

# Slam Quartet

by

Michael Bettencourt

67 Highwood Terrace #2, Weehawken NJ 07086

201-770-0550 • 347-564-9998 • [michaelbettencourt@outlook.com](mailto:michaelbettencourt@outlook.com)

<http://www.m-bettencourt.com>

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## DESCRIPTION

Slam poetry is all the sonic rage, and the final quartet of Juggler, Jukie, Pagan, and Mikey aim to bring the decibel level up a notch or two as they go for the championship of the “Doo-Dah, Doo-Dah Slam Poetry Contest.”

## CHARACTERS

- JUGGER: Short for “Juggernaut,” he has a very forward personality.
- JUKIE: Latina with Nuyorican shadings.
- PAGAN (pronounced “pah-GAHN”): Proud of her “built-in, shock-proof shit detector,” androgynous.
- MIKEY: Somewhat of a “guy” but also a poet—the poet who played football in high school.

**NOTE:** Except for JUKIE, ethnicity does not matter; however, there should be a mix of colors and accents. In other words, they should not look “beige.”

## SETTING/TIME

- Slam poetry competition: finals

## MISCELLANEOUS

- A banner which reads “The Doo-Dah, Doo-Dah Slam Poetry Finals” or a large poster on an easel.
- Music, something percussive, such as a Gene Krupa drum solo.
- Lighting should always reflect the mood of the words and actions.

## NOTES

Clothing and accouterments can be individual choices of the actors, but in no instance should they be “safe” or conventional.

The director/actors must incorporate stylized movements: think of old-style declamatory acting, the Temptations doing dance routines, etc. This means some knowledge of choreography.

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*Music, loud. Lights up, banner revealed. ACTORS come on in single file, any order they choose, and take their places downstage center.*

How to begin?	JUGGER
Where to begin?	JUKIE
What to begin?	PAGAN
Who to begin?	MIKEY
With Jugger.	JUKIE (pointing to JUGGER)
With Pagan.	JUGGER (pointing to PAGAN)
With Mikey.	PAGAN (pointing to MIKEY)
With Jukie.	MIKEY (pointing to JUKIE)
Sperm to worm.	JUKIE
Womb to tomb.	JUGGER
Birth to earth.	MIKEY
Lust to dust.	PAGAN
This is how all our absurdities begin.	ALL

MIKEY  
With conception.

JUGGER  
That messy broth of four elements.

JUKIE  
The four elements of mirth—

PAGAN  
Prayer—

MIKEY  
Desire—

JUGGER  
And slaughter.

PAGAN  
The mewling infant—

JUGGER  
The spewing child—

JUKIE  
Under deconstruction—

PAGAN  
Dissolution—

MIKEY  
Disconnection—

JUGGER  
Diminution—

MIKEY  
From the first—

*MIKEY makes a popping sound with his finger in mouth.*

MIKEY

—out of the chute.

ALL

Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! Absurd! Go, Albert Camus!

JUKIE

(pointing to JUGGER)

This is you, Jugger.

JUGGER

Ancestors screaming down my blood, DNA gestapo chaining me  
down, down, down with failures I will defeat but did not choose!!

(pointing to MIKEY)

This is you, Mikey.

MIKEY

My father plungered me with manhood—

(grabs his crotch)

—toxic androgens, testosteroned to within six inches of my life,  
and I did not choose!!

(pointing to JUKIE)

This is you, Jukie.

JUKIE

Latina-ism stuck down my throat like a cracked and leaking  
cock—

(swings her hips back and forth)

—made to measure to the man who buys me with his eyes and I  
did not choose!!

(pointing to PAGAN)

This is you, Pagan.

PAGAN

Dyke-femme bullshit, on top up under, who the fuck cares, give  
me a strap-on to put on, slap on the desire and get it on, life is  
short, get naked! and slice and dice everything I did not choose!!

ALL

Thus ends our first act.

*Movement.*

To be fully—  
PAGAN

American—  
MIKEY

You need to—  
JUGGER

Throw up.  
JUKIE

Blehhhhh!!  
ALL  
(as if puking)

Upchuck the conditioning—  
JUKIE & MIKEY

Like a baby begin renewed with the—  
JUGGER & PAGAN

Dream of freedom.  
ALL  
(in a Martin Luther King, Jr. voice)

*ALL singing, striking the classic John Travolta pose.*

Stayin' alive, stayin' alive, ah, ah, ah, ah—  
ALL

Absurdity of the cum-guzzling bourgeoisie mode of fucking  
capitalist consumerism—  
PAGAN

Chockful of commodified body parts—blessed be Karl Marx—  
MIKEY

Leading to the flatlining of the planet—blessed be Frederick  
Engels—  
JUGGER

JUKIE

In—our—fucking—lifetimes—

ALL

Thank—you—very—much—Adam—Smith!!

JUKIE

Here's the invisible hand to you.

*They make a "fuck you" gesture. Two beats held with frustration.*

PAGAN

No wonder we're hip-ironic—

MIKEY

Spiritually catatonic—

JUGGER

In need of a high colonic—

JUKIE

Chronically demonic.

JUGGER

Morally spastic—

JUKIE

Hooked on plastic—

ALL

Pomo and retro and televisionized—

PAGAN

Deodorized.

