

JUDGE DUNSON'S SECRET

An Oregon Story

A Musical in Two Acts

By John Granholm

Music and lyrics by Jason Heald

Based on a novel by

Abigail Scott Duniway

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And Jason Heald

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Judge David Dunson.....A man in his late 40s.
 Dora DunsonA woman in her mid-40s.
 Davy Dunson A boy about 10.
 Sadie DunsonA girl about 8.
 Andrew DunsonA girl about 5.
 Zulieka Shannon/Bridget O’CannalyA woman in her late 30s.
 Bertha Shannon (Mother) An invalid woman in her 60s.
 Lizette An Irish woman in her 20s.
 Dr. Phineas McClurge.....A man in his 50s.
 Matron..... A woman in her 40s.
 President..... A middle-aged woman.
 General Dudley ValeA man in his 60s.
 Secretary
 Various Women’s Congress Attendees
 Various Townspeople

Scene

Portland, Oregon: Streets (in front of drop), DUNSON’S house,
 DUNSON’S office, ZULIEKA’s house, The Portland Women’s Congress.

Time

1883

ACT IScene 1

SETTING: A Portland street, a cool and rainy spring evening. An image of DUNSON'S opulent house is projected forward onto a scrim, in front of which the scene takes place.

AT RISE: Various townspeople walk up and down the street.

(A few townspeople greet one another or nod as they pass. TOWNSPERSON 1 and TOWNSPERSON 2 are engaged in conversation, center. They are not tramps, but are close to it, dressed accordingly. VALE enters left, in uniform, carrying a suitcase, looking around. His gaze falls on DUNSON'S house, and he stares at it as he continues across to center. Staring at the house, not looking where he's going, he runs into TOWNSPERSON 2's back.)

VALE

Pardon me, sir!

TOWNSPERSON 2

Quite all right, I'm sure.

VALE

Please excuse me. I wasn't watching where I was going. I was distracted at the sight of this grand house.

(They turn to look at DUNSON'S house, then back.)

TOWNSPERSON 1

Yeah, some kinda house, ain't it? Are you new in Portland, sir?

VALE

Indeed I am. Brevet General Dudley Vale, at your service and pleased to make your acquaintance. Just off the train from San Francisco. My first time here.

TOWNSPERSON 1

Well then, sir, you'll not know who is the grand person what lives in this grand.

TOWNSPERSON 2

And if you'll be goin' to remain in Portland any length of time, your Generalness, sir, you'll be learnin' who lives there soon enough though.

TOWNSPERSON 1

Indeed, indeed.

VALE

And who might it be, then?

TOWNSPERSON 1

Why, Judge David Dunson, to be sure.

TOWNSPERSON 2

Yup! The Honorable Judge David Dunson hisself. One of the most respectedable men in Portland, to hear him tell it anyway. And look! Speak of the devil, here he comes now!

(DUNSON enters right, in greatcoat and top hat, and makes his way across. Better-dressed townspeople greet him with obvious respect. He returns greetings with an air of someone who knows he is of a higher social station.)

TOWNSPERSON 2

Wouldja look at that!

TOWNSPERSON 1

Grand!

(TOWNSPERSON 2 bows in mock deference as DUNSON walks by. DUNSON notices the three but does not acknowledge them and exits left.)

TOWNSPERSON 1

I should be so grand!

TOWNSPERSON 2

Oh, indeed you should!

TOWNSPERSON 1

Ain't he the cat's meow! Or so he would have us believe.

VALE

He would have us believe? What does that mean?

TOWNSPERSON 1

Well, General, sir--Let's just say that, I've had a chance to observe a few grand people. And ya know what? I think there's less difference betwixt them and us than they would have us think. And I suspects there is more to your Honorable Judge David Dunson than meets the eye...

CHORUS

HE'S A PILLAR OF THE COMMUNITY,
AN UPRIGHT TOWER OF STRENGTH.
A PILLAR OF THE COMMUNITY.
OF VIRTUE, HE LECTURES AT LENGTH.
OPINIONS HE SHARES WITH IMPUNITY.
TO SCANDAL, THERE'S TOTAL IMMUNITY.
A VANISHING BREED,
ELITIST INDEED,
A PILLAR OF THE COMMUNITY.

TOWNSPERSON 1

A SELF-APPOINTED ARISTOCRACY
THAT WALLOWS IN HIS OWN HYPOCRISY.

TOWNSPERSON 2

A COLUMN OF CORINTHIAN PROPORTION.
A TRUTH BENT BY HERCULEAN DISTORTION.

TOWNSPERSON 3

HE'S THE ENVY OF EVERY NEIGHBOR THAT HE GREET'S ALONG
THE STREET,
AND THE TOAST OF EVERY STRANGER THAT HE CHANCES TO
MEET.

CHORUS

HE'S A PILLAR OF THE COMMUNITY,
AN UPRIGHT TOWER OF STRENGTH.
A PILLAR OF THE COMMUNITY.
ON VIRTUE, HE LECTURES AT LENGTH.
OPINIONS HE SHARES WITH IMPUNITY.
TO SCANDAL, THERE'S TOTAL IMMUNITY.
A VANISHING BREED,
ELITIST INDEED,
A PILLAR OF THE COMMUNITY.

TOWNSPERSON 4

WITH HIS REGAL EXTERIOR,
THERE'S AN AIR SO SUPERIOR.
IF YOU ASK HIM, HE'LL KNOW;
HE'S SURE TO TELL YOU SO!

CHORUS

HE'S A PILLAR OF THE COMMUNITY,
AN UPRIGHT TOWER OF STRENGTH.
A PILLAR OF THE COMMUNITY.
ON VIRTUE, HE LECTURES AT LENGTH.
OPINIONS HE SHARES WITH IMPUNITY.
TO SCANDAL, THERE'S TOTAL IMMUNITY.
A VANISHING BREED,
ELITIST INDEED,
A PILLAR OF THE COMMUNITY.
IT'S MORE THAN A FRONT,
HIS FRIENDS TAKE THE BRUNT
A PILLAR OF THE COMMUNITY.

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IScene 2

SETTING: The set is divided between DUNSON'S parlor left, his office (a few blocks away from his house) right. Opulent Victorian décor prevails, including a couch, chairs and a secretary in the parlor left and a daybed near center, serving as a temporary sickbed. French doors are set into the back wall, curtains open, in clear view of the audience. DUNSON'S office right is dominated by a large desk.

AT RISE: DAVY, a fragile child, in nightshirt, is on the daybed, gravely ill with a high fever. His mother DORA DUNSON cares for him, wiping his forehead with a damp cloth, etc. She is distraught.

