

SOUL  
SAMURAI

*Qui Nguyen*

**Broadway Play Publishing Inc**  
224 E 62nd St, NY NY 10065-8201  
212 772-8334 fax 212 772-8358  
BroadwayPlayPubl.com

SOUL SAMURAI

©2010 by Qui Nguyen

All rights reserved. This work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America.

No part of this publication may be photocopied, reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted, in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording, or otherwise, without the prior permission of the publisher. Additional copies of this play are available from the publisher.

Written permission is required for live performance of any sort. This includes readings, cuttings, scenes, and excerpts. For amateur and stock performances, please contact Broadway Play Publishing Inc. For all other rights contact Bruce Ostler, Bret Adams Ltd Artists Agency, 448 W 44th St, NY NY 10036, 212 765-5630. [bostler@bretadamsltd.net](mailto:bostler@bretadamsltd.net).

First printing: June 2010

I S B N: 978-0-88145-451-2

Book design: Marie Donovan

Typography/page layout: Adobe InDesign

Typeface: Palatino

Printed and bound in the U S A

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Originally from Arkansas, Qui Nguyen is a Brooklyn-based writer, fight choreographer, and Co-Artistic Director of the award-winning producing company, Vampire Cowboys.

Scripts include TRIAL BY WATER (Ma-Yi Theater; published in Savage Stage), ALIENS VERSUS CHEERLEADERS (Keen Company), BIKE WRECK (Youngblood; both published by playscripts.com), KRUNK FU BATTLE BATTLE (East West Players), and the Vampire Cowboys productions of SOUL SAMURAI, FIGHT GIRL BATTLE WORLD, MEN OF STEEL, LIVING DEAD IN DENMARK (all four published by B P P I), VAMPIRE COWBOY TRILOGY (published in Plays & Playwrights 2005), ALICE IN SLASHERLAND, STAINED GLASS UGLY, and A BEGINNER'S GUIDE TO DEICIDE. Honors include nominations for Best Production by the 2008 & 2006 N Y Innovative Theater Awards (FIGHT GIRL BATTLE WORLD & LIVING DEAD IN DENMARK); 2008 N Y I T Award for Best Choreographer; The New Dramatists Playwriting Fellowship, NYTheatre.com's 2004 People of the Year, and featured as a "Playwright to Watch" by *Timeout New York*. Qui is a proud member of New Dramatists, a co-director of the Ma-Yi Writers Lab, an alumnus of Youngblood, and the stage combat instructor for Columbia University.

## ORIGINAL PRODUCTION

SOUL SAMURAI was first produced by Ma-Yi Theater (Ralph Pena, Artistic Director; Jorge Ortoll, Executive Director; Suzette Porte, Producer) and Vampire Cowboys (Abby Marcus, Producer) at HERE Arts Center (N Y C) in February /March 2009. The cast and contributors were:

DEWDROP, ANGELA..... Maureen Sebastian  
CERT, T-BONE, AVORY, ONLINE..... Paco Tolson  
BOSS 2K, FANG, BURNGOUT, MARCUS,

MASTER LEROY .....Sheldon Best  
SALLY, LADY SNOWFLAKE .....Bonnie Sherman  
GRANDMASTER MACK, HURT, NEUTRAL MASK

MARCUS, KANE, PASTOR, STRANGER..... Jon Hoche

*Director* ..... Robert Ross Parker

*Scenic/lighting designer*..... Nick Francone

*Costume designer* ..... Sarah Laux & Jessica Wegener

*Sound designer*..... Sharath Patel

*Puppet design/construction* .....David Valentine

*Fight direction*.....Qui Nguyen

*Production stage managers*.....Lydsey Goode & Kat West

*Assistant stage manager* ..... Danielle Buccino

*Production manager* .....Gregg Bellon

*Crew*... Pete Boisvert, Stephanie Cox Williams, Matthew  
Tennie, Charles Timko

*Publicity/press rep* .....Jim Baldassare

*Photographers* ..... Jim Baldassare, Theresa Squire

## CHARACTERS & SETTING

1. DEWDROP, ANGELA
2. CERT, T-BONE, AVORY, ONLINE
3. BOSS 2K, FANG, BURNOUT, MARCUS, MASTER LEROY
4. SALLY, LADY SNOWFLAKE
5. GRANDMASTER MACK, HURT, NEUTRAL MASK  
MARCUS, KANE, PASTOR, STRANGER

*Note: All actors play random gang members when needed*

*Post-apocalyptic N Y C*



## ACT ONE

### Prologue

*(Projection: "Soul: The spiritual nature of human beings, regarded as immortal, separable from the body at death, and susceptible to happiness or misery in a future state.")*

*(Projection: "Samurai: One bad mutha...")*

*(Projection: "Shut yo' mouth!")*

*(A smooth riff begins playing...)*

*(Lights come up in the middle of a fight between BOSS 2K, A larger than life badass gangboss, and CERT, a young but feisty b-boy armed with a wooden samurai sword.)*

BOSS 2K: Yo suckah, you messin' with the wrong muthafuckah, you dig?

