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# Cradle Will Rock

By Tim Robbins

Mohamedsayed1993@yahoo.com

Araby4All

Italy stands poised to invade Ethiopia...  
under the leadership  
of Benito Mussolini.

In a speech to thousands of supporters  
last week, Mussolini recalled...  
the glory of Roman empires past,  
calling on his supporters to join with him  
to reclaim lands rightfully belonging to them.  
Facing Mussolini's highly mobilized war  
machine is Haile Selassie of Ethiopia,  
who must rely on high-spirited  
but poorly armed tribal forces...  
to defend his monarchy.

In a concerted effort to rid Germany of  
what he views as degenerate influences,  
Chancellor Adolph Hitler last week  
opened an exhibition of condemned art.

A dabbler in oils  
and water colors himself,  
Chancellor Hitler said in a statement that  
he is not anti-art but anti-decadence...  
and despises art that portrays Germany  
in a negative and unsympathetic fashion.  
Here at home, American spirits continue  
to rebound from economic hard times...  
with jobs made possible  
by Washington, D. C.  
Fear is vanishing...  
and confidence is growing  
on every side.

With the press of a button, Roosevelt puts  
into operation the Tennessee Valley Dam,  
a monumental accomplishment  
that provides flood control...  
and electricity to the southern states.  
Another stunning achievement made possible  
by the millions of unemployed men and women...  
put back to work by  
the Works Progress Administration.  
Things are looking up  
indeed for Americans,  
as we look to the future

with hope and high vision.

Fashion designers for years have competed  
for the attention and discerning eye...  
of the female consumer.

Everything from bathing suits to evening  
gowns have been designed for the female form.

- But what about junior?

- Hey, Dave, is that you?

Children's fashion was the star  
in Miami, Florida, this week.

Everything from underwear to evening  
wear graced the tiny runways...

as discerning children took notice  
of the threads coming their way.

Better not ask this little guy  
to wear a tie. Mommy!

If dog is man's best friend, then  
perhaps the cat is this lady's chum.

A very large cat indeed.

The Magnificent Wanda  
and her lion, Kitty,  
helped initiate the Federal Theater's  
circus project last week.

The latest in a series  
of low-cost entertainments...

produced by the maverick

W. P. A. program.

- Hey!

- Vaudeville, Shakespeare and lion tamers.

Brought to you by Uncle Sam,  
courtesy of the W. P. A.

And stay out, you runt!

Each little tear and sorrow

Only brings you closer to me

Just wait until tomorrow

What a happy day that will be

- Song for a nickel, mister?

- What?

- I'll sing you a song for a nickel.

- No, thank you.

Somewhere the sun is shining

So, honey don't you cry

Closer to me

just wait until tomorrow

What a happy day that will be

Come up to my room

Jesus

I ain't in Steeltown long

I work two days a week

The other five

my efforts ain't required

For two days out of seven

Two dollar bills I'm given

So I'm just searchin'

Along the street

For on those five days

Five days

For on those five days

For on those five days

It's nice to eat

Jesus

Jesus

Who said

let's eat

Titanic.

It was amazing. It was...

So, it was the most exciting  
thing in my life.

- Negroes, dear?

- Yes, Negroes.

- All Negroes?

- All Negroes, dear.

- It was a minstrel show?

- No. Macbeth.

I said it before.

Macbeth. Shakespeare.

- With Negroes?

- Yes.

Carlo says it's unlucky

to say Macbeth in the theater.

- So what do they call it? What is it, Carlo?

- "The Scottish play. "

Yes, the Scottish play, but there isn't  
anything Scottish in this production.

I don't know a lot of Negro Scots.

Oh, Gray dear,

you don't know a lot of Negro anything.

Madame?

Oh, dear. I know.

I had a call last night.

- Not you, thank God.

- What is?

Steel strike. Labor riots.

Well, the reception for  
the Italian exhibit is today, noon.

- Italian exhibit at noon.

- Please don't be late.

- Carlo and I are going to see a theatrical producer today.

- Mm, theatrical producer?

- To learn about the artistic process.

- Artistic process?

- Yes.

- What time is the exhibit?

Noon.

I'll be there, darling.

- Dad, when is Mommy coming home?

- In a couple of days.

- "Churn. "

- C-H-U-R-N.

- What's the baby's name?

- "Person. "

- P-E-R-S-O-N.

- What's the baby's name?

- Antonio. You like that?

- Yeah.

- A-I-N-T-I-N-O?

- What?

Excuse me, miss.

Is this line for to get job?

- I think so.

- I am carpenter. I work with my hands.

- It is good government wants to build.

- Yeah.

- I build with wood. What you do?

- Yeah?

I think this might be the wrong line.

This line is for theater.

- It's for actors and musicians, I believe.

- You're actress?

Yeah. Is this the right line

for the Federal Theater Project?

I think this is

the line for everything.

- Are there other lines?

- There's other lines inside.

- Are there lines for theater jobs inside?

- I believe so.

- I work anywhere. I dig ditches, pour slag, act.

- Flanagan?

- Does not matter.

- Mrs. Flanagan!

Mrs. Flanagan.

- Aren't you Hallie Flanagan?

- Yes. Mr...

- Beaver. I'm a beaver.

- Mr. Beaver, what can I do for you?

Well, I'm completely embarrassed,

but I heard you'd be here today,

and I'm a playwright,

and I've written a children's play.

It's called Revolt Of the Beavers,

and I want to know if you'd read it.

- Absolutely. You have to fill out submission forms.

- I did. They're all inside.

It's got great music. I'd be happy

to play it for you. I-I'll be back.

They say, "Okay, we want to do what you do. "

I say, "Fine. Take 30 years.

Do nothing else,

and then maybe. "

I am not a teacher.

I'm an entertainer.

- What's the problem?

- Mr. Crickshaw works at the vaudeville project,

and he's complaining

about the policy there.

I'm supposed to tutor

two no-talents. It's impossible!

Mr. Crickshaw, we were hoping that you

would introduce young people to vaudeville...

and encourage them to take it up

and prolong its life.

"Prolong its life"?

Vaudeville will be around long

after you and your Communists are.

Hallie, you have

a meeting.

Two Chinese gentlemen  
in native dress came by last night,  
want you to start  
a Chinese theater.

Very polite. They'll come again.

Also, you got a call yesterday...  
saying that we can't hire an elephant  
for the Brooklyn circus.

- Why not?
- They're not eligible for relief.
- Hallie. Welcome home. How was your trip?
- Great.
- I have wonderful things to report.
- Did you hear about the elephant?
- Not eligible for relief.
- Also, a guy in a squirrel outfit's been trying to see you.
- Beaver. He's a beaver, a playwright.
- What? Oh, playwright.

Also, there's trouble  
in Minnesota.

Seems an ex-fan dancer auditioned  
for the Federal Theater there.

- Fan dancer?
  - Burlesque, takes her clothes off, you know.
- So she auditions, doesn't get the job,  
but the papers run a photo of her...
- saying the Federal Theater...
  - Is now employing strippers.
  - Pierre!
  - Hello, darling.

I trust you're not too tired  
from touring the U. S. A.

I have seen such great theater.

So inspiring.

- Have you heard the rumors?
- About the stripper?

Stripper, no. People from Washington  
snooping around our files.

- All this talk about Congressman Dies.
- Dies as in death?
- Something about a subcommittee.
- No. It's news to me. Hello, everybody!

Go stand on someone's neck

While you're takin'  
Cut into somebody's throat  
as you put  
For every dream and scheme's  
Depending on whether  
All through the storm  
You've kept it warm  
The nickel under your foot  
Who's singing?  
A prostitute. She's starving.  
She sells herself for food.  
She thinks she feels  
a nickel under her foot,  
but when she reaches for it,  
there's nothing there.  
She's that... hungry.  
You hate that, don't you?  
I didn't say that.  
I didn't say anything.  
I... I'm not here.  
You haven't slept in two days.  
Go to sleep.

- Ooh! Oh. I'm so sorry.

- Ooh! Oh!

- Are you all right?

- Yes. Oh!

Oh!

- Countess!

- Jack! Jack, I found the play charming.

Utterly darling. And the idea of setting  
the Scottish play in the Caribbean.

- Ah, yes.

- Carlo commented afterward he'd never seen anything like it.

And he's from Vienna,

you know.

I would be very interested to cultivate a  
relationship with yourself, Mr. Welles and Carlo.

- What's the name of your opera, dear?

- Le Cordonier Desespere.

The Cobbler In Despair. He sings  
passages from it to me all the time.

- He can't seem to get it out of his head.

- Yes.

- Poor Carlo. Such a sad man.



- Shh!

His store of pleasures  
must be sauced with pain!  
Now, worthy Faustus,  
methinks your looks are changed.

- Gentlemen.

- What ails Faustus?

Look, sirs, comes he not?

Comes he not?

Yet, Faustus, look up to Heaven.

- Hey, cue lightning! Goddamn it, Abe.

- Cue lightning!

That's late. If the cue is late,  
it will get a laugh.

We do not need this laugh.

It's a stupid, embarrassing laugh.

Concentrate, folks.

Now, do it again.

Yet, Faustus,  
look up to Heaven!

Which one

is Mr. Welles?

He's the, um, ranting madman  
with the Blue Boy wig.

I gave up my soul  
for my cunning.

That's my cue.

- It's not your line.

- What's my line?

- It's Bert's line. Bert, say your line.

- No, it's his.

- Say the line!

- Oh, God forbid!

- Oh, God forbid!

- Break time. Break time!

Union break! Fifteen minutes!

The date is expired. The hell with  
the theater, and the hell with you.

I've got to go have  
a coffee and a fart.

Never mind that for the first time  
in this goddamn rehearsal process...  
we were in the middle of a discovery  
essential to making the play work!

I... need... a smoke!  
You're not actors,  
you're smokers!  
You wouldn't know the church of the  
theater if it smacked you in the mouth!  
- Shut up, Orson, or I'll smack you in the mouth.  
- Fuck you, john!  
You're not a believer,  
you're a worker.  
Damn right. And you're not a director.  
you're a dictator!  
You're atheists!  
You have no respect for the theater!  
This isn't a game!  
This isn't a goddamn cocktail party!  
- This is work! It's hard work!  
- Blah, blah, blah, blah.  
And if you're not willing  
to give your blood to it,  
then it isn't worth it  
because you'll never make theater...  
with your coffee klatch  
union breaks.  
You will make...  
pageants...  
without truth,  
without soul!  
Bloodless,  
sweatless, shallow,  
lily-white pageants...  
signifying nothing!  
I'm going, Jack!  
You can give them a two-hour-long smoke.  
We'll pick up...  
with the Seven Deadly Sins.  
Right!  
He has his moments.  
He is busto,  
multidissimo.  
It's so fascinating. I've always wanted  
to observe the process of art-making.  
- So what happens now?  
- Now we wait for the prima donna to return.  
- Willie!

- Sandra!
- Baby!
- Where have you been?
- Oh, good grief.
- Excuse me, Mr. Houseman?
- I have to go to the hospital.
- The hospital? Are you hurt?
- No, no, no. Hello. My wife just had a child.
- How do you do?
- Oh, congratulations!
- Thank you.

Countess, may I introduce a supporting member of our cast... Aldo Silvano.

- Plays the role of, um...
- I'm the fourth scholar.
- Fourth scholar, yes.
- Wonderful.

This ain't no political meeting house.

This is a damn theater.

We're not doin' nothing here but entertaining and making people laugh.

Well, I'm making people laugh.

Get me up.

Mrs. Flanagan wants me to teach those Reds how to make people laugh.

- Forget it. You?
- Nothing funny about Communists.
- There's nothing funny about you.
- Reds are glum, serious people.
- What about that Stinky Magoo? He was funny.
- He wasn't a Communist.

Oh, most certainly was.

As Red as a rooster's crown.

Melvin, you don't know what you're talking about. Stinky Magoo was a Republican.

- He was Red, Tommy.
- No, he wasn't.
- Yes, he was.
- No, he wasn't.
- You would know.
- He was not a Red! Stinky Magoo was a Republican!

He was funny!

Well... he was funny.

You're right about that.

