

HARRIET/SOLANA 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.

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SLAVE #4/HARRIET, Black - Alto, The Moses of her people. A general on a mission. An inspiring woman who feels the determination and rage of her people that she heralds to freedom. (Also plays SOLANA - The spirit of Emala's mother)

BALI (30), Black - Tenor/Baritone, a skilled enslaved blacksmith with piercing eyes and a sturdy physique, whose greatest asset and detriment is his strength of will. EMALA is his young 9-year old daughter.

*(BALI and EMALA find the gathering place in the woods.  
They see the woman and other slaves.)*

(LET MY PEOPLE GO - UNDERSCORE)

SLAVE #4

I see you found your girl.

BALI

And not a moment too soon.  
A man is after us,  
chasing us under this blood moon.

SLAVE #4

Wait, someone is after you?  
You led them here on our trail?  
Do you know what you've done?!?!  
This rescue will now fail!

BALI

Now listen, I've come too far,  
I've found my girl and we will steal away!

SLAVE #4

Not if it's gonna jeopardize the rest of us.  
I've never lost a man and I won't lose a group!  
This is not child's play.

EMALA

Missus... Please... This man he will show us no mercy.

*(a beat.)*

SLAVE #4

What's yo' name?

EMALA

Emala.

SLAVE #4

How many years you got youngin?

EMALA

I'ze seven ma'am.

(A beat.)

SLAVE #4

Well, let's make sure you get seventy more.

I grew up like a neglected weed,

ignorant of liberty,

having no experience of it.

I was not happy nor content.

I was born a slave.

but... I could not resign my right to life...

I could not silence the whisperings of self-respect

or the voice telling me of a place without strife.

I saw free-swimming fish,

the singing bird gracefully moving;

and the smallest insects possessing a power of freedom  
denied to me...

Surely, the lord can't be approving.

In growing anger I felt my strength...

and my longings for a better life.

every time I saw a white man,

I was afraid of being carried away.

BALI

Well carry us this day.

We shall call you Moses,

Just like in the good book.

Helping the Israelites,

Their freedom they took.

SLAVE #4

No, no not Moses.

That is a holy name and surely not mine.

You can call me Harriet Tubman

That shall do just fine.

("GO DOWN MOSES" UNDERSCORE)

HARRIET

Come now swiftly,

We must steal away to Pennsylvania and quickly!

We are behind schedule

and I've never run my train off the track.

Once we start down this road there is no looking back.

*(The gathering of slaves start their trek anew. It's dark out.)*

HARRIET

We all make it! Each and every one.  
Any of you even think about turning back  
and you'll meet the end of my gun!

If someone sees you, alert me at once.  
They'll meet my gun as well.  
All these damn slave owners deserve to rot in hell.

I'm glad that you all have freed your bodies  
as well as your minds.

I have freed a thousand slaves,  
I could have freed a thousand more from their binds.  
If only they knew that they were slaves.  
walking around o' so blind.

Now, Come on.

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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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