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SF PERUSALS

The Great White Hope

A Drama in Three Acts

by Howard Sackler

A Samuel French Acting Edition



SAMUELFRENCH.COM

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THE GREAT WHITE HOPE, by Howard Sackler, directed by Edwin Sherin, was presented by Herman Levin at the Alvin Theatre, N.Y.C.

CAST AND SCENES

The action of the play takes place in the years before and during World War I.

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

Parchment, Ohio: Brady's Farm

BRADY ..... *Gil Rogers*
FRED ..... *George Ebeling*
CAP'N DAN ..... *George Mathews*
REPORTERS ..... *Max Wright, Burke Byrnes*
TRAINERS ..... *Hector Elizondo, Lance Cunard*
SMITTY ..... *Peter Masterson*
GOLDIE ..... *Lou Gilbert*
PHOTOGRAPHERS ..... *Ed Lauter, George Curley*

SCENE 2

San Francisco: A Small Gym

GOLDIE, SMITTY *and:*
TICK ..... *Jimmy Pelham*
JACK JEFFERSON ..... *James Earl Jones*
ELEANOR BACHMAN ..... *Jane Alexander*
REPORTERS .... *Max Wright, Burke Byrnes, Bob Horen*
CLARA ..... *Marlene Warfield*

SCENE 3

Reno, Nevada: The Fight

BRADY, FRED, CAP'N DAN, JACK, GOLDIE, TICK, SMITTY, *and:*
ROLLER ..... *Ned Beatty*
BETTOR ..... *Robert Hodge*
TOUT ..... *George Harris II*
CRAP PLAYERS ..... *Burke Byrnes, Ed Lauter, Michael Prince*
BLACKFACE ..... *Hector Elizondo*
COLONEL COX ..... *Dan Priest*
RANGERS ..... *Edd K. Gasper, Sean J. Walsh*
WEIGHER-IN ..... *George Curley*
MEN AT FIGHT . *Thomas Barbour, Jon Cypher, Marshall Efron, Lou Meyer, Ted Tiller, Eugene R. Wood*
HANDLERS ..... *Lance Cunard, Larry Swanson*
REPORTERS ..... *Max Wright, Bob Horen*
DEACON ..... *Garwood Perkins*
YOUNG NEGRO ..... *Nathan George*
NEGRO MEN ..... *Philip Lindsay, Thomas Anderson*
BOY ..... *Ivan Espinosa*

MONOLOGUE: CAP'N DAN

SCENE 4

Chicago: Café de Champion

JACK, TICK, ELLIE, GOLDIE, SMITTY *and:*
BARKER ..... DAVID CONNELL
JACK'S FRIENDS: *John Byrd, Don Blakely, Dave Brown, Ruby Greene Aspinall, Barbara Johnson, Verona Barnes, Joanna Featherstone, Thomas Anderson, Nathan George, Jerry Laws, Philip Lindsay, Garwood Perkins, Richard Pittman, Yvonne Southerland, Glory Van Scott, Mel Winkler, Luis Espinosa*

POLICEMEN . *George Harris II, Burke Byrnes, Ed Lauter*
CIVIC MARCHES . *Ted Tiller, Christine Thomas, Thomas Barbour, Sheila Coonan, Lance Cunard, George Curley, Marshall Efron, Edd K. Gasper, Robert Hodge, Bob Horen, Dan Priest, Danette Small, Terrence O'Connor, Dan Priest, Larry Swanson, Sean J. Walsh, Lou Meyer*
MR. DONNELLY ..... *Michael Prince*
MRS. BACHMAN ..... *Ruth Gregory*
MR. DIXON ..... *Brooks Rogers*

SCENE 5

Chicago: District Attorney's Office

ELLIE, MR. DIXON, SMITTY, MR. DONNELLY *and:*
MR. CAMERON (D.A.) ..... *Jon Cypher*
DETECTIVE ..... *Ned Beatty*
CIVIC LEADERS ... *Robert Hodge, Lance Cunard, Larry Swanson, Bob Horen, Terrence O'Connor, Christine Thomas, Sheila Coonan*
A DISTINGUISHED NEGRO ..... *Carl Gordon*

SCENE 6

Beau Rivage, Wisconsin: A Cabin

JACK *and* ELLIE; MR. DIXON *and:*
DEPUTIES .. *Ned Beatty, Burke Byrnes, Edd K. Gasper, Hector Elizondo, Sean J. Walsh, Dan Priest*

MONOLOGUE: Scipio—ANTONIO FARGAS

SCENE 7

Chicago: Mrs. Jefferson's House

JACK, GOLDIE, TICK, CLARA *and:*
PASTOR ..... *Clark Morgan*
MRS. JEFFERSON ..... *Hilda Haynes*
MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATION ... *Thomas Anderson, Philip Lindsay, Jerry Laws, Richard Pittman, Ruby Greene Aspinall, Joanna Featherstone, Danette Small, Yvonne Southerland, Barbara Johnson, Verona Barnes, Dave Brown*
RUDY ..... *Mel Winkler*
RUDY'S TEAMMATES ..... *John Byrd, Nathan George*

ACT TWO

SCENE 1

London: The Home Office

JACK, ELLIE, GOLDIE, TICK *and:*
MR. EUBANKS ..... *Larry Swanson*
MR. TREACHER ..... *Ted Tiller*
SIR WILLIAM GRISWOLD ..... *Thomas Barbour*
MR. COATES ..... *Max Wright*
MRS. KIMBALL ..... *Sheila Coonan*
INSPECTOR WAINWRIGHT ..... *Gil Rogers*
MR. M. BRATBY ..... *Edd K. Gasper*
MR. FARLOW ..... *George Curley*

SCENE 2

Le Havre

OFFICIAL ..... *Bob Horen*
KLOSSOWSKI ..... *Jon Cypher*

REPORTERS ..... *Michael Prince, George Harris II, Robert Hodge*
PORTER ..... *Lance Cunard*

SCENE 3

Paris: Vel d'Hiver

JACK, ELLIE, TICK, GOLDIE, SMITTY *and:*
PROMOTER ..... *Bob Horen*
FRENCH HANDLER ..... *Hector Elizondo*

SCENE 4

New York: Pop Weaver's Office

CAP'N DAN, FRED, MR. DIXON *and:*
POP WEAVER ..... *Eugene R. Wood*

SCENE 5

Berlin: An Outdoor Café

JACK, ELLIE, TICK, GOLDIE *and:*
GERMAN OFFICERS ..... *Edd K. Gasper, Max Wright, Burke Byrnes, Gil Rogers*
WAITER ..... *George Harris II*
RAGOSY ..... *Marshall Efron*
AN AFRICAN STUDENT ..... *Don Blakely*

SCENE 6

Budapest: A Cabaret

JACK, ELLIE, TICK, RAGOSY *and:*
JUGGLER ..... *Lou Meyer*
STAGE HANDS ..... *George Curley, Ed Lauter*

SCENE 7

Belgrade: Railway Station

JACK, ELLIE, TICK, SMITTY

ACT THREE

SCENE 1

Chicago: A Street

PASTOR, GOLDIE, RUDY, CLARA, SCIPIO *and:*
MOURNERS ..... *Don Blakely, Philip Lindsay, Thomas Anderson, Carl Gordon, John Byrd, Garwood Perkins, Richard Pittman, Nathan George, Verona Barnes, Glory Van Scott, Dave Brown, David Connell, Joanna Featherstone, Ivan Espinosa, Jerry Laws, Danette Small, Yvonne Southerland, Barbara Johnson, Ruby Greene Aspinall, Luis Espinosa*
PHOTOGRAPHERS ..... *Larry Swanson, Sean J. Walsh*
POLICEMEN ..... *George Harris II, Burke Byrnes, Ed Lauter*