CERT: Partna, the only thing I'm gonna be digging is gonna be yo' grave.

*(Projection: "Location: Coney Island, Brooklyn")*

BOSS 2K: I'm gonna have fun fucking you the fuck up.

*(CERT bravely attacks.)*

*(BOSS 2K, however, with some slick moves knocks CERT down.)*

BOSS 2K: Yo' stupid ass ain't even knowing what you just walked into. Brooklyn is Long Tooth territory. You

best recognize.

CERT: Naw, Jack. Only sap here gonna be takin' a dirt nap is gonna be yo' ugly ass.

BOSS 2K: Talk mighty big for a little man.

CERT: Well, I gots a surprise, bitch.

BOSS 2K: And what's that? You gonna bleed all over my nice kicks some more?

*(DEWDROP, a smooth Asian-American lady samurai, appears onto stage.)*

DEWDROP: Nope. Yo' ass is just gonna die.

BOSS 2K: And who the fuck is you?

DEWDROP: I'm the surprise bitch.

*(BOSS 2K smiles. He raises the weapon he just took away from CERT. She raises a katana. He attacks her. DEWDROP, however, is too quick and stabs him through Samurai-style. Blood gushes out of his wound. He falls.)*

CERT: Dammmmmmmmn! See, nobody messes with the Cert and the Dewdrop. I told you, we'ze the baddest, we'ze the prettiest, we'ze the G D finest!

DEWDROP: The fuck you doing, bozu?

CERT: I'm talking smack. Talking smack is the best part.

DEWDROP: I know something more fun.

CERT: And what's that, fly girl?

*(DEWDROP tosses CERT her sword.)*

DEWDROP: Cut off his head.

CERT: Say what?

DEWDROP: Cut off his muthafuckin' head. We gotsa roll.

CERT: Yo, why do I gotsa do clean-up? I ain't the one who made the mess.

DEWDROP: Cause you're my sidekick, bozu. That's yo' job.

CERT: Fuck that. I ain't nobody's sidekick. If anything, you're my muhfuckin' sidekick.

DEWDROP: Just get it.

CERT: Yo, how much time we got til sun up?

DEWDROP: Eight hours.

CERT: Eight hours! That's a long time, yo.

DEWDROP: I ain't the one who went in with guns all a'blazing without a plan, now was I?

CERT: Muhfuckah was right there! What was I gonna do?

*(We hear the sounds of bottle breaking in the background.)*

CERT: The fuck was that?

*(We hear dozens of LONG TOOTH gang-members approaching.)*

DEWDROP: Well, hell, that didn't take long.

CERT: Long Tooths?

DEWDROP: Who else gonna be walking these streets this late?

CERT: How far are we from Manhattan?

DEWDROP: About twenty miles.  
We need to book.

CERT: What about the head?

DEWDROP: Fuck the head—he's dead. It's time for Plan B, yo.

CERT: What's that?

DEWDROP: Run.

*(They exit!)*

*(As they do, LONG TOOTHs enter the stage. They see the*

*fallen BOSS 2K. They run after CERT and DEWDROP.)*

*(Cut to...)*

*(Slo-mo movement sequence: DEWDROP and CERT running for their lives away from LONG TOOTHs to music like Isaac Hayes' "Shaft" Theme.)*

*(Projection: [Producing Company])*

*Projection: Presents*

*Projection: SOUL SAMURAI*

*Projection: A Vampire Cowboys Creation)*

*(Blackout)*

## One

*(Projection: CHAPTER ONE: DEALS MADE IN BLOOD ALWAYS RUN...)*

DEWDROP: *(Addressing the audience)* Moshi, moshi, muthafuckahs. Welcome to the middle of my story. Welcome to the penultimate moment in my demise. As you can see, we're not doing so good. The kinda angry, kinda pissed off, kinda evil sonofagun we just whacked was the old Boss 2K. He's a bad guy. I'm not gonna lie—we ain't exactly boy scouts either. We're now on the run to get back home—back to the N Y C, back to the Apple—however...

Let's do a bit of a rewind first, shall we? A storied death without context has about as much meaning as bumping uglies without orgasm. Before we can get this story a pumpin', let's warm up your naughty parts first...

