# Ivana Opačak: *Raisin(g) in the Sun – Teaching Dreams*

**at the Secondary School of Economics in Slavonski Brod, Croatia**

a well-rounded school-project plan that integrates literature, film, history, digital/AI-creation and personal reflection, with a complete **6-lesson plan sequence** structured in a teacher-friendly format, with **objectives, timing, methods, materials, and assessment ideas** for each lesson stage (warm-up, main, reinforcement)

**The English Language Curriculum Integration:**
**Unit 5 (Planet Earth)**, Pearson Focus 2nd Edition, Level 3

**Extension / Cross-curricular links:**

- **History/Civics:** Civil Rights Movement, segregation laws.
- **English Language & Am Literature:** Character analysis, persuasive speaking (defending one's dream).
- **ICT:** Using digital tools for creative self-expression.

**Target Group:** Upper secondary / high school students (aged 16–18)

**Duration:** 6 lessons (45 minutes each)

**Educational Setting: eTwinning/ESEP collaboration** in **International School Library Month** (October), **Global Education Week** (November), **African-American History Month** (October in Europe, February in the USA)

**Materials needed:**

- Film ***A Raisin in the Sun*** (2008 or 1989 – YouTube link)
- 6 handouts with original play excerpts and comprehension questions (Acts I & II – provided)
- Handouts with final-part-of-the-play summary and comprehension questions (Act III – provided)
- Projector/speakers, digital tools (Canva, Padlet, Google Slides, Genially, etc.)

## Overall Aims:

- Explore social and historical themes, and educate students about the struggles against racism, slavery and gender inequality, encouraging dialogue on family values, respect, equality, inclusion, cultural diversity, peace and social justice within the school community.
- Understand the concept of the *American Dream* and its evolution.
- Reflect on personal and cultural values; recognize the value of personal dreams and perseverance.
- Promote the importance of school libraries as centers for learning, creativity and literacy.
- Appreciate film/literature as a medium for expressing social ideas, cultural identity and historical context.
- Develop analytical and critical thinking skills, as well as creative digital skills, by interpreting characters' motivations, conflicts and outcomes in the film.
- Deepen understanding of the original text by comparing and contrasting the literary version with the film adaptation.
- Foster global citizenship by encouraging students to think critically about the world and their role in it.
- Connect schools internationally, sharing ideas and experiences across cultures, encouraging active participation in building a fairer, more inclusive and sustainable world.

# LESSONS 1–2: Watching and interpreting an excerpt from a movie (the 1st part)

## Outcomes:

- Identify the main characters and setting of the movie *A Raisin in the Sun* (based on Lorraine Hansberry's play).
- Understand the family's economic and emotional struggles, as well as (different) personal dreams.
- Connect the story to the concept of the American Dream.

## Introduction / Warm-up (20 min)

- Brainstorm:
  *What is your dream for the future?* (Students write their ideas on sticky notes or add them to a Mentimeter word cloud.)
  *What does the title (A Raisin in the Sun) make you think about?*

- Play the **trailer of the 2008 movie**. (Students anticipate the movie theme.) Introduce and discuss the lines from Langston Hughes's poem "Harlem" (also known as "A Dream Deferred"), written in 1951. The lines are not actually spoken in the play, but L. Hansberry used the poem's message and imagery as inspiration for the title and main theme of her play (the poem serves as an epigraph/a quotation placed at the beginning of a literary work to suggest its theme):

  *"What happens to a dream deferred?*
  *Does it dry up like a raisin in the sun?*
  *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?"* (Langston Hughes)

- Discuss: *What does the "American Dream" mean to you? Do you think everyone can achieve it?*
- Briefly introduce Lorraine Hansberry and the historical background (Chicago, 1950s segregation):

**Lorraine Hansberry** (1930–1965) was an American playwright, writer and civil rights activist. She was the first African American woman to have a play produced on Broadway, with A Raisin in the Sun premiering in 1959. Her work explores themes of race, identity, family, and the struggle for equality. Hansberry drew much of her inspiration from her own life – she grew up in a Black family that faced housing discrimination in Chicago.

*A Raisin in the Sun* is set in **Chicago during the 1950s**, a time when racial segregation deeply affected American society. African American families were often restricted to certain neighborhoods due to discriminatory housing laws and practices, such as redlining. Many Black families, like the fictional Younger family in the play, aspired to move into better, predominantly white neighborhoods for improved living conditions. They frequently faced racism, threats,and legal barriers when attempting to do so.

The play reflects the broader struggle for civil rights and social mobility, capturing both the hope and hardship of pursuing the American Dream in a segregated society.

## **Main Part** (50 min)

- Watch **the first third of the film** (**Act I, Scene I – Friday Morning**), up to Mama receiving the insurance check (or less)... (40-45 minutes)
- Students take notes on movie set(ting), **family members and their roles** (1), **main problems/conflicts** (2) and **moments showing hope vs. frustration** (3). (They will have the setting details and the cast members listed on their handouts later.)
- Students list/discuss/add **possible topics & problems** to a Mentimeter cloud (5-10 min):
    - poverty and cramped living conditions in the Younger family's apartment;
    - Walter's dream of owning a liquor store and his frustration with his family's lack of support;
    - Ruth's weariness/frustration and the strain on her marriage;
    - Beneatha's independence/hope for a better future and frustration/conflict with religion and gender roles;
    - Mama's moral authority and religious faith…

## **Reinforcement** (15 min)

- Introduce and discuss **comprehension/discussion questions** that can help guide students toward understanding the themes listed above (and prepare them for reading the excerpts from the original play).

1. What daily struggles does the Younger family face at the beginning of the play?
2. How does Walter describe his dream, and why is it important to him?
3. Why is Ruth tired and irritable? What pressures is she facing?
4. How does Beneatha differ from the rest of her family? What does her ambition reveal?
5. What does Mama's reaction to Beneatha's talk about God show about generational values?
6. What does the family's apartment symbolize about their economic and emotional state?

Possible answers:

1. The Younger family lives in a small, overcrowded apartment with shared bathrooms and limited money. Everyone is tired of the cramped, stressful life and financial worries.
2. Walter dreams of opening a liquor store to become rich and provide for his family. He believes money will solve their problems and give him respect.
3. Ruth works long hours as a maid, worries about money, and feels unappreciated by Walter. She's also secretly pregnant, which adds emotional stress.
4. Beneatha wants to be a doctor — unusual for a Black woman in the 1950s. It shows her independence, ambition, and desire to break gender and racial barriers.
5. Mama is deeply religious and sees Beneatha's disbelief as disrespectful. This shows the generational conflict between traditional faith and modern, questioning attitudes.
6. The family's apartment represents confinement, poverty, and frustration — but also the family's endurance and love in difficult conditions.

## **Wrap-up** (5 min)

- Quick discussion: *Which character do you sympathize with most so far? Why? What do you predict will happen next?*

- Assign short reflection homework: *Write 5–7 sentences describing one character's dream and whether it seems realistic.* (Students can watch the rest of the movie at home.)

# LESSONS 3–4: Reading and interpreting excerpts from a play (Acts I–II)

## Outcomes:

- Analyze the text version (Acts I – II) in 6 groups of 3-4 members (puzzle method) and compare it to the movie scenes.
- Explore the main themes: race, gender, family, and deferred dreams.
- Develop reading comprehension, critical and interpretive thinking.
- Develop collaborative reading strategy (the jigsaw or puzzle method).
- Enhance team work, individual reading comprehension and presentation skills, as well as cooperative learning.

**The jigsaw/puzzle method** contributes to:

- shared responsibility for reading-comprehension outcomes and improved collective understanding of the whole play;
- enhanced comprehension and interpretation skills;
- development of summarizing and communication skills;
- active engagement and collaboration; critical thinking and connection-making; confidence in literary discussion; holistic grasp of themes and messages (by combining insights from all groups, the class achieves a comprehensive view of the play's meaning, central conflicts, and social or moral issues).
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## **Introduction** / **Warm-up** (15 min)

- Review previous lessons: *What was happening when we left the film?*
- Show Langston Hughes's poem *"Harlem (What happens to a dream deferred?)"* again and discuss how it connects to the play's title/topics and the characters' dreams.
- Use the same Mentimeter cloud (or show students' sticky notes from the previous lessons) and make students think about/discuss their personal dreams again. Encourage them to reach beyond personal, to think about collective dreams – their dreams for a better (local/global) society, world, planet…

## **Main Part** (50 min)

- **Jigsaw/Puzzle method: Reading in six groups of 3-4 members** – assigned six handouts with the excerpts from the original play (scenes from Acts I & II) and comprehension/discussion questions (handouts prepared; questions can also be projected on the board)
- Each group identifies: **main problems/topics in the scene** (1), **emotional turning point or conflict** (2), **important quotes that reveal character dreams or frustrations** (3). Prepare a collaborative Canva presentation with topic slides for every group.
- Every member has one paper sheet to read and analyze individually (15 min), and then interpret/present it to their team (10 min). Groups summarize/write main ideas, problems, quotes…, share them on their collaborative-Canva- presentation slide (prepared by the teacher) – 10 min, and prepare answers for the comprehension questions together (15 min).
- Groups choose their presenters, who will share the content with the class.

- **<u>Comprehension questions and possible topics and problems:</u>**

**ACT I – Scene 2 (Saturday Morning)**

1. How does the family react to the news of Ruth's pregnancy?
2. What does Asagai represent for Beneatha's search for identity?
3. Why is Mama uneasy about Ruth's doctor visit? What does she suspect?
4. How does Walter respond when he learns about the insurance check?
5. What does Walter mean when he says, "Money is life"?
6. What decision does Ruth consider about her baby, and what does this reveal about her despair?
7. How does Mama respond to Walter's attitude toward money and family?

- Ruth's pregnancy and her consideration of abortion
- Beneatha's relationship with Joseph Asagai (African identity vs assimilation)
- The arrival of the $10,000 insurance check (hope vs conflict)
- Walter's growing resentment and Mama's moral strength

**ACT II – Scene 1 (Later the Same Day)**

1. How does Beneatha express her African identity in this scene?
2. Why does George Murchison call Beneatha "eccentric"? What does that reveal about him?
3. How does Walter's behavior show his frustration and feelings of failure?
4. What does Mama do with the insurance money? Why does she choose to buy a house?
5. Why is the house's location (Clybourne Park) controversial?
6. How do Ruth and Walter react differently to Mama's news?
7. What does the final exchange between Walter and Mama reveal about dreams and family conflict?

- Beneatha's pride in her African heritage (dancing, natural hair)
- Conflict between Beneatha and George Murchison (assimilation vs cultural pride)
- Walter's humiliation and alienation from his family
- Mama's decision to buy a house in Clybourne Park (hope vs risk, racism)
- Family tensions: Walter feels betrayed, Mama acts from faith

**ACT II – Scene 2 (A Few Weeks Later, Friday Night)**

1. Why does Beneatha call George a "fool"? What does that say about her values?
2. How does Mrs. Johnson's visit contrast with the Younger family's aspirations?
3. What fears does Mrs. Johnson express about the move?
4. How does Mama react to Mrs. Johnson's comments? What does this reveal about her strength?
5. What dreams are each of the Younger family members pursuing at this point in the play?

- Beneatha's disillusionment with George Murchison (superficial success vs genuine ideals)
- Mrs. Johnson's visit and the reminder of racial violence and jealousy
- Rising anticipation of moving into the new home
- Hints of Walter's growing desperation

## **Reinforcement** (20 min)

- Share the collaborative Canva presentation and encourage every group to present their work. Facilitate class discussion after individual presentations – ask students to add important details mentioned in their parts of the play, or to ask for clarification (if needed).
  - **Possible answers:**

**ACT I – Scene 2 (Saturday Morning)**

1. Mama is happy about Ruth's pregnancy and hopeful, but Ruth and Beneatha are worried about money and space. The mood quickly turns serious when Ruth considers an abortion.

