

## Episode 2

(Romantic big band era music playing. It is then cut off...'Gymnopedie' by Erik Satie plays, softly'

Banquist: Now I remember it. Cold and lonely as a comet...tracing my path down the sidewalk between Lexington and 3rd...the bank notice like a death sentence clutched in my hand...

Bertolio: Asleep in the student lounge, warm waves from that great oak and wire hearth.

Banquist: What a lovely place this has been! What a wonderful world they have...and it could all go away for good. I'll have to warm myself up with the memories while I still can...is that a new radio for the dorm lounge? They must have just bought that enormous thing. But I forgot my key...

Bertolio: What was I dreaming of that night? So snug and safe in the radio's glow...All the music and romance and adventure I've ever wanted, going straight into my head...

Banquist: There, sleeping in the chair near the gas lamp, I saw you...and in spite of everything, I was no longer afraid. So I knocked, knocked, knocked, on the window glass...

Bertolio: And I awoke...

(The radio station. The show is taking a brief commercial break)

Kay: (Speaking on the phone) Yes, yes, I heard it, I heard it. It's nothing major. No, I understand that, it's probably nothing major. The ribbon might have gotten frayed. Don't worry, we've dealt with this before. (Pauses) Yeah...I know. I'll talk to her. I'm on it. (Hangs up) JOE!!!! WE NEED TO DO A MIC CHECK.

Jonathan: What do you think? Too loud? (Bellows) WAS I TOO LOUD? (Laughs) What a production...

Kay: HEY JOE! WE GOTTA DO A RECHECK ON THE MICS! Sorry...no, you weren't too loud.

Jonathan: Well then I wasn't too soft, was I?

Kay: Mr. Mura, you tune these tin cans well enough and they can just about pick up anything in the studio. Jacob can tell you some funny stories about that back from when he wasn't aware of that.

Jacob: It's true. Experience has been a harsh master.

Jonathan: And a fair teacher, as well! My god, I haven't felt this young in ages! You know I came up with all that on the spot? Every single word, straight from here! And that bit at the end...my god! Did I say that? Did I actually say that?

Jacob: Couldn't put it better myself. Yes, you actually did say that. And yes, I actually did clap like that at the end.

Kay: You don't need to tell me twice. Promise to keep a lid on it next time, all right? You sounded like one of those cymbal monkey things.

Jacob: (Laughing) I'll try.

Kay: I'll give it more than just a try when I kick your ass for doing that again, all right? Turning my show into a circus, my god. I can't believe it! Goddamn it...JOE WE NEED TO DO A MIC CHECK! (Pauses, collects himself) Miss Astor, if you would have a word with me...

Eliza: I swear to god! (Slaps the desk, then angrily shoves the chair aside as she gets up)

Jonathan: Look at that! Joan of Arc has been silenced by the treacherous Burgundians. Better luck next time with the crusade, dear!

Jacob: I'm sorry about her behavior, Mr. Mura. She's been under a lot of pressure lately. We've had to do a lot of shoe leather reporting, getting all our contacts together for this series. She's been out and about for days.

Jonathan: It's quite all right. I understand. She seems to be of an excitable temperament. Just her nature, I'm sure. Jesus, I'm sweating like a Lithuanian...makeup! Just joking, of course.

Jacob: Oh no, Mr. Mura. If you're really in the mood, we can have the theater guys down the street fix you up. (Under his breath) Give you some acting lessons while they're at it...

Jonathan: No, no, that's fine! Everything's going just fine here! We don't need help with anything.

Jacob: I'd hate to agree, but...

Jonathan: But...?

Jacob: Nothing. Everything's going swimmingly. The microphone is giving us issues, but that's out of our ballpark. You're doing great, Mr. Mura. We're sailing through this and getting good stuff along the way. Even Eliza's outburst added a little...color, to the proceedings.

Jonathan: Thank you! But I don't think I'm tonight's standout. You really showed some shine out there, Jake. I've been listening to the radio for years and I haven't heard anyone do their job half as well as you do yours.

Jacob: You're just saying that.