*(Projection: One week earlier)*

*(Projection: Lower East Side, Manhattan)*

*(Lights come up on GRANDMASTER MACK, the Shogun of Manhattan [and, yeah, he's a straight up pimp, yo]. He has a*

*hot harem girl, WHITE CHOCOLATE, draped at his side.)*

(FANG, a large sized bodyguard, brings in DEWDROP.)

GRANDMASTER MACK: Now what do we have here?

FANG: Grandmaster Mack, sir.

GRANDMASTER MACK: Just a hot second, suckah. Let me soak this in. That's one nice slice you got there. Ain't seen a piece so sweet in these parts in some time.

FANG: Sir.

GRANDMASTER MACK: Now what is a fine little mama like yourself doing down here in the L.E.S.?

FANG: SIR!

GRANDMASTER MACK: What, fool? What?

(DEWDROP shows that she's holding a katana against FANG's neck.)

FANG: She's sporting Japanese steel.

GRANDMASTER MACK: Well, ain't that's some slick shit.

DEWDROP: Slick and sharp.

GRANDMASTER MACK: You took down Fang?

DEWDROP: Is it his sword at my neck?

GRANDMASTER MACK: You must got some moves.

DEWDROP: Like Solid Gold.

GRANDMASTER MACK: Who are you?

DEWDROP: My name's Dewdrop. I live in the lowdown.

GRANDMASTER MACK: I ain't askin' bout your tag, Turkey. I'm askin' who you are? What colors you fly?

DEWDROP: My own.

GRANDMASTER MACK: Hm. You are one interesting lil kitty.

DEWDROP: I'm a kitty who's done spent more than a

few of her nine lives keeping dogs out her litter.

GRANDMASTER MACK: (*Pointing to her Katana*) Is that what you're doing with that *yaiba*?

DEWDROP: This *yaiba* is my boy-toy. You wanna see what happens when someone tries to step in between? We get very jealous.

GRANDMASTER MACK: You're a cute clever little bitch, you know that?

DEWDROP: Call me a bitch again and you'll see exactly how sharp my wit can be.

GRANDMASTER MACK: So what's your bag? Why are you here?

DEWDROP: I want passage into the badlands.

GRANDMASTER MACK: You want what?

DEWDROP: To get into the badlands.

GRANDMASTER MACK: I heard you the first time. You crazy?

DEWDROP: I got business there. Needs handlin'.

GRANDMASTER MACK: Where?

DEWDROP: The fairgrounds.

GRANDMASTER MACK: You're a funny little rabbit. You straight-up fucked in the head, but you funny.

DEWDROP: I'm not joking.

GRANDMASTER MACK: Coney Island is Boss 2K territory. I'm talking Long Teeth. That's one badass gang.

DEWDROP: I ain't here to wax philosophy. I'm here to get a pass. You control the bridge, I need entrance.

The only peeps that get to cross wear your colors. Everybody knows that.

GRANDMASTER MACK: You want to be one of my fine

black assassins?

DEWDROP: I want to get to the coast. And if wearing your colors helps me do that, then I'm gonna wear your colors.

GRANDMASTER MACK: That doesn't make for a convincing argument to be employed.

DEWDROP: I'm not looking for employment, Grandmaster Mack. I'm just looking for style.

GRANDMASTER MACK: Now you really are talking crazy. No way.

I let a lowdowner like you into the badlands wearing black, that'll draw me some dirty looks. Not just from the Long Teeth, but from my own crew too. It's gonna take more than an idle threat for me to put up with that.

However... if you want to barter something other than words... well, lookin' at that fine body of yours—

DEWDROP: Try to step. See what kinda crazy I can get.

GRANDMASTER MACK: You should go home, yella girl. I'm sorry to inform you. But as it turns out, there's no applications available here. Sorry.

DEWDROP: You have to help me.

GRANDMASTER MACK: I ain't have to do shit.

DEWDROP: I'll slice open your boy here. I mean it.

GRANDMASTER MACK: Go ahead. He owes me money anyhow.

FANG: Sir...

DEWDROP: You'd really let him die?

GRANDMASTER MACK: I'm a shogun, sister. Shoguns don't bow to nobody.

(DEWDROP *rears back her sword.*)

FANG: AAAAAAAAAAGH!

(GRANDMASTER MACK *does not budge.*)

(DEWDROP, *however, does not kill FANG.*)

GRANDMASTER MACK: I guess you aren't nearly as tough as you thought you were.

DEWDROP: Fuck you. (*Starts to exit.*)

GRANDMASTER MACK: Stop.

(DEWDROP *pauses.*)

GRANDMASTER MACK: Do you really want to sport my colors?

DEWDROP: Yes.

