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# Dreams Worth While: The Journey of 'A Raisin in the Sun'

By Unknown

What happens to a dream deferred?  
Does it dry up like a raisin in the sun?  
Pull it in up here.  
Or fester like a sore, and then run?  
Does it stink like rotten meat?  
Or crust and sugar over, like a syrupy sweet.  
Maybe it just sags like a heavy load.  
Or does it explode?  
Come on, Johnson, I'm out.  
And there's still hot water.  
-Morning, Lena.  
-Morning, Earline.  
-Hi.  
-Morning.  
-Watch your step.  
-Morning.  
Walter, it's after seven.  
You're gonna be late.  
Travis out of the bathroom yet?  
No, not yet, but he will be soon.  
And, what's the point  
in having an alarm clock  
if you don't get up when it goes off?  
What I need an alarm clock for  
when I got you?  
Only problem is,  
I can't just hit a button and turn you off.  
Woman.  
What kind of eggs you want?  
Not scrambled.  
-Where the paper?  
-Where it always is.  
What's your problem this morning?  
I don't have a problem. And I hope  
you don't volunteer to become one.  
Yeah, you got a problem.  
What's that boy doing in the bathroom  
all this time?  
He's just gonna have  
to start getting up earlier.  
I can't be being late to work on  
account of him fooling around in there.  
No, he is not gonna be getting up no earlier.  
It's not his fault he can't get to bed at night

because he got a bunch of  
crazy, loudmouth, good-for-nothing people,  
running their mouths  
in what's supposed to be his bedroom

**after 10:**

Why they gotta be loudmouths?

Because they are loud, and nothing that  
comes out of them mouths is important.

Not enough to keep my little boy awake.

That's what you're mad about, ain't it?

Things I want to talk about with my friends  
just couldn't be important

in your mind, could they?

Come here.

You looking young this morning, baby.

Looking just like how you looked  
when I started courting you.

It's gone now. You look like yourself again.

Just eat your eggs.

You know that insurance check come  
tomorrow, don't you?

Yeah, I know.

I really don't want to talk about it.

I'm out, but you better hurry. I heard  
Mr. Johnson coming down the steps.

The check comes tomorrow, right, Mama?

Yes, it does, Travis. But it's too early  
in the morning to be talking about money  
so just eat your breakfast.

But I need fifty cents.

-For what?

-For the poor Negroes in history.

For the what?

Teacher says we gotta do something about  
teaching colored kids about they history.

'Their' history. And what's that got to  
do with fifty cents and poor Negroes?

All us kids are putting in fifty cents  
to buy special books

that'll tell us about the things

the poor Negroes did.

Is that the way the teacher put it,  
the 'poor Negroes'?

Yes, ma'am. That's the way  
she always puts it.  
And they need fifty cents for  
special books for the poor Negroes.  
-Yes, Mama, that's what I said.  
-I don't have it.  
But I don't want to be the only one  
without the money, Ma.  
I said I don't have it, Travis.  
Just eat your breakfast.  
I'm finished.  
Then go on and make up your bed.  
Can I maybe bag groceries  
at the market after...  
Travis.  
And no sweet rolls today,  
Mr. Angry Little Man.  
You wanna have all your teeth  
in your head when you get older.  
I'm gone.  
'I know that woman wants me  
to kiss her goodbye, but I'll fix her.  
'I won't kiss her, and she'll be sorry.  
'I won't kiss her goodbye  
for nothing in this world,  
''cause I know that's  
just what she wants me to do.'  
Mama.  
Can I please bag groceries? Can I, Mama?  
-What is it he want to do?  
-Bag groceries after school.  
-For the poor Negroes in history, Dad.  
-Travis. No.  
-School's raising money for something.  
-I gotta have fifty cents.  
-Why don't you give it to him?  
-'Cause we don't have it.  
What you going telling the boy  
things like that for?  
Come here, Travis.  
Thanks, Daddy.  
In fact, here's another fifty cents.  
Why don't you go buy yourself some fruit  
or take a taxicab to school or something.

Hot dog! Thanks, Daddy.

-Go on to school now. Don't be late.

-All right.

That's my boy.

What?

Know what I was thinking about  
in the bathroom this morning?

-No.

-Charlie Atkins.

-You remember Charlie Atkins?

-No.

You remember.

Remember, he wanted me to go  
in that dry cleaning business with him.  
Now he's grossing \$100,000 a year.  
\$100,000.

-That's nice, Walter.

-That could have been me.

That could have been us.

But he stepped up and I held back.

Walter, you didn't have any money.

That was true, then. This is now.

This is our time, baby.

Walter, if you're gonna  
talk to me about that check...

Me, Willy and Bobo,  
we got this thing figured out.

Bobo?

Walter, I got nothing to do with that check.

You're tired, ain't you, baby?

Tired of everything.

Me, the boy, the way we live.

So tired you couldn't do nothing  
to help us out, could you?

Walter.

Mama will listen to you.

You know she listens to you more  
than she listens to anybody else.

That's all I need you to do.

Tomorrow morning when you're  
sitting down drinking your coffee,  
just sip on your coffee, real easy like,  
and talk to her like what you're saying  
ain't really that important to you.

Then sip on your coffee some more  
and tell her that you've been thinking about  
the deal Walter Lee is so interested in.  
And before you know it, she'll be  
listening good, asking you questions,  
and when I come home  
I can fill her in on all the details.  
No, Walter, no.  
This ain't no fly-by-night proposition, baby.  
-This is real.  
-They're all real.  
All the schemes that go nowhere.  
-Not like this one.  
-No, Walter.  
Why not?  
First of all, I'm not gonna be  
pretending anything with your mother.  
Now that's your nonsense. That's not mine.  
And second of all,  
the money doesn't belong to us, Walter.  
-It's your mother's money.  
-What's she gonna do with it?  
Walter, just finish your breakfast.  
Come on, go to work.  
-Why can't you listen to me?  
-Walter, don't shout at me.  
That's the only way  
I can get through to you.  
Walter, please.  
Ruth. Ruth, listen.  
Now it normally costs \$75,000,  
to get into something  
like we're thinking about getting into,  
but Willy knows somebody  
that can get us in for 30.  
That's 10,000 three ways.  
Plus a little something extra  
to spread around  
to the people to get the licenses approved.  
-You mean bribes?  
-Don't call it that.  
This is business. Don't nothing happen in  
this world unless somebody's getting paid.  
Walter, eat your eggs.

That's it? 'Eat your eggs'?

Walter, that ain't none of our money.

This morning I get up.

I go to a bathroom I gotta share  
with two floors of people.

I look in the mirror.

Thirty-five years old,  
been married eleven years.

I got a boy who sleeps in the living room.

And all I got to tell him are stories  
about how rich, white people live.

Walter, eat your eggs.

Damn these eggs.

Damn all the eggs that ever was!

Fine. Just go to work!

See, that says it all, don't it?

Morning, everybody.

Says just what's wrong with women today.

Don't know how to build your man up,  
make them feel like they can be somebody,  
-like they can do something.

-You know, not all women are like that.

Just like there are some men  
who actually do something.

No thanks to their women.

I'm gonna start timing people.

You should get up earlier.

Anybody ever tell you, you  
a horrible-looking chick in the morning?

Mama left early this morning?

Yeah, her last day.

So how's school coming?

Lovely, just lovely.

As if you really care.

I was just wondering if you made up  
your mind and everything.

Not too many girls who decide  
to become a doctor.

Have we figured out exactly how much  
medical school is gonna cost?

Walter, why don't you leave your sister  
alone and get on to work?

You know that check coming tomorrow.

The money belongs to Mama, Walter.

She can do with it whatever she wants  
or do nothing at all.

Maybe just nail the check up  
on the wall and stare at it all day.  
It's hers and not ours. Hers.

Well, now ain't we just  
the considerate daughter?

You just got your mother's best  
interest at heart, don't you, girl?

But it's okay if Mama want to  
take a few thousand dollars of her money  
-to put you through college.

-I never asked her to do that.

No, but the line between asking  
and just accepting when the time comes  
-is big and wide, ain't it?

-What do you want from me, brother?

To quit school or just drop dead? Which?

-Either one would suit me fine.

-Walter!

No, I'm sick of Her Holiness sashaying  
around here like she all high and mighty.

Me and Ruth,

we done made some sacrifices for you.

Now it's time you start making some  
sacrifices for the rest of the family.

-Don't you be dragging me into this.

-Oh, no, you are in it.

Aren't you the one that's  
taking in other people's  
dirty laundry to put clothes on her back?

Walter, that ain't fair.

Oh, but it's fair

for Walter not to get anything.

No, it's not like anybody expects you to get  
on your knees and say,

'Thank you, Walter. Thank you, Mama.

'Thank you, Travis, for wearing  
the same pair of shoes the last two years.'

Well, I do, all right?

Thank you, everybody! Thank you, God!

Thank you, Walter!

Beneatha, stop it.

Forgive me for ever wanting



to be anything at all.  
Forgive me. Forgive me. Forgive me!  
Who in the hell ever told you  
to go be a doctor, anyway?  
You so crazy about messing  
with sick people,  
why don't you go be a nurse  
like other women?  
I'll be what I want to be.  
-With somebody else's money.  
-It's Mama's money.  
-He was my father, too.  
-And mine and Travis's grandfather, too.  
Brow-beating me isn't gonna make her  
give it to you  
to invest in some harebrained scheme.  
And I, for one,  
say 'God Bless Mama' for that.  
Are you listening to her?  
Are you listening to her?  
Will you please just get out of here?  
Get on to work, come on.  
Nobody in this house is ever gonna  
understand me.  
'Cause you're a nut.  
-Who's a nut?  
-You.  
Thee is mad, boy.  
The world's most backward  
race of women, and that's a fact.  
And then there's you, a prophet  
who would lead us out of the wilderness  
-and into the swamps.  
-Bennie, why?  
Why do you have to rile your brother up  
so much in the morning?  
'Cause it's too much fun not to.  
I need some money.  
Carfare.  
What, fifty cents?  
If she didn't want to docent  
the museum opening, she didn't have to.  
Well, yes I am. I am going to get involved.  
Because this kind of behavior

can't be tolerated.

