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Life in the Death Machine: A Critical Introduction Exploring Access and Solidarity in *Everyman*
and roach

By

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THESIS

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Dedication

I am dedicating this thesis to Jeff Burdick, the person in the world who has (perhaps) read the most words I have written, and has always responded with alacrity, curiosity, and kindness. You helped me believe that my mind is good; from there, all the rest followed. I will never run out of thanks.

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Additionally, my deepest gratitude goes to my ancestors and my family, for their guidance, love, protection, and prayers, and to my sweet Bean Bean, who brings me so much purring joy.

Everyman and roach appears here thanks to the gracious permission of the copyright holders, Sir Michael Lindsay-Hogg and Dr. Susan Scheftel, Geraldine Fitzgerald's children.

Abstract:

This thesis provides a critical introduction to Geraldine Fitzgerald and Br. Jonathan Ringkamp's 1968 *Everyman and roach*, a street theatre rock opera adaptation of the medieval play *Everyman*, along with the Everyman Theatre Companies that performed the play across New York City. The first digitized version of the script for *Everyman and roach* follows the critical introductory material. This thesis explores the play's open-access performance history, which allowed each company to adapt it to their own context. It examines how Everyman and his world are racialized, questioning both the play's relationship to Black theatre of the time and the limits of cultural accessibility when considered alongside the play's central moral of solidarity. Central to this analysis is the figure of the Death Machine, whose presence reflects the violence of the Vietnam War and its domestic impact on Black and working class communities. The paper also follows the character of Everyman, whose pursuit of wealth comes at the cost of his community ties, and roach, a marginalized boy who embodies true solidarity by remaining with Everyman when others abandon him. Through this framework, the thesis argues that *Everyman and roach* critiques the limitations of access as a tool for social equity and underscores the deeper demands of solidarity.

I. Introduction

Sometime in 2021, while looking for adaptations of medieval plays, I noted that while there were a surprisingly large number of adaptations of the late medieval play *Everyman*, there was very little scholarship on the adaptations themselves, or much speculation about why there should be so many adaptations at all. The adaptation that intrigued me most—for both its widespread performances and the ethnic diversity of its casting—was a late 1960s rock opera called *Everyman and roach*. Like the medieval play, *Everyman and roach* follows the titular Everyman through a moral reckoning as he approaches his death and is abandoned by all that matters most to him along the way. It includes an entirely novel titular character, roach, who is quite significant to both the play’s structure and theology, as I will explore below. The play is credited to Geraldine Fitzgerald and Br. Jonathan Ringkamp. Fitzgerald was an Irish-born stage and film actress who settled in New York City as a member of its theatre world. Ringkamp was a Brooklyn-born Franciscan friar who studied theatre on a Fulbright in Italy, and returned home to teach theatre at Bishop Ford High School, and eventually at NYU and Brooklyn College. In 1967, the two crossed paths based on their mutual interest in public arts, and created both the play and the first Everyman Theatre Company, which successfully spun off into multiple other similarly-named companies (Scheftel Interview).

Two scholarly articles have been written about *Everyman and roach*: “Everyman in America,” a 1975 article by Earl G. Schrieber, and a 1990 article by Mimi Gisolfi D’Aponte called “‘Everyman and roach’ in Retrospect: A Study of Street Theatre that Worked.” Schrieber contends that when considered structurally, none of what he deems the major American versions of *Everyman* up to 1975 can be properly considered direct genealogical adaptations of the Middle English *Everyman*, but rather, that they follow the 1911 German play *Jedermann*, by Hugo von Hofmannsthal, which draws from the main plot *Everyman* and pulls in some elements

from a few other plays.¹ Schrieber’s analysis focuses most tightly on two of the many adaptations he mentions: William Sorrel’s *Everyman Today* and *Everyman and roach*. D’Aponte’s article—the timing of which is likely the result of the play’s 1989 revival she notes—also makes an extended set of plot comparisons with both the German *Jedermann* and the English *Everyman* (166). Additionally, D’Aponte includes a thorough review of the circumstances surrounding *Everyman and roach* and its localized spin-off companies—each called Everyman Theater Company, usually with the neighborhood or city’s name added to the beginning, e.g., the Brooklyn Everyman Theatre Company.²

For some decades, the script for *Everyman and roach* has only been available to those with a personal copy. Both Schrieber and D’Aponte worked with scripts of the play personally provided to them by Geraldine Fitzgerald, and D’Aponte also includes details drawn from interviews with Fitzgerald. Based on their descriptions of both plot and characters, the scripts they were working with appear to be slightly different from each other, and likely also distinct from the script in this edition. The textual disparities are not an accident of the scripts being Fitzgerald’s personal copies, however—they are an explicit feature of the play’s origin and practice, as I will discuss below. Just before the start of COVID-19, Fitzgerald’s daughter, Susan Scheftel, donated her mother’s papers to the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts

¹ While *Everyman and roach* certainly follows the general shape of the medieval *Everyman* enough to be considered an *Everyman* adaptation, Schrieber’s point about an intervening source is evident to anyone familiar with both *Everyman* and *Jedermann*. Thus, I agree with Schrieber’s genealogical analysis and the distinctions he notes between the *Jedermann*-branch plays of the family tree and the more direct Middle English *Everyman*-branch plays, which include two more recent adaptations than when Schrieber writes, Carol Ann Duffy’s 2015 *Everyman* (English) and Branden Jacob-Jenkins’s 2018 *Everybody* (American). But to my mind, the two branches don’t appear to serve drastically different cultural roles. Additionally, *Jedermann* is, after all, itself an *Everyman* adaptation.

² While there is a theatre company based in Baltimore, Maryland named Everyman Theatre Company, it does not appear to have started in association with the Fitzgerald-Ringkamp companies, and *Everyman and roach* is not listed in their performance history (“Mission”). While there are certainly still organizations and projects that were either a direct result of the Everyman Theatre Companies, like the Lincoln Center Out of Doors Festival, or inspired by time cast members spent in an Everyman Theatre Company, like the Duke Ellington School of the Arts in Washington, D.C., there are no extant Fitzgerald-Ringkamp Everyman Theatre Companies (172 D’Aponte).

(Scheftel interview). As of early 2025, none of Fitzgerald's papers have been digitized, so access to the script is limited to those who sift through boxes of papers in the archive. The irony here is deep: during its long run as street theatre, combined with its televised version, *Everyman and roach* is likely the most widely seen adaptation of *Everyman* in the United States, and potentially of any medieval play ever, save for perhaps the German productions of *Jedermann*. As part of Fitzgerald's papers, the New York Public Library for the Performing Arts holds a videotaped recording of *Everyman and roach* that was performed on-site in 1975.³ Also in the library's archive is a recording of the televised performance, which is unfortunately too deteriorated to be viewed; to date, there is not another extant copy of the broadcast available in an archive.

In addition to the incredible numbers of its audiences, D'Aponte discusses how *Everyman and roach* was the start of something of a phenomenon, and part of the broader movement towards socially-engaged, community-involved theater. While eventually, *Everyman and roach* was performed in more established theatres, such as the Williams Center, it was conceived of as a piece street theatre, viewable by anyone near enough to attend a performance. Street theater was becoming more prevalent in the 1960s, as performance costs were increasingly troubling the accessibility of traditional theater. As Jan Cohen-Cruz describes in *Radical Street Performance*:

My first impulse to do street theatre was disappointment at finding the regular theatre world so insular. I had naively thought that a life in the theatre would afford me contact with a great range of people and experiences. ... I was deeply disturbed by the division of the world into 'haves' and 'have nots.' (5)

³ While the recording is viewable only by appointment and only once per lifetime without special written permission, a future version of this introduction will consider the play in performance more extensively.

The *Everyman and roach* project was launched with this division of “haves” and “have nots” in mind after Ringkamp and Fitzgerald met during their time on Mayor Lindsey’s Cultural Council of New York. The work of the Council was focused on promoting art accessibility throughout all five Boroughs of New York City, but the terms of the Council’s funding structures felt overly restrictive to the visions Fitzgerald and Ringkamp held for their budding concept for the Everyman Theatre Companies (Scheftel interview). Rather than remain within the confines of the Council’s funding, the two decided to venture out on their own and pursue funding later, as needed; as a result, the upper room at Nathan’s Hotdogs in Coney Island became their first rehearsal space, and the streets of Brooklyn their first stages (D’Aponte 170).

The colloquial “everyman” element of both the play and of street theatre ran through the entire structure of the project, as anyone interested could join rehearsals and then performances, regardless of acting experience (D’Aponte 170). Additionally, seemingly all aspects of the play itself were open to the input of the cast. Even beyond the effects of how its performance in different venues (or non-venues) would have shaped its staging in significant ways, the play was intended to adapt depending on where it was being rehearsed and performed (D’Aponte 171). Participants were given not only the opportunity to perform art someone else had created, but to become co-creators of the art themselves. Fitzgerald and Ringkamp co-wrote the original script, Fitzgerald penned the original version of the lyrics, and the gospel-inflected musical score was composed by Jimmy Justice and John Orlando (Scheftel interview). The script Schrieber works with specifies that it “should be performed in the common musical idiom of the audience,” to reflect a given performance’s cultural environment; however, there is no recorded evidence of this ever having happened (106). By reproducing the script here, I hope to restore the spirit of open participation Fitzgerald and Ringkamp so carefully structured into their project.

Because of the plastic nature of the play, referring to *Everyman and roach* as a singular text is even more misleading than it ever is in theater. Each company and each performance venue changed the play; the version that is included here is not the same version as the one filmed outside Lincoln Center. In Fitzgerald's papers at the NYPL's Performing Arts Archive, I saw multiple scripts in various stages of "completion," with some of them altering only parts of the play and others changing the ending entirely. In some earlier versions, the audience was asked to decide whether Everyman eventually lives or dies. Even in the version of the script that follows, there are multiple instances where the original text has been struck out, with pages of handwritten updates inserted. There is no authoritative *Everyman and roach*; there are only iterations and interpretations.

The existence of multiple different full and partial scripts presents somewhat of a puzzle when it comes to grappling with many of the questions *Everyman and roach* produces. As I mention above, it appears that Schrieber, D'Aponte, and I are all working with variations of the script that differ enough from each other to introduce significant plot distinctions. Schrieber's interpretation of the play as aligning somewhat with Christian moral traditions—by which he judges its success—rests almost entirely on the final line of the script he's working with, which involves roach standing up and singing "Sometimes we all shine"; this ending is messily written sideways in the margin of the version here, giving the impression that it was a late and possibly experimental addition (113). Rather than particular plot points, D'Aponte is more interested in the structural distinctions between *Everyman*, *Jedermann*, and *Everyman and roach*, as well as understanding the whole of the process that was the *Everyman and roach* experience.

This introduction will speak to elements of both Schrieber and D’Aponte’s perspectives, but is mainly interested in exploring culturally and contextually specific elements of the play, such as the racialization of *Everyman* in the play’s Vietnam-era setting. Like any art, *Everyman and roach* serves as a cultural-temporal time capsule—but it is set apart by its authorial permeability. Certainly, Fitzgerald and Ringkamp were the originators of the script, but they intentionally gave up its authorship to each *Everyman Theatre Company*.⁴ The resulting script presents almost a tape-recording of the demotic of any given company. This is reminiscent of a theatrical version of literary theorist Mikhail Bakhtin’s heteroglossia, containing as it does “social dialects, characteristic group behavior, professional jargons, generic languages, languages of generations and age groups, tendentious languages, languages of the authorities, of various circles and of passing fashions, languages that serve the specific sociopolitical purposes of the day, even of the hour” (263). *Everyman and roach*’s heteroglossic quality makes the text especially ripe for a socio-linguistic study, which I will do in only a limited way here, by looking at the play’s character and plot device known as the “Death Machine.” A future version of this introduction will include attention to how the play’s language slips between different dialects of American English, sometimes using the grammatical structures and vocabulary of AAVE, and other times using SAE constructions.

While D’Aponte notes the racial makeup of many of the casts involved in performances of *Everyman and roach*, calling it “representative of the ethnic, avant-garde, and classic modes in a single endeavor,” she never discusses the story or the characters as racialized (165). But acknowledging the racialization of *Everyman* in *Everyman and roach* is important for multiple

⁴ We might think of the ship of Theseus here, but shifting the focus away from the ship’s essence and onto Theseus’s ownership. As a medievalist, I find the inability to pin down a definitive author for *Everyman and roach* delightfully medieval—and it meanwhile gives the play a less individualistic quality reinforced at multiple levels, from its production to its plot.

reasons—one being for understanding the play’s significance in the universe of *Everyman* 20th- and 21st-century adaptations (which are myriad). *Everyman and roach* is the first major adaptation to challenge *Everyman*’s presumed “universality” along the conjoined lines of race and class; prior to this, in major adaptations *Everyman* had been written as an implicitly white, middle- to upper-middle-class man, often with success that looked like working in a corporate world, as in Sorrel’s dizzying *Everyman Today*. There has yet to be a major adaptation that challenges *Everyman*’s universality explicitly along lines other than race and class.⁵ Brendan Jacobs-Jenkins’s poignant and challenging *Everybody* perhaps comes closest, with the inclusion of directions for a cast of varying diversity, which then gets run through a casting lottery for the role of *Everyman* that happens near the beginning of the play. But although *Everybody* has the possibility of challenging universalism along the infinite lines of the bodies of each actor cast as *Everyman*, Matthew Vernon and I have argued elsewhere that its ultimate scripted challenge to universalism is racial (“Playing”).

