

ACT TWO

*Lights up on a negro:
Beverly is peeling carrots, real carrots,
on a theater set that looks like a nice living/dining room
in a nice house in a nice neighborhood.*

*Music is playing.
Beverly lip-synchs to the song.
She dances and peels her carrots.
She dances and peels until the music from the speaker
goes a little funny.
There is a glitch of some kind.
It makes Beverly nervous.*

*Beverly glares at the speaker.
The speaker fixes itself.*

We hear the following conversation, and it begins in medias res, rapidly, conversationally, with overlapping text and ad-libbed reactions, stutters, and sounds.

I've included stage directions from Act One to give a sense of the timing that we found in the Soho Rep./Berkeley Rep productions. But you do you.

SUZE: No no no no no.

JIMBO: No, but if you could choose to be a different race, what race would you be?

Do you know what I mean?

SUZE: No, I do, but,

JIMBO: No, but like,

like if you could choose to be any race you want, any race at all,

like if you could choose to be any race at all,

what race would you be? Because like,

SUZE: no, right,

JIMBO: yeah, I think it's an interesting question.

SUZE: no, sure, it might be, some day,

JIMBO: It's definitely interesting.

SUZE: no, yeah.

JIMBO: Because I think about things like that.

Do you know what I mean?

SUZE: Yeah, yeah.

JIMBO: I actually like to think, like to think about things, you know?

SUZE: Yeah, me too.

JIMBO: Like, if you could choose to be a different race, what race would you choose?

(Dayton enters onstage.)

SUZE: I don't think you know what you mean, do you know what I mean?

JIMBO: What?

SUZE: Like, do you see what you're asking?

JIMBO: What do you mean?

SUZE: Like, I don't think you're really looking at what you're talking about, do you see what I'm saying?

JIMBO: Oh, come on.

SUZE: Like I wouldn't. I just wouldn't.

JIMBO: You wouldn't choose to be anything?

SUZE: No, I would never.

JIMBO: Why not?

SUZE: Well, because you just can't change something like that.

JIMBO: Why not?

SUZE: Well, because race isn't something you can change.

I mean, obviously.

JIMBO: I thought you said race is a construct.

SUZE: It is.

JIMBO: So.

SUZE: So just because it's a construct doesn't mean that it isn't real, like that's not.

JIMBO: Well, that just doesn't make any sense at all.

SUZE: So, if you could choose, what race would you be?

JIMBO: If I could choose I would be Asian.

SUZE: Ok. Wow.

JIMBO: What?

SUZE: No, just you said that so quickly.

JIMBO: Well, I've thought about it before.

SUZE: You've thought about it before.

JIMBO: Of course I've thought about it before.

SUZE: So, like why would you want to be Asian?

JIMBO: I mean, is there something wrong with being Asian?

SUZE: No, oh my god, there's nothing wrong with being an Asian person. Oh my god.

JIMBO: I mean, I don't think there's anything wrong with being Asian, but.

SUZE: I just meant to ask. Wait wait wait.

I just meant to ask why the Asian race is the race that you would choose, if you could.
Do you know what I mean?

JIMBO: Right right right.

SUZE: I mean, this is your question. I don't.

JIMBO: I see what you mean.

SUZE: Yeah.

JIMBO: Because, from what I've learned, it can be a really . . . traditional culture.

SUZE: Being Asian can.

JIMBO: Yeah, definitely.

SUZE: Huh.

JIMBO: I've come to understand that it's a traditional culture, just from what I've read, and, you know, from girls I've dated.

SUZE: Huh.

JIMBO: Yeah.

SUZE: Yeah.

JIMBO: Yeah, there are a lot of expectations.

Like, there's just so much that's expected of children from their parents.

There is so much pressure.

Yeah, pressure to excel, pressure to conform.

Asian parents are just like,

You must do this, or you can't do that.

So, if I were Asian, I wouldn't participate in that whole system.

You know?

SUZE: Like what.

JIMBO: I'd do what's unexpected.

SUZE: Like what?

JIMBO: Like I'd be Asian but I'd be rebellious,
SUZE: Ok.

JIMBO: like I'd be Asian but I'd be loud,

SUZE: Yeah.

JIMBO: and difficult,

SUZE: Yeah.

JIMBO: and fucking impolite, you know?

SUZE: Yeah.

JIMBO: Like, Asian people don't have to be just this one thing,
SUZE: Right, but.

JIMBO: like, actually, that they can be a million things.

SUZE: Right.

JIMBO: Do you know what I mean?

SUZE: I have literally no idea what you're talking about.

JIMBO: Don't you know any Asian people?

SUZE: I do, of course.

JIMBO: So don't you feel like they're all like so pent up?

SUZE: No, I don't.

JIMBO: Like they're all just repressed?

SUZE: No, I don't know.

JIMBO: I mean, every Asian I know is like tortured
by their parents' expectations.

SUZE: I don't feel comfortable making some huge statement
about every—

JIMBO: Oh, I don't feel comfortable.

SUZE: I don't. Just grouping people—

JIMBO: Right, because you're a good little liberal,

SUZE: what?