GRANDMASTER MACK: Then I have a bargain for you. If you want in—you gotta do me a job. I'll give you time to die inside, but you gotta dance for me. Understood?

DEWDROP: What is it?

GRANDMASTER MACK: I need you to knock off the Kingsborough King.

DEWDROP: You want me to kill Boss 2K?

GRANDMASTER MACK: Yep.

DEWDROP: That's funny.

GRANDMASTER MACK: Why's that, little rabbit?

DEWDROP: That's the reason I wanna go there in the first place.

(*Cut to...*)

(*Lights up on CERT at a street corner.*)

CERT: So what'd he say?

DEWDROP: I'm in.

CERT: That's my girl! That's my girl!

DEWDROP: Yo, why the hell are you so happy?

CERT: Cause I'm ready for some action, yo. That's why.

Open a can on some fucked up muthafuckahs. Get my man on. Show'em what's the what's up.

DEWDROP: You're not coming with me.

CERT: Yo, say what?

DEWDROP: You're not coming with me.

CERT: But we're a team. The Cert and the Dewdrop. The heavy and the hotness. The Boy Badass and the Lady Samurai!

DEWDROP: The boy badass?

CERT: Yo, you need some back. Check it, I even got me a sword! (*He pulls out a long wooden samurai sword hidden in his baggie pants.*)

DEWDROP: It's made out of wood.

CERT: It'll come in handy.

DEWDROP: Damon.

CERT: Cert.

DEWDROP: Cert, this shit is screwed with a capital "F". I'm talkin' fuckin' fucked up mothafuckahs are gonna be jacked up ready to come a killin' as soon as I cross that bridge. Long Tooth gangbangers and Brooklyn bustas out for blood. Yo, I sport black just to get past the bridge, but black don't mean black in Brooklyn. These colors only got power in Manhattan. Over in the badlands, being able to kill is cash and yo' ass is broke. Sides, what I gotta do is messy. You don't want to jump into this and get my stink all over you.

CERT: Yo, you ain't stinky? You smell good.

DEWDROP: Get off me, fool, I'm serious. What I got to do ain't for you.

CERT: You sayin' you bullet proof now?

DEWDROP: In Brooklyn, I ain't got to worry about bullets.

CERT: That's not what I'm implying. I'm asking you straight—are you indestructible?

DEWDROP: I can hold my own.

CERT: Not against them you can't. I used to live in the badlands, baby. Long Teeth ain't just hype. They'll fuck you up proper. Fo' real.

DEWDROP: I know that.

CERT: Then you need some back.

DEWDROP: I'm going there to do some killing, Cert. You really want that kinda blood on your hands? I'm talking gallons. This beef I got runs deep.

CERT: I know all about—

DEWDROP: No, you don't. Those Long Teeth took something important from me. I plan on paying them back my pain with interest. You dragging along is just gonna give me conscience. I don't need that for what I gotta do.

CERT: Dewdrop...

DEWDROP: No! (*Cut to... Addressing the audience*) Oh right... you might wanna know what the reason for all this hot action is about. The ingenue in this tale of pain and sorrow is Sally December, A K A Sally D, A K A the reason for this lowly story of mine.

(*Lights come up on SALLY December, an attractive but clearly tough college girl, and a much younger DEWDROP rolling in an old beat-up Cadillac.*)

DEWDROP: She's the babe at the wheel. That's me, five years earlier. A bit less nasty, a whole lot more clean.

RADIO (*V O*): To combat the sudden and dramatic rise of violent crime in Brooklyn, the mayor's office is enacting a sunset curfew for the entire borough of Kings County. Anyone found wandering the streets past sunset will immediately be detained for the

duration of the evening. In a morning news conference, Mayor Pena had the following to say—

SALLY: Flip the switch, bitch. This tired shit is bugging me out.

DEWDROP: Maybe we should head home, Sal. It's almost dark—

SALLY: What? You scared of the dark or somethin'?

DEWDROP: No.

SALLY: Cause I'm not. I like the dark.

DEWDROP: Get off me, whore.

SALLY: Then what's wrong, love?

DEWDROP: The radio just said—

SALLY: Correction, bitch. Radios can't "say" anything.

DEWDROP: What?

SALLY: Radios. They are incapable of speech. They project noise. Transmit frequencies. Relay electromagnetic signals that our ears detect as sound. But they cannot speak. Speaking is an attribute that infers cognitive and sentient thought. Radios are not sentient so thusly speech is something still outside their realm of capability. By using the expression, "The radio just said", you personify the radio as something other than just a noise box and that, my oriental love-bot, is dumb as a motherfucker.

DEWDROP: Bitch, are you stoned?

SALLY: I'm just correcting. If you're gonna hang with me, yella girl, you gotsa speak proper.

