

CHUBB

BY

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Adapted for the Half Moon Young People's  
Theatre Compnay

by

Chris Bond in collaboration with Norman Goodman  
with additional material from the Compnay.

This script is as it was when rehearsal began.  
Alterations and re-writes were made during the  
rehearsal process.

Compnay directed by Chris Bond.

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(1)

DRUM

YATES:

I led her out to her death. I never saw anything like it before or since. When she was ordered to have her hand cut off, she stretched out her arm and pulled up her sleeve with more coolness than me or you would have had if we'd been washing our hands.

DRUM STOPS

And after the blow had been struck, she wouldn't let herself be dragged to the stake, but got up and walked there, with blood coming out of her wrist like water from a pipe. And when they were getting ready to light the fire, she said to me

CHUBB:

You see me now but tomorrow  
I shall be like this.

YATES:

And she kicked up sand in a cloud and it hung in the air in front of me for a moment. (I never saw the like.)

ROLL OF DRUMS. THREE BEATS.

SIR ROBERT: Before I call the first witness in this inquiry into the slave uprising at Bloody Bay on the Island of Tobago in the year 1770 and the subsequent execution of the rebel slave Chubb, I wish to make some opening remarks. There are people here in England, this great country of ours, who find the very notion of slavery an immoral and ungodly idea. They air their views quite freely, as is their right, for we are a civilised people and hold as the basis of our democracy the free expression of ideas. But I would remind this court that it is that very civilisation and not slavery which is the point at issue here. In examining the events surrounding the slave uprising this court will be afforded a view into ~~the~~<sup>an</sup> abyss.

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If the great edifice of our society is allowed to slide over the precipice and into that abyss it will crash and shatter into a thousand tiny fragments with a roar that will roll on through the centuries. Our people

SIR ROBERT:  
(continued)

The abyss that will surely open and swallow us all if the law is broken with impunity; if authority is willfully disobeyed; if propriety is invaded and destroyed; and our calm and ordered Christian way of life trampled into the dust by the forces of anarchy and chaos. And if we allow ourselves to question even for an instant the moral and religious foundations of our society we give hope and comfort to those same dark forces. We must stand firm; proud of our heritage, confident of our future, and sure and certain of our right to govern peoples lesser than ourselves. It is the job of this Enquiry to establish if and when and by whom these rights were threatened or abandoned so that similar outrages cannot occur again. Whatever ones views on slavery, what cannot be disputed is that it gives these hapless savages a taste of civilisation just as surely

H

as these events warn us of an  
awaiting barbarity. If any man feels  
that slavery is at issue, I tell him  
to hold his tongue in this court and  
have himself elected to our Parliament  
and try his opinions there.

It is that body which makes our laws,  
we merely carry them out.

*... of the ...  
... are not ...  
... of the ...*

Call the First Witness

~~Call John Waites~~

~~Call John Thwaites~~



SIR ROBERT: Your name is John Bates?

YATES: Yates sir. John Yates.

SIR ROBERT: Very Well; Yates. What is your occupation?

YATES: I'm a soldier sir.

SIR ROBERT: In the English army?

YATES: Yes sir. I was born here in London sir. Spittalfields. Son of a footman sir, a free man.

SIR ROBERT: But presumably your father was a man of colour like yourself?

YATES: Yes sir, he was bought by Sir James

Wellbeck as house slave, but in his will Sir James stipulated that on his death my father should have his freedom.

SIR ROBERT: Indeed.

YATES: My father was a great believer in the English way of life and it was his dearest wish that I should join the English army. I became a drummer boy on my 9th birthday. Sir.

SIR ROBERT: I see. And where were you stationed during the summer of 1770?

YATES: Fort Scarborough sir; on the Island of Tobago.

SIR ROBERT: But you were often on the North side of the Island at Mrs. Fowler's plantation at Bloody Bay were you not? Why was that?

YATES: Mrs. Fowler was a widow sir and our Commanding Officer liked to

make regular checks on the situation there.

SIR ROBERT: Quite right. And I believe that during one such visit you were asked to fulfil the function of overseer on the Fowler plantation when the regular man was taken ill?

YATES: That's correct sir.

SIR ROBERT: Tell the enquiry what the duties of an overseer are Bates.

YATES: Discipline sir. And the administering of punishment to the slaves sir, should it be thought necessary.

SIR ROBERT: Should it be thought necessary by whom?

YATES: By Mrs Fowler sir.

