

**GRANNY MAUMEE, THE
RIDER OF DREAMS, SIMON
THE CYRENIAN; PLAYS
FOR A NEGRO THEATER**

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Granny Maumee, The rider of dreams, Simon the Cyrenian; plays for a Negro theater by
Ridgely Torrence

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RIDGELY TORRENCE

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THE RIDER OF DREAMS
SIMON THE CYRENIAN

Granny Maume
The Rider of Dreams
Simon The Cyrenian

Plays for a Negro Theater

BY
RIDGELY TORRENCE

New York
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
1917

GRANNY MAUMEE

SCENE: *Living room in an old cabin with walls blackened by age. Red cotton curtains and red covers on the chairs and table. In left corner back, an open fire smoulders in a great rough fireplace. There is a door at back leading out of doors. There are also doors left and right. A bed at left covered with a white counterpane. The room is neat and there are many growing flowers about potted in rude wooden boxes. Toward the right is an iron flower stand consisting of a basin mounted on a tripod. This stand is filled with a mass of bright red geraniums. A large chest against the wall at right is covered with red. A table near centre bears candles. Beside the table in a high-backed chair sits GRANNY MAUMEE. She is seen to be blind. She is black and thin, with white hair and a face so seared by burns that it masks her great age. Her great granddaughter PEARL, a girl of nineteen, is moving briskly about the room straightening chairs and rearranging flowers.*

PEARL

Seem kinder funny fer me to be fixin' up for Sapphie. Seem like I'm wukin' for her by the day. Mebbe she will tek'n hiah me now she's married. Seem kinder odd to be hiahed by a blood sisteh.

GRANNY

Spread my fine-spun sheets on de baid.

PEARL

I got the nex' bes'.

GRANNY

Fol' um up an' git out de fines'.

PEARL

Hit weahs um out so to wash um, an' Sapphie an' that man of her'n aint used to such goodness. An' to muss um up des for one night!

GRANNY

Hit's de night er all nights. Hit's de boy babe wif 'em dat I wants de fineness fer.

PEARL

That's right, the baby. I keeps fohgittin' hit. I'll change'm. I'll git the linum sheets on an' then I'll lay the big covehled.

[She draws coverlid off, hauls box from under

the bed, and opening it takes out bed clothes and remakes the bed.]

You'n me'll have to lay in the broke baid this night. You won't git no rest.

GRANNY

No matteh, heah's a good baid fer de babe an' I'll soon git all my res'.

PEARL

I hope's Sapphie's husband aint too hefty, for the th'ee might break this heah'n same as the otheh'n is broke.

GRANNY

De husban' shain't sleep da nohow. You c'n lay him a bunk in de wash house.

PEARL

What! You aint goin' to leave him lay heah?

GRANNY

Dis baid my Sam bought fo' me. Onliest man kin eveh lay in hit shill be Sam's own blood. De babe an' his motheh'll lay heah dis night erlone.

PEARL

Well, the babe'll have plenty room and softness.

GRANNY

W'en my Sam wuz er babe we laid on cotton sack. We didn' have no baid, an' w'en he little shaveh he say, "Mammy, I goin' git you nice baid w'en I git er man." An' sho' nuff, w'en he grow up he took'n do hit, an' he mek pu'chus in de atteenoon an 'de baid come nex' day. But at midnight betwix' dee tuk'n bu'nt 'im.

PEARL

Now, Granny—

GRANNY

In de black dahk dee come on 'im, de bloody-handed mens, an' wheah dee cotch 'im dah dee bu'nt 'im, de right man settin' de wrong man afieh at de i'un hitchin' pos'.

PEARL

[*Going to her.*] Granny Maumee, don't leave yo'self go that away. Don't leave youah mine run on.

GRANNY

[*Rocking back and forth.*] My Sam, my man babe-um.

PEARL

Hit git you all wuk up an' wore out. You won't look good to company.