

ZANGARA: You think that help?

BOOTH: It couldn't hurt.

*(Zangara nods, slaps money on the table, and stalks out. The Bartender sets a beer mug and a shot glass in front of Guiteau. Guiteau raises the glass)*

GUITEAU: *[G]*Gentlemen, a toast! To the Presidency of the United States. An office which by its mere existence reassures us that the possibilities of life are limitless. An office the mere idea of which reproaches us when we fall short of being all that we can be. A grand and glorious office to which at least one among us may one day aspire. Gentlemen, what can I say? *Hail to the Chief!*

*(He drains his glass; no one pays any attention. To Hinckley:)*

What did you think?

*(Hinckley stares at him)*

The toast. How did you find it? Stirring? Inspirational?

HINCKLEY: I guess—

GUITEAU: Then perhaps you'd like to buy a copy of my book! It isn't much, some random musings on the mysteries of Creation— *(Whipping a small book out of his breast pocket)* "The Truth," by Charles Guiteau!

*(He holds the book out to Hinckley, who reaches for it and knocks one of the bottles off the bar—CRASH!)*

CZOLGOSZ: *Stupid boy!*

HINCKLEY: It's just a bottle, man. Somebody'll clean it up.

CZOLGOSZ: And somebody will have to make another one!

HINCKLEY: So?

CZOLGOSZ: So? I tell you "so!" *(Snatching one of Hinckley's empty bottles)* You see this? You ever ask yourself, how did this come to be? I tell you how. In the factory where I work there is an oven. Inside the oven, there are bottles. Cooking. I stand at the oven door. The door is open. Twelve hundred

degrees. I hold my breath. If I breathe in, my insides cook like the bottles. A bell rings and I reach into the oven. I wear gloves. Inside the gloves my hands are rubbed with grease and wrapped in rags. But still each time my hands begin to burn. I take the bottles out. I carry them across the room. Just so. If two bottles touch, they break. The burning pieces fall on me, my hair, my clothes. From this I have this mark— *(He pulls down the collar of his shirt)* Will always be like this. From this I have this scar— *(He pulls up his sleeve)* Will never go away. For this I am paid six cents an hour. Six. Unless one of the bottles breaks, then I am paid five. This is my job. This is the "someone who will have to make another one." Me! Now what you think?

GUITEAU: I think you should get another job.

CZOLGOSZ: What other job?! There is no other job!

GUITEAU: Don't be ridiculous. Why, look at me: I've been an attorney, an evangelist, I've sold insurance. I'm a celebrated author. Last week I was a bill collector, and next week I'm going to be Ambassador to France!

CZOLGOSZ: I can't be no "celebrated author." I can't be no Ambassador to France.

GUITEAU: Can't, can't, can't. You know your problem? You're a pessimist. This isn't Poland, old boy. This is America! The Land of Opportunity!

CZOLGOSZ: Opportunity for who?! *(Indicating Hinckley)* For him?! For you?! *(He seizes the bottle)* This is only opportunity for me! This! Only this!

*(He raises the bottle as if to smash it on the bar. Everybody stares. He hesitates, the bottle held above his head)*

BOOTH: Go on. Break it.

*(Czolgosz doesn't move)*

See how it feels . . . It'll feel good . . . Just try it. Break the bottle . . . *Break it.*