

WALTER (Eat Your Eggs)

WALTER. (straightening up from her and looking off) You see that? Man says to his woman: I got me a dream. His woman say: Eat your eggs, (sadly, but gaining in power) Man say: I got to take hold of this here world, Baby! And a woman will say: Eat your eggs and go to work. Man say - (passionately now) I got to change my life, I'm choking to death, Baby! And his woman say - (in utter anguish as he brings his fists down on his thighs) Your eggs is getting cold!

WALTER (The Dream)

You wouldn't understand yet, son, but your daddy's gonna make a transaction. A business transaction that's going to change our lives. That's how come one day when you 'bout seventeen I'll come home and I'll be pretty tired, you know what I mean, after a day of conferences and secretaries getting things wrong the way they do... 'cause an executive's life is hell, man! And I'll pull the car up the driveway.. just a plain black Chrysler, I think, with white walls - no - black tires. More elegant. Rich people don't have to be flashy... though I'll have to get something a little sportier for Ruth - maybe a Cadillac convertible to do her shopping in. And I'll come up the steps to the louse and the gardener will be clipping away at the hedges and hell say, "Good evening, Mr. Younger." And I'll say, "Hello, Jefferson, how are you this evening?" And I'll go inside and Ruth will meet me at the door and we'll kiss and she'll take my arm and we'll go upstairs to your room to see you sitting on the floor with the catalogues (lays out magazines on coffee table like catalogues) of all the great schools in America around you. Al the great schools in the world! And - and I'll say, alright son - it's your seventeenth birthday, what is it you've decided? Just tell me where you want to go to school and you'll go. Just tell me, what it is you want to be - and you'll be it. Whatever you want to be - Yessir! (He hold his arms open.) You just name it, son (TRAVIS crosses into them and WALTER lifts him high.) And I'll hand you the world!

WALTER (Argument with Beneatha)

Where is the bottom? Where is the bottom! You and that boy that was here today. You all want everybody to carry a flag and a spear and carry some arching songs, huh? You want to spend your life looking into things and trying to find the right and the wrong part, huh? Yeah. You know what's going to happen to that boy someday- he'll find himself sitting in a dungeon, locked in forever- anthem takers will have the key! Forget it baby! There ain't no causes- there ain't nothing but taking in this world and he who takes most is the smartest- and it don't make a bit of difference *how*.

RUTH and WALTER

RUTH: You mean graft?

WALTER: (frowning impatiently) Don't call it that. See there, that just goes to show you what women understand about the world. Baby, don't nothing happen for you in this world 'less you pay somebody off!

RUTH: Walter, leave me alone! (She raises her head on the line, and stares at him vigorously-then says more quietly:) Eat your eggs, they gonna be cold.

WALTER: (straightening up from her and looking off) You see that? Man says to his woman: I got me a dream. His woman say: Eat your eggs. (sadly, but gaining in power) Man say: I got to take hold of this here world, Baby! And a woman will say: Eat your eggs and go to work. Man say-(passionately now) I got to change my life, I'm choking to death, Baby! And his woman say-(in utter anguish as he brings his fists down on his thighs) Your eggs is getting cold!

RUTH: (softly) Walter, that ain't none of our money.

WALTER: (not listening at all or even looking at her) This morning, I was lookin' in the mirror and thinking about it I'm thirty-five years old; I been married eleven years and I got a boy who sleeps in the living-room-and all I got to give him is nothing. Nothing but stories about how rich white people live-

RUTH: Eat your eggs, Walter.

WALTER: (rises, slamming the table) DAMN MY EGGS-DAMN ALL THE EGGS THAT EVER WAS!

RUTH: Then go to work.

WALTER: (looking up at her, crosses L. to above table) See-I'm trying to talk to you 'bout me-(shaking his head with the repetition) And all you can say is eat them eggs and go to work.

RUTH: (wearily) Honey, you never say nothing new. I listen to you every day-every night and every morning and you never say nothing new. (shrugging) So you would rather be Mr. Arnold than be his chauffeur. So- I would rather be living in Buckingham Palace.

WALTER: That is just what is wrong with the colored woman in this world-don't understand about building their men up and making 'em feel like they somebody. Like they can do something.

RUTH: (drily, but to hurt) There are colored men who do things.

WALTER: No thanks to the colored woman.

RUTH: (boiling over) Well, being a colored woman I guess I can't help myself none!

WALTER and RUTH

WALTER: (looking up) What's the matter with you?

RUTH: Ain't nothing the matter with me. And don't keep asking me.

WALTER: Ain't nobody bothering you. (reading the news absently again) Say Colonel McCormick is sick.

