It’s My Party!

by Ann Timmons

IT'S MY PARTY!

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IT'S MY PARTY!

for David, Nora & Leo

IT'S MY PARTY!

*It's My Party! w*as originally produced by Echo Theatre, Dallas, Texas., Kateri Cale, Managing & Artistic Director. Directed by Caroline Hamilton, with the following cast:

ALICE PAUL…….……..Caitlin Chapa
LUCY BURNS…….Mandy Reichelt
CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT……..……Megan Haratine
DR. ANNA HOWARD SHAW…….…….Cindee Mayfield
WINIFRED MALLON…….……Alysia Giakoumas
IDA B. WELLS-BARNETT……Octavia Y. Thomas
MAUD WOOD PARK……..Leslie Patrick
DORA LEWIS……Lindsay Hayward

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CAST: 8 Women plus offstage voices (men and women)

*National Woman's Party/*The upstart suffragists

ALICE PAUL (late 20s-early 30s) Quaker women's rights activist who learned guerrilla tactics in London. She returns to America to get things done! Forms a new political party, The National Woman's Party (NWP), to exert maximum pressure on Congress and President Wilson.

LUCY BURNS (early-mid 30s) Bonded with Alice Paul in "the trenches" in London. Radical foil to Alice. Very contemporary, energetic, she loves public protest and throws herself into this fight. Saw more jail time than any other suffragist.

DORA LEWIS (early-mid 50s) Executive member of NWP. Good friend and chief lieutenant of Alice. She is one of few married women with children (three, grown, in Philadelphia). A caretaker of the group, she is on the picket line almost as much as Lucy Burns.

*National American Woman Suffrage Association/*The establishment suffragists

CARRIE CHAPMAN CATT (mid-late 50s) Twice elected President of National American Woman Suffrage Association (NAWSA). Brilliant political strategist who instituted grass roots organizing still used today. She is "establishment" suffragist and *knows* her way is best. At first she welcomes Alice's fresh perspective and new strategy, then she fears it.

DR. ANNA HOWARD SHAW (mid-late 60s) An ordained Methodist minister and medical doctor, she is a force to be reckoned with. At the play's open, she is President of NAWSA, at the top of her professional and personal trajectory. Definitely Old School.

MAUD WOOD PARK (early 40s) Joined NAWSA in college and was often the youngest delegate at their conventions. Now she is chief lobbyist for NAWSA in D.C. Exerts traditional passive female power, trading on her femininity.

Journalists and friends

WINIFRED MALLON (early 30s) Reporter for Chicago *Tribune,* covering Capitol Hill, especially the 19th Amendment story. Friend of NWP.

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IDA B. WELLS-BARNETT (early 50s) African-American civil rights and women's rights activist and journalist. skeptical of mainstream white suffrage groups, she forms the Alpha Suffrage Club for black suffragists in Chicago.

Offstage voices/voice-overs:

CLERK OF THE HOUSE, CHAIRMAN CLARK, CLERK OF THE SENATE, VICE PRESIDENT MARSHALL, PRESIDENT PRO TEM CUMMINS, CONGRESSMEN/SENATORS, ANGRY MOB, CHEERING WOMEN

TIME: 1912 to 1919.

PLACE: Various locations in Philadelphia, Brooklyn, and Washington, D.C.

IT'S MY PARTY!

ACT 1
SCENE 1

January 10, 1918. Visitors' Gallery in the Chamber of the U.S. House of Representatives. In the dark we hear the voice of the CLERK OF THE HOUSE reading the roll call.

CLERK OF THE HOUSE. *(v/o.)* Mr. Woodyard?
CONGRESSMAN. *(v/o.)* Yea.
CLERK OF THE HOUSE. *(v/o.)* Mr. Young of North Dakota?
CONGRESSMAN. *(v/o.)* Yea.
(Lights up to reveal DORA, LUCY, ALICE sitting downstage on a wooden bench, looking down on action "below." ALICE makes notes as votes are cast.)
LUCY. (*Sotto voce to Dora.)* Show me what democracy looks like.
DORA. This is what democracy looks like!
CLERK OF THE HOUSE. *(v/o.)* Mr. Young of Texas?
LUCY. *(A bit louder, with clapping.)* Show me what democracy looks like.
DORA. *(Matching her excitement.)* This is what democracy---
ALICE. SHH! You'll get us all thrown out!
(Lucy mouths chant silently to Dora.)
CONGRESSMAN. *(v/o.)* Nay. *(Lights up on DR. SHAW, MAUD, CARRIE sitting upstage center, in the Speaker's Box, elegant with upholstered armchairs, also watching proceedings "below." They are excited but maintain proper decorum.)*
CARRIE. Down to the last vote.
DR. SHAW. It should have passed by now.
CLERK OF THE HOUSE. *(v/o.)* Mr. Zilhman? *(Beat.)*
CONGRESSMAN. *(v/o.)* Yea. *(Cheering erupts. The Clerk of the House gavels for silence.)*