(DORA paces the room, a damp cloth in hand. DAVY lies on the bed, groaning occasionally. A knock is heard. DORA crosses to the door and a MESSENGER delivers a letter. She glances at it and sets it down. She crosses to the bed, sits next to DAVY.)

DORA

Oh, my poor sick boy. Davy, It's your mother. Do you hear me?

DAVY

(Weakly) Yes, mother.

DORA

(Wipes his forehead, feels it.) Oh, you're on fire!

(She paces the room, distressed.)

DAVY

(Weakly) Mother...

DORA

Yes, darling.

DAVY

I... I

DORA

Davy, we must get you to a doctor. I'll ask your father to send for a doctor.

(She returns to her worried pacing. DUNSON enters right, removes coat and hat. DORA crosses to him.)

David...

DUNSON

What is it?

DORA

It's Davy. He's no better. I can't get his fever down. He's been like this over a week. David, we must call a doctor for him.

DUNSON

No.

DORA

David—we need a doctor.

DUNSON

No doctor.

DORA

I'm worried to distraction!

DUNSON

I said no, and that's the end of it.

DORA

But David...

Dora, you will listen to me when I tell you no. Our son is prone to weakness, and he must learn to be strong on his own. He'll get precious little help in this world when he's a man. The sooner he learns that, the better.

DORA

He's terribly ill--

DUNSON

--And he must overcome it! He must learn to be strong and independent!

DAVY

Father...

DUNSON

Silence!

(To DORA) He is my oldest son and my heir, and look how frail and sickly he is! He must learn to become a man and to be strong and overcome obstacles on his own. He needs no doctor—he needs fortitude!

DORA

But David—

DUNSON

Shut your head, woman! You will do as I say!

DAVY

Father...

DUNSON

Silence, boy! Come here!

(DAVY struggles from the bed and approaches DUNSON timidly.)

DORA

Don't hurt him, David, please!

DUNSON

I'll do as I like with my own! I haven't slept a wink for forty-eight hours because of his yelping, and now I'm going to stop it. Davy, come here!

DORA

Don't hurt him! Please don't!

DAVY

(Approaching the Judge, trembling) I didn't mean to keep you awake, papa. I won't cry any more when you want to sleep.

DORA

No, Davy didn't mean to keep you awake. Don't hurt him!

DUNSON

Quiet, woman! I'll wring his neck if I can't stop his clatter any other way!

(To DAVY) Stand up straight! Be a man!

(DAVY tries, but wobbles in place, nearly falls.)

(DUNSON is still angry but is now unsure of the wisdom of his decision.)

Oh... Get back to bed.

DORA

HE IS ONLY A BOY.
 HE IS ONLY A BOY.
 HE IS ONLY A CHILD WHO'S STRICKEN WITH AN ILLNESS.
 HE IS ONLY A BOY.
 HE IS ONLY A BOY,
 HE IS GROWING SO FRAIL WHILE WE STAND BY SO
 POWERLESS.

CHILDREN ARE PRECIOUS AND NEED OUR CARE.
 NO ONE'S A FORTRESS
 IMPERVIOUS AND FEARLESS ALL THE TIME.

DUNSON

HE MUST LEARN TO BE A MAN.
 HE MUST LEARN TO BE A MAN.
 HE CAN PULL UP HIS BOOTSTRAPS.
 HE CAN FACE IT LIKE A MAN.
 HE WILL NEVER GROW UP BEHIND YOUR APRON MY DEAR.
 IT'S THE STRONG THAT WILL SURVIVE.
 HE MUST FIGHT TO STAY ALIVE.
 IT IS CHARACTER AND COURAGE THAT ALLOW A MAN TO
 THRIVE.
 ALL THIS WEeping AND PLEADING FEED HIS WEAK,
 CHILDISH FEAR.

CHILDREN ARE PRECIOUS AND NEED OUR CARE.
 BUT A MAN IS A FORTRESS,
 IMPERVIOUS AND FEARLESS ALL THE TIME.

HE MUST LEARN TO BE A MAN.
 HE MUST LEARN TO BE A MAN.

TAKE HIS LUMPS, TAKE HIS SCRAPES, AND TAKE HIS
 BRUISES LIKE A MAN.
 HE WILL NEVER GROW UP BEHIND YOUR APRON, MY DEAR.
 IT'S THE STRONG THAT WILL SURVIVE.
 HE MUST FIGHT TO STAY ALIVE.
 IT IS CHARACTER AND COURAGE THAT ALLOW A MAN TO
 THRIVE.
 ALL THIS WEeping AND PLEADING FEED HIS WEAK,
 CHILDISH FEAR.

DORA

HE IS ONLY A BOY.
 HE IS ONLY A BOY.
 AND HIS SICKNESS IS NOT FOR SLOTH OR SIGN OF
 WEAKNESS.
 HE IS ONLY A BOY. HE IS ONLY A BOY,
 I WON'T SIT HERE AND WATCH HIM SUFFER WITH HIS
 ILLNESS.

DUNSON

HE IS MORE THAN A BOY.
 NOT JUST ANYONE'S BOY.
 HE IS MY OLDEST SON, THE FIRST IN HIS LINE.
 HE MUST NEVER BE WEAK.
 NO, HE'LL NEVER BE WEAK.
 IT IS THROUGH HIM THE DUNSON NAME SHALL EVER SHINE.

DORA

YOU WANT HIM TO BE A MAN?
 WHY DON'T YOU JUST BE THE MAN?
 FIND THE DOCTOR, AND SPARE ME YOUR WHOLE GRAND AND
 RUGGED PLAN.
 WE MUST HELP HIM; OUR DAVY IS SO FRAGILE AND SMALL!
 HEAR HIM CALLING OUT FOR YOU!
 HEAR HIM CRYING OUT FOR YOU!
 YOU MUST SAVE HIM, OR THERE'LL BE NOTHING LEFT FOR
 US TO DO.
 YOU MUST SAVE HIM BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE!
 DO NOT STALL! OH, PLEASE DON'T LEAVE ME! OH, DAVY!

DAVY

FATHER! FATHER! FATHER! FATHER! FATHER! FATHER!

DORA

A letter for you, David.

(She hands him the letter, which he tucks into his suit pocket. Then she returns to DAVY, kneels beside him and raises his head tenderly.)

My precious lamb! My My darling! Speak to me!

(She slowly rises, speaking with determination.)

David Dunson! I shall never be afraid of you again! I would to God that you were dead!

(DUNSON stoops to examine Davy, who does not move.)

Don't touch him! Leave this room!

