

ACT II, Scene 3

A few minutes later.
MISS PORTERO is on the couch,
coming to.

MISS PORTERO
Some wine, and I'll be all right.

FREUD (Pointing to his bloody jacket.)
Did I kill anyone?!

MISS PORTERO
(Backs away from the stench.)
How would I know?...(Still coming to.)

FREUD (Shaking her violently.)
What happened? What did I do?
(MOSES appears in his seat.)

MISS PORTERO
(She points to MOSES.)
It seems you didn't kill anyone, anyway in objective reality.

FREUD
(He rushes to MOSES)
I need to know!
(MOSES vanishes.)
(FREUD tries to find him: futile.)

MISS PORTERO
(She gets the wine herself.)
To now know would doom your effort –

FREUD
Don't you think I should be the judge of that?! (He shakes her again.)...
It's my life!

(MISS PORTERO wipes wine
from her outfit. Then she picks
up his jacket and throws his blue
gardenia in a waste basket.)

FREUD (CONT'D)

(He's angry still, but respects her.)
I've got to hand it to her. She stands her ground. (To self.)

MISS PORTERO

(Placing his wallet and notebook
on the oblong table, she gestures
for his bloodied vest. He hands it
to her.)

Lucina will sponge the clothes.

(SHE opens a door and puts
clothes and cover outside.)

Lucina!

(FREUD goes to the armoire.)

(MISS PORTERO follows him..)

One of Garibaldi's redshirts wore this during the siege of Rome in 1849....He
was shot there.

(SHE points to a pant leg.
FREUD notices blood on
his own pant leg. Placing the
Garibaldi hat on her head, she
looks out the terrace .)

It happened in the street-fighting, just before the exodus from Rome to
the mountains...From the Square, Garibaldi made his glorious plea for
volunteers:.

I am going out from Rome. Let those who wish to continue the
war against the stranger come with me. I offer neither pay, nor--

FREUD

(Looking at picture of Garibaldi.)

nor quarters, nor provisions. I offer hunger, thirst, forced
marches, battles and death. Let him who loves his nation
in his heart and not with his lips only, follow me!

MISS PORTERO

(Offers the hat to FREUD, who
handles it as if it's sacred.)

"Let him who loves his country," Garibaldi cried. Not, "Let him who loves
his nation ."

FREUD

I'll own that error ... Garibaldi possessed what God, er, nature, had not
granted me-- that indefinite something which attracts men.

(FREUD continues holding and looking at the hat, meditating. Then he returns the hat.)

MISS PORTERO

The father, he may have looked like Garibaldi, but the son, he is Garibaldi.

FREUD

What did you say?

MISS PORTERO (Taking Dreambook.)

You are reliving the symbolic castration of your father, aren't you?

FREUD

(A projection: Jakob Freud's hat being thrown in mud by a CHRISTIAN; JAKOB meekly into the gutter and picking it up: not taking up himself.)

going
His words on that Sunday stroll around in Vienna when I was 10... Even now they are painful to remember...

(FREUD plays out the terrible event.)

--*Schlomo*, , one Shabbos when I was a young man in Freiberg, a Christian came up to me as I was walking and with a single blow he knocked my new fur cap from my head into the mud and shouted, "Jew! get off the sidewalk!"

- And, Papa, what did you do?

-I went into the roadway and picked up my cap.

(FREUD, as Sigismund Schlomo, ashamed of Jakob's unheroic behavior, holds back tears.) ...

The strong man holding my hand changed before my eyes...
As if God Himself had died. (To self.)

(He recovers.)

Well, when my sons look back, they'll have a different picture of their father. ...Just before Alexander and I left for Rome an ugly incident occurred. We were on vacation near Salzburg, in my so-called fatherland. My sons, Oliver and Martin, were on the lake fishing when they were jeered by Christians, grown men. The good Christians accused the "dirty little *Yid* Jewboys" of stealing fish... With that can one live?! --

MISS PORTERO

How can people be so cruel?

FREUD

They are only 10 and 11. --

MISS PORTERO

About the age of you with your father.—

FREUD

Well, later that afternoon, Martin and I chanced on those good Christians. The trash made way, let me tell you! (Takes golden bough; flails it.)
And Martin was at the ready.

(A projection: young Martin, 11,
prepared to fight with oar as club.)

MISS PORTERO

(Opens The Aeneid)

Son learn fortitude and toil from me ...When before
long you come to man's estate be sure that you recall
this...let your father arouse your courage.