SPEAKER CLARK. *(v/o.)* The Yeas have it! *(We see both sets of women celebrating, Dora and Lucy more physically and enthusiastically than Maud, Dr. Shaw and Carrie. Alice remains absorbed in her calculations.)*
SPEAKER CLARK. *(v/o.)* The Susan B. Anthony Amendment to the Constitution, House Joint Resolution number two hundred of this sixty-fifth Congress, has passed. (*Lights dim on Alice's group.)*
DR. SHAW. At long last, victory is ours!
MAUD. *(Clapping, stomping, chanting in "cheerleader" fashion.)* We did it! Yes! Yes, we did it! We did it! Yes! Yes, we--- *(Stops when she feels Dr. Shaw's glower of disapproval.)*
WINFRED. *(Entering the box, press notebook in hand.)* Dr. Shaw, Mrs. Catt, congratulations! *(To Carrie.)* May I ask you a few questions? What do you think turned the tide? Was it Alice Paul and her---
DR. SHAW. See here! Our organization has been campaigning for this amendment for seventy years! I hardly think any action by those militant hooligans has---
CARRIE. Sorry, Winifred. If you could wait downstairs with the rest of the reporters, I'll be down soon. *(Shouting offstage "Hurrah for Victory!" "Carrie, Carrie, Carrie!")* My members—the women of the National American Woman Suffrage Association—are my first priority. I'm sure you understand.
WINIFRED. Yes, of course. *(Winifred exits.)*
CARRIE. Maud, go: follow her! And make sure you get in all the photos. We need to show them we're more than the stuffy old ladies they think we are! *(Maud and Dr. Shaw exit. Carrie turns to look in Alice's direction as the lights dim on her side of the stage. Lights up on Alice's group downstage. Lucy and Dora raise fists in victory, clapping and stomping. Alice sits quietly, possibly in silent prayer.)*
DORA. Hey hey, ho ho!
LUCY. The patriarchy has got to go!
DORA. Ho ho hey hey!
LUCY. Women's rights are here to stay!
DORA. Hey hey, ho ho!
LUCY. The patriarchy has got to---
ALICE. Go! Enjoy the celebration. You've earned this.

LUCY. You're not coming?
DORA. Oh c'mon, Alice. It's your win more than anyone's.
CARRIE. *(Crossing into their space.)* My members would quibble with you on that point, Dora.
DORA. Carrie! So good to see you again, especially on this day of our *shared* victory!
ALICE. Mrs. Catt. Let me offer you my sincerest congratulations!
CARRIE. I accept, on behalf of my two *million* members. Women who did the hard work, the tedious work, of engaging in a serious campaign, decade after decade! This victory is theirs.
ALICE. You don't think it's ours too?
CARRIE. I did not say that. But your little group---
LUCY. We have a name. Or didn't you know?
CARRIE. You call yourselves the National Woman's Party, but you do not help the women of our nation...what with your hysterical spectacles and wild theatricals! If you had behaved yourselves, we might have achieved this victory sooner.
LUCY. Behaved ourselves? Seriously?
ALICE. Lucy...
CARRIE. You saw the coverage in the press! The outrage you caused when you---
LUCY. We exercised our First Amendment right to protest and what did the men in power do? They tortured and force-fed us. They almost killed Alice!
DORA. It's time for action, Carrie. Congress is dragging its feet! And we're no longer willing to wait!
CARRIE. I did not come here to be lectured at, Dora. And now, if you will excuse me, the press downstairs awaits my formal response. *(She exits.)*
LUCY. *(Bowing mockingly.)* Your majesty.
DORA. Sometimes she can be so---
ALICE. Don't. Not tonight. *(Beat.)* She doesn't approve of us. Or our tactics. But it won't matter in the end, when we all get what we want. *(Alice rises, sways a bit unsteadily, puts hand on abdomen and sits back down quickly.)*

LUCY. Are you OK?
ALICE. Too much excitement for one night I think.
DORA. Breathe. That's it. Relax. My brother Howard will have my head if his patient ends up in the hospital again.
ALICE. Well, since we don't want you to get in trouble with the good Doctor Kelly—who is an excellent surgeon, by the way!—I'll head back. Have to look over some numbers, anyway...
LUCY. Hey. News flash: We DID IT! We got the vote.
ALICE. Not yet. We need the Senate. *(Winifred enters.)* Hello Winifred!
WINIFRED. Don't let me interrupt. *(Taking out her notebook.)*You were saying...? About the Senate?
DORA. Let the record show that we'll get on it tomorrow. Tonight we celebrate.
ALICE. Before you indulge too much, walk out with Winifred, find the press and give them our side of the story.
DORA. C'mon. I'll give you an exclusive on the way down. *(To Lucy.)* See you there?
LUCY. Right behind you. *(Dora and Winifred exit. Lucy turns to Alice, practically dancing, about to burst with excitement. She looks expectantly at Alice. Waits a beat.)* You can exhale now.
ALICE. *(Relaxing a bit.)* Five years, Lucy. We've been working toward this single vote for five years. Every day. Every waking hour. And it's only half done!
LUCY. But we've gotten this far. Know why?
ALICE. Because it's what we do. And together we're unstoppable!
LUCY. Your brains and my---
ALICE. Fire.
LUCY. Yes! I blaze! I burn! I---
ALICE. Dwindle down to glowing embers sometimes.
LUCY. True. But you always breathe the life back into me. *(Beat.)*
ALICE. If I knew at the beginning what a long slog it would be---
LUCY. Are you kidding? After we got back from England you were rarin' to go. We both were.
ALICE. Because I just can't...! It's not possible for me to live one more day in a world where so many have to beg to be seen as fully human.

