

Scene 4

(Lights up)

(Squire sitting stage left by cabin)

(Charlotte enters stage left. She is very mad.)

Charlotte

That new fella Cy, he is just mean.

Squire

What make you say that, Char? You ask him about his youngins?

Charlotte

His what? You say, hey, to that rascal an' he act like you done smack his mama. He a bad one.

Squire

Hol' on missy. Listen here. A while back, Massa Gooch had a horse named Warrior. Had a mean streak a mile wide. Problem with him; when he was young he treated bad by his owner.

'Cause he a big fella, they give him more work than he ready for, but inside he still a pup. He hurtin', but nobody care how he feel. An' when he don't do what they want, they cane him. (Strikes a barrel with a broom stick)

When Warrior git 'nough of they foolishness, he push back. They slap him wit' the whip, he take down they pen. They ready to put him down, but I know he not a bad horse, so I try 'n get massa Gooch take him off they han'.

Sho nuff he get him for little o' nothin', and I started workin' with him. (Squire laughs)

For a time, that rascal wouldn't let me get close. I go feed him, an' soon as he get a whiff o' me, them eyes get wide an' he go to stompin'.

Charlotte

So what you do?

Squire

E'ery day I stop by 'n leave him sumpin'; apple, carrot, molasses. Don't ask nothin' from him; just let him know I care.

Take mos' 'o that summer, but 'fo long he let me come to his stall. Then I git to go inside. Now, me 'n him pret' much eat and sleep together. He trus' me 'n I trus' him. He know he mean more to me than him pullin' a load.

Change' his name too; now he Charger.

(Squire gets up to leave.)

Gotta go girlie. Eatin' time, 'n massa Gooch don't be feedin' no stock.

Next time you see that fella Cy, no need getting' all huffed up. More'n likely, he missin' his folk back where he come from. Could be he jus' need a frien'.