

THE TRAGEDIES OF LOVE

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A full-length play

By Adam King

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

JOHN BAPTISTE, a young garbage collector

PATRICIA JONES, a young janitor

NARRATOR, a graceful vocalist

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, a middle-aged seamstress

MIDDLE-AGED MAN, a middle-aged public servant

YOUNG BOY, a shy 6 year old boy

THERAPIST, a wise middle-aged man

TEENAGE GIRL, a sassy teenage girl

TEENAGE BOY, a confident teenage boy

OLDER FRIEND, an old miserable woman

PRINCIPAL, a middle-aged man

CALLER, a young garbage collector

FEMININE VOICE, a young woman

POLICE OFFICER(S), middle-aged officers

SETTINGS

JOHN'S bedroom

JOHN'S kitchen/dining area

JOHN'S family room

MIDDLE-AGED MAN'S dining room

MIDDLE-AGED MAN'S bedroom

YOUNG BOY'S room

THERAPIST'S office

PRINCIPAL'S office

WELL SITE

A WALKWAY

TEENAGE BOY'S study room

PRODUCTION NOTES

Rehearsals, TBD.

#### ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

The writer would like to thank all the persons who in any way contributed to this play's concepts, themes and writing.

#### DISCLAIMER

This play is intended for a 16+ audience as it explores mature topics and themes while containing explicit language.

## PROLOGUE

*The lights slowly fade up.*

*The stage is set as a bedroom. A  
**MODERN DAY** bedroom in a modern  
day **BARBADOS**.*

*The bedroom is accessorized with  
a queen sized bed, two lamps and  
two drawers.*

*The bed is morbidly undone with  
old and tattered sheets clinging  
on to the mattress by a thread.  
Filthy and ragged pieces of  
clothing are scattered about the  
bed's perimeter giving the room a  
soulless and lifeless look.*

NARRATOR (OFFSTAGE)

(singing slowly and  
mournfully)

It is well; with my soul  
It is well; with my soul  
It is well; it is well  
With my soul...

The NARRATOR repeats the hymn as  
the scene unfolds.

A feeble and deary man slowly walks  
onto the stage, his spirit  
tarnished as he gloomfully prepares  
himself for bed.

He appears lost, defeated, be  
throned, battered and lethargic.

He moves around the room, kicking  
the clothes on the floor into one  
corner of the room, distressfully.

He then maneuvers towards to the bed somberly and neatly tidies it to sleep.

All ready for bed, the man stops, turns and glares intensely at the audience, teary-eyed.

Meet, **JOHN BAPTISTE**.

The lights and hymn slowly fade.

BLACKOUT.

**ACT 1**

SCENE 1 - "IN THE BEGINNING..."

*The scene begins in the same bedroom, this time neatly presented where JOHN is getting ready for work.*

*JOHN is ironing his work clothes as a feminine voice is heard faintly from offstage.*

PATRICIA (OFFSTAGE)

John! Comma quick!

JOHN

Wha you want now?

PATRICIA (OFFSTAGE)  
(appearing louder)

Man...come nuh!

JOHN

Awrite, awrite...just gimme a minute.

PATRICIA (OFFSTAGE)

I want you now John!

JOHN

Gimme a minute!

PATRICIA (OFFSTAGE)

Cheeze on bread....I coming.

JOHN continues to iron his clothes as he glances at his watch.

A fine looking lady, **PATRICIA JONES**, then makes her entrance onto the stage, half naked with her bra unstrapped.

PATRICIA  
I was calling you to help me strap my bra..you know dat I's always got issues wid dis one.

JOHN  
You cyan see dat I in the middle of ironing.

(PATRICIA folds her lips and looks away)

PATRICIA  
(she looks back)  
So you gine help or not...

(JOHN stops ironing and helps PATRICIA re-strap the bra)

PATRICIA  
Thank yuh!

JOHN  
No problem.

(JOHN recommences ironing his clothes as PATRICIA recklessly slams on the bed, unleashing a loud and meaningful sigh)

PATRICIA  
Question.

JOHN  
Yes ma'am.

PATRICIA  
Wha you want from dis relationship?



JOHN  
(placing his ironed shirt on  
a hanger)

Wha you mean?

PATRICIA  
Wha you hope to get out a dis relationship?

JOHN  
Ammm...love, someone to enjoy my time wid, to care fuh you,  
to hold you, to fuc...have fun wid you.

PATRICIA  
Hmmm...and wha you think I want from you?

JOHN  
Ammm...love, patience, honesty, vulnerability.

PATRICIA  
Hmmm...how much you love me?

JOHN  
(placing his pants on a  
hanger)  
Nuff! To de moon and back!

PATRICIA  
To de moon and back? Seriously?

JOHN  
Yes bigman!

JOHN puts away the iron and iron  
board then lays next to PATRICIA on  
the bed.

He holds her hands as they look  
passionately into each others eyes.

PATRICIA  
So why you's doan act so?

JOHN

Wha you mean?

PATRICIA

You's doan act as if you love me...to de moon and back.

JOHN

Wha?

PATRICIA

You feel I stupid?

JOHN

I doan know wha you talking bout.

PATRICIA unlocks their palms,  
springs up from the bed and exits.

JOHN

Jusso...

LIGHTS FADE.

## SCENE 2 - "I LOVE YOU, BUT..."

*A long couch, a television set and a rectangular, wool carpet lining the floor, occupy the stage to form a family room.*

*JOHN is sitting on the couch alertly with good posture while PATRICIA is lying on his lap. The two characters watch television.*

JOHN

Wha he wha guh in dey fuh? He's a jackass or wha?

PATRICIA

You done know how dese horror movies does be.

JOHN

I know but at least write de people characters wid some common sense.

PATRICIA

But den de movie wouldn't be any fun, would it?

JOHN

I guess.

(PATRICIA looks up at JOHN and smirks)

PATRICIA

I love you baby.

JOHN

I love you too baby.

(JOHN leans over from his upright position and kisses PATRICIA)

PATRICIA

I love you to de moon and back!

JOHN

I love you to de moon and back!

(The two characters lock lips once more)

PATRICIA

Try again!

JOHN

Forever and always.

(PATRICIA and JOHN rub their noses in a cute and romantic way then both fix their eyes back to the tv screen)

JOHN

Cheeze on bread! He foolish or sein? Run yuh johnny!

PATRICIA

You! Behave...is just a movie.

JOHN

Nah man...dis is bare rubbish...I switching dis nonsense!

PATRICIA

Fuh wha?

(PATRICIA rises from her horizontal position and sits upright)

PATRICIA

I was enjoying de picture!

JOHN

You wanna watch dat shite?

PATRICIA

(staid)

Yes, I was enjoying de ting.

JOHN

Ort, ort...chill out man. We cuh continue....fuh 5 more minutes.

PATRICIA

Wha yuh say?

JOHN

(grave)

5. More. Minutes.

PATRICIA

You tekkin me fuh a joke...

JOHN

(under his breath)

Wha you's a joke fuh trute.

PATRICIA

Wha yuh say? Open yuh mouth and talk!

JOHN

Lewwe watch de movie here.

PATRICIA

Doan test me boy. Do. Not. Try. Me...Alright.

(JOHN glares across at PATRICIA  
with strife in his eyes)

JOHN

Wha you mean doan try you? Girl you.....you's just drive me  
up a wall!

(JOHN jumps off the couch and backs  
PATRICIA with his hands folded)

PATRICIA

Of course! You's always got someting nice to say!

JOHN

Yo..sometimes I's just wan put a knife thru you throat  
den...fucking clown!

(PATRICIA raises her head to the ceiling and caresses her lower eyelids)

PATRICIA

Thanks John.

JOHN

Sorry man, I in mean it...sorry Patricia.

(JOHN walks up to PATRICIA and hugs her)

PATRICIA

Get off of me!

(JOHN gives in)

JOHN

I sorry hear...I love you!

