

T.N.B.

BY Thomas Riccio

2530 Big Horn Lane
Richardson, TX 75080

469.569.0970

thomasriccio@gmail.com

www.thomasriccio.com

Characters

SPOOKY, 20s, African-American on the run

ROOSEVLET JONES, 20s, Caucasian, his twin brother, a trickster playing other characters

CHARLEENE, 20s-30s, African-American woman playing many ideas, fantasies and realities

MAMA, the loving and devoted, yet realistic mother

STORM CROW, part myth, ghost, reality

Setting and Immersion

In a run down neighborhood house, preferably a house with a history of drugs, a crack or stash house would do fine. The action takes place in and throughout the building—this is an immersive performance. The original production used a former drug stash house in West Dallas. A living room, a front room, kitchen, dinning room, backroom and two bathroom on the first floor; a second floor was for performers only. The house had a front and back entrance. The kitchen and front room are the domains of MAMA, with family photos, knickknacks, religious imagery, and in general, the female touch. The living room is the domaine of SPOOKY, with empty beer cans and a general sense of disarray.

Video projections play on various monitors throughout the house revealing and looping various distorted images of African American life, history, and current hip hop and gang culture.

Audience is limited and once in the house they find ROOSEVELT JONES who is found playing rap music loudly. He wears a black ski mask and moves with the music.

Meanwhile, MAMA is cooking collard greens in the kitchen and doing other household chores as the action of the performance takes place—cleaning, folding laundry, washing dishes, and like, pausing on occasion to watch the action of the two men. Her presence goes unacknowledged unless otherwise noted.

Throughout the performance audience members are free to move through the house as they see fit. Close Circuit Television Cameras and monitors are in each room and document the action. It is possible to follow all the action via CCTV from any room in the house.

SPOOKY, ROOSEVELT JONES' "identical" twin brother enters, wearing a ski mask, from the front door and discovers ROOSEVELT JONES who is caught up in his own thing. The brothers are dressed identically. SPOOKY is both fearful and angry.

ROOSEVELT JONES

Yeah! Yo, bro, sup!

SPOOKY

What the fuck?

ROOSEVELT JONES

Come look at you. Trick or treat motherfuk!

(SPOOKY runs into the kitchen to retrieve a broom for defense.)

SPOOKY

Nigga, what the fuck?

ROOSEVELT JONES

Xcuse me? You sees a nigga actin' funny so it must be a b & e?

SPOOKY

Nigga? What your honky ass doin' in my house?

ROOSEVELT JONES

Last I knowed we all from that same savanna in Africa, part of dis family of man mutherfuk! Now we all sharing the piece of dat American pie! Praise the lord.

SPOOKY

Fuck you nigga!

ROOSEVELT JONES

Can we just kool it, been a rough day, rough life! That ohkay?

SPOOKY

NO, we gonna settle this confusion.

ROOSEVELT JONES

I'm down wit dat!

(ROOSEVELT does a series of spastic hip-hop moves and spins on the floor.)

SPOOKY

Man, you from the cartoon channel. You sing 'n dance 'n go splat when shit falls on you?

ROOSEVELT JONES

Yesum, master, I can shuck some jive, "Mammy, Mammy, I'd walk a thousand miles to see your pretty smile" then a little Bojangles soft shoe, shoot some hoop if need be, little Tyler Perry... This face? Light complexion, FYI.

(ROOSEVELT JONES takes a swig of beer and move to another room.)

SPOOKY

Fuck nigga, you drinkin' my 40s?

ROOSEVELT JONES

Mi casa su casa. Okay, now you looking around suspicious, paranoid, hidden cameras, everybody looking at you, SWAT team gonna bust in any minute on another black man, so what?

SPOOKY

Bitch, fuck you!

(Follows ROOSEVELT JONES)

ROOSEVELT JONES

OhKay, now I understand ya...

SPOOKY

Understand shit.

ROOSEVELT JONES

Ya'll come home ta some nigga in the living room, shiettt, what dis world comin' to?

SPOOKY

I'm gonna beat your ass.

ROOSEVELT JONES

Felony parole, warrant for your arrest, that situation sound familiar?

(Threateningly, SPOOKY goes towards ROOSEVELT. Police sirens blare and police car lights flash.)

Never know when they gonna pull you over take you away. That' right. You still the real black man here!

SPOOKY

Fuck you bitch!

ROOSEVLET JONES

You sooo kool!

SPOOKY

Man, you need to move around.

ROOSEVLET JONES

You cannot help others if you are unable to help yourself and you cannot help yourself walking around angry at the world.

(SPOOKY grabs ROOSEVELT JONES.)

SPOOKY

Nigga, you for real?

(He shoves ROOSEVELT JONES)

ROOSEVELT JONES

Say Roosevelt Jones, how you been?

SPOOKY

Roosevelt Jones?

ROOSEVELT JONES

Com'on, please?

SPOOKY

Dat one fucked up white man pretending to be a nigga name.

ROOSESVELT JONES

Say, 'How you been?'

SPOOKY

No. Time to move around.

(SPOOKY opens the front door and ROOSEVELT JONES goes outside and begins yelling. SPOOKY slams the outside door.)

ROOSEVELT JONES

(Outside)

My name is Roosevelt Jones and inside this house is Spooky, I would like to claim my Crime Stoppers reward!

(SPOOKY opens the door and pulls ROOSEVELT JONES into the house.)

SPOOKY

Shit. Stop. Okay...Roosevelt Jones, how you been?

ROOSEVELT JONES

Best be expected. You?

SPOOKY

Same old. Nothing.

ROOSEVELT JONES

Nothin'?

SPOOKY

Nothing.

ROOSEVELT JONES

Nothing? There's somethin'!

SPOOKY

Same shit, busy, running to stay alive.

ROOSEVELT JONES

I hear you.

SPOOKY

Yeah?

ROOSEVELT JONES

Oh yeah?

SPOOKY

Oh yeah.

ROOSEVELT JONES

Everything's kool?

SPOOKY

Everything is kool.

Fuck you. ROOSEVELT JONES

Fuck you. SPOOKY

Then everything is kool? SPOOKY

Everything is kool! ROOSEVELT JONES

You sure everything kool? SPOOKY

You sure everything kool? ROOSEVELT JONES

No, because... SPOOKY

This world is fucked up! SPOOKY & ROOSEVELT JONES

Right. SPOOKY

Ain't that the truth! ROOSEVELT JONES

(ROOSEVELT JONES takes off his ski mask and SPOOKY recognized him. They move to one another.)

You're my twin brotha! SPOOKY

Didn't recognize me, you punk ass mutherfuk! ROOSEVELT JONES

(They do an elaborate handshake routine.)

Dis Nigga. SPOOKY

ROOSEVELT JONES

Took you long enough.

SPOOKY

Messin' my mind for a minute, thought you was somebody else.

ROOSEVELT JONES

I was. Messin' your mind all by yourself.

SPOOKY

So you really here?

ROOSEVELT JONES

Here I is Buckwheat.

SPOOKY

Look at you...

ROOSEVELT JONES

Look at me. My bro, my homie, you da man!

SPOOKY

Do or die!

ROOSEVELT JONES

So, gimme some money.

SPOOKY

Dis nigga...

ROOSEVELT JONES

Com'on, working on a new start, breakin' through to the other side, part of da process....

SPOOKY

Playin' the angles.

ROOSEVELT JONES

Gotta give fore you can get.

SPOOKY

Chasing the dreams.

ROOSEVELT JONES

What keepin' us alive!

SPOOKY

Us? Nigga, you crazy, nigga.

(SPOOKY goes to the bathroom)

Man, flush the toilet!

(Sound of toilet flushing then running water.)

ROOSEVELT JONES

There you go, paranoid white stereotype of black behavior shit again...

(SPOOKY is washing his face.)

What you doin' in there, huh, princess?

(SPOOKY enters the living room.)

SPOOKY

So what's the real deal?

ROOSEVELT JONES

When you gonna start feelin' it man?

SPOOKY

Feeling what?

ROOSEVELT JONES

The flows! They all over! Running through it all!

SPOOKY

...Yeah...I'm feeling!

ROOSEVELT JONES

No you ain't.

SPOOKY

I'm feelin'.

ROOSEVELT JONES

You feeling what? You here now?

SPOOKY

What...oh, yeah...

ROOSEVELT JONES

What ain't cool is saying you feeling what you ain't feeling, hiding so well you don't know you hiding.

SPOOKY

I ain't hidin'.