Considering *Everyman*’s racialization also affects how we can understand the overall project of the *Everyman Theatre Companies* and its performances of *Everyman and roach*. I identify *Everyman* as Black, but should we think of *Everyman and roach* as part of the Black theatre tradition? Perhaps the simplest method for answering this question would be to turn to its authorship—and Fitzgerald and Ringkamp were both white. But the fact that *Everyman and roach* scripts were developed through a collective process by each community that performed it, and that the *Everyman Theatre Companies* were so open, complicates the credited white

⁵ This should not be read as anything other than an observation; as Hortense Spillers has authoritatively demonstrated, the concept of race is capacious and includes at least gender. Indeed, Kimberlé Crenshaw’s term intersectionality was coined to encourage people not simply to demarcate various lines of oppression, but rather, to understand that they are inseparable. How much of these ideas a given audience can receive in any one play is a question that may speak to the single-focused challenges to universalism in *Everyman* adaptations hitherto created.

authorship of the play. As I note above, the unfixed nature of the script undermines the concept of authorship altogether; the script is then partly restabilized by its copyright, although which version is copyrighted is unclear.⁶ Relying on authorship forecloses the question of the play's relationship to the Black theatre tradition.

One alternative to using authorship is to compare the story of *Everyman and roach* to those of other plays being crafted by Black communities contemporaneously, as well as to what Black critics were saying about what constituted Black theatre generally, including its social endeavors.⁷ Just two of the most notable examples of Black theatre groups are Berkeley's Black Repertory Group, which was started in 1964, and Chicago's famous Black Ensemble Theatre, which was started by Jackie Taylor in 1976, with many of the same goals for art access as the Everyman Theatre Companies. Although its theatrical project was not as long-lasting as the Berkeley or Chicago companies (which still exist), for its relative geographical and temporal proximity to the original Everyman Theatre Companies, we can turn to theatre and criticism produced by Black Arts Movement, which was launched in 1965 in Harlem by Amiri Baraka and others. In 1969, Baraka laid out his opinion of "the critical canons by which black critics analyzed the theatre"—or at least, by which he thought they should:

I would like to...say that my conception of art, black art, is that it has to be collective, it has to be functional, it has to be committed and that actually, if it's not stemming from conscious nationalism, then at this time it's invalid. When I say collective, that it comes

⁶ It's also unclear why the authors pursued copyright, eager as they were for both the play and the companies to adapt the script. The timing of the 1973 copyright suggests that it may have been partly pursued in relation to the 1975 televised broadcast version.

⁷ Women were often at the helm of Black theatre companies at the time. Kerry Goldmann writes at length about the connections between the Black Power Movement and Black theatre, as well as the significance of the role of women's leadership in Black theatrical spaces.

from the collective experiences of black people, when I say committed, it has to be committed to change, revolutionary change. When I say functional, it has to have a function to the lives of black people (qtd. in Jeyifous 41).⁸

Certainly, there were disagreements with Baraka's stringent criteria among his fellow Black Arts Movement creators and others regarding what was "valid" Black theatre. By Baraka's criteria, *Everyman and roach* fails at least on the count of lacking a conscious Black nationalism. The other two criteria—"committed to...revolutionary change," and "functional to the lives of black people" are more difficult to pin down, partly for the reasons related to access that I will go into next. While writing a few years later, Abiodun Jeyifous approaches the question of Black theatre more broadly than Baraka, based on drawing the distinction between theatre that includes participation of Black actors—in supporting roles to white protagonists—and theatre that could be considered Black for both its "mostly black" audiences and its "critical concerns" (35). He notes that, regardless of its adherence to Baraka's critical canons, the contemporary movement of Black theatre generally had "definitive positions and prescriptions," one of which was a realism that sat uncomfortably with some Black critics "as a deadend, a reactionary style since it tends to be too faithful a mirror of the present desperation and harassed condition of existence in the black urban ghettos" (Jeyifous 43). In its portrayal of Everyman and his community—and perhaps most pointedly in the character of roach—*Everyman and roach* certainly seems to employ a realism like what Jeyifous describes. But determining whether the play is an example of Black theatrical realism or is instead only drawing on racially regressive and disciplining stereotypes thrusts us back into needing to consider its authorship for what is being staged and

⁸ Eminent literary and cultural theorist Biodun Jeyifo published "Black Critics on Black Theatre" in *The Drama Review* 1974 as Abiodun Jeyifous while he was working on his PhD at NYU, which he received the following year. For more on this period of his career, see Peretz's "An Interview with Biodun Jeyifo."

why. Just as the play resists us determining its authorship, it resists letting us answer how to classify it—we have only the multiplicity of what the script is doing, and the attendant discomfort about whether we are encountering racist characterizations.

The discomfort intensifies further when turning to the matter of access to art, which was a primary motivation in the creation of *Everyman and roach* and its companies. I contend that considering the play’s presence across the boroughs of New York City, particularly in its Lincoln Center connections and its Harlem performances, troubles the notion of art access. The Everyman Theatre Companies were created with the intention to do good—and doubtlessly accomplished good, both in the lives of those involved in the production, and in some cases, in the neighborhoods where Everyman Theatre Companies were formed. One case of lasting positive effects of an Everyman Theatre Company is of the Mount Morris Hill Everyman Company in Harlem. The performances of *Everyman and roach* benefited the newly formed Harlem Historical Preservation Society, an organization started by community members with interest in cataloguing and celebrating the neighborhood’s rich Black history, especially its artistic history (O’Haire). Citizens of Harlem were of course not strangers to creating art that many—including the white elite—vied for access to. *Everyman and roach* performances acted as an artistic funnel for funding into a community that itself already had access to art, but lacked access to the infrastructure to preserve that art.

Perhaps the most trenchant example showcasing the snarls of pursuing art access wrapped up in *Everyman and roach* is one of its long-lasting legacies, Lincoln Center’s Out of Doors Festival. This free, annual summer-long festival is held multiple nights per week in the giant open-air space between the buildings at Lincoln Center, the Rockefeller-funded performing arts “urban renewal” site built on the razed, displaced majority-Black and Puerto Rican

neighborhood of San Juan Hill.⁹ The summer festival was launched by none other than Geraldine Fitzgerald, with *Everyman and roach* as its first performance (Scheftel “Speech”). As with her motivation for creating *Everyman and roach*, Fitzgerald was concerned by how little access to the arts there was for anyone who wasn’t upper class, educated, and white. With some initial pushback and a great deal of vision for how to create more access to art for more people, she made the festival happen; once it was a success, it continued on, and is now renamed Summer for the City.

The complicating factors here are not Fitzgerald’s intentions or actions, but rather, what the presence of Lincoln Center did, both literally and symbolically, and then how the summer festival became a sort of access-washing that eroded the memory of the material harms inflicted by the gentrifying project of building Lincoln Center, which had been completed in 1966, just two years before *Everyman and roach* was first written. The distinctions between access, participation, and solidarity come to mind: Access relies on the existence of power discrepancies between who can and cannot approach an object; giving access involves someone already with access removing a barrier to that object. Participation allows more people the power to control and decide who should have access. Solidarity, however, removes the discrepancies between those with access to power itself and those without access entirely, revealing artificial barriers and simultaneously removing them. It’s possible that the former inhabitants of San Juan Hill could have experienced art at Lincoln Center once the Out of Doors festival began, giving them access to something they perhaps would not have had otherwise. However, they were given no participation in choosing what happened with their community, and no amount of access to what it became could change that. The destabilization of this community and the erasure of their

⁹ This was also the result of a mayor of New York’s committee, though this time it was the Committee on Slum Clearance, using eminent domain. For more, see Williams, “How Lincoln Center Was Built (It Wasn’t Pretty).

cultural expressions, of their art, was at the cost of the great “gift to the city” the entirety of the Lincoln Center complex stands as. Put quite bluntly: “Of course the poor lack the means to pay for the arts, but they lack many other things as well, and it is not clear that easier access to culture is at the top of their list of needs. More sausages might be better appreciated than more symphonies” (Hazledine 69). Lincoln Center is incapable of being in solidarity with its site’s former inhabitants; its existence precludes that possibility. Access to the art at the site may be able to share a bit of some benefits, but it is never sufficient to the task of restitution or reparation.

The troubled nature of access is one of the questions the play itself wrestles with, as *Everyman and roach* is the story of a Black man who is attempting to gain access to more than his small place in the world. This is strikingly distinct from the medieval *Everyman*. As Elizabeth Harper and Britt Mize put it, that *Everyman* “has a particular place in the earthly economy: *Everyman*’s powerful confidence in goods would have made him recognizable to early audiences as a prosperous member of the mercantile and commercial class, a class particularly given (according to late medieval stereotypes) to avarice” (270). The medieval *Everyman* already has what the late 1960s *Everyman* is still trying to achieve. Unlike his medieval counterpart, this *Everyman* doesn’t have enough money on hand to even attempt to bribe Death, so he never tries. His sights are set much lower, and from his perspective, his initial problems exist because he can’t scrape together the funds to get the Larger Place. His situation is in stark contrast to the privileged life enjoyed by his medieval predecessor who confesses: “I have...had great pleasure / all my life-days on goods and treasure” (Davidson ll. 427-8; trans. mine). I make these comparisons not as a test of fidelity to the medieval text, but to suggest that *Everyman and roach* is working along a similar preoccupation with debt and repayment as *Everyman*, but with a

substitution in currency. Rather than wealth, I argue that *Everyman and roach* operates with the two competing currencies of access and solidarity: as Everyman gains some access to “more” in life, he is tempted to give up his solidarity with his community.

It is difficult to miss, however, that the play’s shift in currency comes along with perhaps an unintentional lesson, which is that *Everyman and roach* portrays the downfall of an aspiring Black man whose fate with the Death Machine could be taken as a racially regressive warning against being “uppity.” Everyman presumably ought to aspire to more than he has, to bring himself into the norms of middle-class white culture, but when he begins to gain access to more, it acts as a trap that leads him away from his community and, ultimately, to his death. Co-opting biblical language: it’s easier for someone who is not among the “least of these” to recommend accepting that mantle than it is to be one of the “least” and be told there’s something evil about wanting to have something more.

The trade-off between access to art (in this case, *Everyman and roach*) and solidarity within the communities performing the play is further demarcated by some of the language used about the communities where Everyman Theatre Companies functioned when the project’s success was described by outsiders. One 1971 letter in support of the continuation of the Everyman Theatre Companies reads mentions how the companies were doing good work across the city in the “hot (often with a double meaning) summer months,” and that “an expansion of this project is not only a deterrent to strife in these areas but also demonstrates the educational and social value of the performing arts” (“Letter”). As still happens, access to art from white, upper-class, “universal” sources is implied to be a panacea for the violence experienced in lower-income and non-white communities, implicitly working under the assumption that the cause of violence is cultural, rather than structural. Just as in the case of needing external structures

coming in to preserve internal culture and arts in Harlem once they were deemed worthy of support, here external programming is seen as useful to address issues across neighborhoods in New York City that were plagued by structural inequalities and public economic dis-investment. Extra-cultural performing arts programming functioned as an attractive, cheap fix, even if it was ultimately seasonal. Again, we see a story of access and its effects as distinct from the solidarity that would require deep structural changes. In the cases both of *Everyman* and of the performances of *Everyman and roach*, access is shown to be a mirage, rather than a way to escape the actual conditions of violence and poverty.

II. The Moral Cosmology of *Everyman and roach*

While it does generally follow the trajectory of the medieval morality play *Everyman*, *Everyman and roach*'s plot is as follows: *Everyman* is the owner of a small dance club and neighborhood "big man" who is surrounded by sycophantic locals who party with him endlessly and contort themselves to his will. Feeling invincible, through most of the play, *Everyman* ignores the looming figure of the Death Machine, which he can hear calling his name, indicating that it has come to take his life. When *Everyman* decides he needs a bigger club, he violently rustles up the money for it from whomever he can, including his former lover, Dolores, and his childhood best friend, Harry the Head. Amidst the swirling maelstrom of *Everyman*'s even wilder parties and the Death Machine's pursuit is the character of *roach*, a childish and penniless unhoused boy who lives on the street near *Everyman*'s club, whose greatest desire is to be friends with *Everyman*. In his pursuit of *Everyman*'s friendship, *roach* decides that the best way to catch his attention is to imitate *Everyman*—a game that he manages to get *Everyman* to play with him by giving him tips for how to improve, though without realizing *Everyman* is mocking him while doing so. Eventually, the Death Machine catches up with *Everyman*, and he faces the

idea of his death with terror. He decides that he will order or bribe some of his friends to go with him into the Death Machine, only to find that their loyalty ends when the good times end. Rejected by all the people whose presence he valued in his life, Everyman begins to approach the Death Machine alone, only to find that roach has decided to come with him. roach wants to imitate Everyman so that the Death Machine will leave Everyman, and take him instead. Everyman tries to convince roach he doesn't understand what he is offering, but roach insists, and Everyman offers him some final tips on how to imitate him well. Then, at the last minute, Everyman knocks roach out, saving the boy's life, and enters the Death Machine on his own. The play ends with roach waking, and watching his friend exit the stage.

At the beginning of *Everyman*, God helpfully makes Everyman's sin clear: he is the exemplar of how "all creatures" are "living without dread in worldly prosperity...drowned in sin, they know me not for their God" (Davidson ll. 23-6, trans. mine). This also sets the trajectory of the plot, which follows in order God's explication of the problem: Everyman is stripped of all his worldly prosperity (wealth and community) and properly acquires dread for judgment at his impending death, which then leads him to a state of penitence, followed by confession, then redemption, which then leads to him dwelling with God after his death. *Everyman and roach's* beginning is heavy on the dread, but without the other elements of God's declaration; rather, the curtain rises to its character Death Machine singing the first instance of a repeated, haunting refrain:

The Death Machine
Goes down the town
And up.
It don't care where you are

When your
Number's up.
It knows
It knows
It knows
Where the rich folks sup
Or where
The beggar shakes his cup
It goes
It goes
It goes (Fitzgerald 36).

