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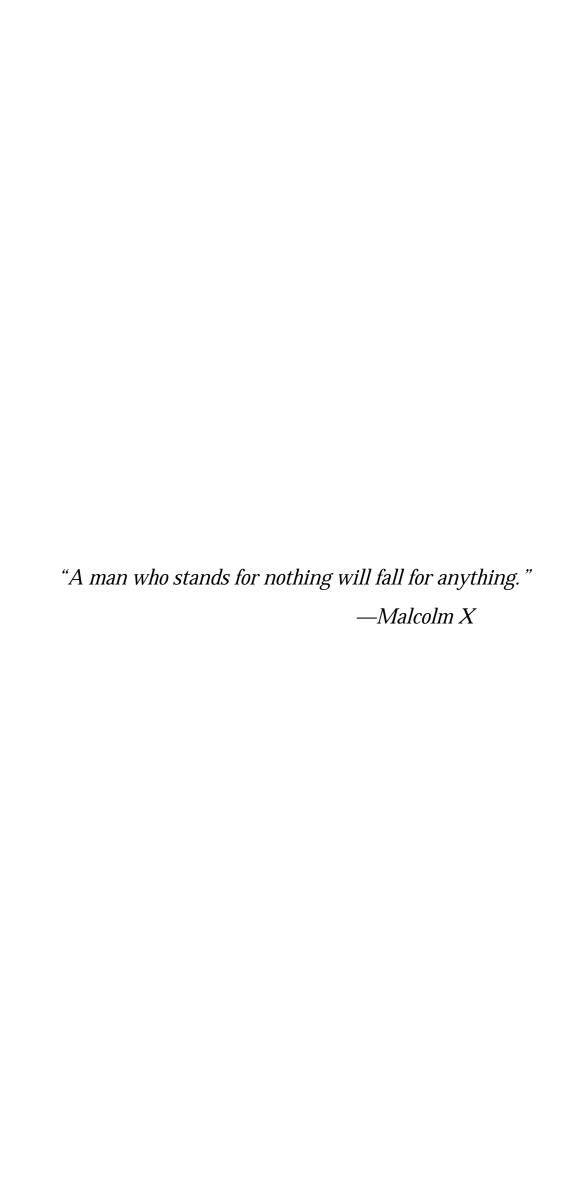
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Cast of Characters

WILLIAM, a 25-year-old skinhead white supremacist and original member of the New Identity Christian Brotherhood.

YOUNG WILLIAM, eleven years old. Appears in both acts.

DANIEL, 22-year-old skinhead, member of the New Identity Christian Brotherhood.

JOE ANDREWS, a black civil rights attorney with ties to the NAACP and the Southern Poverty Law Center. In his early-to-middle thirties.

MARY GEARHEART, white, 30 years old. WILLIAM's older sister and JOE ANDREWS' wife. A rememberer and a keeper of secrets. Doubles as WOMAN WITH JOURNAL and 16-year-old MARY.

Setting

The past and the near past. This play requires a unit set that can encompass the changes in location, from a lawyer's office in Atlanta to a woman's quiet place to write in her journal in the past to an attic, in any small town buried somewhere in the heart of America. However, most of the play is set in a dark, dank bunker. An unspecified location somewhere in rural Georgia that should be left to the designer's and director's imagination. Near the end of the first act, Joe Andrews is locked in a stock and his wife, Mary, has been placed on a torture rack. Those items should be easily moved, so that the audience is startled when each item is first utilized. The barely visible flag of a swastika on the back wall should become more visible as we get deeper into the second act. Aryan and Identity religious symbols should be used, but kept simple, and not overused.

Music

House music and music for scene transitions can vary between old-fashioned fundamentalist church music and neo-Nazi punk rock by bands like Skrewdriver, Brutal Attack, Midtown Boot Boys, Romantic Violence, Diehards, Anti Heroes and U.S. Chaos.

Clothes

Joe is in conservative business suit for his first two scenes. William should look like the boy next door in his first scene with Joe. The Woman With The Journal should dress like a typical housewife circa late sixties and early seventies. Later, Joe and his wife, Mary, should wear the tattered dirty clothes of people being held hostage. William and Daniel, with their freshly shaven heads, should wear black steel-toed boots (Timberland or Doc Martens) with white shoelaces. They should be tattooed with swastikas, wear Iron Crosses around their necks. The rest of their "uniform" can be a cross between typical skinhead street gear with hanging suspenders and urban "paramilitary" dress. In some scenes they can have on simple white T-shirts and in some scenes they can be shirtless to show off their tattoos. The director should mix it up to show the passage of time from scene to scene.

Production Notes

Please note: there is no intermission.

Acknowledgements

To my parents for raising me to be a man, and for teaching me to remain true to my voice. To my children, Robert and Lena, for being a constant source of joy. To Oskar, at Trinity Rep and everyone at Woolly Mammoth Theatre Company for giving my voice a home. And to Jennifer Hebblethwaite, Bob Devin Jones and Jeff and Lisa Adler of Horizon Theatre in Atlanta for helping me work on this in its raw and rough early stages. I must single out Joan Holden (and her partner Dan Chumley) for special thanks, for letting me stay in her home while she put me through the paces as I worked to refine this play.

And finally to my dearest friends, who have also been my teachers, Carolyn Dukes Alexander, Donna Schwartz, Kim Euell, Edris Cooper Anifowoshe, Emma C. Jordan, Chicago Sky, Holly Bass, Paula Dressel, Imani Drayton-Hill and Keisha Ector. And my friends Amy Mueller and Arturo Catricala at the Bay Area Playwrights Festival. Thank you all, for encouraging me and giving me inspiration and hope.

—Robert Alexander

Hatemachine received a development workshop at Horizon Theatre Company's First Annual New South For the New Century Play Festival in Atlanta where it was directed by Bob Devin Jones and dramaturged by Jennifer Hebblethwaite. The play was later workshopped at Woolly Mammoth Theatre Company in Washington, D.C., where it was directed by Edris Cooper-Anifowoshe, and was dramaturged by Mary Resing. It was subsequently revised and workshopped at the Bay Area Playwrights Festival, where it was directed by Edris Cooper-Anifowoshe and was dramaturged by Joan Holden.

Playwright's Statement

Hatemachine looks deep into the heart of America and explores the civil war taking place there. As an artist who has always been drawn to society's losers, criminals and outcasts, I have found in the skinheads' need to hate an empty, lonely rage and a twisted search for love. Their bigotry is fueled by fear and misunderstanding. Their hatred of the so-called "Demon Jew" far outweighs their fear of blacks or other minorities because of the conspiracy myth of total Jewish domination in the world of banking and commerce.

Given the explosive nature of the material explored in this play, this play manages to push more buttons than any play I have previously written. It is my hope that the lesson learned will be well worth the pain I endured when these characters took possession of me. These are characters that I would much rather meet in the theater, than meet face to face. Writing this play has forced me to look deep into the heart of darkness and stretch the limits of my own small comfort zone. I hope the audience will be up for the task of being challenged by the bile pouring from a bigot's mouth, who dares to say in public things most people are too polite (too politically correct) to ever admit to saying or thinking. So brace yourself for the journey.

—Robert Alexander

HATEMACHINE

A Play About Extremism On America's Far Right

by Robert Alexander

Scene One

(At rise: lights discover a WOMAN writing in a diary. She sits in the center of a circle of light. She reads aloud as she writes.)

WOMAN. Tonight it's too hot to sleep. Who could sleep with Bill snoring so loud? I can still hear him. I'm sure they can hear him in the next county. I hate him when he snores like that. (Beat.) I hate being stuck here in this nothing town where things are drying up. Another factory closed today. Both of my brothers are out of work. Bill says it's the mud people's fault. Everything's the mud people's fault. (Beat.) I wish my husband knew how to laugh. If only he could laugh like he snores, if only he could make me laugh...maybe then we could make it. There was a time when I tried to love him. But now I'm at a loss. His skin is wound so tight, I'm afraid, if I touch him, his skin will flake away and disappear.

(Lights fade on the woman, and discover, JOE ANDREWS, a well dressed black man, sitting behind a desk, talking on a phone, while a young white male, WILLIAM, patiently waits for him to get off the phone.)

JOE. (*Into the phone:*) Honey-honey...it's okay. I don't care about the car. All that matters is that you're okay. Hey...hey. That's what we have insurance for. Let them worry about that. Just lie down. Try to get some rest. No...no...don't worry about dinner. Lie down...take a nap. Get your mind off of things. You just try not to worry. Okay? I'm sure the baby is fine. Of course, we can get another sonogram if you insist. See you soon. I love you too. (*Hangs up the phone.*) Sorry about that. That was my wife. She had a little fender bender. On top of that she's pregnant with our first child...so...

WILLIAM. (Overlaps:) Is she okay?

JOE. She's a bit upset. Some guy in a pickup truck, cut her off, causing her to slam on her brakes. But that didn't stop the fella behind her—

WILLIAM. From rear-ending her...

JOE. Yeah. How d'ya know?

WILLIAM. Just a lucky guess. Is she gonna be alright?

JOE. I think she'll be okay.

