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.
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 going into the gutter and picking it up: not taking up himself.)

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.)
( FRED 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.

(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.)
Well, well. There is hope for you yet.

FREUD
I almost lost it again—

MISS PORTERO
Because names carry souls your non-rational
(Caressing Janus' left head)
head believed Moses would be conjured up but this time
(Caressing Janus' right head)
your rational head prevailed.

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

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,
onece in Italy,
(mimes Aeneas with golden bough)
Enter 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 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 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.


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--

(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 Martin 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?...
Are you sure? You may need it!

(HE shakes his head)

(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 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.
Because you are obsessed with your messianic ambition, it, like a 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.)

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

MISS PORTERO
Bloody fool!  (With the ribbon that had held the dream SHE tries to strangle Freud.)

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; places it in a large planter by the terrace, as a stake.)
(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’ 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 ‘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 superstition, 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