DEWDROP: Whatevs.

SALLY: And secondly—

DEWDROP: Oh, there's a secondly?

SALLY: Of course there is, bitch.

And, secondly, do you really believe that anyone is gonna arrest us? Here? In Brooknam? For someone to get arrested, baby girl, someone has to be there to do the arresting. And do you happen to see any bacon bits sprinkled anywhere in this diverse salad bowl of Bushwick?

DEWDROP: Well...

SALLY: Now look hard. What does your eye spy?

DEWDROP: Nuthin'.

SALLY: Then shut your pretty little pie hole, cause you and me are on an adventure.

DEWDROP: For some pot?

SALLY: Well, when you say it that way, it doesn't make it sound special.

DEWDROP: Couldn't we have just scored some from the stoners down the hall?

SALLY: Ew no. I'm not going anywhere near those two midwestern motherfuckers. Have you seen the way they look at us?

DEWDROP: No.

SALLY: They'd want hand jobs.

DEWDROP: All guys want hand jobs.

SALLY: Well, if you wanna whore yourself for some hash, that is your prerogative. Me, I want my icky wicky coming from somewhere respectable.

DEWDROP: Like Bushwick?

SALLY: Yo, the only people that find Bushwick scary is white folks.

DEWDROP: Um. You're white.

SALLY: Just on the outside.

DEWDROP: Is there any other way of being white?

SALLY: Look, yella girl, underneath this blandy Mandy exterior is a girl of much more cultural charisma and street know-how than some cracka from Connecticut.

DEWDROP: You are a cracker from Connecticut.

SALLY: But underneath—

DEWDROP: You're a honky.

Sal, your family has two homes. One in Connecticut, the other in the fucking Hamptons. You spent every summer during your adolescence going to—what—tennis camp? And you're now attending one of the most expensive colleges in the nation without carrying a student loan. You're not just white—you're fucking glow-in-the-dark radioactive neon white. You're so white, standing next to you, I look like the night.

SALLY: Oh, but you're forgetting one thing. *(She stops the car and puts it in park.)*

DEWDROP: And what's that?

SALLY: I'm a big ol' dyke who loves fucking brown girls. *(She leans over and gives DEWDROP a big ol' meaningful kiss.)* I think that'll keep me from voting Republican anytime soon.

DEWDROP: *Touché.*

SALLY: Tell me a story, baby girl.

DEWDROP: Once upon a time, there were two girls. They fell in love. They were happy.

SALLY: How does the story end?

DEWDROP: They end up ruling the world.

SALLY: You tell the best stories.

DEWDROP: I know.

SALLY: *(Noticing the time)*

Hang tight now. I'll be right back.

DEWDROP: Be careful.

SALLY: Don't worry about me, love. I'm white afterall.  
We believe in health insurance.

*(SALLY shows DEWDROP a gun.)*

DEWDROP: Sal.

SALLY: Just keep the car warm for me, hot stuff.

*(SALLY leans in and kisses DEWDROP. She then exits the car.)*

*(Video sequence: From SALLY's point of view, we see her leave the car after kissing DEWDROP. She walks down a long dark alleyway. As she turns the corner, she sees the back of BOSS 2K lingering over a dead body. She turns to run, but runs face first into a gang of LONG TOOTHs. She pulls out her gun and fires, but to no avail. We see her run back to the car as she is pursued by gangmembers. She arrives back to the car as we see DEWDROP still waiting patiently. SALLY pounds on the car door window.)*

SALLY: Open the door! Open the fucking door! Now, Dewdrop, open the door! Please!

*(As DEWDROP frantically tries to open the door, LONG TOOTHs suddenly surround the car and rip SALLY away. As DEWDROP finally opens the door, SALLY and her attackers are mysteriously all gone. All that's left is a puddle of blood and a gun.)*

*(Fade to...)*

*(DEWDROP alone on stage.)*

DEWDROP: *(Addressing the audience)* Sally's was my Lady—the only girl I've ever dropped the L-bomb on. We were supposed to grow old together, she was supposed to be to my Queen, but instead five years ago she died in Kings County by the hands of the Long Tooths.

I wasn't strong enough to fight them then, but today,

it's an entirely different story.

*(Cut to...)*

*(Lights come up on HURT, one of Grandmaster Mack's gangstas, guarding the Brooklyn Bridge [the last and only bridge connecting Brooklyn to Manhattan]. He talks to BURNOUT who's offstage.)*

HURT: Yo, this shit is tired, G. I'm telling you we gotta go find us a gig where we can meet some ladies cause this spot is dead.

BURNOUT: *(Entering the stage)* So what's the word?