WILLIAM. I can come back some other time...

JOE. It's okay. (Beat.) Are you married?

WILLIAM. Not yet.

JOE. Just haven't found the right girl—

WILLIAM. And having plenty fun looking. (*Beat.*) I can't believe it. I'm sitting here with the man himself. Mr. Civil Justice—the Martin Luther King of the law profession. The head of the Bar Association...the symbol of progress, for the new South. I was expecting you to be taller...bigger...bigger than life itself.

JOE. That's TV for ya. It always makes me look bigger. Now tell me again. How do you think my firm can help you?

WILLIAM. Like I said—before your wife called—I got a friend who's doing time. He was tried and convicted down in Macon for setting fire to a church...a black Baptist church. And I know he didn't do it. He's never had any problems with blacks. Hell, his girl-friend Linda Mae is black. I want to offer you a retainer to help us get his conviction overturned. They profiled him when they arrested him, because he shaves his head, just like me. But my friend, Tommy—he's not a racist. All skinheads—are not racists.

JOE. Why me?

WILLIAM. You're the most famous lawyer 'round these parts. Who needs Johnnie Cochran when we've got you?

JOE. That's not a good enough reason.

WILLIAM. Mr. Andrews, sir—with all due respect—you're my friend's only hope.

JOE. Well, your case definitely sounds like it has merit. Two years ago I would've said yes without any hesitation. Please understand, I'm only hesitating because my staff is spread—

WILLIAM. I understand.

JOE. (Overlap:) ...so thin, and we need to have all the facts...more information before we can commit our meager resources—

WILLIAM. (Overlap:) I understand—

JOE. (Overlap:) —to defending your friend.

WILLIAM. (Overlap:) I understand—I understand.

JOE. I'll get one of my junior partners to look into it—and we'll get back to you—let's say—by the end of next week, if that's okay.

WILLIAM. That's fine.

JOE. I mean, feel free to shop around for another attorney.

WILLIAM. Oh. I'm a patient man. I'll just wait for you to get back to me.

JOE. Suit yourself. It's just that your situation sounds urgent, and I wouldn't want to hold you up.

WILLIAM. Hey, you don't have to explain. I would want to have all the facts too—before I got involved in a case like this. After all, you've got a big reputation to uphold.

(Beat.)

JOE. So we'll call you...

WILLIAM. (Cuts him off:) Aren't you Garland Jones' lawyer?

JOE. (*Hesitant:*) How do you know about Garland Jones? I never publicly stated... (*Beat.*) Who are you?

WILLIAM. I'm just a man trying to get the best lawyer in town.

(WILLIAM picks up a picture on JOE's desk and studies it.)

WILLIAM. Oh? This is you—with your wife, huh?

(Beat.)

JOE. (After a beat:) Yeah. That's my lady.

WILLIAM. God, she's pretty. A blue-eyed blonde. (*Beat.*) Looks like she came from excellent stock. (*Beat.*) Is she carrying your baby high or low?

JOE. (Hesitant:) It's still early. She...she really hasn't started to show.

WILLIAM. What's her name? Wait...let me guess.

JOE. (Overlap:) Mary.

WILLIAM. (Overlap:) Mary? I was gonna say Mary. She looks like a...Mary. (Beat.) Joseph and Mary? I like that. It has a biblical ring to it. Joseph and Mary in a manger... (Beat.) Do you know about God's Law...counselor?

JOE. (Uncertain:) Mmmm. I don't think we covered that in law school.

WILLIAM. You're not a religious man—are ya?

JOE. (Overlap:) I wouldn't say that. I grew up in the chur....

WILLIAM. (Overlap:) I'll bet you're too busy reading law books to know your bible?

JOE. (After a beat:) The law is my bible.

WILLIAM. To each his own—I guess.

JOE. Yeah. To each his own.

WILLIAM. That's a mighty fine wife you got there. Been married long?

(JOE takes the picture from WILLIAM.)

JOE. A couple of years.

WILLIAM. You did real good for yourself. Snagging such a pretty wife. She looks like she'd be a great breeder...

(Beat.)

JOE. I've gotta get back to work now. If you don't mind.

WILLIAM. I'll bet your mom and dad are really proud. I'll bet you they were in your ear, bugging you for grandkids. Leaving you with very little choice, but to deliver the goods.

(Beat.)

JOE. Look... We're done. I must ask you to leave...NOW!

WILLIAM. (After a beat:) You're not gonna take my friend's case, are you?

JOE. I said I'd get back to you.

WILIAM: Please make sure you do, because I'll be waiting for your call, Joseph...waiting for your answer. Please...don't make me have to wait too long. (*Beat.*) Have a blessed day.

(Exits.)

(JOE just sits there for several beats, stunned by the encounter. After a pause, he picks up the phone to speak to his secretary.)

JOE. Hi, Susan...the gentleman who just left my office. Was he alone? He was. Are you sure? Never mind. Do me a favor and get me my wife on the phone. Thanks.

(Hangs up.)

(After a beat, JOE picks up his wife's picture, just staring at it with a blank expression, as the lights do a slow fade to black.)

(The lights fade on JOE and rediscover a WOMAN writing in her journal.)

WOMAN. The cookout was an embarrassment. Nobody came but Bill's friends. Jerry pinched my butt on the patio. I wanted to punch him. But if I had made a scene, Bill would've blamed me. (Beat.) If the girls misbehave, it's my fault. If they miss Bible Study, he finds a way to blame me. It's my fault we got two daughters when he wanted a son. (Beat.) I would still try to give him a son, but I can't remember the last time we made love. This country is in the middle of a sexual revolution, but the whole thing is passing me by.

(The lights fade on the woman and rediscover JOE ANDREWS at his desk, busily preparing for a permit hearing. He speaks into a dictaphone.)

JOE. The streets of America belong to all of us. Martin Luther King, Jr., David Duke, Louis Farrakhan, Jerry Falwell...even the Promise Keepers have all used the right to assembly to further their cause...This is some tired generic bullshit. (*Beat.*) The promise of the Constitution must be upheld...

(WILLIAM enters without warning, interrupting JOE's thought process.)

WILLIAM. (As he enters:) It's been over three weeks!

JOE. What are you doing here? How did you get past my—

WILLIAM. (Overlap:) Your secretary? Don't worry about her.

(WILLIAM pulls out a gun and aims it at JOE's head.)

WILLIAM. Come peacefully and no one will be hurt. Come on! Move it, now!

JOE. You'll never get away—

WILLIAM. Shut up!! I've cased this joint. We are going out the back way—through the back door. You remember the back door, right? My buddy is waiting in the parking lot. One false move and you're dead. Move!!

(JOE rises to leave with WILLIAM as the lights do a slow fade to black. End of scene.)

Journal Meditation Two

(A solitary light rediscovers a woman writing in her journal. As before, she reads aloud as she writes.)

WOMAN. I went to the truck stop again today. Bill would kill me if he knew I went there. I'm glad Mom watched the girls and let me borrow her car. I don't know what I'd do without her, covering for me. Mom told Dad I had an appointment with my beautician. Last week she said I went to get my hair done. Today it was my nails. I feel like I'm in another world whenever I go to the truck stop and sit at the counter. I have a fantasy about meeting some trucker and being swept away. Mom thinks I read too many true romance novels. She should know. She's the one who passes them to me disguised as a bible so I can keep reading them right under Bill's nose. (Beat.) Today I sat at the counter hoping someone would notice me. But no one noticed me. So I sat there eavesdropping on conversations and making up stories to fit each stranger's face.

(A light comes up on another part of the stage as the woman continues speaking. Her speech overlaps the other voices, as WILLIAM and his comrade, DANIEL, drag JOE ANDREWS onstage against his will. JOE's hands are tied.)

WILLIAM. Tell us where she is.

WOMAN. I have no name...no face...no voice...not here.

DANIEL. Tell us where she is and spare yourself—

JOE. I'm sure you already know where she is.

(WILLIAM hauls off and hits JOE with all of his might.)

WILLIAM. (To DANIEL:) Gag him.

(DANIEL gags JOE's mouth, while WILLIAM binds his feet.)

WOMAN. I need to make a hole in my skin where my mouth should be.

WILLIAM. (*Lights a cigarette:*) We might let you go if you tell us where she is.

DANIEL. We will find her. Right, my brother?

WILLIAM. Yes. We will find her.

(WILLIAM slowly grinds out his cigarette on JOE's black skin.)

WOMAN. Daddy once beat me for saying "Hi" to a little black boy.

WILLIAM. And when we find her—I guarantee you—

WOMAN. (Overlap:) All I said was hi to him—

WILLIAM. (Overlap:) ...we will bring her little monkey-loving ass to justice.

WOMAN. All I said was hi—

DANIEL. We will find her!!

WILLIAM. Even if we have to scour every planet of the apes watering hole from here to Louisiana, we will find her and bring her to justice!!

DANIEL. And you know we will punish her.

WILLIAM. For she has betrayed the purity and the sanctity of the Aryan Nation!

(WILLIAM kicks JOE with all his might in his stomach.)