Jonathan: No, I mean it! I've encountered many of these radio blowhards, and I can tell you honestly that you're the sharpest bastard I've met out of the lot. (Chuckles) I can tell you still don't believe me.

Jacob: Under the circumstances, I'd say that's reasonable.

Jonathan: Then I'll prove it to you. You know, I was talking with an Albert Marks, maybe you've heard of him.

Jacob: Yeah, I have. He's the CEO of Marks Sheet and Metal, isn't he?

Jonathan: Was. Now he's my chief sales executive. Anyway, I was talking with him, and he says that they're having problems with their agents. Too many are recruited directly from engineering or from college...he says they're eggheads who know too much about what they're talking about and not enough about how to say it.

Jacob: Are you saying I can help turn this problem around?

Jonathan: That'd just be the start. If you do for me what you do on this show, you'll breeze through the ranks in no time. I could probably even see if I could get you a job representing my organization in Congress. Imagine the access you'd have. The influence! All the most important ears ready for your silvery speeches.

Jacob: That's...very generous of you, Mr. Mura. I'm flattered, really. But...at the same time, I do have commitments to this show. I mean, I can't just up and leave Eliza and everyone. Even if it is for a cushy job like the one you're suggesting.

Jonathan: I understand that. Just give it some thought. Here is some contact information. Just call me if you're interested. And interested I would be! Working with me will give you opportunities and advantages you couldn't have dreamed of before. If it's money you're worried about, don't be. I'm willing to offer you an impressive salary from the get-go. I believe in generous compensation for all my workers, and you would be ahead of all of them in my estimation.

Jacob: What can I say, Johnny? A simple farm boy like me's gotta wonder what he did to deserve this kind of treatment. But yeah, I'll consider it for sure. (Pauses) So you were serious about all that senate stuff, huh?

Jonathan: Every word was true, my friend. To some degree, I've been thinking about it for a very long time.

Jacob: I guess Wolfwhistle is the grand departure then. Lots of people heard what you said...

Jonathan: Yes, I guess they did. If you don't mind my bragging...wait, is that right? You know, I just realized I put the wrong number down. That's the old number. Funny thing, memory. I'll fix it...anyway, not to brag, but I'd say that I have a good shot. Lord knows this country needs someone with business sense. Are those lights? Why do you have lights on a radio show? My god, this night has been entertaining!

Jacob: Yes, I installed those specifically for your amusement, Mr. Mura. Glad to see you enjoy them.  
(Footsteps, as Eliza returns)

Jonathan: Ah, well look at that! Saved from the burning stake. Let's hope the young witch has learned some manners. (Chuckles to himself) Joe? Is that your name? You, with the microphones. Show me to some more water, Joe, I'm parched. (He walks off stage)

Jacob: Eliza? What in the name of god? Do you want us to get pulled? This is a guest! Tearing into him like that, my god...

Eliza: Jacob! Kay already told me all of this. There's no need to repeat it.

Jacob: Our show is on the crest of becoming truly great...think of the sponsors we can get if we just push through this...

Eliza: (In a quieter voice) After everything that source told me, do you think I could really go on air and kiss his ass?

Jacob: I know what he's like. Believe me. But you have to be more...realistic about this.

Eliza: I can't give him this kind of platform without also telling the truth! Now will you help me with this?

Jacob: With tearing him down, on air? Ruining this show, after years of hard work to get here?

Eliza: I'd rather join a soup line than become rich and famous sucking up to someone like him. You know this isn't right. Because you know, who he really is. I can see that.

Jacob: My personal feelings don't matter here. How do you know you can trust this source of yours, huh? Why should we take their word over his?

Eliza: You're right. Don't take it from me, or from my source. Take it from Jonathan himself. Press him hard. See what he says. Then everyone will know, beyond a doubt. I already know in my heart....and I think you do too.

Jacob: (softly) I do.

Eliza: So will you help me?

Jacob: Eliza...

Jonathan: (yelling) Jacob! Do you have any good refreshments in the commissary? I'm in the mood for a treat right about now.

Jacob: One moment, Mr. Mura! I'll show you.

