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.

(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.