WILLIAM. You take our jobs—you take our land—

DANIEL. (Overlap:) Moving into our neighborhoods.

WILLIAM. You take our women like the white race owes you something.

DANIEL. (Overlap:) We owe you an ass-kicking!!

WILLIAM. Slavery was the best thing that ever happened to you crack-smoking, car-jacking, sports-playing, bed-hopping, hip-hopping, having-children-out-of-wedlocking niggers. Yeah. Say farewell to welfare, you baboon-lip motherfucker, you!

(WILLIAM kicks JOE real hard, one final time, as the lights do a slow fade to black.)

Journal Meditation Three

(A tight circle of light rediscovers a woman writing in her journal.)

WOMAN. Bill is Daddy's favorite disciple. He will take over for father when it's his time to step down. Daddy just handed me over to him straight out of high school. My marriage had already been arranged. According to Daddy the good Christian woman is supposed to bow down to her man. It's a party platform for abuse. (Beat.) I'm dying to bust out of this house. I hate being under this roof with Bill. I hate it that he yells at me. Screams at me...complains about too much sugar in his coffee. He curses 'cause we ran out of cream. He sends me running to the A&P in the middle of the night...in the middle of the night—he sends me running from the house in my robe and curlers to get cream for his coffee. He doesn't care who I may run into. He doesn't care, who may see me, at the A&P, in my robe and curlers. He doesn't care—just as long as he gets his cream.

(Goes into a freeze.)

(Lights fade on the woman.)

Scene Four

(A glimmer of light comes back up on JOE, bound and gagged. We are oblivious to how much time has elapsed. Could be two hours, two days or two weeks. After a beat, WILLIAM and DANIEL enter, one with a newspaper, the other with a box of chicken. DANIEL scans the headlines.)

WILLIAM. Hey... We brought you something to eat.

DANIEL. And a newspaper to read. I don't see nothing about you, Joe. (Beat.) Wait. Here's something buried on the back page. (Reads:) Jones' Case Delayed. In the perplexing family drama, known as Jones versus Jones, in which a child is suing his Klan-leader father for a divorce, the latest chapter was delayed when the plaintiff's lawyer failed to appear in court. The judge issued a bench warrant for the arrest of famed civil rights attorney Joseph Andrews, Jr.

Meanwhile, the child was returned to social services awaiting further action. All attempts to reach Jones' attorney went unanswered.

WILLIAM. See? See? That's why he should be disbarred. (*Beat.*) You like KFC, boy?

DANIEL. I'll bet this chicken-and-biscuit-eating nigger got stocks in KFC.

WILLIAM. What do ya favor, Joe? White meat or dark?

DANIEL. You know that boy only likes white meat.

WILLIAM. D'ya like original or extra crispy?

DANIEL. He looks extra extra crispy to me.

WILLIAM. Me too. Oh shucks. We forgot to bring hot sauce.

(WILLIAM ungags JOE.)

DANIEL. Sorry 'bout the hot sauce, Joe.

JOE. (After a beat:) Original...

DANIEL. What did ya say?

JOE. I like original...

WILLIAM. The chicken? He likes original.

DANIEL. Too fucking bad.

WILLIAM. But we'll remember next time. Okay, O.J...? That's your new name now. Original Joe.

DANIEL. Hey! I like that. Original Joe...for...O.J.

JOE. (Under his breath:) You must've been up all night thinking of that.

DANIEL. What did ya say? Speak up boy.

(Beat.)

JOE. Water--

WILLIAM. What did you say?

JOE. Water. I need water.

DANIEL. What you need—is to stop fucking with white women...O.J.

WILLIAM. And knocking 'em up with your mudbone demon seed. (*Beat.*)

JOE. What is this about? The Garland Jones case?

WILLIAM. You wish...you only wish.

JOE. Who are you? The Aryan Nation? Identity Christians?

WILLIAM. Keep going. You're getting warm.

JOE. Who are you?

WILLIAM. Exterminators. Let's just say we're in the pest control business.

JOE. Where are we? (Beat.) Where did you get that newspaper?

DANIEL. It will do you no good to try to figure it out.

WILLIAM. Why worry your head, trying to count the miles from the back of a van? Blindfolded. Traveling miles and miles on the back roads, far away from the main highway.

JOE. You'll never get away with this. I mean too much—to too many people for you to get away with this. Now...may I please have some water?

DANIEL. You want some water? Here!

(DANIEL takes the chicken from WILLIAM and spits in JOE's small two-piece box of chicken and drops it at his feet.)

DANIEL. Oh, don't tell me you suddenly lost your appetite. After all the trouble I went to. Boy, I swear—some folks just ain't worth the trouble.

JOE. Where are we?

WILLIAM. This is Eric Rudolph country.

JOE. So you are Identity Christians? You're with Eric Rudolph?

WILLIAM. I told you already we're exterminators and we're going to keep you here until we get the word to move you.

JOE. So who do you report to? Who are your higher-ups?

DANIEL. None of that should matter to you, because you're STILL...one dead coon, with the mark of death on your forehead. Forget the cyanide...you'll get deep fried like greasy chicken and served on a platter like some Martin Luther Kingfish with a side order of hush puppies.

WILLIAM. Now eat your food.

JOE. How can I eat—unless you untie my hands?

WILLIAM. Everyday... It's the same old routine. Don't you get tired?

DANIEL. We bring you food—

WILLIAM. You ask for water—

JOE. Just one drink of water—please.

WILLIAM. God you're pathetic.

(DANIEL fetches a canteen from nearby, and squats to give JOE a drink of water.)

WILLIAM. Don't let him put his monkey lips on my canteen!

DANIEL. Your canteen is still in the van where you left it.

WILLIAM. Nobody is drinking out this one, except this boy. Damn—you're a thirsty little bugger—aren't cha? That's enough.

(WILLIAM pulls the canteen away from JOE's mouth.)

JOE. More!

WILLIAM. I said—that's enough. Now do you want this chicken or not?

JOE. Yes.

(WILLIAM kicks the box of chicken toward JOE, who grabs it.)

JOE. (To himself:) Warm...

(DANIEL snatches the box of chicken out of JOE's hands.)

DANIEL. Don't let him eat. Let's make him answer a few questions first. Raise your right hand.

JOE. How can I raise my hand?

WILLIAM. Do the best you can.

DANIEL. I want you to swear to tell the truth—

JOE. (Sarcastic:) I swear to tell the truth the whole truth and nothing but the truth. So help me, God.

WILLIAM. Hey O.J. Why didn't you marry a Negro woman?

(DANIEL punches JOE and WILLIAM kicks him.)

DANIEL. Answer him.

(WILLIAM kicks him again.)

WILLIAM. Don't tell me you never met the right one. I don't think you looked very hard. Have you ever dated a Negro woman? Hey O.J....O.J. I'm talking to you. (*Beat.*) Isn't it true you have a problem with your SOUL sistahs? (*Silence.*) I think you do have a problem with the SISTAHS!

DANIEL. Answer him!

(DANIEL kicks JOE again.)

WILLIAM. What's the problem...O.J.? Could it be you're not MANLY enough to bed down buck naked with the female ape?

DANIEL. Answer him!

(DANIEL kicks JOE once again.)

WILLIAM. Or maybe...just maybe...you've got an aversion to darker meat.

JOE. I object.

DANIEL. (As he kicks JOE:) Overruled!

WILLIAM. What's the matter O.J.? The sistahs aren't good enough for you? So you've got to tamper with OUR women...messing up OUR gene pool.

(DANIEL is about to kick JOE again, and JOE senses this so he says something to keep from being kicked.)

JOE. I don't have a problem with my sisters.

WILLIAM. You don't? I beg to differ.

JOE. My...my first wife...was black.

WILLIAM. You've been married before? Prove it.

DANIEL. I think he's lying.

WILLIAM. I know he's lying. I've got evidence to the contrary. Your honor...if the state would permit me...I'd like to enter Mr. Andrews' photo album as evidence. Exhibit A.

(DANIEL kicks JOE while WILLIAM retrieves a photo album.)

WILLIAM. They say a picture is worth a thousand words. And I've got thousands of pictures of you...

JOE. Thousands?

WILLIAM. More like a couple of hundred pictures of you...caught in the act...

DANIEL. Caught in the act of straying from your tribe.

WWILLIAM. Admit it...you're guilty of perjury. You lied to the court. Admit it...you've never been married before.

(Beat.)

JOE. What is this about?

WILLIAM. This is about you...O.J....and your dating patterns. Your inability to stick with your tribe. The only black face I see in this scrapbook...is yours...O.J.

JOE. Where did you get that?

WILLIAM. Don't worry about it, counselor. Here you are at your high school senior prom with your date named Becky.

JOE. I object.

DANIEL. Overruled.

JOE. I just want to know where you got that. You've been to my house. Haven't you? You know where my wife is—don't you?

(WILLIAM kicks the box of chicken on the floor toward JOE.)

WILLIAM. Are you gonna eat this chicken or not?

JOE. I just lost my appetite. (*Beat.*) You have my wife...don't you? I swear... If one strand of hair on her head is harmed—

WILLIAM. You'll do what? What will you do? Sue us?