PATRICIA arises from the couch in frustration and marches offstage.  
JOHN watches as she exits.

LIGHTS FADE.

## SCENE 3 - "I'LL CHANGE, I PROMISE!"

*The stage resets to the bedroom where PATRICIA is getting ready for bed. She is picking up dirty clothes from the floor and placing them in a corner of the room.*

*JOHN walks in.*

JOHN

I sorry, Patricia. You know I didn't mean it man.

(Silence fills the room)

JOHN

Come on now Patricia... hello?

(JOHN begins to prepare the bed to sleep)

PATRICIA

You in sleeping in dis bed...not tonight.

JOHN

Cheeze on bread...come on Patricia. You know I love you.

(Silence deafens the audience once more)

JOHN

You know I was just vex too...I love you baby!

PATRICIA

Get out my damn room.

(JOHN sits PATRICIA down on the bed)

JOHN

(caressing her face)

Look at me...you know dat I's got dese outbursts too...just listen nuh!

PATRICIA

(shoving his hands)

No, I don't care.

JOHN

I gine change man...I promise...no more outbursts, I promise.

PATRICIA

You feel I stupid?

JOHN

No ma'am.

PATRICIA

You mussee feel I stupid fuh trute.

JOHN

No, you in stupid Patricia... I gine change babe, I really promise.

PATRICIA

Why I should believe you?

JOHN

Cuz you love me?

(She takes a moment to think)

PATRICIA

Hmmm...I gine forgive you...again.

JOHN

(kissing her palm)

Thank yuh, thank yuh, thank yuh....I love you Patricia!

PATRICIA

I love you too John...but one more fuck up and we done...a word to de wise is enough.



JOHN

Ort...I could live wid dat.

PATRICIA

Da's it...jusso?...so you in gine fight fuh we?

JOHN

I not gine force it.

PATRICIA

You serious?

JOHN

Yeah man.

PATRICIA

You learn to be a jackass or you was just born so?

JOHN

Depends on who you ask.

PATRICIA

Fuck you John!

JOHN

(pleasantly)

Fuck you too.

(PATRICIA slaps him behind his head  
but he doesn't budge)

PATRICIA

Doan talk to me...fucking cunt!

PATRICIA lays on her side and  
attempts to kick JOHN off the bed.  
JOHN barely nudges as he gazes to  
the audience, stone-faced.

LIGHTS OUT.

## SCENE 4 - "WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

*PATRICIA and JOHN sit opposite each other at a dining table, with each having a full-plate of food before them, in a secluded kitchen.*

*The sound of metal cutlery scraping the surface of the plates could only be heard as the two characters dine.*

*The awkward absence of speech is evidence of the disturbed energy between the two protagonists. JOHN succumbs to the silence.*

JOHN

How was you day at work?

(PATRICIA looks up at JOHN with a strange glare as she continues chomping on her food)

PATRICIA

Not bad...wha bout you?

JOHN

It was aight...how's the food?

PATRICIA

(mimicking John)

It aight.

JOHN

Why you getting on so?

PATRICIA

Like wha John...

JOHN

Like so...bitchy.

PATRICIA

I am a bitch.

(PATRICIA stops eating and leaves  
the table, noticeably offset. She  
rests on her chair, backing JOHN)

JOHN

You know I didn't mean it like dat.

PATRICIA

Like wha den? You wasn't lying...I am a bitch!

JOHN

Awrite...leuwe not go down dis road tonight.

PATRICIA

(snapping)

You's always say dat but you does never be ready to fucking  
talk! Always leuwe not go down dis road, dat road. And de God  
honest truth is John...you's seem very content insulting me  
so I doan know why you getting on like a puppet!

JOHN

(stops eating, rising from  
his seat)

Because I know you, Patricia.

PATRICIA

You doan know me John...believe you me.

JOHN

Man you in believe dat.

PATRICIA

(turns to John)

Of course I do John!

All you's do is talk and talk and talk about you life, you goals, you achievements, you and you problems wid me...hardly ever do we talk bout me...you barely even check up on me when I at work...I does always gaw tell you when sein wrong... you does never tell dat something wrong... and now you wanna come asking me bout how my day was at work?...can't even watch a lil rasshole movie fuh god sake...so don't tell me nuh nonsense in dis house..not tonight John. I tired, tired, tired, tired ah you.

JOHN

Sorry here.. wha you want me do better den?

PATRICIA

Carry yuh rasshole!

JOHN

Talk nuh! I asking now!

PATRICIA

You had 3 years ah marriage to ask John!

JOHN

Cheeze on bread...I hay now...I sorry, I real sorry... I ready to talk now...so talk.

PATRICIA

You got to be a real johnny doe...you think you could now care bout me? You's a real Bajan man in trute.

JOHN

Wha dat suppose to mean now?

PATRICIA

You only care bout youself John! And I tired of it!

JOHN

Patricia...I cyan tek back de 3 years now...so de least I could do is ask now.

PATRICIA

You's a real cunt den!

JOHN

You know wha Patricia...you have just been a pain in my ass! I's pay de bills in dis house, I's buy nuff tings fuh you, I's come home every day from work and spend time wid you, I's rub you down...I's do a lot ah tings fuh you! And fuh you to sit down in front ah me right now and discredit all my services...you got to be a bitch fuh trute.

PATRICIA

John...your services? Seriously?...so I's a job to you!

JOHN

Dat is not what I said.

PATRICIA

But da's wha you mean.

JOHN

I just saying dat I in no damn pushover...I does treat you good too!

PATRICIA

I never said you didn't treat me good...I said you have no emotional resonance to me.

JOHN

Man less noise do.

PATRICIA

Da's it...we done... I done wid you!

JOHN

Wha I do now?

PATRICIA

Be you!

JOHN

Man if you in like me...leff de place fuh trute.

(PATRICIA gets up from her seat  
violently and slaps JOHN)

JOHN

You's a cunt!

(JOHN follows her actions and slaps  
her back, repeatedly. She falls to  
the floor)

JOHN

Get up man! One ah dese days...I gine juk a knife in you yuh  
know!

(PATRICIA screams at the top of her  
lungs)

JOHN

Get up!

JOHN stomps over to PATRICIA and  
then...

LIGHTS OUT.

## SCENE 5 - "WHO AM I?"

*The stage retransitions to the bedroom where JOHN sits at the edge of the bed in his work gear, appearing bereft and enervated.*

*He unbuckles his belt and releases a loud, fervid sigh.*

*As the scene unfolds, a sad and somber pennywhistle melody serenates the audience.*

JOHN

A burden rests on my shoulder. A heavy and reckless burden. My words only come back to haunt me, my actions only come back to betray me. My sinking ship snapped in two at the surface of my apathy. Walls closing in to my shrinking curiosity. I'm dethroned and I'm wilting. I'm resilient and I'm self-loathing. A wise man once told me, "the healing of the lamb is the healing of the soul." So healing, I shall do. The resurgence of wounds, the negligence of proof. My sorrowful bitterness cloaked with hatred and narcissism.

PATRICIA storms into the bedroom but her steps quickly lighten as she is stunned by JOHN's vulnerability. She stops and listens by the bedroom's entrance.

JOHN continues as this plays out, growing in anger as he speaks.

I still remember that day when my father was a vampire latched onto my skin. Sucking me dry of masculine upbringing. My petulant "rizz" insulted by feminine grace and beauty. Now I look up to the night sky where the stars plaster my silent envy. Their brightness and grandeur outshine the dark hole in my weakening sobriety. I don't drink anymore but I used to. That dopamine-filled drug of alcohol only wrestled my demons left by my father's obscenity. And now I'm all alone.

In the need of guidance is a deepening want for assurance that I can not attain. Not anymore and not ever again. I'm drowned in a pool of self-hatred and I'm not proud of this stamp. I'll try my hardest to get better, to do better, to live better but for now, this is **WHO I AM**.