- God rest his soul.  
- May he make God laugh.  
Hear, hear.  
Mr. Crickshaw,  
hi-loo.  
Uh, we are ready  
for our tutorial.  
- We're ready for our tutorial.  
- We're ready to learn how to be funny.  
And how to do the mouth thing.  
It is fantastic, this art form  
that embraces the future,  
shatters convention and uses color  
to create an exquisite sensuality, huh?  
It looks all cut up.  
- Shapes distributed geometrically.  
- Exactly.  
- What does it mean?  
- It means whatever you want it to mean.  
The Futurists, they exist  
in the realm of emotion...  
the Eros, not the intellect.  
Ah, yes, Eros. I particularly like  
the sensuality of the colors.  
- Mmm, mmm.  
- This one has interesting colors too.  
Well, you have a very good eye,  
Mr. Mathers.  
- Gray.  
- Gray?  
- My name, not the color.  
- Ah.  
- Is that a Modigliani?  
- Yes, it is.  
Nelson Rockefeller,  
meet Margherita Sarfatti,  
- cultural emissary to Premier Mussolini.  
- Piacere.  
- Enchante.  
- Delighted to see you, Nelson.  
Mr. Mathers. Mr. Hearst, always  
a pleasure. Good to see you, Mary.  
Premier Mussolini is very thankful  
to you and your family...

for your generous contribution  
for the museum.

I understand that you...  
are personally responsible...  
for bringing  
the exhibition here.

Well, my motives  
are purely selfish, madame.  
I've never been lucky enough  
in my life...

to stand inches away from  
a da Vinci or a Michelangelo.

Ah, how does it feel?

Extraordinary.

- Nelson can be very helpful in the oil department as well.

- Really?

There I go again  
jumping the gun,  
ruining a perfectly civil conversation  
on art by getting to the point.

Eh, Margherita?

I must confess, I'm more interested in  
the oil in paint than the oil in derricks.

Ah, bravo! Bravo!

- I understand you know Diego Rivera.

- Mmm.

Paris, wild times.

- I am to see him today.

- Ah.

- Any tips?

- Swing left, stay sober.

He was once a cannibal,  
you know.

- What?

- Yes.

Never before has the link  
between government and industry...  
been so obvious  
and so dangerous.

Five dead.

Two shot in the back.

Twenty-seven injured...

by the blackjacks and fists  
of the strike breakers.

And who were the attackers?

- Thugs? Pinkertons?

- No! No!

No, ladies and gentlemen. The murderers  
last night were government employees!

Policemen killing and beating  
the very citizens who pay their wage.

Lending their nightsticks...

and guns to the industrialists,

to the strike breakers!

I think it's time...

- What is your play about?

- What are your plays about? What's Threepenny Opera about?

- What is your play about?

- It's about a prostitute, uh, poverty.

That's survival. That is not enough.

What about

the other prostitutes?

You don't have to be poor to be  
a whore. Look around you.

In the mansions, in the churches,  
in the universities.

Everyone is corruptible,  
even your union leaders.

- The cradle of power is rocking!

- Yeah!

Now who's the dummy?

- Now who's the dummy?

- Now who's the dummy?

- Now who's the dummy?

- Now who's the dummy?

- Now who's the dummy?

- Stop!

You want to use...

the back of your mouth.

Try again.

Now who's the dummy?

Now... who's the dummy?

- Now who's the dummy?

- Now who's the dummy?

- Now...

- Cut!

Your mouth is moving.

If your mouth is moving,

the effect is ruined.  
Try to keep your lips  
immobile.  
Mmm, mmm, the dummy?  
Now who's the dummy?  
"Federal Theater's touring show, Broadway  
Bandwagon, rolled into Peoria last night,  
and for two hours,  
gaiety and glamour...  
obscured thoughts of drought  
and other financial worries. "  
Peoria Star.  
They performed Dubuque, Waterloo,  
Eau Claire, Sheboygan,  
Wausau and Wisconsin Rapids.  
And I saw it in a high school  
in Manitowoc.  
with live actors. It was very exciting.  
I just got a letter from the director  
of the Portland, Oregon, project.  
Their debut was a resounding success.  
Sold-out shows every night.  
Denver's a week away from opening Rakes  
Progress. That'll be Colorado's debut.  
- It Can't Happen Here?  
- It is happening.  
It Can't Happen Here  
is a steamroller.  
We have a commitment  
from the Detroit project.  
Also, the Seattle  
Negro Company's in.  
And Brooklyn is doing  
a version in Yiddish.  
Twenty-one productions of  
It Can't Happen Here in 17 states.  
- Same play, all opening on the same day.  
- Great.  
- A national theater, Hallie.  
- Birmingham, Boston, Chicago, Detroit,  
Newark, Bridgeport, Yonkers,  
Staten Island, Tampa,  
- Wooster, Cleveland, Los Angeles...  
- That's how beavers

Make their living since the day  
they left the ark

- Miami, Omaha, Seattle, San Francisco...

- And we clip, clip, clip

And we stack, stack, stack

And we pack, pack, pack

And we strip it and we clip it

and we stack it and we pack it

And we work, work, work

all day

- So did he stomp his feet?

- A couple of times.

He sounds like such a child.

Let's not talk about Orson.

Let's talk about Antonio.

Hmm? Antonio?

You don't like it?

I... No, I like it.

You're beautiful, hmm?

That's your mama.

She made you.

She's amazing.

You're the artist.

Thank you.

I take pride in my work.

- Your mother.

- There's only one voice like it.

- I thought I'd find you in a room.

- Shh! This is a room.

A bigger room, yes. I thought

I'd find you without so many people.

- We couldn't afford that.

- Oh! Poverino.

If your papa had a better job,

you could get a better room.

Mama, don't start. Speak good things

in front of my son, please.

So many people.

Someone could be sick.

- Say hello to Sophie.

- Hello, Sophie.

- Hello, Mama.

- Oh, look at that face.

And today I saw Mr. Welles throw



a tantrum in front of his new cast.  
They're mostly white.  
He was so passionate.  
I'm sure.  
You're late, you know.  
Oh, have I missed much?  
Have any of the paintings moved?  
- Most of the people have.  
- Look. Da Vinci.  
- Da Vinci.  
- Splendid!  
- Hearst says that the Federal  
Theater is full of Reds.  
- Communists? I can't imagine that to be true.  
- Communists?  
- Hearst is a smart man.  
- Yes, and I suppose I'm a dim woman.  
No, no, no,  
I didn't say that.  
Could Mr. Hearst explain to me  
the Communist implications...  
of the Scottish play  
in the Caribbean?  
Ah, Margherita Sarfatti,  
my wife,  
- the perpetually late Countess La Grange.  
- Charmed.  
- Likewise.  
- Buona sera. Je suis Carlo.  
- Oh, thank you.  
- Grazie.  
Your husband has  
an excellent eye for art.  
You're a lucky woman  
to have such a cultured man.  
Oh, blessed really.  
- Margherita, we must go.  
- Ah. Countess.  
- Gray.  
- Miss Sarfatti.  
It has been a pleasure  
talking to you.  
And you can assure your trade  
representative that Mathers Steel...

will put frames on Italian trucks  
as long as wheels turn.

It will be  
deeply appreciated.

Anything we can do to stop the spread of  
Communism in Europe is in our own best interest.

Thank you.

Good day.

- Ciao.

- Countess, Gray.

- Good-bye.

- Marion.

- Did you just make a business deal?

- No, dear.

But you said you'd put frames  
on Italian trucks.

That is none  
of your business, dear.

Mr. Darwin claims that it took  
for a monk... for a man... for nature  
to make a monkey out of a man.

That's nothing. A man can ma... A woman  
can make a monkey out of a man in an hour.

- That's true.

- Like your wife made a monkey out of you.

Melvin, people don't have to know that.

- With the merchant marine. Or was it a bricklayer?

- All right.

Those are my jokes  
that you're butchering. My act.

I know you two probably don't  
believe in personal property.

But this is not Russia.

This is not rice or grain.

It is my property,  
my act.

You do not do  
another entertainer's act.

It is not... done.

- Understood?

- Okay. Yes, sir.

Now who's the dummy?

I saw in the paper that that Welles you  
work with is the voice of the Shadow.

- I like-a that show.  
- Martha learns English from that show.  
- "The Shadow knows. "  
- Bravo.  
- So he's famous, right?  
- Yeah, he works a lot.  
- So he's got lots of money, right?  
- Yes.  
- So, uh... why don't you do that?  
- I'd like to.  
- So what's stopping you?  
- Well, you gotta get the job.  
Well, apply for it, huh?  
You know, you wait on line for it.  
- It doesn't work that way.  
- You're lazy.  
You gotta get up early,  
wait on line.  
Early bird catches the worm.  
No, no, no, you don't wait  
on line for a theater job, all right?  
Mama, give me Antonio.  
- You, you audition.  
- Shh, shh, shh.  
- You try out.  
- Shh, shh, shh.  
- You read, okay? Right, Antonio?  
- There we go.  
- Yeah, there we go.  
- You pretend to be the character, huh?  
- You don't wait on line.  
- There you go. With his papa.  
- I gotta go pick the kids up at school.  
- They're at Vincent's today.  
- No, no. I'm taking them to rehearsal.  
- Sure?  
Mm-hmm. All right?  
Good-bye, Antonio.  
Bye-bye.  
Bye-bye.  
I love you, my artist.  
Listen  
Here's a story  
Not much fun

and not much glory  
Low class  
Low-down  
The thing you never care to see  
Until there is a showdown  
One big question inside me  
Cries  
How many fakers  
Peace undertakers  
Paid strike breakers  
How many toiling  
ailing, dying  
Piled-up bodies, brother  
Does it take  
to make... you  
Wise  
- It's very serious.  
- Where's the irony? Where's the humor?  
What about  
the other prostitutes?  
You're whores! You're prostitutes!  
You're a whore!  
You're a prostitute of the state!  
The policemen are whores!  
You're...  
Bought a house, a lot  
a limousine, a swanky yard  
My champagne would fill up  
any cellar  
Oh, hum, there goes  
the alarm clock  
Gotta get up  
and go to work again  
Acting awfully bored  
I loaned a buck from Henry Ford  
Broke a date  
with John D. Rockefeller  
- Oh, hum, there goes the alarm clock  
- Mr. Rivera.  
- Si.  
- Mr. Diego Rivera?  
- Si.  
- I'm Nelson Rockefeller.  
I bring greetings from Margherita

Sarfatti. She says she knows you.

- Yes. Paris, wild times.

- I saw her today.

- Yes.

- She's an exquisite woman with wonderful tastes in art.

- Would you like something to drink or something to eat?

- No.

- Frida, Senor Rockefeller.

- Madame.

Please come in.

- So?

- So.

- So?

- So, um...

I've chosen your sketch  
for mural composition...

to be included

in the... lobby...

of said

Rockefeller Center.

Now, as you may know, the theme for  
the piece is "Man At the Crossroads,  
Looking With Hope  
and High Vision...

to the Choosing of

a New and Better Future. "

And, uh... that's

the theme of the piece,

and we'd just be thrilled

to death to have you do it.

- How much?

- 21,000.

All inclusive,

materials and assistants.

- Would you like a drink?

- Yes.

There is not a barkless beaver

Not in all of

Beaver Land

Bravo! Bravo.

I think children are going to love

this. When can you start rehearsing?

- Tomorrow.

- Rose, will you put these two beavers in motion.

Hallie, the opening.

We can't be late.

Mr. Hopkins will be there.

Ask Harry for  
more money, Hallie.

- Next.

- That's me.

And your name?

Olive Stanton.

- Your address?

- Oh, I don't have one.

- Are you currently employed?

- No, ma'am.

You are applying for work  
at the Federal Theater Project.

What experience do you have  
in the theater?

Oh, um... I sing  
on Broadway...

Well, I've sung  
on Broadway.

Mm-hmm.

Last employer?

- Excuse me?

- Last employer?

Last producer of a show you were in  
so we can contact him?

Um...

he's dead.

His name?

Oh, um...

Mr. Smith... Minsky-Smith.

You've probably never heard of him.

It was in Buffalo.

We can check.

I'm sorry.

There wasn't any Smith.

Um... I'm just a gal  
that needs a break is all.

I've been working on the street singing  
for nickels, and I need a job.

I can sing real well,  
and I'd work hard.