2. Asagai represents African heritage and pride. He helps Beneatha connect to her roots and question assimilation into white culture.
3. Mama suspects Ruth has gone to a woman who performs illegal abortions (instead of visiting her male doctor), which deeply upsets her moral and religious beliefs.
4. Walter becomes obsessed with using it to fund his liquor store dream. He sees the money as his chance to "be somebody."
5. Walter says, "Money is life"… He feels that financial success equals freedom and dignity. For him, without money, life has no real value or opportunity.

6. Ruth considers having an abortion because she can't see how they can afford another child. It shows her hopelessness and exhaustion.
7. Mama is shocked and disappointed. She reminds him that values like love, faith, and freedom are more important than wealth.

**ACT II – Scene 1 (Later the Same Day)**
1. Beneatha expresses her African identity by wearing traditional Nigerian clothes from Asagai and dances to African music. It's her way of connecting with her heritage.
2. George Murchison calls Beneatha "eccentric" because he sees her pride in her roots as strange or silly. It shows he's more interested in fitting into white society than embracing Black culture.
3. Walter is frustrated and feels like a failure. He's drunk, loud, and mocks his family. He feels no one believes in him, and he's losing control of his life and dignity.
4. Mama buys a house with the insurance money to fulfill her late husband's dream and give the family a better life. Buying a house for her, is an act of faith and love.
5. The house's location (Clybourne Park) is controversial because it's in an all-white neighborhood. Moving there risks racial hostility and violence but also represents hope for equality and progress.
6. Ruth is overjoyed about Mama's news and hopeful about a new beginning. Walter feels betrayed and crushed because Mama didn't trust him with the money for his business.
7. The final exchange between Walter and Mama reveal that Mama believes in family unity and moral strength, while Walter feels his dream has been destroyed. It shows how deferred dreams create anger and division.

**ACT II – Scene 2 (A Few Weeks Later, Friday Night)**
1. Beneatha calls George a "fool" because she thinks George is shallow — he values money, style, and status over ideas. Beneatha wants meaning and identity, not just comfort.
2. Mrs. Johnson's visit contrasts with the Younger family's aspirations. She is jealous and fearful. She reminds them of racial violence and seems satisfied with staying in her place, while the Youngers want to rise above it.
3. Mrs. Johnson expresses fears about the move. She warns that white people might attack them like in other news stories. Her comments highlight the danger of pursuing the American Dream as a Black family.
4. After hearing Mrs. Johnson's comments, Mama stays polite but firm. She refuses to let fear or gossip shake her belief that moving is the right thing to do.
5. Dreams of the Younger family members pursuing at this point in the play:
   **Mama**: a stable home and family unity; **Walter**: business success and dignity; **Ruth**: a peaceful, loving marriage and better life for her son; **Beneatha**: education, identity, and independence; **Travis**: a bright, open future

## **Wrap-up** (5 min)

- Introduce **Cross-Act themes** for reflection and encourage class discussion:
  - *What does the American Dream mean to each character – Mama, Walter, Beneatha, Ruth, and Travis? Which dream do you think is most achievable?* (For Mama, it's owning a home and freedom. For Walter, it's wealth and independence. For Beneatha, it's self-expression and education. For Ruth, it's stability. For Travis, it's opportunity.)
  - *How do gender, race, and class shape their dreams?* (Racism limits their housing and job opportunities. Gender roles restrict women like Ruth and Beneatha. Poverty keeps them struggling to survive instead of dream freely.)
  - *What obstacles stand in the way of each person's dream?* (Social inequality, racism, financial hardship, and family tension all make it difficult to achieve their goals.)

- *How does the title (and Hughes's poem) connect to what happens in these acts?* (Each character's dream is "deferred" — delayed, damaged, or close to "exploding." Their frustration and hope show what happens when dreams are put off too long.)
- *What obstacles stand in the way of your dream?*

- **Possible homework**: Finish comprehension questions in writing and **watch the final part of the movie**. Write a paragraph about your personal dream…

## LESSON 5: Reading comprehension (AI-generated Final-Play/Movie-Part discussion) and reflection

### Outcomes:

- Summarize the resolution of the play/movie and character development.
- Reflect on moral and emotional lessons from the ending.
- Connect themes to modern life and students' own dreams.

### **Introduction** / **Warm-up** (10 min)

- Quick recall: *Who watched the end of the movie? What happened at the end of the movie or in the summary?*
- If students have not watched the end of the movie at home, encourage class discussion about *What might happen…and whose dream(s) might become reality/defer/dry like a raisin in the sun…*
- A brief Kahoot quiz or puzzle-game might be moderated to lead into key topics: Lindner's visit, stolen money, Walter's decision, Mama's plant.

### **Main Part** (25 min)

- Students read (silently or aloud) and summarize the AI-generated *Final Part Summary* (handouts provided), focusing on the following questions (projected on the board) – 10 minutes:
  *Why is Walter's final choice important? What does the ending teach us about dignity and dreams? What does Mama's plant symbolize for you personally?*

**A Raisin in the Sun — Final Part Summary (Act II, Scene 3 – Act III)**

The Younger family is excited about moving into their new house in Clybourne Park, an all-white neighborhood. Everyone is packing and full of hope. Walter, however, still feels left out and bitter because Mama used the insurance money to buy the house instead of investing in his liquor store idea.

Suddenly, a man named Karl Lindner from the Clybourne Park Improvement Association visits. He politely explains that the white residents are worried about a Black family moving in — and offers to pay the Youngers not to move. His words are full of "kindness," but his real message is racist: the neighborhood wants to stay segregated. Walter and Ruth are shocked and angry, and Mama sends Lindner away, refusing to be bought.

The mood is joyful again when Bobo, Walter's friend, arrives — but he brings terrible news: their business partner Willy Harris has run off with all the money Walter gave him, including the $6,500 Mama had left for Beneatha's schooling and Walter's investment. The dream is crushed. Walter is devastated, feeling like a failure to his family and his late father.

Time passes. The family sits in despair, boxes around them. Beneatha, angry and disillusioned, says there is no more hope in the world. But Asagai (her Nigerian friend) reminds her that progress always requires sacrifice — and he asks her to come to Africa with him to help build a new life there.

Meanwhile, Walter makes a desperate decision: he calls Lindner back, planning to accept the white man's offer for money. The family is horrified, especially Mama, who says he's about to lose his pride and his father's legacy. When Lindner arrives, Walter begins by saying he will take the deal — but then, in front of everyone, he changes his mind. He tells Lindner that the Youngers are proud people and will move into their new house because his father earned it "brick by brick."

Lindner leaves, defeated. The family, filled with pride and nervous excitement, prepares to move. Mama is the last to leave the apartment. She takes one last look around, then quietly picks up her small plant, symbol of her care, dreams, and hope — and walks out to join her family in their new beginning.

- Students read the text again and answer the following comprehension/reflection questions in small groups/pair (10 minutes). Class discussion follows – every group/pair provides one answer, the others add details... (5 minutes)

1. Who is Karl Lindner, and what does he want the Younger family to do? *(He represents the white neighborhood association and tries to bribe them not to move in.)*
2. How does Mama respond to Lindner's offer? *(She refuses immediately, saying her family has a right to live anywhere they choose.)*
3. What terrible news does Bobo bring to the family? *(He tells them that Willy Harris stole all of Walter's business investment money.)*
4. How does Walter react when he learns the money is gone? *(He feels hopeless, ashamed, and angry – like his dreams and manhood are destroyed.)*
5. What does Asagai say to Beneatha to give her hope? *(He encourages her to think about the future and to help build something meaningful — possibly by going to Africa with him.)*
6. What decision does Walter make about Lindner's offer at the end? *(At first, he plans to accept the money, but finally he refuses and stands up for his family's pride.)*

## **Reinforcement** / **Wrap-Up** (10 min)

- Students think deep(er) about the following reflection questions (projected on the board). Class discussion follows.

1. What does Walter's final choice show about his character development? *(He grows into the man his father hoped he would be — proud, responsible and dignified.)*
2. What does Mama's plant symbolize throughout the play, and why is it important she takes it with her? *(The plant represents her dreams, love, and perseverance – even in poor conditions. Taking it shows that her hope continues.)*
3. How does the ending connect to Langston Hughes's poem "A Dream Deferred"? *(The Youngers' dreams were delayed but didn't "explode" — they survived, choosing courage instead of defeat.)*
4. What message does the ending give about the **American Dream** and **human dignity**? *(That real success isn't money, but self-respect, family unity, and the courage to pursue one's dreams despite racism and hardship.)*
5. *Can you think of a "dream deferred" in your society today? What about your dream(s)? –* connection to students' lives

- Possible homework: Write a paragraph/poem about one (deferred) dream os yours.

# LESSON 6: Digital Creation – *My Dreams*

## Objectives:

- Encourage self-expression and digital creativity.
- Help students articulate their personal dreams, and connect them to universal values, perseverance and identity.
- Strengthen collaboration and intercultural sharing.

## **Introduction** / **Warm-up** (10 min)

- Discuss: *What makes some dreams hard to reach? Why do people give up their dreams? What keeps people going?*
- Show example projects (AI-summaries, stories, short videos).
  - A great example is J.K. Rowling, the author of the *Harry Potter* series. Before she became one of the world's most successful writers, Rowling faced many hardships — she was a single mother living on welfare, struggling to make ends meet, and was rejected by **12 different publishers** before *Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone* was finally accepted. Despite all those setbacks, she **never gave up on her dream** of becoming a writer. Her perseverance paid off — today, her books have sold over 500 million copies, been translated into more than 80 languages, and inspired one of the most successful film franchises in history. Rowling's story shows that even when life seems full of obstacles, **persistence, belief in one's vision, and hard work** can turn dreams into reality.
  - Another great example: **Martin Luther King Junior's *I Have a Dream Speech*** (1963)

- Students may use AI-tools or the Internet to do some research and find other examples.

## **Main Part** (25 min)

- Students create a digital product titled **"My Dream/My Role Model Who Had a Dream"** using a preferred tool (e.g., Canva, Genial.ly, PowerPoint or video). They share their work in a class Padlet (created by the teacher). Later a collaborative *eTwinning Padlet wall* will be created (or online exhibition) to share the work of Croatian students with the work of international project partners.
- Students' **digital products should include**:
  1. their personal dream or goal;
  2. obstacles they might face;
  3. inspirational quote or image (possibly from the play);
  4. connection to the idea of the "American Dream" or "dreams deferred".

## **Reinforcement** / **Wrap-up** (10 min)

- Students present their creations… followed by peer feedback: *What inspired you most?*
- Teacher reflection: summarize the journey from Hansberry's story to students' personal dreams.
- Encourage students to create a poem/motto reflecting their personal dreams… Teacher's creations will be presented to students and shared on the collaborative Padlet wall.

