

FLEXNER SIDE

My Lord, What a Night/November 11, 2018 Orlando revisions

FLEXNER

Very well. Miss Anderson, I don't think you should stay here tonight.

ANDERSON

Why not?

FLEXNER

I think you should stay somewhere else. It would be for the best.

EINSTEIN

(Pointed) "The best?" For whom?

FLEXNER

(Ignores Einstein; to Anderson) I can rent you a room at the Colored YMCA.

ANDERSON

I'd prefer to stay here, thank you.

FLEXNER

I really think you'd be more comfortable there.

~~ANDERSON~~

~~Actually, I think I'd be more comfortable here.~~

EINSTEIN

START: What kind of loathsome nonsense are you up to Flexner?

FLEXNER

Have you looked outside? Have you seen the encampment set up on your front lawn?

EINSTEIN

There's always an encampment on my front lawn!

FLEXNER

Do I have to spell it out for you, Einstein?

EINSTEIN

Please do! I'm a genius, not a mind reader!

FLEXNER

Miss Anderson is a single woman.

EINSTEIN

So?

FLEXNER

She is a single *colored* woman.

EINSTEIN

Yes...

FLEXNER

(*Exasperated.*) You are a Jew!

EINSTEIN

What has that got to do with anything?

FLEXNER

I'm trying to avoid a scandal here!

EINSTEIN

Scandal?

FLEXNER

What will people say if it gets out that she stayed in your home un-chaperoned?

EINSTEIN

If they have any morals they will say it's a good thing Einstein was on hand to give her a place to sleep so she wouldn't have to spend the night on the streets!

FLEXNER

You don't understand. That's not how things work in America!

EINSTEIN

I understand all too well how things work in America! The treatment of the Negro here differs little from the treatment I received in Germany.

FLEXNER

You both need to be mindful of appearances!

EINSTEIN

Flexner, I'm tired of your constant meddling in my personal affairs!

FLEXNER

And I'm tired of having to salvage these predicaments that you are always getting into. You pay no mind to how things are done in this country. It's outrageous!

EINSTEIN

Outrageous? I'll tell you what's outrageous! The philistine that runs the Nassau Inn! After availing himself of Miss Anderson's talents tonight at the concert, he thought it was

acceptable to throw her out on the street so that she could sleep in a gutter! If you're going to be outraged, Flexner, be outraged at *that!* **END**

(There is a commotion outside. There is the sound of the reporters peppering someone—a woman—with questions.)

Offstage conversation/overlapping:

REPORTER

(Off.) What's your name ma'am?

TERRELL

(Off.) Let me through, please.

REPORTER

(Off.) Can you give us a statement?

TERRELL

(Off.) No, I can't. Excuse me.

FLEXNER

Oh no. It's starting

ANDERSON

What? What's going on?

REPORTER

(Off.) Let the lady through.

TERRELL

(Off.) Let me through please. Let me pass!

(Suddenly there is a knock on the front door.)

ANDERSON

Oh dear, there's someone at the front door.

FLEXNER

It's the reporters!

EINSTEIN

No, it's not.

FLEXNER

How do you know?