SCENE 2

New York: Pop Weaver's Office

CAP'N DAN, SMITTY, FRED, POP WEAVER

MONOLOGUE: CLARA

SCENE 3

Juarez: A barn

JACK, ELLIE, TICK, MR. DIXON, GOLDIE *and:*
PACO ..... *Donald Girard*

EL JEFE ..... *Hector Elizondo*
GOVERNMENT AGENT ..... *Edd K. Gasper*
MEXICANS ..... *George Harris II, Bob Horen*

MONOLOGUE: CAP'N DAN

SCENE 4

Chicago: A Street

PAILMAN ..... *David Connell*
SIGNATURE RECORDER ..... *Yvonne Southerland*
DRUMMER ..... *Nathan George*
CONTRIBUTORS ..... *Garwood Perkins, Philip Lindsay, Mel Winkler, Thomas Anderson, Don Blakely, Barbara Johnson, Verona Barnes, Dave Brown, John Byrd, Joanna Featherstone, Jerry Laws, Richard Pittman, Danette Small, Ruby Greene Aspinall, Glory Van Scott, Carl Gordon*

SCENE 5

Havana: Orienté Racetrack

SMITTY, POP WEAVER, FRED, GOVERNMENT AGENT, GOLDIE, TICK, JACK, CAP'N DAN, RUDY *and:*
1ST MAN ON LADDER ..... *Burke Byrnes*
2ND MAN ON LADDER ..... *Dan Priest*
FIGHT FANS .. *Lou Meyer, Robert Hodge, Ned Beatty, Gil Rogers, Thomas Barbour, Lance Cunard, Jon Cypher, Marshall Efron, George Harris II, George Curley*
PINKERTON MEN .... *Ed Lauter, Bob Horen, Ted Tiller*
THE KID ..... *Sean J. Walsh*
REPORTERS ..... *Max Wright, Larry Swanson, Michael Prince*
CUBAN BOY ..... *Luis Espinosa*

Production Stage Manager: *William Dodds*

The Great White Hope

ACT ONE

(Lines in italics are spoken to the audience.)

SCENE 1

Brady's farm. On the R. *platform is a porch, two steps leading up to it. On the* D. *part is a small railing.* D. *of the porch is a wooden bench, no back.*

Enter BRADY, *the heavyweight champion,* FRED *his manager,* CAP'N DAN, *a champion of earlier days,* SMITTY *a famous sportswriter, several other* PRESSMEN *and* PHOTOGRAPHERS, *a few* TRAINERS *from* U. L. GOLDIE, *another manager, watches* D. L. *In the distance, we hear the sound of sheep bleating.*

BRADY. (*Leads.*) Get Burke, or Kid Foster. Big Bill Brain! I ain't gonna fight no dinge.

FRED. (*Coming* D. R. *of* BRADY.) Now, Frank—

CAP'N DAN. (R. *of* FRED.) Listen here to me, Franklin—

BRADY. You wouldn't fight one when you had the belt!

CAP'N DAN. Well, let's say none of them came up to it then. It wasn't that I wouldn't, I didn't have to.

FRED. He didn't have to, Frank, but you do.

BRADY. In your hat I do! I know what retired means, and that's what I am. All I have to do— (*Goes* L.) is dip the sheep and pay taxes.

CAP'N DAN. Hear that, boys? It's old Farmer Brown!

FRED. *Sure looks retired, don't he! Look at the arms on him.*

PRESS ONE. Three months back on the mill, that's all you need—

SMITTY. How long is it you put away Stankiewiez—

FRED. Not even a year! And if you smoked him in seven—

TRAINER ONE. You'll get this one in five—

PRESS TWO. Four!

FRED. Two! They got glass jaws, right, Cap'n Dan?

BRADY. I ain't gonna fight no dinge. (*Goes* R. *toward stairs.*)

CAP'N DAN. (*Stops* BRADY *at stairs.*) Now, Franklin, when you retired with that gold belt last summer nobody thought it would work out like this. Everybody just thought that Sweeney'd fight Woods, and whoever won that would be new Number One, right? *Nobody thought the nigger would lick Woods first and then go after Sweeney all the way to Australia!*

(BRADY *breaks* D. CAP'N DAN *follows.*)

SMITTY. (L. *of* BRADY.) I was down in Melbourne for the paper, Mr. Brady, and let me tell you, no paper here could print how bad it really was. He'd say, Hit me now, Tommy, and then he'd let him, grinning all the time, and then cuffing him, jabbing him, making smart-ass remarks to the crowd—wouldn't be a man and just knock him out, no, and then when they stopped it, with Tommy there bleeding, he's still got that big banjo smile on him—Jesus.

PRESS ONE. (*Breaks* D.) You're the White Hope, Mr. Brady!

BRADY. I'm the what?

PRESS TWO. The White Hope. Every paper in the country is calling you that.

FRED. Frank, he lands in San Francisco tomorrow—come on—

BRADY. (*Breaks* D. *Others follow.*) I'll tell you the truth, Cap'n Dan. I hate to say it but I feel too old. *I mean it, that's the truth.*

FRED. The doc says different and I do too.

TRAINER ONE. *He's thinkin old because he's worried what to do—*

BRADY. Shut up. Cap'n Dan, you know what I mean.

CAP'N DAN. I know you trust me and I say you're up to it— And, Franklin, God Almighty hates a quitter! Now, Frank, go inside, Mrs. Brady wants to show you a letter I brought for you. I paid a call in Washington on my way out here, and even though I think it'll make you so big-headed you won't be fit to talk to, you read it, then come out here and we'll see where we stand.

(*Exit* BRADY *up the stairs and off* R. CAP'N DAN *follows.* GOLDIE *comes forward from* L.)

GOLDIE. Good, so it's fixed?

CAP'N DAN. (*Stops on second step.*) *Somebody say something?*

GOLDIE. (*Goes* R., D. *of* SMITTY.) Me, I'm asking is it settled please, gentlemen, you tell me Yes I can maybe catch the train.

CAP'N DAN. The man's in a hurry, Fred.

FRED. What about terms?

GOLDIE. What, you expect I'm gonna yell about terms? Look, we're no babies here, you know like I know, my Jackie would fight it for a nickel, tomorrow. But it wouldn't look nice for you, to take advantage, so you'll offer me low as you can get away with and I'll say OK.

FRED. Eighty-twenty, Goldie.

GOLDIE. A world's championship? You can't go 25?

FRED. Eighty-twenty. That's it.

GOLDIE. Well . . . *God bless America.*

FRED. And Cap'n Dan to be the referee.

GOLDIE. Fred, you're kidding me?

FRED. Him or forget it. You know how it works.

GOLDIE. I don't mean no disrespect, but—

CAP'N DAN. (*Comes down stairs. Breaks* D.) Who'd you have in mind, friend, Booker T. Washington?

GOLDIE. (*Few steps* L.) All right, all right. Boy! What else?

FRED. That's all.

GOLDIE. He don't have to fight with his feet tied together?

