

Forty Yards

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"Forty Yards" BY Zora Neale Hurston 43 W. 66 St. New York City

"FORTY YARDS"

(A Negro football game with the popular concept of Negro life) TIME: Present PLACE: Washington, D. C. SCENE: The Ball Park PERSONS:

The Howard and Lincoln teams, the Howard band, cheer leaders, spectators. SETTING: The park with grandstands on either sides and up-stage. ACTION: At rise, the grandstands are full, the cheer leaders are violently gyrating to whip up the mob. The Lincoln colors fly from the right. The Howard from the left. Both have cheer leaders. First is heard the Lincoln mob singing "DIDN'T HE RAMBLE, RAMBLE. Lincoln Mob And didn't he ramble, ramble, ramble all around, in and out of town He rambled, he rambled, rambled till 01' Lincoln cut him down

Howard Mob There'll be nothing but sweetmeats, for our football team There'll be nothing but sweetmeats for our football team Baked Hampton, boiled Shaw, fried Union, Lincoln Slaw, There'll be nothing but sweetmeats, for our football team.

(Enter the HOWARD BAND, led by a hot-strutting drum major. They parade the field and the men students pile down and fall in behind the team. They sing and shout to the TEAM SONG:) This is the t-e-a-m team On which the hopes of Howard lean Beat 01' Hampton, beat 01' Union Sweep 01' Lincoln clean

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2. Howard Nob (Cont'd) We are the b-e-s-t best Of the r-e-s-t rest Come and watch us put
Ol' Howard On top of Lincoln's chest.

We'll hit the l-i-n-e line For a hundred ninety-nine For we love Ol' Howard, yes we love her
All the t-i-m-e time.

(At the conclusion the teams takes the field. The ball is put into play and LINCOLN kicks off to Howard. As the ball is caught and when the player who is carrying the ball plunges, followed by his team, the Lincoln players fall on their knees and begin to sing I COULDN'T HEAR NOBODY PRAY. The HOWARD team charges down shouting Joshua fit de battle of Jericho. Whenever a player is tackled there is a duet of dancing. Every step is a dance. Finally the grandstand catches fire and the dancing and shouting runs riot up there. When the ball is on Lincoln's ten-yard line, they hold Howard there by rounding up both teams into a huddle and the bunch-shout and sing to a QUICK CURTAIN.)

LINCOLN'S PRAYFR:

Ah, ah, they shall not ah pass us Lord, Lord, Lord, Lord They shall not pass us, Ah-h-h-h.