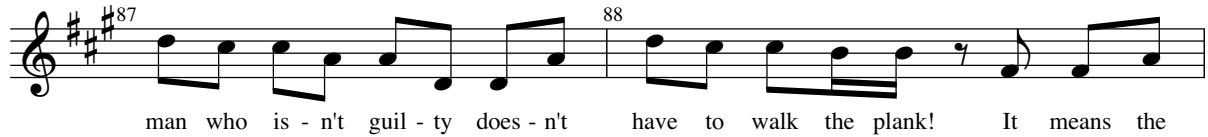
83 nev - er have be - lieved it: the

Le - o: the

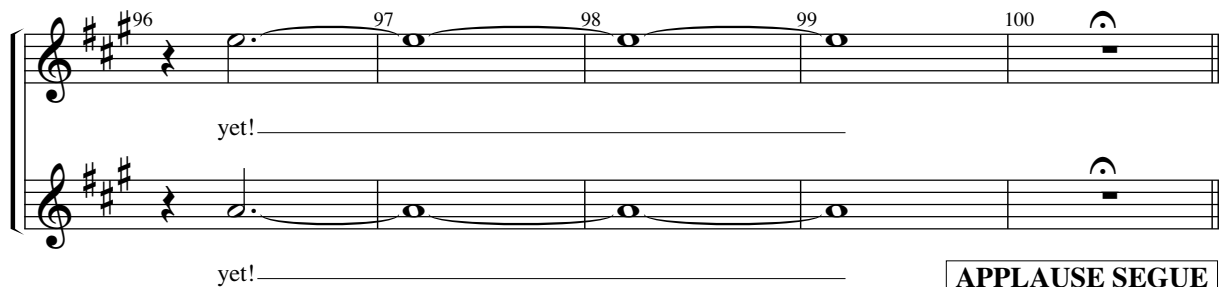
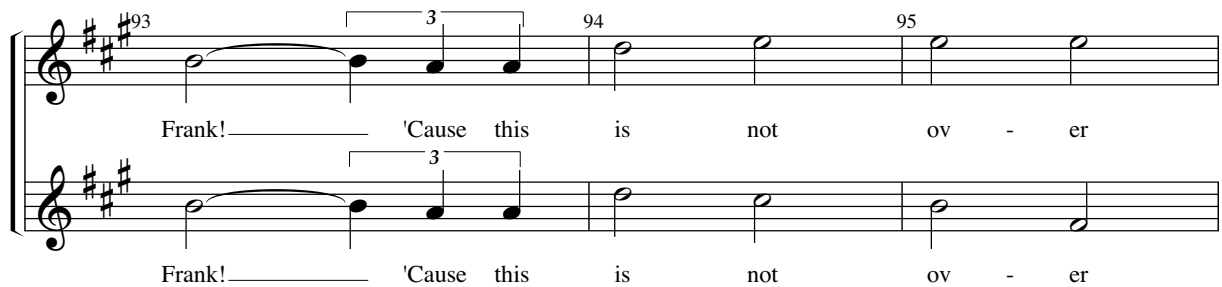
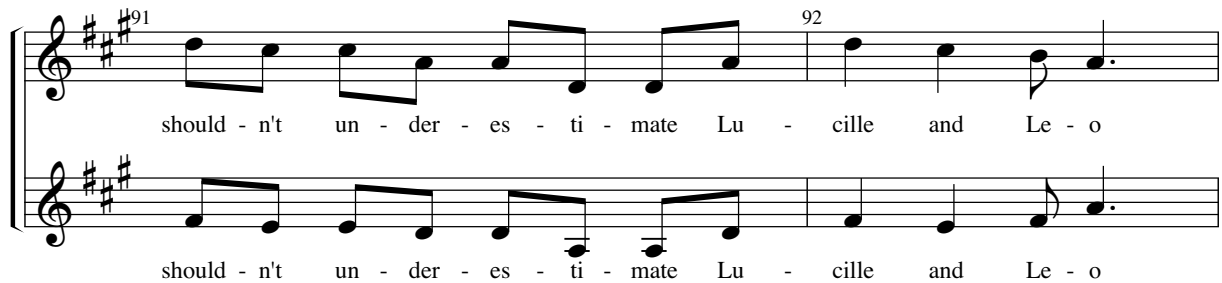
85 things I see in you! It means a

things I see in you!

