

TERRELL  
We can try to force the Nassau Inn to give her a room!

ANDERSON  
But I don't want a room at the Nassau Inn.

TERRELL  
You don't?

ANDERSON  
No.

TERRELL  
But it's a beautiful hotel!

ANDERSON  
That may be. But I don't wish to stay there. I wish to stay here with Professor Einstein.  
And my manager would prefer that as well.

TERRELL  
I don't think that's the best plan, Miss Anderson.

FLEXNER  
I'm happy to hear you say that! I have been making the very same argument myself.

TERRELL  
Have you?

FLEXNER  
I would hate for tonight's events to turn into a scandal.

TERRELL  
A scandal?

FLEXNER  
Yes.

EINSTEIN  
Flexner, we've already discussed this.

FLEXNER  
Not to my satisfaction.

**START:**

TERRELL  
What kind of scandal are you worried about Mr. Flexner?

FLEXNER

(Nods to Einstein and Anderson.) You know.

TERRELL

No, I don't.

FLEXNER

The kind that ensues when different races *mingle*.

TERRELL

Mingle?

FLEXNER

Miss Anderson is a single, colored woman, who is un-chaperoned, in the house of a white man.

TERRELL

Scandals of that sort only happen when white people *imagine* that a *colored man* is trying to mingle with a *white woman*, Mr. Flexner. They pay no attention at all when it is a colored woman that is involved.

FLEXNER

I beg to differ.

TERRELL

There is a long history in this country of white men mingling with colored women and it goes, for the most part, unnoticed. I know whereof I speak. My grandfather was the master of a plantation; my grandmother the slave he "mingled" with. (*She pauses for dramatic effect.*) I can assure you, Mr. Flexner, that in the *wildest* flight of the most *lurid* imagination, it will not occur to *anyone* that Miss Anderson is "mingling" with Professor Einstein.

EINSTEIN

(Laughs like a barking seal.) Ha! Ha! Ha!

TERRELL

Oh heavens. That came out wrong.

EINSTEIN

But it's true! Look at me!

TERRELL

I meant no offense, Professor Einstein.

EINSTEIN

No one would “mingle” with me! I’m dilapidated! I have cataracts! I don’t wear socks!  
(Laughs like a barking seal.) Ha! Ha! Ha!

FLEXNER

I concede the point.

TERRELL

But, nevertheless. We are in agreement on the course of action, Mr. Flexner, even if we disagree about the reason for it.

ANDERSON

And what is the reason for it, Mrs. Terrell?

TERRELL

You have a chance to right the wrong that happened to you! If you leave Professor Einstein’s house and go back to the Nassau Inn, you could get them to change their policy!

**END**

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ANDERSON

I was treated most roughly at the Nassau Inn this evening. I don’t think there is anything I can say or do that will convince them to reverse their actions.

TERRELL

But if Professor Einstein comes with you...

ANDERSON

--Professor Einstein *was* with me.

TERRELL

Yes, but the entourage of reporters was not. Is that correct?

ANDERSON

That’s correct.

TERRELL

If you show up at the Inn with Professor Einstein and that swarm of reporters out there, I suspect they will do everything in their power to avoid receiving negative publicity over their treatment of you.

EINSTEIN

There is a great deal of truth in what she is saying Marian.

FLEXNER

Hold on, hold on.

ANDERSON

Would you take me to the Colored YMCA please? I need to leave.

FLEXNER

Of course.

EINSTEIN

Marian, please...

ANDERSON

I think this is for the best, Professor Einstein.

FLEXNER

Here, let me get that.

*(He picks up her suitcase. She heads to the back door.)*

**START:**

TERRELL

Miss Anderson! Don't go!

ANDERSON

I'm sorry Mrs. Terrell, I have to.

TERRELL

Please, wait.

ANDERSON

I can't.

TERRELL

I was arrested tonight, Miss Anderson.

ANDERSON

Arrested? *You?*

TERRELL

Yes.

ANDERSON

But—what for?

TERRELL

I was charged with disorderly conduct for inquiring about directions to the theatre. I was detained by the police. And that's not all. When I finally got to the concert hall, they wouldn't let me in. The only seats that were left were for whites only.

ANDERSON

Good Lord. So, you experienced race prejudice tonight too!

TERRELL

A big allopathic dose of it! A double dose! It's becoming an all too familiar story, isn't it? Serious charges trumped up against colored people for trivial matters. Obstacles that block our path at every turn. It's a great wonder we don't all lose our minds.

ANDERSON

Why didn't you protest the injustice that happened to you tonight?

TERRELL

I'm just an average colored woman. No one pays attention when injustice happens to people like me. They only pay attention when it happens to people like you...

ANDERSON

*(Pause.)* I wish that were true. My experience has proven it is not...

TERRELL

*(Pause.)* I am overcome with fatigue all of a sudden.

ANDERSON

Here sit down.

TERRELL

I think I will. I am tired, Miss Anderson. Bone tired. *(She sits.)* When I am in the middle of these dangerous situations, I am all strength and resolve! And then, when it's over, I wither and wilt! ~~*(Pause.)* Oh dear...~~

**END**

ANDERSON

What is it?

TERRELL

*(She touches her chest; quietly.)* All my life I have been conscious of something within me that enables me to feel things that will come to pass. I am feeling just such a peculiar manifestation right now.

ANDERSON

Are you?

TERRELL

Yes...

ANDERSON

What do you feel?