**Assessment criteria (rubric prepared) – 9-11 (Pass); 12-14 (C); 15-17 (B); 18-20 (A)**

- Participation in discussions and group work
- Completion of comprehension questions
- Quality and creativity of the digital project
- Reflection on personal and social themes
- Using English for Mediation (Film/Play/Personal Dream Content)

| Criteria | Excellent (4) | Good (3) | Satisfactory (2) | Needs Improvement (1) |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| **Participation in Discussions and Group Work** | Actively participates in all discussions and group tasks; listens respectfully; contributes insightful ideas; helps peers and promotes collaboration. | Regularly participates and shares relevant ideas; works well with others; shows cooperation. | Participates occasionally; ideas may be limited or off-topic; needs prompting to engage. | Rarely participates or contributes; shows little effort or cooperation. |
| **Completion of Comprehension Questions** | All questions completed thoroughly and accurately; demonstrates deep understanding and critical thinking. | Most questions complete and accurate; shows good understanding with minor errors. | Some questions incomplete or contain several errors; limited understanding shown. | Many questions missing or inaccurate; lacks understanding of the content. |
| **Quality and Creativity of the Digital Project** | Exceptionally creative, engaging, and well-organized; excellent use of digital tools; strong connection to the theme. | Clear, organized, and creative project; good use of tools and effort. | Basic project; some creativity or organization but lacks depth or polish. | Project incomplete, unclear, or shows minimal creativity or effort. |
| **Reflection on Personal and Social Themes** | Deep, thoughtful reflection showing strong personal engagement and awareness of social issues; clear and meaningful connections to the topic. | Good reflection with some insight into personal and social aspects; relevant connections made. | Basic reflection with limited insight; connections somewhat unclear or superficial. | Minimal or missing reflection; lacks engagement with personal or social themes. |
| **Using English for Mediation (Film/Play/Personal Dream Content)** | Communicates fluently and confidently in English; effectively mediates meaning between ideas, contexts, or cultures; few or no errors. | Communicates clearly with occasional errors; shows effort to explain and connect ideas effectively. | Can communicate basic ideas but with noticeable errors; limited ability to convey meaning accurately. | Struggles to communicate in English; frequent errors obscure meaning. |

## Learning scenario author's special note:

What ChatGPT "told me": ***Teachers like you are living proof that "dreams deferred" don't have to dry up — they can bloom in classrooms every day.*** 💛

Here's a short reflective paragraph AI helped me create (or adapt) for my **eTwinning project page, teacher's journal, social media…**

### *Living My Dream as a Teacher*

For me, teaching has never been just a profession — it's a dream come true. Every lesson is a chance to open doors, to help young people discover their voices, their hopes, and their courage to dream boldly. Working on *"Raisin(g) in the Sun – Teaching Dreams"* reminded me why I chose this path: because education can change lives, and even small moments of understanding can plant seeds of confidence and empathy. I believe that dreams — whether whispered in a classroom or written on a page — have the power to grow, just like Mama's little plant in the play. I'm grateful to live mine every day, together with my students.

Here's a **more poetic reimagining** of that paragraph, keeping my voice as both teacher and dreamer:

***A Teacher's Dream***

I live inside my dream –
a room filled with light,
with questions,
with laughter that grows like roots in spring.
Each morning I plant a seed –
a word, a story, a hope –
and watch my students water it with courage.
Sometimes the blossoms come quietly,
sometimes after storms,
but always they come.
Like Mama's little plant,
I keep it near the window of my heart –
this love for learning,
this faith in dreams,
this life that lets me be
a happy teacher
living her dream.

Here are a few **motto options** I will choose from (or mix together) for my eTwinning page – short, poetic and true to my spirit and project:

***"I teach dreams to grow – even when the sun feels far away."***
***"Where words plant roots, dreams begin to bloom."***
***"Teaching is my way of keeping dreams alive."***
***"We raise minds, we raise hope — we raise the sun."***
***"In every lesson, a seed of tomorrow."***

Here are a few **motto variations** that weave *A Raisin in the Sun*'s imagery and message into *my* teacher's voice and project spirit:

🌼 *"No dream will dry up in my classroom – here, every dream finds its sun."*
🌻 *"We water the dreams that refuse to dry up – and help them rise toward the light."*
✨ *"From every dream deferred, we raise a new sun."*
💛 *"Like Mama's little plant, we keep our dreams near the window – growing toward hope."*
🌈 *"In this room, no dream is forgotten; each one waits for its morning light."*

**GROUP 1 (3 members)**

**LORRAINE HANSBERRY: A Raisin in the Sun (play),**
**To Mama: In gratitude for the dream**

"What happens to a dream deferred? Does it dry up Like a raisin in the sun? 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?" LANGSTON HUGHES

"BENEATHA Get over it? What are 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 ever get married… I'm just tired of hearing about God all the time. What has He got to do with anything? Does he pay tuition?
MAMA You 'bout to get your fresh little jaw slapped! …
BENEATHA Mama, you don't understand. It's all a matter of ideas, and God is just one idea I don't accept. It's not important. I am not going out and be immoral or commit crimes because I don't believe in God. I don't even think about it. It's just that I get tired of Him getting credit for all the things the human race achieves through its own stubborn effort. There simply is no blasted God—there is only man and it is he who makes miracles! (MAMA absorbs this speech, studies her daughter and rises slowly and crosses to BENEATHA and slaps her powerfully across the face. After, there is only silence and the daughter drops her eyes from her mother's face, and MAMA is very tall before her) MAMA Now—you say after me, in my mother's house there is still God…" (Act One, Scene One)

"MAMA My children and they tempers. Lord, if this little old plant don't get more sun than it's been getting it ain't never going to see spring again."

Cast (in order of appearance):
RUTH YOUNGER (a wife/mom)
TRAVIS YOUNGER (a son/grandson)
WALTER LEE YOUNGER (BROTHER)
BENEATHA YOUNGER/ Bennie (SISTER)
LENA YOUNGER (a grand MAMA)
JOSEPH ASAGAI (a teacher, Nigerian)
GEORGE MURCHISON
KARL LINDNER
BOBO

The action of the play is **set in Chicago's Southside**, sometime between WW II and 1959.

**Act I Scene One**: Friday morning. (**FILM** watching) **Scene Two**: The following morning. **Act II Scene One**: Later, the same day. **Scene Two**: Friday night, a few weeks later. **Scene Three**: Moving day, one week later.
**Act III** An hour later.

**ACT ONE, SCENE TWO** (part I)

BENEATHA Brother, where did Ruth go?
WALTER (As he exits) How should I know!
TRAVIS Aw come on, Grandma. Can I go outside?
MAMA Oh, I guess so. You stay right in front of the house, though, and keep a good lookout for the postman.
TRAVIS Yes'm. (He darts into bedroom for stickball and bat, reenters, and sees BENEATHA on her knees spraying under sofa with behind upraised. He edges closer to the target, takes aim, and lets her have it. She screams) Leave them poor little cockroaches alone, they ain't bothering you none! (He runs as she swings the spray gun at him viciously and playfully) Grandma! Grandma!
MAMA Look out there, girl, before you be spilling some of that stuff on that child!
TRAVIS (Safely behind the bastion of MAMA) That's right— look out, now! (He exits)
BENEATHA (Drily) I can't imagine that it would hurt him—it has never hurt the roaches.
MAMA Well, little boys' hides ain't as tough as Southside roaches. You better get over there behind the bureau. I seen one marching out of there like Napoleon yesterday.
BENEATHA There's really only one way to get rid of them, Mama—
MAMA How?
BENEATHA Set fire to this building! Mama, where did Ruth go?
MAMA (Looking at her with meaning) To the doctor, I think.
BENEATHA The doctor? What's the matter? (They exchange glances) You don't think—
MAMA (With her sense of drama) Now I ain't saying what I think. But I ain't never been wrong 'bout a woman neither. (The phone rings)
BENEATHA (At the phone) Hay-lo … (Pause, and a moment of recognition) Well—when did you get back! … And how was it? … Of course I've missed you—in my way … This morning? No … house cleaning and all that and Mama hates it if I let people come over when the house is like this … You have? Well, that's different … What is it—Oh, what the hell, come on over … Right, see you then. Arrivederci. (She hangs up)
MAMA (Who has listened vigorously, as is her habit) Who is that you inviting over here with this house looking like this? You ain't got the pride you was born with!
BENEATHA Asagai doesn't care how houses look, Mama— he's an intellectual.
MAMA Who? BENEATHA Asagai—Joseph Asagai. He's an African boy I met on campus. He's been studying in Canada all summer.
MAMA What's his name?
BENEATHA Asagai, Joseph. Ah-sah-guy … He's from Nigeria.
MAMA Oh, that's the little country that was founded by slaves way back …
BENEATHA No, Mama—that's Liberia.
MAMA I don't think I never met no African before.
BENEATHA Well, do me a favor and don't ask him a whole lot of ignorant questions about Africans. I mean, do they wear clothes and all that—
MAMA Well, now, I guess if you think we so ignorant 'round here maybe you shouldn't bring your friends here—
BENEATHA It's just that people ask such crazy things. All anyone seems to know about when it comes to Africa is Tarzan—
MAMA (Indignantly) Why should I know anything about Africa?
BENEATHA Why do you give money at church for the missionary work?
MAMA Well, that's to help save people.
BENEATHA YOU mean save them from heathenism—
MAMA (Innocently) Yes.
BENEATHA I'm afraid they need more salvation from the British and the French. (RUTH comes in forlornly and pulls off her coat with dejection. They both turn to look at her)
RUTH (Dispiritedly) Well, I guess from all the happy faces— everybody knows.
BENEATHA You pregnant?
MAMA Lord have mercy, I sure hope it's a little old girl. Travis ought to have a sister. (BENEATHA and RUTH give her a hopeless look for this grandmotherly enthusiasm)
BENEATHA How far along are you?
RUTH Two months.
BENEATHA Did you mean to? Imean did you plan it or was it an accident?

MAMA What do you know about planning or not planning?
BENEATHA Oh, Mama. RUTH (Wearily) She's twenty years old, Lena.
BENEATHA Did you plan it, Ruth?
RUTH Mind your own business.
BENEATHA It is my business—where is he going to live, on the roof? (There is silence following the remark as the three women react to the sense of it) Gee—I didn't mean that, Ruth, honest. Gee, I don't feel like that at all. I—I think it is wonderful.
RUTH (Dully) Wonderful.
…
MAMA (Angrily) Tell that youngun to get himself up here, at once!
BENEATHA TRAVIS … YOU COME UPSTAIRS … AT ONCE! RUTH (Her face twisted) Chasing a rat.…
MAMA (Looking at RUTH, worried) Doctor say everything going to be all right?
RUTH (Far away) Yes—she says everything is going to be fine …
MAMA (Immediately suspicious) "She"—What doctor you went to? (RUTH just looks at MAMA meaningfully and MAMA opens her mouth to speak as TRAVIS bursts in)
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) Gaaleee, 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 around and bleeding like everything too—there's rat blood all over the street— (RUTH reaches out suddenly and grabs her son without even looking at him and clamps her hand over his mouth and holds him to her. MAMA crosses to them rapidly and takes the boy from her)
MAMA You hush up now … talking all that terrible stuff … (TRAVIS is staring at his mother with a stunned expression. BENEATHA comes quickly and takes him away from his grandmother and ushers him to the door)
BENEATHA You go back outside and play … but not with any rats. (She pushes him gently out the door with the boy straining to see what is wrong with his mother)
MAMA (Worriedly hovering over RUTH) Ruth honey—what's the matter with you—you sick? (RUTH has her fists clenched on her thighs and is fighting hard to suppress a scream that seems to be rising in her)
BENEATHA What's the matter with her, Mama?
MAMA (Working her fingers in RUTH'S shoulders to relax her) She be all right. Women gets right depressed sometimes when they get her way. (Speaking softly, expertly, rapidly) Now you just relax. That's right … just lean back, don't think 'bout nothing at all … nothing at all —
RUTH I'm all right … (The glassy-eyed look melts and then she collapses into a fit of heavy sobbing. The bell rings)
BENEATHA Oh, my God—that must be Asagai.
MAMA (To RUTH) Come on now, honey. You need to lie down and rest awhile … then have some nice hot food. (They exit, RUTH'S weight on her mother-in-law. BENEATHA, herself profoundly disturbed, opens the door to admit a rather dramatic-looking young man with a large package)
ASAGAI Hello, Alaiyo—
BENEATHA (Holding the door open and regarding him with pleasure) Hello … (Long pause) Well—come in. And please excuse everything. My mother was very upset about my letting anyone come here with the place like this.
ASAGAI (Coming into the room) You look disturbed too … Is something wrong?
BENEATHA (Still at the door, absently) Yes … we've all got ( , y) g acute ghetto-itis. (She smiles and comes toward him, finding a cigarette and sitting) So—sit down! No! Wait! (She whips the spray gun off sofa where she had left it and puts the cushions back. At last perches on arm of sofa. He sits) So, how was Canada?