PATRICIA walks slowly and cautiously, with rivulets for eyes, touching JOHN gently on his shoulder from behind.

JOHN places his palm over her hand and looks up at her, teary-eyed. The two characters share a beautiful, heartfelt moment.

JOHN releases his hand and digs into his pocket for something. He takes out a piece of tissue paper and gives it to PATRICIA. She wipes her tears and looks away as he reaches back into his pocket. The lights begin to dim.

JOHN takes out another piece of tissue paper then stands and hugs PATRICIA from behind. He gives the tissue to her as he reaches back into his pocket once more. He digs in his pocket as if he is struggling to take something out and then, **A LOUD SCREAM**.

BLACKOUT.

The sound of a body thudding is heard.



## SCENE 6 - "WHAT IN THE..."

*The lights slowly fade back up.*

*A body lies on the bedroom floor, bloodied and motionless. JOHN hovers over the body and utilizes the same tissues he gave PATRICIA to wipe his hands and a **KNIFE**.*

*He wipes the knife strategically and meticulously then places it in his pocket. JOHN takes out his cell phone and dials a number.*

JOHN

Cheezus Christ...pick up nuh!

(JOHN ends the call)

JOHN

Fuck man!

JOHN throws the cell phone on the bed and walks to the drawer. He opens the drawer and takes out a bottle of rum and a shot glass.

He sits on the bed, uncorks the rum and pours himself a shot. He chugs. JOHN recovers the rum bottle and takes a moment.

JOHN

(smirking)

A drunk man is a happy man.

JOHN uncorks the rum bottle once again and downs another shot. And another. And another. And another. And another. And another. And another. And another.

JOHN halts his reckless drinking  
and stumbles over to the body. He  
then drags PATRICIA's body under  
the bed and falls to the ground.

NARRATOR (OFFSTAGE)

(sad, somber and slow)

It is well; with my soul

It is well; with my soul

It is well; it is well

With my soul...

LIGHTS FADE.

**ACT 2**

## SCENE 1 - "THE GREAT TEACHER"

*A **YOUNG BOY** dances onto the stage with juvenile glee as he holds a book in his hand.*

*A **MIDDLE-AGED MAN** then follows onto the stage as the little boy sits, opens the book and begins to read it.*

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

I see you start reading already.

The YOUNG BOY looks over at the man with a smile that lights up the room.

The MIDDLE-AGED MAN sits next to the precious child.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

(taking the book)

Let me help yuh...I gine read.

The little boy moves closer to the man and rests his head on the man's broad chest.

YOUNG BOY

Thanks Daddy.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Of course, buddy. Anyways...leuwe start.

(The YOUNG BOY snuggles in)

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

De Lion and de Mouse..."A Lion lay asleep in the forest, his great head resting on his paws. A timid little mouse came upon him unexpectedly, and in her fright and haste to get away, ran across the lion's nose. Roused from his nap, the lion laid his huge paw angrily on the tiny creature to kill her. "Spare me!" Begged the poor mouse. "Please let me go and some day I will surely repay you." The lion was much amused to think that a mouse could ever help him. But he was generous and finally let the mouse go."

YOUNG BOY

(innocently)

Why he let de mouse go?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Cuz he's a lion **JOHN**.

YOUNG BOY

But - but...he bigger Daddy. He could uh just eat he.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

But de lion generous, buddy....like wha rum is to me.

YOUNG BOY

Huh? Wha's tum?

(The MIDDLE-AGED MAN smiles  
brightly)

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

(giggling suspiciously)

Rum, John.

YOUNG BOY

Pum-tum...rum?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Yes John, rum...oh how it has been so good to me.

YOUNG BOY

How?... Wha even is pum-tum-run...rum?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

You in gine understand suh small so...you gine get dey soon but fuh now, just know..it has been so generous to me...just like de big lion.

YOUNG BOY

But I wanna know now! Please Daddy! Please, please, please, please, please!

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Awright, awright...we gine put dis way.

(The MIDDLE-AGED MAN closes the book and places it next to him)

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Rum is a drink boy. But not just any kind of drink..is a....powerful drink.

YOUNG BOY

How it powerful?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

I getting dey now John, relax yuh self. Anyways..is a powerful drink cause it is de only drink dat does mek me feel like myself...like de world around me real...like I living fuh trute.

YOUNG BOY

Huh?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

When I does drink it, I's just feel real sweet den..like I at my happiest.

YOUNG BOY

Ohh...I cuh get some? I wan be at my happiest too. Please Daddy..please, please, please!

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

(giggling suspiciously..)

No, boy. You cyan get nun a dis...it ain't fuh you..not fuh young, little, sweet boys like you.

YOUNG BOY

(punching the man's chest)

Daddy...please nuh! Please! Please! Please! Please! Please!  
Please! Please! Please! Please!

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

(mischievously smirking)

Awright, awright...I gine get some, hold on man. Stand hay,  
don't move...you hear me?

YOUNG BOY

Yes please!

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Awright...don't move...I coming back now.

The MIDDLE-AGED MAN stands and  
walks towards off stage.

When he reaches the entrance of the  
wings, he stops. The man glances  
back at the audience, delivering a  
cunning, mysterious and sinister  
smile. He exits the stage.

The YOUNG BOY scoots over to the  
book, reopens it and reads as he  
waits for the man to return.

YOUNG BOY

De lion and de mouse...interesting. I still doan get why de  
lion would be generous to de mouse fuh.

(A long pause then..)

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Cause he's a good lion.

YOUNG BOY

You're back...yayy!

The MIDDLE AGED-MAN returns onto the stage with a rum bottle and a shot glass. He retakes his position, next to the YOUNG BOY.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
(handing the boy the shot glass)

Here...hold dis hay.

YOUNG BOY

Okay!

(The man uncorks the rum bottle and pours a sip of rum into the shot glass)

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
Awrite, John...two things. Boy you..look at me!

(The man pulls the boy's chin to him)

YOUNG BOY  
(fear in his eyes)

Yes Daddy!

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
Number one...you only getting dis once...you hear me? ONCE!

YOUNG BOY  
Yes Daddy!

MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
(holding the boy's throat)  
Good. And two... don't tell yuh mudda...EVER! You hear me boy!

YOUNG BOY  
(beginning to form tears)  
Yes Daddy!

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

EVER! YOU HEAR ME!

YOUNG BOY

Yes Daddy!

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

(mysterious and  
manipulatively)

Good. Now drink dis.

The little boy chugs the rum and  
his head cocks back.

The lights begin to flicker  
profusely as the man grabs the shot  
glass from the child.

The little boy's head returns to  
its neutral position but his eyes  
are rolled back.

The MIDDLE-AGED MAN rises with the  
rum bottle and shot glass and exits  
the stage as if he is escaping a  
crime scene, leaving the YOUNG BOY  
**ALONE.**

BLACKOUT.



## SCENE 2 - "WHAT'S WRONG, DEAR?..."

*Scented candles line the stage as three characters occupy its interior.*

*One character is seated by itself on the floor while the other two characters sit side by side, holding hands facing the one character.*

THERAPIST

I know the decision to come to couple therapy is difficult, but it may prove beneficial.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

(under his breath)

It better be.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

(whispering to him)

You..behave!

(This exchange is clear for the therapist to hear. He is taken back)

THERAPIST

Anyways...I'm here and I'm paid to help strengthen your relationship...so may I ask, what are you guys' main concerns about the relationship?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

You guh long first boe.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

I - anyways, I think dat de main issue is we communication. Like we doan know how to get cross wha we really feeling properly and it does always lead to bachanaal.

THERAPIST

Is that so, **JONATHON**?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

I guess.

THERAPIST

Continue, **PAULINE**.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Ammmm...I think we got a trust issue ting too..like I's get suspicions of him doing other tings wid people and I does call he up on it and he does deny it but dey got a part of me dat know fuh sure dat sein going on.