Everyone is equal in the eyes of God, but in the eyes of men---
LUCY. Who run everything!
ALICE. And we've been incapable of standing up to them.
LUCY. Not anymore!
ALICE. No. Now we're claiming our power to change the world. Because power is never given. It's always taken.
LUCY. Amen! *(Beat.)* But can you just please take a minute to enjoy our victory today?
ALICE. *(High fives Lucy*.) It was never going to be easy. We were warned, remember? *(Blackout.)*

SCENE 2

Five years earlier, late November 1912. National American Woman Suffrage Association Annual Convention, Philadelphia. A small parlor room in the Presidential Suite of a downtown hotel, repurposed as Convention HQ. The furnishings are ornate and heavy. We see posters lying around and propped up that read "National American Woman Suffrage Association (NAWSA) Philadelphia, 1912." Off the convention floor, this is the room where it happens. Carrie and Dr. Shaw enter, in conversation.

DR. SHAW. You know I do not approve. And yet you are determined to go through with this.
CARRIE. As your vice president it's my job to recruit new talent.
DR. SHAW. She was jailed in England for accosting the Prime Minister. We do not need her kind.
CARRIE. But she's a *young* woman who can galvanize the crowds. She's what we need.
DR. SHAW. You have the power to do this but I do not sanction it. If it all goes wrong, you will have to answer to me. *(Dr. Shaw exits to room off the parlor. Alice enters from the hall, followed by Lucy.)*
CARRIE. *(Grandly offering her hand.)* Miss Paul. So good to meet you. I heard you at the rally here in Philadelphia last summer. The crowd was

quite captivated by your speech! And Miss...
LUCY. Burns. Lucy Burns. Nice to meet you, Mrs. Catt.
CARRIE. Oh! I thought you were still in England!
LUCY. Nope. Back home where I can do some good.
CARRIE. Indeed.
LUCY. If you have something to say, say it!
CARRIE. I had heard you were direct. So: you two met working with Emmaline Pankhurst and her militant mob in England, yes? *(To Alice.)* You must understand that her sort of radical terrorism has absolutely no place in America.
LUCY. HA! That's what you think of Mrs. P?!? You've got some serious delusion going on here!
CARRIE. Our board members think you, Alice, could be a powerful new voice for the movement.
LUCY. When Alice speaks, even the anti-suffragists listen!
CARRIE. But we need your promise that—if you choose to work with us—you will put aside the English preoccupation with violent confrontation. Our approach is to work within the system. Take our cause to each state. Campaign for referenda there.
ALICE. We understand. But we firmly believe that direct action on a national level is actually---
LUCY. The only way to get anything done.
CARRIE. Yes. We have decided it's time to reinvigorate our work on a national level as well. We're reviving an old committee—the Congressional Committee—to make our voice heard on Capitol Hill. We're hoping, Alice, that you would consent to be its Chair.
ALICE. I accept--IF Lucy can work with me.
CARRIE. Of course. You will need as large an army as you can muster.
LUCY. And our budget?
CARRIE. Ah. I almost forgot. *(She goes to the desk, takes out a money box, unlocks it, takes out a stack of bills and counts them into Alice's hand.)* Eight-nine-ten.
LUCY. Ten *dollars?*
CARRIE. That's all we have to give. You may raise as much as you want—on your own. I am sure you'll find a way. *(Showing them the door.)*

And now, if you'll excuse me, I must go help Dr. Shaw prepare for the Board meeting. Please show yourselves out. *(She exits to room off the parlor.)*
ALICE. So, first order of business: bring in the money. We'll need a high visibility event.
LUCY. Parades work.
ALICE. Where's the novelty in that?
LUCY. I dunno. But the one down Fifth Avenue makes headlines every year.
ALICE. Unless... *(Beat.)*We go bigger, better, bolder---(*She locks eyes with Lucy, who sees what she is thinking.)*
LUCY. Make it the parade to end all parades!
ALICE. Straight down Pennsylvania Avenue—yes!—the day before the Inauguration. I can see it now: The first *national* women's suffrage---
LUCY. ---protest---
ALICE. Parade!
LUCY. Let's do this! *(Lights dim to denote the passage of time. It is four months later. Afternoon. Mid-March 1913. Maud enters, clears out convention regalia, leaves NAWSA banner. Maud exits. Dr. Shaw and Carrie enter.)*
CARRIE. They've proven themselves. It's time to put their talents to better use.
DR. SHAW. You promised me they would do no damage to our reputation. Yet they have already jeopardized it where it mattered most! I hold you accountable.
CARRIE. I know. I will speak to---*(Alice and Lucy enter from hall, Carrie intercepts them, as Dr. Shaw resolutely stays seated.)* Alice! Lucy! Let me again congratulate you. The attention the parade brought has been paying off handsomely these past few days. Donations and membership numbers are up!
DR. SHAW. *(Her icy smile concealing a slow burn.)* You girls put on quite a show. As president of the Association, I was gratified to lead the largest crowd of suffrage supporters ever assembled in this country.
ALICE. I am glad the outcome was satisfactory.
LUCY. What Alice won't tell you—because of her Quaker modesty—is