ASAGAI (A sophisticate) Canadian.
BENEATHA (Looking at him) Asagai, I'm very glad you are back.
ASAGAI (Looking back at her in turn) Are you really?
BENEATHA Yes—very. ASAGAI Why?—you were quite glad when I went away. What happened?
BENEATHA You went away. ASAGAI Ahhhhhhhh.
BENEATHA Before—you wanted to be so serious before there was time.
ASAGAI How much time must there be before one knows what one feels?
BENEATHA (Stalling this particular conversation. Her hands pressed together, in a deliberately childish gesture) What did you bring me?
ASAGAI (Handing her the package) Open it and see.
BENEATHA (Eagerly opening the package and drawing out some records and the colorful robes of a Nigerian woman) Oh, Asagai! … You got them for me! … How beautiful … and the records too! (She lifts out the robes and runs to the mirror with them and holds the drapery up in front of herself)
ASAGAI (Coming to her at the mirror) I shall have to teach you how to drape it properly. (He flings the material about her for the moment and stands back to look at her) Ah—Oh-pay-gay-day, oh-gbah-mu-shay. (A Yoruba exclamation for admiration) You wear it well … very well … mutilated hair and all.
BENEATHA (Turning suddenly) My hair—what's wrong with my hair?
ASAGAI (Shrugging) Were you born with it like that?
BENEATHA (Reaching up to touch it) No … of course not. (She looks back to the mirror, disturbed)
ASAGAI (Smiling) How then?
BENEATHA YOU know perfectly well how … as 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 —raw.
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 at her hair and frowning in the mirror) Do you remember the first time you met me 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 laughs)
BENEATHA (Turning to him, not laughing) Yes— (Her face is quizzical, profoundly disturbed)
ASAGAI (Still teasing and reaching out and taking her face in his hands and turning her profile to him) Well … it is true that this is not so much a profile of a Hollywood queen as perhaps a queen of the Nile—(A mock dismissal of the importance of the question) But what does it matter? Assimilationism is so popular in your country.
BENEATHA (Wheeling, passionately, sharply) I am not an assimilationist!
ASAGAI (The protest hangs in the room for a moment and ASAGAI studies her, his laughter fading) Such a serious one. (There is a pause) So—you like the robes? You must take excellent care of them—they are from my sister's personal wardrobe.
BENEATHA (With incredulity) You—you sent all the way home—for me?
ASAGAI (With charm) For you—I would do much more …
(MAMA enters and is immediately all social charm because of the presence of a guest)
BENEATHA Oh—Mama—this is Mr. Asagai.
MAMA How do you do?

**GROUP 2 (4 members) ACT ONE, SCENE TWO (part II)**

**LORRAINE HANSBERRY: A Raisin in the Sun (play),**
**To Mama: In gratitude for the dream**

Cast (in order of appearance):
RUTH YOUNGER (a wife/mom) ; TRAVIS YOUNGER (a son/grandson)
WALTER LEE YOUNGER (BROTHER) ; BENEATHA YOUNGER/ Bennie (SISTER)
LENA YOUNGER (a grand MAMA) ; JOSEPH ASAGAI (a teacher, Nigerian)
GEORGE MURCHISON; KARL LINDNER ; BOBO

The action of the play is **set in Chicago's Southside**, sometime between WW II and 1959.

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**Act III** An hour later.

BENEATHA Oh, Mama! … (She picks up the Nigerian dress and holds it up to her in front of the mirror again… She starts to wriggle in front of the mirror as she thinks a Nigerian woman might. TRAVIS enters and stands regarding her)
TRAVIS What's the matter, girl, you cracking up?
BENEATHA Shut up. (She pulls the headdress off and looks at herself in the mirror and clutches at her hair... Then, suddenly, she gets her raincoat and kerchief and hurriedly prepares for going out)
MAMA (Coming back into the room) She's resting now. Travis, baby, run next door and ask Miss Johnson to please let me have a little kitchen cleanser. This here can is empty as Jacob's kettle.
TRAVIS I just came in.
MAMA Do as you told. (He exits and she looks at her daughter) Where you going?
BENEATHA (Halting at the door) To become a queen of the Nile! (She exits in a breathless blaze of glory.
RUTH appears in the bedroom doorway)
MAMA Who told you to get up?
RUTH Ain't nothing wrong with me to be lying in no bed for. Where did Bennie go?
MAMA (Drumming her fingers) Far as I could make out—to Egypt. (RUTH just looks at her) What time is it getting to?
RUTH Ten twenty. And the mailman going to ring that bell this morning just like he done every morning for the last umpteen years. (TRAVIS comes in with the cleanser can)
TRAVIS She say to tell you that she don't have much.
MAMA (Angrily) Lord, some people I could name sure is tight-fisted! (Directing her grandson) Mark two cans of cleanser down on the list there. If she that hard up for kitchen cleanser, I sure don't want to forget to get her none!
RUTH Lena—maybe the woman is just short on cleanser—
MAMA (Not listening)—Much baking powder as she done borrowed from me all these years, she could of done gone into the baking business! (The bell sounds suddenly and sharply and all three are stunned—serious and silent—midspeech. In spite of all the other conversations and distractions of the morning, this is what they have been waiting for, even TRAVIS who looks helplessly from his mother to his grandmother. RUTH is the first to come to life again)

RUTH (To TRAVIS) Get down them steps, boy! (TRAVIS snaps to life and flies out to get the mail)
MAMA (Her eyes wide, her hand to her breast) You mean it done really come?
RUTH (Excited) Oh, Miss Lena!
MAMA (Collecting herself) Well … I don't know what we all so excited about 'round here for. We known it was coming for months.
RUTH That's a whole lot different from having it come and being able to hold it in your hands … a piece of paper worth ten thousand dollars … (TRAVIS bursts back into the room. He holds the envelope high above his head, like a little dancer, his face is radiant and he is breathless. He moves to his grandmother with sudden slow ceremony and puts the envelope into her hands. She

accepts it, and then merely holds it and looks at it) Come on! Open it … Lord have mercy, I wish Walter Lee was here!

TRAVIS Open it, Grandmama!

MAMA (Staring at it) Now you all be quiet. It's just a check.

RUTH Open it …

MAMA (Still staring at it) Now don't act silly … We ain't never been no people to act silly 'bout no money—

RUTH (Swiftly) We ain't never had none before—OPEN IT! (MAMA finally makes a good strong tear and pulls out the thin blue slice of paper and inspects it closely. The boy and his mother study it raptly over MAMA'S shoulders)

MAMA Travis! (She is counting off with doubt) Is that the right number of zeros?

TRAVIS Yes'm … ten thousand dollars. Gaalee, Grandmama, you rich.

MAMA (She holds the check away from her, still looking at it. Slowly her face sobers into a mask of unhappiness) Ten thousand dollars. (She hands it to RUTH) Put it away somewhere, Ruth. (She does not look at RUTH; her eyes seem to be seeing something somewhere very far off) Ten thousand dollars they give you. Ten thousand dollars.

TRAVIS (To his mother, sincerely) What's the matter with Grandmama—don't she want to be rich?

RUTH (Distractedly) You go on out and play now, baby. (TRAVIS exits. MAMA starts wiping dishes absently, humming intently to herself. RUTH turns to her, with kind exasperation) You've gone and got yourself upset.

MAMA (Not looking at her) I spec if it wasn't for you all … I would just put that money away or give it to the church or something.

RUTH Now what kind of talk is that. Mr. Younger would just be plain mad if he could hear you talking foolish like that.

MAMA (Stopping and staring off) Yes … he sure would. (Sighing) We got enough to do with that money, all right. (She halts then, and turns and looks at her daughter-inlaw hard; RUTH avoids her eyes and MAMA wipes her hands with finality and starts to speak firmly to RUTH) Where did you go today, girl?

RUTH To the doctor.

MAMA (Impatiently) Now, Ruth … you know better than that. Old Doctor Jones is strange enough in his way but there ain't nothing 'bout him make somebody slip and call him "she"—like you done this morning.

RUTH Well, that's what happened—my tongue slipped.

MAMA You went to see that woman, didn't you?

RUTH (Defensively, giving herself away) What woman you talking about?

MAMA (Angrily) That woman who— (WALTER enters in great excitement)

WALTER Did it come?

MAMA (Quietly) Can't you give people a Christian greeting before you start asking about money?

WALTER (To RUTH) Did it come? (RUTH unfolds the check and lays it quietly before him, watching him intently with thoughts of her own. WALTER sits down and grasps it close and counts off the zeros) Ten thousand dollars— (He turns suddenly, frantically to his mother and draws some papers out of his breast pocket) Mama—look. Old Willy Harris put everything on paper—

MAMA Son—I think you ought to talk to your wife … I'll go on out and leave you alone if you want—

WALTER I can talk to her later—Mama, look—

MAMA Son—

WALTER WILL SOMEBODY PLEASE LISTEN TO ME TODAY!

MAMA (Quietly) I don't 'low no yellin' in this house, Walter Lee, and you know it—(WALTER stares at them in frustration and starts to speak several times) And there ain't going to be no investing in no liquor stores.

WALTER But, Mama, you ain't even looked at it.