JIMBO: so you just want to pretend that you're cool
with everyone,

SUZE: I'm not—

JIMBO: cool with every race, cool with every culture,

SUZE: I'm not—

JIMBO: you're like, Hello world, welcome, I value your culture,

SUZE: I'm not—
 JIMBO: and because your culture is different than mine, I don't judge it at all.
 SUZE: But I'm not—
 JIMBO: You're not what?
 SUZE: But I'm not Asian. So. I don't know what it's like to—
 JIMBO: So just because someone is Asian they deserve to have a fucked-up relationship with their family?
 SUZE: I.
 JIMBO: Like they deserve that?
 SUZE: Ok. First.
 I think it is crazy to say that every Asian person has a fucked-up relationship with their family.
 JIMBO: No, but—
 SUZE: Like that is a Crazy thing to say. Right?
 JIMBO: Sure, but—
 SUZE: Like you hear how that sounds, right?
 JIMBO: Alright, Calm Down. Hear me out.
 Because, ok, If I were Asian, do you know what I would do?
 SUZE: What.
 JIMBO: I would take my parents to therapy.
 SUZE: . . . Ok.
 JIMBO: We'd go to group therapy.
 And we'd talk about our like dependency issues or whatever.
 SUZE: So.
 JIMBO: And I'd be like, Hey, Mom and Dad, aren't we all happier now?
 And they'd be like,
 Yes, Son, we are happier now.
 SUZE: Ok.
 JIMBO: And then I'd be like: hey all other Asians,
 SUZE: Oh boy.
 JIMBO: look at me, I'm a happy Asian guy. With a happy mom and a happy dad.
 SUZE: Yeah.

JIMBO: Like, I did whatever the fuck I wanted to do,
 SUZE: Right.
 JIMBO: and then they got mad, like Asian parents do—
 SUZE: Sorry, can I stop you for a second?
 JIMBO: What's up.
 SUZE: I think I just need you to stop talking for a second.
 JIMBO: Why?
 SUZE: Because I'm getting really uncomfortable.
 JIMBO: ["What is your problem?"]
 SUZE: [I'm sorry, but can you just shut the—shut up?]
 JIMBO: [Um. Ok.]
 SUZE: [Yeah, thank you.]
 JIMBO: [Yeah, you're welcome.]
 SUZE: [Yeah, I said thank you, thanks.]
 JIMBO: [And I said you're welcome.]

Jasmine enters onstage.

MACK: Soooooooo. What are we talking about. What's going on.

Wait, is something happening?

JIMBO: I have posed a hypothetical question.

SUZE: Ugh.

MACK: Reeally.

JIMBO: It has rankled some,

SUZE: I can't.

MACK: Intriguing.

JIMBO: But I would like to pose it to you, if you, uh, consent.

SUZE: Literally the worst.

MACK: I do. What is it?

JIMBO: Alright.

(Dayton presents the cheese plate.)

JACKIE SIBBLIES DRURY

If you could choose to be a different race, what race would you be?

MACK: Are we asking about race or ethnicity?

JIMBO: Yeah, if you could be a different race or ethnicity, what would you be.

MACK: Like, would I have to be that race all the time?

JIMBO: Yeah you'd have to be that race 24/7.

MACK: I see.

JIMBO: Right.

MACK: Would I have like grown up as that race?

JIMBO: Um.

MACK: Or would I like,

JIMBO: Yeah.

MACK: just turn into that race like right now?

JIMBO: Let's say that you're you,

MACK: Ok.

JIMBO: but then you like magically become—

MACK: Magically?

JIMBO: Like you just wake up one morning and you're a different race. Right?

MACK: And it's like in today's world,

JIMBO: Yes.

MACK: it's not in the past.

JIMBO: No. So, what would you be?

(Jasmine looks at herself in the "mirror.")

MACK: It's interesting, you know?

Like if I was going to like Become a different race, and I could choose that.

It would be like . . . I mean based on what criteria, you know?

Like if I just think about, like, would I want to choose a race that is more like who I actually am?

FAIRVIEW

To express something essential about myself?

OR would I want to choose a race that is totally different from who I actually am.

To like, try something new.

I feel like I would want to try something that expresses more of who I am, maybe.

Like on the surface

sometimes I think people think I'm boring, but actually, like my true self is this like wild person.

[You know, like I have this hot, muggy river of uncut sensuality flowing deep down in my soul. So.]

Yeah, If I could choose to be a different race,

I'd want to be Latinx.

(Beverly enters.)

SUZE: Why would you be Latino?

MACK: Is there something wrong with being Latinx?

SUZE: No, oh my god,

I don't mean there's anything wrong with being Latino, I'm just trying to ask why you're choosing to be Latino.

MACK: Latinx.

SUZE: Right, of course.

MACK: Well, because, honestly,

I just think it would be so fucking major to be Latinx.

Like to just get to be this fiery—

SUZE: No, I mean like— Do you speak Spanish?

MACK: Oh. No. Do you?

SUZE: I don't, but—

MACK: But it's like, I would love to speak Spanish. Obviously.

SUZE: Me too, but—

MACK: I keep doing this app, but it's not working.

SUZE: Oh.

MACK: I think it's hard without having people to practice with.

SUZE: Right, but—

MACK: And besides they say it's best to learn from conversation.

SUZE: Right, but—

MACK: Or, from, like, taking a lover.

SUZE: Right, but—

MACK: I would love to take A Latinx Lover.

SUZE: But you've traveled to—

MACK: Where?

SUZE: To, like, Latin . . . you know . . .

MACK: Oh, right I see.

SUZE: Right.

MACK: I have not.

SUZE: Ok, so, I'm trying to understand,

MACK: What's the matter?

SUZE: yeah, why would you choose to be, you know, Latinx?

Do you know what I mean?

Like, if you don't speak the language,

and you've never been there,

what about it is appealing to—

MACK: Well, excuse me for even having an opinion.

SUZE: Oh, no, I don't mean that—

MACK: Like, excuse me for not being as cultured as you.

