

# **Fly Away Home**

A play inspired by a historical moment

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**Prologue.** *Chicago, 1914. Mary Evelyn Brooks enters with hot coffee in a cup and saucer in her hands and a notebook under her arm. She is looking around the mostly finished Chicago Midway Beer Garden for any sign of Frank Lloyd Wright. The public concert venue/dance hall/restaurant and tavern is still being finished. A mural behind Mr. Wright is half completed. There are statues that still need to come out of their crates and take their places on platforms. The sounds of cleaning and construction people hurrying around on the site creates a confused din.*

**Brooks**

Mr. Wright? *(She looks around while trying to stay out of the way of the workmen around her. She looks and feels intensely out of place. She struggles to keep the coffee from spilling as she weaves her way through the building site.)* Mr. Wright?

**Wright**

Well it's about damn time. *(He seizes the cup of coffee from her, while wiping sawdust and wood shavings off of his clothes and out of his unkempt hair.)*

**Brooks**

I beg your pardon.

**Wright**

I asked for this an hour ago.

**Brooks**

I'm sorry, I just--

**Wright**

Listen here. You tell the rest of those people in the office that if they are so determined to turn my vision of an idyllic, verdant park into a cafe and saloon, they had better learn to serve people food and drink when they ask for it.

**Brooks**

I don't think I--

**Wright**

I mean, it's a beer garden, isn't that what you all keep telling me? Should be able to deliver such a simple thing as a cup of coffee.

**Brooks**

You're not an easy man to find Mr. Wright.

**Wright**

*(to himself)* On the contrary. *(he sips his coffee)* I'm everywhere here.

**Brooks**

Quite. *(she looks around)* How's it coming?

**Wright**

Almost finished.

**Brooks**

You've been saying that for three months.

**Wright**

Well, it's accurate. It's been *nearly* finished for three months. Just a couple of last little details.

**Brooks**

*(She looks quizzically at his disheveled appearance)* Did you sleep here last night?

**Wright**

*(brushes off a few more wood chips clinging to his clothing)* A few hours here and there.

**Brooks**

The doorman at your hotel said he hasn't seen you since last Saturday.

*They stare at each other for a moment, unsure of how to proceed.*

**Wright**

You're not from the kitchen.

**Brooks**

No sir. I'm Mary Evelyn Brooks. The woman at the front desk pointed me in this direction and asked me to bring you your coffee.

**Wright**

I see. *(pause)* Thank you. *(He sips his coffee)* I'm sorry, who are you?

**Brooks**

I'm from the Chicago Tribune.

**Wright**

Ah. *(he hands the cup back to her in disgust)*

**Brooks**

I've been asked to follow up on a--

**Wright**

*(incredulous)* You are associated with the Chicago Tribune?

**Brooks**

Yes.

**Wright**

I don't believe it. Lovely girl like you, how could you allow yourself to be surrounded by all those ink-stained simpletons?

**Brooks**

Well, I--

**Wright**

I'll thank you to go back to the Chicago Tribune and tell that other chap—

**Brooks**

Mr. Rutger.

**Wright**

Yes, you tell him that I don't have time to talk to him right now. Better yet, tell him I've had an urgent phone call and I'm unavailable for the rest of the week.

**Brooks**

Have you had an urgent phone call?

**Wright**

No, but I find it's an extremely effective way to leave a room without being expected back.

**Brooks**

Don't worry, Mr. Rutger won't be coming.

**Wright**

That's the best news I've had in days. You should print that.

**Brooks**

They sent me instead.

**Wright**

Ah. And what do you do? Are you a typist?

**Brooks**

I'm a writer. I update the social calendar and occasionally cover theater and women's charity events.

**Wright**

I'm afraid I can't help you with any of those subjects.

**Brooks**

Mr. Rutger said I might be able to finish the interview that he began with you? *(She gets her notebook out and consults some papers with scribbling on it)*

**Wright**

And why exactly couldn't Mr. Rutger be here today to perform this task himself?

**Brooks**

I believe it has something to do with war breaking out in Europe.

