

# UC San Diego

## UC San Diego Electronic Theses and Dissertations

### Title

WATCH ME

### Permalink

<https://escholarship.org/uc/item/46h3g7gm>

### Author

Harris, Dave

### Publication Date

2020

Peer reviewed|Thesis/dissertation

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA SAN DIEGO

WATCH ME

A Thesis submitted in partial satisfaction of the  
requirements for the degree Master of Fine Arts

in

Theatre and Dance (Playwriting)

by

Dave Harris

Committee in charge:

Professor Naomi Iizuka, Chair

Professor Allan Havis

Professor Deborah Stein

2020

©

Dave Harris, 2020

All rights reserved.

The Thesis of Dave Harris is approved, and it is acceptable in quality and form for publication on microfilm and electronically:

---

---

---

Chair

University of California San Diego

2020

## DEDICATION

To love and all of its complications.

## EPIGRAPH

“If we meet each other in Hell

it's not hell”

- Geoffrey Hill, *Odi Barbare*

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

Signature Page.....	iii
Dedication.....	iv
Epigraph.....	v
Table of Contents.....	vi
Acknowledgements.....	vii
Abstract of the Thesis.....	viii
WATCH ME.....	1

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to thank my anxieties for making writing this the most stressful part of creating a thesis. My family. Friends. Naomi and Deborah. Jen Chang and Vanessa. My cohort. Mara and Vivian. Scott Pilgrim. Usher. 90's R & B. Videogames. Berkeley Rep, Mina Morita, and Madeleine Oldham. Everyone I've ever said I love you too. There's more.



ABSTRACT OF THE THESIS

WATCH ME

by

Dave Harris

Master of Fine Arts in Theatre and Dance (Playwriting)

University of California San Diego, 2020

Professor Naomi Iizuka, Chair

How can I get over slavery if I can't even get over my ex? *WATCH ME* takes place in subconscious void of an interracial couple from their first date, to their first sex, to a reckoning with heritage, ancestry, and Black Jesus.

*WATCH ME*

By Dave Harris

## CHARACTERS

A lot.

## SETTING

Here.

## NOTE

Gonna get wild.

*WHITE GIRL and BLACK GUY on a first date.*

WHITE GIRL

There's a joke: a white girl picks up a Black guy at a bar and brings him back to her apartment. She throws him onto the bed. And she gets naked, and she takes off his pants. He's in just his underwear. She looks him up and down. And she stares at him in awe and says "So. You gonna prove to me that what they say about Black guys is true?" And he's like "Baby you're damn right I am."

...

And then he pulls out a knife and stabs her and steals her purse.

*A really long pause.*

BLACK GUY

Huh.

...

And then he has sex with her dead body?

WHITE GIRL

What?

BLACK GUY

He has sex with her dead body.

WHITE GIRL

No.

BLACK GUY

Oh...

WHITE GIRL

What?

BLACK GUY

Nothing. Just like thought it was supposed to be a dirty joke.

WHITE GIRL

Wow so you like to one-up people?

Just saying. BLACK GUY

Necrophilia, that's your thing? WHITE GIRL

Eh. BLACK GUY  
Did your dog just die?

I don't have a dog. WHITE GIRL

Like don't as in not anymore because he just died BLACK GUY  
or don't as in never.

Never. WHITE GIRL  
I had a cat.

I don't fuck with cats. BLACK GUY

I don't trust dogs. WHITE GIRL  
They love everything unconditionally.

And cats are scary as shit. They just look at you BLACK GUY  
but they're secretly plotting to rip your eyes out in your sleep.

See but I trust that. WHITE GIRL  
If something has the instinct to kill me then I trust it.  
Because I can tell what it wants.  
And if the cat chooses not to kill me then I know I've earned its affection.  
Like if a cat loves me then I know I deserve to be loved.

You should get that checked out. BLACK GUY

My dislike for dogs? WHITE GIRL

BLACK GUY

Not normal. Everybody likes dogs.  
So I don't know what that makes you.

WHITE GIRL

Unconditional love doesn't make sense. My love is  
Very. Conditional. Like, the most conditional.  
Is that related to your necrophilia thing?

BLACK GUY

If your dog just died?

WHITE GIRL

Mhm.

BLACK GUY

No.  
I just feel like there's a brand of white girl whose dog just died.

WHITE GIRL

Really?

BLACK GUY

Yeah. Like a subset of white women  
who are always mourning their dog who just died.  
Tofu. He was a good dog.  
The sweetest.  
You can tell he's sweet because I'm looking away from the camera and smiling down at  
him in this picture.  
My one true friend.  
He had to be put down after he got canine cancer aids hit by a Mazda Civic in the  
driveway.

WHITE GIRL

There's actually a lot of studies that say losing a dog is like losing a sibling.

BLACK GUY

You have siblings?

WHITE GIRL

Two.  
Younger brothers, much younger.  
Like I was there when they learned to speak.

BLACK GUY

You like them more before or after?

WHITE GIRL

Before.

Nobody likes babies after they learn to talk.

BLACK GUY

I don't like anything I have to nurture.

WHITE GIRL

So you don't have a dog?

BLACK GUY

Not big on leashes.

WHITE GIRL

Ew but like imagine if babies were born able to talk.

They'd just be little liars. You ask them how their day was and they'd say

*IT WAS FINE!*

You can't lie if you can't speak.

BLACK GUY

How much should I respect you?

WHITE GIRL

What?

BLACK GUY

I said what do you do for a living?

WHITE GIRL

Painter. You?

BLACK GUY

Poet.

*They look at each other.*

*They crack up.*

WHITE GIRL

Oh wow.

BLACK GUY

Wooooow ok ok.

WHITE GIRL

Good. Good.

BLACK GUY

Yeah no perfect. Some serious uh white gaze happening there I'm sure.

WHITE GIRL

What are you, a slam poet? Some type of slam poet should I snap for you slam poet oh man.

BLACK GUY

Spend a lot time painting impoverished faces so you can capture the gritty truth!

WHITE GIRL

Probably say "Dark as midnight" a lot, right?

BLACK GUY

Can't wait to see how I turn up in your work.

WHITE GIRL

You wish.

BLACK GUY

You'd love it wouldn't you.

WHITE GIRL

You gonna write me a love poem?

BLACK GUY

Girl you don't even know what love is.

WHITE GIRL

Get the fuck out.

You probably think love means having sex without a condom.

BLACK GUY

Well have you ever made love with a condom on?

WHITE GIRL

I've never made love.



BLACK GUY

Seriously? Huh, so you've never---

WHITE GIRL

I mean. I can get it. Ok. No no don't doubt me; I can get it.

BLACK GUY

Ok.

WHITE GIRL

You don't believe me.

BLACK GUY

I just don't really think you can know the extent of what sex is until you know what making love is.

WHITE GIRL

That doesn't even make sense.

BLACK GUY

There's levels to it.

WHITE GIRL

Oh OHHHHHH OK YEAH OK UH HUH SURE.

Three sixty.

BLACK GUY

What?

WHITE GIRL

Three sixty.

BLACK GUY

Like an Xbox?

WHITE GIRL

Three sixty  
on the dick.

BLACK GUY

Wha--- ... That's a myth.

WHITE GIRL

You say that but uh, I'd have to disagree.

BLACK GUY

You...three sixty... on... that's not physically...

...

Ok.

If that's what we're doing...

...

Nine times.

WHITE GIRL

Oh sure---

BLACK GUY

With my tongue.

Nothing else. Nine times.

Not a guarantee, but it's happened before so ---

WHITE GIRL

HA. Ok. And you call that making love?

BLACK GUY

Call it what you want, bet you never hit 9 times in one night from just a tongue.

WHITE GIRL

Wow say that to my great grandfather's whip.

BLACK GUY

So what my dad had an affair on his knees.

You think there's a difference between sex and making love?

WHITE GIRL

Eh.

BLACK GUY

I think all sex is about violence.

WHITE GIRL

Fuck you that sounds like something some cynical white male hipster would say.

All the world is pain and all affection is selfish.

You a white male hipster?

You tuck in your T-shirt and have a hipster name like, what, Noah? Is your name Noah?

BLACK GUY

Wow you love not being a white man.  
Why do all the synonyms for sex involve violence then?  
Bang? Screw? Penetrate? Synonym. Synonym.

WHITE GIRL

Pound. Schtup. Smash.

BLACK GUY

Porn, it's the same thing.  
Black buck pounds white lady.

WHITE GIRL

Ebony queen in the jungle.

BLACK GUY

Pound. Bang. Smash.

WHITE GIRL

What about love?

BLACK GUY

Ha!

WHITE GIRL

I'm joking!

BLACK GUY

Are you?

WHITE GIRL

How would I know; I've never made love.

BLACK GUY

You're not from Philly.  
You said you're from Philly when you're really from Bryn Mawr.

WHITE GIRL

Ok but I don't like it there.  
People in Bryn Mawr don't talk for real, only pointless things.  
My neighbor talks all the time. And I wanna scream  
IF YOU'RE NOT GONNA BE RELEVANT THEN JUST BE QUIET.  
But she's a widow and both her kids have cancer so like, eh, kinda just gotta let her talk.

BLACK GUY  
Knew you weren't from Philly.

WHITE GIRL  
Well, you know what they say about Philly:  
You come for the cheesesteaks.

BLACK GUY  
You stay cuz you got murdered.

WHITE GIRL  
Ha.

BLACK GUY  
People say that. I say that.

WHITE GIRL  
Nobody talks like this.

BLACK GUY  
I like you.

WHITE GIRL  
No you don't.  
Do you believe in god?

BLACK GUY  
Never needed him.  
You?

WHITE GIRL  
Yes but only if God is another name for the void in my soul.  
You never needed God? Really? So cliché.

BLACK GUY  
Like chains.

WHITE GIRL  
You like chains?

BLACK GUY  
They're a go-to image in Black narratives.  
And strange fruit. Everybody wants to throw in a poplar tree.

Can I get a Richard Wright quote in there?  
"They can torture my soul; they can tan my hide.  
But they'll never take; what's inside."

WHITE GIRL

Did Richard Wright say that?

BLACK GUY

Yeah. In his book *Freedom's Caged Synonym Synonym*.

WHITE GIRL

You wanna get married?

BLACK GUY

No.  
You want me to get over slavery?

WHITE GIRL

It's kinda hot.

BLACK GUY

I agree.

WHITE GIRL

You know what's cliché?

BLACK GUY

What?

WHITE GIRL

The porn you watch.

BLACK GUY

You know what's cliché?

WHITE GIRL

What?

BLACK GUY

Our mixed-race lightskin babies would get 50,000 followers on Instagram and would be hotter than anything you could produce on your own. Stronger together!

WHITE GIRL

You know what's cliché?

BLACK GUY

Ma dick!

WHITE GIRL

That you're still sitting at this table.  
Any other Black man would have spit in my face and left by now.

WHITE GIRL & BLACK GUY

Well I'm not just any Black man.

WHITE GIRL

YOU ARE SO PREDICTABLE I KNEW YOU WERE GONNA SAY THAT.

BLACK GUY

You know what's cliché?

WHITE GIRL

Ma tears!

BLACK GUY

That we both have this mutual attraction  
and have both defined ourselves by our own oppressions  
as a way of developing pride, which is the natural consequence  
of the fact that we're losing in the grand scheme, in different ways, sure  
but we're proud strong independent  
and yet also love the tacit power and desire and fetish involved in our dynamic  
that is both societal and deliberate  
and so we sit at this table filled with equal parts a craving to kill and a yearning to die  
And as we grow closer we'll learn to cement our identities by everything we have  
and everything our partner lacks  
and we can form a foundation of competitive suffering  
that is matched only by our internal feelings of superiority  
because no matter how much I despise myself  
I can still feel confident that  
at least I'm not you.

*A pause.*

WHITE GIRL

That just sounds like a relationship.

BLACK GUY

It does just sound like a relationship.

*A pause.*

Are we dating? WHITE GIRL

Yup. BLACK GUY

*They both stand.*

Consensual sex? BLACK GUY & WHITE GIRL

*The date is over.*

*Switch.*

*VOID SEX.*

*BLACK GUY and WHITE GIRL are in the void.*

Sex. BLACK GUY

Sex. WHITE GIRL

Sex. BLACK GUY

Sex. WHITE GIRL

Sex. BLACK GUY

Sex. WHITE GIRL

What do you wanna listen to? BLACK GUY

WHITE GIRL  
The sound of DMX barking.