The play both begins and ends with Death Machine singing a version of this song. The substitution of God with the Death Machine at the start defines the moral universe of *Everyman and roach*. The relentless repetitions of this refrain throughout the play help to create and sustain the fabric of the adaptation as it runs alongside and often against the grain of the older plot. In the same way a medieval audience might have understood their Everyman to have his whole existence as contingent on God, and in some sense, having God as the supplier of his whole setting, the Death Machine is the prime mover and entire setting of *Everyman and roach*. After Achille Mbembe, we might consider this a “death-world” (30).¹⁰ In such a different moral universe, we are presented with the opportunity to ask some new questions: What are the

¹⁰ In “Necropolitics,” Mbembe characterizes death-worlds as “unique forms of social existence in which vast populations are subjected to conditions of life conferring upon them the status of *living dead*” (40). While Mbembe initially lays out his exploration of necropower and the death-worlds it creates in terms of colonial occupation—naming the colonial occupation of Palestine as its “most accomplished form”—he also specifies that, given the ubiquity of necropolitics, “it makes little sense to insist on distinctions between ‘internal’ and ‘external’ political realms, separated by clearly demarcated boundaries” (27; 32). The logic of the antiwar flyer below relies on a similar refusal to differentiate types of state violence based on where it occurs.

implications of a universe where what was formerly a servant of God has become God? With those changes, what is Everyman's sin in this world? Is salvation even possible for him? If it is, how might that look? And how is the "every" in Everyman reinterpreted by this cosmology?

The replacement consists of both a swap of God and the Death Machine as well as an alteration, as Death Machine is also not the same character as the medieval Death, even if an encounter with it renders Everyman dead. The shift in its name also involves a shift in its reference and its function, and indicates the differences between the role death plays in the two plays' worlds. Although important, in the Middle English *Everyman*, Death is a fairly minor character, contained to the literal job of summoning Everyman. At Everyman's actual death, it's an unnamed angel who attends him, confirming his redeemed destination by saying "Now shalt thou go into the heavenly sphere"—this is as explicit the text gets in describing a death scene (Davidson ll. 899; trans. mine). The character Death is not present anywhere on stage at Everyman's death; he only appears in the first scene.

In contrast, in *Everyman and roach*, the Death Machine essentially hunts Everyman for the entire show, and is actively shown as part of his staged death. Everyman's death also isn't the only one we see: as Schrieber puts it, "The world of *Everyman and roach* is suffused with death" (113). What's more, the deaths portrayed or referenced in *Everyman and roach* are all violent deaths—potentially, all murders: first, Harry the Head, Everyman's childhood friend, is murdered on stage; later, Everyman sings about the jarring experience of seeing a murdered body as a child; finally, while the script leaves it ambiguous how Everyman exactly dies (beyond being kissed by the Angel of Death), his death is surrounded by violence, betrayal, and suspicion. Not only is death common in the world of *Everyman and roach*, but particularly violent deaths are common.

Even beyond the disparate amounts of stage time between the two, and despite how ubiquitous death is in *Everyman and roach*, there are still more reasons to differentiate between Death—a personification of the act of dying—and the Death Machine. The character of the Preacher even clarifies that he does not mean the medieval Death, when he reveals what the Death Machine is made of: “Made outa old bones? No. Made outa all the ways a man could die...” (Fitzgerald 38). The medieval image of Death as a cloaked skeleton is, in comparison to the Death Machine, quite tame. A single figure with the trappings of a human, Death envisioned as someone you could at least attempt to converse with (and perhaps bribe, or play chess with), even if you would prefer not to need to. But the Death Machine is not the immanent Death latent in us all, familiar as it is foreign, inescapable and figured as dwelling in us as an externalized image of our own skeletons. Rather, as a machine whose parts are “all the ways a man could die,” the Death Machine is in no way a static figure. Like any machine, its essence is defined by what it does, and remains intact even when its parts are switched for newer technologies; thus, the Death Machine is always updating and adapting to incorporate the new ways people are able to be killed. According to the stage directions, the character is meant to be played as a composite figure that “move[s] like a ball of worms” across the stage, as a fleshy, chaotic juggernaut (Fitzgerald 38). Rather than a known terror within like Death, the Death Machine is all the unknown horrors without.

Despite the mutable nature of Death Machine, it’s recognizable *as such* to Everyman. Whereas the medieval Everyman doesn’t “expect or recognize Death,” this Everyman has been familiar with violent death since childhood (van Laan 466). Everyman is terrified by the Death Machine, but nonetheless correctly identifies it right after it has positively identified him. He says to Amico: “Listen Amico...I’m scared. ...It’s just that I saw...this machine. ... It was a

Death Machine” (Fitzgerald 69). Although Amico brushes his fear off, given the ubiquity of both violent deaths and the Death Machine to the play’s universe, and that fact that Everyman’s mother also recognizes the Death Machine, it’s not unreasonable to imagine that Everyman can recognize the Death Machine because it’s not the first time in his life he’s seen it around. This moment between Everyman and the Death Machine is one in a series of moments that underscore the importance of the theme of mutual recognition in the play.

The term “death machine” itself can also provide us some insights into this Everyman’s universe. Rather than simply being an updated way to refer to the character Death or to the general concept of death, Death Machine roots *Everyman and roach*’s setting in the contemporary language of American activism of the late 1960s and 1970s. The opening song’s phrase “when your number’s up” supports this reading even further, laden as it is with references to the Vietnam War and to the draft.¹¹ Although none of the staged deaths in the play are war deaths—and thus, not deaths at the hands of the war machine—the anti-war movement didn’t understand the violence abroad as disconnected from the violence Black and other communities faced domestically. Necropolitics are still at work. A flier for the second march in the Moratorium to End the War in Vietnam in Fall 1969 makes these connections explicit. Three shouts open the flier—“STOP THE WAR,” “STOP THE WAR MACHINE,” and “STOP THE DEATH MACHINE”—structure the text that follows on the flier, with each successive topic building thematically on the ideas of the previous section.

¹¹ Although one’s number being up can refer to death approaching more generally, the colloquial use at the time often referred to the experience of one’s draft number being called. For just a few examples of draftees using this language to refer to the experience, see sources such as the Ken Burns’ interview with Rex J. Close in the documentary *Vietnam Echoes*, “My Number was Up,” Dennis O’Connor’s reflections on his experience of the draft, and James Eagleston’s piece with the same use of the phrase.

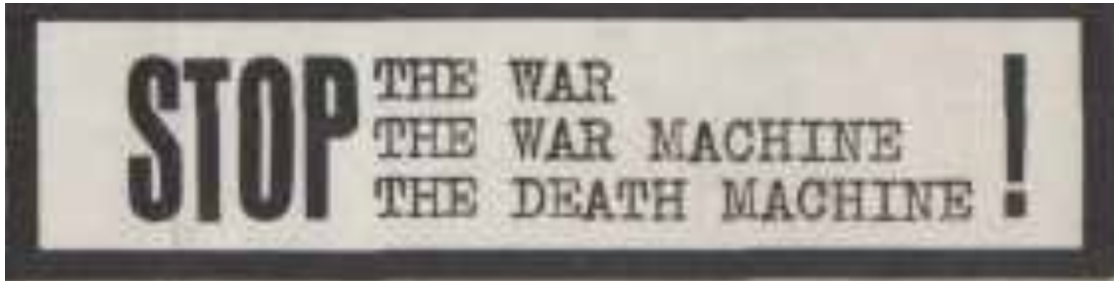


Fig. 1. A section from a flier from the anti-war march in 1969.

This structure represents a rhetorical approach, as well as the goal of anti-war activists to demonstrate the ideological unity and shared interests of anti-war activists and Civil Rights activists—a perspective some Civil Rights leaders, such as Roy Wilkins, balked at for how it might distract from achieving Civil Rights victories “at home” (Hall 672). A bullet point in the “WAR MACHINE” section, right above the “DEATH MACHINE” section, reads:

The war machine has strengthened racism. It pushes governors and mayors into using helicopters, tanks, rifles and CS [tear gas] to deal with political problems on the campuses and in the Black communities instead of allowing these communities to run their own lives (“March” 3).

The war machine, adept at creating terror abroad, also created a world of domestic terror; the name for the arm of the war machine that doled out that terror was the “death machine.” The flier continues:

Our efforts to end the destruction of our own people, cities, society, and environment by a kind of impersonal but brutal “death machine” have come to a crossroads—either we will take active control over our own lives, our neighborhoods, our very air and water, or see them destroyed before our eyes by the people who control them now. STOP THE DEATH MACHINE. (“March” 2).

Here we see that the victims of the flier's Death Machine are not just anyone—it is not referring to the universal experience of death, but rather is specifically referring to *preventable domestic* deaths which are connected to US imperialism abroad. This Death Machine is seen as visiting Black and brown communities like the ones Everyman Theatre Companies were being formed in. Depending on the audience of a given performance of *Everyman and roach*, the warnings about Death and the Death Machine could have functioned as an affirmation of a despondency in the face of understanding one's situation—yes, not only is Death coming, but probably in the form of the Death Machine. For others, it may have simply sounded like a colloquialism that had very little bearing on their everyday lives.

The phrase “when your number's up” also resists a universal reading of the character the Death Machine by alluding to the draft and to dying in war. While there were few communities untouched by massive death during the Vietnam War era, certain communities were more dramatically affected by the draft than others; these communities subsequently dealt with more than their share of death. In his book on draft resistance, Michael S. Foley notes that working class draftees “had a death rate twice as high as that of American forces as a whole and 40 percent of them were black—compared to the 10 percent for the military overall” (56). These numbers only reflect those who were drafted, leaving out how many men with higher socioeconomic and educational statuses were able to defer their service entirely (Flynn 132). The unfairness of the draft became fodder for the draft resistance and war resistance movements, especially as the stacked inequalities at play became more visible. As historian Lauren Mottle describes: “Black antidraft activists situated critiques of the draft within their broader experiences of persistent racial inequalities that were raised by the war, the Black Power movement, and the disproportionate burden of the draft faced by Black communities” (28).

Even some who were drafted and served, like Creedence Clearwater Revival's John Fogerty, weighed in on how a person's identity helped to shape the outcome of what it meant when their number was up, and the unfairness of the situation. In 1969's "Fortunate Son," Fogerty sings about the open secret of those who weren't affected by the draft:

It ain't me, it ain't me

I ain't no senator's son, son

It ain't me, it ain't me

I ain't no fortunate one, no

Some folks are born silver spoon in hand

Lord, don't they help themselves, Lord?

Death may come for us all, but for some, the Death Machine does not. Rather, the Death Machine's presence in Everyman's life and world is one of the many racializing markers in a play that never explicitly states the races of its characters, nor recommends races for its casting choices. While the draft had class as well as racial disparities, there are also other racializing markers in the play: the score's reliance on the gospel tradition, the use of AAVE and other linguistic elements, the setting of a dance club.¹² As I will argue more at length below, the shift from a more individualized sense of morality/salvation to a community-based sense of solidarity is also one of these markers.

In this world so terrorized by the Death Machine, as the play opens, we see Everyman attempting to live large—or larger than he is presently, anyway. The proprietor of a popular

¹² Dance halls in the 1960s in New York were not simply for dancing, but were also vibrant community and organizing spaces, particularly for Black communities. (A dance hall in Brooklyn served as Fitzgerald and Ringkamp's production address for Everyman Company of Brooklyn.) We remember that Malcolm X was assassinated at the famous Audubon Ballroom in 1965, where he held weekly meetings. For more on this, see The New York Preservation Archive Project's entry on the Audubon Ballroom <<https://www.nypap.org/preservation-history/audubon-ballroom/>>, and more generally on the multi-faceted role of dance halls in New York, Laam Hae's *The Gentrification of Nightlife and the Right to the City: Regulating Spaces of Social Dancing in New York*.

dance hall called The Small Place, he is shown having decided it's time to pursue a place more befitting of the stature he identifies with, that of a "big man." Everyman surveys his world and finds it filled with possibilities, especially if those possibilities involve extracting money from those around him. In his first song, he elaborates that the source of his success is a combination of being quicker than those around him with being clever and risk-taking, as entrepreneurs often are:

I did it first before it was done to me.

You gotta fake, you gotta take

You gotta make it, right here.

Right in the pocket.

Socket! (Fitzgerald 42)

The people closest to him are those who carry out his plans: his main man, Amico, and his bodyguards, named Hurl, Whip, and Knife, who extract both cash and adoration from people for him to enjoy. One by one in this number, characters are introduced who affirm Everyman's sense of himself—that he is the center of his world and can bend it to his will, controlling those around him with a literal snap of his fingers.

There's a problem, however, in that while Everyman has enough money from his regular business endeavors for The Small Place, he is too poor for anything larger, even after receiving the money back from all the large loans he's made. His solution is to call in "the small loans." Amico balks at this suggestion, saying "But those loans is with your old friends and they need it!" (Fitzgerald 46) Everyman rebuffs Amico's savvy rebuke, saying that he needs the money instead, and moves forward with his plan. The significance of this moment is easy to miss: Everyman's choice to call in the loans from "way back" represent a shift in his staged extraction

of wealth from those around him who are also enjoying his good life because of their proximity to him after he's made it, to those with whom he has close historical ties but who are now distanced from him. I argue that calling in the small loans is the point of Everyman's moral failure from which that the rest of the musical unfolds: it is the point where he gives into the temptation of access to more, allowing it to supersede his solidarity with his community.