DANIEL. Take us to small claims court—

WILLIAM. I just want you to admit it to the court...you're one of those "soul brothers" who hates black women with a passion.

(DANIEL raises his foot ready to kick JOE again.)

DANIEL. The court can't hear you. Speak up boy.

JOE. To say I hate black women is absurd.

(DANIEL kicks him anyway.)

JOE. (*To* DANIEL:) I'm trying to answer your questions, man. (*Beat.*) My mother is a black woman...and I love my mother.

DANIEL. Where is this going, counselor?

JOE. (Continuous:) Not a day goes by...not a day goes by that a sister...a beautiful black woman doesn't turn my head. I don't have an aversion to darker meat...to use YOUR term. Atlanta is full of beautiful black profess... (Falters:) I'm sitting in my car...waiting for the light to turn. And there she is. My match. Maybe the one meant for me. A sharp-looking beautiful sister in a business suit, carrying a briefcase, maybe even talking on a cell phone. Or walking with a girlfriend...sharing a laugh when she catches my eye. And for a moment our eyes meet. And I can feel my heart beating faster. And she smiles...she smiles at me because she knows I'm checking her out. And I'm thinking...there's a woman I could've taken home to meet my mother.

WILLIAM. So you do have regrets...about your marriage?

JOE. I regret being here.

WILLIAM. I think you're lying.

JOE. Lying about what?

DANIEL. (As he punches JOE:) Order!

WILLIAM. I think you're lying about being attracted to your sisters.

JOE. And why would I...

WILLIAM. (Cuts him off:) See...I think you like living dangerously. I think you get a thrill living on the edge. See...for most you jigaboos, there's no greater thrill than loving a white woman. White women are your passion. Your number-one pastime and your number-one drug. SEX WITH ONE OF OUR FALLEN...it's like cocaine to you. You can't get enough of it. You get a thrill putting your pecker inside a woman you could've been strung up...for saying hi to. (Beat.) There was a time in this great land of ours...when THE ROPE spoke louder than words. A black woman isn't going to give you the same thrill walking down the sidewalk with a white woman gives you. YOU LIKE RUBBING OUR FACE IN IT. RUBBING OUR FACE IN EACH AND EVERY SEXUAL CONQUEST OF ONE OF THE FALLEN. (Beat.) You're walking down the street with your chest stuck out...you can't help but being noticed with one of our fallen women on your arm. She's the perfect arm piece...to go with your Rolex watch. She's the perfect passenger to ride around with YOU in your Mercedes.

JOE. I drive a Camry.

WILLIAM. With a bumper sticker that says, "My other car is a Mercedes." And another bumper sticker that says, "My first wife is black."

JOE. You're sick.

WILLIAM. "I'm just keeping it real," as your homies like to say. You see...they say...a picture is worth a thousand words. (Waves the photo album.) And I just don't picture you ever being with a

black woman...because she can't give you the cheap rush that a white woman can. One smile from one of the fallen is like instant Viagra to you.

JOE. That's bullshit!

DANIEL. (As he kicks JOE:) Overruled!

JOE. What do you want from me?

DANIEL. We want to see you suffer.

WILLIAM. And see you sweat. And stop you from contaminating our gene pool.

JOE. Where's my wife? Do with me what you want, but please spare my wife. She's pregnant. I don't care who you are. I'll write you a check. I'll make a donation to whatever group you're with...just let my wife go.

WILLIAM. Your money's no good here.

DANIEL. Do you think you can buy your way out of this?

WILLIAM. Do you think we would let a fucking race traitor like you go back into the world to commit more crimes against nature...crimes against God's Law and God's way?

(WILLIAM takes his knuckles and knocks JOE on the top of his head several times.)

WILLIAM. Get it through your thick skull. You're NEVER getting out of this. This was never about the Garland Jones case. (Beat/calm.) You still don't get it? Damn! You're supposed to be a smart boy. You went to Harvard didn't you? You're one of them Affirmative Action niggers who couldn't wait to invade our campus and stick your pecker DEEP INSIDE the first white woman you saw...polluting the gene pool forever.

JOE. Sleeping with white women was not my goal in life.

WILLIAM. And what about knocking 'em up?

JOE. I didn't plan that either. It just happened.

WILLIAM. (Overlap:) It just happened? You just let it happened. Why couldn't you keep your dick to yourself?

JOE. Why are you so obsessed with this?

WILLIAM. Because of mongrel breeders like you...the white race is being fucked out of existence. (Calm:) See the Jews did this...they opened the borders and they flooded our schools with niggers and other subhuman species the color of mud and now a social upheaval has occurred. The white race is being overtaken as we speak. See...we're the most endangered people on this planet. Because of race-mixers like you. We are being depopulated—

DANIEL. WIPED FROM THE FACE OF THE PLANET!!

WILLIAM. And the Jews set all this up—because they want to get back at us for what Hitler did. Where Hitler went wrong was—he didn't get enough of them.

DANIEL. Yeah—too many got away. But sending them to the ovens was the right idea.

WILLIAM. Fucking right it was the right idea. (Calm:) Hitler was a visionary. He was just trying to save the race. His final solution was...a great idea...

DANIEL. (Overlap:) Hitler was ahead of his time.

WILLIAM. (*Sighs:*) Hitler...he just...he went...he went for too much, too soon.

DANIEL. I know...I know.

WILLIAM. His army was all over the place. His forces were too scattered. Oh, God. If only he had a better war strategy...and if Henry Ford could've stopped making cars long enough...

DANIEL. Yeah...yeah...if Henry Ford was in the White House...then what?

WILLIAM. The Aryan people would've won World War Two...easily.

DANIEL. We could've won...we should've won.

JOE. (Screams:) BUT YOU DIDN'T!!

DANIEL. (As he kicks JOE:) Order!

WILLIAM. If Hitler had won...we wouldn't be here now, wasting our breath talking to this jigaboo. Right Danny? I blame The Jew York Times for this. (Beat.) See, what that Jew-controlled media won't report is the truth...how outnumbered we are. The population of China alone is four times greater than the number of all the white people on this planet. Even India has over a billion tandooriand–curry chicken–eating mud people. But the saddest fact is the death of America began with the birth of this nation. If only we had left you in Africa from the beginning and let you people kill yourselves over there. Isn't that what you people do best? Kill each other? Fight amongst yourselves? You can't say anything to dispute that...can you?

(Beat.)

DANIEL. (Kicks JOE:) Answer him.

WILLIAM. I hear your silence loud and clear, O.J...because you know...I'm not lying. Since I've got your attention I want you to listen to a few facts. Fact one...historically blacks have an IQ 15 points lower than the average White. The difference is due to heredity, not environment. The frontal lobe of YOUR brain is smaller than mine.

JOE. So how did I make the Harvard Law Review...Dr. Big Brain?

WILLIAM. Any random intellectual success achieved by blacks is a lark...a fluke of nature...or attributed to whatever white genes you have passed on to you by the white slave master. Have you noticed...more often than not...the smarter better-looking blacks are the lighter ones...the ones with a little more cream in the coffee...so to speak.

JOE. This is ludicrous.

WILLIAM. I've also observed that the more athletic blacks, more often than not...tend to be the darker ones.

JOE. This is bullshit and you know it.

WILLIAM. It's just a casual observation. The athletic prowess in certain African-Americans...to use your term...has its roots in the

legacy of slavery itself. Instead of screaming at me for reparations...people like Michael Jordan...and that new young kid...help me out, Daniel.

DANIEL. Kobe...Kobe Bryant.

WILLIAM. That's the one. Kobe Bryant can jump like a kangaroo because of the genetic engineering that happened on the plantation. The way the slave master picked his bucks for breeding bigger and stronger slaves to work those fields.

(Beat.)

JOE. You're talking in circles. Would you please cut to the point.

WILLIAM. The point I started to make...instead of getting in the white man's face crying for reparations...you need to ask Kobe and that big baboon Shaquille O'Neal to share their NBA salary with you. You know and I know...they would've never seen that kind of money if we had left you in Africa. Slavery was...

JOE. How many times are you going to tell me that slavery was the best thing that ever happened to niggers?

(Beat.)

WILLIAM. You know you should be paying us...paying us back with interest for bringing you here. (*Beat.*) You're quiet now. The gag is off and you're still quiet because you can't say a thing to refute me.

JOE. I'm listening. I'm just shaking my head and listening.

(Beat.)

WILLIAM. Fact two...here in America...low-IQ blacks and Mexicans are outbreeding us Whites. We can't fuck enough or spit out enough babies to keep up with you. This element alone is a major cause of most of society's ills. Crime, unemployment and poverty. I could go on and on until the cow jumped over the moon, stating all the facts that I have gathered...doing a comparative study of the IQ of blacks in American prisons and the IQ of the Bushmen in the most underdeveloped parts of Africa and you would be truly amazed by what my studies reveal.

DANIEL. Tell him what you told me that Professor guy said...the one who taught at Stanford...

WILLIAM. You mean Dr. Shockley?

JOE. Please...don't start quoting some guy who was burned in effigy.