Eliza: Will you help me?

Jacob: (Sighs, takes a deep breath) You are a terror, Miss Astor. We can try it your way--no more 'accommodating hostmanship'. I have an idea....have you noticed how often he forgets things? Mr. Mura, if you could come back to the desk. We're back on in 30. Kay! Do we have any of that good cognac from last week? When we talked with that railroad owner? Mr. Mura would love some. You do have some right? Bring it in, thank you (whispers to Eliza) Don't attack him too soon. He's nice and comfortable right now...

Jonathan: Here I am! Apologies, I was so distracted. Imagine if I wasn't here when we went back on...

Jacob: I guess we would have to find another you...can your Lithuanians help in that department? Do you know that yet? No, you probably don't...enough chit chat. Mr. Mura, be seated, Eliza, if you'll hand me that water...is this microphone on? Yeah it's on...Kay! There you are! Perfect, you'll enjoy this, Mr. Mura, especially since we have some Courvoisier. Now get out of here Kay! We've gotta start! And here it is folks.....5....4...3...2...1...

Jacob: Welcome back to 104 WPR Metro, everybody. As you might remember--well, as if you could possibly forget--we last ended with steel magnate Jonathan Mura announcing his bid for the Senate. The verdict's still out on whether or not this decision is official, however.

Jonathan: I assure you it is, ladies and gentlemen. I assure you it is. (Takes a drink) This is fantastic, by the way!

Jacob: I'm glad you like it.

Jonathan: Very fine draught...reminds me of a hotel I used to frequent in Red Hook. This was back in the Raines Law days, when drinks could only be served if along with a meal. Bartenders got around this by putting a brick between two slices of bread and placing one on each table. (Laughs) I don't mean to digress, I'll tell you about those days some other time, my friend.

Jacob: Yes, you can regale me some other time with those stories. Now, I hate to gum up the works, but although your credentials as a businessman are spotless, your lack of political experience could be seen as a challenge for your campaign.

Jonathan: I have faith in my credentials, Mr. DeGrim. I am well-known in the business world for my intelligence, eloquence, and command.

Jacob: Traits becoming of a national leader, indeed. But I imagine politics can't be quite the same as business. No one doubts you know your way around a business contract or a quarterly ledger, but that's not the same as addressing the Senate floor...or swaying a doubting crowd on the campaign trail.

Jonathan: No, I know what you're getting at. You're right, of course. I haven't dealt with much public speaking in my career, but that can change. As long as I have a platform developed I can work out the details in realizing it. With my mind set to this endeavor, I'm confident I'll be able to say whatever is necessary for success.

Jacob: That seems like something that would be hard to know.

Jonathan: Yes. Impossible, really, at least until election.

Jacob: Don't you wish you could just ask them? Right here, right now? Just look out, and ask them what they really think?

Jonathan: Such a luxury would entreat me beyond measure, Mr. DeGrim.

Jacob: Yes, it probably would. And yet wishing about it is all we can do. Silence is the ultimate sadism, Mr. Mura...if radio has but one lesson, it is surely that. That's why you should never, ever hold back on this show. If you want to be heard, there is no better place.

Jonathan: Well, then. Have at it! Ask me anything you want.

Eliza: Hooktown.

Jacob: Yes, let's talk about Hooktown again.

Jonathan: (Surprised) Well, Jacob. I thought we had already covered that. As you said quite eloquently before the break...

Jacob: I just wanted to go over it again. For the edification of our listeners.

Jonathan: I don't think that's necessary.

Jacob: Please, Jonathan. They're waiting patiently on the other end. We can't dangle this before them then draw it away, can we?



Jonathan: (Collected) All right, that little chestnut again. So, 900 men came over (from Lithuania). I promised these men that I would house them on my own facilities—a quickly constructed development outside of Hooktown, courtesy of my real estate holdings—and charge them only slightly for room and board.

Jacob: Could you describe the development for me?