BLACK GUY  
Anne Hathaway is Catwoman.

WHITE GIRL  
Muscles form differently on Black bodies.

BLACK GUY  
The blue veins in your skin look like a map of Europe.

WHITE GIRL  
I can braid hair.

BLACK GUY  
Am I exotic to myself?

WHITE GIRL  
Do I wish I were exotic?

BLACK GUY  
Save the cheerleader; save the world.

WHITE GIRL  
Pigtails in kindergarten on picture day.

BLACK GUY  
Peeling paste from my fingers in second grade.

WHITE GIRL  
Can I touch you?

BLACK GUY  
You don't have to ask.

WHITE GIRL  
Ask me before you touch anything.

BLACK GUY  
Can I touch you?

WHITE GIRL



Yes sir.

BLACK GUY

I like to be watched.

WHITE GIRL

Steve Urkel was my first crush.

BLACK GUY

Ba ba ba  
Ba Barbara Ann.

WHITE GIRL

Do you date a lot of white girls?

BLACK GUY

Let me count. 1,2,3

WHITE GIRL

No one's ever called me a cracker  
but I wish they would.

BLACK GUY

199, 200 we a got a full house everybody it's gonna be a good show.

WHITE GIRL

Woo!

BLACK GUY

Woo! I don't know who Richard Wright is!

WHITE GIRL

I don't wanna feel like a teacup in your hands!

BLACK GUY & WHITE GIRL

Have you been good or bad?  
Have you been good or bad?

BLACK GUY

Grab my hair.

WHITE GIRL

I thought I wasn't supposed to touch your hair.

BLACK GUY

GRAB IT!

WHITE GIRL  
DON'T YELL AT ME OH MY GOD I LOVE THE WAY IT FEELS!

BLACK GUY  
Good boy.

WHITE GIRL  
I bet you want your freedom.

BLACK GUY  
Never.

WHITE GIRL  
Yeah. You wanna stay here with me don't you?

BLACK GUY  
Bow-wow-wow  
Yippie yo yippie yay  
Bow-wow  
Yippie yo yippie yay.

WHITE GIRL  
I don't trust you.

BLACK GUY  
Meow I'm a cat.

WHITE GIRL  
King Kong ain't got shit on me.

BLACK GUY  
Don't stop.

BLACK GUY & WHITE GIRL  
Have you been good or bad?  
Have you been good or bad?

WHITE GIRL  
Now I ain't saying she a gold digger.  
But she ain't messing with no broke---

BLACK GUY

Uh oh?

WHITE GIRL

Broke...

BLACK GUY

Uh oh?!

WHITE GIRL

Broke...

BLACK GUY

Uh oh?!?!?

WHITE GIRL

Broke...

BLACK GUY

Uh oh?!?!?!?

WHITE GIRL

Broke...

BLACK GUY

UH OH?!?!?!?!?!?

WHITE GIRL

I DON'T WANNA BE LIKE MY MOTHER!

BLACK GUY

I HATE THE SOUND OF WHITE CHILDREN LAUGHING!

WHITE GIRL

Slap me.

BLACK GUY

Grab my ass.

WHITE GIRL

Like that.

BLACK GUY

There's a race war outside and I am here licking your fingers because I want to.

I am my ancestor's wildest dreams.

WHITE GIRL

I'm not over slavery.

BLACK GUY

I'm not over slavery.

WHITE GIRL

I'm sick.

BLACK GUY

I'm a nurse.

WHITE GIRL

I'm sick.

BLACK GUY

I'm a psychiatrist.

WHITE GIRL

I'm sick.

BLACK GUY

I'm not your mother.

WHITE GIRL

I'm your daddy.

BLACK GUY

Give me what I want.

WHITE GIRL

Whatchu want?

BLACK GUY

Hoo.

WHITE GIRL

BABY I GOT IT!

BLACK GUY

Hoo.

WHITE GIRL



Nigga. BARBER 2

NIGGA! BARBER 1

*The BARBERS shake their heads.*

Nigga. BARBERS

You let her do what now? BARBER 1

I--- BLACK GUY

Uhn uhn don't talk tilt ya head up for me real quick. BARBER 1

Nigga. BARBER 2  
You let that girl touch yo hair?

And say nigga? For real? You let her say nigga--- BARBER 1

It wasn't even like--- BLACK GUY

Nah don't talk you messin up ya lines. BARBER 2

BARBER 1  
I can't believe you. Out here messing with white girls.  
Didn't I tell you better? What I tell you? I know I told you.  
White girls is prudes. Can't be messing round with no white girls.  
I always be saying that. White girls is prudes cuz of the church.  
Nuns be all up in they shit, saying you can't do what with the who  
or else you be burning in the fires of hell don't I be saying that hello.

On some Republican shit.  
Virgin Mary was a white girl and she wasn't giving it up for god  
You ain't god nigga  
And how many Black nuns you know besides Whoopi Goldberg?  
Exactly. Can't be messing with no white girl I be tellin you, can't do it nope.

BARBER 2

How you know so much about white girls?

BARBER 1

If you know you know and I know I know, ya know?

BARBER 2

Whatchu know?

BARBER 1

I know I love my queens ain't that right, it's right alright.

BARBER 2

I'm glad he found someone. He need to get his shit together.  
Grown ass man eating gummy vitamins.

BLACK GUY

Um, hey---

BARBER 1

Don't be talkin bout gummy vitamins now them shits is fire.

BARBER 2

I just think if you love someone, you love em.

BARBER 1

Love? Nigga went on one date and laid the pipe for a night and you talkin bout love.  
I know it ain't love.  
Cuz if it was love, he would've gotten his haircut before the date. Not after.

BARBER 2

That ain't a factor though.  
White folks can't tell a box from a fade.  
And he getting the cut now which means she prolly made him feel a type a way.  
She make you feel a type a way?

BLACK GUY

She---

BARBER 1

I always get me a fade before the date.  
Don't matter. Can't be lookin like no broke ass can't afford a cut ass nigga.  
Nope.  
Can't believe you let her say nigga.  
Tilt ya head and go like this.  
See that's why I only fuck with niggas with fresh cuts.

BARBER 2

You like your women with short hair?

BARBER 1

I ain't say women; I said niggas.

BARBER 2

Whatchu mean?

BLACK GUY

Hey um---

BARBER 1

I said niggas. Men women don't matter they got a line up we straight.

BARBER 2

Nigga what?

BLACK GUY

Y'all---

BARBER 1

What nigga I been wit a man before.

BARBER 2

EW!

BARBER 1

Nah nigga be progressive.  
I thought you was gay too? Ain't you gay? How you gay and not progressive?



BARBER 2

I am! But that don't mean I wanna be thinking about yo questioning ass.

BARBER 1

Let a nigga choke me out til morning!

BLACK GUY

Y'all just let me---

BARBER 1

And I only like my niggas  
to be niggas  
cuz can't no white no one lay it down like I need it to be laid down OK!

BLACK GUY

YO.

BARBER 1 & BARBER 2

What nigga?

BLACK GUY

Three sixty.

BARBER 2

Three sixty what?

BARBER 1

Three sixty degrees in a circle? Geometry? You takin math again?  
Why you takin math you a grown ass man?

BLACK GUY

She did. A three sixty.  
On top of me.

*Long pause.*

BARBER 1

See I told you white girls is crazy.  
Didn't I tell you? What I tell you, I know I told you.  
White girls is outta they minds. Be doing shit you ain't even know.  
What I tell you? It's cuzza the horses, they be getting horses when they turn 6.  
It's like a quinceañera. But instead of being 15 and speaking Spanish,  
you a white 6-year-old and you getting a horse

and ain't that much difference between a young nigga and a horse  
so giddyup young nigga  
Getchu a white girl; head game crazy.

BARBER 2

Nigga.

BLACK GUY

Y'all.

BARBER 2

Damn, sex was that good?

BLACK GUY

It wasn't the sex. It was like...  
I knew exactly who I was and where I came from when...  
... Like I was the most and least powerful I've ever...  
Y'ALL ALWAYS GIVE ME THIS SAME HAIRCUT AND IT'S NOT EVEN THE HAIRCUT I  
ASKED FOR. BUT I NEVER TELL YOU TO STOP.  
You know?

BARBER 2

Whatchu mean we give you this cut every time, and you always come back.

BLACK GUY

Am I in love?

*Gasp.*

BARBER 2

See nigga I told you!

BARBER 1

That's all fine and good but we only take cash.

*Switch.*

*Brunch.*

*WHITE GIRL and her white BFFs are looking at brunch menus.*

BFF 1  
(To WHITE GIRL)

I just think the party was, like, not a good vibe for her.  
It was supposed to be her first time out since the breakup or whatever.  
But then her ex just walked in like nothing ever happened.  
Just walked in and started eating the queso.  
And she was like not. ok.

BFF 2

Um hey. I'm literally right here.

BFF 1

Yeah.  
You were not. ok.

BFF 2

I was fine.

BFF 1

You straight up ran to the bathroom.  
It's ok to be not. ok.

BFF 2

I was fine! Whatever this is like, not even a good story.

BFF 1

Hey hey now.  
I just wanted to give her the update since, someone was too busy to return my text.

WHITE GIRL

Oh. Um. Yeah.

BFF 1

Busy.

BFF 2

Busy?

BFF 1

Busy...

BFF 2

OH BUSY!

You uh, ya had a busy night?

Uh. WHITE GIRL

BFF 1  
(To BFF 2)  
Because this one did not. have. a busy night.

BFF 2  
I HAD A GREAT NIGHT IT WAS FUN.

WHITE GIRL  
Yeah I had a, a really good night too.

BFF 1  
Really good like...

BFF 2  
Like...

BFF 1  
Like...

WHITE GIRL  
We, uh, ya know.  
You ever, 9 times in one night, from just...

BFF 2  
9 times for...?

WHITE GIRL  
Um.

BFF 1 & BFF 2  
Shut the fuck up!

WHITE GIRL  
Yeah.

BFF 1  
Wow that's WAY better than her night was.

BFF 2

Ugh yeah I spent the whole night in the bathroom. I was like not. ok.  
Is it too early for buffalo cauliflower?

BFF 1

Never.

WHITE GIRL

Y'all.

Have you ever just woken up in the morning and spent a really really long time trying to unpack the things you like and why you like them and whether that's a you thing or a societal thing?

BFF 1

Oh no was he Black?

WHITE GIRL

Wait what?

BFF 2

Oh yep I see it.

WHITE GIRL

Wait how, excuse me, that's a jump.

BFF 1

I don't know, you're just giving me these "I might be problematic" eyes.  
Are you ok it's ok to be not ok.

WHITE GIRL

I'm fine.

BFF 2

9 times wow.

WHITE GIRL

It was terrific yeah; there's something you're not saying.

BFF 1

No nothing.  
It's just.

WHITE GIRL

What?

BFF 1

It's like one of those things that, once ya start saying it, ya said it. Ya know?

WHITE GIRL

I don't know because you didn't say anything.

BFF 1

Well. Between us.  
I was with this guy, who happened to be Black, wasn't a big deal.  
Until we had sex.

BFF 2

Dick like a bottle of Febreze right?

BFF 1

Not even.  
I just. The whole time I was like, wait, am I like, reparations, right now?  
Like is my whole existence just reparations? And is that making me more or less turned on?  
Like 40 acres, and a mule.  
You know?  
I mean obviously we had chemistry and could talk and stuff.  
Whatever, I think I'm pretty dateable.  
But in the back of my head I thought: is spanking me like revenge for your great great aunt Petunia? And does a part of me think I deserve that?  
I mean whatever, I would've been a stop on the underground railroad probably.  
And we like could have been soulmates. Who knows; I didn't text back.  
But I was like: if I ask for what I want and you give it to me, are you pleasing me like a white master, and is that how I want to be pleased?  
I mean, it's whatever. And white men are trash.  
Her ex, total white guy.

BFF 2

I'm getting buffalo cauliflower.

BFF 1

You earned it!  
It's one of those things you don't really want to think about too much though.  
Like why I'm mostly attracted to people in service positions.  
I don't know! And I don't wanna know!

Do you get me though? Do you get me?

WHITE GIRL

Yeah...

I don't know.

He made me feel like the most and least powerful---

Am I a horrible person? I feel like I could be a horrible person.

But he didn't make me feel like a horrible person?

Also we're dating now.

BFF 1

Well.

At least one of us isn't single.

