Fences Missing Scene

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Genre Studies

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Act One

Scene Five and a Half

*It is still Friday. Cory’s football game has just ended. He’s taking off his cleats next to his teammate, Abe, when Abe looks up at him.*

ABE: (*Eyeing Cory*) Everything alright with you man?

CORY: (*Looks up*) ‘Course, ‘course everything’s alright. What you think, I got a problem?

ABE: Easy man, I’m just tryin’ to help. That look on your face…I ain’t never seen a brother look so sad before, that’s all.

CORY: (*Sighs*) You wouldn’ understand it Abe.

ABE: Wouldn’ understand it? Nigger you just gonna sit there all depressed, bottlin’ up all them emotions, waitin’ to explode and when I done ask you how you feel, tryin’ to be nice ‘bout the whole thing, tryin’ to help you out, what you tell me? ‘You wouldn’ understand Abe.’ How’s that gonna make old Abe feel?

CORY: (*Angrily*) Abe, if I’m gonna want to talk to you, then I damn—(*Looks up to see Abe smiling at him*)

ABE: (*Laughs*) My Pa been talkin to me like that since I was six and you and I both know your Pa does the same. It’s fun to make fun of, Nigger to Nigger, but sometimes…sometimes it’s too much, I’m sorry. What’s been going on with you Cory?

CORY: Well…I’m getting recruited.

ABE: What?! That’s great news! Congrats man! Damn I’m so damn proud of you right now.

CORY: (*smiles*) Yeah, I wish that was all there was. The problem is my Pa ain’t gonna let them come and recruit me.

ABE: What? Why’s that now?

CORY: Says there ain’t no room for a black man in sports. Says the white men wouldn’t allow it.

ABE: What about Jackie Robinson?

CORY: That’s what I done said! But no, he just shrug it off, tell me Jackie Robinson ain’t never get to play. Tell me Jackie Robinson was just a nobody.

ABE: Ya, that sounds about like your Pa. I’m sure he’ll come round though, just give him some time, you know you can’t push that man.

CORY: Give him time? Abe I ain’t got much time till the recruiter gets here and I need all of those papers filled out. I ain’t got no time to give him!

ABE: I’m sorry man, I don’t know what to tell you. Maybe talk to your Ma? She seems like the sensible type.

CORY: (*sighs*) Ya, that’s what I been trying, but she can’t convince my Pa. When he decides on somethin’ he ain’t one to be told anything else.

ABE: You need something else to think about man. How ‘bout we go grab some shakes at that new place by the A&P, on me. Besides, this bench’ll freeze my ass off if I don’t get moving soon.

CORY: (*sad smile*) I might just have to take you up on that one. Wouldn’t want to hear you whining about your ass for the next week and a half while you wait for it to thaw.

(*They get up together and walk off the field, lights fade to black.*)