FRED. I said that's all.

CAP'N DAN. We better set the place.

GOLDIE. Anyplace, name it, the Coast, Chicago—

CAP'N DAN. No big towns, Fred. You'll have every nigger and his brother jamming in there.

SMITTY. How about Tulsa? Denver? Reno?

PHOTOGRAPHER ONE. (*Rises from bench. Goes* L.) Hey, Reno, that's OK!

PRESS ONE. Small.

FRED. No, wait—

TRAINER TWO. Reno—

CAP'N DAN. Why not? The good old Rockies—

FRED. Yeah—

CAP'N DAN. A white man's country!

GOLDIE. Sure, but you can find them there?

FRED. They'll come from all over, it's on the main line now—

SMITTY. And it's high and dry, Mr. Brady would like that—

TRAINER ONE. (*Jumps on stairs.*) The drier the better! If that nigger gets a sweat up, one good whiff and Frank is finished.

(*Enter* BRADY *carrying the gold belt.* BRADY *stays on steps.*)

BRADY. Well, he's not through yet!

CAP'N DAN. There we are—

(FRED *and* GOLDIE *cross* L.)

BRADY. Want some photos, boys?

PHOTOGRAPHER ONE. Sure thing, Mr. Brady—

PHOTOGRAPHER TWO. With it on, OK? (BRADY *proceeds to do so.* PRESS *take out notebooks.*)

GOLDIE. A deal?

FRED. It's a deal. (*They shake*—L.)

BRADY. And it's gonna be a pleasure! Tell your nigger I said so!

PRESS. Stance please, Mr. Brady—

GOLDIE. *I should miss a train for this?*

(BRADY *puts on belt, takes stance;* PHOTOGRAPHERS' *magnesium flares till end of scene.*)

FRED. Don't let your boy take this nigger stuff to heart, huh? Explain how it's going to pack 'em in, that's all.

GOLDIE. He knows how it is. Good luck! (*Exits* D. L.)

SMITTY. (*Looking at* BRADY.) There we are!

CAP'N DAN. Oh, he's the man all right. I just don't like the idea of calling it a Hope. I wish you boys hadn't hung that tag on him.

SMITTY. It's sure caught on, though!

CAP'N DAN. That's what bothers me, I guess.

SMITTY. Can I quote you on that?

CAP'N DAN. No, lend me a comb. *I better stand up there and get my picture took.*

(*BLACKOUT. Boxing sounds are heard.*)

ACT ONE

SCENE 2

San Francisco: A small gym. On the L. *wagon, there is a wooden folding chair and a clothes rack with a maroon robe and towel.* D. *of the rack is a stool with Jack's training gloves; to the* R. *of the rack is Jack's bag. The body bag hangs a few feet* L. *of* C.

JACK JEFFERSON *shadow-boxing.* TICK *his Negro trainer.*

ELEANOR BACHMAN, *a white girl, sits on a stool* R., *watching.* TICK *rides in on No. 3 wagon.* JACK *walks in* D. *of No. 3 wagon.* ELLIE *enters* D. R. *and sits.*

TICK. Mix it up, Jack honey, pace him, pace him out, hands up higher now, move, he's jabbin—don't follow them head fakes, you watch his body, there you go, jab! jab! Beauty—fake with the body, not just the head, baby—feint! jab! hook in behind it—send him the right now—no! What you at?

JACK. (*Continuing his movements.*) Givin him a right—

TICK. An where you givin it?

JACK. Chin-bone—

TICK. Sucker-bone! Boy, you a worry! He groggy now, right, you jabbin his liver till he runnin outa gas an his eyes goin fishy— Why you knock that chin! Could be you done what?

JACK. Wake him up, wake him up—

TICK. Watch him! He's bobbin, he's comin to you, block it—where you gonna take that right now?

JACK. Temple—

TICK. How!

JACK. Hook it, hook to the temple—

TICK. Why!

JACK. Softes place on his head—

TICK. Yeah! now you listenin to me, sugar! hook him again, a beauty, three now— (JACK *stops, makes sound, goes to clothes rack for towel.*) Hey, what you doin—

JACK. (*Crosses to* ELEANOR.) Now, honey, you just know you tired of sittin here, whyn't you go buy yourself a pretty or somethin—

ELLIE. (*Rises.*) No, let me stay. Unless you mind me here, Jack.

JACK. You my Lady Luck! I don mind you nowhere—

TICK. *Oh long as you lookin at him, he don mind—*

JACK. But ain't this too much rough-house for you, honey?

ELLIE. Well—I try not to listen.

TICK. Much obliged!

ELLIE. Oh, Tick, I'm sorry—

JACK. (*Goes to* TICK, *then returns to* ELLIE.) She somethin, ain't she!

TICK. Darlin, you keep sittin there any way you like it, cause he sure workin happy. OK?

ELLIE. OK! (JACK *kisses her.*)

TICK. Now we gonna mooch or we gonna move?

JACK. (*Moves* L. *and* D.) Reach me them gloves! (TICK *goes to the stool,* L., *and gets the training gloves.*) *Gonna bust that bag wide open, then we all go out and have a champagne lunch!*

GOLDIE. (*Entering* D. R.) Four soft-boiled eggs, that's what you're gonna have— (*He does not notice* ELLIE.)

JACK. Hey, Goldie!

TICK. How you doin, boss— (*Puts gloves back on* L. *stool and takes the folding chair* R. *for* GOLDIE.)

GOLDIE. Oy, those stairs.

JACK. Figured you stayin in Reno till tomorrow— (TICK *goes to the clothes rack for* JACK'S *robe.* JACK *puts towel over his head.*)

GOLDIE. What, we got it settled there—how do you feel?

TICK. (*Puts robe on* JACK.) He feel like he look, boss!

GOLDIE. Not eating too quick?

TICK. No, sir, chewin good!

JACK. I'm chewin till it hurts—

GOLDIE. *Laugh, laugh!*

JACK. Come on, Goldie, when it gonna be?

GOLDIE. The Fourth of July. Now the newspaper guys—

JACK. (*Going* L.) The Fourth of July?? (TICK *is* R. *of body bag.*)

GOLDIE. So, it makes a difference?

JACK. (*Prancing* D. L.) No, it just tickle my funny-bone, that's all—

TICK. *The Fourth of July and Lord you knows why!*

GOLDIE. We should worry, listen, will we have a gate there, 15,000! Jack, you know what they're callin it? Already by them it's the Fight of the Century—twenty years I never seen such a hooplah! Trains from St. Louis and Chicago, direct yet, tents they have to put up, it's a regular madhouse.

TICK. Lively times, I can hear you comin! Boy, you 'bout to win the Fight of the Century!

JACK. Yeah, or else lose and be the nigger of the minute. (TICK *goes* U. R.)

GOLDIE. (*Noticing* ELLIE—*goes to* JACK.) Listen, come here, Jack—

JACK. What kina odds goin?

GOLDIE. Brady 8 to 5. What's the girl doin here?

JACK. Oh, she looking roun. She don't bother us none.

GOLDIE. Looking around for what?

JACK. (*Goes* R. *to* ELLIE.) You be nice now, Goldie—come on over, Ellie, don't be shy now, hon— (*Brings her* C.) she a friend of mine, you know?

ELLIE. How do you do?

JACK. Goldie, shake hands with Miss Ellie Bachman.