THERAPIST

Well...is there something, Jonathon?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

No..dey in got nein going on.

THERAPIST

Okay, well we're gonna do a game.

The THERAPIST whips out a stick from next to him. The MIDDLE-AGED MAN smirks at him while he places his hands in his pocket. The MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN notices.

THERAPIST

When you are holding this stick, say how you feel HONESTLY about each other. Got it?

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Awrite, no problem.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Awright, lewwe go.

THERAPIST

So...who would like to go first?

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

You better guh long first.

(The MIDDLE-AGED MAN makes a face)

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Wha de fuck dat suppose to mean?

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

It mean to guh long first.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Nah..don't play wid me. Dat does always got a underlying meaning.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Seriously, Jonathon....right now!

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Yes, right now.

THERAPIST

Alright folks...let us not get out of hand.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Shut you mout!

THERAPIST

I beg your pardon!

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

You...behave!

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Don't rasshole tell me how to behave.

THERAPIST

Sir...if you do not alter your behaviour, I am going to have to ask you to leave.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Good! See both ah wanna.

(He gets up)

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

I did never want to be hay in de first place...so wanna could tek dat stick and shove it up my ass!

The MIDDLE-AGED MAN storms  
offstage.

The THERAPIST and MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN  
both take a moment.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

I so sorry for his behaviour...he's just...just...a headcase.

THERAPIST

That, I can see. Just be patient with him.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Patient? I been enough patient wid dat man. He just always hollering at me...anybody who walk pass de house wha never think we in love. And you know wha, it frustrating. It really is very frustrating. I does gaw put up wid he day and night and I just tired man.

(She begins to tear up as a head  
pokes out from behind them  
offstage, listening in)

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

And de worst part bout it is..I cyan even trust him. I really want to trust he but I know someting going on. I swear on my mudda dat I know sein going on. And I gine figure it out, I don't know how but I will.

THERAPIST

Well-

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

And I know dat if I find someting, it gonna brek my heart. Why? Because I love him...I really do. But someting not right and for my sake, I gine find out. I love him, I love him, I love him, I love him, I love him, I LOVE HIM!

(She breaks down. The THERAPIST  
comforts her)

THERAPIST

That's what I call, "**THE TRAGEDY OF LOVE.**" When you love  
someone so much that you would break your own heart to see  
who they really are.

(The MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN continues  
her bellows)

THERAPIST

But may I ask, what suspicions do you have?

The MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN pulls herself  
together and the two characters  
carry on an inaudible conversation.

The lights slowly fade.

A good moment into the inaudible  
speech, the THERAPIST glances over  
and spots the head perching from  
offstage. It's the MIDDLE-AGED MAN.  
The THERAPIST tries desperately to  
not make a face as he refocuses to  
the conversation.

The THERAPIST glances back at the  
face and the two characters make  
eye contact. The MIDDLE-AGED MAN  
then looks at the audience and  
winks with a cunning smirk.

LIGHTS OUT.

## SCENE 3 - "THE TRUTH WILL SET... "

*The stage is crafted as a dining room, fitted with a small dining table and glass cabinets.*

*Two characters of opposite genders sit facing each other at the table seeming to be having a very intense conversation.*

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

(slams the table, rising)

I tell you no Pauline!

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

You think I foolish?

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

You so delusional den! When I woulda had time to horn you? You's see me in dis house from 5am to 9am in de morning...I at work from 10am to 5pm and den guess wha...I back in hay Pauline..back at home from 6pm. Where in dat time you think I got time to be wid somebody else!

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Again I say...you think I foolish? I got evidence chief...so you, my friend, is de only body in **DENIAL** and delusional! And you know wha too...I tried to be blind but I couldn't...I tried to gaslight myself but I couldn't...so YOU for sure cannot gaslight me!

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Dis conversation is over, Pauline.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Uh uh.....dis conversation now starting.

The MIDDLE-AGED MAN levitates from his seat and throws 3 punches at the woman.

The MIDDLED-AGED WOMAN unleashes an ear-piercing bellow as a little head appears from offstage. The YOUNG BOY enters. The child's face is fixed with tears streaming down his face as a teddy bear accompanies his hand.

The silence in the room becomes deafening. The little boy inches closer and closer to the main characters. Then...

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

(holding back tears)

You better than dis, Jonathon.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

I tell you dat I in do it! Wha ever you find out or who ever rasshole tell you sein is a fucking cunt.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

(lashing out)

So you still think I rasshole foolish! Everyday you's come in hay like you's some innocent man who's so husband material! And yes, you do help around the house...but other than dat Jonathon you does walk up in hay and act like I invisible. Like if you don't like me...like if you scared of me! And I really thought dat I was the problem....I really did but de truth is, it was never me! It was always you! Dat moment when you put we ring on my finger, I thought we was forever..I thought we was gonna raise a happy, beautiful family but YOU ruined all of it. When we read our vows at dat damn altar, you promised me love, compassion and honesty but honestly JONATHON all you did was promise safety. And you know wha de sad part bout it is...it was not MY SAFETY nor JOHN'S. It was somebody else rasshole. You's a selfish cunt who only care bout heself! You wicked JONATHON...you real wicked and I so sorry...I hate myself actually fuh wanting to bring de best outta you, fuh seeing you past you scars and flaws cause you truly are not a good man Jonathon.

The crying, YOUNG BOY finally reaches the table. The MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN lifts him up.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Wha wrong wid you now? You gine back to sleep.

The woman pushes back the chair and head towards offstage. She puts the little boy to stand and then he runs offstage.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

(looking back at the man)

I done wid you. We done. I want a rasshole divorce. I hope you and you boyfriend drop in a pothole. Fucking bulling cunt!

The MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN marches off stage, leaving the man sitting there speechless, attacked and appalled.

BLACKOUT.



## SCENE 4 - "RUN, RUN AWAY SIMBA!"

*The scene is set in a bedroom where the MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN and MIDDLE-AGED MAN sit on a bed, backing each other with a suitcase between them.*

*The MIDDLE-AGED MAN then ascends from the bed with the suitcase in hand and rolls it to offstage. He looks back at the woman.*

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

I sorry you figured out dis way but I gine always love you, Pauline.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Leff de place, Jonathon.

(A long moment of silence)

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Tek care ah John fuh me.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

You didn't care bout John when you was kissing other men...so you doan pretend to care now.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

But he's still my son.

(The MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN utilizes her spine and turns to make eye contact with the man)

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Leave! Go away Jonathon and stand far from MY son! Get to France outta my house.

MIDDLE-AGED MAN

Awright, awright...I gone.

The MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN watches as the man salutes and exits the stage.

As the MIDDLE-AGED MAN leaves, the YOUNG BOY enters. The woman begins to whimper as the YOUNG BOY saunters towards her.

YOUNG BOY

Where daddy going?

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

(wiping tears)

He going away, John. Far, far, away.

YOUNG BOY

When he gonna come back?

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Never.

YOUNG BOY

Why?

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Cuz dat is where he belong.

YOUNG BOY

Where?

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Far away.

YOUNG BOY

Okay.

The MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN lifts the YOUNG BOY and rests him next to her on the bed.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Listen, John. Your father is not a good man. He in know how to treat women right....and I in want he raising you like dat. I could do it on my own...I'm a strong and independent woman. I could do it. I could do it. I could do it. I could do it. I could do it. I could do it. I COULD DO IT.

(She breaks down)

YOUNG BOY

What's wrong mummy?

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Nothing, nothing John.

YOUNG BOY

Okay.

(She pulls herself together and sports a plastic smile)

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Anyways...you not gonna see or be in contact with daddy anymore. He not coming back home...not tonight, not tomorrow, not ever again. He left fuh good. And we gine be good...you hear me?

YOUNG BOY

Yes, mummy.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

You gine grow up to be a brave, strong man without he being hay. I promise you dat. You gonna miss him and da's ok but just know that I did it for you, your future, my future and our future.