SIR ROBERT: Their owner?

YATES: Yes sir.



SIR ROBERT And from your personal Experience would you say that Mrs Fowler's treatment of her slaves was in any way inhuman?

YATES Inhuman Sir?

PLANTATION. All cutting.

END OF COURT SCENE.

Sugar. Cane. Cut. Through. Hard.  
Tough. Cut. Through. Dawn. Dusk.  
Hot. Sun. Sugar. Cane. Cut. Through.

MRS. FOWLER: So you are my new overseer. Your commanding officer must have a sense of humour. Follow me.

One evening every month, I, Isabel Fowler, largest <sup>SLAVE</sup> landowner in the Bloody Bay area, make my tour of inspection. Together with my overseer, <sup>+ his whip</sup> I walk through the bush, inspect the new seed cane ready for planting. Walk on across the workyards, look at the quiet water wheel, check the day's barrels stacked by the mill and move on into the slaves' small gardens and look out at the cane fields beyond. Finally, I walk on to the barracoons, the slaves living quarters. I smile, I nod, I show

*Isabel Fowler's  
018 2020*

concern, the concern that any  
successful businessman would show

for his property. (Ring bell) *After all, I am their owner, or their  
buckra, as they likes do call me.*  
well. How are you all this evening?

You've been working well. The  
barrel quotas have been maintained.

I'm pleased. I've come to tell you I'm  
satisfied and to make sure you're  
comfortable. A hungry cow won't give  
much milk, and a discontented slave won't  
cut much cane, So: have you anything to  
say?

CHUBB: Moo.

MRS. FOWLER: Who said that? You. Stand up. What is  
your name?

CHUBB: My name be Chubb

MRS. FOWLER: Where is your man?

CHUBB: I be alone.

MRS. FOWLER: Very well. I will select a man for you.

CHUBB: No. I be alone because I choose it.

MRS. FOWLER: Chubb. You do not choose. You are a slave. Your strength is mine, your belly is mine, your hands, your eyes, and your ears are mine. You are old enough to produce children for me and you will do so, as and when and with whom I say.

CHUBB: What life there be for children here? I be no mother here.

MRS. FOWLER: Why ever not? Are you ill? Don't you get enough to eat?

CHUBB: I eat but I do still feel hunger; I sleep but I cannot rest easy; I have my health and strength and my skin do shine, but inside myself I do feel rotten sick.

MRS. FOWLER: You are speaking in riddles girl. What do you mean?

CHUBB: I do mean that I am not free. I do hear you tell that I am yours; that I belong to you. But I do say that I am

not yours. I am Chubb and I belong to myself. There are a lot of things I don't know. A lot of things you keep from me. But I know this ain't how I should live, my Pa tell me about Africa, over there, he tell me 'bout Africa 'fore they sell he to the buckra. He tell me that he born to be no slave, he is come out of free tribe who they take as slave. Yes, I born here, a slave, but ain't say I have to die a slave.

MRS FOWLER:

I am not interested in your curious ideas of geography and history Chubb. I obey the law and the law says that you are not free. I pay good money for your upkeep, I look after you and in return I expect you to produce strong sons to cut my cane.

CHUBB:

If I make child here he does come out the bellydead, already dead, and I does put the cutlass in his hand when he greasy new child and I does say "help child, go at the cane for the buckra woman. Go bow to the white woman, live and die a slave". That no life



for a child and that no life for me. I  
is alive and I does not forget that. I  
is making no dead children.

*Chubb is whipped as Mrs. FOWLER (MF)  
calls out the number of the strokes*

MF One.

YATES You can't fake whipping somone. MF 2  
Even if you want to MF 3. Well maybe  
if you work ina circus MF 4 but not if  
you're a soldier. MF 5. I don't want  
to do this MF 6 But it's the law. MF 7  
and if I don't do it MF 8 somone else  
will MF 9 even harder MF 10 What am I  
sposed to do? MF 11 Be a hero? MF 12  
When it'll make no difference to her?  
MF 13 And land me in a heap of trouble?  
MF 14 Oh I know what they say MF 15  
"If everyone says no" MF 16 "Things  
will change" MF 17 But everyone don't  
say no. MF 18 They look after number  
one. MF 19 And I do the same. MF 20  
I didn't make the rules. MF 21 And I  
don't give the orders. MF 22 Why should  
it be different MF 23 because we're



both black? MF 24 I have enough  
trouble MF 25 looking after myself MF  
26 If you're black MF 27 in a white  
man's world MF 28 Just keep your nose  
clean MF 29 And survive. MF 30 Any  
way you can.