-Are you leaving?

-Yes.

I've have late meetings,  
so don't hold supper.

Bring the car around for Mr. Arnold.

I need to be at the Shipley building at noon.

Yes, sir.

Priscilla.

I ain't playing no hide and seek, child.

You got to get to school.

Well, it looks like you're not in here.

And I know you're not in that closet.

Not with that big, hairy spider

I saw in there yesterday.

Come on, girl. Put this on.

School bus will be here directly.

Are you still leaving?

Yes, I'm still leaving.

And just like yesterday, I expect you to be  
a big girl and mind your mother.

You hear me?

Yes, Miss Lena.

No sass. No pouting.

And no stomping them little feet.

Turn around.

Bobo, my man.

So how we looking?

I'm still working on it,

but the check don't come till tomorrow.

So we have time. Seen Willy Harris?

I saw him last night.

He asked about you, I told him you're good.

Your word is better than gold.

He wants to get together tonight,

nine o'clock at the Green Hat.

Sounds good to me.

-I can smell the money, baby.

-Yes, yes, yes.

Let me guess.

This car, he's driving, and this one's yours.

I'm moving it, sir. Right away.

Yes, boy, you will. After I cite you.

You, get in your car.

Verdi's La Traviata, Randolph Hall,  
Friday night. You're with me.  
That your idea of asking for a date, George?  
It's more than a date if I'm asking.  
Well, I'll have to get back to you.  
Do so. But tarry not. There are legions  
of honeys who would have your place.  
Goodbye, George. I've got a class.  
Relax. It's coming.  
Very good.  
Were all my students like you,  
I would be an even happier man.  
I don't need false flattery, Asagai.  
I do quite well with the truth.  
Well, then, I guess I shall tell you the truth.  
You are not very good.  
You are excellent.  
You really think so?  
Yes. I am happy with you.  
I would be even happier if I could take you  
out on one of your dates.  
A date?  
Isn't that what you call it here  
when a man and a woman  
go out to spend time together?  
Well, yes, but...  
Okay, before you crush my spirit and ego,  
I will withdraw the offer.  
Maybe your phone number  
will not be so precious.  
Well, I suppose a phone number can't hurt.  
I remember well the things  
most important to me.  
I have a class.  
You got any more apples in the back?  
It's been a while since these last saw a tree.  
Don't think so.  
But you can't be sure unless you check,  
right?  
-How many you want?  
-A dozen of your best.  
Excuse me. Do me a favor,  
get me a basket of fresh apples.  
-Right away, ma'am.

-Thank you.

Lena, you sure was up and out early  
this morning.

It was my last day on the job, Earline.  
My last half-day, to be exact.

-Go on. You stopped working?

-Yes, indeed.

-Praise God.

-Yes, I do.

I know I can't wait to lay these  
bones down and relax.

-The day'll come.

-Sure came in high style for you.

What with your insurance money.

Well, I can't argue with that.

-Here you go.

-Thank you.

Am I being charged for the worms, too?

You don't want them, moms,  
you don't have to buy them.

I'm not buying them. I don't want them.

And I'm not your mother.

There are other stores.

-Hi.

-Hello.

You wanna try one?

Oh, no, Ruth. No, I got this.

Go on, now. Go on, now.

I have been carrying these  
groceries clear across town.

I can make it from the door to the table.

Well, how was your last day?

About the same as the first,  
far as I can remember.

Well, it must feel good, hanging it all up.

It ain't settled in good, yet.

It will, come Monday morning when you  
ain't getting up at the crack of dawn.

You'll feel it.

Look at that poor bed.

That's his idea of making it up, I guess.

Bless his heart. He tries, don't he?

No, he don't half-try at all, 'cause he know  
you gonna come right behind him

and fix everything, just like you always do.  
That's how come he don't know  
how to do nothing around here.  
You done spoil that boy so.  
Well, he's a little boy.  
He ain't supposed  
to know about housekeeping.  
You okay, Ruth?  
Yeah, I'm fine, just...  
I'm just tired, I've been ironing all morning.  
Well, leave the rest for me. I'll finish.  
Is that what you call retirement?  
You gonna come home so you can  
start doing somebody else's work.  
Well, what do you expect me to do,  
sit in that chair all day till I grow root?  
My poor little plant.  
If that plant don't get more sunlight than  
it's been getting, it's just gonna give up.  
Ruth, if you ain't feeling better tomorrow  
than you feel today, you best stay home.  
That woman will have a fit  
if I don't show up with her ironing.  
Well, let her have it.  
What? You ain't never supposed to be sick?  
I'll call her in the morning  
and tell her you got the flu.  
Why the flu?  
White folks understand about the flu,  
that's something they get.  
Well, you better call up them sick  
with something familiar,  
otherwise they gonna think  
you were late out drunk,  
been caught up in a fight or something.  
Tired as you look, Ruth,  
you ain't going nowhere tomorrow.  
Well, I've got to go, now.  
We need the money.  
Most days, we might. But tomorrow  
we got us a great, big old check coming.  
Now, wait, that's your money, Lena.  
It ain't got nothing to do with me.  
And we all feel that way.

\$10,000.

You know what you ought to do  
with that money, Lena?

You ought to go off somewhere,  
like South America or Europe.

Just go on off and have yourself a ball  
for once in your life.

What would I look like,  
wandering around Europe by myself?

What? Those rich white women do it.

I read about it all the time.

Their feet gets itching, and the next thing  
you know, they're packed and gone,  
waving at the rest of us  
from them ocean liners.

Something always told me

I wasn't no rich white woman.

Well, what you going to do with it?

I ain't rightly decided, Ruth,  
to tell you the truth.

Well, of course, there is that money  
for Beneatha's medical schooling.

And that much is decided,

'cause Big Walter would have wanted that.

-Yeah.

-He believed in dreams, that man did.

And none of his never saw fit to come true.

He used to come in here some nights,  
he'd be so low.

Just sit down on that sofa here,

he'd look at the rug,

then he'd look at me,

then he'd look back at the rug.

I know that must've been hard  
for the two of you.

The hardest thing for me was watching him.

And when we lost that baby, I near to  
thought I was going to lose that man, too.

You'd never think one man could  
grieve so much.

That man loved his children.

Now, of course that ain't to say  
he was no saint or nothing,

'cause could be a little mean

and kind of wild with the women.

But he loved his children.

He used to say,

'Seem like God didn't seem fit  
to give the black man nothing but dreams,  
'but he did give us children  
to make them dreams seem worthwhile.'

He could talk like that, you know.

Well, look like maybe you remembered  
you had a home to come back to.

I started my guitar lessons, today.

-Holy Lord.

-You started your what now?

Guitar.

You know, an instrument with six strings.

I know what a guitar is, little smart mouth.

Is this something new?

Not really. It's something I've been  
wanting to do for some time.

How long is it gonna be before you get  
tired of this thing and move on to the next,  
like you done that little play-acting group  
you was all stirred up about last year?

And the horseback riding club  
the year before that.

I've seen butterflies do less flitting, baby.

I just want to learn to play the guitar.

Is there anything wrong with that?

Ain't nobody trying to stop you.

Just wondering why you got to flit so.

Never landing on nothing long enough  
to have nothing to sink in.

Never done nothing with all that  
camera equipment you brought in here.

I don't flit. I experiment  
with different forms of expression.

Does that include horseback riding lessons?

Yes. People have to express themselves  
in one way or another.

Well, what is it you're trying to express?

Me.

That's all right. I wouldn't expect you  
to understand, for God's sake.

-Beneatha.

-Would you just listen to her?

Oh, God.

If you use the Lord's name in vain  
just one more time...

-Mama.

-Girl, you are fresh as salt.

Well, if the salt loses its savor...

That'll do now.

Not gonna have you round here reciting  
the Scriptures in vain, you hear me?

How did I manage

to get on everybody's wrong side  
just by just walking into a room?

-Where are you going?

-Got a date.

Oh, my, my. Who with?

Who else? George Murchison.

That's the third time this month.

This one seems to be sticking.

Like a tick on a dog. They don't have  
tweezers big enough to get him off me.

Now, girl, you know you're sweet on him.

He's all right. I mean I like him enough  
to go out with and stuff.

'And stuff'? What's 'and stuff' mean?

Stop picking on her, now, Ruth.

What does it mean?

I just mean I could never be serious  
about George. He's so shallow.

What do you mean he's shallow?

Girl, he's rich.

You wouldn't even begin to understand.

Anybody who married Walter  
couldn't possibly understand.

Now, what kind of way is that  
to talk about your brother?

I do believe she just expressed  
an insult to me.

Brother is a blip, Mama. Let's face it.

What's a blip?

I don't know. I think she's saying he's crazy.

Not crazy. Brother isn't really crazy yet.

He's an elaborate neurotic.

You hush your mouth, now.



As for George, well, George looks good,  
he drives a beautiful car,  
takes me to nice places.

But if the Youngers are waiting  
to see if their little Bennie is going to  
tie up the family with the Murchisons,  
they're wasting their time.

-Why?

-Ruth,

the Murchisons are honest-to-God,  
real live, rich colored folk.

And the only people in the world  
more snobbish than rich white people  
are rich colored people. And that's a fact.  
You weren't brought up to dislike people  
'cause they're well off.

Don't worry about it, Lena.

She'll get over all of this.

Get over it? What're you talking about Ruth?

Listen, I'm going to be a doctor. I'm not  
worried about who I'm going to marry yet.  
If I even ever get married.