MAMA I don't aim to have to speak on that again. (A long pause)

WALTER You ain't looked at it and you don't aim to have to speak on that again, you have decided --- Well, you tell that to my boy tonight when you put him to sleep on the living-room couch … Yeah—and tell it to my wife, Mama, tomorrow when she has to go out of here to look after somebody else's kids. And tell it to me, Mama, every time we need a new pair of curtains and I have to watch you go out and work in somebody's kitchen. Yeah, you tell me then! (WALTER starts out)

RUTH Where you going?
WALTER Just out of this house somewhere—
RUTH I got something to talk to you about, Walter.
WALTER That's too bad.
MAMA (Still quietly) Walter Lee—(She waits and he finally turns and looks at her) Sit down.
WALTER I'm a grown man, Mama.
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'll talk to your wife civil. Now sit down.
RUTH (Suddenly) Oh, let him go on out and drink himself to death! He makes me sick to my stomach! (She flings her coat against him and exits to bedroom)
WALTER (Violently flinging the coat after her) And you turn mine too, baby! (The door slams behind her) That was my biggest mistake—
MAMA (Still quietly) Walter, what is the matter with you? Something eating you up like a crazy man. Something more than me not giving you this money. The past few years I been watching it happen to you. You get all nervous acting and kind of wild in the eyes— (WALTER jumps up impatiently at her words) I said sit there now, I'm talking to you!
WALTER Mama—I don't need no nagging at me today.
MAMA Seem like you getting to a place where you always tied up in some kind of knot about something. But if anybody ask you 'bout it you just yell at 'em and bust out the house and go out and drink somewheres. Walter Lee, people can't live with that. Ruth's a good, patient girl in her way—but you getting to be too much. Boy, don't make the mistake of driving that girl away from you.
WALTER Why—what she do for me?
MAMA She loves you.
WALTER Mama—I'm going out. I want to go off somewhere and be by myself for a while.
MAMA I'm sorry 'bout your liquor store, son. It just wasn't the thing for us to do. That's what I want to tell you about— WALTER I got to go out, Mama— (He rises)
MAMA It's dangerous, son… when a man goes outside his home to look for peace.
WALTER (Beseechingly) Then why can't there never be no peace in this house then?
MAMA You done found it in some other house?
WALTER No—there ain't no woman! Why do women always think there's a woman somewhere when a man gets restless. (Picks up the check) Do you know what this money means to me? Do you know what this money can do for us? (Puts it back) Mama—Mama—I want so many things … that they are driving me kind of crazy …
MAMA You a good-looking boy. You got a job, a nice wife, a fine boy and—
WALTER A job. (Looks at her) Mama, a job? I open and close car doors all day long. I drive a man around in his limousine and I say, "Yes, sir; no, sir; very good, sir; shall I take the Drive, sir?" Mama, that ain't no kind of job … that ain't nothing at all. (Very quietly) Mama, I don't know if I can make you understand.
MAMA Understand what, baby?
WALTER (Quietly) Sometimes it's like I can see the future stretched out in front of me—just plain as day. The future, Mama. Hanging over there at the edge of my days. Just waiting for me—a big, looming blank space—full of nothing. Just waiting for me. But it don't have to be. (Pause. Kneeling beside het chair) Mama—sometimes when I'm downtown and I pass them cool, quiet-looking restaurants where them white boys are sitting back and talking 'bout things … sitting there turning deals worth millions of dollars … sometimes I see guys don't look much older than me—
MAMA Son—how come you talk so much 'bout money?
WALTER (With immense passion) Because it is life, Mama!
MAMA (Quietly) Oh—(Very quietly) So now it's life. Money is life. Once upon a time freedom used to be life—now it's money. I guess the world really do change …
WALTER No—it was always money, Mama. We just didn't know about it.
MAMA You something new, boy. In my time we was worried about not being lynched and getting to the North if we could and how to stay alive and still have a pinch of dignity too … Now here come you and Beneatha— you ain't satisfied or proud of nothing we done. I mean that you had a home; that we kept you out of trouble till you was grown; that you don't have to ride to work on the back of nobody's streetcar— You my children—but how different we done become.
WALTER (A long beat. He pats her hand and gets up) Mama, you just don't understand.

MAMA Son—do you know your wife is expecting another baby? (WALTER stands, stunned, and absorbs what his mother has said) That's what she wanted to talk to you about, (WALTER sinks down into a chair) I think Ruth is thinking 'bout getting rid of that child.

WALTER (Slowly understanding) No—no—Ruth wouldn't do that.

MAMA When the world gets ugly enough—a woman will do anything for her family. The part that's already living.

WALTER You don't know Ruth, Mama, if you think she would do that. (RUTH opens the bedroom door and stands there a little limp)

RUTH (Beaten) Yes I would too, Walter. (Pause) I gave her a five-dollar down payment. (There is total silence as the man stares at his wife and the mother stares at her son)

MAMA (Presently) Well – (Tightly) Well — son, I'm waiting to hear you say something … (She waits) I'm waiting to hear how you be your father's son. Be the man he was … (Pause. The silence shouts) Your wife say she going to destroy your child. And I'm waiting to hear you talk like him and say we a people who give children life, not who destroys them—(She rises) I'm waiting to see you stand up and look like your daddy and say we done give up one baby to poverty and that we ain't going to give up nary another one … I'm waiting.

WALTER Ruth— (He can say nothing)

MAMA If you a son of mine, tell her! (WALTER picks up his keys and his coat and walks out. She continues, bitterly) You … you are a disgrace to your father's memory. Somebody get me my hat!

Curtain

**GROUP 3 (4 members) – ACT II SCENE ONE (part I)**

**LORRAINE HANSBERRY: A Raisin in the Sun (play),**
**To Mama: In gratitude for the dream**

"What happens to a dream deferred? Does it dry up Like a raisin in the sun? 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?" LANGSTON HUGHES

Cast (in order of appearance):
RUTH YOUNGER (a wife/mom)
TRAVIS YOUNGER (a son/grandson)
WALTER LEE YOUNGER (BROTHER)
BENEATHA YOUNGER/ Bennie (SISTER)
LENA YOUNGER (a grand MAMA)
JOSEPH ASAGAI (a teacher, Nigerian)
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**Act III** An hour later.

Later the same day, at rise RUTH is ironing again. She has the radio going. The bedroom door opens and RUTH'S mouth falls and she puts down the iron in fascination.
RUTH What have we got on tonight!
BENEATHA (Emerging grandly from the doorway so that we can see her thoroughly robed in the costume Asagai brought) You are looking at what a well-dressed Nigerian woman wears—(She parades for RUTH, her hair completely hidden by the headdress; she is coquettishly fanning herself with an ornate oriental fan, mistakenly more like Butterfly than any Nigerian that ever was) Isn't it beautiful? (She promenades to the radio and, with an arrogant flourish, turns off the good loud blues that is playing) Enough of this assimilationist junk! (RUTH follows her with her eyes as she goes to the phonograph and puts on a record and turns and waits ceremoniously for the music to come up. Then, with a shout—) OCOMOGOSIAY! (RUTH jumps. The music comes up, a lovely Nigerian melody,
BENEATHA listens, enraptured, her eyes far away—"back to the past." She begins to dance.
RUTH is dumbfounded)
RUTH What kind of dance is that?
BENEATHA A folk dance.
RUTH (Pearl Bailey) What kind of folks do that, honey?
BENEATHA It's from Nigeria. It's a dance of welcome.
RUTH Who you welcoming?
BENEATHA The men back to the village.
RUTH Where they been?
BENEATHA How should I know—out hunting or something. Anyway, they are coming back now …
RUTH Well, that's good.
BENEATHA (With the record) Alundi, alundi Alundi alunya Jop pu a jeepua Ang gu sooooooooo Ai yai yae … Ayehaye—alundi … (WALTER comes in during this performance; he has obviously been drinking. He leans against the door heavily and watches his sister, at first with distaste. Then his eyes look off—"back to the past"—as he lifts both his fists to the roof, screaming) WALTER YEAH … AND ETHIOPIA STRETCH FORTH HER HANDS AGAIN! …

RUTH (Drily, looking at him) Yes—and Africa sure is claiming her own tonight. (She gives them both up and starts ironing again)
WALTER (All in a drunken, dramatic shout) Shut up! … I'm digging them drums … them drums move me! … (He makes his weaving way to his wife's face and leans in close to her) In my heart of hearts—(He thumps his chest)—I am much warrior!
RUTH (Without even looking up) In your heart of hearts you are much drunkard.
…
(RUTH opens the door. GEORGE MURCHISON enters.) GEORGE Black Brother, hell!
RUTH (Having had enough, and embarrassed for the family) Beneatha, you got company—what's the matter with you? Walter Lee Younger, get down off that table and stop acting like a fool … (WALTER comes down off the table suddenly and makes a quick exit to the bathroom) RUTH He's had a little to drink … I don't know what her excuse is.
GEORGE (To BENEATHA) Look honey, we're going to the theatre—we're not going to be in it … so go change, huh? (BENEATHA looks at him and slowly, ceremoniously, lifts her hands and pulls off the headdress. Her hair is close-cropped and unstraightened. GEORGE freezes mid-sentence and RUTH'S eyes all but fan out of her head)
GEORGE What in the name of—
RUTH (Touching BENEATHA'S hair) Girl, you done lost your natural mind!? Look at your head!
GEORGE What have you done to your head—I mean your hair!
BENEATHA Nothing—except cut it off.
RUTH Now that's the truth—it's what ain't been done to it! You expect this boy to go out with you with your head all nappy like that?
BENEATHA (Looking at GEORGE) That's up to George. If he's ashamed of his heritage—
GEORGE Oh, don't be so proud of yourself, Bennie—just because you look eccentric.
BENEATHA How can something that's natural be eccentric?
GEORGE That's what being eccentric means—being natural. Get dressed.
BENEATHA I don't like that, George.
RUTH Why must you and your brother make an argument out of everything people say?
BENEATHA Because I hate assimilationist Negroes!
RUTH Will somebody please tell me what assimila-who ever means!
GEORGE Oh, it's just a college girl's way of calling people Uncle Toms—but that isn't what it means at all.
RUTH Well, what does it mean?
BENEATHA (Cutting GEORGE off and staring at him as she replies to RUTH) It means someone who is willing to give up his own culture and submerge himself completely in the dominant, and in this case oppressive culture!
GEORGE Oh, dear, dear, dear! Here we go! A lecture on the African past! On our Great West African Heritage! In one second we will hear all about the great Ashanti empires; the great Songhay civilizations; and the great sculpture of Bénin—and then some poetry in the Bantu— and the whole monologue will end with the word heritage! (Nastily) Let's face it, baby, your heritage is nothing but a bunch of raggedy-assed spirituals and some grass huts! BENEATHA GRASS HUTS! (RUTH crosses to her and forcibly pushes her toward the bedroom) See there … you are standing there in your splendid ignorance talking about people who were the first to smelt iron on the face of the earth! (RUTH is pushing her through the door) The Ashanti were performing surgical operations when the English—(RUTH pulls the door to, with BENEATHA on the other side, and smiles graciously at GEORGE. BENEATHA opens the door and shouts the end of the sentence defiantly at GEORGE)—were still tattooing themselves with blue dragons! (She goes back inside)
RUTH Have a seat, George (They both sit. RUTH folds her hands rather primly on her lap, determined to demonstrate the civilization of the family) Warm, ain't it? I mean for September. (Pause) Just like they always say about Chicago weather: If it's too hot or cold for you, just wait a minute and it'll change. (She smiles happily at this cliché of clichés) Everybody say it's got to do with them bombs and things they keep setting off. (Pause) Would you like a nice cold beer?
GEORGE No, thank you. I don't care for beer. (He looks at his watch) I hope she hurries up. RUTH What time is the show? GEORGE It's an eight-thirty curtain. That's just Chicago, though. In New York standard curtain time is eight forty. (He is rather proud of this knowledge)
RUTH (Properly appreciating it) You get to New York a lot?
GEORGE (Offhand) Few times a year.

