

SCENE 5

An anarchist rally in Chicago, summer 1901. Leon Czolgosz, surrounded by a sea of working men, listens raptly to the offstage speaker, Emma Goldman.

GOLDMAN'S VOICE: [What does a man do when before his eyes he sees a vision of a new hope dawning for his toiling, agonizing brothers? What does a man do when at last he realizes that his suffering is caused not by the cruelty of fate, but by the injustice of his fellow human beings? What does a man do when he sees those dear to him starving, when he himself is starved? What does he do? What does he do? What—

(The piercing shriek of a police whistle. Shouts, curses, the sound of chairs being overturned. Czolgosz stands, transfixed, as the scene around him fades and changes to the sidewalk outside a Chicago row house; it is the following morning. The door to the row house opens and Emma Goldman comes out, carrying a suitcase. One of her arms is in a sling)

CZOLGOSZ: Miss Goldman?

GOLDMAN: I am Emma Goldman. Who are you?

CZOLGOSZ: My name is Czolgosz. Leon Czolgosz. I would like to speak with you—

GOLDMAN: I'm sorry, but I have a train to catch.

(She starts to leave)

CZOLGOSZ: *Miss Goldman—*

(She stops)

I was in the hall last night. I heard your speech. It was—very good.

GOLDMAN: Thank you. The cossacks of the Chicago Police Department seemed to feel otherwise.

CZOLGOSZ: They are the vilest scum in the world!

GOLDMAN: You haven't seen much of the world, have you, Mr. Czolgosz?

CZOLGOSZ: No. Yes. I have been to Buffalo, to Rochester, to Cleveland—

GOLDMAN: Yes? And when were you in Cleveland?

CZOLGOSZ: Last week.

GOLDMAN: And Rochester?

CZOLGOSZ: The week before.

GOLDMAN: And the week before you were in Buffalo.

(He nods)

You have been following me. Why? *(A beat)* Answer me! Why?! To spy on me?! To inform on my associates?! Who sent you?! Who—

CZOLGOSZ: Miss Goldman, I am in love with you!

GOLDMAN: What?

CZOLGOSZ: I am in love with you.

GOLDMAN *(A beat)*: Ah! That's different. Thank you, Mr. Czolgosz. Leon. Unfortunately I do not have time to be in love with you. I am speaking tonight in St. Louis and if I miss my train, the cossacks there will have to find somebody else's arm to break.

CZOLGOSZ: If I could, I would protect you! I would strike them down!

GOLDMAN: You can.

CZOLGOSZ: What?

GOLDMAN: Strike them down.