

**Please choose this scene to prepare if you are in the age range of
20-30
Read the Role of Bailey**

MOMMA: Bailey, Junior. You know it's night and you just now getting home? BAILEY: Yes ma'am.

MOMMA: What you been doin'?

BAILEY: Nothing.

MOMMA: That's all you got tosay?

BAILEY: Yes, ma'am.

MOMMA: He was empty. Where was his alibi?

UNCLE WILLIE: What's the matter, Bailey Junior? (*Bailey walks into the house without saying a word.*)

YOUNG MAYA: His soul just crawled behind his heart and curled up and went to sleep. UNCLE WILLIE: Momma (*Shakes head*).

BAILEY: (*to Uncle Willie*) Why do white people hate us so much?

UNCLE WILLIE: They don't really hate us. They don't know us. How can they hate us? They mostly scared.

BAILEY: I saw a man, a colored man, He was dead. The man was dead and rotten. Not stinking but rotten. When I passed the jail, some men had just fished him out of the pond. He was wrapped in a sheet, all rolled up like a mummy. The man was on his back but a white man stuck his foot under the sheet and rolled him over on the stomach. (*to Young Maya*) My, he had no color at all. He was bloated like a ball. The colored men backed off and I did too, but the white man stood there, looking down, and grinned.

MOMMA: Did you recognize the man?

BAILEY: (*lost in his memory*) Then the white man said, 'O.K., you boys, stretch him out inside the jail and when the Sheriff comes along he'll notify his people. This here's one nigger nobody got to worry about no more. He ain't going nowhere else.'

MOMMA: (*exploding*) Who was it?! Who was the white man?

MAYA: Bailey couldn't let go of the horror. He was locked in the enigma that young Southern Black boys try to unravel, from seven years old to death.

BAILEY: Then they laughed. They all laughed like there was something funny. Why do white people hate us so much?

UNCLE WILLIE: I don't know. I don't know what this world is coming to.