GOLDIE. (*They shake hands.*) Please to meetcha, Miss Bachman. I apologize I didn't notice you before, such a tumult we got here.

ELLIE. Oh, sure, I understand.

GOLDIE. You're a fan of Jack's, huh?

JACK. Ellie was on the same boat from Australia, she was visitin down there.

GOLDIE. Well, it's great to be home again, I bet. You can't beat Frisco!

ELLIE. Yes, I like it fine. My home is in Tacoma though.

GOLDIE. Oh . . . it's awful damp up there, ain't it?

JACK. Mm-hmm! You know it!

ELLIE. Yes, I can't say I miss it much. (*Pause.*)

TICK. (*Comes* D.) Uncle of mine work up there in a laundry once, he didn't like it neither.

JACK. Drizzle on you all the time there!

TICK. Right!

GOLDIE. (*Goes to* ELLIE, D. *of* JACK. JACK *clears* L.) Yeah, well, Miss Bachman, the guys from the papers are comin any minute, you know what I mean, so if maybe you excuse us—

JACK. She stay where she is.

TICK. (*Goes* U.) *Uh oh.*

GOLDIE. Jackie, look, what's the matter with you!

JACK. She stayin where she is.

GOLDIE. I'm gonna pass out here!

ELLIE. (*Starts exiting* D. R. *Stops.*) I'll wait in the room, Jack.

GOLDIE. In the room! Jesus Christ!

JACK. You be nice now, hear?

GOLDIE. (*Moves* D.) I knew it! *Last night on the train it's like a voice—"Dumb-bell, go home quick, somethin's goin on with him!"*

JACK. Ain't nobody's business!

GOLDIE. (*To* JACK.) Grow up, for God's sake—

ELLIE. Let me go, it doesn't matter—

GOLDIE. No—please, one second— Tick, go lock the door. (TICK *goes off* D. R. *Returns.* GOLDIE *goes* L. *to* JACK.) So you don't know the score, huh? Well, I'll tell you the score, right now I'll tell you. And you should listen too, miss— (*Takes* ELLIE *to chair. She sits.*) I can see you're a fine serious girl, not a bum, better you should know, so there's no hard feelings here. (*Goes* L. *to* JACK.) First, Jack, they hate your guts a little bit—OK! You don't put on gloves everybody should like you. Then they hate your guts some more—still OK! That makes you wanna fight, some kinda pep it give you. And then they hate you so much they're payin through the nose to see a white boy maybe knock you on your can—well, that's more than OK, cash in, after all, it's so nice to be colored you shouldn't have a bonus? But, Sonny, when they start in to hate you more than that, you gotta watch out. And that means now—oh I got ears, I get told things—guys who want to put dope in your food there, a guy who

wants to watch the fight behind a rifle. OK, cops we'll get, dogs, that we can handle. (*Goes* R. *to her.*) But this on top of it, a white girl, Jack? What, do I have to spell it on the wall for you, you wanna drive them crazy, you don't hear what happens—

JACK. What I suppose to do! Stash her in a iddy biddy hole someplace in niggertown an go sneakin over there 12 clock at night, carry her roun with me inside a box like a pet bunny-rabbit or somethin—

ELLIE. (*Rises, goes* C.) Jack—

JACK. Or maybe she just put black on her face, an puff her mouth up, so's nobody notice I took nothin from 'em— (*Knock at door.*) Let 'em wait! You know I done fool roun plenty, Goldie, (*Crosses to* ELLIE. GOLDIE *breaks* D.) she know it too, she know it all, but I ain't foolin roun now, unnerstand— (*Points to* TICK.) an if *he say "that what you said lass time" I bust his nappy head—*

TICK. I ain't sayin nothin! (*Knocking.*)

GOLDIE. Hold on, I'm comin— Jack, I swear, I'll help you, just you shouldn't throw it in their face, Jack, I'm beggin you.

JACK. See? This what you fell into, darlin.

ELLIE. Do what he says.

JACK. You go 'long with him?

ELLIE. Along with you.

GOLDIE. (*Motions to* R. *stool.*) Go, sit over there—let 'em in, for Chrissake—

(TICK *admits the* PRESSMEN. SMITTY *leads.* ELLIE *sits on stool.*)

TICK. Mornin, gents—

JACK. Hiya, fellers. Hey there, Smitty— (*Handshaking and greeting.* TICK *goes* C., U. *of* JACK.)

GOLDIE. Just a few minutes, fellers, OK?

PRESS ONE. Well, you're sure looking good, Jack.

JACK. Thanks, boss!

PRESS TWO. Guess you know about the Fourth—

PRESS ONE. You starting to get jumpy?

JACK. Yeah, I scared Brady gonna change his mind! (TICK *rubbing* JACK's *shoulders.*)

SMITTY. Still think you can take him, Jack?

JACK. Well, I ain't sayin I can take him straight off—an anyway, dat be kina mean, you know, all them people, big holiday fight—how they gonna feel I send 'em home early?

SMITTY. So your only worry is deciding which round.

JACK. Yeah, an that take some thinkin, man! If I lets it go too long in there, just sorta blocking, an keepin him offa me, then evvybody say, "Now ain't that one shif'less nigger, why they always so lazy?" An if I chop him down quick, 3rd or 4th roun, all at once then they holler "No, tain't fair, that poor man up there fightin a gorilla!" *But I gonna work it out.*

PRESS TWO. What about that yellow streak Brady talks about?

JACK. (*Turns* U. *and flips up his robe.*) Yeah, you wanna see it?

GOLDIE. Don't clown aroun, Jackie—

PRESS THREE. Any idea, Jack, why you smile when you're fighting?

JACK. Well, you know, I am a happy person. I always feel good, huh? An when I'm fightin I feels double good. So what I wanna put a face on for? An you know, it's a sport, right, like a game, so I like whoever I'm hittin' to see I'm still his friend.

PRESS TWO. Going back to Chicago after the fight?

JACK. Yeah, I wanna see my little ole mamma—

PRESS ONE. (R.) Fried chicken, Jack?

JACK. Mmm-mmh! Can't wait!

SMITTY. (*Goes to* ELLIE. GOLDIE *and* PRESS *follow.*) I believe that's Miss Bachman there, isn't it, Jack? You first met on the boat? (JACK *and* TICK *stay* C.)

ELLIE. No, not exactly—

GOLDIE. Miss Bachman is my secretary, we hired her

in Australia, she's from here, but she was over there and we, you know, we hired her, and she came over with the boys.

SMITTY. I see—

TICK. Boss, if they finish I wanna rub him down—

(JACK *takes off robe and towel, puts them on rack.*)

PRESS ONE. We got plenty for now, Jack— (ELLIE *wanders* U. R. C.)

PRESS THREE. Thanks—

JACK. Come again! (TICK *takes robe—hangs it up.*)

PRESS TWO. (*Goes* L., *to* JACK.) Jack, one more question?

JACK. Yeah, go 'head. (GOLDIE *puts chair back on platform.*)

PRESS TWO. You're the first black man in the history of the ring to get a crack at the heavyweight title. Now the white folks of course are behind the White Hope, Brady's the redeemer of the race, and so on. But you, Jack Jefferson, are you the Black Hope?

JACK. Well, I'm black and I'm hopin.

SMITTY. (*Comes down to* PRESS TWO L.) Try and answer him straight, Jack.

JACK. Oh, I guess my cousins mostly want me to win.