Sister, this program is designed for

theater professionals who are out of work.  
We have limited resources. We can't  
possibly employ all of the professionals.  
This isn't a Busby Berkeley fantasy,  
"make you a star, kid" and all that.  
Are you strong?

- Ma'am?

- Are you strong?

- Can you lift things?

- Yes, ma'am.

Project 891

needs a stagehand.

Do you know what a stagehand does?

Completely unglamorous work.

Push a broom, lift scenery,  
pull ropes, that sort of thing.

- Are you interested?

- Yes, ma'am. You bet.

You are not eligible for casting  
in any plays. Do you understand that?  
Here's the address, and report tomorrow

**between 10:**

- Oh, can I go today?

- Go bananas.

Thank you.

Well, sure, if you're in a coal mine  
or a steel mill or a dangerous job,  
I can see the need  
for a break every hour or so.

- What are you saying?

- Nothing. I'm with you, Orson.

- This is theater.

- We're not risking our lives here.

We're not pouring slag.

The other side of that is

It would help if you didn't stop  
rehearsal to call for breaks, john.

These are actors we're talking about,  
not garment workers.

This is not the Triangle Fire.

It's a play.

No one is trying to oppress anyone  
here. We're trying to get a show up.

- Once the show is up, well, we can work for what...
- Two! Two hours!
- Easy street!
- Two hours acting, eight hours lookin' for another job.
- What? Frank?
- No, sorry. Sorry.

Yeah. And should management insist that we work an eight-hour day...

- once the show is up?
- Don't touch me.

It's ridiculous!

Hah!

And now, if you don't mind, I'd like you to get back to work!

Bring in the puppets!

We're in a jail cell.

Steeltown, U. S. A.

Moll, our prostitute, has been arrested.

She's sitting there, depressed and hungry, when the door opens.

Who should walk in but the real whores, the creme de la creme of Steeltown...

doctor specialist, editor of the newspaper, president of the university,

- Reverend Salvation...
- And an artist or two.
- Don't forget, they are the biggest whores.
- Right, right, right.

And they're all in handcuffs. They've all been arrested by some dolt cop...

who made a mistake, thought they were union organizers.

Think what my people would think if they could see me.

Phone to Mr. Mister to come and bail us out.

- Who is Mr. Mister?
  - He's the big cheese. He pulls the strings in Steeltown.
- So Mr. Mister please take pity

Come and save your pet committee

From disaster

- I'm coming about the leaflet.



- Yes?
- I'm here for the meeting.
- Come in.
- Tommy Crickshaw, ventriloquist.
- Oh.

Did you bring  
your dummy?

I prefer to think of him  
as a... puppet. I never leave him.

Well, we're just getting started,  
Mr. Crickshaw. If you'll have a seat.

Hello, ladies and gentlemen. My name is Hazel  
Huffman, and I want to thank you for coming.

It is my hope that tonight  
we can create a forum...

where people can talk freely  
without fear of recrimination.

Don't worry. Powerful people  
are interested in what we have to say.

I know for a fact

there's a certain congressman...

who would like to know if problems  
exist in the Federal Theater.

I, for one,  
am ready to talk.

I am Sloth.

... from salvation.

- I am Envy.
- I am Covetousness.
- I'm Pride.

I am Gluttony.

- They're scary.
- They're sins.

Daddy, how come

you're not doing a puppet?

- Mr. Welles doesn't want me to.
- What part do you play?

The fourth Scholar.

It's a very...

important role.

Lechery!

- Well, hello, my darling.
- Hi, Harry. Welcome.
- You know Paul Edwards.

- Yes. Hello, Hallie.  
I'm sorry I'm late.  
Bridge worker negotiations.  
I trust Roosevelt  
is treating you well.  
Juggling three agencies,  
the bureaucratic wonder: Harry Hopkins.  
Everything from cleaning children's  
teeth to controlling mosquitoes.  
Harry, what are these whispers  
I'm hearing about Congressman Dies?  
Whispers? It's a roar.  
He announces tomorrow...  
a committee to investigate  
Communism in the W. P. A.  
- Oh, dear. Why didn't you tell me?  
- I'm telling you.  
"Un-American activities" he calls it.  
I wouldn't worry.  
Dies is a blowhard. This is just a bunch  
of politicians looking for headlines.  
What about  
this mixed-race dating?  
Has anyone else noticed  
this happening in theater groups?  
I have noticed that  
the people in the Federal Theater...  
hobnob always with Negroes,  
throwing parties with them  
left and right.  
The problem that I have  
personally with the W. P. A...  
and with the arts projects  
in particular...  
is that they seem to be run by people  
that are very elitist, very snobby-like.  
I've noticed this too.  
Personally, I don't think there is any room  
to advance, if you don't agree with them,  
if you're not the same as them  
in politics,  
if you don't have,  
politics-wise, the same mind.  
And besides,

Reds aren't funny.  
I just don't think  
they're funny.  
Ooh, ooh, ooh  
What a little moonlight  
can do  
Ooh, ooh, ooh  
What a little moonlight  
can do to you  
You're in love  
Your heart's a-flutterin'  
all day long  
You only stutter  
'cause your poor tongue  
Just will not get  
outta the way  
I... love... you  
- Can I have some punch, please?  
- Yes, certainly.  
And the Negro had the nerve to call me  
on the telephone and ask me for a date.  
That's with  
that Communist program.  
- Social equality and race merging.  
- That's right!  
Punch, Mr. Crickshaw?  
Yes. Thank you very much, Miss Huffman.  
Ooh, ooh, ooh  
What a little moonlight  
can do  
Wait a while  
till a little moonbeam  
Comes peepin' through  
You'll get sold  
You can't resist him  
And all you've said  
when you have kissed him is  
Ooh, ooh, ooh  
What a little moonlight  
can do  
Oh boy, oh boy, I just been grilled.  
- I also have been barbecued and frizzled.  
- Who's that?  
- It's Larry Foreman, the union leader.

- I like this, Marc.

He comes into the jail and sees  
all these rich people sitting there.  
Say, what's the whole Liberty  
Committee doing in the pokey?

- And on the wrong side of the bars?

- That's the one you want.

- He's a Red, an agitator.

- Mr. Mister tries to bribe him, but he tells him to get lost.

He won't sell out his union.

These people are marching on the jail.

Kill him! Lynch him!

And it's going to surround you

No wonder

those storm birds

Seem to circle

around you

Well, you can't climb down

and you can't sit still

That's a storm

that's gonna last

Until the final wind blows

And when the wind blows

The cradle will rock

Bravo!

- Well, I think it is terrific, jack.

- Thank you.

- Thank you.

- Marc, you have written something groundbreaking here.

Never before, to my knowledge,

has an American musical...

dealt with content and social issues

and dramatic themes.

- You are reinventing musical theater.

- Wow! Thank you.

Orson?

Don't overdesign this.

- Keep it pure and keep it simple.

- You have my word, Madam Flanagan.

- I'll be checking in.

- Congratulations, Marc!

Auditions are tonight at 6:00.

Score will be left with the pianist

if anybody wants to learn the songs.

- Thank you. - Augusta, you  
make a reservation at Twenty-One?

- Yes, Orson.

- Jack, Marc, come with me.

- Madam Flanagan, will you join us?

- At Twenty-One?

Whoo! It's too rich for my blood.

I can see the headlines now.

"Civil Servant Dining At Twenty-One  
On Your Tax Dollars. "

- Oh, perils of officialdom.

- Orson.

- Yeah? - What role does a Negro actor  
play in this all-white production?

All-white, ridiculous.

You'll play the Reverend Salvation.

- A white Protestant.

- In makeup.

In a world of Amos and Andy, you can play  
a white Protestant. Makeup, my friend.

- Subversion!

- Quit worrying, Marc. Don't worry.

- Marc!

- Coming, coming.

- Mr. Houseman, I'm Olive Stanton.

- I know you.

- You're a stagehand.

- And I'm an actress.

I'd like to, with your permission,  
sir, if it'd be possible to audition.

Audition?

I don't know.

Are you out of your mind?

We're being investigated by Congress.

- We can't do this play.

- Why not?

Greedy industrialist who's  
brought down by the working man.

It's pro-union, yes,  
but so is our audience.

- A stage full of marching workers trample the capitalist.

- They don't trample him.

- It's an attack on capitalism.

- Not at all. It's an attack on greed.

It's a good play. It's funny,  
it's moving and the music is great.

- So stop fretting.

- I see glass!

- Glass?

- A stage of glass.

Yes!

Don't ask me why, but...

Whoa! There's something  
about standing on a surface of glass...

the risk of it,

the potential for injury.

It'll be completely safe, of course.

Thick, safe glass!

Twenty-One Club, please.

- The Cradle Will Rock is spectacular!

- Glass?

Yes. Stage of glass, yeah.

Are you Communist, Marc?

- Perhaps we should talk about the auditions,

- You know, are you Red?

- what we're looking for in each of the roles.

- Officially, no, Orson.

I'm a homosexual. That excludes  
me from membership in the party.

I am faithful

to the ideals of the party.

I am faithful

to the party of ideas.

- No, you are faithful to the idea of a party.

- Sparkling wit, jack.

- I thought you were married, Marc.

- No, no. Shh!

- My wife passed away, uh, last year.

- Mm.

Diego!

Diego, are you getting  
everything you need?

I need burnt

cypress embers.

Oh. I'll send for some.

You know, Diego, I think at first I was  
a bit unrealistic with my expectations.

I am glad

you're taking your time.  
Certainly, Michelangelo took his time  
with the Sistine Chapel.  
I only work three months,  
not much.  
Three months,  
on and off.  
I've come to understand a great deal  
about art with this experience.  
- Mira, vete para el carajo.  
- Frida, porta te bien.  
Diego, what is that...  
emanating from the man  
in the center?  
That's a recombination of atoms,  
the division of a cell.  
Those are germs, bacteria, cells...  
the wonders of the microscope.  
- That's fascinating.  
- Mm.  
It's so modern.  
And this large, uh...  
Looks like a magnifying glass of  
some kind? People are staring at it.  
That's the latest invention...  
the television.  
- Yes, I know television.  
- Beamed visual radio.  
Imagine the potential  
for education.  
And these well-dressed people  
here, what is that?  
What do you see?  
Oh, I get it. Picasso played  
this game with me too.  
All right.  
I see...  
high society  
at a party of some kind.  
- That's it!  
- Ha!  
The decadent rich.  
Above their heads,  
that's a syphilis cell.

Syphilis cell?

The rich in general?

- No. In specific.

- You're not talking about me, are you?

- But you don't have syphilis, do you?

- No, of course not.

No, I don't.

Up top there,

is that a war of some kind?

That's a battlefield.

Men in the holocaust of war.

And beneath it,

unemployed workers

being beaten by the police.

Do you like it?

You can't stop the weather

not with all your dough

For when the wind blows

and when the wind blows

The cradle will rock

I gotta run.

My son's birthday.

I need the last audition possible

tonight, all right? Thanks.

- It's yours, Aldo.

- Of Honolulu

Olive, isn't it?

Yeah.

- I'm John Adair.

- I know. You're a great actor. I've been watching you.

Thanks.

Did you like the play?

I liked it.

I thought it was interesting.

Felt it could've gone farther.

Actually, I thought it was pretty silly.

- Where do you stand on Spain?

- Spain?

Franco or

the Loyalists?

Uh, I don't know.

What, did you just crawl out

from under a rock?

That's a joke.



I'm sorry. I was kidding.

A lot of people

don't know.

Spain's being attacked by Fascists  
from Italy and Nazis from Germany.

- Bid your family toodle...

- Oh, to be young.

Unbelievable. At it again.

Like bunnies,

God bless 'em.

"Oh, what a bursting out  
there was, and what a blossoming...

when we had

all the summertime...

and she had

all the spring. "

- Roosevelt isn't doing a thing about it.

- Oh, okay.

That's terrible.

I don't know so much.

I... I had no idea.

- I thought that we were talking about the play.

- We were.

I liked it.

It made me think...

- Uh-oh. - about unions

and how important they are.

- Yeah.

- I guess I don't know so much about Spain, though.

- So I gather.

- Or politics.

What about dancing? How do you feel  
about the wonderful world of dancing?

- What, here? In front of everyone?

- Why not?

You want to audition, don't you?

You can't be shy.

I'm working.

Union break!

