



A Ten Minute Play  
By LeShawn Darnell Holcomb



This play is about life. It's about forgiving racism and moving into an inclusive world, as it was intended to be. Can a black man forgive his racist white brother-in-law, who wrote letters cursing his sisters' marriage? Or will they loose to racism. This play is about life.



DARYL: Black Man. 30

JAMIE: White Woman- DARYL'S wife. 29

KENNETH: JAMIE'S Brother. 34



(Mid conversation.)

JAMIE

We've talked about it. We said. No- You said that we can do this- That *us* making this step will only build *us* as a family. You sat there, with Jane, and said that you're ready for this. We can't back out now.

DARYL

Just his letter's been ringing in my head the last few days.

JAMIE

And Jane talked about that. She said that-

FUCK JANE!

DARYL

JAMIE

(Silent. Fearful. Hurt.)

Listen baby. I'm so sorry. I'm sorry.

DARYL

(He comforts her.)

Don't touch me.

JAMIE

I'm sorry.

DARYL

JAMIE

Jane saved us. When we were tip toeing around each other, Jane taught us how to walk.

I know.

DARYL

JAMIE

All we did was fight, Jane taught us to talk.

I know.

DARYL

JAMIE

No. If you had been doing the exercises. You wouldn't feel like this.

I've done those exercises.

DARYL

DARYL

Wish it happened to you. Wish my sister wrote those letters to you.

Leave it alone. She didn't.

JAMIE

It's just not fair.

DARYL

JAMIE

What's not fair? That you're pushing me into the middle of this childish feud. That you're making

me choose between you and my brother. What's not fair, Daryl?

DARYL

The thing that's not fair is-

(He gets the letters and dumps them on the bed.)

That you didn't let me bring any of these into session. That you expected me to forgive and move on without processing these.

JAMIE

Where were those? I threw them out.

DARYL

I found them.

JAMIE

Why? I thought we got rid of them.

DARYL

It's easy for you to throw them out. Get rid of them. Act like they never existed. But for me. When they were aimed at me. That takes a lifetime to forgive.



KEN (Speaking his letter to JAMIE)

Jamie. Guess what I had to hear from the streets? That some Nigger is calling my little sister 'honey'. Please tell me this isn't true. I thought we were raised better than that. I thought we were better than that.

(Pause. Another:)

Daddy wrote me today. Say that you bought him over the other day. Daddy says that you told him that you were happy. And in your happiness, he was afraid to show his fear. His hate. His rage. His common fucking sense. What are you doing, Jamie? Think about it. This will be the hardest relationship you've ever been in. If you have kids. Think about what they'll go through. I want to support you. But I can't support you like this.