that she's an organizational genius. Come watch her work her magic sometime! You might pick up a few pointers.
CARRIE. And were you pleased?
ALICE. Not entirely.
DR. SHAW. Fishing for compliments, are we?
ALICE. Dr. Shaw, several of our marchers were injured.
DR. SHAW. Yes. A shame! I did not see it myself, but I was told that many were set upon by ruffians before the police came.
LUCY. The cops sure took their sweet time! As if someone said "It's OK boys. Let those ladies get what's comin' to 'em."
ALICE. But that's not the worst of it! I just had an unsettling conversation with---*(IDA enters.)*
CARRIE. Ida! I didn't expect—--
IDA. Really, Carrie? That is surprising! You know me well enough to know I couldn't ignore such an egregious act. I have already spoken to Alice. Now I want to hear what you have to say.
DR. SHAW. Mrs. Wells-Barnett!
IDA. Dr. Shaw. Good. Was it you? Or did Carrie empower Grace Trout to kick me and the other black suffragists out of our parade?
DR. SHAW. I hardly think you are in a position to question---
IDA. No? After all the help I've given this organization over the years? I brought dozens of my clubwomen all the way from Chicago. And the thanks I get? To be told at the last minute by our State Chairwoman that we were to march at the back *or not at all?!* It was too much!
LUCY. But you got the last laugh didn't you? Slipping in right up front with Virginia and Belle.
IDA. Those white women are my friends; they treat me as an equal. Which is more than I can say for the leadership of this association.
CARRIE. You have to understand that we were compelled to make some hard choices. Our Southern chapters told us they wouldn't march in the parade at all with black women.
LUCY. But it's OK for you to---
IDA. I can fight my own battles, Lucy.
DR. SHAW. I appreciate that you are an indefatigable crusader for your people, but you will not win this one. We cannot afford to alienate any of

our supporters in the South. We will have a difficult enough time getting them to agree that white women need the vote.
IDA. Why do it, then? By legitimizing their hatred you are not fighting for equality but perpetuating racism. What nonsense!! Dividing women into black and white--as if we are lesser-than!!
CARRIE. Now Ida, you must know that sometimes the most expedient way does not—at first blush—appear to be the fairest.
IDA. It was never about fairness with you! Oh yes, you are only too happy when we organize our community to help you. But you do not recognize our leadership when you are on the public stage!
CARRIE. I assure you, when we finally---
IDA. Save your breath. I am past believing you. And I will no longer waste my valuable time here.
ALICE. You're not turning your back on suffrage, are you?
IDA. If you knew me better, you'd know that is something I could never do. But I'm going to work with my own people in our clubs and associations. We have better things to do than clean up your mess at the back of the parade! *(Ida exits. Beat.)*
LUCY. Well, that was---
DR. SHAW. Why did you bring her here??
ALICE. Why should I not? She has a valid---
DR. SHAW. No! Who do you think you are, Miss Paul? You have only recently become a member of our organization---
CARRIE. But already a very valuable one. In fact, we were ho---
DR. SHAW. I AM NOT FINISHED! You dare to act as if you have some authority here, when thus far we have merely asked your help with one tiny committee! Bringing in that woman and her petty personal grievances is the least of it!
CARRIE. It might be better to speak of this late---
DR. SHAW. NO! You have deliberately gone against our wishes and put us in a precarious position!
LUCY. Hold on! Where'd that come from?
DR. SHAW. You know very well to what I am referring. We do not confront those who can help us. You mocked President Wilson to his face, Miss Paul, and set our relations with the White House back months, if not

years.
ALICE. I was given the chance to meet with the president, and I took it. I urged him to act on the Anthony amendment. To bring it to Congress' attention now. It hasn't come up for a vote in decades.
DR. SHAW. You took that initiative without---
ALICE. Our members are demanding action!
DR. SHAW. *(Boiling over.)* Do not presume to tell me what *my*---
CARRIE. *(To Dr. Shaw.)*I am hearing from some members—especially the younger ones—who are getting impatient. Maybe we should listen to what Alice has to say. *(Awkward silence.)* After all, we invited her here today to discuss how she can help us going forward.
DR. SHAW. Oh yes, by all means, Carrie. Discuss away.
CARRIE. Since the parade we've had a groundswell of interest. But we need to turn that interest into membership. We were hoping you two would consider helping us with recruitment.
LUCY. Sure. But only if you let us handle things our way.
DR. SHAW. No! I will not sit here and---*(Carrie shoots her a look. Pause.)* I will hear you. Speak.
ALICE. From now on we'd like to keep any funds we raise. No sending money to headquarters in New York so you can control it. We do the legwork, we keep what we get. All of it.
LUCY. Right. We got thousands for the parade. If we'd kept that, we'd have quite a war chest by now.
DR. SHAW. And what would you do with this "war chest"?
ALICE. Mobilize women across the country. Motivate them to get our message out there. Use direct political action on a national scale.
LUCY. The parade? That was just the beginning!
DR. SHAW. NO! Miss Paul, Miss Burns, that is not the way we do things! The Association works with each state's legislative body to pass the laws that will most benefit our cause *in that state.* No national effort to win the vote can ever succeed.
CARRIE. It might. We have not tried for awhi---
DR. SHAW. *(Angrily, to Carrie.)* NO!! *(Pause, then more calmly, to Alice.)* We will allow you girls to keep up with your...activities. On a limited scale. Keep our cause in the public eye and so forth. That is