Noting which characters have benefitted from his wealth helps to chart the movements of the other titular character, roach, a boy who is often watching Everyman's indulgences, but who neither enjoys any material benefits of Everyman's success, nor is a connection from his past. Instead, as a broke, hungry young person who lives on the street, roach is introduced as someone who can offer nothing to Everyman (and his crowd) beyond a source of derision, annoyance, but occasional amusement. The lack of capitalization of roach's name drives home his social status, referencing as it does small and unwanted things, like a bug or a disposable butt-end of a joint; roach is an example of what political philosopher Giorgio Agamben considers "bare life," a life exposed entirely to death (75).¹³ And yet, the play surprises us by having Everyman condescend to both acknowledge and engage with roach. It may be roach's very perceived lack of value to Everyman that allows Everyman to demonstrate patience with him: since Everyman has nothing to gain from roach's presence, he doesn't have much to lose by indulging in a little foolishness with him. One of Everyman's scarce tender moments comes early on as he advises roach how to imitate him, while roach imagines that this might make him an acceptable friend to Everyman.

¹³ Applying Agamben's conception of what a figure like roach implies further, it is not just roach who is an example of bare life—rather, his presence reveals that all the play's characters are, by virtue of the nature of the Death Machine's sovereignty. Here we see the same movement as we saw above: "...with the process by which the exceptions everywhere becomes the rule, the realm of bare life—which is originally situated at the margins of the political order—gradually begins to collide with the political realm, and exclusion and inclusion, outside and inside...enter a zone of irreducible indistinction" (Agamben 11).

Without realizing it, his playful (though sometimes cruel) interactions with roach are the closest thing Everyman has in his life that even approaches the play's definition of friendship, which is elucidated by roach's song "Sharing." The song's title is somewhat misleading, however, as sharing often indicates giving someone else *part* of what you have; instead, in each instance roach sings about "sharing" something, he describes giving up what he has entirely. Rather than sharing, roach's song is about changing places or exchanging situations with the person who has nothing when he has something. roach's concept of sharing involves being totally permeable to the situation of the other, achieving true solidarity. Importantly, roach's concept of friendship, his solidarity with those around him, acknowledges a reality about the setting no one else around him quite seems to notice: in terms of their value, all of them are interchangeable before the sovereign power of the Death Machine. From his place of leftover, miniscule insignificance, roach can see clearly what the others miss.

While the presence of this solidarity-based exchange dynamic foreshadows the play's ending, it also connects to the theme of imitation that runs through the rest of the play and helps structure Everyman's rejections of others. Directionality of imitation is important, since people are imitating Everyman constantly throughout the play, even if it's not as overt or playful as roach's imitation game. Yet when Dolores, Everyman's former lover, invites him to imitate her, he refuses; he can't accept the mutual recognition this would entail. Dolores's song beckons Everyman to remember their shared past (a kind of shared mental imitation of something that has already happened) with a jumble of verbal imitations and exchanges: "Me holdin' your hand and / We hearin' the sea? Me, we... / You, me, you, me, we..." (Fitzgerald 57) The slips between "me" and "we" convey how intimacy muddles the lines between beholding and becoming, imitation and exchange. Tellingly, while there is a "you" in the song who is

Everyman, there is no “I” in her song—an indication that she realizes how occluded the full presence of others as subjects of their own stories are from Everyman’s world now. For most of the play, he is too solipsistic to even bring himself to remember the reality of their shared existence; the moment when he does and sings her song back to her, it is to try to get her to join his journey to the Death Machine. As the Death Machine finally closes in on Everyman, and roach prepares to imitate Everyman for the last time, Everyman finally engages with roach on roach’s own terms—an imitation of roach that sees and acknowledges his humanity by playing his game with him.

And here we come to the surprise of *Everyman and roach*, which is out in the open, right in the title: this is the story of Everyman, but *Everyman and*—it’s the story of Everyman in community. Unlike the medieval Everyman who is abandoned by all but his personified Good Deeds, Everyman is accompanied as far as he can bear by an actual living, breathing person who understands the Death Machine, yet chooses to be with Everyman anyway. There is no allegorizing when it comes down to the wire for Everyman—he can’t let the goofy, hapless person who is roach die with him. He chooses instead to accept the fate that he had from the start, which all of us share: that of dying alone.

When considering it as a morality play, Schrieber bemoans that *Everyman and roach* suffers from what he considers an update in morality itself—a sign of “ill-founded and illusory ‘progress’” (113). Presumably, he means progress from the Christian morals of the Middle English play. I suggest that even if the moral universe is distinct, it isn’t ultimately the morality of *Everyman and roach* that has shifted, as there is no reason not to read Everyman as guilty of avarice or greed. Certainly, however, in a play with no God character and no rites of the Church

woven throughout, how to understand the meaning of avarice must shift. Rather than material mediating the spiritual, in *Everyman and roach*, the material and spiritual are one. Where *Everyman* is a play that stages redemption through the structures of the Church—the main arbiter of life and relationships in its late medieval context—*Everyman and roach* portrays a world where a cruel Death Machine is its world’s main arbiter, and the structure for achieving redemption in this world is through the solidarity of community and friendship. In other words, it’s not the morality of the play that has shifted, but the genre; even if its many contextual updates were either different or non-existent, the “and roach” would still make the play defy the earlier allegorical structure. *Everyman and roach* is, perhaps ironically, too incarnational to be an allegory.¹⁴

At the end of the play, Everyman is given three tests of solidarity, to match the three times he failed in showing it to the people in his life—when he turned on Harry, his mother, and then Dolores. The first test is keeping roach from dying in his place; the second is in refusing Suicide’s offer of a knife; the final is in attempting to hinder the continued progression of the Death Machine. He jumps into the writhing Death Machine, hurling his “body upon the gears and upon the wheels, upon the levers, upon all the apparatus,” and brings it down (Savio qtd. in Cohen 327). He survives this encounter, and for a few moments the Death Machine is weakened and disintegrated. But this is not a reprieve for him: the Angel of Death approaches him quietly, and ends his life with a kiss. Everyman dies, and the Death Machine reassembles itself, but it’s not the same as it was. In its new form, the Death Machine’s refrain has transformed:

The Death Machine

Goes down the town

¹⁴ I see this incarnational aspect likely influenced by the interactions between Br. Ringkamp’s Franciscan vocation and the play’s context-sensitive permeability; ultimately, the two may not be unrelated.

And up
It don't care what you are
When your
Number's up
It's bright
It's bright
It's bright
But those you love, can find insight
For them, Death has no power or fright
That's right
That's right
That's right (Fitzgerald 97-8)

While the first half of the refrain is mostly the same as it was at the beginning of the play—
"where you are" shifts to "what you are"—everything after "number's up" is new. Originally, the
song focused on the Death Machine's omniscience and ruthlessness. Here, the song's subject
shifts from the Death Machine to the people whose love for each other shifts their experiences of
life and death. No one's actions in the play "save" anyone else in the immortal sense we might
expect from a medieval morality play, but through the solidarity of both *Everyman* and *roach*,
the Death Machine returns to being ordinary Death. In the medieval context, a "good death"
involved having the time to ensure your soul was ready to meet God; the ending of the Middle
English *Everyman* is a staged example of what that might look like. In the world of *Everyman*
and roach, making a good death is having the chance to die without violence, the chance to die at

the hands of Death, rather than the Death Machine—and the chance to help the people left behind by making a regular death possible again.

Earlier I posed the question whether salvation is even possible for Everyman within this framework, where the Death Machine constructs all of reality. In the Lincoln Center recording, it's roach's "Sharing" song that closes the show, bringing the focus again to the importance of reciprocity and solidarity in interpreting the story. But in some sense, it wouldn't entirely matter whether we considered this ending, the "sometimes we all shine" ending, or even an audience's choice to let Everyman live at the very end—because by the time we reach the end, we realize the play is not about Everyman's individual salvation. He may have learned a lesson, but it is exactly not about his individual destination; that would be too like where he started the play, focused on his own ends. Rather, it's about his willing identification with roach, and what that makes possible. Crucially, what is made possible (the transformation of the Death Machine into Death) is not predicated on a concept of access—we see this as Everyman goes to die, and he tries to bribe those he's given some amount of access to what he's had in life. But this is not only ineffective, but is unable to break the cycle; instead, the loyalty shifts to who has the next most power and access, and Amico takes the place Everyman had to that point. The limits of access are the limits of a zero-sum system resulting in, as Amico sings to Everyman, "Your crowd's—my crowd. /Your place's—my place...Your life's—my life."(Fitzgerald 88-9) There is still only climbing to the top in this model, and consequently, perpetuating more of the same with someone always below. The script that follows closes on this tableau: the Preacher from the beginning of the play returns to hug a weeping roach, who's been prevented from following Everyman (where to is unknown) by the Angel of Death. Like us if we have learned our moral, he is left to pursue solidarity elsewhere.

III. Notes on the Script

Considering the play's nature—multiple, always in movement—whenever possible, I've chosen to include the text from sections where things were crossed out, if they made sense with the overall plot and trajectory. Unless the words were blacked out (the case in a few instances), I've taken these written-over parts as working adaptations rather than as redactions, given to us as a palimpsest. (Future version of this introduction will reproduce both version of these palimpsests side-by-side, with larger crossed-out sections in brackets.) The script's ink has also faded in several spots, producing some illegible words or lines. Rather than making reasonable guesses as to what is going on, I've simply indicated that something was illegible—a decision to include the mark of time's collaboration in the project, much like some of its dated phrases.

Although it is not consistent throughout in the typewritten manuscript, I've chosen to keep roach's name in the lowercase form throughout. This is partly for consistency's sake, but partly also to acknowledge the role roach has in the play as the “least of these.” However, for ease of following the trajectory of the story, I've attempted to create consistency across other characters where there were at times varying references from older versions (e.g., sometimes Broad is referred to as “Everyman's girl” in the manuscript). Formatting has also remained as close to the original as possible, to preserve some of the implied rhythm of how words appear on the page. Slang and otherwise non-standard spellings also remain intact.

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EVERYMAN AND ROACH

By Geraldine Fitzgerald and Br. Jonathan Ringkamp

Dramatis Personae

PREACHER

EVERYMAN

CHOIR/CROWD

DEATH MACHINE (includes SUICIDE)

ANGEL OF DEATH

HURL/BULL, WHIP, KNIFE

AMICO

BEBAD/BROAD

WALL STREET

ROACH

HOOKER

PUNCHY

DOLORES

HARRY THE HEAD

DETECTIVE

EVERYMAN'S MOTHER

An open space lined with choral risers in upstage area. At the base of the choral risers in center stage is a podium or pulpit. To stage left of the playing area near the audience is the "Band Area." The time is now; the place a church. The audience is the congregation. As the congregation is settling, the choir begins to arrive: some dressed in choir gowns or mantles, others in the process of putting them on. At first just a few arrive and gather about the piano and casually begin to sing the opening song or hymn. Throughout the piece, the entire cast arrives and assembles itself on the choral risers. The music, a strong gospel hymn ultimately fills the space revealing a well-trained choir.

OPENING SONG OF THE CHOIR

Sung first by a few, then swelling to the entire company.

The Death Machine
Goes down the town
And up.
It don't care where you are
When your
Number's up.
It knows
It knows
It knows
Where the rich folks sup
Or where
The beggar shakes his cup
It goes
It goes
It goes.

The Death Machine
Goes down the town
And up.
It don't care who you are
When your
Number's up.
Oh no.
Oh no.
Oh no.

For it does not discriminate
But with both black and white
Wins keep its date.
It's so.
It's so.
It's so.

The above is repeated until all are in place and the music rises to a resounding climax.

END: OPENING SONG FOR THE CHOIR

PREACHER

Listen! Listen to me, good people—and maybe you who ain't so good—
You is going' to die. Yeah that's what I said: You is goin' to die. Oh, when you're young breathin'
God's fine air, feelin' life in your hand, you never count the days, no you never count the
days...until...your time comes.

*The CHOIR, gently humming throughout the PREACHER's opening remarks, now takes
up a direct vocal comment to the audience.*

SONG: LOOK ABOUT YOU

CHOIR

Look about you,
Sitting beside you,
Behind the smile,
In back of the eye.
Beneath the whisper,
Under the touch.
You know, you know,
You're gonna die!!!

END SONG: LOOK ABOUT YOU

PREACHER

As the PREACHER speaks, a man takes off his robe.

See this man? This is Everyman.

*Throughout the PREACHER's remarks about EVERYMAN, the CHOIR softly sings THE
SONG OF THE CALLING OF EVERYMAN.*

SONG: THE CALLING OF EVERYMAN

It's Everyman, Everyman
The name that falls.
Everyman, Everyman
Listen, listen Death calls.

See him there! Never countin' days; livin' like he was goin' to live forever.

As if responding to someone in the Congregation [Audience],

What hedo? He the owner of a nice little club called The Small Place. What he want? Same as you and me: A larger place with a bigger room! Only difference is, he's a big man. So he may get it. That is, if the Death Machine don't get him first! Yeah, that's what I said: the Death Machine! Made outa old bones? No. Made outa all the ways a man could die...

(As the PREACHER introduces the DEATH MACHINE, an entire section of the choir removes the choir robes revealing black leotards underneath, and huddling together, move like an army onto the playing area.)

PREACHER (CONTD)

...Murder, madness, sickness. And in the center, in the center, in the center is...

The DEATH MACHINE has huddled very close together as if it were hiding something in its center. It moves like a ball of worms.

THE DEATH MACHINE

As it enters the playing area, interrupting the PREACHER.

