

MOISHE #1

Stefan winces. The neighbors start yelling again. Moishe yells over the cacophony, gets their attention.

MOISHE My new neighbor Mister Sokolowski is right. There is much against us. The bosses. Our own government. The English newspaper prints stories about us that we know aren't true. We are all of us in the same boat. The same very leaky boat.

Mike grunts cynically. Stefan glances at Rebecca. Her eyes are fixed on her brother, studying his political skill.

We all came to this new land on a promise - a promise of a better future, a future of opportunity, a future free from persecution, with rights for everyone. But the future has arrived and the promise has not. Other workers of this city are done with waiting for a promise that never comes. Is it not time to stand together and demand our rights?

MOISHE #2

Moishe marches down the stair well. Stefan quickly rises and tries a little ingratiation.

STEFAN What are you writing, Mr. Almazoff?

MOISHE I am writing about the soldiers rioting, of course. What else would I be writing about?

STEFAN I would like to read it.

MOISHE Oh, you read Yiddish?

STEFAN Oh. No. I thought you meant -

MOISHE You meant I should write it for the English papers? I don't think so. Good night, Mr. Sokolowski.

STEFAN The English need to know the truth -

REBECCA The English papers think he's a radical.

STEFAN But... you are.

Music of "Nothing Radical". Political debate, Klezmer-style.

MOISHE (mock horror) Radical??

MOISHE #3

MIKE: ~~————— (offstage) Almazoff. Shah-dup and go to bed.~~

MOISHE: Dah-vye, Rebecca. Good night, Mister Sokolowski. (*Dah-vye, Rebecca Russian for "Come, Rebecca"*)

STEFAN: I could write it.

MOISHE: Write what?

STEFAN: Anyone can write a letter to the editor, can't they?

MOISHE: That would be a very bad idea.

STEFAN: I said I would write it. Who said anything about signing it?

REBECCA: Perhaps I will help him.

MOISHE: Rebecca, you also should watch yourself—

REBECCA: Moishe. I can write as well as you and he needs my help.

Moishe drags Rebecca away from Stefan's porch.

(quietly) Stop it.

REBECCA: Stop what?

MOISHE: That boy is very taken with you.

REBECCA: He's so young, Moishe, don't worry.

MOISHE: He's exactly your age.

REBECCA: What has got you so worried?

MOISHE: You know what I'm talking about.

REBECCA: What, Moishe? What's wrong with him? You tell me.

MOISHE: Don't play at this. Now come inside.

REBECCA: Goodnight Mr. Sokolowski.

STEFAN: Goodnight, Miss Almazoff.

Stefan watches Moishe & Rebecca exit up the fire escape. Turns away with a sigh. Rebecca immediately climbs out a window, returns down the fire escape.