-If?

-If?

I probably will. It's just that,  
first, I'm going to be a doctor.

And George, for one,  
still thinks that's pretty funny.

I couldn't be bothered with that.

I'm going to be a doctor, and everybody  
around here better understand that.

Well, of course you're gonna be a doctor,  
honey. God willing.

God doesn't have a thing to do with it.

Now that just wasn't necessary, Beneatha.

Well, neither is God.

I get sick of hearing about God.

-Beneatha.

-I mean it.

I'm just tired of hearing  
about Him all the time.

What does He have to do with anything?

Does He pay tuition?

You about to get

your fresh little jaw slapped.  
That's just what she needs.  
Why can't I say what I want to  
around here like everybody else?  
'Cause you weren't brought up  
to talk that way.  
Me and your daddy went to a lot of trouble  
to see that you and Walter  
were brought up in the good Christian way.  
Well, you and Daddy were wrong.  
Mama, you don't understand.  
It's all just a matter of ideas  
and God is just one idea I don't accept.  
It's not important. It's not like I'm gonna  
go out and be immoral or commit crimes  
'cause I don't believe in God.  
I don't even think about it. It's just...  
I get so tired of Him getting credit  
for all the things  
the human race achieves  
through its own stubborn effort.  
There is simply no God.  
There is only man,  
and it is he who makes miracles.  
Now, you say after me,  
'In my mother's house, there is still God.'  
'In my mother's house, there is still God.'  
In my mother's house, there is still God.  
There are some ideas  
we just ain't gonna have in this house.  
Not as long as I'm head of this family.  
Yes, ma'am.  
Bennie.  
You think you're a grown woman,  
but you're still a little girl.  
What you did was childish  
and so you got treated like a... Like a child.  
She said she's sorry.  
I don't know about these children, Ruth.  
They frightens me.  
Lena, you got good children.  
Sometimes, they don't think clearly,  
but you got good children.  
No, something done come down

between us.

We don't understand each other, no more.

It's like we don't none of us  
speak the same language.

Walter near done lost his mind  
thinking about money all the time,  
and Beneatha around here talking  
about things I just don't understand.

What is it, Ruth? What is it that's changing?

You just got strong-willed children.

And it takes someone with a strong head  
like you to keep them in line.

It's a good thing, though,  
you helping Beneatha with her school.

This doctor thing sure is  
a dream of hers, huh?

Yeah, well, she deserves it.

Even with all her foolishness,  
she work hard in school.

And Walter, well, it's not like you to think  
about one child without helping the other.

I understand, Ruth,  
but we ain't no business people.

We just plain working folk.

Walter Lee says ain't nobody  
business people until they go into business.

Walter Lee says the colored people ain't  
never going to get anywhere in this world  
until they start gambling  
on some different kinds of things.

Investments and things.

What done got into you, girl?

Walter Lee done finally sold you  
on investing?

No.

No.

Lena, some...

Something done come down  
with me and Walter Lee.

I don't know what it is.

He needs something, you know?

Something I can't give him.

He needs this chance, Lena.

I hear you, Ruth,

and I take what you say to heart.  
But I can't throw my husband's  
insurance money away on no investment.  
This poor little plant.  
Nothing I do make it no better.  
I mean do we even know  
what he's talking about investing in?  
Ruth?  
I think it's the way to go, man, liquor stores.  
People gonna always wanna get  
their taste, you know what I mean?  
That's my feeling exactly.  
Without fail, there are two businesses  
you'll find in any city.  
Churches and liquor stores.  
And funeral parlors.  
But I ain't messing around  
with no dead people.  
Until you become one.  
Where's Willy, man?  
Don't worry, man. He'll be here.  
You know Willy.  
Always got to make a stop  
or two on the way.  
There he is. Willy. Over here.  
My man, Bobo. How you doing, brother?  
Walter, good to see you again.  
Willy.  
My new partners  
and you started without me.  
Waitress, another round of suds, please.  
What'll you have, Willy?  
Scotch, rocks and  
another one on the side, beautiful.  
-So, Bobo, how's it hanging, man?  
-Man, you know me.  
Just another squirrel in the world  
trying to get a nut.  
-So we ready to discuss business?  
-That's why we're here, ain't it?  
I think we're sold on this liquor store.  
Sold? I'd say  
it's a can't-miss investment, Walter.  
Look around you. Everybody in here's

sipping on some kind of liquid refreshment.

Black folks. They may not have enough money to rub two nickels together, but drink they're gonna do. Got to do it.

-Takes their mind off things.

-We was just talking about that.

All right, here's the deal.

I talked to some people in Springfield.

The right people that'll seed the right pockets to get our license approved.

They don't have no problems with it.

That's what I'm talking about.

And here's the beautiful part.

I found the perfect location, right here on the Southside. I mean...

I mean, we couldn't build us a better situation than this.

So, how much time we got?

Well, here's the thing.

This perfect spot ain't likely to be available after next week.

Personally, I think we need to move on this by Monday.

I don't see no problem with that.

Well, then, sounds like a deal.

Cheers.

-I got to run.

-What?

You cats know how to reach me.

-Your change.

-Keep it, sweetheart, and set my partners up for the rest of the night.

-Bobo.

-Thanks, Willy.

-Walter.

-Willy.

I'll see you cats later.

Gentlemen.

Nothing for me. I got to get home.

I think I'm going to hang around for a little a bit, man.

You know, kind of celebrate the future.

Don't you get in no trouble.  
-I'm gonna call you later.  
-All right.  
Morning, doll. We'll be right with you.  
I'm looking for Miss Tilly.  
What you want with Miss Tilly?  
It's personal. Is she here?  
I am Miss Tilly. What you need, child?  
Come. Follow me.  
Can't I go outside, grandma?  
That spray stuff stinks.  
If I can't go out, you can't go out.  
-You finish all your chores?  
-No.  
Where did Mama go?  
She said she wasn't going to work today.  
She went to run a little errand.  
But where?  
To tend to her business.  
Grown-up business.  
-What kind of grown up...  
-Travis, get out of here.  
Just get out of here. Go on downstairs.  
Stay out front and keep a sharp look out  
for the mailman.  
Yes, ma'am.  
And leave them cockroaches alone.  
What they ever do to you?  
Don't spray that boy with that stuff.  
Why not? It's harmless. You ever see  
a dead cockroach around here?  
Where did Ruth go, Mama?  
To the doctor, I think.  
What for?  
Beneatha, get up underneath  
that couch over there.  
Sometimes crumbs get up underneath there.  
-Mama?  
-What? I don't know.  
-At least, I ain't saying what I think.  
-You think she's...  
I think I ain't saying,  
ain't that what I just said?  
Of course, I ain't never

been wrong about a woman.

Hello.

Bah-oh to you, Asagai.

Come over? Now?

I don't think so. We're cleaning,  
and my mother hates it  
when people come over and the house  
isn't up to her standards.

Do you? For me?

Okay, if just for a minute.

I'll see you then.

Tell me you didn't just invite  
somebody over?

Oh, Mama, it's just Asagai.

I don't care if it's Santa Claus, girl.  
Ain't you got no pride? Look at this place.

The place is fine, Mama.

Besides, it's just Asagai.

He's not judgmental. He's an intellectual.

-Who?

-Asagai. Joseph Asagai.

I met him at school. He's from Nigeria.  
I don't believe I never met no African before.

Well, do me a favor and please don't ask  
him any ignorant questions like  
do they wear clothes and carry spears.

If we so ignorant, maybe you ought  
not to be inviting people here.

Mama, it's not that. It's just  
that people ask such crazy questions  
when it comes to Africa,  
like all they know is Tarzan.

-Well, him, I heard of.

-See?

What? What? What I need to know  
anything about Africa for?  
Because it's part of our heritage.

Why do you give money  
at the church for missionary work?

That's to save people.

I'm afraid they need more salvation  
from the British and the French.

So? You pregnant?

What, is it written all over my face?

-You are.  
-Oh, Lord have mercy.  
How far along are you?  
Two months.  
Did you plan it or was it an accident?  
Mind your own business.  
It is my business.  
Where's it going to sleep, on the roof?  
I'm sorry.  
I didn't mean for it to come out like that.  
I think it's wonderful.  
Yeah. Yeah, no, it's wonderful.  
Well, it is.  
Doctor say everything going to be all right?  
Yeah. She said everything's gonna be fine.  
She?  
What doctor you went to?  
Ruth, honey, you sick?  
What's the matter with her, Mama?  
She gonna be all right.  
Women get like this sometimes  
when they get with child.  
But they going to be all right.  
They just got to relax  
and put everything out their mind.  
Oh, my God. That must be Asagai.  
Come on, honey. Come on.  
It's going to be all right.  
Hello, Alaiyo.  
Hello.  
May I come in?  
Yeah, come in.  
Please don't mind how the place looks.  
My mother was very upset,  
she know I was letting  
someone seeing it like this.  
You, too, look disturbed.  
Look, if it's not a good time, I can...  
No, no, no.  
It's never a good time around here.  
Acute ghetto-itis is all it is. It'll pass.  
Well.  
So, come in and sit down.  
Can I hope that box is for me?



Yes. Open it.

-Nigerian music. Thank you.

-Tribal Yoruba. But, keep going.

It's beautiful. Why did you...

Let me...

-What's it mean?

-You wear it well, as I knew you would.

-You did?

-Of course.

From the moment I first saw you at school,  
and you pranced up to me

in the most serious of tones, and said,

'Mr. Asagai,

'I would like very much like

to talk to you about Africa,

'because I am looking for my identity.'

And why is that funny?

Well, because I didn't at first believe it.

And why not?

Because assimilationism is so  
popular, so important in your country  
among the blacks and whites.

Everyone must become one  
and melt into each other.