SONG: THE ENTRY OF THE DEATH MACHINE

Hail Stench! Hail Sting!
Hail glorious final fling!
Here, in the middle of us
 in the heart of us,
 in the soul of us.
Here, here, in the hidden,
 forbidden,
Part of us, is...hush, hush,
Death, Death...OUR KING!

Hail Stench! Hail Sting!
Hail Glorious Final Flight!
Here in the middle of us
 in the stew of us,
 in the phewww* of us (*the sound when something smells bad)

in the hidden
forbidden part of us,
Is Death, DEATH...OUR KING!!!

A musical change to a grimly humorous song.

Blood clots, tumors,
Mumps or measles,
Broken bones, amputees,
Hepatitis, rotten knees,
Whooping cough, lobotomies.
Oh Death we are yours:
Lovers, in winding gauze.

END SONG: THE ENTRY OF THE DEATH MACHINE

EVERYMAN (EVERYMAN'S SONG OF IDENTITY)

I am Everyman!
I am Everyman!
Look how I stand,
I am Everyman.
I put out my hand
To my world, my place,
My time, my pace.

Trio singing simultaneously.

EVERYMAN

I am Everyman!
I am Everyman!
Look how I stand
I am Everyman!
I put out my hand
To my world.
To my time,
To my Place!!!

DEATH MACHINE

Blood Clots, tumors,
Mumps or measles,
Broken bones, amputees,
Hepatitis, rotten knees,
Whooping cough,
Lobotomies...

ANGEL OF DEATH

Everyman,
Everyman,
Your name
Now falls.
Everyman,
Everyman,
listen,
listen,
DEATH CALLS!

END SONG: EVERYMAN

Note: The ANGEL OF DEATH is a single figure connected to the DEATH MACHINE. A beautiful woman with a superb voice. SHE is the one who moves about EVERYMAN throughout the work, haunting him. SHE is connected to the DEATH MACHINE as if by some umbilical cord. It is SHE who first sang the lyric, "Everyman, Everyman...")

(As the trio ends, we hear a different theme. As the DEATH MACHINE and the ANGEL OF DEATH exit back onto the choral risers, another group disrobes from their choir mantles and enters the playing area. Their clothes are street clothes but are punctuated with chains, bullet belts, etc... They are EVERYMAN'S CROWD. Unlike the DEATH MACHINE, THEY take over the entire playing space and dance and sing their introductory song.

SONG: SPITTERS, HITTERS

EVERYMAN'S CROWD

singing and dancing

We wear it on our faces,
It's jingles in our pockets,
It's the way we walk,
The way we talk,
Spitters, hitters,
We're tough.

Repeat.

HURL, WHIP, KNIFE
(EVERYMAN's bodyguards)

CROWD WITH EVERYMAN

It's written on our face,
We're the toughest in the whole goddam place

It's the way we walk,
The way we talk, spitters, hitters,
No bullshitters, we're tough!!!

EVERYMAN goes to each of his crowd and holds out his hand.

END SONG: SPITTERS, HITTERS

EVERYMAN

Socket, friend!

Each gives him money which he gives to his lieutenant AMICO who puts money in a bag he carries.

EVERYMAN (CONTD)

It's good you all know that I'm the boss. When I tell you to come, you come. When I need bread, you gimme bread. When I say "flake out," you do just that, flake out. Who's the big man here?

THE CROWD

In broken unison

Everyman!

AMICO

He gotta big car!

BEBAD (EVERYMAN'S GIRL)

He gotta flashy chick.

AMICO

He gotta big crowd.

BULL, WHIP, KNIFE

He gotta lotta folk scared of him.

THE ENTIRE CROWD

That's why he's a big man. That's why he's a big man now...!

INTRO TO SONG: SOCKET

EVERYMAN

Yeah.

singing

That's why I'm a big man now.

That's why I'm a big man now.

AMICO AND WALL STREET

singing

That's why he's a big man now.

THE CROWD

That's why he's a big man now!

SONG: SOCKIT

EVERYMAN

I did it first before it was done to me.

You gotta fake, you gotta take

You gotta make it, right here.

Right in the pocket.

Socket!

AMICO AND WALL STREET

You gotta fake, you gotta take

You gotta make it right here,

Right in the pocket.

THE ENTIRE CROWD

You gotta fake, you gotta take,

You gotta make it right here,

Right in the pocket,

There's why he's a big man now.

Socket!

EVERYMAN

Yeah.

That's why I'm a big man now.

That's why I'm a big man now.

I got me some bucks and I know it.

I just reach out my fist and it

Comes right here.

Right here! Right here!

Right in my pocket!

slapping hands

Socket!!!

AMICO AND CROWD

That's why he's a big man now.
That's why he's a big man now.

EVERYMAN

That's why I'm a big man now.
I own me a club
And a "caddy"
To prove it!
I just stretch out my hand
And they come right here
Right here! Right here!
Right in my pocket.
Socket!

THE ENTIRE CROWD

That's why he's a big man.
That's why he's a big man now.

EVERYMAN

That's why I'm a big man now.
I did it before it was done to me
You gotta fake, you gotta take
You gotta make it right here.
Right in the pocket. Socket friends.

That's why I'm a big man now.
I got me a Broad
And she knows it.

I just snap my fingers

HE snaps his fingers and BROAD saunters to him.

And she comes right here,
Right here! Right here!
Right in my pocket!

Embracing her.

Socket!!!

BROAD

That's why he's a big man now.
He's got him a Broad
An' she knows it.
He just snaps his fingers and
She comes right there
Right there! Right there!
Right in his pocket.
Socket!!!

Embracing him.

THE ENTIRE CROWD

You're cool man,
You're fast man,
You're the man, man.

EVERYMAN

Letting BROAD go.

In just no time
I made all time
My time.
And that's where it's gonna stay.
Right here! Right here!
Right in my pocket.

Slapping hands.

Socket friends!!!!

ENTIRE CROWD

Slapping hands.

That's why you're a big man
That's why you're a big man
Everyman!!!!

END SONG: SOCKIT

EVERYMAN

Broad! Come here!

BROAD comes to him. A torrid kiss. THE CROWD whistles.

Okay baby, flake out!

She moves off.

Amico, my man?

AMICO comes forward.

I know I can count on you. Bring me the plans.

AMICO

Producing plans.

It's just the way you want it.

We're short. Not much. But short. Why can't you be satisfied

With the place you got: The Small Place.

EVERYMAN

SONG: EVERYMAN'S SPIRITUAL

Listen,

I built the Small Place.

People had a good time

And I made money.

I want a larger place with a bigger room.

I want a larger place with a bigger room.

Larger! Bigger!

ENG SONG: EVERYMAN'S SPIRITUAL

Then more people can have a better time an' I can make more bucks! Amico, are you my friend?

AMICO

You're there, I'm here

My crowd's your crowd

My place's your place

My bread's your bread.

EVERYMAN

I want you to call in the loans.

AMICO

We've already called in the loans.

EVERYMAN

No, I mean the small loans.
The loans that go way back.

AMICO

The small loans? But most of those loans is with your old friends and they need it!

EVERYMAN

They need it? What about me? I can't afford to have my money out where it don't bring in money. So, go call in the small loans.

AMICO

It's done, like everything man, if you can pay, just say man, just say...

EVERYMAN

Okay, it's settled then. I'm going to get me a larger place with a bigger right. Right!!! I can see it now: a flashy front. Four bands instead of two. Walls crawling with light. The sound will blow the roof. It'll be the end...the livin' end!
My larger place with the bigger room!

THE CROWD picks up the words: "larger place with a bigger room" and it becomes a chant. ANGEL OF DEATH enters and moves to EVERYMAN. THE CROWD freezes as if time stopped.

ANGEL OF DEATH

Singing to EVERYMAN.

REPRISE: THE CALLING OF EVERYMAN

Everyman, Everyman
Your room grows smaller.
Everyman, Everyman
Your room grows smaller...

HER voice trails off as SHE exits back into the DEATH MACHINE.

END SONG: THE CALLING OF EVERYMAN

EVERYMAN

The only one who has heard.

Who said that?

AMICO

Snapping into reality.

What?

Everyman

Nothin'!

AMICO

Nobody here but us baby.

EVERYMAN moves to others. THEY snap out of it.

EVERYMAN

Forget it! Go get the money! Bull! Whip! Knife! Go with Amico and help him get the dough. Get it all, get it all. You hear me? Get it all!!! Now flake out! Flake out!!!

*THE CROWD exits rapidly. BROAD exits with AMICO and slyly gives him a kiss.
THE ANGEL OF DEATH REAPPEARS and moves to EVERYMAN.*

ANGEL OF DEATH
REPRISE: THE CALLING OF EVERYMAN

Everyman, Everyman
Your room grows smaller
Everyman, Everyman
Your room has no door.
The pale grey light casts a purple pall
And the pink paper flowers pool from the wall.
Everyman, everyman
Your room has no door....

END SONG: THE CALLING OF EVERYMAN

*The ANGEL OF DEATH exits back to DEATH MACHINE on risers)
EVERYMAN is horror-struck. ROACH, a young unkempt boy in his teens, moves towards
EVERYMAN and observes him.*

EVERYMAN

Questioning what he has just felt in the presence of the ANGEL OF DEATH.

Who's there?

ROACH

No one. Just me. Roach.

EVERYMAN

Aw, Roach. Go home to ya' mother.

ROACH

I ain't got none.

EVERYMAN

Then ta ya' father!

ROACH

I ain't got none.

EVERYMAN

Your friends then.

ROACH

Ain't got none. I wanna stay with you. I wanna be your friend.

EVERYMAN

You ain't got no friends but you want to be Everyman's friend? That's a laugh! Why you probably don't even know what friendship is, Roach.

ROACH

Yes, I do. Friendship is sharing. Sharing is friendship. And sharing is...sharing.

Singing.

SONG: SHARING

Like in the mornin'
Sharing is when we're
Pickin' trash
Cause we gotta eat
But ain't got no cash.
And I dig out

A nearly complete
Set of pig's feet.
While you ain't got nuthin'
But old dried up rind...
You can have my find!
I don't mind.
For we'll be sharing,
Sharing, Sharing!
That's what I call sharing,
And sharing is friendship.

Or in the afternoon
Sharing is when you're choosin'
The chicks that
You're cruisin'
And you're dressed up so fine
You can have any girl on the line
And then it rains...
You don't have to go in
Even tho' your coat is thin...
You can have Mine!
You won't hear me whine
For we'll be sharing
Sharing, Sharing!
That's what I call sharing,
And sharing is friendship.

And when it's dark
Sharing is when you go
To the park
To find a place to crash
And you look
And you look
But the places are took.
Don't be shook
I'll get you off the hook
You can have my bench!
It's no wrench.
For we'll be sharing
Sharing, Sharing
Then we'll be sharing
And I like sharing
For sharing is friendship....

END SONG: SHARING

EVERYMAN

(interrupting)

Just a minute Roach! What would I want eatin' garbage, wearin' dirty rags, sleepin' out nights?
I'm a big man Roach.

ROACH

(thoughtfully)

If I were a big man, I could share big things with you. Then maybe we could be friends.

EVERYMAN

So now you want to be a big man too. How are you goin' to be that Roach?

ROACH

Show me. Teach me.

EVERYMAN

To amuse himself until the crowd returns.

First off you gotta have the "big man style"

(preening himself)

Like clothes that fit.

ROACH

(impressed)

No shit!

Moves to EVERYMAN to admire his clothes.

EVERYMAN

Back up Roach, ain't you never heard of soap and water?

(ROACH moves off a little)

Then you gotta have the "big man walk."

(EVERYMAN walks with air of contempt)

This is it.

ROACH

(awed)

No shit!!

(ROACH tries to copy EVERYMAN's walk)

EVERYMAN

And ya' gotta have the "big man talk"... show wit!

ROACH

No shit!

EVERYMAN

Yeah and ya' gotta have the "big man laugh."

(breaking up at ROACH's serious attention)

So's you can laugh at your own jokes.

ROACH

No shit...

EVERYMAN

(interrupting, tired of game)

But none of that ain't gonna do you one big of good Roach, unless you got the "Big Man Mark."

ROACH

The "Big Man Mark!" No shit! What is it?

EVERYMAN

You mean you don't know what the "Big Man Mark" is?

(ROACH shakes his head. EVERYMAN shaking his head over ROACH's ignorance.)

It's a mark, Roach.

(ROACH doesn't get it. EVERYMAN is shocked.)

Don't you even know what a mark is?

ROACH

(figuring)

Sure I do! Like the wall outside where the old wino threw up...

(EVERYMAN is pained. ROACH continues.)

That's a mark?

EVERYMAN

(Why is ROACH so sordid?)

Just a minute Roach... the Big Man Mark is a mark on a Big Man's body...not puke on a wall!!

ROACH

(sudden illumination)

A tattoo! A Big Man Mark is a tattoo...right?

EVERYMAN

Well. Sorta. But...

ROACH

(He's off)

A tattoo! I knew a cat had this tattoo... I mean this mark...on his

(Whispers to EVERYMAN and breaks up laughing)!

And when he ...

(Whispers and breaks up)!

The tattoo...I mean mark... looked like it...

(Whispers and laughs)!

And you got one of those on you?

(Admiring)

No shit!

(He breaks up)

EVERYMAN

Just a minute Roach... A Big Man Mark isn't something that anyone can buy in a porno parlor. It's a beautiful mark that a Big Man has on his body when he's born...and that only a Big Man can have.

(Peers under his shirt and pretends to see something)

Yup! The Big Man Mark. There's mine...

ROACH

(seeing something on his hand)

And here's mine!

EVERYMAN

(studying ROACH's hand)

I don't know what that is Roach...

