

# DOGVILLE

4<sup>TH</sup> & FINAL DRAFT  
COPENHAGEN, 9<sup>TH</sup> JULY 2001  
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1st SCENE:

Superimposed:

*The scene that introduces us to the town and its residents*

We are looking down at Dogville from on high. In its houses and buildings the townspeople are going about their everyday business.

NARRATOR (VO)

This is the sad tale of the township of Dogville. Dogville was in the Rockies, and it was the final outpost before the mountains took over. Dogville lay on a kind of ledge forged out of the detritus of the now silent mining operations. Canyon Road ended in Elm Street with its eight or ten dwellings, and in turn, Elm Street ended where the mountain-side rose steeply, in the vicinity of the entrance to the old, abandoned silver mine. Sure, you could continue your ascent by way of a track from there, but it was hard to negotiate in the frequently changeable weather. From the opposite end of the township a track also led downwards, but it was mostly used for access to Vera and Chuck's apple orchard, and rarely for transport to the valley.

Inside the Edison house the radio is playing softly. THOMAS EDISON, JR. is on his way out. He's putting on his jacket and scarf.

THOMAS EDISON, SR. is sitting quietly in his rocking chair. The imaginary radio is playing pleasant music. Now the music gives way to one of President Roosevelt's fireside chats.

RADIO (VO)

And now, Ladies and Gentlemen,  
the president of the United  
States, Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt

...

ROOSEVELT (VO)

My fellow Americans ...

TOM Sr.

Oh, Tom, do me a favor, will you?  
The radio!?

TOM

(shakes his head)

Just because the music is over and you might risk hearing something useful? Pop, I thought that was why we had the radio?

TOM Sr.

(nods)

I need to rest, as you know. Mock me if you like.

TOM smiles and turns off the radio. He nods to his father, who is holding a two-year old issue of some medical paper, and lets himself out the front door. We zoom down and follow him along Elm Street.

NARRATOR

Tom's father had been a doctor and now received a modest pension so it was no great disaster for Tom to drift about not doing anything in particular. And Tom was perfectly satisfied with the situation. He would write novels someday, he knew, so thorough research in his salad days would do no harm. The time he wasted now, dawdling around in Dogville, observing, would be returned tenfold the day he put pen to paper. As yet there was nothing to show for it but a few brief notes. One such, written on a paper napkin were the words: 'Great' and 'Small,' separated by a dash and followed by a question mark. These notes could, in addition to a collection of sundry items that might, with a bit of goodwill, be said to illustrate human behavior. A used railroad ticket or some old letter he hid away carefully and systematically in the big desk in his bedroom, like relics that must always be kept for posterity.

TOM waves through the window to OLIVIA, who is using a cloth and water bowl as she washes JUNE in her wheelchair. OLIVIA waves back happily. JUNE gives him a happy smile.

OLIVIA

Evenin', Master Tom!

TOM

Good evening, Master Olivia!  
Don't forget about tomorrow!



She waves affirmatively as TOM moves. He stops to watch CHUCK and VERA's kids playing in the street outside their house. When they see him, the big girls giggle.

NARRATOR

However conceited he might be, there wasn't anybody in the town who didn't like him. He belonged, like the gooseberry bushes, the old lady's bench with its view over the apple orchards, and the old silver mine on the edge of town. For whenever a stranger inquired about Tom's occupation, he was able to reply without hesitation that he called himself a miner. Although he did not blast his way through the rock, Tom tunneled through what could be even harder, namely the human soul deep into where it glittered

CHUCK approaches, the big basket on his back, heading for the orchards. The basket contains his tools. TOM greets him.

TOM

Evening, Chuck. Will we see you tomorrow?

CHUCK removes the basket, stooping slightly. He stretches and nods reassuringly.

CHUCK

I could do without your lectures. But you know Vera. Wouldn't give me a moment's peace till I said yes.

CHUCK glowers at his children, who are playing in the road. He peers into the dog pen. He notices food in the dog's bowl.

CHUCK

Who gave Moses that bone?! It's still got meat on it. When did we last see meat?

CHUCK glares at Dahlia, who happens to be closest.

DAHLIA

Jason did. He didn't want it and Moses looked so hungry

CHUCK

Jason gave that mutt a bone with meat on it?!

CHUCK

You ought to be thrashed, boy I oughta have known it was you who was given meat to eat. Next time you waste good food I'll take your knife away!

JASON looks at his fine knife in fright. CHUCK stamps off to the shed to unload his tools.

CHUCK

Moses is meant to be hungry. To keep watch.

TOM

(a smile)  
Keep watch in Dogville? What is there to steal?

CHUCK

These are wicked times, Tom Edison. Soon there'll be folks by with even less than us

CHUCK steps into the shed and slams the door behind him.

TOM continues along the street. He sets course for the mission house. He knocks on the door. MARTHA is dusting the benches. She stops to answer it.

TOM

They'll all come, Martha, be sure of it. You'll just have your benches ready!

MARTHA

You're lucky we ain't got reverend minister at the present time so you can use the hall for your meetings. But I repeat, if you need to use the organ I'll have to get hold of the regional director and ask for permission.

TOM

And I repeat that we don't need your organ. We can be spiritual without singing or reading the bible.

(looks at his watch)  
Oh my, it's almost seven. Don't forget your bell now.

MARTHA

If you don't mind! I shall be on time

Folks are happy I tinkle my bell  
on the hour so they can keep  
track of the day.

TOM shakes his head with a smile. He leaves the mission house and MARTHA closes the door behind him.

TOM continues down Elm Street smugly. He nods amiably to MA GINGER and her sister GLORIA, who are gardening in back of the store. MA GINGER is raking meticulously among the gooseberry bushes.

TOM

I imagine that'll do, Ma Ginger,  
You raked those bushes yesterday,  
and the day before and the day  
before that. I don't believe it's  
at all good for the soil with all  
that raking and hoeing. And it's  
the soil that gave life to us  
all.

MA GINGER

I won't be havin' no such lip  
from you, Thomas Edison, Jr. I'll  
hoe as I darn well please.

GLORIA

Yes, and spoil the lot - I  
completely agree with Tom - you  
may be my sister, Ginger, but the  
way you handle a rake has always  
been too much for me.

MA GINGER

(ignoring her)

But eat my pies he can, Tom  
Edison.

TOM

They're tasty, no doubt about it.

MA GINGER

So who's right when it comes to  
the hoeing? You or me?

TOM

Hmm.. I'm not sure it's that  
simple

GLORIA

Now, well spoken, Tom! He's got  
you there, Ginger - the way you  
see the world is over simple -  
that's just the word! Simple!

TOM spots BEN on his way up Canyon Road in his old truck.  
TOM steps aside as it turns past them. BEN puts his hand to  
his cap to them in greeting.

TOM follows the truck to the square beside the mountain. He runs up alongside. He knocks on the windshield.

TOM  
I'll open the gate!

BEN  
That'll be fine, Tom, that'll be fine!

TOM opens the gate into BEN's garage. He waves BEN in with a gallant arm. BEN stops the truck inside. He gets out.

TOM  
Any news from the freight industry? Is everything going to hell there too?

BEN  
Don't poke fun at the freight industry. It deserves respect for allowin' folks to transport their goods around, not to mention themselves.

TOM  
(nods)  
You're right, there, my friend.

BEN begins pulling at the heavy garage door.

BEN  
Night, Tom!

TOM  
Night, Ben. Remember to transport yourself to the mission tomorrow.

BEN shrugs and closes the door. TOM looks around. He walks out into the middle of the square and looks out across the valley with a sneaky little smile.

NARRATOR  
Tom looked out across the valley. He recognized the thud of a ram driving piles for foundations far off in the marshes, evidence that construction work was still taking place in this country despite the hard times, even if only for a penitentiary as Ben claimed. Tom wanted to leave this place one day. Of course he did. But there was no hurry. He peered through the evening light down the valley and felt good. There were opportunities out there beyond the horizon, and really

NARRATOR (cont'd)

that was a very good place for them to be. A body could go off and reap them when he chose to and when he was ready to do so. But once you'd reached out for them, there might well be no way back, Tom imagined. It was this town that had hatched him and surely the least he could do was to grace the place for just a little longer with the favor his presence quite naturally seemed to him to be. After all, it wasn't out of malice that they'd all gotten into a bit of a rut. His brain was simply that much sharper, and he was able to view them all from a distance. They'd all understand in the end that you could live more richly, more *rightly*, and they'd appreciate it, maybe not right away, but as time went by.

MARTHA rings the bell from the mission house tower. TOM looks at his watch. He turns round and heads back up Elm Street.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

It was seven o'clock and Tom was due to play checkers with his childhood friend Bill Henson. Bill was dumb and knew it. Far too dumb to qualify as an engineer, he was certainly sure of that. The game, which Tom always won and which Bill feared as yet another of the day's disappointments and tried to postpone as long as possible, meant that Tom visited the Henson home pretty well every day. Some folks might say the opportunity to meet Bill's older sister, Liz, was more of a draw than the checker board, and they might be right. But it was a fact that in the Henson home there lay another horizon. A horizon just as alluring as the country in the twilight beyond the mountains, a horizon bound by Liz Henson's luscious curves. A sweet, painful, seductive abyss.

TOM knocks on the door of the Henson home. LIZ opens the door. Lovely is the only word to describe her.

LIZ

(rolling her eyes)

Tom, must you come by every single day? It'd be a lot more fun if somebody interesting appeared for a change. You know, I really am so lonesome in this town. There's such an unkind gap in age distribution here. You and Bill are too young, and the rest far too old. Ben included if you count him. The moment my fiance writes that he's gotten that job in Boulder, I'm off and you'd best believe it. And then the whole lot of you will have to find some other girl's skirts to peek up.

TOM

Bill in?

LIZ

Isn't he always? He studies and I help out with the glasses, even though everybody can tell you that I am the clever one. Poor Bill is scared half to death just playing checkers.

LIZ exits and goes into the factory out back. Her PA is grinding glass there. She looks in resignation at the glasses he has finished and shoves them roughly into a box of wood shavings.

In the house TOM finds BILL, surrounded by books.

TOM

Checkers time, Bill ol' buddy!

BILL

(sighs).

Yep, I guess it is. I didn't hear the bell, not at all

BILL clears away his books and begins setting up the checker board disconsolately. He takes the pieces out of their box.

TOM

The meeting tomorrow's going to be a good one. They know it too and they're all coming.

BILL

I've been there every time and I still don't understand what it's all about.

TOM

The priest is dead, right? I'm not a sucker for religion, but at least he kept this town aware of the fact that morality could be put into words and discussed. My meetings do the same, only better, if I may say so.

BILL searches for a missing piece.

BILL

Look, they're sure you'll write books someday, Tom. It's not that....Why don't you just let 'em be...they're OK as they are.

TOM

OK?! They're OK?! I don't think so. I think there's a lot this country's forgotten. And I try to refresh folk's memories by way of illustration.

BILL

(still searching)  
It's gone. The piece is simply gone. I'm afraid we won't be able to play today

BILL looks at TOM with satisfaction. TOM picks up the board and hands him the missing queen - which was hidden beneath it. BILL accepts it mutely.

BILL

So what'll you refresh tomorrow then?

TOM

Acceptance! Receiving!

BILL

And you think they'll all come to hear about that? At Christmas when you talked about giving, there weren't but four of us!

TOM

Four, but all wiser when they left. Even you understood my illustration about Christmas gifts! That you could tell how sincere the given was by the wrapping on the gift.

BILL

And your illustration for tomorrow....

TOM

(serious all of a sudden)  
 Yes, that I don't really  
 know....In order to illuminate  
 Dogville's difficulties regarding  
 acceptance, what we need is  
 something to accept. Something  
 tangible ... A gift! That'd  
 make a good illustration!

BILL

You mean somebody would up and  
 give us a gift? Can't imagine  
 anybody would want to give us  
 nothin'. Why the heck should  
 they? It's not even Christmas....

TOM

(wondering)  
 Bigger than a Christmas gift.  
 Something offered to the whole  
 town. Something that could  
 provoke them....

BILL

Like what?

TOM

(to himself)  
 As I said, I'll have to find out.  
 I'll have to do some thinking.

BILL

(hope in his voice)  
 If you gotta do that much  
 thinkin' you got enough on your  
 plate. We don't have to play, you  
 know!

TOM

(shaking his head)  
 No, I really feel like playing.  
 I'll come up with something. My  
 mind is sharp tonight. Problems  
 make the best fuel. Something  
 will pop up.

TOM puts it out of his mind. He regards the board seriously  
 as if he'd never seen checkers lined up for the start  
 before. Then he makes his move with great gravity. BILL  
 groans and looks at TOM's piece, alarmed.

2nd. SCENE:

Superimposed:

*The scene in which TOM hears gunfire and meets GRACE.*



TOM strolls home through the darkness of Elm St. Indoors, people are busy with their evening chores. The wind is howling from the mountains around him.

NARRATOR

It was pitch dark when Tom strolled home from a triumph which, despite considerable effort on his part to prolong things, he had achieved pretty quickly. It had started raining hard and the wind had become a regular gale. Tom shivered and clutched his jacket round him. As a matter of fact he was getting quite perturbed about tomorrow's meeting. What was he going to use by way of illustration? Oh, well, never mind; if words and theories (that is to say his own brilliant ones) weren't enough, the townspeople would only have themselves to blame. Of course he could regard it as an exercise. A discussion on life's values. It was good to practice such things before you went off and might meet other writers greater and better places than Dogville. He was guided back up Elm Street by the faint light glowing from the illuminated windows, and smiled to himself when he discerned the townsfolk through the windowpanes going about the daily doings with which he was so familiar. They would be proud of him no matter what he came up with.

BOOM!

TOM stops. That sounded like a GUNSHOT somewhere off in distance. The wind blows, rattling the solitary light bulb on the mission house wall (the only outdoor lighting in the whole of Dogville).

BOOM!

Another one. TOM hastens down to the other end of Elm Street. He halts and peers into the darkness from beside the old lady's bench. But there is only the sound of the wind.

NARRATOR

There was no doubt in his mind. They were gun shots. The pile

sound like that at all. The shots had come from down in the valley, or perhaps from Canyon Road some place in the direction of Georgetown. Although the darkness was now almost impenetrable he nevertheless tried to gaze out across the mountainside, down towards the spot he thought the sound of the shots must have come from. He listened for more shots for ages. But they were not repeated, and soon the darkness was as it always was and the sound of the wind, which never quite stilled up in Dogville, was as if no gunshots had ever rung out at all. A tad disappointed, Tom sat down on the old lady's bench to think. To hang onto the feeling for a moment. But it wasn't long before his thoughts roamed freely again in the midst of the storm, and his thoughts metamorphosed into articles and novels and great gatherings that'd listen in silence to Tom after the publication of yet another volume that scourged and purged the human soul. And he saw men throw their arms round one another as, through his words, life had opened up for them anew. It hadn't been easy. But by his diligence and application to narrative and drama his message had gotten through. Tom smiled as he watched them all take heed and the world improve as the stunting of centuries of conflict and hatred turned to dust and disappeared through enlightenment, the enlightenment he himself had brought. That and the illustration

We are looking down at TOM from high. We cut in time to TOM still on the bench, lost in thought.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

Tom could have spent another half hour or more on the bench, but another unusual noise roused him.

TOM looks up towards the other end of Elm Street.

NARRATOR (cont'd)

It was Moses barking. Oh, that wasn't unusual in itself, but it was the way he barked that was new. His barking was not loud, but more of a snarl, as if the danger was quite close at hand and not merely a passing raccoon or fox. As if the dog were standing face to face with a force to be taken seriously, a force not to be seen off by empty ranting.

TOM gets up and sets off up the street, this time faster, more determined. Near Moses' pen he discerns a figure in the darkness on its way up past the mine towards the path that leads over the mountain. TOM speeds up.

TOM

Hey, you!

The figure glances in his direction, but turns back and runs on up the path. TOM speeds up, giving chase. A moment later, he comes back hauling a very wet YOUNG WOMAN. She struggles to get away.

GRACE

Let go of me!

TOM

I wouldn't try it if I were you!  
I know that path well and I doubt  
if I'd get away with my life. The  
rock gets as slippery as soap,  
and it's a very nasty drop

GRACE stops struggling and reconsiders.

GRACE

Is there another way?

TOM

Only down in the valley.

GRACE

Well, I'm not having any of that.  
I'd rather chance a bit of  
slippery rock

TOM

You're very determined to get up  
that mountain tonight!

He looks over her clothes, more big city than rural, and much too thin for the cold mountain air. She pulls her green cloth coat even tighter.

TOM (cont'd)  
Wouldn't have to do with those  
gunshots, now would it?

GRACE looks at him desperately. The sound of a car engine  
and the sight of a pair of headlights turning onto Elm  
Street makes her jump.

GRACE  
Help me, please!

He looks at the automobile slowly drawing closer. She  
grabs him.

TOM  
Follow the rails to the mine.  
You'll be safe there.

But before he can finish she turns and runs off, following  
the tracks and ducking down between some piles of tailings.

TOM remains where he is, watching the car as it pulls up.  
A window is lowered. Three men, dressed in dark suits, sit  
in the front seat. The rear seat is concealed by curtains.

DRIVER  
What the hell is this place?  
(to TOM)  
Where's this road go, you?

TOM  
If you want the pass, you'll have  
to turn around and go back by way  
of Georgetown. You can take the  
highway from there. This place  
is called Dogville.

DRIVER  
Dogville? Figures. A stupid  
name if ever there was one.

TOM  
Anything else I can do for you?

DRIVER  
We're looking for somebody.

TOM  
Who might that be?

DRIVER  
I'll ask the questions. Or you  
want we should get out and teach  
you some manners?

Somebody addresses the DRIVER in a disembodied voice from  
the back seat. The DRIVER turns and listens. Then turns  
back to TOM. His demeanor has changed. He's almost  
friendly now.

DRIVER (cont'd)

My employer would like a word  
with you.

He nods toward the back of the auto where a window is  
lowered. TOM can see THE BIG MAN in the back seat. But his  
face is obscured in shadow.

THE BIG MAN

Excuse me, young man, I'm looking  
for a girl. She may have made  
her way to your town in her  
confusion. I don't want her to  
come to any harm, you see. She's  
very precious to me.

TOM regards him. Then shakes his head.

TOM

Nobody's been through Dogville.  
Moses would have barked. He's  
very suspicious of strangers.

THE BIG MAN

Very wise of Moses. One cannot be  
too careful these days.

A hand protrudes through the window holding a card.

THE BIG MAN (cont'd)

Please, take my card. If perhaps  
you see a stranger - a young  
lady, a blonde wearing a green  
coat - then please call. As I  
said, she means a lot to me. I am  
in a position to offer a consider-  
able reward ...

TOM accepts the card.

TOM

OK.

The window is rolled up. TOM looks at the DRIVER.

TOM (cont'd)

Was it you that fired those  
shots?

DRIVER

(putting it in gear)  
You better run along home now  
sonny. Don't catch a cold!

The auto moves off. TOM watches it go - then turns and  
runs to the mine entrance. He peers inside.

TOM

GRACE appears from the darkness.

GRACE

That was very kind of you.

TOM

How about a cup of coffee before  
you go mountain climbing?

GRACE looks at him kindly.

GRACE

Well, thank you. I'd surely  
appreciate a cup of coffee.

### 3rd SCENE

TOM has seated GRACE by the bureau. He brings her coffee and some bread. For the first time he sees how beautiful she is. She is also expensively attired. Around her neck is a scarf and a silver clasp with the initial G.

NARRATOR

Of course she was beautiful. But there was something else besides. Tom sensed it right away. Though it was as if she'd come down from the moon she didn't seem out of place. She hadn't chosen Dogville from a map or sought out the township for a visit, yet Tom felt right away that she belonged. She was a fugitive, yet she radiated that rare quality that is trust. She was likeable. Nobody could think otherwise. He had felt she needed help, for she had made no attempt to conceal it. She could have kept her vulnerability to herself, but she had elected to give herself up to him at random. Generous, very generous, thought Tom.

TOM sits down with his cup. He notices that she is clutching something in one hand. It's a bone. There are pieces of meat still clinging to it.

TOM

Shall I take that?

Ashamed, she lowers her gaze and gives it to him. She don't touch the food.

TOM

What's your name?

GRACE

TOM

I'm Tom.

GRACE

Thank you for your help, Tom. I'm sorry, but I come from the city....I just can't believe it: people who will help someone they'd never seen before. I guess I wasn't raised to believe such people existed.

TOM

How were you raised, then?

GRACE

As a matter of fact I was raised in the most awful way. I was constantly told that my family and I were better than everybody. A most unattractive point of view. My father was a loving man, but arrogant, and that to me is the worst of all sins.

TOM

Who were the men in the car?

GRACE

Simple Gangsters! They've been after me for three days.

TOM

Why would they want to hurt you?

GRACE

The man in the back of the car is the boss ... I saw his face. That was my only mistake. Now they want to kill me.

TOM

He gave me a telephone number. He told me to call if I saw you. He said you were very precious to him.

GRACE

(sarcastically)  
I bet!

TOM

Where's your family?

GRACE

I don't have a family. Not now. All I had was my father, but those gangsters took him away from me, and now I'm the one they're after.

He looks at the bread in her hand.

TOM

You must be hungry.

GRACE

I haven't eaten for days, but don't deserve this bread. I stole the dog's bone. I've never stolen anything before. If there'd been apples on the trees down the slope I would have stolen them, too. Probably from some poor, unsuspecting farmer with very little to eat himself.

Therefore, to punish myself, I've decided not to eat the bread no matter how delicious it looks. You see, with the kind of family I had it was necessary to raise myself to a large extent.

TOM

It's quite possible that not eating the bread is best for your education. But, though I'm sure that there was plenty where you came from, it's very bad manners in this town, not to eat what is set before you.

GRACE

(embarrassed)

I'm sorry.

GRACE begins to eat. Slowly at first, then faster and faster until she's stuffing the bread in her mouth like an animal. They exchange a smile.

TOM

And what will you do now?

GRACE

Hide in the mountains I saw from the valley.

TOM (cont'd)

And how do you think you'll survive there?



GRACE

I don't know. But I'll figure something out.

TOM studies her.

TOM

What if I said you could stay here?

GRACE

Even if you really meant it, it would be impossible. After all, this is a small town. I have to hide. People would ask questions.

TOM

That might not matter. If they wanted to help you too.

GRACE

Are you saying that everyone in this town is like you?