satisfactory, is it not, Miss Burns, Miss Paul?
LUCY. *(Mimicking.)* "Miss Burns, Miss Paul"! So formal yet so belittling! You can call me Lucy, but she's *Doctor* Paul, you know.
ALICE. Lucy, there's no need---
LUCY. Got her Ph.D at Penn. Sociology. Studied at the London School of Economics, worked in settlement houses in New York and in England. That was after her Master's in---
ALICE. Lucy!
LUCY. We've got to let them know you're not just some "nobody" they can push around.
DR. SHAW. *Miss* Burns, I do know who you are! It is you who know nothing, *nothing* of the struggles of the women who came before you. You two had loving fathers who paid for your education. Good for you! I grew up in poverty and worked ever since I can remember. When I was in Boston studying for my theology degree I slept in a freezing garret and almost starved. And when I finally did obtain that degree, my church refused to ordain me. It was through sheer grit and determination that I finally became the first Methodist woman to preach from her own pulpit. No one ever gave me anything.
CARRIE. You are an inspiration to---
DR. SHAW. Yet all that time I saw women around me with even greater needs. So when I was not preaching I trained as a medical doctor, to heal bodies as well as souls. Other students mocked me; professors dismissed me. But I prevailed and I succeeded. So yes, I know very well what it is like to be treated as a "nobody." It is what the world does to women who dare to step out of their sphere. I suggest you get used to it! *(Silence.)*
ALICE. Thank you, Dr. Shaw, for your diligent work on our behalf. We owe a great deal to the path our foremothers forged for us. *(Beat.)* But we need to look forward. And we'd like to update our name. We think Congressional Committee is---
LUCY. *(Under her breath.)* Boring.
ALICE. ---limited in scope.
CARRIE. What do you propose?
ALICE. Congressional Union.
DR. SHAW. Congressional *Union?!*

LUCY. Exactly! See? You can't say it without getting all fired up!
DR. SHAW. I hardly think---
CARRIE. It's fine.
LUCY. And what about our money?
DR. SHAW. Oh hell's bells! You can keep your money!! Anything you raise is yours. But let me be clear: that is all you will have. The larger Association will not underwrite your little spectacles and provocations.
LUCY. Sounds like a plan.
DR. SHAW. And should you be tempted to over-reach or forget that your precious "Union" is but the child of our parent organization, we will not hesitate to cut you off entirely and work to nullify your influence. *(Beat.)* This meeting has given me a headache. You may show yourselves out. *(Dr. Shaw exits. Carrie follows.)*
LUCY. *(Whistles.)* Don't look now, but the ice is pretty thin out here.
ALICE. I'm a strong swimmer. We'll survive. *(Blackout.)*

SCENE 3

Eight months later. Late November 1913. NAWSA Annual Convention, Washington, D.C, Parlor room of convention HQ, as in previous scene. The NAWSA banner reading "National American Woman Suffrage Association (NAWSA) Annual Meeting, Washington, 1913" prominently displayed. Dr. Shaw and Carrie enter. Dr. Shaw turns on Carrie.

DR. SHAW. Whatever possessed you to ask such a question?
CARRIE. I am looking for clarity on the issue. So are many of our members.
DR. SHAW. I see what this is: your attempt to weaken me, so you can ascend to the Presidency.
CARRIE. The question I asked was completely legitimate.
DR. SHAW. No. You insinuated that our members had to choose between us: the National Association versus the---whatever it is.
CARRIE. The Congressional Union.
DR. SHAW. Ridiculous name.

CARRIE. Right now there is some confusion. On the question of our authority over them. I felt it would be best to clear it up before it gets worse.
DR. SHAW. Why? What is so hard to understand? They are not our equals. We are the parent organization. They work for us. *(Beat.)* I greatly underestimated that Miss Paul.
CARRIE. She endured the unspeakable in England! But it gave her a kind of steely determination. And she stiffens the spine of every woman she meets. She embodies our cause in a way no one else can.
DR. SHAW. She has been siphoning off our members from under our very noses! We must put a stop to this insubordination, the sooner the better!
CARRIE. I think if we come up with a better plan for working together, she could help us cast a wider net. Because honestly, many of our members would like to become more...activist. Like Alice.
DR. SHAW. No! I forbid it! Her brain was infected by those deplorable Pankhursts! She was trouble from the start! You take up her side, Carrie, because you have always cared a great deal about the federal argument. But I am president now and we will do things the way I see fit!
CARRIE. But as your vice president I think we---
DR. SHAW. No. The rest of the board agrees with me! *(Silence.)*
CARRIE. I see.
DR. SHAW. You know what I want. See that it gets done. *(Blackout.)*

SCENE 4

Two and a half years later. Afternoon in late November 1915. The library/Alice's office at the Congressional Union headquarters, Cameron House, Lafayette Square, Washington, D.C. The room is furnished in a pleasing yet plain style. The only things cluttering the room are banners in CU colors of purple, white and gold proclaiming "The First Annual Convention of the Congressional Union, December 1915 Washington, D.C." Alice sits at her desk, absorbed in the contents of two large ledger books open before her

.