RUTH Oh—that's nice. I've never been to New York. (WALTER enters. We feel he has relieved himself, but the edge of unreality is still with him)
WALTER New York ain't got nothing Chicago ain't. Just a bunch of hustling people all squeezed up together— being "Eastern." (He turns his face into a screwof displeasure)
GEORGE Oh—you've been?
WALTER Plenty of times.
RUTH (Shocked at the lie) Walter Lee Younger!
WALTER (Staring her down) Plenty! (Pause) What we got to drink in this house? Why don't you offer this man some refreshment. (To GEORGE) They don't know how to entertain people in this house, man.
GEORGE Thank you—I don't really care for anything.
WALTER (Feeling his head; sobriety coming) Where's Mama?
RUTH She ain't come back yet.
WALTER (Looking MURCHISON over from head to toe, scrutinizing his carefully casual tweed sports jacket over cashmere V-neck sweater over soft eyelet shirt and tie, and soft slacks, finished off with white buckskin shoes) Why all you college boys wear them faggoty-looking white shoes?
RUTH Walter Lee! (GEORGE MURCHISON ignores the remark)
WALTER (To RUTH) Well, they look crazy as hell—white shoes, cold as it is.
RUTH (Crushed) You have to excuse him—
WALTER No he don't! Excuse me for what? What you always excusing me for! I'll excuse myself when I needs to be excused! (A pause) They look as funny as them black knee socks Beneatha wears out of here all the time.
RUTH It's the college style, Walter.
WALTER Style, hell. She looks like she got burnt legs or something!
RUTH Oh, Walter—
WALTER (An irritable mimic) Oh, Walter! Oh, Walter! (To MURCHISON) How's your old man making out? I understand you all going to buy that big hotel on the Drive? (He finds a beer in the refrigerator, wanders over to MURCHISON, sipping and wiping his lips with the back of his hand, and straddling a chair backwards to talk to the other man) Shrewd move. Your old man is all right, man. (Tapping his head and half winking for emphasis) I mean he knows how to operate. Imean he thinks big, you know what I mean, I mean for a home, you know? But I think he's kind of running out of ideas now. I'd like to talk to him. Listen, man, I got some plans that could turn this city upside down. I mean think like he does. Big. Invest big, gamble big, hell, lose big if you have to, you know what I mean. It's hard to find a man on this whole Southside who understands my kind of thinking—you dig? (He scrutinizes MURCHISON again, drinks his beer, squints his eyes and leans in close, confidential, man to man) Me and you ought to sit down and talk sometimes, man. Man, I got me some ideas …
GEORGE (With boredom) Yeah—sometimes we'll have to do that, Walter.
WALTER (Understanding the indifference, and offended) Yeah—well, when you get the time, man. I know you a busy little boy.
RUTH Walter, please—
WALTER (Bitterly, hurt) I know ain't nothing in this world as busy as you colored college boys with your fraternity pins and white shoes …
RUTH (Covering her face with humiliation) Oh, Walter Lee —
WALTER I see you all all the time—with the books tucked under your arms—going to your (British A—a mimic) "clahsses." And for what! What the hell you learning over there? Filling up your heads—(Counting off on his fingers)—with the sociology and the psychology—but they teaching you how to be a man? How to take over and run the world? They teaching you how to run a rubber plantation or a steel mill? Naw—just to talk proper and read books and wear them faggoty-looking white shoes …

GEORGE (Looking at him with distaste, a little above it all) You're all wacked up with bitterness, man. WALTER (Intently, almost quietly, between the teeth, glaring at the boy) And you—ain't you bitter, man? Ain't you just about had it yet? Don't you see no stars gleaming that you can't reach out and grab? You happy? —You contented son-of-a-bitch—you happy? You got it made? Bitter? Man, I'm a volcano. Bitter? Here I am a giant—surrounded by ants! Ants who can't even understand what it is the giant is talking about.

RUTH (Passionately and suddenly) Oh, Walter—ain't you with nobody!

WALTER (Violently) No! 'Cause ain't nobody with me! Not even my own mother!

RUTH Walter, that's a terrible thing to say! (BENEATHA enters, dressed for the evening in a cocktail dress and earrings, hair natural)

GEORGE Well—hey—(Crosses to BENEATHA; thoughtful, with emphasis, since this is a reversal) You look great! WALTER (Seeing his sister's hair for the first time) What's the matter with your head?

BENEATHA (Tired of the jokes now) I cut it off, Brother.

WALTER (Coming close to inspect it and walking around her) Well, I'll be damned. So that's what they mean by the African bush …

BENEATHA Ha ha. Let's go, George.

GEORGE (Looking at her) You know something? I like it. It's sharp. Imean it really is. (Helps her into her wrap) RUTH Yes—I think so, too. (She goes to the mirror and starts to clutch at her hair)

WALTER Oh no! You leave yours alone, baby. You might turn out to have a pin-shaped head or something!

BENEATHA See you all later.

RUTH Have a nice time.

GEORGE Thanks. Good night. (Half out the door, he reopens it. To WALTER) Good night, Prometheus! (BENEATHA and GEORGE exit)

WALTER (To RUTH) Who is Prometheus?

RUTH I don't know. Don't worry about it.

WALTER (In fury, pointing after GEORGE) See there—they get to a point where they can't insult you man to man— they got to go talk about something ain't nobody never heard of!

RUTH How do you know it was an insult? (To humor him) Maybe Prometheus is a nice fellow.

WALTER Prometheus! I bet there ain't even no such thing! I bet that simple-minded clown—

RUTH Walter— (She stops what she is doing and looks at him) WALTER (Yelling) Don't start! RUTH Start what?

WALTER Your nagging! Where was I? Who was I with? How much money did I spend?

RUTH (Plaintively) Walter Lee—why don't we just try to talk about it …

WALTER (Not listening) I been out talking with people who understand me. People who care about the things I got on my mind.

RUTH (Wearily) I guess that means people like Willy Harris.

WALTER Yes, people like Willy Harris.

RUTH (With a sudden flash of impatience) Why don't you all just hurry up and go into the banking business and stop talking about it!

**GROUP 4 (4 members) – ACT II SCENE ONE (part II)**

**LORRAINE HANSBERRY: A Raisin in the Sun (play),**
**To Mama: In gratitude for the dream**

"What happens to a dream deferred? Does it dry up Like a raisin in the sun? 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?" LANGSTON HUGHES

Cast (in order of appearance):
RUTH YOUNGER (a wife/mom)
TRAVIS YOUNGER (a son/grandson)
WALTER LEE YOUNGER (BROTHER)
BENEATHA YOUNGER/ Bennie (SISTER)
LENA YOUNGER (a grand MAMA)
JOSEPH ASAGAI (a teacher, Nigerian)
GEORGE MURCHISON
KARL LINDNER
BOBO

The action of the play is **set in Chicago's Southside**, sometime between WW II and 1959.

**Act I Scene One**: Friday morning. (**FILM** watching) **Scene Two**: The following morning.
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**Act III** An hour later.

WALTER Your nagging! Where was I? Who was I with? How much money did I spend?
RUTH (Plaintively) Walter Lee—why don't we just try to talk about it …
WALTER (Not listening) I been out talking with people who understand me. People who care about the things I got on my mind.
RUTH (Wearily) I guess that means people like Willy Harris.
WALTER Yes, people like Willy Harris.
RUTH (With a sudden flash of impatience) Why don't you all just hurry up and go into the banking business and stop talking about it!
WALTER Why? You want to know why? 'Cause we all tied up in a race of people that don't know how to do nothing but moan, pray and have babies! (The line is too bitter even for him and he looks at her and sits down)
RUTH Oh, Walter … (Softly) Honey, why can't you stop fighting me?
WALTER (Without thinking) Who's fighting you? Who even cares about you? (This line begins the retardation of his mood)
RUTH Well—(She waits a long time, and then with resignation starts to put away her things) I guess I might as well go on to bed … (More or less to herself) I don't know where we lost it … but we have … (Then, to him) I —I'm sorry about this new baby, Walter. I guess maybe I better go on and do what I started … I guess I just didn't realize how bad things was with us … I guess I just didn't really realize—(She starts out to the bedroom and stops) You want some hot milk?
WALTER Hot milk?
RUTH Yes—hot milk.
WALTER Why hot milk?
RUTH 'Cause after all that liquor you come home with you ought to have something hot in your stomach.
WALTER I don't want no milk.
RUTH You want some coffee then?
WALTER No, I don't want no coffee. I don't want nothing hot to drink. (Almost plaintively) Why you always trying to give me something to eat?

RUTH (Standing and looking at him helplessly) What else can I give you, Walter Lee Younger? (She stands and looks at him and presently turns to go out again. He lifts his head and watches her going away from him in a newmood which began to emerge when he asked her “Who cares about you?”)

WALTER It’s been rough, ain’t it, baby? (She hears and stops but does not turn around and he continues to her back) I guess between two people there ain’t never as much understood as folks generally thinks there is. I mean like between me and you—(She turns to face him) How we gets to the place where we scared to talk softness to each other. (He waits, thinking hard himself) Why you think it got to be like that? (He is thoughtful, almost as a child would be) Ruth, what is it gets into people ought to be close?

RUTH I don’t know, honey. I think about it a lot.

WALTER On account of you and me, you mean? The way things are with us. The way something done come down between us.

RUTH There ain’t so much between us, Walter … Not when you come to me and try to talk to me. Try to be with me … a little even.

WALTER (Total honesty) Sometimes … sometimes … I don’t even know how to try.

RUTH Walter—

WALTER Yes?

RUTH (Coming to him, gently and with misgiving, but coming to him) Honey … life don’t have to be like this. I mean sometimes people can do things so that things are better … You remember how we used to talk when Travis was born … about the way we were going to live … the kind of house … (She is stroking his head) Well, it’s all starting to slip away from us … (He turns her to him and they look at each other and kiss, tenderly and hungrily. The door opens and MAMA enters— WALTER breaks away and jumps up. A beat)

WALTER Mama, where have you been?

MAMA My—them steps is longer than they used to be. Whew! (She sits down and ignores him) How you feeling this evening, Ruth? (RUTH shrugs, disturbed at having been interrupted and watching her husband knowingly)

WALTER Mama, where have you been all day?

MAMA (Still ignoring him and leaning on the table and changing to more comfortable shoes) Where’s Travis?

RUTH I let him go out earlier and he ain’t come back yet. Boy, is he going to get it!

WALTER Mama!

MAMA (As if she has heard him for the first time) Yes, son?

WALTER Where did you go this afternoon?

MAMA I went downtown to tend to some business that I had to tend to.

WALTER What kind of business?

MAMA You know better than to question me like a child, Brother.

WALTER (Rising and bending over the table) Where were you, Mama? (Bringing his fists down and shouting) Mama, you didn’t go do something with that insurance money, something crazy? (The front door opens slowly, interrupting him, and TRAVIS peeks his head in, less than hopefully)

TRAVIS (To his mother) Mama, I—

RUTH “Mama I” nothing! You’re going to get it, boy! Get on in that bedroom and get yourself ready!

TRAVIS But I—

MAMA Why don’t you all never let the child explain hisself.