ROOSEVELT JONES

Okay, here we go.

(ROOSEVELT JONES creates an imaginary ball of "energy" pulling it from the floor then throwing it around the room and catching it. SPOOKY follows the imaginary ball of energy and then catches it, considers it.)

ROOSEVELT JONES

Better be good.

SPOOKY

Whateva nigga.

ROOSEVELT JONES

Whateva nigga.

(SPOOKY swallows the ball of energy and is physically moved. Sound.)

SPOOKY

Damn! Warn a nigga first!

ROOSEVELT JONES

Yeah, okay, okay, Yeah, whatever, nigga, feel that, you pussy. I know you feel that shit. Do you love dis shit? Are you high right now? Do you ever get nervous? Are you single? I heard you fucked your girl, is it true?

(SPOOKY transforms into a hood rat from hell and moving through the rooms angrily and on occasion confronting audience members.)

SPOOKY

Hell, naw, nigga. Pussy, pussy, pussy. Money, money, money. Murder, Murder, Murder, nigga. Fuck that good boy shit. Leave dat shit to Carlton, nigga, I just wanna fuck white hoes, drive da Benzos 'n kill these hatin' ass niggas. Matter of fact I wanna fuck a white hoe in my Benzo while shootin' a hate ass nigga. Nigga, fuck these hos. I'll save the world before I save a bitch. Let her break my dick before I let her break my wallet. MOB, nigga. And for all you broke ass niggas, get money nigga. Money make a short

nigga tall, n' the man on the moon fall. Money turn day into night and a lose pussy tight. Nigga, don't have any money go buy you some. And for any of you lame niggas who think your stomach growl louder than mine, bang bang nigga. I'll lay in the bushes for a week til you come home then run up on your 'n kill you, nigga. I'll go to your grave to kill you again. Kill. Bow down on get laid down. OCC for life, nigga and fuck these laws. They come to get use we gonna shoot it out. Maurice Clemens is my hero, nigga, yeah, fuck nigga, fuck with me...you can die of polio or AIDS but you...

(SPOOKY collapses onto the floor.)

ROOSEVELT JONES

Y'all caught a ghetto flow....

SPOOKY

What this all about?

ROOSEVELT JONES

I need your contribution for the makin' of the new world order.

SPOOKY

You can't hustle a hustler.

ROOSEVELT JONES

Blood for the gods, nigga. Axing for few fuckin bucks, man! Dis all for you nigga!

(ROOSEVELT JONES goes to the dining room. SPOOKY stands and pulls himself together, searching his pockets he finds a folded \$10 bill then goes to the dining room.)

SPOOKY

Dime all I have. Wanksta...

(SPOOKY flips ROOSEVELT JONES the \$10. The sound of an earthquake shakes the room.)

ROOSEVELT JONES

I wanna axe you a question.

SPOOKY

What the fuk happenin'!

ROOSEVELT JONES

Now you wakin' it up! Paid admission.

(SPOOKY sits at the dining room table as ROOSEVELT JONES positions a CCTV on him. SPOOKY's close up image is projected.)

SPOOKY

(A white parody)

How do you do, a pleasure to meet you. Heard so much about your shit. We've met before, don't know if you recall. Or were you that policeman that beat the fuck out of me? Oh yeah, I grew up in the wealthiest nation in the world, yet I attended the worse schools, had the poorest healthcare, am ten times more likely to get my ass arrested, rot in a cage! There are more than 846,000 black men in prison, making up 40.2 percent of all inmates in the system. More African-American men are in prison or jail, on probation or parole than were enslaved in 1850, before the Civil War began.

(ROOSEVELT JONES sits across from SPOOKY.)

ROOSEVELT JONES

Are you a negro? You must be, wearing the costume, puttin' on the moves. My job is keepin' it movin'. Workin' the invisible incognito, incognegro, between the lines, the precision Delta Force thing, surgical effectiveness.

SPOOKY

Invisible only way to stay invincible.

ROOSEVELT JONES

I see you.

(SPOOKY pushes the camera away.)

SPOOKY

You the only one.

ROOSEVELT JONES

Putting on the black banger act...

SPOOKY

Soldiers fallin' out here 'n these streets.

ROOSEVELT JONES

Putting up the shields, shooting da words, who are you? Hiding, running scared is all you know.

SPOOKY

Ain't got no choice.

ROOSEVELT JONES
I feel you right now.

SPOOKY
I feel you.

(SPOOKY and ROOSEVELT JONES sit and look at each other.)

ROOSEVELT JONES
You being real?

SPOOKY
100.

ROOSEVELT JONES
Why you come back?

SPOOKY
Got in a situation.

ROOSEVELT JONES
Ah, you messed up...

SPOOKY
A little situation.

ROOSEVELT JONES
Always fuck things up.

SPOOKY
Oh, I do?

ROOSEVELT JONES!
Yes you do.

(ROOSEVELT JONES grabs a paper bag.)

What's the bag?

ROOSEVELT JONES
Groceries. No, nothin' at tal.

SPOOKY
Nothin' at tal?

ROOSEVELT JONES

OhKay, got me a thumper...

SPOOKY

Yeah, you ain't about that life.

ROOSEVELT JONES

Oh, yeah?

(ROOSEVELT JONES takes out a 9mm handgun and points it at SPOOKY who moves uneasily away.)

SPOOKY

Stop playin'!

ROOSEVELT JONES

No...Yeah, you n' me on equal ground now, huh bro, brother mutherfucker? Feeling that power shift thang goin on right 'bout now shriveling' year balls? Still feelin' high n' mighty hardcore know it all? You feelin' this?

SPOOKY

Whatya doin'?

ROOSEVELT JONES

Gonna be trouble tonight.

SPOOKY

Bitch, you ain't supposed to be playing with guns.

ROOSEVELT JONES

Trouble in every corner, least expect...

(SPOOKY runs into the kitchen away from ROOSEVELT JONES who goes in the opposite direction. They meet up in the front room with ROOSEVELT JONES pointing the gun at SPOOKY.)

SPOOKY

Everything is cool, we straight? All right? Don't shoot!

ROOSEVELT JONES

Copped it for a honcho, axe anybody. It nice!

(He puts gun to his head)

Boom! Mind's a terrible thing to waste. So we puttin' work in nigga?

(ROOSEVELT JONES hands the gun to SPOOKY who is surprised and relieved.)

SPOOKY

Okay, we can get this crackin'!

ROOSEVELT JONES

Wanna see what else?

(ROOSEVELT JONES goes to the living room followed by SPOOKY.
ROOSEVELT JONES pulls out a baggie of cocaine, arranging lines on
the coffee table.)

White girl! Got it going. Ain't she pretty?

SPOOKY

She give blowjobs?

ROOSEVELT JONES

She blow your mind!

SPOOKY

Okay, a touch.

ROOSEVELT JONES

For the edge...

(ROOSEVELT JONES and SPOOKY snort coke, doing the finger to the
gums routine with the residue. They both fall back buzzed.)

SPOOKY

Oh yeah...

ROOSEVELT JONES

Clean n' frosty.

SPOOKY

Whooooa!!

ROOSEVELT JONES

Git this party rollin'!!!

SPOOKY

Old times ... Damn!

(They both enjoy their buzz then ROOSEVELT JONES pops up ready
for action.)

ROOSEVELT JONES
You gonna be ready now?

SPOOKY
I'm official as a referee whistle!

ROOSEVELT JONES
Let's jump it off. Let's do this mutherfuk together get it over with!

SPOOKY
What this "we" shit?

ROOSEVELT JONES
You gonna stand up?

(Pause.)
SPOOKY
Yeah, okay.

ROOSEVELT JONES
Don't get all enthusiastic...

SPOOKY
Ohkay! All right! Ohkay?

ROOSEVELT JONES
Fuck. I die for you, bro.

SPOOKY
I appreciate that.

ROOSEVELT JONES
Whatever came down in the past is past...

SPOOKY
Thank you, man.

ROOSEVELT JONES
I'm here, always gonna be here for you.

SPOOKY
That's real.

ROOSEVELT JONES
We been through the shit.

SPOOKY

Crazy fucked up n' down shit.

ROOSEVELT JONES

Blood name of that river...

SPOOKY

We both live on...

ROOSEVELT JONES

What it is.

(They both pull down their ski masks, SPOOKY cocks his gun and they are ready for some crime as they both charge towards the door. ROOSEVELT JONES exits but SPOOKY is stopped by STORM CROW'S amplified voice is heard coming from the upstairs.)