I am not an assimilationist.

Perhaps not.

So, do you like them?

-What?

-The robes.

They are from my sister's  
personal wardrobe, you know.

You must take good care of them.

-Your sister?

-Yes, from Lagos.

That's the capital. But you knew that.

You sent all the way for me?

Well, I cannot wear them.

Joseph.

For you, I would do much more.

I must be going.

Will you call me Monday?

Yes, I will. We do have much to talk about.

About identity and time and feeling.

What sort of feeling

are you talking about, Asagai?

I am not interested in being  
someone's little episode in America.

-Yes, that's real funny, isn't it?

-Truthfully, yes.

Every American girl, white, black and brown,  
have said the same thing to me.

You are all the same with the same speech.

It seems the world's most liberated women  
are not so liberated at all

or you wouldn't so quickly  
jump to the same conclusions.

Mama. Mama, this is Mr. Asagai.

How do you do, young man?

How do you do, Mrs. Younger?

Please forgive me for coming  
at such an inconvenient time.

That's all right.

I just hope that you understand  
our house don't always look like this.

-Asagai was just leaving, Mama.

-Yeah.

Well, I do hope that you'll come again.

I would love to hear more  
about your country.

I think it's sad the way our American  
Negroes don't know nothing about Africa,  
except Tarzan and all that.

And all that money we been giving  
to them churches,

when we need to be helping  
you all get liberated from them

Englishmen and Frenchmen  
what done taken away your land.

Well, yes, ma'am. And on behalf  
of my people, we appreciate it.

Well, I suspect you better come around here  
from time to time,

get yourself a home-cooked meal.

I think your mama would like that.

I think my mother would like that,

Mrs. Younger. And thank you.

Well, I should be off.

I will call you Monday, Alaiyo.

What is that? That's African for Beneatha?

No, it's a Yoruba word.

It means, well, roughly,  
one for whom bread or food is not enough.  
You are never satisfied. You are always  
hungry for more. That is you.

That's nice. Well, do come again, Mr...

Asagai. Or Joseph would do as nicely.

Goodbye.

Well, that's a pretty young thing  
just walked out of here.

Well,

I guess I see why we don't give up  
horseback riding  
and play-acting and cameras  
and commenced to get so interested  
in Africa.

Mama.

Missionaries, my Aunt Jenny.

What you doing up?

Ain't nothing wrong with me  
to be lying in no bed for.

**-It's 10:**

**-Yes, it's 10:**

And the mailman going to come today  
just like he come every day.

-He's here. Two doors down.

-Lord have mercy.

Get on down them steps,  
and make sure you don't lose that check.

-You mean, he done finally come.

-Lena, what a day this is?

Well, I don't know what  
we getting so excited about.

We known for months he was coming.

Knowing it's coming and knowing it's here,  
there's a difference.

Imagine being able to hold a piece of paper  
in your hand worth \$10,000.

-I'll take our mail, Mr. Peete.

-I don't think I have anything for you, Travis.  
You got to have a letter, Mr. Peete.

Grandma's been waiting for months.  
I think I have something for your grandma.  
I just don't got nothing for you.  
Got it!  
Lord have mercy,  
I wish Walter Lee was here.  
Come on, open it. Come on, now, open it.  
All right, all right, all right, child,  
don't act silly now.  
We never been no people  
to act silly about no money.  
Well, Lena, we ain't never had  
no money before. Now open it.  
Is that the right amount of zeros?  
Yes, ma'am. You're rich, Grandma. Rich.  
\$10,000.  
Somebody's idea  
of what my Walter was worth.  
What's the matter with Grandma, Mama?  
She don't want to be rich?  
Why don't you go on outside and play,  
baby. Go.  
If it wasn't for you all,  
I'd just put that money away,  
or give it to the church or something.  
Lena, that's crazy talk, and you know it.  
And Mr. Younger  
would tell you the same thing.  
Yes, he would.  
Big Walter would tell me good.  
Yeah. We got enough to do with that money,  
all right.  
Yeah.  
Where'd you go today, girl?  
I went to the doctor.  
Dr. Jones does have  
some strange ways about him,  
but turning from a he to a she  
ain't one of them.  
I don't know what you're talking about,  
Lena.  
Ruth. Ruth, look at me. Look at me, Ruth.  
I'm the same Lena Younger  
you've known all these years,

and I didn't suddenly turn into no fool.  
Now, you called the doctor that  
you went to see this morning a she.  
-Well, I made a mistake.  
-You went to see that woman, didn't you?  
-What woman?  
-You went to see that woman...  
Did the check come?  
Now, what you doing here  
this hour of the day?  
Can you say hello  
when you walk into the room?  
Did it come?  
Our lives have changed.  
Look, Mama. Here's the agreement  
between me, Willy Harris and Bobo.  
All in written up. All legal-like.  
Son, I think you need to talk to your wife.  
I will leave you two alone.  
-Now, what I need to talk to her for? Mama...  
-Son, talk to your wife.  
Mama, look.  
Why can't anybody ever listen to me?  
Walter Lee.  
I don't allow no yelling in this house,  
and you know that.  
Okay.  
Okay, see, Mama, no yelling.  
Now everything's ready.  
All signed and executed.  
We even got a name  
for the business. Southside Liquors.  
Liquor!  
Is that what this has been about  
the whole time? A liquor store?  
Mama, it's a great investment.  
Listen to me, boy, and you listen good.  
There ain't gonna be no investing  
in no liquor stores.  
Not as long as there is a breath in this body.  
-Mama...  
-I don't want to talk about it no more.  
But, Mama,  
you haven't even looked at it yet.

Mama, you haven't even looked at it yet.

That's it?

You've decided.

Decided that this is the way  
we're gonna live.

Will you tell that to my boy tonight  
when you put him to sleep  
on the living room sofa?

Will you tell that to my wife when she's  
slaving over somebody's dirty laundry?

Will you tell it to yourself, Mama,  
when you're fixing food  
in somebody's kitchen  
that your own family  
can't even afford to eat?

-Walter, where are you going?

-I'm going out.

-I'll come with you.

-I don't want you to come.

Walter, I got to talk to you about something.

That's too bad.

Walter Lee, sit down.

I'm a grown man, Mama.

Ain't nobody said you wasn't grown.

But you still in my house and my presence,  
and as long as you are,  
you will talk to your wife civil.

-Now sit down.

-No, let him go on.

-He makes me sick to my stomach.

-And you turn mine, too, baby.

Walter Lee.

That was my biggest mistake.

-What is wrong with you?

-Ain't nothing wrong with me.

Yes, there is something wrong with you.

You're being eating up like a crazy man.

And it's something more than me not giving  
you this money. This ain't new.

For the past two years I've been watching  
you get all nervous, acting wild in the eyes.

-I gotta go out.

-I'm not finished talking to you.

I don't need your nagging right now, Mama.

So what you gonna do?  
Go somewhere and drink?  
Seems like you always  
tied up in a knot about something.  
Ready to bust out and yell  
anytime anybody say anything to you.  
People can't live like that, Walter.  
Ruth is a good and patient girl in her way,  
but you getting to be too much, son.  
Don't make the mistake  
of driving that girl away from you.  
What mistake? What she ever do for me?  
That girl loves you, Walter.  
Now you through?  
'Cause if it's all right with you,  
I would like to go out, please.  
I'm sorry, son.  
I'm sorry about your liquor store.  
But that just ain't the thing for us to do.  
I gotta go out, Mama.  
-That's dangerous son.  
-What's dangerous?  
That. When a man got to go  
outside his house to look for peace.  
Where else am I gonna find it?  
-Not in this place.  
-What is it, son? What's wrong?  
Mama, I want so many things.  
Mama, I want so many things.  
It's kind of driving me crazy.  
What is it that you want, baby?  
You got a nice wife,  
a fine boy, you got a job.  
A job? A job, Mama? Mama.  
I open and close car doors all day.  
I drive a man around  
that looks right through me.  
I say ''Yes, sir. No, sir.  
Shall I take the drive, sir?  
'Am I the best trained monkey  
you ever seen, sir?''  
Mama, that ain't no kind of job.  
That ain't nothing.  
Why do I even think

you going to understand me?

Understand what, baby?

Mama.

Sometimes when I'm driving  
that man around,  
and we passing them cool,  
fancy restaurants,  
and these white boys,  
these white boys they've just been there  
talking about things, important things,  
they closing million-dollar deals,  
I know they are.

And, Mama, these white boys,  
they don't look much older than me.

So, once again, it's money.

This is about money, because money is life.

Money is life?

I remember a time  
when freedom used to be life.

But now, it's money?

Have times changed that much?

No, they haven't changed.

It's always been about money.

We were just never allowed  
to get close enough to see it.

No, something has changed.

In my time, if we could make it  
to the North without being lynched  
and still have a shred of dignity, too,  
that was enough.

But now here come you and Beneatha,  
you all talking about things  
that just go right past me.

Now you my children but sometimes  
you all might as well be strangers.

Mama, you don't understand.

You probably never will.

Son, you know your wife's  
expecting another baby?

What?

Now, I know it ain't my business  
to be saying this, but you need to know.

'Cause I think Ruth is thinking  
about getting rid of it.



You don't know Ruth, Mama, if you think she would do something like that.

Yes, I would, too, Walter.

I already made plans.

What?

Gave the woman a down payment.

Well, son, it's your turn to say something.

And I'm waiting to see

how you be your father's son.

'Cause your wife is saying,

she thinking about destroying your child.

I'm waiting to hear your father in you speak

and say we a people who give life,

not who take it away.

I'm waiting.

I'm waiting to see you stand up

and be the man your daddy was.

Well, if you a son of mine, tell her.

You a disgrace to your father's memory.

Well, now.

Yes, now. This, my assimilated sister-in-law,

is what the well-dressed

Nigerian woman wears.