*Switch.*

*BLACK GUY and WHITE GIRL in a car.*

*WHITE GIRL is driving.*

*Car sounds.*

BLACK GUY

Does it ever feel weird that all of your friends are white women?

WHITE GIRL

Does it ever feel weird that all of my friends really like you?

BLACK GUY

They liked me?

WHITE GIRL

Yeah. You did a good job.

BLACK GUY

Aww yay.

*Pause.*

BLACK GUY

Do you ever feel like you're putting on a show for everyone you've ever met and that's, like, just the way it has to be?

WHITE GIRL

Mhm.

*Pause.*

Are you hungry?  
WHITE GIRL

I could eat.  
BLACK GUY

Cool.  
WHITE GIRL

*Pause.*

Do you wanna like check-in?  
WHITE GIRL

About what?  
BLACK GUY

I don't know. Feel like we should just check-in. Like if there's something in the air.  
Like just check-in.  
WHITE GIRL

Sure. Check-in.  
Ok. Um.  
When I was seven, I walked in on my dad having an affair.  
But he told me they were just naked wrestling.  
She was in a chair and he was on his knees with her legs around his head.  
And I said I'm telling mom! And he jumped off the floor and grabbed me and put me  
back in my bed.  
And looking back I'm just like  
He didn't wash his hands.  
BLACK GUY

I don't think my parents ever had sex.  
I know they made me and my brothers.  
But maybe they made us in a cauldron, and molded us out of organic materials.  
My mom didn't get pleasure out of anything.  
I saw my dad try to initiate sex once, and my mom just replied, "that's nice, sweetie."  
And then they got a divorce.  
So they definitely never had sex, right?  
WHITE GIRL



*Pause.*

BLACK GUY  
Did we check-in? Are we less complicated now?

WHITE GIRL  
I think so.

*Pause.*

*WHITE GIRL turns on the radio.*

*U GOT IT BAD by Usher plays.*

*WHITE GIRL starts jamming to the beat.  
Slowly.*

BLACK GUY  
Oh my god.

*It starts raining outside.*

BLACK GUY  
Did you just make it start raining?

*WHITE GIRL lip synchs the song.*

*WHITE GIRL knows all the words.*

BLACK GUY  
(loving it)  
No...

*She lets go of the steering wheel.*

*She stands.*

*She knows the Usher choreography.  
She's either very good or very bad at this.*

BLACK GUY  
Who taught you this?!

*The song turns into a lapdance.*

*Except they don't actually touch.*

*They actually haven't touched once in this whole play.*

*BLACK GUY turns off the radio.*

*She stops.*

No? WHITE GIRL

*BLACK GUY changes the station.  
SINGING IN THE RAIN comes on. Who the fuck sings that?  
Gene? Is his name Gene?*

Yeah? WHITE GIRL

Watch me. BLACK GUY

*BLACK GUY stands.  
He knows the words and the choreography.*

WHITE GIRL  
This is really, oh wow babe. Have you practiced this?  
Oh my god  
who else have you done this for?!

*Is this, oh wow is he doing a strip tease to Singing In The Rain?  
For sure.*

*Just when it starts to the good part--- OH SHIT A CAR!*

OH SHIT A CAR! BLACK GUY

WHITE GIRL  
(car noises)  
SKIRT SKIRT!

*They're back in the car.  
They narrowly avoid an accident.*

*They're out of breath. Their chests are pounding.  
Danger is hot.  
They look at each other.*

*Switch.*

*VOID SEX.*

*BLACK GUY and WHITE GIRL are in the void.*

Sex.	BLACK GUY
Sex.	WHITE GIRL
Sex.	BLACK GUY
Sex.	WHITE GIRL
Sex.	BLACK GUY
Sex.	WHITE GIRL
What do you wanna listen to?	BLACK GUY
Michael Jackson.	WHITE GIRL
Annie are you ok?	BLACK GUY
The sun will come out tomorrow. Betcha bottom dollar that tomorrow!	WHITE GIRL
	BLACK GUY

I make lists of all the ways I could do a better job of caring for the people in my life, and then I lay in bed until it's too late to do any of them.

WHITE GIRL

I squeeze the pus out of my nose and call it skincare.

BLACK GUY

Can I squeeze here?

WHITE GIRL

That feels good.

BLACK GUY

It's been three months.

WHITE GIRL

I like you.

BLACK GUY

You don't know what paprika is.

WHITE GIRL

Is that bad?

BLACK GUY

Cuz I'm Bad. I'm Bad. You know it. You know.

WHITE GIRL

It's been five months.

BLACK GUY

I like you.

WHITE GIRL

Do you like me or do I just make you feel special?

BLACK GUY

Scratch my back.

WHITE GIRL

If we got married, would you take my last name?

BLACK GUY

I would trade one white name for another.



*BLACK GUY is laying out, writing in his journal.*

*WHITE GIRL is behind an easel sketching him.*

Don't look you can't look!

WHITE GIRL

I'm not!

BLACK GUY

Good.

WHITE GIRL

Hey what's a word for "milky" that isn't milky?

BLACK GUY

Frothy?

WHITE GIRL

Not quite.

BLACK GUY

What are you using it for?

WHITE GIRL

I'm.

BLACK GUY

*He laughs.*

What?

WHITE GIRL

I'm describing a pair of white thighs... Like a pair of white thighs that need lotion.

BLACK GUY

Gotchu.  
Can you move your head back to where it was thanks.  
I guess frothy thighs doesn't really work then...

WHITE GIRL

No.

BLACK GUY

Pasty?

WHITE GIRL

Creamy?

BLACK GUY

No these thighs are the opposite of creamy.

WHITE GIRL

Wow ok that's harsh um---

BLACK GUY

Like crusty would be a good word, but I need a word that's associated with a color too. Which crusty isn't. Except maybe yellow, but that's not right. You know? Like a word that is both a texture, and a shade---

WHITE GIRL

So you're really just going to write a poem about me in front of me?  
Wow ok yeah.

BLACK GUY

Wait hold up. This poem is not about you.

WHITE GIRL

I DON'T USE LOTION EVERY DAY I GET IT MY MOM DIDIN'T EITHER YOU COULD'VE JUST SAID SO INSTEAD OF JUST CASUALLY HINTING---

BLACK GUY

Babe it's not about you.

WHITE GIRL

Oh it's about some other white girl?

BLACK GUY

...

WHITE GIRL

Woow---

BLACK GUY

I've dated other white girls.  
And they too had thighs.

WHITE GIRL  
(disappointed)

So you're not writing about me?

BLACK GUY

No.

WHITE GIRL

Oh... aw...  
Well that's...  
Can I read it?

BLACK GUY

No!

WHITE GIRL

Oh.  
Well.  
Other people are still gonna think it's about me.

BLACK GUY

Well that's kind of on other people and not on us.

WHITE GIRL

Does this girl in your poem have a name?

BLACK GUY

No I'm not gonna use her name.

WHITE GIRL

Then they're really gonna think it's about me.

BLACK GUY

Well maybe you should start using some of my lotion then.

WHITE GIRL

...

BLACK GUY

...

WHITE GIRL

It's a really intimate thing to draw someone. Like really something special.

BLACK GUY



Yeah I've been sitting still for an hour!  
Chalky!  
Chalky is the word I was thinking of.  
What's another word for my first sexual memory was seeing my dad eat out another woman while my mom was Christmas shopping?

WHITE GIRL

I tried to draw my first sexual memory and it was just a series of dots.  
Eventually you're gonna have to meet my dad.

BLACK GUY

Eventually.

WHITE GIRL

I'm really upset that you're not writing a poem about me.  
I'm drawing you right now  
and you won't write a poem about me  
and it's kind of a slap in the face  
and that's how I feel.

*A pause.*

WHITE GIRL

I shouldn't be upset but I am upset, and those two things are just gonna have to coexist while I draw you ok hun.

BLACK GUY

Ok.

WHITE GIRL

I know when you say "white people" in your art, you mean me.  
Even when you don't mean me, you do.

*BLACK GUY tries to speak but can't find the right words.*

WHITE GIRL

...

*Again BLACK GUY can't find the---*

WHITE GIRL

You keep moving your lips can you stop it's hard to draw.

BLACK GUY

...

WHITE GIRL

I hope you like my drawing. I'm sure I'll hate it. But I want you to like it.  
Because I think it's important to share your art with a person you like.  
A person you're involved with.  
A person who is actually directly implicated by the work you create.  
Because art doesn't exist in a vacuum and you can't separate the art from the artist  
or the artist's girlfriend.  
And also it gives me a lot of pleasure to share it with you.  
Because I'm not just drawing what I see of you, but also what I know of you too. Like if  
you're smiling in my drawing then in my head I have to know why you're smiling, what  
you're looking at or thinking of because you have a lot of different, distinct smiles that I  
want to do justice to, and it's just so important to let someone see you in your process  
of thinking or feeling even if it's---

BLACK GUY  
(Finally)

Ok. Babe. Ugh. Ok.  
This poem is not about you. /

WHITE GIRL

Well clearly yeah!

BLACK GUY

But if you made me write a poem about you...  
I would say...  
I would say...

WHITE GIRL

Uh huh?

BLACK GUY

I would say...

WHITE GIRL

Well ya gotta say something!

BLACK GUY

This is really hard to just on the spot---

WHITE GIRL

Um hello I'm literally recreating your face!

BLACK GUY

Yeah ok but that's different! Like I have to look at you in your eyes /

WHITE GIRL

Uh huh!

BLACK GUY

And say like, like,  
Ahhhhhhhh  
I like you! That's it! That's the whole thing! Ok!

*A really long pause.*

WHITE GIRL

That's sweet.

BLACK GUY

Well, I'm glad---

WHITE GIRL

BUT THAT WAS NOT A POEM.

BLACK GUY

Oh my god---

WHITE GIRL

And one day I'm gonna make you actually share a poem.

BLACK GUY

Maybe not I haven't even seen your drawing.

WHITE GIRL

Well look at it cuz guess who's not a wimp? ME!

*WHITE GIRL holds it out.*

*BLACK GUY snatches it.*

*WHITE GIRL gets surprisingly nervous once it's not in her control anymore.*

*A long silence.*

*WHITE GIRL looks over BLACK GUY's shoulder while he looks at her work.*

WHITE GIRL

See. It's...  
you.

That's your head.  
And your ears. And\* ...

*\*the actress playing WHITE GIRL should take this moment to describe  
BLACK  
GUY's face. BLACK GUY looks at the paper. WHITE GIRL looks at BLACK  
GUY. She describes whatever the exact face is that BLACK GUY is making in  
real life  
as if it were the drawing. It can be improvised. It can keep going. And---*

WHITE GIRL

And there's the slant of your eyebrows and I'm feeling really vulnerable right now so  
I'm going to just keep on talking and there's your---

BLACK GUY

Ok.  
...  
...  
You win.

WHITE GIRL

It's not a competition.  
...  
A little bit, it's a little bit a competition.  
...

BLACK GUY

What do you get for winning?

WHITE GIRL

What do you wanna give me?

BLACK GUY

I can give you a prize.

WHITE GIRL

I can give you one back.

BLACK GUY

I think it's hot when you draw me.

WHITE GIRL

I think it's hot when you think about me.

I think it's hot when you look at me.

BLACK GUY

When I look at you.

WHITE GIRL

Look at me!

BLACK GUY

Look at me!

WHITE GIRL

Look at me look at me look at me look at me look at me look at me look at me look at me look at me look at me---

BLACK GUY & WHITE GIRL

*Switch.*

*VOID.*

Sex.

BLACK GUY

Sex.

WHITE GIRL

Sex.

BLACK GUY

Sex.

WHITE GIRL

Sex.

BLACK GUY

Sex.

WHITE GIRL

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 9 9 9---

BLACK GUY

WAAAIIIIIITTTTTT!

WHITE GIRL

*VOID INTERRUPTED.*

BLACK GUY  
(Out of breath)

What?

WHITE GIRL

It's been seven months.

BLACK GUY

Huh wait what?

WHITE GIRL

It's been seven months.

BLACK GUY

I know. Time flies yeah this is true---

WHITE GIRL

I know it's true.

BLACK GUY

So should I stop---

WHITE GIRL

Are we still using condoms?

BLACK GUY

As in right now, or in the near future?

WHITE GIRL

I'm just saying it's been seven months---

BLACK GUY

Word.  
So ditching condoms.