SMITTY. You imply that some don't?

JACK. Maybe some of them reckon they gonna pay a little high for that belt, if I take it.

SMITTY. Won't you try and change their minds, Jack, get them all behind you?

JACK. Man, I ain't runnin for Congress! I ain't fightin for no race, ain't redeemin nobody. My mamma tole me Mr. Lincoln done that—*ain't that why you shot him?*

(*General laugh.* CLARA, *a Negro woman, bursts in* D. R. *Holds.*)

CLARA. My, oh my! It de big black rooster and de little red hen! I got you, you mother! (ELLIE *rises.*)

JACK. What you want here!

CLARA. I show you what I wants— (*Goes for* ELLIE, *chases her* U. CLARA *is stopped and held by* TICK. *They struggle and move* D. ELLIE *clears* L.)

ELLIE. Jack!

JACK. Hey!

TICK. (*Restrains* CLARA.) You crazy, you bitch—?

GOLDIE. (*Goes* R. *to where all reporters are watching.*) Little family quarrel, fellers, see you tomorrow, you know how it is— (*They remain.*)

CLARA. You leave my man be, girl, you don leave him I gonna throw you at him in chunks—

GOLDIE. (*Breaks* D.) You got it all wrong, Clara—

CLARA. (*Breaks away from* TICK *and goes to* GOLDIE.) Yeah? I gots it from de chambermaid at the Park Royal Hotel. I come all de way from Chicago to got it—

JACK. Now you got it you git you black ass outa here.

CLARA. Don hit me!

JACK. What you tyin on, you evil chinch, you!

GOLDIE. (*Few steps* R.) Jack—fellers—

CLARA. Sing it, daddy! Let the gennumuns hear how you smirchin you wife—

GOLDIE. What do you mean—?

JACK. She ain't no wife of mine—

CLARA. No which of what? *We's common law and I's comin home to poppa!*

JACK. I's common nothin! Don you poppa me, girl, or I poppa you so you never forget it! I quit on you when you cleared out a De-troit with Willie the pimp.

GOLDIE. Fellers, please, have a heart—Jack—

CLARA. I know you come after me, I know you was lookin—

JACK. You lucky I didn't find you, girl, selling off my clothes, my ring, silver brushes—

CLARA. (*Goes to* JACK.) Gimme 'nother chance, baby, I misses you awful—

JACK. (*Hits body bag.*) Don come on with me! You

just smellin bread, you comin here now cause you Willie's in jail—

CLARA. How you know where he at!

JACK. I from the jungle like you is, baby, I hears de drums— (*To* TICK.) Take her over to Goldie's, give her a 20 and carfare back.

TICK. (*Goes to* CLARA.) Come on, Clara.

JACK. (*Crosses* D. C. *His back to audience.*) I tellin you once now, go way and stay there.

CLARA. You ain't closin up the book so easy, daddy— (*To* ELLIE.) Hear me, Gray Meat? Get it while you can!

TICK. Come on, out— (*Exit* D. R. *with* CLARA.)

JACK. (*Goes* L. *to* ELLIE. *Touches her face.*) You all right, honey?

GOLDIE. Fellers, now I'm askin you, man to man, please, for everybody's good, don't write nothin about it. (JACK *crosses to left stool and gets mitts.*) *If it gets out, God knows what can happen*— I mean look, we wanna have a fight, don't we? And besides the girl has a family, what the hell—

(*Pause.*)

PRESS THREE. OK.

PRESS ONE. Don't worry, Goldie.

GOLDIE. Thanks, fellers, thanks—let's all have a drink— (*Exits with* PRESSMEN D. R.)

(JACK *has begun punching the bag.* ELLIE *goes* C. *to him.*)

ELLIE. Oh, Jack. It gets awful, doesn't it?

JACK. I dunno about that. Seems to get worse and better both at once.

ELLIE. Is there anything I can do?

JACK. Yeah! Stick around. And don't never call me daddy.

ACT ONE

SCENE 3

Reno. Across the stage, a tent backdrop with: RENO THE HUB OF THE UNIVERSE. Sound of fireworks and band music. Bunting hangs across the stage. Stage milling with WHITE MEN *of every sort: at the* C. *a huge crap-game, at the rear a* PERFORMER *in black-face entertaining another* GROUP. *At one side is a* DRUNK. *In the foreground a* MAN *with a fistful of money looking for a tout.* BETTOR *whistles.*

TOUT. Shhhh! How much you bettin?

BETTOR. 90 simoleons—

TOUT. 90 on the nigger!

BETTOR. On who? Up yours, Mister!

TOUT. *Can't take no more Brady money, folks!*

BLACKFACE. (*Bursting in on the crap-game,* D. C., *with tambourine.*) Yassuh, yassuh, yassuh—

PLAYER ONE. Hey, look who's here—

BLACKFACE. Move ovah, bredren, ole Doctuh Wishbone gwine ta roll dem cubicles— Uh oh! *Lonesome pockets!* Kin ah come in wiv a chicken-laig, boss? (*Flourishes one. Laughter. SOUND FADES.*)

PLAYER THREE. Where's the white meat, Wishbone—

BLACKFACE. (*Breaks* D. R. *Then goes* C.) White meat? Oh, he puttin on de belt now—an dark meat, he shakin in de graby! (*LAUGHTER, JEERS.*) *Lawd, ah sho hopes deys mo cullud folks den me here—*

ROLLER. Why's that!

BLACKFACE. Ah cain't bury all dat nigger bah mahself! (*LAUGHTER.*) Gwine ta read de sermon ovuh him, dassall—

BETTOR. Let's hear it!

BLACKFACE. (*Runs* U. C. *of kneeling men.*) "Bredren," it start, "kin'ly pass de plate"—no, dat ain it— (*LAUGHTER.*) "Bredren," it start, "come outer dem

bushes"—no, taint dat neether— (*LAUGHTER.*) "Bredren"—here de one—"Bredren," it say, *"Bressed am dey dat lays down, cause if dey ain gittin up dey mought jes-s well stays down"— (LAUGHTER, CHEERS. He sings.)*
Ole Marse Brady whip cullud Jack,
Come fum way down Souf,
Hair curl on his haid so tight
(OTHERS *join in.*)
He coulden shet his mouf—

Coon, coon, coon, ah wish mah culluh'd fade,
Coon, coon, coon, Lawd make me a brahter shade—
Coon, coon, coon, mornin, night and noon
I wish I was a white man—

(*Enter* COLONEL COX *with some* NEVADA RANGERS.)

COX. All right, all right, stay where you are—
PLAYER ONE. What the hell, Colonel—
PLAYER TWO. Just having some fun—
COX. (*Comes* D. C.) Boys, I got orders to confiscate all firearms— (*Protests.*) *We'll give em back tonight, after it's over—*
RANGER ONE. Let's go—
RANGER TWO. Thank you!
RANGER ONE. Say, that's a real old one—
PLAYER ONE. What you fraid of, Colonel, we won't have to shoot him!