F And one for luck.

Mrs. Fowler goes.

YATES:

Don't cover your back. Let the air  
to it's the best cure. That or  
sea water if you can stand it.  
PAUSE. It's the salt; it stings  
but it'll clean it.

PAUSE

Look, there's nothing personal  
in this y'know; I just obey orders.  
Why don't you do the same? Just keep  
your mouth shut about freedom and  
Africa and all that stuff. *Freedom's taken the skin off your back.* Freedom'll  
end up tying a noose round your neck.  
Your food's not bad here; you're looked  
after. There's plenty people who've got  
freedom and sod all else. Oh they're free  
all right; free to freeze to death; free to  
starve to death; free to watch their free kids  
get sick and free to watch 'em die cos they've  
no money to get a doctor. Free to see the  
flies <sup>suck</sup> at the corner of their eyes.  
Is that the kind of freedom you want?

CHUBB:

I don't care what kind. I get free first.

YATES:

*Listen, it doesn't matter what you say do me. I know the  
score: I've seen the world, I'm not going to stick my hand in  
the fire just cos you say so. But the people use, the*

YATES: (cont.)

*Other slaves. You tell them this stuff about freedom, it'll be like setting a match to a bale of straw And you'll be sitting on top of it. So keep quiet.*

Oh what's the use.

YATES GOES

THE ENQUIRY CONTINUES.

SIR ROBERT:

I repeat the question.

Would you say that Mrs. Fowler's treatment of her slaves was in any way inhuman?

YATES:

It was within the law, sir.

SIR ROBERT:

Quite so. And how many lashes did you administer?

YATES:

30 sir and 1 for luck sir.

SIR ROBERT:

The army uses the whip... does it not, Bates?

YATES:

Yes sir.

SIR ROBERT:

Ever been on the receiving end?

YATES:

Yes sir; when I was a lad. Thirteen or fourteen years old.

SIR ROBERT:

And your offense?

YATES: I lost my hat sir.

SIR ROBERT: And how many lashes did you receive?

YATES: I don't know sir. I became unconscious after a while. I believe the Sargeant continued until his arm became tired sir.

SIR ROBERT: But considerably more than 30 strokes.

YATES: Yes sir.

SIR ROBERT: And you lived to tell the tale?

YATES: Yes sir.

SIR ROBERT: And so did the woman Chubb?

YATES: Yes sir.

SIR ROBERT: So the punishment was not so severe?

YATES: It left its mark sir.

SIR ROBERT: But evidently did not cure her. Tell me Bates, did you ever lose your hat after you had been punished for it in this way?



YATES: No sir.

SIR ROBERT: So you could be said to have learned your lesson?

YATES: Yes sir.

SIR ROBERT: But the female slave Chubb did not?

YATES: Did not what sir?

SIR ROBERT: Learn her lesson. Well?



SLAVE 1:

How you be, Chubb? Take this down you gul  
you look like you need.

SLAVE 2:

You know you bring it on yourself gul,  
Is what get into your head to make you do  
such a foolish ting like that?

SLAVE 3:

You know how buckra is when you make  
backchat. You have a lot to learn. You  
is lucky you not dead. I see them hang a  
man for less than this.

SLAVE 2:

Gul you is young with too much fire in  
your mouth it going burn you up going  
burn you if you don't hush, hush you  
mouth.

SLAVE 1:

Leave the gul, she don't talk so stupid  
as you think she done something today  
that no one of us would never dream of -  
doing today she speak out not for  
herself but for all we!

SLAVE 3:

But what she did think she doing when  
she did Moo like a cow she didn't think  
buckra would hear she?

CHUBBY:

Yes I know she would hear me I want her

to hear me you know how long I been holding me tongue. Today I just could not keep it to meself when she did talk to we like we her cattle.

SLAVE 2: But we can't do nothing there is no escape. Buckra need us and we need Buckra. Buckra strong, gul, and he ha' gun and soldier behind he.

CHUBB: We not need gun. If we be in Africa.

SLAVE 3: Africa?

SLAVE 2: Where Africa?

SLAVE 1: No ask me.

SLAVE 3: Me great-great-grandfather tell me Africa no island. You can't walk across Africa in one day.