STORM CROW

(amplified and off)

Mutherfuk, we gotta be gettin' to tha business, dumb fuck. Imma coming after your black ass.

SPOOKY

(After a moment SPOOKY dialogues with the upstairs.)
You up there. Ohkay. Com'on down, here I am. Lets get this goin'!

STORM CROW

You scared.

SPOOKY

Nigga, please ...

STORM CROW

You scared, look at you ...

SPOOKY

Ain't scared. Show yourself.

STORM CROW

Look at you looking at me you fuk ...

SPOOKY

Nah, see, why should I be scared?

(Sound of gunfire. SPOOKY goes to the window to look out.)

STORM CROW

Shit comin' your way...you lookin' for the police out that window?

SPOOKY

What the fuk this all about?

STORM CROW

Can't tell you what its all about 'cept people just have the need to hate other people.

SPOOKY

'Cause inside they hate themselves ...

STORM CROW

We gonna end this one here tonight...

SPOOKY

(Looking out the window)

Whoa, they shootin' back, like a dog dogg, barkin 'n bitin' cause they chained up don't know what else ta do.

(To the upstairs)

Well, I'm Don Corleone n' gonna bust a cap in ur dogg ass!

STORM CROW

Yeah, you gonna do dat. Shieet.

(The Doorbell rings.)

See who dat is.

CARTER

(Outside)

Dis here is the police!

SPOOKY

Wait a minute!

(MAMA appears from the kitchen.)

MAMA

Who is at dat door?

(SPOOKY goes to the door and looks out and is in a bit of a panic.)

SPOOKY

Shiet...Policeman.

MAMA

Sweet Jesus, well, let him come in.

STORM CROW

Otherwise he gonna bust dat door n' shoot you for being black.

MAMA

You wanna be a sadtistic?

(SPOOKY hesitates looks around and finds a bible and holds it tight.)

SPOOKY

I've got the good book in my hand now...

STORM CROW

Too darn late now!

MAMA

Since when you get religion?

STORM CROW

Open dat door dumb ass!

(CARTER bursts into the room from the front door. It is ROOSEVELT JONES in an obvious Texas style "detective" disguise. A bad hick accent, cowboy hat, jean jacket, and chewing a plug of tobacco.)

CARTER

I'm Detective Carter.

(CARTER and SPOOKY are in a comic wrestle as they work their way out the back door into the back yard.)

Do dis hurt?

SPOOKY

Man, chill!

(Once in the backyard, SPOOK is placed in and "Electric Chair". The audience is invited to sit around the scene on benches, and MAMA and STORM CROW, wearing a rube hat and glasses, stand observe and comment on the action.)

CARTER
Sit in this here electric chair...How yo' feel?

SPOOKY
Worse dan I done eveh feelled.

CARTER
It didn't work out right tonight, did it?

SPOOKY
Don't know what you talkin' about.

(CARTER takes out a folder and waves it in front of SPOOKY.)

SPOOKY
Yeh. Whut's in de paper?

CARTER
Yes, dat's whut I was fixin' ta read ya'.

SPOOKY
Yeh, whut do it say?

CARTER
Report here say.... Lemme git my specks on heah, I'll read dis.

SPOOKY
Don't I get a lawyer?

CARTER
Ha Ha Ha you funny. What you gonna do wid a lawyer?

MAMA
Just gonna tell you to plead guilty what dey do.

STORM CROW
13 1/2.

SPOOKY
Twelve jurors, one judge, half-ass chance.

STORM CROW
Gotta learn dese shit things from resperience. Dat's de greatest school in de world.

SPOOKY

Don't worry I graduated from high school, done got my reploma, an' I ain't neveh goin' back to school no' mo'.

MAMA

It's a shame dat you couldn't git de whole evening erased, try again.

CARTER

I know just how yo' feel.

STORM CROW

I want yo' to know though dat you went through it like a man. I know you done de best yo' could an' your homies, dey wants me to give you dey're thanks an' all dat bizness for doin' time.

MAMA

An' dey send you dey're sympathy.

SPOOKY

Dey do huh?

STORM CROW

Sure 'nuf.

SPOOKY

How come we's talkin' plantation Amos n' Andy?

STORM CROW

Dat the way you actin', ain't it?

MAMA

Gansta karaoke what it is.

CARTER

Say here, you n' you home boy Cecil gone fer a ride early tonight. Dat right?

SPOOKY

Yes'um, he saw me walkin' give me a lift.

CARTER

You just getting' a ride?

SPOOKY

Shit! Yes'um, sir!

(CARTER flips a switch and SPOOKY is “electrocuted” and the lights flash. SPOOKY convulses.)

CARTER

You don’t knowed about dem two AKs sittin’ in da back?

SPOOKY

AKs? Shit! No, sir!

(SPOOKY is “electrocuted.”)

CARTER

You don’t knowed about dem tasers on the floor in da front?

SPOOKY

Tasers? Never no knew ‘bout dem tasers!

(SPOOKY is “electrocuted.”)

No sir!

CARTER

And you never knowed about dem two ski masks ‘n plastic ties on da dashboard?

SPOOKY

No sir!

(SPOOKY is “electrocuted.”)

SHITTTT!

CARTER

Dis here a liquor store skeamatic on da paper.

(CARTER Shows SPOOKY and the audience the floor plan.)

Dat come ta mind? Da details offered by da cashier to da fernenzik artists gave us a sketch of you.

(CARTER shows the paper and it has the word “Nigger” repeated on it.)

SPOOKY

Sir, that paper says “Nigger”!

CARTER

We’ll let’s look at the side view then.

(CARTER flips the page to the word “Nigger” written on it vertically.)

CARTER

Yeah, he does real good work, looks just like you.

SPOOKY

What?

(SPOOKY is "electrocuted.")

Shiet!

CARTER

You's a two time looser, boy, armed robber felon on parole, warrant out for your ass. Dat's de bad news.

SPOOKY

How much do I gits?

CARTER

Well, now, 'cordin' to de contract, you gonna prison fer life. Might as well be executed.

(SPOOKY is "electrocuted.")

STORM CROW

(talk singing as he exits.)

Death's light as a feather, Death's light as a feather, Death's light as a feather...

CARTER

Whut happened to de popularly contest wid your home briskets, dey left you in a shoot out wid the police.

SPOOKY

Dat was a wolf ticket..

CARTER

'Twas huh? What you gotta say fer yourself now?

SPOOKY

I don't know, I was just thinkin'...

(With a Mexican accent.)

How far is Mexico?

(MAMA, SPOOKY and CARTER go into a faux Mexican dance as they exit to the house as Mexican music swells. SPOOKY returns to the living room, MAMA to her kitchen, CARTER vanishes. SPPOKY watches the living room television and likes what he sees.)

SPOOKY

Yeah, ohkayyyy, baby, shake that booddie!

(Police sirens are heard and SPOOKY is not sure if they are from the television or outside. Blue and red police lights flash and fill the room. SPOOKY pulls out his gun and goes to the window to observe the gun battle outside..)

We're in to it now! Whoa, bust a cap in ur ass, too, mothafuker!

(STORM CROW enters and observes SPOOKY until SPOOKY turns and see STORM CROW and points his gun at him.)

Who are you?

STORM CROW

I'm the real nigga that looms over everything. Who are you?

SPOOKY

What I say is who I am.

STORM CROW

I see a silly motherfucker.

SPOOKY

Oh, you see everything?

STORM CROW

Everything all the time.

(STORM CROW looks keenly at SPOOKY.)

World imprinted on your soul.

SPOOKY

You looking at my soul now?

STORM CROW

All sorts of shit goin' on. History swirlin' all round.

SPOOKY

Tell me old skool...

STORM CROW

Dirty and hard...Heavy, tired, still pumpin' strong...

SPOOKY

What else?

STORM CROW

How'd that soul get to be so messed up?

SPOOKY

Let me ask you.

STORM CROW

What?

SPOOKY

What more important, soul or skin?

STORM CROW

What?

SPOOKY

One attached to the other?

STORM CROWN

Skin melts like time.

SPOOKY

So, I just holdin' this soul for the time being?

STORM CROW

You really are Spooky.

SPOOKY

Ghost walking through it...

STORM CROW

Shadows all round.

SPOOKY

You da one lurking 'round the shadows. What you got to say for yourself?

STORM CROW

Down ta business. Well, here the straight up facts. No sugar coating. I fucked up... you fucked up... we ALL fucked up, everyone last one of us...yes we did make decisions and for every decision there is an action and for every action a consequence...