(*BAND strikes up nearby as the scale comes in on* R. *wagon.*)

BETTOR. They're comin for the weigh-in!
COX. (*To* BLACKFACE.) You'd better scram, Mike.
BLACKFACE. Sure thing, Colonel. (*CHEERING. A scale is wheeled on.*)
PLAYER ONE. (*Looks offstage.*) That's Brady's bus—here he comes—

(*MUSIC CHANGES to "Oh! You Beautiful Doll."*)*

ROLLER. Whack that nigger, Frank--
PLAYER TWO. You fix him for us—
PLAYER ONE. Wipe that smile off him, Frank—

(*They all CHEER as* BRADY, *in a robe and with his hands taped, scowling, enters with* CAP'N DAN, D. *of scale,* FRED *and entourage:* HANDLERS, PRESS, *etc. He gets on the scale. MUSIC STOPS.*)

BRADY. Come on, it's hot as hell here. Let's go!
PRESS ONE. What did you have for lunch, Mr. Brady?

(*LAUGHTER.*)

BRADY. Nothin! A cuppa tea!
FRED. (L. C.) We'll get a statement in a minute, boys—
CAP'N DAN. Take it easy, Franklin--
WEIGHER-IN. Two hundred and four.

(*CHEERS. He steps off the scale, goes* D. L. FRED *gives him a paper. Silence.*)

BRADY. When I put on the gloves now and defend this here belt— (FRED *holds up belt.*) it's the request of the public, which forced me out of retirement. But I wanta assure them I'm fit to do my best, *and I don't think I'm gonna disappoint nobody.*

(*APPLAUSE.* BRADY *gives paper to* FRED. FRED *gives it*

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to SMITTY. JACK *enters* R. *with* GOLDIE *and* TICK. *Silence.* JACK *goes* D. C. TICK *holds* U. R. C.)

JACK. *How come they's no music when I comes in?*

CAP'N DAN. How do you do, Mr. Jefferson. As you know, of course, I am your referee.

JACK. Cap'n Dan, it's a honor. I'm proud to shake the han what shook the han of the Prince of Wales.

ROLLER. (U. L.) Don't take that lip from him! (*GENERAL SSH.*) Come on, boog, I'll get it over with right—

(*GENERAL HUBBUB.*)

GOLDIE. Colonel—

COX. (*Goes* U. L. *to* ROLLER.) Quiet down there!

BRADY. Get him on the scale, willya?

JACK. (*Stepping on. Takes off robe.* TICK *takes it.*) Hey, Frank, how you doin? (BRADY *turns away muttering.*) *Look like Frank bout to walk the plank!*

WEIGHER-IN. One hundred and ninety-one.

GOLDIE. Brady?

WEIGHER-IN. 204.

TICK. OK, Jack, get down—

JACK. (*Puts robe back on.*) Hey, Frank, you believe that? This man here saying I lighter than you!

BRADY. Yeah, very funny.

CAP'N DAN. Just your statement, please.

JACK. Huh? Oh, sure. I thank Mr. Brady here for bein such a sport, givin me a shot at the belt today. They's been plenty mean talk roun— (*JEERS.*)

COX. Quiet there—

JACK. But here we is, here's me . . . and here Frank . . . an ah glad it come down to a plain ole scuffle. (*A few handclaps from a group of* NEGROES *who are entering from* D. L.) *Mercy me, it's de chillun of Isrel*— Hey there, homefolks!

BRADY. Come on, let's clear out of here—

(*BAND strikes up as scale goes off on* R. *wagon.*)

FRED. Right—
BRADY. Keep rootin, boys—
ROLLER. All behind you, Frank—
PLAYER ONE. Kill the coon—
TOUT. —tear him apart—
ROLLER. —find that yellow streak—

(*CHEERING, they follow after* BRADY, *carrying the belt, and his* ENTOURAGE, R.; *the BAND strikes up "Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight."* GOLDIE *and* TICK *remain.* JACK *approaches the* GROUP *of Negroes. MUSIC AND CHEERING gradually RECEDE. Scale has been taken off* R.)

JACK. Well, how you all today! (GOLDIE *holds* R.)
DEACON. (*Shakes hands with* JACK.) Gonna be prayin fo you here, Mr. Jefferson.
JACK. Couldn't get no tickets, huh?
TICK. (*Between* JACK *and* DEACON.) Best they don go in there, Jack.
JACK. Yeah, maybe so.
DEACON. That don matter none. We just come to pray you gonna win for us, son.
JACK. Well, if "us" mean any you wid cash ridin on me, your prayers gonna pay off roun about the fifth.
YOUNG NEGRO. No, Mr. Jefferson. He mean win fo us cullud.
JACK. Oh, that what you prayin!
DEACON. May the good Lawd be guiding your hand for us, son!
ALL NEGROES. Amen, amen.
JACK. An you traipse all this way here to pray it, my my.
YOUNG NEGRO. What the Revren mean to signify—
JACK. I know what he signify. I big but I ain dumb, hear?
YOUNG NEGRO. What you salty wif me for—
DEACON. We folks just want you to preciate—

JACK. (*To* YOUNG NEGRO.) Hey, man. What my winnin gonna do for you!

YOUNG NEGRO. Huh? Oh . . . er . . .

DEACON. Give him self-respeck, that's what!

ALL NEGROES. Amen!

NEGRO ONE. Tell it, brother!

YOUNG NEGRO. Yeah—I be proud to be a cullud man tomorrow!

NEGROES. (*General response.*) Amen.

JACK. Uh huh. Well, country boy, if you ain't there already all the boxin and nigger-prayin in the world ain't gonna get you there—

TICK. Jack, let's go—

DEACON. You look cullud, son, but you ain't thinkin cullud.

JACK. Oh, I thinkin cullud, cullud and then cullud, (*"Star Spangled Banner" in the distance.*) I so busy thinkin cullud I can't see nothin else sometime, but I ain't think cullud-us, like you. An when you come on with it you know what I see, man? That ole cullud-us? Just a basketfulla crabs! Crabs in a basket—

DEACON. God send you light, son—

GOLDIE. (*Goes to* JACK, *takes his arm.*) Time to go, Jack—

JACK. (*Shakes* GOLDIE *off.*) Tell me you prayin here! An speck I gonta say, "Oh thankya, Revren!" You ain't prayin for me! It ain't "Lawd, don't let that peck break his nose," or "Lawd, let him get outa town and not get shot at—" I ain nothing in it but a ugly black fiss here! *They don even push on in to see it workin!*

(COLONEL COX *enters* U. R.)

COX. (*Top of ramp.*) All set, Jefferson?

JACK. Lay your bets, boys, you still got time. (*He follows the* COLONEL *out* U. R., GOLDIE *and* TICK *behind him. LIGHTS BEGIN TO FADE very gradually.*)

DEACON. Lawd, when the smoke of the battle clear

away here, may this good strong man be standin up in vict'ry. May them who keep shovin all us people down see they can't do it all the time, and take a lesson. And may us have this livin man today to show us the sperrit of Joshua. Give us juss today, Lawd, we needs it, and give him light to understand why.

(*The BAND concludes the anthem. A wolfish cry is heard from the crowd in the stadium. LIGHTS FADE.*)

NEGRO BOY. (*Goes to* DEACON.) Revren—

DEACON. Don worry, boy. We be all right out here.

