

TATEH 2
START

Well. MOTHER

You say that often. "Well." TATEH

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

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. TATEH

Now I know even less what to say. MOTHER

Now it's my turn: Well. TATEH

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

(MOTHER puts her hand to her heart. END)

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.)

OOH... HARLEM WOMAN

MMM... HARLEM MAN

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

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 MAN

They must think we're fools. HARLEM WOMAN

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