

Look What You've Done (Part 2)

(Booker T. Washington, Harlem Women)

BOOKER T.

HARLEM WOMEN:

(Am)

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON:

For the

sfz *f*

START

HARLEM WOMEN:

mp Day of peace.—

sum of my life I have lived in hope we might all be Chris-tian bro-thers. I have

mf

5

HARLEM WOMEN:

Day of pride.

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON:

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

Jus - tice!

cresc. 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.

mp

SEGUE AS ONE

END

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.

FATHER

Sir, if I might suggest.

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.
START

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

~~JUDICIAL!~~

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...

(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.

(speak) → THINK OF YOUR SON.

COALHOUSE

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

WASHINGTON

It is done.

END

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.)