RUTH Keep out of it now, Lena. (MAMA clamps her lips together, and RUTH advances toward her son menacingly)

RUTH A thousand times I have told you not to go off like that — MAMA (Holding out her arms to her grandson) Well—at least let me tell him something. I want him to be the first

one to hear … Come here, Travis. (The boy obeys, gladly) Travis—(She takes him by the shoulder and looks into his face)—you know that money we got in the mail this morning?
TRAVIS Yes'm—
MAMA Well—what you think your grandmama gone and done with that money?
TRAVIS I don't know, Grandmama.
MAMA (Putting her finger on his nose for emphasis) She went out and she bought you a house! (The explosion comes from
WALTER at the end of the revelation and he jumps up and turns away from all of them in a fury.
MAMA continues, to TRAVIS) You glad about the house? It's going to be yours when you get to be a man.
TRAVIS Yeah—I always wanted to live in a house.
MAMA All right, gimme some sugar then—(TRAVIS puts his arms around her neck as she watches her son over the boy's shoulder. Then, to TRAVIS, after the embrace) Now when you say your prayers tonight, you thank God and your grandfather—'cause it was him who give you the house—in his way.
RUTH (Taking the boy from MAMA and pushing him toward the bedroom) Now you get out of here and get ready for your beating.
TRAVIS Aw, Mama—
RUTH Get on in there—(Closing the door behind him and turning radiantly to her mother-in-law) So you went and did it! MAMA (Quietly, looking at her son with pain) Yes, I did.
RUTH (Raising both arms classically) PRAISE GOD! (Looks at WALTER a moment, who says nothing. She crosses rapidly to her husband) Please, honey—let me be glad … you be glad too. (She has laid her hands on his shoulders, but he shakes himself free of her roughly, without turning to face her) Oh Walter … a home … a home. (She comes back to MAMA) Well— where is it? How big is it? How much it going to cost?
MAMA Well—
RUTH When we moving?
MAMA (Smiling at her) First of the month.
RUTH (Throwing back her head with jubilance) Praise God!
MAMA (Tentatively, still looking at her son's back turned against her and RUTH) It's—it's a nice house too … (She cannot help speaking directly to him. An imploring quality in her voice, her manner, makes her almost like a girl now) Three bedrooms—nice big one for you and Ruth.… Me and Beneatha still have to share our room, but Travis have one of his own—and (With difficulty) I figure if the—new baby—is a boy, we could get one of them double-decker outfits … And there's a yard with a little patch of dirt where I could maybe get to grow me a few flowers … And a nice big basement …
RUTH Walter honey, be glad—
MAMA (Still to his back, fingering things on the table) 'Course I don't want to make it sound fancier than it is … It's just a plain little old house—but it's made good and solid—and it will be ours. Walter Lee—it makes a difference in a man when he can walk on floors that belong to him …
RUTH Where is it?
MAMA (Frightened at this telling) Well—well—it's out there in Clybourne Park— (RUTH'S radiance fades abruptly, and WALTER finally turns slowly to face his mother with incredulity and hostility)
RUTH Where?
MAMA (Matter-of-factly) Four o six Clybourne Street, Clybourne Park.
RUTH Clybourne Park? Mama, there ain't no colored people living in Clybourne Park.
MAMA (Almost idiotically) Well, I guess there's going to be some now.
WALTER (Bitterly) So that's the peace and comfort you went out and bought for us today!
MAMA (Raising her eyes to meet his finally) Son—I just tried to find the nicest place for the least amount of money for my family.

RUTH (Trying to recover from the shock) Well—well —'course I ain't one never been 'fraid of no crackers, mind you—but—well, wasn't there no other houses nowhere?
MAMA Them houses they put up for colored in them areas way out all seem to cost twice as much as other houses. I did the best I could.
RUTH (Struck senseless with the news, in its various degrees of goodness and trouble, she sits a moment, her fists propping her chin in thought, and then she starts to rise, bringing her fists down with vigor, the radiance spreading from cheek to cheek again) Well— well!—All I can say is—if this is my time in life—MY TIME —to say good-bye—(And she builds with momentum as she starts to circle the room with an exuberant, almost tearfully happy release)—to these goddamned cracking walls!—(She pounds the walls)—and these marching roaches!—(She wipes at an imaginary army of marching roaches)—and this cramped little closet which ain't now or never was no kitchen! … then I say it loud and good, HALLELUJAH! AND GOOD-BYE MISERY … I DONT NEVER WANT TO SEE YOUR UGLY FACE AGAIN! (She laughs joyously, having practically destroyed the apartment, and flings her arms up and lets them come down happily, slowly, reflectively, over her abdomen, aware for the first time perhaps that the life therein pulses with happiness and not despair) Lena?
MAMA (Moved, watching her happiness) Yes, honey?
RUTH (Looking off) Is there—is there a whole lot of sunlight?
MAMA (Understanding) Yes, child, there's a whole lot of sunlight. (Long pause)
RUTH (Collecting herself and going to the door of the room
TRAVIS is in) Well—I guess I better see 'bout Travis. (To MAMA) Lord, I sure don't feel like whipping nobody today! (She exits)
MAMA (The mother and son are left alone now and the mother waits a long time, considering deeply, before she speaks) Son—you—you understand what I done, don't you? (WALTER is silent and sullen) I—I just seen my family falling apart today … just falling to pieces in front of my eyes … We couldn't of gone on like we was today. We was going backwards 'stead of forwards—talking 'bout killing babies and wishing each other was dead … When it gets like that in life—you just got to do something different, push on out and do something bigger … (She waits) I wish you say something, son … I wish you'd say how deep inside you you think I done the right thing—
WALTER (Crossing slowly to his bedroom door and finally turning there and speaking measuredly) What you need me to say you done right for? You the head of this family. You run our lives like you want to. It was your money and you did what you wanted with it. So what you need for me to say it was all right for? (Bitterly, to hurt her as deeply as he knows is possible) So you butchered up a dream of mine—you—who always talking 'bout your children's dreams…
MAMA Walter Lee— (He just closes the door behind him. MAMA sits alone, thinking heavily) Curtain

*Što se događa s odgođenim snom?*
*Zasuši li se*
*kao grožđica na suncu?*
*Ili zagnoji poput rane —*
*pa procuri?*
*Zaudara li poput pokvarenog mesa*
*ili se zapeče i zasladi —*
*kao gust sirupasti slatkiš?*
*Možda samo klone*
*kao težak teret.*
*Ili — eksplodira?*

**GROUP 5 (3 members) – ACT II SCENE TWO (part I)**

**LORRAINE HANSBERRY: A Raisin in the Sun (play),**
**To Mama: In gratitude for the dream**

"What happens to a dream deferred? Does it dry up Like a raisin in the sun? 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?" LANGSTON HUGHES

Cast (in order of appearance):
RUTH YOUNGER (a wife/mom)
TRAVIS YOUNGER (a son/grandson)
WALTER LEE YOUNGER (BROTHER)
BENEATHA YOUNGER/ Bennie (SISTER)
LENA YOUNGER (a grand MAMA)
JOSEPH ASAGAI (a teacher, Nigerian)
GEORGE MURCHISON
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BOBO

The action of the play is **set in Chicago's Southside**, sometime between WW II and 1959.

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**Act III** An hour later.

Time: Friday night. A fewweeks later. At rise: Packing crates mark the intention of the family to move.
BENEATHA and GEORGE come in, presumably from an evening out again.
GEORGE O.K. … O.K., whatever you say … (They both sit on the couch. He tries to kiss her. She moves away) Look, we've had a nice evening; let's not spoil it, huh? … (He again turns her head and tries to nuzzle in and she turns away from him, not with distaste but with momentary lack of interest; in a mood to pursue what they were talking about)
BENEATHA I'm trying to talk to you.
GEORGE We always talk.
BENEATHA Yes—and I love to talk.
GEORGE (Exasperated; rising) I know it and I don't mind it sometimes … I want you to cut it out, see—The moody stuff, I mean. 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. Drop the Garbo routine. It doesn't go with you. As for myself, Iwant a nice—(Groping)—simple (Thoughtfully)— sophisticated girl … not a poet—O.K.? (He starts to kiss her, she rebuffs him again and he jumps up)
BENEATHA Why are you angry, George?
GEORGE Because this is stupid! I don't go out with you to discuss the nature of "quiet desperation" or to hear all about your thoughts—because the world will go on y g g thinking what it thinks regardless—
BENEATHA Then why read books? Why go to school?
GEORGE (With artificial patience, counting on his fingers) 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. (A long pause)
BENEATHA I see. (He starts to sit) Good night, George. (GEORGE looks at her a little oddly, and starts to exit. He meets MAMA coming in)
GEORGE Oh—hello, Mrs. Younger.
MAMA Hello, George, how you feeling?
GEORGE Fine—fine, how are you?

MAMA Oh, a little tired. You know them steps can get you after a day's work. You all have a nice time tonight?

GEORGE Yes—a fine time. A fine time.

MAMA Well, good night.

GEORGE Good night. (He exits.

MAMA closes the door behind her) Hello, honey. What you sitting like that for?

BENEATHA I'm just sitting.

MAMA Didn't you have a nice time?

BENEATHA No. MAMA No? What's the matter?

BENEATHA Mama, George is a fool—honest. (She rises)

MAMA (Hustling around unloading the packages she has entered with. She stops) Is he, baby?

BENEATHA Yes. (BENEATHA makes up TRAVIS' bed as she talks)

MAMA You sure?

BENEATHA Yes.

MAMA Well—I guess you better not waste your time with no fools. (BENEATHA looks up at her mother, watching her put groceries in the refrigerator. Finally she gathers up her things and starts into the bedroom. At the door she stops and looks back at her mother)

BENEATHA Mama—

MAMA Yes, baby—

BENEATHA Thank you.

MAMA For what?

BENEATHA For understanding me this time. (She exits quickly and the mother stands, smiling a little, looking at the place where BENEATHA just stood. RUTH enters)

RUTH Now don't you fool with any of this stuff, Lena—

MAMA Oh, I just thought I'd sort a few things out. Is Brother here?

RUTH Yes.

MAMA (With concern) Is he—

RUTH (Reading her eyes) Yes. (MAMA is silent and someone knocks on the door. MAMA and RUTH exchange weary and knowing glances and RUTH opens it to admit the neighbor, MRS. JOHNSON, *who is a rather squeaky wide-eyed lady of no particular age, with a newspaper under her arm)

MAMA (Changing her expression to acute delight and a ringing cheerful greeting) Oh—hello there, Johnson.

JOHNSON (This is a woman who decided long ago to be enthusiastic about EVERYTHING in life and she is inclined to wave her wrist vigorously at the height of her exclamatory comments) Hello there, yourself! H'you this evening, Ruth?

RUTH (Not much of a deceptive type) Fine, Mis' Johnson, h'you?

JOHNSON Fine. (Reaching out quickly, playfully, and patting RUTH'S stomach) Ain't you starting to poke out none yet! (She mugs with delight at the overfamiliar remark and her eyes dart around looking at the crates and packing preparation; MAMA'S face is a cold sheet of endurance) Oh, ain't we getting ready 'round here, though! Yessir! Lookathere! I'm telling you the Youngers is really getting ready to "move on up a little higher!"— Bless God!

MAMA (A little drily, doubting the total sincerity of the Blesser) Bless God.

JOHNSON He's good, ain't He?

MAMA Oh yes, He's good.

JOHNSON I mean sometimes He works in mysterious ways … but He works, don't He!

MAMA (The same) Yes, he does.

JOHNSON I'm just soooooo happy for y'all. And this here child—(About RUTH) looks like she could just pop open with happiness, don't she. Where's all the rest of the family?

MAMA Bennie's gone to bed—

JOHNSON Ain't no … (The implication is pregnancy) sickness done hit you—I hope … ?

MAMA No—she just tired. She was out this evening.

JOHNSON (All is a coo, an emphatic coo) Aw—ain't that lovely. She still going out with the little Murchison boy?

MAMA (Drily) Ummmm huh.

JOHNSON That's lovely. You sure got lovely children, Younger. Me and Isaiah talks all the time 'bout what fine children you was blessed with. We sure do.

MAMA Ruth, give Mis' Johnson a piece of sweet potato pie and some milk.

JOHNSON Oh honey, I can't stay hardly a minute—I just dropped in to see if there was anything I could do. (Accepting the food easily) I guess y'all seen the news what's all over the colored paper this week …

MAMA No—didn't get mine yet this week.