Fifteen minutes!

John! Please.

- Are you asking me to dance?

- Yes, ma'am.

- Then ask me.

- Miss Stanton, would you do me the honor?

Chocolate arms

are open like a flower

How the hell do you spell Honolulu

Junior's gonna be

a journalist

There's a woman there who wants you

La-la, la la la la

- Whoo!

- La-la, la la la la

Have you been to Honolulu

- Gee, fellas, am I supposed to be impressed?

- Ah, no, no, no.

Temptations of Satan, Marc.

Calling me

Satan, jack?

So, uh, what, you'll fill my belly

with rich foods and fine wines,

and in my sated state, I'll give myself

over to Orson Welles and his stage of glass?

- Is that it?

- No, I'm not talking about me.

I'm talking about

the follies of politics.

We can discuss it

over a frankfurter, if you like.

- Orson, discuss the play.

That is why we're here.

- What is the prevailing wisdom here?

- Sometime next month.

The League of Nations

is applying pressure.

- Yes. Suddenly, everybody cares about Ethiopia.

- Ha!

Suddenly, Haile Selassie

is an intelligent, rational leader.

Doing business with you has

been so important to Mussolini.

An embargo, it would be

so harmful to our cause.

Another example of rampant socialism

run amok in this administration.

Well, perhaps

we could ship product now...

and stockpile in anticipation  
of the worst.

Stockpile?

- Ah.
- jack.
- Let's talk about prostitution and your connection with it.
- Well, do you have evidence?
- Not of the loins, my boy. Of the soul.
- Oh, boy!
- How was Cradle Will Rock?
- Very good, funny.
- It's a nightmare.
- Nightmare? Why?

Pro-union.

How's the inquisition going?

I just don't understand. All these  
people testifying sound nuts, loony.  
Well, take notes. Are the reviews for  
The Revolt of the Beavers in?

- No.
- Let me know when they come.

But she is

a representative of the party...  
and they hobnob indiscriminately  
with them,  
throwing parties with them  
right and left.

Did you report it to Trudy Goodrich?

Yes. She said she felt very  
sorry that I felt that way about it,  
because she personally encouraged  
Negro attention on all occasions...  
and went out with them or  
with any Negro who asked her to.  
They're getting it all wrong. Their  
emphasis is on morals, not politics.  
Don't they understand everybody lusts?  
They're not...

going to stop corruption in the program  
because people are fornicating in it.

This is about Communism,  
not immoral procreation.

- I agree with you, Hazel.
- I must get called for this committee.

Oh, you would be fantastic.

- Mr. Crickshaw?

- Yes?

Is it time for our tutorial?

I can't come right now.

Uh... Tutorial was cancelled.

- Work together privately, and I will review.

- May we use the stage?

- Yes.

- Yea!

How long do you suppose

you can whore your talents...

before you're used up and unwanted?

- Whore my talents, eh?

- I'm sorry. Who is the sponsor of The Shadow?

- I think of them as my patrons.

- His corporate Medicis.

They pay well, Marc, and with

that money I pay for the theater.

I buy props that the federal

government won't approve.

- Right.

- Costumes, makeup, set pieces, puppets.

- I feed my friends, get my actors drunk.

- You're such a god, Orson.

There's nothing wrong

with money, Marc.

Everybody digs that beat.

Everybody wants in. It's all the rage.

Even the boys in the Kremlin

are starting to roll around in it.

You think Mr. Stalin is eating

the same meal as a factory worker?

- No. We call it the Ritz and you call it the Comintern Club!

- I have no problem with money.

- I need it like everybody else does.

- Yeah, yeah.

The question is what will you do for

the money. Where do you draw the line?

Good question.

That's what my play is about.

Cradle Will Rock is about prostitution.

Prostitution of education, of the press,

of the courts, and the most important...

- The Rothschild '29.  
- Most important for you and me, Orson,  
prostitution  
of the artist.

Where do you draw the line?

Do you draw the line?

How long before you're  
doing soap commercials?

- Well, this is going extremely well.

- jack.

I do hope you don't mind me interrupting,  
but I was frightfully bored at my table.

- And I was thoroughly excluded.

- Not at all. Please, please, join us.

- Orson, darling.

- Ah.

We were just creating an insurmountable  
tension for our working relationship.

Hey, birthday boy!

Come over here.

Hey! Hey!

- Hi. Oh.

- You're late for your own son's birthday.

I had to learn a song.

I have an audition tonight.

With Welles, huh?

How's Orson Welles doing, huh?

"The Shadow knows. "

Big shot, eh?

You thinka you a big shot?

Yes, Congressman Dies. "The Living  
Newspaper" is the name of the project.

They write nothing else  
but propaganda plays.

They write the plays produced  
by the theater project?

- Yes, sir.

- And they produce them too?

- They write and produce them.

- They are on the federal payroll?

They are on the federal payroll,  
each one. I don't know about this.

- You don't know about this? Me?

- You.

- I don't want to be rude, but this is distracting.

- Distracting?

- Can you stop him? Yes, you.

- Stop me? What gives?

Please, Mr. Crickshaw.

- No, Tommy.

- I would rather just do it with you.

Can we be alone?

- Oh! Me. just me.

- Yes.

- Yes.

- Ah, yes.

- I can do the congressman.

- Yes.

I beg your pardon, Miss Huffman.

Please continue.

It looks like summer weather

There's a fine warm sun

Truth is, I don't think of  
anything when I'm singing.

I don't think about

how hungry I am, or how cold.

I can even be singing about sad things  
and I feel all lifted up.

You love to sing.

Makes you warm,  
makes you forget.

You have beautiful eyes.

Oh.

Why were you  
crying before?

- When?

- When we danced. Was I that bad a dancer?

No.

No, it's nothing.

You're holding on  
to secrets, Olive Stanton.

There's things that  
have happened to you.

Bad things.

I guess I'm just not...  
used to kindness recently.

You took me by surprise.

We've all been

hit by it, Olive.  
We've all been hungry.  
Nobody here  
is gonna judge you.  
This is your family now.  
I make a little bed from wood  
So, my son  
Sleep good  
So my  
Son  
Sleep good  
- Really?  
- My official position is that I love it.  
Yes, that it's...  
That I'm thrilled.  
I think it's in my best interest to  
be publicly excited about the piece.  
But I must admit, I have great  
trepidation about the mural.  
First of all, I'm not sure  
that it's great art.  
It will be great.  
It is not finished yet.  
- It's not Picasso and it's not Matisse.  
- They said no to you.  
They did not want  
to paint your lobby. Diego did.  
You are not going to get anywhere  
attacking the quality of the art.  
First of all, you are wrong.  
Second of all, you cannot win.  
There will always be an art critic  
somewhere to call you a boor,  
an unsympathetic, unfeeling capitalist  
blockhead incapable of appreciating true art.  
- And I know... that is not you, Nelson.  
- Of course that's not me.  
There's not a greater appreciator of  
modern art and freedom of expression than I.  
- Yes, yes.  
- Will you talk to him?  
See if you can get him  
to cheer it up just a little?  
"Cheer it up"?

Margherita,  
there are microscopic cells of  
bubonic plague on the wall of my lobby.

Oh.

Orson, if you feel that way,  
why do you want to do  
Cradle Will Rock?

Because it will piss off  
all the right people.

And when you piss people off in the  
theater, you're doing something right.

Because the theater should  
provoke. It shouldn't pander.

People should leave the theater wanting  
to fight, to argue, to jump, to fuck!

Goddamn it, if people leave  
Cradle and head for a bistro...

for a Spanish coffee  
and a cigarette...

to discuss the intellectual underpinnings  
of our story, then we're dead men!

- To Marion!

- I want angry, lust-filled theatergoers!

- I think they're...

- To the theater!

To the theater!

There was another play  
called Procellional.

It dealt with a miner who had torn up  
the American flag and was put into jail.

Later, he killed this soldier  
who had seen him in a church or a,  
a labor temple, having...

sexual intercourse, if you please,

- with his mother.

- Uh-oh.

That was the type of play  
that was put on.

I'm so nervous.

You're doing great.

Did that really happen?

- What?

- In the play? He had intercourse with his mother?

Well, not on stage,



but they talked about it.

Oh. Oh.

Do you think I'll be called to testify?

I have so much to say.

If they don't call you,  
they're crazy.

Okay, it's your turn.

"Now, thanks to Revolt of the Beavers,  
many children unschooled in  
the technique of revolution...

have an opportunity,  
at government expense,  
to improve their tender minds.

Mother Goose is no longer  
a rhymed escapist.

She has been studying Marx. jack  
and jill lead the class revolution. "

Saturday Evening Post.

The gist is that Federal Theater  
is teaching poor people to hate...

and possibly murder  
rich children.

- This is ridiculous.

- Well, I'm stunned.

It's so absurd, it's funny. The Revolt  
of the Beavers is a fairy tale.

- What about the guns, Hallie?

- They don't shoot the big, fat beaver.

They just kick him out of Beaver Land.

So what does that say?

- Class war.

- It's a fairy tale!

Big Fat Beaver

is a big, fat capitalist.

The big, fat beaver

is a bad big, fat beaver.

He is a greedy beaver.

He's a bad beaver.

Why are they singing this song?

Who taught him this song?

I don't know.

- Who taught him this song?

- What song?

His cousins. What's the problem?

They're singing a blackshirt song...  
in my house.  
They're singing a song of Italy.  
They're proud to be singing this song.  
- Proud? It's a Fascist song.  
- It's a beautiful song.  
- Did you teach him this song?  
- What if I did?  
Where do you live,  
huh?  
Where do I live?  
What are you talking about?  
This is America,  
you dumb shit.  
You wanna wave  
your arms around, huh?  
Go back to Italy,  
all right?  
You insult Italy. You betray the land  
that gave your mother life.  
You spit on Italy.  
You slap your mother on the face.  
- You spit on your mother?  
- That's enough.  
I'm 36 years old.  
You can't smack me around anymore.  
Out. Get out.  
- You respect your family.  
- I respect my family. I just want him to leave.  
He's your family!  
- Then you can go too.  
- I can go too.  
- Yeah.  
- Are you gonna kick me out, big boy?  
You can't afford to kick us out. Who  
do you think pays for this apartment?  
- Then you want us to go?  
Then we'll go, all right?  
It costs too much to hear  
my son sing Fascist songs.  
Take the kids, we're going.  
Let's go. We're going.  
- Let's go. We're gonna go. Joey, come on.  
- Not the babies.

You call yourself an artist?  
The Italians were bringing art  
and culture to this world...  
while your  
Anglo-Saxon wife's relatives...  
were still picking the fleas  
off each other, living in caves.  
I'll get the kids.  
Chance, joey, let's go.  
So a fella comes to work one day and there was a  
girl there who'd been a chambermaid in his hotel,  
and had, uh, talked Communism  
to him on many occasions.  
And he says, "What on Earth are you doing  
here?" She says, "Oh, I'm an actress. "  
He says, "Go on.  
You're not an actress.  
I know you. You were a chambermaid  
in such-and-such hotel. "  
She tosses her head and said,  
"Yes, but it was a theatrical hotel. "  
You're gonna say that  
to the congressman?  
The point I'm making  
is that she was a maid,  
now she's an actress.  
Because of her connections  
to the Communists in charge.  
Mr. Crickshaw, your, your lurid  
stories about chambermaids...  
This is the U. S. Congress,  
not a, a beer hall.  
I am sorry, Hazel,  
to disappoint you.  
I... I assure you it is the  
furthest thing from my intentions.  
Mr. Crickshaw, there is an evil...  
that must be rooted out.  
We must choose our words carefully,  
or the press will mock our accusations.  
I'm attracted to you.  
Mr. Crickshaw, I...  
view our relationship in  
purely professional terms.

We are chums,  
nothing more.

Diego!

- Diego!

- Who is it?

- Margherita!

- Who?

Margherita Sarfatti! How many  
Margheritas do you know, Diego?

Oh, I knew someone

by that name once.

She was a jew, and then she  
started going to bed with Fascists,  
so I assumed by now  
she'd changed her name.

- Fascist. just one.

- What?

I had one Fascist.

And Mussolini and I are over.

- But you still work for him.

- Yes, and you...

- You are working for that cute little Rockefeller, huh?

- Touche.

Ah, times.