TOM

The folks who live here are good people. They aren't quite like me, granted, but they're honest people who've been in need themselves. They might turn you down, but I certainly think it'd be worth the trouble to ask.

GRACE

I've nothing to offer them in return.

TOM

I'm not so sure that's the case. In my view, you've got plenty to offer to Dogville. Now you get some sleep and I'll wake you early, before pop gets up. You'll have to wait a few hours in the mine until I've asked around.

GRACE sits there for a moment. She looks at him, touched.

GRACE

Thank you, Tom. This is indeed an enchanted place.

TOM smiles at her.

4th SCENE

The scene where the people of Dogville meet in the mission house

Every grown man and woman in town is at the mission house that day. TOM has spoken. They look at him without much enthusiasm.

NARRATOR

The day in Dogville had begun with a small piece of gossip. Ma Ginger's cousin from the outskirts of Georgetown had seen an automobile heading up Canyon Road towards Dogville late the previous evening, and return even later. This was a mystery that occasioned deliberation and reasonably enough over-shadowed Tom's heartfelt lecture. Despite the poor odds, Tom's gift for words wasn't to be denied. Without mention of his adventure the night before, he had launched himself fearlessly into moral discourse. The subject was obvious, but the thoughts of this youth with his grandiose ambition were indeed dreadfully ill-considered. Tom managed to conceal the lack of forethought behind his ideas in part, and hence the dubious justification for convening a town meeting. His father peered around covertly to gauge the mood, and sensing that the assembly was not entirely happy with this rather direct criticism, he decided to forestall any protests.

TOM

....to sum up, dear people of Dogville: it's no good giving, if nobody has the ability to accept. If nobody dares open up and admit that they are in need.

TOM Sr.

I'm sure you wish us well, Tom. But of any town, I believe this one has a very fine sense of community. By living side by side we all know one another. I don't see people not opening up. We care for human beings up here.

LIZ

Honestly, Tom, you've done it again! Made us come here to listen to a lot of nonsense. What do you think you are, some kind

JACK MCKAY

I think it's an interesting notion, but I'm not quite sure Tom's right about Dogville. The people he describes, I don't recognize, and I'm a fair judge of character. Just what makes you think we're all lacking the spirit of acceptance, Tom?

TOM

Observations.

JACK MCKAY

Observations?

TOM

Observations I've made ... well, locally. Observant, that's what I am.

MA GINGER

"Lazy" comes closer, I'd say.

GLORIA

(to MA GINGER)

And you always have something to say, don't you?

MA GINGER

(ignoring her)

What is it we can't receive? We shovel snow together!

TOM

Together?! Every household clears its own front walk....!

BEN

I gotta allow that Tom's right. The roads don't get cleared proper at all. Now, you take Georgetown, they know what they're doing when it comes to snow removal. The cars have no problem there....

TOM Sr.

I'm sorry, Tom, you've got to come up with more than that. There's no evidence that the townsfolk here are any different than townsfolk anywhere.

TOM

I'm not saying Dogville is any different from most towns.

All I'm saying is that our town, indeed the whole country, would be better served with a greater attitude of openness and acceptance.

TOM looks around hopefully.

TOM

What do you say, Vera? You and Chuck have seven children. Has there never been an occasion where you might have been able to put to good use something left over from Ma Ginger's kitchen - or pop's?

VERA

There's nobody in Dogville has too much.

TOM Sr.

And surely you don't doubt that we'd would step in if Chuck and Vera's kids didn't get what they needed.

TOM

No, but it's by no means certain you'd ever find out!

TOM stops speaking. Draws a deep breath.

TOM (cont'd)

OK, since nobody seems to want to admit that there's a problem, let me illustrate. I'm not going to use something that's already happened, I'm going to illustrate by using something that's about to happen.

The crowd looks at TOM.

TOM

Last night, on my way home, I heard gunshots --

MARTHA

Gunshots?!

JACK McKAY

I didn't hear any gunshots.

TOM

You wouldn't have, Jack, the wind was up and ... well, anyway suddenly someone appeared, a

The assembly is astonished.

VERA

A stranger? What kind of stranger?

TOM Sr.

What are you saying, Tom?

TOM

There was a car, too, and men in dark coats ...

The astonishment of the assembly grows.

TOM Sr.

Tom, now, please! Cars and men in dark coats --

TOM

It's the truth, pop, I swear!

GLORIA

(feverishly)

There was a vehicle! Cousin Maggie called --

MA GINGER

And you didn't tell me!!!

GLORIA

You were asleep. You're a monster when you wake up.....

VERA

Stop it, you two. Nobody ever comes to Dogville. Especially not in the middle of the night.

TOM

They did last night. And not just anybody. Gangsters right out of that Time magazine.

LIZ

What did they want?

TOM

They were after the stranger I talked about. But they had to leave with no success.

LIZ

Why?

TOM

Because I had hidden the stranger, so they could not find

A young woman. She was tired and hungry, and with a load of gunmen on her heels who were shooting at her to the best of their abilities. I had no trouble analyzing the situation and taking sides.

TOM Sr.

And where is this young lady now, if I may ask?

VERA

Don't tell us she's still in Dogville?!

TOM

Yes.

VERA

But why?

TOM

I could hardly send her away without asking you good people first if you felt we should give this poor woman a place to hide and offer to let her stay here with us.

The assembly gapes. MRS HENSON is perturbed and upset.

MRS HENSON

You think we should give sanctuary to a fugitive?! A fugitive gangsters want to get hold of? Now that would put us in a pretty pickle!

MR HENSON

Easy, Claire. Think of your asthma

He puts a hand on her shoulder. MRS HENSON wheezes dutifully.

TOM

Now where did all that philanthropy and caring about human beings go all of a sudden? Would you rather have had me let

TOM (CONT'D)

these men shoot the girl? I don't believe so. Just as I can't believe you would expel the young lady without at least giving her a fair and impartial hearing.

MR HENSON

You want her to come here? We're going home, Claire. I'm not putting you through this.

He gets up, but his wife tugs him back onto the bench.

TOM

I'm sure Mrs. Henson is up to meeting her and hearing what she has to say ... and then you are free to pass whatever judgment you please. Throw her out if you want. But give her the chance to which every citizen of this country is entitled according to our constitution. Let her plead her case

The assembly is dubious.

TOM Sr.

Maybe you've been naive, Tom, and put us all in danger, but I must say you've done what I dare say every one of us would have done in a similar predicament. I believe it was courageous and in principle quite right. I vote we give her a chance.

Some talk among the frightened audience.

TOM

Shall I get her then?!

The mood is reluctantly affirmative. CHUCK looks around. He shakes his head and smiles bitterly.

CHUCK

Do what you want, Tom. Folks would be loath to have word get out that the people of sunny Dogville can't listen to a body in distress.

TOM Sr.

Get her, Tom.

TOM leaves the buzzing building in satisfaction to fetch GRACE from the mine. The assembly waits in confusion. They're unusually ill-at-ease with what TOM has presented them this time.

5th SCENE

Superimposed:

The scene in which GRACE meets the people of Dogville.

TOM steps cautiously into the darkness through the gateway.

TOM

Grace!

GRACE

(warily)

Tom?

TOM

You can come out now. They agreed to let you ask for their protection.

GRACE

How could I ask them to run such a risk for a stranger?

TOM

There's no shame in being in distress, you know.

GRACE

There are people who think otherwise.

TOM

I'm not one of them. Nor are you. C'mon, let's go.

GRACE emerges warily. TOM takes her by the hand and leads her cautiously towards Elm Street. GRACE looks around, frightened.

NARRATOR

Grace hadn't seen Dogville by day. The town was smaller than she'd expected. And more homely, she had to admit. The poor houses and shacks possessed humanity and coziness of their own. It was hard to imagine them as inhabited by folks you wouldn't be happy to engage in conversation, or perhaps share what would surely be a very modest repast.

There is utter silence as GRACE is led in. Everybody looks her thoroughly up and down. She is a very beautiful girl and one not inclined to arouse suspicion. But still, there is plenty of scepticism in the faces of the people gathered.

TOM

Folks, allow me to introduce Grace. Grace, these are the citizens of Dogville!



TOM Sr.

My son Tom has told us of your predicament, Miss. We understand you have a problem.

GRACE

Listen, I don't want to put you or your community in jeopardy...

CHUCK

Why don't you just go to the police? They'll do their utmost to put paid to gangsters. It's their job.

BEN

Cops is all right on occasion, but they spend too much time on the wrong thing. Consider if a truck drives too fast, it's most likely because there's somebody as needs its load on time. Now that ain't a crime, not the way I see it.

The assembly concurs.

GRACE

These men, have very powerful affiliations. Unfortunately they have informers among the very same police who would afford me protection.

The assembly digests this in silence.

TOM Sr.

Dogville is a good hiding place, that's for certain. If anybody were to hear of you up here it could only come from one of us.

TOM

Exactly! The only way up here is Canyon Road. That could easily be monitored by the Ma Granger's - excuse me - nosey cousin who lives only yards from the turn off at Georgetown. She has a telephone. Martha will be able to ring the bell and alert the town.

MARTHA

But I chime the hours! What if people get confused about all that ringing?

TOM Sr.

Come now, Martha, surely we can use our old bell to save a life if need be. The way I see it, this young woman would be well protected here. Why not let her stay?

CHUCK

Why should we?

TOM

Because we care for human beings!

CHUCK

No, that's not what I mean. How do we know that this woman is telling us the truth? Maybe these gangsters did shoot at her, yes, but that doesn't make her somebody to be trusted.

GRACE

I understand full well your point of view. It would be too risky to trust me.

BEN

(smiles to GRACE)

I trust you!

MRS HENSON

Ben, you've been drinking again!

(turns to TOM)

Tom, we're not gangsters. We mind our own business and don't ask nothin' from nobody.

TOM

Ah, you admit it at last!

TOM Sr.

If there was only some way so nobody need doubt the young lady's word. Some way to know her. I'm sure we all would ignore the risk. Isn't that so?

The others nod their agreement.

TOM

But there is a way! You said it yourself, pop. By living side by side with her. Let Grace reveal her true nature.

(turning)

Jack, who's such a 'fine judge of character,' could easily divine

How long would it take a good man like you, Jack? A week? Maybe two?

Jack mumbles and scratches his chin.

TOM (cont'd to all)  
If she is ready to accept your help, you should be ready to accept her. Surely we can offer her two weeks! Two weeks! And if after that time so much as one man shall cry out BE GONE! Then I'll happily send her packing myself, I promise.

The assembly looks at one another in silence. Finally, OLIVIA stands.

OLIVIA  
If Master Tom Jr. thinks this is right for the community and for us, then that'll do for me. He may be young, but his heart is right. And I've known his heart for as long as it's been beating.

TOM remains silent. GRACE is hopeful.

Cut in time to a shot from above revealing the townsfolk going their separate ways in silence.

NARRATOR  
No more words were spoken at the town meeting in the mission house. But it had been decided, they all felt, that the beautiful fugitive would be given two weeks. And then they'd send her packing, because they would not have been persuaded of her integrity, and nevertheless henceforth and forever more they would be able to look at themselves in the mirror and know that they had done all they could, indeed, perhaps more than most people would have done.

#### 6th SCENE

Superimposed:

*The scene in which TOM hatches a plan and GRACE sets to work*

TOM and GRACE are strolling up the path to his father's house in the direction of Elm Street..

NARRATOR

That very afternoon Tom took Grace on a stroll through the town. It was Sunday and the modest streets were deserted.

TOM looks at her reassuringly. He takes her by the arm.

TOM

So this is Dogville, the town I love. Here lives Olivia. Her daughter's a cripple. Being colored, they reside in Dogville as a token of my fathers broad-mindedness. He lets them live practically rent free.

TOM points in the direction of CHUCK and VERA's home. The dog barks in its pen.

TOM

Moses is Chuck and Vera's dog. They have seven children and hate each other.

(pointing)

Next door we have the Hensons. They make a living from grinding edges off cheap glasses to make them look expensive. Then there's Jack McKay. Everyone knows he's blind although he thinks he can hide it by pretending to be sensitive to the sun. In the old stable Ben has his truck. He drinks and visit the whorehouse once a month and is ashamed of it. Martha takes care of the mission house until a new preacher comes which will never happen. That leaves Ma Ginger and her sister Gloria. They have an expensive store where they exploit the fact that almost no one leaves town. Ben and Olivia

TOM (CONT'D)

do work outside, yes, but the rest stay put. Used to leave to go vote, but since they put in the registration fee which is about a day's wage for these people, they don't feel the democratic need anymore.

TOM stops GRACE outside the town store. GRACE examines a row of china figurines in the shop window. They're very

TOM

I am afraid that these primitive figurines says more about the people here, than many words.

The bell in the mission house rings. TOM looks at his watch.

GRACE

If this is the town you love, you sure have a strange way to express it. All I see, is a beautiful little town in the midst of magnificent mountains. A town where people have hopes and dreams under the hardest conditions. A town that has let me stay - contrary to reason - And seven figures that are not primitive at all...that I like very much, and will, if I'm right, soon come to love.

GRACE takes a last look at the figurines and moves on.

NARRATOR

Calling Dogville beautiful was original at least. But charming?\* There was no superfluous decoration, no brash facades. People looked after whatever they had, which in most cases wasn't much. Grace walked down Elm Street with Tom and looked happily at this beauty born of necessity, so far from the glitter of her own world that she had irrevocably abandoned. Suddenly she felt eyes upon her. Yes, true enough, from behind every single window they were watching her. More or less covertly, but they were on their guard, that was for sure.

GRACE feels uneasy. TOM notices.

TOM

Yes, they are keeping an eye on you. And if you love them already, they will need some time. Just keep your chin up, your head held high, and your eyes straight ahead. We've got two weeks to get them to accept you.

GRACE

You make it sound like some cheap  
parlor trick.

TOM

Isn't saving your life worth a  
parlor trick, cheap or otherwise?

GRACE

But I don't see what I can do....

TOM

Do you mind physical labor?

GRACE

No. Why do ask?

TOM

There are eight households in  
Dogville. That means roughly one  
hour per household per day.

GRACE

What are you talking about?

TOM

Dogville has offered you two  
weeks, now you offer them....

TOM takes her by the arm and turns around to head for home.

7th SCENE

Superimposed:

*The scene in which GRACE sets to work*

Dogville is now fully illuminated. Everything is a-bustle.  
GRACE emerges cautiously from the Edison house.

NARRATOR

The next day was a beautiful day  
in Dogville. The tender leaves on  
Ma Ginger's gooseberry bushes  
were unfurling despite wise Tom's  
misgivings as regards her  
gardening methods. The sun was  
shining on this first day of  
spring and on what Tom had  
decided was to be Grace's first

The day in which she was to set off around Dogville and offer herself and what she was.

BEN's truck is outside the Henson place. BEN is loading boxes of glasses. LIZ is carrying them out. When BEN is alone GRACE approaches him.

GRACE  
Good morning.

BEN  
Hello there.

GRACE  
Excuse me. I would like to offer you my help.....is there anything I can do?

BEN  
If you please, miss, maybe a new engine for the truck, the 12 valve kind, and a carburetor that don't leak ...  
(a smile)  
The boxes I think we can handle....

GRACE  
Maybe I can help around your home?

BEN  
I have a garage, miss. Not a home. I'm in the freight business, you see. The road is my home!

BEN puts the last box onto the flatbed as OLIVIA appears.

OLIVIA  
I'm ready.

BEN opens the door to the passenger seat. She climbs in.

BEN  
Olivia, you got a home. This young lady'd like to work in somebody's home.

OLIVIA  
(a smile)  
A cleanin' lady for a cleanin' lady? You be talkin' nonsense, Mister Ben!

BEN  
(getting in with a smile)  
Sorry, miss.....

BEN waves and sets the truck off down Canyon Road. LIZ waves from the window.

NARRATOR

Ben was off to Georgetown with the weekly shipment of glasses that Mr. Henson had so laboriously cleansed of any trace of their cheap manufacture with his polisher, and which Liz had repacked in boxes with wood shavings that to her great disappointment had spoiled her hands, rendering them red and swollen as always. That day and others if convenient, Olivia was given a ride by Ben; if not, she had her bicycle. Grace looked around the town disconsolately. She nodded to Liz, but moved on, as she was no more inclined to visit the Henson place right away as she was Chuck and Vera's; she had sensed at the meeting that the winds blowing from those quarters were not so favorable. It seemed rather more attractive to try her luck at Jack McKay's. So she turned into the alley that graced itself with the exotic name, Glunen Street.

GRACE stops at the door of JACK MCKAY's. She pulls herself together and knocks. Jack opens the door.

NARRATOR

Jack McKay was blind. No other word would do for it. And although this was obvious to anyone, he deluded himself that he could hide the condition he found so mortifying.

JACK MCKAY

Yes?

GRACE

Good morning, Mr. McKay. My name is --

JACK MCKAY

(a smile)

Grace! You were at the meeting yesterday. I remember.

GRACE

I've come to offer you my help, Mr. McKay.



JACK McKAY

That's most kind of you. But I'm afraid I don't need any help.

GRACE

My labor is at your disposal an hour a day. Anything you might need....

JACK McKAY

It's very sweet, but I'm sorry! I am sure there are others....

GRACE

I thought that perhaps in your situation --

JACK McKAY

And what situation would that be?

GRACE

That you're.....  
(feels bad)  
...on your own.

JACK McKAY

(smiling)  
I've been on my own for so long. I'm fine, Miss Grace. Don't you worry.

GRACE

I am sorry, Mr. McKay. I just thought I'd ask.

JACK McKAY

And I am very happy that you did.  
(after a small pause)  
Isn't the light lovely today?  
Did you notice that the little wooden spire on the mission house

JACK MCKAY (CONT'D)

roof serves as a kind of sun dial? When it's 5 of the afternoon the shadow points at the door into Ginger's store. A wee reminder that it is time to do the shopping for supper, maybe? It strikes the O in OPEN on the sign in the door, and it's 5 exactly! You see, I don't need help. I have even time for such petty observations...

GRACE

I see. Well, then, goodbye, Mr. McKay.

JACK MCKAY  
Goodbye, my dear, Grace!

Jack shuts the door and returns to his living room.

GRACE returns to Elm Street. She knocks on the door of the mission house. MARTHA answers. They have a long conversation but we are far above them and we can't hear what they say. We also see GRACE at the front doors of the Henson home and CHUCK and VERA's place.

NARRATOR  
Grace's interview with Jack McKay proved sadly symptomatic of the attitude in Dogville. Only Jack had expressed it concisely and precisely: Martha needed a monologue almost an hour long to arrive at the same conclusion. The word from Mrs. Henson and Vera, whom Grace went to see later that day, was the same, though not unfriendly.

#### 8th SCENE

GRACE sets off from the mountain end of Elm Street down towards the shop in the middle of the town.

NARRATOR  
So not very much later Grace set off from the mountain end of Elm Street for Ma Ginger's store in a mood that was not particularly good. Regrettably it was not five o'clock; hence she was unable to put Jack McKay's enthusiasm for the shadow of the mission house spire to the test. And in any case it was years since Ginger'd had the OPEN sign on her door, as the shop was open all the time anyway and everybody was fully aware of it. Grace found herself walking a few paces behind Liz Henson, who, in her valiantly patched dress, strode up in splendid spirits with a shopping basket over her arm.

LIZ pops into MA GINGER's store. GRACE reaches the store a moment later. She stands there for a moment, examining the building and the lot surrounding it.

NARRATOR

Grace could not tell a gooseberry bush from a cactus, but the meticulous order and respect for even the tiniest blooms in the yard in back of Ma Ginger's store appealed to her. Such as the solemn way in which stakes and whitewashed chains have been erected in order to shield the second and third bushes, lest anybody decide to make use of the deplorably time-honored shortcut to the square overlooking the valley. Grace took a deep breath and entered the store.

GRACE enters the shop where LIZ is making her purchases. She's engaged in cheerful conversation with the two sisters, which fades when GRACE opens the door.

GRACE

Hello!

MA GINGER

Hello. And I'm afraid we don't need help either. As I told Tom just now.

GRACE

And, I can't blame you. My efforts really wouldn't be much use to anyone. Unfortunately, the way I was raised I never learned how to use my hands. My father loved me dearly, but he didn't prepare me at all for life

LIZ rubs her red hands. GRACE watches her.

GRACE

If you put some aloe on them they'll be better by morning

LIZ

It's the wood shavings. I really do hate them.

(looks at GRACE's hands)

But I do believe I'll take your advice. Your hands are surely the most alabaster hands I ever did see.

LIZ looks up. GRACE follows her gaze and sees TOM coming.

LIZ

There comes Tom, how lucky we are....

TOM enters the shop. LIZ turns her back on him coquettishly. He strikes a cheerful note.

TOM

Hi, all. Liz, Grace ... how's the afternoon progressing?

GRACE

Not well, I'm afraid. Nobody seems to need any help

TOM

Unfortunate, although I thought that might be the case.

GRACE

So your plan to make them all like me by working has run into a few problems.

MA GINGER

I've had staff I've thought less of after they left than before they started.

GLORIA

And staff who thought less of you when they left.

GRACE

That's right, Tom! You can't fool anybody into liking you. And I wouldn't dream of trying, as I said. But I would like to offer something in return. You're all running a terrible risk by having me here. I would really like to help. I might be no good, but I am willing to learn.

GLORIA

Surely there's somebody who need help. Ol' Jack McKay's sight's none too good.

GRACE

I've been to Mr. McKay's and to Chuck and Vera's, and Martha's, and the Henson's ...

GRACE sits down in defeat.

GRACE

They all think everyone else needs a helping hand, but not themselves.

LIZ

Funny, that's exactly what TOM said. I suppose he's pleased.

MA GINGER

It was indeed.

(defiantly)

So just to prove him wrong, you can lend a hand here!

GRACE looks surprised.

GLORIA

But Ginger, as you know, there really isn't anything we need done.

TOM

Then perhaps there's something you don't need done?

GLORIA

Something we don't need done?

GRACE

Of course! Something you don't think necessary to do, but which would be nice to have done anyway.

GLORIA

What on earth would that be?

TOM

The gooseberry bushes

MA GINGER

The gooseberries are just fine, thank you very much.

TOM

No, I mean the little ones that have planted themselves. On the patch among the tall grass

MA GINGER

But we don't grown anything there.

TOM

Exactly. It wouldn't hurt with a bit of tidying up. Who knows, those bushes might bear fruit one day.