[LEO]



[LEO]



APPLAUSE SEGUE

101-102

2

103 [LUCILLE]

You see? You

[LEO]

104 3 105 106 3

Yes, I see... Yes, dear. It's

[LUCILLE]

3 3 3

see? See how I did what I prom - ised? It's

107 3 3 108 3 109

won - der - ful! Lis - ten, now lis - ten, Lu - cille.

3 3 3 3

just like I said to you... Yes, I'm lis - ten - ing...

110 3 3 111 3

Tell him to talk to those fac - to - ry girls.

3

Talk to those

112 3 113

Make sure he gets the truth...

3 3

fac - to - ry girls. Make sure he gets the

SEGUE

18A

FACTORY GIRLS REPRISE1 **Faster****IOLA**

He'd call my name, I'd turn my head.

[LUCILLE]

truth...

Detailed description: This block contains the first four measures of the musical score. The top staff is for IOLA, and the bottom staff is for LUCILLE. Measure 1: IOLA has a quarter rest, then a quarter note G4, quarter note A4, and quarter note B4. LUCILLE has a whole note G3. Measure 2: IOLA has a half note G4. LUCILLE has a whole rest. Measure 3: IOLA has a quarter rest, then a quarter note G4, quarter note A4, and quarter note B4. LUCILLE has a whole rest. Measure 4: IOLA has a half note G4. LUCILLE has a whole rest.

He got no words to say, his eyes'd get big,

my face get red and I'd want to run a - way

Detailed description: This block contains measures 5 through 14. Measure 5: IOLA has a quarter rest, then a quarter note G4, quarter note A4, and quarter note B4. Measure 6: IOLA has a half note G4. Measure 7: IOLA has a whole note G4. Measure 8: IOLA has a quarter rest, then a quarter note G4, quarter note A4, and quarter note B4. Measure 9: IOLA has a half note G4. Measure 10: IOLA has a quarter rest, then a quarter note G4, quarter note A4, and quarter note B4. Measure 11: IOLA has a half note G4. Measure 12: IOLA has a whole note G4. Measure 13: IOLA has a quarter rest, then a quarter note G4, quarter note A4, and quarter note B4. Measure 14: IOLA has a half note G4. The key signature changes to three flats (Bb, Eb, Ab) at the end of measure 14.

15

IOLA

I'd feel his breath back of my

He'd call my name.

MONTEEN & ESSIE

Detailed description: This block contains measures 15 through 17. Measure 15: IOLA has a quarter rest, then a quarter note G4, quarter note A4, and quarter note B4. Measure 16: IOLA has a half note G4. Measure 17: IOLA has a quarter rest, then a quarter note G4, quarter note A4, and quarter note B4. The bottom staff for MONTEEN & ESSIE has a whole rest in measure 15, a quarter rest in measure 16, and a quarter note G3 in measure 17. The key signature is three flats.

neck. His hand a - gainst...

I'd turn my head.

(To 23)

Detailed description: This block contains measures 18 through 20. Measure 18: IOLA has a half note G4. Measure 19: IOLA has a quarter rest, then a quarter note G4, quarter note A4, and quarter note B4. Measure 20: IOLA has a half note G4. The bottom staff for MONTEEN & ESSIE has a quarter rest in measure 18, a quarter note G3 in measure 19, and a whole rest in measure 20. The key signature changes to two flats (Bb, Eb) at the end of measure 20.

In 4

23 **CUE: SLATON:** That right, Iola? **MARY:** Yessir, me and Iola.
IOLA: I reckon.

In 4

MARY: Iola took sick. **LEO:** ...dawdle away the day.

CUE: SLATON: Did Mr. Dorsey coach you on what to say?

30 **Vamp**

Jump SEGUE to 18B
 on **CUE:SLATON:** I don't think so either.