WILLIAM. The late great Nobel Prize-winning scientist Dr. Shockley believed in sterilization for the genetically challenged mud people. But I think Hitler had the better idea. If I ruled the world...if I had my way...we would begin by going through all the ghettos of America...rounding up all the jigs and doing to them what Hitler tried to do the Jews.

DANIEL. Then we should attack the problem at its root by declaring war on Africa!

WILLIAM. See...there are places in Africa where no white man has ever set his foot. In my studies...I've counted at least twenty-four countries filled with that charcoal blue-black strain of nigger. Uncut—unfiltered—completely undiluted whole niggers. Do you know how many white nations there are? With no integration, no miscegenation?

DANIEL. No. How many?

WILLIAM. None.

DANIEL. None?!

WILLIAM. None! That's why WHITE PEOPLE are the most endangered...

JOE. (*Cuts him off:*) How can you fix your mouth to say white people are the most endangered?

WILLIAM. Because we are.

JOE. You're standing here telling me you're scared of Africa? You take its diamonds, its oil...and other resources...

DANIEL. (Overlap:) What would niggers do with diamonds and oil?

JOE. Then there's AIDS! Every disease known to man, hits Africa the hardest!!

(DANIEL kicks JOE.)

DANIEL. Order!! (Beat.)

WILLIAM. (Calm:) Yeah...AIDS is good for the Congo.

DANIEL. Let the spear-chuckers fuck themselves to death.

JOE. God...I wish I could get my hands on you! On both of you!

DANIEL. (Overlap:) Order!

WILLIAM. (Overlap:) But you can't...'cause your hands are tied...

DANIEL. (Overlap:) Order! Order!

WILLIAM. FUCK AFRICA! IT'S AMERICA that's going to the dogs! I'm afraid of the day a gook or spook or God forbid...a KIKE walks into the White House. I fear the day an abomination becomes the President of these Divided States. But white people are not going to take this lying down. We are learning how to defend ourselves from your coming encroachment.

DANIEL. Fucking A! We are determined not to lose anymore ground.

(Beat.)

WILLIAM. (After a beat:) I'll bet...YOU THINK YOU'RE SUPERIOR TO ME! Do you think you're better than me...with your piddly little law degree? Do you think you're the only one here with an education?

DANIEL. Tell him, comrade. Tell this jig he's not the only one here with an Ivy League education.

(Beat.)

JOE. So tell me.

WILLIAM. (After a beat:) I went to Cornell.

JOE. (Disbelief:) YOU...went to Cornell?

WILLIAM. Oh? You find that unbelievable?

JOE. I find it amusing.

WILLIAM. Oh? So I'm funny to you now? All of this is funny to you?

JOE. Maybe amusing is the wrong word. (*Beat.*) Something must've happened to you at Cornell.

WILLIAM. Don't try to get inside of my head. You're the one on trial...O.J. (*Beat.*) See, I studied science. The science of extermination. And I'm picking up where Hitler left off. (*Beat.*) You know the headlines are full of sex scandals in Washington...and missing interns. But no one has hardly noticed the number of interracial couples who are starting to disappear.

JOE. You've done this before? Haven't you?

WILLIAM. That's right. I see you're finally beginning to understand. You've been selected for extermination...Project Elimination is your final destination. You and your family are toast. (Beat.) You miss your little wifey...don't you, boy? She's any man's wet dream. You miss sticking your black monkey dick in her. Touching her blonde Aryan hair. Looking into her blue Aryan eyes. Swimming her blonde Aryan canals. Swimming in waters you don't belong in, boy. You'll see her soon enough, when you reach your final destination...a one way ticket on the Oblivion Express.

(Lights fade to black. End of scene.)

Journal Meditation Five

(Shadowy lights discover MARY as a teenager, in an attic. She is rummaging through a trunk of her mother's belongings. She finds a dress, a prom dress and holds it against her body, imagining how the dress would fit her, if she put it on. A few beats pass in total silence as she daydreams about her mother in the dress. After a few beats, she starts to rummage through the trunk again, until she discovers a journal, the journal belonging to her mother. She randomly opens it to any page and begins to read it out loud.)

MARY. The other night at the A&P this fellow named Joe comes over to me and asked me if vegetable oil was better than canola. I said, "Personally, I like to cook with olive oil. But in the long run, it really doesn't matter." (Beat.) And so there I was standing there with curlers in my hair...brightly lit getting kind of oily...when this tall handsome stranger asked me if I could meet with him sometime.

(WILLIAM enters as a young boy, standing in the shadows. He bumps into something, startling his sister. MARY holds the journal to her bosom, as if she were protecting it.)

MARY. Who's there?

WILLIAM. What are you doing?

MARY. Get lost Goosestep! Can't I have any privacy?

WILLIAM. I'm telling Dad you called me that.

MARY. (Overlap:) Goosestep Gearheart...kissed the girls and made them fart!!

WILLIAM. Father told you to stop calling me that. I'm going to tell him right now.

MARY. I don't care. Just go!

WILLIAM. Tell me what you're reading?

MARY. None of your beeswax—

WILLIAM. Why won't you tell me what you're reading?

MARY. No! It's private! It's personal! Now get the hell out of here before I give you a fat lip!

WILLIAM. I'm telling Father on you.

MARY. So tell him. I don't care. You're a little Nazi just like him.

WILLIAM. Yeah...I'm a proud Nazi...just like him. (*Beat.*) I wanna know what you're reading. Did our mother write it? (*Silence.*) What did she write? Did she write why she left?

MARY. You don't wanna know?

WILLIAM. Is she coming back? Is she ever coming back? (*Beat.*) If what you're reading belonged to my mother—I just wanna hold it. (*Beat.*) Why won't you read it to me?

MARY. I can't.

WILLIAM. I just want to hear it.

MARY. No.

WILLIAM. Why not?

MARY. It's for your own good.

WILLIAM. That's not right. I'm telling Dad...you're up...reading from my mother's book.

(WILLIAM starts to leave.)

MARY. I never said she wrote this. (Beat.) Look...

(MARY runs and blocks WILLIAM from leaving.)

MARY. (After a beat:) If I read you just a small bit—will you promise to forget about it...to never come up here again...to never tell anyone about our little secret?

WILLIAM. I promise.

MARY. You better not break your promise, because if you run and tell anyone about this, I'll just say that you're lying. That you made the whole thing up.

WILLIAM. I promise not to say a word.

(YOUNG WILLIAM sits next to her. MARY opens the journal and reads.)

MARY. Last night my husband woke up screaming again...trapped inside another bad dream. He sat straight up right next to me. His head burned with a fever. His shivering body was soaking wet. His sweat...the smell of stale ale came gushing from his pores. He's such a little boy, he wanted me to hold him. (*Beat.*) That's enough.

(MARY shuts the book closed.)

WILLIAM. That's it? Why did you stop?

MARY. I feel like we're trespassing.

WILLIAM. (Overlap:) She should've stayed. Keep reading.

(MARY takes a moment to find her place in the journal.)

MARY. (*Beat/reads:*) On nights like last night...when his face is damp with tears my husband looks like a pale angel. I get all dewy when he gets under my skin. I want so badly to crawl under his. I want to wear his skin like a slippery raincoat. I want him. I want him inside— (*Beat.*) Let me read another part.

WILLIAM. Hey! Don't skip that part!

MARY. (After a beat:) Let me read what she wrote about our father and the death of our grandmother. (Beat.) Last night Bill turned to me and said, "How can I make love to you with the smell of burning flesh...?" His voice trailed off and I just held him in my arms, trying to rock him back to sleep. But he couldn't sleep. So he told me for the hundredth time about the night he watched his mother die. He feels guilty because everyone made it out of the house except his mother. No one could do a thing to help her. He said, "She caught her apron on a burning stove and she just stood there...too paralyzed...to save herself from the fire, as the kitchen went up in flames." Her screams fell silent as the house crackled ALL AROUND HER. Soot, cinder, smoke, ash. Their house fell down shingle by burning shingle. It all burned down to one last nail. Bill told me, the next morning he and all his brothers picked through what was left of their house for his mother's charred bones.

(Beat.)

(The lights fade to total darkness. End of scene.)

Scene Six

(In the darkness, we hear the music of Skrewdriver playing over the house. As the music slowly fades, a dim light discovers WILLIAM and DANIEL, hovering over JOE, who is still bound and gagged, and fast asleep. They are in the middle of a conversation. WILLIAM is pacing back and forth like he's on speed.)

DANIEL. Patience...patience.

WILLIAM. (*Antsy:*) I'm fresh out of patience. They were supposed to deliver her days ago. I'm sick and tired of waiting for fuck-ups to get their heads out of their butts. I don't need this! I'm ready to form an independent cell and strike out on my own. (*Beat.*) This nigger and his wife...they should've been roasted a week ago.

DANIEL. Well...they've got her now. So relax...it's all back on track.

WILLIAM. (After a beat:) I just don't like this nigger.

DANIEL. He's just another nigger. Seems like you've got a special hard-on for this boy.

WILLIAM. How so?

DANIEL. It seems like it's personal...with this one.

WILLIAM. Maybe it is.