SUZE: No, I'm just curious.

MACK: You know, I'm not like you, ok?

SUZE: I'm just curious—

MACK: I didn't grow up with like Money to like Travel.

SUZE: I didn't grow up with money to—

MACK: Yeah, I didn't grow up with money to go to like

Language Immersion Summer Camp, or whatever.

SUZE: I didn't—

MACK: Like, I haven't actually left the country,

SUZE: I didn't—

MACK: except to go to like, Canada once,

which isn't even a different country,

SUZE: I'm sorry—

MACK: except politically.

SUZE: I'm sorry—

MACK: I know you are sweetie, it's fine.

SUZE: I'm sorry—

MACK: I'm not mad, I'm just passionate.

SUZE: Ok—

MACK: Because it's like, you know that you don't have to go to another country to experience Latinx people and culture,

SUZE: Of course not,

MACK: it's not like you have to like go to some like village or something.

SUZE: of course not.

MACK: They are in Our country too.

SUZE: Of course.

MACK: And that's what's amazing—it's like because they're here, it's like their identity is being made here.

Like, most people are just what they are,

you're like, oh, that person is black that person is Asian,

but with Latinx people it's like,

they don't think, they just are what they are,

like this pelvic, spicy, bright bold thing,

they're like making it right now

and it's intersecting with gender

in like this amazing way, that is really really really . . .

it's just politically good, you know?

[. . . And not just politically good, it's like

muy caliente in the streets and in the sheets,

know what I'm sayin'?]

Keisha enters onstage.

BETS: So what are you talking about?

MACK: Ohmigod.

Thank god you're here.

I can't wait to hear how you're going to answer.

BETS: Me?

MACK: Yes. Ready?

BETS: For what?

MACK: Ok, they're asking:

If you could choose to be a different race,
what race would you choose?

. . . Do you understand the question?

BETS: Yes.

MACK: So what do you think.

BETS: But I am frustrated by this question.

MACK: But it's like you can choose—

BETS: Because, I—no, let me finish—

I need to talk to know what are my thoughts.

MACCK: Sorry.

BETS: Because this question,

it is everything that is wrong with America.

In any other place this question would be a question that is fun and charming to consider,

but in America, this question, what race,

it is a very boring question,

because everything in America is race, race, race,

all the people talk is race, race, race,

and no people are saying nothing new about race,

so with this question, "what race can you choose, what race do you want?"

the question is interesting, maybe,

but the answer is boring, because it must be always the same.

Always: oh, race is not important, I have no opinion, teach me.

Or: oh, my guilt, oh, I feel so bad, and I earn the—
the problem of that race, it is mine.

I deserve this.

You say nothing, or You say sorry.

That is all that you can say in this country.

It is so boring.

I have nothing to say.

[I have nothing to say.]

[Yes, I have absolutely nothing to say.]

MACCK: Oh.

BETS: Unless.

MACCK: What?

BETS: Hmm.

MACCK: Unless what.

BETS: Unless, I can change my race to be.

Something that is interesting, maybe, is to be a Slav.

MACCK: I'm sorry, what?

BETS: A Slav. It is the same in English, no?

MACCK: I don't know what that is.

BETS: You don't have this: Slav?

MACCK: No I don't think so.

BETS: Coming from Serbia, or some place like that.

Slovenia, Slovakia [Bosnia, Bulgaria, Belarus] . . .

MACCK: Oh, ok.

BETS: Because, well, we travel a lot,

and when I was a girl, we went to there on holiday.

MACCK: To Slovenia.

BETS: To all of them, all around. We travel a lot.

MACCK: Wow.

BETS: It is quite lovely in these places.

The landscape in these places—

flat flat flat, just, you look and a what, a boulder,

with a little snow.

That is all that is there.

MACCK (*Softly*): Oohhh.

BETS: But in that, it gives a point to look at,

and if you focus, you see the sky and it is beautiful.

MACCK (*Softly*): Yaaas.

BETS: And the people, living all together in their little houses.

Their life is difficult, but they have so much, so much joy.

It is inspiring, no?

MACCK: Mmmm.

BETS: I think so, yes.

MACCK: Mmmmmm.

BETS: They are so proud, these people.

MACCK: Woowow.

BETS: The strength of the personality that comes out of that place.

It is very, um, very pleasing to me.

To have that.

[A strong peasant soul.

Ah, so beautiful, don't you think?]

MACCK: But . . . aren't they . . . um.

BETS: What is the question?
 MACK: Are those people a different race than you are?
 BETS: Of course.
 MACK: They are a different race.
 BETS: Of course.
 MACK: Yes. Of course. It's just, I wouldn't have . . .
 BETS: Tell me.
 MACK: I just wouldn't have categorized you and them differently that's all.
 BETS: Well, that is ridiculous.
 MACK: Right.
 BETS: The food is different, the culture is different, the look of the people is different.
 MACK: Right.
 BETS: That is what race is, no?
 MACK: No, you're right.
 BETS: Americans are obsessed with race.
 MACK: You're right.
 BETS: Obsessed.
 MACK: You're right.
 BETS: But they don't know what this is.
 MACK: Totally.
 BETS: You think Slav is not a race?
 MACK: No it is. They are. It is.
 BETS: Of course it is.
 MACK: No, you're right.
 BETS: [So, I choose Slav.]
 [Oooh, or maybe I choose Turk.
 A Turk can be fun. Or maybe too strange.]
 [No, I will be Slav.
 Slav is strange enough.]

Jasmine exits and Beverly starts to peel carrots.