18B

NEWT LEE REPRISE

1 **LUCILLE**

Le-o, it's just like you said... Le-o, I still can't be - lieve...

LEO

Dar-ling, it's won-der-ful... Yes, and I know it, But

Le - o, we're do - ing it, Look, I am hur - ry - ing! I

lis - ten, we both have to hur - ry... The Gov - 'nor will not be in

was - n't born yes - ter - day! Tell him to

of - fice for - ev - er... Go to the fac - t'ry and find Newt Lee.

find Newt... Le - o, I still can't be - lieve it... I

Make sure he tells the truth. I know... Hur - ry!

[LEO]

know! Make sure he tells the truth...

17

18

19 **VAMP TO CUE**

20

21 **VAMP**

22

NEWT

23

I drop a broom, Switch off the fans,

24

25

26

You see his face get red. He'd start to sweat,

27

28

29

He'd rub his hands, His eyes pop - pin' out his head.

VAMP **GO ON AT: NEWT:**

30 I would've said so... ...he didn't let me...

31

...and Mr. Frank's lawyer... ...anything at all.

32

33

33A

34

LEO

35

36

No, this is - n't o - ver, Not while I have

LUCILLE

No, this is - n't o ver,

[LEO] 37 you! 38 Not while ev - 'ry dream 39 we had is

[LUCILLE] It's ex - act - ly what I hoped...

40 some - how 41 com - ing true! I mean it's

I can speak for you,

42 past all com - pre - hend - ing:

Le - o!

44 Look what you can do! 45 God, I was such a stu - pid fool to think I'd

Look what I can do!

[LEO] 47 do it all with - out you, But this 48 is not 49 o - ver...

molto allargando

ATTACCA #18

19

BLUES: "FEEL THE RAIN FALL"

[Direct segue from #10B]

Deep Blues Tempo ♩ = c.. 60

1 *f* **CONLEY** *mp*

Unh! Unh! Unh! Yeah—

2 *f* **CHAIN GANG**

Unh! Unh! Unh! Unh!

3 *mp* Hey, yeah—

Yeah— Yeah—

CUE TO GO ON: SLATON: I'll try
not to behave like a fool or a coward.

4A **VAMP** (last X only) *mf*

Yeah— Hey,

(Yeah)—

6 *mf* **4** **7**

yeah— I hear the thun-der rol-lin'! It's be -

(Yeah)— (Yeah)—

8 hind that___ wall.____ 9 We gon-na roll like thun-der.____ I'm gon-na

(Yeah)_____

10 taste the morn - in'____ And feel the rain___ fall.____ Yeah—

[CONLEY]

[CHAIN GANG]

(Feel the rain___ fall)____

12 Hey, yeah____ I'm gon-na

(Yeah)_____ (Yeah)_____

14 rise like sun-shine____ if I see her___ turn.____ I'm gon-na

(Yeah)_____ (Yeah)_____

[CONLEY]

16 rise like sun-shine.____ I'm gon-na set down on___ her___ And feel the

18 [CONLEY] sun___ burn.____ 19 Yeah Yeah____ Yeah

[CHAIN GANG]

(feel the sun___ burn)____ (Yeah)_____

CUE TO GO ON:

CONLEY: You can try and prove that in court, I imagine.

VAMP UNDER SCENE (long)

20 Yeah_____ 20A 21

(Yeah)_____

f [CONLEY] 22 3 23

You ev-er been on the chain___gang, Gov-'nor? You ev-er break these rocks on the chaingang?____

24 25 4 4

Get your - self think - in', Gov - 'nor, How you wan - na have a good time!____ Yeah__

[CONLEY] 26 27 *ff* 4 4

Now Mis - ter Frank, he had a good time!____

[CHAIN GANG]

(Yeah)_____

28 [CONLEY] 4 29

Man knows how to have a good time, — Yeah — Yeah —

[CHAIN GANG]