YOUNG BOY

Okay.

The MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN kisses his  
head and squeezes him tightly  
intertwined in her arms.

LIGHTS FADE.

## SCENE 5 - "BUT...LOOK AT YOU!"

*A study table and two chairs positioned opposing each other are seen on the stage.*

*The MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN occupies one of those chairs with an opened text and exercise book, a calculator and a pencil case placed in front of the other character.*

*This other character is a **TEENAGE BOY**. One could argue that the teenage boy appears to be an older, more mature version of the YOUNG BOY with whom seems quite baffled while attempting to complete some sort of homework.*

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Awright, awright...calm down John.

TEENAGE BOY

I cyan figure it out mummy!

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Awright wait...lemme see de question.

(He hands the textbook to her)

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Which one it is?

TEENAGE BOY

Number 5.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

4 squared times 6 cubed equals...lord you father was always de mathematician. I was never good at dis.

TEENAGE BOY

Why can't I just go lessons, mummy!

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Because one...I don't have the money to and two I can teach you myself...I know I could do it.

TEENAGE BOY

But you just say dat you not good at math.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

I know, I know. Just lemme read de question again.

TEENAGE BOY

Okay.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

4 squared times 6 cubed...cheeze on bread...wha squared mean now?

TEENAGE BOY

I think it mean by itself but I not sure.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Dese is de times I wish you father was still here...he woulda know wha to do right away and be able to help you. I so sorry he left me to deal wid dis.

TEENAGE BOY

Stop blaming my father fuh everything. It is he fault dat he not hay...he should be hay but he's not.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

I know John...but das de truth.

TEENAGE BOY

I know.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Awright...wait lemme try again. 4 sqaured...ah yes! You was right, it was by itself. Squared mean to multiply by itself...so 4 squared is 4 times 4 so write dat down.

(The TEENAGE BOY scribbles it down  
into his exercise book)

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Awright...now cubed. I think it got to be similar to squared,  
right?

TEENAGE BOY

I think so.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Lemme think, lemme think.

(The boy places his pencil on the  
table)

TEENAGE BOY

I got a question, mummy.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Yes please.

TEENAGE BOY

What was my father like?

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Ummmm...he was a interesting man. He was great at math, dat  
fuh sure he was good at but he was also just a.....very  
interesting man. You's remind me a lot of him too actually.  
You get a lot ah he features and wanna personalities similar.

TEENAGE BOY

Similar like wha?

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Well..at de start..he was very charming and thoughtful and he  
use to be real sweet. I think you possess those qualities as  
well. De only down part is he was always quick to anger and  
he may have gotten a bit rough at times and unfortunately you  
may have picked up dat too.

TEENAGE BOY

I doan get angry quick.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

You do, John. You in now see how quick you get frustrated after not being able to solve dis same question.

TEENAGE BOY

I just hate math..das all.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

I know you do but is just someting to think about.

TEENAGE BOY

Awright.

The TEENAGE BOY retrieves his pencil and gets back to work with his mother.

LIGHTS FADE.



## SCENE 6 - "THANK YUH!..."

*The stage resets to the dining room where a small dining table and glass cabinets are present.*

*The MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN sits at the table with her hands clasped and her forehead resting on the triangular shaped dome.*

*Then, a feminine character more on the older side enters with an abundance of energy.*

OLDER FRIEND

Wait...yuh do up de place nice fuh me?

(The MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN tears down her dome and giggles. The OLDER FRIEND too chuckles at her remark)

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

(rising from her seat to hug the friend)

How you, **MARLENE**?

(The two characters hug)

OLDER FRIEND

Yuh gine lemme sit down now?

(Both characters chuckle)

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Lemme tek yuh bags fuh yuh...have a seat.

(The MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN rests the bags to lean against the table and then both characters take their seats)

OLDER FRIEND

So how you doing Pauline girl?

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

I hay man..tekking it day by day.

OLDER FRIEND

I feel you girl...dis back pain hay does got me hollering fuh murder.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

You went to de doctor to get dat check out yet?

OLDER FRIEND

Pauline girl...you know I doan like going to dem tings.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

But he wha know wha de problem is Marlene.

OLDER FRIEND

Man...I gine be good...I just gein old, das all.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Awright...I hear you.

OLDER FRIEND

Anyway, how my sweet boy?

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

You mean my sweet boy?

OLDER FRIEND

Wait...Jonathon gone wid you humour too?

(They both chuckle)

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

He good man...I was helping he dey wid some math homework.

OLDER FRIEND

Issa rebirth fuh trute!

(Laughter overtakes the characters  
once more)

OLDER FRIEND

You...doing math? Das like de udduh day when I see Myrtle wid  
she ex man.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

(laughing)

Wait...fuh trute?

OLDER FRIEND

Pauline girl...you know I's always gaw be up in de people  
business...I doan mek sport.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Wha I know dat Merlene.

(Chuckles)

OLDER FRIEND

Anyways, wha you was saying bout my sweet boy.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Yeah...I was helping he dey wid some math but lord...it lick  
me cross Kensington Oval like a cricket ball.

OLDER FRIEND

Math ain't de only ting das hit you fuh six doe!

(They laugh passionately)

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

You...behave girl!

OLDER FRIEND

You was neva good at math girl...you got some "Chiny" in you  
now cuz I here dem good at dat sorta tings.

(Chuckles)

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

All you's do is lick you mout girl.

OLDER FRIEND

I in get lick cross Kensington Oval wid math doe!

(The MIDDLE-WOMAN giggles and then  
stueps)

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

As I was saying...I remember in dat moment when I was helping  
he, how good his father was at it and I felt kinda guilty.

OLDER FRIEND

Guilty bout wha?

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Mekking he leave.

OLDER FRIEND

You want me lick you back to de people Oval or wha?

(Chuckles)

OLDER FRIEND

De man horn you Pauline and not even wid another gal. Two ah  
wunna was married wid a child. I know you cyan be feeling  
guilty bout dat.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

But I seeing de damages it causing...he coulda been getting  
thru better at school...Jonathon was a academic. He coulda  
help John wid all uh he school work.

OLDER FRIEND

Well dat is true... but he was not a good man Pauline.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Not even just dat..but all John does see is me brekking down  
and mis treating myself cuz I struggling to raise he  
properly.

OLDER FRIEND

Look Pauline. If you need help, I hay fuh you girl. We women  
were created to be strong and bare all sorts ah pain and de  
truth is, we's get shit for it.

We's gaw deal wid ignorant men like Jonathon and tek de fall fuh we children. But das how de system does work and nuhbody mek it dat way udduh than de same men. So we gine leh he go, tek care ah we self and tek care ah John cuz dat is wha we was created for.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

I hear you girl, I really do. Thank yuh!

(The two characters rise from their seats and embrace in a sincere hug)

OLDER FRIEND

Anyways, lemme leff de place before my husband lick me cross Kensington Oval too.

(They laugh)

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

You bettuh galong fuh trute.

(The MIDDLE-WOMAN helps the OLDER FRIEND taking up her bags)

OLDER FRIEND

Thank yuh, sweetheart.

(Both characters begin walking towards offstage, together)

OLDER FRIEND

Well...amma do like tweezers and pull outta hay.

(Chuckles)

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

You do that.

The MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN hands the rest of the bags to the OLDER FRIEND as they embrace in one more hug.

The OLDER FRIEND then exits the stage and the MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN looks on.

BLACKOUT.

## SCENE 7 - "IS THAT SO!..."

*The space is arranged to present an office. A principal's office. One character is seated behind a desk while two others are positioned and seated on the other side.*

*The three characters engage in what appears to be a very stern discussion.*

PRINCIPAL

I believe that your son is...in need of a talking to. I have received a number of complaints from teachers from students, particularly female students about his behaviour towards them.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Is that so!

PRINCIPAL

Yes, Mrs. Baptiste.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Ms. Baptiste and wha complaints exactly?