SPOOKY

Dis here the consequence?

(SPOOKY point his gun at STORM CROW.)

STORM CROW

(Mocking)

Oh me oh my, help me you have a gun!...

(Pushes the gun away)

You crying for help.

SPOOKY

Break it down for me.

STORM CROW

I'm the countless millions that come before you.

SPOOKY

Fuck them.

STORM CROW

Now I'm the fly in your soup. Now look into my soul.

(SPOOKY does so and it changes him.)

SPOOKY

Heavy shit.

STORM CROW

Da souls of all the brothers n' sisters live uneasy in me.

SPOOKY

Goin' back to Africa shit...You playing a game?

STORM CROW

This all a game. Games how we engage in the critical process of self-reflection... You the player, the pimp, the mack, the hustler. I see you. You're questioning whatever line you riding on right now...Playing all sorts of games is all you got left.

SPOOKY

What you want?

STORM CROW

I'm Storm Crow, baby. Black as the night, riding the storm, rectifying, here to swoop down on your shit.

SPOOKY

Don't need your help, nobody else's help.

STORM CROW

You just talking, high cappin' because you got dat gun.

SPOOKY

How come everyday I think about my own death?

STORM CROW

What else do you see?

(Their lines overlap and SPOOKY's anger builds.)

SPOOKY

I see a black boy's dead body n' wishing it was me.

STORM CROW

You and me wrestle with demons who step around the corners of darkness

SPOOKY

You the Storm Crow that fly in.

STORM CROW

You getting all tense, body going cold.

SPOOKY

I should kill you.

STORM CROW

Why you carry chips on your shoulder big as a truckload of pulpwood, as if that way was gonna make the world better for you or me.

SPOOKY

Y'al understand shit.

STORM CROW

I understand what it is to live alone in the world.

SPOOKY

I have tried to see beyond the blindness of others.

STORM CROW

I had to scramble for every crumb.

SPOOKY

I ain't making no more excuses for who, what I am. I'm at the center of all their fears.

STORM CROW

Walking and talking all night long wondering if I will eat tomorrow.
Done all I could. Living on nothing but my wits. The world finds no ease with me.

(SPOOKY confronts audience members.)

SPOOKY

I am your nightmare! I am your nightmare!

STORM CROW

Living in a body that is loved and hated with the sting of shame. I tried to be as much a man and force as I could be.

SPOOKY

I am your nightmare! I am your nightmare! I am your nightmare!

(SPOOKY's anger builds and he confronts STORM CROW who throws him onto the dining room table.)

STORM CROW

You are a relic of an unforgiving and unresolved past. Should I not have some peace and comfort in my old age?

SPOOKY

Sit your ass down old man.

STORM CROW

Don't mind if I do. What we playing now?

SPOOKY

We playing life n' death.

STORM CROW

Death is magic, place where it all get sorted out. You feel that?

SPOOKY

That what it is?

STORM CROW

You feeling the fury of demons inside you?

SPOOKY

Causing a great deal of disaster for me...

STORM CROW

Feeling that hurt now?

SPOOKY

I am.

STORM CROW

Know what really hurt?

SPOOKY

What?

STORM CROW

Hurts when there ain't nobody there for you.

SPOOKY

You all alone, ain't you.

STORM CROW

Ain't about me. It's you gotta get right.

SPOOKY

Peace out, Old Skool. I'm tired.

STORM CROW

Get yourself ready young blood...we's clickin' now.

SPOOKY

Man, so tired.

(SPOOKY goes to the living room sofa and passes out. STORM CROW vanishes. After a moment ROOSEVELT JONES enters with the song "Super Fly" playing. He is dressed like a pimp daddy circa 1972. He makes his rounds through the house chatting up women, saying hello to the men. After his rounds he returns to the living room and slaps SPOOKY across the face to wake him up.)

SPOOKY

(Disoriented)

Sku me, but whas going down?

ROOSEVELT JONES

It all goin' down.

SPOOKY

What's good?

ROOSEVLET JONES

Tune your channel got messages coming in.

SPOOKY

You pimping out? Why you out your dirty ass white hands on my face?

ROOSEVELT JONES

Somebody wants to talk to you.

SPOOKY

Shit, I'm tired.

(ROOSEVELT JONES goes to the door way and summons
CHARLEENE who is wearing a very colorful wig and clothing and
being very sexy in high heels. She has SPOOKY'S attention.)

ROOSEVELET JONES

How you doin' there sweet stuff, you ready for this?

CHARLEENE

Sure am.

ROOSEVELT JONES

Get you anythin'?

CHARLEENE

Some Mountain Dew.

ROOSEVELT JONES

Sure nuf, baby girl.

(To SPOOKY)

Need to get me some Mountain Dew! What you want?

SPOOKY

Some K-Y, nigga.

ROOSEVELT JONES

You one low down nasty motherfuk.

(ROOSEVELT JONES exits to the kitchen.)

CHARLEENE

Spooky?

SPOOKY

Oh man! There she is. Whoa, getting hot in here so take off all your....Damn, girl I'm ready to knock some boots.

(SPOOKY comes on to CHARLEENE who pushes him away.)

CHARLEENE

No you ain't.

SPOOKY

(calling off stage)
Roosevelt! Need me some 40s!

ROOSEVELT JONES

Some 40s!

SPOOKY

(to CHARLEENE)

Baby girl, we the positive and the negative, yin with the yang, the energy that keeps it all moving round, you dig? The physical connection, that only comfort in a lonely world, touchin' the eternal, being alive before you die. Girl, we lonely fighters in a lonely world.

CHARLEENE

Yeah, you Spooky.

SPOOKY

Okay...sorry if I'm moving too fast, but once you get to know me...you'll find out why I need to move so fast...lets just say I might be insecure...but when you're me you'd have plenty reason to be but I'm sure you understand that...hold on just a sec...

(SPOOKY goes to the kitchen and dances a few victory moves.)

SPOOKY

(to ROOSEVELT JONES)

Bro, she so boo ya. Wanna see me work my mac game down?

ROOSEVELT JONES

That what you callin' it? Spook, keep dat going slick or she's gonna bounce out.

SPOOKY

Don't you see I'm studying on some main-time mackin' here...I know you want in but you should know you ain't gonna move in on this.

ROOSEVELT JONES

Gonna check on my hos.

SPOOKY

Oh yeah, you only wish one day you can follow my act, mac like the macadie mac master, the mackin machine!!

ROOSEVELT JONES

Yeah, you da main event, lemme put da spotlight on you.

SPOOKY

Paradise is right here! Ain't no fool, fool! You a sucker wishing you can be like me!

(ROOSEVELT JONES exits.)

Go back to that kitchen and fix me some sandwiches, you know when I tap that ass, this nigga gonna be hungry. Love you man! Peace out!

(SPOOKY returns to the living room and CHARLEENE has vanished from the living room.

What say we start this...all over? Charleene? Charleeeene?

CHARLEENEEEEENE!?

(CHARLEENE has moved to the front room and is bent over looking over family photos when SPOOKY finds her)

SPOOKY

Charleene?

CHARLEENE

I am attracted to men like you, don't know why, all I know, suppose.

SPOOKY

Oh, then we straight. Let's sit down here.

(They sit on the sofa in the front room.)

CHARLEENE

I like movies...

SPOOKY

I like drinkin' n' being high.

CHARLEENE

I think I'm really attractive.

SPOOKY

There we go. Let's stick with that for a whillllleee....

CHARLEENE

I prefer winter over summer.

SPOOKY

This here my favorite season.

CHARLEENE

Tell me sumthing 'bout you.

SPOOKY

Well....You know, nigga like pussy.

CHARLEENE

What you hiding?

SPOOKY

I'm gonna level wid you. I lie. No, not wid you, baby girl. Never ever gonna lie wid you. No lie, for real.

CHARLEENE

Nigga, you lying now. Watch your shit or I'm outta here.

(CHARLEENE get up from the sofa and moves to the living room.
SPOOKY stands.)

SPOOKY

Whoa, ohkay. Ah, you like it when a nigga spending money on you.

CHARLEENE

Okay, now you changing directions, slithering away like a snake. Avoidin' 'n lying the same thing.

SPOOKY

If you're my bitch, I gonna buy you all you want.

CHARLEENE

So you gonna buy me some nice things make up for all your lying?

SPOOKY

I'm low now, but soon imma be back on top. Get all sorts of dead presidents keep us happy. Was workin' on sum sum earlier dis evening, but didn't work out.