Jonathan: I can. The development is square, 10 acres by 10 acres, and houses roughly 50 residential structures, constructed of white elm clapboard and arranged into very orderly grids. Most of the residences are single family, but there are some communal longhouses. All buildings have beds and other arrangements, as well as utilities. Like I said, I deduct rental charges from the workers' wages, and they can do whatever they want with the rest. Food, clothing, everything else falls under their jurisdiction. They're very independent with their finances, as you can see.

Jacob: Actually, I can't. They save or spend as they see fit?

Jonathan: Yes. I run shuttles to take them into town whenever they need to buy goods or services.

Jacob: I gotta tell ya, Mr. Mura....your accommodations are generous and all, but wow! That many immigrants, all under your name?

Jonathan: You're not the first one to tell me that. The Hooktown community has over 5000 immigrants. It's a workload, rest assured, but it's worth its trouble many times over. Knowing I'm giving so many ambitious young men the advantages I never had is endlessly, endlessly satisfying.

Jacob: My god, a community of 900 to a community of 5000 in the space of a minute or so! Very quick reproduction rate, these Lithuanians. (Jonathan laughs nervously) Forgive my kidding. When did the original population of 900 arrive in the United States?

Jonathan: Of course, how silly of me. The original group came to America about 6 years ago. Five thousand is the population as of right now.

Eliza: Is 50 buildings the building count as of right now too?

Jonathan: Well...

Jacob: Don't mind her, Jonathan. She's just impressed. Now, back to the Lithuanians...how did they come under your supervision? Did you pick them up right off the boat?

Jonathan: They were primarily the wives and children of the original arrivals. Ever since I became associated with the originals I've maintained an attaché in Vilnius to keep a correspondence between both sides of the Atlantic. I knew in advance when the second wave was coming, so yes, I was there to see them off.

Jacob: All right, so that's how you handled the later arrivals. But you still haven't told us how you managed the first group! Give me all the details. Logistics. When they arrived, did you bring them to their new home yourself?

Jonathan: I committed a fleet to that service, yes. A number of trucks were waiting to take them to the camp.

Jacob: Them. What did "Them" say when they heard all of this?

Jonathan: Ah...now it becomes clear. We're getting ahead of ourselves, Jacob. You're making me sound like some Barbary hijacker! As if I herded them into the trucks like sheep....The second they came down the planks, I was there, yes, with a handful of my own men. But our mission was diplomatic. Our intention was to persuade. As they came down the planks, we told them it would be worth their while to assemble in a nearby square. Once they were gathered, I approached them and told them of my proposal. All but nine agreed...those nine left, undeterred. The rest came with me to Hooktown, where they were immediately accommodated. Tell me, Mr. DeGrim...was that the horror story your listeners were waiting for?

Jacob: No it was not, and I just wanted to clarify that for the audience. So, to recapitulate, the 900 came off the boats, you addressed them en masse, they agreed to your stipulations, you spirited them away to your camp (where they remain today).

Jonathan: Yes, that is the story.

Jacob: Didn't they have to go through customs? I don't know anything about the process (and I'm sure I'm not just speaking for myself), but surely there has to be some sort of song and dance to officially and legally welcome these arrivals. Was that part of your prior arrangements? Also, another thing I'm confused about is, how you were able to get them over here in the first place? The single group you're talking about would have been well over the yearly quota, per the 1924 Immigration Act.

Jonathan: (Tensely)...Would it?

Jacob: Yes, I believe it would.

Eliza: You didn't know that already? Strange.

Jonathan: Well, be that as it may, I...do have measures against this. And yes, it is a tricky process. But I have my resources. I actually have a number of contacts in customs that I befriended when I first arrived in America. While I was addressing these immigrants, customs men were doing the paperwork for me. These men were able to negotiate with immigration authorities as to the provisions of the quota. It took some doing, believe me, but they were able to squeeze them in.

Jacob: Well that's nice. How exactly did they do that? Like I said earlier, I don't know a lot about the process. Can you help make this clear for me?

Jonathan: Well, unfortunately I couldn't be bothered to explain the minutiae of the process. That's the point of hiring experts to do it for me.