(Yeah) —

30 31

I get a high — fev - er! — When I

(Yeah) — (Yeah) —

32 33 *mp*

hear her call — She gon-na cool my fev - er — I gon-na

(Yeah) — (Yeah) —

34 35

take that wo - man — We gon-na ride like light-nin' — We gon-na

(Yeah) — (Yeah) —

[CONLEY]

36 roll, Roll, Roll like thun - der. 37 *ff* Hey, yeah... *mp* And feel the

[CONLEY]

38 rain fall Yeah Yeah Hey,

[CHAIN GANG]

(Feel the rain fall) (Yeah)

40 yeah (ad lib. & decresc....) 41

(Yeah) (Yeah)

20

WHERE WILL YOU STAND WHEN THE FLOOD COMES?

Lento misterioso**CUE: SALLY:** We'd really better go.**SLATON:** Yes, ma'am.**SLATON:** ...which will not be disclosed at this time.

[5x]

5A **WATSON**
(rubato)

5B

5C **WATSON**

Will you walk with your head held high? Or

5D

5E

6

move a - side when they're pass - in' you by?

SLATON: ...find his blood on my hands.

7 **WATSON**

8

9

10 **WATSON**

Will you run when the fires are fanned? And

SLATON: ...to imprisonment for life.

Crisply, with energy

11

12

[on cue]

13

14

where will you stand when the flood comes?

15

WATSON: You have betrayed the South, John Slaton, and you will reap the consequences!

SLATON: Let him go.

16

17

18

SLATON:
I wanted justice, Hughie. [to 46]

DORSEY: I gave you a conviction.

WATSON

flood comes? Where will you stand? Where will you stand?

DORSEY: With you, Mr. Watson. I'll be proud to stand with you.

WATSON: God bless the next Governor of Georgia!

& SMALL ENSEMBLE

Where will you stand? _____

DORSEY

Yes, I see through the fog and dust, So

let the mob do what - ev - er they must! Sla - ton jumps at the

DORSEY & WATSON

Jew's com - mand _____ Well, where will you stand when the

ALL

flood comes? Where will you stand? Where will you

CRAIG: And the news spread like wildfire. An angry crowd marched north on Peachtree Street toward the Governor's

stand? _____

Mansion, yelling "Hang the Yankee lover!"

[to 88]

88 **ALL**

See them laugh when an an - gel dies! See them tell all their

91 Jew - lov - in' lies! But they'll run on the judge - ment day! —

92

93

94

95 Some - one's gon - na pay when the flood comes!

96

97 **[ENS. II]**

See the blood as a cit - y grieves! See the stain that the

[ENS. III]

See the blood as a cit - y grieves!

100 Jew - mon - ey leaves! Trai - tors won't keep the mobs at bay! —

101

102

See the stain that the Jew - mon - ey leaves! Trai - tors won't keep the

103

104

105

Some - one's gon - na pay when the flood comes!

mobs at bay! Some - one's gon - na pay when the flood comes!

CRAIG: Windows were smashed in Jewish stores.
Jacob Seligman, a clothier, was beaten and left for dead.

106

107-108 2 109 **VAMP**

110 **WATSON**

111 112 113

Ma - ry, Ma - ry, the An - gel child... _____

MRS. PHAGAN + *Eng. Horn*

Ma - ry, _____ Ma -

114 115 116 117

Still your name and your soul are de - filed! _____ Thank

(+ *Eng. Hrn.*)

ry, the An - gel child... _____

118 119 120 121 122

God you can't hear the things they say— _____ But

My child... _____

DORSEY & WATSON **ALL**

123 124 125

some - one's gon - na pay! Some - one's gon - na pay! Some - one's gon - na

126 127 128 129

pay! _____

130 **ALL**

[I.]

Georg - ia, home of the strong and sure,

131

[II.]

Georg - ia, home of the

132 [I.]

Fight like hell for the land of the pure!

133

[II.]

strong and sure, Fight like hell for the

[III.]

Georg - ia, home of the strong and sure,

134

Teach the trai - tor to run a - way! _____

135

136

land of the pure! Teach the trai - tor to run a - way!