FREUD

My boys won't need to look for models, ...for fathers.

(MISS PORTERO offers him
Garibaldi's hat.)
(FREUD puts hat on. It is a bit
large. HE puts it on at an angle.)

MISS PORTERO

Not a bad fit for a conquistador.

FREUD

Even for one with a limp?

MISS PORTERO

Especially for one with a limp.

FREUD

Just let some good Christian try to knock this from my head!

(MISS PORTERO takes golden
bough from him; gives him sword
instead.)

(There is lightning. HE goes to
terrace. St. Peter's Dome is whole.)

Now all I need is--

MISS PORTERO

Garibaldi's white horse.

FREUD

I was going to say Garibaldi's brave *Pasionaria*, his Anita, beside me.

Garibaldi (In the background of the
picture is his brave young wife,

Anita, in the same uniform.)

MISS PORTERO

(Beside him; deeply moved; holds back tears.)

That's my name.

FREUD

I know.

(Laughs; pats her knee-thigh;
he doesn't notice her tears.)

But instead of Garibaldi's white horse, I'd prefer Hannibal's elephant, his white elephant.

MISS PORTERO (Yells down:)

Golden Sigi is at the gates!

FREUD (Does her one better:)

Golden *Schlomo* is at the gates!

(With angry edge, sword overhead.)

MISS PORTERO

(Tears come; wipes eyes; keeps
Freud from knowing.)

(FREUD's caught up.)

Look at them squirm. There, the Holy Father is scurrying to his fortress, the Castel Sant' Angelo for shelter.

(FREUD brandishes sword.)

He's not afraid of that.

(Pointing to sword.)

But of your special something, your golden stream of baptismal wine, his drowning in it,... The little pisser comes of age.

(FREUD shakes head, appreciating her.)

My dream of the Open-Air Closet, you broke it?!

MISS PORTERO

Of course! You think we do things here half-assed?

(She swings her hip into his; this makes
his sword stands upright. BOTH laugh.)

(Looking in the Dream book.)

Its meaning is crystal clear. Your pissing on the Open-Air seat, which reminds you of Italy, must signify your pissing on the Papal Seat, no?

FREUD

A Herculean task.

MISS PORTERO

A labor of love.

FREUD

And of hate! I'm a good hater!

MISS PORTERO

Ah! Here it is, your veiled allusion to the Papal Seat, "The museum of human excrement."

(We hear a GREGORIAN
CHANT: a boys' choir)

FREUD

(He swats a mosquito on his neck.)

The stinking seeding ground for pious anti-Semites...

(Momentarily lost in wonder as
HE looks at St. Peter's.)

Still, it's so hauntingly beautiful.

MISS PORTERO

(Looks through spyglass)

Over the centuries they came, messianic pretenders, arrayed in rags,
and stationed themselves there, (pointing)
by the bridge leading to the Castel Sant' Angelo

FREUD

And the misery continued...

MISS PORTERO

Each one living out the Jewish legend that within the gates of Rome the
Messiah will reveal himself. Romantic personages, one and all.

(Hands Freud the spyglass;
directing where He should

look)

FREUD

To think that I'm different from those deluded *schnorrers!* (To self)

MISS PORTERO

In a dream you view this very bridge, the Ponte Sant' Angelo. Of
Course, you do not elaborate.

Excuse me--

(As she physically directs the
spyglass at St. Peter's)

But, my finely attired pretender, that is not a windmill but a formidable
power!

FREUD (Looking thru spyglass)

A poisonous power!

MISS PORTERO

(Pours self wine; toasts:)

"Moses is dead, long live the new Moses, Sigmund, er, Schlomo Freud!"

(FREUD's caught off-guard
but stays in control.)

(SHE claps.)

Well, well. There is hope for you yet.

FREUD

I almost lost it again—

MISS PORTERO

Because names carry souls your non-rational
 head believed Moses would be conjured up but this time
 your rational head prevailed.

(Caressing Janus' left head)
 (Caressing Janus' right head)

FREUD

Garibaldi's motto was "Rome or death!" You could say mine is "Hell or

Death."

MISS

(Hands Garibaldi hat back to
 PORTERO, who begin to place it
 on table)

MISS PORTERO

It will be the battle of your life!

FREUD

It's the battle for my life!