(JOE begins to stir and WILLIAM kicks him.)

WILLIAM. Wake up! Wake the fuck up.

JOE. (Wakes up startled:) Huh? What?

WILLIAM. Wake up, nigger! You were having a wet dream about a white girl...weren't you?

JOE. (Sleepy:) What?

WILLIAM. You're always lusting after white women...even in your sleep.

JOE. Is that why you won't let me sleep? (*Beat.*) What the hell happened to you at Cornell? Did a brother on the football team steal your girlfriend?

WILLIAM. I didn't have a girlfriend. I was too concerned with my studies to waste my time on a girlfriend.

(Beat.)

JOE. A good-looking fellow like you. No girlfriend? What's wrong?

DANIEL. Are you going to stand there and take that from him?

WILLIAM. I've got a handle on this Danny Boy. (Beat.) The modern American university campus looks like the United Nations. A Liberal Arts education is nothing but some bogus bullshit...that only adds to the downward cycle of dumbing down our country. At Cornell it was the Asians who dominated the Math and Sciences...even the School of Agriculture. Jews and jigaboos were overrepresented in the school of Hotel Management. (Beat.) I hated seeing niggers just like you, with their loud jungle ways and their loud jungle music. Everywhere you went there were spooks just like you...football players, participating in gang rapes...beating up cheerleaders and getting slapped on the wrist. God forbid if one of the jigs ever missed a game...and couldn't play football. If it wasn't for sports none of you jigs would ever be on any campus. I guess the football field is like the cotton field or the tobacco field...on the plantation...where you get to express yourself with brute strength, because you lack the intellectual capacity to learn anything. (Beat.) But I held these views long before I set foot in the town of Ithaca. I was this way long before I got to Cornell.

JOE. You're still not telling me something.

WILLIAM. Don't try to figure me out.

JOE. The way you came to my office...that first time. Like you knew something. Something you weren't telling me.

WILLIAM. I have a passion for research that exceeds your passion for our women. I know you better than you know yourself. We have our troopers...our foot soldiers and our research teams. We have a growing Army of like minds. Silver Shirts. Everyday...our

movement is growing. Like a virus...we're starting to spread infecting others with our message. So don't try to play mindfuck games with me. I'm the one doing the mindfucking here. And you'll be happy to know...we just got the word...your little wifey is on the way.

JOE. (Alarmed:) So...you do have my wife?

WILLIAM. (As he kicks JOE:) Isn't that what I just said?

DANIEL. Gee...I feel a Jerry Springer moment coming.

(Lights fade to black.)
(End of scene.)

Scene Seven

(Lights discover JOE, alone, still bound and gagged. Several beats pass. DANIEL enters with a cup of soup. He places the soup down and ungags JOE. Then he puts the cup up to JOE's mouth.)

DANIEL. Blow on it—it's hot.

(JOE blows on the soup and sips a little.)

JOE. Why are you being nice to me now?

DANIEL. Just eat your soup and shut up.

JOE. Where's my wife? Is she here yet? (*Beat.*) I don't care if you kill me. Just spare my wife.

DANIEL. Who said we had her?

JOE. Your buddy did. I know you have her...and I trust you have some compassion. Please make sure she eats.

DANIEL. I made a mental note...now stop your yapping. Your soup's getting cold.

(DANIEL brings the cup, back to JOE's mouth. JOE sips a little more soup.)

JOE. You seem like a reasonable young man.

DANIEL. Well, I'm not.

JOE. Behind all the heated rhetoric...I can tell you're different from your buddy.

DANIEL. Look...I'm not here to make friends...now eat.

JOE. You must know half of Atlanta is looking for me. Give up your friend and spare yourself. Cop a plea and you'll be out in less than five years.

DANIEL. I'll never rat out my friend or betray the movement. My father died for this. I saw him cut down by bullets...because he refused to pay taxes. Then the Zionist-occupied government came and moved us off the farmland that had been our home. None of us ever lived under one roof again.

JOE. And that's why you should give this up. What's five years? When you get out...you can still start a family of your own.

(DANIEL brings the cup back to JOE's mouth and he takes another sip.)

JOE. Ya see, I'm really not that different from you. I don't want this country going to the dogs either.

(Beat.)

DANIEL. (Angry:) Well, it's already gone to the dogs. I blame dogooders like you and your Zionist buddy Morris Dees for the death of my family and the murder of my father! I won't stop fighting until I avenge his death. Now shut your mouth and finish your soup.

(DANIEL brings the soup back to JOE's mouth. He blows on it and takes another sip, then suddenly he knocks the cup from DANIEL's hands in such a manner that the scalding soup flies in DANIEL's face. DANIEL is blinded by the soup.)

DANIEL. What the fuck?

(JOE reaches for the cup and grabs it with his bound hands. He uses the cup like a weapon, hitting DANIEL in the head with the cup. WILLIAM enters. He knocks JOE down, then kicks him.) **WILLIAM.** Nigger—you must not like living. Get up, Danny! Get up! Can't you do anything right?

DANIEL. I'm sorry.

WILLIAM. You're never going to earn your stripes this way. Now help me get this boy ready for the fire.

(Beat.)

(The lights slowly fade to black. End of scene.)

Scene Eight

(YOUNG WILLIAM enters the attic in a hesitant manner. He looks around suspiciously, before zeroing in on an old trunk. He opens it and rummages through it for several beats. He finds nothing. Then he notices a loose board in the floor. He struggles for a beat or two, before he finally opens it.)

WILLIAM. Jackpot!! I'd knew I'd find it.

(WILLIAM skims the journal for several beats. MARY suddenly enters. WILLIAM turns around startled and slams the journal shut.)

MARY. (Angry:) Goosestep! What are you doing with my journal?

WILLIAM. When did it become your journal? I thought it was my mother's journal.

MARY. Give it here.

WILLIAM. Why should I?

(Beat.)

(After a beat, MARY suddenly leaps on WILLIAM and they both struggle over the journal.)

WILLIAM. Let go—

MARY. You let go!

WILLIAM. (Almost crying:) One day, one day...

MARY. One day what—

WILLIAM. One day...I'll be bigger than you.

MARY. BUT UNTIL THAT DAY COMES...

(MARY finally rips it from her brother's hand, partially tearing it in two.)

MARY. Look at what you did! You tore it. You fucking little Nazi.

WILLIAM. You tore it. Not me.

(YOUNG WILLIAM exits. After a beat, the lights slowly fade on MARY, trying to piece her mother's journal back together.)

(Blackout. End of scene.)

Scene Nine

(Days later. In the bunker, "White Pride," by Skrewdriver, is blasting at full volume in an attempt to drive JOE crazy. An otherworldly neon-blue light shrouds JOE ANDREWS. He has been placed in stocks, and once again, he is gagged. As the music fades, DANIEL suddenly appears running toward the stocks. His head is wrapped with white bandages. He strikes the stocks with a whip.)

DANIEL. Hey! Hey O.J. Wake up! Wake up! Keep your eyes open, you fucking, monkey. No more sleeping for you. I'm snipping off a finger every time I see you nod or yawn or blink, or even look at me funny. What? You want a piece of me. What did you say? I can't hear you, but I can read your thoughts like an open book. You're hungry. Hey, Billy Boy! Got anymore bananas for this monkey?

(WILLIAM enters with a straight razor.)

WILLIAM. (Enters:) I fed him already. I fed him an air sandwich before I put his gag back on. (Beat.) Hey Danny?

DANIEL. What?

WILLIAM. I want you to shave my head.

DANIEL. Now?

WILLIAM. Yeah, now.

DANIEL. But—

WILLIAM. But what?

DANIEL. (Menacing:) But O.J. needs a shave more than you.

WILLIAM. I know. But I can't break from tradition...

(WILLIAM hands DANIEL the straight razor and sits in a chair, center stage. DANIEL takes some shaving cream and lathers WIL-LIAM's head and shaves his head throughout the following dialogue.)

DANIEL. Everybody's got their rituals...I guess.

WILLIAM. Yeah...I like my scalp smooth and clean when it's time to exterminate a nigger.

(DANIEL notices JOE drifting off to sleep. He throws something at JOE.)

DANIEL. (Yells:) Hey, nigger. Wake up! Wake the fuck back up.

WILLIAM. You can't nod out, O.J. Not here, not now.

(DANIEL crosses to the stocks and runs the safe side of the razor under JOE's chin.)

DANIEL. Did you think we would burn you in our incinerator, without getting a trophy first?

WILLIAM. Only the biggest peckers make it in my trophy case.

DANIEL. But you got the last one, Billy Boy...this one is mine.

WILLIAM. I'll flip you for it.

DANIEL. How can you flip me for something that's already mine? You can have his ears, but his pecker is mine.

(Beat.)

(DANIEL gets in JOE's ear.)

Our troopers found your little wifey giving a lap dance to a room full of Atlanta Falcons and she was taken to our reeducation camp to spend a little time on the cross. (Tech cue: a light goes up on MARY on a torture rack and quickly fades back to black. DANIEL returns his focus to shaving WIL-LIAM's head.)