Eliza: Okay, I can believe you when you say you had customs men doing that work for you. But here's what I don't understand. How could you have gotten permission to house all those people on such a small parcel of land? 5000 people in 100 square acres? You're the landlord of landlords.

Jonathan: The answer is the same way anyone could. I bought it. It was for sale, and I purchased the entire plot. What I do with said plot is of none of the law's business.

Jacob: Don't you mean "none of your business"?

Jonathan: Yes, sorry.

Eliza: And the government knew you were going to build all these residences?

Jonathan: Yes, officials were notified. The process was the same as if I was building a hotel, or a resort. I requested permission, received it, built my camp, underwent inspections, passed inspections. If you want to see the permit I can show it to you.

Jacob: The permit he happens carries everywhere, for some reason.

Jonathan: No, no, of course it's not on me. You know, the show was much more enjoyable when my every action wasn't being scrutinized.

Jacob: I'm sure it was. All right...so, the immigrants are at Hooktown. How long ago was all of this? I forgot.

Jonathan: It's fine. I myself forget things from time to time. The immigrants arrived about six years ago.

Jacob: About, yes. All right...so, six years, immigrants arrive, they agree to work for you, you bypass customs, they're moved to Hooktown...we're caught up. What now? I don't know.

Eliza: How much do they get paid?

Jonathan: The Lithuanians?

Eliza: No, the customs agents...Yes, the Lithuanians!

Jonathan: Um...(pauses) Fifteen dollars a week. It's quite generous, considering all the fees I provide for free.

Jacob: Fifteen dollars a week. Not too big of a hole in your finances--I'd imagine transportation costs more. All those workers from Hooktown to Manhattan, day in, day out.

Jonathan: Yes. Expenses are many with the construction of the Constance Tower.

Eliza: Can you name the customs agents you talked with to arrange the immigrants' arrival? Surely there is a bureau chief who could provide documentation. We would like to review that sometime if we could.

Jonathan: (Flustered) Well, let me think...

Jacob: Eliza, Eliza, didn't you hear him earlier? He forgets things from time to time.

Eliza: Apologies. I had forgotten that myself.

Jonathan: Now wait just a minute! You two have become ravenous. I seem incapable of anything that doesn't warrant your barbs. Can't an old man be forgiven his slow memory?

Jacob: He does have a point there. Apologies if we're being more demanding, Mr. Mura. Sometimes we just get very inquisitive with our interviews. Only to provide the listeners with plenty of information, of course.

Jonathan: Thank you, Jacob. Your apology is accepted.

Eliza: All right, all right. He does have a point. Let's drop the whole argument because this old man's memory is slow. Are you sure you're senatorial material, Mr. Mura?

Jacob: Ohhh...

Jonathan: Is this how you treat all your guests?

Eliza: We can't all play nice, can we?

Jacob: Shame on you, Eliza! Insulting a guest like that? I'm sorry, Mr. Mura, we'll definitely have a talk with her later.

Jonathan: (venomous) I look forward to the day when you have a new co-host, Jacob.

Jacob: Anyway, getting past that unpleasantness, where were we? Ah yes...worker pay.

Eliza: (Locks suddenly) Yes, worker pay. That's where we were.

Jacob: Just want to get back on the right track, Mr. Mura. Could you tell us the weekly salary your workers are paid?

Jonathan: Of course. Like I said earlier, I appreciate your professionalism and courtesy, Mr. DeGrim. Anyway, as for payment: I give my workers a salary of five dollars a week. It's a very good sum in times like these, considering how much I support them in other ways.

Eliza: Five dollars? Don't you mean "Fifteen dollars"?

Jonathan: (Aghast) Well....

Eliza: I guess you really do have memory problems.

Jacob: It's true. You did say fifteen dollars earlier. Were wages slashed since you said that?

Jonathan: I misspoke earlier. I meant to say five dollars a week. But don't smear that against me. They're lucky to have jobs at all.

Eliza: But it was fifteen originally, wasn't it?

Jonathan: Well, it...

Eliza: Wasn't it?

Jonathan:...Ummm...

Eliza: I can't hear you, Jonathan. Our listeners can't hear your either.