PRINCIPAL

Well...more than one case has come to me about alleged sexual harassment encounters.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

IS THAT SO!

PRINCIPAL

Yes, Mrs...Ms. Baptiste.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

(to the other character)

You have someting to say to me boy?

TEENAGE BOY

No.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

(rising from her seat)

DO. NOT. PLAY. WITH ME. BOY! You bettuh start talking before I burst you ass in dis office right now!

PRINCIPAL

Physical reinforcement is not always the answer, ma'am. We try to teach our students to communicate and express their feelings without any fear of physical consequences. Simply, a chat will aid in ironing out some of his recent behaviours.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

(sitting back down)

You right...I understand.

PRINCIPAL

May I ask, have you noticed any changes in his approach to women he often comes in contact with...even perhaps you?

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

No, I in notice anything.

PRINCIPAL

Okay...well we take these matters very seriously here. Sexual harassment claims are indeed not to be taken lightly and with the discomfort and unsafety of some of our female students, I have no choice but to temporarily suspend Mr. Baptiste from classes.

(The MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN holds over  
in her chair, seemingly emotional)

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

(sniffling)

This is my fault....I shoulde mek he father stay.

She gets up from her seat and  
slowly walks to the front of the  
stage. She speaks to the audience.



He needed a male figure. He needed a male perspective to guide him.... on how to treat women, deal with them, take care of them, love them but he didn't have that and look at where he is now. And if you are here tonight, as a parent, especially a single-parent, as a guardian, as a caretaker, I urge you to take care of your children. Not only with the obvious essentials but take care of them emotionally and mentally so their actions won't come back to haunt you.

(She returns to her seat)

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

I appreciate what you have done to ensure the security of your female students and at that, I commend you. I gine talk to John and hopefully he gine return to school as a grown person. Thank you.

PRINCIPAL

Yes, thank you for taking time out of your busy schedule to come and speak with me. John....as I continue to investigate these allegations, I will inform you on if or when you may be able to be back at school. I have to go and rush off to another meeting so feel free to see yourselves out.

(The PRINCIPAL rises from his seat  
and exits)

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

We are going to have a serious conversation when we get home...you hear me?

TEENAGE BOY

Yes, mummy.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

DO NOT GIVE ME ATTITUDE!

TEENAGE BOY

Sorry.

MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN

Good. Lewwe go.

The MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN retrieves her handbag and exits the stage. The TEENAGE BOY watches as she leaves and takes a moment.

He then picks up his schoolbag from besides him and rests it on his lap. He surveys the room, in assurance of an all clear.

Then, he unzips his bag and whips out a rum bottle and a shot glass. He quickly pours himself a shot and downs it. He pours another round and another and another and another and another until he's satisfied.

He replaces the bottle and glass in his bag, straps it around his shoulders and ambles wearily off the stage.

LIGHTS OUT.

## SCENE 8 - "A WRINKLE IN TIME..."

*Two characters saunter onto the stage, holding hands. A **TEENAGE GIRL** and the TEENAGE BOY are having an inaudible chat. Until..*

TEENAGE GIRL

Babe! I in so much pain...my cramps real bad today.

TEENAGE BOY

You tek anything fuh dem?

TEENAGE GIRL

Yeah, I tek advil.

TEENAGE BOY

You gine be fine den.

TEENAGE GIRL

But it hurts John.

TEENAGE BOY

Man...is just lil pain...calm down bigman.

(The TEENAGE GIRL halts her amble  
and releases the boy's hand)

TEENAGE GIRL

You serious?

TEENAGE BOY

Why wouldn't I be bigman?

TEENAGE GIRL

You allergic to being nice to women or you was just born a jackass?

TEENAGE BOY

Wha wrong wid you now...you tek something fuh de pain...you gine be fine.

TEENAGE GIRL

But I still in pain right now and saying dat I gine be fine  
is not helping me.

TEENAGE BOY

Well I cyan stop it from hurting...wha you want me to do?

(She glares at him with a devilish  
look)

TEENAGE GIRL

Comfort me, John.

TEENAGE BOY

Dat not gine do nothing...de cramps gine still hurt.

TEENAGE GIRL

But it would be good to know dat you care bout me.

TEENAGE BOY

I do care about you but I not gine stop de pain.

TEENAGE GIRL

I know you're not John but have some mercy nuh!

TEENAGE BOY

You gine be fine...I doan know why wanna girls does get on  
like if wanna gine dead...it cyan be dat bad...wunna just  
like to rasshole complain.

TEENAGE GIRL

You serious right now?

TEENAGE BOY

Yes, bigman. All ah wunna is pussies! Is just lil pain...get  
over it! If we men had to guh thru dat, we wouldn't be  
complaining so all de fucking time.

TEENAGE GIRL

Y'all men would never be able to handle dis. Not every  
fucking month so... and fuh you to disregard and disown  
women's feelings and wha they go thru is a real funny move.

TEENAGE BOY

Man...behave. Less noise in my rasshole ears wid dat nonsense.

(The girl is taken back)

TEENAGE GIRL

Nah...you actually sick in de head. You in get raise right.

TEENAGE BOY

You in got no place telling me that I in get raise right. You grow up wid a fucking father.

TEENAGE GIRL

I know I did. And I could tell dat you in grow up wid one.

TEENAGE BOY

Watch you mout girl!

TEENAGE GIRL

Or else wha?

TEENAGE BOY

I done talk.

TEENAGE GIRL

Pussy.

TEENAGE BOY

Wha you now call me?

TEENAGE GIRL

A pussy.

TEENAGE BOY

Das why I hope de cramps get worse.

TEENAGE GIRL

Fuck you.

(The TEENAGE GIRL turns and motions to walk off but she stops and turns back to the TEENAGE BOY)

TEENAGE GIRL

Oh and by de way...we done.

TEENAGE BOY

Wha you mean we done?

TEENAGE GIRL

We. Are. Done.

TEENAGE BOY

You cyan brek up wid me.

TEENAGE GIRL

Wha?

TEENAGE BOY

You cyan brek up wid me.

TEENAGE GIRL

Yes I can.

TEENAGE BOY

I's de man. You cyan brek up wid me.

TEENAGE GIRL

I fully capable of brekking up wid you doe.

TEENAGE BOY

No I said.

TEENAGE GIRL

Who you feel you is?

TEENAGE BOY

I know who I am.

TEENAGE GIRL

But do you know who I am?

TEENAGE BOY

I do and I know dat you cyan brek up wid me.

TEENAGE GIRL

You's a johnny?

(The TEENAGE BOY forcefully grabs  
the girl by the neck and pulls her  
into his line of breath)

TEENAGE BOY

I say you not brekking up wid me...end ah story.

(The TEENAGE GIRL packs a furious  
kick to the boy's groin area. The  
boy grimaces in pain and lets go of  
the girl's throat. She walks away)

TEENAGE BOY

You's a cunt!

The TEENAGE BOY limps fervidly  
towards the girl with fury in his  
eyes and strikes her from behind. **A**  
**LOUD SCREAM.**

BLACKOUT.

NARRATOR (OFFSTAGE)

(sad and dronie)

It is well; with my soul  
It is well; with my soul  
It is well; it is well  
With my soul...

**ACT 3**

## SCENE 1 - "DID YOU?..."

*The audience is returned to current time as JOHN is stuck to the floor in his infamous bedroom.*

*At the scene of the crime, lies an empty rum bottle, a shot glass and a bloodied knife placed next to the motionless body. Then, a cell phone rings.*

*Upon sensory stimulation, the motionless body wiggles for a moment as JOHN slowly wakes up. He gets up from his sleep-like state and scans the room in a daze. He then spots the phone, stumbles over to the bed and answers it.*

JOHN

Hello.

CALLER (OFFSTAGE)

Yeah John...you call?

JOHN

Who's dis?

