in fact, everyone's been sexually abused —
and someone's mother has a monologue
where she's snorting out of her nose and crying everywhere
because she's been caught smoking crack
and fired from her job as a hotel maid ... (Beat.)
(I just made that up ... Dibs.) (Beat.)

God forbid any actor of color not jump at the chance
to play an offensive bag of garbage
so far from his own life
but which some idiot critic or marketing intern is going to describe as
a gritty, truthful portrayal of “the Black experience
in America,” but the minute you ask a white guy
to play a racist whose racism isn’t
“complicated” by some monologue
where he’s like
“I don’t mean to be racist!
It’s just complicated!”
he doesn’t return your phone calls?
Then my therapist was like,
“Don’t you think you ought to not shit where you eat?”
and I was like,
“Well, what happens if I shit where I starve?” (Playwright enters, also
mostly — if not completely — naked and stands in the back, listening.)
“Black playwright.”
I can’t even wipe my ass
without someone trying to accuse me
of deconstructing the race problem in America.
I even tried writing a play about
talking farm animals once —
just to avoid talking about people —
and this literary manager was like, “Oh my God!
You’re totally deconstructing African folktales aren’t you?”
I’m like,
“No, I’m just writing about farm animals.”
And she’s like,
“No, no. You’re totally deconstructing African folktales.
That’s totally what you’re doing.”
And I was like, “Bitch!
I’m not fucking deconstructing
any fucking African fucking folktales!

I’m writing a fucking play about
my issues with substance abuse
and then I am attributing the dialogue to a
fucking fox
and a fucking rabbit
to protect identities! Fuck you!
Give me a fucking break!”
And, by break, I mean a production. (BJJ puts a blonde wig on —
the final touch. If the music hasn’t ended by now, BJJ pauses it.)
So then my therapist asked me about my dreams.
And I told her about this dream I had recently.
A dream I keep having.
Basically, I am being attacked by a swarm of bees.
I am covered in bees. Bees are all over me —
all over my arms and legs, my chest —
all over my neck, all over my face, in my eyes —
and I can’t see a thing.
And, I don’t know if you know this,
but the majority of deaths resulting from bee swarms
are not from bee stings —
but actually from suffocation.
Basically, bees have evolved,
to locate your breath and they follow it
to your face, where some of them
cover your eyes to blind you
and others climb inside your nostrils and mouth,
casting you to choke to death.
It’s all very organized. (Beat.)
But, anyway,
in my dream, it occurs to me that I need to
figure out something to do
before the bees asphyxiate me.
And I start to panic. Every time. And it occurs to me that
I should call for help, and so,
I start screaming. I’m like: “SOMEBODY!
And then, every time, I realize that I’m screaming.
And that, if I were actually suffocating,
I wouldn’t be able to scream. (Beat.)