(DUNSON exits. On the way out, he looks back over his shoulder at DAVY as DORA, crying now, cradles the lifeless child in her arms.)

Oh, my poor darling! Would to God I could put myself in your place!

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IScene 3

SETTING: DUNSON'S office, a few minutes later.

AT RISE: DUNSON is at his desk.

(DUNSON writes a note.)

(Voice-over) *Dora. My heart aches at seeing Davy in such a state, and I fear I have created a tragedy in my own home if he worsens or dies.*

(Voice-over) *When I refused to send for a doctor, why did you permit me to behave so? You know I have fits of passion. I am not a bad person, and I have no wish to hurt my son.*

I wish you hadn't let me.

(He ponders, then continues writing.)

I am telling you not to mention the incident to outsiders, as they may come to incorrect conclusions about Davy's illness. Not a word concerning this day's occurrence to anybody! Not a word, at your peril! I want some story told to appease the neighbors, should the worst happen.

(A knock on the door. DUNSON opens it and a MESSENGER enters. *DUNSON folds the note, places it in an envelope, and hands it to him.)

*MESSENGER: There is a woman here to see you.

Send her in.

Deliver this to Mrs. Dunson.

(MESSENGER exits.)

(A soft knock at the door, which he opens. A veiled figure stands in the doorway, looking at him. She holds a large handbag.)

ZULEIKA

Do you recognize me, David?

(She throws aside her veil and enters the office uninvited.)

DUNSON

Zuleika? Is that you?

ZULEIKA

Are you glad to see me?

DUNSON

(Stammering)

Sit down, Zulie. You look pale. Are you ill?

ZULEIKA

No, I am not ill.

DUNSON

Do you want anything?

ZULEIKA

Nothing in particular.

DUNSON

Then why did you seek me here?

ZULEIKA

I think you know the answer, David Dunson?

DUNSON

What have I been guilty of that you should accost me like this?

ZULEIKA

(Laughing) So you attempt the innocent dodge, eh?

DUNSON

Why did you send me this note? Why did you seek me, Zuleika? You knew you would only bring me trouble, and I have trouble enough tonight.

ZULEIKA

It was you who did the seeking, David. It was not I who published this advertisement.

(She pulls a newspaper from her bag and holds it up.)

I waited until the notice appeared the third time, knowing all the while that it was yours, and then I came to answer it in person. I am not the unsophisticated simpleton you knew a dozen years ago, Mr. Dunson. I've come here to show you that you have not crushed me.

DUNSON

Are you married, Zulie?

ZULEIKA

Married?

(She paces the floor nervously)

No. I never married, David.

DUNSON

And – your mother?

ZULEIKA

Is living with me. My poor mother! She has always been true to me, David. She crippled herself working to support herself and feed and educate me, and she still awaits the return of my missing father, who betrayed her and disappeared before I was born.

(She paces the floor again, wringing her hands.)

DUNSON

And you were betrayed as well, Zulieka.

ZULEIKA

Yes, and don't you know it.

DUNSON

And are you still angry with me for what I did?

ZULEIKA

Angry? No, David. I have been busy caring for my mother and making a productive life for myself.

DUNSON

You could expose me, ruin my reputation.

ZULEIKA

David Dunson, you have children and a wife depending on you

for support and station, whose lives would become a burden if I should expose you. Vengeance is the Lord's.

(Beat.)

DUNSON

Do you still care for me, Zulie?

(She laughs and he attempts to grasp her hand, but she motions him back with an imperious gesture.)

Could you still love me?

ZULEIKA

Do doves love serpents?

DUNSON

You don't answer me squarely. Why do you evade my questions?

ZULEIKA

Why do you ask them, David Dunson?

DUNSON

Because – forgive me, please, Zulie. I know I deeply wronged you once, but I am not wholly bad. I have made no one in Portland aware of the engagement that existed between us for a few short months. I loved you then, Zulie. I love you now.

(He approaches her.)

ZULEIKA

I have forgiven you, David, but not for your sake. It was for my own. What I have never understood, though, is why you left me with only a scribbled note of goodbye, no explanation, no reason. Why, David? Why did you leave me?

(A knock, and SADIE enters)

SADIE

Please, papa, come home! Mamma's raving crazy. The doctor says we must send her to the 'sylum.

ZULEIKA

Do not let me detain you. It is plain to see that you are needed at home. I wish you joy, Judge Dunson. Good evening.

(She exits.)

DUNSON

(To SADIE) Run along, child. Tell your mother I'll be right there.

(SADIE exits.)

A WAFT OF PERFUME,
A MOST FAMILIAR SCENT
THAT FILLS THE SMALL ROOM
WHERE YOUTHFUL DAYS WERE SPENT.
A FLOOD OF MEMORIES SO CLEARLY I RECALL.
IT'S JUST AS IF I NEVER LEFT AT ALL.

IF I NEVER LEFT AT ALL, I'D NEVER FEEL THIS EMPTY
FROM CUPBOARDS OF REGRET I HAVE AMASSED.
ALL I HAVE LEFT IS A HEART; SAD, BEREFT,
AND A MIND FILLED WITH PORTRAITS FROM THE PAST.

RIPPLES OF LAUGHTER;
YOUR CHEERY DULCET VOICE
RINGS 'ROUND THE RAFTER
AND MAKES THE WALLS REJOICE.
YOUR DAINY FOOT-STEPS COME CLICKING DOWN THE HALL.
IT'S JUST AS IF I NEVER LEFT AT ALL.

A GLIMPSE OF SHADOW;
A WOMAN'S SILHOUETTE,
THE FORM I LOVED SO;
THE FACE I WON'T FORGET.
IN EVERY DETAIL, REMARKABLE AND SMALL,
IT'S JUST AS IF I NEVER LEFT AT ALL.

(He exits.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IScene 4

SETTING: DUNSON'S parlor, an hour later

AT RISE: DR. MCCLURGE, DORA and DUNSON are on stage.
DORA is distraught and near mental breakdown.

MCCLURGE

Judge Dunson, how long has your wife exhibited these peculiar symptoms?

DUNSON

Off and on for half a dozen years.

DORA

(Shrieking) Don't believe him, doctor! I never was crazy in my life! I'm not crazy now! But there is a burning sensation in my heart and head. My husband is the one who's crazy! He would have never murdered my poor David if he had been sane!

MCCLURGE

Murdered?

DUNSON

That is her particular craze, doctor. She has accused me in this way ever since the boy was taken ill.

MCCLURGE

It's a sad case! There is no present help for her; but possibly she may be cured by judicious treatment in the asylum.