CALLER (OFFSTAGE)

Amm...**JERRY**, John. You's de body dat call me.

JOHN

Who?



CALLER (OFFSTAGE)

Jerry, John!

JOHN

Sorry bigman but I doan know who you is.

He hangs up the call, slams the phone on the bed and sinks to the ground.

JOHN looks around the room, seemingly out of it. He then gazes at the rum bottle and shot glass besides him and groans.

JOHN

Fuck man!

(JOHN reaches back up to the phone and dials a number)

CALLER (OFFSTAGE)

Yuh come back to yuh senses now.

JOHN

Yeah sorry man...I just realized that I relap....I just real tired man.

CALLER (OFFSTAGE)

Wha yuh say? Re wha-

JOHN

Re nutting bigman.

CALLER (OFFSTAGE)

It was re someting chief...I in deaf like you.

JOHN

Hush you mout!

CALLER (OFFSTAGE)

You relapse John?

JOHN

No, Jerry.

CALLER (OFFSTAGE)

I in foolish...you was about to say relapse.

JOHN

You half deaf too yuh know!

CALLER (OFFSTAGE)

You relapse John?

JOHN

No.

CALLER (OFFSTAGE)

John!

JOHN

I tell you I in do it bigman!

CALLER (OFFSTAGE)

John!

JOHN

Man leff me lone!

CALLER (OFFSTAGE)

Did you relapse John!

JOHN

No I tell you!

CALLER (OFFSTAGE)

Awright...I gone.

JOHN

Wait nuh!

CALLER (OFFSTAGE)

Wha you could really want me fuh John?

JOHN  
I need you help.

CALLER (OFFSTAGE)  
Wid wha John?

JOHN  
I need a favour.

CALLER (OFFSTAGE)  
You already get assistance.

JOHN  
From who?

CALLER (OFFSTAGE)  
Rum.

JOHN  
I tell you dat I in...

(He takes a moment)

JOHN  
Awright, I do it. I had a glass a rum.

CALLER (OFFSTAGE)  
A glass?

JOHN  
Yes.

CALLER (OFFSTAGE)  
John.

JOHN  
Cheeze on bread...I had 2 bottles....you happy now?

CALLER (OFFSTAGE)  
I coming man.

JOHN  
Thanks.

The CALLER hangs up the phone and  
JOHN sighs.

LIGHTS OUT.

## SCENE 2 - "CHEEZE ON BREAD!"

*The lights slowly fade up as a man enters the stage.*

*JOHN remained slouched on the bedroom floor in his sleep-like state but sobers hastily at the man's entrance. The man sits on the bed.*

CALLER

Cheeze on bread man....you look horrible.

JOHN

Look...I in call you in hay fuh you to buse me.

CALLER

You in gotta worry bout dat.

JOHN

Good.

CALLER

So...wha you call me hay fuh.

(JOHN glares at the man as they sit  
in a pool of silence)

JOHN

I do it.

CALLER

Oh rasshole!

JOHN

I regret it doe.

(JOHN fights with his body as he  
tries to get up from his horrid  
state. He succeeds)

JOHN

Come hay.

CALLER

Awright.

(The CALLER reaches to JOHN as JOHN bends over and pulls up the comforter sheet lagging from the bed's side)

CALLER

Oh rasshole!

(The CALLER takes a moment)

CALLER

Wha you gine do?

JOHN

Well I cyan leave it hay...da's why I call you.

CALLER

I tired ah you always roping me in you messes doe.

JOHN

You gine help or not?

CALLER

Awright, awright.

JOHN

Good.

CALLER

You bettuh behave here....awright.

JOHN

Chill out man.

CALLER

So where we gine carry it.

JOHN

I doan know.

CALLER

Dat would be crucial information to know.

JOHN

Doan bullshit me right now...dis hay serious.

CALLER

Awright, awright...you got bush behind you not?

JOHN

Dat in mek sense...dat gine be de first place de police look when dem figure out.

CALLER

True, true....we could pelt it in de sea.

JOHN

Dat in mek nuh sense...how she woulda get day and I in know.

CALLER

She drowned....sneaking out.

JOHN

No.

CALLER

So you gine give ideas or wha?

JOHN

I thinking...relax bigman.

CALLER

Awright...I hear you.

(JOHN begins to pace the room,  
chomping on his fingernails)

JOHN

Wait! Dey got a well cross de road.

CALLER

You in now quarrel wid me bout de bush behind you.

JOHN

Not cross de road.... cross, cross, cross de road.

CALLER

Right.

JOHN

You know where I mean too.

CALLER

I do...

JOHN

Just follow me...cheeze on.

CALLER

After you...your majesty.

The two men motion to pull the body  
from beneath the bed and then..

LIGHTS OUT.



## SCENE 3 - "WHAT NOW?..."

*Two gloved men occupy the stage's area, showcasing signs of anxiousness and fear.*

*JOHN begins to pace the stage as the CALLER attempts to calm him down.*

CALLER

You cyan go back now...you gine gaw live wid dis fuh de rest ah you life.

JOHN

You in helping bigman.

CALLER

And I in lying niddah.

JOHN

I done wid you...you could galong now.

CALLER

Awright...I done, I done.

JOHN

I cyan believe I do it den...I cyan believe it.

CALLER

You tell anybody yet?

JOHN

You.

CALLER

Yuh johnny...anybody else?

JOHN

No.

CALLER

Lord.

JOHN

I doan know wha going on man....dis is not me.

CALLER

Wha you mean? Dis has always been you.

JOHN

My mother taught me better than dis....I shouldn't have done it.

CALLER

You gotta tell her John.

JOHN

Tell who?

CALLER

You know who I mean.

JOHN

I know, I know!

CALLER

Good.

JOHN

Da's de least I could do.

CALLER

Is it though?

JOHN

Yes bigman...she gine freak out.

CALLER

She is.

JOHN

Fuck man! I want my rum!

CALLER

No...you had enough tonight already.

JOHN

So wha now...you want me face dis shit by myself.

CALLER

You can face it without drinking yourself to death.

JOHN

I would like to drink myself to death right now.`

CALLER

Behave! You gotta owe up to wha you do now...you cyan blame you fadda fuh dis one too...dis one on you!

JOHN

I know, Jerry.

CALLER

Good...so owe up to dis one...doan be like you fadda.

JOHN

I get it bigman.

CALLER

So call she...be bettuh dan he...doan leave she like dat...she experience dat already.

JOHN

I gine call, I gine call.

CALLER

(taking off his gloves)

Awright...I gone from bout hay...if you need anyting else, call me...do not drink anymore chief.

JOHN

I not gine drink.

CALLER

Awright...I gone...call her.

JOHN

I gine call now.

CALLER

Good.

The CALLER exits the stage, leaving JOHN alone at the scene.

JOHN removes his gloves and recommences pacing the stage as he chomps on his fingernails once more. In his pacing, he whips out a cell phone and begins dialing a number.

He places the phone to his ear as his body starts to quiver uncontrollably. He hangs up the call and replaces the phone in his pocket.

JOHN's body begins to sweat profusely as he takes out a small bottle of rum from his back pocket. He chugs. **The entire bottle.**

He then aggressively throws the empty rum bottle to a side and whips out the phone again. He dials as cascades develop in his eyes.

JOHN replaces the phone to his ear and then...

JOHN

Hello.

BLACKOUT.

## SCENE 4 - "YOU SERIOUS?..."

*The lights are up on JOHN as a faint phone call is seen taking place.*

*JOHN remains in distressed, pacing the room and mauling away at his fingernails. The digital conversation becomes audible.*

JOHN

(holding back tears)

I just feel horrible den.

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

Dis is not you, John.

JOHN

I know, I know.

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

I real disappointed in you.

JOHN

(sobbing)

I understand...but I did it...I cyan go back now.

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

Wha even get into you.

JOHN

I messed up...forgive me nuh!

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

I not gonna do dat.

JOHN

Why?