SLAVE 2: Where Africa, Chubb?

CHUBB: I no know, but I feel I got find Africa. Me Father tell me he free there.

SLAVE 1: My father tell me the same, it good place to bring up chil'ren, free from Buckra's, and Buckra's rules and words.

SLAVE 3: How we go to Africa, Chubb?

SLAVE 2: There only one thing that stop us from going to Africa - Buckra. If we rid of Buckra we free.

CHUBB: No listen to me...

SLAVE 2: Hush up, Chubb, you think you only one. You not. We all want to do this. Now we chance. We take Buckra while she asleep.

SLAVE 3: Yeah. I don't care now. I does never feel so young before. So what is this place? I say with Chubb. It's we land and we is good as Buckra.

SLAVE 2: So we must be as free as she.

SLAVE 1: Chubb, we done rouse up we go rid of Buckra and then we go Africa.

CHUBB:

No, we leave with no fight. Look up at *the* Hill.

(General talking, shouting, making it hard for Chubb to be heard.)

SLAVE 1:

Le' we go, le' we go now, gul.

(Mob go, leaving Chubb stunned!!)



MR S. FOWLER:

Who's there? No one. If I lived upon this island a thousand years it would still not be my home. It's strange sounds; insects, animals...who can say? It's heat, it's colours. Everything too bright: It's leaves too green, the petals of it's flowers thick and fleshy, warm to the touch, almost like ears or lips. Even the blood on that girls back, what was her name? Oh it doesn't matter. But it was too bright, too red, too red, the colour was almost fierce. Perhaps it's the light here. Their terrible sun. No human being could work in it like they do.

SHE LISTENS

There it is again. A moth? A bird perhaps? This place is never silent. And it seemed so thick. Her blood. Too thick. Thicker than mine. As thick as.....

When I was a little girl. I remember it so clearly, my Papa taking me out hunting with him one Christmas everything black and white, it had been snowing and the hedges and the fields blanketed, no colour, and the smell of the horses, the noise of them snorting and blowing their misty breath as the dogs streamed along in front yapping and so glad to be out and about. I sat in front of my father and his arms wrapped around me and kept me safe as we galloped and jumped and my face was burning with the cold, my nose, the tips of my ears. They pulled down a young deer, quite small, the dogs, but my father was off our horse and in their midst in a trice, a knife in his hand; a small, delicate blade, curved and it had such pretty pictures carved on it, engraved, the work so fine and hoop-la\* It was done and the dogs were disappointed but the head rolled back and the life faded slowly in its eyes as if you'd breathed upon a mirror. Then Papa called me to his side and smiled and dipped his fingers in the steaming throat and gently

MRS FOWLER:  
(CONTINUED)

marked my forehead with its blood. Sticky and warm and then he hugged me tight and said I should be as fine a lady as any in the land, that I was English and his daughter. And I would always be so. I wonder do they still blood children back in England?

I wonder if I'll ever know. Oh God. Am I to be stuck here on this hot, stinking, island, among savages for the rest of my life? Where every day is a struggle against the heat and the dust and the flies, and every night the mosquitos and the strange smells of this wasted island invade my dreams and wake me cold and shaking and wondering who and where I am, and why and how I got here, and...

Who's there? (Loud crash from one side)

What...?

Wait.....



SIR ROBERT: Well Bates? Did Chubb learn her lesson?

YATES: No sir.

SIR R: She continued to stir up unrest amongst Mrs. Fowler's slaves?

YATES: I IMAGINE SO SIR.

SIR R: You imagine so?

YATES: The regular overseer recovered shortly afterwards and I returned to my normal duties at Fort Scarborough sir.

SIR R: But you were with the first detachment of soldiery to arrive back at the Fowler plantation on the morning of the 23rd of September?

YATES: Yes sir.

SIR R: Tell the enquiry what you found.

YATES: The walls of the house were still smoking sir, although the roof was gone. Burnt out; but the house had been looted before

being set alight. The courtyard and gardens were strewn with clothes and broken furniture. A barrel of rum had been smashed open and drained. The domestic servants had all been slaughtered.

SIR R: And Mrs. Fowler?

YATES: We found her hanging from a large tree behind the house sir.

SIR R: Dead?

YATES: Yes sir.

SIR R: And where were her murderers?

YATES: Most of the slaves were drunk sir; either lying about amongst the corpses in the

garden, or they'd crawled off into the woods behind the house. They were easily captured.

