

10.

(Lights up on SARA, alone. She is dressed up better than we've ever seen her. She steps into a spotlight.)

SARA. I'm a runaway. Name is Sara. They told me that I ought to tell you something 'bout me and slavery to help you be a friend for emancipation. So here I is.

(A picture is mounted, the one from the beginning of the play. It is in both women's worlds.)

This here be my mama. I carries it with me for protection. She done nursed white babies all her life and died a slave. I'm barren as a forest with no trees, and thought it made a curse of me as a woman. But it made me free. Bondage begin and end with me.

When that plantation went up in flames that fateful night of insurrection, I wasn't nowhere near it. Shame what happen with Master Dan gettin' stuck in his bedroom while his home was burnin'. Shame Missy Sue was pushed in there too. This be a war. Ain't no war without bloodshed. But I s'pect the ones who put folk in bondage already know that.

(Lights up on SANDRA, alone in a separate world. The two women are parallel, and yet unaware of each other in these undefined spaces. SANDRA steps into the spotlight.)

~~SANDRA. It has come to my attention that there will be no disciplinary action taken because of the uncontrollable source. That a non-harassment disclosure will be introduced at the top of the semester, which I'm supposed to receive as a victory. This is what it means to be at this institution. To know deep in your core that there will never be justice for you here.~~

SARA. This what it means to be in a peculiar institution. Under its boot, everybody yo' enemy. Even ones say they your friends. Long as there's a plantation, ain't none of us free.

~~SANDRA. This image was used to humiliate me. But I stand before you to say that I'm not ashamed.~~

SARA. I stand here before you to tell you that I am no more chattel and bond. I'm barren, but all woman, whole and full body.

(She bares her breast to the audience.)

Not to be nursin' your chir'ren or layin' in your bed. Not to be suckled from or auctioned off. Only to be governed by my own damn self.

~~SANDRA. I am no more your tolerant negro.~~

SARA. I am no more your slave nigger.

SANDRA & SARA. And that's all I have to say today. Thank you for your/yo' time.

(For the first time, SARA and SANDRA look at each other. Across generations and centuries of womanhood.)

(Lights fade on the women, seeing each other. Fully. Deeply. Seeing. Each. Other.)

End of Play