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

You're a horrible person.

JOHN  
You doan mean dat.

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)  
Wid all ah my chest.

JOHN  
Forgive me please!

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)  
No.

JOHN  
Please!

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)  
No.

JOHN  
Please!

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)  
No.

JOHN  
(falling to his knees)  
Please! I begging you!

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)  
And I said no!

(JOHN gives in as he is knee deep  
in pain. He attempts to pull  
himself together)

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)  
Pull you self together boy!

(JOHN rests the phone besides him  
and slowly calms down)

JOHN  
What do I do now?

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

Pull you self together...you did it...now admit it...let yourself know.

JOHN

I kill she.

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

Who you kill.

JOHN

I kill Patricia.

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

Again.

JOHN

I kill Patricia.

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

Good...if there is one good thing you's do is follow instructions.

JOHN

I would do anyting fuh you **MICHELLE!**

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

At least she gone now...tek you long enough.

JOHN

I just couldn't up and do it like dat.

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

I tell you to get rid ah she eva sense.

JOHN

I know, sweetie.

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

I just doan understand why you would drop she in a well near my house...dat in mek no sense.

JOHN

Dat was de closest well...

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

And when de police come out hay...who dem gine point fingers  
at John...people know bout dis affair yuh know.

JOHN

I know Michelle. I gine protect you...I got you covered.

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

How?

JOHN

Wait and see...you trust me right?

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

You horning you girlfriend wid me...why would I?

JOHN

You different Michelle...I loyal to you.

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

I doan care! I not forgiving you fuh putting she stinking  
body up by me!

JOHN

Why! I do wha you want.

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

But you know wha you in do...tell me she was you wife!

(JOHN halts his pacing and sobers  
simultaneously)

JOHN

I swear I was gonna tell you.

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

When, John.

JOHN

Eventually.



FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

You was sleeping in my bed knowing you had a wife...dat is bullshit.

JOHN

I sorry, Michelle.

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

I in want no rasshole apology!

JOHN

I sorry.

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

You still down by de well?

JOHN

Yeah.

(The sound of a call being hung up  
is heard from offstage)

JOHN

Hello?...hello....hello....hello?

JOHN hangs up the phone on his side  
and places it in his pocket. He  
stares at the audience, looking  
incredibly mortified.

LIGHTS FADE.

## SCENE 5 - "BIGMAN!...."

*The stage resets to the secluded kitchen as JOHN sits at the table with his hands clasped.*

*His cell phone is besides him as he glances over at it numerous times. The room is completely silent then...*

JOHN

Wha I was even thinking den! Wha wrong wid me? I cyan get out ah dis one...I cannot!

(JOHN grabs the phone and begins to dial a number. He stops then looks to the audience)

JOHN

I mess up dis time...big time. I cyan believe it....dis is **WHO I AM**...and all of it just cuz ah love. I wanted to have both...I loved both but I couldn't have both. I mek a decision dat I regret...just look at de lengths dat I went to keep both loves in my life but at de end ah de day I couldn't have both. So I choose one and one is now only left standing. I hate myself even more fuh it. I admit it..I's not a good person. I's a killa, a cheater, a bastard and a stinking liar...and all of it cuz ah love.

(JOHN stands and trudges towards the audience)

JOHN

When one poses the question of, "what is true love?"....one must look at a scalpel and begin to dissect. The wielding of power is not only a privilege but a determinant...a quill drowned in black ink is not only a tool but a weapon. The true writings of love seem to be blurred by the perspectives of longing trysts but in fear, in silence, in hatred, in self-desperation and in self-loath...one can see beyond the words on the page.

I believe dat the meaning of true love is one dat is spiteful, one dat is dangerous, one dat is powerful. The sanctimoniousness of closeted vipers wishes to believe dat their treacherous acts are unforeseen but their tight braids are untangled when true love is lurking behind their shoulders. But in my case, I made it a tragedy. My father leaving was a tragedy. I was abandoned of the upbringing of a masculine love perspective and the upbringing of the most important kind of love...fatherly love. And look at where I am now. I call it, **"THE TRAGEDIES OF LOVE."**

(The cell phone rings. JOHN marches to the table and answers it)

JOHN

Hello.

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

Sorry I think de service went out.

JOHN

Michelle!

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

Doan Michelle me...I lied. I was on de phone wid de police...dey coming to arrest you as we speak...I could lie too.

JOHN

Bigman!

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

Doan bigman me niddah...I tell dem everyting from where you live, where de body is and you domestic violence allegations.

JOHN

Wha de fuck wrong wid you! It was you idea to kill she!

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

I say get rid ah she...not kill she yuh johnny.

JOHN

You's a fucking cunt doe! I do all ah dat fuh you!

FEMININE VOICE (OFFSTAGE)

But wha you in do was tell me you had a rasshole wife! Enjoy dese last moments cuz you won't have dem up at Dodds.

(She hangs up the call)

JOHN

Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello! Hello!

JOHN casts his phone across the stage as he absolutely loses his temper. He bangs his fists on the table then passionately paces the room in intense fury.

JOHN

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

JOHN releases a **LOUD, AGITATED SCREAM** then...

BLACKOUT.

NARRATOR (OFFSTAGE)

(dark and sorrowful)

It is well; with my soul  
It is well; with my soul  
It is well; it is well  
With my soul...

## SCENE 6 - "IT IS WELL..."

*The lights slowly reilluminate  
the space of the kitchen where  
JOHN is sitting at the table.*

*He appears to be tamed as he  
sings while playing with his  
fingernails.*

JOHN

It is well; with my soul  
It is well; with my soul  
It is well; it is well  
With my soul...

**(A LOUD KNOCK.** He continues)

JOHN

Though Satan should buffet  
through trials should come;  
Let this blest assurance control,  
That Christ hath regarded my helpless estate  
And hath shed his own blood for my soul...

(The knocking becomes more  
aggressive and then....a **YELL**)

POLICE OFFICER (OFFSTAGE)

John Baptiste! Open the door.

(JOHN doesn't answer. He continues)

JOHN

It is well; with my soul  
It is well; with my soul  
It is well; it is well  
With my soul...

POLICE OFFICER (OFFSTAGE)

John! Open the door or we coming in.

JOHN gets up from the table and pulls out gloves and a **KNIFE** from his pocket. He rests the items on the table.

POLICE OFFICER (OFFSTAGE)

John! Open the door.

(Silence fills the room once more)

POLICE OFFICER (OFFSTAGE)

Awright...we coming in.

JOHN grabs the knife from the table, slants it to his wrist and glares at the audience acutely.

After a moment, he begins to tear up and removes the knife from his wrist. He glares at the audience once more.

POLICE OFFICER (OFFSTAGE)

One, two...

JOHN dashes off the stage.

BLACKOUT.

## EPILOGUE

*The lights slowly fade up as the stage is set in the same state of the prologue where the infamous bedroom is accessorized with a queen sized bed, two lamps and two drawers.*

*The bed is morbidly undone with old and tattered sheets clinging on to the mattress by a thread. Filthy and ragged pieces of clothing are scattered about the bed's perimeter giving the room a soulless and lifeless look.*

NARRATOR (OFFSTAGE)

(singing slowly and  
mournfully)

It is well; with my soul  
It is well; with my soul  
It is well; it is well  
With my soul...

The Narrator repeats the hymn as the scene unfolds.

JOHN slowly walks onto the stage with his spirit tarnished.

He appears lost, defeated, be throned, battered and lethargic.

He moves around the room, kicking the clothes on the floor into one corner of the room, distressfully.

He then maneuvers towards to the bed somberly and neatly tidies it.

JOHN stops, turns and glares  
intensely at the audience, teary-  
eyed.

POLICE OFFICER (OFFSTAGE)  
He probably upstairs...leewe go!

A long moment of silence then...

Three police officers barge into  
the room and tackles the man to the  
floor.

BLACKOUT.