**Wright**

I don't keep up with that sort of news I'm afraid.

**Brooks**

Yes sir, but a lot of people do, which was why he was pulled off the Midway Gardens grand opening and told to write about the Kaiser instead.

**Wright**

Right. *(he takes a look at her for the first time. Takes his hat off and sits down. Changes his tactic drastically)* I am sorry Miss--

**Brooks**

Mary Evelyn Brooks.

**Wright**

I am sorry Miss Brooks. I'm afraid I've made a terrible impression on you.

**Brooks**

Not at all.

**Wright**

Last minute work for the official grand opening you know. I'm afraid we're all quite exhausted.

**Brooks**

Yes sir. I understand.

**Wright**

Please take a seat. Is there anything I can ... uh...get for you?

**Brooks**

I would ask for a cup of tea, but based on your recent experience, I'm afraid I haven't got that kind of time.

**Wright**

Oh, surely you won't write about . . . as I said, things are a bit chaotic here at the moment, I had no idea—

**Brooks**

I'm fine, thank you Mr. Wright.

**Wright**

Let's start again. You have some questions from the other fellow's interview?

**Brooks**

Yes. Well no, not exactly. *(she blushes nervously)* I mean I have some questions of my own.

**Wright**

Oh certainly, certainly.

**Brooks**

Can you tell me what the final expenditure for Midway Gardens will be? I understand it's several times the figures that were quoted at the beginning of the--

**Wright**

*(he looks at her again)* Say, that is a lovely hat you have there Miss Mary Evelyn Brooks. May I call you Mary?

**Brooks**

It's Mary Evelyn.

**Wright**

You wear it very well, Mary Evelyn.

**Brooks**

*(she reddens again)* It's just an old thing.

**Wright**

No, it's enchanting.

**Brooks**

My mother cobbled this together from two decrepit old Sunday hats she had in the attic. Can you believe it?

**Wright**

Why certainly. Sometimes all we need is to see old things in new ways.

**Brooks**

That's just what she says. Mother calls her creations "blossoms of the soul." You know, when an old thing can be repurposed and given a new life.

**Wright**

Well I think your mother is very clever. And I see you take after her.

**Brooks**

*(she takes a moment to compose herself)* So, who exactly are the patrons you're hoping to attract to Midway Gardens, with the restaurants, dance halls, and musical stages? Is this a playground for the elite, slumming it in a rough neighborhood?

**Wright**

Vivacious. That's what you are.

**Brooks**

I'm sorry?

**Wright**

Vivacious. From the Latin *vivere*. It means full of life.

**Brooks**

I know what it means.

**Wright**

*(reciting)* "Still grows the vivacious lilac a generation after the door and lintel and the sill are gone." Ralph Waldo Emerson.

**Brooks**

Oh. *(she takes notes)*

**Wright**

Do you need me to spell any of that?

**Brooks**

No, sir. I've got it down. Could I just ask about the inspection issues you've had with the city? I read a report that there are some engineering concerns-

**Wright**

College girl, are you?

**Brooks**

Yes.

**Wright**

Where did you go to school?

**Brooks**

That's not —

**Wright**

It's alright, was it a little teacher's college?

**Brooks**

Yes. *Vassar*.

**Wright**

That's a long way from Chicago.

**Brooks**

Also there are reports that after the initial funding for this project fell through and that Mr. Waller has gone into significant personal debt trying to --

**Wright**

Were you here that first night, when we opened?

**Brooks**

I thought that it wasn't open until next week.

**Wright**

Oh certainly. That official nonsense, with all the hoopla and signs and streamers and all that. I was talking about the first night we let guests in and Maestro Bendix struck up the orchestra for the first time and ... the acoustics, the whole gardens vibrated with sound. Are you a musician by chance? Do you like classical music?

**Brooks**

I go to the symphony when I can.



**Wright**

Marvelous and so you should. Very similar to architecture, you know, the composition of music. It's all about putting pieces of air together and propping them up with the slightest structure to create something new and beautiful that's never been experienced before.

**Brooks**

Something vivacious?