They change, huh?

So many roads we travel.

I was wondering  
when you'd come.

It is so big.

- I hope you are getting paid  
by the foot.

- I wish.

- Oh, the cute little Rockefeller,  
he is hoping...

it could be more... cheerful.

- He sent you here to tell me this?

- He's worried.

Whose head has fallen?

The head of Fascism.

Of Hitler.

And your friend,  
the buffoon, Mussolini.

My friend, the buffoon, loves your art,  
even though he hates your politics.

- And you know what he said to me?

- No, what did he say?

That if you are ever in trouble and need help, Italy will be there for you.

Oh, that's nice.

But I think...

that the one that is going to need a place to hide is gonna be Mussolini, not me.

He and his pinche friend, Hitler.

Hitler is not a friend of Mussolini.

Mussolini is a friend of manyjews.

How beautiful.

Fascist love.

And you, you're

not just in love.

You're the publicity queen for the new Roman Empire.

Writing your articles for Hearst, selling this murderer's philosophy,

Trying to put a human face on his Fascism.

You're at the mercy of a very powerful man.

As are we all, Diego.

As are we all.

For God's sake, it's the only thing that makes his singing bearable.

Oh, have an open mind, dear.

What the hell is he singing about, anyway?

- I think it's something to do with the woes of a cobbler.

- Cobbler!

- Shoemaker.

- This is ridiculous!

I would appreciate it if you didn't cast your aspersions so loudly in front of my protege.

I didn't open my mouth at lunch today.

I don't interfere with your affairs.

- You wouldn't understand them.

- I certainly would understand them.

You're doing business with Benito Mussolini, who's a very dangerous man, in my estimation.

- In your estimation.  
- I'm looking beyond your profit margin to a moral place, dear.  
A terribly complex place we'll all have  
to deal with in the next few years.  
We have Jewish friends,  
you know.  
Remember Troy Remember Lafayette  
Remember the Alamo  
Remember our womanhood  
Remember those  
innocent unborn babies  
Don't let George do it You do it  
Make the world safe for democracy,  
make the world safe for liberty  
I never could understand  
the reality of people...  
breaking into song  
in the middle of a play, could you?  
Are you sure you want this  
man to direct your play, Marc?  
Not really, no.  
To end all war  
That was very nice.  
Who's next?  
- John Adair. John Adair.  
- I haven't gotten permission...  
Just go out there. Don't say anything,  
don't apologize.  
Just sing from your heart.  
Go on.  
Uh, Moll's song.  
- That's not John Adair, is it?  
- She's one of mine.  
- One of mine.  
- Augusta, no stagehands...  
No, wait. I like her.  
Let her sing.  
I'm checkin' home now  
Call it a night  
Going up to...  
This is the look of a prostitute.  
Fresh, innocent, vulnerable.  
I don't want some brassy,  
pulchritudinous whore, jack.

I want some gal who's driven to  
sell her body because she's hungry.  
The market crash of 1929 made reluctant  
whores out of many young gals.  
You'd find that out  
if you were a heterosexual, jack.  
The other five my efforts  
ain't required  
For two days out of seven  
Two dollar bills  
I'm given  
So I'm just searching  
Along the street  
- Why did we cast her? She's terrible.  
- Your glass sets are terrible.  
No one knows where they are.  
Actors enter in fear of their lives.  
Say another word, jack,  
I'm gonna murder you.  
- What the hell is going on?  
- Hello, baby.  
Someone explain to me how it's  
possible that the night court cue...  
- is playing in the first scene.  
- Hello, big boy.  
- Abe, where the hell are you?  
- Busy, baby?  
- No problem, Orson, no problem!  
- Not so very.  
I'd like to give you a hundred bucks  
But I've only got  
- So would you wait  
till I catch my breath  
On account of it's so immense  
- Cuts in personnel?  
- Well, 20%.  
- That's 3,000 people out of work.  
- Effective immediately.  
Because of the cuts  
and reorganization, any new play,  
musical performance or art gallery is  
prohibited from opening before July 1.  
- This is an outrage.  
- Our train leaves in 20 minutes.

Paul, we'll be down in Washington for two days. Can't this wait till I return? This has gone out to all projects already. I play by the book. Of course you do, but you could at least give me the chance to deal with the directors. Good Lord, Cradle Will Rock opens tomorrow.

- Cradle opens tomorrow?
- Does that mean the opening is cancelled?
- I'm afraid it does.
- That is just downright disgraceful behavior.

Rose, get me Jack Houseman on the phone. I have to talk to Jack.

- There isn't time.
- I'll call Mr. Houseman and explain everything.
- Let's go.
- You better get going. Don't be late.

Hallie, I'm sorry.

I can conclude by saying...

I thank you for your patience and your kindness to me.

We certainly hope that the results of this committee... will be to clear out the Communism...

on the Federal Project and the pro-Communism, and place the project in the hands...

of efficient, professional people.

Place it in the hands of those who are in sympathy... with the American home and government.

Is that what you mean?

- She loves you.
- I'm afraid I did not understand the question, Mr. Chairman. She loves you not. She...

She loves you not.

She loves you not.

Mr. Crickshaw, you're on.



She loves you... not.

... exactly what I mean,

Mr. Chairman.

Well, uh, thank you

for coming before this committee...

and giving us the facts

that you have.

Well, thank you for having

this committee...

and receiving

the facts that I have.

Open shop is when a worker

can be kicked around, demoted fired.

Just like that, he's all alone.

He's free.

Free to be wiped out. Closed shop,

he's got 50,000 other workers with him,

ready to back him up, every one

of them, to the last lunch pail.

The difference?

This is an open shop.

This is a closed shop.

This... is a union!

Order in the courtroom,

order in the courtroom.

Next case.

Reverend Salvation.

- Where are they?

- The Liberty Committee, the Liberty Committee!

- Wrong cue, Augusta!

- Stand by.

Abe, what is the cue number?

- Abe!

- What?

- Where do we go from...

- Fifty-three!

Cue 53. Moll's line:

"Reverend Salvation.

- Habitual prostitute since 1915. "

- Reverend Salvation...

- Wait! - Wait! -

When they say go, dear.

- I've never done this before.

- I'm astonished!

- Ready, Abe?  
- Ready!  
- Go! Cue! -  
That's you. - Me?  
- Yes, you!  
- Well, what do I do?  
Will you say  
the fucking line?  
Reverend Salvation.  
Habitual prostitute since 1915.  
- Don't start crying!  
- You're Larry Foreman.  
- I've been looking all over town for you.  
- Wrong scene, Frank.  
Wrong scene.  
You haven't  
gotten a single scene right yet!  
- Not one time!  
- Call it a night, everybody!  
Call it a night!  
That's it! Get outta here!  
- Charles Darwin.  
- Charles Darwin?  
- What's going on?  
- There you are, Mr. Crickshaw.  
I pounded on your door.  
I didn't hear an answer.  
- Am I going on next?  
- No, sir, this is your slot.  
I sent Sid and Larry on  
to cover for you.  
That's nothing. A woman can  
make a monkey out of a man in an hour.  
That's my act.  
I'm sorry, sir.  
We had to do something.  
- Was it the lumberjack? Your brother?  
- You're giving me a headache.  
A headache? Only people with brains  
have headaches.  
Why can't you paint  
another face over it?  
Would you prefer Stalin?  
I don't.

I was kicked out of the Communist Party for disagreeing with him, but if you want, I'll paint Stalin.

- You're not being very cooperative.

- I am too!

I told you that I would paint Abraham Lincoln surrounded by freed slaves... to counterbalance Lenin, and you rejected the idea.

- Why Lenin?

- He's a revolutionary leader, like your Washington and, uh, jefferson.

Hey, there's an idea.

Paint jefferson.

- That's not a bad idea. What do you say?

- That's not a bad idea at all.

- What do you say?

- That's ridiculous!

I said Abraham Lincoln

to balance Lenin, but Lenin stays.

This is not our revolution, Diego. This is the United States. It's not Russia.

Um-hmm, and I am Diego Rivera, not Frederick Remington.

You understand that it is entirely inappropriate...

to feature a Communist leader in the lobby of a Rockefeller building?

No. I believe nothing in art is inappropriate. I paint what I see.

We're going to have to insist that the face be removed.

Absolutely not!

Look, you son of a bitch, we're trying to be nice! This is betrayal!

- Betrayal?

- Yes! There was no indication in your sketches... you would be featuring

Communist leaders in the mural!

You were hired on the basis of said sketches!

And you've changed them.

It's not fair!  
Lenin stays!  
How the hell do we open  
without a cue-to-cue?  
Actors are called early.  
We'll cue-to-cue in the morning.  
There's 175 cues to go!  
- Perhaps if you cut some cues...  
- jack, there's a call from Hallie Flanagan's office!  
Not now, Augusta, I'm in  
the middle of an argument.  
You were singing flat.  
Why can't you admit it?  
- Stop yelling!  
- You were a quarter tone flat the entire last strain!  
All you had to do  
was listen to the trumpet!  
He didn't mean it.  
He's very tense.  
It's always this way  
during cue-to-cues.  
Union rules say we get a 12-hour break.  
I'll see you at noon.  
- Come on, Olive.  
- Augusta!  
You oughta be dressed by now.  
He's yelling at us.  
We can't see what we're doing.  
- The actors need flashlights.  
- Tell them to light a match!  
My God! Stop!  
Really fucking necessary to have eight  
fucking lighting cues for a single entrance?  
It's an important entrance,  
and I'm the fucking director!  
- Yes, of a fucking disaster!  
- Augusta!  
I have to take my kids to a free clinic in the  
morning. Tell Mr. Welles I'll be in at 11:30.  
I'm staying here tonight.  
Do you hear me?  
I hate you!  
And you can sleep alone tonight!  
I'll finally get some rest

instead of listening to you complain!

- I'm leaving. I'm leaving.

- You can't leave.

- You're the producer.

- That's right.

And as the producer, I can fire whomever

I please, and I am fucking fired.

You'll come crawling back

like a bitch on heat to his master!

I'm glad he didn't get to me.

I can't remember my lines.

I'm stricken

with a cerebral malaise.

No. God, cut it.

God! just forget it! Go home!

Forget it!

God!

First he kills all my deals with Italy.

Now he's telling me how to run

my business! I will not budge!

Well, let him call, the crippled

son of a bitch. Let him call!

Jiminyjesus!

The bastards!

Get this damn thing off of me.

Roosevelt's gonna call.

- Oh, it's good. You look adorable.

- I don't want to look adorable.

- I want to look angry.

- We'll make a stunning pair.

- I need to let it out.

- Can you get it ready by tomorrow?

- Oui, madame.

- The bastard wants me to join with the rest of Little Steel...

- in acknowledging the union.

- How terrible.

- Yes, it is terrible.

- It's worse than a strike.

- No, it's not worse than a strike.

- I know so little.

Gray, dear, that awful woman

came by and left two packages.

Woman? Packages?

- Oh, Carlo, can you grab the packages?

- Nyet. Merci.

Mr. Mathers, sir, two parcels were left  
for you from one Margherita Sarfatti.

Thank you, Paul.

Out!

- What is in them?

- Oh-ho, so nosy.

- Oh, pray tell.

- Mmm, perhaps... it's a surprise.

Suppose it were a gift.

- What? From Sarfatti?

- Purchased through her.

- For you.

- Oh, how interesting.

Yes. So...

mind your business.

- Did you see the papers today?

- No.

It was like Cradle Will Rock  
was on the front page.

- They're having a strike.

- Who?

- A steel strike. Mathers Steel.

- Really?

I'm telling you, the same themes,  
the same words almost.

- It's a dangerous play you're in.

- It's a great role.

- I'm lucky, huh?

- Hmm.

Just don't want  
to blow it.

It's too important.

Daddy, are we going  
to lose our room?

No, Chance.

Why do you say that?

Joey told me.

Michael O'Brien's family  
lost their apartment.

He doesn't go to school  
anymore.

Daddy's got a job,  
so, uh, we're gonna be fine.

Michael O'Brien's father had a job,  
and then he lost it and they were poor.

Well, we're poor,

but we're gonna be fine.

We should say some prayers

just to be safe, though. All right?

- John?

- Yeah.

- Am I horrible?

- Huh?

In the play.

Am I horrible?