Isn't it beautiful?

Well, yeah, it is something.

It is.

Enough of this assimilationist junk.

What kind of dance is that?

A folk dance.

And what kind of folks

dance like that, honey?

Nigerian folks... People.

It's a dance of welcome.

Who you welcoming?

The men. Back to the village.

Yeah. Where they been?

I don't know.

Out, tending cattle or hunting or something.

The point is, they're coming home.

To that? Girl, you better put a pot on.

Maybe you heard me wrong. I said we're

going to the theater not going to be in it.

I don't like that, George.

Have a seat, George.

Girl, you think this boy's gonna go out  
with you looking like that? Get dressed.  
That's up to George.  
If he's ashamed of his heritage...  
Bennie, Bennie, Bennie.  
Don't be so proud of yourself  
just because you look eccentric.  
How can something that  
feels so natural be eccentric?  
That's what eccentric means, my dear.  
Feeling natural  
although you're anything but.  
Go get dressed. I don't want us to be late.  
Don't worry, George.  
I wouldn't expect someone like you  
to appreciate great and ancient cultures.  
I know your only aim in life is to utterly  
submerge yourself in the dominant  
and, in this case, oppressive culture.  
My, my, my,  
aren't we the revolutionary tonight?  
You will lecture me on our great  
West African heritage. Let's hear it.  
Expound upon the great Ashanti empires  
and the Songhay civilizations.  
Oh, and let's not forget  
the brilliance of the sculpture of Benin  
and the poetry of the Bantu.  
Heritage? Let's face it, baby.  
Your heritage is nothing but  
a bunch of raggedy-assed spirituals  
and foul-smelling chitlins.  
How comfortable we are  
wallowing in our ignorance.  
My people were the first people on earth  
to smelt iron.  
The Ashanti  
were performing surgical operations  
when the English were still tattooing  
themselves with blue dragons.  
She'll be out in a minute, George.  
-What time is the show?  
-The curtain is at 8:30.  
Which is a bit earlier than

the standard New York curtain of 8:40.

-Mama in there?

-No, she's not back yet.

Do you get to New York a lot?

-She say where she was going?

-No.

I get there a few times a year.

New York ain't got nothing

Chicago ain't got,

just a bunch more people

all squeezed up together.

-So, you've been?

-Plenty of times.

-Walter!

-Plenty.

Why don't you offer this man

some refreshments?

They don't know how to entertain here, man.

I don't really care for anything. Thank you.

Why you college boys always

wear them silly-looking white shoes?

-Walter!

-White shoes, cold as it is.

George, you're gonna have to excuse him.

He's had too much to drink.

You don't have to excuse me.

I'll excuse myself if I need excusing.

I'm just saying they look funny as hell.

-Well?

-It's the college style.

Style, my ass. Boy, you're something.

I hear your old man is about to buy

that big hotel over there on the drive.

That's a shrewd move.

See, your old man's like me, he thinks big.

Bet you got some of that in you.

Like father, like son.

Maybe we get together sometime,

have couple of beers

and talk some business.

I don't think so, Walter.

-You don't think what?

-I really don't have the time.

Okay. I understand.

You just a busy little boy, ain't you?  
-You ain't got the time for people like me.  
-What's your problem, Walter?  
You my problem. And people like you.  
Them college boys.  
Like that makes you better.  
What they teaching you over there?  
Sociology and psychology?  
They ain't teaching you how to be a man.  
They ain't teaching you how to get out here  
and run this world.  
They just teach you how to read  
them books and talk proper,  
and wear them sissy-looking white shoes.  
You're all whacked up with bitterness, man.  
And you?  
You ain't got no bitterness in you?  
You don't see no stars out there gleaming  
you just can't reach out and grab?  
You happy?  
You contented son-of-a-bitch.  
You got it made.  
You had the world handed to you  
on a silver platter.  
You damn right, I'm bitter.  
Man, I'm a volcano.  
I'm a giant. A giant surrounded by ants.  
Ants can't even understand  
what the giant is talking about.  
Walter, ain't you with nobody?  
Hell, no. 'Cause there ain't nobody with me.  
Not even my own mother.  
Ready.  
And do you look great!  
You all have a nice time.  
See y'all later.  
-Bye-bye.  
-Thank you.  
-Walter.  
-Don't start.  
Start what?  
Your nagging. Where was I?  
Who was I with?  
How much money did I spend?

Walter, honey,  
can't we just try and talk about this?  
I was out talking with people  
who understand me.  
People who care about the things  
I got on my mind.  
-I guess that means people like Willy Harris.  
-Yes, people like Willy Harris.  
Well, then why don't y'all just go on into  
business and quit talking about it?  
Why? You want to know why?  
'Cause we all tied to a race of people  
that don't know how to do nothing  
but moan, and pray and have babies.  
-Honey, why can't you stop fighting me?  
-Who's fighting you?  
Who even cares about you?  
Well, I guess I just didn't realize  
how bad things was between us.  
I just didn't realize that  
somewhere we lost it.  
I am sorry.  
I'm sorry about this new baby, Walter.  
You want some hot milk?  
With all that liquor you come home with,  
you ought to have  
-something hot in your stomach.  
-No, I don't want no hot milk.  
-You want some coffee?  
-No, I don't want no coffee.  
-I don't want no hot milk.  
-Then what?  
What?  
What else can I give you, Walter?  
What? What? What can I give you?  
It's been rough, ain't it, baby?  
Between two people,  
there ain't as much understanding  
as folks generally think there is.  
I mean, like between me and you.  
How we gets to a place where we scared  
to talk softness to each other?  
What gets into people  
who ought to be close?

I don't know.  
Lately, I been thinking about it a lot.  
On account of you and me, you mean?  
The way something come down between us.  
Walter, there ain't so much between us.  
Not when you come to me  
and you try and talk to me.  
Just try and be with me, a little, even.  
Sometimes...  
Sometimes, I don't even know how to try.  
Walter.  
Walter, baby.  
Things don't got to be like this.  
No, Walter.  
Sometimes people can do things  
so that things are better.  
You remember the way we used to talk  
before Travis was born?  
Remember, about the way  
we was going to live?  
You remember?  
And the kind of house  
we was going to have?  
-I remember.  
-Yeah.  
Walter, it's all starting to slip away from us.  
I'm sorry.  
Oh, my! That bus stop seems  
further away at night.  
Where you been all day, Mama?  
How you feeling, honey?  
-Where have you been all day?  
-Where's Travis?  
What, he ain't out front?  
-I didn't see him.  
-That boy is gonna get it.  
Mama.  
Yes, Walter.  
Where were you?  
-I went downtown.  
-What's downtown?  
I had a little business to attend to.  
What kind of business?  
Come on, now. You know better

than to question me like that.

Mama, you ain't go do nothing crazy with that insurance money, did you?

-Mama, I was only next door.

-Mama, nothing.

I have told you a thousand times not to go running off like that. Now you get in there.

Well, at least let me tell him something.

It's important, and I want him to be the first to hear. Travis.

Travis, baby, now you remember that money that come in the mail this morning, that money that got everybody so excited?

Yes, ma'am.

What you think your grandma went and done with that money?

I don't know, Grandma.

-She went and bought you a house.

-What?

It's gonna be yours when you get to be a man.

You glad?

Well, yes, ma'am.

I always wanted to live in a house.

Well, now you can start.

Give me some sugar.

Now when you say your prayers tonight, you can thank God and your grandfather, 'cause it was both of them what give you the house.

Now go on, get in there.

-Mama.

-Go on.

-So, you went and did it.

-Yes. Yes I did.

Praise God.

Walter, honey.

Walter, please. Let me be glad, Walter.

Walter, you be glad, too.

Walter, it's a home.

How big is it?

Where is it? How much it cost? Wait. Wait.

When are we moving?

First of the month.

Praise God! Praise God!  
And it's a nice house, too. Three bedrooms.  
A big one for the two of you.  
Of course, me and Beneatha,  
we still got to share a room,  
but Travis will have a room of his own.  
And I was thinking that  
if the new baby was a boy,  
we could get one of them  
double-decker outfits.  
And there's a yard where maybe  
I get to grow myself a little something,  
and a basement, and...  
Look, I don't mean to make it sound  
fancier than it is.  
It's just a plain little old house.  
But it will be ours.  
And it makes a difference in a man when  
he can walk on floors that belong to him.  
Where is it?  
It's in Clybourne Park.  
In Clybourne Park?  
Lena, there ain't no colored people  
living in Clybourne Park.  
Well, there's gonna be some, now.  
So that's the peace and comfort  
you went out and bought for us today?  
I just tried to find the nicest place  
for the least amount of money.  
Now, mind you,  
I ain't never been one  
to be afraid of no crackers,  
but, Lena, wasn't there no other houses?  
-You mean for the colored?  
-Yeah.  
There was lots of them,  
way out yonder, somewhere,  
in worse shape and cost more money. No.  
I did the best I could.  
All I can say then is...  
This is my time in life to say goodbye...  
Say goodbye to these cracking walls,  
and these marching cockroaches  
and the cramped little closet that ain't now



or never was no excuse for a kitchen.  
I'm gonna say it good and loud. Hallelujah!  
Goodbye, misery.  
I don't never want to see  
your ugly face again.  
I'm gonna go see about Travis.  
Lord, I sure don't feel like  
whipping nobody tonight.  
Son, you understand what I done, right?  
I seen my family falling apart  
right in front of my eyes today.  
We was talking about killing babies  
and wishing each other was dead.  
When it gets like that, somebody's got to  
do something different. Something big.  
Come on, son.  
Come on. Won't you say how, deep inside,  
you know I done the right thing?  
What you need me to say  
you done right for?  
You the head of this family.  
It was your money  
and you did what you wanted to do with it.  
So what you need me to say  
you done right for?  
So you butchered up a dream of mine.  
You, who always talking about  
your children's dreams.  
Walter Lee. Walter, wait.  
Wait, Walter.  
Hi, sugar.  
Walter, we're closing.