HURT: Nuthin', G. Same shit as always.

BURNOUT: That's good.

HURT: A little action be nice.

BURNOUT: Fuck that. You know how long I been waiting for a gig like this? Shit, son, I useta have to smack hoes for Mack. This bent is nice.

HURT: Just boring is all.

BURNOUT: Yo, boring is better than having to work ballistics all the time.

HURT: Word.

BURNOUT: Better than having to do bounce work at some drug club. Shit, chigga, I'm just glad to be out of the action.

*(DEWDROP and CERT enter.)*

HURT: Yo, speaking of action...

DEWDROP: Stop following me, fool.

CERT: I ain't following you. We just happen to be going the same way, that's all. It's a coincidence.

DEWDROP: I'm gonna coincidentally kick you in your junk you don't break off.

BURNOUT: *(To DEWDROP)* Why, hello, hello. The fuck is

this?

HURT: What up, fine stuff?

BURNOUT: (*To HURT*) Yo, keep your tang cool, fool. (*To DEWDROP*) Where you think you going, Miss pigtails?

DEWDROP: The Badlands.

BURNOUT: Brooklyn?

DEWDROP: Did I stutter? You boys are in my way.

BURNOUT: Yo, pigtails. I don't know what you been tokin', but only F B A are allowed to cross this bridge.

DEWDROP: Who says I'm not?

(*DEWDROP pulls out a medallion and tosses it to BURNOUT.*)

CERT: Boo-yah.

DEWDROP: Shut up.

BURNOUT: Where the fuck you get this?

DEWDROP: The tooth fairy, bitch. Where do you think I got it?

BURNOUT: No way.

DEWDROP: Let me by.

BURNOUT: Yo, how do we know you didn't just forge this shit?

This could be some counterfeit goods.

HURT: Yeah, counterfeit.

DEWDROP: Look, you two fucking douchebags, call up your Shogun, he'll give me the clear.

BURNOUT: You want us to call G-Mack?

DEWDROP: No. I want you to move out my muhfuckin' way, but if you got to call your pimp before you can move your ho ass, then do it.

BURNOUT: I don't like the way you're speaking to me.

DEWDROP: Well, I don't like yo' face. Now move before I gotta rain some pain on you motherfuckers.

CERT: Yeah, son, we will kick yo' ass.

BURNOUT: Who the fuck are you?

CERT: I'm—

BURNOUT: Fatboy.

HURT & BURNOUT: (*Taunting*) Fat-boy. Fat-fat-boy. Fat-boy. Fat-fat-boy. Fat-

CERT: HEY! The name's Cert. As in Death Cert...ificate.

(HURT & BURNOUT *fall into hysterical laughter.*)

CERT: Yo, why you laughin'?

BURNOUT: Look, you two are cute and all, but we're F B A, bitch. You ain't got nuthin' on us.

HURT: Word.

BURNOUT: So why don't you turn that fine ass of yours around and swish the fuck outta here?

DEWDROP: I'm not going nowhere.

BURNOUT: Look, lady, I don't wanna do this by force. But... if I have to... I'm gonna make it fun for myself.

(BURNOUT *steps towards DEWDROP.*)

(DEWDROP *drop kicks him to the ground.*)

HURT: Oh no, she didn't!

BURNOUT: What the fuck?

HURT: Yo, G, you jus give me the what's up and I'll fuck that bitch the fuck up.

I'm talkin' straight up messed up.

I'll be smackin' her sayin' "Whaddup!".

BURNOUT: Yo, back up. I got this.

Okay, bitch, you wanna play it that way. Let's play.

(BURNOUT *pulls out a weapon.*)

(DEWDROP *pulls out her sword.*)

(*They start towards each other.*)

(*Suddenly, BURNOUT grabs a handful of dirt and throws it in DEWDROP's face. She's blinded.*)

BURNOUT: Oh, yeah, I like to play dirty.

(*BURNOUT and HURT begin doing a number on DEWDROP. Seeing enough, CERT intervenes and fights the gangsters. As it turns out, he's not that bad. He knocks out BURNOUT and HURT.*)

CERT: (*Fighting back tears*) That's right, muthafuckahs, that's my girl. That's MY GIRL you talking at. What's my name, what's my muhfuckin' name, bitch?

DEWDROP: When'd you learn all that, bozu?

CERT: (*Still fighting back tears*) What I could say? Imma badass, yo.

DEWDROP: Yeah, you one slick Rick right about now. And you skinny.

CERT: Yeah, it's just a style.

DEWDROP: Yeah.

CERT: I'm slick, smooth, and I smell good too. So, yo, fly girl, can I come with you?

DEWDROP: Cert...