Fight like hell for the land of the pure! Teach the trai - tor to run a -

ALL

137 [I.] Georg - ia, home of the strong and sure, Fight like hell for the

138

139

[II.]

Georg - ia, home of the strong and sure,

RANDY

way! _____

FIDDLIN' JOHN

way! _____ Hey _____

140 land of the pure! Teach the trai - tor to run a -

141

Fight like hell for the land of the pure! Teach the

Hey _____

ALL

142 [I.] 143

way! _____

[II.]

tra - tor to run a - way!

[RANDY]

_____ run a -

[FIDDLIN' JOHN]

Hey _____ run a -

144 **ALL**

[I.] 145 146

Georg - ia, home of the strong and sure, Fight like hell for the

[II.]

Georg - ia, home of the strong and sure,

[FIDDLIN' JOHN & RANDY]

way! _____

[I.]

147 land of the pure! 148 Teach the trai - tor to 149 run a -

[II.]

Fight like hell for the land of the pure! Teach the

[FIDDLIN' JOHN & RANDY]

150 way! 151 Some - one's got - ta pay! 152

trai - tor to run a - way! Some - one's got - ta pay!

Some - one's got - ta pay!

152A Some - one's got - ta pay! 153 Some-one's got-ta pay when the flood comes! 154

Some - one's got - ta pay! Some-one's got-ta pay when the flood comes!

Some - one's got - ta pay! Some-one's got-ta pay when the flood comes!

APPLAUSE SEGUE

21

ALL THE WASTED TIME**CUE: PEAVY:** Glad to be of help, ma'am.**LEO:** What's all this?

In 2 *Gtr solo*

LEO: Black-eyed Susans.

Piano

8-24 **17** **25** **LUCILLE:** It's only a matter of time now.

26-33 **Folk-Pop Feel, Moderato** **8**

LUCILLE: I would hardly call these last two years lucky. **Colla voce**

Bsn solo **34** **35** **36** **37** *mp* **LEO**

I will

38 **a tempo**

nev - er un - der - stand what I did to de - serve you, Or

how to be the man ——— that I'm sup - posed to be. I will

nev - er ——— un - der - stand ——— If I live a thou - sand life - times ———

50 [LEO] 51 52 53

Why you did the things you did for me. Just

54

55 56

look at you - How could I not be in love with you?

57 58

What kind of fool could have ta - ken you for

59 60 61

gran - ted for so long?

62 *mf* 63 64 65

All the was - ted time, All the mil - lion hou - rs,

66 67 68 69

Push - ing you a - way, Build - ing up my wall.

70 71 72 73

All the days gone by To glare, to pout, to push you out, And

74 75 76

I nev - er knew a - ny - thing at all.

77 78 *p* 79

I nev - er knew an - y - thing at all...

#21 - All the Wasted Time

80 [LEO] 81-82 2 83

84 [LUCILLE] 85 86 87 *mp*

nev - er un - der - stand how all the world mis - judged you When

88 89 90 91

I have al - ways known how luck - y I must be. I will

92 93 94 95

nev - er un - der - stand how I kept from go - in' cra - zy Just

96 97 98 99

wait - in' there till you came home to me. Now

100 101 102

look at me, Now that you're fin - al - ly here with me,

103 104 105

Now that I know I was right to wait, And ev - 'ry - one else was so

106 107 108 109

- wrong For so long!

#21 - All the Wasted Time

110 LEO *mf* 111 112 113

LUCILLE *mf*

All the was - ted time...

All the was - ted time, All the mil - lion hou - rs,

114 [LUCILLE] 115 116 117

Years on top of years, Still too proud to crawl.

118 119 120 121

All the days gone by To feel that I don't sa - tis - fy And I

122 123 124 125

— nev - er knew a - ny - thing at all.

126 127 *f*

I nev - er knew a - ny - thing at all!