**Back open at 10:**

You got to eat, honey. It's more than just  
yourself you're eating for, remember?  
He'll be back.  
I know my son. He'll come home.  
Hello.  
Hello, Mrs. Arnold. Yes, this is his mother.  
Well, I'm sure he just thought  
he was off today, and...  
Yes, I'll be sure and tell him. I will.  
Yes, thank you.

Walter Lee didn't show up for work.  
If he don't go in by tomorrow,  
he's gonna lose his job.  
It's gonna be all right, honey.  
It's gonna be all right.  
I'll be back.  
-Good morning. Can I help you?  
-No, you've done enough.  
Let's go.  
You are gonna follow me out of here,  
Walter Lee.  
Right now.  
Take over for me.  
Take off everything and put on this.  
Sure hope we don't get  
no whole bunch of snow this winter.  
I never saw snow till coming up here  
to the States.  
Don't have such a nonsense in Kingston.  
I laugh now when I think about how,  
growing up,  
we used to complain for the cold.  
Child, I didn't know 'cold'  
until I move up here to Chicago.  
It's like we went straight from the fire  
to the freezer.  
You go ahead and put on that robe, huh?  
I'll be back directly.  
-Thank you.  
-You're welcome.  
Where you been, Walter?  
-I know you ain't been to work.  
-I been out, Mama. Just out.  
So, that's it?  
You done come full circle, now?  
Next time I come looking for you,  
I'm gonna find you laid out  
drunk in the gutter or worse.  
You got hurt and pain in you?  
You think you the only colored man  
in Chicago with hurt?  
The only man?  
Well, I used to know a man  
who knew how to live with his hurt

and make his pain work for him.  
And he knew trials you don't begin to know,  
but he did it with dignity.  
I was married to that man, Walter.  
And as I knew your father, I know you.  
You two are not that different.  
Forty years ago, Mama, you left the South.  
Why'd you do it?  
Why'd you leave  
the only place you ever knew?  
Well, for the same reason  
most folks up here did, I suspect.  
To find something better,  
to make more of myself.  
But it wasn't like I was gonna  
set the world on fire.  
But you came.  
You didn't let nobody stop you.  
'Cause nobody else had the right to tell you  
that what you wanted to do  
was right or wrong.  
You had to come, didn't you, Mama?  
You got on your train.  
So why in God's name wouldn't you let me  
get on mine when the time came?  
I'm missing it, Mama,  
and I don't think it's coming back again.  
I gave the man \$3,500 on the house.  
Well, that leaves \$6,500.  
I want you to put \$3,000 in  
the savings account for Bennie's schooling  
and the rest I want you  
to put into a checking account  
with your name on it.  
And then you decide what to do with it.  
Now, I know that's not as much  
as you wanted,  
but it's all I got in this world.  
Well, you the man of the house,  
you the head of this family now.  
So I'm gonna leave it up to you.  
-You trust me like that, Mama?  
-I ain't never stopped trusting you.  
Just like I'll never stop loving you.

And you need to go home to your wife  
who's worried sick about you.  
Okay, Mama.  
Hello, Mary. It's Walter Lee.  
I'm great, I'm great.  
No, it's not raining where I'm at.  
All I see is sunshine and blue skies.  
Bobo in? Yeah, thanks.  
Bobo, my man. Call Willy Harris.  
We're back on. Yeah.  
I can't tell you how good this feels, Walter.  
Movies and a dance.  
Yeah, you should run away  
from home more often.  
I'd be lying to you if I didn't tell you  
I was a happy man, Ruth.  
Everything's starting to come together.  
It's gonna be big. You just watch.  
I'm not gonna say any more.  
It's gonna be big, though.  
-George.  
-Come on, Bennie.  
-We're having a nice time. Don't spoil it.  
-Can't we just talk?  
George, talk.  
Beneatha, we always talk,  
and I don't mind sometimes,  
but there is more to a relationship,  
you know?  
So, let's get to the 'more' part.  
-What do you plan to do, George?  
-Do?  
Well, first, I'll put my arm around you,  
like this.  
I'm serious, George.  
Okay, I will play along, for a minute.  
I plan to finish college,  
then get a job at my dad's company,  
make a lot of money and then get married.  
Happy?  
Care to know about me? What I want?  
I think you'll tell me, anyway.  
-I want to make a difference.  
-A difference?

Yes. I don't want to be like everybody else,  
like Mama and Ruth.  
I want to do something with my life.  
You know what I mean?  
No.  
Hello.  
I think we should  
all go see the house tomorrow  
and Ruth has a great idea. Don't you, babe?  
-Yes, I do.  
-You get one, too.  
-Give us a few minutes, please.  
-Yes, sir.  
-This must be it.  
-Sold. Sold.  
It's huge.  
Well, now, I never said it was no mansion.  
-Well, why don't we go in?  
-A mansion never looked better than this.  
-Lady, what have you done?  
-Oh, you'll see. Come on, you'll see.  
Oh, look at this bathroom.  
You said that our bedroom  
is up on the right.  
-My own bathroom.  
-This is my room, right here.  
-Nobody touch this room.  
-No, this is my room. This is...  
-Oh, please...  
-This is my room!  
Okay, this is her room.  
My goodness gracious me.  
Excuse me.  
-Where is she?  
-In the backyard.  
All right, go on to the taxi and get the stuff.  
Goodness.  
-Look at my kitchen.  
-Look at your kitchen.  
My kitchen.  
-Look what I got over here.  
-Wait a minute, now.  
-What is all this?  
-Oh, I don't know.

-I have no idea.  
-Right here. Right here. Right here.  
Sit right here, Your Highness.  
-We got you a little something.  
-Oh, that's lovely.  
Okay.  
Now we won't have to use  
our good forks and spoons, Mama.  
Oh, this is wonderful. This is wonderful.  
-Can I go get my gift now, Mama?  
-Yes. Yes, before you explode, boy.  
-Oh, my.  
-It's the big one.  
Travis didn't want to go in  
with the rest of us, Mama,  
so he went out and got his own gift.  
-Travis.  
-Travis, honey, what is that?  
See, it's a gardening hat,  
like the ladies wear in the magazines.  
Wait, wait, wait. We gotta take her hat off.  
Now, who was with him when he got that?  
Well, it's different. It's expressive.  
And he picked it out himself.  
-You like it, Grandma?  
-Oh, I love it.  
Oh, yes, this is a beautiful hat.  
I always wanted me one just like it.  
Mama, you look like you're ready  
to go chop some cotton, sure enough.  
Go on, Walter Lee.  
Don't you pay him no mind.  
This is a beautiful hat.  
Come on,  
let's take these things into the basement.  
Stop laughing.  
We not laughing, Lena.  
We're not laughing much.  
It's been a long time  
since I've seen her this happy.  
So, you like it?  
What?  
Come on. Let's just go inside.  
Howdy do, neighbors. Howdy do.

Howdy do.

Howdy do.

Man, if you don't get up... Hey.

I'm the one

who's supposed to be lying down.

All in due time, Mrs. Younger.

The leisure life is right around the corner.

Well, tell it to hurry up. I been ready.

-Beneatha. Which box has the pots in it?

-In the crate by the stove.

No, that crate

has your mother's good China in it.

-I had a dream about our future.

-Lord, do I want to hear this?

No, you don't have to hear it.

Soon you gonna be living it.

-That's nice.

-Come on, now.

-Come on. Come on, girl.

-Oh, my goodness.

Let me show you how to dance,

how the rich people dance.

-Talk about old fashioned Negroes.

-What kind of Negroes?

Old fashioned.

Well, if we're old Negroes,

then you one of them new Negroes.

Yeah, and when the new Negroes

have their convention,

their first order of business

is going to be to elect Beneatha

as the Chairman of Unending Agitation.

Chair-woman

and I will wear the crown proudly.

Girl, I do believe you are the first person

in the history of the entire human race

to successfully brainwash yourself.

I mean, damn,

even the NAACP takes a holiday sometimes.

I can see this chick now

before she performs one of her operations

she gonna be leaning over that poor cat,

right before she slices him

she gonna have the nerve to ask him,

'Sir, what are your views on civil rights?'

She would, too.

Sticks and stone may break my bones,  
but words will never hurt me.

How's that?

-Brother.

-Walter.

Hello. I'm sorry,

I was knocking and I guess no one...

I... I'm looking for a Mrs. Lena Younger.

-Why don't you have a seat, Mr...

-Lindner. Carl Lindner.

Walter Younger.

I handle most of my mother's business  
and this is my wife, Ruth.

-How do you do?

-And my sister, Beneatha.

-Have a seat.

-Why, thank you.

-Will you be all right?

-That's quite all right, thanks.

Listen, I represent the Clybourne Park  
Improvement Association.

Why don't you put your things down,  
make yourself more comfortable?

Why, thank you. Thank you very much.

I'm going to set that right there.

Like I said, I represent the Clybourne Park  
Improvement Association.

Would you like something to drink?

Ruth, get this man a beer.

-You want a...

-No, no, no, no. No thanks.

No, no. I'm quite all right.

Thank you very much.

-Sure?

-Yeah, I'm... Really, trust me, I'm fine.

Now, I'm not so sure how much you folks  
know about our little organization.

But it's a community group that's set up to,  
sort of, look out after things basically.

Like?

Like block upkeep, special projects.

We have



a New Neighbors Orientation Committee.

And what do they do?

That's sort of a Welcoming Committee,  
if you will, and I'm the chairman.

And we go around and we meet  
the new neighbors that are moving in  
and we sort of give them the lowdown  
on how we do things in Clybourne Park.

The lowdown?