DORA

Doctor, do you really consider me insane?

MCCLURGE

Only a little nervous derangement, my dear madam. We'll soon have you cured.

DORA

Will you take me away from my children?

(As the scene unfolds downstage, ZULEIKA appears at the French doors. She tries the doors and finds them unlocked.)

She carefully pushes one door slightly open, so that she can see and hear what follows.)

McCLURGE

Only for a little while, my dear. Your husband will see that the children are kindly treated while you are away.

DORA

But I never left them in my life, sir. He'll neglect them so they sicken and die, just like my Davy. I did what I could to prevent it, doctor, but Mr. Dunson would persist. My Davy begged and pleaded. Oh, if you could have heard him plead! If you could have seen how he suffered and how frightened he was! If you could have seen that poor delicate, suffering, quivering body! It was awful!

DUNSON

It's the way she carries on all the time.

DORA

He stood there and refused the help of a doctor for Davy! He refused, as Davy lay dying! My husband killed my Davy!

McCLURGE

This is a strange hallucination, Mr. Dunson. Can you account for it in any way?

JUDGE

Our child was frail. He suffered numerous minor ailments and nervous disorders, as does his mother. When he was taken ill, I encouraged him to face his problems, be strong and recover on his own.

McCLURGE

And did you refuse medical help for your son?

DORA

(Screaming) Yes! Yes! He ordered me! I couldn't prevent him, nor could Davy, so he died! Mr. Dunson murdered him! And Davy was his own flesh and blood!

McCLURGE

You may call a servant and get her wrapped for the ride. The certificate of her insanity is duly signed, and it is not safe to keep her here with the little ones, even for the night.

DUNSON

We have no servants.

McCLURGE

You don't mean to say that this woman's little hands and tired feet have done all the work for this great house; that she has taken all the care of your family and been the mother of your children besides?

DUNSON

My mother did it all, doctor; and she spun and wove our clothing in the bargain. I have never overworked my wife. But she's been foolish sometimes, and has used up her strength when it might just as well have been avoided.

(DUNSON procures a shawl and approaches Dora.)

DORA

(Screaming) Don't touch me! You murdered my Davy! See him! See him! There! He is quivering in the death agony! He is overcome with fever! He wails and groans! Don't you hear him? Bring him help before it's too late!

(She throws herself on the floor, then speaks in a soft voice.)

Don't hurt him. I'm so sorry he kept you awake. Davy, dear, let mamma put a cool cloth on your forehead. Then I'll hold you through the night. See?

McCLURGE

Now is the time to seize her. She is calm.

DORA

(Suddenly agitated) He is a murderer! He killed my Davy! Mr. Dunson wrote to me and bade me tell the people lies. The note is in that secretary drawer. A messenger brought it.

McCLURGE

This is a very remarkable case.

(He escorts DORA toward the door.)

Mr. Dunson, it is a delicate request to make, but I think it better that you do not attempt to accompany us to the asylum. Your wife, like all insane persons, turns with deepest loathing from her dearest friends.

DORA

Don't leave him with the children! He'll kill them!

DUNSON

I shall not leave her till I see her safely housed. Come with me, Dora.

(MCCLURGE, DORA, and DUNSON exit.)

MCCLURGE

(He exits.)

ZULEIKA remains, enters the room cautiously, and looks around. Her gaze lingers on the secretary, and then she exits through the French doors, closing them quietly.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IScene 5

SETTING: Parlor of ZULEIKA's modest home, the following morning.

AT RISE: MOTHER, an invalid woman with snow-white hair, sits at a table, cane nearby.

(LIZETTE, MOTHER's Irish caretaker and housekeeper, enters with a cup of tea, crosses, and sets it on the table.)

MOTHER

Thank you, Lizette.

LIZETTE

And will there be anything else, Mum?

MOTHER

No, not right now.

LIZETTE

Well, I'll be startin' the cleanin', then.

(She performs various cleaning tasks throughout the scene—dusting, sweeping, etc.)

MOTHER

Lizette...

LIZETTE

Yes, Mum?

MOTHER

Oh, nothing. You just remind me of myself as I was forty years ago. I did much as you are doing now.

LIZETTE

And what would that be, mum?

MOTHER

Cleaning up. Dusting, scrubbing floors, washing windows, cooking – caring for everything, working dawn to dusk...

LIZETTE

...Sunup to sundown...

MOTHER

...First light to darkness. And raising a child on my own.

LIZETTE

Goodness, Mum. Who'd a thought a grand lady such as yerself would'a done work like that? And you bein' such a wealthy businesswoman and all!

MOTHER

I wasn't always a businesswoman, Lizette, and I was never wealthy as you like to say I am. I worked as you do, but in a hotel, not a home. It took everything I had to buy into that place in Virginia City, and then in the beginning I had to clean it myself. When Zuleika was old enough, she had to help me. I thank God I was able to sell the place and get her out of there and educated before a lifetime of hard labor broke her body as it broke mine.

(ZULEIKA enters from a bedroom, in a robe, brushing her hair.)

ZULEIKA

What did you say, Mother?

MOTHER

I was about to advise Lizette to find a way out of the housecleaning business, before she crippled herself from the work.

LIZETTE

Oh, sure, Mum. And how am I supposed to be doin' that, bein' Irish *and* a woman? It's a double curse, don't you see? What can a woman in my position do that's better than this, I ask you, Mum?

ZULEIKA

She's right, mother, and you know it. Lizette can clean houses; she can work in the fields picking hops and cherries. Let's see, Oh, wait -- she could get married and do most of those jobs anyway, plus raise children and keep a husband happy -- and be worked to death before she's forty years old.

LIZETTE

And it's a happy prospect, indeed.

LIZETTE

THEY SAY THE LORD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES,
 SO WE HELP ALL THE REST.
 WE TAKE IN THEIR LAUNDRY, COOK WHEN THEY'RE HUNGRY,
 AND CLEAN FOR THE BIRDS WHO CAN'T KEEP THEIR OWN NEST.

THERE ARE WORSE WAYS TO MAKE A BUCK.
 OH, MUCH WORSE WAYS TO MAKE A BUCK.
 IF YOU SEEK THE RIGHT OCCUPATION.
 FACE EACH DAY WITHOUT TREPIDATION.
 IT WILL BRING YOU SUCH GRATIFICATION,
 AND YOU WON'T RELY ON FATE OR LUCK.
 THERE ARE WORSE WAYS TO MAKE A BUCK.

