

FATHER

I went to the police. I told them this murdering madman was a guest in my home. I told them we are keeping his bastard child. I told them everything I knew. They were very grateful.

YOUNGER BROTHER

Did you tell them he's the Negro maniac whose car they destroyed? The same black man who went to them for justice but whose every legal complaint they ignored? The same crazed Negro killer who followed the coffin of a woman they murdered? Were they grateful for the truth?

FATHER

I hope I misunderstand you. Would you defend this savage? Does he have anyone but himself to blame for Sarah's death? Anything but his damnable nigger pride? Nothing under heaven can excuse the killing of men and the destruction of property in this manner.

YOUNGER BROTHER

I did not hear such a eulogy at Sarah's funeral. I did not hear you say then that death and the destruction of property were inexcusable.

FATHER

Must I endure this?

YOUNGER BROTHER

You are a complacent man with no thought of history. You have traveled everywhere and learned nothing. I despise you.

(HE exits, slamming the door.)

FATHER

He'll be back.

MOTHER

I don't think so.

START →

THE LITTLE BOY

Why is uncle angry? Why is everyone so angry?

MOTHER

Ask your father.

THE LITTLE BOY

It's because of Coalhouse isn't it?

MOTHER

Why don't you explain this to your son. He is confused. Why don't you ever talk to him?

(There is a silence.)

FATHER

How would you like to see a game of baseball tomorrow?

THE LITTLE BOY

I think I would like that, sir.

← END

FATHER

I've been neglecting you. The Giants are at the Polo Grounds. Mother, I'm taking the boy to see a game of baseball.

MOTHER

You fool.

FATHER

You'll like baseball. It's a civilized pastime.

FATHER

IN A WORLD GONE MAD,
 ! THERE IS COMFORT TO BE HAD
 IN THE GAME FATHER PLAYED
 AT SCHOOL.
 MEN OF CLASS,
 COMPETING ON THE GRASS,
 WHERE SPORTSMANSHIP
 AND FELLOWSHIP
 AND COURTESY
 ARE THE RULE.

UMPIRE

Play ball!

(The Polo Grounds. A game is in progress. The stands are packed with FANS from all walks of life. FATHER and THE LITTLE BOY are conspicuous. So is FATHER's uneasiness in the noisy, sweaty, raucous people around him. They are not FATHER's kind at all. In the excitement, one FAN even throws one arm around FATHER's shoulder.)

A GROUP

AIN'T THIS THE KIND O' WEATHER

A GROUP

FOR SMACKIN' LEATHER,