DANIEL. She's been deprogrammed and reprogrammed—indick-trinated—

WILLIAM. (Overlap:) Injected with a steady diet of pure white meat.

DANIEL. I wonder if she'll like the NEW dickless O.J...as much as the old one?

WILLIAM. Let's get him out of the stocks now.

DANIEL. No…let's cut off her tits first!

WILLIAM. NO! Let's do him in front her.

DANIEL. Let's do them both in front of each other!!

WILLIAM. Headquarters called. They're ready for us to move you to your final destination where we'll cook you and Mary side by side. You'll be together in death. Isn't that the way you always wanted it. To be cremated together. You'll be happy to know that our crematorium is fuel efficient and environmentally friendly. With super high BTU's. Your skin will peel away from your flesh like magic, while both of your brains curdle and smolder and your hearts implode, while your lungs collapse... Both you and your Missy...will feel your innards roasting. You'll feel all warm and toasty inside.

(Beat.)

(DANIEL holds a handheld mirror in front of WILLIAM.)

DANIEL. And now your head is nice and smooth. You look like a true Aryan warrior in God's Army, ready to kick much ass.

WILLIAM. Oh, I am ready—just lead me to the battle. Subhuman mongrels cannot win in ANY war with true Christians, 'cause God is on our side. (*Beat.*) Look at this nigger!! I hate to think how many white men coulda been educated in the time it took to educate this nigger!

DANIEL. What a fucking waste!!!

WILLIAM. What a fucking waste indeed.

DANIEL. Think of all the white lawyers WHITE PEOPLE could've had in the time it took to educate this nigger!

WILLIAM. I hate to think of the waste.

DANIEL. Should we give him a few last words?

WILLIAM. Yeah. Good idea Danny Boy. I'm curious about what he would say to all the white men who were turned away from Harvard while this affirmative action nigger...was taking up space...fucking his way through college!

(Takes the gag from JOE's mouth.)

What've you got to say, boy? What've you got to say in defense of your education?

JOE. What do you have to say in defense of yours?

WILLIAM. Nothing.

JOE. Well, you need to say something.

WILLIAM. Why should I? You're the one who's on trial for your life.

JOE. I just want to know why you're so afraid of me? (*Beat.*) Yeah...I know...you don't like me taking your women and tampering with the gene pool. Perhaps if you knew how to treat a woman...maybe they wouldn't be there for the taking. Or looking for hope...when they look into my eyes.

WILLIAM. Fuck you!

JOE. Your words are cheap...because your platform is hollow. Deep down inside you feel small...

WILLIAM. (Overlap:) You don't know what I feel-

JOE. (Continuous:) You feel squeezed.

DANIEL. (Overlap:) Fucking A...I feel squeezed!

JOE. (*Continuous:*) ... 'cause this changing world is gobbling you up and the ground at your feet is nothing but quicksand. You feel around inside your empty pockets and you've got nothing. Behind all your bloated talk—you've got nothing.

DANIEL. (Slaps JOE.) Fucking right I feel squeezed! 'Cause you...you—take everything meant for me—away from me! Like it evens out things—when you know damn well, things are not suppose to be even between us.

(DANIEL hits JOE again.)

DANIEL. (Screams:) They're not meant to be even, 'cause I'm better than you!

JOE. Prove it!

DANIEL. (*Screams:*) By virtue of my skin—I'm better than you.

JOE. Prove you're better than me.

DANIEL. (Falters:) I...I just know that I am.

JOE. Does screaming make you better than me? Does tying me up make you better than me?

WILLIAM. (Overlap:) Don't let him get to you, Danny!

JOE. Does killing me...make you better than me?

DANIEL. (Calm:) The purity of my blood—makes me better than you.

JOE. And what about the content of your character?

DANIEL. (Screams:) I've got plenty character!

JOE. Prove it! Show it to me.

DANIEL. Why should I have to prove myself to you? It's my birthright. My birthright to be on top of you...it's my birthright to dominate you. You...and people just like you are trying to steal my birthright from me.

JOE. I did not steal my education.

DANIEL. You stole opportunity...opportunity meant for me and my kind.

WILLIAM. (Calm:) You're both missing the point. You stole our future when you stole our most precious flower.

(Beat.)

JOE. Where's my wife? I demand to see her now.

WILLIAM. We thought you'd never ask.

(WILLIAM claps his hands twice and the lights come up on MARY on a torture rack. WILLIAM crosses over to MARY.)

WILLIAM. (Hovers over MARY:) My dear sweet sister, Mary. How nice of you to drop in. Long time—no see. It must've been at least ten years. Maybe more. A lot has happened since we last set our eyes on each other. Huh? (Beat.) Did you say something? What? (Beat.) Oh? Forgive my manners. You're right. You're right.

(WILLIAM turns to JOE.)

WILLIAM. Welcome to the family, O.J.

JOE. (Stunned:) What? Wait? My wife...is your sister?

DANIEL. (Incredulous:) She's your sister?

WILLIAM. I'm afraid so. *(Beat.)* You wanted a Jerry Springer moment. Now you have it. Gag him, Danny Boy. That's an order!

(DANIEL returns the gag to JOE's mouth, as WILLIAM drops to one knee and gets in MARY's face.)

WILLIAM. You know...it really hurt me that you refused to have any contact with me, your little brother, all these years. You went away to college and you acted as if you never knew us. After Smith, instead of coming home, you go into the Peace Corps, and then you fucking go to Africa. And then you go to fucking Harvard and you meet this nigger. (He spits on her.) What you did killed our father!

(MARY is really struggling to speak through the gag.)

WILLIAM. But the day of the rope is here at last. You know you deserve to be strung up. My stomach turns trying to picture him with you. Him sticking his monkey dick inside of you.

DANIEL. His chocolate skin—touching her creamy smooth vanilla—

WILLIAM. I can't—I can't—

DANIEL. Making a chocolate sundae out of their bodies coming together—

WILLIAM. I can't picture it without getting sick—

DANIEL. She could made some sad deserving white man, very happy.

WILLIAM. You could still inject her with some white meat! Danny Boy...go ahead. Have some fun with her. She's nothing but a cunt...she's LESS THAN AVERAGE FURNITURE...just like my mother. (*Reflective:*) My father worked hard all his life. A high school science teacher. He sent us to the best schools on his teacher's salary. At every turn, at every step along the way, he was there doing his best for us. Doing the best he could and my mother still left him. She just ran out on us, leaving him to raise three children alone.

DANIEL. Your father deserved better.

WILLIAM. She just split...she didn't even say goodbye. She never looked back. Never gave us a second thought. No letter. No phone call. Nothing. Never heard a peep from her. And my sister... (*To* MARY:) You couldn't wait to bust out of my father's house. You didn't even come to his funeral. Cunt!!

(WILLIAM slaps his sister hard. She struggles to say something through the gag.)

WILLIAM. You got something to say, bitch?! Go ahead and say it.

(WILLIAM slowly ungags his sister.)

MARY. Give me some water.

WILLIAM. How predictable! How fucking predictable.

MARY. Why are you doing this? Joe's a very high-profile attorney. You'll never get away with it.

WILLIAM. No?

(WILLIAM produces MARY's Peace Corps photo journal and waves it in his sister's face.)

WILLIAM. In the case of The Aryan People versus Mary Gearheart Andrews...if the court would allow...I'd like to enter into evidence...exhibit A to Z and back again. Your photo journal of your trip to Africa. (*Beat.*) We all know your hubby wasn't the first nigger you fucked.

MARY. Just give me some water.

WILLIAM. No, tell the court about the first nigger you slept with.

(WILLIAM opens up the photo journal.)

WILLIAM. Could it be this one here...behind door number one? Come on—tell us. How many niggers have you fucked?!

MARY. You are one sick fuck.

WILLIAM. I just wanna know...and I think your hubby should know all there is to know about his little wifey.

(WILLIAM goes over to the stock and shows JOE the photo album.)

WILLIAM. The court would love to know, how many Zulus did you fuck over there in Africa—in the Peace Corps? One hundred?

DANIEL. Which is better? Zulu dick or Mandingo?

WILLIAM. Two hundred?

DANIEL. They say the Yoruba throw a pretty mean dick too.

WILLIAM. Three hundred?

DANIEL. They say, once you sleep black, you never go back...

WILLIAM. Four hundred?

MARY. Why are you torturing yourself with this insanity?

WILLIAM. I just wanna know—what was it about black men that turned you on?

DANIEL. We know it wasn't the size of their brains.

WILLIAM. And now for a word from our jury—

(WILLIAM crosses back to JOE.)

WILLIAM. What would juror Joe Andrews ask his wife right now? (Beat.) What was that? I can't hear you.

(JOE struggles through the gag. WILLIAM speaks in his place, imitating JOE.)

WILLIAM. Why do you need to keep those pictures in our home, Mary? Ain't my big black dick...enough revenge against dear old Dad? (*Beat.*) Did you really have to fuck half of Africa to make your point? What was the point? Does fucking half of Africa mean you're not a racist?

MARY. How long are you gonna keep this up?

WILLIAM. We're keeping you here until we get the word to move you to your final destination. But first I want you to help me locate that number-one bitch. (*Beat.*) Tell me...where's my mother?