WHITE GIRL

I didn't say that---

BLACK GUY

No, ditching condoms I'm one hundred percent cool with that.

WHITE GIRL

But you don't know anything about my past.

It's been seven months.

BLACK GUY

And I don't know yours either.

WHITE GIRL

*Pause.*

Ooo. Ok. This sounds like it's gonna be a thing.  
Lemme just reorient---  
Ok. It's been seven months.  
You'd probably know by now if my situation had a situation.

BLACK GUY

That's not what I'm talking about.

WHITE GIRL

Well what are you talking about then?

BLACK GUY

Sometimes it's so easy to talk to you and then other times it's like you're hiding this like impenetrable face beneath your face.

WHITE GIRL

Ok fine what do you want to know?

BLACK GUY

I don't know.  
Who's the white girl you write poems about?

WHITE GIRL

Just an ex.

BLACK GUY

Just an ex.

WHITE GIRL

What, that's the answer.

BLACK GUY

See there it is again.

WHITE GIRL

BLACK GUY

Alright well if we're doing this--- you drew me really well.

WHITE GIRL

Yeah. I draw.

BLACK GUY

No but like really well. Like it almost made me angry how good it was.  
Like you had the right skin tone and.  
Almost like you've drawn other Black men before.

WHITE GIRL

Oh you expect me to only know how to draw white men?

BLACK GUY

Come on do you use that move often? That "let me draw you" move. Who else?  
You got a whole collection of Black men in your closet?

WHITE GIRL

Really. Really? Really!

BLACK GUY

Really.  
I tried to draw myself in high school and couldn't even find the right colored crayon  
and here you come with 50 shades of brown.

WHITE GIRL

And there you are with a whole closet poetry collection of white women.  
What are you gonna call your book? The White Album?

BLACK GUY

Ha!

WHITE GIRL

HA!

*A pause.*

WHITE GIRL

How many sexual partners have you had?

BLACK GUY

That's not a fun game.



WHITE GIRL

I'm not here to have fun I'm here to learn about the man I might be fucking without a condom.

BLACK GUY

How many sexual partners have you had?

WHITE GIRL

No no no / no no---

BLACK GUY

What can't take your / own line of questioning

WHITE GIRL

I asked you first you know I asked you first / so I have the power of first

BLACK GUY

Oh ok so you wanna hold me to some standard you aren't willing / to maintain yourself

WHITE GIRL

Oh it's that many! It's that many you don't even have a number! Unbelievable---

BLACK GUY

I HAVE A LIST!

WHITE GIRL

SO DO I!

BLACK GUY

WELL WHIP IT OUT!

WHITE GIRL

YOU WHIP IT OUT FIRST!

*A pause.*

*Then simultaneously they whip out their lists.*

*WHITE GIRL's is an iPhone note.*

*BLACK GUY's is in his journal.*

*They finish counting. Silence.*

WHITE GIRL  
The answer is not going to make you happy.

BLACK GUY  
Neither is mine.

WHITE GIRL  
Ok.

BLACK GUY  
What do you actually wanna know?

WHITE GIRL  
You like me because I'm white?

BLACK GUY  
You like me because I'm Black?

*A pause.*

WHITE GIRL & BLACK GUY  
Yes.

BLACK GUY  
You've been with other Black men before?

WHITE GIRL  
You've been with other white women before?

*A pause.*

BLACK GUY & WHITE GIRL  
Yes.

*A pause. They take it in.*

BLACK GUY  
Wow yep. Ok. Just gotta process. Guess you've been with A LOT of Black men---

WHITE GIRL  
Are you slut-shaming me?

BLACK GUY  
I'm not slut-shaming you; I'm race-shaming you.

WHITE GIRL

That's where we're at after seven months? Me getting race-shamed by Mr. Fucks A Lot Of White Women. Pimp Sees Himself With A White / Woman.

BLACK GUY

But that's not the same it's statistically / more likely for me to have been with a white woman than for you to have been with a Black man.

WHITE GIRL

Oh here we go. Statistics what are you a statistics guy now. Took one Q.R. in college and now you can hold math against me.

BLACK GUY

White women are everywhere; if I'm going to breathe air and also date people then I will eventually / run into

WHITE GIRL

And I'm just another white ho off the street.

BLACK GUY

HO?! Who said anything about hoes?!?!

WHITE GIRL

YESSSSSSSSsssssssss I've been with Black men before why does that bother you?

BLACK GUY

It doesn't! Except it does!

WHITE GIRL

That seems like a you thing.

BLACK GUY

No no because now I have to question like who am I to you relative to these other exes of yours---

WHITE GIRL

Well you seemed to enjoy who you were to me in every other context. Actually it should be reassuring to you that you're not the only one because now there's not some steep learning curve---

BLACK GUY

Oh you are full of learning curves.

Well back atcha my dude. WHITE GIRL

*A pause.*

You told me I was the best you ever had. BLACK GUY

Yeah you told me the same thing. WHITE GIRL

*Another longer pause.*

Are you in this? WHITE GIRL

What do you mean? BLACK GUY

Exactly what I said. WHITE GIRL

I've been in this. BLACK GUY

Really. WHITE GIRL

YES!  
Come on I talk to my barbers about you for god's... BLACK GUY

You told your--- WHITE GIRL

Yes.  
Ugh.  
Like right after our first date. BLACK GUY

*Silence.*

WHITE GIRL

Ok.

...

So your sexual history is.

...

Ok.

...

...

Walk me through them.

BLACK GUY

Excuse me.

WHITE GIRL

It's clear that the same attraction that led you to those other white women also led you to me.

BLACK GUY

That's not---

WHITE GIRL

Nope nope nope don't hide.

I said it and I am right and you know that I am right.

...

And so.

...

Those other bitches gotta go.

BLACK GUY

Excuse me?

WHITE GIRL

Mhm.

BLACK GUY

Go where?

WHITE GIRL

Away. Out of your mind.

BLACK GUY

They're not all white.

WHITE GIRL

Well they're not here and I am. And I'm not going anywhere.  
And if that means I have to fight through your whole past to keep you with me, so be it.

*BLACK GUY considers.*

BLACK GUY  
You have to show me yours too.

WHITE GIRL  
Alright.

BLACK GUY  
Yeah?

WHITE GIRL  
Yeah.

*BLACK GUY and WHITE GIRL prepare for battle.*

BLACK GUY  
This is like a scary thing. I've been in some dark places.

WHITE GIRL  
You and me both.  
You ready for what's coming?

BLACK GUY  
I'm in this.

WHITE GIRL  
So am I.

*Switch.*

*SEXUAL HISTORY: BATTLE OF THE EXES.*

*Battle music. Mortal Kombat.*

*Arena lights.  
Oh shit muhfuckas bout to get killt.*

*Two closets roll onstage from opposite sides.*

You wanna be the best. BLACK GUY

I am the best. WHITE GIRL

Well bring it on. BLACK GUY

Bring it on again. WHITE GIRL

Bring it on all or nothing. BLACK GUY

Bring it on in it to win it. WHITE GIRL

Bring it on fight to the finish. BLACK GUY

*WHITE GIRL faces one closet.*

*BLACK GUY faces the other.*

ROUND ONE! ANNOUNCER

*BAM!*

*The doors fly open!*

*EXES emerge.*

*These characters don't necessarily need to be actors as they will undergo some extreme violence. They can be cardboard cutouts. Or the same actor each time.*

*Out of WHITE GIRL's closet comes YOGA GAL.*

*Out of BLACK GUY's closet comes BASKETBALL JONES.*

YOGA GAL  
I can touch my toes without even moving.

BASKETBALL JONES

Number 49. Basketball Jones. Ohio State.

WHITE GIRL

Really babe?

BLACK GUY

A basketball player?

WHITE GIRL

You see that body though.

YOGA GAL

I can do downward facing dog without even bending.

WHITE GIRL

Uh-huh.

HOW ABOUT DOWNWARD FACING BITCH!

BLACK GUY

KOBE!

*WHITE GIRL snaps YOGA GAL in half.*

*BLACK GUY dunks on BASKETBALL JONES.*

*They scream and vanish.*

ANNOUNCER

ROUND TWO!

*Out of WHITE GIRL's closet comes LOOSE LEAF TEA.*

*Out of BLACK GUY's closet comes UPWARDLY MOBILE NEGRO.*

LOOSE LEAF TEA

Wow. Your energy is like really off.

Would you like some loose-leaf tea?

UPWARDLY MOBILE NEGRO

For centuries, the Black man has lived in the shadow of the white man.

That's why I'm going into investment banking.



WHITE GIRL

This is why you have so many tea infusers.

BLACK GUY

Did your dad like this dude?

WHITE GIRL

No he thought he was stuck up.

BLACK GUY

SO DO I!

*BLACK GUY chokes UPWARDLY MOBILE NEGRO with his necktie.*

*WHITE GIRL throws scorching tea at LOOSE LEAF TEA's face.*

*They scream and vanish.*

ANNOUNCER

ROUND THREE!

*A series of exes emerge and are defeated each time.*

*ALMOND GRANOLA CLUSTER.*

ALMOND GRANOLA CLUSTER

Our first date was at the R.E.I. DID HE TAKE YOU TO THE R.E.I.!?!?

*Defeated.*

*JAZZY CAT.*

JAZZY CAT

My dick curved like an alto saxophone.

*Defeated.*

*CHEERLEADER WOO.*

CHEERLEADER WOO

Woo!

*Defeated.*

*INCENSE GUY.*

INCENSE GUY

I got them oils.

*Defeated.*  
*LANA DEL REY.*

LANA DEL REY

Hope shimmers through the cosmos while I ride down sunlit boulevards and yellow rooms brimming, uptown is miserable---

*Defeated.*  
*MILITARY MAC.*

MILITARY MAC

YO GIRLFRIEND WROTE ME LETTERS WHILE I WAS WAR!

*SCOTT.*

SCOTT

Hey I'm Scott.

WHITE GIRL

Honey?

BLACK GUY

Hey, babe, hands are full right now.

*MILITARY MAC is defeated.*

WHITE GIRL

Who's Scott?

BLACK GUY

Oh Scott.

Uh Freshman year, we were in a musical together, tried it once, wasn't for me, no shame.

Wasn't for me.

WHITE GIRL

Huh. Kinda hot.

*Defeated.*

*NON-BLACK POC DUDE FROM SOPHOMORE YEAR.*

NON-BLACK POC DUDE FROM SOPHOMORE YEAR

Hi there so yeah so I'm not white American or Black American and so my narrative doesn't quite fit as neatly into this though I do have my own nuanced oppressions and privileges and they aren't the focus at the moment. Which is ok, truly. But so I just want to say that I am here, I exist, and also I hit it first.

*Defeated.*

*Music changes. A song that's familiar to WHITE GIRL plays.*

Oh no. WHITE GIRL

What? BLACK GUY

Ohhh no no no no. WHITE GIRL

Who is it? BLACK GUY

*Out of BLACK GUY's closet comes FIRST LOVE AKA BUM ASS NIGGA.*

*Dressed like a high school stoner.*

FIRST LOVE AKA BUM ASS NIGGA  
Hey. You wanna buy my mixtape?

No not you... WHITE GIRL

BLACK GUY  
I don't get it. He just seems like a regular bum ass nigga.

*FIRST LOVE AKA BUM ASS NIGGA sees WHITE GIRL.*

FIRST LOVE AKA BUM ASS NIGGA  
(To WHITE GIRL)

Wow. Hey.

WHITE GIRL  
(melts a little bit)

Hey...

*A pause.*

FIRST LOVE AKA BUM ASS NIGGA

Oh man I see what's happening here. Right on.  
Is this the new boyfriend? Wow. You're really lucky, man.

BLACK GUY

Aw. He's like a super nice guy.

FIRST LOVE AKA BUM ASS NIGGA

Thanks man. Yeah, I don't know, just to like provide some context, she and I, we were each others' first loves.

BLACK GUY

Really?

WHITE GIRL

I was young! We just like smoked a bunch of weed, and like hung out after school and like went to prom and missed curfew. Whatever. Ugh. Get out of here!

FIRST LOVE AKA BUM ASS NIGGA

Wow just seeing you.  
I don't even feel sad; I just feel happy for this new guy.

WHITE GIRL

Get rid of him!

FIRST LOVE AKA BUM ASS NIGGA

I hope you're treating her well.

BLACK GUY

I'm treating her fine.

FIRST LOVE AKA BUM ASS NIGGA

Whoa homie, no need to get un-amicable.  
I just, she was so important.  
She really pushed me to share my art with her.  
Even when I was scared.

