

FEMALE SWING #1 (Read Elizabeth)

We see a frontier hut and, within it, a domestic scene of a boyhood Andrew Jackson, his parents, and the local shoe cobbler.

ELIZABETH

(holding up a soup ladle) Look at this, Andrew. The broth from the ox tail has made a very fine stew. It will keep us fed heartily as the cold winds begin to pour over the Tennessee hills.

ANDREW SENIOR

(hugs her) Ah, Elizabeth, what wedded bliss it is to be wedded to you. *(sips from the ladle, smiles)* Your stew is the finest in all of the Waxhaw Settlement.

COBBLER

(rising from his work) Huzzah! Your shoes have been cobbled!

ELIZABETH

What, Jesudiah, you've done it again! These look like very fine shoes. Don't you think so, Andrew Jr.?

COBBLER

(humbly) Oh, they're no such great work, Miss Elizabeth. I'm but a mere cobbler in the Waxhaw Settlement of the Tennessee hills. They're nothing compared to the quality of shoe-cobbling you'd find in the great cities of the North-East.

Andrew Senior violently throws stew at the Cobbler.

COBBLER

(burned, severely injured) Holy fuck! My fucking face—

ANDREW SENIOR

(overlapping) All the lace in Philadelphia ain't none as pretty as the logs in my backyard. *(suddenly shouting)* I GOT HUNDREDS OF 'EM! YA UNDERSTAND?!? *(he releases Cobbler, long pause)* Those are nice shoes though.

ELIZABETH

(sunny) The finest!

ANDREW SENIOR

(clearly possessed by demons) Yes, yes... The finest...

ELIZABETH

(claps her hands, cheery) So, I've got an idea! Why don't we go down to the crick and gather some—*(she stops midsentence, eyes roll back, blood oozes from her mouth)*

End

FEMALE SWING #2 (Read Woman)

Start
└

FEMALE ENSEMBLE

Tonight Jackson was just *on fire*.

WOMAN

I mean did you see his jeans? They were so *tight*!

MAN

I was at his rally in March, (*points to guy*) that's where I met Lewis.

WOMAN

I overheard her talking about Jackson's populist political platform and how much she loved the music of Aaron Copeland. And I thought, yeah, I love those things too.

MAN

And that's why we're voting for Jackson.

WOMAN

He's my guy.

MAN

I got this special cape made. (*turns around to reveal a cape with a giant picture of Jackson*) It's a cape, I know. It's not like I'm into witchcraft or anything but I thought I could get Jackson's face bigger this way, than with like a skirt or something.

WOMAN

It's a really big face...

MAN

The Senate's grilling the candidates. They're trying to say all this mean stuff about Jackson, to screw up his campaign or whatever?

WOMAN

But I don't believe it.

MAN

Me neither.

WOMAN

He brought us together.

MAN

They look at each other. Smile. She looks out.

Jackson is love.

WOMAN

└ End

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FEMALE SWING #3 (Read Woman on Tour)

Start

FEMALE ENSEMBLE 3

JACKSON

(contemplates) Hmm, that's not good. (he decides) Why don't you send in federal troops to remove them forcibly. (to the Woman) Tell me, what do you think we should do about the Indians?

WOMAN ON TOUR

(nervous) I thought we should move them. But maybe now we should have them stay?

JACKSON

But those ideas contradict each other...

WOMAN ON TOUR

Ok. Well then move them.

JACKSON

But if we put the Indians on a forced march Westward, a lot of them might die in the process. (rhetorically) You'd feel terrible about that, right?

WOMAN ON TOUR

(defensive) Of course I would. I mean, why are you asking me this?

JACKSON

I'm the People's President. I want to know what you think is right.

WOMAN ON TOUR

It's not my job to decide about this stuff! About the Indians—Jesus Christ.

JACKSON

Testy, testy. (mildly frustrated, addressing the room) See, you people don't know what you want. That's why you're lucky to have me: someone who can help you make bold, impulsive, incredibly expensive decisions. (He gleefully shoots towards the band) Tee hee, play something!

End

FEMALE SWING #4

STORYTELLER

Andrew Jackson was born on March 15th, 1767 in the pioneer territory of Tennessee. *(twangy guitar underscore begins)* Andrew was the youngest of three boys born to Elizabeth and Andrew Senior, the latter a very proud man. They lived a happy life on the frontier but a hard one, barely supporting themselves through farming, logging, and the occasional slave auction. Rampaging Indians on the outskirts of such settlements were a source of constant fear.

