Generated Scene

Based on the provided source material, I'll create a new scene between HARMOND and OLDJOE that maintains their established personalities and relationship while exploring new dramatic territory.

Title: "Legacy and Light"

Setting: Harmond's office, late afternoon. The sun is setting through the windows, casting long shadows. A half-empty coffee cup sits on Harmond's desk next to some blueprints.

[OLDJOE enters slowly, carrying a small paper bag]

OLDJOE: (p6, header) My dog died.

HARMOND: (p6, header) I'm sorry to hear that.

OLDJOE: (p6, header) Cost me three hundred dollars to bury her. Three hundred dollars for a dog! Used to be you could bury anybody for three hundred dollars. Don't care if he was the doctor or the president. Three hundred dollars would put anybody in the ground. They told me to call the dog pound. Say they would take her away for free. I figure she done served two masters she deserve a decent funeral.

HARMOND: (p2, left) Look close. See the embossing on those marks. It's all hand tooled. That's the only way to get pattern detail like that. That tin ceiling's worth something.

OLDJOE: (p6, left) I can't find any. They told me to go to the Mission. I went out there and the missionaries were drilling holes in cups. If you broke one of their rules they'd drill a hole in your cup so the coffee run out the bottom. They had a couple men standing around trying to plug up that hole with their finger. I say, "I'm in the wrong place." You don't mind if I sit do you?

HARMOND: (p6, left) No, go ahead. What can I do for you?

[OLDJOE sits heavily, places the paper bag on his lap]

OLDJOE: (p6, right) They ain't gonna let no black man be the mayor. Got too many keys. The mayor got more keys than the janitor. They ain't gonna let you have that many keys.

HARMOND: (p7, left) If it don't take all the quarters you fix it. Anybody with common sense will agree to that. What they don't agree with is how to fix it. Some people say you got to tear it down to fix it. Some people say you got to build it up to fix it. Some people say they don't know how to fix it. Some people say they don't want to be bothered with fixing it. You mix them all in a pot and stir it up and you got America. That's what makes this country great.

[OLDJOE opens the paper bag and pulls out an old, tarnished key]

OLDJOE: (p17, right) That's what I told myself... the taxes come first. Only thing I don't know if I'm gonna live long enough to pay them off. I can't pay but a hundred dollars a month. So maybe I better get a new roof first so it don't rain on me while I pay the taxes.

HARMOND: (p18, right) I thought your mother's name was Ester Tyler.

OLDJOE: (p18, right) It was. But that wasn't her birth name. She didn't tell nobody what that was. Now that she's dead I guess it don't matter. When you dead you done. Her birth name was Black Mary.

[A moment of recognition passes between them]

HARMOND: (p18, right) My grandfather had a sister named Black Mary. I thought she died before I was born.

OLDJOE: (p7, left) If you do win mayor they gonna change the rules and only give you half the keys. You know that don't you?

[HARMOND stands, walks to the window]

HARMOND: (p20, left) I've been following plans my whole goddamn life. When I first got out of school my father set Wilks Realty out before me. All I had to do was follow the plan.

OLDJOE: (p7, left) They trying to tear down my house.

HARMOND: (p22, left) This is chaos! The law doesn't mean anything unless it's beneficial to them. Then it's all about the law. Right and wrong don't matter.

[OLDJOE places the key on Harmond's desk]

OLDJOE: (p18, right) Maybe they used to own the house.

HARMOND: (p18, right) No. We