

MAYNARD SIDES - UNDERGROUND

Writer's Note - One of my goals when creating this story in 2010 was to portray our ancestors with as much dignity as possible in these tragic circumstances. Presenting them as smart, even though they may not have had formal education.

Though written in verse. The rhymes in the dialogue are not meant to be accented or emphasized. Rather spoken like prose.

MAYNARD (45), White, the sloven second plantation owner and pedifile.

JACOB (48), White, the strong-willed and inflexible master of the plantation.

(Jacob knocks on Maynard's door. Jacob's mob stays back. MARGARET, Maynard's sister and only slightly more put together than Maynard, answers the door.)

MARGARET

Hello sir and welcome! Welcome to our home.
You're a little early for our celebrations.
4th of july is here,
but we have yet to serve the libations.

JACOB

Thank you. No need to worry.
I'll soon be out your hair.
My name is jacob and I came here in a hurry.

Allow me to speak with Maynard. I have come from afar to confer with him about my escaped vermin. A father done run off with my woman... excuse me... a woman and a youngin.

(JACOB enters the living room. He sees MAYNARD sitting down with EMALA on his lap.)

MARGARET

Brother, this is-

JACOB

And there she is...

MAYNARD

Greetings Jacob! It is good to see you once more.
I had the opportunity to purchase this young doll, it was something I couldn't ignore.

JACOB

Maynard, she is my property.
Our transaction had no conclusion.

We discussed her price, had a gentleman's handshake, but
money had not switched palms.
Of that there is no illusion or delusion.

MAYNARD

No. I have acquired her. She is mine fair and square. Who
are you to think to take her from me-

JACOB

You dare?!?!
And why do you have her dressed so?
She is a field slave,
She should be working with a hoe.

MAYNARD

I've been to your plantation, seen your weak ways.
You dont even use castration to discipline your slaves!
You've broken no spirits,
so worry not about her station.
She is mine to do with as i please.
If it is a bother to you,
feel free to take your leave.

JACOB

I have taught many a negro to behave.
But, only a sick man would court a girl as young as her.
Even if she is a slave.

And where are the others that came with her?
A girl and a man soon to be buried in his grave?

(MAYNARD pauses.)

MAYNARD

Hmph...
No. There is no one new here.
My other property has been here for...
over a year.

Jacob, your invitation is rescinded.
You are welcome no more.
This girl was purchased legally,
from this i shall not waver.
If you want her back,
come with the law and your papers.

JACOB

I will be back... Yes sir, I will...

(JACOB takes his leave.)

MAYNARD

Good riddance... Enough of this drudgery, its the 4th of
July! Sister, Break out the booze!

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*(This is the singing portion of the audition, you can
sing this song, or a spiritual of your own choosing.)*

SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT, COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME.
SWING LOW, SWEET CHARIOT, COMING FOR TO CARRY ME HOME.

OH, I LOOKED OVER JORDAN AND WHAT DID I SEE? COMING FOR TO
CARRY ME HOME.
A BAND OF ANGELS COMING AFTER ME. COMING FOR TO CARRY ME
HOME.

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