(picking it off and handing it disdainfully to ROACH)

But it ain't no Big Man Mark.

ROACH

(taking "it" from EVERYMAN and putting it in his mouth)

Cabbage! Must be a leftover from that old T.V. dinner I found last week. It was good.

(AMICO enters with the HOOKER)

AMICO

We're still short and we're down to real trash. Let's hope they got it.

EVERYMAN

They better!

(to HOOKER)

Socket! Baby! Now look, I lent you bread when things were bad on the street. Now I need it! So you sock it!

HOOKER

SONG: THE HOOKER'S LAMENT

I'll tell you pal,
There must be a depression.
I've walked my "little girl" shoes right through,
There's not a "John" in sight.
Things must really be tight.

EVERYMAN

Aw, here it comes. Socket!

HOOKER

I'll tell you pal
You just hear me out:
In this business it takes bread to make bread.
Makin' it, ya' gotta look slick
Or never compete turnin' a trick.

EVERYMAN

Cut it baby, ya' breakin' my heart. Socket!

HOOKER

I'll tell you pal,
I've got a mother to feed
And a couple kids hangin' around draggin' me down...

EVERYMAN

Your kids are away from their mama slut
Your mother's your pimp who takes his cut...
And I want mine. Socket!!!

HOOKER

I'll tell you pal
You can take what I have
Run ya' hands up an' down, heal to toe.
I gotta chest made of gold
An' an ass ya' can hold.
But don't ask me for dough..
My pockets are as empty as the street.

END SONG: HOOKER'S LAMENT

EVERYMAN

And I appreciate your offer, honey. But right now I need money. So sock it!

(HOOKER reaches into handbag, gives it to EVERYMAN, who passes it to AMICO who had returned with [illegible].)

(EVERYMAN turns his attention to the next debtor, PUNCHY, who was brought in with the HOOKER and DOLORES, a fortune teller.)

EVERYMAN

(to PUNCHY)

Socket!!!

PUNCHY

I can't. I haven't got it.

(PUNCHY is punched in stomach)

EVERYMAN

Socket!!!

PUNCHY

I can't, I haven't got it.

(PUNCHY is punched again)

EVERYMAN

Socket!!!!

PUNCHY

I can't, I haven't got it!!!

(PUNCHY punched again, turned over, shook out. [Illegible] falls out, scooped up and handed to EVERYMAN, who hands it to AMICO, WALL STREET noting it.)

(EVERYMAN now turns his attention to DOLORES who wears outsize dark glasses and is accompanied by a group of drummers. SHE carries tarot cards in a silk scar. BULL, WHIP, and KNIFE are trying to hold her. SHE simulates blindness.)

DOLORES

Let me go! You bums are on the take.

EVERYMAN

You pay your debts, you goddam fake.

DOLORES

I'll call the cops. You know what they'll do?

EVERYMAN

Lock you up, that's what they'll do!

DOLORES

All I do is character readings.

EVERYMAN

Yeah, I've seen you do it: "Feelin' lucky? Give me your hand...look into my tarot cards." An' while he's lookin', you're corck' the wallet outa his pocket, you lyin' spook!

DOLORES

I ain't no spook. I'm a religious leader.

EVERYMAN

Listen Dolores, I don't care how you make your bread. Pay what you owe us an' enough will be said.

DOLORES

Business is bad.

(BULL, WHIP, KNIFE menace her.)

I gotta go to the bank.

(more menace)

I owe the cops.

(more menace)

I'll get tossed in the tank.

EVERYMAN

Socket!

DOLORES

THE DOLORES SONG

Don't you remember Dolores?
Don't you remember?
Don't you remember September?
Don't you remember the fair ground
And the merry go round?
And the sea sound
And the warm sand an
Me holdin' your hand and
We hearin' the sea? Me, we...
You, me, you, me, we...

EVERYMAN

Socket!

DOLORES

(singing)

Don't you remember Dolores?
Don't you remember me?
Don't you remember September...

(breaking off)

We were going steady that September...

(SHE holds out her hand where SHE believes HIM to be standing. HE takes it and spits into it. SHE pulls her hand away and hides her rage.)

EVERYMAN

Socket!

(The drums begin. Dolores moves her hand to the back of her dress, finds money, and holds it out. EVERYMAN takes it and hands it to Amico who puts it in his flashy wallet.)

EVERYMAN

Socket!

(The drums again. This time DOLORES puts her hand down the front of her dress and finds the money in her garter. She holds it out and again it ends up in AMICO's wallet.)

EVERYMAN

Socket!

(Drums. This time Dolores puts her hand under the hem of her skirt and [illegible] for some more money which she [illegible] in the [illegible] of her bust. The suspense of all this lures even ROACH from his search for his Big Man Mark. EVERYMAN takes the money she retrieves, and again he gives it to AMICO who puts it in the garish wallet.)

Socket!!!!!!!!!!

DOLORES

That's it!

EVERYMAN

(turning away)

Tough tit!

(Drums intensify as DOLORES produces large tarot cards from under silk scarf. SHE turns to BULL, WHIP, KNIFE like a sorceress.)

DOLORES

(singing)

SONG: FEELIN' LUCKY

Feelin' lucky? Cut the cards?
A king, a queen, an ace, a jack?
Feelin' lucky? Give me your hand?

BULL, WHIP, KNIFE

(having put out their hands suddenly pull them in)

[Illegible], no sight ever got 'em back.

DOLORES

(to AMICO)

Feelin' lucky? Cut the cards?

(Feeling his hand, she recognizes him)

The world, the lovers, and the fool.

(When singing "lovers," she senses the whereabouts of BROAD. SHE moves uneasily under HER blind gaze. When singing the word "fool," she moves her hand towards EVERYMAN, who is oblivious to the implication. AMICO pulls his hand away.)

Tell ya' love life, Jack of Hearts.

AMICO

Uh, uh Dolores, it's no use.

DOLORES

(coaxing)

Let me have your hand friend.

([Illegible] his hand)

Such a smooth hand, let me reword it,
Such a smooth hand...

AMICO

...I can't afford it!

DOLORES

Such a slick hand. Maybe you can't.

(AMICO flings her cards to the floor. SHE cries and falls to her knees, searching for her cards)

My cards, my cards,
My Gypsy Tarots.
My cards, my cards
The Prize of the Pharaohs.

END SONG: FEELIN' LUCKY

They're all in braille, they cost a lot.

ROACH

(coming forward, helping her)

Don't cry Dolores, here you can read my palm.

DOLORES

Roach, Roach, penniless Roach, even if you had the dough, I could feel nuthin' but...

ROACH

What?

DOLORES

Dirt!

(EVERYONE laughs)

EVERYMAN

Here Dolores, tell me my future.

AMICO

Look out for her man.

EVERYMAN

Here's a buck, make it fast.

DOLORES

For a buck, I only read your past.

EVERYMAN

Here's five, out the rappin'

DOLORES

I'm not the one that's doin' the crappin'

AMICO

Go on Dolores, climb on your broom.

EVERYMAN

(to AMICO)

I wanna' hear about the larger room.

AMICO

She don't know nuthin'.

EVERYMAN

So quit your fussin. Come on baby, results guaranteed.

DOLORES

It's your character I'll read.

EVERYMAN

I don't want to know nothin' about my character. Tell me my future.

DOLORES

Baby, your character is your future.

(SHE takes his hand and feels it)

I can't feel anything! There's nothing here.

EVERYMAN

Whatto yo mean?

DOLORES

No head line, no heart line, no life line...

EVERYMAN

You can't tell. You've no eyes.

DOLORES

(waving her fingers)

I've got ten eyes, Everyman. Every one of 'em telling me the same thing.

EVERYMAN

(with fury)

Take off them glasses.

DOLORES

What's the use? I'm blind.

EVERYMAN

You're not blind. You goddam fake. Take off those glasses.

(HE snatches off her glasses. SHE is not blind. SHE laughs. Then turns to AMICO and hands him his wallet! AMICO is embarrassed because he did not know he had been robbed. Everyone laughs and jeers at him.)

DOLORES

(business-like)

Okay Everyman. Let's see that hand of yours.

EVERYMAN

Now we'll get to hear about the big success I'm gonna have at the opening of the larger places with the bigger room!

(DOLORES looks at his hand. Then without a word, she takes the money he gave her, and putting it in his hand, she rolls his fingers over it. SHE runs out followed by her drummers.)

EVERYONE

(after a silence, forcing a laugh)

Whaddya know? She gave me my money back. Guess she knows she can't fool me. Good she flaked, the lousy fake...!

(EVERYMAN laughs in a forced, questioning laugh)

(The DEATH MACHINE enters quietly. A junky, HARRY THE HEAD also enters and moves quickly to EVERYMAN.)

HARRY

Friend, I gotta see you.

EVERYMAN

Move off junky.

HARRY

Pal, you don't understand. I'm clean.

EVERYMAN

Yeah, clean outa junk.

HARRY

No, I tell ya' I'm straight. But I need money. They're waiting for me.

(We see two sinister figures waiting in the shadows)

EVERYMAN

Beat it, I got no time for junkies.

HARRY

(singing)

SONG OF HARRY THE HEAD

But we were kids together.
I stood up for you, remember?
I smashed the bastard in the face who hit you.
When you were a kid, remember?
I saved you, don't you remember?
I'm Harry. Harry the head!
Yeah, your old friend
An' I need you man
I need you. Please.

EVERYMAN

Sorry, I can't help you.
I'm buildin' me a larger places with a bigger room.
It's going' to cost plenty.
I'm callin' in all my loans,
Not makin' new ones. Sorry pal.

HARRY

But I tell you, they're waitin' for me.
They're goin' to kill me
 goin' to kill me
 goin' to kill me,
 kill me,
 kill me,
 help me,
 help me....

EVERYMAN

No exceptions,
Sorry.
No exceptions.

HARRY

...TO KILL ME!!!!

EVERYMAN

(flinging a few coins on street)

Here! Flake out!!!

(HARRY looks at the money and spits)

HARRY

(with deeper irony)

Thanks friend...

END SONG OF HARRY THE HEAD

(HE moves off. Two figures move to him. They kill him. VIOLENCE, from the DEATH MACHINE, leaps onto HARRY and glues himself to him until he falls over in a heap. Then VIOLENCE returns to the DEATH machine. The two sinister men exit.

EVERYMAN and his CROWD have turned their backs on this action. ROACH moves close to EVERYMAN, staring at him.

A Police siren, a COP enters, then two more and a detective. HE flashes his badge and moves to the small knot of people. EVERYMAN and his crowd.)

DETECTIVE

You see what happened.

(CROWD shake heads negatively)

An' you...you see what happened?

(EVERYMAN shakes head negatively)

ROACH

I saw it all.

EVERYMAN

Socket!!!

ROACH

I didn't see a thing.

DETECTIVE

(To everyone)

Any of you see what happened?

(In unison, ALL, including ROACH shake head negatively)

(The DETECTIVE looks at body, then to CROWD. HE shrugs and moves off with the policemen. The DEATH MACHINE covers the body of HARRY THE HEAD like a great mouth. HE is eaten by it, literally pulled into the center of it. EVERYMAN and his crowd have their backs to it all.)

(ROACH cannot hide his disappointment at EVERYMAN's callousness and he turns to go. EVERYMAN stops him, and draws him to one side away from the crowd.)

THE SONG OF EVERYMAN'S CHILDHOOD

EVERYMAN

(singing)

When I was six,
Happily outa my shell,
I saw a man's face shot off.
Who he was, you couldn't tell.
And old man told me
"Little boy, turn yo' head,
You didn't see nuthin' chile."
So that's what I said.
When the crowd was all gone
'Cept for the ole man an' me
I took the dead man's watch
First thing I ever got free.
Sinne then I see nuthin'.
An' you better believe,
What's one more junkie
Compared to "Cash received."

(EVERYMAN turns to audience and with his crowd, faces hard and brittle, walk stiffly to audience snapping their fingers in total alienation)

Like I say, if you want to be a big man

(The SOCKIT SONG: hard and brittle now)

Just take your lip and stuff it in your pocket.
Got it? Sockit!!!

(Looks where ROACH had been listening attentively and finds him gone. Looks some and discovers him on the ground in some grotesque position. ROACH becomes aware.)

ROACH

Just lookin' to see if you gotta Big Man Mark...!

EVERYMAN

Get outa here and go take a bath!

(ROACH exits)
(As ROACH exits BROAD runs on and coming up behind EVERYMAN and touches him. He turns and backs away from her. BROAD who is wearing a beautiful gown "Egyptian" in character, is bewildered.)

BROAD

Dontcha like it? It's my dress for the opening of the Larger Place with the bigger room....

(She puts her arms around him and kisses him. He holds her close for a moment and then throws her off violently)

EVERYMAN

(wrapping his hand in his handkerchief)

A pin! That goddam rag is full of pins! You bitch! I'm bleedin'!

BROAD

Ain't no pins in this dress.

(knowingly)

Ain't no pins anywhere around here...!

EVERYMAN

(slapping her)

Get out!

(BROAD runs out crying. EVERYMAN is alone.)

EVERYMAN

(To himself deeply fearful, unwrapping his hand)

Broad knew. It wasn't no pin. I didn't really get scratched. Something worse. I couldn't get it up. First time ever.

(EVERYMAN bows his head and covers his face. THE DEATH MACHINE moves in quietly and the ANGEL OF DEATH moves to him. [ANGEL OF DEATH begins singing as he finishes what he's saying.]

Everything reminds me of death. Even Broad. I thought she was one of them Egyptian mummys [sic] that's been dead for thousands and thousands of years...