Yeah, and we also have a category,  
what the association calls,  
Special Community Problems.

-And, pray tell, what are some of those?

-Beneatha.

-Go right ahead.

-Well...

You don't look comfortable, Mr. Lindner.

Do you want another chair?

No, no, no, no, no. I'm fine.

Let me just get to the point.

I'm sure you're aware  
of some of the incidents  
which have happened  
in various parts of the city  
where colored people  
have moved in to certain areas.

Now, what we have, I feel,  
is a unique organization in American life,  
where we're trying to do something about it.

I mean, most of the trouble in this world  
is because people don't sit down  
with one another and talk to each other.

-Well, amen to that.

-Yes.

And that's the way we feel  
in Clybourne Park.

And that's why I was elected to come out  
and talk to you people, friendly-like,  
as people should talk to one another,  
and see, you know,  
if we could work this thing out.

Work what out?

Please, believe me when I say  
race prejudice has absolutely nothing

to do with this.

It's just that the folks  
in Clybourne Park feel that,  
for the happiness of all concerned,  
our Negro families are better off,  
they're happier,  
living in their own communities.

This, friends, is the Welcoming Committee.

Is this what you came  
all the way over here to tell us?

Well, in the face of what I've just said,  
we are prepared  
to make your family a very generous offer.

Yeah?

Yes, the association, along with  
the collective efforts of our people,  
would like to buy your house back from you  
at a financial gain to your family.

-Lord have mercy. Ain't this the living gall?

-All right, you through?

What? No, I'd like to give you the exact  
terms of the financial agreement, if I may.

Oh, no, no. We don't need no exact terms  
of no agreement.

Do you really feel...

No, no. Don't worry about how I feel.

Come on. Get out of my house.

All right,

what do you people think you have to gain  
by moving into a neighborhood  
where you're not wanted?

You know, people get awful worked up  
when they feel their whole way of life,  
everything they ever worked for  
is threatened.

Get out.

You can't force people to change their heart,  
Mr. Younger.

In case you change your mind,  
you have my card.

Come on, Grandma, tell me.

I'm not gonna tell you.

I told you once before, you...

Is this all the packing

the three of you all got done  
since I left out of here this morning?  
You all got the energy of the dead.  
What time the movers due?

**-4:**

-Well, then what is wrong with you all?

-You had a caller, Mama.

-Sure enough? Who?

-The Welcoming Committee.

-The who?

The Welcoming Committee.

They said they sure going to be glad  
to see you when you get there.

Yeah they said they can't hardly wait  
to see your face.

What are you all talking about?

A gentleman stopped by from the Clybourne  
Park Improvement Association.

-Oh, what he want?

-He wanted to welcome you, Lena.

See, the one thing they don't have  
in their lovely neighborhood  
that they're dying to have,  
is a fine family of colored people.

And he left his card to prove his sincerity.

Go over there, and pack that stuff.

-Did he threaten us?

-Oh, no, Mama.

They don't do it like that anymore.

He talked brotherhood.

He said we all ought to sit down  
and hate each other  
with good Christian fellowship.

Have mercy.

They wanted to buy the house back from us.

At a financial gain to us.

Why? What do they think we're gonna do?

Eat them?

-No, honey, marry them.

-Oh, Father, help us.

-We don't need help, they do.

-No, baby, we all need the help.

Ain't nobody's going nowhere,

we're all in this world together.  
Not if they can have it their way.  
Mama, you gonna take that  
to the new house?  
-Yes, I am.  
-That raggedy looking old thing?  
-It expresses me.  
-So, there. Miss Thing.  
We are entering a new tomorrow.  
Mama, you know how it feels  
to climb up in a chariot?  
-What?  
-You know...  
I got wings, you got wings  
All God's chillun got wings  
It's 'children,' not 'chillun.'  
Minstrel man.  
Lord, if that man is back...  
-Who is it?  
-It's me, Walter. Can I talk to you?  
No, I got it.  
-You all go pack something.  
-Yes, please do something.  
Mama, our future has arrived.  
I got wings, you got wings  
All God's chillun got wings  
Bobo.  
-Where's Willy?  
-Can we talk, Walter?  
-Yeah, come on, come on in here.  
-Alone.  
-Hey, Miss Ruth. Miss Lena.  
-Hello, Bobo.  
Be right back.  
Ain't nothing wrong, is there?  
Let me tell you, Walter.  
I gotta tell you. You know how it was?  
It's all the money we got, me and Mary,  
all our savings.  
What are you telling me all this for?  
You know, me and Willy  
was supposed to go down to Springfield.  
Yeah, to spread some money around.  
I got a bad feeling about it, Walter,

I got a real bad feeling about it.  
-You saying you didn't go?  
-I'm trying to tell you, Walter.  
Then tell me, Bobo.  
What's the matter with you?  
-Did you go?  
-No.  
-Why not?  
-I didn't have no reason to go.  
What are you talking about?  
Bobo, you better start making some sense.  
I'm trying to tell you, Walter.  
When I went down to the train station  
to meet Willy yesterday, like we planned,  
man, he didn't never show up.  
And he got the money?  
I gave him all the money, like we agreed.  
Why didn't he show up then?  
Where was he? Where is he?  
I don't know.  
What you mean you don't know?  
Where is he?  
I don't know. I waited for six hours.  
I waited till the last train left for Springfield.  
Man, that's...  
That's all the money we got in this world.  
Bobo, maybe he went by himself.  
Maybe you missed each other  
at the train station.  
He probably got on a earlier train.  
Come on, man,  
you know Willy got his own ways.  
-Walter.  
-There's no way.  
There's no way, he's gotta be somewhere.  
He just gotta be.  
Come on, we gonna find him.  
-Bobo?  
-What's the matter with you, Walter?  
When a cat takes off with your money,  
he don't leave no map.  
You better be lying. You better be lying!  
There's no way. Willy wouldn't do that.  
No.

Willy wouldn't do that.

No. Oh, God.

No, Willy. Oh, God, don't let it be true.

God, no, no. Not with that money.

Please, God, not with that money.

That was all the money we had!

I'm sorry, Walter.

-I had my life staked on this deal, too.

-Go!

Is it gone, son?

Walter Lee.

Is it gone?

-Mama. Mama, I'm sorry. Mama.

-Your sister's money for school.

No.

You used that money, too?

Mama, I never went to the bank at all.

Mama, it's all gone. All of it.

Mama, I'm sorry.

I seen him come home, night after night

and he'd look at the rug

and he'd look at me,

the red showing in his eyes,

the veins moving in his head.

I seen him grow thin and old,

before he was 40,

working and working and working,

like somebody's old horse, killing himself,

and you give it away in one day.

-Mama.

-Oh, God!

Show me the strength.

I'm sorry.

-Are you locked out?

-No.

Oh, okay.

Well, I had some free time so I thought

I'd come over and help with the packing.

There is something magical

about a family in preparation for a journey.

The flow of life. It makes me think of Africa.

Africa.

This is not a good mood.

Today is a day for sunlight.

You're moving, as you have moved me.

Something is wrong.

-He gave away the money, Asagai.

-Who gave away what money?

The insurance money.

My brother gave it away.

-Gave it away?

-He would say that he made an investment.

I'm very sorry.

But, you know, Brother isn't the crazy one.

He did what made sense to him.

Mama is the crazy one for falling for it  
and throwing our lives away.

Perhaps you don't understand some things  
as well as your mother.

-And what about you now?

-Me?

Nothing.

But it's probably just as well, anyway.

Why would anyone want to be a doctor  
in this nutty world?

I never thought

I would see you in such a despair.

-And after such a small defeat.

-Small defeat?

Asagai, this family has been wiped out.

What's the matter with you?

Don't they use money

where you come from?

Look at me.

Look at me, Alaiyo.

Was it your money?

-I asked if it was your money that was lost?

-It belonged to all of us.

Says who? Did you earn it?

Did anyone earn it?

-My father earned it.

-Oh, yes, and he died to make it available.

But what if he had not died?

What then would have happened

to all the dreams,

the house, the scheme, the doctor dream?

There is something very wrong

when all the dreams in a house

depend on a man dying.

Yes, your brother made a stupid,  
childish mistake,

but you know what I think?

-I think you are grateful to him.

-What are you talking about?

I'm talking about how grateful you are,  
now that you can give up on your dream.

Heck, give up on the whole human race.

All your big talk about,

'What good is struggle'

and 'where we are all going'

and 'why are we all bothering.'

-And you cannot answer it.

-I live the answer.

I am the exceptional man in my village  
who can even read a book.

America to most of my countrymen  
is an abstract, a place on a map.

I live and study here.

I know extraordinary things can happen  
because they happen for me every day.

So stop your moaning and groaning, Alaiyo,  
and tell me what you plan to do.

I don't know.

I guess I need to think.

I will help you.

When all this is over, you will come with me.

You're asking for a date at a time like this?

Not to the movies or to dinner.

You will come with me, home, to Africa.

To Nigeria?

I will show you the mountains and the stars,  
and give you cold drinks from the calabash,

and teach you the old songs

and the ways of the Yoruba people.

And, if ever you get homesick,

we will pretend you have been away  
for only a day.

-You're getting me all mixed up.

-How? Why?

Too many things.

Too much has happened today.

I need to think.