**Wright**

There you have it. College girl. I knew you were bright. Where was I? Ah yes. It was exquisite, the moment when people were here for the first time, wandering all around, mingling with the statues, the sprites. . .the sun went down and there was a sort of ethereal glow with the music rising and playing with the light, the electric lights, it was just as I imagined it. . .were you there?

**Brooks**

No, sir. I wasn't.

**Wright**

Well, you miss things, young lady. You miss things if you wait. You need to be bold. You know, you need to be grasping things out in the world. It was remarkable. You'll never feel an energy like that again with the lights and the sounds of the orchestra and the laughter. It was an event.

**Brooks**

But it wasn't finished. It's still not finished, isn't that right?

**Wright**

Oh, small details. Important, important details but, yes, there are a few things that need to be (*cough*) touched up. Some of the artists that we worked with were less willing to take direction than I was hoping so we're, well, I'm redoing them. These murals for example, I'm redesigning them.

**Brooks**

I didn't know you were a painter.

**Wright**

Well, you know, a painter with colored pencils, with design, with ideas. I normally let other people hold the brush, so to speak.

*Thompson enters looking grave, frantically searching for Mr. Wright. He is a well dressed man of few words, carrying notebooks and clipboards.*

**Thompson**

Mr. Wright?

**Wright**

Ah yes, this is our project foreman. He is the one who keeps tapping his foot and checking his watch and looking at all of his accounts payable, reminding me that we do in fact have a grand opening to accomplish. Yes, Mr. Thompson?

**Thompson**

*(urgent, but wanting to be discreet)* Mr. Wright, you have a telephone call.

**Wright**

Can't you see I'm very busy talking to this charming young woman? Miss Brooks is here from the newspaper, from the Chicago Tribune in fact, wanting to write all about the grand opening.

**Thompson**

Yes, and I'm sorry to disturb you, but Mr. Wright--

**Wright**

You must be very careful when you talk to members of the press. If they get the wrong idea, they'll write all sorts of terrible things. Isn't that right, Miss Brooks?

**Brooks**

Sir?

**Wright**

I mean, I'm sure someone such as you, you would never fabricate stories just to cheat people out of a nickel for your unscrupulous employer.

**Brooks**

No, I was here just to talk to you about—

**Thompson**

Sir, it's urgent.

**Wright**

I see. Well. Then I'm very sorry Miss Mary Evelyn Brooks. Please excuse me for a moment. I will return and we can pick up our conversation. You must begin by telling me how you became involved with such a disreputable institution as the Chicago Tribune. Such a beautiful girl like you. You could do anything. After all you are--

**Brooks**

Vivacious, yes sir.

*Pause. Wright and Thompson exit. Brooks waits and looks around while Wright takes a phone call out of earshot. She makes notes on the venue and waits an uncomfortable amount of time. Looks at her watch. They re-enter, agitated.*

**Wright**

*(To Thompson, as if he's seen a ghost)* Bring my car.

**Thompson**

Sir, I don't believe you should be driving in such a—

**Wright**

I said bring my car.

**Thompson**

Let me drive you to the station. You can catch the 5:05.

**Brooks**

Mr. Wright? Mr. Wright, are you ill?

**Wright**

*(He turns as if in a daze, Looks at Mary Evelyn for a moment, sadly.) (slowly)* I'm sorry, I've had an urgent phone call and I'm unavailable for the rest of the week.

**Thompson**

This way sir.

**Brooks**

But Mr. Wright!

**Act 1, Scene 1.** *Frank Lloyd Wright is pushed into a private train car by the train's conductor. Outside the window there is the hustle and bustle of a big city train station at rush hour.*

**Conductor**

Just inside here, Mr. Wright.

**Wright**

I don't understand!

**Conductor**

With the press and the commotion, I thought you'd be more comfortable in my private coach.

**Wright**

That schedule says the train won't arrive in Spring Green until 11 o'clock tonight!

**Conductor**

That's right sir, if all our stops proceed without irregularity.

**Wright**

But that's intolerable!