SIR ROBERT: And were all the slaves on the Fowler plantation taken prisoner during the course of the day?

YATES: All except one sir.

SIR R: The female slave Chubb?

YATES: Yes sir.

SIR R: But you were responsible for her capture?

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CHUBB: I climb all night and now the morning sun is stabbing through the trees. I move slow now holding, stumbling, dragging myself along. There are cliffs to scale, rivers to flounder through. Forcing my way through thick clinging leaves. It's hard to move at all now. But I keep following the river and I'll see Africa, I see home.

SHE STOPS MOVING, LOOKS ALL WAY  
ROUND .

CHUBB:

(I is finish. Where I go) <sup>Is sea.</sup> Is sea all  
<sub>now?</sub> round. ( )

YATES APPROACHES.

YATES:

I told you. I warned you didn't I?  
Is that it then? Back there? That your  
precious freedom is it? Flames, dead  
animals, what you did to her? Oh, I see;  
it's freedom to drown yourself in a barrel  
of rum; freedom to <sup>take anything you want, kill anyone who gets in your way</sup> ~~break and tear anything~~  
~~that belongs to...~~ I told you. What did  
you think would happen? Where did you  
think you could run?

CHUBB:

Africa.

YATES:

What?

CHUBB:

Africa.

YATES:

Africa? Oh yeah; gonna swim were you?  
Grow wings maybe and fly? Where do you  
think Africa is?

SHAKES HEAD



YATES:

Africa's across the sea. A thousand miles and more. Don't you know that?

CHUBB:

Shakes head.

YATES:

Did you tell 'em they could get back to Africa? Did you?

CHUBB:

Yes.

YATES:

Jesus. But... Jesus.

CHUBB:

*I tell them we go now: seek Africa. But they must have rum. They must ~~take~~ <sup>settle with</sup> buckra first. I say No. we not want buckra house, buckra clothes, buckra life. We go now, but they not listen. They become like buckra: cruel. They laugh. They drink. Burn. Kill. I try to stop them, but it's no use. They roused up too much. I leave them. I only want Africa.*

YATES:

It's over now. You know that don't you?

CHUBB:

Yes.



CHUBB: You - why you come ~~for me~~. Why you want to find me?

YATES: Christ. Don't you know - after what happened down there - after what we found hanging from that tree?

CHUBB You hate me for that?

YATES: I care sod all for it either way - but the rest of them - one fainted and 3 were sick, including the officer and they're all tearing round this island like a pack of hounds with a taste of blood in their mouths - what do you think they'll do when they find you?

CHUBB: You find me - what you going to do?

YATES

*Our orders is to catch you: dead or alive. So what's it to be?*

I'm offering you the only choice you've got. ~~Let me finish it here and now~~ *We can go back to Fort Scarborough and they'll decide how they want to execute you. They could hang or come back with me. The end's the same in either case.* ~~same in either case.~~ *Or you, burn you, or let three tides wash over you. Or* ~~So~~ *You can die here. Now. So what's it to be?*

CHUBB: Do what you have to.

YATES: What I have to - what I have to -  
bleeding hell. You've got some  
cheek. I don't have to do anything.  
I could crash around <sup>tell her</sup> with the rest of  
them. I could walk away now and say I  
couldn't find you. I <sup>warned you but you</sup> ~~told you but you~~  
~~learnt nothing.~~ <sup>wouldn't listen.</sup>

HE GRABS HER ROUGHLY

What's that burnt in on your shoulder  
girl?

CHUBB: My owner's mark.

YATES: Right - and you only lose that when  
you <sup>,</sup> are dust - now you choose - which  
way you going to go - my way or theirs.

PAUSE

SHE BACKS AWAY FROM HIM. SHE SLOWLY  
KNEELS AND BOWS HER HEAD, EYES SHUT.

CHUBB: Do it.

SLOWLY HE : RAISES THE  
GUN TO HIS SHOULDER AND AIMS IT AT  
HER HEAD.

CHUBB SUDDENLY JUMPS UP, KNOCKS THE

BARREL ASIDE.

CHUBB: No, ~~no, no~~. I still got my life. I  
still got my life.

SHE LIES SOBBING

YATES: Yeah. <sup>For a few days maybe</sup> ~~You've got some days~~  
<sup>perhaps but that's all</sup>  
a week <sup>maybe</sup> follow me closely.