And my confidence grew and grew.  
Without her, I never would've made it.

BLACK GUY

Made it where?

WHITE GIRL

Get rid of him before he blows up!

FIRST LOVE AKA BUM ASS NIGGA

You really should buy my mixtape man.  
I can sing real good.

WHITE GIRL

Get rid of him!

BLACK GUY

I'M NOT BUYING YOUR MIXTAPE!

*BLACK GUY swings at FIRST LOVE AKA BUM ASS NIGGA.*

*FIRST LOVE AKA BUM ASS NIGGA effortlessly catches the fist in midair.*

BLACK GUY

What?

FIRST LOVE AKA BUM ASS NIGGA

Aw man. You really should've just bought my mixtape.  
It's worth a lot now.

*BLACK GUY swings again. FIRST LOVE AKA BUM ASS NIGGA catches it again.*

FIRST LOVE AKA BUM ASS NIGGA

Aw man I thought we were gonna be homies. Guess ya done fucked up now.

BLACK GUY

I... can't... move.  
AHHH!

*He throws BLACK GUY to the ground.*

FIRST LOVE AKA BUM ASS NIGGA

Come on, let me sing you a song.

*Music grows.*

*It's an R&B beat.*

*FIRST LOVE AKA BUM ASS NIGGA begins changing.*

*Evolving grotesquely into his final form.*

*The final boss.*

*FIRST LOVE AKA BUM ASS NIGGA takes off his stoner hoodie.*

*Beneath it he is wearing a white leather jacket and a fishnet shirt.*

*He is ripped and dripping in hot oil.*

*He tears off his sweats and is wearing white tuxedo pants.*

*He puts on white sunglasses and a silver chain.*

FIRST LOVE AKA BUM ASS NIGGA

(like every R&B song ever)

*Nayho0000000.*

*FIRST LOVE AKA BUM ASS NIGGA sings a beautiful falsetto riff.*

*FIRST LOVE AKA BUM ASS NIGGA becomes*

*FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA: a 90's R&B star.*

BLACK GUY

A falsetto ass nigga!

WHITE GIRL

I WAS YOUNG OK!

*Every line FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA has is sung.*

FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA

*She still loves me.*

BLACK GUY

Do you still love him?

WHITE GIRL

Babe you have to win!

FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA

*Now I'm famous. Yeah.  
I'm famous. And she wonders what if.  
She can't forget me! Yeah.*

BLACK GUY

I'll never buy your mixtape.

FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA

*Mmmmmm oh my god!*

*BLACK GUY and FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA fight.*

*The biggest fight so far.*

*Every time FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA moves, he ad libs  
musically.*

*A punch. A kick. A juke. A moonwalk.*

FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA

*Ha. Shamone.  
Hee.  
Ouuuuuuuu.  
Ya missed.  
Come on.*

BLACK GUY

STOP POP LOCKING AND FIGHT ME!

FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA

*She learned that Usher song from me.  
Yes she did.*

*FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA is winning the fight.*

FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA

*I was her first, yeah. She was my first, ohhhh.  
And I saaanngggggg afterwards.*

BLACK GUY

I'M NOT LOSING TO SOME FALSETTO R&B JOHNNY GILL ASS NIGGA!

*FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA hits BLACK GUY with a combo.*

*BLACK GUY is getting his ass beat.*

WHITE GIRL

No! Babe get up!

FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA  
(While step-touching all over BLACK GUY's ass)

*Owwwwwww.*

*Mmmmmmm.*

*Hoooo Hoooo Hoooo*

BLACK GUY

I'm not strong enough...

He... defined what romantic love meant to you from such a young age.

FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA  
(R&B whisper monologue before the big finish)

Hey girl.

I came back for you.

And now. Imma beat that ass.

(Singing. Putting some rasp in it. Taking it to church.)

*OhOHOHOHOOHHHHHHHHHHHH!*

*Oh I know. I know. I know. Ohhhhh she loves me still.*

*Never got over me.*

*NEVER EVER EVER EVER EVER EVERRRRRR!!!!*

WHITE GIRL

Hey!

*FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA stops beating on BLACK GUY.*

WHITE GIRL

You broke my heart in the 12<sup>th</sup> grade.

FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA

Naywho?

WHITE GIRL

You. You did.

You were my first love. High school sweetheart.

You were also a pothead and a dick.



FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA

*Baby baby baby.*

*But we made sweet.*

(Touching his ear for a high note like Mariah)

*LOOOOVVVVVVVVEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!*

WHITE GIRL

No we didn't. That wasn't making love.

But I did learn a few things.

*WHITE GIRL starts step touching.*

WHITE GIRL

Uh huh. And I went to college.

And used what I learned from your relationship to make the other ones marginally better.

And I got better taste in music. And better sex.

And you got famous and got gonorrhoea.

*BLACK GUY leaps up, suddenly feeling empowered.*

BLACK GUY

You got gonorrhoea?!

FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA

*That's a myth. (a myth!)*

WHITE GIRL

Help me!

*WHITE GIRL and BLACK GUY do the same dance step.*

*They back FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA towards the closet.*

WHITE GIRL

You can't touch this!

BLACK GUY

The genre has evolved without you!

*FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA is losing confidence.*

FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA

*You'll never forget. First love. Smoking weed in the park.*

*First perioddddd study hall.*

*Feelin on yo breasteses.  
You could've had magazines. Limousines. Hold you down treat you like a queen.  
You don't know what's in store.*

WHITE GIRL

Well guess what?

FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA

*What?*

ANNOUNCER

FINISH HIM!

WHITE GIRL  
(singing)

*I don't love you anymore.*

BLACK GUY  
(background echoing)

*love you anymore.*

WHITE GIRL

*I don't love you anymore.*

BLACK GUY

*love you anymore.*

WHITE GIRL  
(singing)

*I don't love you anymore.*

BLACK GUY  
(background singing)

*love you anymore.*

WHITE GIRL

*I don't love you anymore.*

BLACK GUY

*love you anymore.*

*FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA has vanished from whence he came.*

WHITE GIRL  
(ending the song in a dramatic whisper)  
I don't love you. Maybe I never did.

*The closet door slams shut and disappears forever.*

ANNOUNCER  
Star-crossed lovers: Flawless Victory.

*The battle is over.  
Quiet.*

BLACK GUY  
So those were all of your exes?

WHITE GIRL  
That was them.

BLACK GUY  
Wow.

WHITE GIRL  
Yeah.  
That was all your exes.

BLACK GUY  
Oh, yeah. Yeah.

WHITE GIRL  
That was all of them?

BLACK GUY  
I'm glad we had this talk.  
Thank you, for, not letting it go.

*WHITE GIRL smiles.*

WHITE GIRL  
So. The condom thing.

BLACK GUY  
Right.

I'm ok if you're ok. WHITE GIRL

I'm ok. BLACK GUY

Ok. Good. WHITE GIRL

...  
So does that mean, like, we're making love now?

What? BLACK GUY

Isn't that your thing? WHITE GIRL

Wait you're saying we're making love which means then that---

No. I mean not no. I mean---

I'm confused are we having sex or are we making love? BLACK GUY

I'm confused too. WHITE GIRL

*A pause.*

*Then. Simultaneously it slips out. For the first time.*

I love you. WHITE GIRL & BLACK GUY

*They gasp. They look at each other. Surprised at first. Then. They crack up. A relief. One of them might fall to the floor exhausted.*

Ohhhhhh my god finally. BLACK GUY

WHITE GIRL

Wow yes.

BLACK GUY

Yeah... Yeah.

*They look at each other.*

*Ok yep now they can touch each other.*

*Really made them wait half a play to get here.*

*Switch.*

*A bed appears.*

*VOID.*

BLACK GUY

Sex.

WHITE GIRL

Sex.

BLACK GUY

Sex.

WHITE GIRL

Sex.

*A pause.*

*They look at each other.*

BLACK GUY & WHITE GIRL

I love you.

I love you too.

9.

*Switch.*

*BLACK GUY and WHITE GIRL are asleep in bed.*

*Something funny happens.*

*The moon is extra bright.*

*The sound of panting. It almost sounds euphoric.*

*It's not.*

*It's sprinting for dear life.*

*The sound of dogs barking. Scurrying through bushes.*

*There's a chase happening.*

WHITE MASSA

(A Southern accent from somewhere... South)

Where is she?!

Bring her back dead or alive!

*The sound of a mob.*

*People spreading out.*

*Running.*

*Enter HARRIET TUBMAN.*

*She looks around. It's safe in here.*

*And familiar.*

*Wait is that... she sees BLACK GUY.*

HARRIET TUBMAN

You.

*BLACK GUY shoots up and gasps.*

BLACK GUY

\*gasp\* Harriet Tubman.

HARRIET TUBMAN

It's been a while.

BLACK GUY

What are you doing here?

HARRIET TUBMAN

Oh you know. Just, escaping captivity.

BLACK GUY

You shouldn't be here.

HARRIET TUBMAN

A lot of places I shouldn't be.

BLACK GUY

You need to leave.

HARRIET TUBMAN

Aw really, but I just got here.

BLACK GUY

LEAVE!

HARRIET TUBMAN

Hey now. Wouldn't wanna wake up your new gal pal.

BLACK GUY  
(Whisper yelling)

Get out, Harriet Tubman.

HARRIET TUBMAN

They're hunting me.

Dogs caught my scent.

If I go back outside, the bloodhounds gonna rip my throat clean out my neck.

BLACK GUY

I don't care.

HARRIET TUBMAN

Oh you don't care?

You just gonna let the overseer's dogs nibble on poor Harriet Tubman?

BLACK GUY

I'm in love, Hari.

HARRIET TUBMAN

Ohhhhhh looovvvvveeee.

You in love now.

BLACK GUY

I'm in love.

HARRIET TUBMAN

Ha. I escaped slavery for this. Well slap my ass and call me Frederick!

BLACK GUY

Shh you're going to wake---

HARRIET TUBMAN

I CAN BE AS LOUD AS I WANT!

*Quiet.*

*The sound of dogs barking.*

HARRIET TUBMAN

Shit.

BLACK GUY

Maybe you should be quieter if you want to escape alive.

HARRIET TUBMAN

I'm not here to escape.

I'm here for you.

*Dogs.*

HARRIET TUBMAN

We need to go.

BLACK GUY

Go where?

HARRIET TUBMAN

To freedom.

BLACK GUY

I'm not leaving her.

HARRIET TUBMAN

Yes you are. Get up. Put some pants on.

BLACK GUY

No. No Harriet.



HARRIET TUBMAN

You know what will happen if they catch us.

BLACK GUY

I said no.  
I'm not leaving her behind for you.

*A pause.*

HARRIET TUBMAN

You're lying to yourself.

BLACK GUY

I'm not.

HARRIET TUBMAN

You're lying to her too.  
Just like your father.

BLACK GUY

Don't.

HARRIET TUBMAN

You told her she was the best.  
You told her she defeated all of your exes.

...  
But you didn't tell her  
about me.

*Quiet.*

*HARRIET TUBMAN becomes FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN.*

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

I missed you.  
Did you hear me?  
I said---

BLACK GUY

I heard you.

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

You don't miss me?

BLACK GUY  
(under his breath)

I miss you.

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

Can you speak up?

BLACK GUY

I miss you too.

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

What do you miss about me?

BLACK GUY

Harriet stop.

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

You miss our nights together?

Remember when Obama was elected? That was a great night for us.

BLACK GUY

Harriet, no---

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

Ooo remember when we got high and watched The Wiz?

BLACK GUY

I, this is not what I---

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

You miss not second guessing yourself?

You miss not needing to figure me out?

BLACK GUY

Oh no you had a lot of baggage too.

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

Oh poor baby! Was I too much for you?

BLACK GUY

Look at you! Running around trying to rescue me from---

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

So I'm the villain!

BLACK GUY

I don't need your help!

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

Save it. We got a long journey ahead of us.

Got some cloud coverage tonight. Gonna be hard to follow the drinking gourd.

BLACK GUY

I'm not coming.

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

You had your fun time playing around with white girl.

Nice lil vacation.

It's time to get real; there is a war out there. Our people are dying.

So stop hiding and come with me.

BLACK GUY

NO!

WE'RE NOT GETTING BACK TOGETHER HARRIET TUBMAN!

*Pause.*

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

Your ancestors are disappointed in you.

I be talking with them.

