

# FEMALE 1 - MISS PAT

MISS PAT: Welcome aboard Celebrity Slaveship,  
Hi. I'm Miss Pat and I'll be serving you here in Cabin  
A. We will be crossing the Atlantic at an altitude  
that's pretty high, so you must wear your shackles at  
all times.

Once we reach the desired altitude, the Captain will  
turn off the "Fasten Your Shackle" sign ...

... allowing you a chance to stretch and dance in  
the aisles a bit. But otherwise, shackles must be  
worn at all times.

*(The "Fasten Your Shackles" signs go off.)*

MISS PAT: Also, we ask that you please refrain from  
call-and-response singing between cabins as that  
sort of thing can lead to rebellion. And, of course, no  
drums are allowed on board. Can you repeat after  
me, "No drums." That was great!

Once we're airborne, I'll be by with magazines, and  
earphones can be purchased for the price of your  
first-born male.

If there's anything I can do to make this middle  
passage more pleasant, press the little button over-  
head and I'll be with you faster than you can say, "Go  
down, Moses." *(She laughs at her "little joke.")*  
Thanks for flying Celebrity and here's hoping you  
have a pleasant takeoff.

# FEMALE 2 - LADY

LADY:

She was a creature of regal beauty  
who in ancient time graced the temples of the Nile  
with her womanliness

But here she was, stuck being colored  
and a woman in a world that valued neither.

Feet flat, back broke,  
she looked at the man who, though he be thirty,  
still ain't got his own apartment.

Yeah, he's still livin' with his Mama!  
And she asked herself, was this the life  
for a Princess Colored, who by the  
translucence of her skin, knew the  
universe was her sister.

*(The LADY IN PLAID twirls and dances.)*

LADY: And she cried for her sisters in Detroit  
Who knew, as she, that their souls belonged  
in ancient temples on the Nile.  
And she cried for her sisters in Chicago  
who, like her, their life has become  
one colored hell.

# FEMALE 3 - LALA

LALA: Yes, it's me! Lala Lamazing Grace and I have come home. Home to the home I never knew as home. Home to you, my people, my blood, my guts.

My story is a simple one, full of fire, passion, magi-que. You may ask how did I, a humble girl from the backwoods of Mississippi, come to be the ninth wonder of the modern world. Well, I can't take all of the credit. Part of it goes to him. (*She points toward the heavens.*)

No, not the light man, darling, but God. For, you see, Lala is a star. A very big star. Let us not mince words, I'm a fucking meteorite. (*She laughs.*) But He is the universe and just like my sister, Aretha la Franklin, Lala's roots are in the black church.

Now, before I dazzle you with more of my limitless talent, tell me something, America. (*Musical underscoring*) Why has it taken you so long to recognize my artistry? Mother France opened her loving arms and Lala came running. All over the world Lala was embraced. But here, ha! You spat at Lala. Was I too exotic? Too much woman, or what?

# MISS ROJ

Miss Roj: God created black people and black people created style. The name's Miss Roj . . . that's R.O.J. thank you and you can find me every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights at "The Bottomless Pit," the watering hole for the wild and weary which asks the question, "Is there life after Jherri-curl?"

*(A waiter enters, hands Miss Roj a drink, and then exits.)*

Thanks, doll. Yes, if they be black and swish, the B.P. has seen them, which is not to suggest the Pit is lacking in cultural diversity. Oh no. There are your dinge queens, white men who like their chicken legs dark. *(He winks/flirts with a man in the audience.)* And let's not forget, "Los Muchachos de la Neighborhood." But the speciality of the house is The Snap Queens. *(He snaps his fingers.)* We are a rare breed.

For, you see, when something strikes our fancy, when the truth comes piercing through the dark, well you just can't let it pass unnoticed. No darling. You must pronounce it with a snap. *(He snaps.)*

# MALE 2 - SON

MAMA: (*Looking up from her Bible, speaking in a slow manner.*) Son, did you wipe your feet?

SON: (*An ever-erupting volcano.*) No, Mama, I didn't wipe me feet! Out there, every day, Mama is the Man. The Man Mama. Mr. Charlie! Mr. Bossman! And he's wipin' his feet on me. On me, Mama, every damn day of my life. Ain't that enough for me to deal with? Ain't that enough?

I wanna dream. I wanna be somebody. I wanna take charge of my life.

MAMA: You can do all of that, but first you got to wipe your feet.

SON: (*As he crosses to the mat, mumbling and wiping his feet.*) Wipe my feet . . . wipe my feet . . . wipe my feet . . .

MAMA: That's a good boy.

SON: (*Exploding*) Boy! Boy! I don't wanna be nobody's good boy, Mama. I wanna be my own man!

MAMA: I know son, I know. God will show' the way.

SON: God, Mama! Since when did your God ever do a damn thing for the black man. Huh, Mama, huh? You tell me. When did your God ever help me?

# MALE 3 - SOLDIER

Well I just picked myself up and walked right on out of that explosion. Hell, once you know you dead, why keep on dyin', ya know?

So, like I say, I walk right outta that explosion, fully expectin' to see white clouds, Jesus, and my Mama, only all I saw was more war. Shootin' goin' on way off in this direction and that direction. And there, standin' around, was all the guys. Hubert, J.F., the Cappin. I guess the sound of the explosion must of attracted 'em, and they all starin' at me like I'm some kind of ghost.

So I yells to 'em, "Hey there Hubert! Hey there Cappin!" But they just stare. So I tells 'em how I'd died and how I guess it wasn't my time 'cause here I am, "Fully in the flesh and not a scratch to my bones." And they still just stare. So I took to starin' back.

*(The expression on JUNIE's face slowly turns to horror and disbelief.)*

Only what I saw . . . well I can't exactly to this day describe it. But I swear, as sure as they was wearin' green and holdin' guns, they was each wearin' a piece of the future on their faces.