GLORIA

That's true! Why, I've often thought the very same thing.

MA GINGER studies GRACE earnestly.

MA GINGER

All right, girl. Those alabaster hands of yours are hereby engaged to weed the wild gooseberry bushes.

TOM smiles at GRACE. She smiles back.

9th SCENE

Superimposed:

*The scene about what Dogville didn't need*

MONTAGE of GRACE in MA GINGER's back yard:

9th SCENE A

GRACE is doing her best in the garden but she doesn't look satisfied. It seems as if she's made mess of things. She looks ashamed. MA GINGER shakes her head. She shows her how to do it. GLORIA, TOM and LIZ watch. One or two of the others from town come down the road to take a look at GRACE working too.

9TH SCENE B

Now its better. GRACE is done with the bushes. She gets up and wipes the sweat from her forehead. MA GINGER nods and looks pleased. Most of the townsfolk are standing around GRACE in Ginger's garden. GLORIA comes from the house with a basket. MA GINGER pulls out a pie and cuts GRACE a piece. GRACE is persuaded to eat. She does so and it tastes fantastic.

NARRATOR

After a few of the wild little gooseberry bushes had given up the ghost in the care of Grace's white, as yet unpracticed hands, to some dismay on the part of Ma Ginger and her sister things began looking up with the weeding and the town. In fact, it turned out there were few things that the townsfolk didn't need doing and with decorously reluctance soon allowed Grace to get down to.

9th SCENE C

GRACE at work in the workroom in back of BEN's garage. She pulls out a workbench and arranges a dish of supper on it. She clears away a few bottles. She's brought a napkin that she turns into a little table cloth. She makes it look really nice. She looks at it with a smile and leaves.

9TH SCENE D

BEN arrives and sees what she's done. At first he is puzzled. Then he sits down and eats. He's in hog heaven.

NARRATOR

As Ben had no home, Grace's domestic experiments were absolutely things he didn't need, but he put up with them anyhow with well-concealed reluctance. And soon began turning up with astonishing punctuality when the act of domesticity had been completed, even though his labors in the freight business were themselves quite unpredictable, specially with times as they were.

9TH SCENE E

GRACE helps JUNE onto the chair with the chamber pot and prepares her wheelchair and bedclothes.

NARRATOR

Olivia didn't need anyone to help June to the toilet while she was at work, as they'd coped splendidly with the excellent diaper arrangement Olivia had figured out.

9TH SCENE F

GRACE is sitting down, talking to JACK MCKAY.

NARRATOR

And if Jack McKay had needed a partner for conversation he would surely have gone out and gotten one for himself in town. So it was not out of need that he allowed Grace to sit with him in his claustrophobic parlor with the dramatic drapes on one wall for lengthy discussions regarding the axis of the buildings in the city, which seemed quite random to him.

9TH SCENE G

GRACE turns the page for MARTHA, who is fingering the keys of the silent pump organ. Her feet rest on the pedals but do not move.

NARRATOR

For Martha Grace was permitted to turn a superfluity of pages as she didn't have three arms. Martha practiced the hymns again and again in case the mission house suddenly be restored to favor by the parish and require her musical services without a note ever leaving the organ. She didn't want to burden the parish by wear and tear on the pedals and bellows. She knew how expensive replacements were. Grace was happy to be absorbed by all these things, things that at home would have been despised as unimportant and trivial, or foolish even, and her hands were already no longer so white, and her knowledge of this, that and the other no longer so poor, and she was now spending much more than an hour in each household and the townsfolk left her in peace, for they were not the ones accepting and receiving her help; they were helping her to learn, to acquire the skills a body needed to know in order to live a life.

9TH SCENE H

BILL's in deep meditation over the pieces spread out on checkerboard. He shakes his head. He does not understand.\* GRACE comes in. He clears the board away and starts reading. LIZ comes out and shows GRACE her hands that are much better now. GRACE happens to look at the work BILL is trying to do with his books in big distress. GRACE bends down and takes his pencil. She writes something on his paper. He looks at the figure in doubt. Then he understands that it is the right answer. He looks very impressed with GRACE. She smiles and shows him again. His mother watches in satisfaction as he tries himself.

NARRATOR

The most recent development was that Liz, who had become a kind of friend now that her hands were so much improved, had introduced Grace into her home where she applied her quick wits to helping keep Bill with his books so much that his performance actually improved. But Chuck was still not hooked, as Tom put it.



10th SCENE

The scene with TOM and GRACE on their own.

TOM and GRACE are seated in TOM's house. TOM Sr. is nodding off in his chair. GRACE takes his pulse and lowers his head gently onto the cushion. She closes a pillbox and puts it back in the medicine closet. She looks at another bottle. It's filled with dollar bills. She smiles and shakes her head. TOM smiles too. As they talk.

GRACE

Hooked? You can sound so arrogant Tom Edison! Arrogance is the worst thing!

TOM

Oh, you know what I mean.

GRACE

You know that I enjoy every minute. What I've done in the past few days here are the most important things I've ever done. I learn every day. Real things. And when I, at the end of the day, get a taste of Ginger and Gloria's pies with its mysterious cinnamon flavor, I just couldn't be happier. It means so much more to me than all the precious stones and fine clothes of my previous life.

TOM

Tell me about them, the clothes and the precious stones.

GRACE

I told you, Tom: I'm not going to tell you anything about me. I may say something that could prove dangerous to you if the gangsters were to ever show up again. Certainly if the others can take me for what I am, you can too.

TOM

(a smile)  
You're right. I know all I need to. Just sitting here looking at you is enough.

GRACE

Why, Thomas Edison! I do believe that was a compliment!

TOM gets up, irritated and embarrassed.

GRACE

And maybe that's all that's required with your Liz. A compliment. Oh, don't deny it! You're not the cold theoretician you'd like to be when it comes to her.

TOM

If we can get back to the matter at hand: namely, you and Chuck. Luckily enough I've prepared a Trojan Horse. WE can get in by way of Vera ... I had a look in my desk ...

He gets up and extracts a little brochure from a drawer.

TOM

There's a lecture tomorrow in Georgetown. This professor that Vera holds so dear gives it every year. It's some high-flown intellectual thing - well, not so intellectual that he can't tour the provinces with it - but, my point is, that Vera would do everything to be able to go again. Vera trusts her girls to master iambs and pentameters, but not to mind the little one if she goes out for an hour. I've arranged with her that you'll mind Archelaus tomorrow afternoon. With a bit of luck, I'll waylay her on her return and

TOM (CONT.)

Chuck'll get back before she does. You'll just have to make the best use of the time that'll give you.

GRACE

I'll happily mind Archelaus if Vera will let me. As for the rest.... Chuck wants to be rid me, and from my point of view, he's fully entitled to.

TOM smiles at her. He sees her anger

NARRATOR

Tom really was enchanted by this unusual creature. She fit his educational mission in Dogville like a glove. And if he failed to persuade the township to let her

stay, that would in itself be all the more illustrative, and raise him in his own esteem. She possessed beauty and humility in such measure and dispensed both in such a delightful, natural fashion that Tom found it hard to maintain his usual cynicism. And then the imbalance there always had been between Liz and him was not present here: Grace had been dangling over the edge, clinging onto the blue-berry stems with her white fingers, and he had been the one to pull her back onto the path, and that afforded a good counterweight that balanced out both beauty and sex. It gave him a fine feeling of mastery, and this feeling unleashed the best in his burgeoning love.

11th SCENE

Superimposed:

*The scene in which GRACE looks after the children*

NARRATOR

When Grace got there, Vera wrapped up her lesson quickly. She and the children all regarded Grace fondly. The canary in its cage seemed to agree.

VERA concludes the lesson she is giving the children. On the board there are chalk circles around the word *eros*, and arrows pointing to the word *psyche*.

An imaginary CANARY (Aphrodite) in an imaginary cage is singing loudly. GRACE is watching VERA and the children.

VERA

That will do for today, children.  
And do calm down, Aphrodite!

The children run out to play. VERA seems anxious as she glances at the cradle.

VERA

He really isn't very strong and he cries a lot like Jason ... but Jason had a weak stomach, even then. They're a bunch of feeble kids, the lot of them.

She stops herself. Looks at GRACE hopefully.

GRACE

I'll manage, Vera. Your children are lovely. I've watched them playing. The girls sing as they skip - if I'd have known how to skip I'd be singing with them. And though Jason teases the girls a lot there's not a touch of malice in him. He's the apple of your eye and I understand why.

VERA pats her eyes, touched. She pins two yellow feathers to her hair bun.

VERA

Don't say such nice things about the kids. I cry too easily, you know, both in sorrow and in joy. Yes, they are good kids! I Love them, and I think that their father sometimes is far too hard on them. We are obliged to use time and strength to put good things into their heads. Why should we have a roof over our heads and tables and arms and hearts if not for minding our children?

She sobs again and looks in the mirror to arrange a feather in her hair.

VERA

(smiles)

It's a feather Aphrodite lost.

GRACE

You give beautiful names to those you love.

BEN arrives in his truck. He enters.

BEN

OK, Vera, shall we be off?

VERA

I'm ready.

VERA goes to the closet to get her coat. BEN turns to GRACE.

BEN

Thanks for leaving the map out. I'd a plum forgot it, I'm sure. How did you know I was going so far?

GRACE

Last time I saw your thermos by the door the map was there beside it. When I saw the thermos out and no map I just ....

BEN

You're a sweet girl, Grace.  
Sweet as Miss Laura.

GRACE

Miss Laura?

BEN lowers his eyes.

VERA

You gave yourself away again,  
Ben.

(to GRACE)

I expect Miss Laura is what Ovid might call a Maenad.

BEN looks at GRACE apologetically.

GRACE

Ben, you don't have to be ashamed. Every one of us has the right to make the most of our lives. I'm sure that those houses with their ladies are a true joy to many men ...

BEN

It ain't nothing I'm proud of, it really ain't...

BEN and VERA go outside and drive off. GRACE watches them go. She puts the baby into his cradle and rocks him to silence.

NARRATOR

Vera leaving her children in Grace's care revealed more than Grace could know of the great guilelessness that existed in Dogville and the trust her personality had already engendered. Vera possessed a love for her children that was sometimes frightening. And the fact that they had never yet gone to bed hungry was not so much due to the family finances, which were extremely sparse, as to the simple fact that Vera's world view could encompass no other possibility.

JASON strolls in. He is whittling a stick. He looks at GRACE.

JASON  
I know what you're doing here.

GRACE  
You do?

JASON  
You want people to like you so  
you don't have to go away.

GRACE  
You're a bright little boy. I  
like Dogville. It's a fine place  
to live. Want me to read you a  
story? I see you have *The*  
*Odyssey*. I'll read to you about  
the Cyclops.

JASON  
You're real pretty.

GRACE  
Thank you, Jason.

JASON  
If you want my Ma to like you and  
let you stay, you'll just have to  
be nice to me. I promise I'll  
say you were. You don't have to  
read to me for that. I don't like  
the Cyclops. Two eyes are  
prettier....like Yours.

JASON gazes at her raptly.

GRACE  
OK, lets clean up a little  
instead then. You lend a hand.

JASON  
Ma says I don't have to work,  
'cept in my head.

GRACE  
But what if I were to ask you?

JASON  
OK!

GRACE  
I will tell you about Circe while  
we work. She had two eyes. Or  
maybe about Aphrodite.

## 12th SCENE

Later that day. The children are all gazing at GRACE at the blackboard. They are having fun. There are a few Greek words on the board. DIANA glances out of the window.

DIANA

Here comes Pa!

The children all fall silent. CHUCK enters with his tools. He stops up at the sight of GRACE. Everything grinds to a standstill. Then GRACE pulls herself together and continues her lesson. CHUCK watches in fury.

GRACE

Kalos in Greek means beauty --

CHUCK

What are you doin' here? Didn't we say we didn't need no help from you?

JASON

Ma asked her to mind me and Archelaus and we --

CHUCK

Quiet! Get out! The lot of you, git! You, too, Jason!

They exit. CHUCK stares rigidly at GRACE. Then at the board.

CHUCK

The same nonsense! They'd have done just great in Antiquity, no doubt.

(looks back at GRACE)

How goes it otherwise, with the fooling act!

GRACE

I'm not trying to fool anyone!

CHUCK

I mean Dogville! Does it have you fooled?

GRACE

I thought you were implying that I wanted to fool Dogville, to exploit the community and its residents in some terrible way.

CHUCK

Wishful thinking. This town is rotten from the inside out and I wouldn't miss it if it fell into the ocean.

I find no charm here, but you seem to. Admit it, you've fallen for Dogville.

(with bitter irony)

In the country people need a little time to open their hearts, but once opened those hearts are yours forever. The air, the mountains, the trees, the "simple folk"....and if all this hasn't fooled you yet, I bet the cinnamon has! That dammed cinnamon in those gooseberry pies. Dogville has everything that you ever dreamed of in the big city.

GRACE

You're worse than Tom. But, yes I found it all here in Dogville. Anyway, how do you know what I dreamed?

CHUCK

Because I was just as dumb when I set foot here. How else do you think I could end up in some cabin on the verge of nothing?

GRACE

Now I understand. You're from the city yourself.

CHUCK

That was a long time ago. But I found out that people are the same all over. Greedy as animals. In a small town they're just a bit less successful, but then all the hungrier, and not a bit less greedy than in the city. Just like dogs, if you feed 'em enough they'll eat till their bellies burst.

GRACE

That's why you wanted to get rid of me ... because you can't stand being reminded of what it was you came here to find.

CHUCK ponders this quietly. At that moment VERA arrives. She says goodbye to TOM, who she's been talking to. TOM looks as if he'd like to continue the conversation. VERA enters. CHUCK reverts to his grumpy self. He looks at GRACE angrily.

CHUCK

Now I'm telling you for the last



Moses doesn't like you. And I don't like you. The kids are going crazy enough from their Ma's teachin'. We don't need you here or anywhere in this town. And that's the way it is.

13th SCENE

Superimposed:

*The scene in which GRACE is at JACK MCKAY's*

We see from on high that GRACE is now sitting with JACK MCKAY, who continues to talk about light and effects that he extracts from his memory.

NARRATOR

Two weeks has passed far too quickly. Grace had enjoyed herself. All she could say was that she was fond of them all. Also the folk who had greeted her with reluctance and hostility. She had not come across one single false note, now she thought about it. Even though she hadn't won everybody over completely or even half way, or not at all, as Tom put it. She understood Dogville and her feelings were with the town. She had shown the town her face, her true face. She'd gone to great lengths to do so and yet, of course, there were things she'd kept to herself. But that was because they would have been hurtful and to hurt anyone was in all sincerity the very last thing she wished to do. But during Jack McKay's long lecture that evening she had found herself in a heart-searching mood. For does concealment come from love or from fear? Whether heart-searching or concern for her future was the cause, the result was that the otherwise so lovable Grace indulged in a pretty shady piece of provocation.

JACK MCKAY

So you agree that the windows of St. Bridget's didn't live up to their reputation when you first saw them? It isn't precisely the positioning of the church that's

Maybe it was simply the light in Los Angeles and the mosaics that kind of collided, I remember thinking..

GRACE sits for a moment.

GRACE

I think we've talked long enough about the way we remember seeing things. Why not talk about things the way we see them now?

JACK MCKAY

What do you mean, my dear?

GRACE

I mean we can talk for ages about our memories of the light of the Sunken Garden. Perhaps our words mean quite different things. Let's try talking about something we can see right now, that'll make it far easier to understand one another.

JACK MCKAY sits there for a moment uncomfortably.

JACK MCKAY

Then again, not a lot to look at here. Quite a wretched town, Dogville. Of little interest to look at all in all.

GRACE

Yes, but how about the view!

JACK MCKAY

The view? I don't go out. The sun and my skin, you know....

GRACE

Listen, yesterday I took a walk through Chuck's apple trees. If you go right up to the edge of the cliff you can just manage to peer round Ben's garage and get a view of your house from the side facing the gorge

JACK MCKAY

(uncertain)  
Maybe you can....

GRACE

I'd always wondered about those great wall hangings of yours.  
(pointing to the wall facing the gorge)

Then I suddenly realized why they were there. They conceal a huge window that looks out onto the gorge. They're not wall hangings at all, they're curtains! I'm sure that if you drew them aside there'd be a wonderful view for us to discuss!

JACK MCKAY sits for a moment, lost for words.

GRACE

Would you mind if I opened them, Mr. McKay?

JACK MCKAY

Er, no, no, of course not.

GRACE gets up and opens the curtains.

NARRATOR

The moment Grace had drawn the thick curtains and light poured into the half-dark room she felt almost frightened by her own initiative. For it was not just a wonderful view. The great window had been positioned in such a way that it captured the very essence of romantic landscape to perfection. From no other place in town could one see the mountains and forests like this. In no other place did the roundness of the pastures give way to sheer, naked cliffs so beautifully and dramatically. From no other place was the perspective so exaggeratedly verdant. The trees in the foreground could have been sited by an artist, the contour of the strip of forest on the low mountain a little further on was an inspired whim, and the alarmingly reflective walls of rock that characterized the majestic mountain panorama to the rear were as if chiseled out by Vera's Olympian Gods! Grace was ashamed at her effrontery. What a loss not to be able to see that view!

GRACE lowers her eyes. Jack just sits there, nodding.

JACK MCKAY

You're nobody's fool, Grace. As I'm sure you noticed, my curtains didn't work so good, and I'm sure you've already concluded that it's because they're not used very often.

GRACE

I'm sorry. I don't know what business I had with your curtains.

JACK MCKAY

Come on! You're right! The view's good - entrancing even - and the light ... Go on and ask me so that we can get it over and done with, why a man with such a love of light goes and hangs

JACK MCKAY (CONT'D)

curtains? Or do we have to go through a humiliating conversation where you trick me into talking about the number of pines on the slope - where I count twenty instead of the five anybody else'd count - and in this slick way you smoke me out?

GRACE

I am so dreadfully sorry, Mr. McKay. I have no right at all to interfere in your life like this. I don't know what came over me

JACK MCKAY

Yes, I'm blind, Miss Grace! You happy now? Not weak-sighted or myopic: blind! And now please leave and let me be that on my own now. Leave the curtains as they are. It makes no difference to me anymore. When I put them up it was to close the little light out I could still see, since the colors and all its life was gone for me for ever.

GRACE

I am so ashamed.

GRACE turns to leave. She really is upset by what she has done. She takes a few steps, and then turns to cast a last glance into the room. She looks out of the window.

GRACE

I understand why you had the curtains put up, really I do. The last light ... it's just turned. These colors really are quite indescribable now.

JACK MCKAY sits for a moment, nodding. He smiles sadly. GRACE looks at him tenderly.

JACK MCKAY

In Switzerland they call it *Alpenglügen*. It's the light reflected off the higher peaks after the sun sinks behind the mountains. I named the little alley outside after this. I saw this light for the first time 30 years ago. I got this place and put the window in myself. It looks east, not to

JACK MCKAY (CONT'D)

see the sunrise as some people think - no, that's so pale! It was there for the last light. And now its gone.

GRACE

But it hasn't gone. It's still there even if you can't see it. Wouldn't it help a little just to think about it?

JACK MCKAY

It's gone....Grace, and it's not coming back....

GRACE

It's still there, and I tell you. It's just as beautiful as you recall. The warm glow of the pines, the shadows from the western peaks on the mountains

JACK MCKAY

I beg you, please don't....

GRACE

But it's your view and it is still the same. The peaks have turned quite red now. The far pines are as dark as the cliffs. The small waterfall looks all frozen. The whole valley is wrapped up in the shadows now. It's all yours. Because it was you that found it first....

JACK MCKAY is weeping quietly. His head is in his hands. GRACE looks at him for a while and leaves quietly.

14th SCENE

Superimposed:

*The scene in which Dogville convenes again*

Everyone arrives at the mission house for the meeting.

NARRATOR

It was in complete silence that the people of Dogville turned up for the meeting at the mission house two weeks to the day since the beautiful fugitive had come to town. Grace was standing beside Tom, watching them convene. Grace was serene, and knew inside herself that this was the last time she would see these now so familiar faces. She had at least two of them against her, and even one would have been too many.

TOM

Welcome to you all. The good people of Dogville. Two weeks has gone and now it is time for your verdict.

MRS HENSON

(gazes at GRACE)

Is it right that she should be here while we talk?

TOM SR.

When Grace came she made no attempt to hide her weakness for us, in spite of the danger. For us to be as open, and to tell her to her face if we want to expel her, is of no danger.

GRACE

Of course I will not stay while you talk. You are quite right Mrs. Henson. Nobody should be prevented from speaking their mind out of politeness. Before I go, I'd just like to say one thing, as it might be the last chance I get. The town let me

It respected that I kept my history to myself, believing that it is not the past but the person here and now that matters. My part of the world would never have been so generous. I just want you to know, that you have my greatest respect and admiration, no matter what the your discission might be today.

GRACE looks around. Then she walks towards the door.

GRACE

Bye, Tom, I'll wait at the mine. If the vote says that I should leave, I'll take the path across the mountain while it's still daylight. I'll just pass the house and change into my own clothes. They're in a bundle under your desk. The top and apron and the other things I borrowed to work in. I ask you to return for me. Nobody has to meet me again before I go. Just ring the bell, Martha, and I'll understand. No, do me the favor of ringing the bell once for every vote to let me stay. Then I can carry the sound with me when I go. If the count doesn't reach 17, believe me I'll understand. After these two weeks I love Dogville so much, and I'll pray for better times for you and your town with every step I take up the mountains.

TOM is about to speak, but his father beats him to it.

TOM SR.

All right, Grace. We'll do it your way. I know Tom is anxious to plead your cause, but I think he's had his allotted time. We know his view. We respect it. And now he must respect ours.

TOM nods gravely to his father.

TOM SR. (cont'd)

Let us hear from those who think they have anything to add, and then proceed to the vote. If we start from the north and work southward, Ben will be the first with the responsibility to state yea or nay as to whether Grace

We'll conclude with Vera and  
Chuck. Thank you, Grace. Go now.

GRACE leaves. She doesn't look back at the mission house where the meeting is in session. She goes in to the Edison house and retrieves the bundle from under the desk. She sits down and looks at it for a moment. She sighs. Then she turns on the RADIO.