Jonathan: A long time ago, the overly generous wage of fifteen dollars was...

Eliza: So it was shortened. What happened? Is this a punitive measure?

Jonathan: Not exactly.

Eliza: Then what is it?

Jacob: I wonder what those customs agents would think...

Jonathan: What opinion would they have? What I pay my workers is of no concern to the likes of them. The customs agents have no hand in this affair...no hand at all. Everyone knows that.

Jacob: Everyone except for the workers.

Eliza: You cut their wages, Mr. Mura, and by the sounds of it, you're planning on doing it again. Why? Tell us, and the audience, why these hard-working wards of yours deserve to have their pitiful living stipends further abbreviated!

Jonathan: That's spoken with the assumption that I'm going to do it again.

Eliza: It's spoken with the knowledge that you're going to do it again!

Jacob: Uh oh...

Eliza: Cutting these workers ' wages is atrocious! Five dollars a week? You'll be the master of corpses in no time.

Jonathan: Absurdity! Scandalous, slanderous, block-headed absurdity! I've assigned myself the majority of these workers' needs. Food, water, clothing, housing....

Jacob: Wait wait wait, earlier you said you only provided housing, and even then you said that you charged them for room and board. You're becoming really charitable, if you're paying for the rest of their expenses as well, Mr. Mura.

Jonathan: I am a very generous man, Mr. DeGrim!

Jacob: But why is this? What's the need? Can the immigrants not pay their own bills anymore?

Jonathan: Yes. Providing is difficult. But I'm more than up to the task.

Jacob: You know that you're a very agreeable man, Mr. Mura?

Jonathan: Well, I certainly try to be.

Jacob: Because you agree to our theories faster than we can create them.

Eliza: It's ridiculous.

Jacob: Tell me about it.

Jonathan: I don't see where all this is all going.



Jacob: Don't worry. You will.

Eliza: To regress, their original wages were fifteen dollars a week, and their current wages are five a week. Perhaps these are just bad times. Perhaps you've already parlayed this out with your laborers. But that little tongue slip you gave us about your newly expanded responsibilities is very curious indeed. They're no longer paying their own living expenses, you said. Earlier you said that you deducted a share of their wages for room and board, and left the rest to them, but now you say you're paying for everything....food, water, clothing, and housing. I'm confused about the motive for this sudden charity. It sounds a bit too generous.

Jacob: Huh! Not to me. If he's paying for everything, where do I sign up?

Jonathan: (Stands up) If this is going to be a hostile interview, perhaps I should be on my way.

Jacob: No, no, Mr. Mura. You've already announced your Senate candidacy, on air, on the most popular radio show around. You don't want that to be the impression your potential voters start with, do you? Hang around. Explain. If you're right, and you very well may be, your reasons will shine through.

Jonathan: (Sits back down) Very well. You've already given the answer, Miss Estor...uh, Astor. The times are bad. Everywhere the vice is felt, the talons tightened and the pressure on. And nowhere are times tougher than at Hooktown for my men. These are immigrants! They're laborers from a distant country, humble, simple men! They haven't a chance of surmounting this bear economy without the intervention of a party that knows its way around a depression. I simply thought it'd be kind if I shouldered some of their burdens. Is there anything objectionable about that?

Jacob: And you're funding this by slashing pay, right? You did mean to say that, didn't you?

Jonathan: Well...yes, but that is still reasonable.

Eliza: Reasonable? For the love of God, Jonathan! You're through! Your sad little waltzes can't explain this, try as they may. They were once paid fifteen dollars a week, now they are paid five. They once paid for their living expenses, but now they do not. Perhaps there is a third piece to this puzzle.

Jacob: Customs agents?

Eliza: Or lack thereof.

Jonathan: What...

Eliza: You never negotiated with the customs agents, did you? You never made any arrangements to legally take the immigrants, to receive the organization's blessing in your endeavors. Your own personal slave population of undocumented immigrants.

Jacob: A Barbary hijacker.