CHARLEENE

Money ain't gonna compensate for bullshit. Just puttin' that out there.

SPOOKY

You say that but you know it's all about the Benjamins. You like this ring?

(SPOOKY takes a ring from his pocket and shows her, she throws it at him.)

CHARLEENE

For you it's all about money and Bling Bling.

SPOOKY

So, you know what, you right, you so for real. You know for some reason I feel you more than anybody ever...everything coming off of you like radiation! Don't even have to say it, it's all there. Shit I feel you probably more than anyone else even though we just met. No lie.

CHARLEENE

You lyin' 'bout dat.

(SPOOKY follows her into the living room.)

SPOOKY

YOU KNOW WHAT?! I'm so sick of working like a dog and still not eating.

CHARLEENE

I'm sick of being real in a fake ass world. All that honesty, loyalty, and integrity seem to bring is sorrows and pain - and I am sick of it.

SPOOKY

What rubs me the wrong way is they way these weasels laugh and make fun of people like me 'n you, people like me and you work hard trying to do it right, these weasels are the only ones getting ahead, n' we sufferin' you know what we should do? We should just fuck!

(CHARLEENE throws him to the ground as she takes off her clothes assisted by SPOOKY.)

Now now, slow, like I paid for it! Now baby, what we gonna do is play a little gangster game. You're gonna throw it on my face, bitch...

(She throws her dress onto his face)

I can't see you, but I can feel you.

(CHARLEENE transforms into CYNTHIA, taking off her colorful wig.
She stoops over him then takes the dress off of his face.)

OH SHIT!

CYNTHIA

We're going to sit and talk.

(CYNTHIA moves away from him)

SPOOKY

What? Oh, no, no, geeze, yo, no! How do you talk that what can't be talked?

CYNTHIA

We let the ghosts talk.

SPOOKY

You know Storm Crow?

CYNTHIA

What do you see?

(Whispers repeatedly)

Little Nigga...

SPOOKY

(Sees things in the upstairs projection screen.)

Plantation negroes dancing shuck n jivin', ohh, you stopping, because yeah
I see you! Seeing all sorts of shit all the time never use to see!

CYNTHIA

What else you see?

(whispers repeatedly)

Little nigga...

SPOOKY

Dead woman they throwing off the slave ship, sharks swimming gonna
have dinner. Shit, what you doing! Lynching and burning, grinning
rednecks all round, asshole eatin' an apple like it a picnic. See it all, like on
the teevee, Fredrick, W. B., Denzel, Obama, Martin having a dream,
Malcolm, that X behind every one of them that's why I'm the Spooky, only
way to converse with this shit...

(Sits and goes to the cocaine at the living room coffee table.)

What you do when things get heavy?

CYNTHIA

(Going to the kitchen and refrigerator)
I go straight to the fridge. I eat when I'm upset.

SPOOKY

My Mama didn't like when I get fucked up, all high...there's pain all over me sometimes got to let it out.

CYNTHIA

Yeah, I can see you getting' all out of control.

SPOOKY

Girl, you don't know how crazy this nigga can get!

(SPOOKY goes to the kitchen.)

CYNTHIA

You just nice for show and tell.

SPOOKY

I'm always expecting rain. They wanna take me down put me in a cage.

CYNTHIA

"Blessed is the man who preserves under trial." Nathaniel 1:12.

SPOOKY

Biblical troubles in this world right now.

CYNTHIA

All you looking to do is smash. You wanna get me high, take advantage...
I'm only sixteen...

SPOOKY

Sixteen!

CYNTHIA

You a wanksta gonna boast it out there you getting' young pussy. What kinda job you got?

SPOOKY

Earn money on a job-by-job basis, you know.

CYNTHIA

You low budget with no juice, that's what you is.

SPOOKY

You trippin'.

CYNTHIA

I pay my own bills, you ever do that?

SPOOKY

You getting domestic on me, nigga?

(SPOOKY exits to the living room followed by CYNTHIA)

CYNTHIA

Ain't that what you want, knock me up, be a baby daddy, abandon me, tell your homies how many babies you got, all them growing up messed up like you.

SPOOKY

Whoa, hold on now...

CYNTHIA

Can you support a woman and family?

SPOOKY

I could!

CYNTHIA

I need tidiness in my life.

SPOOKY

I need clutter.

(SPOOKY throws things on to the floor.)

CYNTHIA

You need to clean up after yourself.

SPOOKY

You ain't my mama!

CYNTHIA

I plan to fulfill my potential.

SPOOKY

I'm good at sports.

CYNTHIA

I like history, math, I like adding thing up and making sure everything multiplies and divides right.

SPOOKY

Was thinking about going pro, you know, NFL get into the big stuff. Imma natural athlete.

CYNTHIA

I'm a be an architect.

SPOOKY

Wanna see my moves?

(SPOOKY does a few football passing and running moves)

CYNTHIA

Moves?

I wanna make something that's gonna be around a while.

SPOOKY

Girl, you all grewed up already, you need to pump the breaks.

CYNTHIA

You ain't grewed up.

SPOOKY

Why'd you say that?

CYNTHIA

You ain't who you are.

SPOOKY

Then who am I?

CYNTHIA

You Spooky, ghost living in the shadows, some vampire ghost sucking blood off those trying to live but you ain't alive.

SPOOKY

This is what I gotta be!

CYNTHIA
You ain't you who you are.

SPOOKY
Who is?

CYNTHIA
You survived, somehow you did.

SPOOKY
Why you being a bitch?

CYNTHIA
Why you a bully on women?

SPOOKY
Man, tonight was supposed to be romantic.

CYNTHIA
What you talkin'?

SPOOKY
I been talkin'.

CYNTHIA
This all shit?

SPOOKY
No, bitch!

CYNTHIA
Bully. Own it.

SPOOKY
Bully? I'm one of most decent guys' this world has nowadays.

CYNTHIA
What you say?

SPOOKY
I've been disadvantaged all my life!

CYNTHIA
You think 'cause you got sad eyes you disabled?

SPOOKY
Disabled?

CYNTHIA
You're afraid.

SPOOKY
No I ain't.

CYNTHIA
What you fear already happened. You just playing off the residual.

SPOOKY
Fuck you, bitch, callin' me disabled residual.

CYNTHIA
Oh, gonna smack me up side the head?

SPOOKY
Why you going there?

CYNTHIA
We here.

SPOOKY
I just wanted to sprinkle some sugar on my troubles.

CYNTHIA
You just finding new ways of keepin' your troubles alive.

SPOOKY
Why would I do that?

CYNTHIA
'Cause you got a trouble addiction. You think you all original through repetition. Spooky, things ain't what they used to be. You keep looking for impossible happiness to keep your life on the edge. Make your happiness right here.

SPOOKY
That some foul ass shit.

(SPOOKY goes to the living room followed by CYNTHIA.)

CYNTHIA
No, that some real ass shit.

SPOOKY

I ain't hurt nobody.

CYNTHIA

You a somebody, you hurting you...You sitting with that?

SPOOKY

Ahh, common now.

(ROOSEVELET JONES enters.)

CYNTHIA

Pimp Daddy, what do ya'll think?

ROOSEVELT JONES

He my brother.

SPOOKY

She getting' on my shit, callin' me sad eyes' sayin' all that...it's starting to get on my nerves.

CYNTHIA

For the record you're playing disability, you think you being harmless...

SPOOKY

Nigga, dis bitch is crazy! I'm gonna write a letter to the government 'n protest her shit. Women think they can muscle their way on our turf.

ROOSEVLET JONES

Check this shit out.

(Lights shift. A Whitney Huston song is played. SPOOKY recognizes CYNTHIA and when they first met.)

SPOOKY

(To CYNTHIA)

Now I know who you are.

ROOSEVELT JONES

She sweet fourteen!

CYNTHIA

You takin' responsibility?

SPOOKY

I gave you drink and green. Here take yourself a drink of this...

(He gives her a bottle of beer and she drinks.)

You're so sexy, nobody ever looked so good drinkin'

(To the audience)

Then, I gave this ho some green.

(He puts a mimed joint to her mouth. To CYNTHIA)

Here you go. Take a hit of this, baby girl...

(SPOOKY gives her a mimed joint, she inhales and coughs.)

Damn, girl, you have virgin lungs! Here now one more time.

(SPOOKY gives her beer to drink, which she so does awkwardly.)

There you go. Good girl.

(CYNTHIA takes a hit and stands on her toes to take in the hit.)