SUZE (To BETS): I'm sorry, but no.
 BETS: What.
 SUZE: That's crazy.
 BETS: What is crazy.
 SUZE: That's just. Choosing to be a different European race isn't choosing to be a different race.
 Obviously.
 (Beverly picks up the phone.)
 JIMBO: But you haven't answered.
 Everyone else has answered.
 I asked you, first, and you've talked shit about every other answer.
 SUZE: I haven't talked anything—

JIMBO: But you haven't picked anything for yourself.
 You're just avoiding the question.
 SUZE: I'm not avoiding the—
 JIMBO: So. If you could choose to be a different race, what would you choose?
 SUZE: Well.
 JIMBO: If you know so much about everything, what would you choose?
 SUZE: I'd be African-American.
 JIMBO: Oh, ho ho.
 SUZE: For different reasons than anyone has.
 JIMBO: Really.
 SUZE: Yeah.
 I'd be African-American.
 JIMBO: Bullshit. I call bullshit.
 SUZE: Why are you saying that.
 JIMBO: Because it's fucking hard to be African-American, and I don't think you really mean it.
 SUZE: I do mean it.
 JIMBO: So, if I like kidnapped you, and locked you in a room, and like dyed your skin.
 SUZE: That would not make me African-American.
 JIMBO: If I did that, what you'd be stoked?
 SUZE: That's not what it would be like.
 JIMBO: So you'd be stoked.
 SUZE: That's not—that's offensive and not—
 JIMBO: Oh! So you wouldn't be stoked?
 SUZE: No, if you Kidnapped me, and like spray-painted me with like Dye, no, no that wouldn't make me super happy. Because that would be traumatizing.
 JIMBO: I know but—
 SUZE: And I can't even believe that I am saying this but, like being African-American isn't like just dyeing your skin.
 JIMBO: I know but—

SUZE: And it's like,
 I would choose to be African-American, actually. Because I was raised by.
 My family, we had a . . . but she was more than that, she was this lovely . . .
 Her name . . .
 (*Quavering:*)
 Her name was Mabel.
 And she . . .
 I'm sorry.
 I just loved her.
 Because, my parents,
 [they were great—they're great parents, but] I can see now that they were . . . reserved.
 But when I was a kid,
 I . . . couldn't understand why they didn't. Anyway.
 The person in my life who expressed love to me in a way that I could feel it, that was Mabel.
 She was the person who was there when I got home from school, she was the person who was there for me when I was sick or when I was hurt, she was the person who would play games with me and who I'd talk to about boys.
 Mabel was my person.
 It's like, she made everything I ate until I was like in college, basically.
 It's like, I grew up eating corn bread and collard greens. Like food that regular people don't even eat, you know?
 [Like I grew up on that kind of food.]
 Because it's like, if that's what ties you to a person,

food and love and feeling like,
if that's the thing that bonds you to a person,
if that's what helps you to be what you're meant to be,
if that's how you're raised.

Like the things from your childhood:
the people, the food, the culture of your . . .
you know . . . I just, I feel like she is my family.
Mabel is my . . . she's my mom.
She's my heart.
And that's . . .
It's complex.

(*With Dayton's "Ta-da!"*)

JIMBO: But it wouldn't just be you being black with what's her name, Mabel?

SUZE: Don't say her name like that. You don't get to—

JIMBO: It's not like you'd go black for Mabel
and then be normal the rest of the time.

SUZE: What is your point.

JIMBO: You'd be black 24/7.

SUZE: So?

JIMBO: So.

SUZE: So?

JIMBO: So. What would you do?

SUZE: What do you mean?

JIMBO: If I were black, I'd like live in it, and I'd experience it.

SUZE: Of course I'd experience it too.

JIMBO: I wouldn't just like hide in my childhood hidey-hole,
or some shit.

SUZE: I wouldn't try to hide anything.

JIMBO: So what would you do?

SUZE: Well. I mean, I'd try to help people!

JIMBO: Oooh! She'd help people!?

SUZE: Of course I'd try to help people. With life skills.

You know, fiscal responsibility,
and family planning,
or like retirement planning, like setting up a 401(k),
things we take for granted,
how to go on a job interview, how to get a mortgage.

JIMBO: Sounds fun!

SUZE: Well, not everything is fun.

JIMBO: Woo-fucking-hoo.

SUZE: Inherited poverty isn't very fun.

(*Jasmine enters.*)

MACK: But you know, not all black people are poor.
Like.

There are plenty of rich black people.

SUZE: I know.

BETS: Like Michael Jackson. He is very very rich.

MACK: Well . . . yes. Yes, he was.

BETS: And the other one. The sports guy.

MACK: There are a lot of—

BETS: The famous one. You know.

MACK: Ok . . . Do you mean like . . . Michael Jordan?

BETS: No, not that one.

MACK: Like . . . Magic Johnson?

BETS: No, not this Michael Jackson-sounding names.

MACK: I don't know, there are a lot of famous black athletes.

BETS: But Very famous, very rich.

This is an interesting kind of black to be.

MACK: Hmmm. Like . . .

BETS: The one . . .

The one who kill her wife.

MACK: Oh.

Do you mean . . . O.J. Simpson?

BETS: Yes! Oh, yes. He is very very rich.

MACK: Yes. He was.

BETS: And very funny.

MACK: I guess he was. Before the whole—

BETS: Of course, before, before.

Did you see this movie?

MACK: What movie?

BETS: Oh, this is a very funny movie:

O.J. Simpson is chased by all the people,
he is with the police and they chase him and chase him.