Eliza: Yes, that's what you did. They all went like sheep to your trucks thinking that they had been cleared, that they could begin their quest for plenty in earnest. Unknowing, blissfully unknowing. But that wasn't the case for long, was it? As soon as your Constance Tower funds began to tank, you had to cut expenses....so, naturally, you went straight to your slave population. You cut their wages, you gave them all their living expenses so you could cut them again, and you told them if the outside world heard anything about it you'd have them all deported back to the hell and horror because, after all, they never got cleared, never got their green cards or the blessing of Uncle Sam to live and work in the country that made a highland castaway an iron king. You never sent a petition to the USCIS for those immigrants' visas.

Jacob: Not that he could get cleared if he did.

Eliza: One slip from them and you could have them all sent back. So...what choice does a nationless man have? It's his lot in life, here same as there. He works, and he toils, and hopes that in justice's name things will just resolve themselves. After all, there's nothing suggesting this is permanent servitude, and, after all, you are a generous man. Maybe once the Constance Tower was finished you'd finally give them a damn wage!

Jonathan: You insolent little....(tears up from his chair, and moves as if to lunge at Eliza. Jacob suddenly stands, and blocks him off.)

Jacob: I wouldn't do that, if I were you.

Jonathan: You treacherous weasel! There will be hell to pay for this, for both you! Just you wait...

Eliza: But I guess, at the moment, there are far greater priorities at hand. The Constance Tower. Its shadow like a burial shroud over time and the city, your legacy, dominant, over those debtors who said it would not be so. What better way to commemorate the American spirit? What better way to enshrine your own? Damn the immigrants, Jonathan, and damn the naysayers as well. Your bank was bleeding but your tower still had to be built!

Jonathan: (Jonathan is completely astounded) No.....you it have it all wrong. It's not like that! It's not like that, I swear.

Eliza: Sadly enough, it is. Would you tell the audience otherwise? They've already heard every word.

Jonathan: Wha...no...it's just that. Jesus, you jackals! Can't a man cut things a little? It's true, things were a little tight but...that was temporary! I thought this was the country where a man could have his dreams. Can't he just do what he needs for their cultivation? Everything I've done, everything I've given...it is too much to ask for just a little more? I just need a little more time and money and it'll all be golden, I swear. I'm so close.... So very close...(he staggers from his desk, then goes to his knees in tears). Dear God I'm so close..

Jacob: (speaking over Jonathan's incoherent cries) Oh how the mighty have fallen. I wonder how his political campaign will go.

Eliza: Not too far, I'd imagine. Not far at all. For all of you at home, listening to this show, please take note. Injustice is a cunning beast. It slinks, slithers, shelters in the warmth and darkness of places we'd never expect it to hide. But remember this. Never lose stock of your situation, ladies and gentlemen...be it the present, or the past. This man came here with nothing, and built his fortune from scratch. But, in doing so, he bankrupted himself of a little something the rest of us take for granted...that spark of human decency we here champion with our every living breath. This man will leave here with nothing, but in my eyes, he came with nothing as well. An immigrant turned away from our shores, rejected from the lights he only thought he saw. I hope this show has been informative, ladies and gentlemen, and what's more, I hope it's been fun to hear. Goodnight, 20th century. We at WPR thank you for your time. (The Wolfwhistle siren closes the show out)

(Radio static)

(The whistle returns, closing out the show)

Man: Who's stronger than an ox

Woman: Who's as gentle as a lamb?

Man: Who's smarter than a fox?

Woman: Who's as sweet as honey jam?

Man: Who's the best there ever was, a real big old prize?

Woman: Why Grotius, of course! That wasn't no surprise.

Radio Announcer: Don't miss Grotius the Great at 10:00, 104 WPR Metro.

(radio static)

Jonathan Mura: I....did not slip under the faraway waves, did not break against the rocks like the thoughtless tide, did not crawl freezing towards the lighthouse fires...for nothing. Now I see the hand that minds the shutters of her blazing eye...now I see the machines that sweep her gleaming stones...I will step up the spiral staircase...I will go on through the door at the end...I will give you everything I have...I will not have the door shut before me....

(Wings fluttering)