Look at you girl, standing on your tippy toes. You feeling good now.

CYNTHIA

So it coming back to you?

SPOOKY

Hell yeah, yes sir! Fucked a fourteen year old, my nigga! Fourteen year old, yes, sir! Tight grip ass pussy!

(SPOOKY seek congratulations from male audience members.)

CYNTHIA

When confronted by the law you fled. When confronted by me you lied. You thought you was a victim.

(SPOOKY puts his hand over her eyes.)

SPOOKY

(To the audience)

Nah, nah, see she wanted to get drunk, she wanted to get high! She wanted some dick!

CYNTHIA

One-sided thinking. Why you doin' this?

(SPOOKY turns her around and pulls her ass towards his crotch.)

SPOOKY

I like control.

CYNTHIA

Why?

(SPOOKY presses her body against the wall and controls her resistance.)

SPOOKY

Because I'm scared and angry, duh...

CYNTHIA

Are we equals?

SPOOKY

A female as good as me?

ROOSEVELT JONES

Whoa, man....

SPOOKY

Just looking for the easy targets.

ROOSEVELT JONES

Juggling your lies like a circus clown.

CYNTHIA

Need to work on your aggressive style.

SPOOKY

I do like control, baby

(SPOOKY forcibly lifts CYNTHIA against the wall and rapes her. She struggles, hits and fights him, pounding his back. As the rape continues MAMA's singing in the kitchen can be heard getting louder and louder.)

CYNTHIA

What you put out there you get back.

SPOOKY

I need to renegotiate my attitude, set some specifics into motion. Stop getting caught up in vagina preoccupations.

ROOSEVELT JONES

And your reputation to be feared, respected?

SPOOKY

All ego.

CYNTHIA

You thought I wanted it?

SPOOKY

I blame history, you should, too.

CYNTHIA

What?

SPOOKY

Trying to keep up with my homies, keep up with the image, prove myself a man, angry at my no good daddy. Trying to get back at something, trying to get anything.

(SPOOKY finishes with CYNTHIA and she crumbles to the ground and begins to crawl out.)

Get up bitch, you home girls are in the other room.

(To the audience.)

She's just a bitch, right?

(CYNTHIA crawls out and upstairs as ROOSEVELT JONES restores the room light to what it was before the rape. SPOOKY goes to the sofa and does another line of coke then hears MAMA's singing.)

SPOOKY

Anyone I ever had feeling for left me hanging. My dearest Mama, I love you.

(MAMA enters the living room and stands at the doorway.)

MAMA

Sweet Jesus. What else can a mama ask?

(MAMA exits. SPOOKY superficially cleans up the living room and straightens himself then goes to the kitchen where MAMA is at the sink fixing something and continues to sing underneath SPOOKY's lines.)

SPOOKY

(As a Pentecostal preacher)
You drove me to give my all so that I could survive until tomorrow. Can I have an amen?

MAMA

Amen

SPOOKY

Yes, I worked every angle because I did what I needed to do. As soon as I could carry a piece of wood from the yard to the house, I stayed strong to get ahead. You worked me hard, long into the night and steady day after day, year after year until I got to where I needed to go.

MAMA

Amen.

SPOOKY

Your love got me to manhood, strong and healthy as a mule loosed from the yoke. What more can a man desire of their Mama? Thank you. Spooky will stand by you, count on that. Mama! Where you been?

MAMA

No never mind where I been.

SPOOKY

Time to celebrate, Mama home! Mama home!

(SPOOKY runs through the house calling out.)

MAMA

Look at you running wild like a child around this house.

(MAMA goes into the living room and sees the mess.)

MAMA

Get your behind in here right now. And I mean right now.

SPOOKY

What?

MAMA

You heard me. You need a personal invitation?

(SPOOKY, like a little boy, enters the living room.)

What is all this mess you made?

SPOOKY

I'll clean it up.

(SPOOKY tries to straighten the coffee table and sofa)

MAMA

Where is the thanks for a mama black as a moonless night? Where is the pleasure and satisfaction as my grave draws near? Look at you, the life you made.

SPOOKY

I don't know how it all came down.

MAMA

Running from the law.

SPOOKY

I was set up.

MAMA

Sweet Jesus save me and my wayward boy.

SPOOKY

Oh, Lord, have mercy on my wicked soul!

MAMA

Don't get smart mouth with me.

SPOOKY

No ma'am.

(MAMA goes to the front room and is followed by SPOOKY. She straightens pillows and the family photos.)

MAMA

You talk to me as if I am ignorant of life and its footfalls. Mama knows your hurt better than you do.

SPOOKY

Yes, ma'am. I'm trying just don't know how, where I fit in.

MAMA

Well, I know where you issued, from between these black thighs.

SPOOKY

Mama, I don't want to hear about your thighs.

MAMA

You mine whether you want it or not. Don't you know there ain't no making one's self again? You is or you is not. Answer me.

SPOOKY

Yes, ma'am.

MAMA

Face what you got. Way it always been.

SPOOKY

Mama I'm feeling pain.

MAMA

We all got pain, I know, and hurt we got to carry, balancing sins on our head like dirty clothes in a basket. And I have had my share. But that's all right. I ain't got no complaint on that score. Going against the odds—ain't that what living is about?

SPOOKY

Damn. Why everybody pushing things my way today?

MAMA

You need to have it out before you walk away through blue and languishing smoke into the white light of hope.

SPOOKY

Ohkay, Mama.

MAMA

Sit down.

SPOOKY

I don't want to sit down.

MAMA

Don't make me get up off this chair.

(SPOOKY takes a kitchen chair and pulls it toward him accidentally hitting the stove.)

Slam my chair one more time and see what happens.

SPOOKY

I didn't mean to slam it.

MAMA

I want you to look at me when I tell you this. I want no knots untied, no more demons looking for you and casting shadows on a brighter life. You hear me?

SPOOKY

Yes, ma'am.

MAMA

I'm sorry you had no daddy and how that created a dark impassable hedge wall between you and happiness.

SPOOKY

My daddy...least I got the nigga's last name, what more can you ask for.

MAMA

Daddy's come and gone got their own misguided concerns, but know your mama is always. What if you had no daddy that amounted to no nothing? You're still here strong and healthy. That got some value. All you got to do is go on and live. Take what you got and do what you will with it.

SPOOKY

Been trying that, what it get me?

MAMA

However black the cheese is sliced...

SPOOKY

Cheese?

MAMA

...We still make choices on how we want to live. If you gonna be the man you want to be you start by treating yourself right and treat women like the queens of heaven, the holiest of saints. Why you put all your hurt on women makin' them hurt for your hurt.

SPOOKY

Because they hos.

MAMA

Say that in my house I want you to!

(MAMA moves into the dining room to continue setting the table.)

SPOOKY

Hos...

MAMA

What?

SPOOKY

I didn't say nothin'.

MAMA

Your drinking, your rise in distrust and temper, and the rush of violence come from that...

SPOOKY

Mama...

MAMA

Am I finished? No I ain't. I know, from shame and hatred, and no more taking leave of a woman, you hear me. Havin' babies all over don't make you more a man, mens is good at that. All they gots to do is pull up their pants and leave. Walk right off and never look back. The whole bastard lot of them. Make a mess of the world making women clean up the mess. Where's your brother, Roosevelt Jones, he need to hear this, too.

SPOOKY

He actin' crazy somewhere...

MAMA

While you here talking about someone else, someone is out there talking about you. What you need to do is walk up to your brother and throw your arms about his neck 'cause you in this together whether you like it or not

SPOOKY

He ain't black.

MAMA

If his mind becomes clear and clean by being a black man, let it be. Don't your mind go clear actin' white sometime? Lemme ask you something.

SPOOKY

What?

MAMA

Did I stutter?

SPOOKY
You just trying to get me to laugh.

MAMA
And what wrong with that?

SPOOKY
I don't feel like laughing right now.

MAMA
Lemme ask you something.

SPOOKY
All right...

MAMA
You gonna become healthy by denying your mama love? What kind of nonsense is that? Whoever heard of such craziness? Com'on and give you mama a hug.

SPOOKY
I don't want to.

MAMA
Com'on. There's gonna be plenty times when you're gonna wanna hug when your mama ain't here. Com'on.

SPOOKY
Too big for a hug.

MAMA
Never too big.

SPOOKY
Don't want to.

MAMA
What, you too big and bad to hug your mama?

(SPOOKY goes to her in the dining room and they hug.)

MAMA
You still my baby.

SPOOKY
I ain't no baby.

