Look What You've Done (Part 2)
(Booker T. Washington, Harlem Women)

HARLEM WOMEN:

(Booker T. Washington, Harlem Women)

For the

sum of my life I have lived in hope we might all be Christian brothers. I have
HARLEM WOMEN:

BOOKE T. WASHINGTON:

worked to persuade ev'-ry white skinned man that he need not fear our race. What has

cresc.

Jus - tice!

your sel - fish reck - less - ness cost us, we who work so hard to

A Bit Slower

Jus - tice!

still the white man's hate? Look what you've done.

SEGUE AS ONE

Holly Carroll & Associates
WHITMAN
(Raises a megaphone)
Mr. Walker. This is District Attorney Charles S. Whitman. Do you hear me? I have Fire Chief Willie Conklin with me. He is restoring your car. Will you come out, sir?

WILLIE CONKLIN
You gonna let me be a martyr!

WHITMAN
Mr. Conklin will receive due process. You both will.

MORGAN
How much longer are you going to stand for this? Give him his car and then hang the savage!

WHITMAN
I'm doing my best, Mr. Morgan.

CONKLIN
This is a conspiracy of nigger lovers, that's all it is.

Sir, if I might suggest.

FATHER

WHITMAN
Who the hell are you?

FATHER
You sent for me. I know Mr. Walker and I believe there's one man he will listen to. Mr. Booker T. Washington.

VIGIL WOMEN
JUSTICE! AH!
(The focus now goes to WASHINGTON, as the people on the street move away. It should seem as if he has been admitted to the library, and is now addressing COALHOUSE directly.)

LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON
FOR THE SUM OF MY LIFE I HAVE LIVED IN HOPE WE MIGHT ALL BE CHRISTIAN BROTHERS. I HAVE WORKED TO PERSUADE EVERY WHITE-SKINNED MAN THAT HE NEED NOT FEAR OUR RACE.

WHAT HAS YOUR SELFISH RECKLESSNESS COST US,

VIGIL WOMEN
DAY OF PEACE...

DAY OF PRIDE...

JUSTICE!
WE WHO WORK SO HARD TO STILL
THE WHITE MAN'S HATE
LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON
With guns and dynamite, you are destroying everything I have
fought for, sir.

COALHOUSE
Despite the respect I have for you Mr. Washington, you have
come in vain.

WASHINGTON
Had you been ignorant of the tragic struggle of our people, I
could have pitied you this adventure. But you are a trained
musician, an educated man.

COALHOUSE
It is true, sir. But I hope this might suggest to you the
solemn calculation of my mind. We are both men of color who
insist on the truth of our manhood, and the respect it
demands!

(Lights come up outside the library.)

MEN, FATHER
HOURS PASSING BY AND
NOT A SIGN FROM COALHOUSE!
HOURS PASSING BY,
THE SITUATION HOPELESS!
HOURS PASSING BY...
HOURS PASSING BY...

WOMEN
HOURS PASSING BY AND
NOT A SIGN FROM COALHOUSE!
HOURS PASSING BY,
THE SITUATION HOPELESS!
HOURS PASSING BY...
HOURS PASSING BY...

(Lights dim on the chaos outside the
library, and come up inside again. It is
apparent that time has passed. They are
tired. They are disheveled. The guns
have been lowered.)

WASHINGTON
Your situation is hopeless. You will be responsible for the
deaths of these young men.

YOUNGER BROTHER
Don't listen to him, Coalhouse. They're using him to get to
you.

COALHOUSE FOLLOWER
We're not giving up.

WASHINGTON
AND YOU DARE TO TEACH YOUR LESSONS
TO THESE WILD, UNTHINKING YOUTHS:
YET YOUR OWN SON,
YOU ABANDON
TO BE RAISED ON WHITE MEN'S TRUTHS.
LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE.
THINK OF YOUR SON.

(COALHOUSE reacts to this blow. All at once he hears SARAH'S VOICE, humming "YOUR DADDY'S SON.")

SARAH

OOOH...

WASHINGTON

Is this the legacy you would bestow on him? Are these the shoulders you would have him stand upon? Let him be the son of a man who had the courage to tell the truth in a court of law. Make your case, and if the verdict is death, go to it proudly knowing you have been heard. The truth is all. If you do this, you will have the thanks and respect of every decent man of color and all those children of our race whose way is hard and whose journey is long.

(speaks) THINK OF YOUR SON.

COALHOUSE

I would need a hostage and safe passage for my men.

WASHINGTON

It is done.

YOUNGER BROTHER

You can't change your demands. You are betraying us. You said we would all go free or we would all die!

COALHOUSE

And the promise of a fair trial.

YOUNGER BROTHER

No!

WASHINGTON

You have my word. I am their mediator, sir, not their fool.

COALHOUSE

Then they will see me come out with my hands raised, and no further harm will come to any man from Coalhouse Walker, Jr.

WASHINGTON

God bless you sir.

(WASHINGTON and COALHOUSE shake hands. WASHINGTON exits. The FOLLOWERS and YOUNGER BROTHER surround COALHOUSE in furious agitation.)