(*The ROAR INCREASES and the STAGE DARKENS.*)

NEGROES. (*Singing.*)

It's so high you can't get over it,
It's so low you can't get under it,
It's so wide you can't get around it,
You must come in by the door.*

(*The ROAR reaches an electronic crescendo, suddenly dies out. . . . BLACKOUT. Negroes all exit* U. L. *A match lit* U.: CAP'N DAN, *in shirt sleeves and braces, lighting a cigar.*)

CAP'N DAN. (*Speaking over his shoulder.*) They better throw away half those pictures they took. They'll be worse than the fight. . . . (*Comes forward.*) *I really have the feeling it's the biggest calamity to hit this coun-*

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try since the San Francisco earthquake—no, I'm serious. That one at least was only in Frisco. What kind of calamity? Hard to say it, exactly. Oh, I don't think all the darkies'll go crazy, try to take us over, rape and all that. Be some trouble, yes, but it can be managed—After all, only one of them is a heavyweight champ. . . . But that's it, I suppose. He is! I hold his hand up, and suddenly, a nigger is Champion of the World. Now you'll say, "Oh, that's only your title in sports—" No, it's more. Admit it. And more than if one got to be world's best engineer, or smartest politician or number one opera singer, or world's biggest genius at making things from peanuts. No calamity there. But Heavyweight Champion of the World, well, it feels like the world's got a shadow across it. Everything's—no joke intended—kind of darker, and different, like it's shrinking, it's all huddled down somehow, and you with it, you want to holler, "What's he doin up there?" but you can't because you know . . . that shadow's on you, and you feel that smile . . . Well, so what do we do! Wet our pants, cry in our beer about it? No, sir, I'll tell you what we do. We beat those bushes for another White Hope, and if he's no good we find another White Hope, we'll find them and we'll boost them up till one stays. What the hell is this country, Ethiopia?

(*BLACKOUT: music—"Sweet Georgia Brown."* Lights up immediately on—*)

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ACT ONE

SCENE 4

Chicago. Cafe de Champion.

Dressed-up NEGROES, *more arriving, great animation; some carry small American flags. Entrance of the café is* L., *up the flight of red-carpeted stairs. CAFE DE CHAMPION in lights near the entrance of the café.*

BARKER. (*Also* NEGRO TWO. *Through megaphone. Starts from stairs and works on entire stage.*) *Every Chicago man, woman and chile, you all invited, tan, pink, black, yellow and beginner brown, get along down, let's shake the han of the best in the lan in his fine new place here, celebrate the openin, come in you vehicle, come on you foot, don bring money, just be here—*

(*AUTO HORNS and CHEERING offstage, then on.* JACK *enters* U. R., ELLIE *at his side,* TICK *and* GOLDIE *in the rear.* TICK *carries a fancy wooden box, which holds the belt. A* POLICEMAN, D. R., *is trying to hold back a crowd.*)

JACK. Hey—hey—they all right, Mistah Offisah, leave them cullud come on— (*The* POLICEMAN *does as he has been ordered.* NEGROES *mill around* JACK, *some with flowers.*)

NEGROES:

MAN ONE. God bless you, Jack—

WOMAN ONE. (*Gives bouquet of red and white flowers to* JACK.) I name mah baby aftuh you—

MAN TWO. Member me, Jack—?

WOMAN TWO. (*Puts floral horseshoe over* JACK'S *neck.*) I wish they wuz 10 dozen—

MAN THREE. Reach me that han out—

JACK. (*His arms full of flowers. Goes up café steps. All crowd around him.* TICK, ELLIE *and* GOLDIE *hold* D. L.) Say . . . lookie here, thank you . . . thank you . . . oh my! . . . *Look like Rest in Peace, don't it!* (*LAUGHTER.*) Well, I am all rested up, an like you kin see I bout to make Chicago my real home sweet home now— (*CHEERS.*) thass right, permint. I don guess I'll be needin to chase around fo work a while— (*LAUGHTER.*) an I got this joint fix up so's I can visit with my frens an git rich both at once— (*LAUGHTER, JEERS.*)

NEGRO MAN. (RUDY. U. C.) You ain't stuck Brady's head up on the wall, man, has you? (*HOOTS, LAUGHTER.*)

JACK. No, Rudy, but they's a picture of ole Queen Cleopattera what'll make you set straight— (*LAUGHTER.*) Tick, you gimme a han with these flowuhs, you too, Ellie— (*Silence as she goes to take them.* TICK *takes horseshoe from* JACK *and puts it* D. *of steps, then a spatter of applause.*) Yeah, evvybody say hello to mah fiancey, Ellie Bachman! (*CHEERS,* ELLIE *waves, smiling.*) An hey, while you at it. Gragulate mah manager here, mah fren Goldie— (*CHEERS.* GOLDIE *waves from second step. Then goes* U. C.) An—

TICK. (*On first step.*) *See? When you black you just nacheral come in lass*— (*LAUGHTER;* TICK *springs up, flourishing the gold belt in its plush-lined case.*) Brung this lil doodad, folks, to hang up ovuh the bar!

(*WHOOPS, CHEERS, DRUM-ROLLS.* TICK *holds belt up. All surge forward to touch it.*)

JACK. (D. C.) OK, stash that away now— What you headin at now is a special brew a mine in there call Rajah's Peg—don ast what's in it, jes come inside and get it— (*CHEERS.*) *Yeah, open house! Less have some lively times!*

(*BAND strikes up lively tune, CHEERING continues*

as JACK, *cakewalking around the car, ceremoniously collects* ELLIE *and leads her to the doorway. The* NEGROES, *all cakewalking, follow them in, the BAND continuing to play inside.* GOLDIE *and* TICK *remain.*)

TICK. (*Tries to dance* GOLDIE *in.*) Come on, boss!

GOLDIE. (*Pulls away.*) Oh boy. Oh boy! You heard what he said? His fiancée? You heard him?

TICK. Yeah, but dat don signify nothin—

GOLDIE. Nothin! With bills up in seven states against any kinda mixed-around marriages!

TICK. Boss, he only jus now say fiancey so them people don figger she a hooker, thassall—

GOLDIE. *You hear?* It's all, he says. Why can't he give them a chance to boil down, what's he gotta bring her in the open, for what?

TICK. Jes did it today, boss—

GOLDIE. (*Gesturing to the car.*) Right down Wabash Avenue—

TICK. *No law gainst that yet—*

(*BASS DRUM heard in the distance—off* R.*—continues.*)

GOLDIE. What the hell is that?

TICK. I dunno. Muss be some Burial Society.

(*Enter some* PRESS.)

GOLDIE. Go on, take the belt in. (TICK *goes into the café; CHEERING, MUSIC continuing.* SMITTY *and one* REPORTER *enter* D. R.)

SMITTY. Lively times, eh, Goldie? (*They laugh; DRUM gradually approaching.*)

GOLDIE. Look, what's goin on?

SMITTY. They'll be here in a minute, Goldie. (*DRUM very near.*)

GOLDIE. They, who's they—? (*Looks in direction of drumming.*) What the hell is that—?

SMITTY. You know how they are about places like this—just their meat, Goldie.

GOLDIE. But, Jesus, not here, not down here, I checked it! Not in this part of town! (*BAND off* L. *Fades out.*)

SMITTY. Anywhere, Goldie—*it's one big clean-up.*

(*They draw back as the PARADE appears. The* MARCHERS *carry signs reading: CIVIC REFORM NOW; WOMEN'S LEAGUE FOR TEMPERANCE; SEEK YE OUT INIQUITY; AURORA BIBLE COMMITTEE; THOR WITH HIS HAMMER, NORWEGIANS AGAINST SALOONS; HEPWORTH UNION; WE HAVE BEEN TOO PATIENT; NO SPIRITS NO VICE. A lone* NEGRO *is among them. The MUSIC within has STOPPED. The* MARCHERS *range themselves before the doorway. The* NEGROES *within have emerged and stand before them belligerently.* JACK *comes out.*)

MARCHER ONE. Woe unto the keepers of the Temples of Baal! Woe unto the swillers in the sinks of wretchedness! Woe unto those whose delight is born of evil!