She listens to the lovely song that emerges faintly. Then she takes off the apron and other borrowed items and places them on the desk. She does so slowly and meticulously, as if in a dream. Then she opens her bundle and looks at it. She is astonished by the contents. She picks up the items and looks at them

NARRATOR

Grace pulled her bundle out from under the bureau. Merely beneath her hands it felt unfamiliar. It was heavier than her few items of apparel would give reason for. She opened it. She pulled out a folded sheet of paper. It was a map. A map Tom had drawn. He had known where the bundle was and had put it there. It showed the path across the mountain. And all the dangerous spots were furnished with witty, horrific little sketches. Grace smiled at them. She looked at the bundle again. She found a loaf. It was from Vera, the kind only she could bake, but there was more. Several people had had the same idea. They had eased gifts into the bundle for her. Jason's beloved little penknife lay there, all polished and shiny. And a pie from Ma Ginger and Gloria. And some clothing and matches, and Aphrodite's rich yellow feathers that Vera wore in her hair and a hymnal from Martha. Grace opened it with a smile at number 288, where Martha always had trouble with the fingering because her fingers were too short to span the range the notes required, and which they had therefore practiced very often. And between the pages lay a carefully folded dollar bill. Martha alone could not have afforded it. Grace had friends in Dogville. That was for sure. Whether they were few or many did not matter a jot.



Grace had bared her throat to the town and she was happy because she had done so and it had responded with a great gift: with friends.

GRACE wraps up the items, profoundly moved. She turns off the radio and goes out. She walks past the barking dog in its pen with a smile. She takes up position by the mine. Small, holding her bundle. Worried at the world she is now preparing to set out into.

NARRATOR

No gangster could deprive her of this meeting with the township no matter how many guns in the world. The people of Dogville could send her away now. And now let the bell ring, even if there were few strokes and fewer than 17. She knew now that she meant something to the town and its residents and that her stay had been of significance. Not much, perhaps, but nevertheless a trace she had left. And the first in her young life in which she took pride.

GRACE looks more resolute. She has straightened her back. She smiles, lost in a dream. Then the bell rings. GRACE is torn from her dream. She looks down at the mission house. Then the bell rings a second time. It rings at regular intervals. GRACE grows more and more animated. She is now counting on her fingers.

GRACE

... thirteen ... fourteen ...  
fifteen ... sixteen ...

NARRATOR

Grace counted on her fingers: thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, so McKay must have voted for her after all, and if so, why not Chuck, too?

GRACE is feverish. She listens with a trace of hope. But now the bell is silent. After a while she nods. It was very close. She smiles to herself. She picks up her bundle and sets off toward the path. She turns one last time and looks down over Dogville before stepping onto the path. As she leaves the street the seventeenth stroke is heard. GRACE turns round. She can't believe it. She sits down on the ground. Tom strides up Elm Street. He is smiling at her. She looks at him.

GRACE

Everyone? All seventeen?

TOM

Everyone!

GRACE

McKay and Chuck, too. I'd never  
have thought ...

TOM

I think they like you here.

GRACE embraces TOM.

15th SCENE

Superimposed:

*The scene with happy times in Dogville*

GRACE, TOM, LIZ, BEN, and some of the kids are unloading an old iron bedstead from BEN's truck. They struggle to get it into Grey's old shed on Steep Hill Street. The rest of the children plays close by. GRACE laughs with TOM and the others.

NARRATOR

It had really come about. They'd decided to let Grace stay in town. And as she had to be kept hidden and could not leave the vicinity, they also decided that everyone in town was to give according to his abilities an allowance that would meet her needs. In return she was to continue to work according to her previous schedule, by which she provided services for everybody in turn. And they'd found her a place to live, a place that with a bit of effort would provide a good roof over her head, namely The old Mill. The little wooden shed lay high up with a view in all directions, concealed from the road, and with plenty of escape routes if escape proved necessary, either via Canyon Road or by the path through the apple orchard into the valley. The mill had once been in connection with a construction that led the rock from the mine into the mill, but that lay all in ruins now. As the

And although Grace wanted to return all the gifts from her bundle as she didn't need them for her escape, everyone said no: though she did persuade Jason to borrow back knife, 'in the meantime,' as he put it.

GRACE gives JASON the knife and he runs off, beaming. Now everyone leaves GRACE alone in her house. BEN is the last to leave. He smiles at her.

BEN

You see? That's what I am talking about with the freight industry. Miss Laura had thrown the bed out. Where it was it was of no use to anybody. A good thing, just in the wrong place. But with my truck...People really shouldn't poke fun at the freight industry.

GRACE

That's true, Ben. Thank you so much and to your miss Laura too. You should be proud of yourself and the work you do

BEN touches his cap and leaves. Now LIZ comes back at a run.' She is laughing.

LIZ

I just had to tell you that I had a really selfish reason for voting to keep you in Dogville.

GRACE

What was that?

LIZ

It was such a relief when you turned up and you were the one all the men had eyes for. You know, Tom and them. I've had to put up with it for so long ... frankly, I just didn't have the energy for it anymore.

GRACE

You're a fine one, Liz. They'll always have eyes for you. You can't get out of it, you know full well.

LIZ laughs and hugs GRACE. Then she runs off. GRACE walks around her home on her own. She admires it inside and out.

She listens to the sound of a rose branch scraping one window in the wind. She makes up her bed with pride.

NARRATOR

Grace was pleased with her new home. It was small, and she liked that, just as she liked the small sound of the wild rose scratching on her windowpane.

CHUCK approaches up the path from the orchard. He stops and looks up at GRACE beside her new home. She waves to him. She runs down the hill to where he is standing.

GRACE

Thanks for your help, Chuck. I'm truly grateful.

CHUCK

I don't want your gratitude. I'm like the rest of 'em. I reckon I'll get something out of it in the end.

GRACE

(smiles)

I believe you are far nicer than you care to admit.

CHUCK

It really wasn't that dangerous to let you stay, you know. Everyone of us still has the power of life and death over you.

GRACE

That's true, Chuck. You all have the choice to give me away anytime and there is nothing I can do. In my previous life that would have been a terrible torment to me, but the way I feel now it's good. It's out of my hands. And you have my gratitude, Chuck, whether you want it or not.

GRACE smiles and goes back into her home. CHUCK watches her go, and maybe smiles a little now nobody can see him. Then he is on his way.

16th SCENE

MONTAGE of GRACE's everyday life in Dogville. Close up of the happy things with persons only in the corner of the frame.

16th SCENE A

The organ pedals tread by GRACE while MARTHA practices, quite carried away.

16th SCENE B

The bell that chimes in between it all.

16th SCENE C

The blackboard at VERA's where GRACE and her laugh at something the kids wrote. VERA laughs till she cries.

16th SCENE D

Shoes. OLIVIA's. GRACE is amusing herself by treating the reluctant OLIVIA like a queen. She polish her shoes.

16th SCENE E

Wheelchair. GRACE runs OLIVIA around in it, much to JUNE's merriment.

16th SCENE F

A glass that GRACE at work with LIZ holds up to the sun. It looks fantastic.

16th SCENE G

Hands On Checker pieces. GRACE is helping BILL we see, causing TOM real problems.

16th SCENE H

GRACE marking different routes on BEN's map. He is sitting beside her, nodding thoughtfully.

16th SCENE I

The stove, where GRACE bakes at MA GINGER and GLORIA's, and smoke comes out of the chimney and is carried away by the wind.

16th SCENE J

The medicine closet at Edison's. GRACE taking out a scope. TOM Sr.as he sits in his rocking chair looking worried.

16th SCENE K

The figurines in the shop window being picked up and wrapped.

NARRATOR

The period of spring and early

Martha's ringing every hour was the perfect way to conduct her through the day and from one location to the next. One day Grace had accidentally discovered a way of treading on the pedals of the organ that left air in them, and after considerable persuasion she had eventually got Martha to agree to play a couple of proper notes, just to empty the bellows, naturally, so that they wouldn't be left under pressure and thus be spoiled. And now they had tacitly agreed that as long as it was Grace who trod the pedals, Martha could play without feeling any guilt about wear and tear. And in general Grace was happy in her work, and when she received her wages, by exercising true thrift she was able to afford a tiny china figurine from the row that had stood for so long gathering dust in the window of Ma Ginger's store, but which Grace had fallen for to distraction. There were seven funny little figures in the series, and Grace dreamed that in time she would be able to acquire them all. Grace was now almost family to most of the towns-folk. From Gloria and Ma Ginger she learned to bake pies and make chutney, and she had become an excellent pupil, everyone could see that. And slowly the white hands stopped being so white and suddenly one day they simply looked like a pair of hands that could have belonged to anyone in any little rural community. And she sat with Jack McKay when darkness fell. And she was his eyes, directed at the magic hues in the shadows of the dying day. And his curtains were never shut again. To Tom's pop, the old doctor, who imagined he had a new ailment every single day and prescribed endless rest cures, she had to be severe, telling him that there was nothing wrong with him; soon he couldn't hear this often enough, and actually grew friskier and friskier.

And the very latest development now that summer was at its peak: Grace had been given leave to accompany Chuck into the orchard. As an exception, seeing as the eldest girl was sickly, but even so.

17th SCENE

GRACE approaches up the path from the orchard. She has a basket of tools on her back. CHUCK is also ascending. GRACE slumps onto the old lady's bench. CHUCK comes up and sits down beside her. He wipes the sweat from his brow.

GRACE

Well, how did I do? Among the apples?

CHUCK

What does it matter? I hate those damn trees.

GRACE

I think they're beautiful. And so do you. I watched your hands when you pruned the young trees. You like the apples and you like Dogville as much as the day you came.

CHUCK

Hogwash! Out and out romantic city-dweller claptrap. But don't worry, you'll get over it.

He gets up and picks up his basket.

CHUCK

What's the use of pruning anyway, if you break the tree?

CHUCK also takes GRACE's basket with the tools with him. He walks up the street. GRACE laughs. She stays sitting on the bench. She looks out over the valley with a smile.

NARRATOR

When Grace was off, and the townspeople were all busy with their families and homes, she liked to sit here and go through the town in her mind.

To inhale and enjoy all of her favorite places: the lot in back of the store with Ma Ginger's three gooseberry bushes, the square on the steep slope down to the orchard where the air was always so good, the path to Vera and the kid's where she and Vera had so often had to go outside to laugh together at the way one of the kids had so solemnly mispronounced one of the ancient names quite wrongly and the tears had rolled down Vera's cheeks because she cried so easily both in sorrow and joy, even the road past the ever-growling dog in Chuck and Vera's dog pen had become domestic and snug. Grace thrilled to the shadow of the spire atop the mission house that indeed pointed precisely at the door of Ma Ginger's store every day when Martha's bell told her it was five o'clock.

We are all over town as GRACE's mind flows. Now GRACE hears MARTHA ring the bell five times. She smiles and turns towards MA GINGER's store. She looks at the shadow. Indeed it is pointing at the door. She looks at the shadow of the bell in its tower and the silhouette of the rope. Suddenly the shadow of the rope moves. The bell swings. It strikes. GRACE looks up, startled. The bell continues to ring. MA GINGER comes towards her over from the mission house. She waves GRACE away furiously. GRACE looks down Canyon road. She sees the car far away. Now we hear the motor. She runs toward the mine. Once she is up the mountainside she looks back. She sees the car turn onto Elm Street. She runs into the mine.

The car moves along the street. It is a police car. It stops in the middle of Elm Street. A POLICEMAN gets out and looks around inquiringly.

#### NARRATOR

But today the bell in its tower did not only announce that it was five o'clock but also, by a signal which nobody despite Ma Ginger's initial concern could have confused with the ringing of the hours, that somebody had appeared on the road from Georgetown to Dogville: for the first time in living memory law enforcers had come to Dogville!

Many people peer out through the windows of the town. Nobody moves. CHUCK is the only one that comes out to the



OFFICER  
Evenin', sir. Is this the whole  
place? There a town hall?

CHUCK  
Naw.

OFFICER  
I got me a notice to paste up.

CHUCK  
We got the mission house.. That  
do you?

OFFICER  
Sure.

CHUCK points.

The OFFICER puts up a small notice on the wall of the mission house. CHUCK approaches and examines it. It shows a picture of GRACE, looking a deal more like a fine lady. MISSING, it reads.

CHUCK  
Wha'd she do?

OFFICER  
Disappeared! That's all it says.  
I guess somebody's been missing  
her. Heard tell she was last seen  
around here. We're putting these  
things up all over the county.

CHUCK  
And if somebody sees her, they  
should go to the police?

The OFFICER returns to his car.

OFFICER  
I guess that's the idea.

The police OFFICER turns his car round and drives off. He gives CHUCK a wave as he passes. CHUCK watches him go. BEN almost crashes into the unexpected police car on the bend down by Canyon Road. Now GRACE emerges from the mine. She goes up to CHUCK. The others also come into the street and look at the poster. CHUCK stands there for a moment lost in thought, gazing after the police car. TOM comes also up and looks at the poster.

18th SCENE

Superimposed:

The scene called Forth of July in Dogville after all

GRACE and the townspeople are in the mission house. The notice is hanging outside.

NARRATOR

Grace realized from that day that her trials were far from over. The presence of a police car in Dogville had made an impression, no doubt about it.

TOM is speaking again.

TOM

We knew that these men were not going to give up easily. Reporting her missing is the easiest way in the world to get people to start looking for her. These posters hang all over the county. Which means nobody suspects she's with us

MRS HENSON is fidgeting.

MRS HENSON

But it was a policeman. Isn't it a duty to respond to the police? I mean, legally speaking.  
(coughs)

I'm sorry, but when I'm nervous I cough.

MR HENSON is beside her at once, handkerchief at the ready.

TOM

She's just a missing person. She didn't do anything. He even said so.

GRACE

I understand Mrs. Henson completely. Maybe you should all vote again.

TOM

Listen, we can't resort to plebiscites time after time. If you let Grace stay at all, you should show her you mean it. If she's going to settle here the way we'd like, it's no good if we make her feel she could be turned back out into the cold at a moment's notice.

(looking around)

Well, what do you say? Who's got cold feet because of her picture on a piece of paper?

All those who think Grace should  
leave, speak out now or forever  
hold your peace!

The group is silent.

MARTHA

What will Vera have to tell the  
children.

VERA steps forth.

VERA

When Chuck told me about the law  
being here, I sat the children  
down and told them the truth.  
They know how dangerous it'll be  
for Grace if word ever gets out  
about her presence here. They all  
love her. Don't worry about them.

TOM

All right. The meeting is  
adjourned.

GRACE looks searchingly at the various people in the hall.

#### 19th SCENE

Most of the townsfolk are busy. They're decorating for a  
party, with a picnic supper outside the mission house.  
GRACE takes a load of flowers from the back of BEN's truck.  
She walks down the street with her arms full. GRACE casts a  
satisfied glance through MA GINGER's store window. The air  
is full of floating white tufts of seeds from a distant  
meadow.

NARRATOR

The Fourth of July was  
approaching. The little episode  
with the police was soon  
forgotten. Everyone was busy  
getting ready. Despite their  
limited means they were  
determined to make a party of it.  
They'd not let hard times spoil  
their fun. And so much time had  
now passed that Grace was able to  
ascertain that but two of the  
little china figurines remained  
in Ma Ginger's window, and were  
thus the only two she had not yet  
been able to save up enough to  
purchase.

GRACE passes the mission house. She glances uncertainly at  
the notice. She drops some of the flowers. One of VERA's  
big girls quickly hangs some decorations over it with a  
conspiratorial smile to GRACE.

BEN is sitting in his truck with a bottle, covertly watching pretty GRACE in her flimsy summer dress as she bends down to pick up the flowers and reveals a hem of her underwear. Disgruntled, BEN notices CHUCK approaching GRACE rapidly.

CHUCK

Could you put in a couple of hours with me in the orchard again today? It's real nice down there with the sunshine!

GRACE

Chuck, it's the Fourth of July! And what's all this about sunshine? Are turning into a hopeless romantic like me?

CHUCK looks hurt.

GRACE

Grab that ladder, and help me hang these flowers. We'll have ourselves a fine picnic. Vera taught the girls a new song.

CHUCK

(crossly)

Picnics and songs! And in the winter we'll all starve....

GRACE

(puts the ladder into his hands)

Even Ben's cancelled his trip today. Now don't tell me that fruit is more important than freight.

CHUCK reluctantly begins hanging up the flowers. GRACE smiles up at him. TOM comes by.

GRACE

Hi there, Tom!

TOM

Hi, Grace. Have you got a moment? I've got something very interesting to tell you.

GRACE

You'll have to make it quick. We have a lot to do today.

TOM leads her to the old lady's bench. They sit down. The air is even thicker with tufts.

TOM

The thing is, I've got so much going on in my head

GRACE

Yes, It must be awfully tiring!

TOM

I think I've done a pretty good analysis of the folks in this town. I think I understand them in some meaningful way, I mean. But then I tried to analyze you, I got absolutely nowhere.

GRACE

Well, that's nice.

TOM

I don't know. It's certainly a challenge. Liz is easy to read, of course. It's true, as you say, that I was crazy about her, but as I can see right through her, intellectually I mean, my desire was of a purely physical nature. But with you, it's not so easy.

GRACE turns towards him.

GRACE

Tom Edison, what are you trying to tell me?

TOM

Well, maybe it isn't quite clear in my head, after all.

GRACE

(a big smile)

Are you trying to say that you're in love with me?

TOM

Well, that wasn't exactly the word I was going to use. But yes, I suppose ...

GRACE

That's lovely, because I think I am in love with you, too.

TOM

Are you really?

GRACE

You're so easy to be with. I only have to do what I feel like doing.

TOM

It's all so very ... interesting.  
(a smile)

Oh, listen, they're calling.  
You'd better get back to your  
preparations.

GRACE  
I didn't hear them.

TOM  
Maybe not then. But you'd better  
hurry on back anyway. We'll see  
each other at supper.

TOM gets up awkwardly and hastens off. GRACE remains seated  
for a moment, a smile on her lips, before she gets up, too.

20th SCENE

The festivities in the summer night are well under way.  
VERA's kids sing a mournful song as MARTHA plays the organ  
from inside the mission house, now pushing the pedals  
herself with a smile. The song is about love. JASON sings  
at the top of his voice while CHUCK cringes. The townsfolk  
have eaten at a long table down the middle of the street.  
TOM is sitting beside GRACE. He is stealing glances at her.  
She is radiant, and beams at everyone around her. She takes  
TOM's hand beneath the table and gives it a squeeze. BILL  
notices and gives LIZ a nudge, and LIZ takes a careless  
swipe at him for being nosey. Everyone applauds. Now JACK  
McKAY gets to his feet. He raises his glass.

JACK McKAY  
As you see, I have brought no  
notes with me. This year I don't  
need to pretend that I am able to  
read them. Which brings me  
straight to the point. Yes, it's  
you, Grace! You have quite simply  
made Dogville a better place to  
live. Even grumpy ol' Chuck was  
caught smiling in the street the  
other day.

Everyone at the table nods at one another.

JACK McKAY  
I've never seen your smile,  
Grace, but I can easily describe  
it. It's made from every color  
refracted in the world's shiniest  
damn prism. I know I can say on  
behalf of the town that we're  
proud to have you among us. Thank  
you for letting us see who you  
really are. Here's to you, Grace.  
Please remain in Dogville with us  
for as long as you like.

They all raise their glasses. LIZ hugs GRACE. Everyone is  
happy. They all want to toast her in person. The store  
telephone rings. MA GINGER scurries inside to answer it.

She talks a while as everyone else finished the toast. Even MRS HENSON raises her glass.

MRS HENSON  
To you Grace.

GRACE  
To you, Mrs. Henson.

MA GINGER returns to the table.

MA GINGER  
It's a police car! It has just  
turned up Canyon Road!

MARTHA  
(confused)  
Should I ring the bell then?

TOM  
No, you sit down, Martha. Grace  
heard you. She knows already  
that she'll have to make another  
trip to the mine. But we'll get  
rid of 'em in a flash, and we  
promise her not to eat all the  
pie if we can help it.

GRACE gets up.

GRACE  
Yes, I've got to go. Thank you  
Ginger.

GRACE leaves the company and heads off to the darkness of the mine shaft. The mood around the table is muted. Everyone is waiting for the car that's on its way. It appears on Canyon Road. It stops next to the table. The OFFICER we saw earlier gets out. He has another notice in his hand. He nods to the diners.

OFFICER  
Should have been celebrating  
myself, if this hadn't come up.  
Have to change that missing  
person notice. It's that lady  
again. That's why she  
disappeared. She's wanted in  
connection with some bank  
robberies on the West Coast.

The policeman posts the notice, a WANTED POSTER, and pulls down the other one. TOM thinks.

TOM  
When did these robberies take  
place?

OFFICER

Last couple of months. You don't get much news up here, do you?

TOM

(nods in a superior way)  
My fathers radio only plays music  
I am afraid....

OFFICER

(gets back into the car  
crossly)  
Well, all I know is that they say  
she's dangerous, and that anyone  
with any information about her  
had better call us pronto.  
That's the law.

The police car leaves. There is silence round the table.

TOM

So much for your faith in the  
forces of law and order, ladies  
and gentlemen. She's been here  
all the time. Even if she'd  
wanted to she wouldn't have had a  
chance of doing what they're  
accusing her of.

TOM SR.

That's true, Tom, but it's an  
unpleasant business all the same.

Nobody else around the table says a word.

21st SCENE

Superimposed:

*The scene in which GRACE is awfully busy and CHUCK comes home early*

TOM and GRACE are listening to the radio, volume turned down. GRACE is examining TOM Sr.'s back. He looks concerned.

NARRATOR

Grace was the same and so was the town. That the gangsters had fixed to have charges made against Grace in their efforts to neutralize her came as no surprise. But everything had changed a little yet again.

GRACE puts TOM Sr.'s shirt back on him. He looks up at her, worried.



GRACE

(shakes her head  
reassuringly)

No, Mr. Edison, no luck this time either. I found exactly the same kind of little lump in exactly the same spot on the other side of your back. We can only say that it belongs on your body, a perfectly natural little thing that serves some purpose or other, but you're the doctor.

TOM SR.

Yes, it does sound most positive, I must say. It would surely be very improbable for cancer to develop with such precise symmetry. But of course anything's possible.

GRACE

Mr. Edison! We've talked this over so many times. Just accept the fact that you're an exceptionally healthy elderly gentleman.

TOM Sr.

(with a smile of relief)  
I'd better rest all the same,  
just to be on the safe side.

