

TATEH 2
START

MOTHER

Well.

TATEH

You say that often. "Well."

MOTHER

It's because I don't know what to say, Baron.

TATEH

I'm not a baron, of course. I'm a poor immigrant, a Jew, who points a camera so that his child can dress as beautifully as a princess. I want to drive from her memory every tenement stench and filthy immigrant street. I will buy her light and sun and clean wind of the ocean for the rest of her life. Now you know me. Now you understand. I am no baron. I am Tateh.

MOTHER

Now I know even less what to say.

TATEH

Now it's my turn: Well.

MOTHER

Thank you for your confidence. I shall keep it here.

END

(MOTHER puts her hand to her heart.)

SHE goes. TATEH follows her with his eyes. He is smiling.

The music, lights and set segue to a street in Harlem, late at night.)

HARLEM WOMAN

OOH...

HARLEM MAN

MMM...

(YOUNGER BROTHER arrives. Everything stops at the sight of him.)

HARLEM MAN

Here he comes again - that cracker who doesn't know he's a cracker. We should have kicked his ass the first time he came looking for Coalhouse.

HARLEM WOMAN

They must think we're fools.

YOUNGER BROTHER

Good evening. I would still very much like to talk to Mr. Coalhouse Walker, Jr.

AFRICAN-AMERICAN
ENVS.
MEN + WOMEN
1

START

HARLEM MAN

This is still Harlem and this is still a private thoroughfare, cracker.

YOUNGER BROTHER

I told you: I shall come here every evening until he is satisfied that it is safe to receive me.

HARLEM WOMAN

And that time will be never!

YOUNGER BROTHER

But Mr. Walker knows me. I'm his friend.

HARLEM MAN

Try that pestilent pond where they sank his car.

YOUNGER BROTHER

I've been there.

HARLEM WOMAN

Try that cemetery where he buried his Sarah like a queen.

YOUNGER BROTHER

I've been there, too.

HARLEM MAN

Then try the Gates of Justice where they are deaf to his misery and anger.

YOUNGER BROTHER

I understand how you feel.

END

(His remark is met with much hostility. YOUNGER BROTHER stands his ground. Finally, a well dressed young Negro approaches him. We will recognize him as one of COALHOUSE'S FOLLOWERS.)

COALHOUSE FOLLOWER

You got a dime?

(YOUNGER BROTHER obliges.)

You seem to have a lot of change there. Could you manage a quarter?

(YOUNGER BROTHER obliges.)

What about a silver dollar?

(COALHOUSE FOLLOWER exits. YOUNGER BROTHER impulsively follows him. Transition. We hear the sounds of a rag piano coming out of a club. Carefree MEN