LUCY. *(Rushing in with a note in her hand.)* A note from Catt? Huh. Haven't heard from her in...how long has it been?
ALICE. Almost two years now.
LUCY. Any idea what she wants?
ALICE. What do any of us want? Votes for women!
LUCY. Ha. Ha.
ALICE. Maybe she's coming with an offer. To take us back.
LUCY. Oh ho! As if we'd fall for that!
ALICE. It might be worth considering.
LUCY. Uh-uh. I'm not putting myself through that again. First they love us, and all the work we do, then they say we're too independent. So we distance ourselves but don't completely end it. Which anyone will tell you never works. Then they kick us out, change the locks, and leave us picking through our stuff on the sidewalk!
ALICE. Was there that much drama? I don't recall. *(Beat.)* At any rate, she'll be here momentarily. We need to hear her with an open mind.*(Alice takes a second for silent prayer.)*
LUCY. Of course. But she's not going to push us around!
(Carrie enters, Alice stands up and crosses to her, offering her hand.)
ALICE. Mrs. Catt. Good afternoon.
CARRIE. *(Shaking Alice's hand and nodding to Lucy.)* And to you as well, Miss Paul. Miss Burns.
ALICE. Our convention starts tomorrow, so we'll need to keep this short. I'm sure you understand.
CARRIE. I'll get straight to the point, then. I'd like to call a truce.
ALICE. I'm listening...
CARRIE. I know Anna—Dr. Shaw—might have been too hard on you.
LUCY. She kicked us out of our own organization, just when victory was within our grasp.
CARRIE. Victory?!? Don't you think you're exaggerating?
LUCY. Nope.
ALICE. Look at the facts. Not only did we raise half as much money as you did, with one percent—*one percent*!!—of the membership, we were invited to an official meeting with the Senate Committee on Suffrage. You never got your foot in their door!

LUCY. Face it: you couldn't handle our success. *(Carrie suppresses her laughter.)*
ALICE. So. What are you offering?
CARRIE. I plan to succeed Dr. Shaw as president of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, and I'd like to bring the Union back. I'm sure you agree we'd be much stronger together.
ALICE. Go on...
CARRIE. You'd have all or our resources at your disposal, of course. You've done so very much, but I'm sure you see there's a limit to what you can accomplish working with a handful of women.
LUCY. Women who used to be your members. You'd like them back, wouldn't you? And it'd be so *very* nice to get your hands on our money, too!
CARRIE. Miss Burns, my consideration is for you, especially Alice. You've been working tirelessly. We're all concerned about that. Wouldn't you like to take a holiday? Go cycling through the countryside like you used to? *(Beat.)* We want the same thing. Think of how powerful we would be if we joined forces!
LUCY. So you'll take us back with open arms? What's the catch?
CARRIE. No catch. You'll only need to make one minor change.
LUCY. Here it comes...
ALICE. And what change would that be?
CARRIE. Get rid of your divisive election strategy.
LUCY. Over my dead body!
CARRIE. Eloquently put. Alice?
ALICE. No. On this point we are unequivocal.
CARRIE. Are you certain? It would be a disservice to the women of this nation if you let your stubbornness get in the way of greater unity.
ALICE. We have made a pledge to those women. And we won't break our promise.
LUCY. We'll keep opposing the Democrats if they keep ridiculously refusing to vote for the federal amendment.
ALICE. We've held this position since you cut us loose two years ago.
LUCY. You know that. And we know you know.
ALICE. And that whole time, you've been blasting us in public: saying

our position is wrong-headed, counterproductive.
LUCY. Calling us radical lunatics!
CARRIE. You know that is just the press casting about for a story. Pitting us against each other sells papers.
ALICE. Nevertheless, we must decline your offer.
CARRIE. You won't even consider---
LUCY. Not till Hell freezes over.
ALICE. Lucy's right! We'll oppose Democrats until they give us the vote. If the Republicans win next time, and they thwart us, we'll work against them, too. So you see, we're non-partisan. Just like you.
CARRIE. That sounds reasonable, quite possibly even logical. But too nuanced for the press and the public to understand. I will make sure they never do.
LUCY. You think you can bully us? We're ready to fight anyone who wants to shut us up: men, Democrats, even you—if you push us too hard!
CARRIE. Surely you wouldn't---
ALICE. We could. *(Beat.)* But how foolish would that be?
CARRIE. So be it. I had thought we might unite and conquer. But your unwillingness to compromise, even on such a small issue---
LUCY. Small? SMALL?!?
CARRIE. Yes. It will be easier to fight you now. And fight you I will, to the very end. *(Carrie slams the door and exits.)*
ALICE. *(Quietly.)* It's over, then.
LUCY. Good riddance, I say!
ALICE. We're on our own.
LUCY. Oh, for the love of---! We've been on our own for two years.
ALICE. You're right. I know.
LUCY. Then why so down? It's not like anyone died.
ALICE. I...I always cherished a small hope that we might... reconcile. It would've made things so much easier.
LUCY. Really? Since when does Alice Paul take the easy way out?
ALICE. Since she's been running an organization and beating the bushes for money. It's an uphill battle, and it wears me down. Now, with them positioning themselves as our opposition---
LUCY. Ooh! We're the *bad* suffragists, they're the good ones!!

ALICE. They just made our lives that much harder.
LUCY. C'mon! We're leaner and meaner. And we fight smarter. We'll beat 'em at their own game.
ALICE. I know you love a good fight, Lucy, but we need to focus. Can you channel some of that energy into the work at hand?
LUCY. Ouch.
ALICE. I have other plans for you. Trust me. *(Blackout.)*

SCENE 5

Five months later. Early April 1916. The library/Alice's office at Congressional Union headquarters, Cameron House, Lafayette Square, Washington, D.C. Alice stands. Winifred has reporter's notebook out, taking notes.