TOM Sr. heads for his room with its rocking chair. TOM Sr. shuts his door behind him and sits down in his rocking chair to rest. GRACE looks at TOM with concern.

GRACE

What else did they say?

TOM

They couldn't argue that anything had changed, not really. It was more that by not informing the police they could now be regarded as criminals themselves.

GRACE

I'll leave tonight. Enough is enough.

TOM

As a matter of fact, I suggested just the opposite.

GRACE

You what?

TOM

From a business perspective, your presence here has now become more costly for Dogville. You see, if it's more dangerous for people to have you here - not that they don't want you - then there must be some counterbalance, some quid pro quo.

GRACE

Sounds like words those gangsters would use....

TOM

No, listen: It's not only become more difficult for the town to keep you, but there's a bigger incentive for you to stay. With all those wanted posters around I can hardly imagine any place else you could go.

GRACE

And how should I "counterbalance" that?

TOM

I proposed that you should pay a visit to folks twice a day now - of course, only if you agree - in lieu of doubling the number of hours you work, which was suggested, I might add. This way it'll seem you're willing to contribute more. It's really just to head off any unpleasantness, Grace.

GRACE

I still think it sounds peculiar and difficult to put into practice.

TOM

That's occurred to me, too. But Martha's willing to help. She's agreed to ring the bell every half hour so you can keep track of your new schedule.

GRACE

And then they would be willing to let me stay?

TOM

Mrs. Henson, of course, took the opportunity to argue they should cut your pay. Merely symbolic. It was the word *dangerous* on the poster that worried her.

GRACE

Of course, I'm prepared to roll up my sleeves and give a little extra. With or without pay if you're certain they wouldn't rather see me leave town?

TOM

I am sure of it. You heard McKay's speech.

GRACE

I hardly know what to think any more. But let's do it this way if you think it's for the best. And if it's what you agreed to with the others.

TOM

It was.

GRACE gets up and shakes her head in resignation.

GRACE

In that case, I'd better go home to rest. My days look like they're going to be a bit busier....

TOM gets up. He takes her hand. He stands there a moment as if he wants to kiss her. But he hugs her instead.

She kisses his cheek and goes out. TOM is left standing there, slightly frustrated. She returns. He looks at her happily.

GRACE

Oh, Tom!

TOM

Yes, Grace?

GRACE

I'm scared. I know I shouldn't be, but ... that card the man in the car gave you ... you haven't shown it to anyone, have you?

TOM

Come on Grace! Of course I burned it first thing.

GRACE

Of course ... silly of me. I'm sorry, but you have to put up with the less glamorous side of me. Goodnight, Tom. And thank you for all you are doing for me.

GRACE kisses him on the lips. She smiles and hurries out. He watches her go with a smile.

22nd SCENE A to H

Montage of GRACE running from house to house seen from above as the bell rings.

NARRATOR

Everybody was really against any changes to Grace's working conditions at all when the subject occasionally came up in conversation among the households where Grace suddenly had to scoot off to another job when the bell from the mission house tower so commanded. Oh, Ben had declared in sympathy that he wouldn't accept any more work than before, and Grace was grateful for that, even if he was a bit drunk when he said so. But irrespective of whether they thought the idea of increasing Grace's services had any fairness and justification to it or not, it didn't seem to make anyone any happier. More to the contrary. As a matter of fact Chuck was the least concerned, and her work with him among the apples was one of the things Grace most looked forward to in the course of her now extremely protracted working day.

22ND SCENE I

GRACE is polishing a glass. Suddenly it explodes in her hand. MRS HENSON enters.

MRS HENSON

You'll have to be more careful. Liz wasn't careful enough, either, but at least she didn't break our glasses. My husband's good at grinding off the traces from the moulds. But it makes the glass weak. I thought you knew that.

GRACE

I'm sorry, Mrs. Henson! It won't happen again. I'll pay you for it, of course.

MRS HENSON

(more kindly)

Course you don't have to pay for the glass. We'll get over it.

GRACE hears the distant bell. She takes off her work coat. She nods at MRS HENSON.

GRACE

Goodbye, Mrs. Henson. And thank you. I'm afraid I'm a bit behind today. And poor Chuck's so busy down in the orchard these days.

MRS HENSON

Goodbye, Grace.

GRACE runs down Elm Street. She no longer hears Moses' monotonous bark. She sprints past MA GINGER's store. She takes a shortcut between two of the gooseberry bushes on her way to the orchard.

NARRATOR

Grace ran quickly down Elm Street. She no longer even heard Moses' monotonous and ever suspicious bark from the dog pen. She really didn't want to upset Chuck by being so terribly late. They were going to remove grass from around the tree trunks, not so much that the soil would be rained off the mountainside, and not so little that the trees wouldn't be able to breathe and the mice get too close. She sprinted past Ma Ginger's store. She took a shortcut between two of the gooseberry bushes on her way to the orchard, only to be brought up by a shout.

MA GINGER

Grace!

GRACE stops. MA GINGER is in her back yard, rake in hand. GRACE looks back at the route she took.

GRACE

Sorry, I didn't notice you had just raked

MA GINGER

It's not that I've just raked it.  
The idea is that people should  
pass around the bushes  
completely. I prefer it that way,  
as you should know.

GRACE

Er, I thought the chains had been  
put there because there was a  
path between the bushes.

MA GINGER

The chains are there because  
people passed between the bushes  
when they took a shortcut to the  
orchard. The chains were put up  
so that people don't damage the  
bushes on top of everything.

GRACE

But everyone goes that way

MA GINGER

That's right, and that's because  
they've been doing it for years.  
But you haven't been here that  
long.

GRACE

You say I am less entitled to use  
the shortcut because I haven't  
always lived here?

MA GINGER

No, of course not. I just  
thought you were pleased to be  
here, that's all.

GRACE looks at her in surprise for a moment.

GRACE

(passionately)

I'm very pleased to be here. I am  
sorry if anything I did could be  
interpreted otherwise. I really  
am. I know how much those bushes  
mean to you. It was unthinking of  
me.

MA GINGER

(mollified)

All right, run along, since  
you're in such a hurry.

GRACE moves towards the path. She waves to MA GINGER.

GRACE

Bye, Ma Ginger, see you this afternoon, and I'll rake those bushes like they've never been raked before, I promise.

GRACE disappears down the path to the orchard.

23rd SCENE

CHUCK ascends the path from the orchard with a basket of small, unripe apples on his back. He sits down on the bench, exhausted. He looks testy. Shortly afterwards GRACE appears with a bundle of large branches covered in half-withered leaves on her back. She sits down beside him. She looks at him.

GRACE

I'm sorry about that branch?

(she looks at one of the branches she has put down)

There were too many apples on it....there's juice in those apples even if they aren't ripe.

CHUCK

I should have propped up that branch, but I got greedy.

GRACE

Is it greedy to want to feed your children?

CHUCK

(shrugs)

Soil up here's exhausted. That's all there is to say about it. It's just like the mine. First they took the gold, then the silver, then the tin. They washed the river away, they dug out the soil, and they blew up the rock face. There's nothing left up here. Apples can't live off thin air.

GRACE

If anyone can make them grow, it's you. I've seen you spend a whole day using your finger nails to pinch off leaves with lice, just from a single tree.

CHUCK

So why don't you like me?

GRACE

What makes you ask me that?

CHUCK

When I get close to you you edge away.

GRACE

I don't

CHUCK

You did so when we were thinning the seedlings in the bottom row. How am I supposed to show you what I do if I ain't allowed to touch you?

GRACE

Chuck ... you wanted to kiss me.

CHUCK

Listen, Vera's never took any interest in the apples. She hates the orchard. It's the first time I ever met anyone who understood about the apples. Together we made 'em grow, Grace. The two of us! Everything was blooming. There was abundance and it was ours together. That's all. I'm sorry it made me so happy.

GRACE

That's all right, Chuck.

CHUCK

No, it ain't! I reckon the stuff about the apples is just words in your mouth. If you can't really share my pleasure --

GRACE

Chuck, I do share your pleasure, I swear.

CHUCK

(shakes his head)

If the branches can't take the weight of the fruit what the heck does anything matter

CHUCK gets up. In his irritation he picks up a small, unripe apple. He looks at it, and then hurls it over the edge of the gorge in fury.



CHUCK

Vera wants me to pickin' apples from trees that are barely in the ground. Things take time. That's love, seeing what they need and respecting those needs. If anyone understands that, it's you. Least I thought so.

GRACE

I do understand.

CHUCK

Maybe, but you edge away when I get close

GRACE

I'm sorry

CHUCK

I know I am losing the apples. I ain't worthy of getting close to, I know that, but do you have to show it all the time? Why do you find me so repugnant?

GRACE

I do not find you repugnant. On the contrary. I have so much respect for what you do. I apologize if it seemed like I had some objection to you.

CHUCK

Sure seems that way.

GRACE gets up and draws him to the bench.

GRACE

I see why you were offended. Please don't be upset anymore. Please ... I'm sorry I doubted for a moment whether I did know you. You, who wouldn't hurt a sapling, I've seen you twist the rotten fruit off the branch as gently as if you were picking up little Archelaus and laying him in his bed. I won't doubt you again. I promise.

CHUCK

Thank you, Grace. But don't make that promise. When you fended me off, a thought came into my mind that made me ashamed. A thought that you'd hate me for, and rightly so. How can I ever ask you to forgive me?

GRACE

Hate you, no, I could never hate you, Chuck. What were you thinking?

CHUCK

Shall I tell you? I am so ashamed. After what you just said.

GRACE

Tell me. When somebody's been treated unfairly, they're capable of all kinds of angry thoughts. I'm sure that whatever it was you were thinking, I'll understand.

CHUCK

I thought of turning you in!

GRACE

Turning me in?

CHUCK

Yes. To the laws. I thought of blackmailing you into liking me. Into respecting me.

GRACE

It means that much to you?

CHUCK

Yes.

GRACE

You've really been left alone out here with these apples, haven't you. Nobody was there to comfort you when the frost came too early. You held out your hand to me because I was there with you. Because we did those things together. I am the one who should be asking forgiveness.

CHUCK

Thank you, Grace. You don't know how much it means to me to get it off my chest. We share the apples. That's what matters most.

GRACE

That's what matters most, Chuck. Shall we shake on it? Are we still friends?

... his hand. She takes it. He caresses her

He helps her with her branches. Then they set off in a better mood up Elm Street into town.

24th SCENE

Superimposed:

*The scene in which GRACE cries her heart out at TOM's*

It is late. In her home, GRACE has collapsed into bed. She closes her eyes and takes a deep breath. TOM approaches and knocks on the door. GRACE answers it.

TOM

You sleeping? Sorry to disturb you. I'll come back another time.

GRACE

No, no, c'mon in. I was just resting. There's an awful lot to do in Dogville considering nobody needs anything done! Even Vera's kids are too much for me right now. Jason's wants to sit on my lap all the time. He is quite impossible.

TOM smiles and sits on the bed. GRACE lays her head in his lap. She closes her eyes.

TOM

(looks at her fondly)  
You're doing a wonderful job. I'm very proud of you. You give us all so much. What Mr. McKay said was right on the button.

GRACE

He put his hand on my knee today while I was describing the sunset

TOM

I expect it was an accident, after all, he is blind.

GRACE

And Ma Ginger bawled me out for running across the gravel path!

TOM

That only means that you're one of us now. You said so yourself: when you're close, you have to share the less unpleasant things, too. Mrs. Henson and Ma Ginger snapping at you is merely proof that you're no longer exempt from the rules. You should take it as a compliment

GRACE

Thanks, Tom. You're always able to see through it all. I really am in love with you. Rub my temples a little, will you? I'll be sound asleep in two minutes flat.

TOM

(rubs her temples gently)  
And what if I don't want you to go to sleep?

GRACE

I'm afraid you can't stop me, not tonight.

TOM

(looks at her fondly)  
I love you, Grace.

GRACE

I am glad you love me, Tom ... I love you, too.

TOM

But I yearn for you when I am not with you.

GRACE

That's sweet, but I happen to be working thirteen hours a day. And you're the one responsible for that.

TOM

No, I mean ... I yearn for you when we're together like this. I yearn to be even closer to you ... to touch you ... the way people do when they love each other

GRACE

Dear Tom, we've got our whole lives ahead of us, and the right moment for touching will come quite naturally. That's what I like so much about you, you don't demand your daily hour-and-a-half. We're together because we want to be. And because we can wait for the right moment, it'll be all the better.

TOM

You're right. Yearning will only make it better, but we can't let it rush us

GRACE

Goodnight, my love. I can't stay awake another second, no matter how wise your words may be.

GRACE turns over. TOM looks at her. Then he tucks the blanket around her and tiptoes out.

25th SCENE

Cut in time to GRACE teaching the kids. They seem almost hostile. JASON is reading from a Latin primer. He deliberately provokes GRACE again and again by making the same stupid mistakes. GRACE looks at him in growing irritation.

GRACE

You know what you're doing wrong, Jason. The words have to be divided differently. You know that book better than I do.

DIANA gets up.

DIANA

Ma says people learn from their mistakes. I don't think it's much help to yell at him.

The others giggle. Now JASON tears the page of the primer.

JASON

There! How's that for dividing the words?

GRACE looks at him and the rest of the brood.

GRACE

This isn't a good day for any of us. I think I'll let you go now. All except Jason. I want a word with you alone.

The others go outside. They sneak glances at JASON, who stays behind, a smirk on his face. GRACE looks at him.

GRACE

What's the matter, Jason? We usually get along just fine?

JASON

I am just impossible. I bet my Pa told you.

GRACE

I don't think that. Is there something you'd like to tell me? I'd love to have you on my lap all the time, but I can't, not with the others here, too.

JASON

When somebody can't do all the things they'd like to for folks, sometimes the people they promised get mad. That's what Mrs. Henson says.

GRACE

I'm afraid that's all too true.

JASON

I guess I know why you won't let me sit in your lap anymore. It's cause I've been mean lately.

GRACE

I expect you have your reasons.

JASON

To the others, too, even baby Archelaus. And he's so tiny he can't put up a fight. It's not right.

GRACE

No, it isn't

JASON

I got it coming to me, I know. I deserve a spanking.

GRACE

I should hit you? You know I'd never do that. And besides, your mother doesn't believe children should ever be disciplined physically.

JASON

I know. She'd be awful mad if she found out you whipped me.

GRACE

Yes, but I'd never do that.

JASON

The way tongues are wagging right now, it's good having Ma on your side, right? It'd be pretty serious for you if she turned against you.

GRACE

I am the way I am. If some people in town don't like me, it can't be helped.

JASON

I feel bad I need to be punished. But the fact is, I wouldn't have any respect for you if you didn't give me a spanking after the display I put on today.

GRACE

You can ask me till the cows come home, Jason. I'm not going to do that. And it doesn't matter how much fun you think it'd be.

JASON

In that case, when Ma gets home maybe I'll just have to tell her you hit me.

GRACE

But I just said that I wouldn't!

JASON

I reckon Ma'll take my word for it. Course, if you were to give me that spanking, nobody's ever have to know.

GRACE looks at JASON.

JASON

You gotta admit, it'd look pretty bad for you.

GRACE

I hardly know what to think anymore.

JASON

I gave Archelaus' crib a shove, it wasn't my fault that it didn't tip over.

GRACE

For Christ sake, let me give you that spanking....

JASON

I should think so....

GRACE sits down on her chair. JASON comes up to her with a smile. He lies down over her knee. She sits there a while. Then she raises her hand and gives his butt a minimal pat.

JASON  
That wasn't hard. It's gotta be  
hard or it isn't punishment.

GRACE  
(sighs)  
Very well

GRACE hits him a few times, almost hard.

JASON  
Harder!

GRACE  
(crossly)  
No, that will do! You've been  
punished enough!

GRACE pulls him to his feet.

GRACE  
Come on....run along now!

JASON  
Maybe I should go stand in the  
corner and be ashamed?

GRACE  
Do as you damn well like.

JASON is on his way out when he spots CHUCK approaching  
down the street.

JASON  
(surprised)  
Hey, there's pa!

GRACE  
(looks out of the window  
into the street, also  
surprised)  
He's early. And he had so much to  
do! I hope nothing's wrong.

JASON goes outside. Worried, GRACE peers out of the window  
at CHUCK as he gets closer.

NARRATOR  
Just as Dogville had done from  
its open, frail shelf on the  
mountainside, quite unprotected  
from any capricious storms or  
other ill weather. Grace, too,  
had laid herself open. It was not  
Dogville's fault that it lay as  
it did, and it was not Grace's  
fault. But it had happened all  
the same.



She had hung from her frail stalk like an apple from the Garden of Eden. An apple so swollen that the juices almost ran. If anybody had plucked it from the tree now, the tree and the apple would have been just as much to blame as the anybody. Grace had stretched herself so thin now that it was only a matter of time before she would be devoured by anyone who happened by.

CHUCK enters, smiling.

CHUCK

Ma Ginger says vehicles a been spotted again. I said I'd tell you, to save Martha the confusion about the ringing. I meant to tell you earlier, but I forgot. They're already down by Canyon Road.

GRACE

Forgot?

GRACE looks warily down the street. This time there are two automobiles. The police car and another, big, official vehicle. A man in a suit and two POLICE OFFICERS have gotten out and are looking around the town.

CHUCK

Yes. It IS the busy time in the apples as you know. Well. Here they are. Fellow in the other car is from the Federal Bureau of Investigation, the FBI.

GRACE

The FBI?

CHUCK

G-Men. He showed me his badge.

GRACE looks fearfully at CHUCK.

CHUCK

They were most interested in hearing about what I'd seen in the last six months, anything related to that wanted poster. They asked me if I'd seen signs in the woods of anyone camping out there. Wanted to know if any food had disappeared, you know, things like that. Seems that woman they're after is dangerous. So dangerous in fact that they brought in

Edgar Hoover's G-Men God only know what that woman's capable of.

GRACE

She isn't capable of anything, and you know it.

CHUCK

That's what you say. But it sure didn't sound that way coming from the laws. That's why I felt compelled to tell 'em what I knew.

GRACE

And what might that be?

CHUCK

Well, I did think I'd seen something in the woods recently. An item of clothing, to be precise. I said I'd try to find it. It occurred to me afterward that it was just an old hat Tom had lost.

CHUCK gets out a woolen hat. He looks at GRACE. He snatches off her scarf from beneath her work clothes.

CHUCK

But it could've been this, too. Expensive quality by the feel of it; and your initial on the clasp to boot. I imagine they'd draw the same conclusion anybody would.

(a smile)

Now which one do you think I should find in the woods? The hat - which is just an old hat - or this ... which they'll be far more interested in.

GRACE looks at him in dismay.

GRACE

What do you want, Chuck?

CHUCK

It may well be that in some way or another you're better than me, but that doesn't mean I don't need respect like other people.

GRACE

But you have my respect, Chuck. You know you do!

CHUCK

No. I think you are just saying so. You actually despise me. You just can't hide it when I put my arms round you when we're working in the orchard. I demand that you show me respect, if you've got any. I told the laws it'd take me no time at all to fetch that piece of clothing back to town. Reckon we got us ten minutes, maybe fifteen 'fore they start knocking on doors. You best not try and run away. They're sure to see you. And I wouldn't holler too loud neither. Laws got good ears.

GRACE

What do you want to do to me, Chuck? What do you want me to do that would make me want to run away or scream?

CHUCK

You got ten minutes to show me the respect you say you have for me, Grace. It wasn't me who wanted you here. You were far too beautiful and frail for this place. You tricked me into feeling that I meant something to you, that what I did was important. It's your own damn fault your respect has become a necessity to me. Now, Grace, I want to feel that respect.

CHUCK tugs her towards him. They tumble about, and apparently bump into the bird cage. Aphrodite flutters in a panic.

GRACE

You're hurting Aphrodite!

CHUCK

(in a fury)  
Goddamn bird! Even my kids have names I can't pronounce

CHUCK flays at her garments.

GRACE

Chuck, please, this is wrong! I don't want to do this!

CHUCK

If I can force the flowers to bloom early in spring, I can force you....

CHUCK fondles her roughly. He tears open her clothing. GRACE is beaten. She puts up no resistance as he has her. It takes a little while. Then he's done. He buttons his pants. He remembers her scarf, which is in his pocket. He pulls it out and drops it over her face. He looks at her for a moment.

CHUCK

Thank you, Grace. We really respect each other don't we? Us two old romantics.

CHUCK walks out calmly. In the street he meets TOM, who is heading for his and VERA's house.

TOM

Hi, Chuck. You seen Grace?

CHUCK

She's at my place

TOM

I guess she's busy then?

CHUCK

Not when I left her

CHUCK approaches the FBI man. They examine the hat. GRACE remains prone on the floor, motionless, for ages. TOM goes hesitantly up to CHUCK and VERA's front door. But he doesn't know whether to go in. Then he gives up and does not knock. He goes home.

26th SCENE

Superimposed:

*The scene in which Dogville bares its teeth*

TOM stomps furiously up and down GRACE's shed. She is lying on the bed, motionless.

NARRATOR

Yet again Grace had made a miraculous escape from her pursuers with the aid of the people of Dogville. The FBI had gotten nothing out of their door-knocking around town. Everyone had covered up for her, including Chuck, who had to admit that it was probably Tom's hat he'd mistakenly considered so suspicious

That evening Tom had seen at once that something had taken place, but had to plead with Grace for ages before she finally broke down and unburdened herself.

TOM stops. He shakes his head.

TOM

I have to confront him! I have no choice! Nobody in town will ever be able to accept what he's done to you. Nobody!

GRACE

No, Tom. You have to promise me you'll never say a word. Chuck's was scared. I'm just as much to blame for what happened as he is. I hurt him. I came here with all my stupid prejudices. Just because Chuck looks so strong it doesn't mean he's strong inside.

TOM

Yes, it's pretty impressive, the way you're handling all this. I promise to hold my tongue. But even if you've persuaded yourself that you have the strength to go, just to be on the safe side, I'm going to keep looking for a way to get you out of here. I'm afraid that's what it's going to take.

(sees her eyes closed)

My darling Grace, you're shattered and I just keep talking

...

In fact, GRACE is fast asleep. TOM sits down beside her bed and holds her hand gently. He looks at her affectionately and touches her hand with his in an imperceptible kiss. He closes his eyes and leans towards the bed.

27th SCENE

GRACE is on her knees, weeding among MA GINGER's gooseberry bushes.