MACK: It's a movie though? Because that sounds like—

BETS: No, no it is a movie, yes, they chase and chase and chase
and they beat him up,
and he is very hurt, in the hospital,
and it is so funny, in the hospital he tells the man
that they chase him for drugs, they hurt him for drugs,
you know, common story for these people, it is obvious,
but he is in the hospital,
so the man think he is asking for drugs
because he have pain,
and the man give the, um—he press the button,
and O.J. say, "No! Wait! Listen!" and he lay back like.

SUZE: I don't think that is O.J. Simpson.

You're clearly thinking of a different African-American actor.
It's something called Racial Blindness.

It's like if you aren't raised around people of a certain race,
your brain is less—
you're not able to distinguish individual features,
so you're more likely to confuse different people of the
same race.

BETS: It is O.J. Simpson in this movie. Maybe I don't say it well,
my English—

SUZE: It's not your fault, it's Racial Blindness.

BETS: I don't have that.

SUZE: It's why lots of people mistake one African-American for
another—

BETS: I don't have that.

SUZE: I'm not saying you're racist.

BETS: The Juice Is Loose, I know O.J. Simpson.
I am not confused. He is a very rich black person.

SUZE: Fine.

BETS: [You know,
I have been living here for many years,
and I have come to understand
that the blacks are just like us.
They can be fat they can be thin,
they can be big they can be small,
they can be poor, but also, they can be rich.]

JIMBO: But I wouldn't want to be a rich black person.
You know?
It wouldn't be . . . very authentic.
I'm just thinking critically about it and,
don't you think that once a person has enough money,
their race just kind of disappears and they're just rich?
Like, if I'm going to be black,
I'd want to be a normal black person,
to like have that experience,
of like going to da club, you know?
Gettin' rowdy.

MACK: Oh my god.

You'd just want to be black so you could say the N-word.

JIMBO: That's not what I meant.

MACK (*Sing-song*): You wanna say the N-word.

You wanna say the N-word.

JIMBO: I mean, sure, I'd fucking say it if I were a black person.
I can say it now, if I want to.

I can say whatever the fuck I want, I don't give a fuck.

BETS: Who cares what you call her or her,
say what you want who cares?
In America you are obsessed with race,

and you never never think about class.
The rich profit from the racism.

The poor get nothing from it.

JIMBO: [And that shit happens alla the time,
you got to get yours before I got to get mine.]

BETS: But I'm not so interested in this, you know,
ghetto-type of kind of thing.

JIMBO: Well, if you want to be a real black person,
then you have to be a poor black person.

MACK: No that's more of a gender question than a class question.

Like maybe you'd have to be poor
if you wanted to be a black man,
but if you wanted to be a black woman, you could be like . . .
a fabulous entertainer.

Like, that would be amazing, to be like:

Hair! Body! Voice!

Like black women are . . . fierce.

[I think there could be something really . . . empowering,
being a black woman.]

Like look at the way they talk to each other.

(Beat, they watch.)

There's just so much . . . attitude.

(Beat, they watch.)

I just love that. Do you see what I mean?

(Beat, they watch.)

BETS: I do. I do.

MACK: It's like . . . You can't tell me what to do!

(Beat, they watch.)

BETS: You don't know who I am!

(Beat, they watch.)

MACK: "I'm out here living my best life."

BETS: Oh, I like that.

(Keisha enters.)

*This text tethers directly with the text that was/is being delivered
by the family onstage.*

For the most part:

*Suze tethers with Keisha [starting with her clean and starving
dance].*

Jimbo tethers with Jasmine [starting with her line "what's that."].

Mack tethers with Beverly [starting with her line "... the gown."].

*Bets tethers with Dayton [starting with his line "Mama Frasier
Birthday dance!"]].*

suze: Are you people insane?

You have no idea what you're talking about.

[You just— You don't. You just—]

You don't, you have no idea what it would be like

to be African-American.

[That is not how African-American women speak, or think,
or feel.]

[and I can't—I can't even—I can't—I can't even—]

JIMBO: Why are you freaking out?

suze: I'm not freaking out, but you just have no idea what you're
talking about.

JIMBO: You think you'd be a good black woman?

That is hard for me to imagine,

like can you imagine her being a black woman?

MACK: Not really.

JIMBO: Not at all.

MACK: Like, not at all.
 JIMBO: If she was black
 she would be like the most uptight black woman
 that has ever existed.

MACK: Sorry, but you're not very cool.

JIMBO: She's the opposite of cool.

MACK: Like, the way you hold your body is just so . . .

JIMBO: She's so stiff.

MACK: [You are] Very rigid.

JIMBO: Like you're all in your head all the time,
 and you don't know how to be chill.

Like most black people are really chill.

MACK: And they're really fashionable.

JIMBO: There's this way they dress, there's an attitude.

MACK: And like their hair, is always done.

JIMBO: There's a swagger, and a
 and you're not like—

MACK: I reaaaally wish I knew,
 like how they diiiiid their hair.

JIMBO: Oh yeaaaaah,
 like when it's all like twiiiiisted up and stuff?

MACK: Yeah.

BETS: I just love it when they dance!

Like: Ooooooh, the women.

MACK: I know! Oooooh, cha-cha-cha-cha.

BETS AND MACK: Oooooh, they can dance.

Yesss (Yaaaas), they love to dance.

BETS, MACK AND JIMBO: Yeess (Yaaas)(Yeeeah), black people sing.

SUZE: But—

BETS, MACK AND JIMBO: Yeess (Yaaas)(Yeeeah), black people dance.

