

## Cross-Dressing in the Depression

Erin Cressida Wilson

Scene: Here and now  
Dramatic

Old Wilder: a nostalgic, sensual, ironic and melancholic old man

Here, Old Wilder shares a special memory of his mother.

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OLD WILDER: My mother had the most beautiful freckles dripping down her fingertips, streaming down her back, in a waterfall of human brown dots. Some red. Her hair was red, and as we took naps together (It was our favorite thing to do together.) I'd sleep on my stomach, and in my sleep I could feel her hand moving through the sheets, ripping freckles off the surface of her skin. The freckles would fly around her palm, falling like snowflakes onto my skin. She'd spread them across my back, spreading constellations and stars and universes all over me. A map to the moon. By the time I'd wake up, the bed would be full of freckles. We'd be submerged in them, dripping off the bed. Plunk. Plunk. Plunk. I'd hear them dripping in my sleep one by one onto the floor. I wake up with a start. I open the sheets and leave. I have grown up. I am covered in freckles. I've been in the sun for years now and I slept a few nights since then too . . .

## The Darker Face of the Earth

Rita Dove

Scene: A plantation in ante-bellum South Carolina  
Dramatic

Augustus: an educated slave, 20s

Augustus has lived an unusual life. He first belonged to a sea captain who treated him as his own son. During those years Augustus was able to travel the Atlantic and Caribbean, learning what he could along the way. He has since been purchased by a plantation in South Carolina where he tells his fellow slaves the story of the violent uprisings that gave birth to the Republic of Haiti.

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AUGUSTUS: When I was in Martinique, I heard tell of an event that changed the fate of our people. Did you know there are slaves who have set themselves free? Taken over the land they used to harvest for others? Shall I tell you how they drove out their white masters and forged their own nation, a nation other nations – white nations – respect?

[SCIPPIO: (Almost afraid to ask..) How?]

AUGUSTUS: Santo Domingo, San Domingue, Hispaniola – three names for an island rising like a fortress from the waters of the Caribbean. Mountains jut from the sea so steep, it seems at first there's no place to set a ship. But if you go through the Windward Passage and on around the northwest coast, you'll reach a place