## NARRATOR

The end of the summer had been hot in the mountains. The heat had turned the soil among the goose-berry bushes and everywhere in Ma Ginger's back yard to stone. But Grace did not complain. She threw herself into her work, happy that it was something you could actually grasp between your fingers.

On the other side of Elm Street VERA and LIZ are talking. They occasionally glance at GRACE. GRACE notices them.

## GRACE

Hi, Liz! Hi, Vera!

## LIZ

Better watch out, Grace. Vera's got it in for you today.

## GRACE

(sits back a moment and  
wipes the sweat from her  
brow)

What's all this about, Vera?

VERA stands there. She wonders crossly whether to reply.

## VERA

You know perfectly well what this is about, Grace! But maybe you thought he wouldn't tell me?

## GRACE

Who? What are you talking about?

## VERA

You hit Jason!

## GRACE

Yes, I must admit I did.

## VERA

And you know my views on that. You even had me convinced shared them. How could you do such a thing?

## GRACE

I know it sounds implausible, but he asked to be spanked.

LIZ

It's true, Vera, he's always asking for it. I should have given him a spanking myself a long time ago. It's your fault, the way you've spoiled him

VERA

Your distaste for violence apparently doesn't run very deep, Grace. To you he's just a bad kid. So you made it easy on yourself and hit him.

GRACE

(gives up)

Vera, I know you love Jason, but so do I --

VERA

Is that meant to be an explanation?

GRACE

I'm sorry I hit him. It won't happen again.

VERA

No, it won't because I'll never leave them with you again. That'd be far too dangerous for any child of mine.

GRACE

I am sorry, Vera, I've been so tired --

VERA

Maybe you should see about sleeping at night - like most folks do.

LIZ

Like most folks?

VERA

Martha saw a certain Tom Edison Jr. sneak out of her shed early this morning.

VERA turns away indignantly and strides off home. LIZ comes over to GRACE.

LIZ

You won't hear anything from me about whipping that idiot kid. And I'm also grateful to you for turning Tom's wandering eye away from my skirts. On the other hand. I'd expected more from you than that. But if that's the kind of thing you're after - and you can face yourself in the morning - then I'm sure with your innocent looks you'll do just fine in a place like Dogville.

GRACE

It's not what I'm after, Liz.

LIZ

Oh, no? We all saw that you took his hand at the picnic. Or maybe that wasn't flirting?

GRACE

It's true. I guess I was flirting. Maybe I haven't always been as good a guest as I should have, I can see that. I am sorry

LIZ glares at her as she enjoys her victory. Then she turns with a snort and hastens homewards. GRACE watches her go. Then, irresolutely, she takes up her weeding again.

28th SCENE.

GRACE is at JACK MCKAY's.

NARRATOR

The days had become undeniably long for Grace. Although she had sat with Jack McKay so many times now, Jack had not got better at judging the distance between them. On the contrary, where fingers alone had brushed her young flesh, now it was a hand that remained in place throughout the allotted span.

29th SCENE

CHUCK appears up the path, heading home, crates on his back. GRACE is a little way behind, also carrying crates. She stumbles. She looks miserable. She notices that her dress has not been done up properly, and hastily puts the buttons right as discreetly as she can. Then she moves on.



NARRATOR

And soon Grace had quite given up arguing at the many complaints, not to mention Chuck's perception that her respect for cultivation, harvest, and fruit could be directly measured in her provision of carnality. The hours in the orchard were long now, for the harvest was underway, and it was the busiest time of the year.

30th SCENE

GRACE is in bed, looking at her collection of china figurines in the moonlight on the window shelf. She enjoys the sound of the rose branch on the windowpane. TOM is wandering around at the other end of the town, pondering..

NARRATOR

Tom was reluctant to leave Grace alone at this time. He was her friend and ally, and knight in shining armor, and only left her in order to traipse around lost in thought trying to crack the problem of a possible escape. Grace was very fond of him and had chosen not to burden him with the way things had developed with Chuck, not wanting to hurt him more than necessary. And as her wages no longer found their way to her purse Tom had stepped in, and together they had triumphantly picked up the last of the seven figurines from Ma Ginger's window. Their beauty was hidden to most people, Grace knew this well, but to her it grew with every single glance.

GRACE hears voices. She looks out into the street. VERA, LIZ, and MARTHA are on their way to her door. GRACE opens it quickly.

GRACE

Is something the matter? Are the police on Canyon Road again?

MARTHA looks down, ashamed. VERA looks coldly at GRACE.

VERA

Don't worry. This is just girl talk. Funny you should mention Canyon Road though....right, Martha? She was just there this morning.

MARTHA

(bashfully)

I'd been to church in Georgetown - and I was hoping Ben would drive by and give me a ride. But he was delayed, and when Ben is delayed, it means he's fallen into bad company and won't show up at all.

VERA

So she decided to walk. It's a lovely walk, too. You see so much more on foot. In a car you never notice the apple orchard, for example. How it sits half-hidden along the side of the mountain. You only see it from one spot on Canyon Road. You know that spot, Martha?

MARTHA

Yes.

VERA

And did you stop there to enjoy the view this morning? After all, it's harvest time in the orchard. The old masters always loved a good harvest theme. Large, somber, paintings, redolent with fertility, not to mention sensibility or even eroticism. But how silly of me to ask you, Martha, because you already said you did.

(turning to GRACE)

You were seen, Grace! Behind a pile of broken limbs ... with Chuck ... He said it wasn't the first time you'd made advances toward him. He never told me before because he wanted to spare my feelings. It testifies to his true nature. He's a withdrawn, primitive man, but at heart he's totally loyal and good - so you two have little in common. But tell me, Grace, what do you want with my husband?

GRACE

I don't want anything with your husband, Vera, I swear. It would never occur to me to try and seduce anybody --

LIZ

But you admit you behaved provocatively at the party.

GRACE

That's was different. I'm fond of Tom.

VERA

But not of Chuck. So we know there are no feelings involved. I guess we should have figured that out sooner.

(turns to the others)

Apart from that, we know no more than when we came. She hasn't said a word in her own defense, nothing.

(to GRACE)

As you know I believe in education. Liz and Martha are behind me when I tell you that I'm going to have to teach you a lesson. It would have been nicer quoting classical Arcadian writings all night, but....

VERA looks around. She can't see anything in the room.

LIZ

Up there in the window.

VERA

(picks a figurine up)

And you taught my children art appreciation! I'd hoped they wouldn't be confronted by genuinely poor taste until they were older.

(to the others))

You'd better restrain her.

GRACE looks around nervously. LIZ and then MARTHA grab her by the arms. MARTHA is not happy about it. VERA approaches the window shelf. She picks up the first figurine.

VERA

Believe me, it's only because your advances to my husband didn't bear fruit that I'll restrict my anger to your figurines.

GRACE

No, Vera. Please don't! I am so fond of them --

VERA

I'm glad to hear it. As I'm forced to destroy these ugly things while you watch. Although, I believe smashing them is less of a crime than making them.

GRACE

Vera, you were so pleased with the loving way I taught your children, you said so yourself. Remember how happy you were when I managed to explain to them the doctrine of stoicism?

VERA

Well, I'll allow you that. And for that, I'm going to be lenient. I'll break two or three of your figurines first, and if you can demonstrate your knowledge of the doctrine of stoicism to us by holding back your tears, I'll stop. Otherwise I'll proceed, one by one, until there are no more left to break.

VERA picks the frailest, most intricate of the figurines to start with. She throws it to the floor, hard. And then two more. GRACE looks at the shards.

NARRATOR

In her lifetime Grace had had considerable practice at constraining her emotions. Grace had not believed it would be hard to control her emotions. After all, this was just a collection of cheap gewgaws; prior to her arrival they had proven unsalable even in this outpost. But as the porcelain pulverized on the floor it was as if it were human tissue disintegrating her own flesh and blood. It was the offspring of the meeting between the township and her; the beauty inherent in this coming together. And in that second the last faith within Grace that her suffering had, despite everything, created something of value, disappeared. Grace could no longer cope for the first time since her childhood, she wept.

VERA smashes all the figurines one by one as GRACE cries and cries. Once the deed is done VERA, LIZ, and MARTHA leave GRACE's little home on the corner of Canyon Road and Elm Street. Finally even GRACE's heaving sobs fade, leaving only the sound of the rose branch on the windowpane.

31st SCENE

GRACE goes to see TOM. Sleepily he admits her and takes care of her.

NARRATOR

Grace went to see Tom that very night. Matter-of-fact, she told him what had happened and informed him that she was ready to follow his advice and leave the township despite her lack of a specific destination, just some place beyond the range of the wanted posters. For his part, Tom told her that happily it had already occurred to him and that he had planned and prepared a kind of escape for her. By considering each person in town very carefully he had concluded that Ben possessed the greatest potential. He wasn't as much of a gossip as the others, a good thing if discretion was required, as Tom would recommend. And Ben was always in financial straits, so to speak, because of his fondness for hooch. Because it would be necessary to purchase this kind of service, however friendly Ben might have been. For Tom had sounded him out and felt that Ben was also extremely worried about being perceived as disloyal by the others. It was a case where money was needed, Tom concluded. Ben was the right man if anybody. All that remained was to establish the appropriate payment, and Tom estimated that considering the times and all, ten dollars would suffice for Ben and his truck.

GRACE is sitting there, a quilt over her shoulders.

GRACE

But we don't have ten dollars..

102.  
TOM

No, and then we'll have to borrow it, I learned that in math class at least. If a figure is too big to be subtracted from the figure above, you borrow from the figure ahead of it. And that gives you ten more to use. A fine image, I think. Just what we need.

GRACE

But where is the figure ahead?

TOM

He's nodding in his rocking chair.

GRACE

Are you sure your father will lend you so much?

TOM

Among figures that are part of the same number, in this case the family, borrowing is a pro forma affair.

GRACE

Of course I'll do all I can to pay him back.

TOM

I'll talk to the old guy in the morning and arrange the loan. We happen to know that he hides more than that in the medicine closet. You have a word with Ben, Grace. It's the end of the week, so he's bound to be flat broke.

NARRATOR

The plan sounded almost too simple to Grace. But as nobody would suffer if it was successful, there was no cause for second thoughts.

GRACE embraces TOM, holding him tight for a long time.

GRACE

Thank you, Tom, you come to my rescue every time. I can hardly believe that you can go on being there.

GRACE gives him a long kiss on the lips.

TOM

I suppose you'll be wanting to go home to bed. You won't be able to sleep if I go with you, will you?

GRACE

That's true, Tom. And I do need to sleep. Good night. See you in the morning.

TOM

Good night, then, GRACE.

### 32nd SCENE

NARRATOR

Grace went to see Ben next morning. When Grace presented the payment as a compensation between friends, Ben, who really was on his uppers, did not object too heartily, considering the risk he was running in driving a wanted person, and any trouble he'd receive from the rest of the townspeople when they realized what had happened. Perhaps they'd all be relieved that she was out of their lives, but somehow. Grace wasn't too sure of that. Ben said he'd happily drive her, even though he wasn't out to profit from other folks' misfortunes, as he put it.

BEN looks earnestly at GRACE in the garage.

BEN

I'm not out to profit from other folks' misfortunes

GRACE

(shaking her head)  
No, of course you're not.

NARRATOR

The fact is that Ben would have driven to the gates of Hell itself for ten dollars. And the criminal aspect bugged him less than Grace would ever have guessed; he had freighted all kinds of things in his day. Their plan was to transport Grace next day with the first load from the apple harvest.

There would be a discreet, if confined, place for Grace beneath the tarpaulin in the company of all the fruit she had so laboriously helped to pick. Knowing the exact time to harvest is the greatest art of all, Chuck had said, and the time had come. For the apples and for Grace. Ben shakes Grace by the hand and drives out of the garage. Grace waves to him happily.

GRACE  
(discreetly)  
See you tomorrow

OLIVIA trots up to her with a duster in her hand.

OLIVIA  
Grace, where've you been? If I displayed the same indifference to the timing of my chores I'd be in for a whippin', so get a move on!

GRACE  
I'm coming, Olivia. I had to have a quick word with Ben, I'm sorry

OLIVIA  
You should be ashamed. June is near to bursting. She can't use the pot on her own, as you well know. It ain't fittin' to toy with her just 'cause she's crippled and can't help herself.

OLIVIA snaps the duster at GRACE. GRACE smiles apologetically and makes haste.

33rd SCENE

Superimposed:

The last night with GRACE

GRACE and TOM are lying on GRACE's bed. GRACE is looking at the ten dollar bill he has given her. She looks at him.

TOM  
I want you, Grace. We might never see each other again.

GRACE  
I know, Tom. But try not to be to upset when I tell you that I can't make love to you. Not the way things are.



I feel I would be exploiting you and the town somehow. I do love you as much as you love me and agree to believe that one day we will meet in love and freedom. Thank you for the money, Tom. I'll never forget you and your father for it all.

TOM

I don't know why I am ashamed about wanting you. It's nothing to be ashamed about, is it?

GRACE

On the contrary, it's lovely that we want each other. When it is right. No duress, no forced circumstances. We've had that up to here. Isn't that what you said? Come and sleep close to me. The day will come before we know it. I promise.

TOM snuggles up to GRACE, somewhat dissatisfied. She closes her eyes.

34th SCENE

Superimposed:

*The scene in which GRACE says goodbye to Dogville.*

GRACE walks through the township, carrying her bundle, the next morning.

NARRATOR

The next morning, when Grace wanted to slip down to Ben's as invisibly as possible, it seemed to Grace that the entire township was up and about at the same time.

VERA comes by.

VERA

(cattily)

If you think that hitting my children is enough to get you out of working for me, think again. Just you come as planned, we'll find something where it isn't so easy for you to harm anyone

GRACE

Yes, of course, Vera, Twelve o'clock.

VERA  
(with a glance at GRACE's  
bundle)  
You taken to carrying your  
copious belongings around with  
you now? Afraid to loose them?

GRACE smiles at VERA apologetically. LIZ appears.

LIZ  
Ben's hauling apples today so  
we're not going to be loading  
glasses. But that don't mean  
you're off work. Dad's decided  
that you're to repack the whole  
last load. Maybe you can do  
better and we'll have an empty  
crate. An old crate like that may  
not be of much value in your  
eyes, but this is Dogville.  
We're not wealthy here. And if  
you're hands get a bit red, well,  
I've got a tip for you about  
something you can rub on 'em.

GRACE  
Yes, Liz, 10 o'clock. And Martha?

MARTHA  
We'll have to wash the flagstones  
at the foot of the steps again.  
The wind's gone and blown dirt in  
under the door. Don't forget.

GRACE  
No, Martha.

MARTHA  
And Jack says the time's getting  
a bit on the late side for the  
sundown these days. Says to tell  
you to be a mite quicker at Ma  
Ginger and Gloria's.

GRACE nods. CHUCK comes by, carrying the tools.

CHUCK  
Where'd you get to? Harvest is  
the holiest time of the year.  
Sounds like something you could  
have said.

GRACE  
Wait for me down there, I'll just  
bring some more crates.

CHUCK crossly trudges onward. GRACE hastens towards BEN's.

NARRATOR

Grace grew more and more pleased with the decision to keep her departure under wraps. There was actually quite a bit of work Dogville didn't need doing that its residents would have to carry out for themselves in future. She hurried to Ben's place. The truck was in the garage, already loaded.

GRACE smiles at him.

GRACE

Hi, Ben. Shall we go?

BEN

Yeah, er, Grace, I don't like having to say this, but I'd like to ask if I could have the dough up front. See, it's always the way in the freight industry. Once you deliver a load you ain't got much to bargain with, if you catch my drift. Not that this is a professional job, of course.

GRACE

Of course you can have your money now. I'm sorry.

GRACE gives him the ten dollar bill. BEN looks at it skeptically and shoves it into his pocket. He lifts the edge of the tarpaulin.

BEN

I thought you could squeeze yourself in between the tarp and the top layer of crates. Whatever happens. You have to keep quiet. And don't get out till I give the say-so.

GRACE clambers aboard. She makes room so she can lie on her back among the apples. BEN checks she's comfortable.

GRACE

Ben, remember you promised to drive at least an hour's distance? You won't forget, will you?

BEN

Ain't that what I said?

GRACE

All right then.

BEN  
(drops the tarpaulin,  
concealing her)  
Let's hit the road

GRACE remains on her back as the truck rolls out of Dogville. As they leave BEN salutes CHUCK as the latter appears impatiently from the path down to the orchard. The truck also passes close to other residents on its way out of town.

35th SCENE

Just a close-up of GRACE beneath the tarpaulin. She hears the sounds of Dogville fading. She smiles. She sniffs at an apple. It smells delicious. She closes her eyes.

Cut in time. She hears different traffic noises, and occasionally voices, too, as if the truck was passing through a town. Then just the engine. She smiles to herself. Suddenly the truck stops. She hears the door open. BEN clambers up beneath the tarpaulin.

GRACE  
(whispers)  
Is something wrong?

BEN  
There are a hell of a lot of  
police up ahead. I wasn't  
expecting that. It's more  
dangerous than I thought.  
We'll have to go back.

GRACE  
No, Ben, we can't do that. Oh,  
no, Ben.

BEN  
It'd be a heck of a lot easier if  
it was a professional transport  
job, paid proper like.

GRACE  
But it's been paid for.

BEN  
In the freight industry carrying  
dangerous loads costs more. A  
surcharge, they call it.

GRACE  
Dear Ben, I have no more money.

BEN  
That's no good then. What are we  
gonna do? You got me in a real  
jam.

GRACE

Yes, so I see. I wish I could do something....

BEN

You said once, that there ain't many pleasures in my life. You know.... once a month I go see Miss Laura. You got me to see that it weren't nothing to be ashamed of. Well, I was meaning to go there tonight, and of course it costs me. Not as much as a surcharge for carrying dangerous goods, sure, but still...

BEN bellies his way on top of GRACE. He fondles her breasts.

GRACE

No, Ben, please don't.

BEN

Got to accept due payment. Don't have a choice. Can't buck the freight industry, can I?

GRACE

NO, Ben!!!!

BEN

We're parked in the square in Georgetown. Right outside the church. You'd better keep your voice down.

GRACE don't know what to do.

BEN

(continues)

This ain't something I'm proud of, Grace, this, don't go thinking that.

GRACE closes her eyes painfully tight as he mounts her.

36th SCENE

Superimposed:

*The scene in which GRACE again sees the light of day*

GRACE sleeps as the truck moves on. She wakes up as it slows down.

## NARRATOR

Grace fell asleep on the long highway, thanks to her healthy ability to push any unpleasantness around her far away. A generous God had blessed her with the rare talent of being able to look ahead, and only ahead. But she did wake up when the truck slowed down as if about to stop. How long she had slept, she didn't know, but the ride had certainly been a long one. She was looking forward to seeing the sky again. A sky far from as ominous as that above Dogville. And then she heard the dog

The truck stops completely. She smiles. Somebody moves the tarpaulin aside. Then she hears a snarling bark close by. She knows that dog only too well. Most of the residents of Dogville are gathered in Elm street around the truck. CHUCK has pulled the tarpaulin aside. She looks at him.

## CHUCK

Your fondness for apples appears less and less plausible. You see there, you've bruised 'em.

CHUCK drags GRACE off the flatbed. GRACE looks at BEN quizzically.

## GRACE

Ben?

## BEN

We had a meeting last night at the mission house. They said you might be going to try and run away without giving us what you'd promised. So when I discovered you'd hidden yourself on my truck, I was obliged to bring you back to Dogville. Guess you won't like it none, but in the freight industry we can't take sides, gotta be practical at all times. Not that it's anything to be proud of.

From the corner of her eye she sees TOM standing among the townspeople. She looks at him beseechingly, uncomprehendingly. He returns her tormented gaze. He shakes his head.

## 37th SCENE

Elm St., outside the mission house. The townspeople are all

BEN, CHUCK, and MR HENSON, supervised by BILL, are putting GRACE into the iron collar they have manufactured. A thick chain a few yards long has been attached to the collar, ending on the big, heavy, old fly-wheel from the grass by the mine.

NARRATOR

It didn't help Grace that the first theft ever registered in Dogville had taken place the previous evening when most people were assembled for the town meeting. Old Tom Edison Sr. had had a considerable sum of money stolen, from his medicine closet and suspicion soon fell on Grace, who had apparently been planning an escape that would surely require funding. Bill, who had lately improved his engineering skills to an astonishing degree, had, by way of his first design, implemented a kind of escape prevention mechanism. Beautiful it might not have been, but effective he dared say it was. Grace chose to remain silent in the face of these new charges.

TOM SR.

We don't like having to do this, we don't like it at all, Grace, but right now we don't have much choice if we're to protect our community. I'm sure you understand that we can't have you running round and by mistake say something that could hurt Dogville. It's all we have.

She is now attached to the collar and the weight. BEN looks at her.

BILL

Try moving.

GRACE looks at him. She takes a couple of steps. She can just about move the heavy flywheel.

BEN

It works. She can still move where the ground's level. Like in town.  
(look at his mother)  
I did that well!

GRACE looks wearily at TOM SR.

GRACE

May I go now? I have to figure out how I'm going to get into my house. Or is this part of the punishment, having me sleep outdoors?

TOM SR.

Please don't look at it as punishment, Grace. Not at all! Bill made the chain long enough for you to sleep in your bed.

GRACE walks slowly down the street, dragging the flywheel behind her.

MRS HENSON

Six o'clock, Grace. You weren't at work today. And a whole new load comes in tomorrow.

GRACE does not reply, but merely struggles onward, away from the gathering, heading for her shed.

38th SCENE

GRACE is lying on her bed, the chain attached. The wheel is outside the door. TOM is sitting beside her.

TOM

... I couldn't take the chance that Pop'd turn me down. After all, your departure was imperative.

GRACE

But they think it was me that took the money.

TOM

(nods)

Because I told them so.

GRACE

You did what?

TOM

Of course they suspected me. But I convinced them that it was you since you were the one using the cupboard. Quite clever if I may say so.

GRACE

Why?



TOM

It's good that I am here to do the thinking for you! If we're going to have the slightest chance of getting you out of here, it's vital that they don't see how close we really are. If they knew it was me who'd taken the money I wouldn't be here talking to you now.

GRACE

Maybe you're right, Tom. Please don't disappear. I need you so much.

GRACE embraces him, in tears. He holds her tight for a long time.

TOM

We'll get by, Grace, the two of us. Don't you doubt it. I just need a little time to think. I'll break this one....with some thinking....