SUZE: But—

BETS, MACK AND JIMBO: Yeess (Yaaas)(Yeeeah), black people love—

SUZE: But—

BETS, MACK AND JIMBO: —to siiiiiing and dance around!

(With Keisha's aside.

But here is a moment where Keisha, instead of delivering her
 aside, might check her hair, outfit, teeth in the pretend mirror
 hung on the fourth wall, and, then, she might be able to look
 through it, and see the audience.)

suze: But being black isn't just about singing and dancing
 and . . . hair.

That's part of it, but that's not all of it.

This history of oppression and inequity, it is in everything.
 Mabel loved me and I loved her, but there was always this—
 membrane between us.

When we walked down the street,

I knew what people thought.

And it made me so self-conscious.

And that's really terrible.

Like if I could have just loved Mabel,
 and had it not be like a Thing.

Not have this like external thing make that love . . .

make me ashamed of that feeling.

Like if I could just be my authentic feeling . . . that would be.

I think it would be amazing.

(The tethering gets even closer now, almost syllable for syllable.
 On the shift out of Keisha's aside and Dayton's line:)

JIMBO: You'd be a terrible black woman.

SUZE: What are you talk[ing about]—

JIMBO: Terrible.

SUZE: Me?!

JIMBO: Yup.

(On Keisha's exit:)

SUZE: They would love me if they met me.

MACK: Hold up, are you a dancer?

BETS: Well,

MACK: Got those real dance moves.

BETS: well,

MACK: You a freak.

BETS: well.

MACK: Don't lie to me, I know you dance.

BETS: Yes.

MACK: I knew it, me too times a million,

I love dance, I live dance, I dream dance.

BETS: Don't we all?

MACK: Alright.

Bitches, this a Dance Party.

BETS: Yes!

MACK: Par-tay. Like it's nineteen ninety-nine.

We have to.

SUZE: Have to do what, have like a dance party?

MACK: It is happening.

SUZE: Why would we have a dance party?

MACK: Why?

SUZE: I don't dance. Dancing . . . feels weird.

MACK: Mmm-hmmm.

SUZE: I'd rather talk . . . what?

MACK: Girlfriend, I can't even.

Your little life is so tragic and introverted and repressed.

SUZE: Stop, I just don't dance.

MACK: You know you're sexually repressed if your hips don't move.

SUZE: I'm not repressed or like introverted.

MACK: Oh, you're sexually like a problem, yes that is clear all together, you better believe that.

SUZE: . . .

MACK: Now I know that you won't dance

because you are afraid that you're bad at it,

that people will see that you have no rhythm and think,

"Oooh. That woman is bad at Sex."

SUZE: . . .

JIMBO: I dance like a boss and I can fuck all night.

MACK: This one doesn't need to be like a ho right now, ok.

What this one needs to do is try to be in her body,

and explore her sexual consciousness,

and let her Body take control.

That's what this one needs to do.

SUZE: Just stop.

MACK: And then you'll realize dancing helps you

to keep on getting laid.

JIMBO: And if you like doing black things you might be—

MACK: That is not what I'm talking about ok,

I am saying that dancing—

BETS: That dancing is sensual and fun—

MACK: If you don't love your body, who's gonna love it? Hmmn? Truth.

BETS: Let sex move round the hips.

JIMBO: Seriously, why does dancing feel like so damn good?

MACK: I know.

BETS: Can we start to dance now?

JIMBO: Want to hear my moves?*(Does a little beatbox-type sound)*

MACK: *(Gasp)*

JIMBO: Fo' sho.

MACK: Niiiiiice.

BETS: But for the music—

JIMBO: Dancing like without a beat is like,

MACK: I have a mix,

JIMBO: not even dancing.

MACK: a like dance mix.

BETS: I will put on the radio.

MACK: I have a mix.
 JIMBO: Why don't you play your mix and we'll get this started.
 MACK: Wait wait wait wait—
 She's going to faint now.
 BETS: Is she?
 MACK: I think so . . .

*(Beverly faints, spilling carrots all over the floor.
 Jasmine and Dayton gasp in horror.)*

(Cackling) The carrots!

(Keisha runs in.)

Mama? Mama!

*(And the actions onstage continue, as described on page 75. ***)*

SUZE: Is she ok?
 JIMBO: Of course she's ok.
 MACK: She's fine. Look, she's like,
 Oh my god, I can't believe I ruined my beautiful dinner.
 BETS: The dinner is not so beautiful.
 SUZE: It's lovely.
 BETS: And these horrible chairs, so bizarre.
 SUZE: There's nothing wrong with them.
 MACK: I'd never noticed them.
 BETS: They have no taste, this family.
 MACK: They are a little—
 JIMBO: And her, with the wine.
 SUZE: Keisha seems so upset.
 JIMBO: I bet she is.
 SUZE: What is that supposed to mean.
 JIMBO: No, just that she's—
 MACK: He's so possessive of her.

BETS: Who?
 MACK: Dayton.
 BETS: Is he?
 MACK: He's like, Don't give wine to my woman.
 That's controlling, isn't it?
 BETS: I hadn't noticed that.
 SUZE: She just fainted.

(Keisha exits.)

JIMBO: Where's she running to, Beverly?
 MACK: I bet she's going to call Erika?
 BETS: Who is Erika?
 [MACK: Her Friend from School.]
 [BETS: I don't understand.]
 JIMBO: Yeah, who is Erika?
 MACK: Keisha's Friend from School. Oh my god.
 SUZE: She was just getting the cake out of the oven.
 MACK: You have no idea what it is like to be a teenage girl.
 BETS: Why did they burn the cake?
 MACK: That cake is on fire, honey.
 SUZE: It wasn't on purpose.
 JIMBO: It's a cakewalk!
 SUZE: Shut up.
 JIMBO: It is.
 SUZE: Shut up.
 You are the worst.