I will leave you to think.  
So often have I looked at you and said,  
'So this is what the New World  
hath finally wrought.'  
There he is,  
Monsieur le petit bourgeois noir, himself.  
What's our next scheme, Mr. Carnegie?  
A yacht on Lake Michigan?  
Where you'll be installed  
as chairman of some board?  
I look at you and see the final triumph  
of stupidity in this world.  
-Who was that?  
-Your husband.  
-Where'd he go?  
-I think he had an appointment at US Steel.  
Bennie, you didn't say nothing bad to him,  
now, did you?  
Bad? To him?  
No, I told him he was a sweet boy,  
and full of dreams and everything  
that's peachy keen.  
Ain't it a mess in here, though?  
Well, ain't no need in moping,  
we need to start unpacking these crates  
and one of you all call the movers,  
tell them not to come.  
Why?  
But it ain't no need them coming all the way  
over here, got to turn around, go back.  
They charge for that, too.  
No.  
Lena, no. Lena.  
Bennie, will you tell her.  
Bennie, will you tell her, please,  
that we can still move?  
Lena, now the house note ain't  
but a \$1 25 a month,  
we got four grown people in this house,  
we will work.  
Lena I will work 20 hours a day if I have to.  
I will strap my baby to my back, if I have to.  
But, Lena, we gotta move.  
-Lena, no, we gotta get out of here.

-No, Ruth, no.

I'm starting to see this thing different, now.

Now, I've been thinking of ways

we can fix this place up.

I seen a secondhand bureau

over on Maxwell Street just the other day

-that'd fit right in there.

-No. No.

All it needs is some varnish

and some new handles, now.

And Walter Lee can put up some screens

in your room around the baby's...

-Where you been, son?

-Made a call.

-To who?

-To the man.

-What man, baby?

-The man, Mama.

Don't you know who the man is?

Beneatha, you're such a smart little girl.

Tell Mama who the man is.

-Lindner.

-That's right. That's good.

I told him to come right over.

-For what? What you wanna see him for?

-We gonna do business with him.

What you talking about, baby?

I'm talking about life, Mama.

You the one always telling me

to see life just the way it is?

Well, I figured it out, life just the way it is.

He who gets and who don't get.

See, Mama, life is divided up

between the takers and the taken.

And some of us always getting taken.

People like Willy Harris

don't never get taken.

You know why the rest of us do?

'Cause we all mixed up, we mixed up bad.

We just always trying to find

a right and a wrong part of things in life

and we just be worrying about it

and we cry about it.

We stay up nights trying to figure it out.

And all that time, them takers  
is just out there taking and taking.  
Willy Harris?  
Willy Harris don't even count  
in the big scheme of things.  
No. No, but I will say one thing for old Willy.  
He taught me to keep my eye  
on what does count in this world.  
-What did you call that man for, Walter Lee?  
-I told him to come on over to the show.  
We gonna put on a show for the man  
exactly what he wants to see.  
You talking about taking  
them people's money  
to keep us from moving into our house?  
No, I'm not just talking about it, baby,  
I'm telling you that's what's gonna happen.  
Oh, God, where is the bottom?  
Where is the honest-to-God bottom  
so he can't go any farther?  
Where's the bottom? Where's the bottom?  
You and the African boy. All you  
or anybody ever do is just carry a flag,  
or a spear,  
or sing some marching songs, huh?  
Y'all always looking it to the right  
and the wrong part of things, huh?  
You know what's gonna happen  
to that boy one day?  
He's gonna find himself locked away  
in a dungeon forever  
and the takers are gonna have the key.  
Forget it, baby.  
There ain't no causes in this world.  
There ain't nothing but taking  
and he who takes the most is the smartest.  
And it don't make  
a damn bit of difference how.  
You making something inside me cry, son.  
Oh no, Mama, don't cry. Don't cry, Mama.  
You have to understand that  
that white man's gonna come in that door,  
he's gonna be able to give us more money  
than we ever had.

More money than Willy took,  
more money than Daddy left.  
It's that important to him  
and I'm gonna help him out.  
I'm gonna put on a show, Mama.  
Son, I come from five generations of people  
who were slaves and sharecroppers,  
but ain't nobody in my family  
never took no pay from nobody  
that was a way of telling us  
we wasn't fit to walk the earth.  
We ain't never been that poor.  
We ain't never been that dead inside.  
What's the matter with you people?  
I didn't make this world.  
It was given to me this way.  
And hell, yes, I want me some yachts!  
And, yes, I wanna to hang some real pearls  
around my wife's neck.  
Ain't she supposed to wear no pearls?  
Somebody tell me who decides  
which woman gets to wear real pearls  
in this world?  
I tell you, I'm a man  
and I want my wife to wear some pearls.  
But how you gonna feel on the inside?  
I'm gonna feel fine, Mama.  
I'm gonna feel like a man.  
-But you ain't gonna have nothing left...  
-I'm gonna feel fine, Mama!  
I'm gonna look that man in the eyes and say,  
'Okay, Mr. Lindner,  
that's your neighborhood out there,  
'you got the right  
to keep it the way you want it.  
'You got the right  
to have it how you want it.  
'Just write the check  
and the house is yours.  
'Just put that money in my hands  
'and you ain't got to live next  
to a bunch of stinking Niggers.'  
And, oh, Mama, for the last act...  
Oh, Mama, I'll just get down

on my black knees, if I have to,  
and get that white man what he really want.  
Captain, mister, bossman.  
Oh, Great White Father,  
you just giving us that money,  
and we ain't gonna dirty up  
your white folk neighborhood.  
And I'm gonna feel fine. I'm gonna feel fine.  
Fine.  
That is not a man.  
That is nothing but a toothless rat.  
You mourning your brother?  
-He's no brother of mine.  
-What's that you said?  
I said, that man in there,  
is no brother of mine.  
-Oh, you feeling like you better than he is?  
-Can't you be on my side for once?  
You saw what he just did, Mama.  
You saw him down on his knees.  
Wasn't it you who taught me  
to despise any man who would do that?  
Yeah, me and your daddy,  
we taught you that.  
And we taught you something else.  
We taught you to love him.  
-Love him? There's nothing left to love.  
-There is always something left to love.  
Have you cried for that boy today?  
I don't mean for yourself or for the family  
'cause we lost the money.  
I mean, for him, for what he's been through,  
and what it's done to him.  
Oh, child, when you think is the time  
to love somebody the most?  
When they done good  
and made everything easy for everybody?  
That's what you think?  
You ain't done learning.  
The time to love the most  
is when he's at his lowest  
and can't believe in hisself  
'cause the world done whipped him so.  
When you starts to measure somebody,

you measure them right.

Measure him right.

Make sure you done taking into account  
all the hills and valleys he come through  
before he got to wherever he is.

-The moving men are here.

-Are they, baby?

Well, I better go downstairs, talk to them.

I came right over.

Well, was I glad to hear from you people.

Walter, he's here.

Well, you know, life can really be  
so much easier than people let it be, really.

Okay, so with whom do I negotiate?

You, Mrs. Younger, or your son?

Oh, you do this with my son.

Okay.

These are just some official papers.

-Travis, go on outside.

-No, you don't, Travis. You come right here.

Sit down, 'cause your Daddy's  
getting ready to do something  
you gonna be needing to understand.

Teach him about what's important  
in this world and teach him good.

Like Willy Harris taught you.

Teach him about the takers and the taken.

Go on.

Show your son  
what five generations done come to.

Well, Mr. Lindner,

I called you here

'cause me and my family,

we all very plain people.

Yes.

I've worked as a chauffeur most my life,  
and my wife, she does domestic work  
and so does my mother.

-I mean, we're very plain.

-Yes, Mr. Younger.

And my father...

-My father was a laborer most his life.

-Yeah, I understand. I got that. Yeah.

My father almost beat a man to death once

because he called him  
a bad name or something.  
You know what I mean?  
I'm not so sure.  
What I'm trying to say is that we come  
from a people who had a whole lot of pride.  
I mean, we are very proud people.  
And that's my sister over there  
and she's gonna be a doctor.  
-And we are very proud.  
-Yeah. Well, you should be. I'm sure...  
Hold on, let me finish.  
What I'm trying to say  
is that we come from proud people and...  
That's my son, Travis. Come here, Travis.  
And he makes the sixth generation  
of our family in this country.  
-We have all thought about your offer.  
-Good. Good, good, good, good, good.  
And we have decided  
to move into our house, because my father...  
My father, he earned it for us, brick by brick.  
And we don't wanna start  
no trouble or fight no causes.  
And we will do everything to, you know,  
be good neighbors.  
And that's all we gotta say about that.  
We don't want your money.  
So you've decided to occupy?  
Well, then I...  
I must appeal to you, Mrs. Younger.  
I mean, you're older, you're wiser,  
you'd know the way this world works.  
-Talk to this boy.  
-Oh, I'm afraid you don't understand.  
See, my son just said  
we was going to move into the house.  
It ain't nothing left for me to say.  
Well, you know  
how these young people are nowadays.  
You can't do a thing with them.  
Goodbye.  
Well, if that's how you people feel about it,  
I guess there's nothing left for me to say.

l...

l sure hope you know  
what you people are getting into.  
Got an order to move four rooms,  
family of five. Is that you?

-That's us.

-Let's get the hell out of here.

Let's go. Let's go.

Hey, Travis, put on your jacket.

Walter Lee, fix your tie,  
you look like somebody's hoodlum.

Don't be laughing, Beneatha.

Oh, wait, baby, that ain't no bale of cotton,  
now. That's my chair.

l had that chair 25 years.

l'd like sit in it again.

Mama, l think l shall marry Joseph Asagai  
and go live in Africa one day.

-You ain't old enough to marry nobody.

-Not now, but some day.

Think of all the good l can do  
as a doctor in Africa.

Girl, you need to forget about Africa  
and all them Africans  
and go marry yourself a man with some loot.  
Somebody like George Murchison.

l wouldn't marry that narrow-minded,  
little bourgeois  
if he was Adam and l was Eve.

Adam ain't have no money either.

Is something wrong?

He come into his manhood, today.

He sure did.

Why don't you go on down, honey.

l'll be down directly.

Okay.

-Come on, Mama.

-Oh, all right. All right, baby, all right.

All right.

Lord have mercy.

How could l go off and forget my plant?

-Thank you, son.

-Thank you, Mama.