COUSIN SARAH CROSSED THE ROCKIES AFTER HER MARRIAGE.
 AND THEY FOLLOW THE CROPS IN THEIR CARRIAGE.
 SEEKING APPLES OR BERRIES OR FILBERTS OR CHERRIES,
 OR PEACHES AND PEARS SHE CAN PICK.
 CARTING BUSHEL AND BARREL IN DIRTY APPAREL IN NO WAY TO
 GET RICH QUICK.

THERE ARE WORSE WAYS TO MAKE A BUCK.
 OH, MUCH WORSE WAYS TO MAKE A BUCK.
 IF YOU SEEK THE RIGHT OCCUPATION.
 FACE EACH DAY WITHOUT TREPIDATION.
 IT WILL BRING YOU SUCH GRATIFICATION,
 AND YOU WON'T RELY ON FATE OR LUCK.
 THERE ARE WORSE WAYS TO MAKE A BUCK.

IF THERE'S NO REST FOR THE WICKED,
 WHY DO THE WICKED GET ALL OF THE REST?
 LIVING A LIFE OF LEISURE, IN ELEGANT EASE,
 SURELY PAMPERED AT HOME LIKE A GUEST.

MY FRIEND MILLIE WORKS THE EVENINGS AT O'MALLEY'S.
 IT'S THE LARGEST SALOON IN THE VALLEY.
 WHILE THE CABBAGE IS BOILING, THE LADIES ARE TOILING,
 AND THE LINEN THEY'RE SOILING UPSTAIRS.
 I THANK THE LORD MY JOB KEEPS ME ON MY TOES,
 AND NOT ON MY BACK LIKE THEIRS.

THERE ARE WORSE WAYS TO MAKE A BUCK.
 OH, MUCH WORSE WAYS TO MAKE A BUCK.
 IF YOU SEEK THE RIGHT OCCUPATION.
 FACE EACH DAY WITHOUT TREPIDATION.
 IT WILL BRING YOU SUCH GRATIFICATION,

AND YOU WON'T RELY ON FATE OR LUCK.
THERE ARE WORSE WAYS TO MAKE A BUCK.

ZULEIKA

Lizette, Mother is right. You must free yourself of the bondage that holds you down and will doom you to a life of drudgery and an early death, as happens to so many women. And I know how you can do that.

LIZETTE

Oh, and how might that be?

ZULEIKA

In two months, right here in Portland, there will be a Women's Congress. It's about our collective futures, about the rights we don't have now but must gain for ourselves. I would hope the Women's Congress might inspire you to find a pathway to the opportunities you, and I, and all women deserve to have. You will attend with me, Lizette. I'll see to that.

MOTHER

Will they show you how to make money?

ZULEIKA

Make money, yes, by becoming independent, and by changing laws to allow us to keep that which is rightfully ours. It's no wonder we're kept under men's thumbs and have no power in this society. And how do we get power if we can't vote, if we aren't franchised?

LIZETTE

Well, I surely don't know what your point has to do with France, but I'd surely be glad to attend your event with you, and it'd be a real pleasure to listen to you speak your speech, I'm sure.

ZULEIKA

And it will be a pleasure to go with you, Lizette.

(LIZETTE goes back to work and eventually exits.)

(Beat)

MOTHER

You were in late last night, Zuleika. What did you find to

do?

(Beat)

I went to see David Dunson last night.

MOTHER

David Dunson!

ZULEIKA

Yes Mother, David Dunson.

MOTHER

After he promised himself to you and then threw you over!
Disappeared, just like your father you never knew.

Zuleika, do you still love that man?

ZULEIKA

I have no right to love him, mother. Is he not married?

MOTHER

I didn't ask if you had the right. I asked you for the fact.

ZULEIKA

Mother, I've been to see David Dunson, and I'm going again,
not as myself, but in disguise. I have a feeling he'll be
asking for me, but he won't know he is.

MOTHER

Zuleika, I thought you prided yourself on your honor.

ZULEIKA

So I do, mother. God help me, so I do.

MOTHER

Then I'll say it again: You still love this man?

ZULEIKA

I didn't say so, mother.

MOTHER

What do you propose to do?

ZULEIKA

Our Lizette has inspired me to create a character modeled after her, and to use her to my advantage if I can. I like the name Bridget, I think. And Mother, don't seek to place a spy upon my conduct. I'll foil you if you do.

MOTHER

I hope, my child, that you will do nothing that will cost us money.

(ZULIEKA crosses to MOTHER and embraces her.)

ZULEIKA

Oh Mother, you're a monomaniac on the money question! Never fear. I'll keep you above want as long as you live.

MOTHER

But if you should die, Zuleika? Think of that.

ZULEIKA

You've had enough trials in this life to turn your head, poor thing! Come out to the porch with me. It's a nice morning, not too cold. Let's enjoy it.

(ZULEIKA helps MOTHER out of her chair and they exit.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IScene 6

SETTING: DUNSON's parlor, morning, a week later.

AT RISE: DUNSON, haggard, is attempting to dress ANDREW and not having much success. SADIE is dressing herself.

ANDREW

Papa, I'm hungry.

DUNSON

I know, Andrew. You'll have to wait till I get these infernal buttons finished.

(He fumbles awkwardly with the tiny buttons on the girl's dress, but accomplishes little.)

DUNSON

No wonder your mother became insane! I couldn't do all this work, manage this house and take care of these children if I had a dozen hands.

(He tries again with the buttons. He lets ANDREW go, thinking he's done. She runs around the stage, with buttons clearly incorrectly done.)

Oh, Lord. Come here, Andrew.

(She returns to DUNSON and he tries again.)

(After more business with the children, the doorbell rings. SADIE answers as DUNSON continues to struggle with ANDREW's clothing.)

ZULEIKA

(Disguised as BRIDGET, with wig, costume, Irish accent. DUNSON does not recognize her.)

If ye please, Missy, can I see the master?

ANDREW

Are you here to cook breakfast for us? Papa can't do it very

well.

ZULEIKA

Not just yet, I think, sweetheart. I'll need to be talking to your Papa about seeking a situation.

SADIE

Papa, here is a woman come to dress Andrew and cook our breakfast!

(Music up.)

ZULEIKA

I've come in answer to your advertisement, sir. I see, sir, that you're needin' help, and may it please your honor, I can do all kinds of work.

WE IRISH ALL WISH TO WORK.
 THE SLACKERS WILL FALL WHEN THEIR DUTIES THEY SHIRK.
 IT'S GAINFUL EMPLOYMENT
 THAT BRINGS SUCH ENJOYMENT
 TO THOSE FROM THE EMERALD ISLE.
 WE SCRUB AND WE CLEAN WITH A SMILE.
 AYE, WE IRISH ALL WISH TO WORK.