(Dayton talks to Beverly.)

JIMBO: Wait, and I love this, he's like:
 MACK: What?

*(Jimbo performs a line from the spoken intro or an interlude of
 a R&B song.)*

BETS: I don't know this song.

(Mack performs some background vocals, or an instrumental part of the same song.)

No. I don't know it.

(Jimbo and Mack sing part of the song's chorus.)

No, I still, I don't know it.

MACK: Really?

BETS: No.

MACK: You'd love it.

BETS: Why.

MACK: Because it's . . . well. People like.

People like, like to fuck to it.

BETS: Oh!

MACK: Yeah.

BETS: Can we hear it?

MACK: Of course.

SUZE: Can we not?

BETS: What is your problem?

(Dayton exits.)

JIMBO: And where's he gone now, Beverly?

SUZE: To buy a cake.

JIMBO: I don't think so.

SUZE: For the grandmother's birthday. Obviously.

JIMBO: Why are you being so prissy.

SUZE: Prissy?!

JIMBO: You're a prissy little girl,

SUZE: Little Girl?

JIMBO: and, if you think you could be a black woman, you need to be able to be a fucking man, and like, step up.

SUZE: What.

JIMBO: Like you should be like I'm going to be black, and if someone has something to say about it, then, like, step up.

SUZE: What does step up . . . sorry, what does step up mean?

JIMBO: What do you mean.

It means step up.

SUZE: Step up on what?

JIMBO: Step up.

SUZE: Step up to what?

JIMBO: Just like, step up.

SUZE: For what?

JIMBO: I can't tell you how to step up. You just step up.

(Jasmine shouts:)

BETS: Fine, Mama! Fine! I will run off with Antoine.

MACK: Um . . . What?

BETS: He play the sax and he love me!

She would say something like that, I think.

MACK: Well, she is fabulous.

BETS: She's the interesting one. The one with romance.

MACK: She's the best-dressed one, I think.

BETS: Oh, I agree.

Oh, oops!

MACK: She's like, I'm not drunk, I didn't even spill my wine.

BETS: She? Spill wine?

MACK: Of course not.

BETS: I love that. She wrings the most from this little life she has.

Oh no. Why is she taking the things from the table?

SUZE: She's not stealing them.

BETS: I didn't say she was stealing.

MACK: She is not made for housework.

BETS: Is she leaving?

MACK: Oh no.

BETS: Where is she going?
 JIMBO: Where's she gone to, Beverly?
 SUZE: Will you stop saying that?
 BETS: I hate it when she leaves.
 It is so boring when she is gone.
 SUZE: What are you talking about.
 MACK: I know. These two are like, blech, so boring.
 SUZE: They are the heart and the soul of the whole—
 BETS: I like the grandmother best.
 She has some glamour around her.
 SUZE: The grandmother is the heart and the soul of the whole family [in the African-American tradition]—
 BETS: She's back!
 MACK: Welcome back!
 BETS: Yay!
 MACK: Get yourself a drink, girl!
 BETS: Fill it up!
 MACK: Let's get our drink on!
 JIMBO: And our smoke on! And go home with,
 BETS: And put on some jazz!

(Jasmine turns music on.)

SUZE: What?
 MACK: Sorry, No.
 JIMBO: I hate jazz.
 BETS: Have you ever been to the festival at Montreux?
 MACK: No.
 BETS: Really? You should. It's very good.
 Very good jazz.
 Now, to sing jazz, that is a good reason to be a black.
 SUZE: You have no idea what you are talking about.
 BETS: I might want to be a black.
 SUZE: Well, you don't.

BETS: People say I have a black woman inside of me.
 SUZE: You don't.
 MACK: I'm not even listening to you guys anymore.
 I'm just watching them dance.
 BETS: Yes, we are missing the dancing.
 JIMBO: I'm not missing a fucking thing.
 BETS: I would love to dance like this
 With you know—
 MACK: With hips and shoulders.
 BETS: Yes, hips and shoulders.
 It is hard to say.
 Hips and—
 MACK: Shoulders.
 BETS: Shoulders?
 MACK: Yes, shoulders.
 JIMBO: I don't trust that one.
 MACK: Which one.
 JIMBO: That one.
 It's like she's working too hard to seem nice, you know.
 BETS: Oh thank god they cover the table.
 SUZE: There's nothing wrong with the table.
 BETS: There is something wrong with all of this.

(Dayton enters with a cake.)

JIMBO: It's another cakewalk!
 SUZE: Jesus Christ.
 MACK: And what is a cakewalk anyway?
 SUZE: It's racist.
 MACK: I know that. But what is it.
 BETS: Why is it racist?
 SUZE: It's a racist dance
 where black people pretend they have easy lives.
 JIMBO: That's not what a cakewalk is.

BETS: But they burn the cake.

SUZE: It's a racist dance

where black people pretend to have easy lives,
so we don't feel bad about how bad their lives actually are.
JIMBO: A cakewalk is just when black people pretend to be rich
white people.

MACK: But that sounds . . . why is that racist?

JIMBO: It's not, actually.

SUZE: Yes it is.

JIMBO: It's just that we think that everything black people had to
do back in the day is racist now.

SUZE: That is because everything was racist back in the day.

JIMBO: No, everything is racist now, which means that nothing
is racist now.

BETS: I am not racist.

SUZE: Yes, you kind of are.