MARY. Take that gag out of Joe's mouth and give us both some water.

WILLIAM. Go ahead, Danny. Uncork him.

(DANIEL removes JOE's gag.)

JOE. (Seething:) THIS...is your brother?

MARY. I'm afraid so.

JOE. How come you...why did you lie to me about your family?

DANIEL. Jerry! Jerry! Jerry! Jerry!

MARY. I tried to tell you...when they didn't come to our wedding.

JOE. You said they were conservative...but they would eventually come around.

DANIEL. Jerry! Jerry! Jerry! Jerry!

WILLIAM. (To DANIEL:) SHUT UP, Danny! Knock it off!!

(Beat.)

JOE. You lied to me Mary.

MARY. I'm sorry.

JOE. How could you keep him a secret?

MARY. I don't know what to say.

JOE. Why didn't you tell me the truth?

MARY. I don't know why. I couldn't face... I didn't want to risk... (*Beat*) ...I...I couldn't ad... I don't know why. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you. (*Turns to* WILLIAM:) Are you happy now?

WILLIAM. I won't be happy until you're dead. Any last wishes before dying?

MARY. Water. (Beat.) Give us some water.

WILLIAM. Go ahead...Danny Boy. Let the bitch drink.

(DANIEL takes the canteen over to MARY on the rack.)

DANIEL. Here.

(He puts the canteen up to her lips. MARY takes a good long drink.)

MARY. Thank you. Now, please give my husband some.

(DANIEL makes eye contact with WILLIAM, and WILLIAM nods that it is okay. So, DANIEL takes the canteen over to JOE, who drinks.)

MARY. William...Billy—you've got to give this up.

(YOUNG WILLIAM enters dressed like a small version of Adolph Hitler. He and older WILLIAM share lines where indicated, or take turns trading lines, speaking for each other, even contradicting each other—one representing the past—the other representing the present.)

YOUNG WILLIAM. Is my mother still alive?

WILLIAM. You've seen my mother—haven't you?

YOUNG WILLIAM. Is mother ever coming back?

WILLIAM. You know where she is—don't you?

MARY. Please...just let us go.

JOE. Let us go, man. We promise not to go to the police.

WILLIAM / YOUNG WILLIAM. No. Tell me about my mother.

MARY. You mean—you really don't know?

WILLIAM. No.

MARY. She's dead, Billy...mother's dead.

YOUNG WILLIAM. Every day I killed her. In my mind I kept on killing her. And yet I always wondered...is she ever coming back.

WILLIAM. You're playing with me.

JOE. (Losing it:) She told you...your mother is dead.

DANIEL. Shut up!

JOE. I gotta get out of this thing— My neck...my arms...my back—

WILLIAM. (*Screams:*) I'm trying to hear about my mother! (*Beat.*) How do you know she's dead?

MARY. I saw something...

JOE. (Crying/mumbling to himself:) Get me out of here!

WILLIAM. Tell your husband to shut the fuck up!

JOE. (Underlap:) Feed us or kill us—feed us or kill us—

MARY. Give me ten minutes alone with my husband.

WILLIAM. Hell no. Are you crazy?

MARY. Five minutes then.

WILLIAM. No way. You're not leaving my sight for a minute.

MARY. Then take him out of that thing.

WILLIAM. No.

MARY. You've got to give me something.

WILLIAM. No.

MARY. Then this conversation is over. I don't care how much you torture me.

(Beat.)

WILLIAM. (Gives DANIEL a look:) Go ahead. Release him.

DANIEL. Are you sure?

(DANIEL takes JOE out of the stocks and dumps him on the floor.)

MARY. Release both of us.

WILLIAM. Don't push your luck. (*Beat.*) You saw what? What did you see?

JOE. (Delirious:) I see two patties on a sesame seed bun.

WILLIAM. Tell your husband to be quiet.

MARY. I need you to keep it together, Joe. Can you keep it together?

JOE. (Cries:) I'm dizzy. My head is spinning. I need something solid on my stomach—

MARY. (Overlap:) Let me finish talking to my brother—then he'll get us something to eat.

JOE. (Crazy:) We can eat...we gonna eat?

WILLIAM. As soon as we're done talking—Daniel will get you something to eat.

DANIEL. (Gentle tone:) But you need to be quiet.

(DANIEL walks JOE over to a corner, where JOE sits.)

MARY. (To WILLIAM:) Do you remember our mother's diary?

JOE. (Quiet underlap to himself:) We gonna eat...we gonna...

WILLIAM. No.

MARY. You don't remember me reading it to you?

WILLIAM. No.

JOE. (To himself:) —eat...we gonna eat...

MARY. You don't remember coming to the attic and bugging me to read it?

WILLIAM. No.

YOUNG WILLIAM. Yes. I remember. I wanted to know why she left. I wanted to know—if she ever loved me.

WILLIAM. What did she say in it?

MARY. Our mother...was so unhappy—that she cheated on father.

WILLIAM. So she was a whore? That's it? That's what she wrote in her diary? I didn't ask you what she wrote. I asked you what you saw. Why would you say she's dead?

MARY. I saw him. The man. He used to meet us at the playground to talk to her.

(YOUNG WILLIAM stands at attention, like a young soldier at the edge of the stage.)

MARY. One day I was in the backyard with Mama. I was swinging on the swing set, and Carol was in her stroller fast asleep, while mother was hanging linen on the clothesline. Her friend Joe, came around the side of the house to the backyard and he sneaked up on Mama from behind, putting his arms around her. He scared her at first. But then Mom started laughing that easy laugh she always laughed when he was around. I never saw a man make a woman smile and laugh so easily. Then he gave her a gentle peck on the side of her face that made her blush. Then he kissed her neck. She was like a little girl in his arms. At that moment, I didn't know what he meant to her for sure, but I somehow knew, in my child's mind, that my mother and this man were connected.

JOE. (To himself:) Feed us or kill us...

WILLIAM. Would you shut up?! One more time...why did you say the whore was dead?

MARY. One night—mom and dad were having this real big fight. After you were born, Mom and Dad fought all the time. (*Beat.*) I was in my room, playing "White Wedding," by Billy Idol.

JOE. (Whispers:) White wedding...white wedding...

MARY. It was my favorite record and I was playing it nonstop.

JOE. White wedding...

MARY. When mom and dad started fighting—Carol and I—just closed our door and turned the music up hoping to drown them out.

JOE. (Whispers:) White people...white wedding...

MARY. When I left my room, to go to the bathroom, I stood at the top of the steps for a moment, because they were still yelling. And I saw daddy holding this book in his hand. The book looked just like her diary.

JOE. All I said was hi...

MARY. He was yelling at her about some man she knew and waving the diary like he was about to hit her with it. But he didn't. He just threw it against the wall.

JOE. All I said was hi...

MARY. I just went to the bathroom—and then I went back into my room. They never knew I had seen them.

JOE. (Whispers:) All I said was hi— (Cries inwardly.)

MARY. When the music in my room finally stopped playing—things between mom and dad had gotten real quiet. So, I went back into the hallway...to the top of the stairs and I looked down and I saw three well-dressed men in overcoats.

JOE. (Underlap:) Three men in black......

MARY. (Overlap:) The men in the overcoats were talking to my father about my mother. One of the men looked familiar. I think he was the publisher of that little hate newsletter father wrote articles for. The other two men—I had never seen before. When father finished talking to them, they made mom put on her winter coat. As she was putting on her coat, she looked up at me, standing at the top of the stairs, with her eyes watering—the makeup on her face, smeared by tears. She took one last look at me—we took one last look at each other. Then she turned and left with the men. That was the last time I eyer saw her.

WILLIAM. You're lying.

MARY. Why would I make that up?! Why would I want that to happen to our mother?

WILLIAM. Want what to happen? What are you trying to say with that story?

MARY. They killed her.

WILLIAM. And our father just let them take her from our home?

MARY. Yes. They were his friends…like I said—one of them I had seen before.

WILLIAM. I don't believe you. I refuse to dignify what you're saying... You're...you're saying my father's a murderer?

MARY. I have her journal in Atlanta. It's the only thing of hers I have. (*Beat.*) It says the man at the Playground was your REAL father. It's all in our mother's diary...all in her handwriting. Come on, Billy...admit it. You read our mother's diary.

(YOUNG WILLIAM comes and stands next to MARY.)

YOUNG WILLIAM. I was there. I tried not to think about it.

MARY. You read it all yourself in the attic.

WILLIAM. Liar...this is bullshit and you know it. This is a desperate ploy to stall for time, but you're gonna die. Gag her Danny. Time to make her shut up!

(DANNY hesitates. MARY continues talking with a sense of urgency.)

MARY. It's all in her diary. She met your real father at the A&P.

JOE. (A hushed whisper:) A...and...P...

WILLIAM. Put a sock in her mouth Danny.

MARY. (Overlap:) Her first mention of him was very casual. But then she wrote about their first touch. Their first kiss.

WILLIAM. I've had enough.

JOE. (A whisper:) I can't...I can't...I can't take much mo...

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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