MISS PORTERO

Ironical is it not? The more you try to break free of Moses, the more his
 impress shows: the intellectual boldness, the single-mindedness of
 purpose, the quest for peace and social justice through an enlightened
 line--

FREUD

(HE heads for the Aeneas painting)

It's as though I'm living out a myth.

MISS PORTERO

But only up to a point. In order to save his homeless people, Aeneas,
 once in Italy,

(mimes Aeneas with golden bough)

enters the underworld to receive instructions from his father, Anchises.

On the other hand, in order to save your people, you, on your third morning in
 Rome,

(mimes Aeneas/Freud with the dream book
 as shield)

enter the underworld to destroy, ultimately, the Instructions from your father Moses, the Torah. (Taking defiant stand before bust of Moses)
 Which begs the question, Presuming that you succeed at this "mad task" that is to say, before Moses in his gloomy chamber, you do not flee, nor faint or come apart but contain yourself -- (Miming standing strong)
 do you sincerely believe that you will then have surmounted, once and for all, your dread of Yahweh, of His terrible Justice? –

FREUD

Nothing can erase the instruction repeated year after year at the Passover Seder:

*[FREUD has a mental projection:
 The Passover Seder: JAKOB
 FREUD is at the head. SIGI ,5;
 his sister, ANNA 3; and his
 MOTHER, AMALIE,, are at the
 Feast. There is an empty chair
 and cup for the prophet Elijah.
 SIGI (played by the child actor
 who played Vittorio) is 'mouthing'
 the Passover question , "Why is s
 this night different...?" But the
 voice is from long ago and off-
 stage.*

YOUNG BOY'S VOICE

Mah Nishtanu ha ly-law ha-zeh, m'call ha-laylos?]

FREUD

(Simultaneously, he also recites:)

"Mah Nishtanu ha ly-law ha-zeh, m'call ha-laylos ?"

*[JAKOB FREUD dips his right
 forefinger into a silver wine cup
 and with his finger drops wine
 onto a saucer which already has
 some wine on it: The Finger of
 of God. The LITTLE BOY is
 enthralled. JAKOB is acting out
 the 8th Plague, the LOCUSTS:
 miming locusts gobbling
 everything. For the LOCUSTS we can
 have a LIGHT SHOW such
 as a rock group might put on, with
 appropriate SWARMING*

*SOUNDS...Then, we can hear
the FAMILY of long ago.*

Da-da ye-nu, da-da ye-nu, da-da ye-nu, da-ye nu, da-ye!]

MISS PORTERO

And should catastrophe befall any of your loved ones, you would hold yourself responsible.

FREUD (Shaken up.)

To Martin, especially. (More to himself.)

MISS PORTERO

Of course! That is your greatest fear, Martin your first-born son paying for your rebellion. For, having spared the first-born sons of the Israelites, Yahweh has a special claim on Martin.

FREUD

(Reaching for the head phylactery on the table, He presses it to his forehead, as though one of his migraines is about to come on.)

Exodus 13: 15 ..." but all the first-born of my children I redeem"-- It's up to me to redeem Martin, my first-born son—

MISS PORTERO

By obeying, not trespassing, Yahweh's Commandments--

and

(FREUD places the phylactery hat on table. With the hat, he accidentally knocks VENUS over, shattering her, and bends to pick up the pieces.)
(MISS PORTERO sits on floor .)

I'm afraid there's no help for Venus.

(She has FREUD hand her the Venus pieces, which She places in her lap.)

According to you, so-called accidents are purposeful. By shattering Venus, you sacrifice your ambition to take possession of Mother

Earth-- -and so avert disaster from befalling your loved ones, Martin, especially.

FREUD

But what kind of a life would Matrtin or any of my children have here on earth, a Christian earth?

(Helping her up)

MISS PORTERO

Thank you.

(Placing the Venus pieces in a woven waste basket, She pours herself a drink.)

Some wine?...

(HE shakes his head)

Are you sure? You may need it!

(SHE hands him a photo from her desk drawer.)

FREUD

That's Bernard beside you? (Pointing)

MISS PORTERO

Yes, Vittorio's father, Bernard.

FREUD

(HE looks at self in mirror and back at photo.)

Uncanny. We could be brothers.

MISS PORTERO

Or *doppelgangers*, no? When I first saw in Dr Fliess's office the photograph of the two of you, I almost fell away.....Bernard was as removed from his people as one can be. And yet-- I.

FREUD

And yet?