RUTH: (puts egg bowl back in icebox; affecting tea party interest) Is he now? Po' thing.

WALTER: (sighing and looking at alarm clock) Now what is that boy doing in that bathroom all this time? He is just going to have to start getting up earlier. I can't be being late to work on account of him fooling around in there. (He rises, crosses up to door.)

RUTH: (pours and stirs oats in hot water) Oh, no, he ain't going to be getting up no earlier no such thing! It ain't his fault that he can't get to bed 'cause he got a bunch of crazy good-for-nothing clowns running their mouths in what is supposed to be his bedroom after ten o'clock at night -

WALTER: (crosses back of kitchen table, gets a cigarette from RUTH's handbag hanging on the back of the chair left) That's what you're mad about, ain't it? (topping her) The things I want to talk about with my friends just couldn't be important in your mind, could they? (He crosses to kitchen window and looks out, smoking and enjoying his first one deeply.)

RUTH: (crosses to table for milk; almost matter-of-factly, a complaint too automatic to deserve emphasis) Why you always got to smoke before you eat in the morning?

MAMA (Something left to love)

There is always something left to love. And if you ain't learned that you ain't learned nothing. (looking at her) Have you cried for that boy today? I don't mean for yourself and for the family 'cause we lost the money. I mean for him; what he been through and what it done to him. Child, when do you think is the time to love somebody the most - when they done good and made things easy for everybody? Well, that ain't the time at all. It's where he's at his lowest and can't believe in hisself 'cause the world done whipped him so. When you starts measuring somebody - measure him right, child. Measure him right. Make sure you done taken into account what hills and valleys he come through before he got to wherever he is.

MAMA (Rat Trap)

(MAMA looks around and leans back and sighs - in a sudden reflective mood:)

Yes, that's all it is. (smiling) I remember just as well the day me and Big Walter moved in here though. Hadn't been married but two weeks and wasn't planning on living here no more than a year. (She shakes her head at the dissolved dream.) We was going to set away, little by little, don't you know, and buy a little place out in Morgan Park. Even picked out the house, (chuckling a little) Looks right dumpy today. But lord, child, you should know all the dreams I had 'bout buying that house and fixing it up and making me a little garden in the back - (She waits and stops smiling.) And didn't none of it happen.

BENEATHA (to Asagai)

Me? . . . Me? . . . Me, I'm nothing . . . Me. When I was very small ... we used to take our sleds out in the wintertime and the only hills we had were the ice-covered stone steps of some houses down the street. And we used to fill them in with snow and make them smooth and slide down them all day . . . and it was very dangerous, you know ... far too steep . . . and sure enough one day a kid named Rufus came down too fast and hit the sidewalk and we saw his face just split open right there in front of us ... And I remember standing there looking at his bloody open face thinking that was the end of Rufus. But the ambulance came and they took him to the hospital and they fixed the broken bones and they sewed it all up ... and the next time I saw Rufus he just had a little line down the middle of his face ... I never got over that . . . That that was what one person could do for another, fix him up sew up the problem, make him all right again. That was the most marvelous thing in the world ... I wanted to do that. I always thought it was the one concrete thing in the world that a human being could do. Fix up the sick, you know and make them whole again. This was truly being God . . .

BENEATHA and ASAGAI

BENEATHA: (turning suddenly) My hair - what's wrong with my hair?

ASAGAI: Were you born with it like that?

BENEATHA: (reaching up to touch it) No - of course not.

(She looks back to the mirror, disturbed.)

ASAGA: (smiling) How then?

BENEATHA: (embarrassed and a little demure to discuss the Great Hair Question) You know perfectly well how - as – as nap - crinkly as yours - that's how.

ASAGAI: And it is ugly to you that way?

BENEATHA: (quickly) Oh, no - not ugly - (more slowly, apologetically) But it's so hard to manage when it's, well

ASAGAI: And so to accommodate that - you mutilate it every week?

BENEATHA: It's not mutilation!

ASAGAI: (laughing aloud at her seriousness) Oh - please! I am only teasing you because you are so very serious about these things. (He stands back from her and folds his arms across his chest as he watches her pulling her hair and frowning in the mirror.) Do you remember the first time we met at school? (He laughs) You came up to me and you said - and I thought you were the most serious little thing I had ever seen – you said, (He imitates her:) "Mr. Asagai - I want very much to talk with you. About Africa. You see, Mr. Asagai, I am looking for my identity!" (He folds over and roars with laughter.)