ALICE. ...So that's the story.
LUCY. *(Entering, putting on her hat.)* Good. You're wrapping up. Let's get this show on the road!
ALICE. Would you care to join us?
LUCY. Ooh, yes. Come to Union Station. Alice'll be making an announcement there. Huge scoop. Won't want to miss it!
WINIFRED. Sure. Let me just double-check a few details: Lucy's going with twenty-three other Congressional Union members, taking a train renamed---
LUCY. The Suffrage Special.
WINIFRED. On a five-week train tour of the Western States where women already have the right to vote?
ALICE. Correct.
WINIFRED. Hm. Maybe I'm missing something, but why target the states where women already vote? I mean, usually you send your crew to the states that need to be convinced suffrage is a good thing. *(Alice and Lucy look at each other, Lucy struggles to not speak.)*
WINIFRED. What?? Oh C'mon! Tell me. *(Putting notebook away.)* Look, I'm going with you to Union Station. Even if you tell me now, I

can't file till later. Not as if I can magically transmit it through the ether along the way!
ALICE. All right. *(Deep breath.)* We have decided---
LUCY. We're forming our own national party: The Woman's Party!!
WINIFRED. What the--?!?
LUCY. Sorry. Couldn't help it!
WINIFRED. Wow! That's...ambitious.
ALICE. Yes, we're excited. We think it'll work, too. By showing that we can amass political power, we'll get the leverage we need to make Congress take us seriously.
WINIFRED. Uh huh. Because a party made up of women who already have the vote can...amplify the lobbying power of the rest of you?
LUCY. Right.
WINIFRED. Well I wish you the best. *(Beat.)* And since we're off the record, there's something else I've been wanting to ask...
LUCY. Shoot.
WINIFRED. What about the African American women? Ida's a friend, and she's mobilized a powerful political force in Chicago. And they already vote there! Why don't you work together? Seems like it'd be a win-win. I mean, is segregation really the best strategy?
ALICE. We have to focus right now on the larger issue. It is imperative women get the vote, and we'll do whatever it takes.
LUCY. It's those blasted Southern Dems, blocking us on this, on all of it! If they keep refusing to play ball, we'll get rid of 'em. Tell Ida that when we kick the Dems out of office it'll be smooth sailing for us all.
WINFRED. That's your answer?
ALICE. It is the only answer. For now. *(Beat.)*We need to go. Can't hold up The Suffrage Special!
LUCY. Yep. We've got a lot of ground to cover. *(As they exit.)* Hey Winifred: a dollar says you can't name the suffrage states all in one breath.
WINIFRED. You're on! (*Taking a deep breath.)* Illinois-Kansas-Colorado-California-Arizona-Nevada-Oregon-Washington-Wyoming-Montana-Idaho-and-Utah. Whew!|
ALL. Votes for Women! *(Blackout.)*

SCENE 6

Six months later. Early October 1916. Cameron House and Burns family home in Brooklyn Heights, New York. Lucy and Alice in their respective locations, in individual pools of light. Lucy sits and reads as she writes her letter. Alice holds it in her hand.

LUCY. Alice, we've done it. Wilson's dead in the water! The women of the West are mobilized to vote and kick him out the door.
ALICE. I am so, so grateful. You're the best accomplice a girl could ask for.
LUCY. Well you're a superstar! Wherever I go they ask about you. Everyone. You're like some mythic goddess to them.
ALICE. And you're their champion, fighting the bad guys everyday.
LUCY. Damn straight.
ALICE. Alice and Lucy. We make a great team.
LUCY. Lucy and Alice. *(Beat.)* Which is why this is so hard.
ALICE. I know it's been tough, but you're almost fin---
LUCY. No. Might as well just come out and say it.
ALICE. What?
LUCY. I have to leave. Step off this crazy ride and get my feet back on the ground.
ALICE. For a short rest. Of course.
LUCY. No. For longer. Maybe for good.
ALICE. What? Why?
LUCY. I'm tired, Alice. I'm tired.
ALICE. This push has been hard on all of us. But I need you. You're my rock! Without you I'm not able to---
LUCY. I can't help. I...I just can't do it anymore.
ALICE. How can you say that? Your fire...
LUCY. Is out. Doused by my last month in Montana. Maybe if I spend some time at home—sleeping in my own bed, eating regular meals—I could rekindle it. We'll see. But till then, I'm a burned out husk. And no use to you.
ALICE. But who will keep me from sinking down?

LUCY. Dora. Mabel. Anne. You and I both know you can call up armies. Through sheer force of will.
ALICE. I've never done this without you.
LUCY. You are made of steel. But...I...I...have my limitations. It's exhausting out there. *(Pause.)* I need a rest. *(Silence.)*
ALICE. Let me know when you're ready to come back.
LUCY. Not sure I'll ever---
ALICE. Don't. Let me have this, please.
LUCY. OK. Sure. You got it. *(Lights fade on Lucy.)*
ALICE. How can you do this? To me? To the movement we created? You think I don't get exhausted?? The endless cycle of begging for money, constant need to justify every action. Giving hope to hundreds of scared and angry women?...But I can never give up! I do this for the women of today, yes—and generations to come. Leaving? That's so...so...selfish! Things are wrong, very wrong! God's beautiful earth is desecrated, His children starve, half the world is in bondage. All so the captains of industry can maximize their profits! If they keep us weak and hungry we can't rise up against them! It must change. It *will* change! But I need you to make that happen. I need all of you to make that happen. *(Beat.)* Maybe it's not forever. Please God, let it not be forever. *(Lights fade on Alice. Blackout)*

SCENE 7

One month later. Dawn, November 8, 1916, the day after the presidential election. Cameron House. Dora sits slumped in a chair, dozing. Alice enters with tray containing a teapot, two cups, and a sugar bowl. She is careful but not overly quiet. She pours herself some tea, starts stirring rather noisily.