ME PADDY WAS PROUD, AND A HARD WORKING MICK.
 HIS BODY WAS STRONG BUT HIS SENSES WAS THICK.
 BETWEEN WOOLEN AND FLAX STEEL MILLS
 AND BOUTS WITH OLD BUSHMILLS
 HE DUG HIS ARSE TO AN EARLY GRAVE.
 HE LEARNED TO EARN BUT HE NEVER COULD SAVE.

AYE, WE IRISH ALL WISH TO WORK.
 THE SLACKERS WILL FALL WHEN THEIR DUTIES THEY SHIRK.
 TO SERVE IS MAJESTIC.
 AS CLERK OR DOMESTIC,
 BY ANY KNOWN MEASURE OR GAUGE,
 AS LONG AS YE PAYS US A WAGE.
 WE THE IRISH ALL WISH TO WORK.

ME MOTHER DID LAUNDRY FOR RICH FOLKS IN TOWN,
 STAYED UP TO HER ELBOWS IN CORSETS AND GOWNS.
 WHILE ME AND ME SISTERS
 HAD FEET LINED WITH BLISTERS
 FROM HAND ME DOWN SHOES THAT HER PATRONS HAD TOSSED.
 OUR WAYS ARE FRUGAL, IGNORING THE COST.

I COME FROM A STOCK THAT'S INDUSTRIOUS.
 ALTHOUGH ME NAME'S NOT SO ILLUSTRIOUS,
 A MCMURTRY STAYS TRUE
 IN ALL THAT THEY DO.

WE IRISH ALL WISH TO WORK.
 THE SLACKERS WILL FALL WHEN THEIR DUTIES THEY SHIRK.
 IT'S GAINFUL EMPLOYMENT
 THAT BRINGS SUCH ENJOYMENT
 TO THOSE FROM THE EMERALD ISLE.
 WE SCRUB AND CLEAN WITH A SMILE.
 AYE, WE IRISH ALL WISH TO WORK.
 WE IRISH ALL WISH TO WORK.

DUNSON

Can you dress this young one and get breakfast?

ZULEIKA

Certainly, sir.

(She crosses to ANDREW and helps her dress. DUNSON steps back and observes, as does SADIE.)

DUNSON

What name shall we give you?

ZULEIKA

Bridget, sir. Bridget O'Andrewly.

DUNSON

Well, Miss O'Andrewly, I'm glad you responded to my advertisement. I've had to do everything around here for a week, since my wife took ill.

ZULEIKA

Did ye have no other servants, then, sir?

DUNSON

I kept none at all.

ZULEIKA

(Aside) Well, it seems ye had one, poor lady!

(Looking around, taking in the house.) I beg pardon fer me cheekyness, sir, but you can be sure I'll not undertake this entire establishment. You must have work enough here for three servants.

DUNSON

You could get along today, couldn't you, Bridget?

SADIE

It's wash-day, and all the aprons and towels and sheets and napkins and the table linens are dirty. Mamma always washed on Tuesdays, 'cause she couldn't get it all done Mondays; there was so much baking and sweeping and other work to do that was left over from Sunday, you see.

ZULEIKA

May it please yer honor, I know me place, an' I'm willin' to keep it; but I don't believe I'll be doin' the washin'!

DUNSON

(Loftily) My wife does it! My wife had no servants, but she always did all the washing and ironing, besides having my dinners ready at six, and doing the sewing and mending and keeping the whole house in order.

ZULEIKA

Well, sir, she was married. She couldn't help herself.

DUNSON

What? I --

ZULEIKA

Them as is wives mayn't always be able to help themselves, sir, but them as is Bridgets have some right of choice. Them wealthy as don't keep plenty of servants mustn't put on airs, sir. You need a cook, a housekeeper, and a nurse-girl, and you need 'em *now*.

DUNSON

(He considers this statement and this brash woman, but having little choice, he gives in.)

Very well, then. I have no choice at this point. Miss O'Andrewly, I'd like to engage you as my housekeeper and have you secure extra help as necessary, if we can agree upon terms. Wages will not be so much an object as work. I want someone to take entire charge of this house and keep everything in order, just as Mrs. Dunson used to do. I want her to bake on Mondays, wash on Tuesdays, bake and sweep on Wednesdays and Saturdays, sew on Thursdays and Fridays, and do the cooking, dishwashing, and caring for the children

between times. She must be ready to prepare extra dinners on Sundays and holidays, see after the marketing, and make herself generally useful.

ZULEIKA

I see. And did Mrs. Dunson do all this?

DUNSON

Yes; and she kept everything well up to the mark, besides being ready to entertain company at any time. There were no breaks and hitches in her household machinery, Miss O'Andrewly. Everything went like clockwork.

ZULEIKA

Except her constitution, sir. That evidently broke down. If women were machines, like clocks or steam engines, your clockwork system would be all well and good. But, seein' as women are human, and have nerves and bones that may tingle and worry 'em, your theory don't fit. An' then follows trouble an' sickness an' breakin' down, an' sometimes *insanity*, sir.

DUNSON

I don't propose to argue this question. I merely mean to state what there is to be done.

DUNSON

Can you undertake it?

ZULEIKA

I can, sir, if we can *come to an arrangement*, as you say. One thing - I'll not be livin' here, sir. I have an ailin' mother to care for, and I'll have to be leavin' your house from time to time, and I won't stay here nights. But you'll be sure the other help with be keepin' things in line, I'll see to that.

What's the pay to be then, sir?

JUDGE

I think a dollar a day will be about the proper thing.

ZULEIKA

(Laughs) Dollar a day? Ha! Didn't Missus Dunson get any more money than that, sir?

DUNSON

Mrs. Dunson was my wife! Of course she got no wages. She didn't expect wages, and would have been offended if I had offered them.

ZULEIKA

How much money does it take to keep your family, sir?

DUNSON

Aside from my personal expenses, I'd say about eighteen hundred a year.

ZULEIKA

Then, sir, I'll undertake supervisin' your housekeepin', clothin' and feedin' the children and everything, for that amount, paid monthly, in advance.

DUNSON

This is the fifteenth day of March. I'll pay you for half a month. If your management is satisfactory, I'll give you a hundred and fifty dollars on the first of the month to get through April.

ZULEIKA

Very good, sir.

(DUNSON hands her the money.)

DUNSON

Manage the house, give us plenty of good food and keep the children properly clothed, and I won't complain about the cost.

SADIE

Mamma always asked you for that much money as an allowance, papa. She used to say she could get along with less than that, if you'd only let her manage things.