BENEATHA: (turning to him, not laughing) Yes –

ASAGAI: Well - it is true that this is not so much a profile of a Hollywood queen as perhaps a Queen of the Nile - But what does it matter? Assimilationism is so popular in your country.

BENEATHA: (wheeling, passionately, sharply) I am not an assimilationist!

WALTER and BOBO (With Ruth)

WALTER: There ain't nothing wrong, is there-

BOBO: Lemme tell you-Walter Lee. (drains glass to the last drop as WALTER watches impatiently and at last takes it from him) You know how it was. I got to tell you how it was. I mean first I got to tell you how it was all the way-I mean about the money I put in, Walter Lee-

WALTER: What about the money you put in?

BOBO: Well-it wasn't much as we told you-me and Willy-(He stops.) I'm sorry, Walter. I got a bad feel- ing about it. I got a real bad feeling about it-

WALTER: Man, what you telling me all this for - Tell me what happened in Springfield-

BOBO: Springfield.

RUTH: (like a dead woman) What was supposed to happen in Springfield?

BOBO: (to her) This deal that me and Walter went into with Willy-Me and Willy was going to go down to Springfield and spread some money round so's we wouldn't have to wait so long for the liquor license-I mean everybody said that was the way you had to do, you understand, Miss Ruth?

WALTER: Man-what happened down there?

BOBO: (a pitiful man, near tears) I'm trying to tell you, Walter.

WALTER: THEN TELL ME, DAMNIT - WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

BOBO: . Man-I didn't go to no Springfield, yesterday.

WALTER: (halted) Why not?

BOBO: 'Cause I didn't have no reasons to-

WALTER: Man, what are you talking about!

BOBO: I'm talking about the fact that when I got to the train station yesterday morning-eight o'clock like we planned - Man-Willy didn't never show up.

WALTER: Why-where was he-where is he?

BOBO: That's what I'm trying to tell you-I don't know. I waited six hours-I called his house-and I waited-six hours-I waited in that train station six hour-(breaking into tears, looking up at WALTER with tears running down his face) Man, Willy is gone.

GEORGE and BENEATHA

GEORGE: (exasperated) I know it and I don't mind it sometimes - Look, I want you to cut it out, see-the moody stuff. I don't like it. You're a nice-looking girl - all over. That's all you need, honey, forget the at- mosphere. Guys aren't going to go for the atmosphere - they're going to go for what they see. Be glad for that. Beneatha, please drop the Garbo routine. It doesn't go with you. (He sits.) As for myself, I want a nice-(groping) simple-(thoughtfully) sophisticated girl- Not a poet- O.K.?

BENEATHA: George, why are you angry?

GEORGE: Because this is stupid! I don't go out with you to discuss the nature of quiet desperation or to hear all your thoughts-because the world will go on thinking what it thinks regardless-

BENEATHA: Then why read books? Why go to school?

GEORGE: It's simple. You read books-to learn facts to get grades-to pass the course to get a degree. That's all-it has nothing to do with thoughts.

GEORGE

(exasperated) I know it and I don't mind it sometimes - Look, I want you to cut it out, see - the moody stuff. I don't like it. You're a nice-looking girl - all over. That's all you need, honey, forget the atmosphere. Guys aren't going to go for the atmosphere - they're going to go for what they see. Be glad for that. Beneatha, please drop the Garbo routine. It doesn't go with you. (He sits.) As for myself, I want a nice - (groping) simple - (thoughtfully) sophisticated girl - Not a poet - O.K.?

LINDER

Well - you see our community is made up of people who've worked hard as the dickens for years to build up that little community. We're not rich and fancy people; just hard-working honest people who don't really have much but those little homes and a dream of the kind of community we want to raise our children in. Now I don't say we are perfect and there is a lot wrong in some of the things we want. But you've got to admit that a man, right or wrong, has the right to want to have the neighborhood he lives in a certain kind of way. And at the moment the overwhelming majority of our people out there feel that people get along better; take more of a common interest in the life of the community when they share a common background. (As they react, he rushes to reassure them.) Now I want you to believe me when I tell you that race prejudice simply doesn't enter into it. It is a matter of the people of Clybourne Park believing, rightly or wrongly, as I say, that for the happiness of all concerned that our Negro families are happier when they live in their own communities.

TRAVIS

(excited and full of narrative, coming directly to his mother) Mama, you should of seen the rat... Big as a cat, honest! (He shows an exaggerated size with his hands.) Gaaleeee, that rat was really cuttin' and Bubber caught him with his heel and the janitor, Mr. Barnett, got him with a stick and then they got him in a corner and - BAM! BAM! BAM! - and he was still jumping round and bleed- ing like everything too There's rat blood all over the