## 39th SCENE A to K

Montage of close ups of things. All the HEAVY unhappy things. As before we see only a little bit of GRACE or others in the corner of the frame. The things are all the things that are painful to GRACE. The flywheel, the sexual acts and TOM seeing them, the hard labour, the bell that chimes, some men's arms that take over the bell rope from MARTHA, etc.

NARRATOR

It was not Grace's pride that kept her going during the days that followed, but more of the trance-like state that descends on animals whose lives are threatened, a state in which the body reacts mechanically, not in panic, but in a low, tough gear, without too much painful reflection. Like a patient passively letting his disease hold sway. The children were vicious and taunting, and Jason evil. Vera The children were vicious and full of contempt, and Jason evil with it. Vera had now received proof that it was in fact Chuck who'd forced his attentions on Grace, and so she was even meaner than before.

Most townspeople of the male sex now visited Grace at night to fulfill their sexual needs. At first the other residents acted as if this was not so, but not for long: happening like this it didn't have to be kept secret, because it couldn't really be compared to a sexual act. It was embarrassing the way it is when a hillbilly has his way with a cow, but no more than that. Since the chain had been attached things had become easier for everyone. And when Olivia and Ma Ginger lashed out at Grace it was more like the communication exerted by a farmer via his prod when a cow refused to cross a road or enter a narrow gateway. Tom saw everything. It pained him, and the sexual visits were a particularly severe blow; he was able to keep abreast of them because it had occurred to the children to give the bell an extra ring every time such an act had been consummated, much to Martha's confusion. Tom supported her as best he could, the way a spider could support when it has been tangled in its own web by the breeze.

#### 40th SCENE

Mr. Henson has just left GRACE almost unconscious with exhaustion on her bed after completing his endeavors. There is another knock on the door. TOM enters. GRACE looks at him in relief.

GRACE

Tom, thank God ...

TOM

Don't say that....my thinking is not as good as it used to be....I haven't come up with obvious answer I was looking for.

GRACE

It'll come, Tom, don't worry. You're so clever.

TOM

All I know is that it all started with a meeting. Then it would be logically to end it by one, too.

I brought you in as a provocation because I mistrusted the community. And then everything went wrong. Then it is trust we need and not mistrust. Yes, now I know: We provoked them. Now it's time to provoke ourselves

GRACE

What does that mean?

TOM

A meeting, yes!

(exited)

I will call for a meeting. They can't refuse to listen. Then you'll talk.

GRACE

What should I say to them?

TOM

Everything!

GRACE

Everything?

TOM

Yes, everything you've kept hidden. The truth about each and every one of them.

GRACE

I don't think they're going to want to hear that.

TOM

No! It's like a child who doesn't want to go to the doctor. Of course they'll be furious at first, but then they'll see it's for their own good. You'll only be telling them what they've suspected all along anyway. Just don't be hateful or reproofing. You can do it if anybody can. Tell it all, and anyone who thought they were the only one with something to hide will understand that they were only a small part of a bigger misfortune, that one person is no

TOM (CONT'D)

more guilty than the next. They'll understand that this web of misunderstanding and injustice has only one true victim...you!.

And once we all can admit what happened, we'll be on the road to recovery. Then it's only a small step to forgiveness.

GRACE is nodding off. She smiles in her sleep.

GRACE

You've done some hard thinking, Tom Edison. I'm sure it's an excellent plan.

TOM smiles at her as she dozes off.

TOM

I sure hope so.

41st SCENE

Superimposed:

*The scene in which TOM leaves the meeting, returns to the meeting, and home*

Everyone is present at the mission house.

NARRATOR

Tom had actually gotten them all to attend. It hadn't been easy, appealing to consciences stowed farther and farther away by their owners every day as if they were as fragile as Henson's glasses after polishing and could only bear their own weights in a mountain of wood shavings. But Tom had the gift of the gab, and if one was going, the others might as well come along, too, and it would mean nobody could talk behind anybody's back. So they'd turned up, however hounded, scared, hostile, and unsympathetic. Tom had laid the scene for Grace's speech. Now she'd have to sink or swim. Now sincerity would have to be brought to bear. It was her final weapon. Grace herself felt remarkable lighthearted this day.

GRACE is brought in. She stands there and looks around. She seems practically in a trance, as if intoxicated.

GRACE

Hello, all! Vera, Liz, Mrs. Henson! And Jason is here, and the other kids, what fun!

as she looks around them

GRACE

Couldn't we call you all my family? Really you're all I have. But all families have their differences, we can't deny that, even when the family ties are made of wrought iron.

(looks at her chain)

Oh, excuse me ... this was Tom's idea. They usually are.

(turns to TOM)

What was it I was supposed to do, Tom? It's slipped my mind somewhat ...

TOM

Just tell them, Grace. Tell the truth. Tell them everything that has happened here.

GRACE

Oh, yes, of course. I accuse everybody and nobody. That's right. Nobody here should feel shame at being human, at being weak and frail. And when you hear my story you'll all understand and break my chains. OK....let me begin ... and don't anybody worry about whether I'll leave one of you because I won't. Everyone here today has lied and stolen and deceived ...

GRACE addresses the silent assembly. Simultaneously the first blizzard strikes the township. In the cone of light from the light on the mission house wall the snowflakes are clearly visible.

NARRATOR

While Grace addressed the silent congregation in the mission house on Elm Street the first of the early autumn snowstorms embraced the town. The snowflakes played around the old buildings as if this were just any old town. And they played in the branches and twigs from which the apples had hung, but luckily the harvest was home and via the freight industry had found a market despite the ever disappointing prices. Grace presented her story with the utmost clarity, even though perhaps she didn't feel so. She didn't embellish or understate.

And just as she finished the snowflakes all at once stopped tumbling down, leaving Dogville clad in the daintiest, whitest blanket of snow imaginable. The town looked almost virginal, innocent, at any rate, amidst all the whiteness.

GRACE falls silent. The assembly is mute. She is taken out.  
TOM looks around.

NARRATOR

Grace received no response from the faces she just had time to glance at before she was led out. The room was silent. Perhaps the snow had come too early. A misplaced augury of conciliation Tom looks around, worried. Vera's teeth are clenched. She is the first to speak.

VERA

Lies! A pack of lies!

TOM SR. looks around uncertainly.

TOM SR.

Yes, Tom, that certainly didn't accord with the way I perceive the town and its residents either. I'm a doctor, damn it, and quite capable of determining whether I am sick or not.

LIZ glares viciously at TOM.

LIZ

What do you have to say for yourself, Tom? Maybe it's time you picked sides! Are you for us, or against us?

CHUCK

Liz is right. We've been far too indulgent with Tom. Far, far too indulgent.

JACK McKAY clears his throat.

JACK McKAY

Well Tom, even I have trouble going on defending this woman much longer. It's quite clear, that she's gotta go before she has us all at one another's throats.

With Tom's help - help that I prefer to regard as accidental - she has spread hatred and bitterness through our town.

(back to TOM)

We gotta get rid of her, Tom. But for the life of me I don't know how. What do you say, Tom? How?

Everyone looks at TOM.

TOM SR.

I agree, Tom. I'm angry, too. You got us into this mess, now you must get us out.

MRS HENSON

Without her lies and accusations spreading. How do we do it, Tom?

TOM is unable to respond. He is unrecognizable.

TOM

I asked you to listen and you didn't. You only came to defend yourself....I'm sorry. It's quite a blow to me to see all of you act this way, so ... uncivilized.

TOM flees from the mission house. He leaves the townsfolk behind. They continue their discussion angrily.

NARRATOR

Tom found it hard to stay on his feet in the thawing snow. But the snow did provide enough enchanted light to make it easy for him to make his way through the dusk to Grace's shed just by following the trail left by the fly wheel that had brought Dogville so much greatness in its day.

TOM throws open the door. He runs inside to GRACE, who is on the bed. He buries his head in her lap. He weeps. GRACE pats his head.

GRACE

Your plan didn't turn out very well, did it? Never mind, you'll think of another one.

TOM

No, no more plans. I promise. They asked me to choose between them and you. That's not difficult on a day like today. Grace, I love you.

Nothing you've done beneath the inhuman pressure bearing down on you in this town has ever made you doubt, let alone betray, your ideals. We are the same. You might have more strength, it's true, but the ideals we share.

GRACE

Come here and lie down beside me.  
You're absolutely exhausted

GRACE takes him in her arms and holds him on the bed. TOM lies there for a long time. He pulls her close.

TOM

I have chosen. And now is the time! The right time, the time we've been waiting for. We have freed ourself of Dogville.

GRACE

You're right. It'd be so easy for us to make love now, so beautiful. They may kill us any minute...a perfectly romantic ending.

TOM

I feel it also, so powerfully, Grace. I love you.

TOM launches himself at GRACE and begins to kiss her breasts.

GRACE

It would be beautiful. But from the point of view of our love, so completely wrong!

GRACE pushes him away gently. TOM gives her a look of pain.

GRACE

We were to meet in freedom. Look at this grotesque chain. Maybe you feel free....I don't. We would spit on all the ideals we share?

TOM sits there for a moment.

TOM

You're cold now, Grace. You can see how I'm suffering. Wouldn't it be worth compromising your ideals a little to ease my pain? Everybody in this town has had your body, but me. Damn it, I've just rejected all the people I've ever known in your favor.



TOM begins to cry. With his face in her lap.

GRACE

Tom, I know you. You're the only person who would ever be capable of understanding why it is so sacred to me.

TOM

(crying)

How can you talk about sacred? You should hear them boast about what you have done. Damn it, we're the ones who're supposed to love each other ... I'm sorry, Grace, but I can't help it. It's wrong, it's just plain wrong.

GRACE

But darling Tom, you know you can have me whenever you want. Just do what the others do. Threaten me with the power you hold. Tell me you'll turn me over to the law or the gangsters, and I promise you'll be able to take what you want from me. But you're not like that, Tom. That's what I respect and love about you. I trust you Tom!

GRACE looks at TOM. She hesitates.

GRACE

But ...

TOM

But what?

GRACE

Maybe you don't trust yourself?

TOM looks at her inquiringly.

GRACE

Maybe you don't trust that your desire, deep, deep, down has not turned into greed. Perhaps that's why you're so upset. Because in some way or another, you've been tempted to join the others and force me.

TOM

How can you say such a thing, Grace?

GRACE

I'm just asking if perhaps you're afraid that you could be so human.

TOM

No, I'm not afraid of that. By God, no! Not in the least.

GRACE

That's good, Tom. Trust yourself. Lie down here beside me, let tomorrow bring what it may we won't surrender to chains. It's not a crime to doubt yourself, Tom, but it's wonderful that you do not.

TOM sits there; he does not lie down beside her. She closes her eyes. He looks at her coldly for a while.

TOM

I am sorry. I can't find the rest. Maybe I should go out for a minute or two. Take a walk or something. To get it all out of my system. I think I need to trudge the streets...and listen to the wind as it passes through the woods from up the valley and all that. You go to sleep now, Grace. I'll come back soon and lie down with you.

TOM goes out. With some trepidation GRACE watches him leave.

42nd SCENE

TOM marches through the township aimlessly. His gait seems angered.

NARRATOR

A-quiver he was, or perhaps more hurt. Surely there was no reason not to admit it. Of course it was all a load of nonsense. If anybody was capable of keeping track of ideals and reality, he was. After all, it was his job. Moral issues were his home ground. To think that he might doubt his own purity was really to think very little of him. Tom was angry. And in the midst of it all he discovered why.

It was not because of he'd been wrongly accused, but because the charge was true! His anger consisted of a most unpleasant feeling of being found out! However he fought against it, he realized that Grace had seen this, the teeny smidgen of doubt that was in Tom as to whether he could deny he had ever, ever considered forcing himself upon her. This was a particularly unpleasant thought to the young philosopher, and realistically enough, he thought that if the doubt was already present, it could grow. Perhaps so great that the time would come when he would have to do that which was so completely and utterly wrong. And in the final analysis it might prove detrimental to his moral mission in future. Tom stopped in the square overlooking the valley. He almost began to shake when the threat to his career as a writer dawned upon him. It didn't take him long to agree with himself that the risk was too great to run. The danger Grace was to the town was also a danger to him. Tom did not wish to be under threat. And he was man enough to take action to prevent it.

TOM walks home quickly, past the seething, packed mission house, his gait determined. And thence to his desk.

#### NARRATOR

Fortunately Tom was just as conscientious as regards his future profession as he was practical. He allowed sincerity, ideals and emotions plenty of room in his life, but never to the detriment of the vital notes and sundry pieces of evidence regarding the doings of the townspeople, as his bureau testified so magnificently.

Throwing away a document that might impact upon a future generation as a result of a piece of research or analysis, the purpose of which was as yet unclear to him, true, or which might be of significance to Tom himself as the basis of a novel or indeed a trilogy, was not an act he was so stupid as to commit, although he had to admit that in a moment of weakness he might have said he would. Tom opened the little drawer he had had open the night of Grace's arrival, and found it still there: the card Tom had received from the gangster in the car.

TOM picks up the card and looks at it. He shrugs his shoulders and slips it into his pocket. Then he goes out.

#### 43rd SCENE

The meeting has rather ground to a halt when TOM returns to the mission house.

#### NARRATOR

The meeting had grown slightly more muted by the time Tom returned to the mission house, mainly due to lack of sensible ways of solving their mutual problem. The idea of an imperceptible shove delivered one day from the steep path had not actually been mooted, but was surely well represented at the thinking stage. So there was quite a bit of attention going spare when Tom reappeared. He did not beat about the bush, but took his place and spoke without a trace of the feeling that might have suited the subject.

TOM addresses the assembly.

#### TOM

Yes, I got you into this, and you're right, it's my duty to put things in order again. I must admit that Grace's version of events earlier this evening irritated me, too. Suddenly she sounded self-righteous and in a most uncharming way. My dear, departed mother taught me to give everyone the benefit of the doubt.

And by God, no one can say I did not give just that to Grace. Thank you for being so patient with me. I see now what you all see, that Grace is a danger to Dogville and has to go. Obviously we can't hand her over to the police so as not to risk any kind of vengeance on her part. Difficult, and yet I think I hold the answer in my hand.

TOM holds up the card.

TOM

Many of you have made fun of my little collection I keep in my desk drawer at home. But now perhaps you'll agree that it's going to pay off. I've kept this card for almost a year, since the very evening of Grace's arrival. That night I had another, quite sinister encounter.

LIZ

Why all this secrecy, Tom?

TOM SR.

(shushes her)

Let's hear what Tom has to say.

TOM

The gangsters in the automobile, well, I have to admit that I spoke with them.

Astonishment in the mission house.

LIZ

Liar! You only say all this now to make yourself seem important, Tom Edison.

TOM

I didn't lie to you about the incident. I merely concealed the fact that I talked to them. I did so with peace of mind as the encounter simply underscored the whole story the way I saw it and the way I put it to you. Only one single detail was of any interest, and that was this card.

A card which a very furtive man in the back of the automobile, obviously in control, handed me. He told me the number on the card could be used if I wanted to share any information I might have regarding the girl they were looking for. He was very enthusiastic about me phoning, and offered an unspecified sum of money for my trouble should I wish to be of help.

BEN

If we'd known that, we'd never a gotten into this mess. We'd never allowed her to stay.

TOM

I can't see how money would have changed anything.

BEN

In the freight industry it can.

TOM

Please, Ben! We took Grace in out of what Martha calls charity. But the spirit in which we offered charity was not returned in kind. I believe we're entitled now to make use of this number. What they decide to subject the girl to once we've given her up we don't know. But we have only her word that it some sort of violence would be involved, and we all agree that her word is not worth much. At any rate, I feel sure that our problem can be taken care of and that we won't encounter any further difficulties. And if there's a bit of cash thrown in on top of it, who are we to argue? Are there any questions?

The meeting has no questions.

NARRATOR

The assembly had no questions! It thus tacitly concurred with Olivia's faith, as expressed at a previous meeting, in the goodness of Tom's heart.

44th SCENE

Superimposed:

*The scene in which GRACE oversleeps and a strange silence descends upon Dogville*

Dogville seen from above. It is midday. Dogville is in full swing, and the sounds thereof are spread around the town. Many people are in the street on this lovely autumn day. GRACE is the only person still abed. She opens her eyes. From far away the pile driver can be heard in the marshlands.

NARRATOR

When Grace opened her eyes after an almost unconscious night, it was midday. The sun was shining in the brisk autumn sky, and the frost that had adorned every branch in the night it had long since dealt with. And this first frost had somehow left the branches and the countryside fresher and shinier. The sky was soaring blue, and for the first time for ages the pile driver could be heard in the marshlands as it hammered in the piles for what might or what might not be a penitentiary. Grace got out of bed quickly. She had overslept by a lot. Her day normally commenced long before the sun could be discerned. Grace tried to clarify her thoughts it must be nearly twelve! Yes, the shadow of spire on the mission house roof was hiding directly behind the spire itself, and from Grace's window that meant that it was noon. Yes, Jack McKay was a man of many ideas and proclivities of which Grace would have preferred to remain ignorant, but why had nobody roused her? Nobody had hammered furiously at her door because she had overslept. Nobody had hollered vituperations through her window, not a child had thrown mud onto her bed and called her names or broken her remaining windowpanes. Now she remembered why not. She recalled the meeting the previous day, and now she puzzled still more. Why had she not been confronted with the outcome of that meeting? Or even killed? It was quite unlike Dogville to restrain its indignation on any point.

Perhaps things had turned out well after all? And where was Tom?

GRACE gets up and sets out into town, dragging her weight behind her. She meets MRS HENSON coming out of the store.

GRACE

Good morning, Mrs. Henson. I am sorry I didn't come earlier. I overslept

MRS HENSON

Never mind, Grace. Liz put her back into it this morning. We thought some time off would do you good. That was some speech you made yesterday. It gave us all something to think about.

MRS HENSON heads homewards. GRACE goes to TOM's. On the way she meets quite a few people; they all greet her amiably, but are too busy to stop and pass the time of day. GRACE knocks on TOM's door. TOM SR. is in his rocking chair.

TOM SR.

There's a knock at the door, Tom, I think it's Grace. Hurry up and get it.

TOM emerges and opens the door. GRACE looks at him inquiringly. TOM puts his arm round her shoulders and helps her out. They sit down by the mine shaft, where they can have some peace.

TOM

I went back to the meeting yesterday. I wasn't going to let them get off so lightly. But I'll be damned if I didn't discover that the mood had changed. I wouldn't say we'd won exactly, but it wouldn't surprise me if something good came out of all this, something very good!

GRACE

Why didn't you come back and tell me?!

TOM

I did, but you were asleep. And you looked like you needed it. That made me suggest that you should have some time off. Nobody objected. It was a way of testing the water.

GRACE

It sounds reasonable



TOM

It does, doesn't? But the residents of this town surprise me time and time again. I'm going to have to revise my theories a bit. And you know how I hate admitting that kind of thing! When I saw you lying there asleep so sweetly, I was suddenly inspired. I sat down and wrote the first chapter of a story. The story of a small town. And do you know where I got the inspiration?

(a smile)

But I haven't come up with a name for the town yet

GRACE

Why not just call it Dogville?

TOM

That won't work. It wouldn't be universal then. That's a mistake a lot of writers make at first. For the same reason I'll also make the characters more recognizable. So they'll be easier to sympathize with. Hey, would you like to hear what I've written so far? If there is love in it, it comes from you....

GRACE

Tom....can I say no without offending you? If I really don't have to work today I'd like to use the time by myself. We have lots of time to read.....or not? Did I hurt you now?

TOM

Two people only hurt each other if they doubt the love they have for one another. You can hear it another time. Sit down some place and gaze out at the mountains. It's what the young girl does in my book.

GRACE kisses TOM. He kisses her back.

GRACE

See you later, Tom.

TOM

Yes, Grace.

GRACE moves off into town, dragging her weight, nodding to the townsfolk she meets.

NARRATOR

Sensibly, Grace chose to hope for the best rather than fear the worst. She chose to spend the day washing her clothes and herself, which for some reason or another she was sure none of the characters from Tom's fictitious township would ever dream of doing.

45th SCENE A to K

Montage of things as before, but this time all alone with no persons...waiting! No smoke from the chimney, the flywheel lying still by the house, the telephone that does not ring.

NARRATOR

The days went by and nothing happened. Grace was not called for. Few did anything but wait. Some of the townsfolk began to doubt the telephone call Tom claimed he's made. Tom had been somewhat puzzled by the lack of enthusiasm the man on the phone had displayed when Tom told him that they had the fugitive in the palm of their hand. Even his optimistic description of the way they were guarding her did not occasion praise. But as Tom said, in the gangster business it was most probably not the done thing to show enthusiasm, and he was already regretting the way he'd bragged. But the message had been delivered. Now Dogville merely awaited a visit. Even though it had not been mentioned, surely the pick up would take place quickly. And now, four days without even a shadow of a vehicle on Canyon Road, people were getting impatient and some even skeptical. Grace was again being treated perhaps not in a criminal fashion as one might well have described her earlier treatment, but firmly. And Grace noted that her chains had certainly not been removed. When nothing happened the next day either, several residents favored

## 46th SCENE

GRACE is polishing glasses at Henson's factory. She is being strictly supervised by MRS HENSON.

## NARRATOR

The fifth day began like the others and nobody had much faith in it either, but then the wind suddenly dropped. Dogville lay on a ledge and was very exposed, so in almost any kind of weather there was some form of movement in the air. Sometimes just a gentle breeze, or if the wind came from behind the mountains, a kind of vertical draught that seemed to come right from beneath your feet. Always something or other, so people noticed when the sudden calm came. Some residents went as far as coming out into the street to listen. Because along with the wind, the sounds from the countryside also fell mute. All that was to be heard was a kind of faint ringing as if somebody had put a huge cheese dish cover over the town. And then the telephone was cut off. Now that happened frequently, but this time it didn't come back the same day. Oh, and another thing, Ben had to turn round on Canyon Road and drive back to the town because a huge tree had fallen across the road, preventing any passage. It was odd for the tree to have fallen that morning, because the leaves had gone ages ago and the wind was not strong. As the morning passed the mood began to affect several of the townsfolk. They got together and talked. They were not worried, why should they be? No, worried was not the right word

LIZ and BILL rush in. LIZ chatters away to her mother. MR HENSON hears them and comes into the factory as well.

## LIZ

There's a whole fleet of cars down at the edge of the wood where Canyon Road makes a turn. Tom has binoculars. You can see 'em with the naked eye. There gotta be at least eight!