DUNSON

Your mamma was always ailing, my daughter. She was not able to assume responsibilities.

SADIE

That's 'cause she always had to work so hard. The doctor said so.

ANDREW

The doctor said so.

DUNSON

Even the children are getting inoculated with this women's rights movement! I sometimes wonder what the world is coming to?

ZULEIKA

(As she collects the children) What the world is comin' to, sir, is *equal* rights. There's a big meeting about it comin', right here to Portland.

DUNSON

What? A meeting on women's rights?

ZULEIKA

Sure as I'm standin' here, sir. A *congress*, no less. Who knows - You might get invited to talk at it, as important a man as you are.

Come on, me sweeties, let's be getting' you that breakfast. Show me to the kitchen, will ye?

(They exit.)

DUNSON

AS A HIGH COURT OFFICIAL, I'M OBLIGED TO ADHERE
TO AND LIVE BY THE LETTER OF THE LAW.
MY OWN WHIMS AND FANCIES MUST NOT INTERFERE,
SO I LIVE BY THE LETTER OF THE LAW.
IT'S A CODE OF CONDUCT OUR FOREFATHERS SET;
THE DEFINITIVE JUDICIAL ALPHABET.
AS "N" FOLLOWS "M", I MUST FOLLOW AS NEAR
AND LIVE BY THE LETTER OF THE LAW.
LETTERS OF SCARLET, LETTERS OF NOTE.
LET THIS SERVE AS A WARNING IF WE LET LADIES VOTE.
IF ALL MEN ARE EQUAL AS IS JEFFERSON'S CLAIM,
THEN A WOMAN'S POSITION CANNOT BE THE SAME.

EVERY NOUN, VERB AND CLAUSE; EN-TRIES "A" THROUGH ZED.
I LIVE BY THE LETTER OF THE LAW.
TAKE HEED, YE UNLEARN-ED, UNCOUTH, AND ILL-BRED,
I LIVE BY THE LETTER OF THE LAW.
THERE'S A CRIMINAL ELEMENT PERCHED TO TAKE HOLD
WHEN NEW-FANGLED THEORIES REPLACE WISDOM OF OLD.
IT SPELLS "TROUBLE" IF COMMONERS USE THEIR OWN HEAD.
WE LIVE BY THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

A congress on women's rights. Pah!

ALPHA AND OMEGA, BEGINNING TO END.
WE LIVE BY THE LETTER OF THE LAW.
WHILE SOME TRY TO FOOL US, THEY CAN ONLY PRE-TEND.
WE LIVE BY THE LETTER OF THE LAW.
THE SYSTEM IS MORE THAN JUST WORDS ON A PAGE.
IT'S THE CIVILIZED LANGUAGE THAT MAKES A MAN SAGE.
SO, DON'T EVER CHALLENGE WHAT GOD MUST INTEND,
AND LIVE BY THE LETTER OF THE LAW.
WE MUST LIVE BY THE LETTER OF THE LAW.

(He exits.)

(ZULEIKA enters, carrying a feather duster. She circles the room, dusting, moving toward the secretary. When she reaches it, she dusts, then looks around furtively, and opens drawers until she finds DUNSON's note. She takes it, unfolds, and reads. A look of surprise and then satisfaction. She folds the note into a pocket and exits.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IScene 7

SETTING: DUNSON's office, a short time later.

AT RISE: We see a figure in a chair, facing the audience. He is reading a newspaper, holding it up, so we cannot see his face. The figure is McCLURGE.

(DUNSON enters the office. He startled to see someone there. McCLURGE lowers his newspaper.)

McCLURGE

Ah, my dear Judge!

JUDGE

McClurge! How did you get in here?

McCLURGE

Your secretary has become familiar enough with me recently. She let me in. I told her we had an appointment. I hope I don't intrude.

And how goes your trial at home, sir? Have you found help with the little ones?

DUNSON

As a matter of fact I have, just today. I hired an Irish woman.

DUNSON

She will hire a nurse-girl and a cook and a housekeeper, and get my house in order.

McCLURGE

Well, that's fine, that's just fine. And speaking of finances, my dear judge, there's a matter I've been meaning to discuss with you. I believe you owe me some money.

DUNSON

I owe you nothing, sir.

McCLURGE

(Leaning toward him.) The deuce you don't!

You've made a bit of a mistake with this Davy business, haven't you, judge?

DUNSON

I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about.

MCCLURGE

Oh you don't? Refusing medical attention for your dying child? I think the right jury, provided with my testimony, would easily convict you on a manslaughter charge. Do you know, my pompous friend, that I could put you in the penitentiary for a good round term?

(Music up.)

DUNSON

You woudn't!

MCCLURGE

Oh, but I would!

I'VE TRIED TO MAKE A CAREER FROM THE FEAR OF THOSE OUT
ON A LIMB.
IT IS THE RISK THAT THEY TAKE WHEN THEY MAKE A MISTAKE
THAT IS GRIM.
AND AT THE MOMENT THEY'RE CAUGHT, THE POOR SOT KNOWS HIS
FUTURE IS DIM,
I SET THE SNARE.

I KEEP MY EAR TO THE GROUND FOR THE SOUND OF AN ACT
SECRETIVE.
IT IS A KNACK I POSSESS, I CON-FESS, THAT IT'S QUITE
LUCRATIVE.
WHEN INFORMATION THAT'S DEAR, IT IS CLEAR THAT THE PREY
SOON WILL GIVE
ALL HE CAN BEAR.

SUBTLE PERSUASION;
A HINT OF INNUENDO DOES THE TRICK.
ONE WORD OF ADVICE CAN BRING A STEEP PRICE, YOU'LL SEE
JUST HOW PERSUASIVE MY SUBTLE PERSUASION CAN BE.

I'M AT A LOSS TO EXPLAIN ALL THE PAIN THAT MY CLIENTS
ENDURE.

I KNOW THEIR DARK UNDERSIDE AND THEIR PRIDE IS HOW I CAN
PROCURE
JUST FOR MY SILENCE, A FEE PAID TO ME, AND THEIR NAME
WILL STAY PURE.
WATCH AND YOU'LL HEAR

SUBTLE PERSUASION.
SAY "BLACK-MAIL" AND IT SOUNDS SO UNREFINED.
A NUANCE OR WINK, THE TRANSGRESSOR THINKS HE'S NOT FREE.
THAT'S HOW PERSUASIVE MY SUBTLE PERSUASION CAN BE.

(Smiling) Better pungle, my friend. I think five hundred
would be a good first installment.

