Slam Quartet

by Michael Bettencourt

67 Highwood Terrace #2, Weehawken NJ 07086

201-770-0550 • 347-564-9998 • michaelbettencourt@outlook.com

http://www.m-bettencourt.com

Copyright © by Michael Bettencourt

Offered under the Creative Commons Attribution-Share Alike License

http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by-sa/3.0/

DESCRIPTION

Slam poetry is all the sonic rage, and the final quartet of Jugger, 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 <u>must</u> incorporate stylized movements: think of old-style declamatory acting, the Temptations doing dance routines, etc. This means some knowledge of choreography.

* * * * *

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	
·····s as as g····	JUKIE	
With Jugger.	(pointing to JUGGER)	
With Pagan.	JUGGER (pointing to PAGAN)	
NACCL BALL	PAGAN (pointing to MIKEY)	
With Mikey.	MIKEY	
With Jukie.	(pointing to JUKIE)	
Sperm to worm.	JUKIE	
Womb to tomb.	JUGGER	
Birth to earth.	MIKEY	
Lust to dust.	PAGAN	
ALL This is how all our absurdities begin.		

With conception.	MIKEY
That messy broth of four ele	JUGGER ments.
The four elements of mirth—	JUKIE -
Prayer—	PAGAN
Desire—	MIKEY
And slaughter.	JUGGER
The mewling infant—	PAGAN
The spewing child—	JUGGER
Under deconstruction—	JUKIE
Dissolution—	PAGAN
Disconnection—	MIKEY
Diminution—	JUGGER
From the first—	MIKEY

MIKEY makes a popping sound with his finger in mouth.

out of the chute.	MIKEY
bsurd! Absurd! Absurd! Ab	ALL surd! Go,

JUKIE

Albert Camus!

(pointing to JUGGER)

This is you, Jugger.

JUGGER

Ancestors screaming down my blood, DNA gestapo chaining me 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.

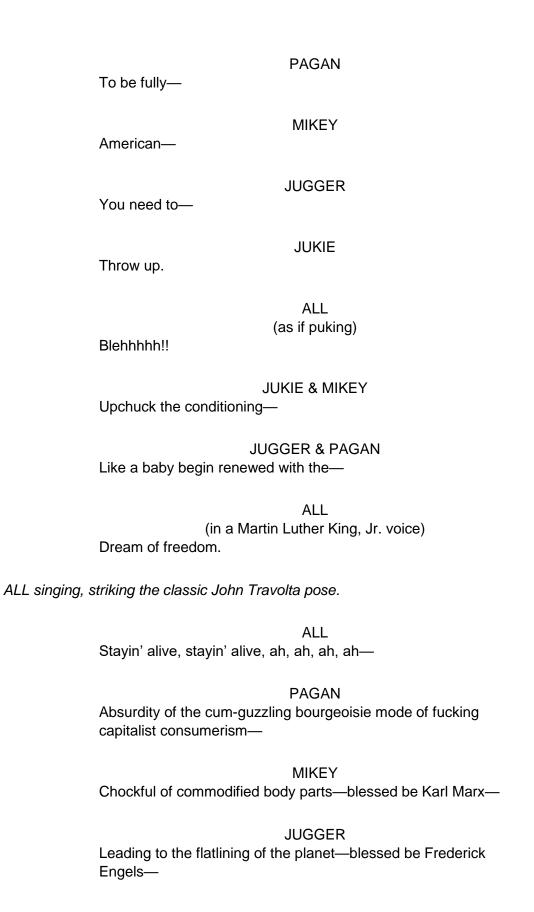
PAGAN

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.



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.

JUGGER Until—
MIKEY Until—
JUKIE Until—
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—

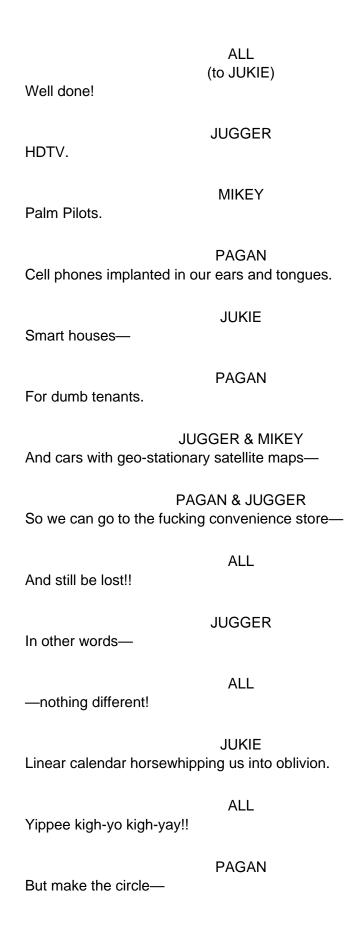
PAGAN & JUKIE Who cross the border—
ALL Who arrive hungered by freedom.
JUKIE & JUGGER We have so many borders to erase.
PAGAN & MIKEY But the map is in our bones.
PAGAN You—
JUKIE You—
JUGGER You—
MIKEY You—
ALL We all know these stories.
JUGGER Our thin blood aches to thicken on them—
PAGAN Our thin 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!!

1 :	I- 1 -				-
Lig	ntc	r	ובו	nn	Δ
LIM	III	\cup	ıuı	IU	v.

Epilogue.	JUKIE
Y3K.	JUGGER
The linear calendar horsewh	MIKEY ipping us up to the millennium.
Unless, of course, Chinese-	PAGAN -
Hindu—	MIKEY
Muslim—	JUGGER
Jewish.	JUKIE
But who cares about them?	ALL
It's only about our millenniun	JUKIE n.
Our transformation into—	JUGGER
What?	ALL
Jittery American junkies of 2	JUKIE 1st century jujubes.



Circle—	JUKIE
Circle—	JUGGER
Circle—	MIKEY
Back to the desert ca	ALL
	JUKIE
Where the stories wa	MIKEY
To hijack our tongues	s. JUGGER
Where the stories wa	it— PAGAN
To unpack our hearts	_
Where the stories wa	it—
To round off the ange	JUKIE er.
Where the stories wa	JUGGER it—
To lick us till our brain	PAGAN ns melt in ecstasy—
—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 q	uietly. Lights change.	
	If only you let the time take y	ALL /ou—
	Back to your original face.	JUKIE
	How do you we forgive ourse	JUGGER elves?
	And what do we do when the	MIKEY e forgiveness comes?
	Can you imagine what life fe	PAGAN els like if forgiven—
	If forgiven—	ALL
	Blessed—	JUKIE
	Sacred—	MIKEY
	Complete as a thimble—	JUGGER
	Solid as an autumn acorn.	PAGAN

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.

ALL

Imagine!!

Lights bump out.