MAMA
You always be my baby.

SPOOKY
Yes, Ma'am.

MAMA
You want to be free?

SPOOKY
I'm sorry.

MAMA
Ain't asking for sorry. How can you be blamed, you didn't make the world you live in, nor the one you inherited. But that don't mean you don't have your place with respect in it.

(MAMA moves through the living room into the front room. After a moment she is followed by SPOOKY.)

SPOOKY
Mama...thank you, I love you.

MAMA
My, my, my, you my baby, big handsome head, you got your daddy eyes, you my soul and substance, there you are.

(SPOOKY pulls his ski mask over his face.)

Your mama love you more than you ever will know.

(ROOSEVELT JONES enters from the living room closet dressed like a Black Panther, circa 1969. He uses a voice distorting microphone giving him a deep and low voice.)

ROOSEVELT JONES
Spooky!! Spooky?

(SPOOKY goes to him.)

SPOOKY
Who am I anyway, man?

ROOSEVELT JONES
You my brother.

SPOOKY

My brother?

ROOSEVELT JONES

Blackest dawg around.

SPOOKY

I need to go' ta go to KFC.

ROOSEVELT JONES

No time, you ain't goin to KFC.

SPOOKY

I'm going to KFC, for the Colonel's secret recipe, love that flavorful original flavor double-breasted extra crispy all white chicken strips along with a side of those tender bite-sized home style boneless wings that come in the variety bucket with home-style biscuits and coleslaw, and down it all with an all American apple pie mini.

ROOSEVELT JONES

Motherfuk, you quit playin' it black?

SPOOKY

Ain't we in the hood?

ROOSEVELT JONES

The hood went Hollywood, you're a studio gangster, bro.

(CHARLEENE enters, ROOSEVLET JONES gives her the microphone and she look on as if SPOOKY is an anthropological display; she speaks in a prim and proper academic voice. SPOOKY slowly turns, arms outstretched and helpless, as if a museum specimen.)

CHARLEENE

Spooky identifies with the African-American struggle. It grounds him. Its visceral, implies a cultural identity and sense of community that he otherwise lacks in this numbing, homogenizing world we live in.

SPOOKY

Baby girl?

HELEN

Rebellion, it is one of the few freedoms and identities you have left.

ROOSEVELT JONES

Black folks have been ripped off for years, our music, art, literature, everything—

(CHARLEENE drops her academic persona.)

SPOOKY

Hold on. What's going down here?

(to ROOSEVELT JONES)

So you my second roll dog?

ROOSEVELT JONES

Partner in crime!

SPOOKY

Two of America's most wanted!

CHARLEENE

What 'bout me?

SPOOKY

You been flaking on me, don't know who you are anymore.

CHARLEENE

Not gonna treat me like this! Playing out some macho gangster scene you saw on teevee is what you're doing!

ROOSEVELT JONES

Playing out some racial-gender stereotypes, perpetuating and holding back progress all at the same time!

CHARLEENE

You just wish I could be sum one that if you called up, like hey, you want to go ta da mall or watch movie whenever da fuck you wanted to do I would say yea whenever. Ok?

ROOSEVELT JONES

Li'l Lady saying like it is, Spook.

CHARLEENE

You're looking to have a dog!

SPOOKY

Am I soundin' like sum nigga psycho now?

CHARLEENE

Been talkin' dat way.

ROOSEVELT JONES

Psycho.

SPOOKY

(Going to the stairs and speaking to STORM CROW)
Hey big man, you up there, tell me, am I dead or alive?

CHARLEENE

I noticed we're finally talking about real issues now.

SPOOKY

Dis the real real?

(Gunshots, they duck and ROOSEVELT JONES goes to the window, CHARLEENE has been shot, SPOOKY is confused. ROOSEVELT JONES makes gunshot sounds with his mouth via the microphone.)

ROOSEVELT JONES

(at the window)
Chilled dat mothafucker! Twitch, die, goodbye!

SPOOKY

Shit, man, dey shot my ho!

(SPOOKY goes to CHARLEENE)

I'm here baby.

(CHARLEENE dies, sort of.)

ROOSEVELT JONES

If dis here a fucked up joke it very disrespectful.

SPOOKY

Charlene was my ho and didn't deserved to be killed.

(SPOOKY engages in a gun battle at the window. He is "shot" and holds his stomach as if mortally wounded—he plays out his death scene.)

Oh man! Ouch, god damnit it burns! Oh, its real in the feel

(CHARLEENE awakens and holds him)

CHARLEENE

When a black man or his woman dies nobody cares. I will stay by your side.

SPOOKY

Yeah...now I know violence is not the answer.

ROOSEVELT JONES

Black folks gotta stay together.

CHARLENE

We're going in the hospital. Who knows if we're gonna live or die?

SPOOKY

I know I been treating you like shit, I love ya baby, really, I do, I'm so sorry for everything, the way I treated you. You too, Roosevelt Jones, bro.

CHARLEENE

He's looking to be a part of something bigger more meaningful than himself, aren't we all? Identity is connection, is community.-He obviously needs dis here gangsta drama.

SPOOKY

Oh, shit, my peeps... I'm seeing the illuminati...

ROOSEVELT JONES

What? What they look like? Is there one, two, how many, what...

CHARLEENE

LET THE MAN TALK!

SPOOKY

You trust the Amerikkkan system. Crackers don't understand the war I'm living. What I'm feelin' is real. We pretending we white, looking in the mirror saying I got privilege, things and shit, but just 'nother kind of black. But unless you one of the few masters owning all the assets, controlling all the resources, power and justice, you just a different shade. Prison doors, they wide open to execute homies like you and me. Machiavelli. Time just another way to kill and keep more fools like you and me in place. You a new age nigga no matter what and how you think. World turning into one big drive-by. That's more than one man can take. I will take on any mothafucker and other mothafucker until I get justice mothafucker.

(SPOOKY dies, CHARLEENE cries.)

ROOSEVELT JONES

How come you in a hurry, anxious to die?

(SPOOKY comes back to life.)

SPOOKY

When I die least I know what I lived for. Can't keep the black man or woman down.

CHARLEENE

Unconditional love for you.

(STORM CROW enters.)

STORM CROW

OhKay mothafuckers!

ROOSEVELT JONES

Now we going classical black...

(ROOSEVELT JONES proceeds without the microphone)

STORM CROW

Should slap you for being so stupid...

SPOOKY

Why the fuck ya calling me stupid, mothafucker? See I'm dying?

CHARLEENE

Lay your head on my shoulder. I wanna have your baby.

STORM CROW

You think you invincible?

SPOOKY

Never said dat.

STORM CROW

Maybe you should go back to your pre-school principles Cuz most of wad you doing don't make sense.

SPOOKY

Ohkay, I am invincible.

STORM CROWN

Fuck you invincible.

ROOSEVELT JONES
I'll give two pennies if you can spell sensible...

(Takes two cents out of his pocket and gives it to SPOOKY.)

SPOOKY
That's easy money, s-e-n-i...

STORM CROW
Will you two mother fuckers listen here, just in case you didn't catch it I'm giving you my two cents.

CHARLEENE
Now use your common sense.

STORM CROW
You need some one to re-teach your ass the alphabet.

CHARLEENE
Re-write your shit.

ROOSEVELT JONES
Dat shit called the story of your life.

SPOOKY
Leave my shit outa dis shit.

STORM CROW
Dis bigger than your shit n' my shit.

(MAMA enters)

MAMA
Sweet Jesus, we talking everybody's shit.

SPOOKY
Must be an APB on my shit!

ROOSEVELT JONES
Life is only few lines of a rhyme.

MAMA
How you want to sing that song?

SPOOKY
Things ain't so hopeless, are they Mama?

MAMA
We're here right now, ain't we?

SPOOKY
I ain't gonna beg for my life.

CHARLEENE
Nobody asking you to.

MAMA
Before you know, it is crying time.

SPOOKY
Mama, I've bin crying my life long.

(The others laugh and the action moves to the dining room.)

STORM CROW
You's doing hard time because you can't give it up.

ROOSEVELT JONES
Hard time junkie.

STORM CROW
Dat slave nigga victim shit in your blood.

SPOOKY
Ah man, I was just chillaxing, hangin' wid my ho.

(SPOOKY goes into the bathroom with CHARLEENE banging on the bathroom door. Meanwhile, MAMA begins to serve dinner and fills plates with bullets.)

CHARLEENE
Dat ho shit is dying.

SPOOKY
Den get me another ho.