No, you're not horrible.

- Am I not good?

- No, you're good.

But I'm not great.

No, you're great.

At times.

It's hard to be great.

Some actors can be great all the time.

It's your first role.

You try hard.

Listen.

You're better off

than you were.

Your play is horrible, indulgent,

masturbatory nonsense.

You don't really

believe that, do you?

You hear what you

want to hear.

If you'd slept a little more,

you might have had a shot.

- Garbage.

- It's not the end of the world.

- I saw a rat today.

- Where?

In here.

- You know who stopped by?

- No.

Your mama.

- She was pretty shocked about how we were living.

- She would be.

- I think she wants to help.

- No.

Aldo, we could really use the money.

I don't want

my family's money.

So the kids can go hungry just because  
of your pride, your politics.

- You want chubby little Fascists?

- No! How can you say that?

But I don't want to wait in soup lines  
with them. I don't want...

What would that teach them  
if we take my parents' money?

That it's all right to believe  
in something or have pride,  
but if you're just a little bit  
uncomfortable or hungry, sell it.

Aldo, there are  
rats in here.

Paul Edwards couldn't reach  
Jack Houseman last night.

- He's trying today.

- Keep on top of that.

We have to reassurejack that we  
will find a way to do his show.

- They're chomping at the bit for you.

- Twenty percent cuts, Harry.

- I had no warning.

- It's temporary, a stopgap.

A cash-flow problem.

We'll get the 20% back, Hallie.

- Can I hold you to that?

- Yes.

- Who testified last night?

- Hazel Huffman. A real nutcase.

She got good headlines, though most of  
the press is so bored of this committee...

they just bite the bait  
and print the highlights.

- They'll all be coming back for you, thought, Hallie.

- I'm honored.

Not to put any pressure on you,  
but a good showing today would help.

By order of the federal government,  
no one is allowed in the theater.



No props, costumes,  
set pieces can be removed.

- Why?

- I don't know, sir.

- For how long?

- I don't know, sir.

We have an office in the back.

I assume we can use that.

I'll have to check

with my commander.

Go and check with Stalin,

you cossack stooge.

- jack! jack!

- I need to use the telephone.

- What's happening?

- We've been shut out. The feds have closed us down.

- How exciting.

- Darling, I need your help. What are you doing right now?

I've an opening at the Metropolitan,

and Mr. Mathers has labor troubles.

Tonight there's a masquerade

ball at the Vanderhuesens.

I'm a very busy bunny.

What do you need?

I need you to join us in a  
clandestine operation. Are you game?

Clandestin!

How is it done? Go, james.

- Que pasa?

- Esta la guerra.

Si. Adios.

Mrs. Flanagan, you are  
the first woman in America...

to receive the Guggenheim Foundation  
scholarship.

- Is that correct?

- Yes, that is correct.

And you went to study abroad for what,

- I did.

- What date was that?

That was in 1926 and 1927.

You spent most of your time  
in what country?

In Russia.

How much time did you spend  
in Russia, Mrs. Flanagan?

I spent two months and a half  
in Russia out of fourteen months.

- But let me say, gentlemen...

- Did you spend more time there...  
studying the theater than  
you did in any other country?

I did, because there are many more theaters  
in Russia than there are in any other country.

Did you or did you not  
make the statement...

that the theater in Russia  
is more vital and important?

- Yes, I did find that.

- What is it about the Russian theater...

that makes it more vital and important  
than the theaters of the Continent...

and the theaters

of the United States?

I would be glad to answer that,  
but before I do,

I would like to say that I have  
maintained consistently...

that Federal Theater  
is American theater.

American theater

founded on American principles,  
which has nothing to do  
with the Russian theater.

I know, but you're not  
answering the question, Mrs. Flanagan.

Did you make later trips  
to Russia to study the theater?

I went to Russia in 1931.

- Did you attend the Olympiad there?

- I did.

Was this at the time of  
the Fifth Red International...

of Labor Unions

that you attended?

I wouldn't know about that. I was going  
to see theater. That was my one concern.

Are you a member of any Russian

organization at the present time?

- I am not.

- Have you been a member of any Russian organization?

I have not.

- Open up!

- Go away!

I'm never speaking

to you again!

- You leave me alone!

- Open the window!

- Open it, open it!

- I'm sorry, Mr. Houseman.

Um... Oh.

For God's sake, put some clothes on,  
woman! Don't you realize we're under siege?

- Under siege?

- What are you doing here, anyway?

- We had a fight. I stayed the night.

- Halt! Who goes there?

I have Hallie's office  
on the line.

Hallie Flanagan, please.

Where in Washington?

This is Jack Houseman.

My theater's been seized by Cossacks.

I need to speak with her immediately.

This is an emergency!

- Oh, she's in Washington testifying.

- We're radicals, Jack.

Locked out for content.

All very exciting.

We need a plan, we need a plan.

Gotta think, gotta think.

- We need the plan, plan, plan.

- We'll find a different theater.

Can't find a different...

Find a different theater!

Augusta, find me George Zorn. He's a  
booker. He'll know all the dark theaters.

- We'll smuggle the costumes out.

- Yes, and the set.

I hate the set! It's a nightmare!

A brilliant idea poorly executed.

I've always said the play would

work better on a bare stage.

- Hallie said that.

- No, I said it first.

- No, you didn't. No, you didn't.

- Yes, I did. Yes, I did.

- Yes, I bloody well did!

- Fine, jack, you win. You've got the biggest creative dick.

- Thank you.

- I have George Zorn on the line.

George! Yes, we have

a theatrical emergency here.

Can you come over to

Maxine Elliot's theater? Now?

They criticized

The Revolt of the Beavers...

because they thought that it was

poisoning the minds of youth.

- For that reason, I would like to read into the record...

- She's here.

some of the reactions of children

who have seen this play.

- Hello.

- "The play teaches us never to be selfish.

That it is better

to be good than bad.

That if you are unkind any time in

your life, you will always regret it. "

- I could read all of this...

- Thank you.

Cuts.

Twenty percent.

out of work.

I sure hope they're all Reds

that lose their jobs.

Next.

Don't look at me.

- What?

- Don't look. Please.

- Are you an actor?

- Yes.

- Cradle Will Rock?

- Yes.

Now listen carefully. Use the back entrance

through the window of the women's dressing room.

Good luck.

Godspeed.

Roosevelt wants me to give in.

Follow the rest of Little Steel.

- He has no spine.

- He says if we don't capitulate,

- we'll have a revolution on our hands.

- Revolution.

So what do you think, W. H? You think

Lewis has that kind of power?

I think people are poor and angry and will follow anybody that promises them gold.

They've got you cornered, Gray.

If you give in, you'll lose money...

and you open the floodgates

to socialists and radicals.

If you resist, you'll wind up

resisting with guns.

And that won't look good.

Killing strikers doesn't play

to the public.

You've got to find a way...

to give them a dollar

and take two, huh?

Not an easy task.

Magnificent.

Now listen. I'm buying art.

That's all.

If anything comes back

to me,

- I'll bury you and your company.

- Not to worry.

- Diego Rivera?

- Yes.

You must vacate the premises.

Your work is now completed.

Rockefeller Center no longer

requires your services.

Fuck off!

Chacho! Chacho!

Get me the Tribune.

What's the critic's name there?

Oh, never mind!

Just get me the national desk.

No can do on the Jolson Theater. The owner's in the Berkshires. Unreachable.

- What about the Gossamer Arts?

- Closed by the Health Department.

- The Rialto?

- Huh! The owner's a Liberty Leaguer, very conservative.

- I can try.

- Do try, George. I love irony.

This is Orson Welles, and I believe you may be interested to know...

that for the first time

in American history,

the government has sent armed guards

to prevent the performance of a play!

Frida!

Mobilizar

the Art Student's League!

News flash, news flash!

Twenty percent cuts in personnel!

It's curtains for all of us. I hear a rumor

they're gonna shut this whole project down.

- What do you think, Mr. Turncoat?

- We worked up a little routine.

Can you look at it,

give us your advice?

You're Reds.

I don't talk to Reds.

We're not red, darling.

Pink. Like a flower.

We're homosexuals, not Communists.

- You thought we were Communists?

- Oh, that's rich.

- Come on. Watch our act.

- Leave me alone.

Mr. Rockefeller wanted to convey his

feelings of appreciation for your work...

and instructed me to give you

this check as payment in full.

This is it? Now what?

You paint over Lenin's face?

You gonna put Hearst's face on it? Or

Hitler? Paint over the war, the soldiers?

Turn them into jolly, drunken

English fox hunters?

A little bucolic  
pastoral scene...  
of men on horses  
chasing after a little fox?  
Listen, folks, can I have  
your attention, please?  
Folks!

Due to cutbacks, we will not  
be hiring at the present time.  
To save you time and aggravation,  
we suggest you drop off  
your applications and go home...  
or to the park.  
We're very sorry.

Mrs. Flanagan,  
how many people do you figure...  
you had as audience  
in the United States for these plays?  
The recorded figure,  
Congressman Dies, was something like...  
- 25 million people.  
- In other words, you have reached...  
approximately 25% of our population  
with your plays.  
Something like that.  
Yes.

Now... you wrote for  
Theater Arts Monthly,  
November 1931,  
did you not?  
- Yes, I did.  
- I quote this from that same article.  
"Start dramatic groups in unions,  
in fraternal organizations,  
in social clubs, in company unions,  
in Y. M. C. A. 's.  
Dot the land from coast to coast.  
Don't expect profit in money.  
These theaters exist  
to awaken the workers. "  
May I interrupt?  
Please notice that that is a quotation.  
A quotation, yes.  
But these are your words I'm quoting.

"The workers'theaters intend to remake a social structure without the help of money. And this ambition alone invests their undertaking...

with a certain

Marlowesque madness. "

You are quoting from this Marlowe.

Is he a Communist?

- I'm very sorry. I was quoting from Christopher Marlowe.

Tell us who this Marlowe is so we can get the proper reference,

because that is all

we want to do.

Put in the record that he was the greatest dramatist in the period of Shakespeare,

immediately preceding

Shakespeare.

Of course, we had what some people call Communists back in the days of Greek theater.

- If you say so.

- And I believe Mr. Euripides...

was guilty of teaching

class-consciousness also, wasn't he?

I believe it was alleged against

all the Greek dramatists.

So we cannot say

when it began.

Wasn't it alleged also of Ibsen and

against practically every great playwright?

I think so.

- Countess, we need a piano.

- Piano?

- In case the theater we find doesn't have one.

- Good thinking.

Here's ten dollars.

That should cover the rental.

Marc, tell the countess

where she might find a piano.

- Um...

- Mr. Welles, will you...

We most assuredly will be performing

The Cradle Will Rock tonight!

- What theater?



- We are currently negotiating with three theaters.

We'll let you know

within the hour.

Why can't we go in?

This is private property!

It's not open to the public!

- We want to see the painting.

- The lobby is closed.

- Let us in!

- Down with Rockefeller!

The paint'll come through.

- Must hit.

- Chip.

- Chip?

- Nelson?

Nelson?

Hi. Your masquerade party  
starts in an hour.

- You wanted me to remind you.

- Claire! Not now.

Thank you.

Chip?

Sol, do we have  
a pneumatic drill?

- You're Larry Foreman.

- Ex-foreman.

I've been looking

all over town for you.

How's the union returns,

Mr. Mister.

Oh, damn.

What is it?

- "They haven't come to a decision yet. "

- We can do this!

Has anyone asked the W. P. A.

if this is okay?

Hallie is in Washington testifying.

Will, bring the guitar out front.

- I'm not gonna do it.

- jack,

we've got trouble with the musicians  
and the actors unions.

- They won't sanction a performance elsewhere.

- What?

The actors union and the musicians union  
are forbidding their members to perform.

Mathers Steel

will not be intimidated. James!

Just a second.

Where the hell is my wife?

I last seen her at Maxine Elliot's  
theater downtown, sir.

- You left her there?

- She dismissed me, sir.

- Bring the car around.

- Yes, sir.

Are we clear? That's right.

Whatever it takes.

- Madame Sarfatti to see you, sir.

- Show her in.

- Carlo, a little privacy, please.

- Hmm?

- Why don't you go clean the toilets or something?

- I clean nothing.

- Gray, such a pleasure to see you.