SONG: THE SEARCH OF THE ANGEL OF DEATH

ANGEL OF DEATH

Let us look at you
Gotta be sure it's you,
Let me see your face.
Is it the face I'm looking for?
Look inside your puzzled mind.
You'll see I'm not hard to find.
I'm always there
Someone who cares for you.

I can see...you can't look at us.
Your eyes have that empty stare.
Don't you know I really care.

(Slowly EVERYMAN raises his head and looks around him. For the first time he seems to see the DEATH MACHINE.)

Let me look at you,
I'm sure it's you....

(Slowly EVERYMAN starts moving towards the ANGEL OF DEATH as though mesmerized. AMICO enters and EVERYMAN stops as though awakened from sleep walking. THE DEATH MACHINE exits quietly. THE ANGEL OF DEATH continues singing as she exits.)

I'm looking for you love
But I can't find it in you.
Can't see no love.
Oh, where's your love for me?

END SONG OF THE SEARCH OF THE ANGEL OF DEATH

(EVERYMAN becomes aware of AMICO's quizzical gaze and that AMICO has not seen or heard what HE saw and heard.)

EVERYMAN

Listen Amico...I'm scared.

AMICO

Someone actin' up? I'll call Bull, Whip, and Knife!

(moves as if he would go for them)

EVERYMAN

(pulling him back)

No, no. It's nothing like that. It's just that I saw...this machine.

AMICO

A machine? What's a machine to scare you?

EVERYMAN

(very low)

It was A Death Machine.

AMICO

A Death Machine?

(laughing)

Made outa old bones?

EVERYMAN

([Illegible])

No,. Made outa all the ways a man could die... murder, madness, sickness, and in the center...in the center...in the center...

AMICO

(laughing)

Some bad dope!

(offers reefer)

Here...this'll straighten you out. Come on, take a toke.

EVERYMAN

(after taking a drag on reefer)

Yeah, you're right. It's all in my head. Go get Broad. I want to make it up to her.

(AMICO goes)

EVERYMAN

Amico's right. Death is for the old, the sick, the poor. I ain't none of them. No death for me.

(AMICO returns)

AMICO

Everyman! Your old lady's here!

EVERYMAN

I didn't know it was Mother's Day.

(EVERYMAN'S MOTHER follows on AMICO's heels. SHE dismisses him with one gesture: with her thumb. He exits hastily. EVERYMAN'S MOTHER is dressed in the height of fashion but all of it is more suitable for someone years her junior. Whatever is trendy, she's got itincluding a wig. SHE carries an outsized catalogue, and a large shopping bag. SHE is a person who creates amusement, but not much human sympathy or empathy because she does not suggest a human being, rather a creature manufactured to represent "Mrs. Super-Consumer.")

MOTHER

I ran all this way. I've seen it again. Oh son, you gotta order the last item in the catalogue. Take this.

(handing HIM the shopping bag)

There's enough here to pay for it...

EVERYMAN

(looking into bag)

Say Ma, this bag is full of money! Where did you get it? Didja rob a bag?

MOTHER

Do ya want a [illegible] in the mouth? How can you accuse your mother of thievery? These are my welfare savings. I never had to spend any 'cause you had AMICO order me everything I needed from the catalogue. What's criminal about that?

EVERYMAN

(laughing, not wanting to tangle)

Nothin' ma, nothin'. Okay, what's the last item?

MOTHER

(shows catalogue)

It's the De Luxe Death Set.

(reading from catalogue)

"...includes beautiful casket of plastic oak with brass-type handles and..."

EVERYMAN

Ma! No!

MOTHER

Oh, my son, yes! I've seen something, I've heard something...

EVERYMAN

But ma. I'm young! And I'm...

MOTHER

Makes no difference...makes no difference. When the time comes to face reality, you gotta face reality.

(looking at catalogue)

Say, here's a plus!

(reading from catalogue)

"...lettering on simulated marble headstone free..." How here's it will read... "Here lies..."

EVERYMAN

Stop!!!!

MOTHER

(inexorable)

"Here lies..."

MOTHER

"Here lies..."

EVERYMAN

(hysterical)

NO!!!!!!

MOTHER

(continuing)

"....Everyman's Mother."

(EVERYMAN stunned)

Yes son, you must face the reality of being an orphan.

EVERYMAN

(recovering himself)

But ma, what makes you think you're gonna die?

MOTHER

My son, I saw something...a machine...like none I ever saw before. And yet, I feel as though I'd seen it many times before. It know it was the Death Machine! And who could it be comin for but me? You said yourself, not you. You're young. And I'm...

(EVERYMAN turns away to hide his [relief])

MOTHER

(misunderstanding his feelings)

Don't cry, son. I won't. Just so I got my Death Set.

EVERYMAN

Don't worry ma. Amico will take care of that.

MOTHER

(looking in shopping bag)

If there were enough in the bag for a special delivery, I would [illegible]

EVERYMAN

Don't worry ma. Amico will take care of that.

MOTHER

(giving EVERYMAN the catalogue)

See, I've marked the color the lining's to be...

(EVERYMAN takes the catalogue. They embrace. The MOTHER starts to exit.)

MOTHER

One more thing son. Make sure I'm on a shelf.

EVERYMAN

Don't worry ma. Amico will take care of that.

MOTHER

I don't want my face in the dirt. Make sure I'm on a shelf.

(MOTHER embraces EVERYMAN and exits)

EVERYMAN

SONG: EVERYMAN'S GOOD INTENTIONS

Maybe I could take care of all
These small things for her myself
I would please her
But I haven't got time.
That's the trouble with being a Big Man,
There's only time for doing Big Things!

END SONG: EVERYMAN'S GOOD INTENTIONS

(EVERYMAN flings his hat in the air. It flies wide. HE moves to get it, but before he can DOLORES enters, accompanied by her DRUMMERS on the run)

DOLORES

(urgently)

Everyman, you're in a bind. I can see where you gotta be so the Death Machine can't find you...

EVERYMAN

(laughing)

You can't see anything.

(taking her tarot cards from his pocket)

Remember?

(handing them to her)

You're blind!!!!

(HE exits laughing and [illegible]. DOLORES [illegible] also exits, her drummers stilled for once. SILENCE. ROACH tiptoes in and retrieves EVERYMAN's hat. HE examines it minutely, then puts it on and starts to practice silently a very convincing imitation of EVERYMAN.

THE PREACHER enters. ROACH, caught in the act, runs off. THE PREACHER shakes her head.)

PREACHER

SONG: THE OPENING OF THE LARGER PLACE WITH THE BIGGER ROOM

Things are getting bigger,
Things are getting better.
No more are they smaller,
No more are they tighter.
Cause we are here.
Yeah, we are here.

If you think you're growing taller,
If you think your mind is blowing',
If you think the world is pushin',
Don't stay uptight,
Don't stay uptight
Cause you are here/
Yes, you are here
In the larger place
With the bigger room.

(As the PREACHER sings. the entire setting begins to change giving the illusion that the stage is getting bigger...

As SHE comes to the end of her song, the CROWD interrupts her, pushing her out of the playing area. SHE tries to continue but is engulfed and choved back to her podium. The entrance of the crowd is loud and wild.)

END SONG: THE OPENING OF THE LARGER PLACE WITH THE BIGGER ROOM

AMICO

SONG: AMICO AT LARGER PLACE WITH BIGGER ROOM

Close the door
Roll up the floor
Cause we are sure
In the larger place with the bigger room.

THE CROWD

Close the door
Roll up the floor,
Cause we are sure
That we are here.
Yeah, we are here.

AMICO

The Small Place
It was a nice Place
But now we are here:
The larger place with the bigger room...

THE CROWD

(singing)

Close the door
Roll up the floor,
CAUSE WE are sure
That we are here
Yeah, we are here
The Larger Place with the Bigger Room.

END SONG: OF AMICO AT LARGER PLACE WITH BIGGER ROOM

AMICO

What's the cause of it all?

CROWD

Everyman!

AMICO

That's right!
Everyman.

(Something offstage attracts AMICO's attention. Enter ROACH singing SHARING. ROACH enters. HE is wearing EVERYMAN's hat. AMICO and THE CROWD laugh. ROACH begins to impersonate EVERYMAN)

ROACH

SONG: SELF IMPROVEMENT

First off you gotta have the “Big Man Style”
Like clothes that fit...

(tries to pull his rags into place)

CROWD

(imitating ROACH)

The “Big Man Style”
Like clothes that fit

(THEY pull their clothes more tightly)

ROACH
(glad they understand)

No shit!

CROWD

No shit!!

ROACH

Then you gotta have the
“Big Man Walk”

(copies EVERYMAN's walk)

This is it....

CROWD

The “Big Man Walk”

(copying ROACH)

This is it!!!

ROACH

No shit!

CROWD

No shit!!!

ROACH

And ya' gotta have the
"Big Man Talk"....show wit.

CROWD

The "Big Man Talk"... show wit!!!

ROACH

No shit!

CROWD

No shit!!!

ROACH

And ya' gotta have
The "Big Man Laugh"

(ROACH breaks up)

END SONG: SELF IMPROVEMENT

(ROACH continues laughing)

So you can laugh at your own jokes.

(THE CROWD joins in the fun. The laughing grows and grows until EVERYMAN enters [illegible; angrily?]. One by one the laughing in the crowd cuts it out. They try to warn ROACH but he is oblivious: staggering around wiping his eyes, holding his stomach, occasionally out a "No shit!". Finally snatching off the hat, he flights himself on his back on the ground, kicking his legs while his arms hold EVERYMAN's hat aloft, still screaming with laughter. At last, he hears the silence. Slowly his laughter dies as he looks up into EVERYMAN's face.)

ROACH

(getting up)

Hi Friend!

([illegible] attitude)

Just came around...just came around to —

(offering hat)

Here y'ere Friend...

EVERYMAN

(taking hat)

Roach, if I ever catch you impersonating me again I'll hand you over to Bull, Whip, and Knife, and they'll give you plenty to imitate!!

(ROACH moves in and catches him by the shirt)

EVERYMAN

Whatcha doing'? Are you queer or somethin'?

ROACH

Just wanted to see your big man mark Everyman. So I'll know what to look for.

EVERYMAN

(giving ROACH back hat)

You ain't never goin' to find no big man mark, Roach. Cause you ain't got none. Ain't nothing big about you but your stink. I thought I told you to go take a bath.

ROACH

(cheerfully)

Okay Friend—

EVERYMAN

Just a minute roach...

Even if I didn't have a friend in the whole world, I wouldn't want you around. Now get outta here and don't never come back no more!

(The CROWD converge on ROACH and throw him out.)

AMICO

Who's the man of the hour?

CROWD

EVERYMAN!!!

EVERYMAN

(taking microphone, as if in spotlight, singing)

SONG: DON'T ASK ME IF I KNOW

Don't ask me if I know
I know alright I know
I know what's right for me
I know, I know what's real.

If my eyes, my hands, my mouth can tell me,
If my fingers, my lips, my spine can tell me
If my clothes, my book, my pocket can tell me
I know, I know it's real.

If it's soft, sweet, and packaged right
If it's loose and neve uptight,
If it gives and gives with all its might
Oh yeah, baby, then I know, I know it's real.

If it buys me a car with cool, cool wheels,
If it buys me a [illegible; crowd?], like this crowd of [illegible; heels?],
If it buys me a room the way this room feels,
Then I know, Then I know it's real.

CROWD

You're cool man, you're fast man
You're the man, man.
SOCKIT! SOCKIT! SOCKIT! SOCKIT! SOCKIT!!!!

(During the song the DEATH MACHINE has been calling but the festivities are so brilliant and noisy that no one has heard them or seen their entrance. At the highest point of the song however one becomes aware that the song has been accompanied by the DEATH MACHINE which now tops the song's highest note and largest volume. Aghast the crowd breaks off and stands transfixed and one can now hear the words of the DEATH MACHINE. The call of "Everyman" from every part of the playing area, and from without. The DEATH MACHINE advances on EVERYMAN.)

DEATH MACHINE

EVERYMAN! EVERYMAN!! EVERYMAN!!!

(The name continues to be repeated from everywhere, under the seats, on the roof, on the hilltops, near, far, all around. The whole world is filled with one word: Everyman. Someone screams. The world goes insane. Everyone panics. Standing alone, EVERYMAN is frozen. Finally he moves to the CROWD.)

EVERYMAN

Don't be fooled. It's some bad dope is all it is. It's all in your heads. It's in your heads!!!! Amico, my friend. Broad! Bull

DEATH MACHINE

EVERYMAN!!!!!!

(The CROWD screams and falls to the ground where they cower in terror.)

EVERYMAN

(pleading)

Broad!

Amico! My Friend! Bull, Whip, Knife!!! No Count!!!

(They try to rise but seem paralysed with fear)

It's just a stupid joke. It's just some sort of joke. Some goddam hallucination. I'll show you....

(EVERYMAN moves as if he would walk through THE DEATH MACHINE. HARRY THE HEAD emerges. EVERYMAN stops, then runs to DOLORES who stands isolated from the CROWD)

REPRISE: THE DOLORES SONG

EVERYMAN

(singing)

Don't you remember Dolores
Don't you remember me?
Don't you remember September
Don't you remember the fair ground
And the merry go round
And the sea sound
And the warm sand and
Me holding your hand and
We hearing the sea me we
You, me, you, me, we....

(She shakes her head)

Don't you remember, Dolores?
Don't you remember me?
Don't you remember September

(Breaking off DOLORES' SONG)

We were goin' steady that summer...

(He puts out his hand. She seems not to see it. He continues, urgently)

Dolores I'm in a bind
You can see where I gotta be
So the Death Machine
Can't find me

DOLORES

I can't see anything, dear. You remember... I'm blind!...