Yo great great uncle shaking his head right now.

My girl Mamie mad as hell.

All of us are out here waiting for you to choose us.

Your people are dying while you here having sex with---

BLACK GUY

We're making love.

*FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN cracks up.*

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

Oh man oh, woowow, you're deep in it aren't you.

I fought racism my whole life just for y'all to internalize it, ok.

BLACK GUY

Love is love.

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

Nigga shut the fuck up.

BLACK GUY

IT'S OK HARRIET! IT IS OK FOR ME TO BE HERE!  
FOR US TO DO WHAT WE WANT. TO LOVE. TO FUCK.  
TO GET MARRIED / TO

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

Oh you're talking marriage that's a commitment we know you don't like those.

BLACK GUY

Well maybe I've grown.

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

Date me, grow, and then marry a white girl ok.

BLACK GUY

I'm happy.

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

Then why didn't you tell her about me.

*Dogs. Closer.*

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

You're writing more now. [hi there if you're reading this in the future this is me the playwright interrupting the scheduled program to tell you to call someone you love and tell them you love them. Do it now before finishing the play. It'll work out.]

BLACK GUY

Uh huh.

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

She probably gives you some good material to mine.

BLACK GUY

What are you saying.

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

You didn't need to write as much when you were with me.  
Less to get off your conscience maybe.

BLACK GUY

Well maybe I didn't love you like you thought I did.

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

Nigga I was your first love and don't you dare say otherwise!

BLACK GUY

Oh please, you were just so afraid of being alone you thought I was your only option!

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

You know I knew it. When we broke up. And you moved on.  
I knew exactly what she was gonna look like.  
And all you did was prove me right.

BLACK GUY

We didn't break up because you're Black! That's such an easy excuse for you to---

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

Tell yourself that.

BLACK GUY

We broke up because you were moving to Boston!

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

And that's a better excuse!

BLACK GUY

It's the truth!

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

We could've made it work! I was ready to make it work!

BLACK GUY

At some point, you need to just let it go Harriet Tubman.

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

And when he get on, he leave yo ass for a white girl.  
Just like your father.

BLACK GUY

STOP SAYING THAT YOU ALWAYS SAY THAT AND IT'S NOT FAIR!

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

They warned me too, they warned me to just live my life and enjoy my freedom in Canada. But I said nooo.

BLACK GUY

Well maybe I don't have the problem; maybe actually you need to get over me.

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

And she doesn't love you.  
I know you scared of that.  
That one day she's gonna see the trembling little boy in you and that'll be the end.

BLACK GUY

You're leaving now.

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

And you scared of me too.  
Cuz you still think about me.  
When you're happy.  
When you're sad.  
...  
When you're horny.

BLACK GUY

Shut up.

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

Oh ho ho got a nerve there did I.

BLACK GUY

Get the fuck out of our home---

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

Ooo you likes the big house dontcha.

BLACK GUY

I will drag you out with my bare hands if I have to.

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

Yeah you wanna touch me baby I wanna feel your hands on me.

*BLACK GUY considers.*

*BLACK GUY looks at WHITE GIRL.*

*BLACK GUY gets out of bed and moves angrily towards FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN.*

BLACK GUY

I don't care if the dogs tear you to pieces  
I don't care if you're alone for the rest of your life  
just LEAVE. OUR. HOUSE.

*FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN pulls out a gun.*

*BLACK GUY stops.*

*Dogs.*

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

I shot niggas who wouldn't come with me.

BLACK GUY

Harriet...

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

The bitch ass niggas who'd rather stay than come.

BLACK GUY

Harriet I'm happy here, please.

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

You're happy?

...

Say it again.

Say you don't love your skin next to hers.

Say you don't love pleasing her with that mouth.

Say white girl doesn't make you feel like a man.

BLACK GUY

I, I don't ---

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

No no no I see it.

The real you.

You're so scared.

BLACK GUY

I love her...

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

What was that?

I think you said you're scared?

...

That's what you said.

(the gun)

You're scared.

BLACK GUY

(scared)

I'm scared.

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

You're ashamed.

BLACK GUY

I'm ashamed.

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

Good boy. You like me to humiliate you.

Now speak up:

*FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN backs BLACK GUY towards his bed.*

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

I'm willing to do things for my white girlfriend that I wouldn't do for my Black one.

BLACK GUY

I'm willing to do things for my white girlfriend that I wouldn't do for my Black one.

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

You were too good for me and that made me feel weak.

BLACK GUY

You were too good for me and that made me feel weak.

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

You're perfect, Harriet Tubman.

BLACK GUY

You're perfect, Harriet Tubman.



FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

I'm just like my father.

BLACK GUY

I'm just like ahhh---

*BLACK GUY cringes.  
He's breathing heavily.*

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

You like that. Speak up boy.

BLACK GUY

I'm just like ahhhh---

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

Your past.  
You can't get rid of us.

*BLACK GUY cringes more. He's on the bed.  
Something is weighing him down.*

BLACK GUY

Ahhh---

*BLACK GUY cringes again. Spasms. He's sweating everywhere.*

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

You're so close. You wanna come with me.

BLACK GUY

I'm not coming Harriet.  
Don't make me come.

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

Say it.

BLACK GUY

Don't make me come.

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

With your ancestors watching.

*Dogs. The loudest they've been.*

FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

Wake up nigga.  
Wake up nigga.  
Wake up nigga.

BLACK GUY

Don't make me come Harriet.  
Don't make me come Harriet.  
Don't---  
AHHHHHHH I'M JUST LIKE MY FATHER!

*BLACK GUY comes.*

WHITE GIRL

Wake up.  
Wake up.

*BLACK GUY wakes up. FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN is gone.*

BLACK GUY

AHHHHH  
AHHHHHHH  
AHHHHHHHH!

WHITE GIRL

Shhhh hey hey hey hey.  
It's ok. It's ok.

BLACK GUY

Bad dream bad dream bad dream bad dream bad dream---

*BLACK GUY leans into WHITE GIRL.*

WHITE GIRL

Shhhh. It's ok now.  
You're safe.  
You're safe here.  
You're not going anywhere.  
You're staying right here with me.

*They breathe and hold each other.*

*They breathe together.*

*They breathe together.*

*Then.*

*WHITE GIRL considers.*

*WHITE GIRL considers again.*

*WHITE GIRL can't help herself.*

WHITE GIRL  
(While still holding BLACK GUY)

Who's Harriet?

*A long pause.*

BLACK GUY

She's my ex from years ago and we had one of the most intense relationships of my life of her life too I'm sure and it was great except not always great but when we were together it felt like destiny almost like we were inevitable and in some ways we were and then she moved to a different city and she wanted to keep it going and I didn't want to keep it going and I blamed geography when actually I was just lazy and I made us break up and it was sad except it was actually really easy for me to end it in a way that made me feel like my father because he cheated and left my mom and didn't feel any shame about it at all and Harriet made me feel terrible like I was worthless because she was hurt and I was hurt but also I was pretty ok I was more ok than she was and maybe I shouldn't have been ok maybe I should have been better maybe I should have ripped my skin off for her the way she would have for me but I was very ok and I moved on kind of easily almost instantly almost like she never existed but she did exist and I loved her and in some ways still do and it was my fault but that's ok even though I didn't tell you about her during our big talk because I was really scared that she was right about me and what that might mean about me and us but you don't need to be her you just need to be you because I do love you I do love you and also she was Black.

WHITE GIRL

Oh.

...

...

Babe that talk we had was like five months ago.

I know. BLACK GUY

So you've just been holding that for half a year. WHITE GIRL

Yeah. BLACK GUY

... WHITE GIRL

... BLACK GUY

... WHITE GIRL

... BLACK GUY

It's ok that you keep secrets from me. WHITE GIRL

But I don't want to. BLACK GUY

You sure? It seems like you do. WHITE GIRL

I'm working on it. BLACK GUY

Ok. WHITE GIRL

I'm really sorry. BLACK GUY

Don't be. I don't tell you everything. WHITE GIRL

Ok. BLACK GUY

But I don't lie either. WHITE GIRL

*A pause.*

That line feels kind of thin. BLACK GUY

I think it's thinner on your end than it is on mine. WHITE GIRL

You're right... BLACK GUY

... WHITE GIRL  
Do I need to kick Harriet's ass?

No. Also she might uh, she has a gun. BLACK GUY

Oh. Ok. She would win. WHITE GIRL

Yeah, yeah. BLACK GUY

*A pause.*

How do you feel? WHITE GIRL

Terrified. BLACK GUY

Same. WHITE GIRL

... BLACK GUY

... WHITE GIRL

And also  
like we should get married.

BLACK GUY

And also like we should get married.

WHITE GIRL

*A pause. An agreement. They leap up.*

Are we engaged?

BLACK GUY

Yup.

WHITE GIRL

You have to meet my mom.

BLACK GUY

You have to meet my dad.

WHITE GIRL

*A pause.*

Does she know I'm white?

WHITE GIRL

Does he know I'm Black?

BLACK GUY

Uh oh!

WHITE GIRL

Uh oh!

BLACK GUY

*Switch.*

*WHITE GIRL and her WHITE DADDY*

Daddy?

WHITE GIRL

I'm in the den.

WHITE DADDY

*WHITE DADDY is wearing an apron and listening to airpods.*

There's my baby girl. How are we?  
You're looking resplendent today.  
And what's the deal with this Trump guy? What a bozo.

WHITE DADDY

The Founding Fathers would be rolling in their graves.  
And you know exactly which Founding Fathers I mean.  
That's right. Martin, Malcom, Bayard, and Ché.  
The U.S. Government assassinated Fred Hampton.  
I wasn't there, but if I was, I'da made some calls.  
Taste this sauce. Mhm. Delicious!  
Better than your mom would make it! Why'd I say that! She left me years ago!  
What a hag. But not hag like a woman. I just mean her hands were like talons.  
How are you?

WHITE GIRL

I'm... I'm really great actually.

WHITE DADDY

And how's that beau of yours? The writer?  
I'd really like to meet him.  
Been almost two years, right?

WHITE GIRL

Something like that.

WHITE DADDY

Ya know time is fuzzy. Especially in the context of a relationship.  
Three months can feel like a lifetime. A whole marriage can feel like a piece of shit.

WHITE GIRL

Yeah I actually... you should meet him. I want you to meet him.  
Especially because... we're engaged!

*A pause.*

WHITE DADDY

Well that's unorthodox for me to not know my future son-in-law until this late in the game, but it's 2019 and I support you, even though you've dated some uh. Some bum asses!  
But I can tell you learned from them and so I trust your judgement.

WHITE GIRL

Amazing. Also he's Black.

*Another pause.*

WHITE DADDY

Even better! Ya know I used to play lots of sports, I was a sports man.  
Football was my main thing; I was quarterback and boy I'll tell ya  
me and them we made quite the team. Did I say the wrong thing there?  
Well, tell him I said welcome to the family.  
And you'll be much better at marriage than your mother I can tell.  
We should do dinner I'll cook.  
He should bring his family too!

*Switch.*

*BLACK GUY and his BLACK MAMA.*

BLACK GUY

Mom?

BLACK MAMA

Sweetie! I'm in the living room.

*BLACK MAMA is playing videogames.*

BLACK MAMA

There's my son. Look atchu. Lookin all grown like a man.  
And your hairline hasn't flinched! I'm just here playing your old videogames.  
You know I got hooked once you moved out, it's crazy how lonely a home can be,  
but all these online friends keep me company, It's fun!  
And what's the deal with the government?  
Not in the "now more than ever" sense but in the "since 1776" sense ok.  
Got some juice in the fridge, did I tell you I bought a juicer,  
really felt like making a change and so I got a juicer. Beets!  
Who knew what you could do with beets! Your father didn't!  
But your father also didn't know what you could do with shame so.  
Shoulda bought a juicer!  
How are you?

BLACK GUY

I am better than I've been in a very long time.

BLACK MAMA

That's so nice to hear. I'm glad a visit to your mom's can make you feel that way.

BLACK GUY

Yeah, it. Well actually it's because. I have news.

BLACK MAMA



You have news? Ohhhh you have news; tell me! I get so excited for you!

BLACK GUY

Well. That girl I've been seeing.

BLACK MAMA

That girl who's not Harriet yep.

BLACK GUY

Yeah uh. Well, it's been almost two years.

BLACK MAMA

Long time for you.

BLACK GUY

It's been a while. And, well, we're engaged!