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STORYTELLER

Yes, yes, go Jackson! Give him a good kick in the rear! *(calming down, rhetorically)* Oh, wasn't he a good fighter? I love this scene. And, if watching all this *heroicism* and *swashbuckling* weren't hot-blooded enough for all of us ladies, your temperature is *really* going to rise when you see what's next: Jackson meeting Rachel, his one, true love! *(getting carried away)* Oh yes, I remember when I met *my* first love: I was in my early twenties as well—a sophomore at Wellesley—she drove a blue pick-up truck with a dancing bear on the windshield... *(remembers the audience, awkward)* Back to the story.

FEMALE SWING #5 (READ RACHEL)

The battle fades from view, and Jackson stumbles in the front door of the Hermitage late at night. He is covered in blood and absolutely wasted.

JACKSON

(interrupting) Rachel!

Rachel is in a nightgown. She turns and runs to him.

RACHEL

Andrew!

He crumples to the floor.

JACKSON

(kind of insane) We won, honey. We beat the British. They're gone for good now. We won!

RACHEL

You're drunk and covered in blood!

She holds him.

JACKSON

(mumbling to himself, smiling) We only had only three hundred men. And we won. Ha ha ha! It was the Battle of New Orleans...

RACHEL

(to audience) And it was a very *important* battle.

JACKSON

(suddenly intimate) Honey, tell me something: do you still bleed yourself?

RACHEL

(bashful) Why, yes. Of course. *(pause, she looks away)* As a release. To take away the pain...

JACKSON

Sometimes... when I'm out on the battlefield, and I'm covered in blood, and I have terrible dysentery and diarrhea, I think of *you*. Here at the Hermitage, bleeding yourself...

RACHEL

Andrew...

JACKSON

Nah! I do... And I think of the two of us bleeding each other *(nuzzling up to her)* bathing in the blood of the bodies strewn across the battlefield. Of bloody bloodness.

RACHEL

(girding herself) Andrew, we've got to stop killing and cutting and bleeding ourselves. I didn't leave my other husband and risk people calling me a whore to have an even more fucked up marriage with you. A return to normalcy – it's the only way to put the stain of bigamy behind us.

JACKSON

Bigamy, bigamy, bigamy!

RACHEL

Promise me you'll stay here at the Hermitage. *(pets his face)* You've had luck on your side so far but—

JACKSON

I love you, Rach, but I also gotta kill the entire native population!

RACHEL

(sharply) Andrew. You have to choose.

JACKSON

Ok. *(beat)* I choose you.

RACHEL

(she turns away, trying to contain her excitement) Thank you.

A beat. Jackson sweetly touches her cheek and then turns her face towards him. He looks clearly into her eyes and smiles.

JACKSON

Hey. Hey. I love you.

Another beat.

RACHEL

I love you too.

He lies down in her lap, content.

JACKSON

Your womb is like an oven. I want to crawl inside it.

RACHEL

(touched) Oh.

Ten Little Indians

Michael Friedman

Am /E Am E A- Asus /E A

Voice

Ten lit-tle In-di-ans stand-ing in a line.
Seven lit-tle In-di-ans play-ing pick-up sticks.

Piano

5 A- /E A5 A- Asus

Pno.

One got e-xe-cu-ted then there were nine. Nine lit-tle In-di-ans
One got burned real bad and then there were six. Six lit-tle In-di-ans

8 /E A A- /E Am E

Pno.

have-n't long to wait. One got sy-phi-lis and then there were eight. Eight lit-tle In-di-ans
tryin to stay a-live One did-n't do so well and then there were five. Five lit-tle In-di-ans

Ten Little Indians

12 F F C

tryin' to get to hea - ven One found Je - sus and then there were se - ven good-night,
 bang - ing on the door, One got in and then there were four good-night,

Pno.

15 Am7 G G FM7

good-night, good-night, good-night, good-night,

Pno.

19 D9 A A-

good-night. Four lit - tle In - di - ans

Pno.

VAMP

23

hi - ding in a tree One passed out drunk and then there were three.

Pno.

Ten Little Indians

26

Three lit-tle In-di-ans not much left to do One left for Me-xi-co and

29

then there were two. Two lit-tle In-di-ans play-ing with a gun One got shot and

33

then there was one - good-night, good-night, good-night,

37

good-night, good-night, good-night...

