

JACOB 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.

JACOB (48), White, the strong-willed and inflexible master of the plantation. Husband of Virginia. JEM grabs SOLOMON, an elder field slave, and begins a brutal whipping. JACOB slowly walks up to the scene.)

JACOB

Hold.

Now this is an unfortunate turn of events. You're inferior, but try not to be to dense.

My generosity has been undervalued.
I'm of half a mind to cut your stew.
It should be enough that ya'll have shoes.
Think that over and let it brew...

Crop harvest has been too light.
I try to care for you, to treat you right.
But you continue to bring less than your allocation,
forcing me to apply these abrasions. From here on out, your
feet will blister to earn your keep.

(JACOB grabs the whip from JEM.)

This encouragement is not for sport.
We shall have no discourse.
And the rest of your bags will increase by 10 cents per
day.

His bags came up four cents short.
This boy needs discipline, of course.
And you will bring more crops right away!

(JACOB resumes slashing SOLOMON himself.)

BALI

He done had enough!

(JACOB cracks the whip. It strikes BALI
across the cheek.)

JACOB

What'd you just say boy?

(JACOB slaps him across the face. BALI sees his child watching.)

BALI

I ain't mean no harm... masta. I want him to be able to work, so he can handle his share. Talkin' back to you, is somethin' i would not dare.

(JACOB punches him in his stomach. BALI collapses and is kicked in his side.)

JACOB

These two aren't to eat!
I'll teach you how to be meek.
You act up again and i'll see your little girl sold away.

(JACOB spits in his face and exits.)

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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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