## ENQUIRY CONTINUES

SIR R: And after recapturing the female slave  
you returned with her to Fort Scarborough?

YATES: Yes sir.

SIR R: Where she was placed in prison.

YATES: Yes sir.

SIR R: And you were present during the interview  
I conducted with her there.

YATES: Yes sir.



## SIR ROBERT IN PRISON WITH CHUBB

SIR R: This is the woman. The leader?

YATES: Yes sir, ~~this is Chubb.~~ <sup>SIR ROBERT. So you are Chubb.</sup> Chubb of Bloody Bay.

SIR R: <sup>Do</sup> You know why it's called Bloody Bay Chubb? It's Bloody Bay because so many British soldiers died in a great sea battle there, fighting to keep the island British, under British law.

CHUBB: Tha' was their choice, no' mine.

SIR R: It is for people like those who died and those you helped to kill that you must be punished - not because the buckra likes being cruel. Have you anything to say.

CHUBB: I shoul' no' talk to you. To talk to you I must use your words. My father had hi own words, but you must even take they from him. Just like you take hi own great land and bring he here to this small, small place. You say you feed me, clothe me, keep me warm, make me comfortable. I don't want that comfort. Not your comfort. I want my freedom. I can only find it if I

does escape your whips. But no matter how much you try to frighten me, or quiet me, or hurt me, or make me smile like I happy, deep in my heart I feel a burn, a fire in me. A spirit. A true African spirit. And I can't hold it, I can't hold <sup>it</sup> back till I let it out, let it out of my heart.

SIR R: They are find<sup>e</sup> words Chubb. You are too intelligent. It is your misfortune that you have too much mind for a slave. But your fine words must not obscure the fact that you have incited your fellows to commit horrible and ghastly acts. You led a rebellion. Good people have been killed. You will be executed in 7 days by sword and by fire.

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PRISON. CHUBB AND YATES.

CHUBB: Why they be needing fire and sword?

YATES: Dunno.

CHUBB: How they do it?

YATES: Dunno.

CHUBB: You not speaking truth. You know these things. You see them many times before. Tell me.

YATES: They'll cut off your right hand. That's the sword part of it. Then they'll drag you to a post piled round with firewood, tie you to it and set light to it.

CHUBB: Why they do it so?

YATES: Because you stirred 'em up. Led a revolt. Because of what happened to her. Mrs. Fowler.

CHUBB: No; why they be doing it this way? Why they be cutting off my hand first?

YATES: Because you raised it against the law.

CHUBB: No.

YATES: Against her. Against your owner.

CHUBB: I not raise my hand. I raise my eyes maybe. I raise my voice. I raise my

freedom. They kill me for that?

YATES: Yes. And <sup>to</sup> frighten others off. Stop 'em doing the same.

CHUBB: Stop us freedom.

YATES: That's one way of looking at it.

CHUBB: What other way be there?

YATES: I dunno.

CHUBB: What you think?

YATES: I'm not paid to think. I'm paid to obey orders. It's the only way I know. I told you, why should I stick me hand in the fire just because you want to be a hero? Why should I?

CHUBB: There be no reason. You all ready free.

YATES: That's right.

CHUBB: Free to burn me. Free to be cutting off me hand. Free to obey your orders. But



you not free to think. Not free to  
say no. To walk away. To sit at  
peace with yourself. You call that  
freedom? You a slave, you always be  
a slave. I sorry for you. I ready now.

YATES: I lead her out to her death. When she's  
ordered to have her hand cut off she  
stretches out her arm and pulls up  
her sleeve with more coolness than me  
or you would have if we were washing  
our hands.

And after the blow is struck, she  
won't let herself be dragged to the  
stake, but gets up and walks there,  
with blood coming out of her wrist  
like water from a pipe. And as they  
get ready to light the fire, she says  
to me:

CHUBB: You see me now, but tomorrow I shall be  
like this.

YATES: And she kicks up sand in a cloud and

it hangs in the air in front of me for a moment.

They bring a load of slaves to watch and there's soldiers of course. But women as well, and even kids come to see her burn, like she's a show you buy tickets for. Some of them even bring picnics. I hear 'em talking and laughing and someone says:

WOMAN: Pity they're burning her, she'd fetch a few quid in Barbados.

YATES: And the Governor says:

SIR ROBERT: She had too much energy for a slave.

WOMAN: Well all that energy's burning up now.

YATES: And they laugh. And I stand here, a black man in a red coat with a white mans gun.