

Revival Dream, Part Two

An immersive audio drama

by TyLie Shider

CHARACTERS *(in order of appearance)*

PAT

MAN

HERALD

MOSES DICKSON

The years are 1857 and 2020 simultaneously. We are in Pat's dream space.

The Third Movement: Pat Dawson visits the Herald

We discover the Herald in an intimate office. Her door is a colorful beaded curtain.

Man and Pat enter.

HERALD

(to Man)

Well well, look what Sisyphus has rolled in.

MAN

Don't mock me. This woman needs more details.

HERALD

I gave her the note. What more does she need?

MAN

We need an address on Moses Dickson.

The Herald laughs!

HERALD

Divine messages come only in part. You know how this works. She has to find him.

MAN

Drop the act. There's no *Yellow Brick Road* here.

HERALD

Some lessons are only learned in travel.

PAT

Hey, does this *cat* Moses Dickson exist, or are you giving me the runaround?

HERALD

Reputedly he led slave rebellions. Of course he exists. He's in the paper.

PAT

Which paper?

HERALD

The one balled up in his fist.

Man opens his fistful of newspaper(s) and spreads it across the Herald's desk.

PAT

(reads from the newspaper)

Looks like evidence of his existence is in the *Minnesota Weekly Times*.

Says he works as a barber in St. Paul at a place called the *Winslow House*.

MAN

A 19th century negro barber can't be hard to find.

PAT

Pardon me. But I have to ask.

MAN

Go on.

PAT

When's the last time you've been to a barber?

MAN

I don't cut my hair. It's sacrilegious. But I can take you to a barbershop. I know guys who hang out in barbershops. Follow me. It's not far.

Pat lags behind to talk to the listener.

PAT

(direct address to the listener)

Hey, friend, are you still with us? Did you hear? Who knew Moses Dickson was a barber?

MAN

Come on!

PAT

Coming!

(direct address to the listener)

Seems like we're getting closer and closer.

The Fourth Movement: A Chance Encounter With Moses Dickson

Pat and Man discover a man who may be Moses Dickson holding court in the window of a crowded storefront barbershop.

MAN

Can't be.

PAT

Must be!

MAN/PAT

Is that Moses Dickson?

PAT

Wonder what he's so fired up about?

MAN

Let's go in there and ask him.

PAT

Wait. Listen.

MOSES DICKSON

*(in medias res; he is incensed by the 1857 **Dred Scott v. Sanford** decision)*

No! Call it what you will but I'm a freeman. And I was **born** free in Cincinnati. But my citizenship is in question because your *Supreme Court* has decided that *Dred Scott* is NOT a US citizen; And Minnesotan Land Agent, T.M. Fullerton has the audacity to celebrate their decision - unlawful as it is.

Take a look at your *Declaration of Independence*: Your denial of *Scott's* citizenship is a denial of **our** freedom. Freedom is not a privilege, it's a right. -

PAT/ MOSES DICKSON

The whole nation should rise up in protest.

MOSES DICKSON

... a rebellion may no longer have a place in your modern world.

But to call it a "failed social project" is as out of touch with history as you suggest our commitment to liberty has been in order to move upward in a world in which *you* are free enough to criticize us.

Criticism is a privilege.

A handful of you are proud to do it, but you shouldn't dismiss how we got over - nor the tactics many of us were necessitated to employ to secure our liberation.

PAT

He's talking about freedom. His freedom.

MOSES DICKSON

(in medias res)

Who gets to be a U.S. citizen?

Minnesota's pockets are fat with land from one body of water to the next. Does your Pre-Emption Act - which allows you to claim federal land - include free negroes? We claim citizenship and we claim land, but you don't consider us citizens.

What do you mean: "negroes don't value land?"

Yes, the same hands that toiled it burned it down; not because we do not value the land but because we value ourselves as much and therefore refuse to be bought and sold. Fire cleanses as much as it destroys. I do not love this country less than you. I, though distressed by this land, love her still.

PAT

(sotto)

Who in the world is Moses Dickson?

MOSES DICKSON

(in medias res)

Who am I? I am not your alien.

I too was born on American soil.

I am a breathing, living, dying thing with a soul that will go before judgment with or without lawful citizenship from the slaveholding judges *you* call a Supreme Court. But there is one thorn in your decision. If negroes are not US Citizens - then that means we cannot commit treason - for we have no nation under your law. If my words don't spark change perhaps more fire will.

PAT

Today. This day. My city is burning. I can still smell the smoke from the wreckage.

Pat walks up to the window.

PAT

Suddenly a truth comes into focus. The same fire Moses burnt - burns in me.

MAN

The same truth I thought was dead is alive -

PAT/MAN

And staring back at me from history.

MAN

It's true. I see what you see.

PAT

Through the lens of this barbershop window - I am staring across a century at the heart of an abolitionist whose heart is pumping the same blood as mine.

MOSES DICKSON

To thine own self be true, but know thyself.

Sounds of an uprising in the distance. Pat wakes up in the year 2020.

PAT

That was the kind of dream that sticks with you and starts a revival in your belly. Just like that it's the year 2020 and I'm back home with something from Moses. It's nothing tangible. It's a feeling. A new heart with the fire to resist.

End.