**Conductor**

That's the timetable for this route every day of the--

**Wright**

I don't care. I need to get home to my . . . you don't understand I need to--

**Conductor**

*(sheepishly)* I've heard about the fire, sir. The news has gone up and down the wire.

**Wright**

I can make the drive to Taliesin from here in four hours. I've done it in my Packard.

**Conductor**

That may be so, Mr. Wright, but tonight I'll be driving and I need to take all these other people where they are going as well.

**Wright**

But they are not--

**Conductor**

I know this is a difficult moment for you sir. That's why I brought you up here. You won't be bothered by anyone and you'll be first to see the station as we arrive. Now I suggest making yourself comfortable--

**Wright**

I cannot--

**Conductor**

-and remembering that we are quite literally going as fast as we can.

**Wright**

*(pause)* The news has "gone up and down the wire?"

**Conductor**

Yes, Mr. Wright. I'm afraid so.

**Wright**

That's why all these rabid journalists are circling? *(He points outside to the reporters, teeming on the platform.)*

**Conductor**

I would avoid sitting too close to the glass sir. News reporters have tried, in the past, to force themselves in through the windows.

**Wright**

Is there a . . . is there a reputable account that you know of? The latest news?

**Conductor**

No. But I'll send a porter to gather up all the evening editions before we depart.

**Wright**

Do you know. . . do they say. . . do any of them speak of casualties? From the fire?

**Conductor**

As I said, I'll make sure we get the latest editions for you.

*Wright nods his head and sits quietly for a moment, then walks about the small coach. He holds his head in his hands. Then he notices some velvet fringed curtains/doilies that decorate the seats. He fingers them for a moment, then tears them off the seat, wads them up and throws them to the floor. There is the sound of a train whistle. He takes out his pocket watch to check the time and silently curses the few minutes he has to wait. He is interrupted by another passenger arriving in his chamber.*

**Edwin**

There's really no need to make a fuss. I was perfectly fine sitting--

**Conductor**

It will be best for both of you, I believe, if you can stay out of sight.

**Edwin**

People rarely recognize me anymore.

**Conductor**

I dare say they will again soon.

**Wright**

*(turning around)* What's this?

**Conductor**

Mr. Wright, I asked Mr. Cheney to join you here, to stay out of public view. As I said I believe it will be more comfortable for both of you and will keep the frenzy of reporters at bay, so they don't disturb the other passengers.

**Wright**

I see.

*Pause. Conductor exits. Edwin Cheney sets his suitcase down clumsily and takes a seat. He rubs the sweat off his face with a pressed handkerchief. He looks down at the floor for a long time as Wright sizes him up.*

**Wright**

*(extending his hand to shake) (matter of fact)* Hello Edwin.

**Edwin**

*(he shakes hands reluctantly, then looks at the floor.)* Mr. Wright.

*They both sit down and there is a lengthy, uncomfortable pause.*

**Conductor's Voice**

All aboard! All aboard please. This local Milwaukee Road Train, number 32 will be departing from Chicago for parts north and west including Long Lake, Ingleside, Fox Lake, Spring Grove, Naperville, and Rockford, Illinois, and Zenda, Walworth, Janesville, Milton, Milton Junction, Lake Kegonsa, Edgerton, Madison Central, Madison West, Middleton, Cross Plains, Black Earth, Arena, Spring Green and Dodgeville, Wisconsin. Again, this is a local, north and west bound train. All aboard.

*They sit in stunned silence.*

**Wright**

What have you heard?

**Edwin**

Not much. Just that I need to collect the children immediately.

**Wright**

And what time was that?

**Edwin**

I ... don't know. You'll have to excuse me. I've been driving since 8 o'clock this morning. I'm a bit... The company's quarterly meeting was in Bloomington today, so I was on the road much earlier than usual. It takes... well it takes several hours to get there if the weather is favorable ... It's normally a lunch meeting. They always bring in such a lovely lunch for us while we discuss the quarterly...progress. And earnings.