BLACK MAMA

(Immediately, demonic)

I'm gonna rip that bitch's lips off.

BLACK GUY

What?

BLACK MAMA

(demonic)

I'm gonna take her eyes and use them as finger puppets.

BLACK GUY

Wait wait wait mom what.

BLACK MAMA

Yes honey?

BLACK GUY

I said I'm engaged.

BLACK MAMA

Ohhhhhhhh how niiiice.

I just think, I just think it's funny that I haven't met her, this girl who makes you feel better than you've felt in a long time, which means better than your mother can make you feel.

It makes me wonder about her is all.

BLACK GUY

Well. We're engaged.  
And I should have told you this before, but also she's white.

BLACK MAMA

Is that so?

...  
Well I guess I was right to wonder.  
From Harriet, who really was just the best of us, to. This white girl.  
Alright!

BLACK GUY

Also we have dinner plans.

*Switch.*

*BLACK GUY and BLACK MAMA  
and WHITE GIRL and WHITE DADDY at dinner.*

*Quiet.*

WHITE DADDY & BLACK GUY

So what's the deal with the government?

WHITE DADDY

Right! I was just saying that!

BLACK GUY  
(To WHITE DADDY)

You have a lovely home.

WHITE DADDY

Why thank you; you're too kind.  
My ex-wife did the decorations and I kept them because I couldn't do better.

BLACK GUY

We've been decorating our apartment and it's actually much easier than I thought.

WHITE GIRL

We work together really well. As a duo.  
We once tag-teamed a fight to vanquish my ex.

WHITE DADDY

Was it the singer? I hate him.

BLACK GUY

Bum ass!

BLACK MAMA

You know who I really didn't hate? Harriet.

BLACK GUY

Well Mom, Harriet is gone, she's been gone, and that's that.

BLACK MAMA

She just did so much for you. For all of us really. She was on the front lines. Thankless job. You really could have done things differently.

WHITE GIRL

Yeah but she was also kind of twisted too.

Just saying.

BLACK MAMA

Oh? Were you there?

WHITE GIRL

No, but we've shared a lot.

BLACK MAMA

Did you share a body?

WHITE GIRL

No.

BLACK MAMA

Alright then.

*A pause.*

WHITE GIRL

(To WHITE DADDY)

Do you have any salt?

WHITE DADDY

Well well, you've got a newly evolved palate.

(To BLACK GUY)

Did she get that from you?

BLACK GUY

We cook together.  
She didn't know what paprika was when we met.

WHITE DADDY  
HAHAHAHAHAHA! WHAT IS IT!

BLACK MAMA  
Now Harriet could make some greens.  
(To WHITE GIRL)  
Do you know about greens?

WHITE GIRL  
We've had greens before.

BLACK MAMA  
I didn't ask if you've had them; I asked if you know about them.

WHITE DADDY  
You know, it seems like we've all got a lot of preconceived notions about who we're sitting around this table with.  
And I think, often, we are more than meets the eye.  
For instance, when I played football, I was a white quarterback who scrambled.  
Boy I was slippery! Catch me if ya can!

BLACK MAMA  
Son, why are we here?

BLACK GUY  
We're here because we're all going to get along.

BLACK MAMA  
I got along with Harriet.

WHITE GIRL  
Yeah ok, and Harriet was shitty to him.

BLACK MAMA  
(To WHITE DADDY)  
Oh she uses this language around you?

BLACK GUY  
Babe you wanna sit this one out.

WHITE GIRL  
(To BLACK MAMA)

I get it. I get how this looks. And I get why you might like her more.  
But you don't know everything.

BLACK MAMA

Like what, what don't I know? What don't I know about my son and love?

WHITE GIRL

Yes they were in love. But she also would try to shame him for---

BLACK MAMA

Maybe a little shame can be a good thing---

BLACK GUY

Babe.

WHITE GIRL

Or she would get mad and tell him he was just like his father.

BLACK MAMA

Well he also left me for a white woman so I guess I'm two for two.

*Silence. A long silence.*

WHITE DADDY

I like her!

(To WHITE GIRL)

Even though she haaates you, woof, I do like her though.

BLACK GUY

Mom. That is. Not---

BLACK MAMA

No no.

You know I. ... Back in the day, I used to always ask what race my son's little flings were.

Even the childhood ones. The very first one. In kindergarten, I remember he came home, and he said

I'm married to my new best friend! And I said well aren't you a little young for marriage.

And he described her, her face her hair.

He said I'm the color of dirt and she's the color of milk.  
Said it with a smile.  
A couple days later, he heard someone say the word nigger. Not at him, but near him.  
He asked what that meant. And so I had to explain to him, of course.  
Not *dirt* but, Black. Not *milk* but, white.  
My fault maybe, I put him in a lot of white schools.  
But, every time he would describe another fling, what she was like, there was a pattern.  
I'd say oh.  
Oh.  
You still believe you're the dirt.

BLACK GUY

Mom that isn't---

BLACK MAMA

No no.  
I'm just providing context. If we're going to be a faaamily. Well.  
Because I'm looking at the two of you.  
And I believe it. Sure.  
The same way I did when you were young, kindergarten.  
I believe you are feeling what you say you feel, and that the reasons for that run deep.  
...  
You know Harriet and I still talk.  
She messages on Facebook to check on me sometimes.  
It's nice.  
...  
So.  
You wanna act like your love is the exception to a pattern, sure.  
You wanna acknowledge that your love is a part of a pattern and keep going with it  
anyway, sure.  
...  
You've lasted longer than most, white girl.  
We'll see.

*BLACK MAMA eats. Everyone watches her eat.*

BLACK GUY

Mom I don't even know what to say to you---

WHITE DADDY  
(Cutting him off)

Ah.

(To BLACK MAMA)

You look tired.

BLACK MAMA

Excuse me?

WHITE DADDY

Not physically, no you look great. Beautiful. Black don't crack.  
I just mean, your heart.  
My ex-wife, her mother, was stone. Hard to the touch. Probably my fault in a lot of ways.

WHITE GIRL

Dad.

WHITE DADDY

No, I mean.  
Anything could turn out differently from the way it did if people were different from the way they were.  
I just mean you look tired.

BLACK MAMA

No he didn't.

WHITE DADDY

I can help with that.

BLACK MAMA

What?

WHITE DADDY

Yeah. I'm actually pretty well-rested myself. So.  
Can I just---

*WHITE DADDY gets up and goes behind BLACK MAMA.*

BLACK MAMA

Excuse me what are you---

WHITE DADDY

Shh shh shh. Just. Let me---

BLACK MAMA

Hey what are you AHHHH!

*WHITE DADDY is giving BLACK MAMA a massage.*

BLACK MAMA

WHAT THE HELL... are you...  
doing...

WHITE DADDY

Is that alright?

BLACK MAMA

Wait wait, I don't need you to... I was making a point about my son's...

WHITE DADDY

It's ok. Am I going too hard or too soft?

BLACK MAMA

No it's. Ooo. Hooooooo my... gah.

*BLACK MAMA is in a lot of pain but also it really hits the spot.*

BLACK MAMA

Oh wow I haven't. Oooo.  
This is.  
I really.  
Oh my gah. Why is this my firrrst time getting a---  
Son how come you never---

BLACK GUY

Uhn uhn I don't know what the hell is happening here!

BLACK MAMA

This is... inappropriate.

WHITE DADDY

I'll stop if you want me too.

BLACK MAMA

NO! Just. Ooo. A little to the OHHHHHH.

*BLACK MAMA's knees are shaking. She can't catch her breath.*



WHITE GIRL  
(To BLACK GUY)

Is your mom---

BLACK GUY

I don't know I don't wanna know.

BLACK MAMA

Ohhhhhh shit. Ohhhh.  
You. Hoo hoo...  
Mmmm  
oh shit right there.  
You, you're outta pocket.

WHITE DADDY

It's a QB sneak.

BLACK MAMA

Ohhhhhhh---

BLACK GUY

Is this... Is this wrong?  
Should we leave?

WHITE GIRL

I... I can't look away.

BLACK MAMA

Ooo ooooo OOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO nope yep y'all, y'all gots to go Mama needs a moment.  
Mama needs a moment ohhh!

BLACK GUY

Wait Mom you just said a lot; can we unpack ---

BLACK MAMA

Oooo no no I don't wanna talk to you right now I gotta ohhhhhh 9 9  
don't stop use both ya hands---

WHITE DADDY

Daughter. Son-in-Law, I really like you by the way and I'm excited for the wedding.  
But I think you two should. Skedaddle. Ok.  
Daddy needs this too.

Dad you---  
WHITE GIRL

BLACK MAMA  
(Immediately, demonic)  
GET OUTTA HERE! GET THE FUCK OUT!

Yep we out.  
BLACK GUY

OhhhhhhhhhhhhhHHHHHHHHHHH!  
BLACK MAMA

Wait what about---  
WHITE GIRL

Nope don't think about it just go!  
BLACK GUY

OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH---  
BLACK MAMA

*BLACK GUY and WHITE GIRL are gone.  
Switch.*

*Wedding bells.*

*Wedding music.*

*On one side, BLACK GUY and his BARBERS getting him ready for wedding  
day.*

*On the other side, WHITE GIRL and her BFFS getting her ready.*

BARBERS  
I can't believe you're getting married.

BFFS  
I can't believe you're getting married!

Mmm mmmm mmmm!  
BARBER 1

I CALLED THAT SHIT!  
BARBER 2

Ahhhhhhh!  
BFF 2

BFF 1

I am not. ok!!!!

BARBER 2

See I told you I said it I said if ya love someone ya love em.  
And that's that!

BARBER 1

Nah I couldn't never love no white person.

BARBER 2

Cuz why?

BARBER 1

Cuz slavery.

BARBER 2

Man I'm over that.

BARBER 1

How you over slavery you still not over your ex?

BARBER 2

Psh!

BARBER 1

PSH!

BFF 1

You can always tell when someone meets the person that they're going to spend  
forever with. For example, you

(To BFF 2)

Never seen you with that person.

BFF 2

I know. It's like do I even want that person. What am I inviting into my life?

BFF 1

What *are* you inviting into your life?

BARBER 1

See but I think it's impossible to love a white person. Cuz when I say love. I mean all the way love. And can't no Black person be all the way with a white person cuz eventually you just gonna bump into ya self.

BARBER 2

That ain't special; everyone you love gonna make you bump into ya self.

BARBER 1

But it's different wit the white folks.

BARBER 2

Ok so you only date niggas; how that working out for you?

Exactly.

Me I just think everybody needs to fuck.

BFF 1

It's like, that one time I was with a Black guy, wasn't a big deal, except it made me feel really powerful. And I loved it.

Was I ashamed? Sure. But you know what they say:

The first step of a walk of shame is the beginning of a walk into the future.

BFF 2

Is that a saying---

BFF 1

Oh man maybe I should text that guy back.

BARBER 1

Oh shit.

BFF 1

Oh my god.

*They pause to look at their work.*

BARBERS

You look good.

BFFS

You look good.

*During the last scene, a wedding procession entered.*

*As many characters as you can have onstage.*

*Definitely WHITE DADDY and BLACK MAMA, who are very close.*

*FALSETTO ASS NIGGA and HARRIET TUBMAN.*

*BARBERS and BFFS join the crowd.*

*We are surrounded by BLACK GUY's and WHITE GIRL's past.*

*Now the bride and groom.*

*WHITE GIRL and BLACK GUY approach each other.*

*FALSETTO ASS NIGGA cries in a vocal run.*

*WHITE DADDY kisses BLACK MAMA on the hand.*

*HARRIET TUBMAN has a flock of niggas, WHITE GIRL's exes.*

BLACK GUY

I take thee. To be my white wife.

WHITE GIRL

I take thee. To be my Black husband.

BLACK GUY

Because there are several ways of looking at this.

WHITE GIRL

And also no other way of looking at this.

BLACK GUY

To have and to hold.

WHITE GIRL

Through dreams and nightmares.

BLACK GUY

Through rough drafts and masterpieces.

WHITE GIRL

In sickness and in health.

BLACK GUY

In season and unseasoned.

WHITE GIRL

In secrets and shame.

BLACK GUY

In public and proud.  
You are all the worst and best parts of me.  
All my shame.

WHITE GIRL

All my guilt.

BLACK GUY

My desire and my rage.

WHITE GIRL

My sadness and my comfort.

BLACK GUY & WHITE GIRL

You make me feel more powerful and less powerful  
than I've ever felt.