ROOSEVELT JONES
You killed yer ho, dis her dismissed her cos you hatin' yerself SO much you gotta have everything round you dead.

SPOOKY

I didn't kill no ho.

STORM CROW

You's to stupid ta know.

CHARLEENE

I ain't a ho.

SPOOKY

Shut up bitch.

CHARLEENE

I ain't gonna shut up no more.

MAMA

We just waiting so you can finally hear what's really going on.

STORM CROW

Calling for the liberation of ways, working the new system, spouting the news.

MAMA

No man is going anywhere wid out women signing on.

CHARLEENE

Why you beat on me?

SPOOKY

Doin' what's got ta be done.

MAMA

Beat the shit is normal shit?

STORM CROW

You one confused motherfucker.

ROOSEVELT JONES

In one confused situation here.

SPOOKY

Oh and you ain't confused, wigger?

STORM CROW

I lived da "struggle" and I am a brother, the father of it.

SPOOKY

Oh, so you my father?

(SPOOKY points his gun at STORM CROW)

STORM CROW

I am THE father, the one that did so the son didn't have to do... You going to be a dawg running with da pack, gonna die a dawg fighting' for scraps.

SPOOKY

No thanks, but appreciate it nigga.

(Putting down his gun)

STORM CROW

Wad dis nigga shit, nigga dat, nigga nigga. You thinkin' it givin' u da power over da slave shit dat haunts yer head? Nigga, da nigga shit just makin' another kinda nigga out of you nigga. You like that slave nigga shit so much yous a niggas nigga now.

CHARLEENE

Niggas nigga.

(SPOOKY takes a swig of beer attempting to compose himself)

MAMA

What happen to my baby's dreams?

STORM CROW

This ain't goin' away no matter how much dope you do, revenge you seek.

SPOOKY

Before you can dream you gotta be able to rest.

CHARLEENE

Put it to rest.

MAMA

You all growed up now.

SPOOKY

Tired as fuk.

ROOSEVELT JONES

You're the bull's eye.

CHARLEENE

Little ways to go.

SPOOKY

You saying the earth ready to split wide open and swallow me whole?

STORM CROW

Gonna be the harshest bullet yet.

(Distorted music. SPOOKY sits with STORM CROW as the others leave the room. A pause as they look at each other.)

STORM CROW

Com'on...(whispering) What you see?

SPOOKY

Ugh...yeah, okay.

STORM CROW

Yeah, Alright, coming back to you, tell me what you see ...

SPOOKY

That night...

STORM CROW

Com'on baby, tell me what you see, tell me all about it.

SPOOKY

I don't know, don't know if I can tell you.

STORM CROW

That right there, tell me about it...

SPOOKY

All right, fuck it....

STORM CROW

Yeah, that's it...

SPOOKY

I was just chillin' at the crib, right?

STORM CROW

Right...

SPOOKY

And a, you know, nigga was getting fucked up, you know, that shit, dig?

STORM CROW

I dig.

SPOOKY

Then Cecile came though...

STORM CROW

Whoo, Cecile, that's a dirty mother fucker.

SPOOKY

Yeah, yeah, I know....

STORM CROW

Okay.

SPOOKY

I ain't gonna lie to you.

STORM CROW

Okay.

SPOOKY

We were choppin' it up... Next thing I know...ahh,

(Breathes deeply, upset.)

Damn, my bad.

STORM CROW

Take your time, baby.

Yeah....So then, outta blue, the nigga was like, you know, I don't know...hold on...

STORM CROW

Take your time young blood. Got plenty of time.

SPOOKY

Then this nigga asked me if I wanted rob a liquor store, right?

STROM CROW

You want to rob...

(Laughs)

Right.

SPOOKY

Yeah, right? Nigga started talin' out the side of his mouth, nigga. You know what I'm sayin' he said what he had to say 'n I said what I had to, you know, know what I'm saying? I told this nigga to wait outside in his car 'n then went running upstairs to get my pistoli...

STROM CROW

Umhm...

SPOOKY

Before...yeah, before I ran outside 'n hopped into the car, thought about it, then I said fuck it because...

STORM CROW & SPOOKY

Dat what a real nigga do!

SPOOKY

Yeah....so...anyways...strapped up....

STORM CROW

Umhm...

SPOOKY

We mashed out on a mission, cruised around...ahhh, wait...

(Grabs his chest in pain)

STORM CROW

That's all right...

SPOOKY

Anyways, we finally found a liquor store, you know what I'm sayin', lookin' like it can be got. You know, and we just posted up in the parkin' lot for a minute, you know what I'm saying?

STROM CROW

Right.

SPOOKY

Not to build up any mother fuckin' courage, nigga...

STORM CROW

Oh, no...

SPOOKY

Because, you know, see nigga, I stay ready so I don't have to get ready,
nigga, I'll rob a nigga blind on the White House lawn, mother fucker nigga.

STORM CROW

Watch yourself Obama...

SPOOKY

Yeah, just to get our mind right, know what I'm saying? Nigga, robbin' a
mother fucker is an art form!

STORM CROW

Pi-caaaa-so!

(SPOOKY pauses, holding his chest)

SPOOKY

Yeah! That's right mother fucker, you got ta do it just right....just getting'
my head right.

STORM CROW

Yeah.

STORM CROW & SPOOKY

Because that what a real nigga do!

SPOOKY

So I pulled my mask down, you know nigga, ski masks, get it up, nigga,
yeah, ran in there, in the liquor store 'n the...the Habibi mother fucker
behind the counter had a gun...

STORM CROW

Say what?

SPOOKY

I said the Habibi mother fucker behind the counter had a gun.

(Gun shot, SPOOKY shutters)

STORM CROW

Time's up! Pack you bag.

(STORM CROW leaves and SPOOKY takes several moments to regain
his composure.)

As I was saying...Nigga, as I was saying. Nigga as I was saying, put my ski mask on, ran into the liquor store, he had a gun, so I cocked my gun because I all about it, nigga...

(SPOOKY cocks his gun, pulls the trigger to a click. Pause.)

I cocked my shit.

(Pulls the trigger again, shutters then laughs)

What you saying? Ahh ha, you bitch ass nigga. Good one, nigga, that shit don't happen to a real nigga, man, a real nigga gun don't jam...

(He holds his chest in pain and convulses then calms himself.)

Yo...yo. My man...MY MAN! No. No. DID THAT HABIBI MOTHER FUCKER SHOOT ME DEAD?

(Bangs the table and runs outside through the front door.)

Bitch! YOU LYING ASS MOTHER FUCKER!!! No. No. DID THAT HABIBI MOTHER FUCKER SHOOT ME DEAD?

(Outside, MAMA is play the tambourine standing with STORM CROW and CHARLEENE as ROOSEVLET JONES draws a caulk outline of SPOOKY's body on the pavement.)

Naah...

STORM CROW

We gonna go away now.

SPOOKY

No, nigga...

STORM CROW

We gonna be invisible now.

SPOOKY

(Crying)

Noooo.

STORM CROW

Com'on, you gonna be that far away man....

SPOOKY

(Crying)

Naah, I don't believe this shit, man...what the fuck....

STORM CROW

I'm proud of you.

SPOOKY

Nigga I don't believe this shit. Nigga you made that shit up. I ain't dead nigga. Can't kill me. We was invincible mother fucker!

MAMA

(Singing a spiritual)

I...I know that I've been saved.

You know the angels in heaven done signed my name.

SPOOKY

Nooo..

MAMA

I...I know that I've been saved.

You know the angels in heaven done signed my name.

SPOOKY

Mama, Mama, I'm sorry...

(MAMA continues to sing underneath as she leaves)

STORM CROW

Com'on now, time to go.

SPOOKY

Will they ever forget?

STORM CROW

Ain't asking them to forget. Ain't their job to forget, your job is to forgive.

SPOOKY

I was shot dead!

(MAMA, CHARLEENE, and ROOSEVELET JONES leave. STORM CROW and SPOOKY are alone in the street looking at the caulk outline of SPOOKY on the ground.)

STORM CROW

You did good. Your gonna disappear now, got to be that invisible man, far away man now.

SPOOKY

I was invincible!

STORM CROW

Ain't nothing invincible. Nothing invincible. Com'on baby let's go.

(SPOOKY pulls down his ski mask and resolves defiantly to follow STORM CROW. Turning to the audience he gives them the finger.)

SPOOKY

Fuck all you hos!

(STORM CROW is in the distance down the street. SPOOKY pulls his ski mask down and follows.)

END