MISS PORTERO

On Sunday morning, January 6, 1895, the day after Captain Dreyfus' ceremonial degradation, Bernard, awakening to the pealing of bells, begins to come out of a dream. Rather, it was more a frozen image. He and Theodor Herzl are marble pillars supporting a platform, in the center of which is a golden Star of David--

FREUD

The wish instigating the dream seems to be transparent.

MISS PORTERO

—And, Bernard, hears loud and ever more threatening echoes of the blood thirsty mob on the parade ground , “A la Morte les Juifs”-- “Death to the Jews.” -- Emerging from the dream he is changed—a change so drastic that, for a moment, I am on stage once again preparing for a new part...

*(Projection: Bernard’s voice:
Freud’s voice with a French
accent.)*

BERNARD

*Anita, an irresistible feeling of solidarity with my
threatened people has mounted within me—
Dearest, I must tear myself away from you and our joy,
Vittorio, to devote myself to the Zionist Theodor Herzl
and his Divine Dream, a sovereign homeland for my
threatened, defenseless nation*

(Gets scores of newspaper clippings)

Some of Bernard's newspaper pieces –

*(SHE holds out the clippings
to FREUD, who takes , and scans
them intently.)*

MISS PORTERO

The disgusting behavior of his 'brother' journalists pained Bernard deeply--not only did these 'guardians of truth' champion the fraudulent conviction of Dreyfus! They gleefully incited the blood-thirsty rabble--especially after Zola's "bomb" three years later,--

FREUD

Bernard is French?.

MISS PORTERO

Bernard is dead,....

FREUD

Dead, how old was he?

MISS PORTERO

Excuse me.

(SHE Lies down on couch.)

FREUD

(FREUD seats self, wipes his glasses and reads to self a passage from the article.)
(A projection: We hear Bernard's voice which sounds like Freud's with a French accent).

BERNARD

A French Army officer is selling our military secrets to to our enemy, the Germans. Naturally troubled, the Army sets out to find the traitor. Ah ha! Of course! It's plain as the nose on his Israelite face: Captain Dreyfus, the one Jew on the French General Staff has to be, must be, the Judas! This in the land of Liberty, Equality...What was the other? But I must be fair. The Jewish Captain was not without guilt. His sin was in believing that in the Republic he and his children have a fatherland.

Bernard,

(FREUD, looking again at Bernard's photo.)

we could have gotten on. You did not blind yourself.

MISS PORTERO .

(Opening her eyes and seating herself,, she gestures for the photo.)

(FREUD hands it to her)

Vittorio was not yet two and, Bernard, his Jewish soul awakened, sacrifices us for a dream, a "Divine Dream." Dr. Luzzatti said Bernard had worn out his heart .. But in my bones I know this: Herzl and his "Divine Dream" killed Bernard.

(Ripping the photo in half, SHE tosses both halves into the fireplace.)

FREUD

Miss Portero it was trash, human trash that killed Bernard!

MISS PORTERO

Tomorrow, he will be dead two years.

FREUD

Tomorrow?

MISS PORTERO

Yes, your big day....Sensing a bond between Bernard and you—

FREUD

Let me see ...By gaining insight into me-- Bernard's "double"-- you'd then understand Bernard? What had driven him?

MISS PORTERO

What was driving him. He was still alive... wasting away but alive—

FREUD

Incredible!! That you would go through this whole business of getting me here too-

MISS PORTERO

More incredible than journeying to Rome to pay a call upon one's totem?

(Taking the letter, she throws it in the fireplace)

After I consented to write you for an appointment, Fliess showed me the copy of your dream book that you had sent him.

(SHE mimes with Dream book :)

He relates and interprets his own dreams!

I must get a copy!

I pestered my bookseller repeatedly.

FREUD

But my book was published after Bernard had already died..

MISS PORTERO

I needed to know what drove him. Surely, you understand that.

(SHE 'mocks' eagerly opening the dream book skipping pages.)

I'll start with this short dream, the dream of the Botanical Monograph.

(Looks up dictionaries; takes notes.)

Ah ha! So That's the dream wish!

(SHE goes before her bust of MOSES.)

No More! No more will you or your Law, the Torah, control my life!

FREUD

But I carefully concealed the statue. How ?

(He goes to her desk and examines her thick books.)

Simple dictionary decoding?!

MISS PORTERO (reads from Dream book)

The thoughts corresponding to the ... dream consisted of a passionately agitated plea on behalf of my liberty to act as I chose to act and to govern my life as seemed right to me and me alone. .