CERT: Seriously, that was some fly shit, you gotta admit. Come on, we make a good team. Yo, what are you gonna do the next time someone throws shit all up in your face?

(*Beat*)

DEWDROP: Fine. But if you fuckin' die, I'll fuckin' kill you myself.

CERT: That's my girl!

DEWDROP: Come on.

CERT: HELLO, BROOKLYN!!!

*(A song like Jay-Z's Hello, Brooklyn 2.0 begins playing as lights fade.)*

## Two

*(Projection: INTERLUDE ONE: THE COMPLETELY UNINTERESTING TALE OF MARCUS MOON)*

*(Lights come up on MARCUS and an actor in neutral mask. The neutral mask actor [who will be referred to as NEUTRAL MASK MARCUS] is dressed exactly like MARCUS and physically acts out all the words that MARCUS says.)*

*(Note: Though the following has markings that indicate a voiceover, these sections are not voiced over. It is only meant to mark when Marcus is directly addressing the audience or as a character in the scene.)*

MARCUS: *(V O. Addressing the audience)* This was a typical day for me.

*(NEUTRAL MASK MARCUS staring into a bathroom mirror.)*

MARCUS: *(To NEUTRAL MASK MARCUS)* I am a worthwhile person and I'm going to make the world see me. I am a worthwhile person and I'm going to make the world see me. I am a worthwhile person and I'm going to make the world see me.

Pathetic, isn't it? The truth is I'm not a worthwhile person. Not in the grand scheme of things. None of us are. Look around the room you're in, see the people sitting next to you. That person at the right of you is insignificant and that person at the left of you is insignificant. Let's be honest here, none of us are the next Mozart or Abraham Lincoln or Aristotle. We're all just pawns to be moved, ignored, and sometimes eaten. Actually, we're less than insignificant. We're scenery.

*(Cut to...)*

(NEUTRAL MASK MARCUS *standing in a subway car with tons of people crowded next to him.*)

MARCUS: (V O) Here's me amongst the sheep doing my best sardine impression. If the train crashed at this very moment, if we all died excruciating and painful deaths, we'd at least be close to something slightly memorable. We'd be the sad victims to some tragic tragedy that'd finally make it on the front page. To be remembered, it's all about death. Either die in some fantastic fashion or kill enough people that people want you dead. James Dean or Jeffrey Dalmer, it's all the same.

(*Cut to...*)

(NEUTRAL MASK MARCUS *at his desk.*)

MARCUS: (V O) This is a fairly common image. Look at me toil away at papers like it matters. Look at me try to be a useful part of society. And now watch me try to make the world finally see me.

ANGELA: Hey Marcus.

MARCUS: Hello, Angela.

ANGELA: Did you see the paper today? Three police precincts in Crown Heights, Brownsville, and Bed-Sty got blown up. It's getting scary out there, isn't it?

MARCUS: Yeah.

ANGELA: I think it may be time to move out of here. Brooklyn isn't safe anymore.

MARCUS: (*To himself*)

I am a worthwhile person and I will get the world to see me.

ANGELA: What was that?

MARCUS: Um, what are you up to this weekend?

ANGELA: This weekend?

MARCUS: Yes, because if you're not—

ANGELA: Oh my god, this weekend is crazy. I have a date with this guy I met online. Online! Can you believe it? I never saw myself as a person that would do something like that, but you know how it is—it's so hard to meet anyone anymore. Everyone's staying indoors cause of all of the crime. My neighborhood bar just went under because of it. How about you?

MARCUS: Um... I have some things to do.

ANGELA: Like what? Any hot dates?

MARCUS: Well, as you said...it's tough out there.

ANGELA: It is.

MARCUS: I hope you have a good time.

ANGELA: Thanks, Marcus. You're the best.

MARCUS: (*V O*) I will always wonder if things would have been different if she bothered to see me. Maybe if she would have noticed me as something worthwhile, I would have believed it too. Maybe...if only...who knows? Maybe I would have had something to do that night instead of walking home with a bag full of rented movies and a six pack of beer. Maybe...

(NEUTRAL MASK MARCUS *gets suckered punched by T-BONE. T-BONE points a gun at NEUTRAL MASK MARCUS's head.*)

T-BONE: Yo, *puta*. You scared?

MARCUS: Yes.

T-BONE: What, bitch? I didn't hear you!

MARCUS: YES. I'm scared.

T-BONE: How scared are you?

MARCUS: I'm not sure. How scared would you like to be?

T-BONE: Is that supposed to be funny?

MARCUS: No. It's not. It's just...I just really want to make you happy.

T-BONE: You want to make me happy, *puta*?

MARCUS: Yes, sir.

T-BONE: Now I'm a sir?