(Raging, EVERYMAN tears off her glasses. Her eyelids are closed over sunken sockets. She is blind. With a cry of horror EVERYMAN backs away from her into the HOOKER. He throws his arms around HER. She pushes him away.)

EVERYMAN

(to the HOOKER)

I'll tell ya gal
You can take what I have

Run your hands up and down
Head to toe
I gotta watch made of gold
And a loaded billfold...

(HE tries to embrace her)

Take all my dough....
I need someone warm to hold
Don't you feel it suddenly
Grown so cold...?

HOOKER

(Again pushing him off)

Sorry. Nothin' personal you understand.

(The DEATH MACHINE moves a little closer to EVERYMAN.)

DEATH MACHINE

EVERYMAN! EVERYMAN!

(EVERYMAN now turns to the ghost of HARRY THE HEAD)

EVERYMAN

(To HARRY'S GHOST)

They're goin' to kill me
Goin' to kill me
Goin' to kill me
Kill me
Kill me
Help me
Help me

HARRY THE HEAD

No exceptions. Sorry. No exceptions.

EVERYMAN

.....To kill me!

DEATH MACHINE

EVERYMAN! EVERYMAN!

EVERYMAN

(to the DEATH MACHINE)

Please. I can't go now.

DEATH MACHINE

Now | Now | Now |

EVERYMAN

No. Please. I need more time....

DEATH MACHINE

(moving)

Time | time | time....

EVERYMAN

I can't go alone. Give me time to get someone to go with me. Just a little time... I don't need much... I gotta lotta friends... there'll be no problem...just a little time...I don't want to go alone...

(The DEATH MACHINE continues to inch onwards. Suddenly the ANGEL OF DEATH steps between it and EVERYMAN.)

ANGEL OF DEATH

Within the hour | within the hour |
The hour | the hour |

(Echoing the phrase "within the hour...within the hour" the DEATH MACHINE exits, repeating the phrase till they are out of sight and sound)

EVERYMAN

(to himself)

An hour? That's not long. Oh well, it's time enough! No problem! I'll bring my world with me; that's what I'll do. No problem! I'll ask them... No dammit...I'll tell them... We're taking a trip I'll tell them...the greatest trip of them all....

(calling loudly)

AMICO!!!

(AMICO comes forward. Somewhere here ROACH re-enters and listens silently.)

EVERYMAN

Amico...

AMICO

Yeah.

EVERYMAN

Amico. Friend. Friend of yesterday, today and tomorrow. I want you to round up the crowd.

(AMICO makes a sign. THE CROWD reluctantly assemble)

EVERYMAN

We're taking a trip. I want you all to come with me.

(There is no response.)

Some of you.

(No response.)

One of you.

(Nothing)

Who ever comes with me will be rich. Share everything I have. Partners.

(No response)

Alright—take everything...take it all....but somebody come with me...

(THE CROWD remains silent. EVERYMAN goes to AMICO)

Amico!

AMICO

It's no good!

EVERYMAN

You'll do as I say!

AMICO

Not anymore. It's all over.

EVERYMAN

But Amico you are my friend. We always stood together. Remember? We made this whole world ours! Remember?

AMICO

Ancient history.

EVERYMAN

(holding him)

But it's just a trip.

AMICO

And when do I get back?

EVERYMAN

I don't know...

AMICO

I'll tell you when. Never. Never. You are a dead man...

(PUNCHY wanders into view. He has neither seen nor heard any of the incidents which have been taking place)

EVERYMAN

(to PUNCHY; grabbing HIM)

Punchy!

PUNCHY

(trying to escape)

I told ya I haven't...

EVERYMAN

Got it...! I know. But I have. I've got it. And I'll give it to you. All you have to do is come with me...

PUNCHY

(delighted, holding out his hand)

Socket!

EVERYMAN

(delighted, giving him money)

Got it!

PUNCHY

(holding out other hand)

Socket!

EVERYMAN

(showering money on him)

Got it!

PUNCHY

(Filling his pockets, stuffing it down his shirt, into his shirt, his hat, his ears, etc.)

Socket! Socket! Socket!

EVERYMAN

Got it! Got it! Got it!

See what you get... just for coming on a little trip...

(AMICO moves from the crowd and whispers to PUNCHY. PUNCHY listens. Then takes all the money he has been given, throws it down, and runs off, yelling with terror. There is silence, and then EVERYMAN turns to the audience.)

EVERYMAN

(to audience, offering them money)

Please. Somebody come with me. I can't go alone. Please? Anybody? Damnit, I say anybody, please come with me. I can't go alone.

(Lacking response, he flings the money at the audience.)

EVERYMAN

(singing)

Who am I?

I am...

I am...

Everyman, that's my name

Everyman, how I came

into this world,

this time

this place

I know.

But who am I?

I am

Everyman they call me the Big Man

Everyman, who knows he can

beat this world,

this time

this place.

It's so.

But who am I?

AMICO

You're there—I'm here.

Your crowd's—my crowd.

Your place's—my place.

Your bread's—my bread.
Your Broad's—my Broad.
Your life's—my life.

EVERYMAN

But...who am I?

AMICO

Who are you?

EVERYMAN

Who am I?

(AMICO and the whole CROWD now exit, leaving EVERYMAN alone. After a silence, the DEATH MACHINE music is heard growing even stronger as slowly, slowly they come into view, seeming to be larger and more threatening than before. ROACH comes out from some dark corner. HE is still wearing EVERYMAN's hat.)

ROACH

I know you said you didn't want me around,
even if you didn't have a friend in the whole world,
but I thought, maybe,
in a special case like this
You might like to make an exception.

(EVERYMAN makes no response, but raises his head and stares at ROACH.)

ROACH

(misunderstands)

You're thinkin' that you told me
To take a bath and I didn't.
I kept puttin' it off.
And now there isn't time.
But I won't walk too close to you...I promise.

(EVERYMAN makes no reply)

Well, what do you say?
Will you take me with you?

EVERYMAN

Nah, you'll be scared...

ROACH

(shaking with fear)

No, I won't.

EVERYMAN

Sure you will. Why, we haven't even started and you're just plain shakin' with fright.

ROACH

(lying)

That's not shakin'....

(scratching himself)

That's itchin'...

I got these cooties is all.

(forcing a laugh)

Maybe the cooties is afraid.

But as long as I'm with you, Everyman,

I ain't afraid of nuthin'!

EVERYMAN

You don't know what you're sayin'.

Look, look, over there!

Take a good look and say

You're not afraid!!!

(ROACH forces himself to look. The DEATH MACHINE is boiling [sic].)

I knew you couldn't take it.

And those things that you see

And those things that you hear

Ain't nuthin', no nuthin'

To what's in the middle of that mess.

Do you know Roach, what's in there?

(ROACH scratches his head as if trying to solve a riddle.)

ROACH

Hmm...I give up.
Don't know the answer to that one!
Sorry Everyman.
What is in the middle?

EVERYMAN

DEATH! Yes DEATH!
That is the Death Machine, Roach.
Now what do you say?

(ROACH remains silent.)

EVERYMAN

Okay Roach, beat it kid.
I don't hold it against you;
I mean not coming with me.
Not coming now that you know.

(bitterly)

None of my friends is...
So why should you
A little runt...
A runt I wouldn't even
waste my spit on.

ROACH

Just the same, Everyman,
I'm coming with you...
I'm better than nothin'.

(ROACH holds out his hand. EVERYMAN silently takes it. They move together about an inch each step. EVERYMAN had put his coat about his shoulders earlier and it still rests there.)

ROACH

Everyman, I've been thinkin'.

It don't make sense for the
both of us to go into the Death Machine.

EVERYMAN

That's what I been tellin' ya, Roach.

ROACH

Yeah. You're right Everyman. As usual!

(cheerfully)

Should be just one of us.

EVERYMAN

Yes.

ROACH

(taking EVERYMAN's coat)

Yeah. Me.

EVERYMAN

(suddenly understanding the scope of Roach's generosity)

No! I won't let you.....

ROACH

(misunderstanding)

I know you don't like me imitatin' ya Everyman but

(reassuringly as he puts on EVERYMAN's coat)

Don't worry, I won't be doin' it for long...just til the Death Machine grabs me.....!

(EVERYMAN tries to catch hold of him but he runs off)

EVERYMAN

(calling after HIM in a low tone of great intensity)

Roarch, come back. Roach listen to me. *You must come back.* I should never have let you come with me...I understand that now. Please Roach...come back...

ROACH

(ignoring EVERYMAN, speaking to the DEATH MACHINE)

First off you gotta have the Big Man Style...like clothes that fit!

(The DEATH MACHINE's corporate body for the first time since we first saw it stops looking at EVERYMAN and fixes its group gaze on ROACH.)

ROACH

(calling to EVERYMAN)

Hey look! They dig me...

(EVERYMAN starts after ROACH but the latter moves too fast to be caught)

EVERYMAN

You're not going to do this Roach! No matter what I have to do to stop you...

(EVERYMAN takes off one of his boots and starts to stalk ROACH, who continues his impersonation)

ROACH

(does not see EVERYMAN)

And ya gotta have the Big Man Talk...show it!

(The DEATH MACHINE shows signs of being about to spring. EVERYMAN behind ROACH raises the boot, but before he can knock him out ROACH starts the Big Man Walk and moves away from the DEATH MACHINE and EVERYMAN.)

ROACH

(singing)

And then ya have to have the Big Man Walk...this...is....it...!

(He stops suddenly for He has just seen EVERYMAN behind him with the boot.)

ROACH

(snatching boot, misunderstanding)

The boots! I forget 'em! No wonder the Death Machine weren't sure. But this'll do it!!

(He starts to put on EVERYMAN'S boot, and then starts humming the song SHARING)

Now we're really sharing!

(He holds out his hand for the other boot.)

Gimme the other. Come on. Hurry.

EVERYMAN

(slowly pulling off other boot)

Just a minute Roach. Do you remember what I told you about why you ain't never gonna be a Big Man?

ROACH

(Promptly: he is pleased to show he has a good memory)

Because I ain't got the Big Man Mark! Right?

EVERYMAN

(slowly, still with boot in hand)

Yeah. But Roach, I been thinkin',
Maybe you do have the mark after all.

ROACH

I do?
Then how come I never found it?

EVERYMAN

Because you got it, maybe

In some place where you can't see it...

ROACH

Yeah?

Like where? I looked everywhere...

EVERYMAN

Like maybe someplace like the back of your neck.

Turn around and let me look...

(he turns ROACH around)

Let me see, bend your head

(He pretends to look)

I think I see it.....

Yeah! That's it! A Big Man mark!

You got one!

ROACH

No shit?

(EVERYMAN hits roach on the back of his neck with his boot.)

EVERYMAN

(as ROACH drops)

No shit.

(EVERYMAN picks ROACH up and carries him to a safe place. He lays him down gently, takes off his shirt, rolls it up, and places it under the unconscious boy's head.)

EVERYMAN

I'm sorry I had to hurt you Roach. But it was the only way I could save your life.

(He lifts ROACH's limp hand and strikes it gently)

Socket...friend!

(And now, alone, without hat, boots, coat, or shirt, EVERYMAN walks towards the DEATH MACHINE. A figure of great beauty detaches itself from the MACHINE and approaches him tenderly, and offers him a dagger. This is suicide.)

EVERYMAN

I don't understand.

SUICIDE

Because you saved the boy,
You must go alone.
And you are so afraid.

(The FIGURE hands him the knife)

It's easier this way!!!

(HE takes the knife and stares at it. Slowly he raises it high above his head. He brings it down towards his heart but throws it away before striking himself.)

EVERYMAN

No! No! That's no good!
That's not the way!

(HE calls out to the world)

DEATH!!!!!! DEATH!!!!!!

(The world is now filled with his call, like when his name was called before. It rings off the walls and echoes through the room.)

Where are You, Death!
I want to see You
Face to face!!!!!!!!!!

(HE leaps like a lion into the moving mass. There is a great shuddering motion. The DEATH MACHINE explodes. Its bodies fly about the room, bits and pieces of it fly against the walls. In the middle, unhurt stands EVERYMAN. There is nothing else in the middle. The DEATH MACHINE is scattered about his feet.)

Where is Death?
Where is Death?

Where!!!!
There's nothing here!!!!
Nothing!
Death is nothing!
Nothing! Nothing!

(EVERYMAN turns on the MACHINE which is making weak efforts to come together again.)

And now you devils
Demons who haunted
My dreams and tore at
My heart with fear.
I'm no longer afraid of you.
Which one of you wants me?

(The DEATH MACHINE is in formation again, and VIOLENCE makes a movement towards EVERYMAN, but it cannot complete it. Other figures try and fail. EVERYMAN starts laughing at its impotence, and the audience start to believe that he is reprieved. Suddenly, rapidly, silently, simply, from somewhere comes the ANGEL OF DEATH.)

ANGEL OF DEATH

(putting her hands on EVERYMAN's shoulders)

Everyman, Everyman
Your room is no more.

(Gently she kisses him. Gently he falls. Gently the DEATH MACHINE catches him and lifts him vertically so that he resembles the figurehead of a ship.)

THE DEATH MACHINE

(chanting, reassuringly)

The Death Machine
Goes down the town
And up
It don't care what you are
When your
Number's up
It's bright
It's bright

It's bright
But those you love, can find insight
For them, Death has no power or fright
That's right
That's right
That's right

(ROACH recovers consciousness and seeing the DEATH MACHINE carrying off EVERYMAN, he tries to follow. The ANGEL OF DEATH intervenes. ROACH weeps. THE PREACHER comes forward and puts his arms around him. THE SONG OF THE DEATH MACHINE rises in intensity as the play ends.)

FINIS