128 LEO *f* 129 130 131

LUCILLE

All the was - ted time, All the mil - lion hou - rs,

All the was - ted time,

#21 - All the Wasted Time

[LEO] 132 133 134 135

Leaves too high to touch, _____ Roots to strong to fall! _____

[LUCILLE]

Leaves too high to touch, _____ Roots to strong to fall! _____

136 137 138 139

All the days gone by _____ To nev - er _____ show I loved you so, And

All the days gone by _____ To nev - er _____ show I loved you so, And

140 141 142 143

I nev - er knew _____ a - ny - thing _____ at all! _____

I nev - er knew _____ a - ny - thing _____ at all! _____

144 [LEO] *p* 145 146 *f*

I nev - er knew _____ a - ny - thing... _____ At

148 149 150 151 152 153 154-159 6

all! _____

160-170 11 171

21A

ABDUCTION &
HANGING

T A C E T

22

SH'MA & FINALE

[CUE: OLD SOLDIER: Anything else, Mr. Frank? (Segue from 21A)]

Molto rubato (colla voce)

(a cappella)

LEO 1

Sh' - ma _____ Yis - ra - el, _____ A - do - nai El - o

4 5 6 7

hei - nu, _____ A - do - nai eh - chad! _____ Ba -

8 9 10 11 12

ruch shem k' - vod mal - chu - so L' - o - lam _____ va - ed.

CUT OFF AFTER:
FRANKIE: Mary,
this is for you!

13-21 26

LONG VAMP **Moderato e legato**

LEO: Employee number?
CRAIG: He said to get this to you. MARY: Five-o-seven.

28 LUCILLE

29 30 31 32

Le - o, Oh, Le - o, I know He'll _____ pro - tect you, _____ And don't _____ be a -

LEO: One dollar and twenty cents. Here you are.
MARY: Thank you, sir.

33 34 35 36-37 2

fraid, I'll be fine here, _____ you'll see.

38

LUCILLE



Fare - well, — my Le - o, You're right here — be - side — me. — You're



here — by the door and you're hold - in' — my — arm. And you're



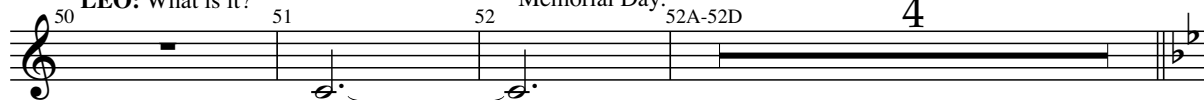
strok - in' — my hair, And you're fin - al - ly

MARY: Mr. Frank?

LEO: What is it?

MARY: Happy

Memorial Day.



free. —

53

FRANKIE



I — go to fight for these old hills — be - hind — me. — These



old — red hills of home. —

61



I — go to fight for these hills that — re - mind — me — of a

65



way of life — that's pure, — Of the truth — that will en - dure — in the

69

poco a poco cresc.

cit - y of At - lan - ta — in the old red hills of

73 FRANKIE

home! _____

74 75 76

ENSEMBLE I

God bless the sight of the old hills _____ of Geor - gia, _____ The

ENSEMBLE II, III

God bless the sight of the old hills _____ of Geor - gia, _____ The

77 78 79 80

ENSEMBLE I

old red hills of home. _____

ENSEMBLE II, III

old red hills of home. _____ Kneel down to

81 82 83 84

Praise those who'd fight for the old hills _____ of Geor - gia. _____ For those

praise those who'd fight for the old hills _____ of Geor - gia. _____ For those

85 86 87 88

proud and val - iant men, _____ We'll sing "Dix-ie" once _____ a-gain. _____ For the

proud and val - iant men, _____ We'll sing "Dix-ie" once _____ a-gain. _____

89 **ENSEMBLE I** *poco a poco cresc.*

men of Mar - i - et - ta, For the fath - ers of At -

ENSEMBLE II, III

For the broth - ers of Cobb Coun - ty, For the

92 *3* 93 94 95 *3*

lan - ta, Who gave ev - 'ry - thing for Geor - gia, And the old red

pa - tri - archs who gave ev - 'ry - thing for Geor - gia, And the old red

96 97 98 99 100

hills of home! _____

hills of home! _____

101-102 *molto cresc.* 103-105

2 3

END OF SHOW