But who or what can keep a grown man, a Jew, from governing his own life? Anti-Semitism, yes. On the other hand, there is the Mosaic Code, the Law.

FREUD

The dream just shows that I wished to become my own person—

MISS PORTERO

Dr. Freud, surely must know, self-concealment is impossible.

(She sensuously fondles Janus' key.)

Michelangelo's Moses, whom you have so carefully veiled was the master key to unlock your dreams of Rome

(From the desk drawer she removes a sheaf of papers bound with a purple ribbon.

(FREUD reaches for them--)

(MISS PORTERO unties the ribbon, letting the pages fall.)

Voila! , the veil lifts, only to discover that the world's greatest representation of Moses is not a mere prop for you to deliver yourself from the Law. Rather, that magnificent statue is a symbol In the same manner that the bread Jesus of the Eucharist is a symbol for Roman Catholics, which is to say, Michelangelo's terrible Moses is Moses himself possessing all his qualities, including the terrible, divine, radiance.

(FREUD starts lifting the pages)

(Putting her ear to JANUS' left mouth) --

'If bread can be Jesus, then stone, marble, can be Moses ' exactly! Yes, his bloody nun of a mother instructed him well. Unfortunately, you just remain stone.

(Pats Janus's left head, as SHE
'returns' to Freud.)

Because you are obsessed with your messianic ambition, it , like a
(Miming with the ribbon that
had bound the dreams.)
thread, runs through your dreams.

FREUD

(Lifting the pages that MISS
PORTERO had let fall.)

Castle by the Sea.

(HE reads silently .)

MISS PORTERO

Here your isolated nation is being besieged. And you are next in rank to
take Moses' place, a volunteer yet!...With your pointed,rapier-sharp
questions,

(Thrusting the golden bough)

you kill Moses, and wonder if you should inform the *Yahweh* of your
impious deed.

FREUD (Flips page.)

Dissecting My Own Pelvis.

MISS PORTERO

Here you must confront your personal totem, Michelangelo's Moses, the
dreadful task left you by Pope Julius the Second, that warrior-pope who
had commissioned Michelangelo to sculpt Moses for his tomb.

FREUD (Flips page.)

This is unbelievable . Uncle with the Yellow Beard.

MISS PORTERO

Here you identify with paternal uncle Joseph who broke your grey-haired
papa's heart--.

(Miming fondling a beard)

FREUD

He was in a counterfeit ring.

MISS PORTERO

And you can not but wonder if you, too, like uncle Joseph, are offering
false coin-- and will also, like him, be punished for breaking the law-- in
your case, for breaking Divine Law, Yahweh's Law.

FREUD

Did you tell anyone, ...Fliess?--

MISS PORTERO

Not a soul!

FREUD (Obviously troubled, he flips
the pages quickly .)

My Son, the Myops (flips) ; Hollthurn (flips); Count Thun...

(Before throwing them in the
fireplace, he looks at them one
last time.)

If you can read me, that means others can!

MISS PORTERO

How can Bernard just discard us... sacrifice us.. Nothing mattered,
except his and Herzl's messianic mission-- not Vittorio, not me--

FREUD

And Vittorio's not a Jewboy? Just try selling that to the good Christians
in Vienna or Paris or Kiev or Algiers or Bucharest--

MISS PORTERO

But Vittorio, needed, needs, him. ...

(With a finger, SHE "circles" the
photo: catching herself, she
she hands it to Freud, who
who studies it.)

FREUD

After Bernard died that's when your singing difficulties began?

MISS PORTERO

No. When he left.... Why sing, why live, if there's no reason?

FREUD

And precious Vittorio he's not reason enough!
,(Pointing to where Vittorio exited)

MISS PORTERO

Bloody fool!

(With the ribbon that had held the
dream SHE tries to
Freud.)

strangle

It is to bring me back to life that you are here...

(FREUD struggling free, keeps
ribbon.)

Venus couldn't have loved her love-child, Aeneas, more.

(SHE gets several Venus
fragments.)

I am now no more Vittorio's mother than this broken Venus. Just as your nanny became your mama after Julius had died, Lucina is now Vittorio's mama--.

FREUD

(Taking the Venus fragments from her, He flings them in the basket, and takes her firmly by the shoulders.)

Listen to me! For this Venus there is help!