ALICE. Dora. Dora?
DORA. *(Waking up with a start.)* What? Oh. What time is it?
ALICE. Half-past six. The sun's almost up.
DORA. And did anything--?
ALICE. No. You've only been asleep for an hour.

DORA. Maybe I'll go back to sleep for four more years. *(Pause.)* Damnation! *(Pause.)* Sorry...I---
ALICE. Say it if it makes you feel better.
DORA. Damn, damn, damn!
ALICE. Are you finished? We have work to do.
DORA. Ugh. I am so angry and sad and frustrated. And angry. How can you be so calm?
ALICE. I threw a few plates while you slept.
DORA. Last night, I was planning the story I would tell my granddaughters. How we changed history.
ALICE. But we didn't. So we'll have to come up with a new plan.
DORA. I feel thoroughly beaten. Look at me; I'm completely deflated.
ALICE. *(Looking out window.)* Well pump yourself back up, have a cup of tea and slap on a smile. Winifred's headed our way.
DORA. Give me a minute. *(We hear a knock on the door.)* That was fast!
ALICE. *(Crossing to the door, then turning to DORA)* It's showtime! *(Alice opens door. Winifred enters.)* Good morning, Winifred.
WINIFRED. I saw your lights on, Alice. I hope I'm not barging in.
ALICE. Not at all.
DORA. Tea?
WINIFRED. No thanks. On a deadline. I'll get right to it: Alice, in spite of your nationwide campaign, President Wilson was reelected. Do you feel that's a rejection of the federal suffrage amendment?
ALICE. Not at all. He won because he has promised to keep America out of the war in Europe. I completely agree with him on that. The press may call me a militant, but I am a Quaker, and a pacifist at heart.
WINIFRED. Dora, what's your take? Don't you think a vote for Wilson was also a vote against your cause?
DORA. The National Woman's Party never endorsed a presidential candidate. But we got our message out there, to the public—as well as the party leadership.
WINIFRED. OK. Staying on message. Got it.
ALICE. Don't be surprised we're not in mourning; we managed to make suffrage a key issue! The Republicans listened to us and decided to put "votes for women" in their platform. And what happened? Last night they

gained seats in both the House and Senate.
DORA. Coincidence? I think not.
WINIFRED. I called Mrs. Catt before I came over. She made a statement I'd like you to comment on.
ALICE. Oh? How is Mrs. Catt this morning?
DORA. I'm sure she had a few choice words for us!
WINIFRED. *(Looking at notes.)* She says you and your group of militants cost them six states where suffrage referendums went down in defeat. She says you also ruined the federal amendment's chances with your "dangerous ideas and radical notions" and that your actions "set the fight back by months if not years." Then she sputtered a bit and hung up.
DORA. That sounds like Carrie.
ALICE. What is important to remember is that we all care deeply about this issue.
WINIFRED. I'm surprised by how upbeat you seem for someone who's just been handed a huge defeat.
ALICE. There's no point looking backward. *(Beat.)* I'm afraid I'll have to cut this short. Today we begin our push to elect more pro-suffrage Republicans in the mid-terms. So you see we've got work to do.
WINIFRED. *(Putting away notebook.)* I do have one last question. And I'm asking this as a friend...Where's Lucy? *(Pause.)*
ALICE. Lucy...all my women worked hard on their campaigns out west, harder than anyone can imagine. Lucy was worn out. So she headed back to Brooklyn...to be with her family. She'll still do our work up there, of course, but give herself more time to enjoy...what she calls "civilian life." *(Alice turns ashen, grabs her abdomen.)*
WINIFRED. Alice---?
DORA. I'm sure it's fine. Once she gets a good night's sleep she'll bounce right back. Thank you, Winifred. *(Winifred exits. To Alice.)*. Are you all right?
ALICE. *(Sitting, obviously still in pain.)* It's nothing. Probably hunger. I haven't eaten more than toast since...what day is it?
DORA. Lucy's not the only one who needs to take it easy. *(Pause.)* Will she come back, do you think?
ALICE. I don't know. That's the sad truth. She said she'd sacrificed more

than her share. She'd done enough and wasn't living any kind of life outside of...this. *(Beat.)* Do you feel that way?

DORA. When I was widowed at twenty-eight with four small children, I couldn't make sense of my life. Working with Carrie and the Association gave me something larger to be a part of, but *this*—what we have built here, the Party, this movement—has given me so much more: It's restored my faith and given me renewed hope for the future. Lucy's been a part of this longer than I have. It's who she is. She'll be back.

ALICE. I wish I could be sure.

DORA. I know this is hard on you; you've been together since England. Good God, it's no wonder she took a break. You could use one too.

ALICE. I'll see her next week after my meetings in New York. And if I can raise enough there to keep the lights on, I promise you, I'll think about planning a little vacation.

DORA. You? Vacation? I'll believe it when I see it! *(Alice smiles, turns pale, holds her abdomen, collapses on floor. Dora runs to door.)* Mabel!! Get the doctor quick! It's Alice, she's—she's collapsed. Hurry! *(As the lights dim.)*

END OF ACT 1

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