But as I walked in the boardroom today, the Vice President announced he'd be giving my report in my absence and then he handed me a note and shot of gin. I sat in his private office while his secretary rang the operator to reconnect a call for me.

I asked if I could make the trip to Wisconsin tomorrow but they said emphatically no. That I must come now.

**Wright**

Who called you?

**Edwin**

Art Wilson. He's the fellow in Madison who handles our state contracts. Some of his work crews were in the western counties today. He said they could see the smoke for miles. I tried to call Taliesin, but of course the line was down. So I got back in the car and ... it's all a bit of a blur. I drove to the train station without even...without even calling home.

**Wright**

And you've no other details?

**Edwin**

I heard the newsboys yelling about a fire...

**Wright**

Yes.

**Edwin**

A deadly fire at Frank Lloyd Wright's home at Taliesin.

**Wright**

"Deadly," is that what those muckrakers are writing?

**Edwin**

It's all a bit of a blur.

*The train starts moving. We can hear the engines coming up to speed.*

**Wright**

They are supposed to be rounding up the latest accounts...I mean god knows if it's true. Any of it.

**Edwin**

I do believe that something has happened, sir.

**Wright**

*(Distracted, in his own thoughts)* Yes. Something indeed. *(long pause. Grasping at straws for a subject other than the fire)* So... how is the house?

**Edwin**

The house?

**Wright**

Your house in Oak Park. How is it ...?

**Edwin**

Oh. Fine. *(pause)* It leaks.

**Wright**

Where?

**Edwin**

The windows in the dining room, the gable in the sitting room, around the door in the corner, by the eaves. . .

**Wright**

Alright. But how does it look?

**Edwin**

Wet. Whenever it rains.



**Wright**

To hell with that.

**Edwin**

It looks ... people say it looks beautiful. Striking. Modern. I hear them remark on it as they walk by.

**Wright**

And how does it feel?

**Edwin**

Feel?

**Wright**

Yes, the design. How does it feel?

**Edwin**

*(pause)* Like you are there in every corner.

**Wright**

*(pause. softly)* So I am.

**Edwin**

Elsie is making it more like a home now.

**Wright**

Is that your housekeeper?

**Edwin**

Elizabeth is my wife.

**Wright**

Oh. I didn't realize you had—

**Edwin**

Yes. Just a few months ago.

**Wright**

Congratulations.

**Edwin**

Yes. *(pause)* And you are married? Still?

**Wright**

*(Dryly)* Yes, still.

**Edwin**

*(subtly accusatory)* But not to Mamah.

**Wright**

No.

**Edwin**

Have you even asked for her hand?

**Wright**

We . . . don't subscribe to the same social mores that others do.

**Edwin**

No, of course not.

**Wright**

Our love is one that transcends—

**Edwin**

Do you know how many times I asked Mamah to marry me before she said yes? Eleven.

**Wright**

My god. She turned you down eleven times?

**Edwin**

No. Ten times.

**Wright**

And you just kept at it until she changed her mind.

**Edwin**

Yes, of course. That's what engineers do. We keep trying to solve the problem. Until we do.

**Wright**

I have never thought of her as a puzzle.

**Edwin**

Well. That is not the only point on which we differ. *(pause)* I assumed that if you and Mamah had finally married I would've heard about it.

**Wright**

I don't believe you're on the guest list.

**Edwin**

No, I mean I would've read about it the papers

**Wright**

Yes.

**Edwin**

They have been very unkind to her.

**Wright**

Yes, I know.

**Edwin**

I can't help feeling that you're responsible for that.

**Wright**

And I can't help feeling that the newspapers are responsible for that. The gossip mongers circle like hyenas around a fresh kill.

**Edwin**

She deserves better.

**Wright**

I think we all deserve better than to be caricatured by those hacks twice a day.

**Edwin**

You could stand up for her.

**Wright**

It would just feed the fire. *(pause)* You could stand up for her.

**Edwin**

I am very happy to be out of the public eye, thank you. *(Pause)* When did you see the children last?

**Wright**

A little over a week ago.

**Edwin**

Were they well?