BETS: I am not.

MACK: She is not.

SUZE: Everyone is racist.

JIMBO: It's like if everything is racist,
that means that nothing is racist.

BETS: I am not a racist. You do not say this to me.

JIMBO: It's like this movie.

SUZE: I'm saying that I am racist too, ok, it's not just you.

MACK: I don't even understand what point you're trying to make.

JIMBO: No, but it's like this movie.

SUZE: No, just that race is a construct, but it's a very—

JIMBO: WILL YOU ALL JUST SHUT THE FUCK UP

AND LISTEN TO ME?

I'M TRYING TO MAKE A FUCKING POINT. GODDAMN.

(*The family dances and sets the table*)

Because like, did you guys see the movie
where these college kids go abroad and—
The movie—it's a series.

And in the first one, the college kids,
they go abroad to like, Europe.

They're like doing that
with the backpack

and like drinking and weed and hanging out and you know
they meet some girls real cute and blond
and it turns out the girls are like
friends with these crazy rich people.

Or maybe the girls Are the crazy rich people?

I don't remember but somebody's homicidal and super rich
and so the college kids are in this foreign prison.

And it is filled with rich people that have like

these like killing-people fetishes and
fucking-people-up fetishes

like really weird stuff and everything's all brown and bloody
and everyone is dirty and screaming

and the college kids are all crying and scared

because they hadn't been anywhere like that before.

Shitting themselves, you know.

Of course they're scared.

But it's weird because,

because nobody thinks about how all the crazy rich people
got into that, you know?

You don't just have a whole hobby about torturing people
on accident.

You don't just fall into that shit casually, you know.

Like, you don't build your whole life around brutality
by mistake.

You have to want that.

You have to plan that.

And people don't think about that.

But I think about that.

My mind works different.

And in the movie, the college kids are sold

to the crazy rich people
 and the rich people kill them
 in like intense and brutal ways.
 And, That's basically the movie.
 And it's like Awesome.
 Like one of the rich crazy people has this fetish
 that is like cutting people's fingers off with chainsaws
 or some shit
 and so he's doing that with the chainsaw
 vrrr-ng-ng-ng-ng
 and slips in blood or something
 and the rich guy decapitates himself
 with his own chainsaw.
 And it's obvious what that means.
 Do you know what I mean?
 It means he's the victim of his own damn thing.
 Like he's the victim of his own shit,
 like, we're all the victim of our own shit, right?
 Like, Of course he is.
 And it always happens, it's always like that.
 Like that just keeps happening in different ways
 in the whole series,
 and that's why they're all like a little bit actually good,
 you know?
 Yeah, like there's a good moral thing going on,
 like educating people,
 and being like
 whatever the fuck you come up with to do to somebody else
 it always ends up getting used on you.
 And that shit is moral you know?
 You know what I'm saying?
 He's the victim of his own fucking fetish.
 And it's like. I'm not some mindless fucking person,
 like I can't just do something, I've got to think about it.
 You know I can't just listen to something I have to hear it

you know.
 And make it.
 Like I make a movie in my mind of what I do every day.
 You know?
 I make a movie in my mind of what I do every single day.
 Like I hear my music underneath me.
 And I know my function in it.
 Like I'm not just doing what I'm doing
 I know what I'm doing, you know what I mean?
 Like I can see it clear as fucking day,
 the movie that I make in my head of what I'm doing,
 like I am outside of my own body,
 and I see myself, and my actions,
 and I see how everybody fucking looks at me,
 and I know what everybody fucking thinks about me.
 Like they don't even realize how thoroughly I understand
 every single fucking thought in all their heads.
 Like I'm making the movie, motherfucker,
 I know what you're fucking thinking
 and I know what you're fucking seeing,
 because I am in control of all of it.
 Of all of it.
 So it's like, yeah, I know
 I fucking know
 I know that I'm not the hero of my movie.
 I'm making the motherfucking movie,
 this is my fucking movie
 so I understand that I'm not the hero of my movie,
 I am fucking aware.
 I am fucking aware.
 And I keep making the movie,
 and I root against myself,
 and I keep making the movie,
 and I keep being victorious,
 and I keep winning everything,

I win everything,
and I keep winning Because I'm the villain of this movie,
motherfuckers
do you see what I mean,
like, fuck yeah I'm the villain
and I'm bigger and meaner and faster and I fucking own that
and I'm fucking owning that every day
and I'm smarter and richer and I fucking dominate
that's who the fuck I am
that's who the fuck I am
and it's like I love to root against myself
because every fucking person is rooting against me too
like every other . . .
yeah, every other fucking thing
every other fucking person, or race, or whatever the fuck,
every other thing, they're all rooting against me,
all of them are rooting against me,
and I fucking Know that shit,
I know that
and I love it
I fucking love it
because you know what?
All those motherfuckers are watching my fucking movie.
And rooting for whatever the fuck they want
in my fucking movie.
Like, you want to make me the villain?
That's fine because you're in my fucking movie
motherfucker.
And it's a good fucking movie.
Like, my movie is dope as shit and fucking deep.
All these motherfuckers in my movie know
what the fuck is up.
They need me to be the villain.
Do you know what I mean?
They fucking need me to.

They're fucking gagging for it.
All these fucking people,
they wouldn't know what the fuck to do
if they couldn't root against me.
They'd be fucking lost without me,
do you know what I mean?
Hey.
Do you know what I mean?
HEY.
I'M TALKING TO YOU FUCKERS.
DO YOU KNOW WHAT I FUCKING MEAN????!!

END OF TEXT OF ACT TWO