MRS HENSON

I thought the road was blocked?

LIZ

Maybe they got through before the tree came down. They're certainly there, that's for sure. Tom just spotted 'em.

BILL

Handsome looking autos, a whole bunch of 'em. Maybe I should run down and have a look. I might pick up a few design ideas!

MRS HENSON

You stay right here! It's none of our business. Go on back outside and load them boxes. You, too, Liz, go do something useful.

They go outside again. GRACE has slacked off. She glances out of the window in the direction of the valley. MRS HENSON notices.

MRS HENSON

Tend to the glasses, child.

GRACE bows her head and polishes while she thinks. When she's through at the Henson's she goes out into the street, making for OLIVIA and JUNE's.

NARRATOR

When Grace was through at the Henson place she walked diagonally across Elm Street toward Olivia and June's. In the street she saw lots of people standing and talking. The biggest group was at the bottom of Elm Street, she could see. Headed by Tom and his binoculars, they were all gazing across the apple orchard in the direction of the spot where Canyon Road curved in between the pines.

OLIVIA is also standing outside her house. JUNE is indoors in her wheelchair, watching what is going on through the window. GRACE looks inquiringly at OLIVIA.

OLIVIA

June's bed! The sheets need changing. I'll be there in a moment.

OLIVIA just glances briefly at GRACE. GRACE nods and goes inside.

GRACE

Hi, June

JUNE does not turn round.

JUNE

Do shush! I wanna be able to hear  
what they're talking about.

GRACE starts changing the bedding.

NARRATOR

Grace started on the bed, which  
June had soiled yet again despite  
Olivia's diaper arrangement.  
Grace removed the dirty sheets  
and put on new ones. I'll make  
their beds, but nobody will ever  
sleep in them again,, Grace said  
to herself.

GRACE

(to herself)

I'm making their beds, but no  
one's gonna sleep in them again.

NARRATOR

She didn't say it out loud, but  
even so she was startled by the  
utterance that had suddenly urged  
itself upon her. Where had it  
come from? Guiltily she looked up  
at June.

GRACE looks up at JUNE.

GRACE

I am sorry, June.

JUNE

Shhh!

GRACE continues her labors in deep, disturbing thought.

47th SCENE

GRACE is on her way home from her work at MA GINGER's.  
Darkness is falling.

NARRATOR

As Grace made her way home from  
work that evening, she'd been  
removing a minor recurring  
conglomeration of algae from  
between the stones that led Ma  
Ginger and her sister's  
wastewater across the sidewalk  
into the gutter darkness was  
falling

The people on the square overlooking the valley had finally given up hope of seeing anything else now the light had faded. They trudged up Elm Street in disappointment, passing close to Grace.

TOM walks up with the others, passing close to GRACE. GRACE looks at him.

GRACE

Tom?

TOM

Hi, Grace. There were a few automobiles, but it's dark now and we can't see them any more.

GRACE

We haven't been seeing much of each other.

TOM

No, we'll have to do something about that. I'm busy with my book, you know. The one you started.

TOM makes to continue up the street with the others.

GRACE

May I ask you something?

TOM turns towards her and lets the others go on.

TOM

Sure, Grace.

GRACE

You couldn't bring yourself to throw it away, could you?

TOM

Throw what away?

GRACE

The card he gave you that night. You couldn't bring yourself to throw it away.

TOM

Grace, Jesus! I threw that card away! We're in this together. I'm truly surprised that you could doubt that!

GRACE

I told you before how dangerous that man is. Why didn't you listen? It wasn't very smart.

TOM

Grace, you have my word! And I am not stupid. Do you really think that?

GRACE

(turns to leave)  
What I said I said.

GRACE turns and sets off home. TOM stands there for a moment, watching her go. Then he pulls his jacket round him in the cool evening air and heads for home.

NARRATOR

In the course of the evening Tom pulled himself together and made himself sufficiently mad at the word 'dumb' that with a little ingenuity he was able to make the hurtfulness of being called so overshadow any other dimensions that his conversation in the street with Grace might have possessed. Tom was soon a passionate spokesman for locking Grace in her shed that night. If the vehicles were a sign that she was about to be taken away, it would look good if the town had also locked her up. Grace was lying on the bed when Jason was sent up with the key. Grace heard it turn in the lock, but she was deeply absorbed by arguments and thoughts about things she had other- wise avoided for the best part of a year now. Earlier that evening the same thoughts had made her weep. For the second time! Grace was not weeping any more. Now she was just waiting.

GRACE is lying in bed as the door is locked. The rose branch is not moving and makes no sound on the windowpane.

48th SCENE

Superimposed:

The scene in which Dogville at last receives the long-awaited visit and the film ends.

Some of the dark vehicles move quickly into Dogville. They are met by all the adult inhabitants lined up in Elm Street outside the mission house, with TOM to the fore.

NARRATOR

From the moment last thing in the evening when they'd finally heard the sound of lots of vehicles starting one after the other from the direction of the edge of the woods, things had moved rapidly. Tom considered that the delegation in the big cars should be given a proper reception and the townsfolk had taken up position in the heart of the town. Dogville might be off the beaten track, but it was hospitable, nonetheless.

TOM waves at the first car, which approaches up Elm Street and stops. A couple of gentlemen in big coats get out. They approach TOM.

TOM

Welcome to Dogville, gentlemen. I may safely say that the town places itself happily at your disposal! We should have a large key to present to you. But all we have is a small one.

He gets out the key to GRACE's house.

THE MAN IN THE COAT

(ignoring him)

Where is she?

TOM

Secured by this very key....you will be happy to find....

The man in the coat grabs TOM by the collar.

THE MAN IN THE COAT

Where is she, I said!

TOM is still smiling, and continues courteously.

TOM

Come with me.... it's not far. But of course, in this town, nothing is. Everything is small in Dogville, but that doesn't mean, as I used to say, that its residents need be small of spirit.



THE MAN IN THE COAT propels TOM along roughly. Some men get out of the other cars and accompany them. The noise from the piledriver is heard as they approach GRACE's house.

TOM

You may wonder if it really is the noise of construction you hear. Were we not given to understand that things are going badly in this country? Indeed, they're driving piles for a new penitentiary, or so we're told. Has the crime rate really gone up as we hear up? What is your opinion, gentlemen? It may be that people describe things as criminal because they envy their success? Perhaps you have no views on the matter?

THE MAN IN THE COAT is still propelling TOM. TOM gets out the key again and unlocks GRACE's door.

TOM

Voila! As the French might say.

THE MAN IN THE COAT gives GRACE on the bed a single glance. Then he nods to one of the others, who grabs TOM roughly and drags him off with a gun in his back. The others go into GRACE's house. The group of townsfolk on Elm Street have been surrounded by men holding guns. TOM is shoved into the group.

TOM

I hope you're fully satisfied with our arrangements. And with regards to the money ... nobody in our town feels comfortable about accepting money for helping people. But if it were to make you feel better to divest yourself --

THE MAN WHO SHOVED TOM into the group steps up close to him.

THE MAN WHO SHOVED TOM

Shut the hell up!

TOM

(slightly piqued at last)  
All right, very well ...

The townspeople wait in silence while glancing anxiously at the dark-coated men and their firearms. Now the others return. They have GRACE with them. She has had the chain removed. She is being led by two men.

TOM

We felt the safest when she had the chain on, you know. But you gentlemen are probably more efficient at managing her kind.

THE MAN WHO SHOVED TOM approaches TOM menacingly again and TOM shuts up. GRACE waits beside the gangsters. On the road, they make way. GRACE looks at the ground, and is very quiet. Soon the car TOM saw on that day long ago draws up and stops next to GRACE. The curtains concealing the back seat are closed. GRACE looks down. She is pushed forward through the door. GRACE sits down beside THE BIG MAN TOM talked to that day. GRACE looks down at her hands. The two sit there in silence for a moment.

GRACE

You need to justify your actions before you shoot us? That's new. It could be interpreted as weakness. Daddy ... I'm truly disappointed!

THE BIG MAN

Shoot you, Gracie? I haven't come to shoot anybody.

GRACE

You shot at me before!

THE BIG MAN

Yes. I regret that. I was desperate to make you stop. That's what being a parent is. If you fear for your child's life you don't think, you act. But shooting at you didn't help matters. Of course not. You're far, far, too stubborn.

GRACE

If you're not here to kill me, why did you come then?

THE BIG MAN

Our last conversation, the one in which you told me what you didn't like about me, never really concluded - as you ran away. Surely I am allowed to tell you what I don't like about you as well. Aren't those the rules of polite conversations?

GRACE

That's why you showed up? And you say that I am stubborn?

You sure you're not here to force me to go back and become a gangster like you?

THE BIG MAN

If there was a chance of forcing you....but I don't think there is. Of course you're welcome to return home and be my daughter again anytime. I would even begin to share my power and responsibility with you if you did. Not that you care, but power can be put to good use, too, you know.

GRACE shakes her head. She looks bitter. She turns towards him aggressively.

GRACE

Go on then: what is it about me that you don't like?

THE BIG MAN

It was the word you used about me that provoked me. You called me arrogant. I despise the common people....the simple folk. The kind of person I suppose you claim to have found up here.

GRACE

To plunder, as it were, a God-given right. I'd call that arrogant.

THE BIG MAN

Let's call it harvesting. And only as much as the soil can bear. That's important to remember....

GRACE

Yes, yes. But what is it.....the thing you don't like about me?

THE BIG MAN

You used the word, arrogant. But that is what I don't like about you: It's you that's arrogant.

GRACE

You came all the way to tell me that? I'm not the one passing judgement on people. You are.

THE BIG MAN

You don't pass judgement because you sympathize with them.

So a deprived childhood and a homicide isn't necessarily a homicide, right? You think you understand them. In the end the only thing you can blame is circumstances. Rapists and murderers may be the victims, according to you. But I call them dogs, and if they're lapping up their own vomit the only way to stop them is with the lash.

GRACE

Dogs only obey their own nature. Surely one must forgive them.

THE BIG MAN

Dogs can learn many useful things, but not if we forgive them every time they obey their own nature.

GRACE

My arrogance is that I'm willing to forgive people?

THE BIG MAN

Can't you see how condescending you are when you do that? You have a preconceived notion that people can't attain the same high ethical standards as you, so you exonerate them. I don't think one can be more arrogant than that. You, my child, forgive others with excuses that you would never in the world permit for yourself.

GRACE

Shouldn't I be merciful?

THE BIG MAN

Show mercy if there's reason to show mercy. But always maintain your standards. You owe them that. The penalty you deserve for your transgressions, they deserve for theirs. It's when you don't feel others deserve to be held accountable for their actions the same way you are held accountable for yours that I find arrogant. Now I have no more to say.

GRACE

So I am arrogant, or you are....Let's not quarrel over words. You've said it and can leave with a clear conscience.

THE BIG MAN

Yes, and without my daughter it seems.

GRACE

Yes!

THE BIG MAN

They say you're in trouble here.

GRACE

No more trouble than back home.

THE BIG MAN nods.

THE BIG MAN

You decide.

THE BIG MAN beckons through the door and one of the gangsters pops his head inside. He is given instructions:

THE BIG MAN

Take them home and see they stay there.

The man nods. He goes off and organizes things. The armed men conduct the anxious residents of Dogville to their homes. THE BIG MAN turns to GRACE again.

THE BIG MAN

Listen Grace. I know you; you're like your mother. I'm going to give you a little time to think this over. Take a walk, ruminate. Perhaps you'll change your mind. We'll wait ten minutes. Power is not so bad, my love....I am sure you could find a way to make use of it in your own fashion....

GRACE shrugs her shoulders.

GRACE

I can go for a walk if you like. It won't make a difference though. I love this town. Its populated by people who've done their best under the great pressure they live under.

THE BIG MAN

Yes, Grace, if you say so, but is their best good enough?

GRACE gets out of the automobile. The moon has risen, casting picturesque, plentiful light upon the township.

## NARRATOR

Grace had already thought for a long time. She had known that if she were not shot when the cars arrived she would be faced with her father's suggestion that she return, and she didn't really need ten minutes to respond. She had had a hard time in the town, but she'd come here of her own free will. If she went along with him she'd have no choice but to become a conspirator with a gang of thugs and felons, even though the difference between the people she knew back home and the people she'd met in Dogville had proven to be somewhat slighter than she'd expected. Grace drew the cold night air deep into her lungs. It was still the best air she had ever breathed. She walked around the streets of Dogville, which she had known and loved so long. The moon-light gently swathed the bare gooseberry bushes. Grace smiled at them. It was good to know that if you did not treat them ill, they would be there come spring as always, and come summer they'd again be bursting with the quite incomprehensible quantity of berries that were so good in pies, specially with cinnamon. Grace bent over and caressed their branches lightly.

GRACE bends over and caresses their branches lightly. She smiles for a while and then grows grave again. She straightens slowly and moves off around the town. Everywhere the residents follow every step she takes from inside their windows. The guards outside their front doors are immobile. Illustration to words:

## NARRATOR

In the moonlight Dogville looked just as bashful and kind as the very first time she saw it. Now it was almost with love that she looked in at the frightened faces behind the windowpanes that were following her every step, even though just a few hours earlier they had filled her with terror. How could she hate them for what was at bottom merely their weakness?

She would probably have done things like those that had befallen her if she'd lived in one of these houses, to measure them by her own yardstick as her father put it. Would she not, in all honesty, have done the same as Chuck and Vera and Ben and Mrs. Henson and Tom and all the people in their houses?

GRACE looks at them all. She nods. Then she stops at the dog pen. Moses growls at her.

#### NARRATOR

Grace paused and thought. And the more she thought, it was as if the light and the buildings changed around her. Now the moon no longer illuminated a berry that would appear on the gooseberry bush but only a thorn that was there right now. It was as if the light, previously so merciful, now penetrated every unevenness and emphasized it. Because as she tried to imagine herself in each and every resident's shoes in order to judge their actions as if they'd been her own. She was astonished by her conclusions. Suddenly it was obvious. If she had acted like them, she could not have defended a single one of their actions and could not have condemned them harshly enough. She saw herself as every single one of them receiving a fugitive who had put herself at the mercy and mercilessness of their peaceful little town. She saw herself, the instant she realized that it meant no danger to her, throw herself upon this defenseless creature and suck so cruelly from the poor thing that the mere thought practically took Grace's breath away. Merely allowing this new angle as a passing thought had an overwhelming effect on Grace. It was as if her sorrow and pain finally assumed their rightful place. Anything in the world could be excused in thousands of ways, that was true. But why should it be? A homicide was a homicide and betrayal was

What gave Dogville any right to demand the clemency she herself had never been granted? Grace walked faster and faster from house to house and reviewed the humiliations and injustices they had witnessed. Dogville had almost bewitched her again with its charming coyness, but one had to look deeper; it was, yes, a duty. No, what they had done was not good enough. In this new light she clearly saw the greed and meanness in every single one of the warped boards of the ugly shacks. And in the faces. The town had had every opportunity to cultivate decency and love for life, but had failed. The town had earned the same punishment she would have accepted had she been the one to do the town's wrong. For the sake of the other towns that were not like this one. Towns that did not conceal the same human depravity behind their insignificance or behind civic magnificence for that matter. For the sake of humanity, and not least, for the sake of the human being that was Grace herself.

GRACE arrives back at the car. She looks at her father.

GRACE

If I went back with you and became your daughter again, when would I be given the power you're talking about?

THE BIG MAN

(shrugs)

Now.

GRACE

(thoughtfully)

At once?

THE BIG MAN

Why not?

GRACE

But that would mean that I'd also take on the immediate responsibilities at once. I'd take part in problem solving ... like the problem that everyone in this town has seen my face.



THE BIG MAN  
That's right

GRACE gets into the car. She thinks, frowning. Her father looks at her.

THE BIG MAN  
If you like, we can start by shooting a dog and nailing it to a wall. Over there beneath the lamp, for example. It might help it sometimes does.

GRACE  
It will only make the town more frightened, but hardly a better place. It could happen again. Somebody happening by, revealing their frailty ... on the contrary, the town would be worse, not better. And that's what I would like to use the power for, if you don't mind. To make the world a little better.

THE BIG MAN looks gravely at his daughter. They sit in silence for a moment. There is a knock on the window. The man who shoved TOM is standing outside.

THE MAN WHO SHOVED TOM  
That damn kid won't shut up. Says he wants to talk to you, miss. Shall I just shoot him?

GRACE shakes her head.

GRACE  
No, no. Let me talk to him.

The man who shoved TOM walks down the street to where a couple of the men are standing with TOM. They conduct him to the car. GRACE gets out and goes up to him.

GRACE  
What is it?

TOM  
(earnestly)  
It was my idea to telephone! But maybe you knew that.

GRACE  
No.

TOM  
Maybe you want to know why I did it. I was scared, Grace. I never thought I could be scared, but I

was. I'm sorry, but a man can't be blamed for being scared!

GRACE

No, that is true.

TOM

It's what makes us human. You said so yourself. Now I know you were right.

GRACE fidgets as if she wants to get away.

TOM

I used you, Grace. It was not for your sake that I had the town take you in. It was for my own sake. To prove that my thinking was right. As an illustration, you know. I am sorry. I AM stupid sometimes. Maybe even arrogant.

GRACE

You are, Tom, yes.

TOM

(warmed up now)

But even though making use of people as illustrations is not very charming, you have to give me credit that this particular illustration surpassed all expectations. It says so much about being human. It's been painful, I'll admit, but also edifying. Wouldn't you agree? Don't get me wrong, I'd be the first to reproach us all....but as an illustration.

GRACE stops him with a gesture.

GRACE

Tom. Not now.

GRACE gets back into the car. TOM is taken away to the square. GRACE sits there a while. Then she turns to her father.

GRACE

If there is any town the world would be a little better without, this is it.

THE BIG MAN nods thoughtfully. He turns to the gangster in the coat outside.

THE BIG MAN

Shoot them and burn the town.

The gangster outside moves off to pass on the order. He sees that GRACE is a little restless.

THE BIG MAN

What is it, honey? Something else?

GRACE

The family with the kids ... do the kids first and make the mother watch. Shoot them one at a time and tell her you will stop if she can hold back her tears. I owe her that.

THE BIG MAN looks at the gangster outside, who has stopped up and heard what GRACE said. The gangster nods to THE BIG MAN; he's heard. THE BIG MAN closes the door and puts his arm round his daughter. GRACE smiles to herself with a touch of bitterness.

GRACE

Unfortunately, I'm afraid she cries much too easily.

THE BIG MAN

We've got to get you out of here. You've already learned far too much. Make yourself comfortable this won't take long. Are you cold? I have a wrap?

He offers her the wrap on the seat.

GRACE

I'm fine

The DRIVER turns round.

DRIVER

You want the curtains opened? You don't need them anymore.

THE BIG MAN looks at his daughter.

THE BIG MAN

What do you think?

GRACE

We'd better open them. After all, I think it's appropriate.

The DRIVER opens the curtains. GRACE and THE BIG MAN sit in the car in silence as the orders are executed around the town. Guns are fired and gasoline is poured over the buildings. GRACE watches without much emotion. VERA can't stop crying.

NARRATOR

Tom watched from the square as the gangsters efficiently, systematically torched the township. Residents who did not elect to die in the flames were shot. The reflection of the flames on the mountainsides was a truly grand phenomenon of light that Jack McKay would have enjoyed if anybody had described it to him. The conscientious, efficient way the job was organized meant that the noise soon died down, but for the occasional creak of embers as they were transiently nourished by a chance gust of wind that found its way over the Rockies down to the spot that until recently had been the town of Dogville.

GRACE turns round. She looks at TOM. She takes her father's handgun from his coat pocket. She gets out and walks over to TOM.

TOM

Bingo, Grace! I must say, your illustration beat the hell out of mine. Scary, but so clear. I'm grateful for this lesson. I really am. Do you think that maybe I can allow myself to use this as inspiration in my writing. In the right context, of course. I beg you for permission. Now I can go away and write.

GRACE looks at him sadly. He lowers his eyes.

TOM

Off into the world. Should have done it a long time ago. What restrained me apart from habit?

GRACE

Goodbye, Tom.

GRACE raises the gun and shoots him in the head. He tumbles to the ground. It pains her. A couple of men help her into the car. She sits there, strained, feeling dreadful. THE BIG MAN looks at her.

THE BIG MAN

What was the point of that? The boys could have taken care of that!

GRACE:  
(shakes her head in  
torment)  
Some things you have to do  
yourself.

THE BIG MAN  
Really? That one you're going to  
have to explain to me on the way  
home.

He puts his arm round her shoulders. The car moves off.  
GRACE is completely overwhelmed now as the car rolls down  
Elm Street. She hears a noise. She waves the car to a halt.  
Everyone in it listens.

NARRATOR  
Suddenly there was a noise. Not  
so persuasive and powerful as it  
had been one rainy night in  
spring, but loud enough to work  
its way through the final sighs  
of the timber that was rapidly  
burning out. It came again.  
Everyone heard it. Grace was the  
first to recognize it. It's  
Moses, she said, and jumped out  
of the car.

GRACE  
It's Moses!

GRACE gets out and runs up what was once Elm Street.

NARRATOR  
She quickly covered the distance  
to the dog pen over what, now the  
buildings were gone, could  
scarcely be called a road, and  
certainly not Elm Street as there  
wasn't a tree left on Dogville's  
little mountain ledge, let alone  
an elm. As Grace approached the  
charred ruins of the dog pen  
Moses' bark intensified. His  
survival was astonishing, a  
miracle. It was in a rage as she  
stopped outside the fence.

The men all watch GRACE. They move in to watch the furious  
dog. One of them raises his gun and aims. GRACE lifts a  
hand and pulls the barrel away.

GRACE

(animatedly)

No, let him be. They must have spotted the flames from Georgetown by now. Somebody'll come up and find him. He's a good dog. He's just angry that I once took his bone.

They go back to the cars and get in.

NARRATOR

Whether Grace left Dogville or on the contrary, Dogville had left her (and the world in general) is a question of a more artful nature that few have the pleasure of asking and even fewer of providing an answer. Let us just say, it will not be answered here.

From on high the camera cranes down to where the town once lay. It closes in on the dog pen and the symbolic figure painted on the set floor furnished with the legend: DOG. A dissolve turns the painting into a real dog. We are close to its jaws now: it barks, a figure of menace to the last.

The closing credits are neutral and simple, not Superimposed on any images.

FIN