**Wright**

They ... were children. Playing with things they shouldn't. Asking for sweets. Making a great deal of noise. Nothing out of the ordinary.

**Edwin**

Did they seem happy?

**Wright**

*(At a loss)* I've no idea. You'd have to ask their mother.

**Edwin**

*(Exasperated)* My god man, are you so incapable of looking outside yourself, of considering the welfare of anyone else.... I understand they're not yours, but....

**Wright**

*(pause) (uncomfortably)* It's nothing personal. *(pause)* I've never really had a "fatherly" feeling. For any of them.

**Edwin**

One might assume that with six children of your own and the two of mine you would've had some time to practice.

**Wright**

I do not think the quantity of children determines one's attachment. *(pause)* I suppose I always regarded my buildings as my children.

**Edwin**

I beg your pardon.

**Wright**

I wouldn't expect you to understand.

**Edwin**

The newspapers are right about one thing.

**Wright**

What's that?

**Edwin**

You really are a – (monster)

*Just at that moment the conductor comes in carrying some newspapers under his arm.*

**Conductor**

Gentlemen. *(He reluctantly places the newspapers on the table that separates Cheney and Wright.)* This is what my porter was able to gather.

*Both men take up the papers and scan them for news, desperate for word but not wanting their worst fears to be confirmed.*

**Conductor**

Remember, these are several hours old.

*(He puts a bottle of whiskey on the table with two glasses.)* And here's something to help ease the mind.

**Wright**

*(scanning the papers obsessively, barely looking up.)* What's that? Whiskey? I never touch it.

**Edwin**

I think he meant to say thank you very much. *(he pours himself a drink and holds it up to toast the conductor)* To swift journeys and quiet nights.

**Conductor**

Yes, sir.

**Edwin**

Thank you again.

*Conductor exits. They both scan the headlines and devour the articles looking for details of what has happened.*

**Wright**

This is the same drivel they've been printing for years. "Taliesin, the love bungalow for an eccentric architect and his enchanting mistress."

**Edwin**

*(He motions to see the article Wright was just reading.)* That is a very nice portrait of her.

**Wright**

That is . . . irrelevant at the moment.

**Edwin**

Still. *(Reading another paper.)* Who is Julian Carlton?

**Wright**

One of the hired men. Our butler. He and his wife manage the house. Why? What does it say about him?

**Edwin**

He's missing, from what I gather.

**Wright**

Let me see that.

*Edwin hands him the newspaper.*

**Wright**

*(pensive)* Well of course they are looking for him. He would know what happened. He would have been right there in the house at the time when the fire... broke out.

**Edwin**

Have I met him?

**Wright**

I don't know. He hasn't been with us long. A few months.

**Edwin**

I see.

**Wright**

They both came highly recommended by a colleague in Chicago. Hopefully he... I'm sure they.. .

*Edwin pours another shot of whiskey for himself and one for Wright. He pushes the drink towards Wright. Wright looks at it for a moment then downs it. Edwin follows suit. They both stare out the window for a moment.*

**Conductor**

Ladies and gentlemen, we are now approaching Fox Lake. Fox Lake, Illinois, is our next stop. For those terminating your journey here, please exit the train through the door at the front of your carriage and watch your step. We will depart for Spring Grove, Illinois, at 45 minutes past the hour. Again this is Fox Lake station on the north western bound Illinois Wisconsin train, also serving Spring Grove, Naperville, and Rockford, Illinois, and Zenda, Walworth, Janesville, Milton, Milton Junction, Lake Kegonsa, Edgerton, Madison Central, Madison West, Middleton, Cross Plains, Black Earth, Arena, Spring Green and Dodgeville, Wisconsin.

**Wright**

*(Looks at his watch, restless.)* If I were driving we'd be there by now.

**Edwin**

I'll never understand why your glorious house on a hill had to be in the middle of goddamn nowhere.

**Wright**

*(musing)* My family was farming that land before I was born. *(pause)* We needed to get away.

**Edwin**

From civilization?

**Wright**

From the scandal sheets.

**Edwin**

Well, you might have let someone else have a turn once in a while.