MISS PORTERO

(She rubs his left hand; it's still on her shoulder.)

I'm afraid you make too much of your Roman reader.

FREUD

No, too little. Bernard was blessed.—

MISS PORTERO

(She looks at him and decides to tell:)

I told Dr. Fliess' housekeeper that we are lovers.

FREUD (He lets her go.)

What?! You said this to Flora ?!

MISS PORTERO

In order to get at your correspondence with Fliess. She relented when I pleaded with her

(Miming)

for Vittorio's sake, I must know his true intentions, Vittorio had already lost one papa,

From my stage appearances I have learned that one can depend upon the sentimentality of the Germans. In this regard, Flora didn't disappoint. And when Fliess and his family were away vacationing, I, thanks to my papa's example, like a Talmudic scholar studied in detail your letters...From them I learned much—

(Miming this at her desk, turning pages of a pad)

5 May 1897

“Another presentiment tells me.... I am about to discover the source of morality.”

Hm! Is not God “the source of Morality”?

Ah, 2 March 1899,

“... the realization of a secret wish . . . might mature at same time as Rome.

This secret wish—is it that he matures in Rome? But how?

FREUD

I've got to get my hands on them and burn them!

MISS PORTERO

(Turning pages in a pad)

Yes, The money I handed Flora, a large sum for me, was more than worth it. From your own hand I also learned about your having played Cain to your infant brother Julius's Abel, and, of course, the related fratricidal sense of guilt, which is always with you. And earlier In the very same letter, that of 3 October 1897, I learn about your nanny and her very careful instruction.

FREUD

Sinners burning in Hell—

MISS PORTERO

Doom's Day, Judgment Day—

FREUD

Nothing can erase that wonderful instruction either...The seductive promise of Salvation through Christ --

(Looking at the Fireplace cross)

MISS PORTERO

What?! You have considered converting? No!

FREUD

I had a Catholic mama, didn't I?!

MISS PORTERO

"Give us a child."

FREUD

There you go... If this tormented Cain can consider a pact with Lucifer, then why not one with Jesus, whose blood, after all, cleanseth us from all sin, bother murder included?... From Vienna, Rome promised me redemption-- If not one way, then another.

MISS PORTERO

On the one hand, the promise of redemption by your becoming the Deliverer of your people; on the other hand, the promise of redemption by--

FREUD

The simple acting of bending the knee,

(HE starts to kneel, facing the Crucifix--)

and this Cain's inner torment would be behind him...forever.

(HE looks up at the crucifix...;
his eyeballs roll back as his
eyes close and his mouth
welcomes the Communion
Wafer. This isn't an act. He's in
a trance-like state.)

MISS PORTERO (Oblivious)

Your scar would be washed away... Today, then, in the gloomy church,
it will all come to a head, including the temptation to recognize Christ. --

(She realizes he is in another state.)

FREUD

(He 'comes back'; stands up while
viewing the Crucifix.)

Almost twenty years ago, five days before Christmas, 1893, I visited Dresden's
Zwinger Museum , where for the first time I viewed Christ and the Tribute Money.
and was captivated by The head of Christ—

MISS PORTERO

It remains a mystery: How Titian conveys directly the very souls of his subjects.

FREUD

Far from beautiful, Christ's noble human countenance is filled, Miss Portero, with
seriousness, intensity, profound thought, and deep inner passion. . . . Lost in
wonder, I found myself saying, "This is Christ." . . .

*(Titian's head of Christ is now
projected on FREUD'S head.)*

Where that sensation came from, I didn't know. I would loved to have
walked out with the painting. But there were too many people. So, I left with a
heavy heart.

MISS PORTERO

Tell me, your Catholic mama, you think she had you secretly baptized?!.
If she loved you, which I am sure she did, she would have been
concerned about you soul. More so, since that of baby Julius was lost.

FREUD

Hm! I remember her bathing me in reddish water. Looking back, I had
assumed it was her period—

MISS PORTERO

“ The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.”

(FREUD almost gags.)

(With a wet napkin, SHE
starts wiping his forehead--)
(FREUD resists.)

How you react! You may be already a Christi—

FREUD

Don't! ... Please, don't say it.

(SHE doesn't complete "Christian.")
(FREUD is now looking at the
Crucifix, an uneasy searching in
his glance.)

Just a few more hours.

MISS PORTERO

Your hand, please. The right one.