- Buona sera.

- I mean, it is a great pleasure to...

- We have met before.

- I don't think so.

- Carlo, out!

- Your wig, sir.

- Out! Everybody, out! Out!

Oh, Gray, Gray.

Did you receive the package?

Yes, I did.

- You did not open it?

- Uh, no, I haven't.

Well...

And Mr. Hearst,

did he receive his package?

- Yes, yes, he did.

- Did it please him?

Oh, yes, very much.

So when do you sail?

Tonight.

Your payment, madam.

Thank you, thank you.

And Mussolini thanks you.

We... I... We are  
going to miss you.  
You did not tell me  
what you feel.

- About you?
- About the painting. You open it,  
but you say nothing.

Oh, uh... I...  
I love it.  
It's, uh...  
It's a masterpiece.

- Yes. Yes.
- Is it da Vinci?

And where will you  
hang her?

Uh, here in the study.  
Uh, over the fireplace.

- Ah.
- Hmm?

Oh, what a shame  
to let the classics slip away.  
He won't even  
reconsider, right?

- What's going on?
- Actor's Equity says no.
- We can't do the show.
- We can't do the show.
- Equity says.
- Did you ever love me?

How are we gonna  
do the show without musicians?

- The show's off.
- We can't do the show.
- We're not dead yet.
- Our unions won't let us do the show.
- What reason did they give?
- I say stop, you say go. You're an evil man, jack.
- Excuse me, jack.
- It means we can't do the show.

It means it's over.  
It's over, everybody.  
Time to go home. Let's go, Olive.  
This show's a disaster.

- Excuse me.

- Not now, George.  
- What if we do it anyway?  
- And be kicked out of the union?  
Not be able to work?  
I can't risk that.  
- We thought so too. It's...  
- Excuse me!  
- What?  
- I found a theater.  
The Venice, 59th and 7 th.  
The owner wants a hundred bucks.  
- Tell him no.  
- What?  
- It's over, George!  
- Jack! Jack!  
I found a piano!  
Where am I going?  
We're not doing the show.  
We've been censured.  
Well.  
I found a piano. There's a crowd out  
there. Why not do it in the street?  
We have a theater. It's the actors.  
They've been forbidden.  
Well.  
Why not let Marc do it?  
By himself,  
all the characters, yeah.  
- He did it for us.  
- I know, but it's not gonna be any good.  
- What's not gonna be any good?  
- Besides, he's in the union.  
Marc,  
are you in the...  
musicians union?  
No. Why?  
You have established the precedent  
of exhibiting a play...  
that champions the cause  
of public ownership of utilities.  
You said you thought that was  
proper and you had a right to do that.  
- I think so.  
- And if the same play proved that the public ownership...

of railroads was a good thing,  
you would do it too, would you not?  
Absolutely. And the test is,  
is it a good play...  
And if someone came with a play  
showing that the public ownership...  
of all the lands  
in the United States,  
and it was a good play,  
you would do that too, would you not?  
That is a very clever move on your part  
to maneuver me into a certain position.  
- I do not pretend to any cleverness.  
- No, I would not.  
We would stop at that because  
that would be recommending...  
the overthrow of the United States  
government, and I do not want that,  
gentlemen, whatever some of  
the previous witnesses have intimated.  
In other words, you would favor doing  
it by degrees, but not all at once.  
Isn't that right?  
It is a degree that  
the Congress has passed upon, isn't it?  
- Not yet.  
- You did at one time.  
- Not that I know of.  
- During the war?  
I want you all to know that  
I resent this silent treatment,  
this subtle torture that  
you are all subjecting me to.  
It is not easy being the one  
that stands up and says the truth.  
You all know that there are  
Communists amongst you.  
You all know  
that you date Negroes.  
You all know  
that you are antifascist.  
I say the pox on you and your house.  
I will not tolerate this abuse.  
What a hero you are.

Mr. Noble-Rat-On-His-Friends-  
Now-Everybody-Gets-Fired Crickshaw.

What a hypocrite.

You believed in something once, Tommy.

Shut up.

Where have you come Tommy Crickshaw?

Where's the young comrade

I once knew?

Let's do the old act.

One more time,

for old times' sake?

Come on, Tommy.

The federal government

and the actors and musicians union...

- Sophie!

- have collectively forbidden us from performing this play.

- Daddy, what's happening?

- They've shut down the show.

- The government?

- No, the union.

At this time, the composer of Cradle Will

Rock, not being a member of the union,

will be performing the play

by himself...

on the stage of the Venice Theater,

on 59th and 7 th.

You're all invited to join us.

Thank you.

- Where is it?

- 59th and 7 th.

- You gonna go?

- I don't think so.

Every major newspaper critic in New York

is here, Marc. You can't let them down.

You better be good. This is huge.

A thousand people.

The Rome Theater,

We should support Marc.

He'll be terrified playing on his own.

Our union has forbidden us

from performing in this show.

If we even go to that theater,

we could lose our jobs. I'm leaving.

You can either come with me

or find somewhere else to sleep.

- You're kicking me out?

- Come now or find somewhere else to sleep.

Understand?

Mrs. Flanagan, we have had a long day, and your testimony has been most illuminating.

We will hear

from Mr. Alsberg tomorrow.

We will adjourn

for the evening.

Just a minute, gentlemen! Do I understand this concludes my testimony?

We will see about it tomorrow.

I would like to make a final statement, if I may, Congressman Dies.

Mrs. Flanagan, it is very late.

We shall see about it tomorrow.

Chairman Dies, this committee has heard testimony...

for five and a half months from unqualified witnesses.

As head of the Federal Theater, I must insist on more time to refute this testimony.

It is only fair and decent, sir.

Whoa, let's not talk about decency, Mrs. Flanagan.

The Federal Theater is hardly a judge of that. Now excuse me, ma'am.

Mrs. Flanagan, any comment on the proceedings?

They're chasing ghosts. I hope to further repudiate their charges tomorrow.

- What is going on, Harry?

- You made Starnes look like a fool and he's furious.

I mean, Marlowe a Communist?

- They have to allow me to continue.

- They're not asking you back.

- I have had six hours! It's not fair!

- You're embarrassing them.

- Hazel Huffman had three days. She's a clerk.

- You're too smart for them.

I'm head of the project.

I must be allowed to continue.

- You have to talk to Roosevelt.
- The committee is not interested in reason and intelligence.
- This is their show and they are writing you out of it.
- Did you hear me?
- Did you hear me?
- Roosevelt can make it happen.
- One press release and I'll be back in the morning.
- This is not going to happen.
- What are you saying?
- This is not going to happen. Roosevelt is saving his fights.

This is politics, Hallie.

Give a little, get a little.

Exquisite, exquisite.

Congratulations.

It is a perfect fit.

You know, the next time we see each other, we'll probably be at war.

I hope not.

I hope it can be avoided.

Probably not.

Probably not.

Down with Rockefeller!

Your friend Rockefeller

shut me out!

Lenin in a capitalist's lobby.

What were you expecting?

- I was dragged out like a common criminal.

- You were hired to do a job.

Now your boss does not like what you did.

Paint your revolution at you own expense.

Go paint a mural for nothing

at the Young Communists League.

Because I take Rockefeller's

money, now I am his slave?

- Yes!

- Oh! When did you stop supporting artists?

I support your art, but that does not

mean that I must support your revolution.

- It's the same thing!

- No, it is not.

What a lie you live.

A Jewish Fascist.

And you,

a wealthy Communist.



Should I do a character

description? No, I probably...

- I shouldn't do a character description, right?

- Don't worry...

- Shut up, jack.

- You shut up!

- Please, please, please.

- You'll be fine, Marc.

Um, there are seven duets in the piece.

What am I gonna do about those?

- Dad, why did they have guns?

- Seems strange, doesn't it.

- You're not doing the play?

- Because the government says we can't.

- But you want to do it?

- Yes.

- Is it against the law?

- No, but they're my boss,  
and they pay me and they say  
we can't do the show.

But you still want to do it,  
so why don't you do it already?

'Cause I can't. It's been forbidden.

And I could lose my job.

It'll ruin my career.

The only person who can  
ruin your career is you.

- Oh, shut up. You snake in the grass.

- You shut up.

- I never want to work with you again. Ever.

- I'm never gonna work with you.

- I never want to work with you again.

- I never want to work with you.

Do be careful.

Don't hurt yourself.

- Oh, look at those lights.

They're wonderful.

Constance, what on Earth  
are you doing?

I'm getting the piano  
off the truck!

Oh, my heavens! Darling! I was supposed  
to meet you at home an hour ago.

I've failed you miserably.

I do hope you'll forgive me.

You look splendid, Gray, darling.

Have you got any money?

- I'd like to give these generous men a gratuity.

- Get in the car.

- Why, dear?

- We're going home.

- Darling, we'll miss the performance.

- That certainly is my intention.

Don't make me choose between

Marie Antoinette and this evening.

I'll never forgive you if you make

me miss this performance tonight.

Oh. Good Lord.

It's a revolution.

- It's the audience!

- Get in the car.

Carlo, would you please

give me and my husband some privacy?

- Nyet. Merci.

- James, go!

James, stay. When did you become

such a stick in the mud?

Oh, stop it!

We're going home!

My wife has gone completely mad.

Get in the car!

- Now!

- Perhaps you've mistaken me for a spaniel.

If you don't get in the car,

I will cut off your allowance.

You'll do nothing of the kind.

And if you do, then I'll

have to live as a gypsy does.

Constance!

Orson, Jack, we've got the piano!

Come, come!

You know times are hard

when I look at you and see firewood.

- Hey, what are you saying?

- Why, my oaken friend,

- Mr. Roosevelt has laid us off.

- Cutbacks?

- Politics.

- I told you you shouldn't have ratted on my friends.

- Friends?

- Uh-oh.

Did you say friends?

Those Reds are your friends?

- Sorry, comrade.

- Comrade?

We are all comrades, and we will not  
rest until all of the country is Red.

I've known this dummy

like the back of my hand, I swear.

In my own hand,

a revolutionary?

Ladies and gentlemen, this man

exploits my labor for his own profits.

This capitalist pays me zero,

works me whenever he likes.

I sleep in

a coffin-like apartment!

- You're a dummy!

- Dummies!

- This is what he calls us, brothers and sisters.

- Not you folks.

If it is dummies we are,

then I say, "Dummies, rise up!

Rise up to the proletarian call

of dummies everywhere!

Storm the barricades!

Riot in the streets!"

- Give him the hook!

-Arise, ye prisoners

Of starvation

Arise, ye wretched

of the Earth

- For justice thunders condemnation

- Get off the stage!

A better world in birth

Then, comrades, come rally

And the last fight

let us face

The Internationale

Unites the human race

And Aristophanes

was definitely a Communist.

So are we through?

Is this it?

- Should I be looking for a job?

- We've got another year, if we fight.

You know, I can understand the puritans,  
I can understand the politics,  
but I guess I don't understand  
the passion of it.

- The intense anger.

- It's not just anger, it's fear.

- Fear?

- Mr. O'Hara, have you ever heard of Michael Grunwald?

- What, was he a Communist?

- No. Mr. De Rohan?

Michael Grunwald, an historian, Elizabethan  
England. Not a Communist as far as I can tell.

Mr. O'Hara, have you read  
any of his books?

- Uh, no, Congressman Flanagan.

I skipped that course.

But you know your history  
of Elizabethan England.

- Yes. From Shakespeare, Madam Chairman.

- A playwright. I see.

- Mr. O'Hara, who was Richard III?

- A humpback and a killer.

Mr. De Rohan, what is Michael  
Grunwald's opinion of Richard III?

Michael Grunwald would say that Richard  
III was a great ruler and much maligned.  
And yet this Shakespeare has written  
a play which is still performed,  
while Mr. Grunwald's books  
gather dust.

Would you consider that unfair,  
Mr. De Rohan?

Why, yes. I would say that this  
Mr. Shakespeare should be investigated.  
And if all else fails,  
we can remove his words.

Burn them.