**Wright**

And it was such a relief to leave that suffocating "saints rest" in Oak Park, with a church on every corner and neighbors straining to look into your windows from every side.

**Edwin**

But all your work is still in Chicago?

**Wright**

Most of it, but I ... I'm not taking on as many commissions right now.

**Edwin**

*(Pause)* Mamah used to love going into the city. The activity, the culture. The people.

**Wright**

These days she very much enjoys the quiet.

**Edwin**

Won't it be difficult for you to make a name for yourself living in a hermit's retreat in the middle of corn fields?

**Wright**

My pencils seem to work as well there as they ever did on Michigan Avenue. *(pause)* Your business is thriving, is it?

**Edwin**

Yes, I believe the automobile is an invention that's here to stay.

**Wright**

And what parts of them, exactly, do you manufacture?

**Edwin**

Wagner Electric produces a whole line of engines, electric starters, electric lights and headlamp bulbs for cars.

**Wright**

But not the entire car.

**Edwin**

No, just the electrical parts.

**Wright**

No one could actually go anywhere just using the parts you make.

**Edwin**

They can't go anywhere without them.

**Wright**

Well, your shareholders must be giddy with anticipation, what with the war coming in Europe.

**Edwin**

I can't imagine America will get involved.

**Wright**

No, but you'll be happy to sell all manner of electrical parts to both sides, won't you?

**Edwin**

That's business.

**Wright**

It's obscene, what you do.

**Edwin**

We can't all earn a living drawing pretty pictures.

**Wright**

It's immoral.



**Edwin**

Am I really to receive a morality lesson from Frank Lloyd Wright?

**Wright**

There are higher ideals. Of course not everyone has the facility to follow them-

**Edwin**

Oh, that's fine. Please continue to instruct us all on higher ideals while you leave other men's marriages and abandoned children in your wake.

**Wright**

Damn it man, there is a greater purpose to consider and it has nothing to do with profiteering while nations try to destroy one another-

**Edwin**

Yes, do tell me about the greater purpose you channeled as you lured Mamah into your car every afternoon at 3 o'clock for a turn around town.

**Wright**

I hardly had to lure her-

**Edwin**

What a thrill it must have been to show off your latest acquisition to all of our neighbors. What a prize she must have seemed to you.

**Wright**

I have never seen her in that light.

**Edwin**

And now look at what you've done!

**Conductor's voice**

Ladies and gentlemen, we are now approaching Rockford. Rockford, Illinois, is our next stop. For those terminating your journey here, please exit the train through the door at the front of your carriage and watch your step. We will depart for Zenda, Wisconsin, at 5 minutes past the hour. Again this is Rockford station on the north western bound Illinois Wisconsin train, also serving Zenda, Walworth, Janesville, Milton, Milton Junction, Lake Kegonsa, Edgerton, Madison Central, Madison West, Middleton, Cross Plains, Black Earth, Arena, Spring Green and Dodgeville, Wisconsin.

**Wright**

We could not be moving more slowly! We'll never get there at this miserable rate!

*Pause*

**Edwin**

*(musing)* Did I mention the light bulbs? This train may be using bulbs Wagner Electric produced right now. My work makes this trip possible.

**Wright**

*(cynically)* I was wondering what, exactly, your job entailed.

**Edwin**

Well I don't actually... that is to say I inspect all the final technical drawings, the designs... and my department oversees the procurement of raw materials needed for the production of a whole range of-

**Wright**

So you personally create nothing. Except paperwork. *(Pause)* Is that right?

*Edwin squirms uncomfortably. The conductor opens the door to the car and pokes his head in. He is restraining a young woman who would very much like to come in.*

**Conductor**

Sir, there's a woman here who says she has a message for you.

**Wright**

What?

**Brooks**

*(trying to push her way past the conductor)* Mr. Wright, I need to speak to you.

**Conductor**

Do you know this young lady?

**Wright**

*(squints at her for a moment)* No. I've never seen her before in my life.

**Brooks**

Mr. Wright we spoke this morning.