(A troubled FREUD gives her his
hand, expecting a 'reading.)
(Before HE knows it, SHE puts her
green stone ring on his right ring
finger.)

FREUD

What's this?!

MISS PORTERO

The head is of Jupiter. Today, Thursday, is his day...

(FREUD's about to take the ring off--

)

(MISS PORTERO stops him.)

Let me share this moment!... And who knows? The stone even may be a
potent charm.

FREUD

Well, what's one more superstition?

(HE kisses it. He then puts the
Garibaldi hat back on.)
(MISS PORTERO gets a wooden
cane from the armoire ;
a large planter by the terrace, as
a stake.)

places it in

(Plucking it free easily, FREUD admires it)

Oak?

MISS PORTERO

Oak, evergreen oak..Solid, no? Could pass for Aeneas' bough.

(FREUD holds it as a pope's staff
and extends his ring hand
towards the terrace, making out
he is pope.)

The Pope is dead, long live the pissing pope, the new papa of the world!

(With her right hand above her, and
moving from her right to left, she
"mocks" holding aloft a printed
announcement to this effect.)

FREUD (Laughs.)

When I gather my inner circle, I may just give each a stone like this
to mount into a gold ring.

MISS PORTERO

For your community of elect?...That I would like.

FREUD (Still looking at the stone.)

Was I hypnotized?

MISS PORTERO

Maybe this is just a dream...A big dream.

(FREUD is momentarily shaken.)
(MISS PORTERO takes his hand.)

FREUD

One day you'll show me how you interpret dreams?

MISS PORTERO (Studying his palm.)

And, if you like, how to read letters, the inner text—

FREUD

You made sure I'd get room 51, didn't you?

MISS PORTERO

It affords a glorious view of Rome, don't you agree?

FREUD

Taking advantage of my superstitions. That's not playing fair.

MISS PORTERO (Still examining his hand.)
Shush! You must understand, here, I am a novice. But if I divine correctly, the day of your death will be one of deep remembrance.

FREUD

All over the world?

MISS PORTERO

Over all the world and for ages to come.

FREUD

(He eyes the large hourglass. Then, He 'studies't the two rings on his finger, his wedding ring and Jupiter ring, slowly spreading his fingers. Looking at her , he decides to tell:.) .

Today is Julius's birthday. He would have been forty-four.--

MISS PORTERO

(Off-guard, but collects self.)

I should have known! What better day for a new beginning?!

FREUD

Time for casting my final lot!...

(Handing her the oak cane, he picks up The Aeneid.)

(He closes his eyes and extends his hand, palm up, for the golden bough.)

(MISS PORTERO places it in his palm.)

Let it fall where it will!

(Arriving at a lot, H can't believe his eyes. He nods head to self. He sits down. He reads it aloud but to himself and with pleasure, savoring the words. As he recites. he seems to be praying, *davening*, as Jews in the synagogue do, moving the upper body.)

*revocate animos, maestumque timorem mittite:
forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit.*

MISS PORTERO

(While HE 'prays', SHE takes takes The Aeneid from him.)

Now call back your courage, and have done with fear and sorrow. Someday, perhaps, remembering even this time of struggle will be a pleasure.

(FREUD looks at Jupiter ring, slowly spreading and closing his fingers.)

See! No crack in the spine!

FREUD

I know!

MISS PORTERO

(Searching in the oblong table drawer.)

The warriors of Aeneas' day had one especial supersti, er, tradition. Before battle they were washed and rubbed down with oil, a very special oil....Ah!

(Removing a small dark blue vial, SHE savors the fragrance.)

FREUD

When in Rome--

(As HE starts to take off his shirt., SHE helps him from bottom up; touches his arms; very sensual.)

MISS PORTERO

Lucina! Ready the bath..."Of arms and the Jew I sing." (Singing.)

(SHE starts removing earrings, bracelet, blouse.)

[There is thunder and lightning. Also a long SHOFAR BLAST. In the background there is MOSES with his shining visage; (if possible a huge statue of MOSES.) Beside him is Botticelli's VENUS (model or picture?).

The Crucifix and the clay bust of MOSES light up, as do the paintings of Garibaldi, Aeneas, Virgin nursing Child, and the Sybil.

The armoire opens revealing the Garibaldi outfit .]

(We hear LUCINA laughing.)

END OF ACT II

CURTAIN

The playwright benefitted greatly from Robert Fitzgerald's wonderful English translation of The Aeneid (1983, New York: Random House).