DUNSON

Five hundred dollars!

MCCLURGE

Oh yes. And that's just the beginning of this arrangement.

DUNSON

(Defeated.) This is nothing more nor less than blackmail.
I'll have the money for you in the morning.

Now leave me alone. I am sad and disconsolate, and I don't
want to talk any more.

McCLURGE

Very well, Judge.

I'll leave you to your musings now. Good evening.

(He exits.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

ACT IScene 8

SETTING: An insane asylum, a few days later. Sparse furnishings—beds, other hospital equipment.

AT RISE: A busy scene. Various attendants cross the stage, and townspeople visit relatives unobtrusively. DORA is center, disheveled, in bed, propped up with pillows.

(A MATRON enters with DUNSON off left. DORA does not see them.)

MATRON

(to Dunson)The doctors say she must see the children first. Let this lady go in ahead with the young ones. Be careful and don't agitate her. She ruptured an artery in her raving last night, and she's slowly bleeding to death from the lungs. She don't recognize nobody in the ward, but maybe she'll remember the children. A mother's instinct is very strong.

(ZULIEKA, as BRIDGET, enters with SADIE and ANDREW and crosses to DUNSON and the MATRON.)

DUNSON

Bridget, take the children to her.

(ZULIEKA and the children cross to the bed. ZULIEKA holds the children's hands as they approach DORA. She reaches forth her hands and smiles at their approach.

MATRON

(To DUNSON) See! She knows.

(Dora reaches hands to the children, holds them, and then addresses ZULEIKA.)

DORA

My Davy has told me all about you, Miss. He comes to see me every evening. He's growing finely and learning fast in heaven.

MATRON

(To DUNSON) It's one of her fancies. You know, her insanity was caused by the death of Davy.

DORA

My Davy isn't dead. God took him. He's one of the Savior's lambs. He knew Davy would have a hard time in this world, what with being sickly and getting little help.

(To ANDREW) My precious baby! I shan't be sorry to leave you, because you're in excellent hands. Davy tells me all about it, and it's all right.

Bring Sadie to me now.

(SADIE comes forward next to ANDREW.)

Be good children, and obey Zukie. That's what Davy calls her. Dear ones, you'll not miss your mother, for you'll be well taken care of.

MATRON

It won't do for her to exhaust her strength in conversation. We must clear the room.

DORA

A few minutes more or less won't make any difference with my life. Let me be with my children while I can control this mortal body, and let them know I'm near. I don't want them to forget me when I am gone.

MATRON

(Crosses to DORA) Will you see Mr. Dunson now?

DORA

Does he wish it?

MATRON

Yes. He's terribly upset because you don't want him near you.

DORA

He can come when I have sent the children away. I don't want him here now. I fear he'll whip them before my face.

Good-bye, darlings. You must meet me in heaven.

(She smiles.)

You may all go now. Goodbye, baby. Goodbye, Miss. We'll meet again in the evergreen gardens of God.

MATRON

Will you see Mr. Dunson now?

DORA

I would like to die in my sober senses.

(ZULEIKA and the children move away as DUNSON crosses to the bed. DORA becomes agitated, as DUNSON approaches)

Don't hurt him, please! I'm awfully sorry he has disturbed you at night. It won't happen again. Don't hurt him! Please!

DUNSON

Dora, my wife!

DORA

(Screams) He calls me wife! He is telling a falsehood! I am not his wife. He killed my Davy! How could I have been his wife? Take him away!

(Music up.)

DUNSON

Dora, please!

DORA

Take him away! Away!

(DUNSON rises and moves away, but stands in witness. ZULEIKA holds the children close.)

DORA

OVER THERE THE DEVIL STANDS;
DAVY'S BLOOD UPON HIS HANDS.
IT'S A SECRET THAT HE PLANS TO HIDE.

THERE IS MURDER ON HIS FACE;
NO REMORSE AND NO DISGRACE.
ONLY SATAN HE'LL EMBRACE.
YOU'LL FIND THE DARKEST PLACE IN PLACE INSIDE
THE HEART OF A KILLER.

OVER THERE THE DEVIL STANDS;
WITH MY BLOOD UPON HIS HANDS,

AND ALLEGIANCE HE DEMANDS FROM ALL.

DON'T BE TAKEN BY HIS CHARM.
IT'S HIS DESTINY TO HARM.
SOUND A GENERAL ALARM.
FOR THE BATTLE YOU MUST ARM. DON'T FALL
FOR THE HEART OF A KILLER.

HE CALLS YOU ZUKIE.
MY DAVY CALLS YOU ZUKIE.
HE SAYS YOU'RE KIND AND NEVER CROSS;
A JEWEL TO FIND. I'M AT A LOSS TO SAY
WHY HE FEELS THIS WAY.
BUT I KNOW THAT IT IS TRUE.

OVER THERE THE DEVIL STANDS,
CRAVING BLOOD UPON HIS HANDS,
AND HE'LL GRASP AT ANY STRANDS HE'S THROWN.

HE IS WILY; HE IS STRONG,
AND HE SINGS THE SIREN'S SONG.
IT'S IN HELL THAT HE BELONGS
FOR THE HORROR AND THE WRONGS HE'S KNOWN
IN THE THE HEART OF A KILLER.

HE CALLS YOU ZUKIE.
MY DAVY CALLS YOU ZUKIE.
HE WATCHES YOU FROM HIGH ABOVE.
HIS PAIN IS GONE; I FEEL HIS LOVE SO STRONG.
TOGETHER WE BELONG,
FOR OUR TIME ON EARTH IS THROUGH.

YOU MUST TAKE CARE OF MY CHILDREN,
MY FAIR PRECIOUS CHILDREN.
WATCH OVER THEM AS IF THEY WERE YOUR OWN.
MY STRENGTH IS GONE.
MY MIND IS GONE.
MY ONLY HOPE REMAINING IS WITH YOU.

ZULEIKA

I PROMISE I WILL LOOK AFTER THEM.
NO HARM WILL COME TO THEM AS LONG AS I HAVE BREATH.
I PROMISE I WILL BE STRONG FOR THEM.
I'LL TAME THE EVIL SPIRIT WHERE THEY LIVE.
PROVIDE ALL THE PROTECTION I CAN GIVE.
I SWEAR BY ALL THAT'S HOLY,

I'LL GUIDE THEM SURE AND SLOWLY DOWN LIFE'S PATH.
I PROMISE YOU.

(DORA is suddenly still; dead. DUNSON lowers his head as
ZULEIKA cradles the children in her arms.)

(BLACKOUT)

(END OF SCENE)

(END OF ACT I)