JOHNSON (Lifting her head and blinking with the spirit of catastrophe) You mean you ain't read 'bout them colored people that was bombed out their place out there? (RUTH straightens with concern and takes the paper and reads it. JOHNSON notices her and feeds commentary)

JOHNSON Ain't it something how bad these here white folks is getting here in Chicago! Lord, getting so you think you right down in Mississippi! (With a tremendous and rather insincere sense of melodrama) 'Course I thinks it's wonderful how our folks keeps on pushing out. You hear some of these Negroes 'round here talking 'bout how they don't go where they ain't wanted and all that—but not me, honey! (This is a lie) Wilhemenia Othella Johnson goes anywhere, any time she feels like it! (With head movement for emphasis) Yes I do! Why if we left it up to these here crackers, the poor niggers wouldn't have nothing—(She clasps her hand over her mouth) Oh, I always forgets you don't 'low that word in your house.

MAMA (Quietly, looking at her) No—I don't 'low it.

JOHNSON (Vigorously again) Me neither! I was just telling Isaiah yesterday when he come using it in front of me—I said, "Isaiah, it's just like Mis' Younger says all the time —"

MAMA Don't you want some more pie?

JOHNSON No—no thank you; this was lovely. I got to get on over home and have my midnight coffee. I hear some people say it don't let them sleep but I finds I can't close my eyes right lessen I done had that laaaast cup of coffee … (She waits. A beat. Undaunted) My Goodnight coffee, I calls it!

MAMA (With much eye-rolling and communication between herself and RUTH) Ruth, why don't you give Mis' Johnson some coffee. (RUTH gives MAMA an unpleasant look for her kindness)

JOHNSON (Accepting the coffee) Where's Brother tonight?

MAMA He's lying down.

JOHNSON Mmmmmm, he sure gets his beauty rest, don't he? Good-looking man. Sure is a good-looking man! (Reaching out to pat RUTH'S stomach again) I guess that's how come we keep on having babies around here. (She winks at MAMA) One thing 'bout Brother, he always know how to have a good time. And soooooo ambitious! I bet it was his idea y'all moving out to Clybourne Park. Lord—I bet this time next month y'all's names will have been in the papers plenty—(Holding up her hands to mark off each word of the headline she can see in front of her) "NEGROES INVADE CLYBOURNE PARK— BOMBED!"

MAMA (She and RUTH look at the woman in amazement) We ain't exactly moving out there to get bombed.

JOHNSON Oh, honey—you know I'm praying to God every day that don't nothing like that happen! But you have to think of life like it is—and these here Chicago peckerwoods is some baaaad peckerwoods.

MAMA (Wearily) We done thought about all that Mis' Johnson.

**GROUP 6 (3 members) – ACT II SCENE TWO (part II)**

**LORRAINE HANSBERRY: A Raisin in the Sun (play),**
**To Mama: In gratitude for the dream**

Cast (in order of appearance):
RUTH YOUNGER (a wife/mom); TRAVIS YOUNGER (a son/grandson)
WALTER LEE YOUNGER (BROTHER); BENEATHA YOUNGER/ Bennie (SISTER)
LENA YOUNGER (a grand MAMA)
JOSEPH ASAGAI (a teacher, Nigerian); GEORGE MURCHISON…

(BENEATHA comes out of the bedroom in her robe and passes through to the bathroom. MRS. JOHNSON turns) JOHNSON Hello there, Bennie!
BENEATHA (Crisply) Hello, Mrs. Johnson.
JOHNSON How is school?
BENEATHA (Crisply) Fine, thank you. (She goes out.)
JOHNSON (Insulted) Getting so she don't have much to say to nobody.
MAMA The child was on her way to the bathroom.
JOHNSON I know—but sometimes she act like ain't got time to pass the time of day with nobody ain't been to college. Oh—I ain't criticizing her none. It's just—you know how some of our young people gets when they get a little education. (MAMA and RUTH say nothing, just look at her) Yes—well. Well, I guess I better get on home. (Unmoving) 'Course I can understand how she must be proud and everything—being the only one in the family to make something of herself. I know just being a chauffeur ain't never satisfied Brother none. He shouldn't feel like that, though. Ain't nothing wrong with being a chauffeur.
MAMA There's plenty wrong with it.
JOHNSON What?
MAMA Plenty. My husband always said being any kind of a servant wasn't a fit thing for a man to have to be. He always said a man's hands was made to make things, or to turn the earth with—not to drive nobody's car for 'em— or—(She looks at her own hands) carry they slop jars. And my boy is just like him—he wasn't meant to wait on nobody.
JOHNSON (Rising, somewhat offended) Mmmmmmmmm. The Youngers is too much for me! (She looks around) You sure one proud-acting bunch of colored folks. Well—I always thinks like Booker T. Washington said that time —"Education has spoiled many a good plow hand"—
MAMA Is that what old Booker T. said?
JOHNSON He sure did.
MAMA Well, it sounds just like him. The fool.
JOHNSON (Indignantly) Well—he was one of our great men.
MAMA Who said so?
JOHNSON (Nonplussed) You know, me and you ain't never agreed about some things, Lena Younger. I guess I better be going—
RUTH (Quickly) Good night.
JOHNSON Good night. Oh—(Thrusting it at her) You can keep the paper! (With a trill) 'Night.
MAMA Good night, Mis' Johnson. (MRS. JOHNSON exits)
RUTH If ignorance was gold …
MAMA Shush. Don't talk about folks behind their backs.
RUTH You do.
MAMA I'm old and corrupted. (BENEATHA enters) You was rude to Mis' Johnson, Beneatha, and I don't like it at all.
BENEATHA (At her door) Mama, if there are two things we, as a people, have got to overcome, one is the Ku Klux Klan—and the other is Mrs. Johnson. (She exits)

MAMA Smart aleck. (The phone rings)
RUTH I'll get it.
MAMA Lord, ain't this a popular place tonight.
RUTH (At the phone) Hello—Just a minute. (Goes to door) Walter, it's Mrs. Arnold. (Waits. Goes back to the phone. Tense) Hello. Yes, this is his wife speaking … He's lying down now. Yes … well, he'll be in tomorrow. He's been very sick. Yes—I know we should have called, but we were so sure he'd be able to come in today. Yes—yes, I'm very sorry. Yes … Thank you very much. (She hangs up. WALTER is standing in the doorway of the bedroom behind her) That was Mrs. Arnold.
WALTER (Indifferently) Was it?
RUTH She said if you don't come in tomorrow that they are getting a new man …
WALTER Ain't that sad—ain't that crying sad.
RUTH She said Mr. Arnold has had to take a cab for three days … Walter, you ain't been to work for three days! (This is a revelation to her) Where you been, Walter Lee Younger? (WALTER looks at her and starts to laugh) You're going to lose your job.
WALTER That's right … (He turns on the radio)
RUTH Oh, Walter, and with your mother working like a dog every day— (A steamy, deep blues pours into the room)
WALTER That's sad too— Everything is sad.
MAMA What you been doing for these three days, son?
WALTER Mama—you don't know all the things a man what got leisure can find to do in this city … What's this— Friday night? Well—Wednesday I borrowed Willy Harris' car and I went for a drive … just me and myself and I drove and drove … Way out … way past South Chicago, and I parked the car and I sat and looked at the steel mills all day long. I just sat in the car and looked at them big black chimneys for hours. Then I drove back and I went to the Green Hat. (Pause) And Thursday—Thursday I borrowed the car again and I got in it and I pointed it the other way and I drove the other way—for hours—way, way up to Wisconsin, and I looked at the farms. I just drove and looked at the farms. Then I drove back and I went to the Green Hat. (Pause) And today—today I didn't get the car. Today I just walked. All over the Southside. And I looked at the Negroes and they looked at me and finally I just sat down on the curb at Thirty-ninth and South Parkway and I just sat there and watched the Negroes go by. And then I went to the Green Hat. You all sad? You all depressed? And you know where I am going right now— (RUTH goes out quietly)
MAMA Oh, Big Walter, is this the harvest of our days?
WALTER You know what I like about the Green Hat? I like this little cat they got there who blows a sax … He blows. He talks to me. He ain't but 'bout five feet tall and he's got a conked head and his eyes is always closed and he's all music—
MAMA (Rising and getting some papers out of her handbag) Walter—
WALTER And there's this other guy who plays the piano … and they got a sound. I mean they can work on some music … They got the best little combo in the world in the Green Hat … You can just sit there and drink and listen to them three men play and you realize that don't nothing matter worth a damn, but just being there—
MAMA I've helped do it to you, haven't I, son? Walter I been wrong.
WALTER Naw—you ain't never been wrong about nothing, Mama.
MAMA Listen to me, now. I say I been wrong, son. That I been doing to you what the rest of the world been doing to you. (She turns off the radio) Walter She stops and he looks up slowly at her and she meets his eyes pleadingly) What you ain't never understood is that I ain't got nothing, don't own nothing, ain't never really wanted nothing that wasn't for you. There ain't nothing as precious to me … There ain't nothing worth holding on to, money, dreams, nothing else - if it means - if it means it's going to destroy my boy. (She takes an envelope out of her handbag and puts it in front of him and he watches her without speaking or moving) I paid the man thirty-five hundred dollars down on the house. That leaves sixty-five hundred dollars. Monday morning I want you to take this money and take

three thousand dollars and put it in a savings account for Beneatha's medical schooling. The rest you put in a checking account - with your name on it. And from now on any penny that come out of it or that go in it is for you to look after. For you to decide. (She drops her hands a little helplessly) It ain't much, but it's all I got in the world and I'm putting it in your hands. I'm telling you to be the head of this family from now on like you supposed to be.

WALTER (Stares at the money) You trust me like that, Mama?

MAMA I ain't never stop trusting you. Like I ain't never stop loving you. (She goes out, and WALTER sits looking at the money on the table. Finally, in a decisive gesture, he gets up, and, in mingled joy and desperation, picks up the money. At the same moment, TRAVIS enters for bed)

TRAVIS What's the matter, Daddy? You drunk?

WALTER (Sweetly, more sweetly than we have ever known him) No, Daddy ain't drunk. Daddy ain't going to never be drunk again.…

TRAVIS Well, good night, Daddy. (The FATHER has come from behind the couch and leans over, embracing his son)

WALTER Son, I feel like talking to you tonight.

TRAVIS About what?

WALTER Oh, about a lot of things. About you and what kind of man you going to be when you grow up. … Son—son, what do you want to be when you grow up?

TRAVIS A bus driver.

WALTER (Laughing a little) A what? Man, that ain't nothing to want to be!

TRAVIS Why not?

WALTER 'Cause, man—it ain't big enough—you know what I mean.

TRAVIS I don't know then. I can't make up my mind. Sometimes Mama asks me that too. And sometimes when I tell her I just want to be like you—she says she don't want me to be like that and sometimes she says she does.…

WALTER (Gathering him up in his arms) You know what, Travis? In seven years you going to be seventeen years old. And things is going to be very different with us in seven years, Travis. … One day when you are seventeen I'll come home—home from my office downtown somewhere—

TRAVIS You don't work in no office, Daddy.

WALTER No—but after tonight. After what your daddy gonna do tonight, there's going to be offices—a whole lot of offices.…

TRAVIS What you gonna do tonight, Daddy?

WALTER 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 years old 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— (The more he talks the farther away he gets) And I'll pull the car up on 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 house and the gardener will be clipping away at the hedges and he'll say, "Good evening, Mr. Younger." And I'll say, "Hello, Jefferson, how are you this evening?" And I'll go inside and Ruth will come downstairs and meet me at the door and we'll kiss each other and she'll take my arm and we'll go up to your room to see you sitting on the floor with the catalogues of all the great schools in America around you. … All the great schools in the world! And—and I'll say, all right 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 holds his arms open for TRAVIS) YOU just name it, son … (TRAVIS leaps into them) and I hand you the world! (WALTER'S voice has risen in pitch and hysterical promise and on the last line he lifts TRAVIS high) Blackout