

SIDE 2

WILLY: Ah, ain't nothing better than a bit of jazz in the park to end the day!

MYRA: Amen! How do white people deal? Sometimes it feels like jazz is the only thing that can truly soothe the soul.

WILLY: Well I doubt all those rich white people have souls with needin' to be healed!

JEZEBEL: Ah, hardly! The soul doesn't barter with money and power; they've got more problems than us, I'd say!

MYRA: Indeed.

WILLY: Pfft! If those two don't help, then what the hell will?

Jez: You know, the higher things: art, culture, music, family? The things that make life worth it.

MYRA: Hmmm, you think?

Willy: Well, if black people know one thing it's how to make the best of life! No matter what we're given.

MYRA: Amen.

(Pause)

JEZEBEL: How's practice going for your little number for that club, you two?

WILLY: Ah! Pretty alright. Boss had to cancel the club gig because some of the new faces up in North Park Hill ain't take too kindly to having our kind in one of their "establishments" apparently.

JEZEBEL: Damn! One step forward and three back, huh? Well, we can make it the best damn show Rice's Tap Room and Oven has ever seen!

WILLY: Now that'll be a feat. Ever since Nat King came through they started calling this place "The Harlem of the West"! And they ain't wrong.

JEZEBEL: Well, it'd be no help to stress you anymore today.

(Pause)

JEZEBEL: I'm sorry Willy. And you too, My! You two were really looking forward to this.

MYRA: Don't apologize. It has nothing to do with you, anyway. Just the rest of the foolish world.