We're not painting  
pretty pictures with our plays.  
It must scare

the hell out of them.  
Well, the plays are written.  
They're here forever.  
Oh, I hope they are.  
Federal Theater  
is going to end.  
But theater is  
going to be better off.  
We've launched a ship,  
a grand and glorious ship.  
How come  
they did that, Dad?  
You should ask your uncle.  
That's his flag.  
Olive!  
- Hi.  
- I thought you went home.  
Um, I don't have a home now.  
He kicked you out?  
Can I sleep  
on your floor tonight?  
Sure.  
I didn't want to miss this.  
What in God's name were  
you expecting from a Communist?  
I wouldn't have had this  
problem with Picasso or Matisse.  
We control the future of art  
because we pay for the future of art.  
Appoint people to your museum boards  
that detest the Rivera's of this world.  
Celebrate the Matisses.  
Create the next wave of art.  
You have the purse strings.  
It's quite obvious you have the power.  
- Cultural power.  
- Yes.  
- To pay for the Matisse.  
- Celebrate colors.  
- Celebrate form.  
- Portraits.  
- Countrysides.  
- Men on horses.  
- Sunsets. Nudes.

- Oh, yes.

Ladies and gentlemen!

Welcome to the first runaway  
production of the Federal Theater.

I'm sure that you are aware  
by now of the circumstances...  
that have led us to this dusty theater  
on this beautiful summer night.

Something in this play  
frightens people in Washington.

There must be some sinister  
force at work in this play.

So without further ado,  
allow me to introduce to you the  
monster behind The Cradle Will Rock,  
Mr. Marc Blitzstein.

Good evening.

Fade to black and we're  
in Steeltown, U. S. A.

A prostitute walks down the street  
and stops under a streetlamp.

This is Moll.

- Play.

**- She sings:**

I'm checkin' home now

Call it a night

Goin' up to my room

Turn on the light

Jesus

Turn off that light

I ain't in Steeltown long

I work two days a week

The other five

my efforts ain't required

For two days out of seven

Two dollar bills

I'm given

So I'm just searchin'

Along the street

For on those five days

It's nice to eat

jesus

Who said let's eat

Enter a well-dressed gentleman...

- Enter a well-dressed gentleman  
who's on the make.

Uh, okay.

Enter me.

I'd like to give you  
a hundred bucks

But I only got 30 cents

Nelson will fund the new wave of art.

A traveling exhibit throughout Europe,  
highlighting American artists.

- Nonpolitical.

- Yes, abstract. Colors and form, not politics.

My papers will hail it  
as the next new thing.

We'll canonize the artists,  
make them rich.

And soon enough, all artists will be  
doing the next new thing.

You think? There's  
something about artists...

- that always gets socially concerned.

- That's true.

- They won't get paid for it.

- They won't be seen. They'll have no influence.

Rather than starve, they'll adapt.

It's survival.

And artists are whores,  
like the rest of us.

Maybe you wonder what it is

Makes people good or bad

Why some guy

An ace without a doubt

Turns out to be a bastard

And the other way about

I'll tell you what I feel

It's just the nickel

under the heel

Go stand on someone's neck

While you're takin'

Cut into somebody's throat

as you put

For every dream

and scheme's

Depending on whether  
All through the storm  
You've kept it warm  
That nickel under your foot  
Scene two. We're now  
in a holding cell.  
Moll sits there,  
depressed,  
as Larry Foreman, a union leader,  
is thrown in there with her.  
He says...  
Ohhhhh!  
Ohhhhh!  
Daddy!  
Boy!  
- I just been grilled!  
- Ooh, you been hit good.  
You're new here. What's the matter?  
They catch you on the streets?  
Uh-huh.  
What'd they get you for?  
Who me? Makin'a speech  
and passin'out leaflets.  
The formal charge is incitin' a riot.  
Ain't you ever seen my act?  
Well, I'm creepin'  
along in the dark.  
My eyes is crafty.  
My pockets is bulgin'.  
I'm loaded!  
Armed to the teeth...  
with leaflets!  
I come up to you  
very slow, very sneaky.  
And with one fell gesture,  
I tuck a leaflet in your hand.  
One.  
Two. Three.  
Oh! There's a riot!  
You're the riot! I incited you!  
I'm terrific, I am.  
Scene three.  
A night court.  
Enter the Liberty Committee.



Say! What's the whole Liberty  
Committee doin'in a night court?  
And on the other side  
of the bars?  
Think of what my people would  
think if they could see me.  
You know, Mr. Mister.  
He'll come and bail us out!  
Phone for Mr. Mister  
to come and bail us out.  
We're the most respectable  
families in the city.  
- We're Steeltown's Liberty Committee.  
- We're against the union.  
- We're against the drive.  
- Why, I drew up the manifesto.  
Steeltown is clean  
Steeltown's a real town  
We don't want a union  
In Steeltown  
I am the Reverend Salvation.  
We have formed the Liberty Committee  
to combat against socialism,  
Communism, radicalism  
and especially unionism.  
- I'm the editor of the Steeltown News.  
- I'm his personal doctor.  
And I'm Mr. Mister's personal wife.  
Mr. Mister's Mrs. Missus.  
I'm his daughter,  
Sister Mister.  
I'm his son,  
Junior Mister.  
- Who is this Mr. Mister?  
- Better ask who he's not.  
He owns steel and everything else.  
So Mr. Mister  
please take pity  
Come and save  
your pet committee  
From disaster  
First case.  
Name?  
- Reverend Salvation.

- Habitual prostitute since 1915.  
So sayeth it in the Bible  
So must it be  
Thou shalt not kill  
Peace on earth  
Toward men goodwill  
Only goodwill  
As your shepherd I implore  
Turn from thoughts  
of wicked war  
War we do abhor  
Let's do something  
before we've got too old  
I'm glad I'm not too old  
to tie a can to a doggie's tail  
Let's raise chickens, raise the dickens,  
go to church and be on time for excitement  
And indictment would be swell  
if we invent a crime  
Let's do something  
to kill the monotony  
Let's go in for botany  
if they've got any And if not any  
So we must set the tone right,  
please don't be quite so downright  
Simply answer  
both yes and no  
It's true You've preached  
so much for peace  
But now it seems  
that peace  
May be  
a little expensive  
Please don't  
think me offensive  
Just restrain  
your intensive ardor  
Oh, the press, the press  
The freedom of the press  
You'll never take away  
the freedom of the press  
-That Foreman series now  
-Yes, Mr. Mister, yes  
With a hey-diddle-dee

and a ho-nonny

- No

- No?

Yes, Mr. Mister, yes!

For whichever side will pay  
the best

All you clergymen must now prepare

A special prayer

and do your share

Oh, yes, your share

Thou shalt...

War, war Kill all the dirty Huns

and those Austro-Hungarians

War, war

We're entering the war

Make the world safe

for democracy

Make the world safe

for liberty

Make the world safe for steel

and the Mister family

Of course

it's peace we're for

This is war to end

All war

Amen

I can see the market rising

like a beautiful bird

Collection!

Mr. Mister!

Where have you been, sir?

- You're Larry Foreman!

- You're Larry Foreman!

- Ex-foreman.

- I've been...

I've been...

Looking...

I've been looking

all over town for you.

Yeah? Well,

how's the union returns?

Well, they haven't... Haven't

come back with a decision yet.

Mr. Foreman, I know

a lot about you.

- Yeah?

- You were once in my employ.

Now look, we both  
want the same thing.

A fair, square deal  
for everybody.

Why don't you  
persuade your union...

to join with the Liberty Committee  
in one great big united organization?

Thank you.

Let me understand you.

You'd like my services in swinging your  
way all the people I have signed up.

All the people who agree  
with the union.

You want me  
to change their minds.

- Is that it?

-That's it That's it

- Now do it

- That's rather strongly put.

Oughta be worth  
quite a sum to you, eh?

I thought so.

Every man has his price.

And every day is a wonderland tour

Oh, you can dream

and scheme and happily put

Then take, take and put

But first be sure

The nickel's under your foot

And if you're sweet

then you'll grow rotten

Wait! I'm kinda funny that way. I'd like  
to know now how much it might be worth.

Who do you think you are?

Go on! Go on!

That's Mr. Mister making you

an offer! Take it! Take it!

Making you an offer!

Mr. Mister!

You don't say.

Worth that much  
to you, eh?  
Well, you take  
all that money...  
and you go buy yourself  
a big piece of toast!  
- Idiot!  
- Marvelous!  
Now then,  
get outta here!  
Hooray!  
And take this little girl  
with ya!  
Out there,  
she doesn't cost ya nothin'!  
In jail, you're liable  
to have to feed her!  
Why, you goddamned skunk. I'll break  
you. I'll drive you outta town.  
- Lynch him!  
- Get rid of him!  
Yes, lynch! Kill!  
Listen once and for all,  
ya scared bunch of ninnies!  
Outside in the square,  
they're startin' something...  
that's gonna tear the cat gut  
outta your stinkin' rackets.  
That's steel  
marchin' out in front.  
The people in this town  
are findin' out what it's all about.  
They're growin' up.  
And when everybody gets together  
like steel's getting together tonight,  
where are ya then?  
Listen, you black legions!  
You Ku Kluxers!  
You vigilantes hidin' up there  
in the cradle of the Liberty Committee!  
When the storm breaks,  
the cradle will fall!  
Listen! The boilermakers are with us!  
That's the boilermakers' kids.

The roughers, the rollers!  
Steel! Your steel!  
They done it!  
- Hey, they're marchin' down here.  
- Ain't got no permit to march.  
- Arrest them!  
- Arrest 'em? There's thousands of 'em.  
They're standin' in front  
of the courthouse. They're right here.  
- My God. What do they want with me?  
- Don't worry.  
That's not for you.  
That's just a union marching.  
And then they put out their hands  
And feel stormy weather  
A birdie ups and cries  
"Boys, this looks bad"  
You haven't used your eyes  
You'll wish you had  
That's thunder  
That's lightning  
And it's gonna surround you  
No wonder those storm birds  
Seem to circle around you  
Well, you can't climb down  
And you can't sit still  
That's a storm that's  
gonna last until  
The final wind blows  
And when the wind blows  
The cradle will rock  
Yes!  
That's thunder  
That's lightning  
And it's gonna surround you  
No wonder those storm birds  
Seem to circle around you  
Well, you can't climb down  
and you can't say no  
You can't stop the weather  
Not with all your dough  
For when the wind blows  
Oh, when the wind blows  
The cradle will rock

The cradle will rock  
- I love you, baby!  
- I love you!  
The cradle will rock!  
Maybe you wonder  
what it is  
Makes people good or bad  
Why some guy  
An ace without a doubt  
Turns out to be a bastard  
And the other way about  
I'll tell you what I feel  
It's just the nickel  
Under the heel  
Oh, you can live  
like hearts and flowers  
And every day  
is a wonderland tour  
Oh, you can dream and scheme  
And happily put and take  
Take and put  
But first be sure  
That nickel's  
under your foot  
Go stand on someone's neck  
while you're taking  
Cut into somebody's throat  
as you put  
For every dream and scheme  
Depending on whether  
All through the storm  
You've kept it warm  
That nickel under your foot  
And if you're sweet  
then you'll grow rotten  
Your pretty heart  
covered over with soot  
And if for once you're gay  
And devil-may-careless  
And, oh, so hot  
I'll know you've got  
That nickel under your foot  
Croon, Croon till it hurts, baby  
Croon

My heart asserts, baby  
Croonin'in spurts, baby  
Is just a nerts for a tune  
Spoon in a canoe, baby  
Spoon  
One built for two, baby  
Just me and you, baby  
I can canoe, baby  
Spoon  
Oh, the crooner's life  
is a blessed one  
He makes  
the population happy  
For when all his cares  
have distressing one  
A spoon is grand in the June-day sun  
You spoon and spoon  
and never get tired  
But it's nicer at night  
than in the noonday sun  
'Cause then you're Gary Cooper  
and I'm Greta Garbo  
Just croon  
Even the poor  
are not immune  
If they're without a suit  
they shouldn't give a hoot  
When they can substitute  
Find me a dream man  
And leave us in dreamland  
Where me and my dream man  
Can  
When they can substitute  
Croon  
Spoon  
And we love art  
for art's sake  
It's smart for art's sake  
To part for art's sake with  
your heart for art's sake  
And your mind for art's sake  
Be blind for art's sake  
And deaf for art's sake  
And young for art's sake



Until for art's sake  
You kill for art's sake  
Mohamedsayed1993@yahoo.com  
Araby4All