WHITE GIRL

To have and to hold.

BLACK GUY

To never lose.

WHITE GIRL

Till death.

BLACK GUY

Do us part.

*A pause.*

*They kiss.*

*They stop kissing.*

*They look at each other.*

BLACK GUY

Sex.

WHITE GIRL

Sex.

Sex. BLACK GUY

Sex. WHITE GIRL

Sex. BLACK GUY

Sex. WHITE GIRL

Sex. BLACK GUY & WHITE GIRL  
Sex.

Sex. WHITE DADDY

Sex. BLACK MAMA

Sex. FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

Sex. FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA

Sex. BARBER 1

Sex. BARBER 2

Sex. BFF 1

Sex. BFF 2

Sex. EVERYONE

Sex.  
Sex.  
Sex. (In harmonies)

Sex.  
Sex.  
Sex.  
Sex.

*It builds.  
It becomes a choir. A gospel.*

*Finally.*

*Switch.*

*VOID SEX.*

*A big ol choreographed orgy.*

*Everybody fuckin.*

*WHITE DADDY and BLACK MAMA.*

*BLACK GUY and WHITE GIRL.*

*BARBER 1 and FALSETTO ASS NIGGA.*

*HARRIET TUBMAN and UPWARDLY MOBILE NEGRO.*

What do you want to listen to?                   BLACK GUY

All the sounds we can make.                   WHITE GIRL

My own voice.                   BLACK MAMA

I am the North Star.                   FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

When I was a baby, I called every man Daddy.                   WHITE DADDY

*I'm freeeeeeeeeeeee.*                   FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA



Yes we can. BFF 1

Buffalo cauliflower. BFF 2

If this is wrong. BLACK MAMA

I don't wanna be right. WHITE DADDY

You. BLACK GUY

You. WHITE GIRL

Keep going. BLACK MAMA

Don't stop. WHITE DADDY

DAMNNN AMERICA CRAZY. EVERYONE

FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA  
*I don't see nothing wronngggggg---*

Nope fuck that nigga. FIRST LOVE AKA HARRIET TUBMAN

My bad. FIRST LOVE AKA FALSETTO ASS NIGGA

Giddyup young niggas. BARBER 1

I love my skin. EVERYONE  
I hate my skin.  
I think your skin is beautiful.

Choke me.	BLACK GUY
Chain me.	WHITE GIRL
Tie me up.	WHITE DADDY
If my ex could see me now.	EVERYONE
I hope he's happy.	BLACK MAMA
I know she misses me.	WHITE DADDY
I'm married to my new best friend!	BLACK GUY
I'm the dirt.	WHITE GIRL
Dirty girl.	BLACK GUY
Meow.	WHITE DADDY
Come get this milk.	BLACK MAMA
That's nice sweetie!	WHITE DADDY
What are we gonna name our kids?	WHITE GIRL
Who named me?	BLACK GUY
You're better than my ex.	WHITE DADDY

You're better than my ex.	BLACK MAMA
I'm better than my mother.	WHITE GIRL
I'm better than my father.	BLACK GUY
YOU'RE GONNA BE A DAD!	WHITE GIRL
<i>Oh shit.</i>	
What?	BLACK GUY
UH OH!	EVERYONE
Ha!	WHITE DADDY
Oh shit wait hold on now---	BLACK MAMA
Call me white granddaddy!	WHITE DADDY
What?	BLACK GUY
You're gonna be a dad!	WHITE GIRL
I'm scared.	BLACK GUY
It's ok.	WHITE GIRL
I'm scared.	BLACK GUY

It's fine. WHITE GIRL

I'm scared. BLACK GUY

IT'S NOT OK IT'S NOT OK AHHHHHHHHHHHHH! WHITE GIRL

PUSH! EVERYONE  
PUSH!  
PUSHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

UH OH! WHITE GIRL

*Switch.*

*Blackout.*

*The sound of babies crying.*

*In the darkness.*

Oh my god. BLACK GUY  
Look. Twins.

They're so small. WHITE GIRL

Can you believe... we made them. BLACK GUY  
It's little us.

Yeah. WHITE GIRL  
50,000 Instagram followers.  
Per baby.

And they grow up so fast. BLACK GUY

I can't believe they're 1 year old  
2 years old

WHITE GIRL  
BLACK GUY

3 already.  
It's their 4<sup>th</sup> birthday.

WHITE GIRL

We've been together 7 years!

BLACK GUY

I love you.

WHITE GIRL

I love you.

BLACK GUY

I love you.

BABY

Aww.

BLACK GUY & WHITE GIRL

Time is fuzzy. Also I can't stop coughing. Cough cough.

WHITE GIRL

I'm Black.  
And your Mommy's white.

BLACK GUY

And that's going to get very complicated over time so we'll stop there for now.

WHITE GIRL

They're 5 years old.

BLACK GUY

Kindergarten!

WHITE GIRL

I remember when I was in kindergarten.

BLACK GUY

WHITE GIRL

Your father met his first wife when he was in kindergarten.

BLACK GUY

We don't talk about her because your mother killed all my exes.

WHITE GIRL

And your father killed all of mine.

WHITE GIRL & BLACK GUY

Aww!

BLACK GUY

6, 7 years old!

WHITE GIRL

My mom was so emotionally distant I barely remember her.

BLACK GUY

But they'll remember you.

WHITE GIRL

They will remember me cough.

BLACK GUY

I was 7 when my dad had his affair!

WHITE GIRL

Have you had an affair?

BLACK GUY

No I have not.

WHITE GIRL

See you're already better than him.  
I told you you'd be better than him!

BLACK GUY

Yes you did.

WHITE GIRL

Happy 8<sup>th</sup> birthday! Cough cough cough!

BLACK BUY

Happy 9

9 WHITE GIRL  
9 BLACK GUY  
... WHITE GIRL  
9 BLACK GUY  
... WHITE GIRL  
9 BLACK GUY  
... WHITE GIRL  
9 BLACK GUY  
... WHITE GIRL  
9... 9 ... 9 ... 9 ... 9 ... 9 ... 9 ... 9 ... 9 ... 9.

*Switch.*

*A bright light.*

*WHITE GIRL is WHITE MAMA.*

*Enter BLACK JESUS.*

Yo. BLACK JESUS  
Who are you? WHITE MAMA

BLACK JESUS

The fuck I look like.

WHITE MAMA

Oh no if you're... that means. That means I'm dead.  
I'm dead... I'm dead!!!! No no no no...

*WHITE MAMA is super emotional.*

BLACK JESUS

Oh man. Ok here let's just go through the motions real quick.

*BLACK JESUS snaps.*

*WHITE MAMA cries.*

*BLACK JESUS snaps.*

*WHITE MAMA screams.*

*BLACK JESUS snaps.*

*WHITE MAMA wants to die but can't because she's dead.*

*BLACK JESUS snaps.*

*WHITE MAMA remembers her children.*

*BLACK JESUS snaps.*

*WHITE MAMA sighs.*

BLACK JESUS

You good?

WHITE MAMA

\*sniffles\*

BLACK JESUS

By the way I should say as a disclaimer, I'm not the only Jesus.  
White Jesus has the day off. He said he's sick, whatever.  
Just to say if I'm not what you were expecting, there's also---

WHITE MAMA

No it's ok.



Oh you down? Aight fam.

BLACK JESUS

Black Jesus, this sucks.

WHITE MAMA

Eh. You'll move on.

BLACK JESUS

That's messed up.

WHITE MAMA

Eh. If you think about history, everybody's gotten over everything.  
You think some shit's impossible, the worst it's ever gonna be and then.  
Eh.

BLACK JESUS

*BLACK JESUS taps his head three times in a gesture that's kind of not applicable to the conversation.*

I really miss him.

WHITE MAMA

And?

BLACK JESUS

I just do.

WHITE MAMA

Ok.

BLACK JESUS

What if this feeling never goes away?

WHITE MAMA

Iohnno nigga.

BLACK JESUS

...  
By the way, I say nigga colloquially. Everything a nigga.  
That cloud a nigga too.

Sup.

CLOUD

WHITE MAMA

I just---

BLACK JESUS

Girl I'm tryna tell you history full of surprises n shit and you all stuck up on ya past.  
You need to keep calm and come to heaven!

WHITE MAMA

What's heaven?

BLACK JESUS

Just some shit that eventually becomes hell!

WHITE MAMA

Oh. Oh...

*A pause.*

BLACK JESUS

Ok you look like you still in ya feels.  
Imma go on ahead to heaven. ... You come when you ready.  
Take ya time. ... Or don't!

*BLACK JESUS goes off mumbling to themselves.*

*WHITE MAMA takes a moment to process.*

*A long moment.*

*She looks at heaven. She looks at everyone.*

*She breathes.*

*She nods her head. Everyone will move on.*

*She prepares for forever.*

*She's ready. The lights begin to fade.*

*WHITE MAMA sets to leave the stage.*

*End of pl---*

BLACK DADDY

Hey...

*WHITE MAMA turns to see BLACK DADDY, far, far away.  
He's out of breath.  
She feels something she thought she would never feel again.*

WHITE MAMA

Wha...wha...wha...  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?!?!

BLACK DADDY

Well.

...  
It was a really long journey.

...  
It started like...

*As he speaks, he moves closer and closer. Slowly. A journey.*

BLACK DADDY

I became a dinosaur. The one with a long neck to reach the high branches.  
You became one too.  
I was scared of talking to you until you told me you knew where the best leaves were.  
Then a meteor came, and neither of us could survive the cold.  
So I came back as a sabretooth. You were a hunter.  
I went extinct.  
Then I was calloused hands. You were a house. Neither one could hold the other.  
I buried myself and you kept the dirt.  
I was an acorn. I rolled into the ocean.  
Got swallowed by a fish. The fish got eaten by a shark. The shark got swallowed by a whale  
and the whale got turned into oil. The oil lit a lamp  
and the lamp brought the ships to shore. The corpse was full of seeds.  
I grew into a flower. You liked pretty things.  
I didn't know I was pretty until you said I was. I was always pretty. I became beautiful.  
As beautiful as the day I was born  
We became honeybees.  
We stung each other and pulled ourselves apart trying to get free.  
We didn't know we were ever dinosaurs. We couldn't see anything.  
We were kindergarteners. With scraped knees on the blacktop.

We cried for help and no one heard.  
We found each other and learned to talk instead of crying.  
Now I barely have words.

*A pause.*

Was that a poem? WHITE MAMA

Yeah. BLACK DADDY

Babe, I don't know what that means. WHITE MAMA

It means... BLACK DADDY

*By now he has reached her.*

It means if it took all of history to bring me to you.  
If it took all of history my love.  
Then history was worth it.  
Ok? BLACK DADDY

Ok. WHITE MAMA

Ok? BLACK DADDY

Yeah. WHITE MAMA

*They're either laughing or crying. Probably a bit of both.*

Yeah... Yeah... WHITE MAMA

Yeah. BLACK DADDY

*By now they are holding each other.*

WHITE MAMA

Oh my god but what about the kids? If you're here then that means.  
Well they're not going to have any parents.

BLACK DADDY

True.

WHITE MAMA

They're gonna be so sad.

BLACK DADDY

Why don't we...  
Kids! Hey kids!

*Somewhere far away, their children are listening.*

BLACK DADDY

(Shouting far away to the kids)

Kids! It's your mom and dad! I took your advice!  
I took your advice and went to go be with her!  
You're going to have to say goodbye to us. I know it hurts.  
But I have to be with your mother. And she has to be with me.  
Are you going to be ok?

*A long pause.*

KIDS

(Shouting to the parents from somewhere far away)

We're going to carry this pain for decades. For generations!

...

But also we'll move on! Go be happy mom and dad!

WHITE MAMA

Thank you!

KIDS

You're welcome!

*BLACK DADDY and WHITE MAMA wave.*

*The kids are gone.*

*It's just BLACK DADDY and WHITE MAMA.*

*Probably music plays.*

*Not quite "La Vie En Rose" but something in that genre of sentimental.*

*They look at each other.  
One of them laughs.  
They hold each other.*

*WHITE MAMA and BLACK DADDY slow dance.*

*When the singing starts, we hear BLACK DADDY and WHITE MAMA.  
It's their voices singing the song.  
They sound like their oldest selves.  
Like grandparents. Like great-grandparents.*

*WHITE MAMA and BLACK DADDY become ancestors, a slow, slow fade.*

*End of play.*