MARCUS: Look. I have money, alright. You can have all of it.

T-BONE: Where?

MARCUS: In my wallet. Just take it.

T-BONE: See, this is what we call a good business transaction. A fair trade in services. I don't shoot you, you pay me...twelve dollars? You just got twelve fuckin' dollars, *pendajo*?

MARCUS: I'm sorry, I didn't know what was in there.

T-BONE: This is insulting, *pendajo*. When I'm insulted, I get twitchy. And a twitchy mutherfucker with a gun ain't so good for you, bro. You dig?

MARCUS: You can take my A T M card. I'll give you my pin.

T-BONE: You'll give me more than just your fuckin' pin.

MARCUS: What?

T-BONE: Give me your kicks.

MARCUS: My what?

T-BONE: Your shoes, *pendajo*. Your fuckin' shoes.

MARCUS: Okay.

T-BONE: Give me that jacket too.

MARCUS: Alright.

T-BONE: And—

MARCUS: I don't have anything else.

T-BONE: Your eyes.

MARCUS: What?

T-BONE: Your fucking eyes, *pendajo*. You see me, right?

MARCUS: Uh...

T-BONE: "Uh" is not a fucking word, bitch. You see me, right? And you hear me.

MARCUS: Yes.

T-BONE: Well, see. That's a problem. You see me. You hear me. Which means if you decide to get all describe-y to some pig about your friendly neighborhood "me" then I'm not gonna be able to see my momma no more. Now that's not a good story, is it?

MARCUS: I won't say a word. I swear.

T-BONE: Now how can we guarantee that?

MARCUS: I don't—

T-BONE: Don't worry, *pendajo*. I got an idea!

(T-BONE shoots NEUTRAL MASK MARCUS.)

*(The stage lights go dark except for a spotlight solely on NEUTRAL MASK MARCUS. We watch him slowly bleed out as the next monologue happens.)*

MARCUS: (V O) Dying is such a strange sensation. It's both extremely painful as well as uniquely relaxing. As the bullet violently rips its way into your body, the pain you feel is excruciating. As internal organs are damaged and destroyed, your body immediately goes into shock. With the pain, add in cold chills, shivering, and now, strangely, a sudden need to sleep. Yes, sleep. There's the rub. You want to writhe, but your body begins shutting down. Your eyes are heavy, your vision begins to blur, and your mind feels euphoric. It's better than any drug imaginable. You feel heaven tickling at your soul. But the hurt. The hurt, as dreadfully painful as it is, is now your only earthly

friend. Hurt reminds us that we're still breathing, that we're still alive. Hurt reminds us that we're human. But "sleep", she is one sexy bitch and she will soon win.

LADY SNOWFLAKE: Wake up, hot stuff.

*(Lights slowly come up revealing a masked LADY SNOWFLAKE, a very hot assassin, sitting near the fallen NEUTRAL MASK MARCUS. T-BONE lies dead next to her.)*

MARCUS: What?

LADY SNOWFLAKE: I said wake up.

MARCUS: Are you... the grim reaper?

LADY SNOWFLAKE: What?

MARCUS: Are you death?

LADY SNOWFLAKE: Do I look like death?

MARCUS: Not exactly.

LADY SNOWFLAKE: You're not dead if that's what you're wondering. Not like him anyhow.

MARCUS: Who? Oh my god...

LADY SNOWFLAKE: Yeah, he's pretty fucked up. He's already bled out. That didn't take long.

MARCUS: Is he...

LADY SNOWFLAKE: Food for maggots? Yep, I'd say so.

MARCUS: He was going to kill me.

LADY SNOWFLAKE: Yeah, he was probably going to do alotta things. I'm sure he didn't think he'd end up faced down on some piss covered concrete when he woke up this morning. Life's pretty funny, huh?

MARCUS: Thank you.

LADY SNOWFLAKE: What?

MARCUS: Thank you.

LADY SNOWFLAKE: Why are you thanking me for?

MARCUS: For saving me.

LADY SNOWFLAKE: I didn't save you.

MARCUS: Then who did this?

LADY SNOWFLAKE: You're kidding, right?

MARCUS: About what?

LADY SNOWFLAKE: You really don't know?

MARCUS: Should I?

LADY SNOWFLAKE: Hot stuff, you did that to him.

You killed him.

MARCUS: I what?

LADY SNOWFLAKE: Yeah, as it turns out, you got some skills. Who knew?

(NEUTRAL MASK MARCUS *slowly approaches and examines the fallen T-BONE.*)

MARCUS: (V O) No, none of us are Mozart. None of us are Aristotle. But that does not mean we don't all long for immortality.

(*In the Present tense*)

(*Cut to...*)