MIKEY

Maximized by McDonald's fries.

ALL

Neuterized. Euphemized.

Until— JUGGER

Until— MIKEY

Until— JUKIE

PAGAN  
We don't know the real stories anymore.

ALL  
We don't know the real stories anymore.

JUKIE  
Anymore.

MIKEY  
Anymore.

PAGAN  
No more—the real stories have fled to the cave of the desert  
wind—

JUGGER  
And there they wait patiently for us—

MIKEY  
For our tongues to plow their syllables—

JUKIE  
For our bodies to discover—

PAGAN  
Recover—

JUGGER  
Uncover—

MIKEY  
The simple brilliance of the fact—

JUGGER  
The simple fact—

JUKIE & PAGAN  
That we exist—

JUGGER & MIKEY  
Against all odds.

PAGAN & MIKEY  
And evens.

ALL  
End of our act two.

*They all change places; lights change. In the next lines, finishing with “who arrive hungered by freedom,” the ending and beginnings should closely follow one another.*

ALL  
Put yourselves—

JUKIE  
Put yourselves in this place—

MIKEY  
This place of expectant warmth—

JUGGER  
Warmth fetal and filled with—

PAGAN  
With the raw-boned cawing of the trickster ravens—

JUKIE  
Ravens sharp-eyed—

JUGGER  
And dismissive—

MIKEY  
And waiting to feed all of us—



PAGAN & JUKIE

Who cross the border—

ALL

Who arrive hungered by freedom.

JUKIE & JUGGER

We have so many borders to erase.

PAGAN & MIKEY

But the map is in our bones.

PAGAN

You—

JUKIE

You—

JUGGER

You—

MIKEY

You—

ALL

We all know these stories.

JUGGER

Our thin blood aches to thicken on them—

PAGAN

Our thin breath aches to sing velocity—

ALL

Why have we let ourselves—

JUGGER

Be taught to forget?

JUKIE

Why have we forgotten—

ALL  
Our selves? Our eureka!! Our om!! Our hey nonny nonny!! Our ha  
cha cha!!

*Lights change.*

JUKIE  
Epilogue.

JUGGER  
Y3K.

MIKEY  
The linear calendar horsewhipping us up to the millennium.

PAGAN  
Unless, of course, Chinese—

MIKEY  
Hindu—

JUGGER  
Muslim—

JUKIE  
Jewish.

ALL  
But who cares about them?

JUKIE  
It's only about our millennium.

JUGGER  
Our transformation into—

ALL  
What?

JUKIE  
Jittery American junkies of 21st century jujubes.

ALL  
(to JUKIE)  
Well done!

JUGGER  
HDTV.

MIKEY  
Palm Pilots.

PAGAN  
Cell phones implanted in our ears and tongues.

JUKIE  
Smart houses—

PAGAN  
For dumb tenants.

JUGGER & MIKEY  
And cars with geo-stationary satellite maps—

PAGAN & JUGGER  
So we can go to the fucking convenience store—

ALL  
And still be lost!!

JUGGER  
In other words—

ALL  
—nothing different!

JUKIE  
Linear calendar horsewhipping us into oblivion.

ALL  
Yippee high-yo high-yay!!

PAGAN  
But make the circle—

Circle— JUKIE

Circle— JUGGER

Circle— MIKEY

Back to the desert cave. ALL

Where the stories wait— JUKIE

To hijack our tongues. MIKEY

Where the stories wait— JUGGER

To unpack our hearts. PAGAN

Where the stories wait— MIKEY

To round off the anger. JUKIE

Where the stories wait— JUGGER

To lick us till our brains melt in ecstasy— PAGAN

—and spawn the sky. ALL

You will die. JUKIE  
(pointing to JUGGER)

JUGGER  
(pointing to PAGAN)

You will die.

PAGAN  
(pointing to MIKEY)

You will die.

MIKEY  
(pointing to JUKIE)

You will die.

ALL  
(pointing into the audience)

And so will all of you!

JUKIE

The question then—

JUGGER

Becomes—

MIKEY

How—

PAGAN

To die well.

ALL

By living well, dumkopfs!!

(smack their foreheads like a “V8” moment)

Sheesh!!

JUGGER

As if you already didn’t know that!!

ALL

Life is short—get naked!!

(synchronized dance step)

Get naked!! Get naked!!

JUKIE

That’s what the stories will do for you.

To you. JUGGER

With you. MIKEY

In you. PAGAN

*They speak quietly. Lights change.*

ALL  
If only you let the time take you—

JUKIE  
Back to your original face.

JUGGER  
How do you we forgive ourselves?

MIKEY  
And what do we do when the forgiveness comes?

PAGAN  
Can you imagine what life feels like if forgiven—

ALL  
If forgiven—

JUKIE  
Blessed—

MIKEY  
Sacred—

JUGGER  
Complete as a thimble—

PAGAN  
Solid as an autumn acorn.

Imagine— JUKIE

Imagine— PAGAN

Imagine— JUGGER

Imagine. MIKEY

*They do the following gesture: clap the hands together at chest level, and then raise them in an outward arc as if the clap caused them to rebound upwards. Their eyes follow their hands. Then, at the highest point, point sharply into the audience with both index fingers.*

Imagine!! ALL

*Lights bump out.*