NEGRO ONE. (*On top step.*) *Woe whoevuh break up a party on Division Street!*

(NEGROES *snarl agreement.* GOLDIE *comes* L. *to* JACK, *who is coming down the steps.*)

JACK. Easy now, ace, let the man preach it—

MARCHER TWO. We aren't here just to preach, Mr. Jefferson.

WOMAN MARCHER. We tell you to shut this establishment down.

NEGROES:

MAN ONE. You what?

WOMAN ONE. Who you squeakin at!

WOMAN TWO. Get outa here, fishbait!

MAN FOUR. Shut me summa this!

MAN TWO. Move—

JACK. (*Goes to* MARCHERS.) Easy, easy— Now, Mistah, lookie here— (GOLDIE *clears extreme* D. L.)

NEGROES:

WOMAN THREE. Don argue to em, Jack—

MAN. Shoo em off—

WOMAN MARCHER. Shame! Shame, Mr. Jefferson!

MARCHER ONE. *Instead of offering these people an example—*

NEGRO TWO. (*Squirts a soda-syphon at him from second step.*) Have one on me, chesty!

POLICEMAN ONE. Watch it now, you, they got their permit—

JACK. Hey—

NEGRO TWO. Don't shove when you talk, man—

MARCHER ONE. Drunkenness, disorder, this is what you offer— (SMITTY *is away* U. C. *watching everything.*)

NEGRO THREE. Do somethin bout it!

MARCHER ONE. We shall not allow—

NEGRO WOMAN FOUR. Stop beatin on de cullud, hear—

POLICEMAN TWO. Look—

NEGRO THREE. Hands off—

MARCHER ONE. We shall not allow fresh corruption to flourish—

NEGRO FOUR. *I know that mother, I work for him once—*

MARCHER ONE. We shall not sit by—

NEGRO THREE. We ain gon let you—

NEGRO WOMAN. (*On top step.*) Stop beatin on de cullud—

NEGRO TWO. Show em—

POLICEMAN THREE. I warn you—

NEGRO ONE. Git de wimmins inside—

MARCHER ONE. Sing, friends—"Abide with me"—

POLICEMAN ONE. Keep back—

NEGRO ONE. Just you make one teeny noise—

(ANOTHER NEGRO *breaks through, begins wrestling with the* DRUMMER; *shouting and struggling at the police line.*)

JACK. Hey, hey—

MARCHER ONE. Hymn—hymn number—

NEGRO TWO. You ain't hittin no drum here—

WOMAN MARCHER. Help—

JACK. (*Stops the* POLICE CAPTAIN *from blowing his whistle, then restraining the* NEGRO, *beats the drum with his hand.*) Order in de court, boys, order in de court! (*Finally, silence. He picks up the fallen stick and returns it to the* DRUMMER.) Now, you wanta play this ole drum? You play it. (*To the* MARCHERS.) An you all wanta sing? Then you lean back an sing. Maybe us kin come in on it, how bout "Earth is not mah home, I just passing through"? *Thass my favrite.*

MARCHER TWO. We don't regard this as a frivolous matter, Mr. Jefferson.

JACK. Nossir, me neither! Cause if we kicks off a rumpus this bran-new corruptions a mine here get close up! Now, I pollgize for any gritty remarks was passed, an for not bein too symbafetic on you aims—

MARCHER ONE. We are going to witness for the Lord—

JACK. OK—

MARCHER ONE. On this doorstep as long—

NEGRO FOUR. Can't sweet-talk em, Jack!

NEGRO WOMAN FOUR. Always beatin on the cullud!

JACK. Say, is you brains stuck, or what! These folks been layin down trouble all over, an here, we's gettin included, ain't we? Ain't that good enough? Why, it's juss like what Presden Teddy say, Square Deal for Evvybody —come on, les treat em right, git some chairs out here, they gonna stay, OK, no use they standing, some old timie folks long with em here— (NEGROES *begin passing chairs out into the street.*) Hurry up, they been walkin plenty too, thass right, Tick, the foldin ones, yeah, if you all want some samwidges or fruit-punch or somethin, or

if, you know, you jus holler out now, OK? We be right inside—

(*The intimidated* MARCHERS *have begun moving off at the appearance of the chairs, and as the* NEGROES *begin to re-enter the café, from* D. R. *two white* MEN [*one is* DIXON] *and a middle-aged* WOMAN *enter. They approach* JACK.)

DONNELLY. Are you Mister Jack Jefferson? (*All movement ceases.*)

JACK. (*On bottom step.*) Yeah, what about it?

DONNELLY. My name is Donnelly. I'm an attorney, from Tacoma. And this is Mrs. Bachman. (*Pause.*)

JACK. (*Goes* C.) How do you do, ma'am? Would you care to step inside?

MRS. BACHMAN. No, I would not care to step inside. Is my daughter in there?

JACK. Yes, ma'm. She is. (DONNELLY *goes in. Silence.*) I think she be awful glad to see you, Miz Bachman. (*Long silence.*) You care to sit down here fo a minute? (*Long silence.*) Ellie tole me all bout her people back there. . . .

(*Silence.* DONNELLY *comes out. Goes* R. *to* MRS. BACHMAN.)

DONNELLY. She refuses to leave, Mrs. Bachman. (*Pause.*)

MRS. BACHMAN. (*Crying out. Goes* D. *a few steps.*) Ellie! (*Weeping,* DONNELLY *supporting her. Begins drawing her away,* R.)

GOLDIE. Look, Mister Donnelly, where could I reach you—

DONNELLY. The Majestic—

GOLDIE. OK—

JACK. I see she get there—

DONNELLY. You'd better see a little further than that, sir. I strongly advise you to send that girl home.

(*The beating of the BASS DRUM resumes, as he and the* OTHER MAN [DIXON], *followed by the* PRESS, *help* MRS. BACHMAN *away; the* MARCHERS *resume their withdrawal, the* NEGROES *returning to the café.* JACK *is last; he turns to* GOLDIE, *now alone on the street.*)

GOLDIE. Well . . . lively times.

(*The DRUMMING RECEDES and the LIGHTS FADE OUT.*)

ACT ONE

SCENE 5

Chicago: Office of the District Attorney. An oak desk, swivel chair, file cabinet and four straight chairs.

A meeting in progress. CIVIC LEADERS *facing* CAMERON, *the District Attorney. They include two* WOMEN *and a distinguished-looking* NEGRO. *In the background:* SMITTY, *a* DETECTIVE, *and a man with Donnelly in the previous scene:* DIXON. *In the dark, we hear:*

WOMAN ONE. Well, why can't you?

MAN ONE. You're the District Attorney!

MAN THREE. Is he a privileged character? (*Goes* L.—*off platform. LIGHTS are coming to full now.*)

CAMERON. No, we do not think he's a privileged character!

MAN ONE. And still he carries on—

CAMERON. Now wait— (*Consults papers.*) Since he opened this café, as he calls it, we have made no fewer than 13 arrests—

WOMAN ONE. He wasn't arrested!

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SF PERUSALS